

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

www.playboy.com • JULY 2004

**INTERVIEW**  
**MICHAEL MOORE**  
"Let's hire the  
Israelis to kill  
Bin Laden"

**TERROR  
ON THE  
HIGH SEAS**  
A true story  
of death  
and rescue

**THE  
MOST  
EXPENSIVE CARS  
ON THE PLANET**  
We test four  
very pricey rides

**FLASH MOB**  
Embedded in the  
paparazzi army

**La Femme  
Nikita's  
Peta  
Wilson**

**The secret  
agent—exposed!**

**PLAYBOY'S  
PRESIDENTIAL  
SEX QUIZ**  
Who's the  
commander  
in cheats?

**YOU WROTE IT,  
HE READ IT**  
Jonathan Safran Foer's  
Naked Page Project

**SWINGERS  
AT PLAY**  
A veritable  
orgy of  
photos





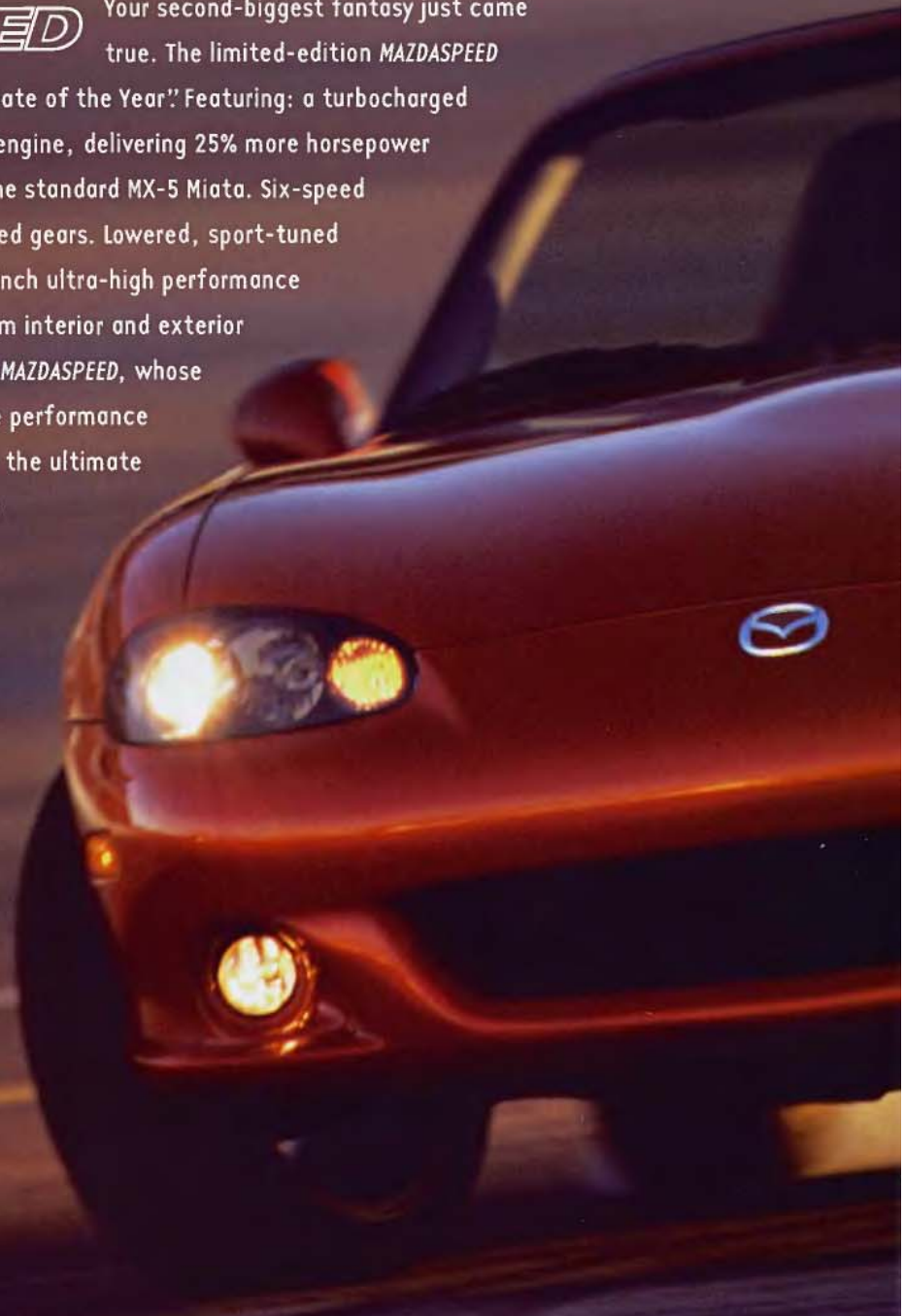
THE NEW TURBOCHARGED MAZDASPEED MX-5 MIATA

# PLAY, BOY.

**MAZDASPEED**

Your second-biggest fantasy just came true. The limited-edition MAZDASPEED

MX-5 Miata. 2005 automotive "Playmate of the Year." Featuring: a turbocharged and intercooled dual-overhead-cam engine, delivering 25% more horsepower and 33% more torque compared to the standard MX-5 Miata. Six-speed short-throw gearbox with shot-peened gears. Lowered, sport-tuned suspension working super-sticky 17-inch ultra-high performance tires. Plus a complete array of custom interior and exterior enhancements. All from the mind of MAZDASPEED, whose sole mission in life is cranking up the performance of cars already legendary for it — for the ultimate rush on wheels. But you need to visit [www.MazdaUSA.com/performance](http://www.MazdaUSA.com/performance) right now, stud — before this fantasy is gone.







**mazda**<sup>®</sup>



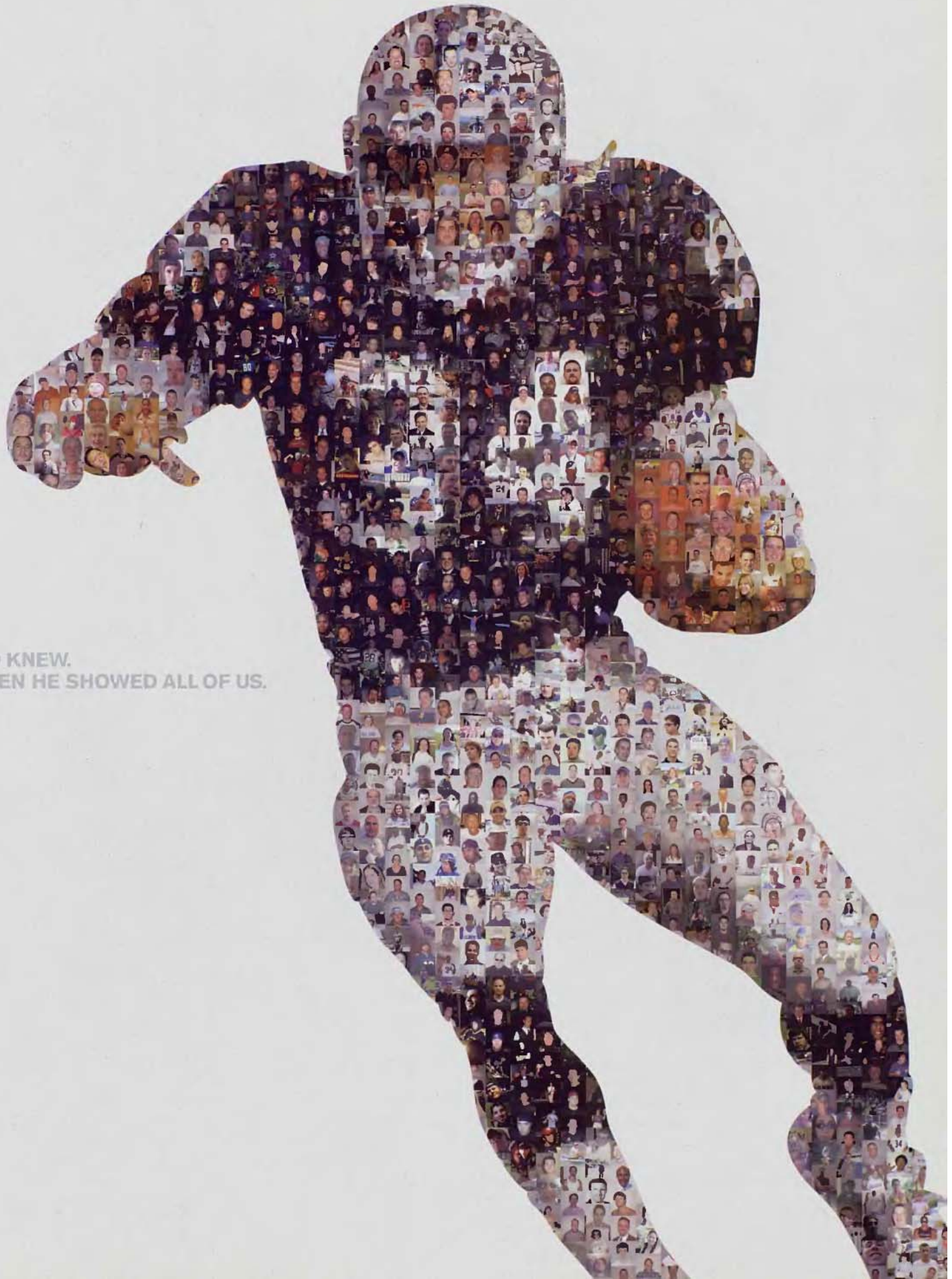


THE  
SEASON  
OF THE  
FAN



RELIVE THE LAST 25 YEARS IN SPORTS  
ALL SUMMER LONG WITH ESPN25.  
"THEN & NOW!" "WHO'S #1?" "THE HEADLINES!"  
**JOIN US EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT 7 ET ON ESPN, STARTING JUNE 8**





BO KNEW.  
THEN HE SHOWED ALL OF US.





Now you can power all your mobile devices from one source.

**SOMETIMES LESS IS A GOOD THING.**

Sure, size matters. But nowadays a smaller package is where it's at. At least, it is in terms of all those different adapters needed for your electronic devices. There's one for your cell phone. Your laptop. And even your PDA. So why not lighten your load with the iGo™ Juice Power Adapter? It's the all-in-one adapter that can simultaneously power and recharge your mobile devices anywhere by plugging into any standard wall, auto or airplane outlet. Plus, at just under a pound, it won't weigh you down. So check out the iGo™ Juice Power Adapter for yourself. And show the world that guys with less can really do a lot more.

 **RadioShack**®  
You've got questions. We've got answers.™





With *Fahrenheit 911* hitting theaters this summer, **Michael Moore** is back—and he's sure to cause more controversy than ever with this incendiary film. "I finally ended up meeting him in Michigan, up near Traverse City, where he lives now," reports Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, who turned the questions on Moore for the *Playboy Interview*. "Walking along the streets with him offered an interesting revelation. This is not New York City or San Francisco; it's a small Midwestern town. And every single person we passed—young, old and everything in between—stopped him, patted him on the back and thanked him for what he's doing. He's a hero to Middle America. When Moore professes to be a champion of blue-collar folks it's easy not to take him seriously. But I got the sense that those are the people who love him."

Outrageous shots of celebrities are a media staple. But the people who snap the pictures are a mysterious gang of jet-setting photographic big-game hunters. "These guys aren't exactly listed in the phone book," says **David Peisner**, who went on a Hollywood safari for *Paparazzi Apprentice*. "Anonymity is a big part of their profession." Peisner tracked down a paparazzo willing to let him into his world. "I flew out to L.A. and shadowed one for a week as he went about his work. Along the way he taught me some tricks of his trade. I don't think I'm ready to switch places, though."



**Matt Mahurin** created the artwork for *The Wreck of the La Conte*, a hair-raising account—excerpted from Todd Lewan's upcoming book, *The Last Run*—of a helicopter rescue off the coast of Alaska. (With the chopper dodging 100-foot rogue waves, it was the perfect storm, Pacific-style.) Mahurin has directed music videos for U2, REM, Metallica and David Byrne, but he is reluctant to analyze his own work. "I don't get into talking about the creative process," he says. "I just like to do the piece. It's not as if I'm secretive about it, but I like the work just to be there."



Our 50th anniversary issue featured novelist **Jonathan Safran Foer's** meditation on the collection of paper he has amassed from famous writers; he invited readers to send back an empty page included with the story. Hundreds did just that, as Foer describes in *The Naked Page Project*. "The responses were more heartfelt than I could ever have imagined," he says. "And with the exception of the person who sent me toilet paper, they were more generous. People's responses to my collection ranged from anger to curiosity to inspiration."



"I reread *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*," says **Thom Jones** about the inspiration for *Powder*, this month's fiction, "and found it to be amazingly good. Then I read it again and used it as a framework for this story. Incidentally I was in Western Samoa recently and went to see Robert Louis Stevenson's stone cottage in the middle of the island. It sat desolate. As night fell I saw a funnel cloud off in the distance. It turned out to be a swarm of mosquitoes the size of sparrows. It took exactly 11 days for the bites to stop itching."



# Finally, a beer that understands my fridge.



**If your fridge could choose, it would choose a better tasting beer, too.**

The new fridge pack from Miller is designed to dispense cans right into your hand so you can have the Genuine Flavor, Cold-Filtered Smoothness of Miller Genuine Draft or Great Tasting, Less Filling Miller Lite whenever you want. It is also specially designed to fit in your fridge and still pack 12 cans of cold Miller Beer. The new Fridge Pack from Miller. It's the newest way to enjoy a better tasting beer.

MillerBeer.com

Live Responsibly 

©2004 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

**Miller**  
Good call.™



# PLAYBOY

## contents

### features

#### 82 THE WRECK OF THE LA CONTE

On a winter day in 1998 five Alaskan fishermen set sail into one of the worst arctic storms on record. When their boat sank, they spent seven hours roped together as 70-foot waves crashed on top of them. The step-by-step account of one of the most daring helicopter rescues ever. **BY TODD LEWAN**

#### 88 THE NAKED PAGE PROJECT

For our 50th anniversary issue an acclaimed novelist wrote about the blank pieces of paper he collects from famous writers. He asked readers to mail him the empty page included with the story. Inside the hundreds of envelopes he received: rants, pleas, secrets, drawings and a paper airplane or two. **BY JONATHAN SAFRAN FOER**

#### 92 THE PRESIDENTIAL SEX QUIZ

Clinton didn't invent sex in the Oval Office. Test your knowledge of our past presidents' sexual antics: Who was the first commander in chief to get caught cheating? What was LBJ's pet name for his penis? (Hint: It wasn't Johnson.)

#### 94 SUPER CARS

Whether you want to spend \$250,000 or more on a new car is your call, but you owe it to yourself to get to know the best from Lamborghini, Ferrari, Mercedes-Benz and Chrysler. After all, sticker shock isn't fatal. **BY KEN GROSS**

#### 114 PAPARAZZI APPRENTICE

Tabloids are offering more money than ever to shutterbugs who stalk the rich and famous. We embedded our reporter in L.A.'s most hated army—celebrity photographers. Will he survive close encounters with Meg Ryan, Bruce Willis and Sir Paul McCartney's security goons? **BY DAVID PEISNER**

#### 129 CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: SERRIA TAWAN

Serria teaches you how to avoid unforced errors.

#### 130 20Q CHRISTINA APPLIGATE

The delectable actress who played Kelly Bundy is back, starring in this summer's big comedy, *Anchorman*. In *PLAYBOY* she talks about ball-scratching ballplayers, jury duty and the joy of cursing in nursery school. **BY ROBERT ABELE**

### fiction

#### 84 POWDER

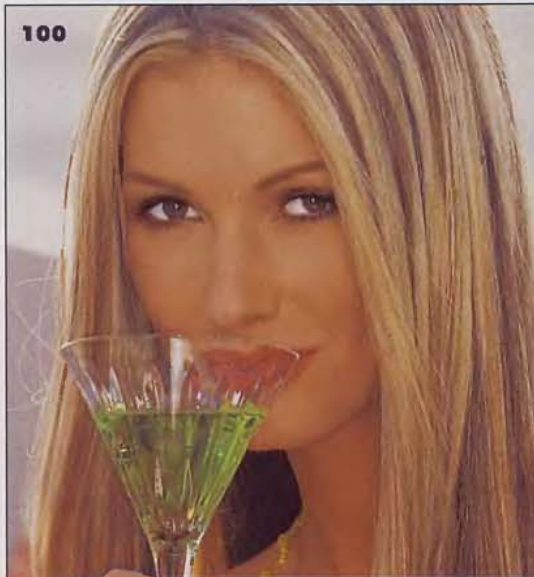
A small-town virgin moves to Chicago and finds himself humiliated on the job and a loser with big-city women. After he visits a strange doctor, his boss promotes him, women pay to have sex with him, and he falls in love. But will his luck continue even when the magic powder runs out? **BY THOM JONES**

### interview

#### 59 MICHAEL MOORE

Whether you cheer him or jeer him, you can't ignore this best-selling author and Oscar-winning filmmaker. His new documentary accuses President Bush of benefiting from the war on terror. In a turn-the-tables *Playboy* Interview, we demand that Moore answer our questions on Bush, Bin Laden and his badgering of former NRA president and Alzheimer's victim Charlton Heston. **BY DAVID SHEFF**

100



84



## cover story

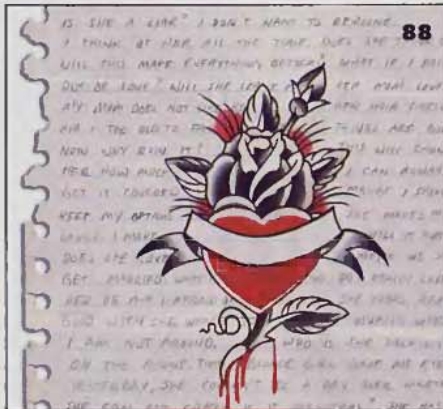
Before *Alias*'s Jennifer Garner, there was Peta Wilson. The star of TV's *La Femme Nikita* was the first actress to play a government assassin with an ass to die for. Photographer Patrick Demarchelier stripped the spy of her guns and garments. You won't need truth serum to confess your love for this femme fatale. Our Rabbit goes undercover in the darkness of Peta's robe.





# PLAYBOY

contents continued



## pictorials

- 74 SWING TIME**  
*Sexy swingers untangle themselves at the Lifestyles Convention to pose—and share orgy stories.*
- 100 PLAYMATE: STEPHANIE GLASSON**  
*Miss July aspires to be a real estate mogul. She could sell us anything.*
- 132 PETA WILSON**  
*Feel free to spy on the actress who played La Femme Nikita.*

## notes and news

- 13 PLAYBOY'S SUPER BOWL CELEBRATION**  
*Jenna Bush, Nicole Richie and Jaime Pressly catch passes at the biggest pigskin bash of them all.*
- 14 SHAQ'S NBA ALL-STAR MANSION PARTY**  
*A slam-dunk gathering with Shaquille O'Neal, Laila Ali and Crispin Glover.*
- 51 THE PLAYBOY FORUM**  
*Forcing websites to accommodate the blind; why does Wall Street get a free pass during scandals?*

- 165 PLAYMATE NEWS**  
*A tale about the Bunny costume that almost never was; Rebekka Armstrong on living with HIV.*

## departments

- 5 PLAYBILL**
- 19 DEAR PLAYBOY**
- 23 AFTER HOURS**

- 43 MANTRACK**
- 47 THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**
- 112 PARTY JOKES**
- 153 WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 169 ON THE SCENE**
- 170 GRAPEVINE**
- 172 POTPOURRI**

## fashion

- 120 DOG DAYS OF SUMMER**  
*Just because it's warm doesn't mean you can't set girls' tails wagging. BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS*
- 126 SKIN DEEP**  
*The days of soap and water are gone. The best new products for your face. BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS*

## reviews

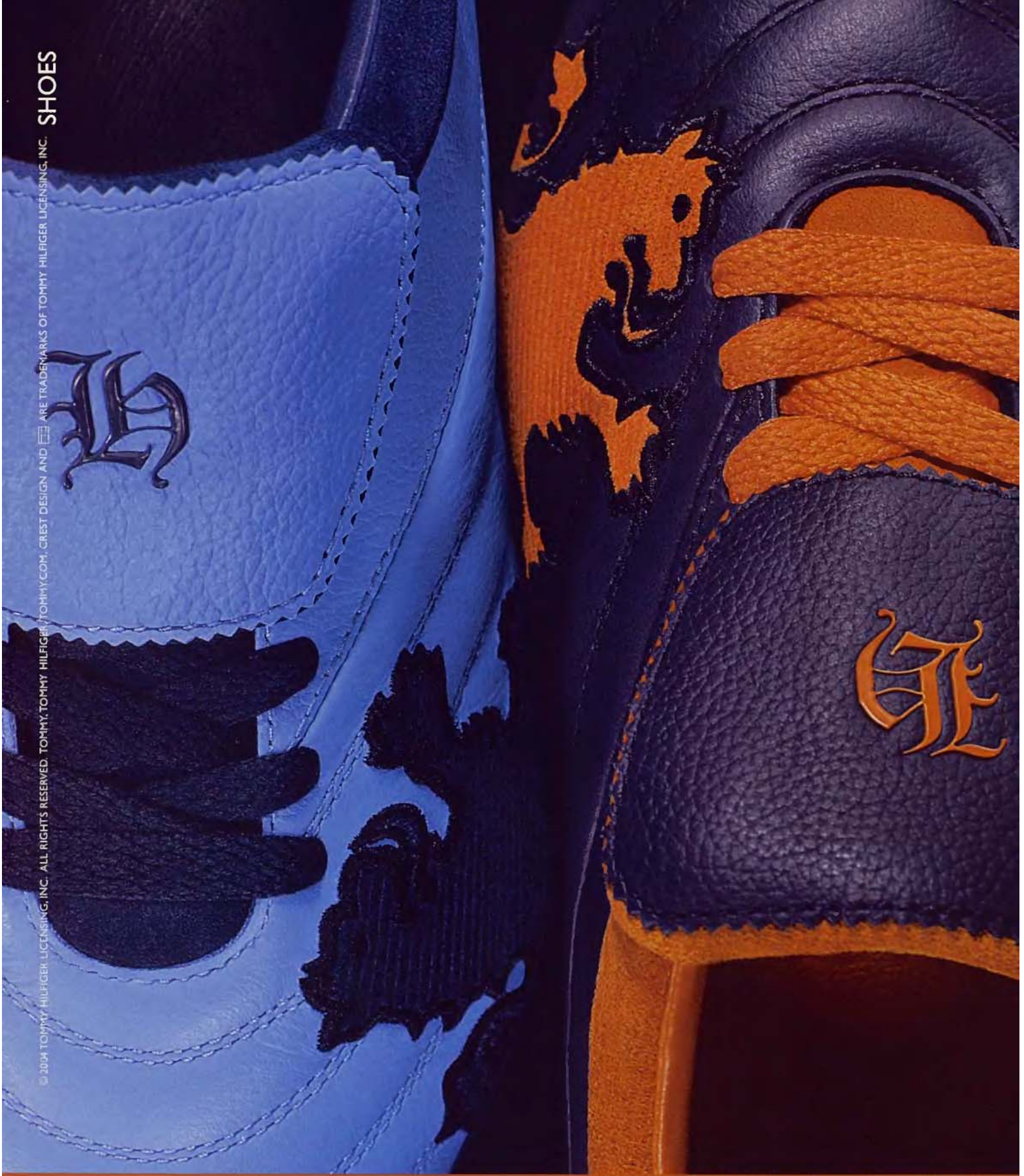
- 33 MOVIES**  
*Steven Spielberg and Tom Hanks imagine the worst layover ever; get caught in Spider-Man 2's web.*
- 36 DVDS**  
*Cold Mountain and Bad Santa on our list; dreams about Dreamers.*
- 37 MUSIC**  
*Beastie Boys love NYC, Sonic Youth returns, and Polyphonic Spree triumphs.*
- 38 GAMES**  
*MLB SlugFest: Loaded—does virtual baseball beat the real thing?*
- 40 BOOKS**  
*Lee Child's new military thriller; lessons on how to rock.*

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: APRIL 2004. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS DIANE GRIFFIN. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2004 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE, AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 153. DANBURY MINT INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. FALL MALL INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 36-37 IN DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. RED SEAL INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 144-145 AND BIC LIGHTERS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 160-161 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



© 2004 TOMMY HILFIGER LICENSING, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. TOMMY, TOMMY HILFIGER, TOMMY.COM, CREST DESIGN AND  ARE TRADEMARKS OF TOMMY HILFIGER LICENSING, INC. SHOES



TOMMY HILFIGER





## Gorgeous

nude models unchain their  
**smoldering** sex appeal!



UUFT0410 \$6.99

## SIZZLING

naked coeds show you every  
inch of their student bodies!



UUFT0409 \$6.99

call 800-423-9494

(mention Source Code 11511) or

visit [playboystore.com](http://playboystore.com)

(enter Source Code 11511 during checkout) or

order by mail

please send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 808, Itasca, IL 60143-0808.

(include Source Code 11511)

Add \$3.50 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. (Canadian orders accepted.)



**AT NEWSSTANDS NOW**

# PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER

editor-in-chief

JAMES KAMINSKY *editorial director*

STEVEN RUSSELL *deputy editor*

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

LISA CINDOLO GRACE *managing editor*

ROBERT LOVE *editor at large*

CHRIS NAPOLITANO, STEPHEN RANDALL *executive editors*

## EDITORIAL

**FEATURES:** A.J. BAIME *articles editor* **FORUM:** CHIP ROWE *senior editor*; PATTY LAMBERTI *assistant editor* **MODERN LIVING:** SCOTT ALEXANDER *senior editor*; JASON BUHRMESTER *associate editor*  
**STAFF:** ALISON PRATO *senior associate editor*; ROBERT B. DESALVO, TIMOTHY MOHR *assistant editors*; HEATHER HAEBE, CAROL KUBALEK, EMILY LITTLE, KENNY LULL *editorial assistants* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor*; JENNIFER THIELE *assistant* **COPY:** WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief*; STEVE GORDON *associate copy chief*; CAMILLE CAUTI *senior copy editor*; ROBIN AIGNER, ANTOINE DOZOIS, JEAN RODIE *copy editors* **RESEARCH:** DAVID COHEN *research director*; BRENDAN BARR *senior researcher*; RON MOTTA, DARON MURPHY, DAVID PFISTER, MATTHEW SHEPATIN *researchers*; MARK DURAN *research librarian* **EDITORIAL PRODUCTION:** JENNIFER JARONECZYK HAWTHORNE *assistant managing editor*; BONNIE SHELDEN *manager*; VALERY SOROKIN *associate* **READER SERVICE:** MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondent* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** KEVIN BUCKLEY, JOSEPH DE ACETIS (FASHION), GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS, WARREN KALBACKER, ARTHUR KRETCHMER, JOE MORGENSTERN, JAMES R. PETERSEN, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, JOHN D. THOMAS

HEIDI PARKER *west coast editor*

## ART

SCOTT ANDERSON, BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS, ROB WILSON *senior art directors*; PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant*; JOANNA METZGER *art assistant*; CORTEZ WELLS *art services coordinator*; MALINA LEE *senior art administrator*

## PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JIM LARSON *managing editor*; PATTY BEAUDET-FRANÇÈS, KEVIN KUSTER, STEPHANIE MORRIS *senior editors*; RENAY LARSON *assistant editor*; ARNY FREYTAG, STEPHEN WAYDA *senior contributing photographers*; GEORGE GEORGIU *staff photographer*; RICHARD IZUL, MIZUNO, BYRON NEWMAN, GEN NISHINO, DAVID RAMS *contributing photographers*; BILL WHITE *studio manager—los angeles*; BONNIE JEAN KENNY *manager, photo library*; KEVIN CRAIG *manager, photo lab*; MATT STEIGBIGEL *photo researcher*; PENNY EKKERT, MELISSA ELIAS *production coordinators*

DIANE SILBERSTEIN *publisher*

## ADVERTISING

JEFF KIMMEL *advertising director*; RON STERN *new york manager* **NEW YORK:** HELEN BIANCULLI *direct response advertising director*; TATIANA VERENICIN *fashion manager*; JOHN LUMPKIN *southeast manager*; LARRY MENKES *senior account executive*; TRACY WISE *account executive*; MARIE FIRNENO *advertising operations director*; KARA SARISKY *advertising coordinator* **CHICAGO:** JOE HOFFER *midwest sales manager*; WADE BAXTER *senior account executive* **LOS ANGELES:** DENISE SCHIPPER *west coast manager*; COREY SPIEGEL *senior account executive* **SAN FRANCISCO:** JENNIFER SAND *account executive*

## MARKETING

LISA NATALE *associate publisher/marketing*; SUE IGOE *event marketing director*; JULIA LIGHT *marketing services director*; DONNA TAVOSO *creative services director*

## PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director*; JODY JURGETO *production manager*; CINDY PONTARELLI, DEBBIE TILLOU *associate managers*; JOE CANE, CHAR KROWCZYK *assistant managers*; BILL BENWAY, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*

## CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director*; PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director*

## ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

JAMES P. RADTKE *senior vice president and general manager*







# STOLICHNAYA



To the girls in the far booth.  
Even if they don't know us yet.



Vazhna Mera  
(Enjoy Stoli Responsibly.)

©2003 Stolichnaya Russian Vodka, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits, 40% alc./vol. (80 proof), Allied Distency Spirits USA, Westport, CT.

# RUSSIAN VODKA



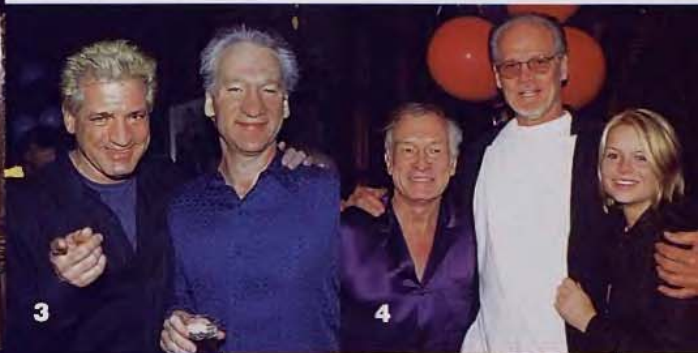
**PLAYBOY'S  
SUPER BOWL  
CELEBRATION**



2



3



4



6



7



8



5

Why have one Super Bowl bash when you can have two? In Houston we hosted a Heaven & Hell Playboy party, and at the Mansion Hef helmed an L.A.-style football fete. In other words, everyone scored. (1) PLAYBOY Editorial Director James Kaminsky and Senior VP of Marketing Lisa Natale with first daughter Jenna Bush and her friend Mia. (2) Bridget and Holly in L.A. helping Hef get his rah-rah's out. (3) Joel Berliner and Bill Maher. (4) Hef with long-time friend Fred "Hunter" Dryer and Fred's daughter Caitlin. (5) *The Simple Life*'s Nicole Richie. (6) February cover girl Jaime Pressly. (7) Lance Bass, Joey Fatone and pals. (8) N.E.R.D.'s Pharrell Williams entertaining the ladies. (9) Sports legends Cal Ripken Jr. and Barry Sanders. (10) Hip-hop star Da Brat. (11) Duran Duran. (12) Hoppin' Bunnies. (13) Tara Reid and PMOY 2002 Dalene Kurtis. (14) Victoria Silvstedt. (15) Jermaine Dupri and friends. (16) Jimmy Fallon. (17) Nicky and Paris Hilton with Pauly Shore.



9

10



11



12



PLAYBOY

16



13



14

15



17

13



# SHAQ'S NBA ALL-STAR MANSION PARTY



1



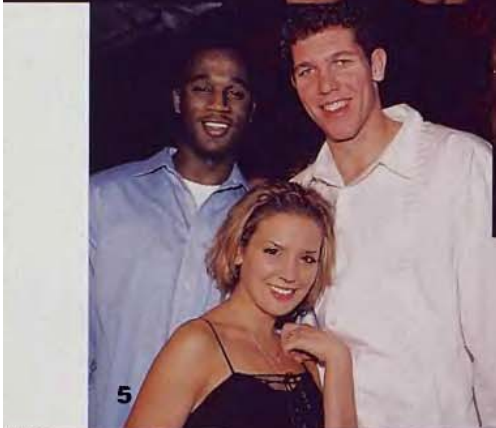
2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9

When major players Hef and Shaquille O'Neal teamed up to host Shaq's NBA All-Star party at the Mansion, everyone from athletes to Centerfolds to movie stars was game. (1) Playmates Audra Lynn and Ava Fabian with Crispin Glover. (2) Hef with Shaq and his wife, Shaunie. (3) Knockout pro boxer—and Muhammad Ali's daughter—Laila Ali. (4) San Antonio Spur Tim Duncan and his wife, Amy. (5) Los Angeles Lakers stars Kareem Rush and Luke Walton with Christa Adams. (6) Bling king Jacob "the Jeweler" Arabo with Playmate Bunnies and enough ice to freeze the Grotto. (7) Hef and gal pal Brande Roderick. (8) Rick Fox of the Lakers. (9) Tennessee Titan Eddie George with Playmate Penelope Jimenez. (10) Playmate of the Year 2004 Carmella DeCesare and Seth Green. (11) Hef and Holly with members of the hip-hop group B2K. (12) Kenny Lofton of the New York Yankees. (13) Hef and his platinum party posse digging the scene. (14) Former world heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis with another heavy hitter, Mr. Playboy.



10



12



13



11



14





THE  
**GRIID**

ALL-NEW LIMITED SERIES

JULY



WE KNOW DRAMA™

tnt.tv

TM & © 2004 Turner Broadcasting System, Inc. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved.



**PLAYBOY'S  
50TH ANNIVERSARY  
CLUB TOUR**



In 1960 Hef opened the first Playboy Club, which revolutionized nightlife and provided a sexy, sophisticated playground for patrons. Back in the day, you may have been Bunny-dipped by everyone from Debbie Harry to Gloria Steinem. In honor of our 50th anniversary, we re-created the Playboy Clubs for 50 unforgettable parties in 50 cities. (1) A bevy of Bunnies in front of the tour bus. (2) Julie McCullough, Mark Wills, Lauren Michelle Hill and Nicole Wood. (3) Vanessa Gleason, Phil Vassar and Julie. (4) Stephanie Heinrich and country star Joe Nichols. (5) Shawn Marion and Nefertari Shepherd. (6) Doug Davis, Julie and Ben Ford. (7) DeJuan Groce, Kevin Garrett and pals. (8) James Bond novelist Raymond Benson and his wife. (9) Roberto Alomar and friends. (10) Cleveland Brown Melvin Fowler and Playmate gal pals. (11) Dita Von Teese. (12) Jeff Garcia with Miriam Gonzalez and Colleen Marie. (13) Colleen, Stromile Swift and Ava Fabian. (14) Mike Logan and the lovely ladies. (15) Simeon Rice in a Playmate squeeze.







Light on Calories. Full on Taste.









**FEAR FOR THE FUTURE**

E.L. Doctorow proves once again that he is a sage (*Fear*, April). His thoughts are realistic yet optimistic. His essay represents everything I've always loved about PLAYBOY.

Friedrich Reip  
Berlin, Germany

Your magazine wouldn't be around without capitalism. Please stifle the expression of your socialist agenda.

Michael O'Connell  
Binghamton, New York

Thanks for allowing space for the minority viewpoint. Seeing that others have their eyes open during these treacherous times gives me hope.

Kevin Connell  
Riverside, California

I can't believe you compare Joseph McCarthy and John Ashcroft to the likes of Stalin, Khomeini, Bin Laden and Hussein. Whatever their faults, McCarthy and Ashcroft did not murder their opponents.

Pete Ballard  
Fort Worth, Texas

**RACHEL RULES**

In 1979 I found my older brother's copy of PLAYBOY with Raquel Welch on the cover. She taught me what makes a woman beautiful—mystery in her



Supersxy Rachel Hunter.

eyes, a gorgeous face and curvaceous hips. I'm sure Rachel Hunter (*Rachel Rocks*, April) is now teaching a lot of younger men the same thing.

James Brattoli  
Henderson, Nevada

Your April cover may be one of the sexiest ever—and the magazine only gets better on the inside. Thank you for bringing Rachel to us.

Tom Veneklas  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

You're doing a great job getting celebrities to pose. Rachel is hot! Two suggestions: Paige Davis of *Trading Spaces* and Alyssa Milano.

Edward Robbins  
Pueblo, Colorado

**CHASING THE EAGLE**

As a former defense attorney for Jay Parrino, the dealer mentioned in *Curse of the Double Eagle* (April) as an intermediary in the double eagle purchase, I'd like to point out that it is uncertain whether all the 1933 \$20 coins in circulation were stolen from the Mint. Some could have been mistakenly issued in small quantities, sold over the counter or recovered after being stuck in counting machines, as has happened with other coins. Because coins do not have serial numbers, they are impossible to track. According to our research, the arrest of my client and Stephen Fenton was the first time in U.S. history that anyone, except for larcenous Mint employees, had been taken into custody for possession of a coin that had been questionably released. Bryan Christy is charitable in characterizing the applicable laws as a patchwork. They are more like a vacuum. It remains unclear whether certain coins can be legally owned, and collectors have no way, other than costly litigation, to find out. The government needs to spell out exactly which coins may and may not be owned by U.S. citizens.

David Krassner  
New Haven, Connecticut

I enjoyed Bryan Christy's piece on my pursuit of the double eagle. I'm being nitpicky, but a few notes: Christy writes that I retired from the Secret Service "with an acknowledgment" for my role in bringing in the double eagle. I think he meant to say "without." Also, Christy lists other coins that were never issued by the Mint but that are available on the black market, such as the 1913 Liberty head nickel. I suggested that we seize them as well, but nobody bought into my plan.

Dave Freriks  
Lubbock, Texas

**TWO CENTS ON 50**

It's clear that 50 Cent is more thoughtful than the average thug

(*Playboy Interview*, April). However, it's unfortunate that your readers don't get a chance to see more than one side of him. Rob Tannenbaum asks questions only about the violence that has surrounded the rapper. This presents a disturbing image that's all too prominent in this country—that of the young black man as a violent criminal.

Matt Irvin  
Los Angeles, California



Readers question 50 Cent's value.

If I read another interview about 50 Cent getting shot nine times, I'm going to shoot *myself* nine times.

Zac Busby  
Los Angeles, California

50 Cent says he doesn't like "faggots." I would think that, as a black man, he would be more sensitive to bigotry.

Scott Liapis  
Brooklyn, New York

Many people write about 50 Cent, but few have let him speak for himself. Thanks for letting me see what's going on underneath that do-rag.

Dan Swan  
New York, New York

**THAT TIME OF YEAR**

*When Taxes Attack!* (April) is entertaining, but I know someone who tells me he hasn't paid income tax in 10 years. He says he earns more than \$100,000 annually but that the IRS has never bothered him. How about doing some research on whether there is a legal way to avoid paying taxes?

Rex Rumley  
Columbus, Ohio

*We did our research, and we pay our taxes. If your friend doesn't want to contribute to*



Out of  
the blue

Comes  
a new spin  
on a mild  
cigar.



Finally, the  
legendary quality  
of genuine  
Connecticut Shade  
wrapper in a  
mildly priced cigar.

Handmade in Honduras

© 2003 U.S. Cigar Sales, Inc.  
1-888-6-CIGAR-1  
Outside U.S., call 800-533-0373

*the kitty that provides a stable economy, stable markets, military protection and other benefits so he can earn \$100K a year, he should relocate. Maybe Haiti?*

I've been a tax consultant for 26 years, and I also publish *The Anti-IRS News*. I've spent hundreds of hours assisting attorneys in tax trials. One common IRS tactic is to enter a defendant's returns into evidence. The defense argues that because a person is compelled to file a return, using it against him is a violation of the Fifth Amendment, which protects us all from being forced to incriminate ourselves. The government counters that a return is "voluntary." The IRS can't have it both ways. I filed a lawsuit trying to force the government to acknowledge this discrepancy and was fined \$6,000 for my "frivolous argument."

Bill Conklin  
Denver, Colorado

#### STRIKEOUT?

Your baseball preview is just as "fearless" as you claim (*Open Season*, April) but only in the sense that you aren't afraid to be wrong. You somehow missed the fact that Alex Rodriguez has been traded to the Yankees. But even if Rodriguez had stayed with the Rangers, it's ridiculous to think that they could have finished second in the AL West.

Danny Horne  
Fort Worth, Texas

*The Rodriguez trade went down soon after we had gone to press. Despite the many late deals, we'll stick with our picks.*

Allen St. John is too harsh in predicting how the Indians will play this year. I guarantee they'll be the most exciting team in the American League.

Chad Scianna  
Denver, Pennsylvania

#### OPEN ENDING

Maybe I lack imagination or the ability to read between the lines, but did the wife of the main character in Scott Smith's short story *Yellow* (April) really have an affair?

Bob Martino  
Tucson, Arizona

*We asked Smith, and he said yes. A day later he said no. Then he said to tell you yes but that he'd have to think about it.*

#### EYE-OPENING KRISTA

Krista Kelly (April) is another excellent example of Canada's most important export—Playmates.

Robert Condor  
Gloucester, Ontario

Pam Anderson, Anna Nicole Smith and Jenny McCarthy have graced your pages as Playmates, but none of them

holds a candle to Krista Kelly. My birthday is coming up. Can you send me some unpublished photos?

Jim Trehwella  
Billings, Montana

*Flattery will get you nowhere, unless you have connections—specifically an Internet connection. We post unpublished Playmate photos each month at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).*

#### SOUR NOTES

In your re-creation of the Ramones album (*Classic Rock, Classic Style*, April) you identify the figure second from the left as Marky Ramone. Every Ramones fan knows that Tommy Erdelyi played drums on the debut. Marky replaced him on *Road to Ruin*.

Jim Briggs  
West New York, New Jersey

Although I won't dismiss *Fatherfucker* as electronic album of the year (*Year in Music 2004*, April), you overlook key



PLAYBOY picks the best musical acts.

players such as Audio Bullys, Kid Koala, Fluke, Plump DJs and Unkle.

Kyle Tamminen  
Thunder Bay, Ontario

In "Name Over," the list of "moronic band monikers" that appears with your April music reviews, the writer says of Pretty Girls Make Graves, "Note to aspiring musicians: A nonsensical name doesn't make you artsy and deep." A real music writer would know that the band's name is an homage to the Smiths song. Note to aspiring music writers: Not knowing what you're talking about makes you look stupid.

Jim VanBlaricum  
Los Angeles, California

*Final note: "Pretty Girls Make Graves" is a dumb name for a song.*





Syphon Filter  
THE OMEGA STRAIN



▲ PLACE HAND HERE ▲



YOU HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS THE AGENT WE ARE LOOKING FOR.

REPORT TO: GABE LOGAN, I.P.C.A. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

OBJECTIVE: STOP OMEGA STRAIN VIRUS AND THE TERRORISTS WHO CONTROL IT.

ARSENAL: 100+ HIGHLY LETHAL WEAPONS INCLUDING: SILENCED SUBMACHINE GUN, DSC-1 THERMAL SNIPER RIFLE, CH-9 MACHINE PISTOL, BLASTER GRENADE.

MISSION DIRECTIVES: ELIMINATE ALL ENEMY AGENTS AND PREVENT OUTBREAK OF DEADLY MUTATING VIRUS. ANY INFORMATION RECEIVED WILL BE HIGHLY CLASSIFIED AS YOU WILL BE ENGAGING LETHAL INTERNATIONAL ASSASSINS. SUCCESS OF THIS GLOBAL COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE OPERATION IS CRUCIAL.

PRIORITY: URGENT.

THE BEST WEAPON WE HAVE IS YOU.



PlayStation 2



LIVE IN YOUR WORLD.  
PLAY IN OURS.





One hundred years ago, Mr. Jack Daniel won a **gold** medal. It was not for pole vaulting.  
[Best Whiskey, 1904 World's Fair, St. Louis.]



Pick up your 100th anniversary bottle now. Or just wait another 100 years.

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

JACK DANIEL'S and OLD NO. 7 are registered trademarks. ©2004 Jack Daniel's. Come visit us at [www.jackdaniels.com](http://www.jackdaniels.com)



# P L A Y B O Y

## a f t e r h o u r s



babe of the month

## Shana Hiatt

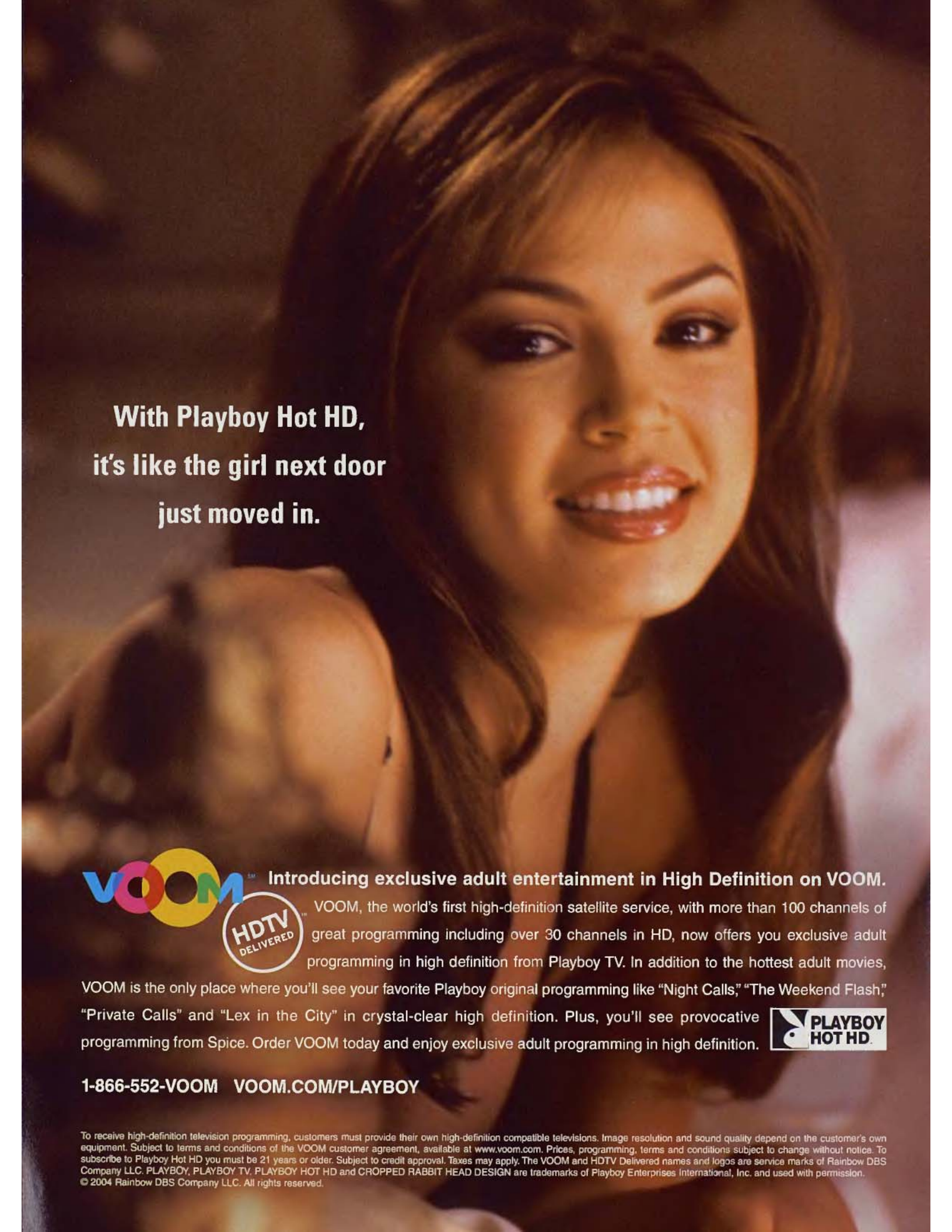
**B**efore becoming host of the Travel Channel's hit show *World Poker Tour*, Shana Hiatt didn't have much expertise up her sleeve. "I told the producers I didn't know *anything* about poker," she explains. "They said they just wanted someone who could ask questions the audience would want to ask, and I did. But now I eat, breathe and sleep poker." After two seasons of watching sharks and celebrities alike cash in their chips from Reno to Aruba, the 29-year-old beauty is often recognized by fans in public as "the poker girl." "I've been dubbed the Queen of Hearts, so guys always want me to sign that card

Read 'em and weep with *World Poker Tour's* hottest hand

for them," she says. Shana has also hosted the E channel's *Wild On* in South Africa. "I traveled to a shantytown and met a witch doctor who was healing all these people. It was pretty trippy—more like a documentary instead of me partying all the time." Shana sees herself hosting her own entertainment news show in the not so distant future. Meanwhile she has a helpful tip for you on-the-prowl gamblers. "Guys, you can never bluff a girl," Shana cautions. "Women always know when men are lying. I can read guys like a book." In that case we won't tell a fib—our favorite high-stakes game is strip poker.

"You can never bluff a girl. Women know when men are lying."





**With Playboy Hot HD,  
it's like the girl next door  
just moved in.**



**Introducing exclusive adult entertainment in High Definition on VOOM.**



VOOM, the world's first high-definition satellite service, with more than 100 channels of great programming including over 30 channels in HD, now offers you exclusive adult programming in high definition from Playboy TV. In addition to the hottest adult movies,

VOOM is the only place where you'll see your favorite Playboy original programming like "Night Calls," "The Weekend Flash," "Private Calls" and "Lex in the City" in crystal-clear high definition. Plus, you'll see provocative programming from Spice. Order VOOM today and enjoy exclusive adult programming in high definition.



**1-866-552-VOOM VOOM.COM/PLAYBOY**

To receive high-definition television programming, customers must provide their own high-definition compatible televisions. Image resolution and sound quality depend on the customer's own equipment. Subject to terms and conditions of the VOOM customer agreement, available at [www.voom.com](http://www.voom.com). Prices, programming, terms and conditions subject to change without notice. To subscribe to Playboy Hot HD you must be 21 years or older. Subject to credit approval. Taxes may apply. The VOOM and HDTV Delivered names and logos are service marks of Rainbow DBS Company LLC. PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY TV, PLAYBOY HOT HD and CROPPED RABBIT HEAD DESIGN are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. and used with permission. © 2004 Rainbow DBS Company LLC. All rights reserved.



## barometer

## IT'S JULY AND...



...you can't escape the sticky web of Spider mania. The first film, in 2002, set the opening weekend box office record with \$115 million; expect the *Spider-Man 2* cash cow to be milked by relentless hype and merchandising. Somewhere Mr. Insect and Bug Boy are drowning their sorrows.

...you're watching the Democratic National Convention, and the suspense is killing you. It's not about nominees but theatrics: Will the Dems shun Slick Willie? Will Howard Dean deliver a motivational shriek? And how will the Kerrys top that Al and Tipper tongue bath?



...you need a new pair of shades, but the beady-eyed-snowboarder look is so Y2K. Reacquaint yourself with a classic: Ray-Ban Aviators. They go swell with your Munsingwear polo and Rod Lavers—James Spader rides again.

...you don't have to surf to love the U.S. Open of Surfing, starting July 24 in Huntington Beach. California girls in bikinis prowling the beach, cute spokesmodels hawk sunblock and Red Bull, and the female pros are right out of *Blue Crush*. Men surf too, or so we're told.



...you're feeling Hemingway-esque on the 50th anniversary of Papa's Nobel Prize win. What'll it be, the look-alike contest in Key West (July 22 to 24) or the bull run in Pamplona (July 6 to 14)? Don't be so frivolous—if the man were alive today he'd be driving an ambulance in Iraq.

## adult education

## LAP DANCE U.

VEGAS SCHOOL TEACHES DIRTY DANCERS TO CLEAN YOU OUT



One course is noticeably absent from the curriculum at Naked Assets, a school for strippers in Las Vegas: Dancing 101. "Being a good dancer may net you \$20 more a night," says co-owner Adam Sternberg. "It's the single least important part of this business." Color us shocked—rather than being performance art, stripping is the art of parting willing fools from their

money. A Wharton for the G-string set, Naked Assets turns its students into nude, shrewd selling machines. Instructor Amber Smith (a former \$1,000-a-night dancer) dispenses firsthand advice: Wear *more* clothes and *less* makeup to pique patrons' curiosity and convey honesty. "If you're married, leave your ring on," she adds. "Guys respect that you're not covering it up." For his part, Sternberg emphasizes the ABC of salesmanship: Always be closing. The girls learn to massage lonely clients' egos with ice-breaking gimmicks—a card trick or cocktail napkin origami—and feign interest in the week's conventions. Finally, the girls are trained to turn patrons into yes men: Positivity is habit-forming, so asking simple "yes" questions ("Isn't the weather nice?") primes the customer for acquiescing to a lap dance (or eight) in the VIP room—where the big bucks are made. After all, emptying a man's wallet requires privacy.

## drink of the month

POM NIGHT  
NEW COCKTAIL TAKES YOU FOR 'GRANATE

Drinkwise, 2004 is the year of the pomegranate. The berry's seeds are rich in antioxidants, which makes it a natural for mixing with hooch. The pomegranate cocktail at New York's Salt Bar goes like this: three parts Ketel One, one part lychee juice, one part pomegranate juice and a squeeze of lime. Drop in a few pomegranate seeds, and stick a lychee on the rim. They call it the ting ting teeny, so tell everyone it's for your girl.





## freak shows

## SAD REALITY

## COULD REALITY TV BE ANY WORSE? ACTUALLY, YES

Some unscripted TV programming ideas are so ludicrous that not even the producers of *The Littlest Groom* would put them on the air. If you're moaning about prime-time karaoke, just be glad these half-baked—but real—itches never got the green light.



**I'VE GOT A MONKEY ON MY BACK** In a new frantic cross-country relay race, the contestants are not carrying a metaphoric monkey or two on their back. Nope, a real live banana-munching, feces-flinging simian plays the role of a baton that must be moved from one coast to the other. Guaranteed to be at least as entertaining as a Tony Danza movie. *Rejected by:* Fox. "That was the worst pitch I'd ever heard," says an exec.

**THE VIRGIN** A young man who's been saving himself for the right girl has his pick of a group of buxom virgins. Several elimination rounds later Prince Cherry chooses and a very happy ending seems destined. That is, until he discovers Snow White's little secret: She's a porn star! Can the reality-TV love they share overcome her moral turpitude? *Rejected by:* Fox.

**IRON LUNG** Several smokers under one roof try to kick the habit cold turkey. Withdrawal and paranoia set in, and the place gets as bitchy as the Tri Delt house during group menses. That open carton of cigarettes lying on the dining room table doesn't help. One puff and you're out. The winning quitter gets a lung transplant. *Rejected by:* Fox.



**PIMP HOUSE** Six pimps live under the same roof. Their lives are much like ours, except they're pimps. One minute they're micro-waving some mac daddy and cheese, the next they're on the cell phone

threatening to bitch-slap a lazy ho. Sometimes they have to take it outside to settle turf disputes. Did we mention they're pimps? There's a good chance they'll wear outrageous hats and jewelry. Okay, we'd totally watch this. *Rejected by:* NBC.

**WHO WANTS TO BE A SPERM DONOR?** Men compete to determine whose seed will fertilize the lucky mom-to-be's egg. The handsome investment banker appears to be the front-runner—until a DNA scan turns up a recessive gene for Von Hippel-Lindau disease. The in vitro conception isn't televised, but the birth is—live. *Rejected by:* CBS.



**CONVICT ISLAND** A ragged band of ex-cons tries to outlast fellow felons; anyone who can't pull his weight in the tunneling and matchstick-sculpting contests is voted off. Cheating is discouraged

but not necessarily grounds for ejection—after all, these guys have been thinking outside the box for years. The last felon standing wins prize money—for the victims (or the families thereof) he wronged all those years ago. *Rejected by:* NBC.

**REV AND RELAXATION**

## getaway driver



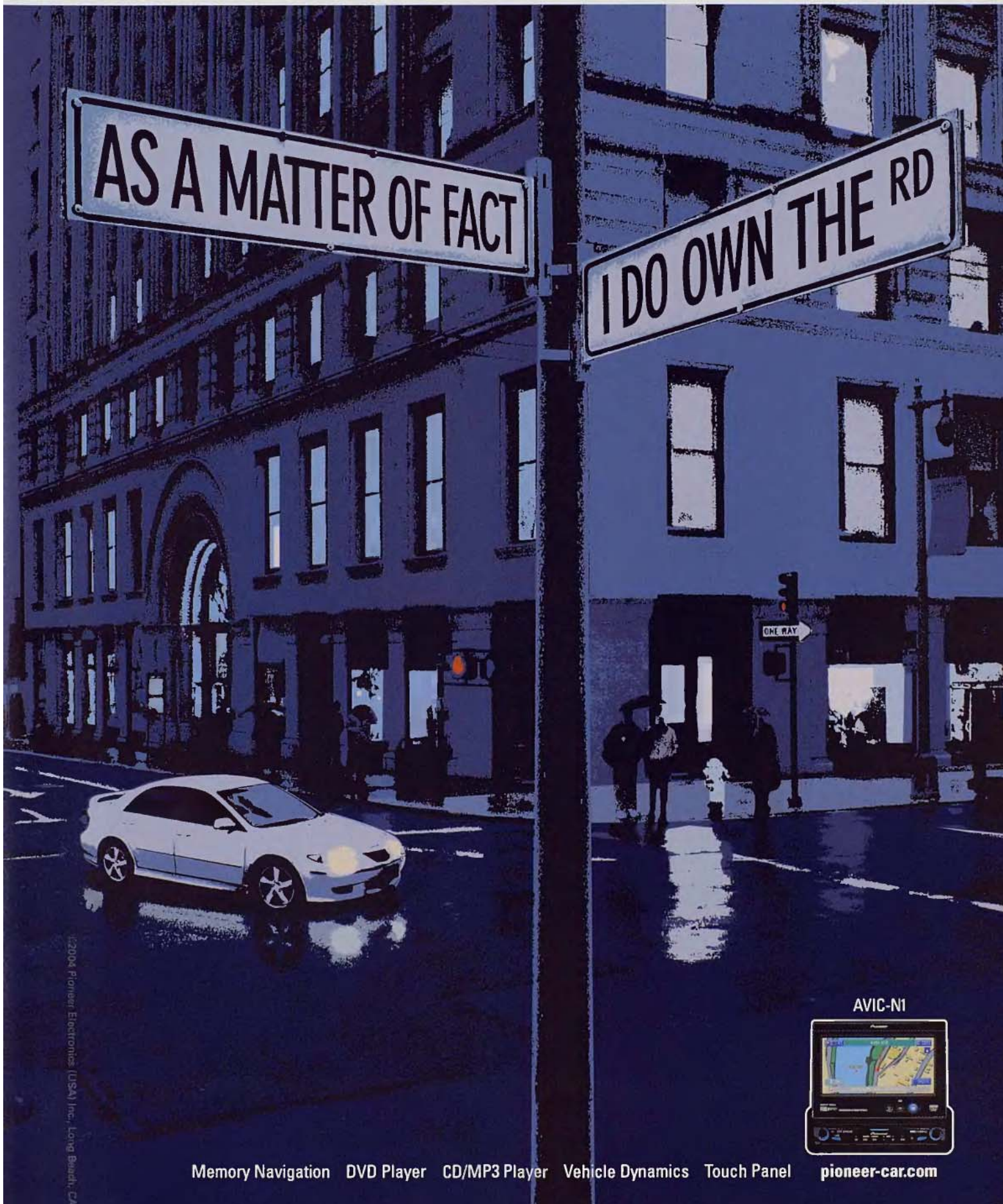
## REV AND RELAXATION

## A SOUPED-UP SPA FOR SPEEDSTERS OF MEANS

Chateau Élan Winery & Resort knows there's nothing wrong with a little man-car love. The Georgia spa has come up with a weekend of personal and automotive indulgence to ensure that your relationship with a new hand-built roadster gets off to a roaring start. The car is the Panoz Esperante, a two-seater with a 4.6-liter, 320-horsepower Ford Cobra engine. A base-model Esperante runs in the high five figures—but really, why be timid? For \$123,000 the Chateau and the Panoz factory (both owned by the Panoz family) will give you and your intended—the car—the royal treatment. First you get to design her: At the factory you'll choose colors, interior wood finish and leather seats. You'll stay in the presidential suite (personal chef and bottle of Dom at the ready) and sate your need for speed on a 12-turn, 2.5-mile course. Once your sex machine is complete, all that's left is the christening. "I named mine Tallulah," says actor Patrick Dempsey. "They even put a plaque on the engine." Be advised: The package is dubbed Romantic Pleasures and Dream Chariots. A name like that could make your *other* woman want to come along for the ride.



**Pioneer** *sound.vision.soul*



©2004 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA

AVIC-N1



Memory Navigation DVD Player CD/MP3 Player Vehicle Dynamics Touch Panel [pioneer-car.com](http://pioneer-car.com)



hush life



**NO FLIRTING ALOUD**  
QUIET PARTIES FOR SINGLES ARE WRITTEN AFFAIRS

The worst thing about using a pickup line at a typical club? Having to yell it—five times—because she can't hear you over the DJ's roof-rattling idea of mood music. Which is why some partyers on the make are going for the silent treatment. Quiet Party is an emerging alt-dating scene that has already touched down in Washington, D.C., New York City, Berlin and London. At a Quiet Party, singles pass scribbled, often risqué notes to one another in an odd mix of cheap thrills and postcollegiate smarting off. The more Shakespearean double entendres, the better. "Quiet Partyers tend to be adventurous and literate," says co-founder Paul Rebhan, who estimates that 3,000 people attended the functions in 2003. "Women say they can tell more about a man's character at a Quiet Party than they can elsewhere." It may sound like a night at the library, but when their pens run dry, quiet types are as likely to pair off as barflies. After all, the prohibition on oral expression ends at the door.

going postal

**A LITTLE MAIL FROM HIS FRIENDS**  
RINGO'S POSTCARD  
PORTRAIT OF THE BEATLES

Now we know of two things Ringo Starr collected after the Beatles broke up—massive royalty checks and tidings sent by his former bandmates. *Postcards From the Boys* (Genesis), a jumbo, limited-edition book packaged in its own tin mailbox, reproduces 53 such missives, ranging from the silly to the illuminating. In a 1971 note, John Lennon asks, "Who'd have thought it would come to this?" And George Harrison jokes from Fiji that his feet "are getting bigger every day." For the Beatles fan who must truly have everything,



employee of the month



**ESCROW A-GO-GO**

WHEN MANDY SHENKO HOLDS YOUR TITLE, YOU DON'T WANT HER TO LET GO

**PLAYBOY:** What's your job?

**MANDY:** I'm an escrow assistant for a title company in Las Vegas. We're a third party between buyers and sellers of real estate. It's an all-female office. I face the lobby; if a hot guy walks in, I'm on the phone telling everybody to check him out.

**PLAYBOY:** Ever gotten a date that way?

**MANDY:** I get shy around good-looking men. But I'm a bit of a control freak, so I usually end up kissing a guy before he tries to kiss me.

**PLAYBOY:** Are Vegas locals as crazy as the tourists?

**MANDY:** Sure. One night my girlfriend and I decided it would be fun to do a little streaking around the neighborhood. Now every time we're out walking we pull our shirts up and run around for a bit.

**PLAYBOY:** Ever been a third party outside work?

**MANDY:** Yes, but not all the way—just kissing. Well, there was that time years ago...or was that a dream?



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.



# COUNTER STRIKE™

## CONDITION ZERO™

**Span the Globe,  
Defend Freedom!**

- Includes incredible **single-player** missions
- Introduces the official **CS Bot** for online and offline play
- Contains everything you need to play the world's **#1 online action game\***



**BUY IT NOW!**

VIVENDI  
UNIVERSAL  
GAMES

SIERRA

MATURE

Blood  
Drug Reference  
Intense Violence

**M**  
CONTENT RATED BY  
ESRB

ritual  
ENTERTAINMENT

VALVE

©2003 Valve, L.L.C. All rights reserved. Valve, the Valve logo, Counter-Strike, the Counter-Strike logo and Counter-Strike: Condition Zero are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Valve, L.L.C. Ritual and the Ritual logo are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Ritual Entertainment. Sierra and the Sierra logo are registered trademarks or trademarks of Sierra Entertainment Inc., in the U.S. and/or other countries. Vivendi Universal Games and the Vivendi Universal Games logo are trademarks of Vivendi Universal Games Inc. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. \*Based on Gamespy.com server stats on 5/22/03.





**WHY DRIVE WHEN  
YOU CAN FLY.**

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT  
MAY CAUSE GUM  
DISEASE AND  
TOOTH LOSS



*Always*  
**A PINCH  
BETTER.®**

**FRESH, BOLD TASTE. EVERY TIME.**



©Trademark of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2004 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.

U.S. Smokeless  
TOBACCO CO.





### Temptation Island

Some **17.5%** of tourists ages 16 to 34 who travel to the island of Ibiza say a major reason for their visit is to get laid. More than **25%** of the men and **14%** of the women have sex with more than one partner during their stay, and **11%** of the men and **3%** of the women hook up with six or more partners.

### Killing Time

How American men ages 18 to 34 spend their leisure time (or so says a Jupiter Research survey commissioned by Nintendo):



### That's Heavy

In 2000, for the first time ever, the number of overweight and obese people in the world matched the number of underweight and starving:

**1.2 billion**

### Major Lag

At **18.5** hours, Singapore Airlines' new L.A.-Singapore run is the longest nonstop commercial flight in air travel history.



### Price Check



### Suite!

The most expensive hotel room in New York City is the Mandarin Oriental's Presidential Suite, at **\$12,595** a night. We hope it at least has HBO.



### Strength in Numbers

The Department of Homeland Security employs **1** of every **12** civilians who work for the federal government.

### Rise of the Machines

Percentage of households with major technologies after their first six years on the market:



### The Bottom Five

### Least Successful Movies Starring Tom Hanks

With an average adjusted take of \$176 million a film (including a high mark of \$461.4 million for *Forrest Gump*), Hanks is the top-drawing movie star. But a film career is often like a box of chocolates. Here's the bad candy\*:



- |   |                |
|---|----------------|
| 25. <i>Volunteers</i> (1985)                  | \$32.8 million |
| 26. <i>Punchline</i> (1988)                   | \$29.9 million |
| 27. <i>The Bonfire of the Vanities</i> (1990) | \$21.7 million |
| 28. <i>The Man With One Red Shoe</i> (1985)   | \$14.2 million |
| 29. <i>Every Time We Say Goodbye</i> (1986)   | \$0.4 million  |

\*Numbers adjusted for inflation. Source: boxofficereport.com



### You're Perfect, Now Change

**64%** of American women think their man should get a complete makeover.



SERVE BOLDLY. BUT DRINK RESPONSIBLY. ©2004 Stearns Spirits LLC, San Francisco, CA. 100% Tequila. 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 Proof)



A LITTLE BIT OLDER  
A WHOLE LOT BOLDER  
100% AGAVE TEQUILA



**1800**  
WHEN YOU'RE READY  
FOR A SMOOTH TEQUILA.



# R E V I E W S

## m o v i e s



"It's a bet: I can watch the in-flight movie longer."

### movie of the month

## [ THE TERMINAL ]

Steven Spielberg and Tom Hanks want you to enjoy a very extended layover

A Spielberg movie about a cuddly alien marooned on a far-away world? Seems familiar, but don't expect any flying bicycles this time around. *The Terminal* is strictly terrestrial, with Hanks playing a European immigrant stranded for months in a U.S. airport after war erases his homeland—and leaves him without a valid passport. What's a nonperson to do but immerse himself in the lives of airport regulars (such as stewardess Catherine Zeta-Jones) and screw up the courage to battle the bureaucracy? Enter Stanley Tucci as the immigration honcho who constantly thwarts Hanks. "This movie hits you emotionally," says Tucci, "but it is also a Sartre-esque tale because Tom's situation becomes surreal—in a very real way. It's a nightmare to get stripped of your rights in a nebulous purgatory." Though it sounds pretty existential for summer fare, said purgatory is Spielbergian: a 22,000-foot set built from scratch in the California desert, tricked out with brand-name retail outlets and fast-food stands. Says Tucci, "If you looked around that stunning set, it would hit you—'Oh yeah, this is a Spielberg movie.' What an amazing backdrop for a story about the loss of freedom, which, except for death, is the thing we all fear most." Well, that and losing our luggage. (June 18) —Stephen Rebell

"Tom's situation becomes surreal—in a very real way."

### now showing

### BUZZ

#### Spider-Man 2

(Tobey Maguire, Kirsten Dunst, Alfred Molina) Okay, this is the *real* movie of the month, and of the summer, but we made that clear last issue. In this sequel Spidey battles multi-armed Doctor Octopus and loses Mary Jane to an astronaut. And you thought superpowers were all about kissing girls upside down in the rain.

**Our call:** Jazzier web-slinging effects and a wicked new villain (don't let the door hit you in the ass, Green Goblin) should send this one soaring over the superhero sophomore slump.



#### Around the World in 80 Days

(Steve Coogan, Jackie Chan, Jim Broadbent) In this latest spin on Jules Verne's classic comic adventure, acrobatic Victorian-era thief Chan hooks up with eccentric inventor Coogan to do what's promised in the title—by train, boat, camel and balloon. Exotic dangers menace our globe-trotters, notably a relentless sleuth.

**Our call:** The 1956 movie version won five Oscars, but this one is aimed strictly at the kiddies—most of whom could go online and book an around-the-world tour in eight minutes.



#### King Arthur

(Clive Owen, Keira Knightley) This umpteenth take on the Dark Ages ruler (Owen) and his knights of the Round Table seeks to demystify 16 centuries' worth of legend: Bone-mangling turf battles trump the Lady of the Lake, and even cuckolding Guinevere (Knightley) becomes an arrow-shooting warrior princess.

**Our call:** It's good to be the king—unless we ticket-buying serfs grow weary of blood-soaked battle epics based on historical tall tales. As goes *Troy*, so goes this.



#### White Chicks

(Marlon Wayans, Shawn Wayans) To protect a couple of spoiled hotel heiresses (the Wilton sisters—get it?) from a kidnapping plot, two disgraced black FBI agents must blend into the Wasy Hamptons disguised as...as...white chicks! Did we mention that it's a wacky comedy?

**Our call:** This calling-all-Wayans project (Keenen directs) won't win any awards from the Academy. Or commendations from the Council on Racial Harmony. Or laughs from the nonstoned.





hollyweird

[ GAMES ON! ]

Brace yourself for more schoolyard sports on the silver screen

Ben Stiller and Vince Vaughn as seriously committed dodgeball players: This month's comedy *Dodgeball* has "hit" written all over it. If it scores, could ironic flicks about the cutthroat world of phys ed sports soon be all the rage? A few concepts fresh from the Hollywood rumor mill....

**Red Rover: The Motion Picture**

**Starring:** The Rock, Steve Buscemi  
**Story:** Gulf war vets Stoney and Sal are buddies who play a brutal version of the summer-camp classic in the semipro East Detroit Red Rover League. Buff Stoney is always picked first and skinny Sal last ("Red rover, red rover, send Limp Wrist on over!"), but Sal's suckiness never gets in the way of their friendship. After all, it's only a game—or is it? When Stoney is made captain in the league championship, he's torn between picking his friend and playing to win.  
**Rallying cry:** "Hold that line, soldier—or I will kick your ass!"

**Marco Polo: The Deep End of the Pool**

**Starring:** Will Smith, Angelina Jolie, Ron Perlman  
**Story:** Champ Marlin is the star attraction of the PMPPA (Professional Marco Polo Players Association) Tour—until he suffers a vicious injury to his sexual organs at the flippers of Otto "Orca" Bukorski. Mojo-less, he loses his piece-of-tail wife and, worse, his underwear-modeling contract. When a terminally ill young fan discovers his hero pumping gas in rural Maine, he persuades Champ to dive back into

the pool and defeat the hated Orca.  
**Tagline:** "They used to say he was half fish. Now he's just half a man."

**Hacky Sack: Lords of the Sack**  
**Starring:** David Spade, Seth Green, Jack Black, Jason Schwartzman, Ricky Martin, Marc Anthony, Enrique Iglesias, Don Cheadle



**Story:** Scooter, Cheese, Zero and Shmoo are shaggy slackers freshly flunked out of the University of Oregon. Having nothing better to do, they enter the World Hacky Sack Championship in Jakarta. Heart, grit and primo Indonesian weed get them to the finals, where they face the feared Brazilians: Donaldo, Donaldinho, Txáũtxo and Speedo.  
**Gratuitous cameo:** Our heroes receive a blessing from a monkish man in robes—none other than Phil Lesh.

arthouse



**Coffee and Cigarettes**  
 The title of indie icon Jim Jarmusch's latest says it all: These black-and-white vignettes feature eclectic celebrity combinations (Tom Waits and Iggy Pop, Bill Murray with the Wu-Tang Clan's GZA and RZA) shooting the breeze while drinking java and smoking butts. Though much of *Coffee* is a lark, astute observations about the hierarchy of fame lend it unexpected depth.

SCORE CARD

Capsule close-ups of recent films  
 By Leonard Maltin

**BEFORE SUNSET** Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy meet up again, nine years after their fling in *Before Sunrise*. They walk through Paris and talk about life, love and missed chances. Richard Linklater's film tops the original; after all, his characters are now more mature and interesting. ★★★½

**FRANKIE AND JOHNNY ARE MARRIED** TV producer Michael Pressman directs wife Lisa Chess in a stage production and winds up having to save his marriage and the play. A funny film based on the couple's real-life experiences. ★★★

**CLOSE YOUR EYES** Goran Visnjic (*ER*) and glorious British actress Shirley Henderson (*Intermission*) star in this genuinely creepy thriller about a trained hypnotist drawn into a case involving a young girl and a serial killer who's involved with the occult. Strikingly original and scary. ★★★

**OFF THE MAP** Joan Allen and Sam Elliott live so far off the beaten path in the New Mexico desert that it takes an IRS agent days to find them. Instead of collecting back taxes, he falls under their spell. Directed by Campbell Scott. ★★★

**THE PUNISHER** Thomas Jane plays the title role in this Marvel Comics adaptation about a man driven to avenge the slaughter of his family. Too bad the audience gets tortured worse than the poor goons on-screen. John Travolta co-stars in this monstrosity. ♪

**THE UNITED STATES OF LELAND** Kevin Spacey produced and co-stars in this thought-provoking drama about a young man (Ryan Gosling) who commits an unthinkable murder and then refuses to explain himself. ★★★

**WILBUR WANTS TO KILL HIMSELF** What begins as a black comedy about a man determined to commit suicide evolves into a sweet comedy-drama about lost souls who find salvation in each other. Set in Scotland, this one's a sleeper. ★★★

**YOUNG ADAM** Ewan McGregor's willie and some rather brutal sex scenes earn this import an NC-17 rating. But the titillation factor is small and the dreariness is oppressive in this story of a shady drifter who comes between a man and his wife. ♪½

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







dvd of the month

[ COLD MOUNTAIN ]

Why watch this Civil War drama? Because it's there—and good

You can't really blame Jude Law for not wanting to fight Yankees when Nicole Kidman is keeping a featherbed warm for him back home. Charles Frazier mined Homer's *Odyssey* for his Civil War novel about a wounded soldier's homeward journey, and director Anthony Minghella's adaptation incorporates more contemporary influences: The trench warfare scenes grab your gut like *Saving Private Ryan*; Kidman and Law's romance, developed in flashbacks and letters, echoes Ken Burns's PBS series *The Civil War*; and Renée Zellweger makes the part of a resourceful tomboy all her own. In the end Minghella's sweeping film, graced with cameos by Philip Seymour Hoffman, Natalie Portman and others, may be better than the book—how often do you get to say that? **Extras:** commentary by stars and the director, plus documentaries and a staged performance of the film's words and music, featuring Kidman, Law, Jack White and Alison Krauss. **☆☆½** —Gregory Fagan



**50 FIRST DATES** (2004) Adam Sandler and Drew Barrymore experiment with their *Wedding Singer* chemistry in this *Groundhog Day*-meets-*Memento* mash-up that aims low and connects often. Sandler is a Hawaii veterinarian who dates tourists until Barrymore wins his heart. Too bad brain damage has rendered her incapable of remembering him from one day to the next. What's more, as he tries each day to woo her anew, she becomes resistant to his previous come-ons. From a nau-

seous walrus to Rob Schneider in drag, there's plenty here for the maligned Sandler fan. Fat, fart and schlong jokes aside, it's a sweet comedy with just enough payoff. **Extras:** Barrymore joins director Peter Segal on the commentary. And there's no blooper like a Sandler blooper. **☆☆½** —G.F.



**BAD SANTA** (2003) "More booze, more bullshit, more butt fucking." Words to live by—and when they're uttered by a larcenous midget to a sodden Billy Bob Thornton dressed in a Santa suit, they're damn funny, too. This pitch-black comedy was mistaken for a holiday movie—despite the R rating—and raised the hackles of family groups, which no doubt had director Terry Zwigoff blowing eggnog out of his nose. As he did in *Ghost World*, Zwigoff creates his own twisted cosmos, where surrealism is the norm and Christmas is scarier than Halloween. **Extras:** Santa's bag is stuffed with commentaries, a documentary, deleted scenes and a tribute to John Ritter, appearing in his last movie. **☆☆** —Buzz McClain



**THE DREAMERS** (2003) Director Bernardo Bertolucci flashes back to his *Last Tango in Paris* for another explicit paean to the transformative power of sexual discovery. Matt (Michael Pitt), an American student falling in love with films in 1968 Paris, meets like-minded siblings Isabelle and Theo (Eva Green and Louis Garrel) at a protest. Their ensuing ménage à trois, complete with sadomasochistic game play and mounting emotional stakes, constitutes the dreamworld, cast in contrast to the riots outside. The dream is shattered—but not before everyone has a full-frontal blast. **Extras:** The commentary is grown-ups only, with the writer and the producer lending Bertolucci a hand. **☆☆** —G.F.



tease frame



She strapped them down for *Bend It Like Beckham*. She corseted them up for *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl*. But before Keira Knightley became the latest bona fide It girl, the lovely British actress aired out her assets in the little-seen 2001 thriller *The Hole*. While thankful, we're not sure that performing a sly striptease for the benefit of male schoolmates while trapped in the titular underground bunker is the wisest idea; the resulting flurry of heavy breathing could deplete the oxygen supply in seconds flat.

the library

**BLAZING SADDLES: 30TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL EDITION** Though the big gags in Mel Brooks's breakthrough Western spoof—the campfire-beans scene, Lili Von Shtupp's double entendres—stand the test of time, it's having the whole silly shebang revolve around black sheriff hero Cleavon Little that remains genuinely provocative 30 years later. If you need more reasons to jump back in the saddle, special features include a cast reunion and the 1975 film-inspired TV pilot *Black Bart*.







*Enter for a chance to win a dream trip with a Playboy Playmate. On this long weekend, there still won't be enough hours in the day.*

SMOOTHER, LONGER-LASTING  
**PALL MALL**  
PRESENTS  
**THE LONGEST DAY  
SWEEPSTAKES**



© 2004 B&W T Co.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

Lights Kings, 12 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. The amount of tar and nicotine you get from this product varies depending on how you smoke it. There is no such thing as a safe cigarette. For more information visit [www.bwtarnic.com](http://www.bwtarnic.com)



SMOOTHER, LONGER-LASTING  
**PALL MALL**  
 PRESENTS  
**THE LONGEST DAY**  
**SWEEPSTAKES**



*Smoother,  
 longer-lasting  
 PALL MALL*

*and a PLAYBOY PLAYMATE will help one  
 lucky winner pack a lifetime of memories into one very long weekend.  
 To enter, [www.playboy.com/longestday](http://www.playboy.com/longestday)*

*First, you'll fly to L.A., where a Centerfold will hand you \$500  
 and take you to a ball game to enjoy a long afternoon  
 of drinks, dogs and baseball.*



*in the co,  
 and in n.  
 to baggag  
 and "Notic*

*ries and  
 nd condit  
 art of the*

*terms and  
 e obtained*

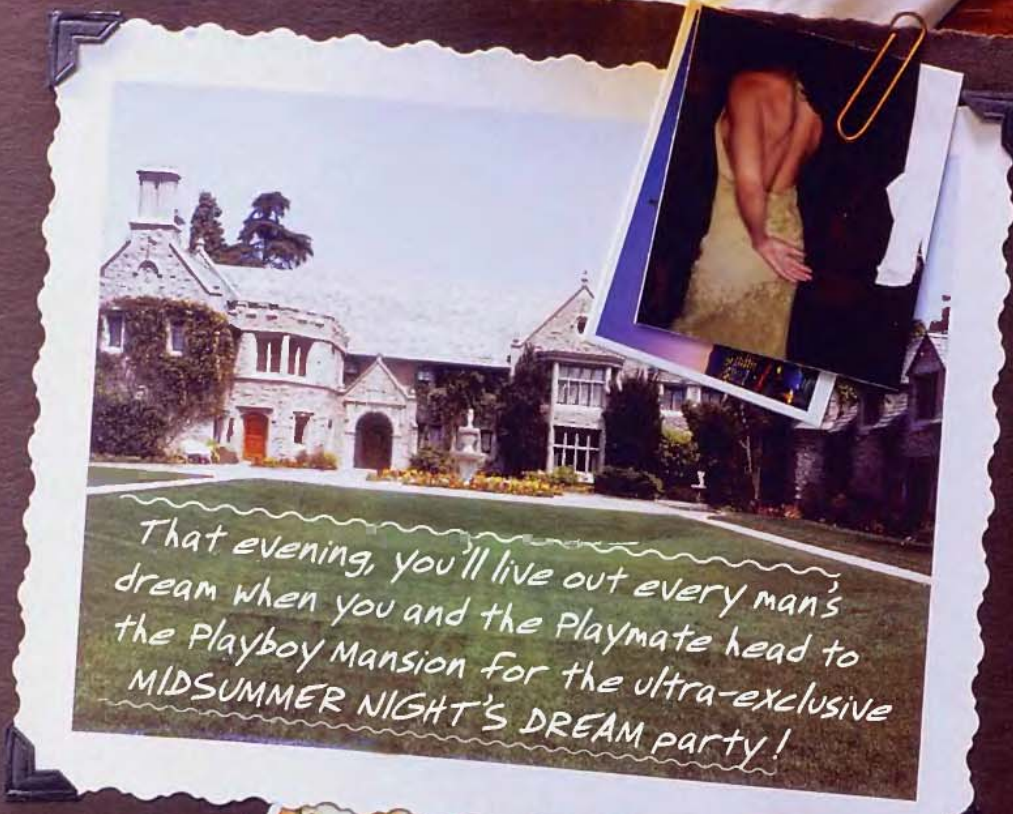
*contract,  
 booking"  
 ttract the*



INCL.  
 535.00  
 Upper Blvd  
 102  
 8  
 593

JOHN  
 CLE  
 Ha





That evening, you'll live out every man's dream when you and the Playmate head to the Playboy Mansion for the ultra-exclusive MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM party!

As if that's not enough, you'll jet out to Vegas to try and turn \$500 in prize money into a FORTUNE.



PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE, BUNNY COSTUME, PLAYBOY MANSION and CENTERFOLD are trademarks of Playboy and used with permission. BICYCLE is a registered trademark of The United States Playing Card Company, used with permission.

© 2004 B&W T Co.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

Lights Kings, 12 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. The amount of tar and nicotine you get from this product varies depending on how you smoke it. There is no such thing as a safe cigarette. For more information visit [www.bwtarnic.com](http://www.bwtarnic.com)





### PALL MALL & PLAYBOY'S LONGEST DAY SWEEPSTAKES

- 1. HOW TO ENTER.** No purchase or payment of any kind is necessary to enter. Sweepstakes begins on June 5, 2004 at 12:01 am (EST time) and ends on July 12, 2004, 11:59 p.m. (EST time). To enter, complete and submit the entry form at <http://www.playboy.com/promo/longestday>. All entries must be received by July 12, 2004 at 11:59 p.m. (EST time). Only one entry per person per email address will be accepted. Only those entrants with completed entry forms will be entered for a chance to win. Entries that are incomplete or illegible will be disqualified. *Playboy.com, Inc.* ("Sponsor"), Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation and their parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates, agents, wholesalers, licensees and retailers (collectively, the "Group") are not responsible for incorrect, inaccurate, lost, late, misdirected, undeliverable or damaged e-mail or malfunctions, interruptions or disconnections in phone lines or network hardware or software whether caused by web site users, or tampering or hacking, or by any of the equipment or programming associated with or utilized in the sweepstakes. By entering, entrants agree to abide by and be bound by these Official Rules. All entrants release the Group and their respective affiliates and subsidiary companies and their respective employees, agents, officers, and directors (including advertising and promotional agencies) and distributors, wholesalers, licensees and retailers from any and all liability, claims or actions of any kind whatsoever with respect to acceptance, receipt, use or misuse of any prize or participation in this sweepstakes (including damage to computers). All entries will become property of the Sponsor and opt-in entries only are to be shared solely with Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation.
- 2. GENERAL CONDITIONS.** Sponsor has the right, at its sole discretion, to disqualify any individual it finds, in its sole discretion, to be tampering with the entry process or the operation of this sweepstakes or web site; to be in violation of the terms of service of the web site, to be acting in violation of these Official Rules; or to be acting in a non-sportsmanlike or disruptive manner, or with intent to annoy, abuse, threaten or harass any other person. Any use of robotic, automatic, macro, programmed or like entry methods will void all such entries by such methods. In the event of a dispute as to entries submitted by multiple users having the same email account, the authorized subscriber of the email account used to enter the sweepstakes at the actual time of entry will be deemed to be the participant and must comply with these Official Rules. Authorized account subscriber is deemed to be the natural person who is assigned an email address by an Internet access provider, on line service provider or other organization which is responsible for assigning email addresses or the domain associated with the submitted email address.
- 3. ELIGIBILITY.** Each entrant must be a smoker, 21 years old or older at the time of entry and a U.S. resident and must have Internet/email access prior to June 5, 2004. Employees (and relatives of such employees) of the sole opinion of Sponsor, could corrupt or affect the administration, security, fairness, integrity or proper conduct of this sweepstakes. Sponsor reserves the right at its sole discretion to cancel, terminate, modify, or suspend the Internet portion of this sweepstakes for any drawing(s) and select the winner from qualified Internet entries received for their drawing prior to the action taken.
- 4. DRAWING AND NOTIFICATION.** There will be one (1) Grand Prize winner who will be chosen at random from all eligible entries received. A random drawing will be conducted on or about July 12, 2004 by Sponsor whose decisions on all matters relating to this Sweepstakes are final and binding in all respects. The odds of winning are based on the number of eligible entries received. Judges' decisions are final. **ATTEMPTS WILL BE MADE TO NOTIFY THE POTENTIAL WINNER BY PHONE UPON THE COMPLETION OF THE SWEEPSTAKES ON JULY 12, 2004. IN THE EVENT THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER CANNOT BE REACHED BY PHONE BY JULY 15, 2004 BY 5:30 PM (EST TIME), AN ALTERNATE WINNER WILL BE CHOSEN WHO WILL BE NOTIFIED BY PHONE ON JULY 16, 2004. IN THE EVENT THE ALTERNATE WINNER CANNOT BE REACHED BY PHONE BY JULY 19, 2004 BY 5:30 PM (EST TIME), THE PRIZE WILL BE FORFEITED.** Grand Prize winner will be required to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability/publicity release (which will be provided via overnight mail with return pre-paid overnight mail materials included) not later than seven (7) business days following the date of the mailing of such materials to Grand Prize winner. Travel companion must also be 21 years old or older and will also be required to sign and return liability/publicity release (which will be included in the grand-prize winner's package) no later than seven (7) business days following the date of the mailing of such materials, the prize package will be forfeited. Prize winner's and travel companion's affidavit of eligibility and liability/publicity releases are not received by seven (7) business days following the date of the mailing of such materials, the prize package will be forfeited.
- 5. PRIZES. GRAND PRIZE:** Trip for two (2) to Los Angeles, CA departing from Los Angeles, CA accompanied by one (1) Playboy Playmate, chaperone, and security as assigned by Playboy; return trip for two (2) departing from Las Vegas, NV to airport closest to winner's home; trip for two (2) to Las Vegas, NV departing from Los Angeles, CA accompanied by one (1) Playboy Playmate, chaperone, and security as assigned by Playboy; return trip for two (2) departing from Las Vegas, NV to airport closest to winner's home; all flights include coach air transportation, one (1) day hotel accommodations (double occupancy) in Los Angeles and (1) day hotel accommodations (double occupancy) in Las Vegas selected by Sponsor; two (2) tickets to a Los Angeles Baseball Game on August 7, 2004 accompanied by one (1) Playboy Playmate, chaperone, and security as assigned by Playboy; two (2) VIP invitations to the August 7th, 2004 Midsummer Night's Dream party at the Playboy Mansion accompanied by one (1) Playboy Playmate, chaperone, and security as assigned by Playboy; \$1,000 spending money, all ground transportation to and from the airports and events, total estimated grand prize value is \$7,000, actual value will be determined based on point of departure. Winner and travel companion must be available to travel August 7, 2004 through August 8, 2004. Any taxes, gratuities and other personal incidentals are responsibility of winner. Prizes are nontransferable and no cash or other substitutions will be offered. All federal, state and local taxes are the sole responsibility of the winners. Sponsor has the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value if listed prize is unavailable.
- 6. WINNERS LIST.** To obtain the names of the Grand Prize Winners, send your name and e-mail address to [adsales@ry.playboy.com](mailto:adsales@ry.playboy.com) or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Pall Mall and Playboy's Longest Day of The Year 2004 Sweepstakes, c/o Playboy, 730 Fifth Avenue, 3rd Floor, NY, NY 10019. Residents of WA or VT may omit return postage. Requests must be received by August 30, 2004.
- 7. SPONSOR.** *Playboy.com, Inc.* headquartered in New York, NY, 730 Fifth Avenue.

© 2004 B&W T Co.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

Ultra Kings, 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; Lights Menthol Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 12 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.4 nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. The amount of tar and nicotine you get from this product varies depending on how you smoke it. There is no such thing as a safe cigarette. For more information visit [www.bwtarnic.com](http://www.bwtarnic.com)



cd of the month

[ BEASTIE BOYS \* TO THE 5 BOROUGHS ]

The innovators throw an old-school party



With its Twin Towers cover art, retro-simple beats and 1970s trash-culture references, this is a love letter to New York City at the dawn of the hip-hop era. As such, the Beasties' first album in six years is also their first backward-looking album. Still, this isn't the nostalgic pastiche of three old guys running out of ideas. Instead the record bursts with genuine affection for their home turf—and with the world-conquering beats that vaulted hip-hop from the boroughs to the globe. The block-party sound brings levity even to the Boys' sometimes strident politics (what they might call multilateralism if it rhymed with anything). If, as the saying goes, rap is something you do and hip-hop is something you live, then many would say that New York is where you live it. And the Beastie Boys won't let us forget that. (Capitol) ★★★ —Tim Mohr

SONIC YOUTH \* Sonic Nurse

Ever since 1988's groundbreaking *Daydream Nation*, these art-punkish indie rockers have slid further and further into the noisy realm of experimental music. Their 19th album marks a return to earlier days. Thurston Moore's guitar licks complement Kim Gordon's throaty voice, and long jam breaks give even the ballads, which outnumber the faster tracks, a hard-core feel. We'll take another shot, Nurse. (Geffen) ★★★½ —Patty Lamberti



THE POLYPHONIC SPREE

Together We're Heavy

To the credit of hippie-ish cults everywhere, this robed collective has stumbled across the path that Brian Wilson lost after "Good Vibrations." Like Wilson, the Spree harnesses an array of sounds toward one goal: transcendent pop. On its second album the band hits heights that today's other masters of grandiosity—Wilco and the Flaming Lips—took a decade to reach. (Hollywood) ★★★½ —T.M.



SPARTA \* Porcelain

When critical fave At the Drive-In crashed in 2001, two bands rose from the wreckage: the psychedelic Mars Volta and Sparta, which stayed true to ATDI's angst-tinged thunder. Frontman Jim Ward sounds like the Cure's Robert Smith on steroids as he rips through rock-metal joints such as "Death in the Family" and "Breaking the Broken." This is one CD that Mom won't be borrowing any time soon. (DreamWorks) ★★★ —Alison Prato



THE ROOTS \* The Tipping Point

The follow-up to the Grammy-nominated *Phrenology* begins with a sample from Sly & the Family Stone's "Everybody Is a Star" and ends with a cameo by comedian Dave Chappelle. In the middle, the Philadelphia hip-hoppers weave a near-masterwork of social commentary backed by big-band horns and reggae grooves. As they sing in the explosive "Boom," "What we have here / is a brand-new sound." (Geffen) ★★★½ —A.P.



musicology

[ HEAR NO EVIL ]

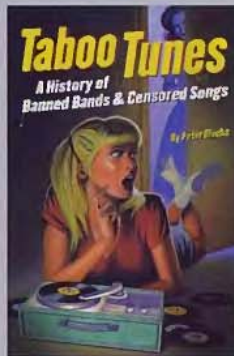
Not since Tipper Gore took on Twisted Sister has it seemed that so many busy-bodies want to stick their noses into what we hear and see. But who knew that Howard Stern's fellow outlaws include Olivia Newton-John and Mr. Ed? *Taboo Tunes: A History of Banned Bands & Censored Songs* (Backbeat Books), by Peter Blecha, chronicles censorship's greatest hits. A sampling:

Aerobic exorcism

Radio stations in Salt Lake City and Provo, Utah banned Olivia Newton-John's 1981 pop smash "Physical," apparently convinced that lyrics such as "Let me hear your body talk, your body talk" were too steamy to be heard outside a million suburban aerobics classes.

Tutti uncommon

In 1956 the lyrics to Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti" ("I got a girl named Sue / She knows just what to do") were used as evidence that rock and roll was corrupting America's youth. Imagine the uproar if Richard had recorded his original lyrics: "Tutti Frutti, good booty... If it don't fit, don't force it / You can grease it, make it easy."



Lines in the sand

During the 1991 Gulf conflict the BBC's pop radio channel produced a list of 67 songs it reasoned had the power to undermine public support for the war, including "Give Peace a Chance," "Fools Rush In," "I Just Died in Your Arms Tonight" and "Walk Like an Egyptian."

Hi-yo, Satan!

In 1986 Ohio preacher Jim Brown claimed that when the theme music to the 1960s TV sitcom *Mr. Ed* was played backward the lyrics were "Someone sang this song for Satan." Apparently this was considered much more perverse than a show about a horse with the power of speech.

Sticker shock

During the censorship hysteria of the late 1980s an "explicit lyrics" warning label was slapped on Frank Zappa's *Jazz From Hell*—despite its being an instrumental album without one syllable of vocals. It's probably pure coincidence that Zappa had spoken before Congress to oppose music censorship.



game of the month

[ SHOWDOWN: LEGENDS OF WRESTLING ]

Forty years of blood, sweat and tights

While a game that re-creates pro wrestling's flabby, mullet-crested golden age of the 1960s through the present sounds great in concept, the last two entries in the *Legends* series, crippled by crummy controls, were about as fun as a sweaty bear hug from King Kong Bundy. *Showdown* (Acclaim, PS2, Xbox) gives the franchise a necessary overhaul, including simpler controls, more detailed wrestlers and a smorgasbord of bout options. The classic-match mode revives legendary brawls such as the Hulk Hogan-versus-Andre the Giant dustup. Or play an entire career as an old-school grappler such as the Ultimate Warrior or Sting, complete with story lines and authentic costumes. Exhaust the stable of more than 70 wrestlers and you can create your own, right down to his spandex. Either way, relive a more innocent time, when wrestlers dived off cages, splintered tables and pummeled groins without the benefit of tummy tucks and face-lifts. **YYY** —Alex Porter



**WAY OF THE SAMURAI 2** (Capcom, PS2) The problem with being a warrior without a master is the lack of direction in your life. This game suffers from the same problem. The intention was to create the feel of an epic samurai film through open-ended game play, sword-swinging combat moves and encounters with dozens of characters—but after a few hours of aimless exploration you'll discover that a bit more plot would really help show this samurai the way. **YY** —Peter Suci



**MLB SLUGFEST: LOADED** (Midway, PS2, Xbox) This game's graphics and realism are strictly minor league, but that's not the point. *SlugFest* is cartoonish baseball designed for gamers who think of regular baseball as a nine-inning sleeping pill. Wacky controls let you bean players with balls, throw flaming trick pitches and even punch infielders. Practice your sweeper, and then unleash them on your buddy's batters in the online-play mode. **YYY** —Jonathan Dudlak



**SUDEKI** (Microsoft/Climax, Xbox) This role-playing game takes the best elements of the genre and improves them so the experience can be enjoyed by an audience beyond the local *Dungeons & Dragons* club. The fast-paced action spices up the turn-based combat as you control four adventurers on an urgent mission to locate the source of a demon-spewing portal that has mysteriously appeared at the local temple. Maybe they came for the bake sale? **YYY½** —John Gaudiosi



**SHADOW OPS: RED MERCURY** (Atari, Xbox) Nothing says "game over" like an A-bomb. Take homeland security into your own hands in this first-person shooter as a Delta Force operative purging the globe of nuke-peddling scum. In war-torn Kazakhstan, Bosnia and Chechnya you deploy sniper rifles, machine guns and rocket launchers. *Shadow Ops* plays respectably, but gamers need another Tom Clancy-style potboiler like a Baghdad barracks needs a blow-dryer. **YY½** —A.P.



pixel profiles

[ JOYSTICK CHICK ]

Michelle Rodriguez pushes our buttons

Between her role in the *Resident Evil* movie and appearances in two big video games, *DRIV3R* and *True Crime: Streets of L.A.*, Rodriguez spends serious couch time with her favorite games. She briefly put down the controller for a chat.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a gamer?

**RODRIGUEZ:** I've been playing video games since I was 12 or 13 years old.

**PLAYBOY:** What games do you like?

**RODRIGUEZ:** My all-time favorite was *Pole Position* for Atari 2600 and then *Space Harrier* for Sega Genesis. I was also a big fan of *Tekken* for PlayStation. Today I like games like *SOCOM II* and *Rainbow Six*.

**PLAYBOY:** How does working on a video game compare with working on a film?

**RODRIGUEZ:** Usually I get to see a rough cut of the game and hear the audio. I sit in a recording booth and take it from there. For *DRIV3R* I play a chick who smuggles cars. She's a little rebel. For *True Crime* I play a kick-ass cop who falls for a rebel cop.

**PLAYBOY:** What's next in video games?

**RODRIGUEZ:** In *DRIV3R* you get to position virtual cameras and film little sequences. It turns players into creators of content. The vision I have is that one day you'll control a character that looks like Brad Pitt. That's my dream. —J.G.



wired

**Apex Digital ApeXtreme** (\$400) There are plenty of great PC games, but sitting at a desk playing one can be a literal pain in the ass. The ApeXtreme DVD player moves PC games into the living room, next to your PS2, by using DISCover, a new technology that eliminates boot-up time, shutdown time and updates. A 1.2-gigahertz processor and a 40-gigabyte hard drive power the system.







What's in your martini?

"#1 Tasting Vodka"  
— *Russian Life*

"Superb—Highly Recommended"  
— *Wine Enthusiast*

"Gold Medal Winner"  
— *2003 San Francisco World Spirits Competition*



[www.ThreeOlives.com](http://www.ThreeOlives.com)

© 2004 White Rock Distilleries, Inc. Distilled in England. Imported and bottled by White Rock Distilleries, Inc., Lewiston, ME—40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).

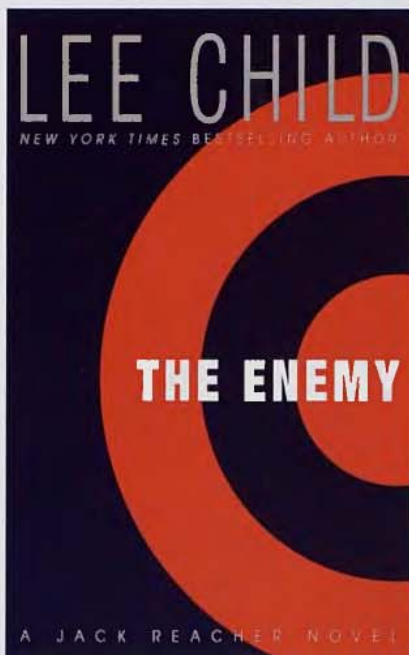


book of the month

[ THE ENEMY \* LEE CHILD ]

A dead general and his friends tell no tales

For his eighth thriller featuring man of action Jack Reacher, Child tosses the franchise into the way-back machine for a prequel that unfolds in 1990. The Cold War is ending, and Reacher is a military policeman wondering what peace will bring. Weirdness, mostly, as he's ordered to cover up the death of a general who has suffered an apparent heart attack near a North Carolina Army base while wearing nothing but a condom. He does so but stops listening to the brass when he realizes the general's briefcase is missing. A string of murders follows: the general's wife, a vacationing colonel and a gay Delta Force soldier found smeared with yogurt. Reacher travels the world—with a sexy lieutenant, natch—tying up loose ends in a perfect military knot. Child betrays the vulnerable side of his hero by involving his estranged brother and dying mother. Unless you're a shadowy conspirator type, this mystery will keep you guessing until the final page. (*Delacorte*) ★★★—Patty Lamberti



SO YOU WANNA BE A ROCK & ROLL STAR \* Jacob Slichter

As the drummer for Semisonic, Slichter racked up only one big song ("Closing Time")—and about a million ego bruises courtesy of a cutthroat music industry. But instead of saving his bile for a future episode of *Behind the Music*, Slichter uses one-hit-wonder woe as a cautionary tale, recalling that behind the rock-star facade, he fretted over looking tough in band photos, hated bleaching his hair and

battled nerves before late-night-TV gigs. His dissection of the biz exposes sleazy A&R reps and clueless label executives; all the while he keeps a mental tally of the money the band will owe once its run is over. Needless to say, the lessons imparted here are a comparative bargain. (*Broadway*) ★★★½ —Jason Buhrmester



GANGSTERS AND GOODFELLAS

Henry Hill (as told to Gus Russo)

When he disappeared into the Witness Protection Program in the 1980s, Hill wasn't content just to rat out his Mafia cronies to the feds. He provided intimate details to the author of *Wiseguy*, which was made into Martin Scorsese's *GoodFellas*. *Gangsters and Goodfellas* picks up where that story left off. Hill describes his subsequent adventures pretending to be Joe Blow in Nebraska and Kentucky, testifying in high-profile trials and lunching with Hollywood producers (whom he compares to the bosses back east). The book reads like an oral history, as co-writer Russo lets Hill's Mob-speak shine. Don't fuhgeddabout this book. (*M. Evans*) ★★★ —Jessica Riddle

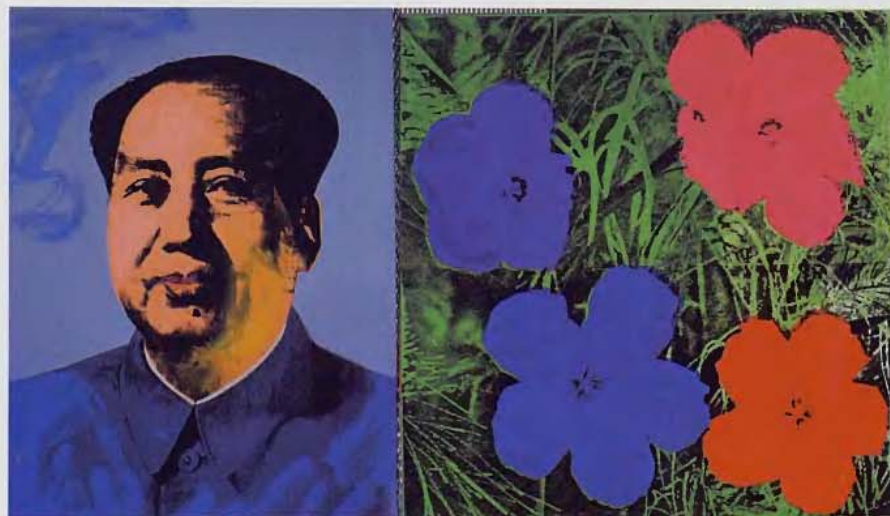


D.B. \* Elwood Reid

How times change: Back in 1971, when skyjacking had a less cataclysmic connotation, D.B. Cooper parachuted from a plane with \$200,000 in ransom and became something of a folk hero when he was never heard from again. Reid uses the still-unsolved case as a jumping-off point, spinning a fictional backstory for Cooper as a Vietnam vet determined to do one great thing in life and putting a bored FBI agent on his outlaw tail 13 years later. As their stories merge, we don't get just a mystery explained in colorful, edgy prose; we get some unexpected social commentary as the values of two decades collide at top velocity. Geronimo! (*Doubleday*) ★★★ —Alison Prato



made you look



ANDY WARHOL 365 TAKES

You already know about the crazy-coiffed pop-artist godfather who immortalized Marilyn Monroe on silk screen and put Campbell's soup cans into museums. This compact coffee-table book delves deeper, showcasing his less famous forays into television and movies (including *Blow Job*, one of his more than 600 films) and offering anecdotal insights. For instance, Warhol had a thing for both sweets and porn. Displaying this tome will show that, while you may concur, you also like art. (*Harry N. Abrams*) ★★★½ —Elaine Szewczyk





**BIG HEADED**



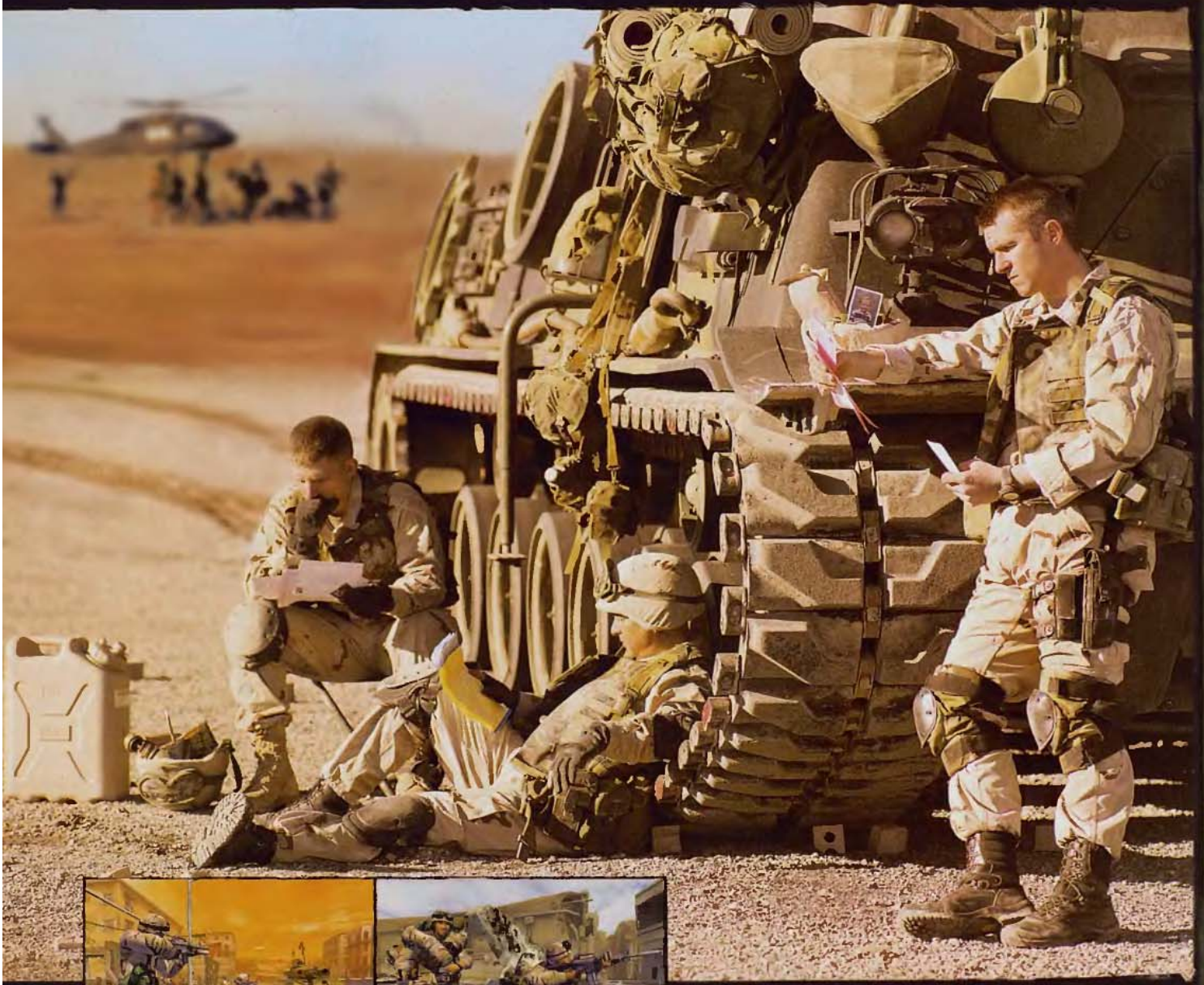
**Feeling is believing.**



**everybody  
measures**  
[www.bigheaded.com](http://www.bigheaded.com) **up!**



THE GREATEST COMMANDERS DON'T JUST DELIVER THEIR MEN TO VICTORY.  
THEY DELIVER THEM HOME.



AIRSTRIKES ARE CALLED IN TO SUPPORT ALPHA TEAM.

BRAVO TEAM RESCUES THE WOUNDED FROM ENEMY FIRE.

“★★★★★”  
- MAXIM MAGAZINE

“YYYY”  
- PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

# FULL SPECTRUM WARRIOR



[WWW.FULLSPECTRUMWARRIOR.COM](http://WWW.FULLSPECTRUMWARRIOR.COM)



Blood  
Strong Language  
Violence



BEST SIMULATION  
MOST ORIGINAL GAME



COMING SOON



[www.pandemicstudios.com](http://www.pandemicstudios.com)



[www.thq.com](http://www.thq.com)

© 2004 Pandemic Studios, LLC. All Rights Reserved. Pandemic®, the Pandemic logo® and Full Spectrum Warrior™ are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Pandemic Studios, LLC and are reproduced under license only. Exclusively licensed by THQ Inc. THQ and the THQ logo are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of THQ Inc. All rights reserved. Microsoft, Xbox, Xbox Live, the Live logo, and the Xbox logos are registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries and are used under license from Microsoft.



# MANTRACK hey...it's personal



## The Course Rules

If golf for you is all about drinking, crushing your cart and screwing on the fairway (all noble endeavors), Bandon Dunes is not for you. Our pick for America's top golf mecca, the south Oregon resort is modeled after ancient Scottish seaside links, with two courses (a third will open next summer) arrayed along a bluff overlooking 23 miles of tranquil Pacific shoreline. And you'll walk every inch. Resort owner Mike Keiser forgoes millions in cart revenue to complete the old-school experience, making you traverse the scruffy beach grass, orchard sand dunes and small groves of shore pines without the aid of artificial locomotion. Postround, treat yourself to a meal at one of the resort's two high-end restaurants and some drinks at the lounge, or sip a fine bottle while watching the sun sizzle into the ocean. Guests pay \$160 for the first round of the day, \$80 for the second and nothing for the third (though you'll pay for it the next morning). Reservations available at [bondondunes.com](http://bondondunes.com).

### HOW TO PLANK A SALMON

- 1 TO COOK THIS NATIVE AMERICAN DELICACY, SOAK AN UNTREATED CEDAR PLANK FOR AT LEAST AN HOUR.
- 2 PLACE FISH ON PLANK, PUT PLANK ON HOT GRILL AND CLOSE LID.
- 3 COOK AT A MEDIUM HEAT FOR ROUGHLY 20 MINUTES.
- 4 EXTINGUISH ANY FIRES WITH WATER FROM A SPRAY BOTTLE.

## Time in a Bottle

The folks at Jack Daniel's are used to accolades. Frank Sinatra, who drank his J.D. right-handed: "Now *this* is a gentleman's drink." William Faulkner, who drank his from a trough: "You can count on the quality of Jack Daniel's." Tennessee's finest whiskey first went



national in 1904. That year the distiller won a prestigious tasting competition in St. Louis, putting it on the road to the ubiquitous status it enjoys today. In honor of the 100th anniversary of its gold-medal win, J.D. is offering a 1.75-liter collector's Gold Medal Replicator Bottle (\$90), but the whiskey itself is the same old sour mash Black Label. Why mess with something that works? Meanwhile, across the state line, Maker's Mark is celebrating 50 years with a golden bottle of Kentucky bourbon (above). It's priceless (i.e., not for sale). If you see a bottle, grab it and run.





# MANTRACK

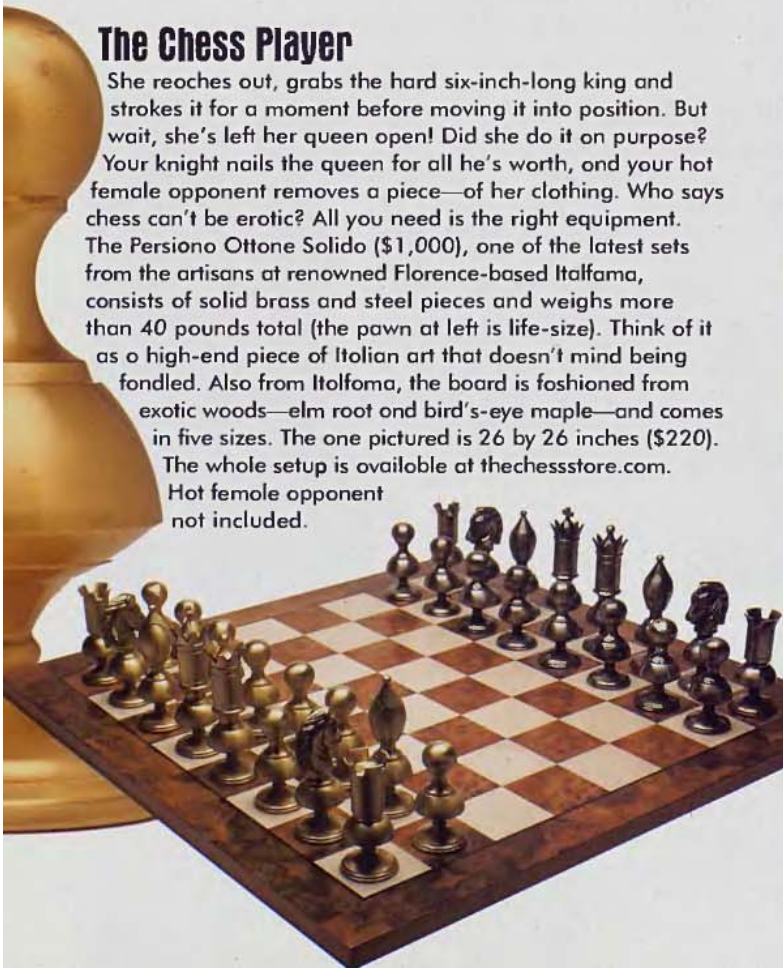


## Don't Hate This Machine

We've always had a soft spot for Bang & Olufsen products (and not just because they have the word bang in their name). The company's guiding philosophy is one its competitors are just waking up to: Consumer electronics don't have to be ugly. B&O leads the way with the BeoCenter 2 (\$4,100, bang-olufsen.com), which plays DVDs, CDs and MP3 CDs and pumps out 7.1-channel surround sound. Brush your hand against this silver teardrop and its winglike doors glide open. Buttonless iPod-style controls on the surface let you adjust volume and other necessities, and it's wall-mountable to complement that plismo (and let you eighty-six your bulky stereo cabinet). Trick this baby out with BeoLab 5 speakers (\$16,000 a pair) for the full "jah, I am a Swedish billionaire" effect.

## The Chess Player

She reaches out, grabs the hard six-inch-long king and strokes it for a moment before moving it into position. But wait, she's left her queen open! Did she do it on purpose? Your knight nails the queen for all he's worth, and your hot female opponent removes a piece—of her clothing. Who says chess can't be erotic? All you need is the right equipment. The Persiano Ottone Solido (\$1,000), one of the latest sets from the artisans at renowned Florence-based Italfama, consists of solid brass and steel pieces and weighs more than 40 pounds total (the pawn at left is life-size). Think of it as a high-end piece of Italian art that doesn't mind being fondled. Also from Italfoma, the board is fashioned from exotic woods—elm root and bird's-eye maple—and comes in five sizes. The one pictured is 26 by 26 inches (\$220). The whole setup is available at thechessstore.com. Hot female opponent not included.



## Clothesline: Rob Schneider

Rob Schneider's movie career has brought him fame and fortune, but it still hasn't whetted his appetite for dressing up. The comic actor, who currently appears in the ensemble flick *Around the World in 80 Days*, had this to say about his sartorial choices: "After three decades of surviving in Hollywood I can wear whatever I want. So I'll keep dressing down until one day all I'm wearing is torn underwear. There was one bad experience at the Movic Castle in Los Angeles. They wouldn't let me in because I wasn't in a suit and tie. I was wearing a vintage Hawaiian shirt with a Paul Gouguin print—but it was worth \$1,500! I do dress up once in a while. My favorite suit is by Costume National. It was like buying a cor, the thing was so expensive. I love my vintage leather belts, but my wife has stolen them because they no longer fit; I've become fat from the good life. If any designer reading this is looking for a fat, short guy with a big ass to represent a clothing line, call me."



## The Perfect Time...

- **To unload your stocks:** Fridays. According to the book *Stock Market Logic*, the market goes up on Friday (with the exception of what we call Black Friday) more than any other day of the week. Generally the best time to sell is at the start of trading or in the final half hour. Why Friday? Perhaps because managers of mutual funds prefer to be fully invested rather than leave money idle over the weekend, so they're buying, which pushes prices up. The last trading day before a holiday also tends to be a good day to sell and catch a rally. Monday has long been the worst day to cash out.
- **To schedule a job interview:** In the morning. A survey of 1,400 executives shows that more than two thirds prefer to see applicants between nine and 11 A.M. It's best to meet them on their terms, when they want to talk to you and when they have the time. Hey, you haven't even gotten the job yet and you're already sucking up! Attaboy.

63380 DJ GLOI  
INDU -390.23  
INOP 8019.26  
UTIL -11.18  
TRAN -50.10



# FINALLY, A DEODORANT WITH BALLS.



**NEW RIGHT GUARD® XTREME Power Caps with extra odor-fighting capsules.**

The strong, dryness protection of Right Guard® Xtreme clear gel with added odor-neutralizing balls. They burst on contact and work all day to help stop odors before they start. Goes on clear, doesn't quit.



Jealousy rears its ugly head.



*Enjoy our quality responsibly • Visit [crownroyal.com](http://crownroyal.com)*

CROWN ROYAL • IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE • BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF) • ©2003 THE CROWN ROYAL COMPANY, STAMFORD, CT



# The Playboy Advisor

I've learned that my father is cheating on my mother with a hooker who meets him at his office. This could ruin not only my parents' marriage but my reputation ("There's the guy whose father cheated on his wife"). What's the best way to end this before my mother finds out?—P.R., New Orleans, Louisiana

*Could you pay the hooker more than your father does? Confront him, but do it to release your own anger rather than because you expect a particular response. Then mind your own business. (Your concern about your reputation is overblown.) Your father may be scared straight, but it's more likely he'll become more discreet, to the point that you'll no longer know whether he's cheating, which is the way it should be. One of the unfortunate side effects of adultery is that it draws others into the lie.*

My wife and I were invited to a wedding that will take place at three P.M. The invitation reads "black tie optional." My wife says this means you should wear a tuxedo if you own one. I don't think it's right to wear a tux in the afternoon unless the host insists on it. Who's right?—J.K., Owings Mills, Maryland

*We would wear a dark suit, but it depends on your personal taste—you won't be overdressed in a tux, and we suspect it may also get you laid. For the record, "black tie optional" and "black tie invited" are a notch below "black tie preferred" and two notches below "black tie required." In the last two cases we would wear a tux. With optional or invited you risk being the only man in a suit, but we've never been to an event at which that was the case. "Creative black tie" means you can have some fun.*

I found a collection of porn photos on my boyfriend's computer. I don't mind that he looks at porn, but he put my sister's face on the photos! I'm not sure what to think. What does the Advisor say?—J.C., Portland, Oregon

*Look on the bright side—it could have been your mom. It doesn't surprise us that your boyfriend fantasizes about your sister, given that he's attracted to you. But pasting her face onto porn is further than most guys take it. Unless your sister is Britney Spears, you and he need to have a talk.*

I would love to have some sexy recipes to impress my girlfriend. Any suggestions?—L.W., Phoenix, Arizona

*Sure. We recently came across a tantalizing work in progress, *Simple Recipes That Will Help Get You Laid*, by a photographer who goes by the online nickname Short2000 ([short2000.com/recipes](http://short2000.com/recipes)). She uses color, fruit and scotch to get the job done. Examples: (1) Place fresh pineapple chunks and maraschinos on skewers, then throw them on the*



*grill for a few minutes until the pineapples are slightly caramelized. For extra impact, serve with coconut ice cream. (2) Blend two cups of frozen mango chunks, or two large, soft but not mushy mangoes, with a cup of yogurt and a cup of vanilla rice milk until thick and smooth. Serve in a frosted wineglass, and top with fruit. (3) Mix salad greens, pomegranate seeds and balsamic vinaigrette for a "sweet, crunchy, juicy, tangy, leafy" salad. (4) Pour single malt scotch into a colored glass and call it a butterfly wing. "The name alone will get you some action, and its color will cast spells. Just don't use a glass that says 'SeaWorld' or anything like that." If any of this gets you laid, drop Short2000 a line to thank her.*

You recently helped a reader who had trouble with his condoms slipping off. I sell adult toys at in-home parties. One of my best-sellers and personal favorites is a jelly cock ring that can be worn over a condom. It stretches to fit any girth. It can also be reused (the ring, not the condom—I have to stress that to some people). You can find jelly rings in adult shops or online.—A.M., Chester, Texas

*Thanks for writing. We would advise any guy tempted to MacGyver an ill-fitting condom to exhaust all other possibilities, including the custom-fit condoms we discussed in March. A ring should not be worn for more than 20 to 30 minutes, and you should take it off immediately if you feel pain or numbness—or if your wife attaches a leash.*

A man wrote in March because his wife had cured her hiccups by deep throat-ing him. I've used this technique on my husband so many times that he jumps even when I cough. (Here's a secret:

Sometimes I fake the hiccups.) This morning, when I started hiccuping while he was at work, I left him a voice mail: "I, hic, need you, and you're, hic, not here!"—S.B., Salem, Indiana

*If he's smart, your husband will hide every paper bag in the house.*

In March a reader asked if putting ice packs on her boobs would make them larger. When I take a hot bath I like to sit up and pour ice water over my breasts. As my body tightens up and I gasp, my man puts his warm mouth over my hard nipples and relaxes me again. He has used frozen strawberries for the same effect.—A.P., Rocklin, California

*We're not sure what this has to do with making boobs bigger, but we'll go with it.*

To the small-breasted woman who wanted to look sexier: Show off your nipples. Perky nipples inside a tight shirt are just as sexy as big breasts trying to bust out of one.—M.B., Cincinnati, Ohio

*Thanks. We always enjoy a good tip.*

In March a reader asked how long he should wait for his wife to figure out if she wants to stay married. You said a year. Based on my own two divorces and what I've heard from professionals, I'd say three months is about as long as a person can tolerate this kind of purgatory. If you do separate, don't make any life-changing commitments for at least 12 months.—D.S., Mattoon, Illinois

*That's good advice. We're generally too optimistic that marriages can be saved.*

My dartboard has been ruined by a giant wart. I've noticed similar warts on boards at bars. What causes them?—T.R., Ann Arbor, Michigan

*They're not warts—they're hair balls. Your board is made of compressed bristles. Over time the compression weakens from damage caused by pulling out the darts. Check your tips regularly for burrs and hooks. On a new set, roughen up the points a little so they don't penetrate too deeply.*

Does regular masturbation reduce the chance that you'll get prostate cancer?—T.S., Harrison, Michigan

*Apparently yes. You'll go blind and grow hair on your palms, but you'll live forever. Scientists at the National Cancer Institute examined, over eight years, the self-reported ejaculation frequency of nearly 30,000 men. Those who came most often—a lifetime average of 21 times a month—were one third less likely to develop organ-confined or slow-growing prostate cancer than the control group of men, who came four to seven times a month. The study found a benefit in men who had more than 12 orgasms a month. Regular*



# ENTICING

Inviting and surprising, MOCHA TABOO will entice you with its sweet indulgence

## KOOL

SMOOTH FUSIONS  
FROM THE HOUSE OF MENTHOL



Available for a limited time only

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Mintrigue, Caribbean Chill, Mocha Taboo, Midnight Berry KS Box, 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Box Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. The amount of tar and nicotine you get from this product varies depending on how you smoke it. There is no such thing as a safe cigarette. For more information visit [www.bwtarnic.com](http://www.bwtarnic.com) ©2004 B&W T Co.



*ejaculation may be beneficial because it flushes out carcinogens in the gland. Come for life. And get an exam annually after you hit 50. If you're African American or have a family history of prostate cancer, start at 40.*

**I**n February you reprinted a letter from 1965 in which a young Barry Manilow asked the Advisor whether he should pursue a career in music. What did you tell him?—M.B., Fort Worth, Texas

*We told him to go for it. You're welcome.*

**B**esides slowing down, what is the best way to get a tailgater off your bumper?—M.L., Bicester, U.K.

*Turn on your flashers. Most people tailgate because they're not paying attention. Your flashers will wake them up and let them know they need to back off or pass.*

**A** reader wrote in March to ask if his daily intake of alcohol—about half a pint of 80-proof whiskey or rum—was harmful to his health. That's the equivalent of six shots a day, which easily meets the clinical definition of heavy drinking. He said he does this to help him sleep, which leads me to believe the reader is dependent on alcohol. Your response quoted studies that tout the "health-enhancing" effects of alcohol, but they apply only to moderate consumption, which for men is defined as one or two drinks a day.—Dr. M.C., Boston, Massachusetts

*You're right. We should have noted that his drinking didn't qualify as moderate.*

**M**y friends and I want to thank the guy who wrote with the suggestion to fuck microwaved banana skins (February). Now we can compare notes, such as asking each other, "Ever tried the Chiquitas from ShopRite?" Thanks to the banana bangster and to PLAYBOY for making our sex lives so much richer.—B.T., Elizabethtown, New Jersey

*It sure beats a cored apple.*

**I** enjoy the feel of a walking stick, but I've never learned how to carry one properly or what to do with it once I get where I'm going. How can I use it without looking pretentious?—E.S., Indianapolis, Indiana

*Unless you have a limp, you can't.*

**A**fter two years of torture I am finally divorced and starting to date again. My question is: How young can I go? I read that the formula is your age divided by two, plus three. I'm 46, so that would allow me to go out with a 26-year-old. There's a 28-year-old who wants to sleep with me, but I've been shying away because of the age difference. What do you think?—J.B., Minneapolis, Minnesota

*Are you kidding? She's been legal for 10 years. No matter what the age difference, the challenge of any relationship that starts like this is finding something in common besides your mutual interest in fucking. But that doesn't sound like a concern for you now.*

**I**n April a reader asked if a man could be happy with a woman "who has a pretty face but a size-16 body." You responded, "Most men aren't attracted to overweight women, so odds are they'll never know if they could be happy with you as a size 16." As a longtime reader I'm sad and angry that the writer of that letter could believe what some faceless, unimportant guy from PLAYBOY thinks and would give up on the idea that someone could love her for who she is. She may so fully accept what you told her that when a man smiles at her she'll turn away, not believing he could find her attractive. What was she thinking when she wrote to a magazine that turns women into plastic fuck dolls? You had a chance to do some good, and you blew it.—R.A., Madison, Alabama

*We heard from many readers who had comments about our reply. Read on for more.*

**Y**our response was ridiculous. Almost every man is attracted to a woman who is confident in how she looks. That's also the case with confident men who have potbellies.—S.K., Ashland, Ohio

**W**hile it is true that our initial attraction or lust may be for slim people, this can fade after a short conversation. I have quickly lost interest in some very handsome men after finding that they are arrogant, conceited or stupid.—C.S., Stillman Valley, Illinois

**I**'m a big girl. I know the score. But life and attraction aren't that simple. The Advisor of all people should have recognized the importance of that letter. Instead you were cold and dismissive. If you can devote eight sentences to vermouth, you can at least give a few more to a reader asking a sensitive question.—V.C., Chicago, Illinois

**I**'m sure you've heard from a ton of angry women. As a guy, I feel for you. I just underwent gastric bypass surgery. My post-op support groups are full of ex-fat chicks who are still psycho and bitter. With my weight back to normal, women react differently to me. No one sets out to be fat, just as no one sets out to have a career in waste management. It sucks, and it's not healthy. Even though our society is composed mostly of fat people, we despise them unless they are jovial.—W.P., Toledo, Ohio

**M**ost men don't know what they're missing. I enjoy the company of women who have curves rather than edges. In my experience larger women are more passionate.—D.C., Merrill, Wisconsin

**D**id a seventh-grader break into your offices and answer that question? I am a size 16 and have never lacked for companionship. I would have told her to stop giving off the "I am not worth



**ALLURING**



**ENCHANTING**



**TANTALIZING**



**ENTICING**

**KOOL**  
SMOOTH FUSIONS  
FROM THE HOUSE OF MENTHOL

The legendary smoothness of THE HOUSE OF MENTHOL is energetically fused with hints of the unexpected—

PERFECTLY BALANCED, yet intriguing refreshment that bonds with any special occasion.





# WIN!

A TRIP TO HEF'S  
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM  
EVENT ON **AUGUST 7<sup>TH</sup>** AT  
THE PLAYBOY MANSION!

In celebration of **ENTOURAGE**, the new original series from HBO, you & three of your friends could be bumping elbows with some of Hollywood's hottest stars & Playboy Playmates.



DON'T MISS THE SERIES PREMIERE OF  
**ENTOURAGE**

**SUNDAY, JULY 18, 10PM/9C HBO**

LOG ON TO **WWW.PLAYBOY.COM/ENTOURAGE** FOR YOUR  
CHANCE TO WIN THIS UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE.

dating because I am fat" vibe. What happened to the days when curves were sexy?—J.S., Dundas, Illinois

The reader admitted she is bitter. That's a turnoff no matter what your size. She should get a hobby. I suggest something aerobic, like belly dancing. She'll learn that even plus-sizers like us can make men cry.—S.J., Salt Lake City, Utah

In my book *Guy Logic*, single guys bluntly fess up about what they want. No one wants to be cruel, but people don't succeed until they stop living fairy tales about whom they can get. The odds are slim that a Roseanne Barr will get a Brad Pitt, so some women (and men) need to cut the crap.—Guy Sparks, New York, New York

Black and Latino women have fewer issues with their bodies and are generally larger, but since you don't feature them in your magazine, you wouldn't know that. You didn't need to insult that size-16 reader. Tell her to find a size-16 man.—D.B., Chicago, Illinois

Voluptuous women have been the subject of lust for centuries; thin has been in only since the 1920s. Even if "most" men don't prefer overweight women, millions of guys do.—G.B., Dallas, Texas

There is a fine line between being honest and being brutal. You crossed it.—K.T., Charlotte, North Carolina

The answer you should have given is this: As long as you find yourself unattractive, other people will as well.—M.D., Victorville, California

If sexual attraction were based solely on size, not many people would be getting laid.—D.M., Darlington, Wisconsin

Your reply was asinine. When all men develop perfect bodies, maybe all women will too.—M.F., Arlington, Virginia

*Thank you to all the readers who set us straight. Our response should have been more expansive. More important, we didn't answer the reader's question. So, belatedly: Yes, a man can be happy with a larger woman—as many have told us they are. But confident or not, a woman will attract the attention of far fewer men (and vice versa) if overweight. That isn't fair, but it's the honesty the reader asked for.*

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](http://playboyadvisor.com).



No purchase necessary to enter. Must be a legal US resident and at least 21 years of age at time of entry. Sweepstakes begins on June 5 and ends on July 15 at 11:59 EST. Void where prohibited. See Official Rules on [Playboy.com](http://Playboy.com). Playboy Mansion and Playmate are trademarks of Playboy and used with permission. HBO® is a service mark of Home Box Office, Inc.



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

## WHERE'S THE OUTRAGE?

CONSERVATIVES LOVE MORAL CRUSADES.  
SO WHY DO THEY IGNORE WALL STREET LOOTING?

BY ROBERT B. REICH

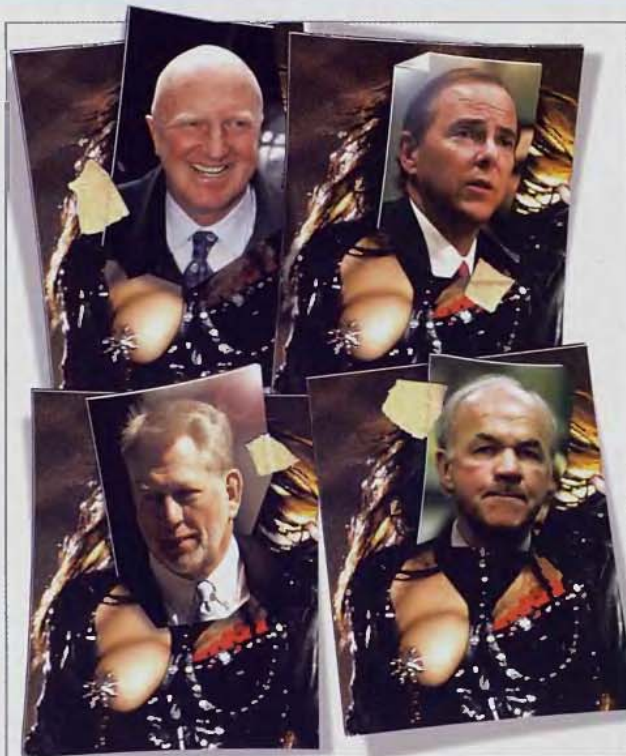
**M**y first direct experience with public morality occurred in September 1964. I was a member of Dartmouth's student court. At the time, the school handbook made fornication punishable by expulsion. We had been asked to consider the case of a student who had visited Bermuda over spring break with his girlfriend. The court was to decide whether he had committed the dirty deed and, if so, whether its occurrence outside the school term and beyond the boundaries of the U.S. mitigated the offense. As the only freshman on the court, I was obliged to ask the poor fellow the penetrating question. He admitted everything. Three hours later we recommended that he be expelled.

One of the most important distinctions a society draws is the one between private and public morality—which behaviors should be left to a person's conscience and which to public law backed by social condemnation. America has come a long way since young men and women were expelled for fornicating.

But radical conservatives are intent on making private behavior the subject of public morality. Radcons have blended Christian fundamentalism and right-wing moralism into their larger worldview. They believe activities such as abortion, divorce, homosexuality and sex outside marriage should be regulated and condemned by society as a whole. They think these behaviors are destroying the American family. And they blame 1960s liberalism.

Radcons are correct in one respect: Public morality is important. But private sex has nothing to do with it. Liberals should be screaming from the rooftops about the real decline of public morality, which includes fraudulent accounting and stock manipulation, insider trading, tax evasion, exorbitant pay of top executives, financial conflicts of interest and the bribery of public officials.

Radcons equate sexual permissiveness with the erosion of public morality because they're obsessed with the decline of discipline in society. Radcons don't worry about the misuse of authority, because they're focused on obedience to it, not its exercise. They blame a few rotten apples for corporate scandals. But the recent (and ongoing) frauds represent a larger violation of public trust than corporate



Let's get our priorities straight. Clockwise from top left: Tyco's Dennis Kozlowski, Enron's Jeff Skilling and Ken Lay, WorldCom's Bernie Ebbers.

transgressions of the past, such as the insider trading of the 1980s, when relatively few Americans invested in the market. By 2001 more than half of all U.S. households had entrusted their savings to the CEOs of American corporations or to the stockbrokers and mutual funds that in turn entrust them to those CEOs.

This fleecing of small investors isn't the work of renegades. The scams have required the services of the many thousands of people who designed, promoted and executed them or who made a point of looking the other way. Most of these people are still in place, and most are still doing (or failing to do) the same things that caused the abuses. Consider that when companies "restate" their earnings they're acknowledging that they misinformed investors. More than 200 companies restated earnings in 2003, triple the number in the early 1990s. Even mutual funds can't be trusted. The New York attorney general has found that many funds and their wealthy clients cut deals that cost ordinary investors an estimated \$5 billion a year.

Where are the radcons' pious declarations of irresponsibility and sin? Where are the right-wing evangelicals who are so quick to see signs of Gomorrah? Apparently their gaze extends into our bedrooms but not into the executive suite. Could it be that they can't afford to offend their financial patrons? Radcons cling to their belief that society's poor and weak need to be disciplined. No sex before marriage. No welfare payments unless recipients work 40 hours a week. Lock up for years those who commit petty theft or are caught with drugs, to the point that American prisons are bursting. But those at the highest reaches of economic power can make their own rules.

Liberals believe that the CEOs of publicly held companies, Wall Street bankers, money managers and publicly licensed lawyers and accountants hold positions of public trust. The old meaning of being a professional was to be anointed with an obligation to the public. That's why schools of business and law were established and why professionals take ethics courses and pass public exams. Anyone looking at what has been occurring has to ask what happened to professional responsibility. In reality the



only practical limit is the risk and cost of getting caught.

Radcons express little concern over CEOs looting through outrageous pay packages awarded them by their cronies on corporate boards even as the value of the companies falls. In 1992 Bill Clinton campaigned against exorbitant pay. He thought it unseemly for the average CEO to take home 85 times the salary of the average hourly worker. The president proposed that companies be prohibited from deducting executive pay of more than \$1 million a year.

Things didn't work out the way Clinton planned, however. By 2002 the average CEO was pocketing more than 500 times the pay of the average worker. Where's the shame? Almost every time radcons speak on TV or radio they're whining about some "shameful," "disgraceful," "deplorable," "odious," "contemptible," "detestable," "depraved," "heinous," "debased" or just plain "vile" behavior—usually attributed to the poor, blacks, Hispanics, homosexuals, feminists, environmentalists or liberals. But I've never heard radcons apply any of these adjectives to CEO pay. The only explanation I can come up with is that, again, they don't want to alienate their friends and patrons.

Corporate apologists justify huge salaries by saying CEOs would otherwise be lured somewhere else. To believe this rationale you've also got to believe that (1) other companies are eager to hire executives with such lousy track records, (2) executives who ride the gravy train

when the stock market is going up have no responsibility to ride it down, as most of their employees and shareholders must do, and (3) executives can't be expected to be loyal to their firms. To put it another way, in order to justify these salaries one has to engage in exactly the kind of "nonjudgmentalism"



Clockwise from top left: Former Merrill Lynch CEO David Komansky, Conoco's Jim Mulvo, Sun Microsystems' Scott McNealy and Disney's Michael Eisner—stocks went down, their pay went up.

that Bill Bennett objects to. It's a tolerance, rooted in moral relativism, that refuses to distinguish between right and wrong. Radcons can't condemn the breakdown of society while celebrating this flimflam in corporate America. They could not care less about CEO pay.

If you are rich, you somehow deserve it. If you are poor, you deserve that, too.

Liberals must sound the alarm. We understand that society is endangered by the lack of scruples at the top. People with wealth and power have a responsibility to refrain from doing things their wealth and power enable them to do that undermine the trust that our democratic, capitalist system depends on. Twice over the last century liberals have saved capitalism from its own excesses. The first time was in the early 1900s. By then captains of industry had monopolized the economy into giant trusts, politics had sunk into a swamp of patronage and corruption, and many factory jobs were unsafe—entailing long hours at meager pay and often exploiting children. In response liberals championed antitrust laws, civil service reforms and labor protections.

The second save occurred in the 1930s, after the stock market collapsed and a large portion of the workforce was unemployed. Then liberals regulated banks and insured deposits, cleaned up the stock market and provided social insurance to the destitute.

In both cases liberals were accused of interfering with the free market. But the reformers prevailed by appealing to public morality and common sense. It is time again for liberals to restore confidence in our system.

*Reich, the former secretary of labor under Bill Clinton, is the author of Reason: Why Liberals Will Win the Battle for America, from which this commentary was adapted.*

**FINDING THE RIGHT WORD: A RADCON GLOSSARY**

The conservative vocabulary uses emotion-laden images that serve as conversation stoppers—easy means of asserting conclusions without debate. After all, who could possibly be in favor of blaming America first? Who could stand against family values or a war on terror?

**BIG GOVERNMENT** Radcons have created the largest and most expensive military in history, given immense power to the FBI and pushed for huge deficits, yet Democrats are the party of "big government."

**BLAME-AMERICA-FIRSTERS** Anyone who doubts that the U.S. is perfect is accused of belonging to this group—unless they're radcons blaming America for its moral decadence.

**IT'S YOUR MONEY** Used in antitax harangues to fool people into thinking that wage earners should be allowed to keep all their income; ignores the fact that our taxes pay for public schools, roads, water, clean air, bridges, the national defense, seaports, public health and safety and other essential services.

**LIBERAL ELITE** A phrase meant to mask the reality that radcons are in con-



God bless the traditional family.

trol of the U.S. House, the Senate, the presidency, a significant percentage of the federal courts, almost all political think tanks, most of the political-opinion media and a large portion of the money pouring into Washington.

**TRADITIONAL FAMILY** This term is contrasted with single parents and gay and unmarried couples, who are considered deviants.

**WAR ON TERROR** These words suggest that terrorism can be subdued through military action against easily identifiable adversaries and that the extraordinary powers vested in the president will be temporary. In fact, fighting terrorism is more like controlling crime, requiring constant policing and cooperation. —R.R.



# BLIND MAN ON THE WEB

SHOULD THE AMERICANS WITH DISABILITIES ACT APPLY TO THE INTERNET?

Is the Internet a place? That may sound like a question for a freshman philosophy course, but the way the courts answer it could radically change the Net. The ADA requires that "places of public accommodation" provide access to the disabled. That includes businesses such as hotels, restaurants, theaters, shopping malls, banks, museums, libraries, schools and gyms. But should this accessibility be required online?

Robert Gumson, who is blind, thinks so. He sued Southwest Airlines, claiming its site isn't accessible to people who can't see. Rectifying that would involve making sites compatible with technologies such as braille printers and text-to-speech synthesizers. For deaf people it would include captioning online videos.

Lainey Feingold, a Berkeley lawyer who specializes in disability rights, says activists targeted Southwest in part because it offers discount tickets that can be ordered only online. That, she says, is the equivalent of the airline handing out fliers that declare, "If you can read this, you get special rates." She adds, "If you

want to invite people into your store, you have to invite everyone." Critics counter that enforcing the act online would seriously hamper the growth of the web. Small businesses and civic organizations, they say, would be discouraged from creating new sites because of the expense of making them compatible. They also predict fishing expeditions by lawyers who would threaten to sue sites for not being ADA-compatible and then settle out of court, as is happening to small businesses.



A software designer reads braille.

Disabled activists suffered a setback when the federal judge hearing the Southwest case ruled that the Internet is not a place. But they still have considerable clout on their side, including the Department of Justice, which ruled in 1996 that firms covered by the ADA should make their sites friendly or risk being sued. The National Council on Disability, a federal agency that recommends policies to the president and Congress, has vowed to continue the fight for "digital equality." It says a mandatory restructuring of the web for the blind and deaf is only a matter of time. —Mark Frauenfelder

## MARGINALIA



### FROM A DISSENT

by Reuben Ortega, a California appeals judge, in a case in which two moviegoers sued Sony Pictures for running ads with praise from a reviewer who didn't exist. The court ruled that the suit could proceed. The plaintiffs have asked for \$4.5 million, to be split among everyone persuaded to see Rob Schneider's *The Animal* or led to believe that Heath Ledger was "the year's hottest star": "Imagine the great contribution this case will make to our quality of life and to justice in America. A new day will dawn, from which time no one will ever again be fooled by a promotion touting a movie as the greatest artistic accomplishment of the ages. From that day on, all persons will be able to absolutely rely on the truth and accuracy of movie ads. No longer will people be seen lurching like mindless zombies toward the theater, compelled by a puff piece.... We should be occupying ourselves with resolving legitimate disputes instead of laughable cases designed to generate attorney fees."

**FROM A RULING** by a federal appeals court in a lawsuit filed by Christian fundamentalists angered that the Alabama Supreme Court removed a Ten Commandments monument in its rotunda: "The appellants contend that the removal created empty space and that this empty space violates the First Amendment because it is an endorsement of religion—in this instance,

nontheism. If the appellants were correct, every time a violation of the Establishment Clause is found and cured by removal of a statute or practice, that cure itself would violate the First Amendment by leaving behind empty space." 

**FROM A RESPONSE** by Northwest Airlines to complaints that it deceived customers by giving their personal data to the government for a study of how analysis of such data might identify terrorists: "Passengers have no inherent right or expectation of total privacy in the information provided when traveling on commercial airlines. The only relevant basis for privacy protection is Northwest's privacy policy, which does not support these allegations of deception. The plain meaning of the policy is an assurance that customer information will not be commercially exploited and that it is secure from hackers. Northwest fulfilled these promises. A reasonable person does not expect privacy in his or her personal information, effects or behavior on an aircraft or in an airport, because he or she knows that the price of privacy is diminished safety."

(continued on page 55)

## 5 WAYS TO FIX

### ...YOUR PRIVACY

BY J.J. LUNA

#### (1) Stop receiving mail at home

If you truly want to avoid marketers, scammers, stalkers and other uninvited guests, never allow your name to be connected with where you live. Rent a private mailbox with a commercial mail-receiving agency. A "ghost" address is better: Pick up your mail and courier packages at a local office or at your accountant's or a friend's home. For license renewals or anything else that shows up in a public-records search, create a limited liability company (see No. 4) and buy a forwarding address from a service in Alaska.

#### (2) Change your phone number

Even better, cancel your land line and use a prepaid cell phone. If you need a land line for an Internet connection, at least cancel your present phone. Two weeks later have a legal proxy or nominee (established with a simple form) order a new unlisted number.

#### (3) Never use your license as ID

If you don't have a passport, order one. Passports don't list Social Security numbers or addresses.

#### (4) Take your name off all titles

Establish a New Mexico limited liability company. LLC ownership is anonymous in that state, and no annual reports are required. Use your LLC when you purchase vehicles, boats, real estate or whatever. Unlike corporations, single-member LLCs do not usually require a tax ID and are not named on your returns. (Income, if any, is listed as personal income on Schedule C.)

#### (5) Buy a cross-cut shredder

You wouldn't believe what people can learn from your trash.

Luna is the author of the newly revised *How to Be Invisible: The Essential Guide to Protecting Your Personal Privacy, Your Assets and Your Life*.





# READER RESPONSE

## SHERMAN AUSTIN'S ORDEAL

On January 24, 2002 more than 25 state and federal agents, with guns drawn, raided my home in Sherman Oaks, California. They told my 18-year-old son, Sherman Austin, that they had the authority of the U.S. Patriot Act. According to the warrant, they suspected him of making explosives and weapons of mass destruction.

Three agents questioned Sherman



Did Sherman Austin's views get him busted?

without legal counsel for four hours about his website, [raisethefist.com](http://raisethefist.com). They asked if he would like to see President Bush dead and quizzed him about being a terrorist. I arrived home from work after the raid had begun.

The agents left without Sherman. He was not charged with anything. The FBI told us that his site, which contained criticism of the Bush administration and reports about radical politics, had stepped "slightly" over the line.

A few days later Sherman drove to New York to attend a protest against the World Bank. Shortly before the rally he was surrounded by FBI agents and thrown into a black SUV. He spent two weeks in prison before being released without charges. Three days after Sherman's arrest the *New York Post* reported that the FBI had found bomb-making instructions on his site, along with "literature advocating revolution." The FBI said it had recovered gas canisters, iced tea bottles filled with flammable material and gas masks from my home and that Sherman's car had contained fertilizer, cans of brake fluid and gas canisters.

The fertilizer was potting soil that I use for planting. The bottles were being saved for recycling. The brake fluid and gas canister were part of Sherman's emergency road kit for his 1981 Toyota. The Army surplus gas mask, which was not functional, was a prop used for street theater. I'm divorced and work full time, but I'm not an absent parent. Indeed I am a pacifist and

would never allow weapons of any kind in my home. I can assure you that Sherman, who has never committed a violent crime, was not making or hiding weapons in his bedroom.

Sherman's website was critical of the political status quo, but that's not a crime. The alleged bomb recipe was not posted by Sherman but by an immature teenager who had access to free hosting space on Sherman's server. Possessing or sharing this type of information is not illegal; it's made available by many sources and has been found by courts to be protected (if ill-advised) speech. What is illegal, according to a law championed by Senator Dianne Feinstein, is posting the information with the "knowledge or intent" that it will be used to commit violence. The statute makes it easy for the government to go after people it wishes to silence.

Six months after the raid prosecutors offered a deal: Sherman could plead guilty to distribution with intent and they would recommend 30 days in jail plus three months in a halfway house and three years of probation. Sherman, who was innocent, refused to sign the plea. After prosecutors threatened to add a 20-year "terrorist enhancement," he signed. But Judge Stephen Wilson rejected the deal, saying it wouldn't be a deterrent "to other revolutionaries who want to change the world according to their own views."

The prosecutor, a prison psychologist (who called Sherman a "peaceful, mild-mannered" teenager who represented no threat), the Justice Department and the FBI all asked for leniency. Instead Judge Wilson sent my son to the federal penitentiary for a year.

Sherman is a youth of high ideals who cares deeply about people, his country and the world. He is committed to nonviolence and has condemned terrorist acts as murder. Under the government's elastic conditions, every home in America contains "bomb-making materials"—putting every critic of the government at risk of arrest.

I am hoping that my son, who has suffered a true injustice, will be home in September. There are more details at [freesherman.org](http://freesherman.org).

Jennifer Martin Ruggiero  
Los Angeles, California

## VERY SPECIAL GUN GROUPS

*Very Special Interest Groups* (March) is intended to be humorous. But it speaks volumes about how irresponsible and

dependent on government Americans have become. The gun-rights group you include doesn't belong in that list. Unlike special interest groups that use the power of government to victimize taxpayers, consumers and competitors (for example, teachers' unions, the American Association of Retired Persons, subsidized farmers and the postal service), gun owners seek no advantage over others. In fact they help the community by deterring crime. Our ancestors understood that responsibility includes self-defense. That is how the United States lasted for 160 years without military conscription, a standing army or an obscenely bloated Pentagon budget. Even citizens who choose not to own a gun benefit from an armed population, because criminals are never sure who is a safe target. Private gun ownership is the closest thing there is to a free lunch.

Carl Vassar  
Trumbull, Connecticut

## THE TROUBLE WITH IRAQ

Toby Dodge's chart about the similarities between the British invasion of Iraq in 1920 and the U.S. attack last year (*Repeating History*, March) is informative but misses an important point. The reason Bush invaded Iraq was



Future presidents with sons and brothers.

for the lucrative oil fields, not to bring down Saddam. The war on terror is a red herring.

Edward Blomdahl  
Franklin, Massachusetts

## THE CASE AGAINST BUSH

Your articles on President Bush are narrow-minded and repetitive and border on propaganda. Were you as critical of Bill Clinton when he was president?

Jason Goolesby  
Lebanon, Tennessee

*No, but we had more fun with him.*

E-mail: [forum@playboy.com](mailto:forum@playboy.com). Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.



## NEWSFRONT



## Hard-Car Porn

There's a whole lotta DWH (driving while horny) going on. In Schenectady, New York a cop ticketed a man for driving with the porn DVD *Chocolate Foam* playing on the headrest and visor monitors. In Canterbury, New Hampshire a suspected drunk driver had a portable player on the seat. When an officer opened the device, an adult film began playing midmovie (police also found a pistol, stolen jewelry and what appeared to be cocaine, making the least of the driver's worries). In Leeds City, U.K. a taxi driver earned tips by showing porn on his dash. Unfortunately he picked up two city council members, who had his license revoked. Finally, an Illinois mother stuck in traffic who saw porn in another car fumed to a reporter, "You're not allowed to have sex in your car, so why are you allowed to watch it?"

## Making Up Stories

GARON GROVE, CALIFORNIA—Three 11-year-old girls who were late returning home after school told their parents that a homeless man had attacked them. The man spent eight months in jail awaiting trial, until his principal accuser confessed that it had been a hoax. A judge sentenced each girl to 30 to 45 days in juvenile hall. The accused man's attorney blamed Proposition 115, which California voters passed in 1990. It allows police to read the alleged victim's statement at the preliminary hearing rather than have the victim testify in person. The homeless man faulted police, saying, "Prosecuting these kids is just a way to get the cops off the hook."

## Clean Read

SALT LAKE CITY—During her first semester studying acting at the University of Utah, a Mormon woman refused to participate in an exercise because the script contained the words *god-damn* and *fucking*. She claims that professors told her to "get over it." A federal judge ruled that her rights to free speech and freedom of religion had not been violated, but an appeals court sent the case back for a jury trial.

## Thumbs-Down

LARGO, FLORIDA—The Pinellas County school system plans to install GPS transponders to track students on its 750 buses. Students will press their finger against a sensor whenever they enter or leave the bus. Officials say the \$2.26 million project improves safety. It doesn't take a reproducible fingerprint, they

say, but uses the touch only to create a unique code. An ACLU spokesman worries that "we are conditioning these children to understand that they have no personal space."

## Thin-Mint Monster

CRAWFORD, TEXAS—Last year the local Girl Scouts gave a "woman of distinction" award to a Planned Parenthood executive. For years the Scouts have endorsed a Planned Parenthood program through which fifth- through ninth-graders receive brochures containing information on condoms, homosexuality and masturbation. When the leader of Pro-Life Waco found out, he called for a cookie boycott. But the plan backfired, and sales skyrocketed.

## Barbie vs. Mommy

CONCORD, MICHIGAN—To demonstrate the mathematical principle of proportion, a teacher told her seventh-grade students to compare the measurements of a Barbie doll to their own, their mother's or the teacher's. Some results were tacked onto a classroom wall before parents complained. "Breasts have no place in a math class," said one mother. Another parent disagreed, saying, "We figured out that Barbie has the waist of a six-year-old." The school board decided not to discipline the teacher but told students they didn't have to complete the assignment.



## MARGINALIA

(continued from page 53)

**FROM A DECISION** by a Maryland judge in the case of Marcie Betts, who sued the state after being fired from her job at the Roxbury Correctional Institution: "I find the following facts: (1) In May 2002 Betts filed an application for employment. (2) On May 29, 2002, before being hired, Betts sold two CDs containing 81 photos of herself to an Internet site called Buming Angel. (3) The photos were taken by Betts and her husband and were sold for \$300. They show Betts in various poses, including poses where she is wearing little or no clothing. They also depict Betts licking a dildo, with a dildo in her mouth and with her finger in her vagina and anus. (4) The photos have not been determined to be obscene. (5) On October 29 Betts was hired as a correctional officer. (6) On January 20, while Betts was on duty in the dining hall, she was approached by another officer, who asked if she had appeared in photos on the Internet. Betts replied that she had not. On the same day, Betts was asked the same question by an inmate, and she again replied she had not. (7) On January 21 a packet containing some of the photos from the site was anonymously placed under the warden's door. (8) On January 22 Betts acknowledged that the photos were of her. (9) Prison investigators accessed the website by paying a membership fee and printed the 81 photos. (10) On January 29 Betts was fired." The judge ruled that the prison had violated Betts's First Amendment rights.



Marcie Betts.

**FROM A POEM** about the importance of proofreading that a teacher in Dunedin, Florida gave as an exercise to her eighth-grade students. One parent called the poem, which is posted at [taylormail.com](http://taylormail.com), "sexually harassing": "But there are several missed aches / that a spell chukker can't can't catch catch. / For instant, if you accidentally leave a word / your spell exchequer won't put it in you. / And God for billing purposes only / you should have serial problems with Tori Spelling / your spell Chekhov might replace a word / with one you had absolutely no detention of using. / Because what do you want it to douch? / It only does what you tell it to douche. / You're the one with your hand on the mouth going clit, clit, clit. / It just goes to show you how embargo / one careless clit of the mouth can be. "Which reminds me of this one time during my Junior Mint. / The teacher read my entire paper on A Sale of Two Titties / out loud to all of my assmates. / I'm not joking, I'm totally cereal. / It was the most humidifying experience of my life, / being laughed at publically. "So do yourself a flavor and follow these two Pisces of advice: / One: There is no prostitute for careful editing. / And three: When it comes to proofreading, / the red penis your friend."



## DIRTY AIR

THE FCC IS CRACKING DOWN. CAN YOU MATCH THE BROADCASTERS WITH THEIR SEX TALK?

(1)

**Host:** You are a cocksman. I can't believe you banged her. Did you get anal? No anal? I need anal tapes. Anal tapes are my thing. She likes orgasms. I'd like to bang her.

**Co-host:** I think we're getting too into the locker-room talk.

**Guest:** The anal game....

**Caller:** We want to smell your fingers. Ever bang a famous nigger chick? What do they smell like? Watermelons?

**Host:** Did you do the Olsen twins?

**Guest:** I usually find one girl I like to sleep with and stay with her. The girl I'm with now is married and famous.

**Host:** It would be great if that woman were Laura Bush, the president's wife. How about Paris Hilton's privates?

**Guest:** She's got the greatest privates in the world.

(2)

**Host:** Let's talk about that secret language. I didn't know any of this.

**Guest:** I have gotten a whole new vocabulary, let me tell you.

**Host:** What is a salad toss?

**Guest:** A tossed salad is—hold on to your underwear for this one—oral-anal sex. So oral sex with the anus is what that would be. A rainbow party is an oral-sex party. It's a gathering where oral sex is performed. *Rainbow* comes from all of the girls putting on lipstick; each one puts her mouth around the penis of the gentleman or gentlemen who are there to receive favors and makes a mark in a different place on the penis.

(3)

**Host:** Porn legend Ron Jeremy is 50 today. Ron says he continues to film sex scenes without needing Viagra. What



better time than now to play an interview with one Ron Jeremy fan.

**Woman:** I masturbate with Jeremy's video every day. Uh, not every day, but every other weekend.

**Interviewer:** What is it that you like about him?

**Woman:** The way he licks pussy. I want to do a threesome with him, see who's the best. If I can lick better or he can lick better.

(4)

**Host:** When you're debriefing people about how you engage in anal sex, that's over the line.

He can do the lesbian dial-a-date and the butt-

bongo fiesta, still get the ratings and not gross everybody out.... He kissed Snoop Dogg's butt all over the place....

The graphic depictions of anal sex on the radio in the morning are unacceptable in this country.... You'd let him continue to use the N word and depict anal sex?... There are no hos in the Howard world.... You don't need to debrief people about anal sex or say the N word on the air to be successful.... You can put off [the sex talk with your kids], particularly anal sex.

(5)

**Chipmunk voice:** Alvin, why do you look so frustrated?

**Alvin:** I haven't been laid in almost six weeks.

**Chipmunk:** Well, do you know what the problem is? It's that f[bleep]cking pussy music we play.

**Alvin:** What do you mean?

**Chipmunk:** If we wanna get bitches, we have to play more kick-ass music. Check this sh[bleep] out, Alvin: "Suck on my chipmunk [bleep]s. Put 'em in your mouth and [bleep]uck 'em, filthy chipmunk whore. Suck on my chipmunk [bleep]s. They taste like pistachios. They're warm and fuzzy. Suck my [bleep]."



HOWARD STERN



BILL O'REILLY



OPRAH



BUBBA THE LOVE SPONGE



ELLIOT

## Answers

(1) From the *Howard Stern Show*, February 24. The next day Clear Channel pulled Stern from its stations. Six weeks later the FCC fined the company \$495,000 for an April 2003 show that included discussion of "the sexual practices of certain cast members" and a plug for a personal hygiene product called Sphincterine. It brought Stern's total FCC fines to nearly \$2.5 million.

(2) From *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, March 18. Oprah was speaking to an *O* magazine writer who had interviewed 50 teenage girls about their sex lives. Stern tried to air the segment on his show but was stymied by his management. Stern reasoned, "If the FCC fines me for playing this, then they have to fine Oprah."

(3) From *Elliot in the Morning*. The bit aired three times on three stations, which the FCC decided in March was nine violations

worth \$27,500 each. The agency also fined *Elliot* \$55,000 last year for a conversation involving two high school girls who claimed they fellated their Catholic-school classmates. The hosts made repeated references to "blow jobs," provided sucking sounds and asked if the girls were "giving up semen for Lent."

(4) From *The Radio Factor*, with Bill O'Reilly, March 11. Referring to Stern, one caller said, "He has women farting out of their vaginas," but O'Reilly zapped it during the seven-second delay (the exchange appears in the online version of the show).

(5) From *Bubba the Love Sponge*. In March the FCC fined Clear Channel \$755,000 for 26 *Bubba* violations, including this parody, plus four public file violations. Clear Channel immediately fired *Bubba*, who vowed to take his show to satellite.



# Newport pleasure!



© Lorillard 2004

Lights Box: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; Medium Box: 12 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine;  
Box: 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Newport, Newport Medium, Newport (package design), Newport Lights  
Menthol Box (package design), Newport Pleasure and Newport Spinnaker  
TM Lorillard Licensing Company LLC Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

**Finest  
Quality Menthol!**





**THERE'S A PLACE IN YOUR LIFE FOR THE MATRIX.**

A 170-horsepower VVTL-i engine\* to get you to the  slopes  office  
 club  border, fast. 32 miles per gallon\*\* to stretch your  bread  
 coin  dough  moolah. A 115-volt auxiliary outlet\*\*\* to plug  
in your  cell  laptop  razor  lava lamp. Flat-folding rear  
seats that offer 53 cu. ft. of water- and scratch-resistant  
cargo space for  wetsuits  tools  furniture  dogs.  
Matrix. Ready for all of you.



\*Standard on Matrix XRS model. \*\*Based on 2005 preliminary estimates by Toyota and actual 2004 EPA-estimated 28 city/36 highway/32 combined mpg for Matrix XR 2WD 5-speed manual transmission. Actual mileage may vary.  
\*\*\*Standard on Matrix XR and XRS models. ©2004 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHAEL MOORE

*A candid conversation with the loudmouthed provocateur about Bush's IQ, Hillary's thighs and why we should hire the Israelis to kill Osama bin Laden*

In his latest movie, *Fahrenheit 9/11*, filmmaker, author and rabble-rouser Michael Moore questions President Bush's long-standing business relationships with the Bin Laden family and Saudi businessmen and accuses the president of using the terrorist attack on America to push his own agenda. It's typical Moore overkill, a reminder of how improbable it is that the unkempt, overweight, scraggly-bearded liberal has become an American icon—demonic or heroic depending on your point of view. For his politically infused humor and humor-infused politics, Moore, the nation's best-selling nonfiction author and top-grossing documentary filmmaker, has been compared to Jonathan Swift, H.L. Mencken, Lenny Bruce, Abbie Hoffman and even Laurel and Hardy.

Moore's latest book, *Dude, Where's My Country?*, has been the top-selling nonfiction title of the year. Its predecessor, *Stupid White Men*, earned the same distinction in 2002, and Moore's earlier books, *Downsize This!* and *Adventures in a TV Nation*, were also best-sellers. His 2002 movie, *Bowling for Columbine*, about the high school shootings in Littleton, Colorado and the roots of America's obsession with guns, grossed \$21 million—three times more than any other documentary in history—and won the Academy Award for

best documentary. His breakthrough movie, 1989's *Roger & Me*, documents Moore's attempt to confront General Motors chairman Roger Smith about the automaker's plant closings that devastated Moore's hometown of Flint, Michigan. The film, "a hilarious bit of propaganda," according to the *Washington Post*, was a surprise hit.

Moore, 50, grew up in and around Flint in a working-class Irish American family. Both his father and his grandfather worked at GM. Moore was voted class clown in high school, the same year he ran for the local board of education and won. He briefly attended college at the University of Michigan and considered a job at GM after graduation. Instead he edited a series of alternative newspapers and began working for Ralph Nader. He financed *Roger & Me* by hosting bingo games. Moore's forays into television include the short-lived series *TV Nation* and *The Awful Truth*, both of which became cult hits.

Dividing his time between New York and Michigan, Moore is married to Kathleen Glynn, with whom he produces his movies, and has an 18-year-old daughter. No, he isn't running for president—despite an independent online petition drive that garnered tens of thousands of fans' signatures—but he has been actively involved in the election, railing

against Bush on talk shows and at michaelmoore.com, his popular website. When *Contributing Editor David Sheff* met with him, Moore gleefully admitted that *Fahrenheit 9/11*, his most strident attack on Bush to date, is timed to do as much damage as possible to the president before the November election.

**PLAYBOY:** What exactly does *Fahrenheit 9/11* mean?

**MOORE:** It's the temperature of hysteria that has allowed the Bush administration to get away with a series of unconscionable acts since 9/11. They used the 3,000 victims of the terrorist attack as a cover to enact their right-wing agenda. The tragedy was a bonanza for the administration. Immediately after the dead were buried, Bush's people realized they had a golden opportunity.

**PLAYBOY:** Even you wouldn't suggest that they were happy about 9/11, would you?

**MOORE:** You'll never see them rubbing their hands together in public, because it would be so crass, but that's what they did. A tragedy was handed to them, and they decided to spin some gold.

**PLAYBOY:** Gold in the form of—

**MOORE:** A never-ending war. The problem with earlier wars was that they ended,



"Here's what I want to know about gay marriage: Has anybody told the gays and lesbians what marriage is? We married people are all sitting here asking, 'Why are they so damn eager to do this?'"



"Only 1 million to 2 million people watch Fox News at any given time. Let's not waste our time worrying about something as irrelevant as Fox News. It's a great thing to tune in to for a laugh."



"My wife and I went to meet Howard Dean with the idea of supporting him. We brought our checkbook. But we weren't in the room with him five minutes when we thought, Geez, this guy is kind of a prick."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO ROSE



but the war on terrorism is ongoing. You'll never catch every terrorist.

**PLAYBOY:** You can't deny the threat of terrorism, can you?

**MOORE:** Of course not, but Bush has not addressed the problem in a way that makes us safer. The other day in an airport I saw an 87-year-old woman in a wheelchair being forced to take off her shoes. Does anybody in his right mind really think we're safer now? Homeland security is an excuse to take away our rights, spy on us and isolate dissenters with accusations that they are unpatriotic and dangerous. They are eroding our rights and freedoms, doing the terrorists' work for them. We're telling the terrorists, "You're not going to take our freedoms away, you bastards. We're going to do it ourselves." We will spy on our own citizens in the guise of making them safer. We will read their mail, listen on their phones, search them at will, lock them up without explanation. Yet no one is safer. We are hated throughout the world now more than ever before, precisely because of Bush's so-called war on terror. Any country operating unilaterally, orchestrating a war, and doing so under the guise of a lie that has been exposed as a lie, becomes a bigger, not a smaller, target. The lying is unfathomable.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's face it, all presidents lie.

**MOORE:** Sure, people were up in arms about Clinton's lie—"I did not have sexual relations with that woman"—but it pales when compared with Bush's lies. Bush told the American people and the rest of the world that Saddam had weapons of mass destruction, and he initiated a war based on that lie. He killed hundreds of American soldiers and wounded and maimed thousands. He killed thousands of innocent Iraqis. Bush used these lies on top of 9/11 as an excuse to attack Iraq, which was part of his agenda from the day he stole the election. As we know from the congressional hearings, Bush was obsessed with Saddam from the day he took office. According to Richard Clarke's and others' testimony, the obsession with Iraq diverted attention from Bin Laden and the other terrorists who actually did threaten us.

**PLAYBOY:** The administration claims Clarke isn't telling the truth.

**MOORE:** With no success whatsoever. They accused Clarke of timing his book for the election, but he was saying these things well before the hearings. I interviewed him for *Fahrenheit 911* months before his book came out. Here is a Republican who felt morally and personally responsible for the attack because

the administration, of which he was a part, didn't do enough. His apology to the families of the victims was powerful and stood out because the other political weenies would never apologize—they view it as a sign of weakness. They don't understand that being honest, apologizing and asking for forgiveness are signs of strength and courage.

**PLAYBOY:** If Bush's war on terror has been ineffective, what would have been the appropriate response?

**MOORE:** Osama did it, right? Not Saddam. Get the perpetrator. That's first.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you propose accomplishing what American military and intelligence forces have been unable to accomplish?



Don't forget that 1 million gays voted for George W. Bush. I predict that he just lost a million votes.

**MOORE:** Hire the Israelis to find Osama and kill him.

**PLAYBOY:** Why the Israelis?

**MOORE:** They're better at this sort of thing than we are. I don't support assassination, but let's face facts. Israel wanted to kill the Hamas leader, Sheik Ahmed Yassin, and they took him out. When their people were taken hostage at Entebbe, they went in and got them back. Get the culprits, not their neighbors and people who look like them. In my movie a counterterrorism agent from the FBI says the following: "Most people don't realize that there are only around 190 Al Qaeda members worldwide. That's it." They have support cells and people who aid and abet them, but

there are only 190 full-fledged members. One hundred and ninety people can do a lot of damage—they pose a serious threat. So get them.

**PLAYBOY:** Whether it's one terrorist, like Bin Laden, or 190 or thousands, it's not as easy as that.

**MOORE:** I agree. But let's say this were 1939 and we learned there were only 190 Nazis. I think we could deal with the problem. If Abe Lincoln had been told there were 190 Confederates giving the Union a bit of trouble, he probably could have taken care of it fairly easily. We give the Israelis billions of dollars a year. They're better at this assassination stuff than we are. So we tell them, "We need you to get rid of 190 people." But

Bush wants those 190 people out there because the threat means he can do what he wants with impunity.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been no attacks on U.S. soil since 9/11. Some argue this is proof that homeland security measures are working.

**MOORE:** After the original attack on the World Trade Center in 1993, the total number of attacks on U.S. soil in 1994 was zero. In 1995? Zero. In 1996? Zero. In 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000? Zero. Who takes credit for that? Bush tries to have it both ways. If we have no attacks, he takes credit for it. On the other hand, if there is another horrible attack before the election, they'll say, "See, we warned you. You need to keep us in office because of the threat." In fact, I would argue that the Republicans are responsible for our lack of preparedness prior to 9/11. It goes beyond their obsession with Iraq. In the late 1990s the Republicans should not have wasted the federal government's time trying to impeach Clinton.

**PLAYBOY:** How is that relevant?

**MOORE:** At one time during Clinton's presidency 200 FBI

agents were assigned to the so-called Clinton scandals. What if those agents had been doing their job, such as trying to track down those who were here to kill us? Perhaps they could have returned the phone calls from the people in flight-training schools in Florida calling to say it seemed a little strange that students wanted to take flying lessons but didn't want to learn how to take off or land. Calls like that were ignored. You have to wonder if the Republicans are not somewhat responsible for the lack of preparedness in the country because they were so obsessed about where Clinton had placed his cigar.

**PLAYBOY:** Republicans would argue that the issue transcended sex.



**MOORE:** That's nonsense. If they think anyone is having good sex, their heads just start to spin like Linda Blair's. The thought of anyone enjoying sex sends Republicans into a tailspin.

**PLAYBOY:** And this theory of yours is based on—

**MOORE:** It's obvious. Clinton was particularly horrific to them because he represented the guy in high school who got all the babes. It drove them crazy. If you're Newt Gingrich, Dennis Hastert, Trent Lott or any of those guys, you remember well who the Bill Clinton was in your high school. Those guys never got to go out with the cheerleaders. In fact they had to become cheerleaders—literally in the cases of Bush and Lott. Here was a chance for some payback. Look at the way they went berserk when they saw Janet Jackson's nipple. Did you know that 24 hours after the Super Bowl incident Bill O'Reilly said on his show—and I'm quoting—"I want to kill Michael Moore." He was talking to Rudolph Giuliani about the left and the people who attack him. Once he told a caller to his show that he'd like to—and once again I quote—"put a bullet through Al Franken's head." The number of complaints to the FCC over that? Zero. Yet after Janet Jackson's nipple—and it was only 10 percent of her nipple that was exposed, by the way—everything on TV had to be on tape delay, and the fines were tripled. What can I do? I can file a complaint with the FCC, I can sue him, or I can kill him first. That's essentially what I've decided to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Kill him?

**MOORE:** Make sure you add to that quote, "he said jokingly, and then he reminded us that he is a pacifist."

**PLAYBOY:** So how big a factor in the upcoming election are O'Reilly and his ilk?

**MOORE:** They're preaching to the converted. Only 1 million to 2 million people watch Fox News at any given time. Let's not waste our time worrying about something as irrelevant as Fox News. If you have cable, it's a great thing to tune in to for a laugh. It's better than Comedy Central. O'Reilly is a cartoon. Neil Cavuto is all pompous sincerity. Ann Coulter's trip is an act. She wants to be hated. It's part of her charm.

**PLAYBOY:** How do they compare with the CNN commentators and anchors?

**MOORE:** In some ways CNN's are worse because you expect more from them. They waste too much time wringing their hands that they aren't like Fox. They're obsessed with trying to catch up in the ratings when they should do everything they can to separate themselves. People at *The New York Times* don't sit around saying, "Why can't we be more like the *National Enquirer*?" CNN should know its place and do the job a lot of us wish they would do, which is to stay true to the path. They don't have to be liberal or left, just do their job. Tell the truth. Dig.

**PLAYBOY:** Al Franken is hosting a show on

# THE LEFT'S MERRY PRANKSTER

Think liberals are timid? Watch Michael Moore in action



**Target:** George W. Bush

**Scenario:** Moore enlivens the deadly dull 2003 Academy Awards when he accepts an Oscar for *Bowling for Columbine* and launches into a red-faced tirade against the war in Iraq. "Shame on you, Mr. Bush!" he screams, to a cascade of boos.

**Result:** Host Steve Martin cracks, "It was so sweet backstage. The teamsters were helping Michael into the trunk of his limo."



**Target:** Our trusting northern neighbors

**Scenario:** When Moore learns that Canadians rarely lock their front doors—despite high unemployment and a racially mixed population—he puts it to the test, randomly barging into five Toronto homes.

**Result:** Not one of the houses is locked! And no one calls the cops when they find Moore in their living room. "Thanks for not shooting me," he tells one home owner.



**Target:** Jesse Helms

**Scenario:** Moore plants the Gay Men's Chorus outside the Washington, D.C. office window of the homo-hating senator, where it performs "What the World Needs Now Is Love." Next stop: Helms's house, where the chorus croons "On the Street Where You Live."

**Result:** The door opens, and out pops his wife, who is delighted by the singers. Sadly, the senator isn't home to share her joy.



**Target:** Loose gun laws

**Scenario:** "I want the account where I can get the free gun," says a chipper Moore of a Michigan bank that doubles as a licensed firearms dealer. "You open a CD and we'll hand you a gun," says the manager.

**Result:** Moore completes the background check and is handed a rifle by a bank employee, who astutely notes, "That's a straight shooter, let me tell you."



**Target:** Racist cabbies

**Scenario:** Moore has Emmy Award-nominated African American actor Yaphet Kotto and a scary-looking white guy named Louie—a veteran of four prison stays—hail a cab not 20 yards from each other.

**Result:** Despite attempts to make Kotto appear less threatening by putting a baby in his arms and a tuxedo on his back, cabbies always pass him over for the ex-con.



**Target:** Rich people with nice beaches

**Scenario:** When the well-to-do folks of Greenwich, Connecticut begin keeping outsiders off their public beach, Moore sends Janeane Garofalo and a mob of pissed-off New Yorkers to storm the sands.

**Result:** Stopped by the Coast Guard, Garofalo and friends swim to shore, where they're met by locals shouting, "Go back where you came from!" —STEVEN CHEAN



Air America, the new talk-radio network started as a liberal answer to the right-wing stations. Does it have a chance?

**MOORE:** We'll see. The liberals have lost their sense of humor over the years; it's disgusting to think that members of the right are considered the funny ones. If you could have Al Franken on 24 hours a day or find five other Al Franken's, it would work. But the heads of the station are saying things like "We don't want to offend too many people." That's the same wimpy, lame tone that has cost the left everything. Instead of fighting as the Republicans fight, they say, "Let's all be nice." Nice has lost us the House, the Senate, the White House, the Supreme Court and the majority of the governorships. As a result of "Can't we all just get along?" we control nothing. It's a wonderful sentiment, but if the storm troopers are coming down the street, you don't meet them with daisies.

**PLAYBOY:** Sometimes it seems you simply demonize Bush in the same way the right demonized Clinton.

**MOORE:** I'm not upset about Bush's sex life. I'm upset that he sends our young men and women in uniform to war so that his oil-company friends can get control of the oil reserves in Iraq, so that his oil-company friends can finally build their pipeline to Afghanistan. I don't know if there's a word in the English language to describe how loathsome this is. Millions of people in this country are like me, still trying to figure out why we went to war. Inside the average American beats a good liberal heart, and Americans are appalled.

**PLAYBOY:** But many Americans aren't appalled. At the time of this interview about half the country continues to support Bush. And most Americans do not describe themselves as liberal.

**MOORE:** Look at the issues. The majority of Americans are pro-choice and pro-labor and want stronger environmental laws. They're more conservative only when it comes to the death penalty, though support for that has dropped from 80 percent to about 57 percent.

**PLAYBOY:** They also oppose gay marriage.

**MOORE:** Here's what I want to know about gay marriage: Has anybody told the gays and lesbians what marriage is? We married people are all sitting here asking, "Why are they so damn eager to do this?"

**PLAYBOY:** Your wife must love it when you say that.

**MOORE:** She agrees with me, believe me.

**PLAYBOY:** But we presume you support gay marriage.

**MOORE:** Of course. I'm convinced the polls are wrong. When a stranger from some poll calls you at eight P.M. and asks if you support two men buggering each other, you don't answer, "Sure, I love the idea." But most Americans want for gays and lesbians the rights and freedoms that everyone else has. They support gays because so many have had the

courage to come out of the closet. Most people know someone who is gay—someone in their family, in their neighborhood, at work. It's hard to hate people you love, unless you're Dick Cheney, who has a lesbian daughter yet continues to carry out an antigay agenda. There are exceptions to every rule.

**PLAYBOY:** Meanwhile the president, by supporting a constitutional amendment that would ban gay marriage, will try to use it as a wedge issue.

**MOORE:** And it will backfire. Don't forget that 1 million gays and lesbians voted for George W. Bush in 2000. Why would they? But they did. Now he comes out against them, tries to change the constitution to discriminate against them. What do those 1 million voters think about their man? I predict that he just lost a million votes. Bush hasn't gained any votes by attacking gays. People who agree with Bush aren't ever going to vote for the other side anyway. The religious right may be whipped into a frenzy by gay marriage, but they're already voting for Bush. Meanwhile the rest of America has come around. That excludes the Bush-

---

*The NRA is a radical,  
freaky group. They, like the  
Bush administration, are  
the extreme, even opposing  
ballistics fingerprinting.  
They're lunatics.*

---

Cheney-Rumsfeld-Ashcroft axis, which is completely out of step with most Americans. They are freaks. If the American people only knew just how crazy they are.

**PLAYBOY:** Some people hold that you're the one who is out of touch.

**MOORE:** With what? Let's consider other issues. Americans want stronger environmental laws, believe a woman has a right to control her own body, do not want our sons and daughters dying so that the president's cronies at Halliburton or Enron or Unocal can make billions more in profits.

**PLAYBOY:** How about gun control, the subject of *Bowling for Columbine*?

**MOORE:** The majority of Americans want stronger gun laws, just as I do. As long as the Democrats promise hunters that their hunting guns—which are not the problem—won't be taken away, even the majority of gun owners support controls.

**PLAYBOY:** Not the NRA.

**MOORE:** The NRA is a radical, freaky group. They, like the Bush administration, are the extreme, even opposing ballistics fingerprinting. They're lunatics. Forget about whether you're liberal or conservative, Democrat or Republican.

What sane person would say no, there shouldn't be ballistics fingerprinting? We shouldn't be able to identify a sniper or an assassin or a murderer?

**PLAYBOY:** Are you still an NRA member?

**MOORE:** I am, but I think they're trying to excommunicate me.

**PLAYBOY:** How can you be a member of an organization with which you so strongly disagree?

**MOORE:** I became a member as a kid, when the NRA was a gun-safety organization. It taught you how to fire a gun and bird hunt. Then it got taken over by people with a radical-right agenda.

**PLAYBOY:** You were criticized for embarrassing former NRA president Charlton Heston in *Bowling for Columbine*. Some viewers felt you took advantage of an aging, ailing man.

**MOORE:** I take exception to that. I was very respectful.

**PLAYBOY:** Heston looked ridiculous. He was frail and flustered.

**MOORE:** He was opposing gun controls in the aftermath of high school shootings. That made him fair game. All I did was ask some questions. He said the problem with America is our mixed ethnicity. He said he was proud of the white guys who founded the country. I was stunned. I was respectful when I asked the questions, but at the same time, how am I supposed to treat someone who, after leaving my interview, went back out campaigning for laws that would allow people to have Uzis and cop-killer bullets? Once again, most Americans are with me on this. They understand that duck hunters don't need Uzis and cop-killer bullets.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet they mostly support Bush.

**MOORE:** They wouldn't if the media did their job. If they did, there would be no question that Bush would lose. If Americans knew the truth about this administration, they would be calling for blood.

**PLAYBOY:** What don't we know?

**MOORE:** Do most Americans think it's all right that John Ashcroft never allowed the FBI to look into the gun background-check files of the 19 terrorists who murdered 3,000 people, because it would violate the terrorists' Second Amendment rights? If Americans understood this, they might be a little upset. Where are today's Woodward and Bernstein? Who is investigating this? Who is investigating the connection over the past 25 years between the Bin-Laden and Bush families? When a journalist does investigate it, such as in the book *House of Bush, House of Saud*, where are the banner headlines? If you tell Americans the Bushes have been in business with the Bin Ladens for years, they think you're a lunatic. But then, why would Bush allow a Saudi jet to fly around the country to pick up all the Bin Ladens—relatives of the number one suspect in a mass killing—so they could get out of the country the week after 9/11? Who is investigating this?





  
drink  
smart®

# THE STUFF INSIDE MATTERS MOST.™

The year was 1934. Prohibition had ended. And James B. Beam rebuilt his family's distillery in 120 days. With his own 70-year-old hands. Today, his loyalty to the world's finest bourbon comes out in every bottle that bears his name.



Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 40% Alc./Vol. ©2004 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY. jimbeam.com



LEAVE THE BULL BEHIND

# Winston

Hostile takeover

No additives in our tobacco does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

LIGHTS BOX: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,  
BOX: 13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.  
For more product information, visit [www.rjrt.com](http://www.rjrt.com).



**PLAYBOY:** Richard Clarke discussed this at the congressional hearings.

**MOORE:** And yet where are the headlines? Why hasn't the administration been forced to answer for this? Planes throughout America were grounded and none of us could fly after September 11. But the Bush administration gave permission for private Saudi jets to fly around America and pick up 24 members and associates of the Bin Laden family in four or five cities. Up to 140 members of the Saudi royal family and other Saudi officials who were in the country at the time also got picked up and taken out of the country when no one else could fly. You couldn't fly in America on September 12 or 13 unless your name was Bin Laden. The White House approved it. Why?

**PLAYBOY:** What's your theory about the lack of attention to these revelations?

**MOORE:** The Saudi PR machine is powerful and effective. Craig Unger, whom I interviewed for my film, wrote *House of Bush, House of Saud*. The publisher has pulled the book in Britain for fear of being sued. The Saudis go after you. I've already received threatening letters from Saudi billionaires because of my film. The administration has not been forced to answer these questions, but I'm convinced it will have to. The Watergate burglaries were not taken seriously at first—it was a small item in the back pages of the newspaper. There's so much here. Cheney doesn't want to reveal the minutes of his so-called energy task force during the transition when Bush took over. He won't even release the names of the people who were there. Why? Here's my prediction: If the information were released, we would learn there was a conversation about how to make nice with the Taliban. Why? Because Unocal and other companies wanted to build a natural gas pipeline through Afghanistan from the Caspian Sea region. While Bush was governor, members of the Taliban traveled to Texas to meet with oil and gas executives about the pipeline. So get this: Back in 2001 we were negotiating with a regime that was providing a base for the very people who were about to kill 3,000 Americans. We wanted to see if we could work with them to help Bush's oil and energy buddies. If Americans understood this, they might be a little pissed off.

**PLAYBOY:** Your critics say this is the sort of irresponsible speculation for which you are famous.

**MOORE:** In my book I provide the sources, which include *The New York Times*, the BBC and the *Washington Post*, among others. If there's nothing here, let the administration explain. It's not speculation that the Bushes were in business with the Bin Laden family. It's not speculation that Saudi jets picked up members of the Bin Laden family. I want Americans to know the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Originally you supported Wesley Clark to be the Democratic candidate. Why did he do so poorly?

**MOORE:** He just isn't a politician. He doesn't know how to lie. He couldn't pull it off.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you surprised when Howard Dean self-destructed?

**MOORE:** No, because I had met him. My wife and I went to meet him with the idea of supporting him. We brought our checkbook. But we weren't in the room with him five minutes when we thought, Geez, this guy is kind of a prick. We didn't write the check. I was not surprised the night of the Iowa caucus. He had spent the better part of two years in Iowa, letting people meet him. To meet him is to be turned off by him, so I wasn't surprised that he lost. The concept of Dean was incredible. The movement behind him was a revolution. It was exciting to see, but Dean imploding was no surprise.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your view of John Kerry?

**MOORE:** Kerry has done a lot of good things. I have great admiration for him for what he did when he came back from the Vietnam war. His whole testimony to Congress against the war was on C-Span last week. It was very powerful. He's really good on many of the issues, but he voted for the war and for the Patriot Act. I'm hoping he has genuinely changed. If he has, I'm willing to forgive those votes. I want to hear his plan to get us out of Iraq.

**PLAYBOY:** What if he doesn't present one?

**MOORE:** I'll still vote for him, because we have to get Bush out.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're willing to vote for the lesser of two evils?

**MOORE:** It would be the evil of two lessers. I have not come out and endorsed Kerry as we speak here tonight because I can't get past the fact that he voted for the war and the Patriot Act. But he didn't vote for Bush's \$87 billion to continue funding the war. And I'm a big believer in redemption and forgiveness. I had no problem that Clark voted for Reagan, accepting that he had changed his mind. People are allowed to change. If Kerry has, I'll support him with enormous conviction. If he hasn't, then we still have to vote for him to remove Bush, but we must do so with our eyes wide open. As of this interview, he hasn't put forth a plan to bring the troops home and end this war and the occupation and try to do good by the Iraqi people after the mess we've created. So we'll see.

**PLAYBOY:** You suggested in *Stupid White Men* that Oprah be president. Surely you weren't serious.

**MOORE:** I was half serious at least, because clearly the people, when given a chance to vote outside the box, will do so. They voted for Arnold Schwarzenegger in California. Before him they voted for Jesse Ventura and Ross Perot, until he became a certified cuckoo. The Democrats need to start thinking like the



Nature made it,  
we just put it in a box.

Winston cigarettes are made with a blend of 100% tobacco – for a naturally smooth taste created by the earth, water and sun. A flavor unmatched by any additive.



ADDITIVE FREE • NATURALLY SMOOTH

**Winston**

LEAVE THE BULL BEHIND

INSIDEWINSTON.COM

WEBSITE RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21+



Republicans. Who is our Reagan? Who is our Schwarzenegger? Oprah would be a perfect president. She's got good politics. She's got a good heart. She'll have us up Jazzercise at six in the morning and reading books. How can that be bad for the country? How about Tom Hanks? Paul Newman? Why do liberals turn up their noses at obvious victories? Do they get something from losing, from suffering? We'd rather lose than have an actor. Fine, but meanwhile the Republicans will do whatever it takes.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Hillary Clinton, whom you once called—and this time *we* quote—"one hot shit-kicking feminist babe"? Were you serious?

**MOORE:** My feelings about her politically are clouded by my feelings for her. I've always been attracted to her.

**PLAYBOY:** Attracted to what parts of her?

**MOORE:** All of them. An anti-Hillary website has some jokes on it; one is "Did you hear about the Hillary combo at KFC? It's got two small breasts, two large thighs and two left wings." I read that and thought, That's supposed to slam her? That sounds like nirvana to me. Hillary is not uptight at all. She's got a great sense of humor. She's got the best laugh. She's feisty. I like women who are strong and smart.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, even some of your most die-hard fans might wonder about a crush on Hillary Clinton.

**MOORE:** Listen, Hillary Clinton has stood her ground. She doesn't back down. From a distance she appears to be a wonderful mother who did an extraordinary job raising a child in difficult circumstances. You didn't read about Chelsea the way you've read about the Bush twins, which is not to knock the twins. I'm a big supporter of the Bush girls. I like that they give Dad a horrible time and remind him of his own errant youth. He said when he ran that they told him, "Don't run." He of course ignored them, unfortunately.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you rate the president as a family man?

**MOORE:** Have you noticed that his wife spends a lot of time in Crawford? She's not at the White House a lot. But hey, that's their personal life, and I don't want to know about it, which is a big difference about people on our side of the political fence. We don't want to go inside people's bedrooms. The exception would be if they had an abortion or helped pay for an abortion and then voted against abortion. Then people have a right to know.

**PLAYBOY:** Ralph Nader is running again. Last election you supported him.

**MOORE:** [Groans] I know. I tried to talk him out of it. I don't know what to say. He apparently has promised that he will not run in the swing states and will not attack Kerry, but he said that last time about the swing states and Gore. The best way for Kerry to deal with Nader is

to move to the left. If he moves to the right, he'll alienate more people and they may go to Nader, as irrational as that may be. I think Kerry can win. I think we'll have one of the highest turnouts if Kerry chooses to inspire people instead of bore them.

**PLAYBOY:** Does he have it in him?

**MOORE:** Yes, he does. Watch the footage of him testifying before Congress after Vietnam. Watch him throw his medals on the Capitol steps. He absolutely has it in him.

**PLAYBOY:** What specifically worries you about four more years of Bush?

**MOORE:** Four more years means the next 40 years will be ruled by the right. They have a plan called a permanent Republican-controlled country. It's essentially in place now that they have the House, Senate, White House, Supreme Court and a majority of governorships. The Republicans are operating on two main tracks. One is to reduce the personal freedoms and liberties of the average citizen. The other is to line the pockets of corporate America, not only helping with tax breaks and making it even wealthier but essentially being its partner, a co-govern-

---

*The thought of anyone enjoying sex sends Republicans into a tailspin. And Clinton was particularly horrific to them. He got all the babes. It drove them crazy.*

---

ing body of America. The business community—Wall Street—is where the real power is. When I listen to right-wing talk radio I think, Why are they so angry? They've got it all. They govern.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Bush smarter than the left gives him credit for?

**MOORE:** He is not a very bright man. Like a lot of people who aren't very bright, he knows that the best way to get ahead is to be around smart people. That's survival instinct, not brains. Bush has his lines down. If you've traveled with him at all, if you've ever gone on a campaign with him as I did back in 2000, you've seen something really freaky. Every politician has a basic stump speech, but he not only had the same speech but the same mannerisms, the little mistakes, the little guffaws, the things you insert between the words or during the applause. Almost a windup-doll sort of performance—really scary. How does the president's intelligence, or lack of it, play out? When the plane hit the first World Trade Center tower a lot of people thought it was an accident. People didn't automatically think terrorism. But if you're the president of the United States, wouldn't your

mind immediately go, *Hmm*, a plane has run into the only building in America ever attacked by foreigners in an act of terrorism. This could well be another attack. Maybe I had better get on this. Bush didn't. He continued to sit for another 10 minutes reading *My Pet Goat* to the kids in some classroom before he and his people decided this was an attack. My point: When you have someone there who is intelligent and engaged, you have a better chance of being protected. The reports from the Bush administration that have come out, whether from Clarke or others, are all testimony to the fact that the president was totally disengaged and that he revealed in being disengaged.

**PLAYBOY:** How about those around Bush?

**MOORE:** What scares me is that Ashcroft, Rumsfeld and many others in the inner circle are motivated by a sick combination of religious fundamentalism and corporate greed. In fact, their fundamental religion is corporate greed. It scares me because religion genuinely helps explain to them a world they don't understand. For example, they're personally revolted by gay sex, and their religion says it's okay to be revolted by it: God's disgusted by it. Somebody should let them in on the fact that God actually isn't disgusted by it. If he created everything, he created gay sex. God's probably up there enjoying it right now. I mean, he's enjoying watching everyone. I'm not suggesting God is gay. They may believe in some fundamentalist sort of way that abortion is wrong, but most of all they hate the idea of women having control. It's threatening to guys who have been losers since high school. Women deciding if they want to have sex and not pay a price for it? That whips them into a frenzy, and religion becomes their solace. The problem for the rest of us is that zealots vote, and 50 percent of the rest of the country doesn't vote. Who else is left? The poor don't vote as much as the rich do. Young people don't vote as much as older people do. The ironic thing is that people who feel they don't have power, and thus don't vote, *don't* have power—they give up their power to those who vote. The head of GM has the same number of votes as you or I. And there are more of us than there are of him. When we get that through our thick skulls it's going to be a better country.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you discouraged that more leaders aren't mobilizing the left?

**MOORE:** More will emerge. The big movement is on the Internet. Groups like MoveOn.org are where it's at. They've gotten more people to protests against the war than anything that ever happened during Vietnam. There are also musicians such as REM, Eddie Vedder and Lenny Kravitz. One difference now is that some of the leaders are from the

(continued on page 162)





ELEGANT CROWN



MONTH/DATE AM/PM



2 INTERCHANGEABLE BANDS



1923WATCH.COM

"I collect timepieces. When I received my Steinhausen, I knew from the look, feel, and quality of the watch that this would be one of my favorites. I have spent thousands of dollars for inferior watches. It will be my gift of choice this holiday season."  
Sol S., Mt. Vernon, NY

## So rare that only a handful were made in 1923

In 1923, a Swiss watchmaker crafted the most advanced watch of its time. After 80 years, the Steinhausen watch has finally been "reborn," preserving its mastery of technology and classic design. Once only displayed in high priced collections, this rare timepiece from history can now be yours.

**S**tep back in time to Steinhausen, Switzerland circa 1923. A master watchmaker works for months, trying to create the world's most perfect watch. Finally he succeeds—the first of its kind to display the date, day and month, and the only one to designate AM/PM.

### Collectors Pay Thousands \$\$\$\$

He makes a limited number of these distinctive handmade timepieces, which eventually find their way onto the wrists of only the world's most distinguished gentry. Today, collectors are willing to pay thousands of dollars to add one of these original Steinhausen masterpieces to their own collection.

### Reborn After 80 Years

Until now, that was the only way you could own a Steinhausen, still one of the world's rarest and most prized wristwatches. But for the first time in 80 years, the original Steinhausen masterpiece is now being painstakingly reproduced for modern day collectors. Still manufactured by hand, this 21st-century reproduction carries the same graceful styling and features as the original. The scratch-resistant crystal comfortably rests in a surgical grade stainless steel case and bezel, which provides the ultimate in precision and protection.

### Powered by You

This handsome timepiece has been updated with a kinetic automatic movement that is powered by the motion of the wearer's arm, so the watch never needs winding or batteries.

### Hand-crafted Elite Movement

The Steinhausen movement consists of 185 parts, that are assembled entirely by hand. To prevent wear on gears, fine watches use tiny gemstones to reduce friction. The Steinhausen features up to 35 jewels, 15 more than most of the world's elite watches. The movement is then rigorously tested for flaws and accuracy. Only 6% of the movements made ever meet the stringent requirements to be placed in this noble timepiece, making the Steinhausen one of the most accurate in the world.

### Adapted from Swiss Technology

A Swiss engineered movement comparable to the Steinhausen has never been produced at this low price. Each watch comes housed in a handsome storage case and includes two interchangeable leather wristbands in black and brown.

### \$14.95 "Wear It and Love It" Trial Offer

Until now, most of us couldn't afford an original 1923 Steinhausen. For a limited time though, the manufacturer has decided to offer this masterpiece of technology and design to watch lovers worldwide "risk free."

In fact, they are so confident you'll love the Steinhausen masterpiece, they want you to try it on your wrist for a full 30 days for only \$14.95 plus s&h. Experience this unparalleled value for thousands less than comparable collectable watches. If not satisfied, return the Steinhausen for a full refund of the trial fee.

**Steinhausen Classic**  
30 Day Trial Offer for Only \$14.95+ (s&h)

Mention Promotional Code PBM12401

To order call toll-free 24 hours a day!

**1-800-670-1217**

To order by mail, please call for details.



**SteinhausenDirect**

Mastering Technology & Classic Design  
3400 South Crater Road • Petersburg, VA 23805

**THE STEINHAUSEN REBORN**  
Old world craftsmanship & new world technology

- Transparent rear crystal displays movement.
- Kinetic movement — requires no battery or manual winding.
- 185 precision parts assembled by hand.
- Interchangeable 8.25" leather black or brown bands.
- Handsome Storage Case.
- Polished stainless steel construction.
- Water resistant to 50 meters.

*Kinetic movement...never needs batteries... never needs winding!*

### THE HISTORY OF WATCH MAKING

1868	Steinhausen masterpiece is created	1st Automatic movement in a wrist watch	1953	Girard-Perregaux introduces the Swiss quartz watch	2003
Patek Philippe makes first wrist watch	1923	Lips produced the first battery powered watch	1966	Steinhausen masterpiece is reproduced for first time	



# THE WRECK OF THE LA CONTE

A tale of terror and survival in the Gulf of Alaska

January 30, 1998,  
Fairweather Grounds,  
Alaska, 80 miles offshore

BY TODD LEWAN

It was rough work setting out the big string. They had five miles of longline to bait hook by hook before letting it slip into the building seas. The swells made it hard for the crew to hold their footing, even inside the bait shed. David Hanlon did not look good. His face had gone as pale as scraped bone. At times he dropped the line he was working on and ran outside to be sick.

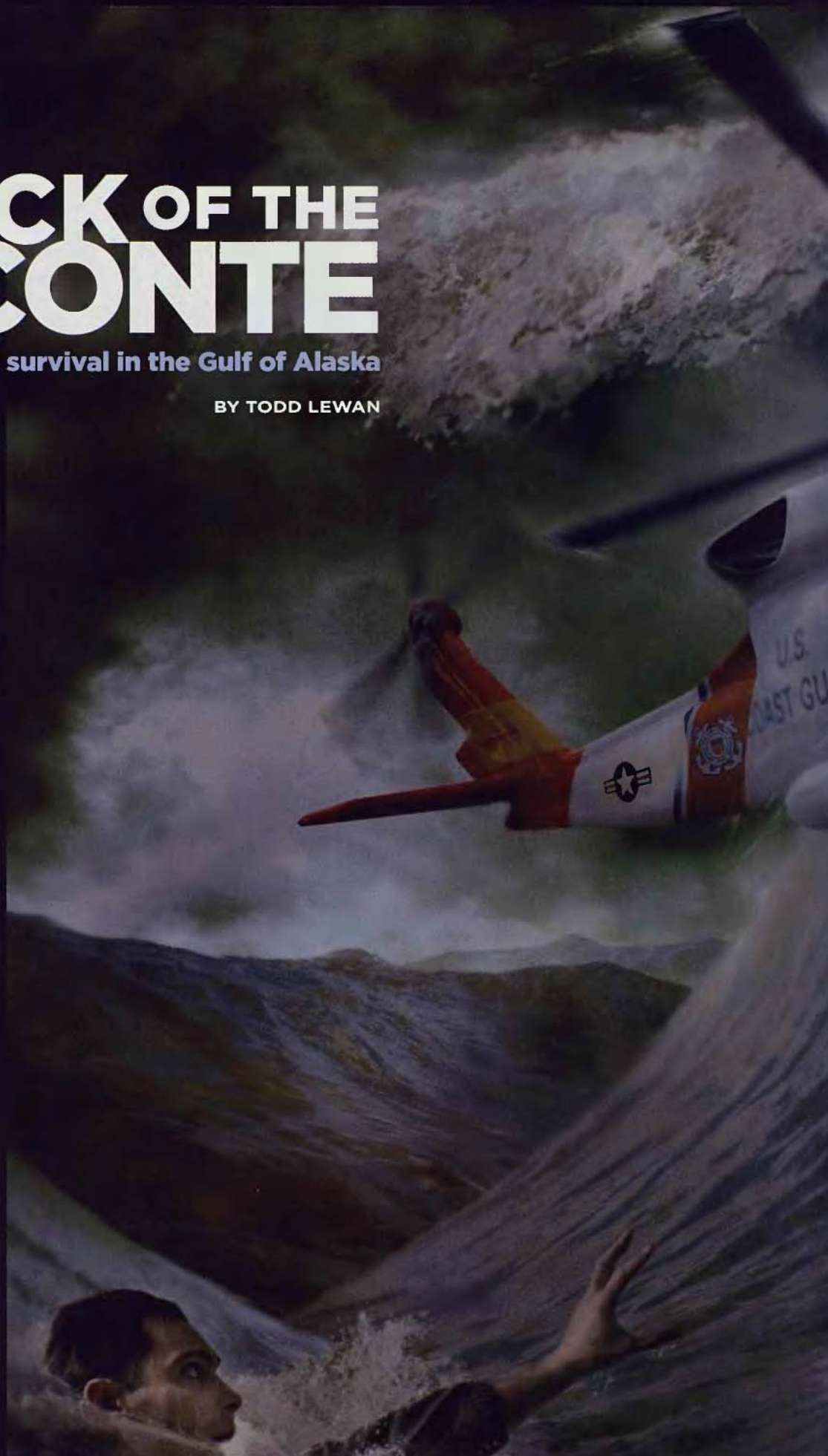
Now the waves came arching over the bow rail, thudding on the deck with a hard, white burst and leaving a broth that froze their legs up to their thighs. In the larger swells the fantail lifted clear of the water and they heard the unsettling screech of the driveshaft and felt the breath-stopping emptiness of sudden weightlessness. Each second they spent weightless was a second lost for setting gear, but they managed to get the entire main line out.

Once it was out the skipper, Mark Morley, said to his deckhand, Gig Mork, "Okay, let that sucker fish for an hour but no longer."

"All right."

"I'm whipped. Take the helm for me."

They looped around the line, circling the orange marker buoys, riding in the belly of 18-foot swells. Mork would point the *La Conte's* nose into





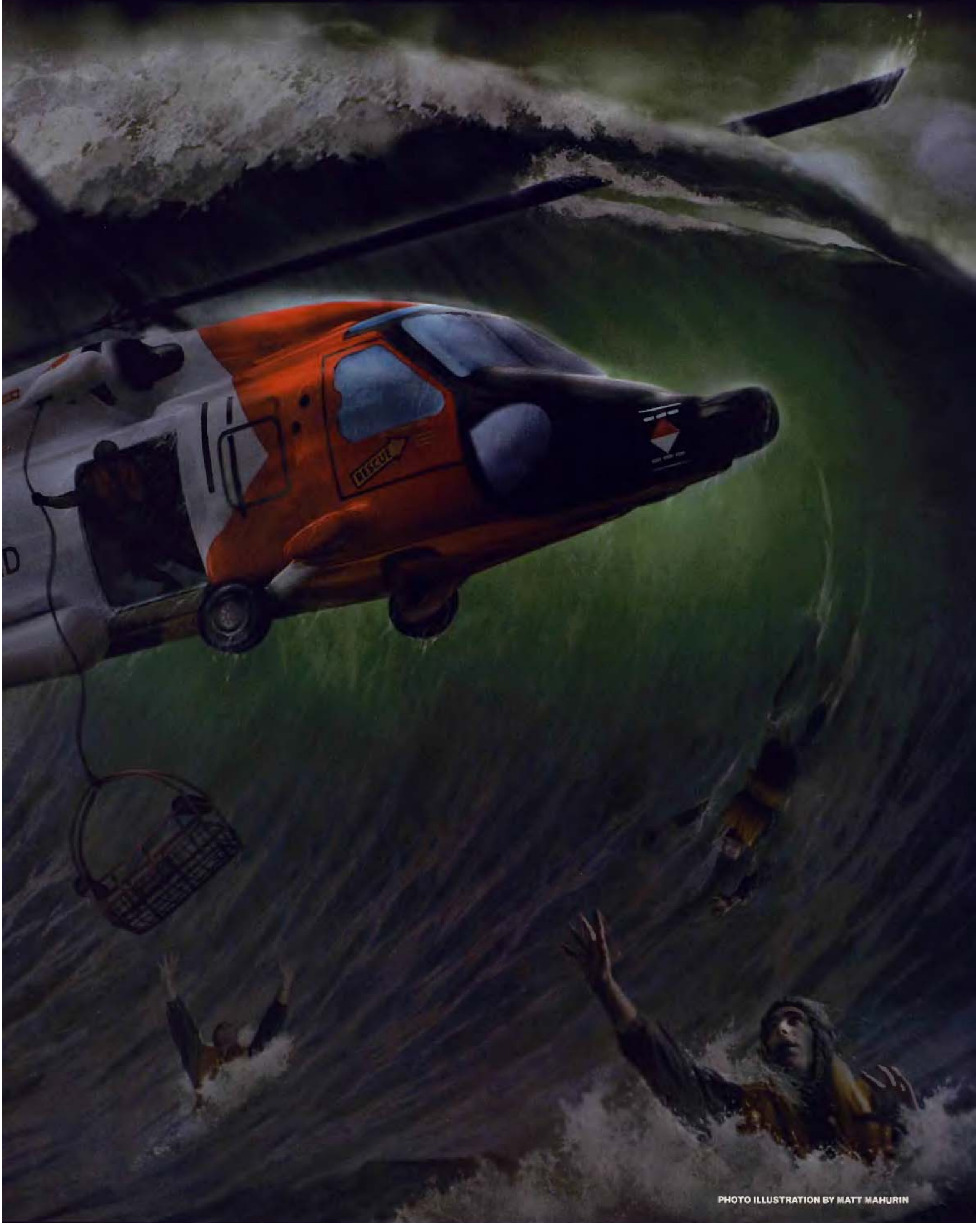


PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY MATT MAHURIN



the oncoming waves, then swing the boat around and follow the seas. Hanlon didn't leave the bait shed except to be sick, and Bob Doyle and Mike DeCapua took care of clearing the decks and lashing down the pallets and buckets. Every so often Doyle felt his gaze drawn to the ocean building around them.

After a miserable stretch of fishing that hadn't even paid for their bait and fuel, the five-man crew of the *La Conte*, a leaky 79-year-old wooden schooner, had taken one last run to the Fairweather Grounds. Morley, a novice skipper who was 11 days shy of his 36th birthday, knew bad weather was coming. But he also knew fish could be found on the shoals, and his instincts proved right. For 18 hours their long-lines had a fish on every hook: yellow-eye, lingcod, calico, halibut, even sand shark. It was an incredible haul, one that would bring a big profit in port.

More was at stake than money, though. This catch was a chance for these five men to turn their troubled lives around. Morley and his 41-year-old line coiler, DeCapua, were ex-cons; Doyle, 39, drummed out of the Coast Guard for heavy drinking after losing his wife and children to a fellow Coastie, hadn't seen a paycheck in three months; Mork, 39, was a big drinker on land—more so, people said, after his brother's suicide; and Hanlon, 47, a quiet Tlingit fisherman with a bad back and few prospects, was fighting to stay sober and get even with his medical bills.

And now, just as they finished setting their longest string of hooks, a storm was coming.



Around two P.M. the skipper came down to the foredeck to man the winch. He shouted to DeCapua through the shrieking wind, "Storm's coming fast."



The *La Conte*, a 79-year-old schooner with a questionable hull.

DeCapua shouted back, "No kidding."

Just then a terrific wave rose off the bow. It towered over the rail like a huge oak, hanging there for a second, then fell forward in a roar that made the deck roll under their knees. Morley crumpled under it, and for the longest moment Doyle lost sight of him. Then he saw the skipper's burly back lifting through the foamy water.

Doyle sloshed his way over to the skipper and steadied him by the elbow.

"You okay?"

Morley could only nod, pull off his glasses and wipe the brine from his eyes.

Rushing, they hauled up the last 10 lines without a hitch and brought on several hundred more pounds of yelloweye. Now hail was mixing with sheets of rain, the wind slinging it all into their faces.

When DeCapua had wrapped up his last line he took a moment to look out over the port rail. The barrels of the waves were big enough to swallow a house. What startled him, though, was the dark line stretching along the length of the western horizon.

"Skipper!" DeCapua stumbled over to Morley and grabbed his arm. "Hey!" Morley, who was sweeping fish into the holds, did not look up.

"We got to get out of here," DeCapua shouted. He pointed to the horizon. The black line was now twice as thick. "Man, in Alaska, if you see a line like that out there you get the fuck off the water."

Morley leaned over and grabbed a yelloweye by the gills.

"Hey!" DeCapua snapped. "Listen to

me. I ain't shitting you. That line is going to be on us in an hour."

They left the catch out on the foredeck, dogged down the aft hatches and secured the fuel jugs, lockboxes, gaffs and batteries. They shined a flash into the bilges. The water was six inches below the base of the engine. Even with the two bilge pumps and the backup-generator pump running at full tilt, it took more than 10 minutes to clear it.



By six P.M. the seas were twice as high as the ship. They rose in huge dark walls now, their faces nearly vertical. The boat was no longer clearing the tops of the swells; it was punching through the crests and launching out their far sides. The lights dimmed and then quit. The computer went blank. Yellow emergency lights flickered on.

"Shit," Mork said. "The fucking laptop's out." He turned to Doyle. "We're not getting any juice. Go down below and find out what's doing it."

In the galley DeCapua was putting on his rain gear.

"C'mon," Doyle said. "The computer just went out. Gig thinks it's the generator."

"Glorious."

They timed the waves battering the hull, broke from behind the door and, heads bent and legs plunging, dashed to the stern. They knelt beside the hatch, and DeCapua yanked it open. Doyle took one step down the ladder and froze.

"Oh God."

The bottom step of the ladder was underwater, along with the generator pump and both bilge pumps. Water was rolling back and forth across the engine room.

"Mama mia," DeCapua said.

"Get the skipper," Doyle said, his

THE MEN OF THE *LA CONTE* (FROM LEFT): DECKHANDS GIG MORK AND BOB DOYLE, SKIPPER MARK MORLEY, CREWMAN DAVID HANLON AND COILER MIKE DECAPUA.





voice cracking.

Morley came running along the side of the boat. He threw himself down on the rolling deck. He'd been on the radio putting out a Mayday while the others formed a bucket brigade. Doyle looked up.

"Any luck?"

"Who knows?" Morley answered. "I couldn't hear anybody." He lowered his voice. "I did set off the EPIRB, though."

"Which one?"

They had two emergency position-indicating radio beacons: One was a 406-megahertz model, the other a 121.5. The 121.5 sat in a holster in the wheelhouse, attached to a 50-foot line; the 406 was handheld and emitted a stronger, more precise satellite signal. Both had a manual switch and a saltwater trigger.

"The 121."

"What did you do with the 406?"

"Right here." Morley pulled it out of his rain jacket. It was the size and shape of a bowling pin.

Belowdeck the *La Conte* was filling fast with water. Each time it keeled and the water rolled in its belly, the ship lost more of its center of gravity.

Doyle bailed and bailed until he could feel his joints crack. The engine went on thrumming. This boat isn't quitting easy, Doyle thought. He was taking an empty bucket from DeCapua when he heard a sickening, gurgling gag.

He wheeled around and gazed at the engine.

"Holy Mary."

"Fuck me," DeCapua said.

They could only stand there, the two of them. The boat's heartbeat had stopped. The engine was dead. All they heard now was the maddening high-pitched moan of wind in the rigging outside.

After putting on their survival suits the five men regrouped on the foredeck. Morley had given the 406 beacon to Hanlon. The ship was lurching, listing so hard to starboard that at times the mast dipped into the waves.

"Dave," DeCapua shouted, "where's that fucking line?" Hanlon held up a roll of three-quarter-inch nylon rope he'd grabbed from the bait shed.

Doyle leaned close to Morley and said, "Trigger that other EPIRB."

At once a powerful

white flash from the 406 blinded them.

Doyle climbed the steel ladder to the top of the pilothouse to get some buoys to help them float in the water. The *La Conte* had no life raft, he knew, though by law it should have had one. The ship was rolling and twisting under the combers as though in agony but refusing to go under. She's some boat, Doyle thought to himself. But she won't last much longer—10 minutes, if that.

He saw the 121.5 still flashing in its holster inside the pilothouse. "I'm going to get that other EPIRB!" he shouted. "Get everyone tied together."

He climbed the ladder, threw open the side door, grabbed the beacon and slid back down to the deck. The others were passing the rope, tying it around their waist and handing it off to the next man. Hanlon was on one end; Doyle got on the other.

"Okay, listen up!" the skipper shouted. "We jump when I tell you guys to jump. Where's that 121?"

Just as Doyle raised the beacon, a cable snapped overhead and cracked on the deck not five feet behind him. He whirled, and as he did a wave surged over the bow and swept the EPIRB out of his hands and clean over the gunwale.

"Oh shit! I lost it! I lost the EPIRB!"

With only one beacon now they lined up, crouching, backs to the sea, and held fast to the rail. Half the deck was underwater.

Doyle looked over at the pilothouse. The emergency lights were still on. He turned and saw Hanlon clutching the remaining EPIRB to his chest, his eyes shut.

"Listen!" Morley shouted, holding his hands cupped. "As soon as I say go, we all go in together."

Doyle looked over his shoulder. The ocean was so dark he could not tell the difference between a wave crest and a trough.

"Everybody ready?"

They could fall 15 feet or 100.

"One!"

They could jump in front of a breaking wave and be smashed against the hull.

"Two!"

The ship was tipping, starting to roll.

"Now!"

Into the abyss they leaped.



At first all Doyle felt was the cold. It was a vicious cold that had already begun deadening his toes, working its way up into his calves and setting in under his knees, a cold that numbed his spine and tightened on his temples like a vise. He felt wrapped in darkness, twirling, falling without end. Then he felt a heavy weight on his chest, and it occurred to him that he might drown. He began kicking his legs and fighting the water in a heavy-footed panic. *Where in God's name am I?* It horrified him to think he could be swimming toward the bottom of the ocean. Something was tugging sharply at his neck. It tugged and tugged, and soon he could not fight it anymore. In that instant he burst through the surface.

He knew it because of the noise. There

## ANATOMY OF A RESCUE FIVE MEN, THREE CHOPPERS, SEVEN HOURS LOST IN A RAGING SEA



This article is adapted from *The Last Run*, ©2004 by Todd Lewan, to be published by HarperCollins.





# DROWN ANOTHER DAY

**WHAT TO DO (AND NOT TO DO) TO SURVIVE IF YOU'RE PITCHED INTO THE DRINK**

## TROUBLED WATER

Your car skids off a bridge and plunges into water. The doors won't budge because the water pressure holds them shut.

**+LIFELINE** "There is a myth that you should wait, breathing from an air pocket, until the vehicle is submerged and the pressure on the doors has equalized," says Nancy Rigg, a drowning-prevention consultant. "This may prove fatal, since most cars sink engine-first." So get out while the car is still floating. Fortunately, electric windows sometimes work in water. Use them. If they don't work, lie across the front seats and kick out the side window.

## ICE ESCAPE

You fall through a frozen lake, you're losing body heat, and you're having a tough time lifting yourself out of the frigid water.

**+LIFELINE** "The first thing you should do is cover your mouth to avoid aspirating water when you involuntarily gasp from the cold," explains Gerald Dworkin, an aquatic-safety consultant with Lifesaving Resources. Resist the impulse to kick off your heavy wet pants—even soaked, they insulate you. Reach into your pocket and grab your keys. Use them to grip the ice as you gently propel yourself with your legs.

## HOPE FLOATS

Your boat capsizes or sinks. Even if you can see land, hypothermia and exhaustion will likely set in before you can swim to it.

**+LIFELINE** "Your best bet is to stay with the boat. A lot of times you get fatalities when people try to swim to safety," says David Johnson, of California's Department of Boating and Waterways. Instead find some debris from the wreck you can use as a flotation device. Then form hugging circles to share body heat with others.

## THE FLYING GAME

You are in an airplane when it starts hurtling toward the sea. It hits the water—and you're not in an exit row.

**+LIFELINE** "Do not use pillows or blankets to brace yourself," says Paul Takemoto of the FAA. Stay put and count to five, allowing the cabin to equalize. Then pull rather than swim your way out. The thrashing motion of swimming will just get you tangled up in belts and oxygen tubes.

was a high, moaning shriek all around, and through that noise a thundering, avalanche sound. He threw his eyes open; they burned from salt. He tried to breathe; saltwater flooded his mouth. He coughed, hacked, gagged.

Then he was under again.

Once more there were only the muffled sounds of bubbles and water being thrashed. It felt so calm and pleasant—except for the hot pain in his lungs—and then he popped back into the world of shrieking blackness.

He heard Morley's voice, faint but clear.

"Sound off! Hey, sound off! Dave?"

"Here!"

"Mike?"

"Here!"

"Gig?"

"Here!"

"Bob?"

Doyle tried to shout, but his voice was not very loud: "I'm here! I'm here!"

A wave threw them together. He kept his eyes open for more than a second and, in the blinding flash of the strobe, saw Morley's face—contorted, lips quivering, skin a bluish white. His glasses were gone; his eyes, like those of a frightened child, were wide and staring.

"Bob," Morley said, "how's my zipper?"

Doyle took hold of Morley by the shoulder and patted his chest until he found the metal tab. He felt the skipper shaking.

"Your zipper's up."

"Shit," Morley said, "then my suit is ripped. I feel water getting in."

"Where?"

"In my legs," Morley said. "My right leg. I can feel water getting in. God, it's cold."

Spray like buckshot whipped Doyle's face. They went back down and came up again.

"Sound off!" It was the skipper's voice. "Bob? Bob!"

"Here!"

He felt weight on his shoulder and turned to see Morley clinging to him.

Morley asked, "When will the Coast Guard be here, Bob?"

They probably aren't coming, thought Doyle. But he told Morley, "They'll send

somebody for us."

"When?"

"Within the hour."

The seas would not stop jumping up and down. Sometimes a wave would break on top of them. Other times they would reach the crest and then go skidding and tumbling down the back side of the swell into a cauldron of spray and foam.

"Bob!"

Morley had been dragging behind and swallowing water. Doyle spun, grabbed the skipper by the waist and lifted him onto his chest. He put a hand over Morley's mouth to shield it from the flying sleet and spray.

"Breathe," he said. "That's the way. Good. I'm here, Mark. I'm here."

Morley coughed and hacked.

"You all right?" Doyle asked.

"I'm cold, man. I'm so cold. Are the Coasties coming, Bob?"

"Sure," Doyle told him. "On their way."

"I'm so cold."

"How are your legs?"

"Heavy. I can hardly feel them."

So, Doyle said to himself, it's already started. And how long have we been in the water? Ten minutes? He put his arm around Morley's broad back, pulled him up a bit and leaned at an angle so that they floated together.

"Bob?"

"Yeah?"

"I hope those Coasties get here soon."



At that moment, 3,000 miles away, outside Washington, D.C., a computer inside the U.S. Mission Control Center was downloading an EPIRB signal from a COSPAS-SARSAT satellite. It was an urgent distress signal from the Gulf of Alaska, latitude 58°15.5' north, longitude 138°07.8' west. Automatically the computer relayed the data to the station closest to the emergency—the 17th Coast Guard District headquarters, in Juneau, Alaska.

It was 7:02 P.M. on a Friday, and Lieutenant Steve Rutz was sitting at his desk at the Rescue Coordination Center when he heard the (continued on page 82)



RIGHT: THE CREW OF RESCUE 6011 (FROM LEFT): SWIMMER MIKE FISH, PILOT STEVE TORPEY, CO-PILOT TED LEFELVRE, FLIGHT MECHANIC FRED KALT  
ABOVE: MECHANIC LEE HONNOLD, WHO, WITH KALT, HOISTED THE SURVIVORS.







*"This was just an appetizer. If you want more you have to marry me."*





# Swing

# Time

**D**on't call them wife swappers. They hate that because it's not what they are. In the swinging community—insiders know it as “the lifestyle”—the women are in charge. They decide who will get laid and how. They show off their bodies, lick, suck, kiss and tell. They don't take offense to anything except a hand placed without permission. They say no if they must—or, as often, yes—and everyone moves on. They insist on condoms, at least with strangers, which is why bowls of them are everywhere.

We spent a sex-filled weekend at the Lifestyles Convention, during which 2,500 couples (participants must be part of a couple) take over a Vegas hotel to eat, sunbathe, gamble, dance, attend seminars, buy sex toys and fuck, watch other people fuck or both. While *PLAYBOY* was in town, the women also posed. Like any community, the lifestyle has its hipsters, old guard, wallflowers and rowdies. We met them all in search of uncommon beauty. Along the way we had a few laughs. One thing you can say about women who swing: They have a good time, even with their panties on. This year's event—conventions are also held in Acapulco and Miami—begins July 7.

**At a convention of swingers, we pulled aside seven beauties to ask them why one man isn't enough—and to get directions to the orgy**

Photography by George Georgiou

For more swingers, visit [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).







**<MINDY VEGA, 29** "My husband always told me he would love to see me with another woman. I liked the idea of watching and being watched, but I wasn't sure about the girl thing. So we started reading more about the lifestyle at swinger sites. I had thought that swinging was disgusting—that they just had big orgies—but we learned that there are all kinds of levels, including what we do, which is soft swinging. That's foreplay only—touching and oral sex but no intercourse, and always together and in the same room. Those are the rules we follow, and it's safer when it comes to STDs. We found a lot of young couples online, so we started answering ads and interviewing people. We chose a couple we liked and met them at a club and danced and had a great time. Then we went back to their place, and the wife started touching me while the guys watched. The guys joined us, and it all fell into place; there were hands everywhere. It's still my favorite encounter because it was my first. Today we meet people at swing clubs or online, but my rule is that the other couple has to be happily married or we don't get involved. Too many couples get into the lifestyle because they think it will save a bad marriage. We still go to clubs, but we're voyeurs more than anything. If something more happens, it happens. I live in south Florida, where there are a lot of parties for younger couples who experiment. We will take breaks from the lifestyle, because we realize we're spending every weekend with swingers and missing our vanilla friends. I've been in orgies, but I don't like them—there are so many people, so someone is always left out, and you really have to concentrate. It's too much work. We're open with our friends about what we do, and a few have been curious and have come to clubs with us."







**^ ANGELIQUE LECLAIR, 33** "By the age of 24 I'd had enough of guys being jerks or cheating on me, so I started dating women. I loved my first girlfriend as much as I had loved any man. But I began to miss guys, so I decided I would have both. I posted an ad online, looking for couples. As a young single woman I could be picky. I met a couple who introduced me to other fun people. Once we had a core group we arranged orgies with five, 10, 15 people—everyone having sex together. I began to write down my experiences and post the stories online, but people asked for photos. I had never photographed myself nude, let alone having sex, but I liked how they turned out. At the same time I was still searching. I wanted a relationship. With my site, that became difficult. It hit men like a brick if they found out. Four years ago I met a guy in an airport, and he asked me out. He learned about my secret life a few weeks later. The swinging is enough to throw off most guys, but I also had a website with photos of me sucking cock! We had a hard time for a year or so, but eventually he met my friends and realized they aren't freaks. Six months later I arranged his first swinging experience: three women, including me, all to himself. He loved it. Why wouldn't he? We live together now, and we aren't looking for anyone new. We have enough friends to keep us busy."

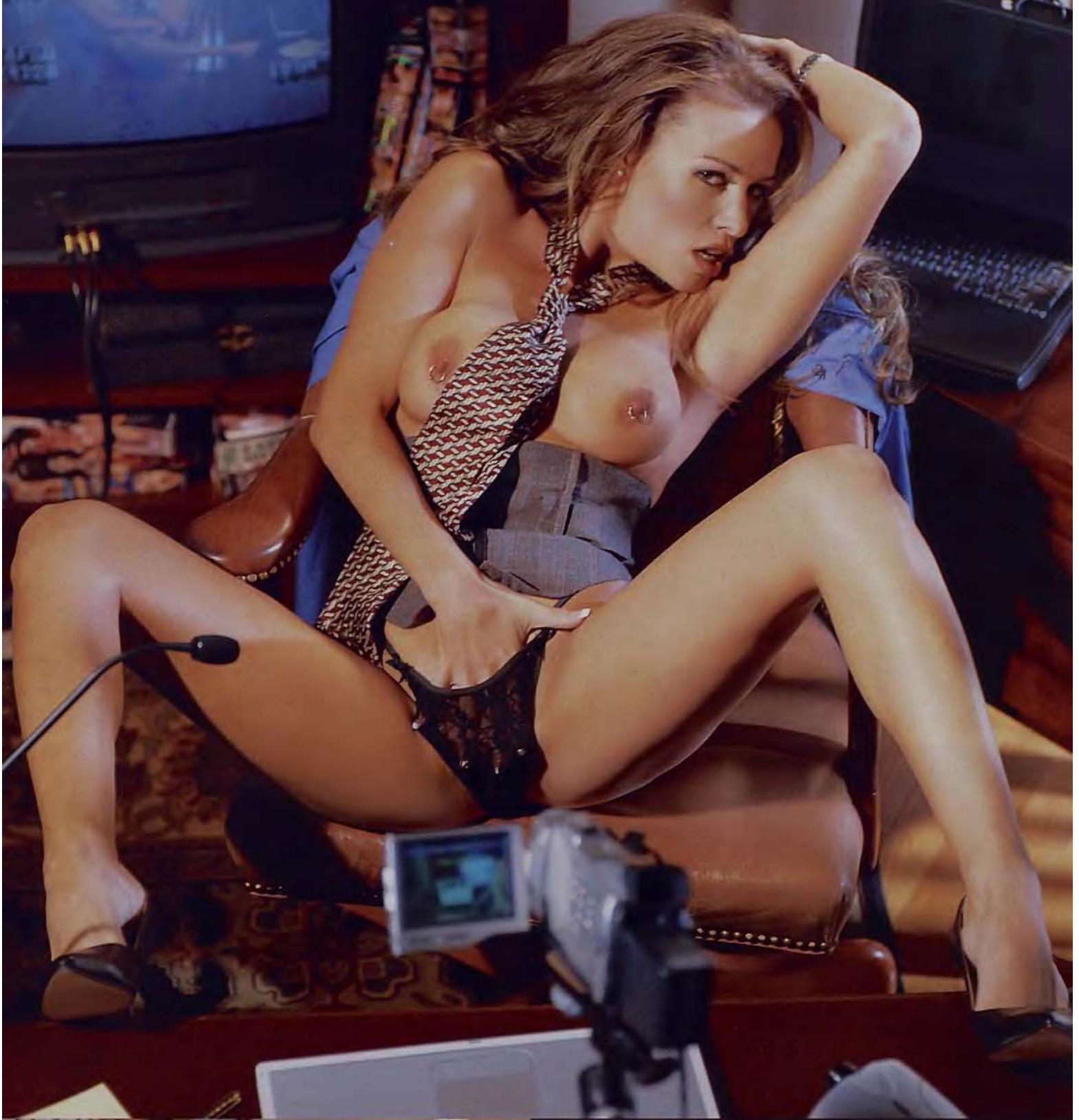
**> ANNA MILLER, 31 (WITH HUSBAND BRUCE, 36)** "When we were dating we talked about having a threesome. Bruce knew I thought the college guy who lived across the hall was cute, so when we went out drinking he asked him, 'Do you want to have sex with my girlfriend?' The guy got all defensive: 'No, man, no!' But then Bruce explained, and the guy did a fast 180. It was fun, no-strings sex. A few weeks later the guy introduced his girlfriend, and we swapped. We started looking online for other couples, but it took a year to find anyone who clicked. It's hard to find couples we both find attractive. Sometimes you'll do a mercy fuck for your partner, but it's not as if I've ever been with a guy I thought was ugly—he just wasn't my first choice. The first couple we liked took us to a party in Kansas City, which has a big swinger community. We arrived early and went to the pool, and everyone there was a lot older than we were or overweight, so I was ready to bolt. But the younger people came later for the dancing, and that night set the pace. Bruce and I swap only in the same room—mostly because we don't want to miss anything. His favorite position is to have me suck him while someone is having sex with me. I prefer group sex because I can come and go as I please. If a guy is outlasting me I can say, 'I think that girl needs attention.' Many guys don't like orgies because they feel so much pressure to perform."















**<VANILLA DEVILLE, 33** "About five years ago my husband and I went out drinking with another couple. My girlfriend was curious about being with another woman, so she decided to go for it. When we got back to our house for a nightcap, she started kissing me. We made out for a while, then took off our tops. Soon we were giving each other oral sex. The guys were in awe. After an hour we asked them to get off the couch and join us. The next morning my husband and I had vicious hangovers. We looked at each other and said, 'What did we just do?' But we'd had fun, and our friends said the same. So we started looking for more couples. We aren't into sport fucking, when you meet someone new every weekend. We prefer friends with benefits. I've been to a few orgies, including one with 10 women. But generally I don't enjoy gang bangs; they aren't intimate. My husband and I are picky about who we play with, but we don't have many rules once it happens. We usually ask the other couple what they like. Some people we've seen at parties don't talk things through before they arrive, so you'll walk into the kitchen and say, 'Your husband is really going at it in there!' and realize the woman had no idea and she's upset. I don't care that my husband is having fun in another room, but I need to know where he is. If you're part of a couple, you can't swing alone."

**^TONIA REESE, 26** "I was dating my future husband when he invited me to go to Hedonism in Jamaica—then we found out the week before we were going to leave that a swingers gathering would be there at the same time. I was not happy. I thought swingers were people who just needed an excuse to cheat. But we ended up going down on each other in a hot tub in front of other guests, and I had a great time! When we got home we visited clubs and started taking couples home. The first time was a disaster—the other couple got into a huge row because the guy couldn't get hard—and eventually we realized that we prefer finding a single woman or man. So now we go to bars, and my husband fades into the background until a guy tries to pick me up. Then he'll introduce himself and say, 'Do you want to screw my wife?' He's pretty blunt. Some guys think we're putting them on, but so far we have a 100 percent success rate. My husband lays out the ground rules, which basically are 'When we're done, you're done.' We still swing with couples, but we haven't swapped. It hasn't felt right yet. Usually no one has to say anything—body language says enough about what people want and don't want from you. When you have an open relationship, there is nothing you can't ask your partner. You may not always get a yes, but you can still ask. For example, I won't do anal, but we found a woman who likes it."







**<CANDY MDORE, 31** "My husband and I fantasized for the first four years we were married about having a threesome. One evening we went to our neighbors' to sit in the hot tub. We thought they were the most square people we knew—but it turned out we didn't know much. I started rubbing the woman's thigh, and all four of us ended up naked in a big pile. They introduced us to other swingers. When we get together with friends we do silly things. Once we blindfolded the guys and made them sit on the couch and try to identify us by fingering our pussies or by how we gave oral sex. They claimed they couldn't tell. I will swing only with my husband nearby. Some couples separate for the night, but that would make me jealous. When you're with a new person it's like opening a present. People kiss differently; they give head differently. My favorite thing is to ride my husband while a girl licks his shaft and balls and another girl sits on his face. It's a challenge to meet couples you both like. I took one for the team once, but it made me feel like a whore—so never again."

**>JORDAN JACOBS, 29** "I was into the scene when this photo was taken—I loved all those hands on me—but I can't say I was ever enthusiastic, and I don't swing anymore. One of my boyfriends and I talked about my being with another woman while he watched, but I had never given it much thought. The more we discussed it, the more curious I became. So we went to a swinger site and browsed the ads. We weren't interested in swapping, and that eliminated a lot of people we met. Few wanted a girls-only encounter. We finally met a couple whom we found attractive and who agreed to our terms. We went back to our place after dinner, and the woman kissed me to get things started. There was no way I would have made the first move; I was too nervous. We made out and went down on each other while the guys watched. We got together again later and had sex with our partners in the same room. We also went to a few parties, but I never liked the vibe. Couples followed me around, which made me feel like fresh meat. Some were aggressive—they would say, 'We think you're hot. Would you like to get together with us?' That's a common line you hear at swinger parties. It was all a nice experiment, but I decided that I much prefer men—one man. Not that I have regrets. I would never have known had I not tried it."









# LA CONTE (continued from page 72)

*Riding the crest of a rogue wave, they gazed down in horror at the copter's rotor blades below them.*

zipping noise of the SARSAT-dedicated printer coming from the control room.

He ripped off the bulletin and scanned it. No ID on the ship. He checked the coordinates: Fairweather Grounds. He checked the printer again. Nothing more.

The National Weather Service was reporting 20-foot seas and 35-knot winds across the Gulf of Alaska. If people were in the water, their chances weren't good. Water temperatures in the gulf were about 38 degrees. In water that cold, a 200-pound man in a survival suit has an 83 percent chance of lasting two and a half hours. After that his chances of survival plummet, especially if wave heights are over 25 feet. The higher the seas, the faster a person burns body fat and the less time it takes for hypothermia to set in.

At 7:13 P.M. Rutz issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast. Ships were asked to keep a sharp lookout for distress, and any ships that had accidentally tripped an EPIRB were to radio the Coast Guard immediately. Three minutes passed, then five, then 10. There was no response. Rutz reached for the phone and dialed Air Station Sitka, the Coast Guard's emergency number.

*At eight P.M. the Coast Guard launched its first H-60 Jayhawk helicopter, Rescue 6018, into hurricane-force winds, driving snow, hail and the most perilous seas an arctic tempest can whip up. The chopper soon lost radio contact with the air station, but it pounded onward through the storm until it got to the scene. Against 110-mile-an-hour winds and downdrafts, Lieutenant Bill Adickes, the co-pilot who had taken the controls, tried to stabilize the helicopter while swells crested 20 feet below. His flight mechanic dropped flares and tried to deploy the rescue basket into the crashing waves, but the 40-pound cage was blown straight back toward the tail rotor. The men watched in horror, knowing that if it hit the spinning blade the Jayhawk would fall into the water and sink in seconds.*

Lieutenant Adickes was trying to keep a hover of 80 feet above the waves. The last three flares were dropped in an arc around the survivors.

On the fifth drop the basket landed no more than 15 feet from the survivors' strobe. It floated on the surface

for more than a minute.

"Why aren't they swimming to the basket?" asked Rich Sansone, the rescue swimmer. He shouted out the cabin door, "Swim! Swim!"

Just then another gust rammed the aircraft and sent it hurtling backward.

"Twenty-five feet from the water!" Sansone shouted. "Altitude!"

Adickes pulled full power and the Jayhawk snapped skyward. It shot up to 125 feet before Sansone said, "Too close."

After a minute Adickes dropped the helicopter back down. He checked his radar altimeter—70 feet. Not too bad, he thought. But where are the god-damn flares?

He peered over the windscreen.

The flares couldn't have gone out, he thought. What the hell's going on?

In the water the survivors saw exactly what was going on: Bobbing alongside the flare, riding the crest of a rogue wave that was looming over the helicopter, they were gazing down in horror at the Jayhawk's rotor blades spinning below them.

In the helicopter the rescue swimmer and the flight mechanic were screaming:

"Up! Up! Up!"

"Do something!"

The sea stood over them. It looked like a wall. This wave had no curling crest, just a thin, silvery sheen. It made not a whisper as it moved swiftly and stealthily toward them.

There was a rush of air, and the sea collapsed just below the belly of the Jayhawk. Spray and foam entered the cabin with the force of a power hose, but the helicopter wobbled upward.

"Goddamn it!" Sansone shrieked. "That wave missed us by five fucking feet!"

In the raging sea below, the survivors were fighting to breathe. The wind peeled their eyelids, and the salt-water seared their throats. It was coming so hard at them that they could not keep the water out of their stomachs, and every few minutes one or another of them would retch it back up.

They bobbed in a circle. The nylon rope still held them together, but the lifeline was coming loose around their waists. When they came to within arm's length of one another, they reached and clung fast. When they came apart, they thrashed madly, calling out to one another between gasps.

After a curler drove them down for half a minute Doyle broke the surface and shouted, "Where's Dave? Dave!"

They called out Hanlon's name but got no response. It was like trying to shout over a passing train during a downpour. Five yards away, glinting in the flash of the EPIRB, which had been passed to Mork, bobbed an orange buoy—the buoy that had been attached to Hanlon's waist. The guy has to be attached to it, Doyle thought.

They watched the buoy come closer, then swing away, then come closer again.

"Dave, is that you?"

A wave crashed over them. The buoy was still in sight. But even as Doyle kicked and thrashed to get to it, the buoy kept sliding farther and farther away.

Soon it was out of sight.

*A second Jayhawk, Rescue 6029, took off for the Fairweather Grounds at 9:34 p.m. By then the survivors had been in the water for two and a half hours. Once at the scene the 6029 made more than a dozen hoist attempts. The helicopter kept pitching so wildly, though, that dropping the basket near the survivors was like lowering a clothespin into a milk bottle from atop a 10-story building. After three hours and 15 minutes in the air, with no fuel to spare for their return flight to Sitka and with winds battering them even harder, this rescue crew was also forced to abandon the survivors. Before midnight a third Jayhawk, 6011, was pulled onto the runway and preparing to launch.*

In the cockpit of Rescue 6011, pilot Steve Torpey was listening over the high-frequency radio to Bill Adickes, in the 6018, describe the on-scene conditions. "Steve," Adickes said, "it's like nothing you've ever seen before."

Adickes was returning across Sitka Sound, and the radio transmission was sharp. "The seas are bad, real bad," he said. "Seventy-foot waves with rogues. Watch out for the rogues."

"Right."

"Don't even think about hovering or hoisting from any lower than a hundred feet. Watch for downdrafts. They drove us down right in front of big waves. And the winds are extreme. They hit you from all sides."

"Okay," Torpey said.

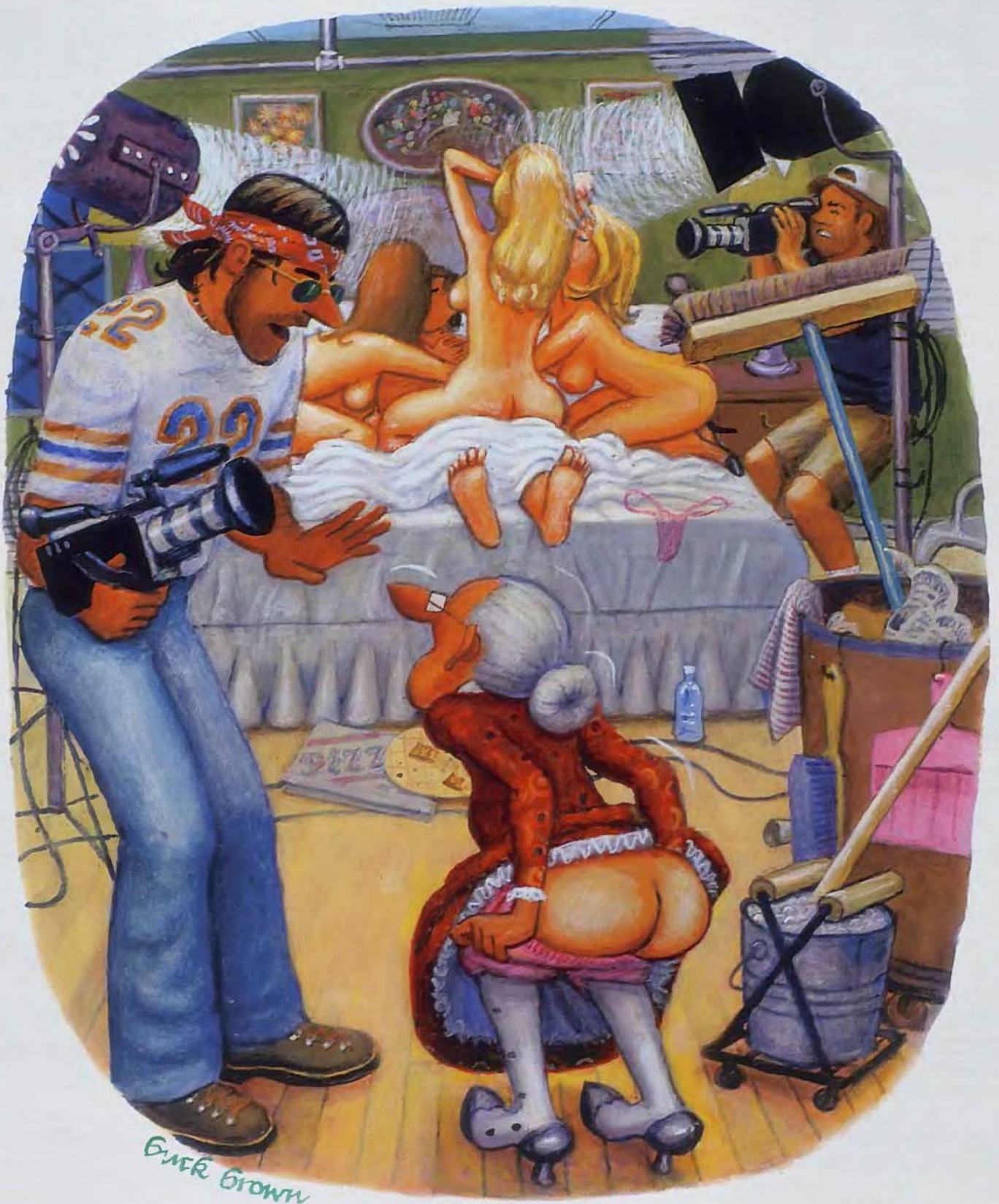
Captain Ted LeFevre, Torpey's co-pilot, was listening to the conversation through his headset. The roughness in Adickes's voice unsettled him.

"What else can you tell us?" Torpey asked.

"Take lots of flares, as many as you can. Get them into the water fast. You'll

*(continued on page 146)*





Buck Brown

*"Porn actresses are a dime a dozen. What we really need is someone to clean up around here after we're done!"*



# P O W D E R

Fiction by THOM JONES

**Snake in the grass!  
Ladies' man! Sex  
fiend! Clovis had  
been a rube,  
but now he was  
unstoppable**

With a master of fine arts degree in hand, Clovis Spicer left Athens, Georgia for the Midwest. Spicer had locked down a job at Chicago's premier advertising agency. Left behind was his girlfriend, Little Olive, who chose to pursue an advanced degree in microbiology.

Clovis couldn't wait to leave the hick town of Athens, but in one short day the fast pace of Chicago exhausted him beyond measure. People were buzzing around like V-1 rockets. The El trains roared past his room at the St. Ingbert Hotel in an apocalyptic rumble. While window-shopping along Michigan Avenue he was assaulted by the incessant hiss of tires and police and ambulance sirens. And then there was the incredible sight of a doomed twin-engine Cessna streaking overhead like a kamikaze plane zeroed in on the battleship *Arizona*. It was absolutely incredible. He even got a clear look at the pilot's face as he plunged into the water. The pilot's gaze was directed at his lap, as though he were reading a







panel of *Jiggs & Maggie* from the *Tribune*. Later Clovis realized the pilot had been working at the stick of the plane. Clovis saw the pilot's head bounce off the windshield just as he crashed into a lake infested with lamprey eels. No doubt the pilot was sucked dry by those hideous creatures even before he had the luxury of drowning. Clovis once saw a picture of a lamprey. Its entire head was a mouth filled with razor-sharp teeth.

Clovis retreated to his room at the St. Ingbert Hotel, a fleabag on the western edge of Hyde Park. At two in the morning he heard the crash of beer bottles against a brick wall. Looking out his dingy window he saw two coal-black men in iridescent suits screaming at each other in French. "*Qu'est-ce que vous savez de la politique? Rien!*" said the first.

"*Je sais que vous êtes idiot!*" screamed the other.

The verbal assaults escalated into a pushing, shoving match. Seconds later fists were flying until the two men fell to the ground, wrestling in the grime of the alley. It was hard for Clovis to tell who was winning. Then a huge thug in a guayabera and a short-brimmed fedora stepped out of the back door and grabbed both men by their hair. "God-damn it, you fuckin' bastards! Clean yourselves off and get out of my alley!"

After the long day's noise, the incredible plane crash and then this bizarre alley fight, Clovis found it impossible to sleep. Maybe Athens, Georgia wasn't so bad after all. As the first rays of sunlight peeked through his window shade, Clovis fell into a short coma.

He showed up at the Booth Wicks Agency an hour late.



Creative director L.L. Hargrove saw the new copywriter sheepishly make his entrance. Hargrove awaited Clovis's approach with his thick forearms crossed and his narrow black eyes fixed into a fierce glare. Clovis offered Hargrove a tepid hand, after which Hargrove said, "Your hand feels like a wet 90-year-old penis. Come with me."

Clovis followed Hargrove to a cubicle, where Hargrove laid out the in-house rules. Hargrove was a frightening man in spite of his high voice. Clovis was shocked. Hargrove had been pleasant and congenial during initial interviews; now he was the werewolf of London. In a shrieking contralto he said, "Dress code 101: Brooks Brothers only! Let me repeat that: Brooks Brothers only! White shirts crisp with starch, changed daily. Bow ties are unacceptable. So too are suspenders. I want no aftershave, scented facial moisturizers or harsh breath fresheners. Use toothpaste alone. There will be no pierced earrings, ponytails or homosexual wrist flopping. Take a look around you and you'll get the gist."

This from a man in a glen-plaid gabardine suit and a blue polka-dot bow tie, yellow-tinted pince-nez and a wrinkled navy blue shirt. "Our health plan does not provide for sex-change operations," Hargrove said. "And your computer will be monitored for personal tomfoolery, including chat rooms like Submissive Males Seeking Discipline. Have you any questions?"

Clovis swallowed hard. "No, sir."

"If you do have questions, see Brandy."

"Yes, sir."

"So let's get down to business. You come in late again, you will be fired," Hargrove said, pulling open the top door of a gray file cabinet. He produced two number-seven cans of garden peas and a can opener. "We have here a can each of Dominick's brand garden peas and a can of Green Giant early spring peas. It's a quarter to 11. I want 200 words on the virtues of each of these commodities by 11:15. Do you think you can manage that?"

"Yes, sir." Clovis had his handkerchief out and pressed it to his forehead and upper lip, blotting beads of sweat.

"Well, cut loose then. One half hour. Time enough to put a little dynamite on the page. Set those effeminate fingers ablazing!"

Clovis swallowed hard. "Yes, sir."

He booted up the computer as Brandy Becker stepped into the cubicle and pulled a chair up to Clovis's desk. She picked up a can of peas and placed it to her ear like a telephone.

"Mr. Spicer," she said. "How do?"

Clovis was harried but lifted the other can to his ear anyway. "Hello?"

Brandy Becker was the most beautiful woman Clovis had ever seen. He studied the long, slender fingers clasping the can of Green Giant peas. Her nails were cut short and lacquered with bloodred polish. Her left hand was devoid of a wedding ring, and she wore a man's stainless steel Rolex Submariner on her left wrist. Brandy was wearing the agency uniform for women, a Calvin Klein navy jacket over a crisp white blouse. She had fair skin, warm green eyes, full lips lightly glossed with plum lipstick—it took Clovis three seconds to forget about Little Olive entirely.

"Hey there, it's Brandy Becker," she said, speaking into her pea-can telephone. "May I speak to Clovis Spicer?"

"Hello, Brandy. This is Clovis Spicer. What can I do for you?"

"I just wanted to tell you that Mr. Hargrove is on the warpath today. Don't take it seriously. His bark is bigger than his bite."

"Okay."

"Don't worry. I'll keep you out of trouble. Just don't come waltzing in an

---

*"I was wondering who you reminded me of with that high, piping voice of yours, the lisp, the timid mumbling—and now I've got it. Michael Jackson!"*

---

hour late anymore."

"It will never happen again," Clovis said.

Brandy winked at the new employee, set her can of peas on Clovis's desk and stepped into her office across the hall to answer a genuine phone call.

By 11:30 Clovis was still struggling with his 200-word assignment. His blood sugar was perilously low, and he felt an overwhelming urge to pee. He finally worked up the nerve to duck his head out of the cubicle, looking left and right for Hargrove. The coast was clear, and Clovis quickly made for the men's room.

Inside the loo he stood before a urinal only to find Hargrove in the partition next to him. Clovis felt his penis grow cold and shrink down to about half an inch. Hargrove said, "How's that copy coming along, buddy?"

"I'm getting there, Mr. Hargrove. I'm almost there."

The creative director shook his dick

and hit the flush bar. He quickly washed his hands with a squirt of antibacterial soap. He held up a pair of thick, square hands like a surgeon prepared to glove up. The two paper towel dispensers were empty. Hargrove shook his fingers and dried his King Kong hands on his pants. Hargrove moved close to the new man, violating any reasonable sense of personal space. "I was wondering who you reminded me of with that high, piping voice of yours, the lisp, the timid mumbling—all of it," Hargrove said. "And now I've got it. Michael Jackson!" Fuck, look who was talking!

Clovis remained at the urinal. His eyes were watering from his full bladder, but it took him five minutes after Hargrove left before he could relax enough to urinate. Clovis was still at his keyboard at seven P.M. when Brandy made an appearance, buttoning up a black cashmere coat. "You're still here," she said.

"The Green Giant wears a pair of green-leaf go-go boots. I never noticed that before."

Brandy searched her purse for keys and said, "Babe, you look tighter than a drum. Go home and take a hot shower."

"What say the two of us go out and have a few drinks? I could use about 30 of them."

"I'm in a relationship, Clovis. In any case, you're not my type."

Hargrove asked Clovis to read his first sample of ad copy in the boardroom the following afternoon. Clovis got to his feet uncertainly. "When it comes to green garden peas, Dominick's are chocked full of goodness. A sweet Dominick pea is like no other pea."

These words provoked snorts of laughter from the writers sitting around the mahogany conference table. Brooks Brothers men, Calvin Klein women and a hick from the state of Georgia reading the most stupid piece of copy known to man.

Back at the St. Ingbert that night Clovis assailed Carmen, the night receptionist, with a rundown of his day. Carmen was an anaplastic dwarf with a normal torso but shortened limbs. She was the first friendly face Clovis had seen all day. She stood on a small bench behind the reception desk, paging with stubby fingers through an ancient card file. "I know just the person for you." Carmen found the number and made a quick phone call. "Dr. Harrigan has an open appointment and can see you in 10 minutes. His office is two blocks down the street, just beyond the El platform. The man works wonders, and his fee is reasonable."

Clovis followed Carmen's directions to a three-story brick building where  
*(continued on page 155)*



*"I'm sorry, but  
I really have nothing  
to wear...."*



*Olivia*  
A 2007



# the naked page project



What comes after emptiness?

Our readers answer the question for the young novelist

By Jonathan Safran Foer

I don't know what my expectations were when, as part of an essay on emptiness in the 50th anniversary issue of *PLAYBOY*, I asked readers to rip a page from the magazine and mail it to me. But what I received was so astounding—in quantity, sincerity and imagination—that I now feel a need, a *responsibility*, to share some of the results.

While many readers followed the letter of the instructions and simply mailed back the blank page, many more extrapolated, filling the page with random thoughts, drawings, angry rants, confessions and philosophical musings. A prisoner, sentenced to spend the rest of his life behind bars, folded the blank page into a paper airplane and mailed it to me. A respondent from Lafayette, Indiana sent me an empty box of cigarettes, noting it was “every bit as stimulating as a good piece of college-ruled notebook paper.” Fair enough. A musician sent me an empty musical staff. Someone who provided no name or return address sent an envelope filled with nothing at all.

For some reason many people were compelled to let me know where they were when they read the article. (The majority were on the toilet, which I take as neither a compliment nor an insult.) Another common sentiment was a hesitancy

to tear anything from the issue. As a respondent from Mission Viejo, California put it, “I can't bring myself to the place where I deface the magazine I have cherished for the past 33 years.” Others came from a less idealistic position: “What I want to know is, will ripping out a piece of paper lessen the value of my collector's edition?”

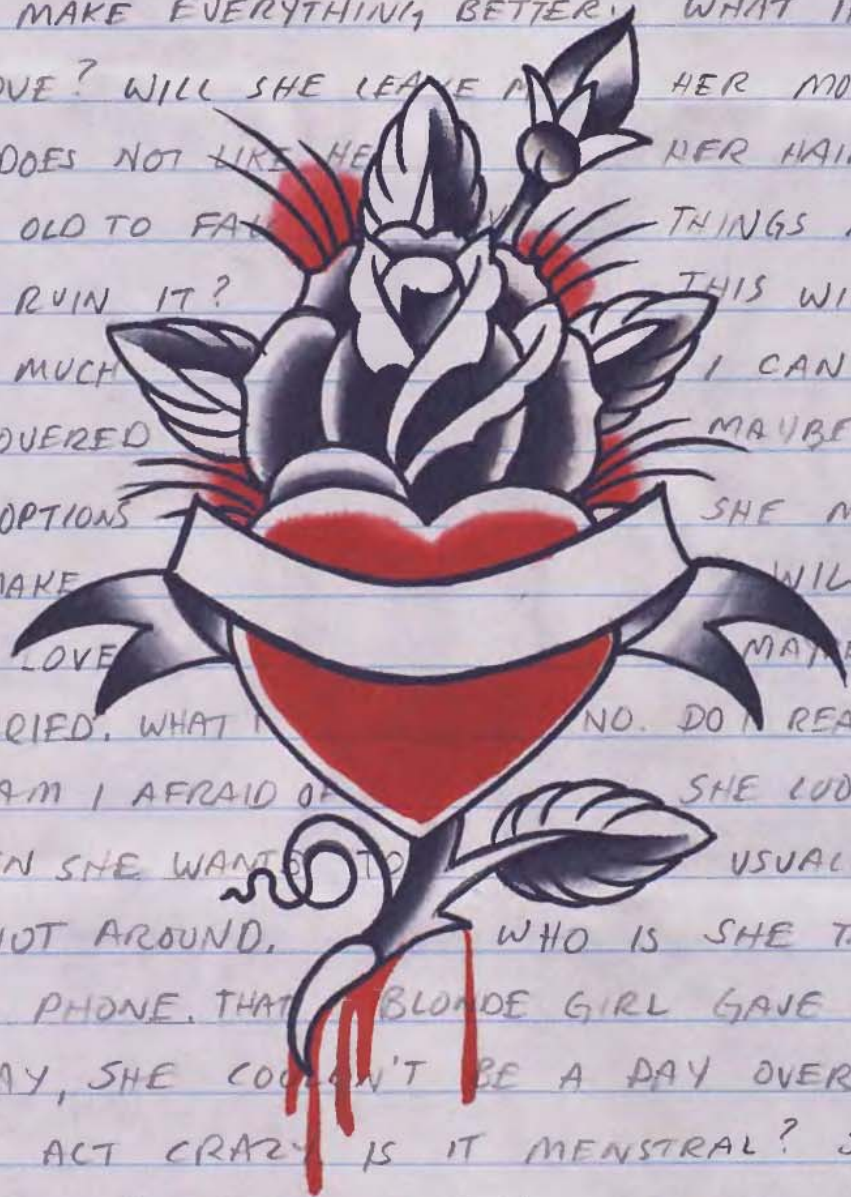
What unified the responses was a common desire to know the results of the project. How many pages were sent back? What did people do with their pages? What are you going to do with them?

The last question first. Beyond this piece I'm not going to do anything with them. I can't. They're too personal. I've wanted to show them to friends, but that would undermine a trust that was implicitly granted to me. I knew sharing the results would require great care: Most important, nothing could be revealed that might identify the author.

As for the first question—how many were sent back—at the time I write this, somewhere in the neighborhood of 300, which is a pretty inspiring neighborhood, given the effort (and postage) required. As one respondent put it, “Keep in mind I'm too lazy to send back rebates for cash, yet I wanted to send this to you.” As I understand it, empty



WILL SHE LOVE ME FOREVER? DO I LOVE HER?  
WHAT IF SHE GETS FAT? WHAT IF I GET FAT?  
WILL I LOVE HER FOREVER? FOREVER-WHAT IS THAT?  
IS SHE A LIAR? I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE.  
I THINK OF HER ALL THE TIME. DOES SHE THINK OF ME?  
WILL THIS MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER? WHAT IF I FAIL  
OUT OF LOVE? WILL SHE LEAVE ME? HER MOM LOVES ME  
MY MOM DOES NOT LIKE HER. HER HAIR SMELLS.  
AM I TOO OLD TO FALL IN LOVE? THINGS ARE GOOD  
NOW WHY RUIN IT? THIS WILL SHOW  
HER HOW MUCH I CAN ALWAYS  
GET IT COVERED. MAYBE I SHOULD  
KEEP MY OPTIONS. SHE MAKES ME  
LAUGH. I MAKE HER LAUGH. WILL IT HURT?  
DOES SHE LOVE ME? MAYBE WE SHOULD  
GET MARRIED. WHAT IF SHE SAYS NO. DO I REALLY LOVE  
HER OR AM I AFRAID OF HER? SHE LOOKS REALLY  
GOOD WHEN SHE WANTS TO. USUALLY WHEN  
I AM NOT AROUND, WHO IS SHE TALKING TO  
ON THE PHONE. THAT BLONDE GIRL GAVE ME EYES  
YESTERDAY, SHE COULDN'T BE A DAY OVER NINETEEN.  
SHE CAN ACT CRAZY. IS IT MENSTRUAL? SHE HAS  
SEEN ME CRY. WE HAVE FUN TOGETHER. SHE IS  
MY BEST FRIEND. I'VE BEEN DUMPED BEFORE.  
I AM GETTING OLDER. WHERE DO YOU MEET GIRLS?  
AT A BAR? I AM OVER GOING TO BARS. MAYBE  
HAVE A KID? I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE LIKE HER.  
I LOVE HER. WILL SHE LOVE ME FOREVER?







paper is still trickling in. Presumably that trickle will dry up soon, but it's nice to think of a page coming back 10 years from now.

What did people do with the pages? I think the best way to do the responses justice is to excerpt a few of them. The ones below are by no means exhaustive. I wish I could include every response that made me think, but that would be every response, and that would fill the magazine.

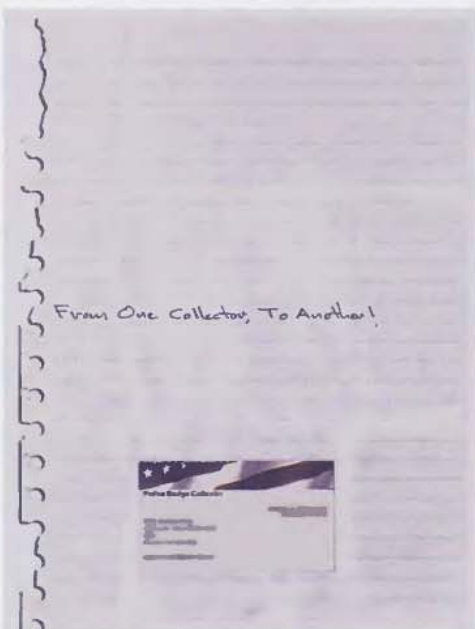
*I just found out about one minute ago that I'm pregnant. My husband and I have been trying for a couple of years. He had a vasectomy about 12 years ago, then a reversal that didn't work. I found your article very fascinating, because even though I just found out I'm pregnant (home test) and will have it confirmed by my doctor tomorrow (blood test), I don't know if I'm pregnant with one embryo or five. Due to an in vitro fertility process, I had five healthy embryos implanted 10 days ago. Now I know that regardless of what the results are, I am not having a litter of children. I am having one, so talk about empty pages—not just for the one that will be born but for the one(s?) that never will.*



These naked pages come from my classroom of senior honors students. A girl in class pointed out, when I proposed that we send you our sheets, that their paper is inherently more full of potential than Freud's, because they are alive... I know not what I will do should the administration of our Catholic high school find out we've been reading material from PLAYBOY.

Is this really blank? Or is it simply too full for us to focus?

*I'm a convict. I never seem to learn. I would've been free years ago, but I chose to fight instead of becoming a prison fuckboy or rat. Now I will die in prison.... I read your article, and it pissed me off a lot. I felt total anger for anyone who thinks so much about paper.... Then I had a really good workout, and I noticed this page open and took another moment to comprehend the whole anatomy of what could actually come out of a mind.... I've read more than 1,000 books in the past six years. Mostly fiction. I get a great amount of escape from fiction.... Your article brought some much-needed optimism to my life today. You also helped me avoid crushing an idiot's face in. Carpe diem!*



*I contemplated what I should put on the blank page that you asked to be returned to you. After much consideration I decided that I would send along a poem that my father wrote to me in 1993, nine full years before his death. I found it in his desk drawer in a sealed envelope three days after he died. The envelope simply read, "Personal—to [author's name]." The enclosed poems spoke*



volumes to me. I am certain others may write to you with poignant thoughts or ideas on the blank pages that you asked them to fill. However, my page will be filled with words from an old man to his young daughter, which he wrote to help her through the incredible, lonely process of death.

I hope you get your stack of pages as tall as the Empire State Building. I also hope that the unlucky intern in charge of this project decides to shove that stack straight up your ass! In conclusion, you'll notice that I have included with this letter not a blank piece of notebook paper but a blank piece of toilet paper.

I am enclosing the next page from my journal. I am not a published author, nor do I aspire to be. I am quite happy as a housewife who spends her days cleaning the house, watching TV and playing video games. In my journal, which I keep hidden even from my husband, I write my fears, observations and lessons learned. When I am angry I turn to this book to rant about my feelings....

I intend someday to give it to my children in the hopes that they can glean something useful from its pages.

Your page found me deep in a residential drug treatment program.... As just one in a chain of readers, I am unable to detach the page as suggested. So I am sending the middle two pages of my marble composition treatment journal instead. With the front half of my journal being used for entries and the back containing notes on the process of treatment, the middle is where my thoughts will meet.

The empty page allows me to rid myself of pain. It helps me work through problems. It comforts me on long, sleepless nights.... My mother made the grave mistake of marrying a sociopathic pedophile when I was three. My older sister was five, and my younger sister was en route. I was raised in an environment that did not allow anyone in but us five. If anyone made a friend, or if a teacher started asking too many questions, we moved. We'd move every three months to a year. I can't count the number of houses I have lived in. My ability to openly communicate was greatly inhibited. This perhaps led to my love of the empty page.... At 39 I believe I have finally come to a place where peace of mind is at least possible. I have had a most eventful life, full

of twists and turns, never truly allowing for much breathing space. But it has certainly been enlightening to realize that I caused a large part of my unrest. I can allow myself to rest. I may never be able to control the world that I live in, but I can control me. The simplicity of that realization was mind-boggling but has since made me whole. That and the empty pages that have so willingly collected have held safe my very soul, and I think that I will be just fine, thank you very much.

Are you tempted to write on these pages? Do you smell them as soon as you get them? I would. You know, the way children in school used to smell the mimeographed pages of a test.

I've owned the notebook that this piece of paper came from since eighth grade. It was given to me by a friend and titled *Special Memories*. I've used it to write down memories and send special letters. I use the paper sparingly because I want to always have a place to add a memory. I have an excellent memory now, and I fear that I will lose it in my old age. I love my memories, so I use the notebook as a precaution.

I received a piece of paper from a soldier in Iraq. He taught me how to write the Arabic word for ghost.

I received paper from a police badge collector. He wrote, "From one collector to another!" and included his business card, which lists his occupation as Police Badge Collector.

I received paper from someone who knew Anne Frank.

I received paper from an "ex-American" who took the opportunity to write a manifesto against a country he hates. After detailing the crimes against humanity that America has perpetrated—"You could have used your wealth and power to help the rest of the world instead of robbing and killing and bringing the world to the brink of Armageddon"—he ended his letter with, "For me, this blank page represents what America could have been, but now it's too late."

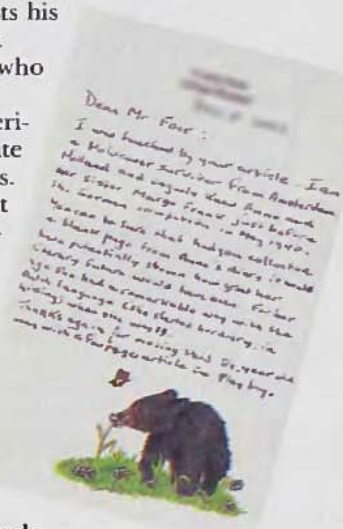
I received paper from Marines, landscape architects, single mothers, self-described pot-smoking losers....

My favorite? A drawing from a three-year-old who found his parents' issue and instinctively filled the empty page. He drew a mountain.

So what now? Has the blank page run its course in my life? There was a time when I thought the collection might start to move in other directions: paper from dead writers, photo paper from photographers, blank canvases. I've thought about conducting interviews and then editing out all the speaking so all that would remain would be the breathing. Imagine that: the music of a great poet's silence, the sounds of what a politician isn't saying. Or those moments in a symphony when all that can be heard is the conductor's baton.

There's limitless emptiness to be harvested: the lenses of glasses and cameras, unused condoms, typewriter ribbons and ink cartridges and pen refills, chopsticks that are still connected at the top (and unbroken fortune cookies, too), syringes, gasoline.... Who knows? Maybe I will pursue some of that one day. But for now I've got a stack of my own empty paper staring back at me. I'm about to finish my second book, and I'm starting to think of ideas for what to do next. The same old questions are back: Who am I? Why do I do what I do? Is this a good way to live?

I feel like filling pages.



## NAKED PAGE

### Raw Data

Overall responses.....	<b>286+</b>
Readers who sent back the naked page still naked.....	<b>78</b>
Readers who sent in their own naked pages.....	<b>41</b>
Responses from aspiring writers.....	<b>18</b>
Responses from incarcerated readers.....	<b>17</b>
Readers asking for advice.....	<b>8</b>
Readers inspired by the project to start or resume writing.....	<b>7</b>
Readers complaining that only one side of the page was blank....	<b>3</b>
Readers asking for a blank sheet of the author's paper.....	<b>2</b>
Country songs inspired by the project ("Sunday Mornin'").....	<b>1</b>
Responses with <i>Three's Company</i> return address labels.....	<b>1</b>
Responses written on Hello Kitty stationery.....	<b>1</b>
Naked pages covered entirely in Wite-Out.....	<b>1</b>





# the presidential SEX QUIZ

On the birthday of this great nation let us celebrate an enduring tradition—our presidents' secret service. Take this quiz and put your patriotism to the test. And remember: If the Oval Office is rocking, don't bother knocking



1. The first U.S. president known to have been caught cheating on his wife was James Garfield. After finding out about the smutty letters he had written to an 18-year-old New York woman named Calhoun, his wife accused him of:

- (A) "abusing the executive privilege"
- (B) "sloppy penmanship, atrocious grammar and poor syntax"
- (C) "lawless passion"
- (D) "getting jiggy with that tenement trash"

2. According to a recent biography, one U.S. president was photographed in a bathtub receiving oral sex from a partner who was not his wife. The horny provocateurs were:



3. During his 1884 campaign, Grover Cleveland was mocked for having a child out of wedlock with a store clerk named Maria Halpin. (The child was sent to an orphanage, his mother to an insane asylum.) Which newspaper headline is real?

- (A) A TERRIBLE TALE: A DARK CHAPTER IN A PUBLIC MAN'S HISTORY—*The Buffalo Evening Telegraph*
- (B) MA, MA, WHERE'S MY PA? HE AIN'T IN THE WHITE HOUSE, HA HA HA!—*San Francisco Examiner*
- (C) SHOCKER: GROVER PUT PENIS IN WOMAN'S VAGINA!—*Detroit Free Press*
- (D) NICE GOING, ASSHOLE—*New York Post*

4. One president was rumored to have had a four-year homosexual relationship. Who was it?

- (A) George Washington
- (B) Gerald Ford
- (C) George H.W. Bush
- (D) Abraham Lincoln



5. Believe it or not, all these quotes are real. Who said 'em? About whom?

"He ate pussy like a champ. I'd have to say, 'Whoa, boy, come on up here.'"

- (A) PLAYBOY cover girl Elizabeth Ward Gracen (above) about Bill Clinton
- (B) Jennifer Flowers about Bill Clinton
- (C) Monica Lewinsky about Bill Clinton
- (D) Figure skater Michelle Kwan about Bill Clinton

"I've had more women by accident than he's had on purpose."

- (A) George W. Bush about his dad
- (B) George H.W. Bush about his son
- (C) Lyndon Johnson about JFK
- (D) Franklin D. Roosevelt about Hitler

"Are you prepared for the storm of lovemaking with which you will be assailed?"

- (A) Martin Van Buren to a stranger in the next toilet stall
- (B) John F. Kennedy to Marilyn Monroe
- (C) Woodrow Wilson to Ellen Wilson
- (D) George Washington to Martha Washington



6. How much power can a president yield? Match the leader below—cut out of a bill of American currency—to what he can get you outside your local bus station.



7. After his first wife died, Woodrow Wilson married a widow named Edith Bolling Galt. When the new couple was spotted out on the town, the *Washington Post* ran a story about them. The piece included which of the following typos:

- (A) "The president spent much of the evening entering Mrs. Galt."
- (B) "The entourage spent much of the evening entering Mrs. Galt."
- (C) "The line of people waiting to enter Mrs. Galt went all the way around the block."
- (D) "The president's penis spent much of the penis evening entertaining penis Mrs. Galt."

8. Lyndon Johnson, who was known to whip it out in public on occasion, nicknamed his dick:

- (A) Mr. President
- (B) Jumbo
- (C) Mount Gushmore
- (D) Rear Admiral

9. In 1919 the GOP paid a woman named Carrie Phillips \$20,000 in hush money in hopes that her story would never be printed in, say, the largest men's magazine in the world. Phillips was:

- (A) a reporter who knew that Warren G. Harding's wife liked to let freedom swing

- (B) a German sympathizer who'd been schtupping Harding for 15 years
- (C) a reporter who knew about Harding's fetish for milking himself in public places
- (D) the inspiration for the phrase "suck a golf ball through a garden hose"

10. Match the president with his vaguely phallic nickname:

- |                     |                               |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| (A) Richard Nixon   | (1) Rough Rider               |
| (B) Teddy Roosevelt | (2) Slick Willie              |
| (C) James Monroe    | (3) El BJ                     |
| (D) Bill Clinton    | (4) The Napoleon of the Stump |
| (E) James K. Polk   | (5) Tricky Dick               |
| (F) Lyndon Johnson  | (6) Last of the Cocked Hats   |

11. Ronald Reagan once quipped, "Politics is supposed to be the second-oldest profession. I have come to realize that it bears a very close resemblance to the first." By this he meant:

- (A) All politicians are whores.
- (B) If you've got a problem, you should write your local prostitute.
- (C) The rumors are true: Tip O'Neill once gave Hugh Grant a blow job on Sunset Boulevard.
- (D) The politicians from Asia are particularly talented.

12. Which one of these presidents is receiving oral pleasure under the podium?



## Extra Credit:

# Bush vs. Kerry

How do our 2004 presidential candidates stack up below the beltway? Compare and contrast:



Resembles what sexual icon?



Porn star John "Buttman" Stagliano



Former PLAYBOY editorial director Arthur Kretschmer

### Preferred lube

Crude oil

Heinz 57 sauce

### Orgasmic exclamation

"Mission accomplished!"

"Incoming!"

### Who's gayer?

Was a cheerleader at Yale

Swings both ways on all the issues

### Pet name for his privates

The Prez Dispenser

Lurch

### Infidelity accusation

Texas-based stripper Tammy Phillips, 35, claimed that the two got congressional in a Best Western men's room.

After rumors surfaced in the press, New York-based AP reporter Alexandra Polier, 27, denied having an affair.

### Nickname for supporters

Bush lovers

Bush lickers

### Bizarre fetish



Likes to screw...

Poor people

Heiresses



# S U P E R

The auto industry is making history with the most advanced fleet of fantasy sports cars ever. Want to go shopping? Just dreaming? Get ready for the ride of your life

By Ken Gross

**I**t starts with a body. The sloping front end, the lifted rear, the whole thing a piece of kinetic sculpture finely hewed from metal and glass and rubber. Lift the hood and you find the muscle. You take a step back to survey the whole package and a thousand clichés dance in your head. You think of sex, status, power, dreams fulfilled. Mostly, though, you think about speed. Lots of it.

For every indulgence there is an apex, and 2004 marks new territory for the autophile. Never before in more than a century of car history have manufacturers attained such levels of panache, technology and performance; they've delivered the greatest collection of cost-is-no-object sports cars ever to hit the tarmac. A shift in the market in the 1990s paved the way for this new wave of supercars. Volkswagen bought Bentley, BMW bought Rolls-Royce, and Mercedes pumped some new blood into its venerable Maybach badge. These well-funded companies began competing to see who could create the finest and fastest vehicle. By the turn of the 21st century every supercar manufacturer—even blue-chip Americans such as Chrysler and Ford—had entered the race in the sport category. The result? Street-legal rides with asphalt-shredding horsepower and ultrasophisticated electronics, gift wrapped in some of the most audacious bodies the world has ever seen.

We assembled the ultimate garage, filled with our picks from the top of the sport supercar market. Then we did some test-driving. The following are the best of the best. They range from incredibly expensive to (literally) priceless. All are fast; one of them (at right) is practically supersonic. Each is guaranteed to get your motor running one way or another. They'll ruin you for pedestrian rides. Read on at your own risk.





# CARS



Chrysler ME Four-Twelve

• Every January the mobs descend on the Detroit auto show, wanting to gawk at the hottest new models from companies all over the world. But this year's spectators got more than they bargained for when DaimlerChrysler COO Wolfgang Bernhard made his entrance in this amazing machine. (A *Chrysler*? Yeah, a Chrysler.) Cut impossibly low, with a knife-edge body, the ME Four-Twelve sports an 850-horsepower, dry-sump AMG-Mercedes-Benz-based V12 power plant and a seven-speed transaxle. What's that mean? Zero to 60 in 2.9 seconds, more than a quarter of a second quicker than the fastest street-legal model ever made (the 1998 McLaren F1). Top speed: a downright scary 248 miles per hour. When one of these bastards streaks past, all you'll see is its 96-LED taillights, which combine brake, parking and direction signals. "The ME Four-Twelve is the ultimate design-and-engineering statement from the Chrysler group," says a company rep. The hitch: You can't go out and buy it—yet. The word on the street is to look for it in 2006, with a \$450,000 price tag. This one, photographed in *PLAYBOY*'s studio, is the only one that currently exists. Rest assured, we're first in line for the second. •





• This car may be named for a 19th century fighting bull, but the Murciélago performed more like a dancer when we tested it on the mountain roads north of San Diego. You become part of this vehicle from the moment you jump in, leaning back in the luge-like leather bucket seat. Built in Sant'Agata Bolognese, Italy, the Murciélago features a six-speed gearbox and a 6.2-liter, 580-horsepower V12 engine that redlines at 7,500 rpm. That's enough juice to rocket you to 60 mph in 3.6 seconds. When you top out at 205 mph you'll be grateful for the variable all-wheel-drive system, which ensures that some 28 to 80 percent of the engine's 479 pounds per foot of torque is available to drive the front wheels (translation: phenomenal grip). Price: a mere \$290,000. •



• A two-seat, long-hooded front-engine coupé, the \$235,000 575M Maranello is closely modeled after the 1960s 250 GTO, the car that forever defined Ferrari as the world's premier performance vehicle. The Maranello is the thinking man's sport supercar—classic elegance combined with the most cutting-edge engineering on the planet. Thanks to 515 horsepower, a superb F1 paddle-shifted six-speed gearbox and a computer-controlled suspension system, everything happens very quickly. Top speed: 202 mph. We test-drove her on loopy Southwestern desert roads and found ourselves shifting constantly just to hear the engine's howl and purr. Step on the throttle and the car responds like a cruise missile. The only downside to this ride? Getting out of it. •







Lamborghini Murciélago



Ferrari 575M Maranello



•Nothing about this car is normal. Climb into the cockpit, let your eyes glance over the instrumentation and you feel damn near omnipotent. Step on the gas pedal and watch the world around you melt into a blur. A modern reprise of Mercedes's legendary 1950s 300 SLR Coupé, this lightweight carbon-fiber-bodied roadster is assembled in England by the team that builds McLaren Formula 1 machines (MB's race car division). Tested on a racetrack in Spain, where it repeatedly sprinted to 60 mph in 3.7 seconds, the SLR topped out at 207 mph and idled docilely while waiting for the track to



clear. The 5.5-liter supercharged 626-horsepower V8 engine is set back amidships for optimal weight distribution, and the crisp five-speed electronic AMG SpeedShift transmission selects gears far quicker than you can. Since it's a Mercedes, it's also loaded with every safety feature imaginable. No wonder the car-buff-book authors are drooling; one called the SLR the greatest car ever built. The first model in the U.S. sold at auction for \$2.2 million in December. Figure on \$450,000 for yours, and you'd better hurry up about it. The Beverly Hills Mercedes-Benz dealer gets just one this year. •

Mercedes-Benz SLR McLaren







*"And try not to look so happy when she sits on your face."*



# A Midsummer's Dream

Discovering  
Miss July was  
a walk on a  
Virginia beach

**Y**ou may find this hard to believe, but Stephanie Glasson, whose middle name might as well be Photogenic, never entertained the idea of modeling until one day last summer when she was approached by a PLAYBOY scout in Virginia Beach. "Honestly, I didn't see what the photographer saw in me," says the 28-year-old, whose less than glitzy upbringing in Memphis, Tennessee (she moved to Virginia three years ago) has clearly kept her grounded. "I'm from humble beginnings. I have three sisters, and growing up we received only what we needed. But if one of us got a new pair of jeans, each of us got a new pair of jeans. Everything had to be fair." Everything, that is, except for who controlled the television remote. In Stephanie's estrogen-heavy household, her stepdad frequently lost out. "He loved sports, but he could never watch them in the house," she says. "We outvoted him."

In college Miss July studied business administration and developed a passion for real estate. She now has her agent's license. "I love to meet people, talk to them and help them with their decisions," she says. "My goal is to start my own real estate company to offer weekly rentals to tourists. I think it's important to add little touches, like gift baskets and thank-you cards. I would also visit my clients and make sure everything was okay with their trip."

When she's not making visitors feel at home, Stephanie can be found whooping it up Virginia Beach-style. "The largest naval base in the country is nearby," she says. "Because of all the guys, there's great nightlife." Her admitted penchant for men in uniform has resulted in brief flings with two Navy SEALs. "I don't want to date anyone who's cocky, but they sometimes give that impression," she says. "I like clean-cut, muscular guys who don't have a brick head. And I have a weakness for a Texas accent—think Matthew McConaughey in *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days*."











Stephanie isn't ready to settle down—at least not while the weather is warm. “As soon as winter hits I want to stay in, start a fire, light candles and watch TV,” she says. “But last summer I was out every night. I made a million new friends. I love going to restaurants, especially if they serve calamari.” And when the mood hits to visit family back in Memphis, Stephanie often makes the 17-hour road trip in one shot—but not always alone. “I have a big car, so my two German shepherds, Kane and Shelby, go everywhere with me,” she says. “Some people think Kane is vicious because he barks. But if you walk into my house, he'll lick you to death. Shelby is named after my home county in Tennessee. They're spoiled.”

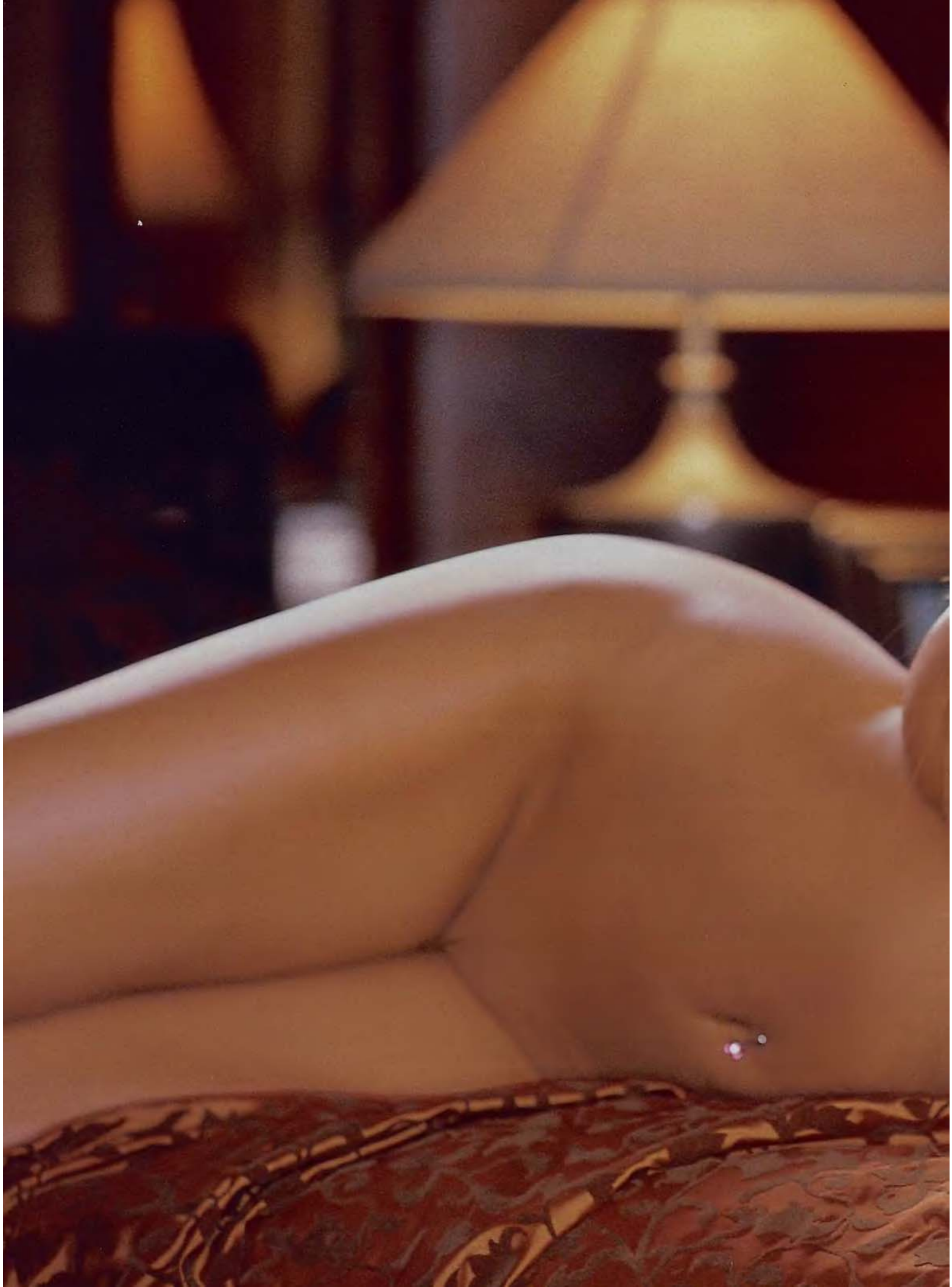
We can imagine it now: In a few years Stephanie will have her own business and spend her free time traveling around the United States—her man and man's best friends in tow. “I can see that,” she says. “I'm not stressing over anything these days. I've learned that everything happens as it's supposed to happen, and that's how I live my life.”

In honor of the Fourth of July, Stephanie is our own Miss Independence. “I'm an all-American girl who is all about taking care of this country,” she says. “I love the American flag and everything it stands for. I know America isn't a perfect place, but I think we need to stand up and fight for our country. I wholeheartedly appreciate all those people who are on the front lines.”

















See more of Miss July at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Styleria Glendon*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Stephanie Glasson

BUST: 34 D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: Dec. 1, 1975 BIRTHPLACE: Memphis, TN

AMBITIONS: To own an extremely successful business.

TURN-ONS: Muscles and a Texas accent. I love men in uniform = Navy Seals.

TURNOFFS: STALKERS!! Men who can't take a hint. Oh, and bald guys.

MUSICIANS I ADMIRE: I love so many but Tori Amos and Tool are my favorites.

ON ACTING: I would love to do a comedy project sometime!

WHY I WON'T SWIM IN THE OCEAN: I'm terrified of all the creatures swimming around waiting for my tasty toes.

CITY I WANT TO VISIT NEXT: Miami



WASN'T I CUTE?



DOING HOMEWORK AGE 16



MODELING IN VIRGINIA BEACH







# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** retired sailor put on his old uniform and headed for the docks. He found a prostitute, who took him to a motel. They started going at it. In need of some reassurance that he was as good as her young clients, he asked, "How am I doing?"

The prostitute replied, "Well, sailor, you're doing about three knots."

He asked, "What does that mean?"

She said, "You're knot hard, you're knot in, and you're knot getting your money back."



**A** married couple took their three-year-old son to the doctor because they were concerned about his small penis. After examining the child the doctor confidently declared, "Just feed him bagels with cream cheese. It's an old trick. That should solve the problem."

The next morning, when the boy arrived at breakfast, there was a large stack of bagels and cream cheese in the middle of the table. "For me?" the boy asked.

"Just take one," his mother replied. "The rest are for your father."

**A** man went to the dentist with a severe toothache. The dentist looked into his mouth and told him he'd have to pull out a rotten tooth. The man said, "Whatever it takes. I can't stand the pain."

The dentist took out a needle and the man said, "No, I'm scared to death of needles. Can you use something else to kill the pain?"

The dentist said, "Sure, I'll just give you some nitrous oxide instead."

The man said, "No can do, Doc. I'm allergic to gas."

So the dentist gave him two Viagras. The man asked, "Will this dull the pain?"

The dentist said, "No, but it'll give you something to hold on to while I pull out that tooth."

**T**hree marines were driving up the highway between Basra and Baghdad when they came upon an Iraqi insurgent who was badly injured and unconscious. On the opposite side of the road was an injured American soldier who was semiconscious. As the Marines gave both men first aid they asked what had happened. The American said, "I was moving north along the highway when I ran into this guy. We pointed our guns at each other and I said, 'Saddam Hussein is an asshole.' Then he yelled, 'George Bush is an asshole.' We were standing there shaking hands when a truck hit us."

**B**LONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde went to city hall to register to vote. The clerk asked her, "When's your birthday?"

She replied, "June 10."

The clerk asked, "What year?"

The blonde said, "Every year."

**A** man circled a job advertisement in a Boston newspaper for a position titled "pussy shaver."

He called the number in the ad and asked what the job was about. A man explained, "Well, we make adult videos here in Boston, and we need someone who can shave the actresses so they don't have any pubic hair. Are you single?"

The guy said, "Sure am."

The producer said, "Good. We've had trouble with married men who take this job. The wife gets jealous. Are you intimidated by beautiful women?"

The guy said, "Not at all. I love them and they love me."

The producer said, "Well, you sound perfect for the job. Can you be in New York on Monday?"

The guy said, "New York? I thought you said you were in Boston."

The producer replied, "I am. But the line for interviews stretches all the way to New York."



**T**wo women who hadn't seen each other in a few months met for lunch. The conversation turned to their respective love lives. One woman began by raving about a man she had just met. She said, "He's perfect. Last night, when we went out for dinner, he said the four little words I've been waiting to hear a man say to me."

The other woman said, "You mean 'Will you marry me?'"

She replied, "No. He said, 'Put your money away.'"

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

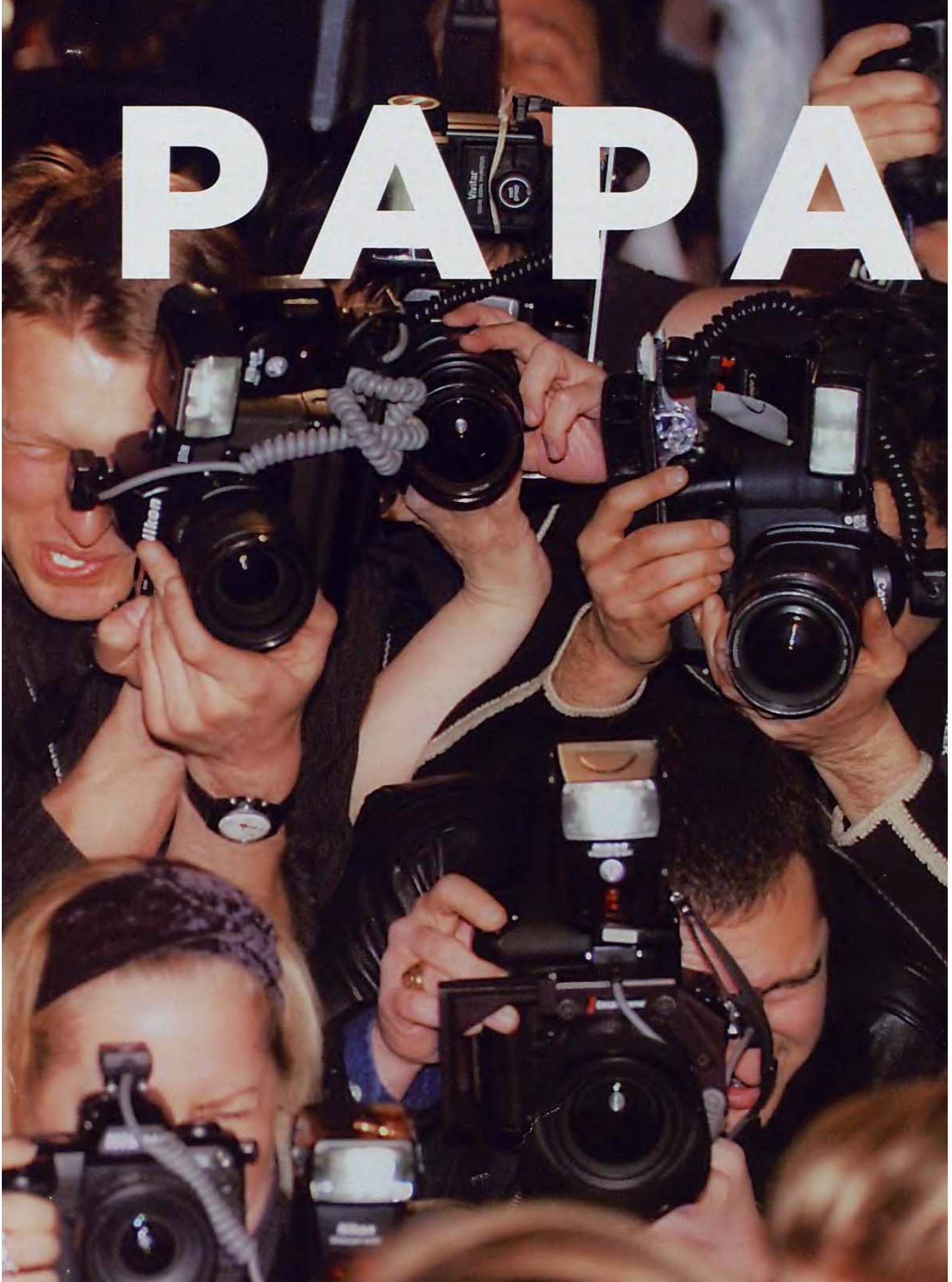




*"So I'm going to be employee of the month twice in a row?"*



# PAPPA





# RAZZI

## APPRENTICE

Help wanted: celebrity photographer.  
Must have good eyes and flexible moral code.  
**No experience necessary**

By David Peisner

**Y**ou'd be surprised how much water a six-inch plastic bottle seems to hold when it's poured all over you.

This lesson in liquid displacement comes courtesy of Bruce Willis, who has just sauntered out of a Malibu eatery, made a beeline for our car and distributed the contents of said bottle through the vehicle's open windows. Pop-eyed in the backseat I catch a faceful of designer H<sub>2</sub>O, but the brunt is absorbed by Marc Rylewski, a paparazzo busily snapping pictures of Willis from the front seat. He's soaked.

Willis swaggers away, then glances back with the famous smirk that has preceded so many leaden action-flick one-liners. "How's that?" he asks.

Swell, Bruce. So you want double prints, then?

The term *paparazzi* comes from the 1960 Federico Fellini film *La Dolce Vita*, which features a pesky news photographer named Paparazzo. The word literally translates as "buzzing insects," and Mr. Die Hard has just treated us as such. Paparazzi have existed for decades, but we're entering the profession's golden age. Led by a slew of new or reconfigured celebrity magazines—*Us Weekly*, *In Touch*, *Star*—all trying to dethrone the venerable *People*, competition and compensation have never been greater for the exclusive, often embarrassing famous-person photo.

The ad in *LA Weekly* made it sound so simple: "Paparazzi wanted. No experience necessary. Car and cell phone required." It doesn't seem like a job you'd find jammed between "office manager" and "patent clerk" in the classifieds, yet there it was. The idea intrigued me. Could a career of harassing celebrities and disgracing my good name really be just a phone call away?

Yes and no. When I contact Rylewski he explains that it *can* be that simple—but if I really want to learn what it takes to be a good paparazzo, more effort is required. He agrees to take me under his wing for a week so I can see just how much more.

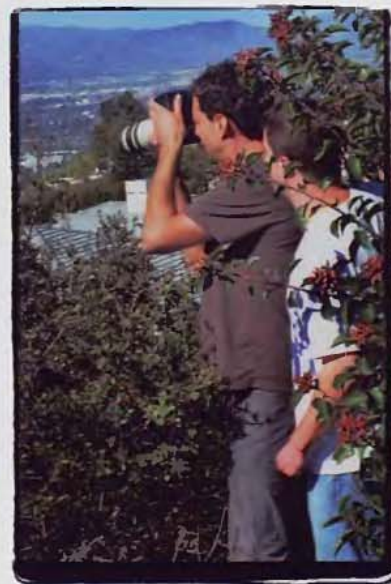
Days later I'm jetting west from the relative tranquility of Atlanta, about to be dropped into the middle of the paparazzi's natural habitat: Los Angeles.

### LESSON NUMBER ONE: SPOT THE CAR, CATCH THE STAR

"Mary-Kate and Ashley were here earlier," Rylewski informs me in his halting French accent. For my first tutorial we're standing in the parking lot behind upscale L.A. boutique Fred Segal. To most it's a nondescript slab of asphalt near a cluster of trendy clothing stores. To a paparazzo it's a regular shooting galleria.

Rylewski is a lanky 35-year-old expatriate with dark, gray-flecked hair who moved to L.A. nine years ago. After spending four years working with X17, a paparazzi agency, he took 18 months off to write and direct a movie, then in 2001 started his own agency, Ins7ght.

"See that guy?" He gestures toward a middle-aged man behind the wheel of a beat-up taxi who looks a hell of a lot like a cabdriver. "He's paparazzi. Works for my old boss. That one too," he says, nodding toward a stout guy loitering at the open hatch of a Land Rover.



AMBUSHED: Rylewski (left) and Peisner target a celebrity's front gate.





**GALAXY QUEST:** Snap a buzz-worthy star making "news" and these intensely competitive mags may pay you \$100,000

I had naively suggested meeting at Rylewski's office. He instructed me to meet him on a street corner and then led me to a silver Mercedes SUV. This, I realize, is headquarters. Inside, all the backseats except one have been removed, and a laptop is mounted in a bracket over the passenger seat. The windows are heavily tinted and covered by a black curtain that rings the back of the car. A plastic case containing an array of electronic equipment is mounted behind the driver's seat. Rylewski's camera sits in a green backpack next to it.

I quickly learn it's hard to overstate a car's importance to this job. It's a studio, a dining room and, when necessary, a bedroom. Rylewski's Mercedes is ideally suited to the task. For starters it's an SUV, which gives him a high vantage point to scope his quarry. And it's an *expensive* SUV, which blends in around the tony neighborhoods where celebs live and gather. The flat rear window is perfect to shoot through. From here Rylewski juggles tips, pursues celebrities, snaps digital pictures and even edits and transmits them to magazine photo editors when his wireless Internet card is cooperating.

We motor down Melrose toward Beverly Hills. Rylewski is perched in the driver's seat with his head high, though somehow he's still slouching. His eyes constantly scan the horizon. Every few minutes he'll fix on a car traveling in the other direction and crane his neck as it passes. "I'm checking out license plates," he says. He tosses me a small black notebook; in it is a handwritten catalog of plate numbers, car descriptions and their corresponding celebrity owners. "Mornings I usually follow a particular star. Afternoons I just drive around and catch people."

I mention that it sounds rather implausible to pinpoint a few specific souls in a sprawling city of 4 million.

"Oh no, I catch people all the time," he says. "I look at everyone driving—well, the bling-bling cars. If they're in the distance, I look at the plate. If it rings a bell, I check the person driving and anyone beside them. The tricky part is doing a U-turn without being spotted or creating an accident."

Despite the reckless maneuvers this entails, Rylewski boasts that he hasn't been in an accident in nine years. Soon we pass Barneys on Wilshire and turn down a side street. He

eyes a tall, well-dressed man getting into a silver Acura.

"That's Lisa Kudrow's guy," he says. We pull over. "He might be going to meet her. Not a top seller, but with her kid and the guy, it'll sell." It's one thing to be able to recognize Kudrow walking down the street; it's entirely different to be able to pick out her husband, Michel Stern, an advertising executive known for nothing other than marrying a *Friend*. I'm not sure I'd recognize David Arquette if he were sitting in my lap.

The Acura eases into traffic. We follow for a few miles, then pull up to a stoplight in the left lane, leaving a car between us and him. I haven't tailed anyone since I suspected a high school girlfriend of cheating on me. When the light changes, the Acura turns right.

"Damn, I passed him," Rylewski mutters. "You should never pass." We swerve across four lanes, turn right onto the next side street and swing an abrupt U-turn. Without warning I'm tossed shoulder-first into the back of the passenger seat as we slam into a Jeep.

"Fuuuuuck." So much for nine years without an accident.

We climb out to survey the damage. The Mercedes's front grille is smashed and the hood bent, steam billowing ominously. The Jeep is completely unscathed, its driver relieved to be on her way. Standing at the side of the road, hands on his hips, Rylewski manages a weak smile. "If the stars knew about this they'd be having a good laugh right now."

**FIRE AT WILL:** A paparazzo's life isn't all stars on red carpets (right). A day at the office may include (below, clockwise from left) pissing off Bruce Willis, catching Meg Ryan in nonperky mode, checking into Paris Hilton and picking a shot of Tara Reid kissing a guy who isn't you.





## LESSON NUMBER TWO: JIM CARREY IS NOT YOUR FRIEND

It's practically an article of faith that paparazzi are scum. When the sedan carrying Lady Diana Spencer and Dodi Al-Fayed careened into a Paris tunnel wall in 1997, the army of photographers pursuing her, and their ilk, were immediately stamped as immoral, bloodthirsty demons. Evidence that the driver was shit-faced and speeding did little to mollify the public wrath, especially given reports that several paparazzi had taken pictures of the dying royal in the wreckage. In the aftermath the epithet "princess killer" was hurled at hard-core paparazzi and even news photographers.

Few thought the profession would survive such a thrashing, but seven years after Di Day it's positively thriving. Give some of the credit to magazine überdiva Bonnie Fuller. In 2002 she transformed *Us Weekly* from a dismal *People* wannabe into a snarky celebrity bible, only to decamp the following year to *Star*, a supermarket tabloid with its own glossy aspirations. As a result of the intense competition, prices have skyrocketed: Coveted shots of a celebrity couple such as Cameron Diaz and Justin Timberlake have fetched six-figure prices.

"Last year was the biggest for just about everybody," says Gary Morgan, co-director of Splash, a large paparazzi agency. "People were getting \$10,000 for stuff that the year before would've sold for \$500."

The upshot? A flood of new photographers, often novices recruited by the agencies, are handed a camera and a cell phone and set loose on the stars. Which isn't to say the paparazzi are suddenly Hollywood's darlings. Quite the contrary—more than ever before, celebrities view them as stalkers with zoom lenses. It's a war out there.

The hatred often runs deep. As favorite paparazzi target Jim Carrey told *PLAYBOY*, "They can't feel good about what they're doing. There will be a reckoning in their lives—some unexplainable disease, something that makes them go, 'Why me?' I'm here to tell you, it's because of the choices you made."

## LESSON NUMBER THREE: SHOOT 'EM ALL, LET THE BUYERS SORT IT OUT

With the Mercedes out of commission, our paparazzi-mobile the next day is Rylewski's second car—a green Toyota Camry. We pretend it doesn't chap us to drive it through the gilded hills of Bel-Air, past ivy-covered stone walls hiding one mansion after another, then park in front of Meg Ryan's house. Ryan isn't a huge star these days, but her tryst with Russell

# PAPARAZZI KIT

TO BAG THE BIG GAME, YOU'D BETTER GET THE RIGHT GEAR

**HIGH-END DIGITAL CAMERA WITH TELEPHOTO LENS** To be competitive a paparazzo can't get just a shot of Jennifer Aniston eating lunch. The truly celeb-obsessed need to know what kind of lettuce is caught between those perfect teeth.

**TWO CELL PHONES** For juggling informants' tips on celebrity whereabouts, calling magazine editors with fresh "exclusives" and ordering yet another take-out meal. Plus, this is L.A.—not constantly yakking on a cell is conspicuous.

**BACKUP CAMERA** For when Jennifer Aniston's bodyguard tosses your main camera under a bus.

**DARK SUNGLASSES** No, shoplifting starlet, I'm not looking at you; I'm looking at that squirrel over there. Go about your misdemeanor.

**TAPE MEASURE** Restraining orders are subjective things, but judges seem to take the whole 50-foot zone seriously.

**ATTORNEY'S CARD** The sooner you call a lawyer after a beating, the sooner you'll be living in Russell Crowe's condo.

**\$20 BILLS** The standard denomination for paying off valets and pool boys who put you on the scent.

**BLACK BOOK** Quick reference for stars' cars and license plate numbers.

### WIRELESS LAPTOP

For instant photo editing and transfer to prospective buyers. Also useful for playing solitaire while waiting for aging celebs to emerge from Botox treatment.

### GOURMET DOGGIE TREAT

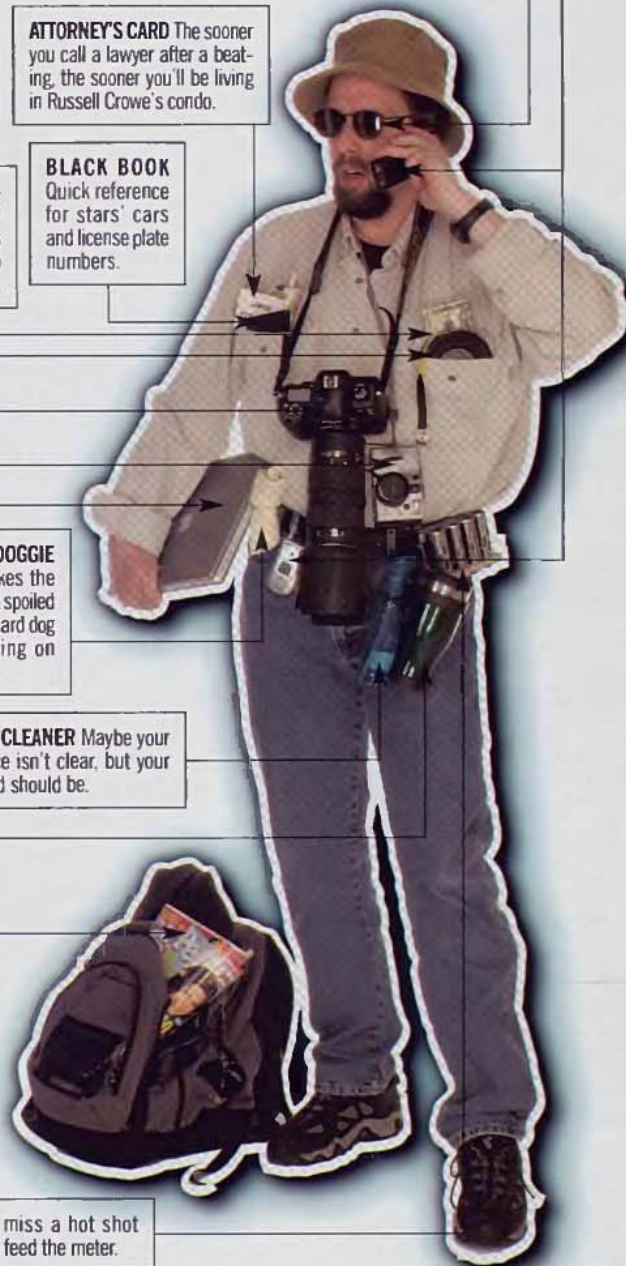
It takes the best to stop a spoiled Hollywood guard dog from gnawing on your femur.

**COFFEE MUG** For staying awake until Shannen Doherty starts a three A.M. club brawl.

**WINDOW CLEANER** Maybe your conscience isn't clear, but your windshield should be.

**CELEBRITY RAGS** Essential for keeping track of who's hot with editors at the moment. Plus, did you see what Demi wore to that charity event? Girlfriend, please!

**CHANGE HOLDER** Don't miss a hot shot because you're fumbling to feed the meter.



Crowe, the subsequent dissolution of her marriage to Dennis Quaid and recent rumors of a less than convincing Botox overhaul have kept her hot with tabloid editors. Rylewski has shot her at least half a dozen times in the past year.

We creep along the fence toward a six-foot gate at the top of her driveway. "Stay to this side," he whispers, pointing out a security camera. He motions for me to peek over the gate with him. I hoist myself up, wondering whether the sight of America's sweetheart aiming a shotgun at my face would make me laugh or cry.

"That's her car, so she's here. Newspaper's still there too, so



# PAPARAZZI GONE WILD



GETTING BEATEN UP AND SUED IS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK



## THE UNMERRY WIDOW

"Papa of Paparazzi" Ron Galella was particularly obsessed with Jackie O. During her 1968 honeymoon with Aristotle Onassis, Galella dressed as a seaman to catch her sunbathing topless on a Greek isle. After Jackie sued him for harassment in 1972, he argued that he was protected by the First Amendment. A judge disagreed and granted Jackie a restraining

order that stipulated Galella stay at least 25 feet away from her and her children. He violated the order several times but finally agreed to leave her alone in 1982.

## PENN UNHINGED

Soon after Sean Penn and Madonna's 1985 engagement, two paparazzi asked the pair to pose for them. Penn grabbed a stone and threatened, "You take my picture and I'll break your back with this rock." When they asked what his problem was, Penn threw the rock at one and punched the other. A judge fined Penn \$100 and gave him a 90-day suspended sentence. During the wedding, circling helicopters drowned out the couple's vows, prompting Penn to spell out **FUCK OFF** on a beach the next day.



## FOOTLOOSE FERGIE

In 1992 a photographer with a telephoto lens caught Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York, getting her toes sucked by her "financial advisor" while sitting topless poolside. When a British tabloid published the photo, royal-watchers around the world let out a collective "*Ewww*." Fergie's husband, Prince Andrew, immediately separated from her, prompting the Duchess of York to take her little piggies to the market and go on an eating binge.

## A CLOSE SHAVE

As Alec Baldwin and then wife Kim Basinger took their newborn home from the hospital in 1995, a paparazzo tried to capture the moment. Baldwin smeared shaving cream all over the man's windows. The shutterbug says Baldwin then punched him and broke his nose. The actor says he merely slapped the camera away and it accidentally struck the man's face. The photographer sued Baldwin and won \$4,500, far less than the \$85,000 he was seeking.



## WEDDING ALBUM

Catherine Zeta-Jones and Michael Douglas arranged to sell their wedding photos exclusively to the British tabloid *OK!* for \$1.6 million in 2000, so they were appalled when rival *Hello!* crashed the shindig and published candids three days before *OK!* hit the stands. Zeta-Jones was furious because she thought a photo of her eating cake made her look fat. They sued *Hello!* for \$815,000. A jury awarded the couple \$26,000.



she hasn't been out yet today." We move the car 50 yards down an adjacent road. If we sit right outside her gate, he explains, she'll spot us as she leaves.

Then we wait. Like cops on a stakeout, paparazzi do a lot of waiting. While we fidget in the cramped Camry, Rylewski describes the winding path that led him to Meg Ryan's driveway this morning.

"I wanted to be a journalist," he says. He got the itch after getting bounced from the French army at the age of 20 and then spending two years traveling through Eastern Europe and Russia, selling pizzas from the back of a van he'd outfitted with a wood-burning stove. After years on the road, fistfights with Russian gangsters and a stint in an Uzbekistan jail for stealing artwork from a restaurant, he returned to Paris. An internship at a French news photo agency led to full-time work in the agency's New York office. Photography became a sideline. He moved to L.A., where he shot studio stuff—bright-eyed actor-waiters in need of head shots—and worked the red carpet at movie premieres and parties. The money, though, was in paparazzi work.

"I ultimately want to work with them," Rylewski says softly. "The stars. As a director." The movie he made a few years ago, *Killer Cop*, is a straight-to-video action flick self-financed with money he inherited from his grandmother. "I don't know if I ever could, though, after doing this. The thing is...."

Rylewski stops, glances in the rearview mirror and cranks the ignition. "That's her."

Ryan's black Mercedes disappears down the road behind us. For a few seconds we do nothing, and I stifle an odd urge to shout, "We're losing her!" Then Rylewski turns the car around and follows, winding through the hills a bit before spotting the Mercedes rounding the bend in front of us.

"That's what you want," Rylewski explains. "When you see just the tail end, you see them, but they don't see you."

Stealth is vital to good paparazzi photography. An undetected photographer can snag a star in unguarded (preferably incriminating) moments, while one who has been spotted often must settle for bland, camera-conscious photos—or deal with a star actively thwarting his efforts.

We merge onto busier city streets. Ryan parks near a bookstore, and Rylewski drives past, stopping at the end of a row of cars. He grabs his camera, a \$5,000 Canon digital with a \$2,000 lens, lowers his seat, aims through the side window and begins popping off shots as she enters the bookstore. Minutes later, on her way out, she seems to be covering her face with her hand.

"She may have spotted us," Rylewski says. "She has a very good eye."

His suspicion is confirmed by the series of swift turns Ryan makes down narrow side streets. We roll through red lights in pursuit but appear to have lost her. On instinct Rylewski cuts behind a building, slices through an alley at 60 miles an hour and emerges



**YOU'VE BEEN CLICK'D:** Contrary to popular perception, stealth is essential. (continued on page 142)



# Life Savers



JUAN IVAREZ • JORGE G



# DOOG

UNLEASH YOUR CLOSET. RUN WILD IN NEW WARM-WEATHER WEAR

# DAYS OF SUMMER

photography by nick cardilicchio / produced by jennifer ryan jones



When the weather's hot and sticky, beat the beastly heat with clothes that work in *and* out of the gym. After all, sports ranks as the second all-time favorite leisure activity of summer. THIS PAGE: Blue Man's warm-up jacket (\$80) and shorts (\$40) are by **Reebok 13**. His high-tops are by **Jordan** (\$80), and his antigravity device—a titanium dive watch—is by **Oris** (\$1,295). Breakette is in a skirt by **D&G** (\$235), a halter top by **Parasuco** (\$40) and shoes by **XOXO** (\$72).





fashion by joseph de acetis

The left winger is wearing a soccer top by **Vokál** (\$75) and jeans by **Varcity** (\$63). His watch is by **Oris** (\$2,125). At right, Mr. Staredown is in a sweatshirt (\$74) and jeans (\$68) by **Akademiks** and a T-shirt by **Etnies** (\$19). The new trend is to push the denim envelope beyond the rinses and distressing techniques of the past. These jeans use patchwork seams for a funky-up feel. Call it ribbed for her visual pleasure.

PLAYBOY  
FASHION









THIS PAGE: Did you call my fighting technique rhythmic gymnastics, punk? In midair Jackie Sham readies for the Olympics in a red, white and blue mesh shirt by **Adidas** (\$45), drawstring pants by **Under Armour** (\$50) and nylon sneakers by **Converse** (\$40). Crouching Tiger is in a T-shirt by **Under Armour** (\$25), a tank by **Southshore Soldiers** (\$13), shorts by **Adidas** (\$30) and sneakers by **Jordan** (\$100). His bag is by **Avirex** (\$32).



THAT PAGE: Fake-Rod wears a sleeveless top by **Adidas** (\$35). His fleece baseball pants are by **Pony** (\$70), and his off-road sneakers are by **Geox** (\$115). Number 72 is in a jacket by **Eckored** (\$79), a bra by **H&M** (\$13), a skirt by **Parasuco** (\$70) and sandals by **Via Spiga** (\$165).



Great Dan is in a henley tee by **D&G** (\$175), pants by **Anoname Jeans** (\$90) and suspenders by **Trafalgar** (\$140). His camo-print trucker hat is by **Southshore Soldiers** (\$11), his ring—in 14-karat gold and red car paint—is by **House of Done** (\$1,800), and his leather sneakers are by **Timberland** (\$76). Here's a summer fashion question for the ladies: What's the point of wearing panties if you're not going to show them off? The Answer is wearing a dress by **Rubin Chapelle** (\$850) and sandals by **Via Spiga** (\$168).





"Moose, fetch me a hot chick."  
Good dog. At left, about to congratulate his pooch, Mr. Tricky is in a lilac polo by **Swiss Army** (\$54), a yellow T-shirt by **Mavi Jeans** (\$32), cargo pants with attached belt by **Schott** (\$65) and suede sneakers by **Pony** (\$50). At right, Fratboy Slim wears cargo pants (\$58) and a navy polo (\$45) by **Tommy Jeans**. The T-shirt underneath (\$19) and his sneakers (\$55) are by **Etnies**. The leggy lassie is in a top by **Tommy Jeans** (\$25), a skirt by **H&M** (\$25) and shoes by **XOXO** (\$76).





# SKIN DEEP



**SHAVING >>** Clockwise from top left: The shaver is a FreeGlider 6690 by Braun (\$140). It has a five-minute quick-charge feature, can be used with or without its cord and employs refillable skin-conditioner cartridges. The aftershave balm by the Art of Shaving (\$37) contains lavender oil. Biotherm Homme makes the sensitive-skin shaving foam (\$15). The cleansing shave gel is AlphaGel by King of Shaves (\$5). The botanical preshave oil is by Zirh Prepare (\$15).

## STYLE BEGINS

## EVEN BEFORE YOU PUT ON YOUR CLOTHING



**SKIN CARE >>** These days men are expected to do more than just rinse off and roll. At far left is Eternity face moisturizing formula by Calvin Klein (\$18). The blue pump bottle contains Aramis's Lab Series for Men cleanser (\$14), for scrubbing away the dirt. The small jar of anti-puff eye gel is by La Prairie (\$125) and helps reduce circles under your eyes. The larger jar is Clinique's hydrating skin cream (\$75), which diffuses redness. At bottom right is a tube of exfoliating face scrub by Clarins Men (\$16).



**Fashion by JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

Photography by JAMES IMBROGNO

Produced by JENNIFER RYAN JONES



**BATHING >>** Clockwise from top left: Aramis's Lab Series offers Ab Rescue gel (\$30) to tighten skin around your stomach. The deodorant stick is Happy Me Pit Guard by Sharp's (\$10). Leave the baby shampoo to babies—this Invigorating Body Shampoo by Aramis (\$13) is made for grown-ups. Axe body spray (\$5) can be used all over, and it fights underarm odor to boot. Nautica's soap (\$13) may be on a rope, but it has been updated with olive oil and sea salt.



**PLAYBOY  
FASHION**

**FRAGRANCE >>** Find a signature scent—or two. Clockwise from top left: Echo is spicy, with hints of wood and leather; it's by Davidoff (\$59). Curve Crush, by Liz Claiborne (\$48), beckons girls with the aromatic freshness of basil and ginger. Creed makes Epicea (\$180), which offers a mix of exotic spices and Russian pine essence. Guerlain's Vetiver (\$41) is a limited edition eau de toilette perfect for the season. The iconic alligator adorns Lacoste's refreshing, summery eau de toilette (\$54).

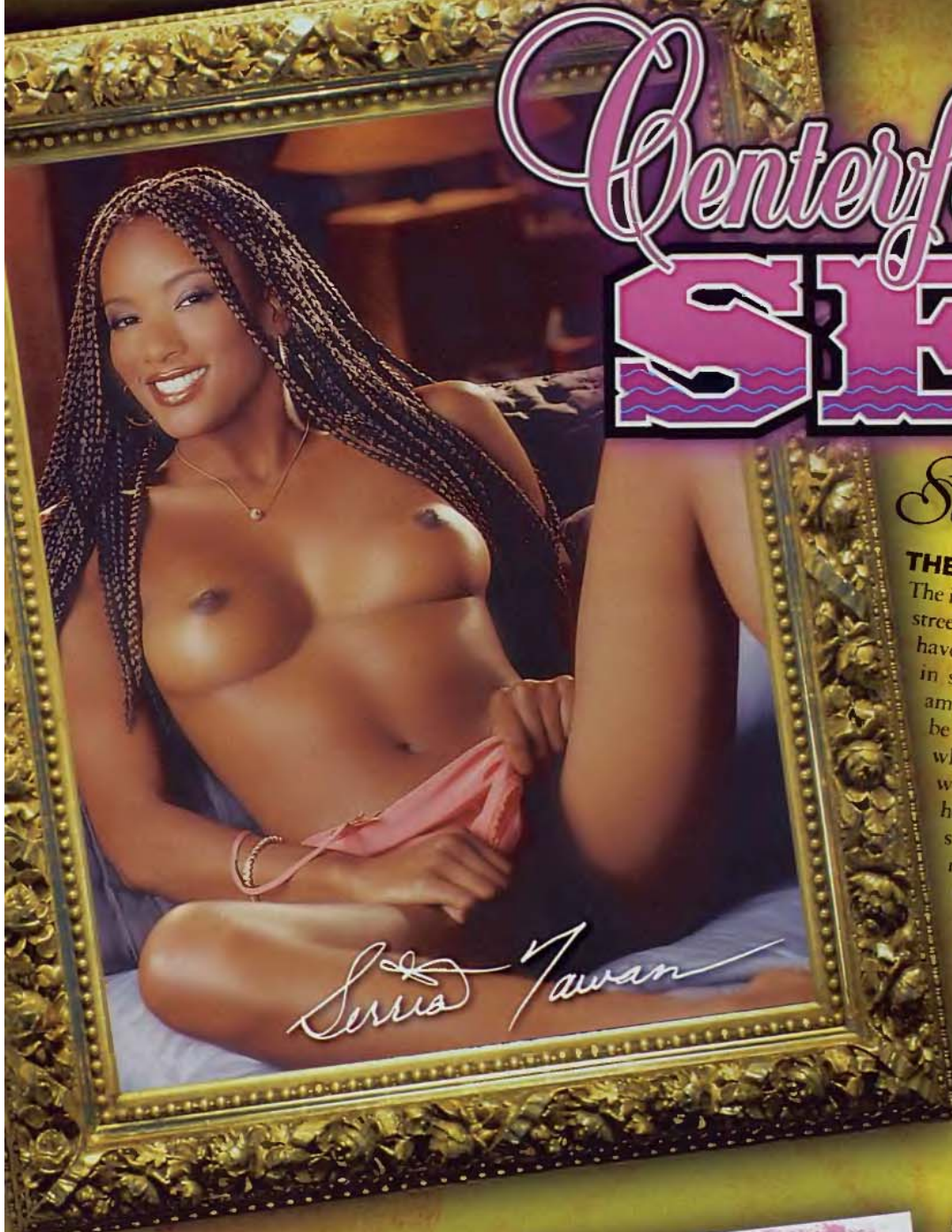




*"Maybe if I pulled a little it would go up!"*



# Centerfolds On **SEX**



*Serria Tawan*

## THE PERFECT MAN

The ideal guy would help an old lady cross the street or donate money to charity. He doesn't have to be religious, but it's nice if he believes in something higher than himself. He is ambitious but not a workaholic. I want to be his top priority. I'd run into him somewhere unexpected, like at the florist or walking in the park—a place that shows he has an appreciation for life. A man should open the door for me and let me walk through first. One guy I went out with kept walking through doors the same time I did; we had this hip war all night. I don't like smooth men who have a "hey, baby" attitude. I want someone who is as close to a virgin as I can get—by that I mean a man who is naive and unassuming.

## THE PERFECT DATE

I always meet my date somewhere public rather than at my house, in case the night doesn't go well. He shouldn't turn on the car radio, because it's hard to talk over the noise. He tells great jokes and, even more important, laughs at mine. At a restaurant a man should drink just enough to prove he can control himself. Men who are in AA scare me because they had the privilege of alcohol and abused it. What else will they abuse? He should also offer to share a portion of his meal.

## THE PERFECT SEX

After dinner we go to an intimate bar and start making out. I put my hands down his pants and let him touch my boobs. I'll give him a little glimpse that lets him know I'm not wearing any underwear, but he can't touch down there in public. For that we have to go back to his place. We head straight for his bedroom. There's no need for much foreplay; we got warmed up at the bar. But the sex must be slow.









## Christina Applegate

20Q

## Anchorman's newsgal gives us the scoop on Will Ferrell's mustache and cussing in nursery school

1

PLAYBOY: Your new comedy, *Anchorman*, is set in the freewheeling 1970s. What's your disco-era time-travel fantasy?

APPLEGATE: Studio 54. I never got to go because, well, I was six years old. I'd get wasted and dance and watch people have sex. How cool would that be? Of course, most of those people ended up dead or in rehab, but it would be fun to go once just to see the debauchery. It doesn't happen anymore. Or maybe it does, but I have no clue where they're holding that particular party.

2

PLAYBOY: You play an ambitious TV reporter fighting Will Ferrell's male chauvinist pig broadcaster. Do you think Barbara Walters got her fanny slapped back in the day?

APPLEGATE: Well, Jessica Savitch was one of the first female anchors, in the 1970s in Philadelphia. There are these incredible tapes of when they would leave the camera running between segments. They're all smiles, and then the newscast goes off and you can feel the pecking order. You can feel that she was the low figure on the totem pole and wasn't going to win with these men.

3

PLAYBOY: When you travel to different cities, do you tune in to local news?

APPLEGATE: Oh yeah. It's hysterical. It's like a time warp. They think everything they're saying is really charming and funny, and it's so sad. But they definitely have less entertainment value than our news in Los Angeles. Here the top story is "Pamela Anderson got another boob job! She took out her implants and then put 'em back in! All in one weekend!"

4

PLAYBOY: Does Will Ferrell, to crib his line from *Zoolander*, take crazy pills?

APPLEGATE: I don't think he takes crazy pills as much as he has an incredible imagination. He goes beyond what you think a character should be thinking and into the whole spectrum of what the character could possibly think in six lifetimes. His improv is so out there, you go, "How the fuck did you come up with that?" That's why you watch *Old School* 50 times—because you're just trying to get to the Will Ferrell parts. I think he's a genius.

5

PLAYBOY: And yet he doesn't seem like the typical tortured comedian.

APPLEGATE: Not at all. The difference with tortured comedians is that you can tell they're not connecting with other actors. All they want is for you to look at them—"Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look at me!"

6

PLAYBOY: What was it like to pucker up to Ferrell with his industrial-strength *Anchorman* mustache?

APPLEGATE: Foul. There's a scene in the movie when we finally get together, and it's supposed to be the Tracy-and-Hepburn moment, like Bogie and Bacall, except when you see me I'm not even touching his lips. I thought, Christina, why weren't you submerged in the moment? Because that mustache was so prickly. Subconsciously I didn't want to touch his mouth. Look, guys, pubes on your face that thick? It's horrible.

7

PLAYBOY: In the battle of the sexes, what's your weapon of choice?

APPLEGATE: I don't want to have a pissing contest with a man. I find that when women embrace their womanhood, the battle is over, because y'all can't live without us. We went through a period when women were trying to be a little too masculine. What if we had a bunch

of guys trying to be more feminine to fit in with us? We like the maleness of men—the take-charge, take-care-of-everything attitude.

8

PLAYBOY: What other male stereotype do you find accurate?

APPLEGATE: Sports guys and ball scratching. They just seem to go hand in hand, so to speak.

9

PLAYBOY: What's the status of sexism in Hollywood today?

APPLEGATE: Everyone's trying to be politically correct, but when it comes down to it, women aren't treated equally in this business. With every script, it's "We've got to find the guy first, because the guy brings legitimacy to the project." During rehearsals, ideas and rewrites are constantly geared toward what the man has to say. It's a subtle difference, and I have never been treated poorly by any men. But in the scripts I'm getting I'm not seeing anything that hasn't been done 5,000 times before. Predictable female roles.

10

PLAYBOY: Does it make you happy that Cameron Diaz now commands \$20 million a picture?

APPLEGATE: Of course I'm happy. She's one of my dearest friends. Cameron Diaz deserves \$20 million a picture because she brings in more than \$20 million a picture. She's worked hard and has a quality about her that people fall in love with. So hey, give her the \$20 million. I will say that it makes me sad that the Kate Winslets of the world don't get \$20 million a picture.

11

PLAYBOY: You started in showbiz when you were very young. What's your earliest acting memory? (continued on page 153)

131





1<sup>a</sup> Femme  
FATALE

Peta  
Wilson's  
latest  
assignment  
is any-  
thing but  
undercover



P

eta Wilson has built a Hollywood résumé conspicuously lacking in the typical girlfriend and damsel-in-distress roles, and that's fine by her. "I like going for it," she says in her distinctively breathy voice. "When I'm 85 I'd like to be able to have my great-grandchildren say, 'Wow, I can't believe that was you.' It's thrilling to walk on the edge to somewhere you'd never go in your own life."

For the statuesque 33-year-old, this has included playing Dracula's vampire bride in *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, a lesbian seductress in *Mercy* and, of course, the sexy title assassin of TV's *La Femme Nikita*. When the popular cable show about a falsely convicted murderer forced to become a government spy wound down in 2000 after four seasons, the network received more than 25,000 protest letters, which inspired Peta to return for eight more episodes. "I was so touched that I agreed to do it to tie up some loose ends for the fans," she says. "And I'm still open to doing that character if they want me to. Nikita was a beauty—her vulnerability was her power."

To prepare for Nikita's backstory as a drug-addicted street denizen, Peta spent six weeks hanging out with the "wolves" on the streets of L.A. and New York. Similarly, she immersed herself in S&M dungeons and even hired a dominatrix to prepare for her steamy role in the 2000 erotic thriller *Mercy*. "That is my favorite movie to date," she says. "My father rented the video and rang me. I hadn't encouraged him to see it, because I kiss Ellen Barkin and there are other things going on, so I tried to change the conversation. But he said, 'I got sucked into the film and really believed you. Within the first minute I forgot you were my daughter.' I thought that was a great compliment."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER











### PETA'S PEAK PERFORMANCES

Peta began her career as a model, then found her groove as an actress. Clockwise from top left: Miss Wilson as gun-toting La Femme Nikita; a sexy moment on the *Nikita* set; sharing the screen with Shane West (left) and Sean Connery in *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*.





Born in Australia, Peta spent large chunks of her childhood with her military family in Papua New Guinea, sometimes staying eight weeks at a time on a houseboat, exploring remote South Pacific islands. "My brother and I were exposed to a pretty intense, primal kind of healthy human behavior," she says. "We got a sense of what it feels like to be different, and we were absolutely loved for it. You would have thought we were gods the way the natives treated us. They taught me fearlessness." Back in Australia Peta's family encouraged her to nourish her creative impulses as well. "My mother's side was a big, loud Irish family. They constantly impersonated one another," she says. "When I was at an early age, my grandfather had me up on the table, doing little dances and telling stories."

Now living in Los Angeles, Peta says

home will always be down under. "I've got 10 acres on the beach six hours north of Sydney, in a town of 3,000 people," she says. "It's nice and quiet. There's lots to do but not a lot to contend with. In this little town of Los Angeles there are a few more films going on, so I'm here at the moment. A lot of things are bubbling away in different stages of eruption. I just read a script featuring an otherworldly character. I think it would be so much fun to play her because it's something people would say women don't do."

After *La Femme Nikita* ended, Peta took the opportunity to have a child. "He's my little king in the making," she says. "I've always been a strong woman. Some people describe me as a broad. I've always liked men, of course; I'm definitely a healthy heterosexual girl. But after having a baby boy, I think I'm

going to understand men a lot better and love them all the more because I've got one of my own now." Another man in her life is Steve, her cherished 1964 Mustang fastback. "It's like the model from *Bullitt*, so it's named after Steve McQueen," she says. "It's great. It idles at 25. My father and I sort of collect cars together, but I sold my 1958 Chevy Impala, Lucille. At the moment I'm not indulging in extravagant treats. I have Steve and my baby, and that's plenty."

As much as guys appreciate that classic car, when Peta emerges from the driver's seat all eyes are on her. "Sometimes fans look at you as if you're this extraordinary thing. It's really flattering, but it's a projection from them onto me," she says. "I don't feel as if I'm anything special. I'm just a normal girl living out a big dream."











**“I don’t think you should be cruel to anyone—animal or person,” Peta says. And yes, she has been approached by PETA to join the cause. “But I wear leather shoes and eat lamb chops. I don’t want to be a hypocrite.”**









**“What really made me want to do PLAYBOY was finding out that Patrick Demarchelier was the photographer,” Peta explains. “I said, ‘Work for an iconic magazine, look like an icon and be photographed by an icon? Yeah, now is the time to do it.’”**









# PAPARAZZI (continued from page 118)

*"I take offense when someone calls me paparazzi. I'm not comfortable invading somebody's privacy."*

on the other side just in time to see her parking again, in front of a salon.

We position the Camry so we'll have an unobstructed angle of Ryan as she leaves. Rylewski spritzes his windows with Windex. Forty minutes later Ryan heads down the sidewalk straight toward us. Rylewski clicks off a blur of photos, ducking as she gets close and instructing me to do the same. Granted, I've hidden my face while watching a few Meg Ryan flicks, but a week ago I don't think I could have imagined a reason I'd be hiding from Ryan herself.

Though the photos aren't particularly newsworthy—hell, she's not actually doing anything—they are exclusives, a precious commodity in this town. Which isn't to say they'll necessarily sell: This week's demand could depend on whether Britney hogs the space by getting married again or some TV star is snapped coming out of rehab.

Once or twice a week Rylewski transmits recent catches to photo editors at the tabloids and glossies. If they're interested, negotiations begin. Persian bazaar-style haggling can ensue, though in most cases the worth of a particular set of photos is clear to both sides.

As the sole full-time employee of his own agency, Rylewski is something of a dinosaur. Most L.A. paparazzi are now concentrated in four large agencies: Splash, Bauer-Griffin, Fame and X17. They have the budgets to wine and dine editors, hire sales staff and even pay their shooters something akin to a salary. The trade-off is that big paydays are split with the agency. Disputes over commissions are common, which is why Rylewski went his own way.

Given the bigger-is-better trend, going solo was a shaky proposition. Rylewski lacked contacts and much credibility. That all changed when he snapped exclusive shots of Nicole Kidman and Tobey Maguire together. It was Kidman's first suspected fling after her marriage to Tom Cruise had gone splat. Rylewski sold the photos for \$87,000.

"It changed my life," he says.

#### LESSON NUMBER FOUR: USE THE LOCAL TALENT

Later that afternoon, amid a steady drizzle, we pull to the curb in front of a burger joint on San Vicente in Brentwood. On the sidewalk is a husky black fellow with a yellow front tooth and a cardboard sign that reads VIETNAM VET.

NEED FOOD. ANY MONEY APPRECIATED.

"Hey, Green," Rylewski greets the man amiably. "Seen anyone good today?"

"Nah, it's been quiet."

A homeless guy who keeps an eye peeled for celebrities—now *that's* L.A. Green has current copies of *Us Weekly* and *In Touch* stuffed in the pockets of his ragged jacket. A hands-free cell phone earpiece dangles from under his baseball hat, near his left ear. And when he dips his sign I see scrawled on the back a crib sheet of celebrities' cars and plate numbers.

Green has been hanging around this corner for 11 years. "About five years ago a guy comes up and asks if I ever see stars," he explains. "I tell him I see them all the time. He gives me his business card and some cash. Tells me to call him when I see someone. So I did."

Since then Green has become a valued paparazzi asset. Rylewski pays him for tips and occasionally buys him lunch to keep him happy. I ask Green about the bulging folder under his arm, and he opens it. It's filled with paparazzi photos clipped from tabloids featuring him panhandling celebrities.

"That's me and Jim Carrey," Green says. "That's me and Van Damme. They were setups. The photographer had me set them up." A picture of a star handing a homeless guy money is, after all, worth more than a star walking down the street.

Green is just one of the town's street-level reconnaissance corps—doormen, valets, security guards, waiters and, yes, homeless people on the lookout and on the take, who trade celebrity coordinates for cold hard cash and keep the paparazzi machine running hot.

"What you see is everything," Rylewski reminds me. "You just have to turn it into gold."

We ask Green if he wants to join us for a burger, but he declines. "It's raining," he says. "That's gonna be bad for business. I'm gonna go watch some movies, study some faces."

#### LESSON NUMBER FIVE: DON'T UPSET THE HERD

*Paparazzi* has become a tag for all celebrity snappers, but there's a distinction between hard-core gotcha paparazzi such as Rylewski and the photographers who line the red carpet at movie premieres and other star-

studded events. A big distinction, if you ask them.

"I take offense when someone calls me paparazzi," says Lester Cohen, a celebrity photographer and one of the founders of WireImage, a top photo agency. "That's somebody who's not invited in, who'll go to any lengths to get the photo. I'm not comfortable invading somebody's privacy."

The disrespect is mutual. "They're just button pushers," Rylewski snorts. "It's so easy—you know the stars will be there on the carpet. Yet they're so serious, all those ants running around."

I check out this other, shiny side of the coin for myself by hitting the red carpet at the *Starsky & Hutch* premiere. At sundown I'm among a teeming mass of photographers herded into a makeshift pen outside the Westwood Village Theater entrance. Most carry step stools and at least two large cameras. I'm armed with a skimpy 35 millimeter I got for my birthday a few years ago.

The pen is separated from the imminent celebrity parade by a waist-high steel barrier. All the choice positions along the front are taken, so I camp behind a large woman, a spot everyone else seems to be avoiding. The tight space is illuminated by klieg lights and thick with body odor.

"Are you a photographer?" the woman asks, glancing dismissively at my camera.

"Yep."

She rolls her eyes.

Then comes the cavalcade of "stars." People named Michael Cera and Kelly Rowan are preceded down the carpet by publicists, who helpfully inform us who the hell they are. Then the yelling.

"Kelly! Kelly! Over here!"

"Kelly, you look beautiful!"

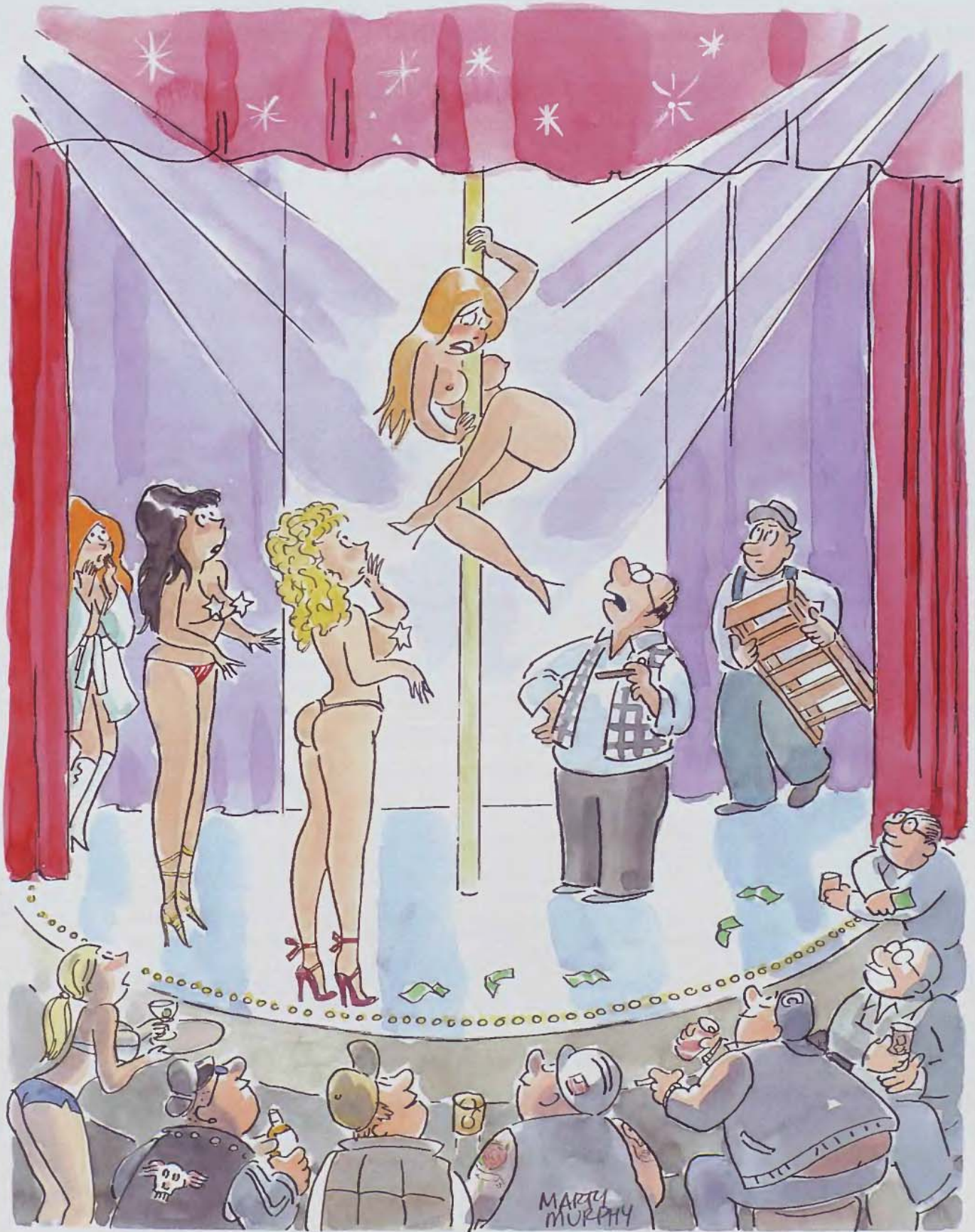
That's nothing compared with what happens when recognizable faces start to saunter in. Ben Stiller arrives to a mob scene; photographers literally climb over each other to get their shots. But when I press against the large woman in front of me she spins around with a swiftness of which I never imagined her capable.

"Don't...lean...on...me."

I smile, assuming she's just hazing the new guy. She glowers back to let me know she's serious. A photographer dashes from one end of the pen to the other, shouting, "Get out of my way! Get out of my way!"

The absurdity of this venture is that the stars are posing just a few feet away! Each celebrity spins around for each knot of photographers, offering whatever angles they want. The screaming and jostling are little more than a ritual intended to manufacture excitement around an event that





*"You should have mentioned you were afraid of heights on your résumé."*



will be repeated a couple hundred times this year.

When Stiller and co-star Owen Wilson start mugging together on the carpet, the pandemonium escalates until I'm convinced the entire pen is going to spontaneously combust. The movie? Somebody told me later it was okay if you weren't expecting too much.

LESSON NUMBER SIX:  
KNOW WHEN TO FOLD 'EM

Rylewski and I spend seven hours the next day cruising around Beverly Hills, staking out stars' houses and getting squat for our trouble.

Around four P.M. our luck turns. We catch Michael Douglas and Prince (not together, unfortunately) at the Beverly Hills Hotel. We snap Robert Downey Jr. reading *Star* at a clothing shop in Sunset Plaza. ("That's a sure seller. They love to see celebs reading their mag.") Then we catch Paris Hilton's sex video co-star, Rick Solomon, in the parking lot. ("Surprisingly, he sometimes sells.") We spy James Woods outside a hotel. All this in little more than an hour.

In *Green Hills of Africa*, a memoir about big-game hunting, Ernest Hemingway describes "the nervous exhilaration, like a laughing drunk, that a sudden idiotic abundance" of ordinarily rare game makes. We're similarly glowing from our windfall.

We head toward Ashton Kutcher's house. Photos of him with Demi Moore and her kids regularly fetch \$10,000. On the way Rylewski notices a party rental truck emerging from a leafy side street.

"Paul McCartney lives up there. I'll bet he's having a party," he says. Sure enough, McCartney's front gate is buzzing with activity. We pull past, attracting the attention of some well-dressed security guards. "It's only six P.M. We'll check for Kutcher and then come back."

Kutcher's place yields nothing, so after scarfing down some takeout we head

back to Sir Paul's estate. We trudge up the street toward the gates and are met by a phalanx of security guards in overcoats.

"Can we help you?"

"No," Rylewski answers without looking up.

"This street's closed. Private party."

"Do you have a permit for this?"

"Yeah."

"Okay," Rylewski says without missing a beat. "Let's see it."

Surprisingly important to paparazzi work is knowing the law. Although you aren't allowed to shoot on someone's private property, you cannot be ejected from a public place simply for taking pictures. And closing the street requires a permit. Nonetheless security is not amused.

"How about we call the cops and have you arrested?"

Rylewski doesn't flinch. "Go ahead. Bring the permit or bring the cops."

We hear a voice crackle over their radios: "We've got two guys here refusing to leave. Call the police. They're going to jail."

I shuffle my feet. Although I'm fairly certain we'd be among the tougher characters in the Beverly Hills lockup, I'm not eager to put this theory to the test. I take out my notebook and start scribbling, hoping to look like the sort of muckraking reporter who shouldn't be messed with. Nobody notices. A guy in a blue coat descends the hill.

"Who are you?" Rylewski asks.

"I'm the policeman who'll take you to jail if you don't leave." He shoves a piece of paper at Rylewski. It's the party permit.

We slink back down the hill, defeated.

LESSON NUMBER SEVEN: TRUST NO ONE

The next morning we catch Tara Reid canoodling with an anonymous guy in a baseball cap over brunch at a Sunset Boulevard cafe, then we spend the afternoon in Malibu. With its sunny, vacation-community vibe, it's a nice change from the city bustle yet still blessed with a higher ratio of celebs per square foot

than just about anywhere else on the planet. We cruise the parking lots in the Malibu Country Mart shopping center until Rylewski gets a call from a guy who used to work for him: Something is happening at Ralphs, the supermarket around the corner.

In some ways L.A. paparazzi are a tightly knit community. They are mostly foreign born and male and all seem to know one another. That doesn't mean they like one another. Competition leads to a never-ending tangle of squabbles, many of them personal. Still, there's a camaraderie based in part on their being privy to this shadowy parallel universe that hides in plain sight.

We scope Ralphs but find nothing. "It may have been a trick," Rylewski says. We return to the Country Mart to see Nicole Richie caught in a paparazzi cross fire outside a pet store. Moments later we run into the photographer who had provided the bogus tip.

"Sorry," he says, leaning out his window with a sly grin. "Did I say Ralphs? I meant the pet store. My bad."

Rylewski is only mildly annoyed—this cat-and-mouse game comes with the territory. Richie by herself isn't a big seller anyway. The real money is in shots of celebrity couplings, stars with their families and, best of all, freaky celebrity rendezvous.

Rylewski gets a call from another shooter, this one looking to sell some photos without the knowledge of his agency, which he's convinced is screwing him out of commissions by underreporting his sales. It's a common complaint that's difficult to verify, since photos are often sold multiple times, all over the world and in perpetuity.

The transaction has the surreptitious feel of a drug deal. In the back of his van the photographer hands Rylewski the flash card from his camera. Rylewski inserts it into his laptop and transfers the photos, then pays him \$200, promising more if the pictures sell.





The moral: You have no friends, only those who haven't screwed you over yet.

LESSON NUMBER EIGHT:  
SHOOTING IS A DRUG

Certain things become second nature the longer you do this. For one, I've started looking at people's faces much more closely. It pays off when I spot Alanis Morissette walking into a Malibu taqueria.

"Where?" Rylewski asks.

"To our right. Brown shirt. She looks different because her hair is short," I say with authority.

He seems impressed. "You want to take the photos?"

It's graduation day. My immediate impulse is to whip out the camera and start firing, but Rylewski cautions against it. "She'll probably eat at one of those outside tables. That's your best shot."

As we cruise the lot for a few minutes, I worry we'll lose her. But when we return to the taqueria she's just sitting down. I slouch in the backseat. Rylewski's camera is unexpectedly heavy. I hoist it to the window. The zoom makes Morissette appear so close that I pull my eye away to confirm she hasn't moved right outside my window. I focus. *Pop-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pop*. The camera shoots eight frames a second, which makes taking photos feel like firing an assault rifle. But as I capture her famous face chewing a burrito I feel neither shame nor self-loathing. In fact, I'm pretty pumped. Screw Jim Carrey and his paparazzi curse.

Later that day I spot Adam Sandler, a.k.a. Mr. Reclusive, behind the wheel. I snap him picking something up at his gym. The next day it's Mel Gibson, an ascendant target thanks to his blockbuster Jesus flick. With each success the base appeal becomes clearer: the thrill of the catch.

"This job is like a drug," Rylewski says. "You wait, but you're in suspense. You're like a pelican looking through the water. Then all of a sudden you go get the fish. I work seven days a week, 365 days a year. To me every hour the sun is shining is an hour I could be taking some star's reflection in my camera."

Refueling at a gas station I ask him if the whole idea—chasing movie actors around—ever seems silly.

"No," he says defensively. "Why? Do you feel silly?"

Rylewski's bravado notwithstanding, his chosen profession causes personal tension. His live-in girlfriend, a casting agent for a Hollywood studio, keeps the dirty secret from her co-workers. His parents hate it. Doesn't it bother him to be a leper?

"Yeah," he says after a long pause. "I can understand why people say we're scumbags. But I wouldn't do something to someone that I wouldn't like done to me." Besides, paparazzi exist only because people want them to.

"I don't understand what the problem is," says Peter Grossman, senior photo

editor at *Us Weekly*. "The public wants to see celebs like this. These guys are just doing a job, a service. I'd bet the average American could relate more to the paparazzi than to a movie star."

LESSON NUMBER NINE:  
CLICK HARD WITH A VENGEANCE

Which brings us back to where we started: Bruce Willis. Sure, we're still literally dripping with his disdain, but if I've learned anything this week it's that the only guarantee in paparazzi work is that giving up will get you nothing. As we jump out and follow, a passerby hisses, "Why don't you leave him alone?" Willis ducks into a clothing store where his daughters are shopping. A store employee closes the door, so Rylewski shoots through the window. Another photographer pulls up but stays in his car.

Willis's daughters exit the shop giggling and dash to their car, multimillionaire A-list dad in tow. Rylewski instinctively stations himself between them and the other paparazzo, obstructing his rival's shot. We tail Willis's car a few blocks until it's clear he's headed home.

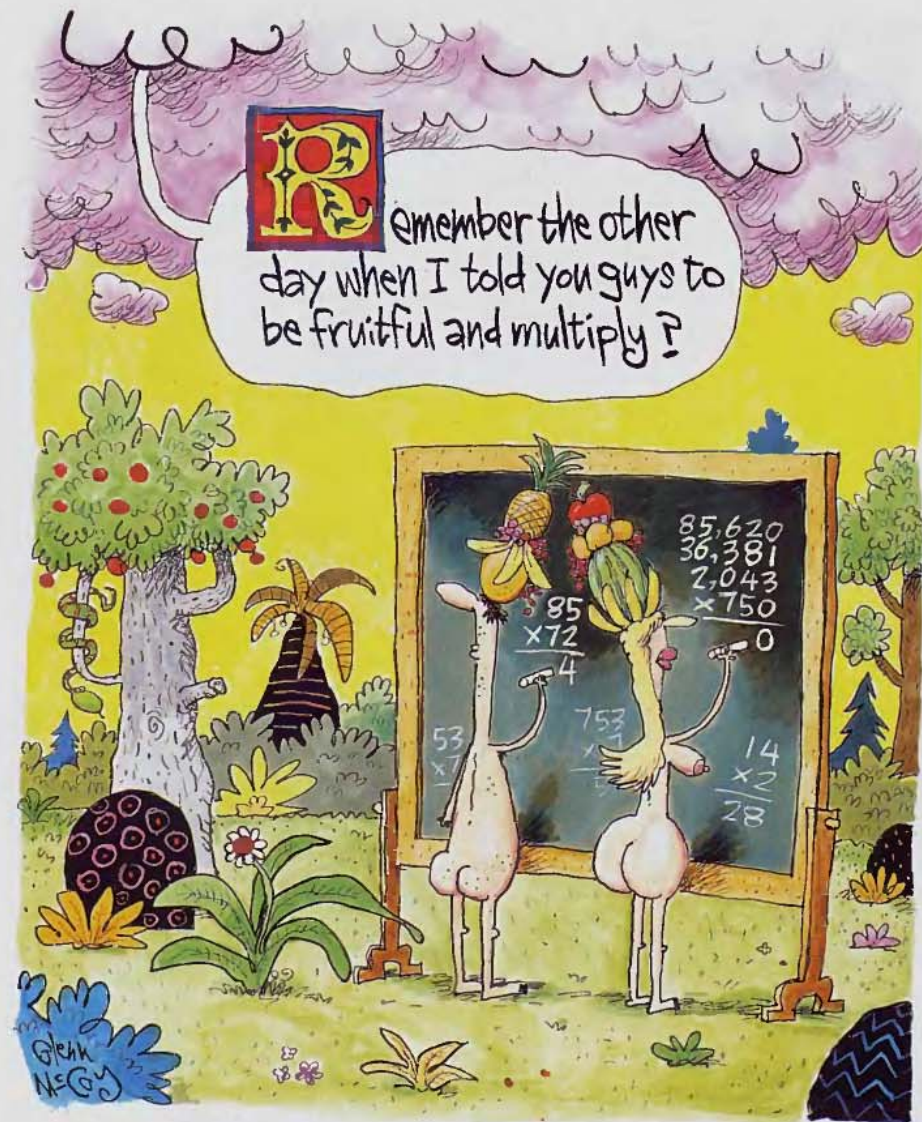
"My fucking flash card ran out," Rylewski says. "I don't think I got him and his daughters together. That was the goddamn money shot."

The mishap is costly: Our Willis pictures don't sell. In fact, from our week's work only two sets of pictures sell domestically: *In Touch* buys the Meg Ryan photos for \$750, and *Star* buys the Robert Downey Jr. photos for \$1,500. That'll just about cover the SUV repair bill.

But as we climb through the foothills of the Santa Monica mountains back toward Hollywood, his shirt still damp from Willis's shower, Rylewski's spirits are high.

"Did I ever tell you about my time in the army?" he asks. "My unit was called the Alpine Hunters. I hated it, got kicked out after eight months. But most of the techniques I'm using now I learned in the army—how to follow people, avoid being seen.

"Our unit's motto was 'Hunter one day, hunter forever,'" he continues, chuckling. "That's what I do now. I hunt."





# LA CONTE (continued from page 82)

*Now as they descended, LeFeuvre could see the ocean heaving, splitting and pulling apart in craters.*

need them for reference. Otherwise you won't see the water. You won't see anything. It's all black out there. No light. No light at all."

They were on the scene at 12:52 A.M., in complete darkness.

They roared directly over the fly-to position that had been radioed to them as the second Jayhawk flew back to Sitka. They were warned not to expect the survivors to be there, since the drift was so strong. But they had to start looking somewhere.

Torpey steadied the aircraft, and the Jayhawk's nose was pointed squarely into the wind. They had been pushed seven miles off the fly-to position by 110-mile-an-hour winds.

"What's our air speed?"  
"Eighty-two knots."

"What's our ground speed?"  
"Three knots."  
"Jesus."

It felt as though they were riding a roller coaster, with rushes and sudden swoops and plunges, and each time the helicopter dropped sharply LeFeuvre felt a hollowing-out sensation in the pit of his stomach. Torpey pushed the engines to 145 knots, and they began moving forward over the ocean at a speed of 25 knots.

LeFeuvre thought of the air rushing at them as a kind of river, so wide that if he were in a canoe he would not be able to make out either shoreline from the middle. Torpey instructed Fred Kalt and Lee Honnold, the two crew members in the cabin behind him, to begin to prepare for hoisting.

"Lee," Kalt said, "start handing me those glow sticks. And let's get the caps

off a couple of flares."

LeFeuvre glanced back and saw Kalt and Honnold tying chemical lights to the rescue basket. It was like something from a sci-fi movie: the silhouettes of two kneeling, helmeted figures hunched over a shiny metal cage, bathed in an eerie green glow.

Torpey said, "I'm going to descend to 150 feet."

"Roger that."

Until then they had snatched only glimpses of the waves. But now as they descended, LeFeuvre could see the ocean heaving, splitting and pulling apart in craters. So that's why the beacon signal keeps coming in and out, he thought. The waves were blocking the signal each time the EPIRB skidded into a trough or got swamped by a wave. Those seas must be huge, LeFeuvre said to himself.

The helicopter was bouncing off gusts but crabbing forward ever so slowly. LeFeuvre was squinting and scanning the blackness, hoping for a glint or a flash or anything that would give them something to home in on.

In the beam of the handheld searchlight the sea looked as though it was boiling. At times they could make out a wave

# Dirty Duck <sup>®</sup> by Bobby London





below and aft, and sometimes they could see a wave before the nose of the Jayhawk. But sometimes they saw nothing at all. There was no pattern.

For several minutes Kalt crouched on the lip of the jump door, the sleet rattling on his visor, the roar of wind and turbines in his helmet.

Then he looked up at Honnold and said in a flat, emotionless voice, "I see them."

The strobe slid beneath the helicopter. Around it, glinting in the searchlight, Honnold saw a gaggle of reflective tape. There could be two survivors, he thought. There could be five.

Like a lineman sending a football through his legs for a field-goal attempt, Kalt snapped one, two, three Mark 25 flares between his legs and out the door.

"Flares away!"

He spun around and leaned outside. Down below, the flares shot red-white flames across the black water.

"Flares are in the water. Flares ignited."

In the pilot's seat Torpey saw none of this. Sleet blanketed his windscreen, and everything—the horizon, the sky, the water—had whited out.

As he eased up on the controls to position the helicopter over the survivors, a gust threw the nose of the craft up 30 degrees. The helicopter plummeted toward the water. In the co-pilot's seat LeFeuvre had no time to read their rate of descent; he had only enough time to react, to pull on the collective stick, which controlled the chopper's altitude.

The radar altimeter was unwinding fast.

We're backing down, he thought, the floor of the helicopter seeming to drop out from under him as it went down, down, faster and faster in a backward, plunging rush. Then came the screams.

"Up!"

"Altitude!"

"Emergency up!"

That was when LeFeuvre saw the wave through his windscreen.

It was all black except for the white line along the top, and it was closing and building with a petrifying smoothness of motion. When it was within 50 yards and LeFeuvre saw the flares embedded in the wave, spinning and shining silvery in the bright white light, he squeezed the collective stick harder, his eyes locked on the smoothly approaching darkness.

"Up!"

"Up! Up!"

The radar altimeter read 40 feet. Seconds passed.

The altimeter still read 40.

This can't be, LeFeuvre said to himself. I'm pulling this helicopter up at full power. We should be going straight up.

Then it hit him: They were going straight up. But below them the wave was rising at the same speed.

Well, Lord, LeFeuvre said to himself, I

am going to meet you now. But do I have to go out being cold and wet?

At that instant the helicopter lurched skyward. The rogue wave broke just beneath it.

By the time LeFeuvre arrested their ascent, the Jayhawk had climbed to 600 feet above the ocean and sailed a mile downwind of the survivors. It took the crew another 10 minutes to get back to the scene.

The Mark 25 flares were still visible, upwind of the strobe light.

"Okay, guys," Torpey said over the intercom. "Get those smokes ready. And this time, Fred, don't use any of those small flares. From now on all that go in the water are the big ones, the Mark 58s. Got that?"

"Roger."

Torpey went back to work. His movements are as crisp as they were at takeoff, LeFeuvre thought. They dumped seven Mark 58s.

"That was good," Torpey said. "Okay, let's complete part two of the rescue checklist. We're going to do a basket hoist."

Honnold unhooked the rescue basket from the cargo straps and set it on deck. Kalt slid over to the winch. LeFeuvre flipped two toggle switches on the console above his head, supplying power to the hoist.

"Fred," Torpey said to Kalt.

"Sir?"

"Get ready to work with me now," Torpey told him, "because you're going to see some pretty big changes in the way I fly this thing."

The rescue basket was now swinging like a pendulum beneath the helicopter. Kalt just watched it swing and swing and swing until finally a wave smacked it into a trough and buried it under a cascade of water.

"Is it in?"

"It's in."

"Basket's in the water!"

Kneeling, the sweat running down his back, Kalt watched the green glow of the chemical sticks fade as the basket settled under the waves.

He cleared his visor of sleet and looked down. The basket had resurfaced. The green glow was only about five yards from the flashing strobe.

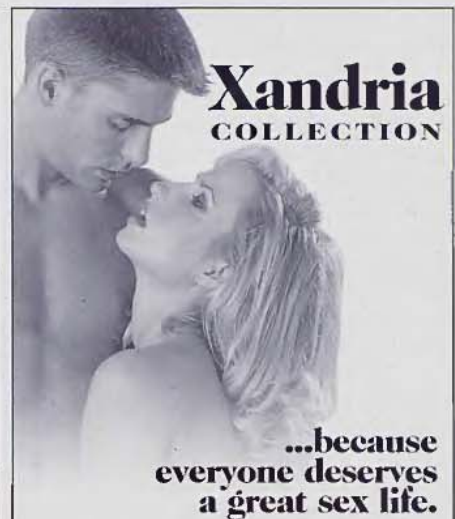
"Why aren't they climbing into it?"

Honnold asked. He was lying spread-eagle on the deck, shining the handheld searchlight on the survivors.

"Shit," Honnold said. He was breathing heavily. "It's right there. It's right there in front of them."

"It's sinking below the surface," Kalt told him. "They can't see it." He was thinking he had never really seen waves before.

Kalt threw the winch in reverse. They had been hoisting for more than 40 minutes. The first few drops had been almost laughable, but with the next 10



## Xandria COLLECTION

...because  
everyone deserves  
a great sex life.

### How good are you in bed?

Imagine if you were better.

Often it only takes a new technique or erotic treat to make the difference between not quite getting her there and sending her over the edge, or to transform singles into multiples.

Because the simple truth of the matter is that however good you are now, there's always something you can add that will make you even better.

We carry over 1,000 adult items, books, videos, and other sexy goodies designed to help you discover exactly what turns her on, heightens her pleasure, and sends her over the edge.

And if she's happy, you're going to be very happy.

Plus, our products are also fun for men. After all, it's about your pleasure, too.

For over 30 years, we've been providing quality adult items along with our **100% Guarantee of Privacy, Quality, and Satisfaction**. Unlike most other adult products companies, all transactions with us are strictly confidential—we'll never sell, rent, or trade your name to anyone for any reason. And our 60-day satisfaction guarantee ensures that you'll always be pleased with your purchases.

Use the coupon below to purchase a \$4 catalog or order online at:



Get \$4 OFF your first purchase!

Go to [xandria.com](http://xandria.com) and enter the code **PB0704** in the "Promo Code" box, or purchase a catalog by mail (see coupon below).

### Xandria Collection

Dept. PB0704, P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988  
Enclosed is my check or money order for \$4 (\$5 Canada, £3 UK).  
Please send me the Xandria Gold Edition Catalog  
and a coupon good for \$4 OFF my first purchase.

I am over 21.  
Signature required

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address \_\_\_\_\_

Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.



tries Kalt was dragging the basket to within five yards of the survivors.

While they got the basket ready again Torpey worked as hard as he ever had in any helicopter. He was doing 30-degree-angle banks, lifting the helicopter's nose up, throwing it down, wrenching it hard right, left, then left again, then hard down, up, right, left, back, all to compensate for the gusts. He was also suffering from what pilots call helmet fire. The inside of Torpey's helmet was soaked with so much sweat he had turned on the cockpit's air-conditioning.

Relax, he was saying to himself. Just take it easy. In the cabin, rescue swimmer Mike Fish held new flares, and Honnold cut the bindings. They pulled the cylinders out of the canisters and handed them to Kalt, who turned the tabs to arm them and then laid them out on the deck, perpendicular to the door.

The helicopter took an uppercut from a gust and the flares hopped around the cabin.

"Okay," Torpey said, "prepare to deploy flares. Okay. Drop! Drop! Drop!"

"Flares have ignited," he said in the deadpan voice that had intensified only slightly since they departed Sitka.

"Captain LeFeuvre," he heard Fish say, "watch our altitude, sir. We're now at 72 feet."

"Thanks, Mike." LeFeuvre pulled gently on the collective. "Taking us back up."

At times LeFeuvre could see tremendous streaks of foam being ripped off the wave crests and slung in long white lassos, and he noticed that Torpey was

using those foamy streaks as references, angling the helicopter to keep the wind planing off the aircraft's nose. Then everything would go blindingly white again and he would have only the radar altimeter to focus on.

Over the intercom he could hear Kalt mutter, "Uh-oh." The flight mechanic had just pitched the rescue basket out the jump door again.

"Mr. Torpey?" Kalt said.

"What?"

"The basket is sailing from side to side." Kalt was hanging halfway out the door. They could hear his mouthpiece picking up the wind's howl. "The basket is flapping in all this wind. It's sailing aft at 45 degrees."

"What can I do?" asked Torpey.

Kalt pulled himself into the cabin. "Let me get it in and try again." He threw the winch in reverse. "Go forward and right," he said.

They tried turning the helicopter a bit to create a lee, but that didn't work either. Over and over Kalt threw the basket out, hoping the gusts would stop, trying to time it so the wind would not fling the cage into the tail rotor. But on the rare occasions that the basket did hit the water it bounced and twirled from crest to trough, appearing and disappearing in the foam-laced swells.

Torpey was really laying into the controls now, no longer banking 20 or 25 degrees but routinely inclining the helicopter at a 40- to 45-degree angle.

It began to make a difference. Torpey and Kalt found a rhythm, and soon the

conning commands were not as dramatic: Kalt spoke almost softly, like a surgeon, talking his pilot through the maneuvers as calmly as if they were setting down on a deserted beach—telling him to go 50 feet this way, 30 feet that way, 20 feet aft, 15 forward, until they were consistently within a tightening area. The helicopter was still heaving, pitching wildly in the wind, but it was no longer sailing all over the sky.

Down in the churning sea the basket was bobbing within 10 yards of the survivors.

"I've got the basket near the survivors," Kalt said in the same emotionless tone. "Paying out slack.... Okay, Lee, hold it.... That's it, hold!"

Torpey laughed.

"Hold? In this?"

"Hold!"

Kalt could see only blurry shapes in a circle. Then one of the shapes broke from the others. He saw the flash of reflective tape. "Someone's swimming toward the basket!"

Grabbing the hoist cable now, feeling the heavy tautness of the steel fibers sliding through the fingers and palm of his leather hoisting glove, he waited for a tug in the line.

Then, "I think I got somebody! Yes! We got one in the basket! Taking a load!"



Roughly 100 feet below where Kalt was kneeling, Doyle was shouting to Morley, "Mark, I'm cutting you free of the rope now!"

"Just get me close! Just get me close! I'll get in the thing, I swear it!"

"Okay, Mark. Take it easy. I'll get you there. You're the first one up, okay?"

"Where? Where?"

"It's close by. Close. See what I told you? You're going to see your kid."

Once Doyle had heard the distant throbbing turn to a whining roar and had seen the spotlight, he felt a hopeful, singing feeling around his heart. Then the helicopter was overhead, much lower than the first two, and shoots of bright white light were bursting around them, casting shadows and lighting the waves green again; then he saw the glint of the hoist cable in the coned light of the belly floods.

Then the helicopter went hurtling downwind.

Doyle had watched it go shooting away until it was almost out of sight. Then he saw it wobbling up from the horizon, growing bigger and brighter, and then he saw the shine of flare casings tumbling through the sky and more bursts of the red-white light not far off. The basket was moving closer, all the time closer, and he was thinking, God, bring it to me. I'll grab it and I won't let it go, I swear. And then, mopping his eyes, he spotted the glowing green rescue basket no farther away than the length of two swimming pools.



"What did you have for lunch?"



Doyle yanked his suit zipper down to his waist and, feeling the icy shock on his chest, pulled out his fishing knife.

"Mark," he said, "I'll get you into the basket. Two people can fit in that basket. When we get to it, you grab it. You hang on. Even if I can't get in."

"I gotta get in it."

He cut the rope around Morley's waist. "I want you to swim as hard as you can." He severed his own line. "I'll be holding you." He let the knife go. "Giggy, I'm taking Mark up!"

"Go!"

Reaching his arm over the skipper's back, Doyle started kicking and thrashing. Every muscle felt rigid. Needles of pain shot through them. He swam hard. It didn't seem as though he was moving.

Ahead the green glow was rising and falling in the blackness.

"Move!"

His legs felt like lead. The glowing box was coming straight at him. He swam as hard as he could. The swells were lifting him up and down, but the glow was brighter and brighter. He felt a sharp pain in his skull.

Doyle grabbed the metal cage with his free, left hand and steadied it.

"Mark, get in!"

He tried to heave Morley into the basket. He got behind him and pushed.

No good.

"Christ!" he screamed at Morley. "Help me!"

Get into the basket yourself and pull him into it, Doyle said to himself. "Here," he shouted into Morley's face. He grabbed the heavy arms and draped them over the top of the wired basket. "That's it. Now hold on to the cable."

Doyle swung around in the water, grabbed the opposite side of the basket and hoisted himself up and in so that his knees pressed off the bottom of the cage.

"Come on!"

On his knees, his hands grabbing Morley's, he pulled with everything he had.

"Come on!"

Again he struck back hard against the great weight.

"Get in here!"

Just then he felt a heavy jerk.

As soon as LeFeuvre heard Kalt shout that a man was in the basket, he pulled full power on the collective. The helicopter shot skyward. Kalt, catapulted backward, peeled himself off the back wall and staggered to the door.

Below, the basket crashed through a comber and, spinning and shedding foam, punched through the far side of the wave.

"Holy crap!" Kalt shouted. "The survivor's still in the basket!"

The winch was taking cable onto the reel in sweeps as fast as the reel could turn. "Basket's halfway up!"

The cage, tiny at first but growing

steadily in size, pitched and spun, engulfed in curling curtains of sleet and snow.

"Basket's 20 feet below the cabin!"

Up, up, up it came until it swayed just outside the jump door.

"Basket's outside the cabin door!"

Kalt reached for it. The basket swung away from him.

"Bringing the basket in!"

This time he grabbed the metal cage and pulled. It didn't budge. He pulled again.

Stuck.

"Bringing the basket in!"

He yanked harder.

"Attempting to bring the basket in," he said, grunting. "It, ah, it...the basket won't come in the door."

Kalt was now crouching at the door, shouting to Honnold, "Pull, Lee, pull!"

Both men were leaning back, pulling with all the strength in their cramping muscles.

"Are you pulling?"

"I'm pulling! I'm pulling!"

"It's not coming in!"

Fish, in his seat, monitoring altitude and working the high-frequency radio, looked up. Through an opening between Kalt's right leg and the jump door, he saw why the basket would not enter.

A second man was dangling from it.

Each time Kalt and Honnold tried to yank the basket, the dangling man's arms and head rammed against the lip of the jump door.

"Fred!" Fish shouted to Kalt. "Someone's hanging on the basket!"

"I can't see him!" Kalt shouted.

The man was inches below Kalt's boots, barely clinging to the bottom of the basket. He lifted his head, looked into the cabin and locked eyes with Fish.

For a second. Just one second.

Time enough for everything to pause in Fish's mind, for the whining sleet and the groaning turbines to hush.

Time enough for one man's eyes to scream for mercy, for another's to scream in horror.

Not a minute earlier the basket had been 80 feet below the helicopter, bouncing like a yo-yo in the wind and the whirling thick snow and sleet.

"We're getting there!" the man on his knees inside the rescue basket was screaming. "Just hang on!"

The man dangling from the bottom of the basket yelled back, "Hang on to me!"

"I got you!"

"Don't let me go!"

"I said I got you!"

The man kneeling inside the basket, Bob Doyle, had his hands under the armpits of the dangling man, Mark Morley, and he was saying to himself, We're going to be okay now. The sea can't get us anymore. We're out of it. We're out of it.

The basket kept spinning, twirling,

## Naughty Days of the Week



Lingerie  
emblazoned  
Make-out  
Monday,  
Take me  
Tuesday,  
Why not  
Wednesday,  
Thrill me  
Thursday,  
Flirt with  
me Friday,  
Seduce me  
Saturday,  
Sex on  
Sunday.

Imported of  
cotton/lycra.  
S/M or M/L.  
All 7 panties:  
\$79.  
Camis:  
\$129.

877-735-0001  
www.panties.com

## Intimate Area Shaver

For Women and Men

Shaves Closer Than a Blade!  
Won't Irritate Personal Areas!



Introducing  
The new  
"Body Bare"  
rechargeable  
shaver

As mentioned in PLAYBOY's  
"The Advisor" Column

No Rash or Bumps  
No Ingrown Hairs  
No Nicks or Cuts  
No Pulling  
Silky Smooth  
Better than Waxing

www.2sensualproducts.com  
(210) 558-7262  
For discount mention #PB2



shedding spray.

"We're almost there!"

"I can't hang on anymore!"

"Give it what you can!"

"I can't!"

"Don't let go!"

"Please don't drop me! Please don't drop me!"

They were now in the belly lights of the helicopter. They were 15 feet below the jump door, and as they climbed Doyle saw, from the corner of his eye, helmets and shoulders hanging out the side of the helicopter.

"Don't drop me!"

Just then a gust slammed into them. The basket rocked and whirled. Doyle's hands no longer had his skipper by the armpits; they had slid down Morley's arms and were fastened to his wrists.

"Hang on!"

Morley's hands, which had been clutching the basket, were sliding now.

"Don't let go!"

Doyle lunged with one hand and grabbed his skipper's collar. Leaning back, knees digging into the wire mesh of the basket bottom, he swung his other hand around and seized Morley's shoulder. Then he leaned back.

"Bob!"

"I got you!"

The upper half of the basket was now above the deck of the helicopter cabin.

"We're here!" Doyle screamed hoarsely at the shapes in the doorway. He looked down.

"Hang on, Mark! We're here!"

"I can't!"

The basket lurched.

"Hey!"

Two pairs of gloved hands were now yanking at the basket frame. Doyle tried to shout, but the groaning roar of the turbines and the whining sleet swallowed his screams.

"No, wait!"

Another lurch. This time he saw it: the head of the dangling skipper rammed against a steel rail beneath the door frame. Again the basket lurched. Again Doyle heard the dull, sickening thud of Morley's head against the airframe. This time Morley lifted his head.

He turned it a little to the left, then turned back and looked straight up and locked eyes with the man in the basket above him.

His friend.

"No!" Doyle was shrieking. "Oh please, Mark, don't..."

And then Mark Morley allowed the wind to take him in any direction that it wished.

The man in the basket was hysterical, gesturing, blubbering. Honnold was trying to calm him down.

"What the hell's wrong with this guy?" Honnold said. "He's going frickin' nuts."

Kalt didn't hear him. In all the confusion the intercom cord plugged into his helmet had come loose. He picked it up from the deck and plugged it back into his helmet.

"What's the matter?"

"There was someone hanging on the basket."

"Are you sure?"

"He just fell."

"The skipper," the rescued man shrieked. Tears streaked his reddened cheeks. "The skipper just fell. Oh God, I let him go! I let him go!"

In the cockpit LeFeuvre was working the collective and watching the radar altimeter. He could not help hearing their talk. But he had not taken his eyes off the console or the seas, not even when he heard the commotion over the fallen survivor. He wondered how it must be to fall through darkness and not know when you would hit the water.

The basket was already going down again. It splashed in a trough between two enormous waves, 10 yards from the survivors.

Below the helicopter, floating spread-eagle and facedown, was a man in a survival suit. He did not appear to be moving.

Better go for the ones who look as though they're conscious, Kalt said to himself. Get moving. He and Torpey understood each other perfectly now. He had to call only two or three conning commands to establish a hover position over the strobe.

They were 15 minutes into the hoist evolution when LeFeuvre noticed the warning light flashing on the fuel gauge. "We don't have enough gas to get back to Sitka," he said.

Torpey did not answer him. He was banking the helicopter and fighting to hold a position. "I'll figure it out."

After a brief conversation with a C-130 airplane circling high above the scene, LeFeuvre turned to Torpey.

"Listen, from here Yakutat is about 15 minutes, which means we've got enough fuel to stay safely for another hour and 40 minutes."

"Are you sure?"

"I just double-checked my figures...."

"Captain," Torpey said, pointing, "watch that wave there!"

LeFeuvre hit the collective, heard the turbines whine and felt the sudden, hollowing-out, thrusting jump of the helicopter in his stomach. A comber—80 feet at least—swept beneath them. Torpey exhaled.

"Okay," he said. "We stay longer."

Below them the wave buried the basket for almost a minute. But Kalt did not stop dragging it until it was within 10 yards of the strobe light. "Paying out slack," he said.

LeFeuvre was dropping their altitude when he heard Kalt shout, "Survivor's in the basket!"

Just then a gust buffeted the helicopter.

Honnold, Fish and Kalt were shouting. The hoist was screeching. Kalt struggled to the winch and found it in the stop position. The cable was jerking, and more than 80 feet of hoist cable was still out.

"I'm pulling it up," Kalt shouted to



*"Shall we head back to my place, or are we just going to let our shadows have all the fun?"*



# TESTOSTEROLE

LIBIDO COMPLEX  
VIRILITY, STAMINA, ABILITY, DESIRE, ENDURANCE & TESTOSTERONE ENHANCEMENT

Carefully formulated with the highest quality ingredients well known to stimulate and boost the male hormone testosterone, stamina, desire, ability, endurance, and to improve performance and results.

AS HEARD ON  
**HOWARD STERN**

FREE CATALOG!  
**ENHANCE THE NIGHT!**

\$45<sup>99</sup> + \$8<sup>99</sup> S/H • Order#: P43-0704  
Buy 2 get 1 FREE! • \$91<sup>99</sup> + \$10<sup>99</sup> S/H

Now available at  
**GNC**  
amazon.com  
cdrugstore.com  
Vitamin  
Stoppe  
**CVS.com**

**MAXIMUM**  
INTERNATIONAL

602 South Military Trail  
Deerfield Beach, FL 33442  
www.maximuminternational.com

**1 (800) 445-1231**

## MEN: BE TALLER!!



**1-800-343-3810**

**TIRED OF BEING CONSIDERED SHORT?** Try our quality leather footwear with the **HIDDEN** height increaser inside the shoe. **ONLY YOU WILL KNOW THE SECRET!** Look like ordinary shoes. Will make you up to **3" TALLER** depending on the style. Over 100 styles to choose from including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Extremely comfortable. Discreet packaging. Sizes 5 to 12. Widths B to EEE. In business since 1939. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!** Call or write for your **FREE** color catalog. [www.elevatorshoes.com/4.htm](http://www.elevatorshoes.com/4.htm)

**ELEVATORS®**  
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB47  
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705

Honnold. He shoved the hoist in gear and with one hand on the grab rail leaned halfway out the helicopter. The hoist was still spooling smoothly.

Then—*wham*—the helicopter was over on one side, and Kalt was skidding on the deck. He struggled to his knees, checked his helmet. He was all right. Kalt stood up and crouched. Lousy, bitching gusts, he said to himself. He looked down at the raging sleet beneath the helicopter, the flakes long and as white as chalk.

"Hey," Kalt said. He sounded as though he could hardly believe what he was saying. "Someone's still in the basket."

"Move your ass!"  
"I am."  
"I said move it!"  
"I am moving!"  
"You want me to leave you behind?"  
"No!"  
"Then swim, you fuck!"

Ahead, Mork and DeCapua could see the green glow of the chemical lights appearing and vanishing behind the swells. Otherwise the spray and sleet were so thick they could hardly pick out the waves. "Swim!" Mork shouted.

"I can't!"  
Mork was holding DeCapua with one arm and flailing and swimming with the other, and it was as though they were moving uphill and downhill, not sideways, through the breakers. Mork looked up, and the green box was coming closer. He thrashed and fought through the water, the spray clawing at his eyes, and he kept thrashing and swimming. Everything was turning black and his throat was filling with ice water when he felt the hoist basket in his grip.

"Hold this!"  
While DeCapua steadied the bobbing cage, Mork grabbed the crossbar and hoisted himself into the basket.

"Get in!"  
The basket slipped right out of DeCapua's hands, and he fell backward. The EPIRB was gone.

Mork had him by the legs. "I got you!"  
Just then a wave toppled on them like a wall of bricks, and the next thing Mork knew he had one leg out of the basket, one foot on top of the cage and his hand barely holding the cable. The basket was twirling like a top, scudding foam and spray as it twirled, and he knew he was going up. He was going up fast, and all he knew was the flying ice and black and the cable, and all he could do was squeeze the cable with his death grip. Don't let go of this thing, he said to himself.

The first thing he saw was the door and then a huge man wearing a shiny black helmet. Then a big glove reached out and seized the cage, a second glove was seizing him by the shoulder, and he was inside the cabin.

# LIBERATOR®

BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR

**GREAT NEW ANGLES ON SEX**

• ramp  
• wedge/ramp combo

YOUR FANTASIES BECOME REALITY! THE LIBERATOR® CREATES AMAZING POSITIONS NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE!  
**www.LIBERATOR.com 1.866.542.7283**

## CRUTCHFIELD

The Electronics Shopping Alternative

digital extreme!

**Free, Fast Shipping**  
on most orders over \$199. Limited time offer. Call for details.

# Get on it!

- the best selection of audio/video gear for your car and home
- most items delivered in 2-3 days.
- free lifetime tech support
- 30-day money back guarantee

Call 1-800-555-8260  
or visit [Crutchfieldcatalog.com](http://Crutchfieldcatalog.com)  
and enter code "PL"

# CRUTCHFIELD

The Electronics Shopping Alternative



He was lying on the deck alongside two black boots. He coughed out seawater and rolled over on his back. His knees and elbows hurt.

Only then did Mork realize that he had come up in the basket alone.

The basket was going down again. Kalt looked out at the churning sea and saw a splash. "Basket's in the water," he said.

LeFeuvre was keeping a close eye on the gas gauge. They had less than 40 minutes of fuel left, enough for another four, perhaps five basket drops. No more. After that there would be nothing to do but leave whoever was down there to the grace of God.

Down in the sea DeCapua was just about out of his head. He had not been able to feel anything in his hands and legs for some time, and his feet, as far as he could tell, were as good as gone. He could hear the helicopter, the dull thudding of the rotors mostly, but he had lost sight of it. Some of the flares were still burning. He could see them when a big swell lifted him above the other waves. But he knew that soon all the flares would go dark, and he remembered he no longer had the EPIRB.

I'm tired, he said to himself. Whipped. I wonder if it would do any harm to sleep. Just close my eyes and slip right off the edge. I wonder if this is what Hanlon was feeling when he went under? Or was he hot? They say some guys get real warm at the end. Nice and toasty.

DeCapua was about to curl up into a ball when he saw the rescue basket.

At first he thought it was a mirage, a hallucination. It was all lit up, a bright, starry green, sparkling like a Christmas tree. Then he remembered the glow sticks. That's the real thing. That's a rescue basket.

Jesus.

And he was moving toward it. He did not understand how. His feet were not working. His hands were not working. It did not feel as though he was swimming. Yet he and the basket were getting closer and closer, and everything—the waves and the wind and the snow and sleet and spray—went calm around him, and there was a big pause, sort of like a missed breath, like a rest in music, and he was happy and not asking questions, just saying, "Thank you, thank you," and the next thing he knew he was inside the basket and breaking free of the water and something was whispering to him, "This is your miracle."

DeCapua was clear of the water and rising toward heaven and feeling relief, the lightest, wildest, most unearthly, immense spasm of relief he had ever felt, and then he was in the helicopter and someone was tugging on his legs.

"That's the last one," he heard a voice say.

His head flopped to one side onto the deck. He saw someone in a survival suit, then a knife. Someone was leaning over him with a knife.

"Please," DeCapua said, trying to shake his head, "use the zipper. Don't cut my suit."

The knife was doing something, and then it went away. Hands were tugging

on the shoulders of his suit.

"I...I can't...can't get up."

"Lie still."

He was shaking so hard that everything in the cabin looked blurry.

"How are you feeling?"

"Cold," he said. "So cold..."

"I see that," the voice said. "You were in the water too long. Don't you know you shouldn't be swimming this time of year?" Then DeCapua felt something plastic around him. "That's it. How does that feel, in a capsule?"

"Not bad."

"Can I get you anything?"

"Cigarette?"

"Well," the voice said, "that won't happen for a while."

DeCapua closed his eyes. The shakes were coming worse now. They felt good. He could feel a little spot on the small of his back warming.

He turned his head.

"Where's Mark?" he asked.

*Around 3:30 A.M. on January 31, 1998 Rescue 6011 set down in Yakutat, Alaska with three survivors of the La Conte disaster. At daybreak two C-130 airplanes and an H-60 Jayhawk helicopter from Kodiak took off for the Fairweather Grounds to search for Mark Morley and David Hanlon. Two Coast Guard cutters steamed out to assist. At 1:55 in the afternoon an object that looked like a man in an orange survival suit was spotted by the crew of the oil tanker Arco Juneau. It was the body of the skipper, Morley. The Coast Guard searched for Hanlon for 94 straight hours. His remains, however, were not found until more than six months later, by two teenage boys hunting deer on Shuyak Island, roughly 400 miles from the Fairweather Grounds.*

*On April 2, 1998 four of the airmen from Rescue 6011—Ted LeFeuvre, Steve Torpey, Fred Kalt and Lee Honnold—received the Distinguished Flying Cross, the highest aviation honor given during peacetime. Mike Fish, the team's rescue swimmer, was awarded the Coast Guard's Air Medal. The crews of the other two rescue helicopters received commendation medals, achievement medals and letters of commendation.*

*Tamara Westcott, the skipper's fiancée, had her last name legally changed to Morley and gave birth to a son on August 13, 1998—the same day Hanlon's remains were discovered on Shuyak. She named the boy Mark. She lives in Sitka with her son and her teenage daughter, Kyla.*

*The three surviving fishermen recovered from hypothermia, and Mike DeCapua and Gig Mork continue to fish the Alaska seas. Bob Doyle moved back to his hometown of Belows Falls, Vermont, where he began working a series of odd jobs. He now lives with his younger sister in North Walpole, New Hampshire. To this day he keeps a snapshot of Mark Morley in his wallet.*



"I can open doors for you, son, but you'll have to case the joints yourself."





# Applegate

(continued from page 131)

APPLEGATE: I was five years old, and I was playing a drug dealer. That's the kind of movie it was. We didn't call them indies then—it was just a low-budget piece of crap. My line was "It's really good shit, man." And I just loved that, because when I was a kid I loved to cuss. Constantly. My mom said it was a need.

## 12

PLAYBOY: Did you pick up your bad-language habit on sets?

APPLEGATE: No, at nursery school. This kid in my nursery school whose father was a drummer would come to school with all these bad words. Everything was "fucking this" and "fucking that" and "cocksucking this." Really bad words. Well, my mom made a deal with me that I could say them only around her, not around other people. So I was very excited to get to say "shit" in front of other people. The joy that was welling up inside me was so strong that I almost couldn't say it. It's a weird thing now. I don't cuss very much. When I say a curse word, I feel as if I must be offending someone in the room.

## 13

PLAYBOY: How competitive was the child-acting world back in the 1980s?

APPLEGATE: Unbelievably. Everything was kid-dominated. It was the era of *Silver Spoons*, *Family Ties*, *Charles in Charge*. Every girl my age had long blonde hair, and we'd all curl it for our auditions. It was really important to get on a show, get on a show, get on a show. I used to pray, "Oh God, I just want to be on a sitcom. I really, really do."

## 14

PLAYBOY: How did you kill time when you weren't curling your hair for auditions?

APPLEGATE: We lived in the Hollywood Hills, and when you lived in a canyon you couldn't go anywhere without a car, and there was nowhere to walk. So we'd run in front of cars and scream, "Aaaaugggh!" The drivers would slam on the brakes and be like, "What? What? What?" And we'd be like, "You got a cigarette?" People would get really mad at us. Sometimes they'd give us cigarettes, though. Sometimes they'd offer us other things and we'd have to decline.

## 15

PLAYBOY: An inordinate number of child actors wind up in trouble with drugs or the law. How did you make it out the other side in one piece?

APPLEGATE: My mom was a huge reason. She would say, "If I ever catch you doing anything, I will not only kill you, I will

# 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 38, 43-44, 120-125, 126-127, 169 and 172-173, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



### GAMES

Page 38: *Acclaim*, acclaim.com. *Activision*, activision.com. *Apex*, apex.com. *Atari*, atari.com. *Capcom*, capcom.com. *Microsoft*, xbox.com. *Midway*, midway.com.

### MANTRACK

Pages 43-44: *BeoCenter 2*, bangolufsen.com. *Jack Daniel's*, jackdaniels.com. *Persiano Ottone Solido*, thechessstore.com.

### DOG DAYS OF SUMMER

Pages 120-125: *Adidas*, adidas.com. *Akademiks*, available at Bloomingdale's and Macy's. *Anoname Jeans*, available at the Bon Marché and Nordstrom. *Avirex*, avirex.com. *Converse*, available at Champs and Macy's nationwide. *D&G*, 212-965-8000. *Eckored*, eckountld.com. *Etnies*, etnies.com. *Geox*, 877-862-2681. *H&M*, hm.com. *House of Done*, houseofdone.com. *Jordan*, jumpman23.com. *Mavi Jeans*, mavi.com. *Oris*, 914-347-0701. *Parasuco*, parasuco.com. *Pony*, 866-221-PONY. *Reebok I3*, 800-REEBOK1. *Rubin Chapelle*, available at Barneys New York. *Schott*, available at Atrium and Michael K in NYC. *Southshore Soldiers*, southshoresoldiers.com. *Swiss Army*, available at Saks and Bloomingdale's. *Timberland*, timberland.com. *Tommy Jeans*, tommy.com. *Trafalgar*, available at Nordstrom and Neiman Marcus. *Under Armour*, underarmour.com.

*Varcity*, 877-VARCITY. *Via Spiga*, available at Dillard's and select Dayton Hudson stores. *Vokál*, vokal.com. XOXO, 866-969-6444.

### SKIN DEEP

Pages 126-127: *Aramis*, fine department stores. *Art of Shaving*, artofshaving.com. *Axe*, drugstores nationwide. *Biotherm Homme*, biotherm.com. *Braun*, braun.com. *Calvin Klein*, 800-715-4023. *Clarins*, clarins.com. *Clinique*, clinique.com. *Creed*, 212-228-1940. *Echo Davidoff*, zinodavidoff.com. *Guerlain*, fine department stores. *King of Shaves*, kingofshaves.com. *Lacoste*, lacoste.com. *La Prairie*, laprairie.com. *Liz Claiborne*, fine department stores. *Nautica*, fine department stores. *Sharps*, sharpsusa.com. *Zirh Prepare*, zirh.com.

### ON THE SCENE

Page 169: *Ayers Leather Shops portable bar*, ayersleather.com. *Picnic Time Harmony wine case*, picnictime.com. *Oak folding rocking chair*, everywherechair.com. *Sully sand chair*, charlestonbeachchair.com. *Baby Q gas grill*, webergrill.com.

### POTPOURRI

Pages 172-173: *Anti-Bush doormats*, bushdoormat.com. *Electra Townie bike*, electrabike.com. *Lightning Reaction and Shocking Roulette*, shockingfun.com. *Orka silicone oven mitt*, isinorthamerica.com. *Pinup Girl and Girl Playing Card cuff links*, cufflinks.com. *Pioneer AVIC-N1 navigation/entertainment system*, pioneer electronics.com. *Sporasub dive mask*, sporasub.com. *Suunto n3*, suunto.com. *Victorinox SwissMemory Plus*, victorinox.com.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 5 BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, MARK EDWARD HARRIS, CLARRY LAZLO/RETNA LTD., MARCO PROZIO, P. 7 ARNY FREYTAG, P. 8 PATRICK DEMARCHELIER, GEORGE GEORGIU, P. 13 CHAD DOERING (6), KAMBOURIS/WIREIMAGE (7), ELAYNE LODGE (3), JOHN LUMPKIN, P. 14 JOHANSSON/LOOGE (14), P. 16 QANNY PEREZ (10), ED RODE/WIREIMAGE (3), JAMES TREVENEN (2), P. 19 BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, SANTE O'RAZIO, P. 20 GEORGE GEORGIU, P. 25 APWIDE WORLD PHOTOS, COLUMBIA PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GEORGE GEORGIU, JAMES IMBRIGNO, RAY BAN/LUXOTICA GROUP, P. 26 GEORGE GEORGIU, JOHN R. MOURGOS (2), P. 28 CHATEAU ELAN, FANZO AUTO DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, P. 31 CORBIS (3), EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GETTY IMAGES (7), SUPERSTOCK, INC., P. 33 02004 COLUMBIA/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 02004 OREAMWORKS, 02004 TOUCHSTONE/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 02004 WALT DISNEY PICTURES/PHOTOFEST, EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., P. 34 EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., P. 36 EMIRAMAX/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 02003 DIMENSION FILMS/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 02003 FOX SEARCHLIGHT/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 02004 COLUMBIA/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 02004 WARNER HOME VIDEO, INC., P. 37 DAVID TITLOW/RETNA, P. 38 OSARA DE BOER/AMERICAN FOTO FEATURES/RETNA LTD., P. 43 GEORGE GEORGIU, WOOD SBARD, P. 44 CORBIS, GEORGE GEORGIU (4), KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE, P. 52 EPAN/WIREIMAGE, EVERETT COLLECTION, GETTY IMAGES, P. 53 CORBIS (3), DAVE MARTIN/WIDE WORLD, ROBERT GEORGE YOUNG/MASTERFILE, P. 54 CORBIS SYGMA, 02003 JENNIFER MARTIN RUGGIERO, P. 55 MARCIE BETTS, MATT STEIGBILG, ZEPH/MASTERFILE, P. 56 BTLS.COM, DC101.COM, RENA DURHAM/ZUMA PRESS, NANCY KASZERMAN/ZUMA PRESS, GARY RHINSBURGER/MASTERFILE, RAHAW SEGEV/ZUMA PRESS, P. 60 DAVID ROSE, P. 70 COURTESY OF JEFF BERG, COURTESY OF DON DECAPUA, COURTESY OF ELI HANLON, COURTESY OF EDITH MORK, COURTESY OF TAMARA MORLEY, TODD LEWAN, P. 72 FILMWAYS PICTURES/FOTO FANTASIES, MARTY KATZ, MARY ANNE UPHAM, P. 92 APWIDE WORLD (2), CORBIS (5), EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., RICHARD FEGLEY, GETTY, PHOTOFEST/RETNA (2), P. 93 AP, CORBIS (2), BRICK FRIGOMAN/CORBIS, GETTY IMAGES, P. 104-105 STEPHEN WAYDA, P. 106 STEPHEN WAYDA, P. 114 KEVIN WISNEWSKI/REX USA, P. 115 MARK EDWARD HARRIS, P. 116 ERIC GAILLARD/REUTERS, P. 117 MATT WAGEMANN, P. 118 APWIDE WORLD PHOTOS, 02ETTMANN/CORBIS, REX USA, P. 129 ARNY FREYTAG (2), P. 135 EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GLOBE PHOTOS, INC., 2003 " 020TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP./EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., P. 165 RICHARD FEGLEY, STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM, OIMITRIS KAMBOURIS/WIREIMAGE.COM, ALBERT L. ORTEGA/WIREIMAGE.COM, MARK SULLIVAN/WIREIMAGE.COM, ARNOLO TURNER/WIREIMAGE.COM, P. 166 GARY BOAS/RETNA LTD., SETH BROWARNIK/WIREIMAGE.COM, MARIO CASILLI, DENISE TRUSCELLO/WIREIMAGE.COM (2), P. 172 GEORGE GEORGIU (2), DAVID GOODMAN, TODD WESTMAN, MATT WAGEMANN (2), P. 173 GEORGE GEORGIU, DAVID GOODMAN, MATT WAGEMANN (2), P. 174 VERA ANDERSON/WIREIMAGE.COM, ARNY FREYTAG, GETTY IMAGES, ANTOINE VERGLAS, ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 7 PAT ANDREA, P. 43 BILL BENWAY, P. 71 SCOTT ANDERSON, P. 91 FROM THE BOOK REASON BY ROBERT B. REICH, 02004 BY ROBERT B. REICH, PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ALFREDO A. KNOPP, A DIVISION OF RANDOM HOUSE; P. 88 THE ARTICLE IS AN ADAPTATION FROM THE LAST RUN, 02004 BY TODD LEWAN, PUBLISHED BY HARPERCOLLINS; P. 23 HAIR BY FRANKIE PAYNE FOR LUXE, MAKEUP BY RACHEL WHITEHURST FOR SKY ARTIST MGMT, STYLING BY SAM MARTIN-RUSSELL FOR SKY ARTIST MGMT, BRA AND PANTIES FROM MOULIN ROUGE, VENICE, CA 310-452-1999, EARRINGS FROM HUSHI RUSHI, LG 323-930-7311; P. 120-123 HAIR BY BILL WESTMORELAND FOR ARTANDEE.COM, MAKEUP BY ANNY KOMOROWSKI FOR ART HOUSE, DOGS PROVIDED BY ALL-TIME ANIMALS, PP. 132-141 HAIR BY MAX PINELL, MAKEUP BY GLENN MARZIALI, STYLING BY LISA MARIE FERNANDEZ, COVER: MODEL: PETA WILSON, PHOTOGRAPHER: PATRICK DEMARCHELIER, HAIR: MAX PINELL, MAKEUP: GLENN MARZIALI, STYLING: LISA MARIE FERNANDEZ.



kill whoever you're with." So she threatened me with death. But she gave me a lot of freedom, and because of that I would call her at one in the morning and say, "This is where I am and this is who I'm with and this is what's going on." She kept me from turning into a statistic.

16

PLAYBOY: Is there an article of clothing you'll never wear again after playing Kelly Bundy for 10 years on *Married With Children*?

APPLEGATE: Miniskirts. I almost wore a minidress type of thing to some event

recently, and at the last minute I couldn't do it. I felt like a hoochie.

17

PLAYBOY: Have men finally stopped assuming you're Kelly?

APPLEGATE: Some studio heads still think I'm her. It's the oddest thing. There was this movie I wanted to do, and the director thought I wasn't "upscale" enough. That was the weirdest thing I'd ever heard about why I wasn't getting a job. Am I walking trash? I mean, I have a beautiful home. I don't eat fast food. I love caviar and champagne. My eye-

brows are tweezed. I mean, I'm wearing Prada fucking shoes right now.

18

PLAYBOY: Describe the financial security that comes from starring on a popular sitcom for 11 seasons.

APPLEGATE: Not so secure, honestly. Fox didn't give us residuals. When it came time to negotiate for syndication pay, Fox claimed it wasn't really a network. So we didn't get what we would have if we were on *Family Ties* or one of those other shows. Those people can live off their residuals the rest of their lives. I think about it every once in a while and get a little pissed off, but we were stupid to accept it. *Married With Children* is showing five times a day on three different networks in almost every country in the world, and the checks I get are hysterical, literally for 75 cents.

19

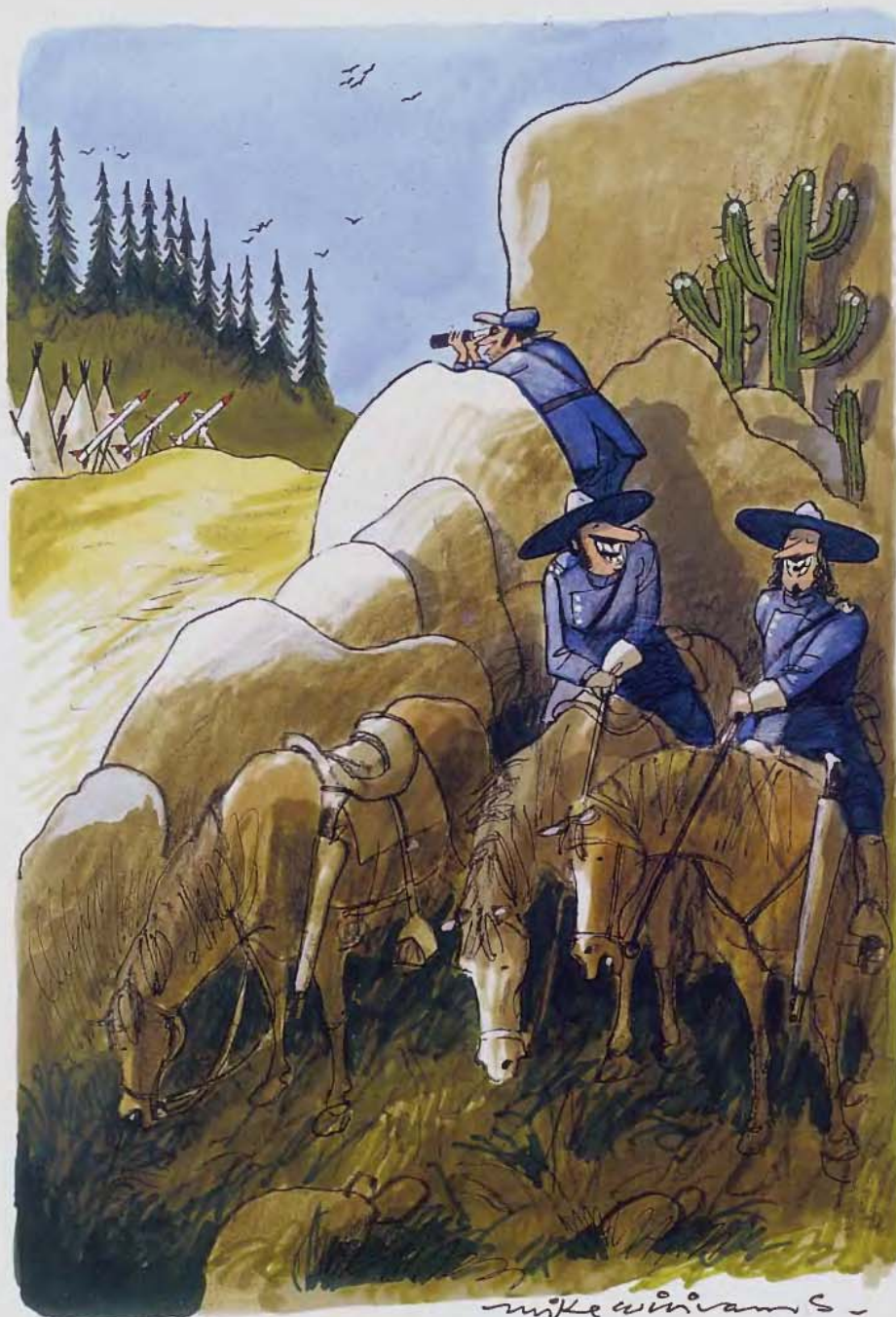
PLAYBOY: Weren't you called for jury duty in the Robert Blake murder trial?

APPLEGATE: It was horrible. Everyone who'd received a notice was in this huge room, and they came in and said, "We have a very important case, and we'll need people for at least five or six months. Can we see a show of hands of who would volunteer?" I turned around, and right there was Robert Blake and his attorneys. They'd brought him into the jury pool room, which I found really odd, like, "Here he is on display. Want to be a part of it? *Woo-hoo!*" And out of 400 people only three raised their hand. I have to work, plus I don't want to be the sideshow at a trial of this magnitude, so I filled out my hardship paperwork and handed it in. And out of all those people, I was one of 30 or so who had to explain myself to the judge, who said, "That's no excuse. You're coming back." She kept cutting me off and putting me in tears. I think she was pissed off because I'm a celebrity. Anyway, a week later Blake fired his lawyers, and everyone in that jury pool was dismissed. If he hadn't I guess I'd be sitting on a jury for six months.

20

PLAYBOY: As someone who's devoted to physical fitness and exercise, what do you eat when it's time to pig out?

APPLEGATE: Pizza. I can eat more pizza than any man, more than anyone I know. I don't understand, when someone sits down with a pie in front of them, how they can eat one piece, maybe two, and just leave the rest! No, no, no, no. Eat the whole fucking thing, or at least half of it. Not a lot of people see me do that, though, because it's usually at home, with delivery. When I'm out I try to be a little more dainty. You know, a little more upscale.



—mike williams—

"They've got tomahawks? Oh, dear, sergeant, of course they've got tomahawks. I think you'll find, if you look closely, all Indians have got tomahawks."





# POWDER

(continued from page 86)

half a dozen bicycles were chain-locked to a stainless steel bicycle rack. He stepped over broken wine bottles and cigarette butts, walked up three concrete steps and went inside. A hunchback no more than three feet tall descended the staircase. Clovis stopped the man for directions to Harrigan's office. The midget reeked of musk. "Upstairs, room 204." Clovis thanked him and began to wonder if he was living in Dwarf City.

He climbed the stairs to the second floor, passing a door with a two-by-five card that read MOTHERFUCKER! DON'T KNOCK ON THE MOTHERFUCKING DOOR! I'LL KILL YOU!

Harrigan's door had his name scratched on the frosted glass. Clovis knocked timidly and stepped into a vast space with 20-foot ceilings. He shut the door, triggering a little bell. Four pigeons took flight through a broken window, and frigid wind blew in.

Clovis took a look around. There was a dark granite lab table littered with test tubes and vials of colored potions, one of which issued a smoky vapor. Near the ceiling was a commercial bug zapper that snapped periodically with lightning-blue sparks. Clovis watched a pair of English sparrows buzz around, repeatedly smacking into the window until one of the birds flew too near the bug zapper. The bird was incinerated with a loud pop. The execution filled the air with the smell of ozone and burned feathers.

A thin Asian man in an aloha shirt emerged from a back room.

"Would ye be the gentleman Carmen sent by? I cannae remember your name."

"Clovis. Excuse me, Doctor—are you Irish?"

Harrigan smiled. "I am nae Irish but Scottish with a bit of Chinese."

Harrigan led Clovis into a small room, where the examination table appeared to be the bench seat of a GM automobile, propped on top of four cement blocks.

"Take off your shirt and climb aboard."

Tentatively Clovis did so. Harrigan felt Clovis's pulse at the wrist and the brachial artery. The doctor seemed slightly alarmed and listened to both pulses on the other arm. It seemed to confirm disaster. "Open wide," Harrigan said.

He stuck a tongue depressor in Clovis's mouth and examined it with a penlight. "How long hae it been since ye had sex?"

Clovis said he had never had sex.

Harrigan was astonished. "You're 25 years old? People get laid by accident!"

"Well, people eat at McDonald's, too, but no Big Mac has ever passed my lips," Clovis said.

Harrigan threw the tongue depressor into a trash can. "Too much mucus. Thready pulse. Lay facedown upon the table. Donnae worry, it's steady."

Clovis stretched out on the car seat.

Harrigan painlessly inserted hair-thin needles in Clovis's back, neck and the soles of his feet. When they were in place Harrigan began to twist them, causing Clovis's hair to stand on end as he bit a hole into the car-seat table. Harrigan removed the needles, counted them and told Clovis to get dressed and meet him outside. The acupuncture treatment left him feeling spaced.

Back in the laboratory Harrigan was mashing a concoction of powders.

"What's this?" Clovis asked.

"Something for ye heart chakra—new thistle, auricula, wild dog tail, snake penis and a pinch of armadillo."

Harrigan scraped the powder into a Diamond matchbox. "A quarter teaspoon before brookfest." Clovis left the building feeling a bit better. He returned to his room and stirred some powder into a cup of hot tea. One long gulp later and his head began to throb. His eyelids and lips grew warm and swollen. His heart pounded. He staggered back to his Slumberking, thinking he might faint. His right testicle was heavy and painful and seemed to hang from his scrotum like a cannonball. The room began to spin, and Clovis felt himself go off into a glide. When he came to he glanced at his watch. It was midnight. Great Caesar's ghost! He regained his feet and, cradling his sore testicle in his hand, walked over to the window overlooking Cottage Grove Avenue. It had begun to snow.

Clovis threw on his new Burberry trench coat. He was horny and ready to do something about it, but the nearest bar was female-free, populated with morose men in flannel shirts and ball caps. A pool game was in progress, and "Orange Blossom Special" blasted from the jukebox.

Outside Clovis bumped into a woman with a swollen face and a black eye. She wore a green Army jacket stained with lipstick. She seemed to bounce off Clovis and take a few precarious steps to a parking meter, which she hugged to her breast before sliding down to the sidewalk. Clovis helped her to her feet. As he did so he noticed that her left hand was bruised and swollen.

Clovis hailed a cab and told the driver to take them to the nearest hospital. It was a slow night in the ER. The personnel recognized the woman, whose name was Vilda. They x-rayed her wrist and set it in a cast that was short enough to expose her fingers and thumb. A physician's assistant cleaned off a gash above the woman's eyebrow and sutured it closed as a nurse patted off blood with sterile dressings.

Clovis was in no mood to play Good Samaritan, but he was stuck with the woman. He took her back to the St. Ingbert, where he agreed to pay for her room even though the point of staying in the dump was to save money. Then he noticed bloodstains on his trench coat, which itself cost a small fortune.

## INTRODUCTORY SALE! 60% SAVINGS!



# 75 CONDOMS BY MAIL ONLY \$9.95!

Adam & Eve offers you a full line of high quality condoms with discreet, direct-to-your-door delivery.

Our deluxe 75 condom collection offers you the unique luxury of trying over 14 world-class condom brands including *Trojan*, *Lifestyles*, *Prime*, *Magnum*, *Gold Circle Coins*, plus some of the finest Japanese brands.

As a special introductory offer, you can get the **Super 75 Collection** (a full \$29.95 value if purchased individually) for **ONLY \$9.95. That's a savings of over 60%!** Or try our 38 Condom Sampler for only \$5.95. Use the coupon below to claim your savings now!

**Money-Back Guarantee:** You must agree that Adam & Eve's condoms and service are the best available anywhere, or we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed!**

**Visa & MasterCard Orders Call  
Toll Free 1-800-274-0333  
24 Hours A Day / 7 Days a Week**

CLIP AND MAIL WITH PAYMENT  
Send Check or Bank Money Order To:  
Adam & Eve • Dept. PB31B  
P. O. Box 900 • Carrboro, NC 27510

**YES!** Please rush my **CONDOM COLLECTION** and **FREE** adult catalog in plain packaging under my money-back guarantee.

CODE#	ITEM	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
#5554	Super 75 Collection	_____	\$9.95	_____
#6623	38 Condom Collection	_____	\$5.95	_____
	Postage & Handling		FREE	
	Rush Service Add \$2		_____	_____
	<b>TOTAL</b>			_____

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



Another week like this and he'd be eating cat food.

The next day Clovis reported to work on no sleep. No matter; the powder made him feel like the luckiest man in the world. There was nothing he couldn't do. Leap tall buildings in a single bound? No problem. Stronger than a locomotive? Most definitely. Faster than a speeding bullet? He was faster than the speed of light. On the subway to work Clovis closed his eyes and found himself on a magic carpet. He steered over the South Side, the Loop, the Museum of Science and Industry, the Art Institute and then over vast Lake Michigan (chock-full of toothy lampreys), cutting eastward to cruise over the Statue of Liberty, then taking on the Atlantic Ocean for an Eiffel Tower flyover. From there he

passed the domes and cathedrals of Florence, backing off for the minarets and spiked towers of Istanbul and the palaces of Mecca, and from there to the Sahara with a camel caravan below, and from there to the Carpathian mountains (all without a passport or visa!). Back to southern California, where a dynamo clogged with desert sand forced a semi-crash landing in Beverly Hills into Renée Zellweger's backyard. The movie star was lying in a tent surrounded by three-by-three blocks of crystal clear ice. She was in the tent and on her stomach, reading *Time* magazine. She looked up and said, "Hey, Clovis. How do?"

Clovis whacked the dynamo on a block of ice to clear it of sand and let it cool down after its intergalactic flight. Then he joined Renée in the tent, and the two of them began to make out. They were neck-

ing furiously when he felt a hand slapping his thigh. Clovis opened his eyes, and an old woman with greenish skin said, "The ides. Beware the ides. The March ides."

She seemed like an apparition, and he allowed himself to drop back into his Renée Zellweger dream. "What are ides, Renée?"

"The 18th of March, give or take," she said. "*Macbeth*, act one, scene three. Clovis, have you got a condom?"

Clovis opened his eyes just enough to make his subway stop. Back in the agency, Ardith Walthers, a CPA, stopped the new writer to flirt with him; yesterday she had given him the cold shoulder.

He retreated to his cubicle, where in violation of city codes he fired up a cigar and switched on his IBM. People drifted by to see the source of the smoke, but no one dared say a word.

At noon Veronica Schell, the agency's star writer, popped into the cubicle and offered to take Clovis to dinner, spilling out so much preening behavior Clovis felt as if he could fuck her right there. She said, "You're the new man on board, and I thought we should go over a few things."

Just before two Clovis stepped into Hargrove's office with a handful of storyboards. Hargrove was eating a pastrami sandwich and pointed to a chair opposite his desk. Clovis took a seat as Hargrove cleaned his hands with a napkin and removed the lid from a cup of coffee. "You got yourself some decent duds, Clovis. I like the look," he said.

The creative director blotted his thick mustache as he studied the new material. "Whose artwork is this? I don't recognize the artist."

"I drew the panels myself," Clovis said.

"Let me get this straight. You wrote the copy and drew the panels?"

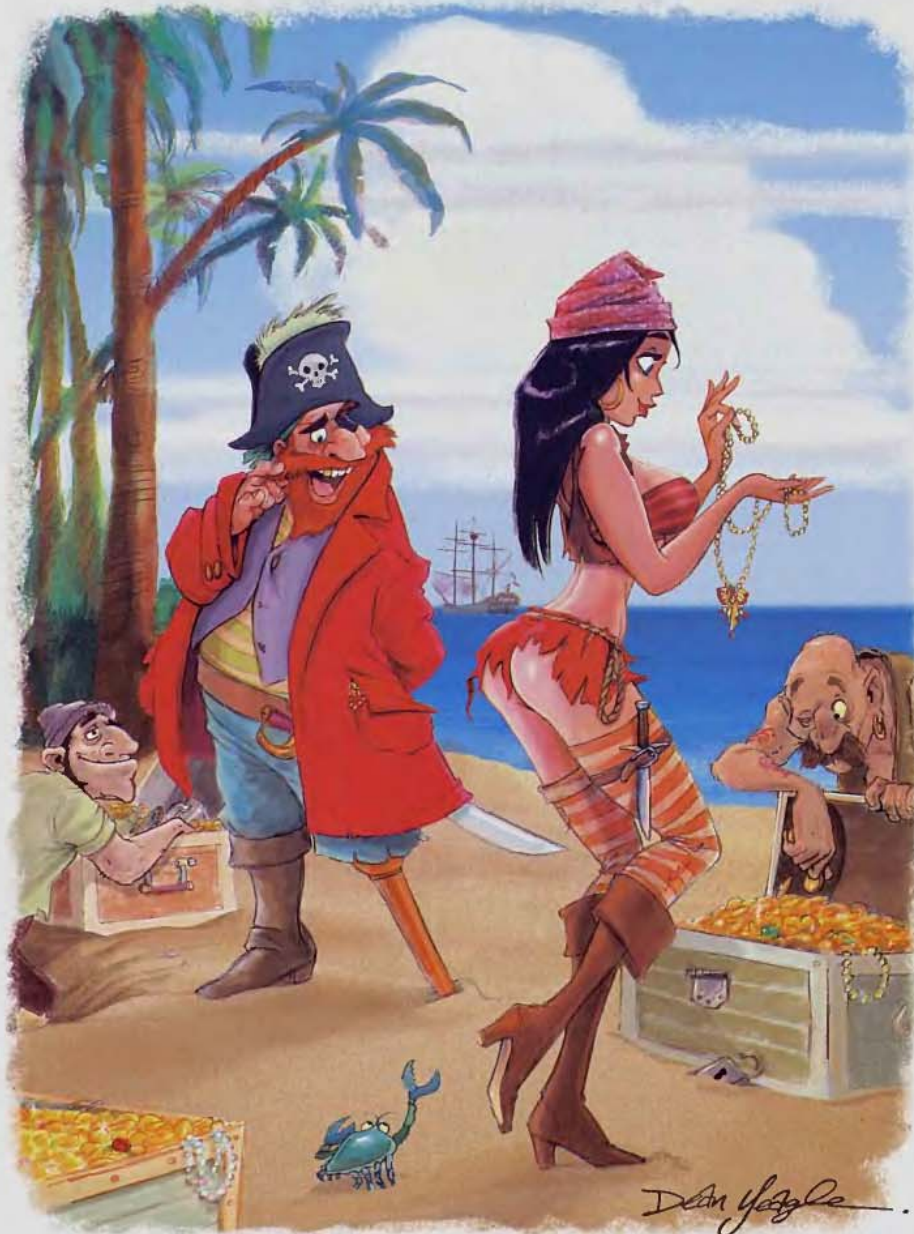
"Correct."

"Pretty damn good. I'm impressed. You must have been up all night. Let me run these past Veronica," Hargrove said. "Meanwhile you can have the afternoon off. Take a spin over to the Brookfield Zoo. I hear the panda is not to be missed."

"Thanks, Harv," Clovis said.

Hargrove leaned back in his swivel chair and gave Clovis the thumbs-up signal. "Roger, wilco and out."

At dinner Veronica ordered sushi, while Clovis ate prime rib. They left the restaurant buzzed on wine, and Veronica broke out a doobie lined with hash oil. They shared a couple tokes of that and walked back to Veronica's place, listening to Django Reinhardt on a small boom box they'd found on a porch stoop. Clovis cut loose with a little break dancing, which seemed to thrill Veronica. But as they continued they found themselves walking down a long pier in the fog. Veronica asked Clovis to turn down the music, which had suddenly become the worst thing in the world. Clovis could not get the music to stop and tossed the boom box into the water, where it languished a foot from the surface, emitting bubbles



Dean Yeagle

"Aarrh—now there be my idea of 'pirate booty!'"



As Seen On  
**TV**

# Sex Education For Me?®

## Know-How is Still the Best Aphrodisiac.

### There's No Such Thing as a "Born Lover"!

Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover, you can benefit from *The Better Sex Video Series*. It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

### America's Best-selling Sex-Ed Videos.

*The Better Sex Video Series* visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Linda Banner, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of uncensored sexual practices including techniques for the most enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order *The Better Sex* videos today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

### Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy

All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy.

## 2 FREE VIDEOS!

*Advanced Oral Sex Techniques*, our new 30-minute video, is guaranteed to increase your lovemaking pleasure. *Great Sex 7 Days A Week* shows you even more creative ways to ignite intense sexual excitement. Get both videos FREE when you order today!



Over Four Million Sold!

**WARNING:** Couples who watch these explicit videos together may become highly aroused.

For fastest service with credit cards or a free brochure, call  
**1.800.955.0888** ext. 8PB137 24 hours

or mail to: **The Sinclair Intimacy Institute**, ext. 8PB137, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Advanced Oral Sex Techniques</b> (Free with Purchase) <b>FREE</b> | Please specify desired format:   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Great Sex 7 Days a Week</b> (Free with Purchase) <b>FREE</b>      | <input type="checkbox"/> VHS or <input type="checkbox"/> DVD             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 1: <b>Better Sex Techniques</b> 19.95                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Bank Money Order <input type="checkbox"/> Check |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 2: <b>Advanced Sex Techniques</b> 19.95                         | <input type="checkbox"/> VISA <input type="checkbox"/> MC                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 3: <b>Making Sex Fun</b> 19.95                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Discover  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save \$20!</b> <b>39.85</b>              | <input type="checkbox"/> AMEX  |

Plain Packaging Protects Your Privacy postage & handling 5.00  
**TOTAL** \_\_\_\_\_



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Card # \_\_\_\_\_ exp. date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ (I certify that I am over age 18)

NC orders please add 7% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. \$6 shipping. Sorry - no cash or C.O.D. 8PB137

**100% SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED!**

Shop our website at:  
**BetterSex.com**





A HALF CENTURY OF GIRLS & GIGGLES!



**Playboy—50 Years: The Cartoons**

This glorious collection contains more than 400 hilarious cartoons by luminaries including Buck Brown, Jack Cole, Eldon Dedini, Jules Feiffer, Shel Silverstein, Doug Sneyd and Gahan Wilson. Handpicked from the Playboy archives by Hugh M. Hefner himself, these cheeky takes on the sexual revolution, relationships, politics and more comprise an uproarious chronicle of Playboy's lighter side! Hardcover. 9" x 12". 368 pages.  
UV9197 *Playboy—50 Years: The Cartoons* \$50

**Playboy—50 Years: The Photographs**

This elegant anniversary volume captures six decades of sex, art and American culture as seen through the eyes of Andy Warhol, Bruce Weber, Helmut Newton and more of the world's greatest photographers. More than 250 of the most memorable images ever published in the magazine appear in six chapters. Hardcover. 9" x 12". 240 pages.  
UV4010 *Playboy—50 Years: The Photographs* \$50

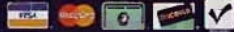
To order by mail, send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY  
P.O. Box 809  
Source Code 11512  
Itasca, IL 60143-0809

Add \$3.95 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. (Canadian orders accepted.)

**800-423-9494**

(Source Code 11512) or  
**playboystore.com**

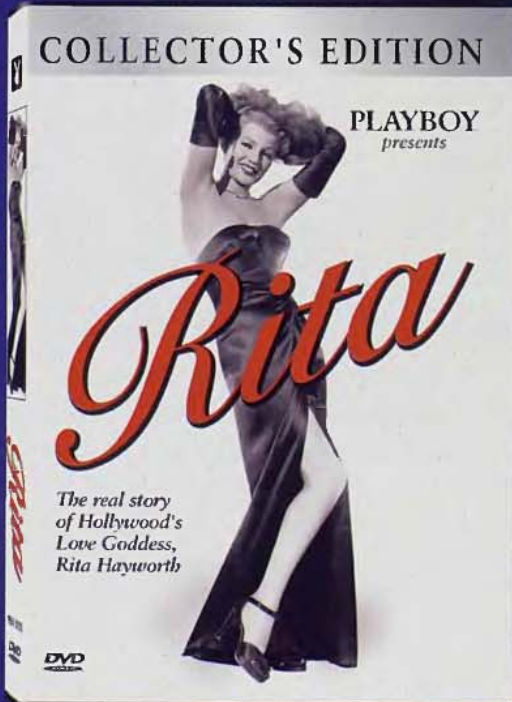


Call the toll-free number above to request a Playboy catalog.

©2001 Playboy

**NEW**

**PLAYBOY Home Video on DVD or VHS**



**Forever a Legend**

Adored by millions all over the world for her extraordinary beauty and talent as an actress and a dancer, screen legend Rita Hayworth was Hollywood's definitive femme fatale. This touching and captivating documentary illustrates the many sides of the American entertainment icon, who was brash and openly sexual on camera yet charming, sincere and shy off the set. Featuring interviews with friends, family and contemporaries in addition to rare outtakes, color camera tests, behind-the-scenes footage, never-before-seen home movies and hundreds of rare photographs. Extras include additional archival footage, extended interviews and a bonus disc, in the DVD package only, containing *Trouble in Texas*, Rita's full-length 1937 Western costarring Tex Ritter.

Out now on DVD or VHS only \$19.98

UU1757DVD DVD

UU1757V VHS

Also available at:



To order by mail, send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY  
P.O. Box 809  
Source Code 11511  
Itasca, IL 60143-0809

Add \$3.50 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. (Canadian orders accepted.)

**800-423-9494**

(Source Code 11511) or  
**playboystore.com**

Most major credit cards accepted.



©2001 Playboy

until it finally dropped out of view.

"Oh God," Veronica said. "I'm freaking out. Where the hell are we?"

Clovis was feeling great until Veronica hit him with that one. They backtracked off the pier and tried to get their bearings.

Somehow they found their way back to Veronica's apartment. The trip was utterly harrowing. Veronica recovered and insisted on sex. Clovis proposed anal sex.

Veronica's voice was husky with desire. She said, "Yeah, take me up the ass."

Clovis said, "It's going to hurt."

Veronica said, "Go ahead and make it hurt."

She retired to the bathroom after the deed was done. Clovis lay in bed, smoking a Marlboro. It was the second cigarette of his lifetime, but he blew a perfect smoke ring.

Veronica returned from the bathroom with a pair of handcuffs. She coaxed Clovis into being tied facedown on the bed. She gave him a backrub, lightly tracing her nails over his neck, arms and thighs. Suddenly she was digging. Exorcist-voiced, she pulled a wooden paddle from her bag of tricks and began to whack the shit out of Clovis's buttocks. He bucked to escape the blows, which seemed only to inflame Veronica's sadism. Finally, Clovis ripped off the headboard and managed to regain his feet. Veronica's face was filled with amusement. Clovis said, "You are one crazy fucking bitch!"

After sleeping in he was back in his cubicle by noon, mugging and blowing kisses at Brandy Becker. At the water fountain he cracked up the boys with an impression of the Big Hurt, the White Sox's lumbering slugger, Frank Thomas. Clovis Incredible Hulked around an imaginary home plate and said, "If I feel like it, I just might hit a couple of homers today."

There was a champagne party at four P.M. to celebrate a new account. Hargrove had three glasses of punch and put on a top hat (from the Stetson account). He cakewalked around the office. Clovis was still in his cubicle when Hargrove passed by, singing "Maybellene" as he duckwalked around the seventh floor. Clovis let his jaw drop. This was not to be believed.

Hargrove backpedaled, giving Clovis a tip of his hat, flashing the wide toothy grin of Theodore Roosevelt. To cap off the performance, Hargrove lifted a ham and ripped off a German beer fart. An hour later Clovis stepped into Hargrove's office to drop off fresh copy. Hargrove was on the floor like an overturned tortoise. Clovis tied Hargrove's shoelaces together and penciled the words DRUNK AGAIN on a piece of 30-pound bond, depositing it on his boss's chest.

Clovis left the office and went to the Harper Library at the University of



# Rock Hard Abs...Do you have 4 minutes a day?

Latest breakthrough technology, Body by Jake's Ab Scissor™, isolates the upper and lower abs simultaneously providing one of the fastest and most effective ab workouts ever available. Jake, the man who created personal fitness training, backs his newest invention with an unparalleled "10 Workout Guarantee"...You will lose a full dress size or pants size after just 10 workouts of only 4 minutes a day!



Renowned fitness expert Jake of Body by Jake.

The revolutionary Ab Scissor™ was inspired by Jake's years of fitness experience. Jake created the industry of personal fitness training and was the first nationally recognized fitness trainer. He was featured in newspapers, magazines and was the "coffee talk" of Beverly Hills cafes. Jake is a tried and true fitness

authority, who is known for his exceptional motivational abilities and his instinctive talent of making the task of keeping fit seem simple and fun.

## Ab Scissor Revolution

Jake has dedicated his career to getting us in shape. The obstacles to getting fit are time, money, diet and proper technique. These barriers to personal fitness have been solved with Jake's latest innovation...the Ab Scissor. This revolutionary machine isolates the abs putting you in perfect form, producing results in record time and without the cost of high priced bulky gym equipment.

## Only Takes Four Minutes a Day

The secret to the four-minute workout is the Ab Scissor, a breakthrough in home gym equipment. What makes the Ab Scissor so unique is that it tones and tightens your upper abs, firms and flattens your lower abs, and carves away your love handles on both sides—all at the same time. It is the only serious piece of home exercise equipment

specifically designed to target and isolate all your abdominal muscles.

## Sleek, Sexy Waistline...Fun!

The Ab Scissor is a machine that puts your body in the perfect anatomical position to automatically firm and flatten abdominal muscles. It's patented Scissor Action leverages your own body weight to deliver five levels of ab-sculpting resistance. With the Body by Jake Ab

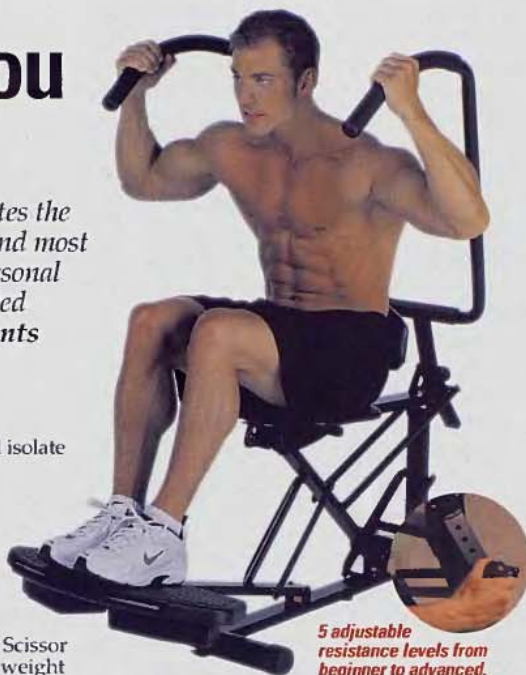
Scissor, you sit up on a big, comfortable padded seat and begin your four-minute workout. It's so simple to use, it's impossible to do it wrong.

## Simple to Use

To change resistance levels, simply pull out the spring loaded knob and select the desired level, from level one for the absolute beginner all the way up to level five for the most advanced. It's so whisper quiet you can even use it while watching TV, plus it folds down and rolls away for easy storage.

## Three Gym Machines In One

The Ab Scissor takes the movements of three different gym machines—the seated crunch machine for your upper abs, the hip flexion machine for your lower abs, and the oblique twist machine for obliques on both sides—and rolls it all into one. To buy these separate pieces of equipment would cost over \$6,000. The Ab Scissor not only gives you record breaking results, but it saves you space and money too!



5 adjustable resistance levels from beginner to advanced.

The Ab Scissor patented technology. The secret of the Ab Scissor is the patented scissor action based on the gravitational linkage system, and the upright hand grips that put you in the optimal position to engage the abs for a deeper, more effective abdominal contraction.

Together, these two breakthroughs give you a sleek, sexy waistline, faster than you ever thought possible!

## The Cut the Fat Program™

The Cut the Fat Program is an accelerated step by step system that includes the Ab Scissor four minute ab machine, invigorating cardio workouts and custom fat burning meal plans to provide the safest, most effective way to drop the pounds and inches fast! When you purchase the Ab Scissor, you will receive the exclusive Cut the Fat Program...a \$50 value...absolutely FREE!



## 30 Day in Home Trial...Only \$14.95

Because Jake is so confident you'll get unbelievable results with the Ab Scissor, he wants you to try it for a full 30 days in your own home for only \$14.95 plus s&h. If not completely satisfied, just send it back for a full refund of the purchase price, no questions asked. In home trial is only available with credit card orders.

Order now and receive the Body by Jake Custom Workout Timer, while supplies last. It's the perfect companion to help guide you through your workout from start to finish... a \$15 value...yours FREE just for ordering!

As Jake says, "A wish changes nothing, a decision changes everything. Make the decision and call right now. Don't quit!"

## Body by Jake Ab Scissor

30 Day in Home Trial for Only \$14.95 + (s&h) (Includes FREE Cut the Fat Program and Workout Timer)

Mention Promotional Code PBM23401 To order call toll-free 24 hours a day!

**1-888-686-6901**

To order by mail, please call for details.



AB SCISSOR + 4 MINUTES A DAY = EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS			
<b>BEFORE</b> 	<b>AFTER</b> 	<b>BEFORE</b> 	<b>AFTER</b> 
<p>"I lost 34 pounds and 7 1/2 inches from around my waist! Now I can wear a size 34 again, which is an incredible feeling...My whole attitude has changed! The Ab Scissor is such a great piece of equipment because it really works and focuses on the abs!" —Alan Hartung</p>		<p>"With the Ab Scissor Cut the Fat Program I have lost 23 1/2 pounds and I've lost 8 1/2 inches in my waist, which feels great! I went from a size 10 to a size 4—I don't think I have ever been a size 4 before! Not only do I look good, but I feel good!" —Alina Petrescu</p>	



Chicago, on the hunt for flesh. He quickly culled a grad student from the herd—a brunette in a tartan skirt and black stockings. They rushed back to her apartment, where Clovis fucked the woman so thoroughly that when she came she passed out. For a moment Clovis wondered if he had somehow killed her, but she quickly revived, and they did it again.

He left her apartment at midnight with a fit of the munchies. He stopped off at Dominick's supermarket, where he picked up a housewife. Clovis approached her with the easy familiarity of an old friend. The woman's husband was in San Francisco on a business trip.

They drove to her home in Evanston and fucked on the kitchen floor before she could put the Häagen-Dazs in the freezer. After two hours of sex Clovis got dressed and left to cruise the bars. Filled with charismatic charm, he picked up a couple of girls from Northwestern at closing time. He woke up the next morning with both Northwestern women in his Slumberking. He ran them out, took a dose of powder and dressed for work.

As he was walking out the door Vilda stood before him, obviously much recovered, despite the cast on her wrist. She was dressed like a Spanish hooker in a red miniskirt. She passed Clovis a wad of cash.

"What's this?" he asked.

"It's yours," she said. She had \$1,100 for her new boss.

Vilda closed the door, rubbing her hand over Clovis's crotch as she laid an open-mouth kiss on him. He had an instant erection. Vilda dropped to her knees and sucked him off.

In the coming weeks Clovis's fortunes at Booth Wicks continued to rise. He was given a large salary increase and his own office with a river view. Clovis developed a flair for writing television ads. On film

shoots Clovis had unlimited access to female models. They were women too busy working to have time for relationships. Quick sex was the rule since, like mayflies, they had a limited shelf life and they knew it. He became obsessed with numbers. It occurred to him that no matter how bad things turned out later in life, he would always be able to recount these conquests with unbounded joy.

Coming home near dawn most nights, Clovis screened multitudes of calls from his answering machine. There was simply too much action. There was a hurt why-won't-you-call message from his mother, as well as calls from Little Olive in Athens. A week later he changed his phone number.

While he was setting up Brandy Becker, the only woman who sustained Clovis's affection was Veronica. Their S&M liaisons took an even darker turn. She begged to be whipped with a coat hanger and buggered dry. She too came so hard she passed out. After one such session she announced, "I guess you'll be turning me out too now, huh?"

"Fucking-A right!" Clovis said. "Get out on the streets and hustle."

She looked at him with doe eyes and nodded her head in submission.

Clovis invoked a personal dress code, and Veronica hence came to work dressed like a Puritan. In his office, in between blow jobs, Veronica threw out a lot of "thees" and "thous." Clovis accepted her envelope of cash each morning but would no longer fuck her. He was afraid of STDs.

One afternoon Brandy stepped into Veronica's office and caught Veronica sucking Clovis's cock. She was astonished by the length and girth of it. Her cheeks flamed crimson and she quickly shut the door.

One morning, as Clovis was updating his fuck diary, Brandy stepped into his office and shut the door. She pulled her sweater over her head and stood with a

pair of hard pink nipples. She said, "Ever since I saw you with Veronica that day, I haven't been able to get you off my mind."

Brandy removed her skirt and panties and bent over his desk. She said, "Take me without a rubber."

When it was over Clovis experienced a pain deep in his heart. He realized he was in love with this woman, a love that could lead him to the sort of crash and burn he witnessed when the Cessna nosedived into the lake. Come to think of it, the plane wasn't the only thing that crashed. There was a flock of brightly colored parrots in Hyde Park. They were weird and incongruous in the winter, and several fell from the sky when they flew over Clovis. He even knocked down a couple of crows.

Spring gave way to summer. Like Clovis, Brandy changed her phone number, severing her link to her previous boyfriend. Clovis fucked her in the backseat of his Beemer as the two watched the Fourth of July fireworks with the top down. He couldn't get enough of her; he knew no amount of powder would lift such a curse. Clovis had reached the zenith of his powers.

Clovis's most recent supply of powder—his fourth batch—was almost gone. He had seen a crew of movers going in and out of Harrigan's building just the week before and meant to drop in, but he kept putting it off. Lately he also heard fiddle and accordion music whenever he passed by. He climbed the stairs to the doctor's office only to find a dozen children roaming the halls. Inside the office he encountered a large Samoan woman fanning her face with the folded automotive section of the *Sun-Times*. She sat on Harrigan's GM car seat in the crosshairs of two electric fans. "Yes," she said, she had met the Scottish-talking Harrigan. "Him be needing some eat, bruddah. He has powder all over dis and dat," she said. She rose from the car seat and gave Clovis a guided tour of the back room.

Clovis opened a closet to look for Harrigan's stash. Instead he discovered a collection of stuffed raccoons, cats and hyenas done by an obviously amateur taxidermist. The animals were moth-eaten and filled the closet with a leaden odor of mold. Off to the side was a human skeleton poised before a table with a coffee cup before him. Harrigan humor.

While there was a coat of dust over everything, there was no sign of the magical formula. "Did he say if he was coming back?" Clovis said.

"Dat what he say, and pow! He be gone."

"That's it?"

"No, he want his seat back. Comfortable, dude. I tried to buy it, and he say no, come back."

"But he didn't come back."

"Not yet."



"I don't care about 'same sex marriages.' It's the 'no sex marriage' that concerns me."



Clovis gave the woman his card and a \$20 bill. "If he comes back, tell him to call immediately. I've got my landline there and my cell."

By the time he reached the streets his face was pale, his head spinning in disbelief. He was screwed.

Clovis turned up at the agency two hours late. He was summoned to Hargrove's office, where the creative director jumped Clovis for writing some particularly tepid ad copy. Clovis recoiled like Dagwood Bumstead. He was completely befuddled. At one snap of the fingers he lost his favorite-son status with Harv, who barked, "Get out of here with this crap and don't come back until you've got dynamite on the page! Dynamite! TNT!"

Clovis seemed to grow old overnight. His skin took on skim-milk pallor. His \$5,000 wardrobe hung on his haggard frame like socks on a rooster. He was removed from his all-star spot on the Green Giant account, forfeited his office and was sent back to the cubicle to work on notoriously dull mutual fund business. He even seemed to have lost his short-term memory and was unable to spell such simple words as *bucket*, *toe* and *fish*. He sat before his computer in a pure state of cartoon confusion.

Veronica no longer came in with envelopes of cash. She shunned him like a leper. So too did the rest of the seventh-floor girls he had fucked up and down the line. So too did the models who once swarmed him. Gone were the mash notes he used to find tucked under the windshield wipers of his BMW: "I just want you to know I have never experienced a night like last night—ever! XXX OOOO." At least he had Brandy Becker. But when Brandy refused the two-and-a-half-carat engagement ring Clovis presented her, he was in for a double disappointment: The jeweler would offer only half the price Clovis had paid for it. "But she didn't even wear it!"

"That's life in the big city, my friend. That's the best I can do."

A loose rumor floated around the seventh floor that Clovis had a micropenis. He sat morosely in his cubicle with the mutual fund account crushing him into despair for a solid month until Brandy gave him a heads-up that Hargrove was going to terminate his employment. Clovis had seen it coming, but it depressed him to no end. Rather than see the hatchet fall, he tendered his resignation. The firm gave him a month's severance and the promise of a good job recommendation.

In late July, as the earth spun at 67,000 miles per hour on its endless rotation around the sun, the blazing comet that was once Clovis Spicer had been reduced to a fizzle.

He phoned Little Olive in Athens and asked her to marry him. Olive didn't seem glad to hear from Clovis. She told him she was on the rebound from a destructive relationship with a cocaine dealer. She was recovering from a D&C. "I'm a complete wreck, Clovis, an absolute mess."

For all of his recent philandering, Clovis was stung with the sharp spear of betrayal. A cocaine dealer. From a lost virgin to a shameless slut! Still, after a week of frantic phone calls, he spent his last \$100 on gas driving back to the southern coast of Georgia and a ferry ride to Jekyll Island, off the Georgia coast. The first words out of his mother's mouth were, "All that time in Chicago and you never called home once, Clovis. Now you come crawling back like a dog."

Clovis dug up some old clothes from the back of his closet and painted his parents' cottage. This job was accomplished in between rainstorms and his shifts at the Grand Hotel, where he worked as a bellman. Worse than his ridiculous red cap with its leather chin strap was the red woolen Nehru jacket Clovis was forced to wear. His mother called the outfit a monkey suit.

One afternoon at the hotel Clovis split his red trousers as he squatted to pick up a trunk belonging to a German investor, who handed Clovis a \$20 bill for a new pair of pants. The trunk was so heavy that Clovis felt his right testicle pop loose from its tethers and sink his scrotum like a cannonball again. He visited an island doctor, who examined him for a hernia and proclaimed him healthy. The notion that a testicle could feel like a cannonball was "all in Clovis's head."

Clovis ferried the BMW to the mainland and drove to Athens to meet Little Olive. After a week of hemming and hawing, she and Clovis were married at city hall in Athens. Clovis rented a small trailer to haul Olive's wardrobe and furniture back to Jekyll Island.

Olive took antidepressants and slept 14 hours a day. After a month of living in Clovis's childhood room, the newlyweds had yet to consummate their marriage. They spent each night lying on their narrow bed listening to a Norah Jones CD on which each song sounded exactly the same as the previous one. Long after the music was over Clovis remained awake. Olive put out a lot of BTUs of heat. He'd lie away from her and watch his former girlfriends jump over a track-and-field high hurdle and count them like sheep.

And then, typically less than an hour after Clovis had dropped off into a fitful slumber, the alarm clock rang. The Grand Hotel bellman donned his woolen monkey suit, kissed his crazy wife good-bye and entered into another day of agony.

## THE WEEKEND FLASH



Kitt Pomodoro  
News Anchor



Deanna Brooks  
Sports



Janelle Perry  
Entertainment

# Real people, real news, real naked.

Fridays, Saturdays  
and Sundays  
at 7:30 ET/9:30 PT

Only on Playboy TV.

For program information go to:  
[playboytv.com](http://playboytv.com)

Playboy TV is available from your local cable  
television operator or home satellite provider  
© 2004 Playboy Entertainment Group, Inc.  
All rights reserved.





## MICHAEL MOORE

(continued from page 66)

middle of America, not just the left. The Dixie Chicks' lead singer, Natalie Maines, says she's ashamed to be from the same state as Bush, and they go crazy. They don't expect it from a mainstream country singer, a woman from Texas. The stakes can be high with someone like that. The Dixie Chicks were banned from Clear Channel, which owns radio stations around the country and is a big financial supporter of Bush. And yet since then the Dixie Chicks have done better than ever. Their shows sell out. I was supposed to suffer after the Academy Awards, but my book sales shot up and more people than ever went to my movie.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you admit that many people were offended by your speech?

**MOORE:** There was a lot of hostility, though not from the majority of people. Women in the airport told me I should be exiled—not deported but exiled. Yet most of the reaction was supportive.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you expect to win the Oscar?

**MOORE:** Honestly, no. I was relaxed, enjoying the show, convinced they weren't going to give it to me anyway so I might as well have a good time. Diane Lane came out, and I was thinking how cool it was that she was giving the award for our category. I'm sure every heterosexual male has a Diane Lane moment in his head. She called my name and I was stunned. I had nothing prepared to say. I was walking down the aisle, and Meryl Streep and Julianne Moore were touching me as I went by. I couldn't believe it. They had this look in their eye of "Go get 'em, Mike." Many people were afraid

to speak out, but I think they were counting on me to say something. I said my thing. They started booing up in the balcony. Down below, however, not a single person was booing. Some were applauding. But I decided I had to say something. You can thank your tux designer or make it a real moment.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the reaction surprise you?

**MOORE:** It drove the right wing nuts and drove the people who want the Oscars to be some weird four-hour exercise in vapidly crazy. Some complained about it on TV—James Woods and others, just horrible, disgusting people. I was glad they didn't like it. Dennis Miller went off on it, but he's become, as Arianna Huffington said, the Sammy Davis Jr. of this administration. I got an angry letter from Connie Stevens. I may survive that. On the other hand I got incredible notes, phone calls, e-mails and letters from Jonathan Demme, Jeff Bridges, Martin Scorsese, Meryl Streep—I could go down a whole list, but I don't know if I should out them. Then, when everyone was saying that any person who criticized America at a time of war would be shunned and boycotted and ignored and vilified, the sales of my books and movies went through the roof.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you surprised that your books and movies have been commercial successes?

**MOORE:** Are you kidding? It's unbelievable. I thought the title alone would kill *Stupid White Men*. Then *Dude, Where's My Country?* debuted at number one. I was surprised by *Roger & Me*. We did it over three years with no money. We thought we'd be showing it in church basements. I was surprised by *Bowling for Columbine*,

which earned \$21 million. How do you say to your date, "Wanna go see a movie about gun control?" That's really going to get her in the frame of mind to put out.

**PLAYBOY:** In that movie you seem genuinely shocked that Kmart, where you show up with wheelchair-bound victims of the Columbine shootings, agreed to stop selling ammunition for assault weapons and handguns. Were you?

**MOORE:** My life of doing this sort of thing is 100 percent rejection. Suddenly someone agreed. Yes, I was shocked. I don't think they did it for the publicity, either. I think they felt this personally.

**PLAYBOY:** Has Kmart maintained its commitment not to sell ammunition for handguns?

**MOORE:** It has.

**PLAYBOY:** Has Wal-Mart followed suit?

**MOORE:** No, it hasn't.

**PLAYBOY:** Sometimes your confrontations with companies seem tasteless. The Voice Box Choir stands out.

**MOORE:** Well, I'm proud of it. Voice Box Choir was a group of half a dozen or so antitobacco campaigners, all of whom had had their voice boxes removed to stop the spread of cancer. They had been heavy smokers who could speak only by holding a small amplifier to their throat. We had the choir sing Christmas carols at the New York headquarters of Philip Morris and RJ Reynolds. We also went to the chairmen's houses. It gets a huge laugh, but it's the kind of laugh you can't believe you're laughing.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you returned to Flint to investigate whether things have improved or worsened since you made *Roger & Me*?

**MOORE:** I'm back all the time, and it's much worse. When I made *Roger & Me* they had eliminated 30,000 jobs. By now they've eliminated more than 60,000.

**PLAYBOY:** We notice you're wearing New Balance sneakers, not Nike. In your film *The Big One* you expose Nike for using child labor in its foreign sweatshops. Do you boycott Nike?

**MOORE:** I don't buy Nike products. I wear these, though, because New Balance makes shoes in different widths. I have a size 13 shoe with a 4E width, so it's for comfort. I don't live my life completely in a PC manner, though these shoes are assembled in the U.S.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you buy American?

**MOORE:** I don't believe in buying American, because it's fraudulent. Your American car is full of parts from all over the world.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you drive?

**MOORE:** A Chrysler minivan in Michigan and a VW Beetle in New York.

**PLAYBOY:** Are they political, practical or aesthetic choices?

**MOORE:** We have the minivan in Michigan because we have an extended Irish Catholic family, so we need lots of seats. My wife and I just like the Beetle. It's red.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your take on Martha



"No warranty with that one. Just a life insurance policy."



# a Night to Remember



**ASTROGLIDE®**  
Personal Lubricant

Net Wt. 5 oz (141.8g)



**ASTROGLIDE**  
Personal Lubricant

Net Wt. 2.5 oz (70.9g)



**ASTROGLIDE®**  
Personal Lubricant

Sex will never be the same. But don't take our word for it, call **866.TRY.ASTRO** or visit **astroglide.com** for a free sample. In a hurry? Visit a store near you and enjoy tonight!



Stewart's conviction?

**MOORE:** I go to bed with Martha Stewart every night. Have you ever tried her sheets? They're really nice. I hope she doesn't go to jail. They wasted time and money on some rinky-dink \$45,000 case that hurt no one while allowing corporate crooks to go loose. Consider Enron. Ken Lay is still a free man, and Martha Stewart is going to jail? It's unbelievable. Who wouldn't do what she did? A friend calls and tells you a stock is going to tank, so you sell.

**PLAYBOY:** But she was convicted of lying about it.

**MOORE:** Yeah, she shouldn't have lied, but come on. Go after the real crooks. I'm not saying you should break the law. I don't own stock. I've never owned a share of stock. I don't believe in the stock market just as I don't believe in Vegas.

**PLAYBOY:** Why don't you believe in the stock market?

**MOORE:** I just feel bad for all the average Americans who got sucked into the market in the 1990s thinking they were going to get rich. They ended up losing their pensions, their 401(k)s. They should never have been there. It's a rich man's game. It's Vegas.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe this is why you've been accused of spouting "socialist blather," according to Robert Novak.

**MOORE:** It's pretty funny how we use the word *socialist* to try to smear people these days. The guy who started the religion I grew up with said you'll be judged by how you treat the least among us. He said you're to love your enemy. He said the poor and meek shall inherit the earth. Was he a socialist? He went into

the temple and turned over the money changers' tables because he didn't like that the have-nots were suffering. He felt the pie should be divided up a little more fairly. That's the fundamental basis of my upbringing in an Irish Catholic household. I still live by those principles. To try to smear me with the word *socialist* is anti-Catholic, and I wish people like Mr. Novak weren't so bigoted. I've never read a book by Karl Marx, I'm embarrassed to say. I probably should. It sounds like he had some good ideas. Call it liberal, socialist, whatever—I don't care. It's about responding from a good place in your heart.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you define patriotism?

**MOORE:** Now *that's* the scary word, frankly. People need to be true to their conscience and the people with whom they share this planet. I see these signs that say PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN, and I think, Isn't pride one of the seven deadly sins? People say, "Support the troops." The best way to support them is not to send them into harm's way for anything other than protecting this country. If we were under attack, we'd have to defend ourselves. That's why we have a military. There isn't a single American who can look me in the eye and say he was afraid Saddam Hussein was going to kill him. As the pope said, this was an immoral war.

**PLAYBOY:** Earlier you said Bill O'Reilly preaches to the converted. When you rail against Bush, whether in your movies or books, do you consider that you too may be preaching to the converted?

**MOORE:** I don't think so. In fact I'm one of the few people on the left who have broken through to a mainstream audi-

ence. Before *Stupid White Men* you would have been hard-pressed to find a book from the left that had gone to number one on the *New York Times* list. Since then the floodgates have opened. Liberals who were kind of wimps to begin with saw that it was safe to come out. I reach a pretty wide audience. If book sales can predict the election, we have a good chance. But of course we have to work hard for this election, because they work harder than we do. The right wing gets up early in the morning; we sleep in. They've already done a lot of damage by the time we're rolling out of bed. They get up trying to figure out whom they're going to screw today: "Whose life ain't miserable today? Because I'm gonna make it miserable!" We have to do everything we can do.

**PLAYBOY:** Including your new movie? Do you admit that it's timed to impact the election?

**MOORE:** My hope is that at the end of the film, when the credits are rolling, the audience will already be out of their seats, lighting torches. I want an angry mob.

**PLAYBOY:** And what if, after it all, Bush wins again?

**MOORE:** Oh man. [*groans*] I've thought about it.

**PLAYBOY:** And?

**MOORE:** I suppose I might want to move to Canada, but I can't. If Bush wins, we're just going to have to dig in and fight even harder. Part of me trusts this administration to do itself in because of its corruption. It's likely to happen, though we can't bank on it. I don't even want to think about the possibility of Bush winning. It makes me ill. We cannot let him win. One of the many reasons is the Supreme Court. If ever we had proof that there is a God, it's that we got through four years of George W. Bush without a Supreme Court appointment. Did you ever think that would happen? Nobody did. They must have a hell of a gym at the Supreme Court. Why Rehnquist and O'Connor didn't resign in order to let Bush make two right-wing, born-again-Christian appointments is beyond me. So we have scooted through four years. The Lord above has said, "Okay, I'm giving you a bye, but this is your last chance. You allowed them to steal the election. But if you don't remove these motherfuckers this November and do it right, I'm going to give Bush four appointments in his second term. There will be two resignations, and the other two I'm just going to smite. You're going to have a Supreme Court with five Clarence Thomases. Scalia is going to be considered the liberal." Of course God probably didn't say it exactly like that. He probably wouldn't say "motherfuckers." But we had better listen to his warning: Bush cannot win.



"What began as an act of vandalism now has the support of half of all Americans."



# PLAYMATE NEWS



Clockwise from left: Cora Wokelin, Christina Sontigo, Stacy Fuson, Miriom Gonzolez; Lauren Hill; Nicole Wood, Stephanie Heinrich (with David Wells).

## AN AMERICAN TAIL

You can't go to a Playboy party these days without rubbing tails with a Playmate Bunny, but did you know that the iconic Bunny outfit—which is registered with the U.S. Patent Office and displayed in the Smithsonian Institution—almost never came into existence? Before Hef opened the first Playboy Club, in 1962, he toyed with dressing the waitresses in sexy nightgowns. (Hef! What were you thinking?) Thankfully, he and his creative team decided to play off the magazine's Rabbit theme, and the curvaceous cottontail costume was born. Just when Hef thought everything was cool, he was thrown



another curve: It took more than a year to get an entertainment license for the \$4 million Playboy Club in Manhattan. Why? Because an uptight city license commissioner didn't approve of the Bunny costume. Fortunately, a judge overruled him, saying, "It is not incumbent upon the petitioner (Playboy) to dress its female employees in middy blouses, gymnasium bloomers, turtleneck sweaters, fishermen's hip boots or ankle-length overcoats." Damn straight. Now the Bunnies are more popular than ever and hopping up everywhere, especially at our coast-to-coast 50th Anniversary Club tour, which re-creates the original swanky atmosphere and ends in June.

## 15 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

What do Drew Barrymore and Miss July 1989 Erika Eleniak have in common? They both appeared in *E.T.* years before getting naked in *PLAYBOY*. Erika, who played Elliott's girlfriend in the flick, gushed in her Playmate story about another promising project she'd finished: a TV pilot for a new show called *Baywatch*. As you know, she and the show made a huge splash.



## LOOSE LIPS

"I think that men are growing up faster. The best guys are the ones who were born in the 1960s. They are used to women being independent. They were brought up by mothers who were burning their bras and protesting. Men from my generation are chauvinist pigs!"—Bebe Buell

## SCENES FROM THE RED CARPET

From left: Brande Roderick, who plays a cheerleader in *Starsky & Hutch*, at the movie's world premiere. "I picked this because it's so 1970s," Brande said; Victoria Silvestedt of our Super Bowl shindig in Houston; Nicole Narain at the Alize House of Passion NBA party; Stacy Fuson at the Coming Home Studios, Godsmack and Playboy Pre-Grammy Rock-and-Roll Carnival; Tina Jordan in L.A.





## HOT SHOT



JENNY  
McCARTHY

### POP QUESTIONS: REBEKKA ARMSTRONG

**Q:** You're HIV positive, and here you are on the cover of *Poz* magazine. Are you still working to spread awareness about HIV and AIDS?

**A:** Definitely. Three weeks ago I was at New York University. Then three days later I was in California, lobbying against the budget cuts that Arnold Schwarzenegger had proposed in the AIDS-drug assistance program. It was amazing. My husband, Oliver, with the AIDS Healthcare Foundation crew and 800 others, protested on the capitol steps in Sacramento.

**Q:** Does traveling so much have a negative effect on your health?

**A:** It can. A year ago I took 84 planes in the fall alone. I was like, "I need to step back!" My goal now is to do two lectures a month. It's a miracle that I'm still alive. I've had HIV since I was 16 years old. I'm 37 now, and that has a lot to do with the way I eat and exercise.

**Q:** What about future plans?

**A:** I want to put out a cookbook, but I don't want to include only my healthy vegetarian recipes. I want to feature the foods I grew up on, such as my grandma's cheese rolls. You know, all those fun things I ate as a kid.



### MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Karen Black

"My favorite Centerfold is the very beautiful redhead

Susan Bernard. She is the most voluptuous and darling little thing wha has ever been photographed."



### PAMELA'S PDAS



When you're Pamela Anderson, everyone wants to get close. Here's Pammy kissing ex-beau Marcus Schenkenberg in Miami. A few days earlier she snuggled with Elton Jahn and Christina Aguilera in Vegas.

### PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Anna Nicole Smith and Danny DeVito were caught making out on the "Kiss Me" camera at an L.A. Lakers game. Lucky for Anna, the buss was fictional—they were filming a scene for the sequel to *Get Shorty*, called *Be Cool*.... Elke Jansen and Karen McDougal (below) whooped it up in Spain to celebrate PLAYBOY'S Spanish edition.... Christina Santiago, Serria Tawan, Carmella DeCesare, Audra Lynn and



We don't blame the guy on the left.

Barbara Moore competed on *Family Feud* against a team of Hollywood bachelors, including Shauna Sand's ex-husband, Lorenzo Lamas.... Nefterteri Shepherd landed the role of Dussie May in August Wilson's play *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*.... Peggy McIntaggart stars as Gary Busey's wife in the movie *Moto Monkey*.... Nicole Wood and Colleen Marie

contended with all things nasty on NBC's *Fear Factor*.... Colleen also appears on VH1's *Million Dollar Weekend*, in which she, Tishara Cousino and Shannon Stewart get wild in Vegas.... Been reaching your Telemundo quota? Then you may have seen Petra Verkaik and Julie Cialini promoting Playboy leather apparel on the news.... And finally, in honor of the Fourth of July, here's the cover of Norway's *Javel* magazine (above), featuring Lillian Müller in red, white and blue. She's not from the U.S., but she sure inspires fireworks.



Lillian "Fireworks" Müller.





Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

# Hot Spot

the inside story on

# Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

## Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that



the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,  
Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-276-1193 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



**3 NEW SERIES  
WORLD PREMIERE**

# Playboy Saturday Night



**100  
Proof**

**Roll with  
HIP-HOP  
Royalty!**

**Queen of  
Clubs**

**When  
strippers  
compete,  
you WIN!**

**5  
Deadly  
Videos**

**The  
hottest  
videos.  
No  
censors.**

**like nothing  
you've seen  
before!**

**Authentic, uncensored hip-hop  
sensuality, celebrity and lifestyle.**

**JULY 10, 9pm E/10pm P**



**PLAYBOY TV**



# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### ENTER SANDMAN

**A**h, the beach and your favorite libation: The two go together like Jagger and Richards, like cognac and a fine cigar. Each is dynamite on its own, but combine them and the whole becomes so much greater than the sum of its parts. And while you're at it (the beach, that is), why not bring along a couple of supercomfortable chairs and a high-end portable gas grill? Here are a few tips on turning a day at the beach into the best day of your life.

JAMES IMBROGNO

The least comfortable seat on the beach is...on the beach. Get your butt off that burning sand with the Sully sand chair from Charleston (below right, \$120, [charlestonbeachchair.com](http://charlestonbeachchair.com)). It's built for comfort, but it can take a beating, and you can adjust it without standing up. Want a beach chair that rocks? The oak folding rocking chair (left, \$70, [everywherechair.com](http://everywherechair.com)) brings fireside comfort to the seashore. Plus, it reclines—which will undoubtedly come in handy.



Above: Trust the folks at Weber to free great grilling from the backyard. Their Baby Q gas grill (\$130, [webergrill.com](http://webergrill.com)) offers 189 square inches of grilling space in an eminently portable package. Slap on a couple of lobsters and you'll be everyone's best friend. Right: Don't settle for suds when you're sunning. Carry some quality hooch and carry it in style with Ayers Leather Shops' portable bar (\$200, [ayersleather.com](http://ayersleather.com)). Stock it with gin, vodka and vermouth and you won't feel the sun blisters blooming on your face. Wine snobs should pack Picnic Time's Harmony wine case (\$55 to \$67, [picnictime.com](http://picnictime.com)), which has space for a bottle, two glasses and a corkscrew—instant sophistication, whether you're meditating in Bali or raging in Daytona.

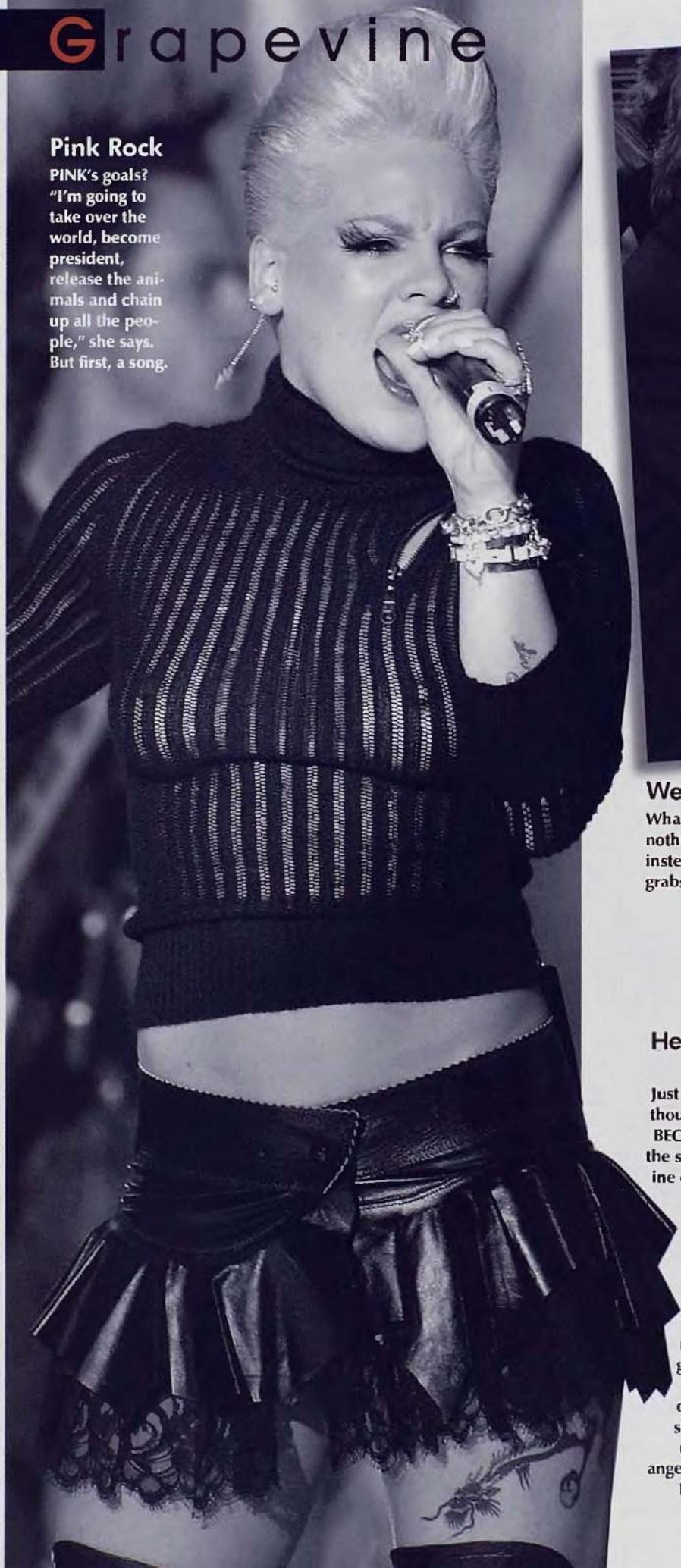
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 153.



# Grapevine

## Pink Rock

**PINK's** goals? "I'm going to take over the world, become president, release the animals and chain up all the people," she says. But first, a song.



## We Hope She Knows Jack

What would we do without **JACK BLACK**, who proves there's nothing worse than an earnest trip down the red carpet? Here, instead of shaking hands and kissing *Access Hollywood's* butt, he grabs girlfriend **LAURA KIGHTLINGER** and cops a feel.

## Heaven's Kate

Just when we thought **KATE BECKINSALE**, the sexy heroine of action-horror movies *Van Helsing* and *Underworld*, had permanently gone over to the dark side, she shows up in this angelic outfit. Positively uplifting.







PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES MARI

### Smile, You're on See-Through Camera

Everyone who's anyone goes to *Vanity Fair's* post-Oscars bash, but one woman stood out this year: **ANGIE HARMON**. Husband Jason Sehorn must have to intercept passes off the field, too.



### Sophie's Choice

When model **SOPHIE ANDERTON** hits runways, even male on-lookers develop a keen eye for fashion. We've dubbed this little La Perla number "sheer luck."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES MARI

### Notorious K.I.M.

It went from private show to privates showing when **LIL' KIM** performed sans panties at New York's Canal Room. Why did she do it? As she sings, "You can't fuck with the queen bee."



PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES MARI

### Slick Moves

If you go to a topless beach this month, you may spot model **BETTY STRAIT**. Remember, gawk at your own risk.



# Potpourri

## SHADY CHARACTER

Sporasub's Samurai Elite mask (\$65, sporasub.usa.com) has mirrored lenses. And no, they're not there so you can look like CHiPs of the sea. Competitive spearfishers use them to avoid spooking fish with the movement of their eyes (tuna ain't dumb, ya know). As a side benefit they provide the same advantage as the shades you wear for eyeing babes on the street. Now when you're snorkeling off your favorite resort beach you'll be free to admire all those breastfish, thighfish and giant-ass whales.



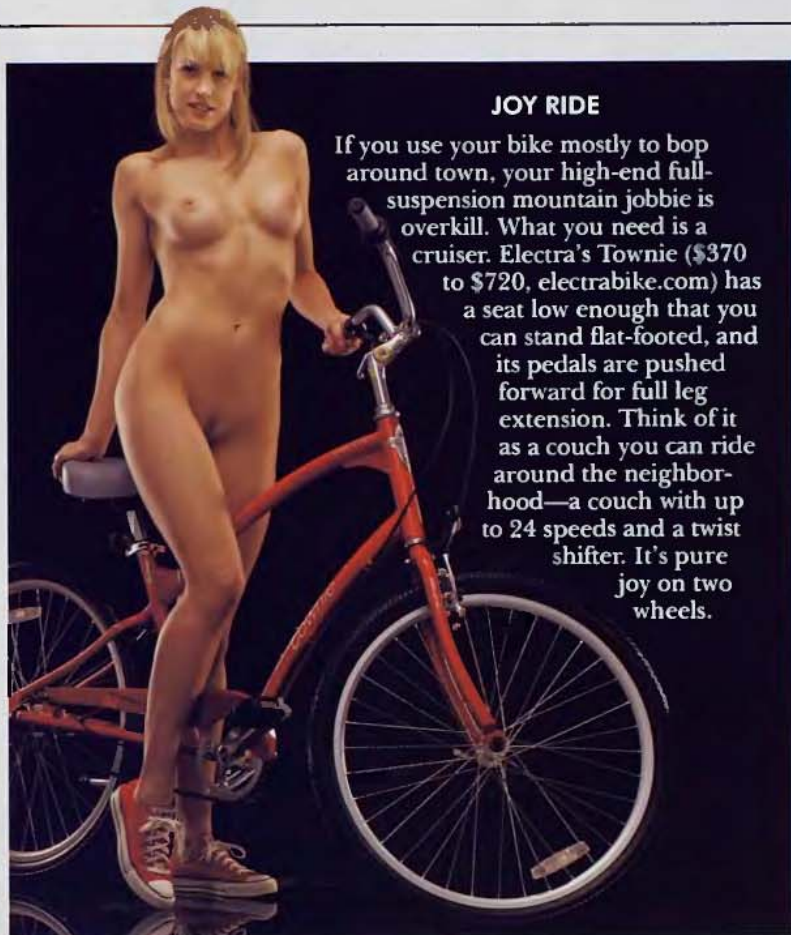
## SHOCK AND AWW

Bored? Like pain? Try the electrifying party game Lightning Reaction (bottom, \$30). Four people grab a handle, and when the central red light turns green players push their button. The slowest gets a four-volt electric shock. Too nuanced? Try Shocking Roulette (\$18), in which one of you gets zapped randomly. If that gets tired, revert to the old standby: sticking your finger in a light socket. Both available at [shockingfun.com](http://shockingfun.com).



## JOY RIDE

If you use your bike mostly to bop around town, your high-end full-suspension mountain jobbie is overkill. What you need is a cruiser. Electra's Townie (\$370 to \$720, [electrabike.com](http://electrabike.com)) has a seat low enough that you can stand flat-footed, and its pedals are pushed forward for full leg extension. Think of it as a couch you can ride around the neighborhood—a couch with up to 24 speeds and a twist shifter. It's pure joy on two wheels.



## FACE VALUE

Finally, a watch that has good reason to be digital. Suunto's MSN Direct watches deliver personalized news headlines, sports scores, stock quotes, messages and appointment reminders right to your wrist, thanks to a dedicated radio network. Even the mundane task of telling time gains extra sizzle with an assortment of downloadable digital faces. The Suunto n3 (above) will run you \$300, but Fossil makes models starting at \$129. Add \$10 a month or \$59 a year for MSN Direct service.



### TAKING BUSH TO THE MAT

Anti-Bush doormats are our tool of choice for scaring off Republican fundraisers and Rush Limbaugh listeners. Bushdoormat.com offers mats (\$30) emblazoned with Dubya's smiling face above one of two messages (GIVE BUSH THE BOOT OR PLEASE WIPE YOUR FEET) that reduce politics to its very essence: childishness and mudslinging. The mats measure 18 by 27 inches and are washable. Just don't blame us when Dick Cheney eggs your house again.



### THE CUTTING EDGE

Switzerland's army opens more cans before nine A.M. than most people do all day. Now you can get more than just a nail file and tiny scissors with your little red friend. Victorinox recently released its Swiss-Memory Plus model (\$69, [swissarmy.com](http://swissarmy.com)), which features a fold-out 64-megabyte USB drive. Use it to store files, photos or secret plans for invading Zurich.



### HOT STUFF

Silicone is used in so many of our favorite products—Formula 1 cars, racing boats, gigantic fake breasts. Now we can add the Orka silicone oven mitt (\$20 to \$30, [isinorthamerica.com](http://isinorthamerica.com)) to the list. Fashioned of ultra-high-density silicone polymer (which makes it heat resistant up to temperatures of 500 degrees Fahrenheit), it's great for fishing food out of boiling oil or water, getting hands-on with the barbecue or proving to the neighborhood kids that you really are a crime-fighting superhero. The mitts come in two sizes (11 inches and 17 inches) and six colors (to match that adorable apron of yours).



### DRESS FOR EXCESS

You may not want to wear your heart on your sleeve, but there's nothing wrong with wearing your lust there. These Pinup Girl and Girl Playing Card cuff links (\$65 a pair) are made of nickel-plated pewter and have bullet backs. (Note to company: Next time you make a set, we'd prefer an ace up our sleeve to a three of diamonds.) Cruise over to [cufflinks.com](http://cufflinks.com) to find these, as well as ones featuring Elvis and, wonder of wonders, the Playboy Rabbit Head.

### GOD IS NOT MY CO-PILOT

Pioneer's new AVIC-N1 (\$2,200, [pioneerelectronics.com](http://pioneerelectronics.com)), the first truly integrated aftermarket navigation and entertainment system, sports a 6.5-inch touch screen that does triple duty as an easy-to-read stereo controller, a movie screen and the hub of a GPS-enabled navigation and informatics system. The stereo plays CDs, MP3s and DVDs and is XM-satellite-radio ready. But the best part is, when not in use, it quietly folds away inside the dash so it doesn't look as if you need directions to find your corner grocery store.





# Next Month



MATT DAMON: THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW.



ARE YOU READY FOR SOME FOOTBALL? OUR NFL PREVIEW.



IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO FASHION!



MEET MISS AUGUST.

**CARD SHARKS**—YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW WHEN TO HOLD 'EM AND WHEN TO FOLD 'EM. YOU'VE ALSO GOT TO KNOW WHEN TO WALK AWAY AND INVENT A NEW CASINO GAME THAT WILL MAKE YOU A MILLIONAIRE. MEET THE LATEST BREED OF GAMBLERS—THE GUYS BEHIND *CARIBBEAN STUD*, *THREE-CARD POKER* AND *LET IT RIDE*—WHO BET THEIR LIVES FOR RICH PAYOFFS. PLUS: WHAT ARE THE ODDS YOU COULD INVENT THE NEXT BIG GAME? BY **JOHN BLOOM**

**MATT DAMON**—HE HAS AN OSCAR IN HIS POCKET AND THREE BLOCKBUSTERS ON DECK (*THE BOURNE SUPREMACY*, *OCEAN'S TWELVE* AND *THE BROTHERS GRIMM*). UNDERNEATH IT ALL HE'S A NORMAL BEANTOWN KID WHO SMOKES, DRINKS AND DROPPED OUT OF HARVARD. THE MATT'S-EYE VIEW ON MIRAMAX'S HARVEY WEINSTEIN, THE BENNIFER DISASTER AND HIS HABIT OF FALLING FOR ACTRESSES, FROM WINONA TO MINNIE. *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* BY **STEPHEN REBELLO**

**THE FOUR-STAR BACKYARD CHEF**—WE HOOKED UP WITH FOUR OF AMERICA'S TOP CHEFS AND FOLLOWED THEM INTO THEIR KITCHENS FOR SOME COMMERCIAL-STYLE GRILLING. THE RESULTS? EASY GOURMET BARBECUE RECIPES FOR POULTRY, FISH AND STEAK. BY **KENT BLACK**

**UP AGAINST THE WALL**—AFTER A FIERCE STRUGGLE HE LANDED A JOB TEACHING EIGHTH-GRADE ENGLISH IN A GHETTO SCHOOL, THOUGH HE HADN'T TAKEN ANY OF THE REQUIRED COURSES AND HAD NO INTENTION OF DOING SO. THE JOB SAVED HIS LIFE. HELL, WITH VIETNAM ON THE HORIZON, ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN INDUCTION INTO THE U.S. ARMY. FICTION BY **T.C. BOYLE**

**INSIDE THE ENTOURAGE**—FOR EVERY REGULAR GUY WHO MAKES IT BIG IN HOLLYWOOD THERE'S A POSSE OF OBNOXIOUS FRIENDS RIDING ON HIS COATTAILS. MEET THE STARS OF HBO'S HOTTEST NEW SERIES, *ENTOURAGE*, SHOWING OFF THE COOLEST NEW CLOTHING AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION. A FASHION EXCLUSIVE.

**PLUS:** 20 QUESTIONS WITH **SPIKE LEE**, FRANK OWEN'S INVESTIGATION OF A VIOLENT DEATH ON THE STREETS OF DETROIT, OUR ANNUAL NFL PREVIEW (READ IT BEFORE JUMPING INTO THE OFFICE POOL), THE MOST GORGEOUS BARTENDERS IN AMERICA IN A THIRST-QUENCHING PICTORIAL, BABE OF THE MONTH **LISA LIGON**, BADASS SNEAKERS, PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR **CARMELLA DE CESARE** REVEALING HER BEDROOM FANTASIES, AND MISS AUGUST, **PILAR LASTRA**.