

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

September • SEPTEMBER 2004

INTERVIEW
**THE GOOGLE
GUYS**
AMERICA'S
NEWEST
BILLIONAIRES

**THE
WOMEN
OF THE
OLYMPICS**
12
PAGES OF
SPECTACULAR
NUDES

PLUS
E-VOTING
OUTLAW HUMOR
THE PLAYBOY BAR
COLLEGE FOOTBALL
TERRELL OWENS
FALL FASHION
**ARTHUR
SCHLESINGER JR**
JOHN EDGAR
WIDEMAN

Amy Acuff U.S. high jumper

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The Olympics are always an awe-inspiring forum for the capabilities of the human body. While it's easy to get caught up in intense discussions of pure athletics, we're more interested in aesthetics. So we sent Senior Contributing Photographer **Army Freytag** to find competitors—such as high jumper **Amy Acuff**, our cover model—who offer the best of both worlds. "I have been doing this for 28 years," says Freytag, "and this was the best time I've ever had. It was done mostly outdoors so there would be a feeling of freedom. We even had Olympic Stadium in Munich, built for the 1972 Games, shut down for us to use for one of the shoots. This pictorial is different and fun and really shows natural physical beauty. Lots of open spaces, blue skies, the chance to capture the athletes in motion—I know PLAYBOY readers will like this."

This month's *Forum* includes "Who Rules America?" by **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.**, a long-time contributor to and friend of the magazine. "Americans have always wrestled with the mysteries of power," he says. "Many of us view ourselves as powerless, excluded by our masters from the decisions that determine our fate. But the usual suspects—the military, big business, popular clamor—do not explain why we invaded Iraq. Accident, not premeditation, gave a president the power to bring about a war. But the virtue of democracy is its capacity for self-correction."



Photographer **Mick Rock's** iconic images of David Bowie, Blondie, Lou Reed, Queen and other musicians immortalized a classic era of rock history. Now, with his work on *The New Playboy*, he captures the dawn of a new era in fashion. "When I come into a shoot," Rock says, "I'm very prepared for the session psychologically—totally open to all kinds of possibilities. In a way I feel like a cook. You bring me the ingredients and I will stir and taste and mix and add and subtract until I get the right blend. And then something really interesting starts to happen."



"I started with the title because it was so intriguing," says **John Edgar Wideman**, the winner of two PEN/Faulkner awards and author of this month's fiction, *Are Dreams Faster Than the Speed of Light*. "Time has always been a favorite subject, a vexing subject and a scary subject for me. We all float along like fish in this sea of time. It's our medium. But it's still an immense mystery. The fun for me of writing is figuring things out. So the story is an attempt to talk about that mystery and understand it."



Larry Page and **Sergey Brin**, better known as the Google guys, are the latest tech billionaires. Shortly before their SEC-mandated period of silence, Contributing Editor **David Sheff** met the pair at their office for the *Playboy Interview* and did a search of his own. "In the lobby of the Googleplex," says Sheff, "there was a TV screen with a continuously changing list of Google queries: Roach Motels, Colin Powell, GBH, Britney and topless, Caesar salad recipes. It was a dynamic illustration of the way we have all come to use Google."

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PLAYBOY

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After the Bush-Gore election, three Florida counties tossed out their punch-card ballots and replaced them with touch-screen computers. They've since been used in local elections, with unsettling results: Machines have crashed, votes have been lost, and voters have been turned away. In the November presidential contest, one in four people across the country will vote electronically. Are our election problems only going to get worse? **BY DAN BAUM**

76 LIQUID ROMANCE

A woman who visits a man in his home expects him to know how to shake, stir and blend any cocktail she might desire. Here are a few tips on the fine art of romantic mixology. Plus: The Playboy Bar, our guide to lubricating properly—top-shelf liquor, barware and more. **BY A.J. BAIME**

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We're no fans of the Bowl Championship System, piggyback bowl be damned. Still, this college season will provide plenty of excitement before the new year. For our annual guide, we pick the winners and losers, introduce the Playboy All America team and honor the 2004 Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete. **BY GARY COLE**

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For 50 years PLAYBOY has championed a comic breed that emerged at the same time as the magazine: the outlaw humorist. In this A-to-Z primer, we pay homage to the fearless jesters—such as Lenny Bruce, Bill Maher, Richard Pryor and the Sex Pistols—who risked jail and alienation to poke fun at such touchy subjects as sex, race and politics. **BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

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Peggy likes to get downright dirty with clean men.

120 20Q TERRELL OWENS

The outspoken Philadelphia Eagles wide receiver can't juke our questions about his stormy relationship with the San Francisco 49ers, his sidestepping of the Baltimore Ravens, his touchdown celebrations and how he'd treat an openly gay teammate. **BY DEWEY HAMMOND**

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86 ARE DREAMS FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT

A man suffering from a fatal disease that causes his muscles to atrophy, his hands to tremble and his lungs to harden faces the last few months of his life. Number one on his things-to-do-before-I-die list: kill his elderly father, a war veteran who is also dying and in pain. **BY JOHN EDGAR WIDEMAN**

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55 GOOGLE GUYS

Websites don't generate fortunes anymore, but Google is an exception. As one of the most visited Internet sites, the search engine has turned co-founders Sergey Brin and Larry Page from computer geeks into billionaires. Just before the company entered a pre-IPO period of silence, we searched the Google guys for answers on maintaining a laid-back office culture once Google goes public, their "Don't be evil" company motto and the state of electronic privacy. **BY DAVID SHEFF**



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86

cover story

The 2004 Athens Olympics will bring together the most gifted athletes in the world. From this elite group, PLAYBOY chose eight women whose beauty rivals their athletic ability. Of course, to make photographer Arny Freytog's medal round, they all had to torch their uniforms and bathing suits. Here, high jumper Amy Acuff sets the bar. And our Rabbit wins the silver.



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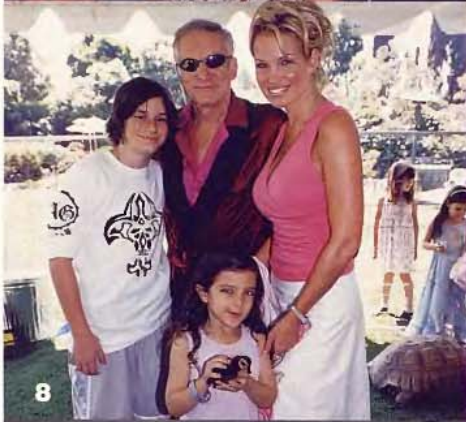
Hef's **HAPPY** 78TH



One party wasn't enough for Mr. Playboy—his 78th birthday celebration lasted a week. (1) Hef, Holly and friends got dressed up for a special screening of his favorite film, *Casablanca*, followed by champagne and caviar by candlelight. (2) Later that night, Hef took his girlfriends dancing at Bliss, where he had his birthday cake and ate it, too. (3) The host at his pajama-and-lingerie-or-less birthday bash with 24's Dennis Haysbert. (4) Jack Nicholson and pal. (5) Nick Warnock, Heidi Bressler, Sam Solovey and Jessie Connors of *The Apprentice*. (6) *Survivor*'s Jenna Morasca and Ethan Zohn. (7) Owen Wilson and Kimberley Conrad Hefner. (8) Dennis Quaid and 50th Anniversary Playmate Colleen Shannon. (9) WWE wrestling stars Torrie Wilson and Stacy Keibler. (10) Dita von Teese. (11) Not even crutches could keep Jeffrey Ross away. (12) The Dahm triplets. (13) Hef and his brother Keith. (14) Ginni Ramos, Jeremy Piven and Katie Lohmann. (15) Charisma Carpenter. (16) Wesley Jonathan, Melissa Puente and Asia Mendez. (17) Sandy and Mandy Bentley.



BUNNY HOPPING AT THE MANSION



Centerfolds, celebrities and their children love Hef's annual Easter egg hunt at the Playboy Mansion. (1) The host with Pamela Anderson, Tommy Lee and their sons, Dylan and Brandon. (2) New girlfriend Kendra Wilkinson with Bridget Marquardt, Holly Madison and a furry friend in the petting zoo. (3) Jimmy Caan, his wife Linda and sons. (4) Shannon Tweed and Gene Simmons. (5) Fred Dryer's daughter Caitlin and Jack Nicholson's daughter Lorraine, who both grew up at the Mansion. (6) 40th Anniversary Playmate Anna-Marie Goddard and her son. (7) Barbara Moore with fiancé Lorenzo Lamas and his daughters, hunting for eggs. (8) Hef with Tina Jordan, his son Cooper and her daughter Tatiana. (9) Melissa Gilbert—Laura Ingalls of *Little House on the Prairie*—with friends in the petting zoo. (10) Janet Jones and hockey icon Wayne Gretzky. (11) Barbara Moore with a happy Easter bunny. (12) Burt Bacharach with Mr. Playboy. (13) Rocker Fred Durst and Lou Ferrigno, the original Hulk. (14) Jenny McCarthy and her son, Evan.



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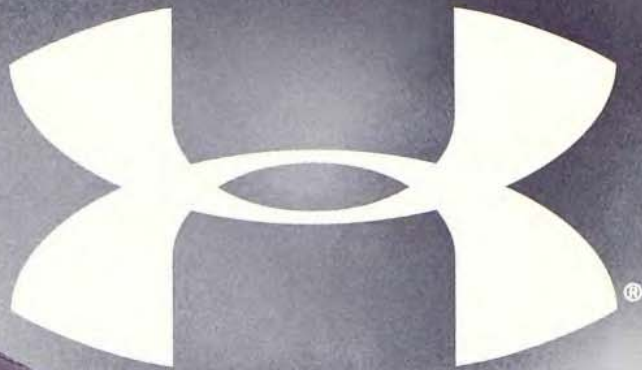
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SHE'S GOT CHARISMA

Charisma Carpenter (*Earth Angel*, June) became one of my television favorites as the blunt and brave Cordelia Chase on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *Angel*. Her photos are amazing. I feel like such a lesbian right now.

Kim Chevelle
Anaheim, California

I've dreamed of seeing Charisma posing in *PLAYBOY* since the first time I watched *Buffy*.

Stephen Lee Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii

I was disappointed to learn that Charisma and *Angel* won't be returning. But the small screen's loss is the big screen's gain. Can't you just see her as *Wonder Woman*?

M.M. Miles
Los Angeles, California

Watching Charisma in those sweaters on *Buffy*, I sensed there was something spectacular underneath.

Chris Nelson
Monterey, California

I can't believe you didn't give Charisma more pages. You people are seriously jaded.

Joe Fatica
Calgary, Alberta

Charisma is beautiful, but the lengths to which some of your celebrity models



Charisma slays our readers.

have gone to hide their vulvas borders on the ridiculous.

Mark Adam
Charleston, South Carolina

When I got the mail and saw Charisma, I shouted, "Yes, thank you! Yes!" I think I frightened my brother.

Amir Talai
Los Angeles, California

HOME RUN OR GROUNDOUT?

Derek Jeter comes across as someone who appreciates what he has (*Playboy Interview*, June). What impresses me most is that he understands he represents the Yankees on and off the field.

Reggie Oates
Louisville, Kentucky

Interviewer Diane Shah writes that "Jeter carefully crafts his courteous statements." Maybe I missed something, but after reading the interview a couple of times, I learned only one thing about Jeter—that he carefully crafts his courteous statements.

Gus Mueller
Ryder, North Dakota

Jeter speaks in platitudes and sits on the fence in response to questions instead of providing any revealing answers. With the current situation in the world, why don't you interview some politicians?

Reggie Berry
San Diego, California

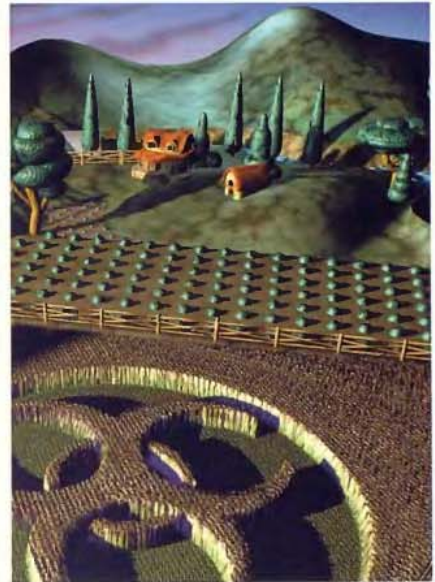
FRANKENFOOD

Every fact about biotechnology reported by Dan Baum (*Feeding Our Deepest Fears*, June) indicates that genetically modified crops are a profound advance that cuts costs and increases yields while harming no one. So why are they under attack? Baum blames the victims. The problem, he writes, is that biotech companies are so arrogantly confident that science is on their side that they don't do enough to address the hysterical fears promoted by environmentalists. It's also the companies' fault because they use biotech to make a profit. And as a farmer quoted by Baum dutifully reminds us, "money and the corporations ruined everything." So the bottom line is: It's all their fault for being too independent-minded and wanting to profit. Never mind that a new technological innovation is in danger of being quashed because of unthinking prejudice against science and business.

Robert Tracinski
Ayn Rand Institute
Irvine, California

Most people who are against genetically modified crops are not educated

about the subject. Genetically modified foods allow farmers to use fewer pesticides. They will one day be able to produce a gluten-free wheat so that people who suffer from gluten intolerance will be able to eat a piece of bread. That's only the beginning. A



What's on your plate tonight?

genetically modified organism is like a computer—it's only as smart as its user. Monsanto is getting a bad rap.

Derek Mayer
Burt, North Dakota

Kudos to Dan Baum for his report. I teach a science class in which I stress the law of unintended consequences. Transgenic food will not cause us to grow hair on our palms, but there may be other serious outcomes, such as farmland turning into deserts.

Robert Wilson
Salt Lake City, Utah

This isn't the first time we've messed around with genes. The public needs to take the middle ground: Don't be too optimistic, but don't be frightened.

Benton Lam
Burnaby, British Columbia

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

I was about to complain about all the unnatural blondes who appear in the magazine, when I received my June issue. It's full of brunettes! Thank you. I am going to frame every page.

Jody Martin
Greensboro, North Carolina

HIROMI'S HEROES

Hiromi Oshima (*Made in Japan*, June) doesn't have to return to Japan

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every three months just because she doesn't have a green card. I'd be happy to marry her.

Chris Knepper
Buena Park, California

You and 1,001 other readers made this generous offer. She's thinking it over.

Hiromi is the best thing to come out of Japan since the Honda.

Hank Lewis
Houston, Texas

GAME DAY

You often review games that won't be available for months. Why is that?

Jeff Dykhuis
Appleton, Wisconsin

We time our reviews to correspond with release dates, but game makers often change those dates at the last minute.

FEMALE FIXATION

The Fetishized Woman (June) is captivating, but I'm surprised Chip Rowe didn't include a woman's lips or tongue. It's said that the brain is the most important sex organ, but I'd say it's a limber tongue.

Les Knickerbocker
Ben Lomond, California

Why did you skip the thighs?

Jake Harris
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

Don't forget the labia.

Nolan Line
Bradenton, Florida

You can't point to a woman's buttocks without also acknowledging her anus. It's a fixation in porn.

Gary Michaels
Farmington Hills, Michigan

What about the ankles?

Ian Mark
San Antonio, Texas

You shouldn't lump nipples in with breasts, especially when fingernails and toes get their own entries.

Mark Gaspard
Tennessee Colony, Texas

You did a disservice by not mentioning the areola. By the way, who is the fetishized model? She's gorgeous.

Justin Skywatcher
Wellsburg, West Virginia

That's Playmate Irina Voronina. You can see more of her in the January 2001 issue or at cyber.playboy.com.

VICTIMS OF PAINTBALL

A June *Raw Data* item states that paintball injuries have increased to 2,780 a year since 1997. But you fail to note the corresponding increase in the

number of players. Paintball is safer than golf, jogging, tennis, swimming and many other sports.

Eddie Bradley
Prince Frederick, Maryland

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

I want to congratulate Carmella DeCesare on being chosen Playmate of the Year (June). Hef sure knows how to pick 'em.

Derek Lane
Salem, Maine

Thank you for once again confirming that Ohio is home to some of the most beautiful women in the world.

Gregory Hoodin
Cincinnati, Ohio

Carmella was my choice for PMOY, and I am thrilled that she won. But



Carmella with her Mazda RX-8.

you should have put her on the cover. Devoting a single cover each year to what is supposed to be the highest honor for a Playmate isn't asking too much. You owe it to the women who helped build the empire—and to your longtime subscribers.

Donn McKnight
Burbank, California

WRITE ANYTIME

Many magazines have shortened their articles in the past few years. I'm thrilled that *PLAYBOY* hasn't. You developed a formula for excellence and have stuck to it. Your reporters are far ahead of the rest when it comes to obtaining information. Your advice has always been carefully thought-out, and the pictorials and artwork are nothing short of spectacular.

O'Dell Hightower Jr.
Columbus, Georgia



ALI G:

So when you arrived on the moon, was the people who lived there friendly or was they scared of you?

BUZZ ALDRIN:

There was absolutely no thought of encountering any living being whatsoever.

ALI G:

Do you think man will ever walk on the sun?

BUZZ ALDRIN:

No. The sun is too hot. It is not a good place to go to.

ALI G:

What happens if they went in winter, when the sun is cold?

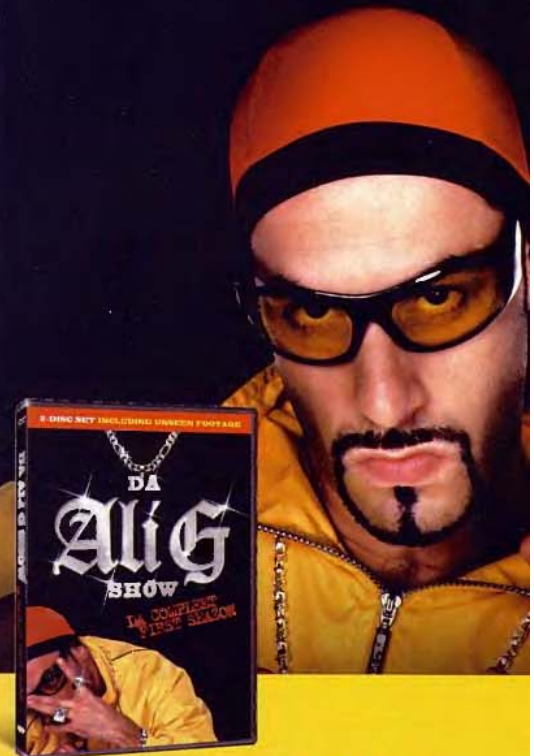
BUZZ ALDRIN:

The sun is not cold in the winter.

Ali G meets Buzz Aldrin.

Episode 4.

Da Ali G Show



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babe of the month

Blanchard Ryan

Open Water's breakout beauty goes swimming with the sharks

In *Open Water*, based on a true story and described as "*Blair Witch* meets *Jaws*," Blanchard Ryan plays a diver abandoned by her chartered boat in the shark-abundant waters of the Bahamas. "We had to step off the deck and into a swarm of sharks," she says. "There were so many of them it was like shark soup. I'm a certified scuba diver, but I have a primal fear of sharks and just cried a lot in the water. When these powerful eight-foot-long animals bumped into me, I thought, Is my leg still there?" In addition to overcoming

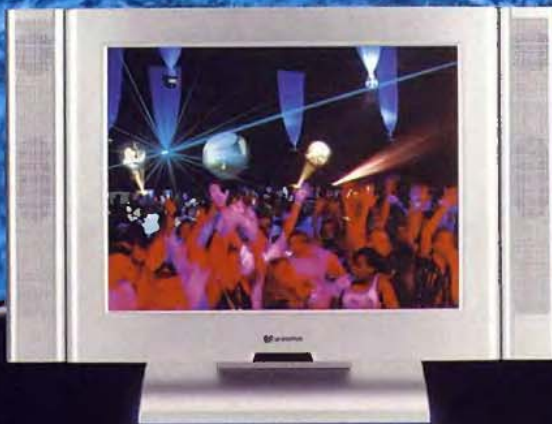
"There were so many of them it was like shark soup. I cried a lot."

her fear of bloodthirsty man-eaters, Blanchard shucked the swimsuit for her first love scene. "I like the shock effect," she says. "I have a problem with the whole *Mad About You* going-to-sleep-in-boxer-shorts-and-a-tee thing. I thought it would be something else to get the film talked about." That mission accomplished, Blanchard then took time off to follow her favorite hockey team, the Philadelphia Flyers, around the East Coast—her father is the team president. For Blanchard, whose filmography is dotted with roles such as *Mother 2* and *Salesperson*, a leading role in *Open Water* is her best shot at fame, if not fortune. "We had a fantasy going into this that if we could all just pay off our credit cards, we would be thrilled," she says.



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guest spot



UP AND AUTUMN

FOR A YOUNG MARC MARON, SEPTEMBER MEANT GOING PRO AND GETTING SERIOUS

In September 1988 I'd just started my comedy career, doing road shows as an opening act. There were hundreds of gigs to be had in New England in the 1980s. Any pub, social hall or taco joint within 500 miles of Beantown could host a comedy night. For 75 bucks, hungry people who thought they were funny would drive long into the New England twilight. My first trip was with Frankie Bastile, the Keith Richards of Boston comics. Frankie was a junkie and a hustler. He had a chant from the Tibetan Book of the Dead tattooed around his biceps. You wouldn't know him; he never did TV. He didn't want the exposure—to the IRS and his ex-wife. It was another fall, and I was driving nowhere with another weirdo. It felt like a college road trip, but instead of catching a Del Fuegos show I was babysitting a criminal. At a Shell station, Frankie stole the manager's business cards, then spent the next half hour crossing out the name on each one and replacing it with FRANKIE BASTILE, COMEDIAN. Fun and games. In these two-man shows, the opener does 30 minutes and the closer does 45. I was getting nervous. "I don't know if I can do the whole half hour," I said. "You can cover it, right?" "You gotta do your time, man," Frankie said. "Pay your dues and do your time." The place was a disco—mirror ball and all—with a mike on the dance floor and 100 people in the crowd. I did every joke I had, and I did well. I introduced Frankie, and the crowd clapped, but he didn't come on. I introduced him again. No Frankie. Extremely awkward silence. Then Frankie shouted from the darkness, "Twenty-six." I was confused. "You did 26 minutes," he said. "You got four more minutes." The moment hung; I thought of an old joke and told it, slowly. Thirty minutes. Done. Take it away, Frank. Frankie's gone, but I never forgot that lesson. Comedy may seem like dicking around—"Hey, look at me; I'm so funny"—but it's not. The truth is, nothing you do for money is dicking around. If you sign up to do 30 minutes and try to get away with 26, you're an asshole, and people won't want to work with you. You gotta do your time, man.

Marc Maron appears on Comedy Central's Tough Crowd and Air America Radio's Morning Sedition.

digital manipulation



WOMEN OF LETTERS

A LOOK BACK AT THE AGE OF SOFT-CORE TYPOGRAPHY

Long before the invention of e-mail and JPEGs, men were using machines to exchange pictures of naked women. The machines weren't computers; they were radio teletypes, or RTTYs, World War II-era devices for transmitting text. And the images weren't photographs; they were impressions of photos (usually from PLAYBOY) made up of carefully placed letters. The heyday of RTTY art was the late 1960s and early 1970s. Collectors printed the images on form-feed paper or saved the text on reels of punch tape (the CD-R of its day). In the era when hulking mainframes were minded by bored, pasty techies, RTTY art festooned drab computer-room walls. Today it survives online—we recommend wps.com/archives/ITA/Bob-Roehrig. For the borderline autistic in all of us, these artists' obsessive labors are awe-inspiring. It just proves the old axiom: Given time and rudimentary technology, man will inevitably try to simulate woman.

smash hits

ROAD TO RUIN

YOUR CAR'S BOOMIN' SYSTEM:
UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED?

Canadian researchers hold that very loud music—95 decibels—can dull a driver's reaction time by 20 percent. This year, safesters at the U.K.'s RAC Foundation announced that drivers playing fast music are more likely to cause a wreck. The RAC's five riskiest tunes: Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," Verdi's "Dies Irae," Prodigy's "Firestarter," Basement Jaxx's "Red Alert" and Faithless's "Insomnia." What's safe? Norah Jones and Gary Jules—sleep-inducing but safe.



straight dope



OFF BROADWAY'S MARIJUANA-LOGUES: A JOINT PRODUCTION
TOKING TIME OUT WITH THE KINGS OF THE STONED STAGE

It doesn't sound like much: three comedians sitting on stools and reading aloud about pot for 80 minutes. Yet that's the formula behind *The Marijuana-Logues*, the surprising off-Broadway hit about America's favorite illicit buzz.

PLAYBOY: What is *The Marijuana-Logues*?

DOUG BENSON: It's like *The Vagina Monologues* with pot instead of vaginas. But we're not against vaginas. We love vaginas. We want vaginas in the seats. Especially vaginas that smoke marijuana, which I saw once in Indonesia. It cost \$6 and a chicken.

PLAYBOY: Are you making a political statement?

ARJ BARKER: Not really. We're pro hemp, but by that we mean we get paid to smoke weed.

PLAYBOY: Who should see your show?

BENSON: Potheads, anyone who knows a pothead. And cops.

TONY CAMIN: Everyone but kids—they don't have the money.

PLAYBOY: Did you think the show would be so successful?

BENSON: We got a sense when we took it on the road and audience members gave us pot after the show. If we had known we'd get free pot for telling jokes about pot, we'd have come up with the idea much earlier. I wonder if the ladies in *The Vagina Monologues* get free vaginas after their performances.

PLAYBOY: Are you high when you do the show?

BENSON: We read out of binders that are sitting right in front of us, and we still fuck stuff up. Draw your own conclusion.

PLAYBOY: Are you high right now?

BARKER: No, but thanks for reminding me. I knew I was forgetting to do something.

field guide

THE DIFFERENCE
APPLES, ORANGES AND TANGERINES



Lindsay Lohan is fair game. Hilary Duff is not—at least not in all 50 states.

Bill Clinton received a blow job from Monica Lewinsky. LeBron James got a Hummer from his mom.

An elk is a large, gregarious deer of North America,

Europe, Asia and northwestern Africa. A Shriner is a guy in a funny hat, driving a tiny car.

A transvestite changes clothes; a transsexual changes parts; a hermaphrodite has it all.

John Adams was the second president of the United States. John "Quincy" Adams was a coroner Jack Klugman played on TV.

social engineering

THE GREAT ENTERTAINER
IN THE GAME OF LIFE, HE WHO THROWS THE BEST PARTY WINS



IF YOU'RE HOSTING A DRESSY AFFAIR, it's often a good move to wear a sport jacket without a tie. Guests who put on a tie because they felt obligated will take it as a sign that the party isn't stuffy, and those who didn't dress up will feel less awkward. Guys wearing ties because they like to wear ties will stay the course.

VERMOUTH IS NOT A LIQUEUR; it's a fortified white wine and needs to be refrigerated after opening. The added brandy slows the spoiling process, but eventually vermouth will go bad. It's therefore prudent, unless you're in the habit of drinking it straight, to buy vermouth in 375-milliliter bottles, as you may have to make upwards of 80 dry martinis (is there any other kind?) to finish a liter.

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE A STEREO in a room that can be converted to a dance space on the spur of the moment. Have a plan for moving furniture out of the way and rolling up the rug—because dancing on carpet just feels wrong.

NO JOKE: If you're throwing a planned shindig, read a newspaper the day of and catch the latest headlines on CNN. As the host, you will probably talk to each guest, and you never know what they'll throw at you. You don't have to be an expert on current events, but you don't want to look like an airhead.

MAKE A POINT OF INVITING SINGLE WOMEN at least a week in advance—they're planners. Notify your single male friends the day before—we're forgetters, and we like spontaneity.

IT'S NOT YOUR SHOES.
IT'S NOT YOUR CAR.
IT'S NOT YOUR MUSIC.



IT'S YOUR WATCH THAT
TELLS MOST ABOUT WHO YOU ARE.

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KINETIC
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true enough



GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS
SOME NEWS ITEMS WARM OUR HEARTS. OTHERS DON'T

-  **Man Down to Last 75 Cents Wins \$1.3 Million Jackpot**
STATELINE, NEVADA—With just three quarters to his name, Kurt Kitajima struck gold at a local slot machine. Kitajima vowed to gamble away his newfound wealth as quickly as possible.
-  **Man Fatally Bitten by Sexually Aroused Horse**
WARSAW—A stallion aroused by a nearby mare bit a man to death, police said, prompting renewed cries for an end to Warsaw's annual Festival of Dangerously Aroused Horses.
-  **Lemurs Aren't So Dumb After All, Study Finds**
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Lemurs, once considered cute but basically stupid, showed startling intelligence in recent tests, silencing critics of George Bush's "No Lemur Left Behind" policy.
-  **Talking Toilet Orders German Men to Sit Down**
BERLIN—German women are buying a gadget that scolds men who try to use the toilet while standing. A device that scolds women who leave used tampons in the bowl is coming soon.
-  **Violinist Finds Arm Wrestling Is Also His Forte**
LIVERPOOL—A classical violinist is preparing to face a world champion arm wrestler. Arm-wrestling fans look forward to the event as a prime opportunity for violinist taunting.

listings

BEST ACTUAL NAMES OF PROFESSIONAL RODEO RIDERS

- Denton Edge
- Blade Young
- Rope Myers
- Speed Williams
- Blue Stone
- Howdy Cloud
- Dakota Longbrake
- Dusty LaValley
- Twister R. Cain
- Buster Record Jr.

dirty laundry



BOARD STIFF
BUSTY BABE WORKS OUT YOUR KINKS

Do real men iron? Frankly, no. But when your tux comes out of the closet as crinkled as used tinfoil, you don't have a choice. Let IroningFun.com's space-age ironing-board cover soothe your pain with the balm of giant naked breasts. When high heat is applied to the bikini-clad Jordan, her suit melts away. Enjoy—just watch where you set that iron.

employee of the month



GIRL OF SANDWICH
ILLINOIS BAGEL LADY ANNEMARIE VOLA SPREADS THE LOVE ALL DAY

PLAYBOY: What does your job entail?
ANNEMARIE: I make sandwiches and cream-cheese bagels, and I'm training to be a manager.
PLAYBOY: You must be a ray of sunshine to people stumbling in for their morning coffee.



ANNEMARIE: I've had a few customers say that to me. And I catch guys coming in just to see me. It gets a little crazy sometimes—I've had to hide in the back of the store.

PLAYBOY: Does the uniform allow for any femininity?
ANNEMARIE: I would love to wear nothing but lingerie, but I settle for a little mascara and putting my hair up. It looks cute. After work I can be sexy.

PLAYBOY: Ever try a triple-decker?
ANNEMARIE: I had a threesome once—a drunken night with a girlfriend who had a crush on me. I'd been talking about it that day with my boyfriend. It was fun. Like they say, don't knock it till you've tried it.

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.

THE GLENLIVET.

(OR AS IT CAME TO BE KNOWN)

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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 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

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

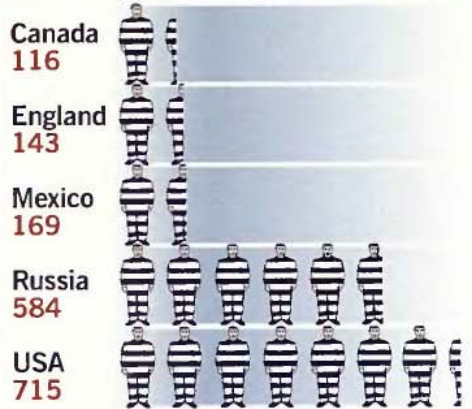


Bigger Brother

In 2001 the FBI requested **934** surveillance warrants. In 2003 the number rose to more than **1,700**.

Pens of Inequity

Number of prison inmates per 100,000 citizens:



Nothing Platonic About It

Aristotle held that the pairing of a **37-year-old** man and an **18-year-old** woman is ideal for producing offspring. Our founding editor notes that a **73-and-18** pairing ain't half bad either.



Where the Hoes Are

The number of women whose primary occupation is farming increased from **90,507** in 1997 to **124,214** in 2002.

Book of Pointless Records

Most Body Piercings in One Session

900, by Brent Moffat of Winnipeg, Manitoba. It took him **4½** hours to insert the surgical needles into his legs, shattering his previous record of **702** needles in **7½** hours. Elaine Davidson holds the record for permanent piercings—**1,903** at last count.



Trucking Enormous

Iowa **80 Truckstop** covers **260** acres, employs **480** workers and gets about **1.85 million** customers a year.

Screenus Envy

51% of men admit they envy male friends who have larger TV sets.

Price Check



Pussy Galore

\$50,000 Cost of cloning your cat, as charged by Genetic Savings & Clone in Sausalito, California.



Sacrifice

The hide of a single cow yields enough leather to cover **16** baseballs. The Tennessee Tanning Company, supplier of hides to Rawlings Sporting Goods, handles about **31,000** cowhides each year.



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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[WICKER PARK]

Finally, an erotic thriller for grown-ups

Remember when Hollywood made quality thrillers packed with jolts and plot switchbacks more similar to vintage Hitchcock than to the current crop of mindless fright flicks aimed at teens? Then you'll welcome *Wicker Park*, an Americanized take on a French favorite (*L'Appartement*), in which Josh Hartnett stars as a Chicago investment banker stalling his engagement to gorgeous Jessica Paré while tumbling down the rabbit hole in pursuit of gorgeous old flame Diane Kruger, while being pursued in turn by gorgeous, mysterious Rose Byrne. Twists are followed by more twists, and then things get seriously warped. Matthew Lillard plays Hartnett's best pal. "This is an example of the Hollywood system taking a shot at an art house movie for people in their 20s and 30s that doesn't play to the lowest common denominator," says Lillard. "Josh gets back to serious acting, and I get to play the best friend of somebody other than Freddie Prinze Jr." Best known for his work in *Scream* and *Scooby Doo*, Lillard was thrown when the director asked for a nude scene. "My wife had just had a baby, and I had 20 pounds of empathy weight. I said, 'I'm not taking off my clothes for half the world to see.'" In the end, he relented—partly. "I wound up taking off my shirt and being in my underwear. But hey, that was much better than working with a fucking imaginary dog." —Stephen Rebbello

"It was better than working with an imaginary dog."

now showing

The Last Shot

(Matthew Broderick, Alec Baldwin, Calista Flockhart) Jokes and bullets fly in this Mafia comedy about a struggling filmmaker (Broderick) who believes he's been plucked from obscurity to finally direct but discovers his flick is a smoke screen for a sting engineered by a slick "producer" (Baldwin).

Our call: Baldwin's on a roll. Broderick can be fun. Hollywood satire is always good for a laugh. But shouldn't some wiseguy put cement shoes on Mafia comedies?



Cellular

(Kim Basinger, William H. Macy, Chris Evans) Basinger is kidnapped and locked in an attic, and she realizes her son is the next target. She calls a guy at random on his cell phone, but neither one can figure out where she is. Oh, and his phone batteries are dying. Let the nail gnawing begin.

Our call: Larry Cohen, the screenwriter of *Phone Booth*, wrote the story for this one, too. Is this guy out to make certain nobody answers the phone ever again?



We Don't Live Here Anymore

(Naomi Watts, Laura Dern, Peter Krause, Mark Ruffalo) Yelling, tortured emoting and Oscar baiting take center stage as infidelity rips into the long-term friendship between two troubled, complicated couples in a New England college town. Don't expect any belly laughs.

Our call: The four actors chomp into the marriage-is-hell dramatics with gusto. And Watts gets naked often. In this neighborhood, the lights are on, but nobody's home.



Without a Paddle

(Matthew Lillard, Seth Green, Dax Shepard, Burt Reynolds) Three big-city buds canoe through the Pacific Northwest, hoping to find the still-missing loot of hijacker D.B. Cooper. It's *City Slickers* meets *Deliverance* when the trip goes haywire and they meet a group of psycho mountain men led by Reynolds.

Our call: Lillard, Green and Shepard as hipster fish out of water? Reynolds revisiting the backwoods he made famous 32 years ago? Hasn't this creek already run dry?



dvd of the month

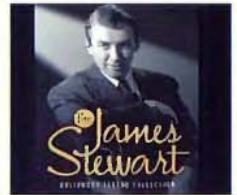
[STAR WARS TRILOGY]

At last, the Force is with you—on DVD

A long time ago (1995), in a video store far, far away, George Lucas sent forth his legendary opus on VHS, upgrading the sound for home THX systems but changing nothing else. In the late 1990s he toyed with the special effects before the movies' theatrical rereleases, and those versions ended up as home-video "special editions." Now, with the first-ever DVD releases of *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*, rumors are rampant that Lucas tweaked a few scenes again—revising some images to enhance the continuity with his follow-up prequel trilogy. Lucasfilm and Fox officials issue cautious "no comments." Still, the films remain exhilarating—much more fun than *The Lord of the Rings*. **Extras:** Lucas and Carrie Fisher offer commentary tracks. Among the four hours of documentary material, the video treatise on the lightsaber figures to be especially illuminating. **★★★★** —Gregory Fagan



masterpieces—*Rear Window* (1954) and *Vertigo* (1958)—close out the set with a bracing dose of Stewart dark. **Extras:** A few interesting features on the Hitchcock titles, but it's otherwise bare-bones, unpretentious and fairly priced. **★★★★** —G.F.



THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST (2004) Director Mel Gibson's unflinching fantasy about Jesus is 127 minutes of skin-flailing brutality that connected with many moviegoers and became a cultural phenomenon. James Caviezel doesn't do much in the title role except forgive everybody (and bleed—a lot). Monica Bellucci shines as Magdalene. **Extras:** Not much; no commentaries or featurettes. **★★½** —Buzz McClain



DA ALI G SHOW (2003) The mink-trimmed Cadillac Escalade of alternate-reality TV, *Da Ali G Show* stars English comic Sacha Baron Cohen as three alter egos, the funniest of which is "hip-hop journalist" Ali G, who interviews legitimate news figures—such as Newt Gingrich and Boutros Boutros-Ghali—without letting them in on the joke. Cohen elevates the bizarre awkwardness of these sit-downs to the level of classic TV. **Extras:** Lots, including an essential glossary. **★★★★½** —G.F.



HIDALGO (2004) This satisfying if unsurprising adventure casts *Lord of the Rings* king Viggo Mortensen as disillusioned U.S. cavalry rider Frank Hopkins, who enters the mother of all horse races across the Arabian Desert. Angst-ridden and goaded by a wealthy sheik (Omar Sharif), Hopkins ships out for the Middle East with his mustang, Hidalgo, to ride in the annual 3,000-mile Ocean of Fire marathon. Alas, Hopkins is no more welcome in Iraq than he would be today. **Extras:** Two featurettes, one about the special effects and the other on Spanish mustangs. **★★★** —G.F.



JERSEY GIRL (2004) No movie could carry the baggage of Ben Affleck and Jennifer Lopez in the wake of their extended media moment. Writer-director Kevin Smith aspires to sentimentality without losing his wit, and he nearly pulls it off. Affleck plays a Manhattan climber forced to raise a kid when his wife (J. Lo) dies. **Extras:** A Smith-Affleck commentary plus axed scenes. You want more J. Lo? You got more J. Lo. **★★** —G.F.



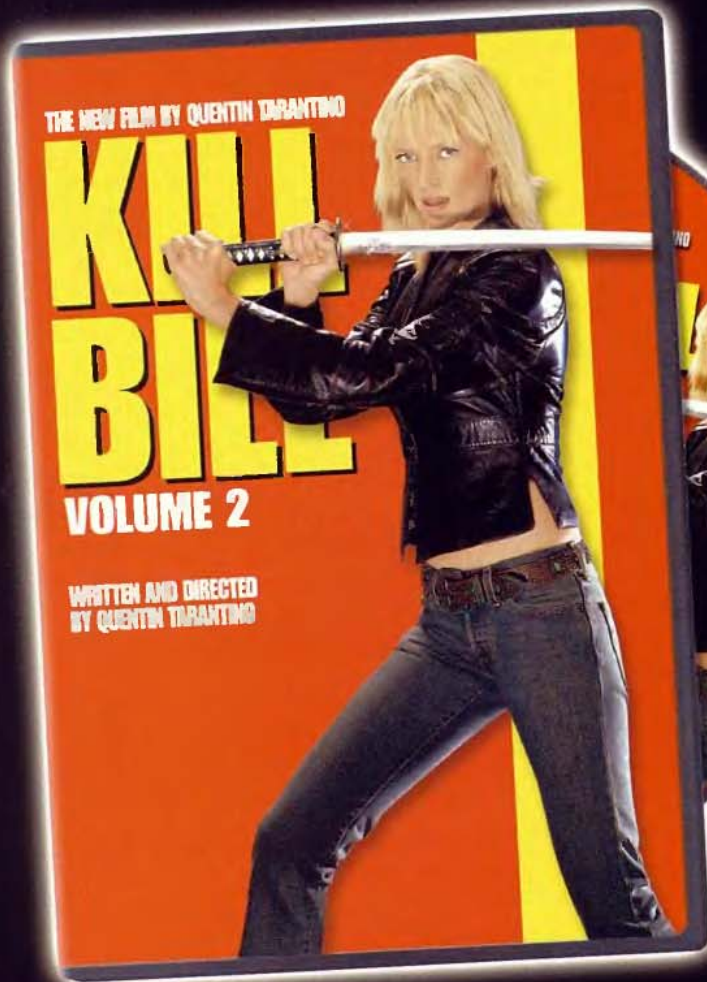
THE JAMES STEWART HOLLYWOOD LEGEND COLLECTION Stewart made more than 80 films in his celebrated career, and this set collects five of his best. His earnest lawman contrasts brilliantly with Marlene Dietrich's smoldering chanteuse in the light Western *Destry Rides Again* (1939), and he blazes the antihero trail in the Anthony Mann Western *Winchester '73* (1950). In *Harvey* (1950), his off-kilter charm as a man with an invisible rabbit friend earned him an Oscar nomination, while two Alfred Hitchcock

tease frame



Luscious **Tara Reid** is best known for the first two *American Pie* movies and as the titular offspring in the unfortunate *My Boss's Daughter* (2003). Of course, we were hip to the lovely blonde temptress well before that, when *Body Shots* (1999) flirted with an NC-17 rating thanks largely to Tara's generous performance as a blowy party girl. This month she stars as a brainy archaeologist in a supernatural thriller with Christian Slater called *Alone in the Dark*, which is exactly the place we'd like to be with tantalizing Tara.

THE BRIDE IS BACK FOR THE FINAL CUT!



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the critical collector

[THE BEST OF MARTIN SCORSESE]

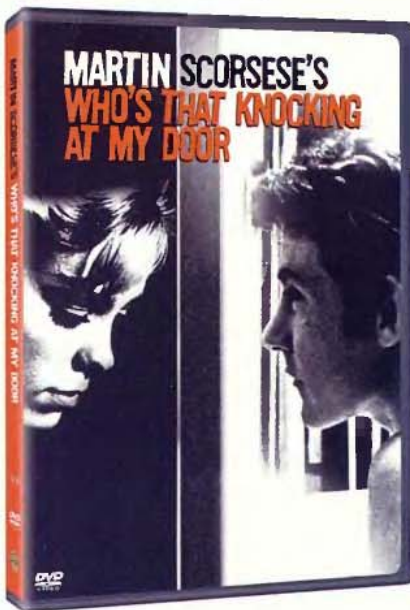
The director's new boxed set makes you want more

The new boxed set of Martin Scorsese movies is an excellent primer for those who think they know the man who directed some of the best films of the past 30 years. *Goodfellas* and *After Hours* are here to enjoy again, and you can finally catch up on those older titles you've heard of but never got around to renting: *Who's That Knocking at My Door?*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and *Mean Streets*.

Goodfellas (1990), which includes a superb second disc of Mob-oriented featurettes, bears repeat viewing. The best Mob movie ever? That Coppola guy might have you whacked for saying it, but it may be true. *After Hours* (1985) makes its DVD debut (with a commentary from the director) and proves that even when Scorsese lightens up with a comedy, he can scare the shit out of you.

Scorsese's first feature film, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* (1968), also making its digital debut, introduced Harvey Keitel, who gives a performance so realistic you think you're watching a documentary. *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* (1974) shows a softer side. It's also the rare Scorsese saga with a woman in the lead. Ellen Burstyn won a best actress Oscar for her efforts. Scorsese, in an irony of ironies, accepted it on Oscar night on her behalf: He's been nominated five times and has never won.

Mean Streets (1973) is the one you want to see. Robert De Niro's first effort with the director pairs the actor with Keitel in a drama that seems to be about surviving in a brutal world but is actually about sin. Is it any surprise that Scorsese was a semi-nary student before he became a filmmaker? —B.M.



special additions

Three new DVDs prove that bonus features make a big difference



How is it that VH-1 never did a *Behind the Music* episode on *Purple Rain*? If the network or anyone else were planning to, they can forget it now, because the two-disc special-edition DVD (\$27) of Prince's 1984 cinematic smash not only goes behind the movie but goes above and beyond it as well. Notably, it accomplishes this without the artist originally known as Prince Rogers Nelson, except of course in the movie itself and in its nine promotional videos. Choice tidbits include director Albert Magnoli recalling his sojourn to Minneapolis to encourage the reluctant pop star to make the film with a dramatic arc.... In the anxious days following September 11, 2001, the producers behind *The Bourne Identity* agonized over how to finish their movie. *The Explosive Extended Edition of The Bourne Identity* (\$30) includes a pair of scenes quickly cobbled together to soften the title character, played by Matt Damon. Audience tests proved the producers' fears wrong, however, as fired-up viewers warmed to the notion of superspies who kill bad guys.... David Cronenberg's 1983 sci-fi cult fave *Videodrome* (\$40) promises to be among 2004's DVD highlights, offering the unrated director's cut of this unnerving classic. The extras include the complete, unedited *Samurai Dreams*—the faux-Japanese soft-porn feature shown in the film. —G.F.



SCANNER

HAPPY GILMORE (1996) A failed hockey player joins the PGA tour and gets into a fight with *Price Is Right* host Bob Barker. Sandler at his goof-ball best—back when he was still funny. Extras: 10 minutes of outtakes and a gag reel. 🍷🍷

SLACKER (1991) The film that defined Generation X gets the double-disc treatment. Richard Linklater's debut captures life in Austin, Texas, where stoner philosophy assumes the mantle of authority and it's okay to, you know, just be. 🍷🍷

ALIAS, THE COMPLETE THIRD SEASON (2003–2004) Superspy Sydney (Jennifer Garner) is missing two years of her life thanks to amnesia. Guest turns by Quentin Tarantino, David Carradine and Djimon Hounsou add to the air of a TV juggernaut. 🍷🍷

SOUL PLANE (2004) Every lame ethnic stereotype is explored in this comedy about a man (Kevin Hart) who wins a \$100 million lawsuit against an airline that accidentally killed his dog. Laughing yet? 🍷

THE BEST OF TRIUMPH THE INSULT COMIC DOG (2004) You almost feel sorry for Eminem and eager *Star Wars* fans when Triumph is done with them. Yet somehow they seem to deserve it. 🍷🍷🍷

BEYOND HYPOTHERMIA (1996) Gorgeous Chien-lien Wu is a too-cool assassin chased by an overheated bodyguard. John Woo protégé Patrick Leung's Hong Kong actioner finally gets a domestic release. 🍷🍷½

THE HAROLD LLOYD COLLECTION (1922) Seven rare short films from the underrated, bespectacled silent comic (and writer Hal Roach) have been restored to a startlingly sparkling shine. Unsurpassed stunts abound. 🍷🍷

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG (1961) The 1948 trials of Nazi war criminals make for great drama. The script and Maximilian Schell's performance won Oscars, and Spencer Tracy, Judy Garland and Montgomery Clift all earned nominations. 🍷🍷🍷

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

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cd of the month

[KOOL KEITH * DIESEL TRUCKERS]

Don't call it a convoy. Keith's latest delivers a lyrical payload



It's unfair to dismiss Kool Keith as everyone's favorite madcap MC. While Keith has a reputation for oddball names (Black Elvis, Dr. Octagon, Dr. Doom) and outré sexuality, what distinguishes him is his incredible flow—which is anything but nutty. This album is prime Keith, with his unmistakable vocals ducking and weaving through the beats. His phrasing is still more interesting than that of the new jacks, relying less on the easy-to-find downbeats while remaining melodic and conscious of each song's rhythmic possibilities. Musically, Keith has suffered ups and downs, but with Kutmasta Kurt bolstering his loony tunes with an electro bass pulse, ticking guitar samples and simple breaks, *Diesel Truckers* shines. And rest assured: Though it's ostensibly about 18-wheelers, it has as many references to panties as to Peterbills. (Oglio) **AAA** —Tim Mohr

DR. JOHN • N'Awlinz: Dis, Dat or D'udda New Orleans isn't just the city that care forgot. It's also the city where time stands still. Mac Rebennack returns home to record a century's worth of funky classics, and they still sound good. The guest list (Willie Nelson, B.B. King) is impressive, but the homegrown backing band (Earl Palmer, Walter Washington) steals the show. As sultry as an afternoon on St. Claude Avenue, this is perfect dog-day music. (Blue Note) **AAA** —Leopold Froehlich



JIMMY CLIFF • Black Magic Born James Chambers in 1948, Cliff is a reggae legend. At early recording sessions for "Miss Jamaica," he collaborated with Bob Marley; Bob Dylan called Cliff's antiwar anthem "Vietnam" the best protest song he'd ever heard. Then came *The Harder They Come*, the movie in which Cliff starred. On his new release, everyone from Wyclef Jean to Joe Strummer (in one of his last recordings) lines up to skank with the master. (Artemis) **AAA** —Alison Prato



THE PIERCES • The Light of the Moon A few years back, ballet dancers Allison and Catherine Pierce stopped pirouetting to pursue their true calling: making honey-coated folk rock. Though their 2000 debut, *The Pierces*, fell flat, this one is on point. Sisters don't always get along, but this duo from Birmingham, Alabama nails the harmonies like well-choreographed partners. And the encore? The women are as beautiful as the sound they create. (Universal) **AAA** —A.P.



VANDERMARK 5 • Elements of Style Saxophonist Ken Vandermark's quintet is probably the most intelligent (and progressive) ensemble working in jazz today, and this may be its most dynamic CD so far. The band has always been strong, but now it plays with a reckless assurance and familiarity. Vandermark's writing has also matured, so he's no longer just an out reedman. While most jazz stays stuck in the past, the V5 point the way to tomorrow. (Atavistic) **AAA** —L.F.



digital details

[MOD POD]

The iPod has become as culturally significant as the Walkman was in the early 1980s, sans the fanny pack. While we love our iPod, we can't resist tinkering with Apple's wallet-size technology. Here are five ways to customize your player.

Outside of etching your name onto it, little can be done to personalize your player. But if you're feeling daring, try this: Detach your iPod from its casing by using a screwdriver on the clips, then unscrew the faceplate. Insert a piece of colored transparency over the screen to give it a unique tone. (Apple warns that opening your iPod voids the warranty.)

Each new iPod model has innovations that seem ahead of their time. Unfortunately, the battery won't last that long. An Apple replacement battery is \$99, which is a significant portion of the cost of a new player. But if you're willing to trust your handyman skills, you can buy a non-Apple replacement for as little as \$29 at ipodbattery.com and—damn the warranty—change it yourself.



PC users who believe iPods are only for storing and playing music misunderstand them. Software from pocketmac.net will turn your iPod into a PDA that can synchronize your calendar, contacts and e-mail. The program can also view Word documents.

Before the age of the iPod, Mac users would at times resort to punting their crashed computers. Now they can simply boot them. Your iPod's portable hard drive (used instead of flash memory) enables you to store a version of Mac OS on your music player. That means you can use your iPod (but not an iPod mini) to reboot your computer (as long as it has a FireWire port).

If while scrolling through a friend's iPod you happen upon a Celine Dion track, switch the language to Korean (assuming your friend isn't fluent). After staring in frustration at the foreign characters, he will apologize for his folly and promise to delete the offending song. Once you're convinced his contrition is genuine, select the fourth choice in the main menu and then, in the next one, the third choice from the bottom. English will be on top in the next menu.

showdown of the month

[END ZONE DANCE]

Gaming's gridiron legends face off for this season's virtual Super Bowl ring
By Scott Steinberg

MADDEN NFL 2005 (Electronic Arts, PS2, Xbox, GameCube, PC) Winning, along with the odd turducken, is in Big John's blood. Tricks in his umpteenth EA edition include controls for instant coverage, custom play calling on the fly and Hit Stick functions that let linebackers try to force fumbles. Your ups and downs are followed by local papers and unsympathetic pundit Tony Bruno. It's the best Madden yet—get your game face on or don't bother showing up. **★★★★**



- | | | | |
|--------------|--|--------------|--|
| 10 | REALISM
You'll wince at every sack and bone-crunching tackle. | 9 | ESP
You'll cringe at each free agent's asking fee. |
| 10 | CELEBRITY FACTOR
Madden, Ray Lewis—need we say more? | 6 | CE
Carmen Electra, David Arquette, Steve-O. WTF? |
| 9 | HANDLING
Hot routes and Hit Sticks: more of the usual MVP material. | 8 | MT
Maximum Tackles and mega replays: strong comeback potential. |
| 10 | PRESENTATION
For season-ticket holders. The best seat in the arena. | 8 | FS
For cable subscribers. Definitely La-Z-Boy-worthy. |
| 8 | EXTRAS
Minigames, collectible cards, rousing video clips. | 8 | DI
Daily Internet-updated injury lists, training tips. |
| 10 | MULTIPLAYER
Online and four-person multiplayer mode for Xbox and PS2. | 10 | OM
Online and four-person multiplayer mode for Xbox and PS2. |
| 57/60 | OVERALL
Crunch! The reigning champ drops the competitor like a sack of potatoes. | 49/60 | OV
Comes up just short of the goal line but makes the victor fight for every yard. |

ESPN NFL 2K5 (ESPN Videogames, PS2, Xbox) Last season's rookie of the year is back and bent on building a dynasty. New highlights include the ability to track and analyze opponents' tendencies and an arcade-style Maximum Tackle feature that allows your runners to grind out extra yardage. Obsessives will love the beefed-up front-office management system, and *SportsCenter* junkies will savor pregame bombast by Chris Berman and postcarriage recaps by Suzy Kolber. **★★★★½**



HOT SHOTS GOLF FORE! (SCEA, PS2) Finally, a sports spoof that doesn't leave us teed off. Despite juvenile aesthetics, silly characters (samurai, gangsters, bulldogs) and excessively cute animation, this surprisingly detailed simulation has sumptuously digitized courses and an idiotproof interface. Got friends? Scrounge up a foursome for online tournaments and mini-golf marathons. It's the most entertaining set of holes this side of the Republican National Convention. **★★★★½** —S.S.



HEADHUNTER: REDEMPTION (Sega, PS2, Xbox) This solid third-person shooter is a sequel that holds its own, with a deeper cyberpunk story line than the original. Twenty years ago a deadly virus decimated humanity and an earthquake split the city in two; now, as Jack Wade, you must survive both the pristine world of the rich and a hellish underground prison. Everywhere you go—surprise!—someone's trying to kill you. Failure means the end of mankind, so stay frosty. **★★★** —John Gaudiosi



STREET RACING SYNDICATE (Namco, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) *Need for Speed Underground* redefined the street-racing genre, but *Street Racing Syndicate* finds another gear. Earn dough—and bikini-clad girlfriends—with victories in cop-patrolled L.A., Miami and Philadelphia; when the hoarding of cash, components and chicks in single-player mode gets old, take to the online streets and race other gamers for virtual pink slips. That's right: Lose the race and you also lose your car. **★★★** —J.G.



ROCKY: LEGENDS (Ubisoft, PS2, Xbox) Help everyone's favorite underdog and his most prominent opponents (Clubber "I Pity the Fool" Lang, Apollo Creed and Ivan Drago) work their way up the ranks in this series of interactive prequels to the films. Though the game lacks online play, Stallone's voice and, tragically, "Eye of the Tiger," it still adds up to a fun arcade-style boxing sim. An unlockable Burgess "Mickey" Meredith as a secret fighter is worth the price of admission. **★★★** —Marc Saltzman



wired

OQO Model 01 (\$2,000) Personal digital assistants are the little black books of the 21st century. Their only drawback is that they're dependent devices—most need the mother ship (your desktop computer) to sync with the rest of your schedules, documents, e-mail and phone numbers. With OQO's new gizmo, you can forget about syncing and just bring the whole computer with you. It's a bit larger than a pack of smokes, weighs just over a pound and contains a full-fledged Windows XP computer. The five-inch touch screen can be used to navigate applications (or the web) and gracefully slides up to reveal a full QWERTY keypad. Its tiny chassis is packed with a one-gigahertz processor, a 20-gigabyte hard drive, 256 megabytes of RAM, Wi-Fi, Bluetooth and a raft of ports. Hook it up to an external keyboard and a monitor and you won't even know it's a portable. Pull it out of your shirt pocket and people won't believe it's a computer.



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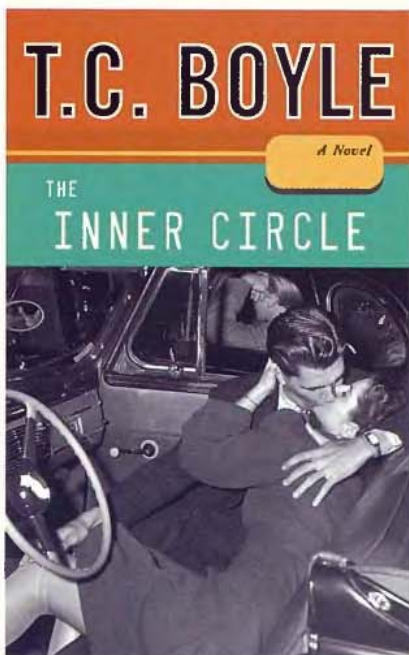


book of the month

[THE INNER CIRCLE * T.C. BOYLE]

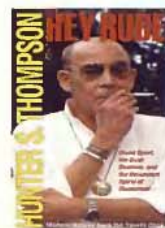
Join the orgy with Dr. Sex

Professor Alfred Kinsey made human sexuality a subject of academic interest. He and his researchers conducted more than 18,000 interviews with adults, children and prostitutes about their private bedroom antics. For his 10th and perhaps most enthralling novel, Boyle—another man fixated on the darker side of human nature—explores Kinsey's secret life, as well as those of his fellow researchers. Kinsey, it turns out, was quite the sexual freak, and Boyle exults in the material. The novel is narrated by the fictional John Milk, Kinsey's assistant, who has sex with both Kinsey and his wife. Milk then marries a sexually repressed woman who provides the narrative with its emotional core. Inevitably, she has affairs with her husband's colleagues. Even Milk, a believer in science and in sex as a natural instinct, can't deny the human passion of jealousy. Few writers have Boyle's talent, and even fewer are able to harness it in a book like this. (Viking) **YYY½** —Patty Lamberti



HEY RUBE • Hunter S. Thompson

This compilation of Thompson's essays for ESPN.com has fear and loathing in it, of course, but beneath its ornery doomsday facade is a message of hope: What happens in the stadiums and field houses of America is probably beyond your control, but what happens in the city councils and statehouses is up to you. As much as the Doc obviously loves sports—loves to watch them, to bet (heavily) on them, to agonize over their statistical minutiae—he refuses to allow them to be isolated from the culture at large. Sports are but one facet of our environment. Politics—which after all tells us there will be no nipples with our Super Bowl—is the art of controlling our environment. So buy *Hey Rube*, read it, and to prove you've learned your lesson, fire it like Ken Stabler through the window of your local police precinct house. (Simon & Schuster) **YYY½** —Tim Mohr



DIFFERENT DANCES: 25TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION • Shel Silverstein

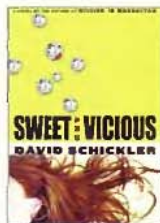
Uncle Shelby's sketches leap across the pages of this commentary on love, sex, drugs, technology and religion. Many of the gems, which expose flesh as well as assess the above topics, were first published in *PLAYBOY*. Silverstein's observations are still relevant 25 years later. In the cartoon "The Follower," a man follows his penis and is eventually hanged by it. Some themes are timeless. (HarperCollins) **YYY** —J. Jaroneczyk Hawthorne



SWEET AND VICIOUS • David Schickler

The author of the acclaimed short-story collection *Kissing in Manhattan* has an impressive imagination, and his darkly funny first novel introduces a formidable literary character: Henry Dante, who warns readers from the get-go, "I'm 32 and I bust people's heads for Honey Po-brinkus, a Chicago gangster." Dante meets Grace McGlone, the sweet to his vicious, and the two begin to fall in love. The rub? A stash of stolen diamonds ("the Planets")

in Dante's backseat and a gangster so obsessed with the jewels that he'll follow the couple from the Windy City to Yellowstone National Park. Thanks to Schickler's originality and ability to inject humor into grisly situations, this isn't just another on-the-lam love story—it's a thrill ride. (Bantam Dell) **YYY** —Alison Prato



the erotic eye

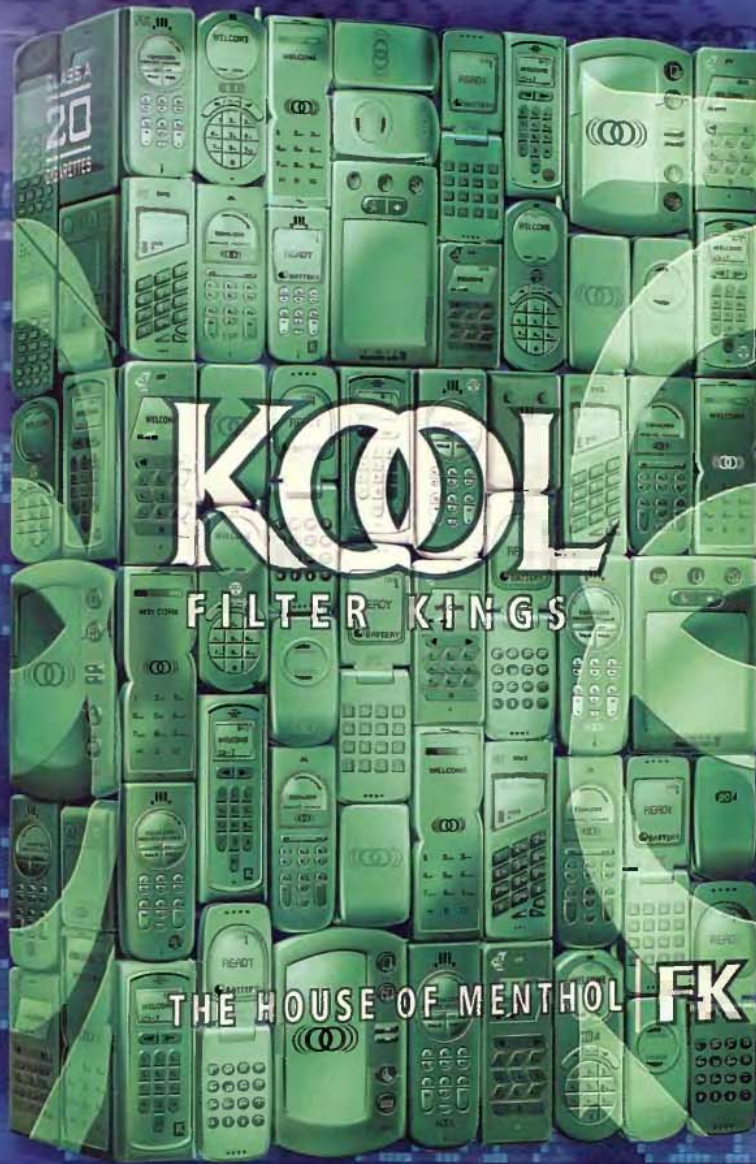


THE VALLEY • Larry Sultan

It's odd that most pornos are filmed in San Fernando Valley tract homes. This Technicolor-bright book doesn't just capture the shopworn beauty of porn stars; it also exhibits the pools, sliding doors and bric-a-brac that make the sets unique. Sultan documents the porn world to show it as one big happy family. But these photos are really a record of suburban fantasia, "like the endless summer days of high school." (Scalo) **YYY** —Chris Barsanti



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MANTRACK

hey...it's personal

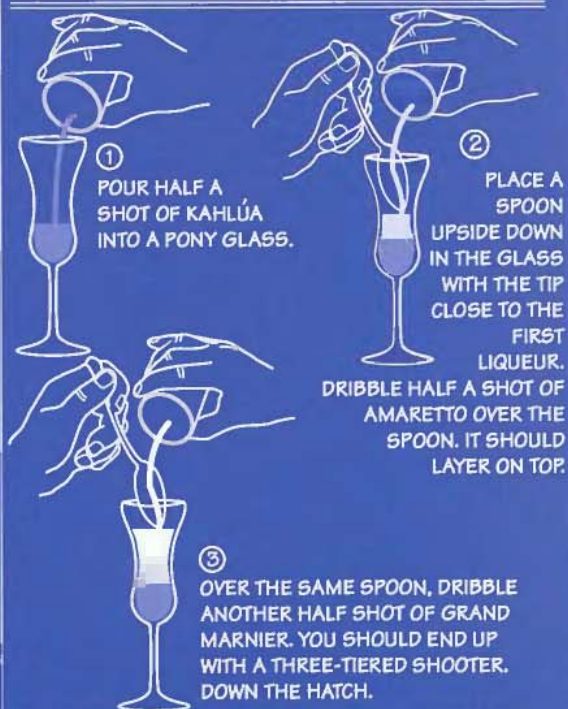


Secret-Agent Style

Aston Martin's latest mission? Challenging Ferrari for worldwide GT supremacy. Case in point: the new DB9, the latest update of the DB5 that Agent 007 used when he gave Pussy Galore a ride in 1964's *Goldfinger* (inset). We test-drove the 2+2 coupe through corkscrew-tight

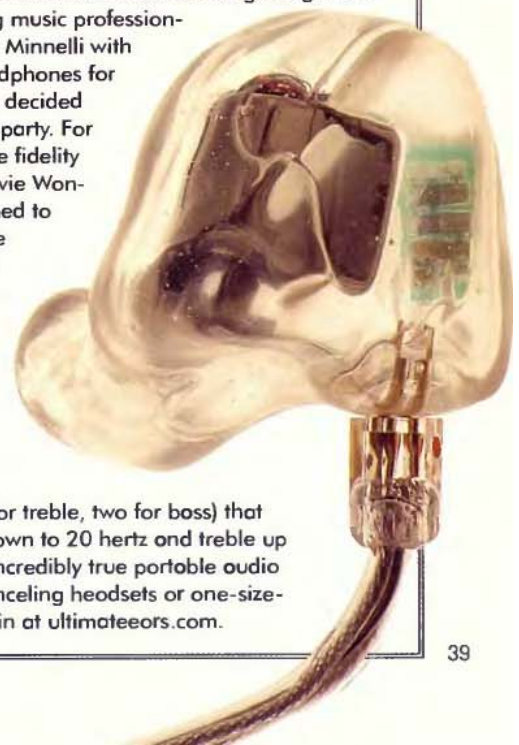
Monte Carlo mountain roads overlooking the French Riviera (eat your heart out, James). Audiophiles will love the 128-watt Linn stereo, but we prefer the purr of the 48-valve six-liter V12 engine. With 450 horsepower it can take you from naught to 60 in 4.9 seconds. Its top speed is a very smooth 186 mph, and in sport mode, the paddle-shifted transmission's electronics move more quickly and smoothly than Bond ever could. Or cruise in fully automatic mode with the push of a button. As for the interior, understated elegance abounds, with brushed-aluminum accents, optional hand-fitted bamboo trim and supportive buckets draped with aromatic Bridge of Weir leather. Crisply styled, unmistakably Aston, a 2005 DB9 coupe lists for \$160,000; add \$13,000 for a Valante convertible, due this fall.

HOW TO MAKE A LAYERED B-52 SHOOTER



Personal Listening Room

Even in the age of the iPod, portable music has the same problem it's always had: Most headphones make it sound like gorboge. Ultimate Ears has been outfitting music professionals from Alice Cooper to Liza Minnelli with its handmade custom-fit headphones for 10 years now and has finally decided to let the rest of us in on the party. For \$900 you can enjoy the same fidelity during your workout that Stevie Wonder gets in his studio. Designed to withstand live rock music, the headphones will stand up to whatever you dish out, and since they're custom-fitted to your ears (from impressions made by an audiologist), they create an amazing seal that almost completely blocks ambient noise. Each headphone has three separate drivers (one for treble, two for bass) that provide low-end response down to 20 hertz and treble up to 16 kilohertz. The result? Incredibly true portable audio without the bulk of noise-canceling headsets or one-size-annoy-s-all earphones. Tune in at ultimateears.com.

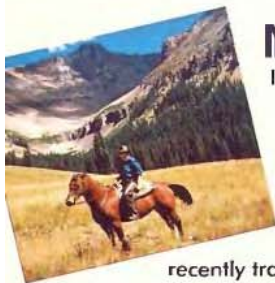


MANTRACK



The Success of Sweet Smells

The trend in fall fragrances for men: complexity. You'll be a mystery that she'll do anything to solve. From left: Yves Saint Laurent M7 Fresh layers grapefruit over base notes of agar wood and vetiver musk (3.3 ounces, \$50, ysl.com). Lauder Beyond Paradise Men is drenched with exotic citrus, such as jaboticaba and buchu (1.7 ounces, \$50, esteelauder.com). John Varvatos Fragrance features vanilla, coriander and black leather (4.2 ounces, \$65, johnvarvatosscent.com). Hugo Boss Baldessarini melds patchouli, balsam fir and tobacco (2.5 ounces, \$53, baldessarini.com). Salvatore Ferragamo Incanta Pour Homme complements cypress and cedar with orange bigarade (3.4 ounces, \$75, ferragama.com).



Mountain Hideout

Isn't it high time you took a romantic vacation with your partner in crime? Dunton Hot Springs, like neighboring Telluride to the north, was a booming 19th century Colorado mining camp that once provided a haven for Butch Cassidy and his gang.

Derelict for a century, the ghost town was recently transformed into a luxury frontier resort, where she can spend her days at the spa, enjoying Swedish and hot-stone massages, while you explore miles of trout-fishing river, the horse stables, a world-class restaurant and the town's original (and yes, refurbished) saloon. (Alas, the bordello has not been resuscitated.) Rates start at \$275 per person per night. Got a posse? Rent the entire 800-acre town for you and 27 friends for \$15,000 a night. More info at duntonhotsprings.com.



Clothesline: Karl Urban

Since playing Eomer in the last two installments of *The Lord of the Rings*, Urban has seen his star rise. His latest outing is the summer thriller *The Bourne Supremacy*. But this New Zealander insists that fame hasn't made him high-maintenance. "Most actors get caught up in the trappings of success and become overly concerned with their appearance," he says. "Not me. I don't have a stylist. My shopping tastes are wide and varied. I like secondhand shops—you don't have to spend a lot to look good. Then I like to mix it up and shop someplace a lot more chic, like Rodeo Drive. When I'm casual, I have to confess, I like Western shirts—regular, down-to-earth cowboy shirts. And one of my favorite shirts is from prison. No, I didn't go to prison. I bought it at a vintage shop. It's comfortable and simple." And when it comes to suits? "Gucci is at the top of my list. Then Dolce & Gabbano—I like the way they fit on the shoulders. And I like suits with thin-legged pants, like British pants. If you've got it, you should flaunt it."



The Perfect Time...

- **To register to vote in the presidential election:** By October 2. While voter-registration deadlines vary from state to state, in many cases you must file the paperwork at least 30 days before the election to be eligible to vote. You can pick up the form at a post office or print the application from the web at fec.gov/votregis/pdf/nvra.pdf. (Note: You can't use the web printout if you live in Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Mexico or Ohio. Ever wonder why they make this stuff so difficult?)
- **To take a warm-weather vacation:** The first two weeks in December. Before the holidays, flights and hotels are basically empty because most people like to take off around Christmas and New Year's. You can get great deals and free upgrades in places such as Mexico, Hawaii and the Caribbean.
- **To seed and fertilize your lawn:** In the fall. Don't abandon your lawn just because it's the end of mowing season. In the autumn, the soil is still warm and provides a hospitable environment for seed to take root so the grass can survive the winter, according to David Mellor, author of *The Lawn Bible* and groundskeeper at Boston's Fenway Park. When you use fertilizer, look for a brand with slow-release nitrogen.



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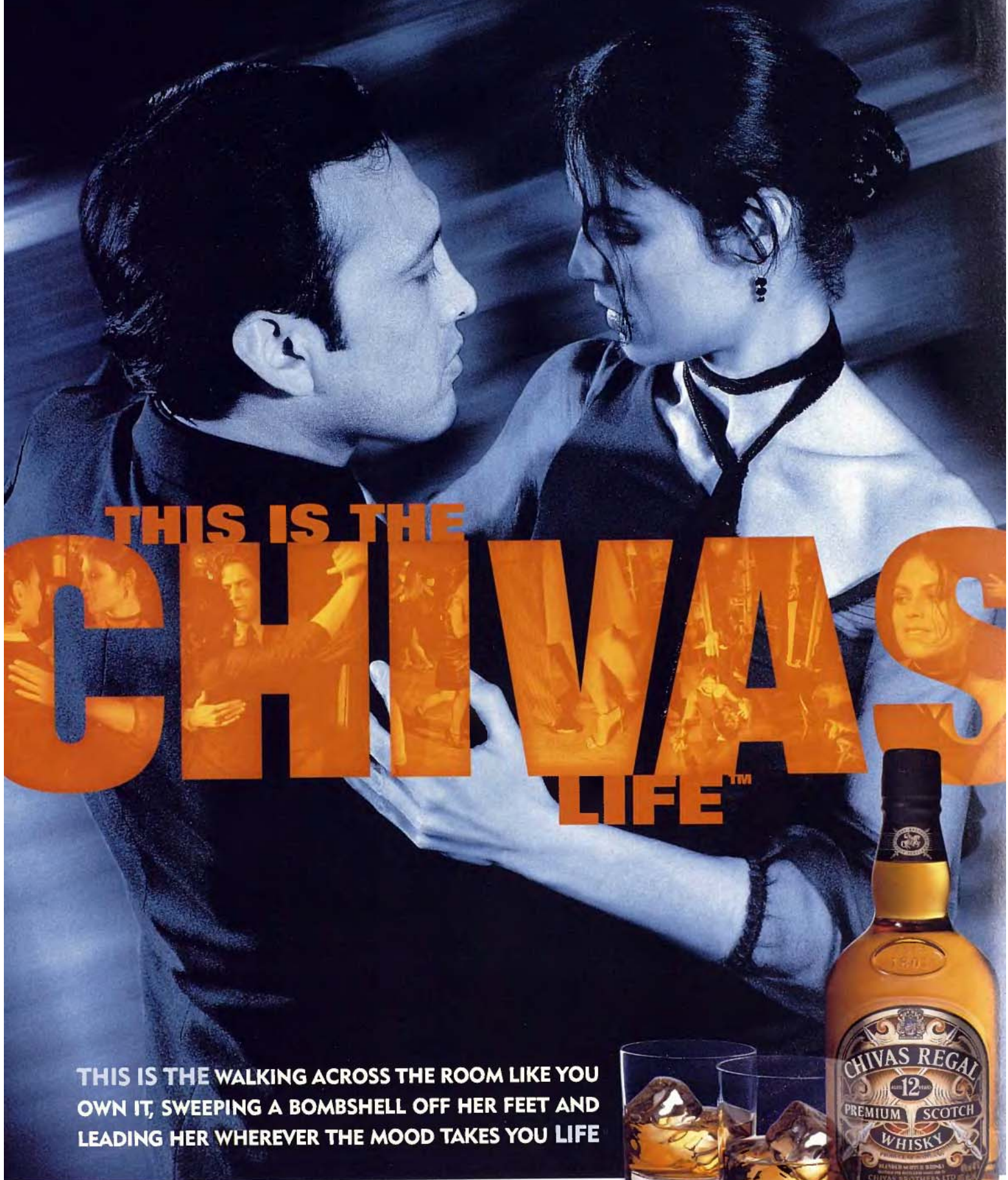
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The Playboy Advisor

Did you hear about the guy who sold everything he owned, including his clothes, rented a tux and stood with his family at a roulette wheel in Las Vegas to bet his \$135,300 savings on a single spin? He won and doubled his money. Foolish, yes. But if you're going to take that kind of risk, is roulette the best game for it?—D.C., Phoenix, Arizona

No, baccarat is better. Michael Shackelford, an actuary who runs wizardofodds.com, notes that the banker bet gives the house an edge of only 1.06 percent and that the player bet isn't far behind, at 1.24. Blackjack, for those wondering, would be best if you could double or split your bet, but that's not possible when you put everything you have on the initial wager. If the tourist (whose stunt was filmed for a reality show) was determined to play roulette, he should have chosen a friendlier venue. He placed his wager at the Plaza Hotel, which uses a wheel with two zeros; this translates to a house edge of 5.26 percent. Had he gone to the Bellagio, the Mirage or the Aladdin, he could have bet on a single-zero wheel and benefited from a European rule that returns half an even-money wager if the ball lands on zero. In that case the house edge is 1.35 percent.

In May you described ways to support our troops. I thought you'd like to know about my organization, Operation Take One for the Country. I created it to encourage single women to hang out at bars and clubs frequented by single servicemen, especially those about to go into harm's way. We aren't arranging charity sex or suggesting that women pursue dangerous behavior in the name of patriotism. We're just saying they should give single servicemen a chance; they're worth knowing. Details are at operationtakeoneforthecountry.com.—K.M., Tequesta, Florida

Thanks for sharing. Having a woman say "I want you" is more fun than hearing it from Uncle Sam.

My boyfriend loves blow jobs, but I haven't had much practice. Do you have any tips?—K.L., Mesa, Arizona

Of course. How do you think we got this cushy job? Actually, we often come across great advice in unexpected places. In this case it was a humorous anthology called *The Vice Guide to Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll*, in a chapter by Christi Bradnox, who is one of those goddesses who believe that giving good head is an art form. Here are a few of her suggestions: "(1) Before you head south, prepare the landing pad with your hand. Horse around until he's hard as stone. Assure him that he's going to get some heavy mouth action, but don't let it start until he's ready to crack. Rub through his pants like it's a baby animal about to be born. (2) Your teeth should not exist. Use the same principle you apply



when eating a Popsicle with sensitive molars. (3) If he steers the ride (hand hovering over or on your head), ask soft questions. Are you going too hard, soft, slow? You're not looking for a discussion, just a yes or a moan. (4) Your hand should form a tube like a skirt around your mouth, with your thumb and forefinger like a belt that meets your lips. Most of the feeling is in the head of the penis, so don't waste too much time on the shaft. The area should begin to feel like a wet, greased, slow-moving internal combustion engine. (5) At some point, lock eyes with him. Remember, he's filming this with his brain and may use it as masturbation fodder for years. You can even jerk him off a bit, which is a nice break for everyone. (6) When he's about to come, increase the speed of your hand and mouth. Let him feel you pulling his orgasm out of him. Make swallowing motions, press your tongue against his shaft and slightly relax your lips. Moan hard and low in anticipation of the best climax you've ever created." There you go. Your boyfriend won't know what hit him.

I read an article that says intelligent guys, because they have no social skills and overanalyze dating situations, have trouble with women. True?—M.S., Fayetteville, North Carolina

Genius is a burden, but we've managed. Many guys overanalyze dating situations, as do many women, but it has more to do with insecurity than intelligence. Sometimes they hook up, and the result, for their friends, is like watching a Woody Allen movie.

My classical CDs are by great orchestras with great conductors. But even a Karajan or a Bernstein cannot blind me to the fact that recording technology 20 years ago wasn't as good as it is now. I'd

like to update my collection. The names on the cover are less important than the quality of the music. Do you have any recommendations?—Y.K., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

The first step is to look for remastered versions of the CDs you already own. While the fidelity won't be as good as that of contemporary recordings, some performances by Karajan, George Szell and Hans Knappertsbusch are still better than anything recorded today. Gramophone.co.uk and Andante.com have reviews. Among current conductors, we like Simon Rattle with the Berlin Philharmonic and Nikolaus Harnoncourt with the Concentus Musicus Wien.

I asked my husband to tell me his sexual fantasies, and he claimed he didn't have any. When I persisted, he said pleasing me is his fantasy. Is he saying that to stop me from asking or because he's afraid to share? Can a man actually not have any fantasies?—S.M., Denver, Colorado

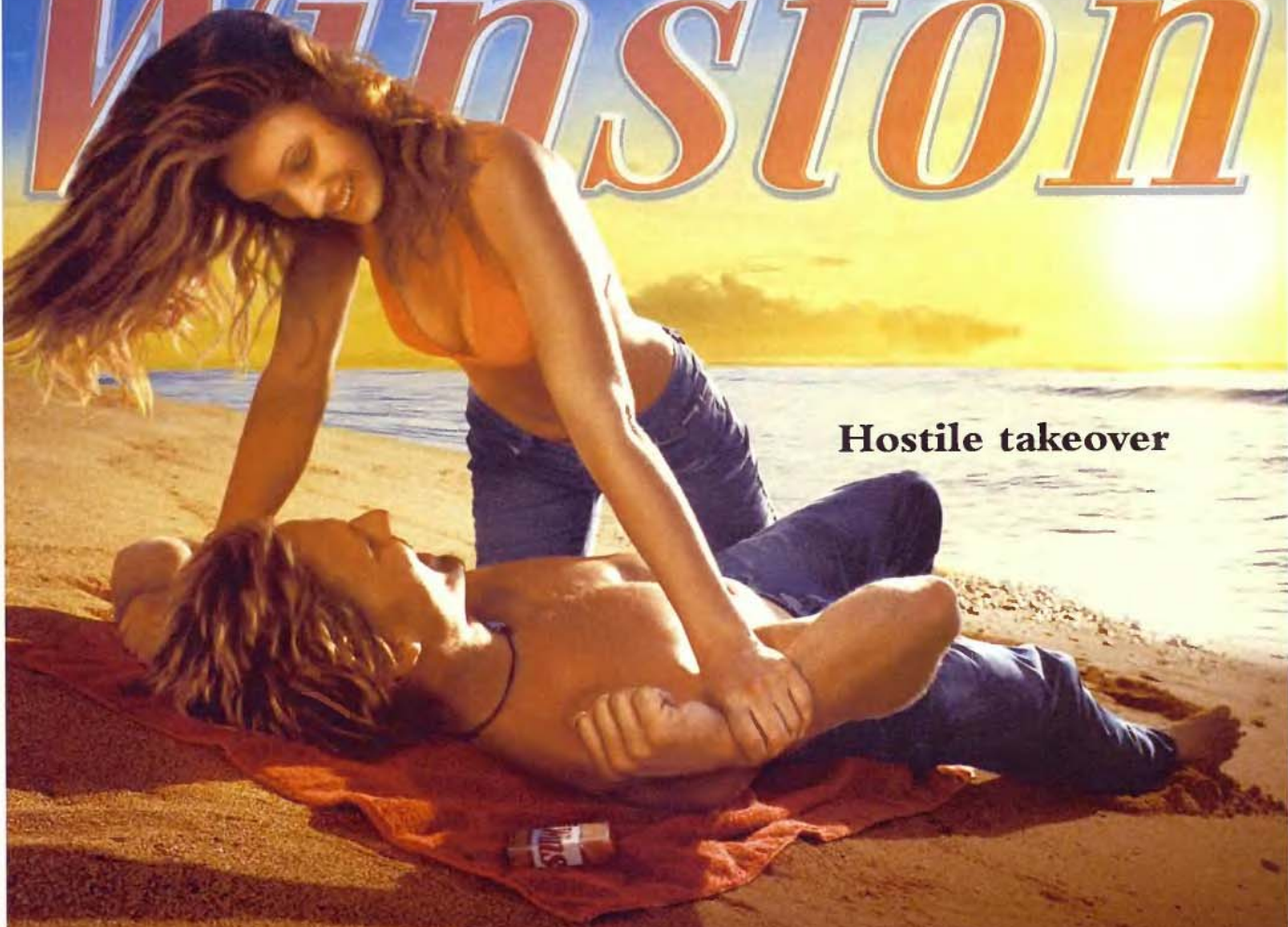
Doubtful. We suspect your husband has a few kinky ideas but believes you would judge them harshly or fail to understand, and he has no interest in hurting you or making himself vulnerable. For example, a natural fantasy for a married guy is fucking another—usually younger—woman or having a threesome. But some wives take even the idea of variety as an insult ("I'm not enough for you?"). Rather than push him on this subject, ask if he'll indulge you. While your fantasy is playing out, his desires may reveal themselves. The simplest way to do this is to experiment with role-playing—for example, the classic doctor-patient or teacher-student scenarios that cater to our base desire to be dominant and/or submissive. Weave your tale for him—simply calling him Professor in a sweet voice as you unbuckle his pants may unleash the beast. In her book *Fantasy Made Flesh*, Deborah Addington suggests other offbeat pairings, such as bandit and victim, deity and worshipper, dorky teen and Playmate, drill sergeant and private, pet and owner, and president and intern. Have fun.

What should you do when your boss asks you to choose a wine at lunch or dinner? I don't know much about wine, so I lean heavily on the waiter. But I was wondering how I could look more sophisticated and perhaps impress my boss.—P.R., New York, New York

You don't need a vast knowledge of wine to make an impression. It's all about grace in ordering. One bit of advice we like is to ask your boss's or client's assistant which type of wine his or her boss prefers. That gives you a head start. Don't order the cheapest bottle if you're paying or the most expensive if someone else is. Don't be shy about asking the sommelier for guidance; seeking advice from experts is smart business. Unless it tastes like vinegar, never

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I am 21. My girlfriend is 35. I moved in with her eight months ago. Recently I went out with one of my female friends. As we drove around I asked for some road head. She said no and told my girlfriend. Although there was no physical contact, my girlfriend says she went through this once, with her ex-husband, and that was enough. She says I should move out and that maybe we'll work things out. What should I do?—M.T., Kenton, Tennessee

What choice do you have? It's her place. As people get older, they grow impatient with these games. Someday you will too.

Why do college guys have a hard time getting it up? Seventy percent of the guys I've slept with could not get an erection. Isn't it enough to have a naked woman saying "Fuck me now"? What am I doing wrong? I'm not ugly, and I don't smell.—S.E., South Bend, Indiana

We'll take a wild guess here, but have 70 percent of your partners been intoxicated? That would explain a lot. Yet even if they were sober, many college guys have probably never encountered a girl like you. They're used to being in charge, and now they have a partner saying "Gimme!" If a guy loses his erection, don't make a big deal of it. He's not a machine. But he does have a tongue. As you meet guys with more experience and who use other methods besides booze to get you into bed, this will be less of a problem.

I find it interesting that none of the letters you printed in July rightly criticizing your advice to the size 16 reader who wanted to know if a man could be attracted to her mentioned that Marilyn Monroe was also a size 16.—R.O., San Luis Obispo, California

Plenty of readers mentioned it, but it's not true. What most people overlook is that vintage dress sizes don't correspond to those of today. In his book Hollywood Urban Legends, film critic Richard Roeper notes that a collection of Marilyn's dresses he saw, including her famous "subway grate" white dress from The Seven Year Itch, were the equivalent of today's sizes 4 to 8.

As the director of the Minnesota Institute of Psychiatry and author of the first psychiatric textbook on sexual addiction, I would like to comment on your response to the reader who wrote in May asking if he had a sexual addiction. I agree that the behavior he described does not make him an addict. I also agree that the concept of sexual addiction has been misused by hucksters and charlatans. However, discussing whether sexual addiction is a valid concept makes sense only in the context of a meaningful definition. I like this one: It's a condition

in which some form of sexual behavior is employed in a pattern characterized by (1) a recurrent failure to control the behavior, and (2) continuation of the behavior despite significant harmful consequences. In other words, whether a pattern of sexual behavior qualifies as addiction is determined not by the behavior, its object, its frequency or its social acceptability but by how the behavior affects a person's life. You suggest that *compulsion* may be a better term. But by definition, compulsive behavior does not produce pleasure or gratification.—Dr. Aviel Goodman, St. Paul, Minnesota

We appreciate the letter, but we'll stick with our deeply cynical view of this "affliction." It seems to us that a person cannot be diagnosed as having a problem with sex unless he gets no pleasure or gratification from it, and that would qualify as a compulsion.

Your quip "It's sex, not heroin" was off the mark. The same neurochemical activities are present in any addiction, whether it's to sex, gambling or intoxicants.—R.W., Pasadena, California

Maybe so, but no sex addict has ever stolen from us, and you can't overdose on fucking.

The credit card companies won't lower my interest rates, so I'd like to use one of those debt-management services. I hesitate only because I can't figure out how they make money. Will I get hit with hidden fees and be worse off than I am now?—A.M., Boston, Massachusetts

This won't happen if you hook up with a legitimate credit counselor, i.e., one that comes out of the 1960s tradition of nonprofit agencies designed to help people avoid bankruptcy. Credit counselors make most of their income from creditors, who pay them a percentage of the debt collected. Quality firms offer face-to-face advice, negotiate reduced rates and fees, offer full-disclosure statements and encourage regular payments. They don't promise to fix your credit or wipe out your debt. They don't solicit you by phone or e-mail. And they don't charge more than about \$75 for setup and \$15 to \$50 a month for maintenance, if that. Start your search among members of the Association of Independent Consumer Credit Counseling Agencies (800-450-1794 or aiccca.org) or the National Foundation for Credit Counseling (800-388-2227 or nfcc.org).

In May you mentioned a guy who had his penis reattached after a lawn mower accident. That sounds like bullshit. I bet he got Bobbittized by his wife and needed a story to tell the doctors. I thought the Advisor, if anyone, would be more skeptical.—G.C., Dallas, Texas

There was grass in the wound. That's all the evidence we need.

That lawn mower incident made me cringe. It also made me consider one of my own fears: I have never gone skinny-dipping because I'm afraid a fish will



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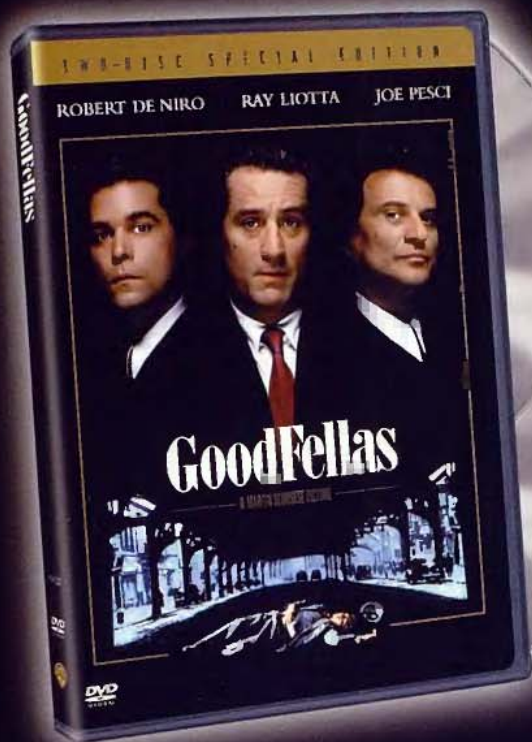
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bite my penis. Do you know if something like that has ever happened?—A.E., Loveland, Colorado

As long you don't swim in a jungle river near a dam, you'll be okay. That's because the fish most likely to take a chance like that is the speckled piranha or one of its toothed cousins, and they gather near dams. They aren't aiming for your privates but for whatever flesh they can find to defend their young. Dr. Vidal Haddad Jr. of the Botucatu School of Medicine in São Paulo, an expert on fish attacks, knows of only one study that even mentions penis bites (published in 1972), and he hasn't heard of any incidents in his own research. There is a well-documented case of a tiny catfish, known as a candiru, jumping into a man's urethra as he stood thigh-deep in the Amazon to urinate. He needed surgery to remove it.

Your comment that a man should wear an ascot only if he has a goiter demonstrates the acerbic position you have taken toward men over 50 who still wear clothes other than T-shirts, shorts and backward baseball caps. Did you consider that perhaps the gentleman was attending a theme party or dinner? What happened to PLAYBOY as a trendsetter for the sophisticated male?—B.C., Simi Valley, California

We're still here, looking ahead. You're right, though; our responses to this and to a July query about walking sticks were too dismissive. It is possible to look stylish with either, but it takes a special man to pull it off.

My wife and I are friends with a couple who are swingers. One night while drinking and playing cards we all engaged in masturbation and oral stimulation. As we played, my wife pushed my hand or head away several times to clear a path for the others. Should I be concerned that she doesn't find me attractive or satisfying?—J.B., Allentown, Pennsylvania

Let her know how you feel, but don't jump to conclusions. Your wife saw an opportunity to enjoy the sensation of unfamiliar fingers and tongues. She was less interested in having sex with you while others watched. Whatever her motivations, this wasn't a good move on her part. There's a difference between swinging with your partner and leaving your partner swinging. That's why it's smart to discuss these situations before they occur, to avoid surprises and hurt feelings in flagrante delicto.

Why is it that on the mornings after my husband and I have sex, I have a terrible odor coming from my vagina? I asked my sister if she had experienced anything like this and she said no. Is this normal?—A.K., Cherry Hill, New Jersey

If the smell is persistent, you may have an infection such as bacterial vaginosis, which causes a fishy odor that can be stronger after sex. See your doctor about that. However, there is a chance this is caused by your husband's semen. In 1995 a female patient of a family physician in Oakland, California complained that her genitals smelled fishy, but only after sex. She showed no other symptoms of infection. Curious, the doctor asked the woman to return to his office every morning for a month so he could take cultures. He confirmed that she didn't have an infection and noted that the smell occurred only on mornings after she'd had unprotected intercourse.

Whenver I jerk off my boyfriend while licking his balls and sliding a finger up his ass, he laughs uncontrollably as he climaxes. Why is that?—C.G., San Bernardino, California

He's not laughing at you, if that's what you mean. You're hearing the sound of joy. The finger in his ass is the key. This is the same release of tension that causes people to cry, yawn or scream when they come hard.

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.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

WHO RULES AMERICA?

MORE HISTORY IS MADE BY MISTAKE THAN BY DESIGN

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

OUR PARANOID HEARTS

The United States today is not merely the lone superpower on our planet. Our nation has turned into a hyperpower and is determined to stay that way. Yet where within the new hyperpower does power actually reside? Who makes the decisions that control the national destiny? Power is a perpetual riddle.

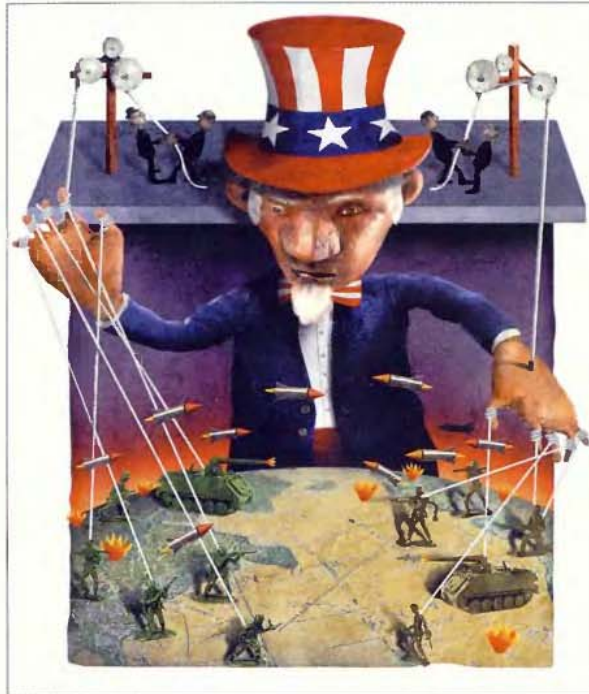
Three years after *PLAYBOY* debuted in 1953, a new book purported to provide answers to such questions. It was called *The Power Elite*, and the author was a Columbia University sociologist named C. Wright Mills. In the U.S., Mills said, three overlapping forms of power—the corporate, the political and the military—constituted the power elite. “Insofar as national events are decided,” he wrote, “the power elite are those who decide them.” Behind a screen of secrecy, members of the interlocking directorate were, as noted in the book’s last sentence, “commanders of power unequalled in human history.”

Mills’s book gives a bold and documented version of an old American nightmare: Behind the ostensible constitutional arrangements, hidden groups pull the strings that determine the nation’s fate. Mills proposed an analytical framework that seemed to unmask the realities of power. President Eisenhower’s talk about the military-industrial complex inadvertently lent authority to Mills’s talk about the power elite. Mills died of a heart attack in 1962 at the age of 45, but *The Power Elite* has exerted a continuing influence. Nearly 50 years after its publication, the book is still in print and has dedicated followers.

Americans have always had a weakness for conspiracy theories. Indeed, conspiratorial fears presided over the birth of the nation. Historians today conclude that the colonists were driven to revolt in 1776 because of a false conviction that they faced a British conspiracy to destroy their freedom. No matter that this conviction was a fantasy, the appetite for conspiracies has been constant throughout American history—so much so that two-time Pulitzer winner Richard Hofstadter wrote the memorable essay “The Paranoid Style in American Politics.”

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

After the American Revolution came the Illuminati scare of the 1790s. The Illuminati were a rationalist, anticlerical



organization founded in the 1770s by Adam Weishaupt, a Bavarian professor. Though the Bavarian government abolished them in 1785, the Illuminati continued to haunt the paranoid imagination. God-fearing people blamed the Illuminati for the terrors of the French Revolution and believed they were planning with suspected Illuminati agent Thomas Jefferson to stage a comparable revolution in the U.S. Two centuries later the Illuminati were still harassing America. Father Coughlin of Michigan and Gerald Winrod of Kansas in the 1930s, and Robert Welch of the John Birch Society in the 1960s, exposed the Illuminati as the hidden manipulators of international communism.

After the Illuminati scare, paranoid Americans went on

to assail the secrecy of the Freemasons. In the 1830s the Anti-Masonic Party arose to counter what it believed to be Masonry’s nefarious machinations. Other suspicious characters later joined the Illuminati and the Masons as mortal threats to the American way of life: Catholics, Jews, immigrants, uppity blacks (as seen by the Ku Klux Klan), traitorous liberals (as seen by Joe McCarthy and Ann Coulter), fascist-minded conservatives (as seen by the New Left), even aliens from outer space (as seen by the *Weekly World News*). The movies, especially the brilliant, razzle-dazzle work of Oliver Stone—above all his 1991 film *JFK*—have been effective vehicles of national paranoia.

Respectable people have occasionally surrendered to panic because of the menace of conspiratorial subversion. Ex-president John Quincy Adams, for example, collaborated with the Anti-Masons. Another ex-president, Millard Fillmore, was the 1856 presidential candidate of the nativist American Party, popularly known as the Know-Nothings. (When asked to explain the order, members were directed to reply, “I know nothing.”) The American Party had itself emerged from a secret society, the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner. Samuel Morse, artist and inventor of the telegraph, was obsessed with Roman Catholic plots against American freedom, as Henry Ford in the 20th century was obsessed with that famous (forged) anti-Semitic document *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

In *The Power Elite*, Mills was canny enough to try to disassociate himself from the paranoid style and to deny that his argument rested on conspiracies. But in the end *The*

Power Elite appears to be a sophisticated version of the American nightmare, as Richard Rovere, *The New Yorker's* astute commentator, pointed out at the time. He demonstrated that Mills's own examples could not be ascribed to the "compact and powerful elite" that Mills claimed "now prevails in America."

Rovere followed up his urbane demolition of *The Power Elite* with a wonderful spoof, "The American Establishment." Not since H.L. Mencken invented the tale that Millard Fillmore had installed the first bathtub in the White House has a hoax provoked such solemn discussion on the American establishment. Complaints flowed in from scholars who could not find the works cited in the footnotes. Rovere pointed out that the article had run in *The American Scholar*, an official publication of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa: "Its editors, of whom I am one, would certainly not be parties to a hoax."

HISTORY BY COCK-UP

If the power elite and the American establishment are mythical sources of power, where in fact does power reside in a hyperpower? The Constitution is based on powers elaborately checked and balanced—the separation of powers among the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the national government, further complicated by federalism, the division of powers between Washington and the states.

Yet according to Mills and his followers, the power elite overrides the "romantic pluralism" that pretends to distribute power among a multitude of veto groups. Of course, everyone in a democracy denies having and holding power. American conservatives cry that they are persecuted by the liberal media; American liberals, with rather more reason, cry that they are persecuted by the conservative media. Everyone relishes victimhood. But not everyone is a victim.

I would offer a naive proposition: Most history is made in the open. It is not significantly made behind our backs. As Rovere observed, *The Power Elite* and similar grand theories impose order on seeming chaos, providing a "key to the mysteries." Grand theory covers up the disheveled realities of pressure, debate, compromise, distortion, rumor, blather, stupidity, corruption...and luck.

More history is made by cock-up than by conspiracy. The exercise of power within the hyperpower re-

sides, in the end, not in extraconstitutional power elites but in our political processes. And it resides in individuals who operate the constitutional machinery. Grand theory has no place for individuals; people are interchangeable. But individuals do, after all, make a difference to history.

In December 1931 a British politician straight off the boat crossed Fifth Avenue in New York City between 76th and 77th streets at about 10:30 P.M. He looked, with English reflexes, in the wrong direction and was knocked down by an automobile. "I do not understand," he said later, "why I was not broken like an egg-



It pays to be paranoid about screwups.

shell or squashed like a gooseberry." Fourteen months later an American politician sitting in an open car in Miami was fired upon by an assassin; the man beside him was killed.

Would the next decade have been the same had the automobile killed Winston Churchill in 1931 and the bullet killed FDR in 1933? Would Neville Chamberlain have rallied Britain against Hitler in 1940? Would John Garner have produced the New Deal and the Four Freedoms? Suppose, in addition, that Lenin had died of typhus in Siberia in 1895 and that Hitler had been killed on the western front in 1916. What would the 20th century have looked like?

THE ART OF PREVENTIVE WAR

Americans today know the difference one man can make. George W. Bush, for better or worse, has wrought a fundamental change in our foreign policy. The strategy that won a peaceful victory in the Cold War combined containment and deterrence carried out through multilateral agencies.

The Bush doctrine reverses all that. Its essence is "anticipatory self-defense," a fancy name for preventive war. The first test came in Iraq.

We could hardly have acted on worse intelligence than we did in Iraq. Analysts at the CIA and the State Department knew better, but they didn't tell the White House and the Defense Department what they wanted to hear. Instead, the president, the vice president and the Pentagon listened to Iraqi exiles—mostly con men who bilked American taxpayers for \$39 million worth of defective reports about weapons of mass destruction, about the intimate alliance between the secular Saddam Hussein and the fundamentalist Osama bin Laden and about how our invading soldiers would be pelted with flowers.

One of the astonishing events of recent times is the presentation of preventive war as a legitimate and moral foreign-policy instrument. When the Japanese launched a preventive strike against the American fleet on December 7, 1941, it was, President Roosevelt said, a date which would live in infamy. During the Cold War, advocates of preventive war were dismissed as loonies. When Robert Kennedy called the notion of a preventive strike on the Soviet missile bases in Cuba "Pearl Harbor in reverse" and added that "for 175 years we have not been that kind of country," he swung the ExCom—President Kennedy's special group of advisors—to a blockade. As for the preventive-war loonies, everyone thanked heaven they never got into power in any major country. Today, alas, they are in power in the U.S.

They do not vindicate Mills's thesis about the power elite, however. The corporate elite, aside from Halliburton, Bechtel and maybe some oil companies, had no great passion for the war in Iraq. Nor was the military elite gung-ho for war; indeed, there was much foreboding in the Pentagon. Nor was there popular demand for the war. President Bush did not go to war against Iraq to fulfill campaign promises; he had hardly mentioned Iraq before September 11, 2001. If the president had never gone to war against Iraq, few people would have cared or even noticed.

Bush made the fatal turn to a preventive-war policy all by himself. He went to war against Iraq not because he had to but because he wanted to, for whatever reasons—and these remain a controversial subject. I don't think he went to war for low reasons—

oil, for example, or to please the Israeli lobby, or to avenge the assassination attempt against his father. These may have been added benefits, but to do him justice I think he went to war for high reasons: because he was persuaded that the democratization of Iraq under American supervision would promote democratization throughout the Muslim world.

His motivation remains obscure. But practical consequences confront us. The Bush doctrine converts the U.S. into world judge, jury and executioner—a self-appointed status that, however benign our motives, is bound to tempt our leaders into hubris and to alienate the globe.

The Bush doctrine, because it transfers excessive powers to the president, leads to the imperial presidency reloaded. Abraham Lincoln long ago foresaw the perversion of the Constitution that was bound to result from a foreign policy based on preventive war. On February 15, 1848 he denounced the proposition that “if it shall become necessary to repel invasion, the president may, without violation of the Constitution, cross the line and invade the territory of another country, and that whether such necessity exists in any given case, the president is to be the sole judge.”

Lincoln continued, “Allow the president to invade a neighboring nation whenever he shall deem it necessary to repel an invasion and you allow him to make war at pleasure. If today he should choose to say he thinks it necessary to invade Canada to prevent the British from invading us, how could you stop him? You may say to him, ‘I see no probability of the British invading us,’ but he will say to you, ‘Be silent. I see it if you don’t.’” The founding fathers, Lincoln said, had “resolved to so frame the Constitution that *no one man* should

hold the power of bringing this oppression upon us.”

One man does hold this power today—in defiance of the Constitution. But he holds it less from his own rapacity for power than from the reluctance of Congress to assert its constitutional prerogatives and the reluctance of the Democratic Party to provide robust opposition.

THE DANGER OF IDEAS

The Bush administration is an ideological one—more so than Bush I, even more so than Reagan. Reagan was surrounded by pragmatists—George H.W. Bush, James Baker, George Shultz, Howard Baker, Donald Regan. The younger Bush is surrounded by ideologues—Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Paul Wolfowitz, Elliott Abrams, Richard Perle. No doubt the fantasy of democratizing the Muslim world—if that is the president’s dream—comes from the ideologues. It certainly would not have come from pragmatists.

Power springs from ideas. “The ideas of economists and political philosophers,” as John Maynard Keynes said, “both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed, the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back. It is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil.”

The battle of ideas is the ultimate source of power. Let that battle prosper, for its outcome determines the future of America. And very likely of the world.

WHAT WOULD A SECOND BUSH TERM HOLD FOR U.S. POLICY?

Clues can be found in “Rebuilding America’s Defenses,” a think-tank report released two months before the 2000 election by the Project for the New American Century. It provided a blueprint for what would become the Bush administration’s militaristic foreign policy. No wonder: PNAC members include Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Paul Wolfowitz, Elliott Abrams and Jeb Bush. Among the report’s proposals that the president has already enacted: Raise defense spending to 3.8 percent of GDP; renounce ABM treaties, develop a missile defense system, reassess nuclear weapons for bunker busting and increase the U.S. military presence in the Middle



East, central Asia, South America and the Black Sea. From the report, here’s what’s left to do: (1) Retain “forward-based forces” in the Gulf. (2) Focus on Iran. Though Iraq “provides the immediate justification” for “a substantial American troop presence in the Gulf,” Iran is cited as an equal threat. (3) Unite Korea. “It is not too early to recognize that the presence of U.S. forces in Korea serves a larger and longer-range strategic purpose.” (4) Make outer space a “key theater of war” and establish “U.S. Space Forces” with “the mission of space control.” (5) Control cyberspace. (6) Build Navy and Air Force bases in Southeast Asia.

MARGINALIA



FROM AN ARGUMENT before the U.S. Supreme Court by Frank Dunham, representing Yaser Hamdi, a U.S. citizen held without charges after the Bush administration classified him as an enemy combatant: “Deputy Solicitor General Paul Clement’s argument is ‘Trust us.’ And who’s saying ‘Trust us’? The executive branch. And why do we have the great writ? We have the great writ because we didn’t trust the executive branch when we founded this government. That’s why the government saying ‘Trust us’ is no excuse for driving a truck through the right of habeas corpus and the Fifth Amendment. Is it better to give this one citizen rights, or is it better to start a new dawn of saying there are circumstances where you can’t file a writ of habeas corpus, and there are circumstances where you can’t get due process? Here there is no law. If there is any law at all, it is the executive’s secret definition of what-ever *enemy combatant* is. Don’t fool yourselves into thinking that means somebody coming off a battlefield, because they’ve used it in Chicago, they’ve used it in New York, and they’ve used it in Indiana.”

FROM AN FBI REPORT

dated March 5, 1958: “On March 3, 1958 Officer [redacted], administrative vice detail, LAPD, advised that an informant furnished information to the effect that Bud Abbott, the well-known motion picture and TV star, allegedly has 1,500 reels of obscene motion pictures, which he shows in his home, where he has a projector of his own. The informant was approached by Abbott to furnish some girls for a private party. On March 4, 1958 Officer [redacted] advised that ad vice intends on raiding the party when and if it is held and will confiscate all films they are able to find in their search incidental to their arrests.” (Thirteen years earlier, on November 28, 1944, an FBI agent wrote, “It has been reliably reported that sizeable libraries of obscene motion picture films are possessed by [redacted], Lou Costello, George Raft and others.”)



FROM AN APPEAL that appeared on the website of the Christian Civic League of Maine, written by its executive director, Michael Heath: “Cleaning out the closet: In this age of *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* and *Sex and the City*, it is only appropriate that all of us in Maine understand the ‘sexual orientation’ of our leaders. Since this matter of ‘sexual orientation’ is of such fundamental importance that we must turn civilization on its head to accommodate it, we feel duty-bound to help you gain a better understanding. We will therefore be (continued on page 51)

READER RESPONSE

PLEDGING ALLEGIANCE

It was probably wrong for Congress to have inserted "under God" into the pledge of allegiance ("One Nation, Under God, Divisible," June), but religious liberty will not be seriously compromised if it remains. Most of the founders did not understand the separation of church and state to mean an antiseptic cleansing of all religious references from official activity and statements. An election-year decision that would satisfy Gore Vidal's sensibilities would set off a wave of support for an amendment to overrule the



One nation, under Allah....

Court. No one can predict the scope of such an amendment. It could go beyond the pledge to include other contentious issues, such as school prayer. That is not a risk worth taking to defeat what is at worst a marginal and insignificant practice.

Marc Stern
American Jewish Congress
New York, New York

On June 14 the Supreme Court overturned the lower court ruling that banned "under God." However, it made no decision on the phrase's constitutionality. Instead, it ruled that because Michael Newdow, who had brought the case, does not have full custody of his daughter, he cannot sue on her behalf.

A small point: Vidal writes that "In God We Trust" was added to U.S. money in 1955. That's when it was added to all currency and coins, but it had appeared on a few coins as early as 1864.

Larry Bickel
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Does a public display of piety benefit the nation? Before "under God" was added, we won every war we engaged in. Since it was added, we have been bogged down in quagmires.

Paul Alter
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

NO PLAYBOY FOR YOU

I am a citizen of Cullman County, Alabama, where the local prosecutor, Len Brooks, began a criminal investigation into a chain bookstore because it sold PLAYBOY. He decreed that the magazine compromises the county's "community standard and values of morals and decency." The only standard I'm familiar with in this regard is the First Amendment.

Name withheld
Cullman, Alabama

Amen. We had heard about Brooks but couldn't quite believe he existed. We'd love to have you join the more than 300 of your neighbors who subscribe, or you can pick up the latest issue at Don's Convenience Store in Arab, just over the county line.

QUEER MATRIMONY

Thank you for Dan Savage's "Gay Marriage: What's in It for You?" (June). I fail to understand how same-sex marriage can be a threat to an institution that has a 50 percent divorce rate. Yet to justify its discrimination, the religious right would have you believe that marriage is an unchanging institution. In fact, marriage has changed greatly with the introduction of divorce, effective contraception, the legal acceptance of interracial marriage and expanding rights for women. Marriage also bestows the right to medical coverage under a spouse's insurance, the right to visit a spouse in the hospital and, if necessary, make health decisions on his or her behalf, the right to have a spouse naturalized as a citizen, the right to ensure that a spouse inherits one's belongings and the right to access a spouse's Social Security and pension survivor benefits. Marriage is a human right, not a heterosexual privilege.

P.S.: In the 1970s I was part of a feminist comedy team, Harrison and Tyler. The manager of the Playboy Club in San Francisco booked us, then apparently took offense at our act (one of our jokes was "If homophobes want gay people to stop having sex, they should let us get married") and fired us. We wrote a letter of protest to Hef, who sent us the money we were owed, apologized profusely and fired the manager.

Robin Tyler
Executive director
DontAmend.com
Los Angeles, California

How can you ban something that doesn't exist? Nowhere in the civil, legal

or religious definitions of marriage is there reference to two members of the same sex. Further, how can a marriage be consummated by sodomy, fellatio, fisting or some other deviant act?

William Burns
Aurora, Colorado

The photo of the newlyweds that accompanies Dan Savage's article tells you something about lesbians and gays that I'm sure is also true of PLAYBOY readers: They value tenderness and commitment. In the background are the couple's smiling friends and family, including me, the mother of one of the brides. True, some families of same-sex couples struggle with fears instilled by our culture, and others can't help wishing their children wouldn't expose themselves to prejudice. But thousands of us want what the parents of straight couples want: for our children to be able to build strong families with the partner of their choice.

Molleen Matsumura
Berkeley, California

A heterosexual union is the closest analogy to God that humans can experience. It forms an entity based in love that expresses the characteristics of both genders and has the ability to cre-



Kissing the bride in Napa Valley.

ate life in its own image. Same-sex unions may be based in love, but they do not have the other characteristics.

John Cartmell
Redmond, Washington

If you have same-sex marriage, you will also have same-sex divorce. Is that something we want to encourage?

Sam Sloan
Brooklyn, New York

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

NEWSFRONT



Francisco and Watts

Copping a Feel

SAN FRANCISCO—Officials are investigating whether two cops who paired up for an online porn video violated department rules. Given a recent court ruling in a similar case, it seems unlikely they will lose their jobs. Patrolman Darryl Watts and his fiancée, sheriff's deputy Kelly Francisco (who moonlights in adult films as Reina Leone), performed for a video posted on the site Bus Stop Whores. Neither was identified as a cop. Five months earlier a federal appeals court had ruled that the San Diego Police Department violated the First Amendment rights of an officer when it fired him in 2001 for selling a homemade erotic video on eBay. In it, the cop strips off a generic police uniform and masturbates.

The Limits of Justice

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—The state supreme court turned away the appeal of a man convicted of molesting a girl who later said she had made up the story. In 1999 Aleck Carpitcher began serving a 38-year sentence. But last year the girl, now 15, said she had fabricated the story because she was angry with Carpitcher, who was dating her mother, and wanted him out of the house. In denying the appeal, the high court cited a state law that requires prisoners to present any new evidence within 21 days of their conviction. In response to the ruling, lawmakers eliminated the deadline but limited convicts to one appeal each.

Lolipop.com

NEW YORK CITY—A federal judge sentenced a Florida man to 30 months in prison for violating a law that makes it a crime to use deceptive URLs to lure children to "harmful" material. John Zuccarini earned as much as \$1 million a year from his 8,000 domains, including dinseyland.com, teltubbies.com and 16 variations of britneyspears.com. The copycat sites bombarded visitors with ads for porn and online casinos. Zuccarini pleaded guilty to 49 counts of violating the Truth in Domain Names Act and one count of possessing child porn.

Rubber Hits the Road

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—For three weeks this past June a sex education group invited horny Swedes to dial 696969 between four P.M. and nine P.M. to have condoms brought to their door. The group delivered the 10-packs in white ambulances adorned with a winged red

rubber. The program was intended to raise awareness among young people about preventing STDs and unplanned pregnancies.

Friendly Banter

LOS ANGELES—A woman who spent four months taking notes during brainstorming sessions for *Friends* scripts sued four of the show's writers for sexual harassment. She claimed she felt sick as the men allegedly told vulgar jokes, said *fuck* and *schlong* a lot, described their sex lives and fantasies (including which *Friends* actresses they'd like to sleep with) and simulated masturbation. The show's producers argued that such an atmosphere is a "creative necessity" when making a show about sexually active young adults. A judge tossed the case, but an appeals court reinstated it.

Italian Stallion

ROME—Lamborghini donated a custom Gallardo to the Italian national police. The six-speed, which sells for \$165,000, will be used along a highway in southern Italy for emergencies and to catch speeders and transport organs. Its 500-horsepower engine can reach speeds of up to 192 miles an hour and goes from zero to 60 in just over four seconds.

**MARGINALIA**

(continued from page 49)

writing about state leaders regarding their 'sexual orientation.' We are most interested in the leaders among us who want to overturn marriage, eliminate the mother-father family as the ideal, etc. E-mail us tips, rumors, speculation and facts. Help the league stand for righteousness." After Heath's request caused a public uproar, the league suspended him for a month for encouraging "sinful gossip."

GAME SHOW QUESTIONS from *The Mission*, which airs on a satellite station run by the Lebanese group Hezbollah: "What is the name of the Palestinian village near what is now the Israeli city of Ramla that was destroyed in 1949 and replaced by a town called Yavne?" (Yibna); "What structure built of gray sandstone in 1792 became the source of all oppressive decisions the world over?" (The White House); "The martyr Amar Hamoud was nicknamed the Sword of All Martyrs—true or false?" (True); "What Abbasid-era calligrapher introduced a new Arabic script, copied the Koran 64 times and maintained a flourishing school until Baghdad fell to the Mongols in 1258?" (Abu Hassan Ali Bin Hillal).

FROM A LIST of sex toys that a Dickinson County, Kansas grand jury ruled might be obscene. Following a complaint from a group called Citizens for Strengthening Community Virtues, police purchased 36 items at an adult store in Abilene, and the grand jury indicted the store owners on 29 counts of promoting obscenity: 10-inch Mega Coxx, Auto Suck, Cherry Scented Artificial Mouth, Cyber Inflatable Blow-Up Doll, Cyberskin Cyber Cock, Double Dong With Harness, Hustler Little Pink Pussy, Hustler My First Clit Kiss, Jenna's Beaver, Julie Ashton Realistic Pussy and Ass, Nick Manning's Masturstroke, Pure Pussy Vibrating Pink Puregel Vagina, Stephanie Swift's Vibrating Love Doll, Thumbs-Up Enchancing Clit Stim, Waterproof Water Penis G.

FROM AN E-MAIL sent by consumer activist Robert Dalton to U.S. District Judge Algenon Marbley about a class-action lawsuit. Dalton was not a party in the suit. After receiving the e-mail the judge charged Dalton with contempt of court: "Dear Judge Marbley, you fucked up! Had you been familiar with the case, you would have noticed that the numerous facts provided by the attorneys deviated from the evidence. I am unsure as to whether it was a lack of competence or your ego or a combination of both that resulted in thousands of citizens getting screwed. Everyone in the courtroom did his or her job to the best of their respective ability. You didn't."



ASHCROFT'S ENFORCER

U.S. ATTORNEY MARY BETH BUCHANAN MAKES A NAME FOR HERSELF
BY NEAL POLLACK

John Ashcroft needs all the friends he can get. The attorney general's best friend in Pittsburgh is Mary Beth Buchanan, the federal prosecutor who oversees 25 counties in western Pennsylvania. There are 92 other U.S. attorneys like her, each nominated by the president and appointed by the Senate to prosecute federal crimes and civil cases in a relatively small region. They are given wide discretion over what crimes they pursue, which is the source of their power and often a springboard to political office. Buchanan has proved herself to be an able lieutenant by going after bong dealers and porn producers who live thousands of miles outside her conservative jurisdiction. She's so tenacious that the attorney general once publicly kidded her about being his boss.

Last year Ashcroft acknowledged Buchanan as a rising star by appointing her chair of his chief advisory committee. The most far-reaching policy established during her yearlong term was a "tough on crime" order that discouraged prosecutors from offering plea bargains and judges from lowering sentences. As have other U.S. attorneys, Buchanan also embraced an Ashcroft directive to shill for the USA Patriot Act. After the Pittsburgh city council passed a resolution condemning the act, for example, Buchanan wrote a newspaper op-ed piece that claimed the council had "acted at the behest of a small, vocal minority of residents who presented false and misleading information," while she ignored the fact that she, the police chief and the FBI all love the statute. She argued that the nonbinding resolution made us "all less safe and secure."

Buchanan cemented her reputation last year with the prosecution of Tommy Chong. To trap the comedian, she worked with the DEA to set up a phony head shop in Beaver Falls that ordered glass pipes from Chong's online store, which was based in California. In a press release announcing 55 arrests in the operation, Ashcroft and Buchanan shared credit. Last September a judge sentenced Chong to nine months in federal prison. Buchanan showed up long enough to hear the guilty plea and offer a soundbite. "Even if you are a movie star, there are consequences for your actions," she declared.

Michael Nasatir, one of Chong's attorneys, wasn't impressed. "I know many dedicated prosecutors, and no

one can remember a previous prosecution under the statute banning drug paraphernalia," he says. "Things are being prosecuted there that wouldn't be in other districts. She is pushing the outer limits of Ashcroft's agenda."

The pornography sting went down much the same way, with Buchanan's agents ordering adult videos online from a California-based company. "We don't have the resources to prosecute every instance of the illegal distribution of obscenity," Buchanan told *Reason* magazine. "But if the law

isn't enforced, the material will proliferate and become more violent, more degrading and more disgusting."

Buchanan has always been a go-getter. She put herself through law school as a single mother. At the age of 25 she left a private firm to become an assistant U.S. attorney. In September 2001 the Senate appointed her the district's U.S. attorney, the first woman and the youngest person to hold the position.

"I worked with Mary Beth when she was an assistant U.S. attorney," says Stan Levenson, a Pittsburgh attorney who also defended Chong. "She was basically fair, not extremely ideological. But in the past year her office has become extremely conservative."

Buchanan, who declined requests to be interviewed by *PLAYBOY*, has alienated herself from various members of the local legal community, according to some attorneys. One says Buchanan is driving everyone nuts, especially with her take-no-prisoners attitude toward sentencing. Many believe she drank the Ashcroft Kool-Aid out of ambition and the absurdity will end when her term ends in 2005 or when Ashcroft relinquishes power, whichever comes first. Although a Republican president nominated her, Buchanan apparently gave no sign that, once in power, she would go off the deep end.

"What we hear in Pittsburgh," says Vic Walczak, the legal director of the city's ACLU chapter, who says he likes Buchanan personally but finds her politics scary, "is that she'll carry Ashcroft's water on whatever happens to be the issue of the day." Walczak is particularly bothered by Buchanan's emphasis on harsh prosecution of consensual crimes. "It appears to be more a morality play than an attempt to address serious societal problems," he says. "Considering the threats this country faces, you'd have to consider these prosecutions a misuse of valuable resources."



Who's in charge here? Mary Beth Buchanan and her supervisor.

SPRINGBOARD: FOUR U.S. ATTORNEYS WHO FOUND GREATER GLORY



Franklin Pierce U.S. attorney for New Hampshire; became 14th president of the U.S. in 1853.



Thomas Dewey U.S. attorney for Southern District of NY, 1933; governor of NY, 1943 to 1955.



Bob Barr U.S. attorney for Northern District of Georgia, 1986 to 1990; congressman, 1995 to 2003.



Rudy Giuliani U.S. attorney for Southern District of NY, 1983 to 1989; mayor of NYC, 1994 to 2001.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GOOGLE GUYS

A candid conversation with America's newest billionaires about their oddball company, how they tamed the web and why their motto is "Don't be evil"

Just five years ago a googol was an obscure, unimaginable concept: the number one followed by 100 zeros. Now respelled and capitalized, Google is an essential part of online life. From American cities to remote Chinese villages, more than 65 million people use the Internet search engine each day. It helps them find everything from the arcane to the essential, and Google has become a verb, as in, "I Googled your name on the Internet and, uh, no thanks, I'm not interested in going out Friday night."

In addition to being the gold standard of Internet search engines, Google is setting a new example for business. It's difficult to imagine Enron or WorldCom with a creed similar to Google's: "Don't be evil," a motto the company claims to take seriously.

This maxim was perhaps most apparent in May when the company announced it was going public. Google founders Sergey Brin and Larry Page explained their lofty ambitions. "Searching and organizing all the world's information is an unusually important task that should be carried out by a company that is trustworthy and interested in the

public good," they wrote in an unprecedented letter to Wall Street. With the release of the letter, *Newsweek* reported, "The century's most anticipated IPO was on, and the document, revealing the search giant's financial details, business strategy and risk factors, instantly eclipsed Bob Woodward's Iraq book as the most talked about tome in the nation."

Page, 31, is the son of Carl Page, a pioneer in computer science and artificial intelligence at the University of Michigan. Larry was surrounded by computers when he was growing up and once built a programmable ink-jet printer out of Legos. Reluctant but wide-eyed and reflective, he is Google's clean-cut geek in chief, the brilliant engineer and mathematician who oversees the writing of the complex algorithms and computer programs behind the search engine. His partner, Brin, 30, is a native of Moscow, where his father was a math professor. As Jews, the Brins were discriminated against and taunted when they walked down the street. "I was worried that my children would face the same discrimination if we stayed there," his father told Reuters. "Sometimes the love

for one's country is not mutual." The family emigrated to the U.S. when Brin was six. A part-time trapeze artist, Brin is the company's earnest and impassioned visionary—a quieter, nerdier Steve Jobs. Early on, when Google CEO Eric Schmidt was asked how the company determines what exactly is and is not evil, he answered, "Evil is whatever Sergey says is evil."

Page and Brin met as graduate students at Stanford University. After years of analyzing the mathematics, the computer science and the psychological intricacies involved in searching for useful information on the ever-growing World Wide Web, they came up with the Google search engine in 1998. It was far superior to existing engines, and many companies, including Yahoo and MSN, licensed it. (Yahoo recently severed its ties with Google, introducing its own search engine. Bill Gates, who once admitted that "Google kicked our butts" on search-engine technology, has announced that Microsoft will launch its own search engine next year.) With its simple design and unobtrusive ads, Google has quickly become one of the most

frequented websites on the Internet, and the company is one of the fastest growing in history. The financial press has estimated that after the initial public offering, Google will be valued at \$30 billion, and Brin and Page, each of whom owns about 15 percent, will be worth more than \$4 billion apiece.

The two are unlikely billionaires. They seem uninterested in the accoutrements of wealth. Both drive Priuses, Toyota's hybrid gas-and-electric car. It is impossible to imagine them in Brioni suits. Brin often wears a T-shirt and shorts. Page usually dresses in nondescript short-sleeve collared shirts. Both rent modest apartments. Their only indulgences so far fall into the realm of technology, such as Brin's Segway Human Transporter, which he occasionally rides around the Googleplex, the company's Silicon Valley headquarters. (Page often scoots around on Rollerblades or rides a bike.) Page bought a digital communicator that employs voice-recognition technology to place phone calls. Both men are notorious workaholics, though *The Wall Street Journal*, which uncharacteristi-



LARRY PAGE: "People were checking out who they were dating by Googling them. I think it's a tremendous responsibility. You have to take that very seriously."



SERGEY BRIN: "Any web mail service will scan your e-mail. It scans it in order to show it to you. We are very up-front about it. That's an important principle of ours."



PAGE: "The amazing thing is that we're part of people's daily lives, just like brushing their teeth. It's just something people do. It's quite remarkable."



BRIN: "The solution isn't to limit the information you receive. Ultimately you want to have the entire world's knowledge connected directly to your mind."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ©KIM KLUSH

cally did some sleuthing into their personal lives, reported that they have girlfriends. "Mr. Page has been dating an employee at Google, according to people close to the company," the *Journal* reported. "Mr. Brin has started going out with the sister of a Google employee."

Contributing Editor David Sheff met with the Google founders at the Googleplex. It is unlike most other offices, with free Odwalla juice, random toys, a pool table, a courtyard lined with scooters and bikes, and an on-site masseuse. In the company's airy cafeteria, the former chef at the Grateful Dead prepares lunch. Sheff arrived at Google just before the company entered the quiet period prior to its IPO, but he found Brin and Page less interested in the billions of dollars on the horizon than in the day-to-day challenge of running a hugely successful company that provides a valuable service, does good in the world and is fun to work for.

"When I arrived, Brin was indeed having fun, playing a sweaty game of volleyball in an open-air plaza," reports Sheff. "Dragged in shoeless from the court, he contemplated questions with great seriousness while occasionally stabbing at a salad. Throughout our conversation, he and Page, who wore shoes, rarely sat down. Instead they stood up, leaned on their chair backs, climbed on their chairs and wandered about the windowed conference room. It's apparently impossible to sit still when you're engaged in changing the world."

PLAYBOY: Google has emerged as one of the most watched companies in the world. Since deciding to go public, have you worried that Google could become less fun because of quarterly reports and the scrutiny of thousands of investors?

PAGE: I worry, but I've worried all along. I worried as we got bigger and there were new pressures on the company. It wasn't so long ago that we were all on one floor. Then we moved to a new, larger office building and were on two floors. We added salespeople. Each change was huge and happened over a very short period of time. I learned you have to pay a lot of attention to any company that's changing rapidly. When we had about 50 people, we initiated weekly TGIF meetings on Friday afternoons so everyone would know what had happened during the week. But those meetings have broken down because we now have too many people, about 1,000, including many who work in different time zones. We try to have a summation of the week's work via e-mail, but it's not the same. When you grow, you continually have to invent new processes. We've done a pretty good job keeping up, but it's an ongoing challenge.

PLAYBOY: It's one thing to have volleyball

games, refrigerators full of free juice and massages when you're a start-up, but can you maintain such a laid-back culture as a public company?

PAGE: We think a lot about how to maintain our culture and the fun elements. I don't know if other companies care as much about those things as we do. We spent a lot of time getting our offices right. We think it's important to have a high density of people. People are packed together everywhere. We all share offices. We like this set of buildings because it's more like a densely packed university campus than a typical suburban office park.

PLAYBOY: We read that you originally wanted a building without telephones.

BRIN: That was Larry. He was making



As for "Don't be evil," we have tried to define precisely what it means to be a force for good.

the argument that you call most people on their cell phones because you're not sure if they're at their desk. Why bother having land lines? We decided to have them, though, because the quality is better. It's nice to have them.

PLAYBOY: Do you subscribe to any particular management theories, or do you make them up as you go?

PAGE: We try to use elements from different companies, but a lot is seat-of-your-pants stuff.

PLAYBOY: How will you avoid the mistakes of many other dot-coms? After their IPOs, employees became more focused on the stock price than on their jobs. Many of those companies are gone.

PAGE: Those companies are not good

analogues for Google.

PLAYBOY: But like you, they were Internet-focused technology companies. What's the difference?

PAGE: A lot of those companies were around for less than a year or two before they went public. We've been around for five. We're at a pretty significant scale, too. We have more than 150,000 advertisers and a lot of salespeople. Millions of people use Google. It's a completely different thing.

PLAYBOY: And you're profitable.

PAGE: That's a difference, yes. The dot-com period was difficult for us. We were dismayed in that climate.

PLAYBOY: What dismayed you?

PAGE: We knew a lot of things people were doing weren't sustainable, and that made

it hard for us to operate. We couldn't get good people for reasonable prices. We couldn't get office space. It was a hypercompetitive time. We had the opportunity to invest in 100 or more companies and didn't invest in any of them. I guess we lost a lot of money in the short term—but not in the long term.

PLAYBOY: Companies tried to buy you, too. Did you ever consider selling Google?

PAGE: No. We think we're an important company, and we're dedicated to doing this over the long term. We like being independent.

PLAYBOY: Is your company motto really "Don't be evil"?

BRIN: Yes, it's real.

PLAYBOY: Is it a written code?

BRIN: Yes. We have other rules, too.

PAGE: We allow dogs, for example.

BRIN: As for "Don't be evil," we have tried to define precisely what it means to be a force for good—always to do the right, ethical thing. Ultimately, "Don't be evil" seems the easiest way to summarize it.

PAGE: Apparently people like it better than "Be good."

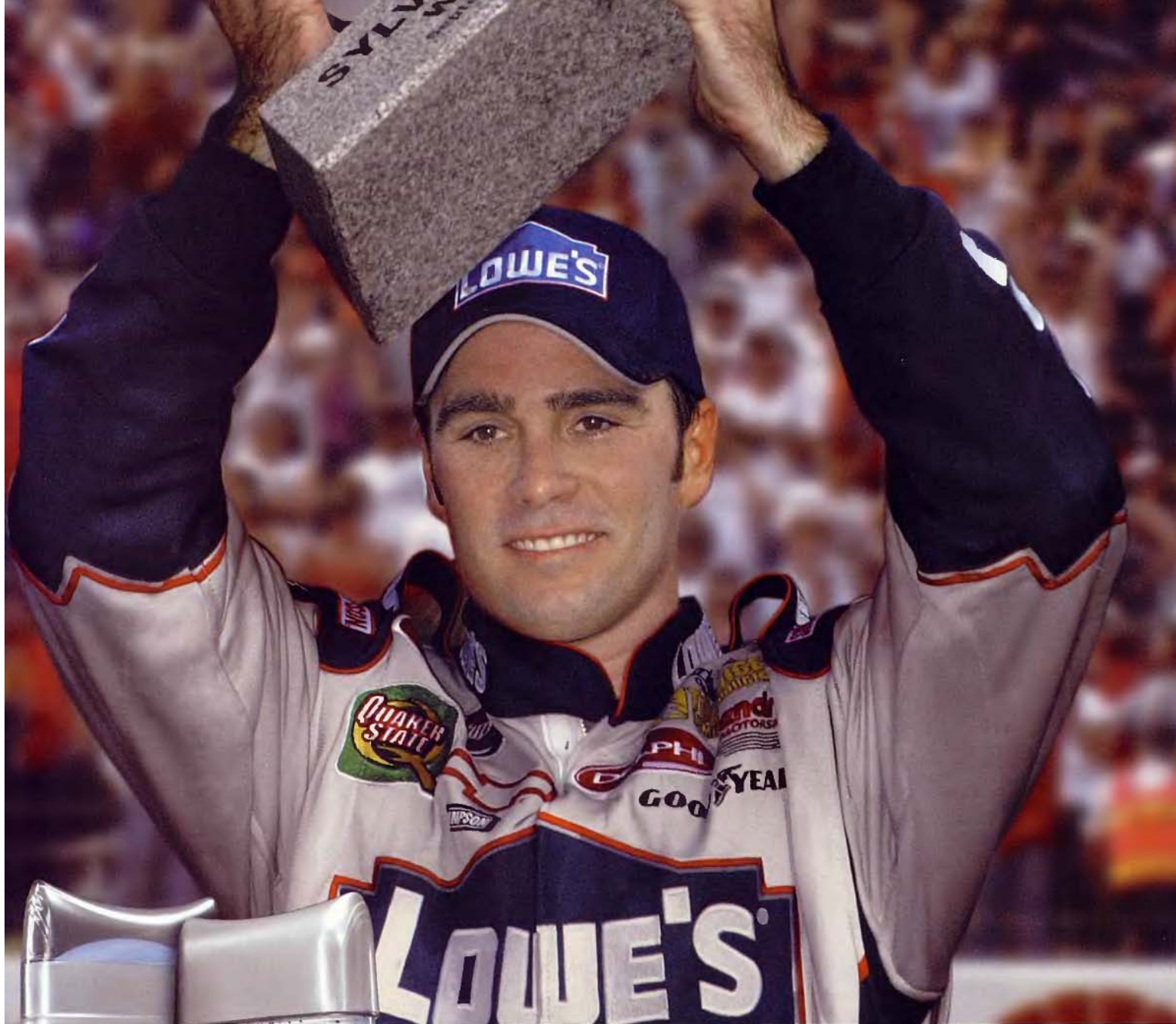
BRIN: It's not enough not to be evil. We also actively try to be good.

PLAYBOY: Who ultimately decides what is evil? Eric Schmidt, your CEO, once said, "Evil is whatever Sergey decides is evil."

PAGE: That was not one of his best quotes, though it's memorable.

PLAYBOY: How does it work?

BRIN: We deal with all varieties of information. Somebody's always upset no matter what we do. We have to make a decision; otherwise there's a never-ending debate. Some issues are crystal clear. When they're less clear and opinions differ, sometimes we have to break a tie. For example, we don't accept ads for hard liquor, but we accept ads for wine. It's just a personal preference. We don't allow gun ads, and the gun lobby got



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upset about that. We don't try to put our sense of ethics into the search results, but we do when it comes to advertising.

PLAYBOY: Who decides that wine is all right but hard liquor isn't?

BRIN: We collect input. I think we do a good job of deciding. As I said, we believe that "Don't be evil" is only half of it. There's a "Be good" rule also.

PLAYBOY: How are you good?

BRIN: We have Google grants that give advertising to nonprofit organizations. A couple hundred nonprofits—ranging from the environment to health to education to preventing various kinds of abuse by governments—receive free advertising on Google.

PAGE: We're also working to set up a Google foundation that will have even broader initiatives. The "Be good" concept also comes up when we design our products. We want them to have positive social effects. For example, we just released Gmail, a free e-mail service. We said, "We will not hold your e-mail hostage." We will make it possible for you to get your e-mail out of Gmail if you ever want to.

BRIN: You won't have to stay with us just to keep your address.

PAGE: Which is something we view as a social good.

BRIN: Another social good is simply providing a free and powerful communication service to everyone in the world. A schoolchild in Cambodia can have a Gmail account.

PLAYBOY: But Yahoo and MSN's Hotmail already offer free e-mail accounts.

BRIN: This one has one gigabyte of storage—200 times more.

PLAYBOY: But there's a catch. You have stated that you will scan e-mail in order to target advertisements based on its content. As a *San Jose Mercury News* columnist wrote, "If Google ogles your e-mail, could Ashcroft be far behind?"

BRIN: When people first read about this feature, it sounded alarming, but it isn't. The ads correlate to the message you're reading at the time. We're not keeping your mail and mining it or anything like that. And no information whatsoever goes out.

PLAYBOY: Regardless, it's analogous to someone looking over our shoulder as we write private messages.

PAGE: You should trust whoever is handling your e-mail.

BRIN: We need to be protective of the mail and of people's privacy. If you have people's e-mail, you have to treat that very seriously. We do. Everyone who handles e-mail has that responsibility.

PLAYBOY: The Electronic Privacy Information Center equates such monitoring with a telephone operator listening to your conversations and pitching ads while you talk.

BRIN: That's what Hotmail and Yahoo do, don't forget. They have big ads that interfere with your ability to use your mail. Our ads are more discreet and off

THE DONS OF DOT-COM

Where did they go after the bubble burst?



Joseph Park

Dot-com boom: Park's Kozmo.com offered free delivery in less than an hour for everything from videos to doughnuts. Amazon alone invested \$60 million. **Dot-com bust:** In 2000 the company canceled its IPO and folded for good soon after. **The fallout:** Claiming he had "leapfrogged the learning curve," Park is now pursuing an MBA at Harvard Business School.



Mark Cuban

Dot-com boom: Cuban pocketed \$2 billion when he sold the radio-and-TV network Broadcast.com in 1999. **Dot-com bust:** He made one lousy investment—a lifetime pass on American Airlines, useless now that he owns the world's fastest private jet. **The fallout:** He bought the Dallas Mavericks for \$280 million in 2000 and stars in *The Benefactor*, a new reality TV show.



George Shaheen

Dot-com boom: In 1999 Shaheen received a \$13.5 million signing bonus from Webvan.com, the online grocer. **Dot-com bust:** Sure, many believe Webvan was the Internet's biggest flop, but when Shaheen retired in 2001, the company began paying him \$375,000 a year until death. **The fallout:** Shaheen now sits on the board of a Cincinnati software company.



Jeff Bezos

Dot-com boom: The Amazon.com founder is worth \$5.1 billion. In 1999 *Time* magazine named him Person of the Year. **Dot-com bust:** Falling victim to its own hype, Amazon overexpanded in 2001 and came perilously close to bankruptcy. **The fallout:** Bezos managed to salvage the company, and in 2003 it finally turned its first annual profit.



Marc Collins-Rector

Dot-com boom: As the founder of Digital Entertainment Network, an online short-film company, Collins-Rector spent \$60 million on inflated salaries and wooing teenage boys. **Dot-com bust:** In 2000 four male employees accused him of rape and assault. **The fallout:** He recently pleaded guilty to transporting minors for illegal sexual activity and will be sentenced this month.



Josh Harris

Dot-com boom: The consultant turned performance artist earned \$40 million helping investors research new media companies. **Dot-com bust:** His personally funded online TV network, Pseudo.com, was a total failure. He also went "crazy" while filming 138 days of his life on *Wliveinpublic.com*. **The fallout:** Harris retired to two apple orchards in upstate New York. —PATTY LAMBERTI

to the side. Yes, the ads are related to what you are looking at, but that can make them more useful.

PAGE: During Gmail tests, people bought lots of things using the ads.

BRIN: Today I got a message from a friend saying I should prepare a toast for another friend's birthday party. Off to the side were two websites I could go to that help prepare speeches. I like to make up my own speeches, but it's a useful link if I want to take advantage of it.

PLAYBOY: Even that sounds ominous. We may not want anyone—or any machine—knowing we're giving a speech at a friend's birthday party.

BRIN: Any web mail service will scan your e-mail. It scans it in order to show it to you; it scans it for spam. All I can say is that we are very up-front about it. That's an important principle of ours.

PLAYBOY: But do you agree that it raises a privacy issue? If you scan for keywords that will trigger ads, you could easily scan for political content.

BRIN: All we're doing is showing ads. It's automated. No one is looking, so I don't think it's a privacy issue. To me, if it's a choice between big, intrusive ads and our smaller ones, it's a pretty obvious choice. I've used Gmail for a while, and I like having the ads.

PLAYBOY: Do the ads pay for the extra storage space?

BRIN: Yes. Targeted advertising is an important component. We could have had glaring videos appear before you look at every message. That could generate revenue too. Our ads aren't distracting; they're helpful.

PAGE: I find it works well. And it's an example of the way we try to do good. It's a high-quality product. I like using it. Even if it seems a little spooky at first, it's useful, and it's a good way to support a valuable service.

PLAYBOY: Did the outcry about the privacy issue surprise you?

BRIN: Yes. The Gmail thing has been a bit of a lesson.

PAGE: We learned a few things. There was a lot of debate about whether we were going to delete people's mail if they wanted it to be deleted. Obviously, you want us to have backups of your mail to protect it, but that raises privacy issues. We created a policy statement about privacy, and the attorneys probably got a little ahead of themselves. The lawyers wrote something that was not very specific. It said something like, "If you request that we delete your e-mail, it may remain on a backup system for a while." It led people to say, "Google wants to keep my deleted mail." That's not our intent at all. Since then we have added some language explaining it. We intend to try to delete it.

PLAYBOY: That's not reassuring.

PAGE: But you wouldn't want us to lose your mail, either. There's a trade-off. So yes, we learned some things. We could have done a better job on the messaging.

In its earliest testing stages Gmail was available only to a small number of people. People started talking about it before they could try it. I didn't expect them to be so interested. We released the privacy policy, and they were very interested in that. It was all they had access to, so it sparked a lot of controversy. The more people tried Gmail, however, the more they understood it.

BRIN: Journalists who tried it wrote positive reviews.

PLAYBOY: With the addition of e-mail, Froogle—your new shopping site—and Google news, plus your search engine, will Google become a portal similar to Yahoo, AOL or MSN? Many Internet companies were founded as portals. It was assumed that the more services you provided, the longer people would stay on your website and the more revenue you could generate from advertising and pay services.

PAGE: We built a business on the opposite message. We want you to come to Google and quickly find what you want. Then we're happy to send you to other sites. In fact, that's the point. The portal strategy tries to own all the information.

PLAYBOY: Portals attempt to create what they call sticky content to keep a user as

*Google is a useful tool.
There are extreme cases,
we're told, when Google has
saved people's lives.*

long as possible.

PAGE: That's the problem. Most portals show their own content above content elsewhere on the web. We feel that's a conflict of interest, analogous to taking money for search results. Their search engine doesn't necessarily provide the best results; it provides the portal's results. Google conscientiously tries to stay away from that. We want to get you out of Google and to the right place as fast as possible. It's a very different model.

PLAYBOY: Until you launched news, Gmail, Froogle and similar services.

PAGE: These are just other technologies to help you use the web. They're an alternative, hopefully a good one. But we continue to point users to the best websites and try to do whatever is in their best interest. With news, we're not buying information and then pointing users to information we own. We collect many news sources, list them and point the user to other websites. Gmail is just a good mail program with lots of storage.

BRIN: Ironically, toward the end of the 1990s most of the portals started as search engines. Yahoo was the exception, but Excite, Infoseek, HotBot and Lycos began as search engines. They diversified and didn't take searching as seriously as they

should have. Searching was viewed as just another service, one of 100 different services. With 100 services, they assumed they would be 100 times as successful. But they learned that not all services are created equal. Finding information is much more important to most people than horoscopes, stock quotes or a whole range of other things—which all have merit, but searching is substantially more important. They lost sight of that. It's why we started Google in the first place. We decided that searching is an important problem that requires serious concentration. That continues to be our focus.

PLAYBOY: What does Google do that early search engines didn't?

BRIN: Before Google, I don't think people put much effort into the ordering of results. You might get a couple thousand results for a query. We saw that a thousand results weren't necessarily as useful as 10 good ones. We developed a system that determines the best and most useful websites. We also understood that the problem of finding useful information was expanding as the web expanded. In 1993 and 1994, when Mosaic, the predecessor of Netscape, was launched, a "What's New" page listed new websites for the month and then, when more began appearing, for the week. At the time, search engineers had to deal with a relative handful of sites, first thousands and then tens of thousands. By the time we deployed our initial commercial version of Google in late 1998, we had 25 million or 30 million pages in our index. Today we have billions—more than 4 billion, in fact. That volume requires a different approach to search technology.

PLAYBOY: How do you refine the results when there are so many websites?

BRIN: We had to solve several problems. One was relevance: How do we determine if a web page relates to what you ask? Next, although many results may be relevant, which are the most relevant and the most useful? That's something we continue to work hard on. Another important consideration is that the kinds of questions people ask have changed. They have become far more challenging and complex. People's expectations have grown. They ask for unusual things that have a variety of associated linguistic challenges. We have to deal with all of those situations.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, how do you deal with them?

BRIN: It's so complex—there's not one way but many ways. We worked hard to understand the link structure of the web. It's analogous to the way people provide references to one another. If I'm looking for a doctor in the area, I might go around and ask my friends to recommend good doctors. They in turn may point me to other people who know more than they do—"This guy knows the whole field of Bay Area doctors." I would then go to that person and ask him. The same thinking

(continued on page 142)



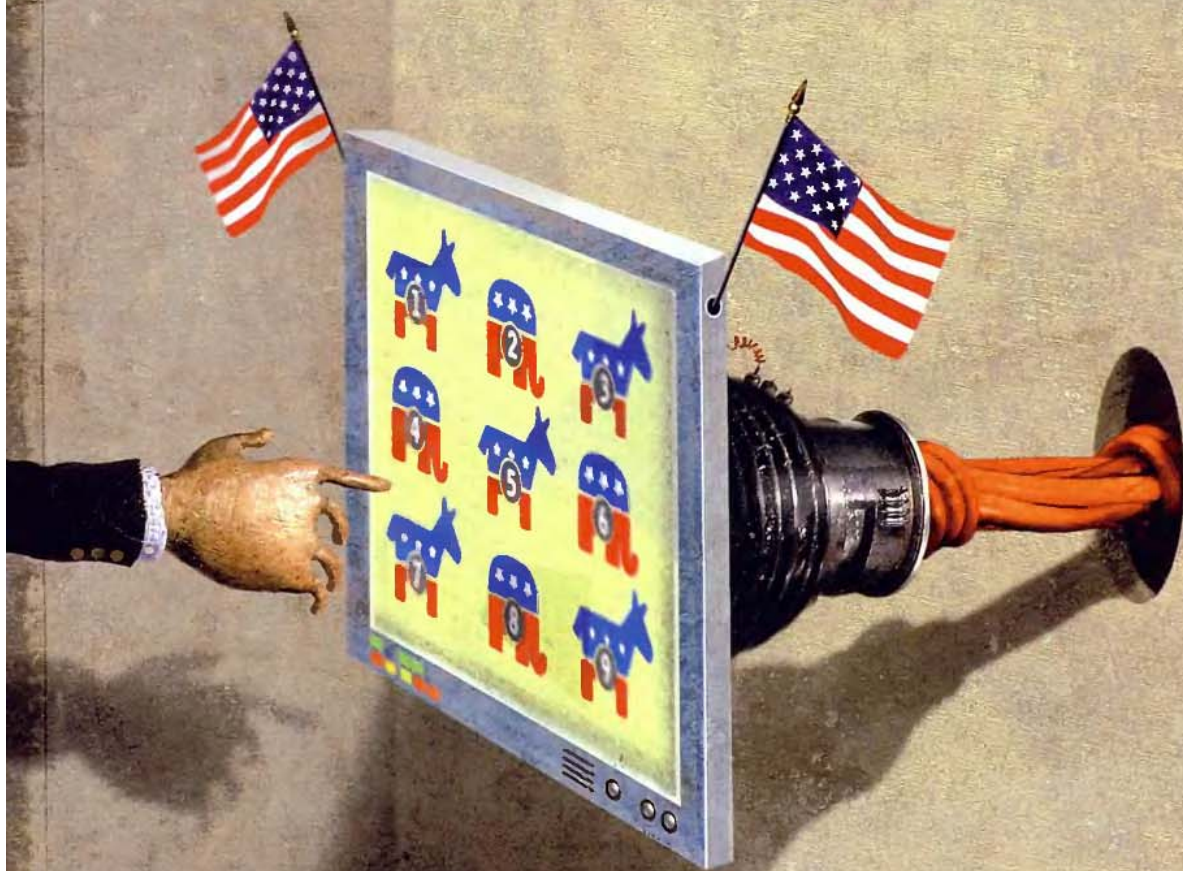
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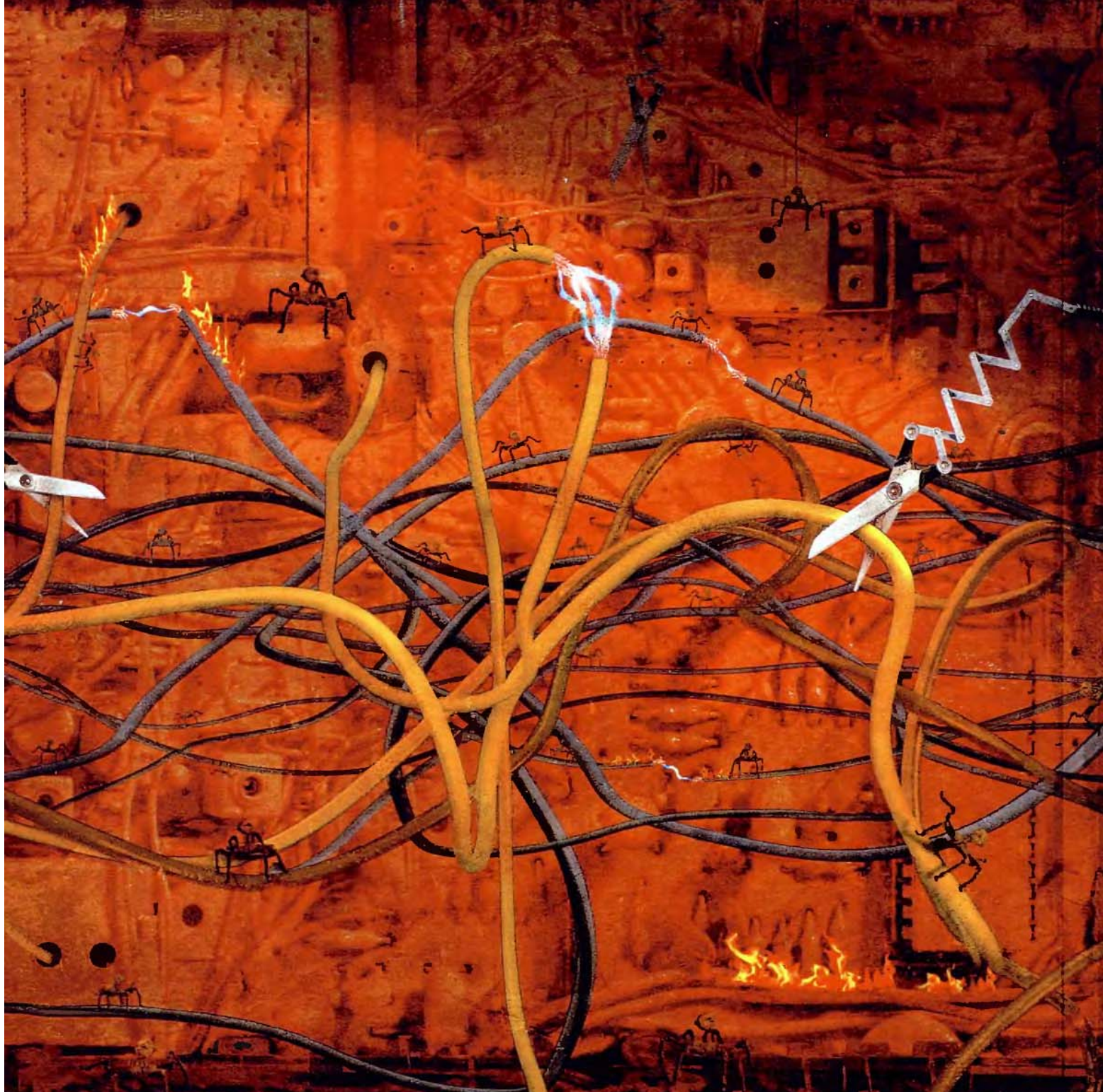
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MACHINE POLITICS



ONE IN FOUR AMERICANS
WILL VOTE IN NOVEMBER
USING TOUCH-SCREEN
COMPUTERS THAT
CRITICS CALL A HACKER'S
DREAM. COULD THE
DIGITAL BALLOT BE
DEMOCRACY'S NIGHTMARE?

~ BY DAN BAUM ~



It was only seven in the morning, but through the windshield of her Honda, Sandy Wayland could see that another Florida election had gone Barnum & Bailey. Voters were standing around, locked out of their polling place at the Unity church in Miami. Inside, half a dozen elderly men and women were scurrying back and forth and shouting into telephones. A man mimed through the glass, "We can't get the machines to start!" Wayland took out her cell phone and began punching buttons. Within minutes her fears were confirmed: It was happening all over the city of Miami. Shit, she thought, not again.

Wayland is a native Floridian whose family roots in the state can be traced to the 19th century. The infamous Bush-Gore election 22 months earlier had broken her heart: televised images of hanging chads; aging liberals, confused by "butterfly ballots," horrified that their vote

had gone to archconservative Pat Buchanan; activists shouting, "Stop the count!" Wayland's beloved state looked like some kind of tin-pot dictatorship.

But her faith had been restored. Miami-Dade, the most populous county in Florida and ground zero of the 2000 hanging-chad disaster, spent \$24 million on new touch-screen computerized voting machines to replace the hated punch cards. The two big counties to the north, Broward and Palm Beach, did likewise, throwing out punch-card and butterfly ballots in favor of touch-screen voting. This election, on September 10, 2002, was the first test of the new technology. Democrats were choosing their challenger to run against Governor Jeb Bush, and Wayland was looking forward to participating in a clean, efficient election.

A sturdy brass blonde with a vise-like handshake, Wayland earns a living distributing Fendi fashions to duty-free stores.



Supreme Court officers contain protesters during the 2000 Florida recount.

THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF A RECOUNT. ELECTRONIC VOTING MACHINES HAD DONE AWAY WITH PAPER BALLOTS THAT COULD BE COUNTED BY HAND. FLORIDA HAD TO ACCEPT WHAT THE MACHINES REPORTED.

Her passion, though, is politics, and like the rest of the early crowd at Unity church, she was there to vote, and she was not going to give up. So she waited. Fifteen minutes passed, then 30, then 45. People with clocks to punch or deadlines to meet drifted away while Wayland worked her cell phone. Gubernatorial candidate Janet Reno, President Bill Clinton's attorney general, was locked out too. At poll after poll, the touch-screen machines were freezing up, failing to start or resetting themselves. Wayland finally got to touch the screen of a voting machine at a little past eight that morning, but like everybody else in the three most populous counties of Florida, she doubted, given all the malfunctions, that her ballot was recorded correctly.

More than a quarter of Miami-Dade's precincts suffered voting-machine trouble that day. The American Civil Liberties Union examined the 31 precincts with the most complaints and found that machines had lost at least 1,544 votes, or more than eight percent. In some precincts the loss was as high as 21 percent. (By comparison, the punch-card machines of 2000 lost an average of little more than four percent of votes.) The chilling moment for Wayland came when she realized that despite all the problems there was no chance of a recount. Electronic voting machines had done away with paper ballots that could be counted by hand. Florida simply had to accept what the machines reported—and what they didn't report.

"Welcome to digital democracy," says Wayland, who is now a spare-time lobbyist for a nonprofit group called the Miami-Dade Election Reform Coalition. Sitting at the bar in the Miami restaurant Soyka, an island of gritty urban hipness in the sea of garishness that is upscale south Florida, she says, "We rushed into buying these machines, and I understand it. They needed a quick fix so they could say they were doing something. It's not just Florida's problem."

Indeed, millions of people across the country will vote this November on machines that require leaps of faith: faith that poll workers—frequently elderly and almost always undertrained and underpaid—have set up the complicated machines properly; faith that the machines aren't invisibly malfunctioning or losing or changing votes; faith that nobody has hacked into the software to steal the election, a child-

ishly easy task; faith that the companies supplying the machines—two of which are run or partially owned by big-time Republican partisans and one of which was charged with bribing election officials—are honest. Alas, given the vitriol of this year's campaign and the likelihood of a close result, faith is in short supply. Americans are more politically polarized than at any time in recent memory, and the half that lost the Bush-Gore contest through a Supreme Court decision is fuming. No one is in the mood to give anybody the benefit of the doubt. The November election is almost certain to touch off a battle that will make the 2000 vote seem civilized by comparison.

THEORY VS. PRACTICE

In theory, touch-screen voting is a marvel. It eliminates the kind of over-vote that voided many Florida ballots in 2000—a touch-screen machine won't record ballots marked for more than one candidate. If voters forget to cast a ballot for a particular race, the machine reminds them. It can present ballots in multiple languages. It spits out returns at the tap of a button. It can be fitted with

earpieces to let blind voters cast ballots unaided and in private for the first time. The Help America Vote Act requires that every precinct in the nation have at least one such machine by 2006.

In practice, however, electronic voting machines have suffered some spectacular failures. In March more than half the precincts in San Diego County opened late because touch-screen machines were malfunctioning. In nearby Orange County, a *Los Angeles Times* report estimated, machines gave as many as 7,000 people incorrect ballots; in 21 precincts they recorded more votes cast than registered voters. In northern California's Alameda County, a voter-card glitch disabled the touch-screen machines in some 200 polling places. In Maryland, Senator Barbara Mikulski, a Democrat, didn't appear on electronic ballots in at least three counties in the March primaries (she won anyway). The list goes on.

Americans like to think they cherish their vote. As U.S. Representative Todd Akin, a Republican from Missouri, puts it, "The right to vote is one of our most sacred rights, the one through which all our other liberties and freedoms are secured." Of course, most Americans can't be bothered to exercise that right most of the time. And sadly for those of us who do, we have never as a nation placed a high premium on running elections correctly. Electronic voting machines are worrisome in the context of a disregard for voting that goes back to the country's founding. When Wayland wags her index finger and tells me, "People take their constitutional right to vote for president very seriously," she's dreaming. It's an awkward fact of U.S. civic life that we don't even have a constitutional right to vote for president.

The amendments are full of rules about voting—the 15th bars discrimination based on race, the 19th guarantees women the same privileges as men, the 24th prohibits poll taxes, and the 26th lowered the voting age to 18—but nowhere in the Constitution are we the people given the right to vote for president. The only national figures the framers specifically empowered the people to elect are members of the House of Representatives. State legislatures were originally intended to elect U.S. senators. And each state's electors, whom we now know as the electoral college, were to select the president. That we get to vote for president at all is a gift of our state governments, which by tradition—not by constitutional imperative—oblige their electors to obey the will of the people as expressed in a popular election.

The upshot is an almost complete

HOW TO STEAL AN ELECTION

WITHOUT HACKING THE VOTING MACHINES



ELIMINATE THE COMPETITION

In the only election since he assumed power in 1994, North Korean dictator Kim Jong Il got 100 percent of the vote. How did he do it? It's easy to be the most popular candidate when you don't have an opponent. Refugees reported that during a wave of famines in the 1990s, the government rewarded supporters and members of the military with donated food rations, while critics were left to starve. Kim has sentenced officials he suspected of disloyalty to prison, a concentration camp or death.



SMEAR THE OPPOSITION

In 1972 a Nixon aide wrote a letter to a New Hampshire newspaper, claiming Senator Edmund Muskie, the leading Democratic presidential contender, had called French Canadians Canucks. When Muskie held a press conference to accuse the paper of shoddy journalism, reporters wrote that he had "tears streaming down his face." Muskie later claimed that snow was melting on his skin, but one gonzo journalist theorized that he was on the mind-altering drug ibogaine.



SUBVERT FOREIGN POLICY

In 1980 Ronald Reagan's campaign managers feared that if the American hostages held captive in Iran were released before the election, Jimmy Carter's popularity would surge and Reagan would lose. As argued in the book *October Surprise*, Reagan's campaign boss, William Casey (later CIA director), struck a deal with the Iranians that delayed the hostages' release in return for the promise to send weapons to Iran. The hostages were freed the day of Reagan's inauguration.



RULE THE MEDIA

Russians get most of their information from state-controlled media. Prior to the March 14 election, print and broadcast outlets devoted anywhere from 57 to 100 percent of their coverage to President Vladimir Putin, while his six opponents split the remainder, according to a report by the Russian Union of Journalists. Putin, who refused to participate in televised debates, won the election with a landslide 71 percent of the vote. His closest challenger, Communist candidate Nikolai Kharitonov, finished with 14 percent.

—Patty Lamberti

lack of federal participation in the process. This has as much to do with the failure of electronic voting as with the machines themselves. No federal law establishes voting times, the training and pay of poll workers or procedures for vote tabulation. All that is pretty much up to the more than 3,100 counties spread across the country, and some do a lousy job of it. To give one example, in the 2000 general election, the number of counties that had more voters on the registration rolls than the counties had adult residents was 261—a big increase from 1996. No other industrialized democracy runs elections as badly as does the U.S.; even Mexico does a better job, because it has standardized registration and voting procedures throughout the country, argues American University professor Robert Pastor, who studies election systems and calls our efforts "the weakest in North America." Here we have a hodgepodge of technologies and practices that borders on anarchy, which is how the framers of the Constitution—who feared centralized government and limited the vote to property-owning white men—doubtless wanted it.

Yet Americans expect to be allowed to vote for president and to have their vote counted. After the 2000 Florida fiasco, Congress was under tremendous pressure to buck tradition and inject federal standards into voting. The solution to paper ballots seemed obvious: crisp, clean 21st century computer technology. We trust our banking to computerized ATMs. We trust our credit card numbers to Internet auctioneers. Why not trust our vote to simple counting machines? Congress would have done well to watch Miami-Dade, which, as the epicenter of the 2000 embarrassment, took the lead, converting entirely to touch-screen machines in early

2002, months before Congress acted.

"Everyone was so eager to fix the problems of 2000," says Miami-Dade county commissioner Jimmy Morales. "We got fascinated with a new toy and had a rush to this technology." By the time the machines failed in September 2002, Congress was well along in crafting the Help America Vote Act. The month after the Miami-Dade debacle, the federal bill passed, directing \$3.9 billion to states to replace punch-card machines and other outdated technology. Though the law didn't mandate electronic machines, it ignored the flares going up from Miami and allowed counties from the Florida Keys to Puget Sound to spend federal dollars on shaky technology. Nearly every county in Nevada, Georgia, Kentucky, New Jersey, Delaware, New Mexico and Maryland, as well as a majority in South Carolina, Tennessee and Indiana, and a smattering of counties elsewhere have gone to touch-screen electronic machines. About one in four voters nationwide will use them this November.

They would do well to consider the experience of Miami-Dade. This steamy, palm-studded county—sometimes known as the capital of the Caribbean—presents an object lesson in sudden transitions to the complicated new voting technology. Like the *Titanic*, the machines met with disaster on their maiden voyage.

Miami-Dade's star-crossed journey to the touch screen started in May 2001, when the Florida legislature—burned by the Bush-Gore imbroglio—banned punch-card voting statewide. The county invited vendors to compete for a huge contract: 7,200 new voting machines, the single biggest voting-machine purchase in U.S. history. Miami-Dade wanted either touch-screen or optical-scan machines (at which voters fill in bubbles with a pencil, SAT-style, on a card that a computer then reads), and the technology had to meet a long list of criteria for accuracy, auditability and backup. In the superheated aftermath of Bush-Gore, the county was forced to choose among three corporations of questionable character and impartiality.

Diebold, a publicly traded company based in Ohio, makes automated teller machines and other self-service electronics in addition to vote counters. Its CEO, Wally O'Dell, has been a major fund-raiser for the Ohio Republican Party; last summer he got his rep tie caught in a wringer when he wrote that his company was "committed to helping Ohio deliver its electoral votes to the president next year." Diebold's president, Bob Urosevich, is the brother of Todd Urosevich, a founder and current vice president of Diebold's main competitor, ES&S, a

closely held Nebraska-based maker of voting machines. ES&S processed almost all the votes for the 1996 election of Republican senator Charles Hagel of Nebraska. Earlier that same year Hagel resigned as the president of ES&S's parent company, the McCarthy Group. He had also served as chairman of ES&S from 1990 to 1995 and still retains an estimated \$1 million to \$5 million stake in McCarthy. The third company, Sequoia Voting Systems, is an Oakland, California-based subsidiary of the British firm De La Rue, which markets automated "tamperproof" technology and also prints currency for 125 countries. A top



"IN 2000 THE SYSTEM FUNCTIONED," SAYS DE GRANDY. "WE DETERMINED PEACEFULLY WHO WOULD BE THE MOST POWERFUL PERSON IN THE WORLD."

Sequoia executive was indicted in Louisiana in 2001 for "conspiracy to commit money laundering and malfeasance." He had allegedly bribed officials to use his company's machines. (The charges were dropped in exchange for his testimony against Louisiana's state commissioner of elections.)

In Miami a colorful cast of characters acted out the voting-machine drama. The man ES&S hired to shepherd its bid through the local political process was an elegant, theatrical Cuban American attorney named Miguel De Grandy. Lithe and urbane, he wears his beard in a point and sweeps his longish gray hair back from a widow's peak. His grandfa-

ther was an opera star in Cuba, his father a famous stage actor during the Batista years, and De Grandy has inherited their stage presence. One might say he is uniquely suited for the task of changing the way Florida votes: When he ran as a Republican for the state legislature in 1988, he says, he became the first candidate in the history of the state to lose an election by one vote.

Leaning intently across the conference table in his office high above downtown Miami, De Grandy, 45, tells me a complicated story of absentee ballots, a tie, a mechanical recount of punch-card ballots, a missing vote for him and a missing vote for his opponent. De Grandy insisted on a hand recount, in which the missing votes were found—both with hanging chads. "My hanging chad closed, his opened. He got the vote," De Grandy says with a rueful laugh and a shrug. Twelve years later, however, De Grandy successfully argued before the state canvassing board that the hand recount in Bush vs. Gore should stop.

"Was 2000 a high moment of representative democracy? No," De Grandy says. "But was it a high moment for the democratic institution of voting? Yes. The system functioned. We determined peacefully who would be the most powerful person in the world."

By De Grandy's telling, ES&S was not particularly eager to sell Miami an electronic fix. "The ES&S position was, 'We're not saying it's the best way to go, but if you want us to produce the new machines, we'll do it,'" he says. Miami-Dade's supervisor of elections, David Leahy, recommended the company's iVotronic touch-screen machines at a total cost of \$24 million. County commissioners and the county manager approved a contract about seven months before the 2002 primary.

The iVotronic is a horizontal rectangular box with a 15-inch touch-sensitive color screen. Given its \$3,000 price tag, it is laughably underpowered. Its brain is an Intel 386 processor running at 25 megahertz, with one megabyte of memory—technology that was current around the time Bill Clinton became president. (By comparison, you can now buy a computer running a modern Pentium 4 chip at 100 times the megahertz with 128 times the memory for about one fifth the price.) Unlike consumer computers that can be upgraded, all the iVotronic's components are soldered into place, making it unimprovable.

The iVotronic design may have been up to the task as originally specified, but no sooner had the ink dried on the contract than Miami-Dade's requirements began (continued on page 74)



"I'll play these...!"

Olivia
2004



PAINTED LADIES

The man behind the airbrush shows us how to paint partygoers in all the right places



The atelier of Mark Frazier (pictured) paints models exclusively for Hef's parties at the Playboy Mansion. "My daughter sketches designs to send to Hef," says Frazier. "My son has been painting there for a year, and my wife does detail work with rhinestones."

The old masters worked on fine Belgian linen. Modern artists paint a more exquisite medium: the skin of a beautiful woman. We published pictures of our first painted ladies—nude models wearing paint instead of clothing—in the 1960s, when psychedelic body painting was a craze. But not until the arrival of the new millennium did these trompe l'oeils become a high-profile presence at Playboy Mansion parties. They became so popular that guests—Playmates and others—started showing up similarly undressed for the occasion. Artist Mark Frazier and his staff provide the latex-paint apparel that is so cleverly conceived and executed, the naked women appear to be fully clothed—unless you look very closely, which some guests are understandably inclined to do. The painted-ladies craze has recently spread across the country, prompting *Sports Illustrated* to publish a swimsuit-issue pictorial that features bathing beauties in nothing but paint. "I started out experimenting with paints that could stay on my hands for hours and not make them itch," says Frazier, who puts in a lot of prep time on the computer before he turns a model into a *Goldfinger*-worthy creation. "If I could open a school right now, I wouldn't have enough room to teach—it would be overflowing. Every single male, whether he's conservative or liberal, always looks at me and asks, 'Can I just come and hold your paintbrush?'"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK FRAZIER



Airbrushed-outfit vet Tiffany Lang (below and inset) has modeled Frazier's sprayed-on lingerie more than 10 times. "I've had people try to snap my nylons and garter belt, and they say, 'Whoa, I'm sorry—it's just skin,'" she says. "My favorite is the French maid outfit, because I'm three-quarters French. To remove the paint, you slather yourself in baby oil so you can wipe it off. Usually more than one girl is painted at a time, so we help each other with the back area."



"For the paint to stick, before you get started you have to clean your body with alcohol to remove all the lotions that girls put on," says Tiffany.



See more at cyber.playboy.com.



"It takes about 45 minutes from the time a girl is prepped to the time we're done painting and they go over to get their hair and makeup done," says Frazier. "The average time for one of Hef's parties is about two hours per model. We did a red rubber outfit on a girl. It looked like a bustier with rubber ponties—really wild. One time I painted a girl to look like a cigar. She climbed out of a cigar box with other giant cigars. Another time I painted a George Washington outfit on a girl and it freaked people out when they saw it. It was used on a poster that was sold around the world."



If you're thinking about transforming your girlfriend into a mermaid like Nataliya Katsalap (below), you'd better leave it to professionals. "The paints they sell at adult stores are liquid latex and are difficult to work with," says Frazier. "We buy Badger airbrush paint, which is \$2 or \$3 a bottle. I use multiple colors and stencils, so a guy trying this at home would have to purchase paint, airbrushes, compressors and solvents to clean them with."



This is the second time Kendra Wilkinsan (opposite) has been painted as a showgirl. "The artists stencil dots all over my body and glue on rhinestones," she says. It looks good, but does Kendra derive any pleasure from the process? "Your knees start to hurt and you have to move every once in a while because you get stiff, but the cool spray of the paint feels good," she says. "When the night is over, I have to rip off the rhinestones in the shower. Then you use soap and baby oil to get off the paint." Kendra likes the result, especially when guests think she's wearing clothing. "People say, 'Oh my God, you're naked under there.'"





MACHINE (continued from page 66)

Opening the voting machine took 10 seconds. What he found inside was a hacker's portal to paradise.

to change. The county insisted the machines be able to display ballots in English, Spanish and Haitian Creole, widely spoken in 60 of Miami-Dade's precincts. ES&S said the machine could easily display two languages, but three would require a change from a text-based system to a bitmapped, or graphics-based, one. According to a county inspector-general's postelection report, ES&S didn't tell the county that if the machines were bitmapped their early-1990s brains would take from eight to 70 minutes to boot up. Thus were the seeds of disaster sown. For various technical reasons, machines on Election Day also had to boot sequentially, which caused some polling places to open hours late.

Bud Gillette is a 76-year-old retired Army colonel with a shock of white hair and the air of a man who expects things to be done right. His wife, Marta, daughter of a Chilean army general, is no more willing to suffer fools. They are patriotic retirees who often volunteer as poll workers, and they have long been appalled by the quality of their Election Day colleagues. "I remember one woman trying to sell Avon products to the people coming in to vote," Bud says. "The federal government kicked in money for technology but not to pay poll workers."

For all the bloviating about the sacred right to vote, counties have long had to scrape up volunteers, from the amiably inept to the desperate, to run the polls. In 2002 Miami-Dade poll workers got \$80 for what was frequently an 18-hour day. Some couldn't speak English, despite a state law that poll workers be fluent. Some were illiterate. Some were drunk. Many slept through the training. Even sober, literate, English-speaking retirees, who make up the backbone of election workers nationwide, were visibly flummoxed by such jargon as "firmware," "bitmap" and "PEB data acquisition device," according to the Gillettes. Consigning the management of the vote to poorly trained, underpaid temps is a disturbing expression of our national priorities; imagine staffing air-traffic control or the Internal Revenue Service that way. When poll workers had only to hand people a punch card and a stylus, their endemic inadequacy was a painful enough, Bud says. When

the high-tech machines were adopted, everything fell apart.

The Gillettes were working in the county building, in a giant room with 200 phones, where the returns would eventually be reported. "The polls opened at seven," Bud says. "At 7:02 the phones started ringing, and they rang and rang." Barely trained election workers didn't know how long the machines would take to boot. They mistook the glacial pace as a sign of malfunction and, panicked by crowds banging on the doors, kept stopping the process, setting machines back to square one. The crew at one polling place spent three hours with its machines plugged into a socket that turned out to be dead. Where the machines did work, voters pushed the button for an English ballot and got Spanish. Blind voters weren't able to make the audio components work.

"We were working four phones at once," Bud says. "There was an ES&S guy with us in a frenzy. We'd been told in training never to touch the batteries, but three hours into this the ES&S guy is telling people to take the batteries out of the machines, which they didn't know how to do. It was a nightmare."

Marta ventured out to a chaotic polling place at a fire station. "We signed up 2,500 people to vote and at the end of the day found the machines had recorded 60 fewer votes," she says. These presumably are among the 1,544 lost votes the ACLU calculated. In addition, the Florida Democratic Party compiled a list of problems, including some 500 people turned away from a single polling place in Liberty City because the machines wouldn't start. In 36 precincts iVotronics were still not working seven hours after the polls opened. Governor Jeb Bush, the president's brother, had said before the election that Florida had "resolved" its voting problems and that "other states ought to look at this as a model." Surveying the wreckage of the 2002 returns, he blithely said, "What is it with Democrats having a hard time voting?"

OWNING THE MACHINES

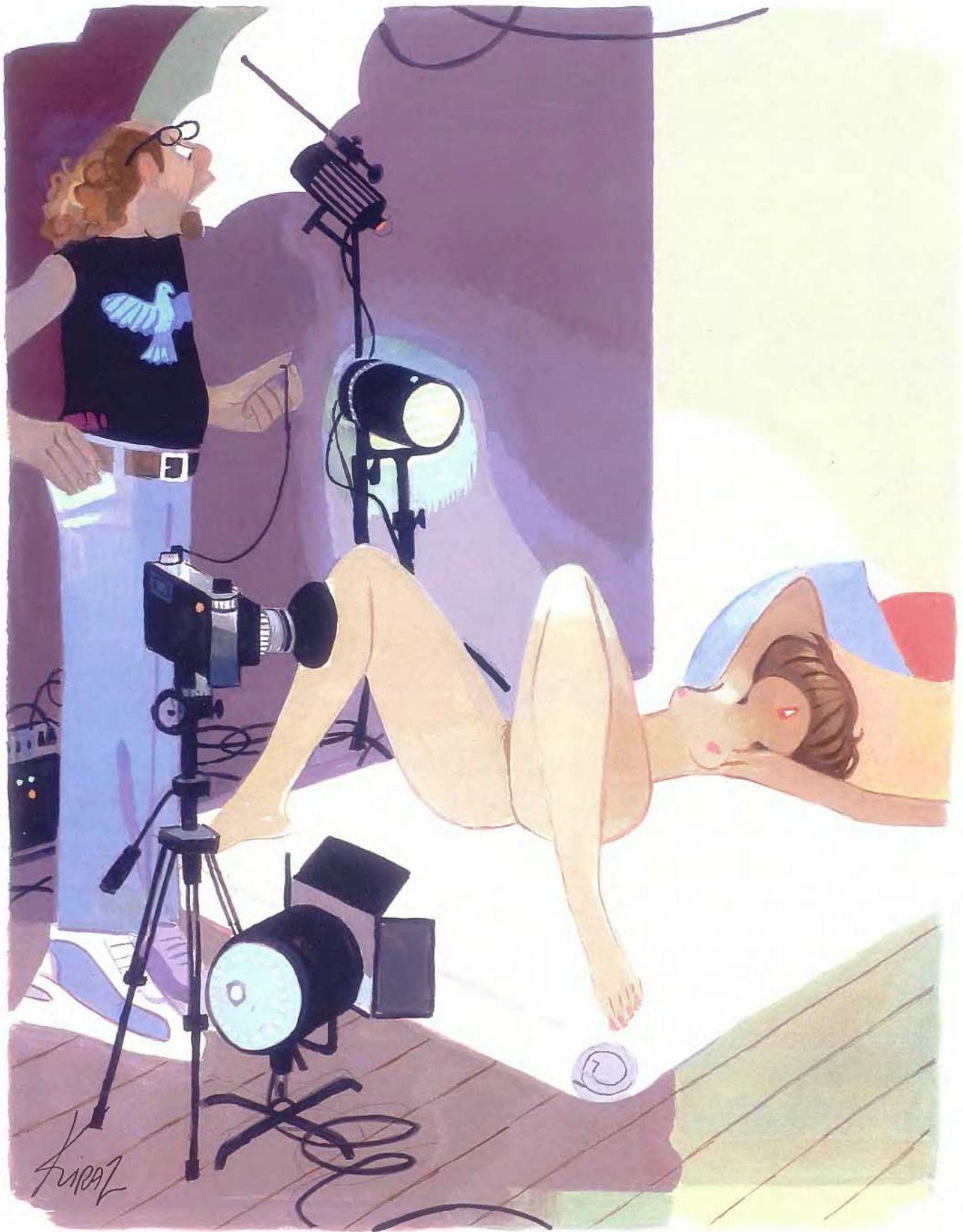
Last November the state of Maryland hired a merry band of professional hackers to see how much mischief they could cause with the Diebold touchscreen voting machines it was preparing to use in the March 2004 primaries. A group of eight computer scientists,

some of whom had experience at the National Security Agency, assembled on a cold January day at the offices of RABA Technologies, a computer consulting company in Columbia, Maryland. The state sent six machines and a server like the ones that would be used to gather votes from multiple precincts on election night. The equipment was arranged in a conference room to be as much like an actual polling place as possible, and a squad of genuine poll workers was recruited to run things. Then the fun began.

Mark McLarnon, at 24 the youngest of the hackers and a RABA employee, came prepared. Having seen a lock on the front of the machine, he had Googled "how to pick locks" and found the MIT "Guide to Lock Picking" on a website. Then he'd wandered around Washington, D.C. locksmith shops, passing himself off as a member of the trade until he found someone willing, with a wink and a nod, to tell him where he could buy the kind of lock-picking set in a zippered case that spies use in the movies. It turned out he needn't have bothered. When he got into the voting booth mock-up and examined the lock closely, he found it so simple he was able to spring it open with a straightened paper clip and a shirt clip from a ballpoint pen. Opening the locked panel took him 10 seconds. What he found behind it was an ordinary PS/2 computer port, a hacker's portal to paradise.

McLarnon had something up his sleeve—literally: a small, flexible computer keyboard, available at any Best Buy or CompUSA store, of the type commonly used with personal digital assistants. He snaked it out of his jacket without the poll workers seeing, plugged it in and pressed the F2 button. Instantly the screen displayed all the controls a certified system administrator would see. "I was at that moment in complete control of the machine," he says with a laugh. With a couple of silent keystrokes he was able to wipe out all the votes in the machine's redundant memory banks. One of his colleagues later found that with a little more effort he could actually change the vote counts. Once McLarnon learned that only one press of a keyboard button would give him control of the entire machine, he took an ingenious step to make it even harder for poll workers to catch him. He marked a spot on his sleeve where the F2 button was so he could press it without even taking the keyboard out. "Nobody would know anything had happened until the end of the day," he says.

Cries of "Holy shit!" and "Hey, get a load of this!" rang out in the room. Bill
(continued on page 146)

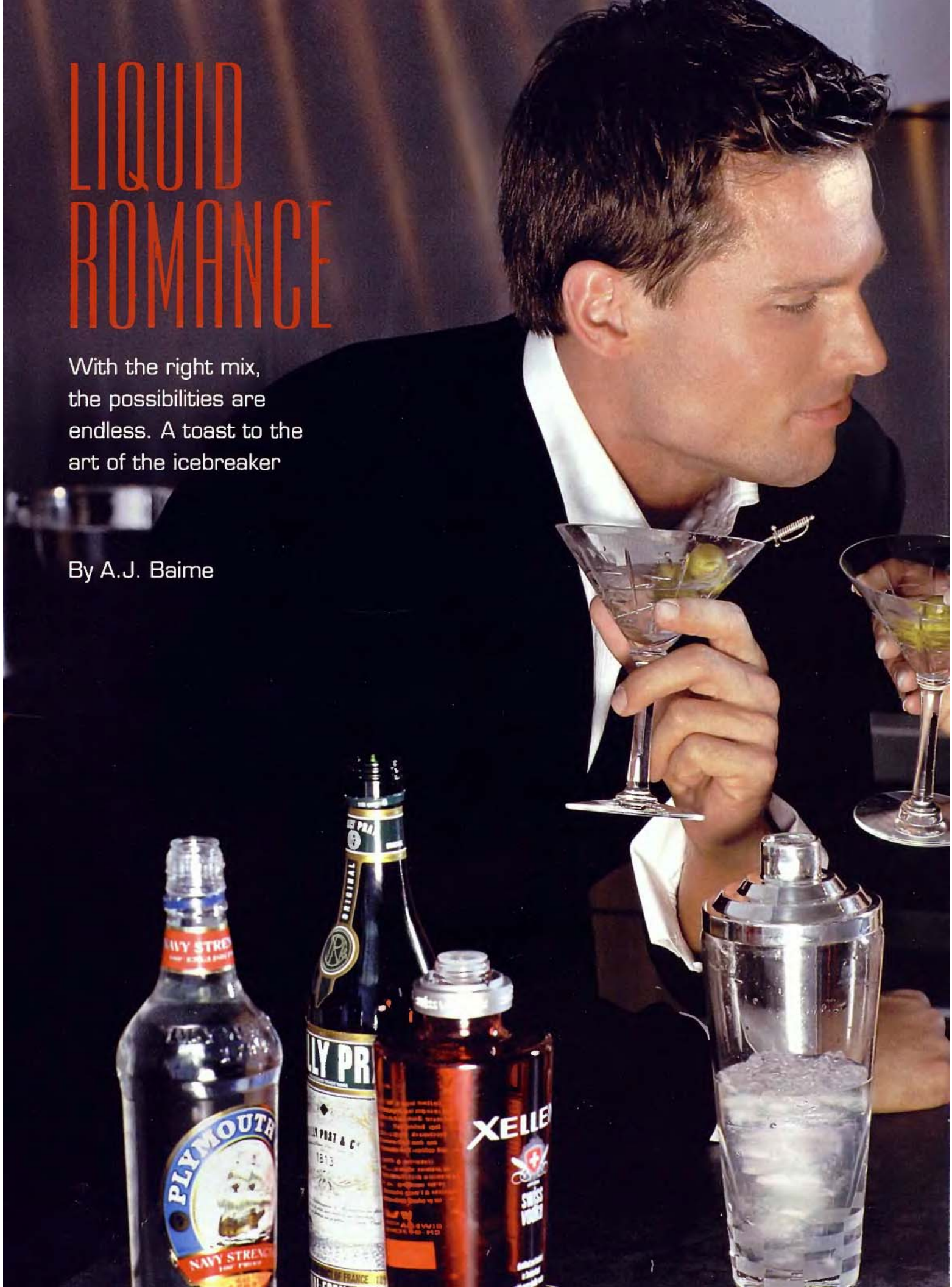



"How about a little more emotion down there?"

LIQUID ROMANCE

With the right mix,
the possibilities are
endless. A toast to the
art of the icebreaker

By A.J. Baime





Consider the following scenario: You've invited a woman over to your pad and she's just arrived, looking great. Does she want a drink? Of course—whatever you're having. As you break into your liquor cabinet and get to work on a couple of martinis, all you can think about is the curve in the small of her back. You're sold. But for her, it's more complicated. Her inner dialogue has already begun: *I'm going to sleep with this guy. No, you're not. Why? You don't know him. Who are you? I'm me. Then you sleep with him. Not until I find out who he is. Will my friends like him? Any brains?*

Just then, you put a drink in front of her, she looks at it, and something clicks. Already you've answered some of her questions—for better or worse. She hasn't even sipped it, and she's made some serious decisions about you. Think of it this way: A well-made drink is the smoothest introduction on earth. It's not just about peeling away inhibitions, although that part's great too. The moment you grab a cocktail shaker in the age of the celebrity chef-bartender, there's far more at stake. Like the clothes on your back or your apartment, for that matter, the drink you serve a woman says everything about you—your creativity, your attention to detail and your appreciation for beauty.

Two rules to keep in mind when mixing: First, perfect your repertoire. Bartending is a display of showmanship, and you should be as confident with a shaker as Sinatra was with a mike. There are some pillars in the canon you need to have down: the dry martini, the manhattan, the old-fashioned and the daiquiri (the original pour, not the Day-Glo variation). You should also have a couple of standbys that fulfill the make-something-I've-never-had request. Think exotic—a little sweet, perhaps, but not too complicated. You don't want her to fall asleep while you're weaving a swizzle stick out of pimientos. A good example: the blue moon, a cousin of the martini that's a perfect shade of Caribbean sapphire—three parts gin, one part blue curaçao, shaken with ice and strained into a cocktail glass with a twist of lemon.

The second rule? Keep your bar properly stocked; that means unique liquors and fine accoutrements. The drink you make—even if it's a scotch served neat—should complement the woman you serve it to. When she polishes it off, she'll know she's in good hands.

Unique handcrafted barware raises the cocktail ritual to a higher level. The only thing better than sipping a gimlet out of a handmade crystal glass? Sipping it from your woman's navel. From left: **Baccarat Equinoxe** crystal cocktail glass (\$190) with a **Janet Torelli** sterling sword martini pick (\$85 a pair). **Plymouth Gin Navy Strength**, a spine-straightening 100 proof—the strength required by the British Royal Navy for two centuries—from the oldest working distillery in England. Regular strength is available everywhere, but you'll find the coveted Navy only in duty-free shops and overseas (about \$27). **Christoffe Collection 3000** sterling cocktail spoon (foreground, \$150). **Christoffe Collection 3000** crystal shaker (\$550). **Christoffe Atalante** crystal cocktail glass (\$68). **Christoffe** sterling cocktail disk, offering classic drink recipes (\$190). **Xellent**, the first Swiss-made vodka (\$35). Until last year the Swiss government mandated that all excess grain be reserved for military use. Never mind that the nation hasn't fought a war in two centuries.

THE PLAYBOY BAR



Here's to that rare specimen: a woman who loves her whiskey. From left: **Baccarat Etna** crystal highball glass (\$120 for two). **George T. Stagg** Kentucky straight bourbon. Every fall the Buffalo Trace distillery releases just 2,000 bottles of this barrel-proof cult favorite (\$45). **Jim Beam Distillers' Masterpiece**, aged for 20 years and finished in cognac casks. This whiskey was created by Booker "Hard Times" Noe (Jim Beam's grandson), who died earlier this year, so you'd better grab a bottle while you can (\$250). **Riedel Ouverture** bourbon sipping glass (\$10). **Christoffe Collection 3000** sterling ice cooler (background, \$840). **Riedel Vinum** crystal single-malt sipping glass (foreground, \$20). **Oban 32-year-old** cask-strength Highland single-malt scotch, a rare vintage from this venerable distillery (\$350). **Caol Ila 18-year-old** single-malt Islay scotch—the first distillery-bottled Caol Ila available in the States, a real treat for Islay fans (\$60). **Baccarat Etna #2** tumbler (\$120 for two).

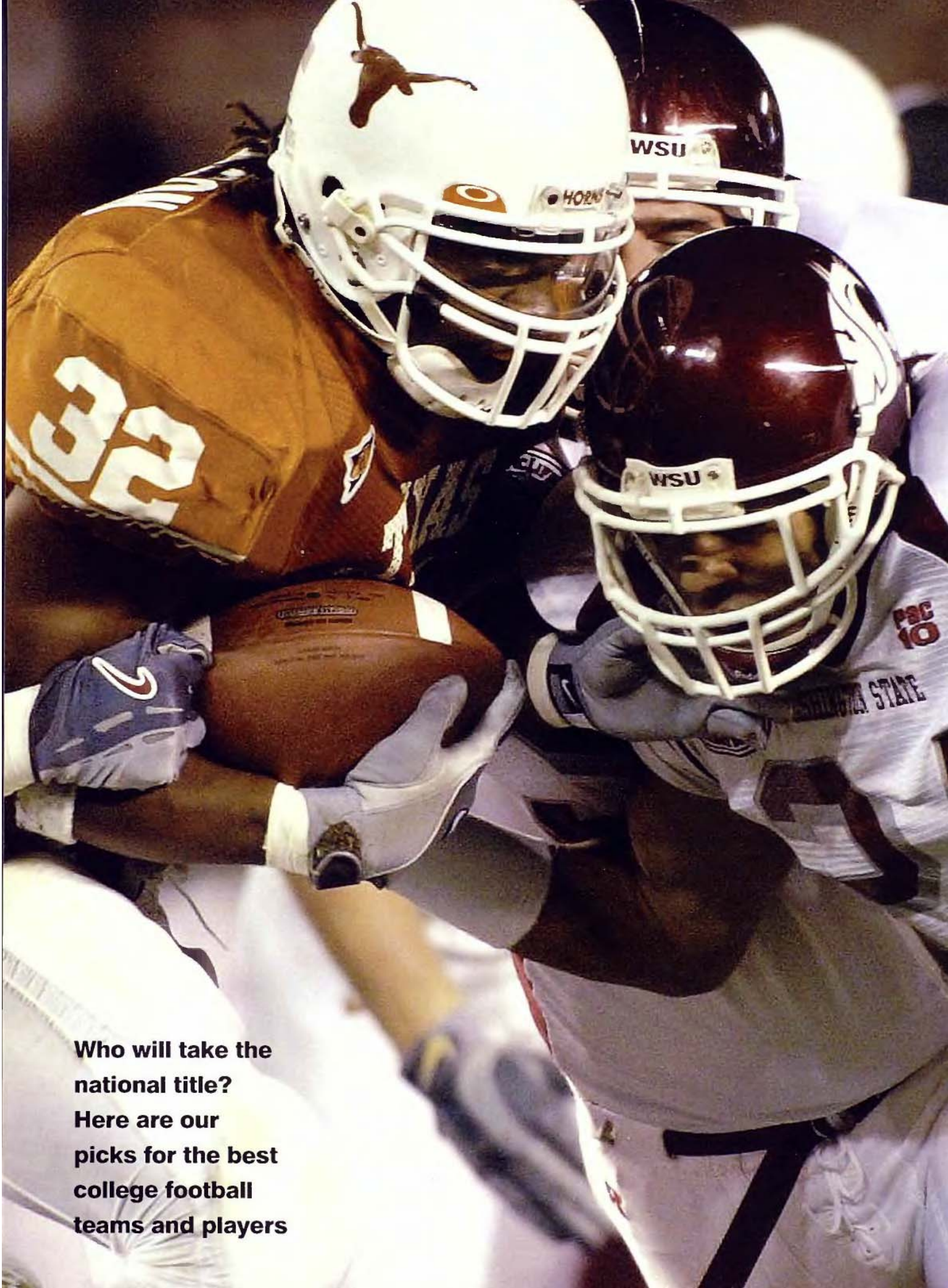
There's a lot at stake the moment you grab a cocktail shaker. When making a drink for a woman, you demonstrate your creativity and your appreciation for beauty.



It used to be that booze from south of the border, be it rum or tequila, was all about getting your drunk on—and your hangover. Now distillers are whipping up some high-quality stuff, the kind of liquor that dresses up nicely in fine glassware. From left: **Christofle Atalante** crystal shot glass (\$28). **Milagro Romance** 100 percent agave tequila, which is actually two bottles in one. If you want a sipping tequila on the rocks or straight, pour the aged *añejo* out of the top spout. If you're more in the mood for a margarita, pour the *reposado* out of the side spout (\$125). **Laguiole** folding knife with a corkscrew and a stainless steel blade, from the esteemed French cutlery maker (\$150). Six-by-six-inch **Kings Crown** cutting board from **Al Ladd Fine Edge Woodworking**, perfect for the bar (\$36). **Bacardi Millennium**, the world's largest rum producer's stab at the world's finest sipping rum—an eight-year-old with a sherry cask finish (\$900). **Christofle Atalante** crystal old-fashioned glass—a margarita wears it well (\$55).

Looking to blow off a little steam? Time for a boys' night out? There's nothing like the ménage-à-trois of a fine cognac, a great cigar and a deck of cards. Here are a few tips on raising the ante. Clockwise from the bottle: **Richard Hennessy**, the top-shelf Hennessy cognac, is a blend of 100 brandies aged up to 200 years in honor of the distiller's founder. A finer, more complexly layered eau-de-vie might not exist anywhere in the world (\$1,800). **Riedel Vinum** crystal snifter, especially created for sipping Hennessy cognac (\$20). **Diamond Crown Maximus Churchill No. 2** cigar, a 50-ring-gauge Dominican smoker with an Ecuadoran sun-grown wrapper aged six months (\$18 a cigar). **S.T. Dupont** ebony-and-palladium lighter, fine-tuned in the factory so you get that trademark *ping* when you snap it open (\$725), with matching **S.T. Dupont** cigar cutter (\$355) and large ebony ashtray with dual cigar holders (\$370). **Davidoff** gold-plated steel cigar scissors (\$250).





**Who will take the national title?
Here are our picks for the best college football teams and players**

PLAYBOY'S 2004

Pigskin Preview

By GARY COLE The Bowl Championship System has never worked. It has always tripped over its formula for determining a national champion, but last season it fell flat on its face. It couldn't match up USC and LSU, clearly the nation's two best teams, in the game every fan wanted to see. Instead, LSU played Oklahoma—which Kansas State had clobbered for the Big 12 title—in a pseudo national championship at the Sugar Bowl, while USC faced twice-beaten Michigan in the Rose Bowl.

The BCS's most glaring failure to date may finally have convinced the NCAA that a change was needed. Beginning in 2006 a fifth game will be added to the current four-game format. The Rose, Fiesta, Orange and Sugar bowls will continue to host marquee games, but one of them, on a rotating basis, will hold a second game for the national title about a week after the first four. This will allow the BCS to keep the big money out of the hands of pretenders, such as the Gator and Cotton bowls, but the method for choosing the two teams playing for the title will still be determined by a formula rather than on the gridiron. Although the BCS will rely less on computer rankings and put more emphasis on the AP media poll and the *USA Today*/ESPN coaches poll, no computer formula will ever be as satisfying as a true playoff system.

While the method for determining a national champion is badly in need of a makeover, change of another kind threatens to hurt the sport. Ohio State's Maurice Clarett and USC's Mike Williams tried to go pro even though they failed to meet NFL draft standards. They were subsequently denied entry into April's draft, but if the courts overturn the NFL's position, college football will face the same mess that college basketball is living through. And the game will suffer.

Our top-20 list has a lot of familiar names, but don't be surprised if this season, like last, concludes without a clear national champ—which will disturb everyone except, presumably, the NCAA.



1. USC Last season: The Trojans were 12-1 and shared the national championship with LSU.

This season: Thanks to fourth-year coach Pete Carroll's stellar recruiting, tradition-rich USC is back as one of college football's perennial powerhouses. Quarterback Matt Leinart will put up Heisman-worthy numbers, the tailback trio of Hershel Dennis, LenDale White and Reggie Bush is dynamite, tackle Shaun Cody and linebacker Matt Grootegoed lead a dominant defense, and the kicking game is one of the best in the nation.

Weaknesses: The team doesn't have many, but a lack of experience on the offensive line could force Leinart out of the pocket more than he'd like.

Schedule: Ideal. USC gets Washington at home and doesn't play Oregon.

Prediction: 11-1.



2. LSU Last season: 13-1, including a 21-14 win over Oklahoma in the Sugar Bowl, the BCS title game last year.

This season: Coach Nick Saban is firing on all cylinders in Baton Rouge. He has 13 starters back from last year's co-national championship team, redshirts ready to make their mark and a consensus number-two recruiting class that includes four *Parade* All-Americans. Quarterback

Top 20

TEAMS

FOR

2004

1. USC
2. LSU
3. GEORGIA
4. TEXAS
5. FLORIDA STATE
6. MIAMI
7. OKLAHOMA
8. MICHIGAN
9. CALIFORNIA
10. KANSAS STATE
11. NEBRASKA
12. FLORIDA
13. MINNESOTA
14. OHIO STATE
15. VIRGINIA
16. TENNESSEE
17. IOWA
18. TEXAS TECH
19. MARYLAND
20. TCU

2004

TOP

TEAMS

20

Top

Playboy's 2004



OFFENSE

(1) **MARK CLAYTON**, receiver, Oklahoma; 1,425 receiving yards, 83 catches and 15 TDs last season. (2) **ALEX BARRON**, lineman, Florida State; six-foot-six, 325 pounds; one of the nation's top pass blockers. (3) **DARREN SPROLES**, running back, Kansas State; fifth in last season's Heisman voting after 1,986-yard rushing season (11th highest in NCAA history). (4) **CEDRIC BENSON**, running back, Texas; the nation's top returning rusher; third on the Longhorns' all-time rushing list with 3,706 yards. (5) **JONATHAN NICHOLS**, placekicker, Mississippi; winner of the 2003 Lou Groza Award as the nation's best kicker. (6) **ELTON BROWN**, lineman, Virginia; six-foot-six, 333 pounds; the ACC's best blocker last season. (7) **C.J. BROOKS**, lineman, Maryland; starter for 37 straight games. (8) **BRAYLON EDWARDS**, receiver, Michigan; needs 22 more catches to set school record. (9) **HEATH MILLER**, tight end, Virginia; set ACC and school records for catches last season with 70. (10) **MATT LEINART**, quarterback, USC; threw for 38 touchdowns and only nine interceptions; Pac-10 Offensive Player of the Year. (11) **ANDREW WHITEWORTH**, lineman, LSU; at six-foot-seven and 325 pounds, a mainstay of the Tigers' offensive line. (12) **GREG ESLINGER**, center, Minnesota; helped the Gophers average 289.2 rushing yards a game last season. (13) **CARNELL "CADILLAC" WILLIAMS**, running back, Auburn; rushed for 1,307 yards last season; third player in SEC history to score six touchdowns in one game. **ANTONIO PERKINS** (not pictured), kick returner, Oklahoma; set an NCAA record with four punt returns for touchdowns in a season; his seven career TD returns are one shy of the NCAA career record.

All America Team



(1) DAN CODY, lineman, Oklahoma; 17 tackles behind the line of scrimmage last season, including 10 quarterback sacks. (2) TOM MALONE, punter, USC; averaged 49 yards a punt last year; 24 of his 42 punts went at least 50 yards, and 28 pinned opponents inside their 20-yard line. (3) JOSH BULLOCKS, defensive back, Nebraska; set Big 12 record with 10 interceptions. (4) ANTREL ROLLE, defensive back, Miami; 42 unassisted tackles, first-team All-Big East. (5) MATT ROTH, lineman, Iowa; second in the Big 10 in quarterback sacks and forced fumbles last season. (6) COREY WEBSTER, defensive back, LSU; seven interceptions last season, 14 in his career. (7) MARCUS SPEARS, lineman, LSU; 13 tackles behind the line of scrimmage last season, six quarterback sacks; ran an interception back for a touchdown in team's Sugar Bowl win over Oklahoma. (8) NICK SABAN, head coach, LSU; NCAA Coach of the Year last season; led Tigers to a share of the national championship; career record of 82-39-1. (9) KEVIN BURNETT, linebacker, Tennessee; named team captain last year as a junior; recorded 83 tackles. (10) SHAUN CODY, lineman, USC; three-year starter; six sacks and three blocked field goals last season. (11) MARLIN JACKSON, defensive back, Michigan; two-time Playboy All American; 148 career tackles, eight interceptions and 29 pass breakups. (12) A.J. HAWK, linebacker, Ohio State; led Buckeyes with 106 tackles last season. (13) DERRICK JOHNSON, linebacker, Texas; two-time Playboy All American; 328 career tackles. MORGAN SCALLEY (not pictured), defensive back, Utah; Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete.

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Matt Mauck overestimated his pro stock and left early for the NFL, only to wait seven rounds to be drafted. Marcus Randall is the only roster player with experience at the position, but two talented freshmen (Matt Flynn and JaMarcus Russell) are itching for their chance. There's a ton of talent everywhere else. The defense, led by Marcus Spears and Corey Webster, is especially strong.

Weaknesses: No proven quarterback.
Schedule: LSU won't likely run the table against Auburn, Georgia, Florida and Arkansas, all road games.
Prediction: 10-1



3. GEORGIA Last season: 11-3. The Bulldogs beat Purdue (34-27) in overtime in the Capital One Bowl.

This season: Georgia can make a run at the national title. Coach Mark Richt has the luxury of two good quarterbacks. David Greene, the 2002 SEC Offensive Player of the Year, returns for his final season, and junior D.J. Shockley is a more than adequate backup. The Bulldogs return their entire offensive line—including six-foot-four, 348-pound tackle Max Jean-Gilles—along with standout receivers Reggie Brown and Fred Gibson. The defense should be even better than last season's, anchored by end David Pollack (23.5 career sacks), who surprised some by staying in school. The other end spot will be filled by Will Thompson, who returns after missing all of last season with a leg injury. Thompson had an impressive five tackles and two sacks in Georgia's Sugar Bowl win two years ago.

Weaknesses: Not many, but an inexperienced secondary could be vulnerable.
Schedule: Sets up nicely for a championship run. LSU, Tennessee and Georgia Tech all come to Athens.
Prediction: 10-1



4. TEXAS Last season: 10-3. Another double-digit-win season for Mack Brown and the Longhorns, but they again failed to beat Oklahoma and finished with a loss to Washington State (28-20) in the Holiday Bowl.

This season: Coach Brown has had good quarterbacks during his Texas tenure but none good enough to lead the Longhorns to a national championship. Freshman QB Vince Young took the reins from Chance Mock midway through last season and guided the team to a 6-1 finish. Young is athletic, strong and improving, but he can still be wild with his passes. Running back Cedric Benson, perhaps the best rusher in the nation, did Brown a favor by staying for his senior season. Two-time Playboy All America linebacker Derrick Johnson leads the defense.

Weaknesses: It's hard to find one, but until Texas beats Oklahoma and finishes strong, doubters will exist.
Schedule: Favorable for a run at the national title—except for that troublesome face-off with the Sooners in Dallas on October 9.
Prediction: 10-1



5. FLORIDA STATE Last season: 10-3. The Seminoles ended the year on a sour note, losing 16-14 to rival Miami in a

rematch. It was another case of wide right—kicker Xavier Beitia missed the go-ahead field goal with 5:30 to play.

This season: Chris Rix returns for his fourth year as starting quarterback. If he can reduce the mental errors that have plagued him, FSU will be tough to beat. The offensive line, led by Alex Barron, is loaded. Craphonso Thorpe, coming back from a broken leg, will be one of the nation's best receivers. Watch out for tailback Lorenzo Booker, who has graceful moves and blazing speed.

Weaknesses: Only four starters return on defense, and there's little depth behind Rix at quarterback.

Schedule: One of the best games of the season will be one of the first: Florida State at Miami on September 6. The Noles catch a break: Clemson, Virginia and Florida are all home games.

Prediction: 9-2



6. MIAMI Last season: 11-2. The Canes nipped Florida State 16-14 in the Orange Bowl.

This season: Miami is now in the ACC, which provides new opponents and new challenges for a team that has dominated the Big East for the past several years. Senior quarterback Brock Berlin returns and will be backed up by Derrick Crudup and six-foot-five redshirt freshman Kyle Wright. Berlin has to throw fewer interceptions to keep his job.

Weaknesses: Running back Frank Gore's knees—he's missed most of the past two seasons with injuries. With the losses of all three starting linebackers and three of four defensive backs, the defense may be *(continued on page 134)*

Nick Saban

The Louisiana State head coach tells us what it's like to be the champ

PLAYBOY: Be honest, Coach. Wouldn't you like to have played one more game and taken on USC for all the marbles?

SABAN: It was great for USC to play at home and for us to play the Sugar Bowl in our home state, so it worked out well for both of us. But it's always difficult to see the season end when you have a special team. There was a little unfinished business, and maybe we would have liked to play one more game against somebody.

PLAYBOY: Is Marcus Randall your starting quarterback?

SABAN: He's the guy to beat. He has the game-management experience, and I think he's ready to make the right decisions out there.

PLAYBOY: Your defense was awesome last year. You held Oklahoma to 154 yards of offense in the Sugar Bowl. Can you be that good this year?

SABAN: We lost some important players up front. But we have a couple of good ones returning there, a couple of good linebackers, some solid guys in the secondary. I think our players believe they can be as good as last year's team. Now they have to go out and do it.

PLAYBOY: Your schedule sets up well this year, with seven home games. But you have back-to-back games against Georgia and Florida. You beat the Bulldogs twice last year. Do you have their number?

SABAN: That was last year. This year is an entirely new deal. Georgia has a very good team. I think they'll be a challenge for us. Florida is always tough to beat. Don't forget that we also have Auburn on the road. That's three tough road games for us fairly early in the season.

PLAYBOY: We've seen players challenge the NFL rule that they must be out of high school for three years to be draft eligible. Is that a good rule?

SABAN: I believe in the value of education. History shows that players do better in the NFL if they've had a chance to mature and improve their skills in college. Players help their chances of getting drafted by staying in school. If a player is assured of being a first-round pick, it may make sense to leave early, but you can't overestimate the value of education.

PLAYBOY: Recruiting is also an issue. Is there too much pressure on coaches? Is recruiting out of control? Do we need more rules?

SABAN: I don't think so. We need

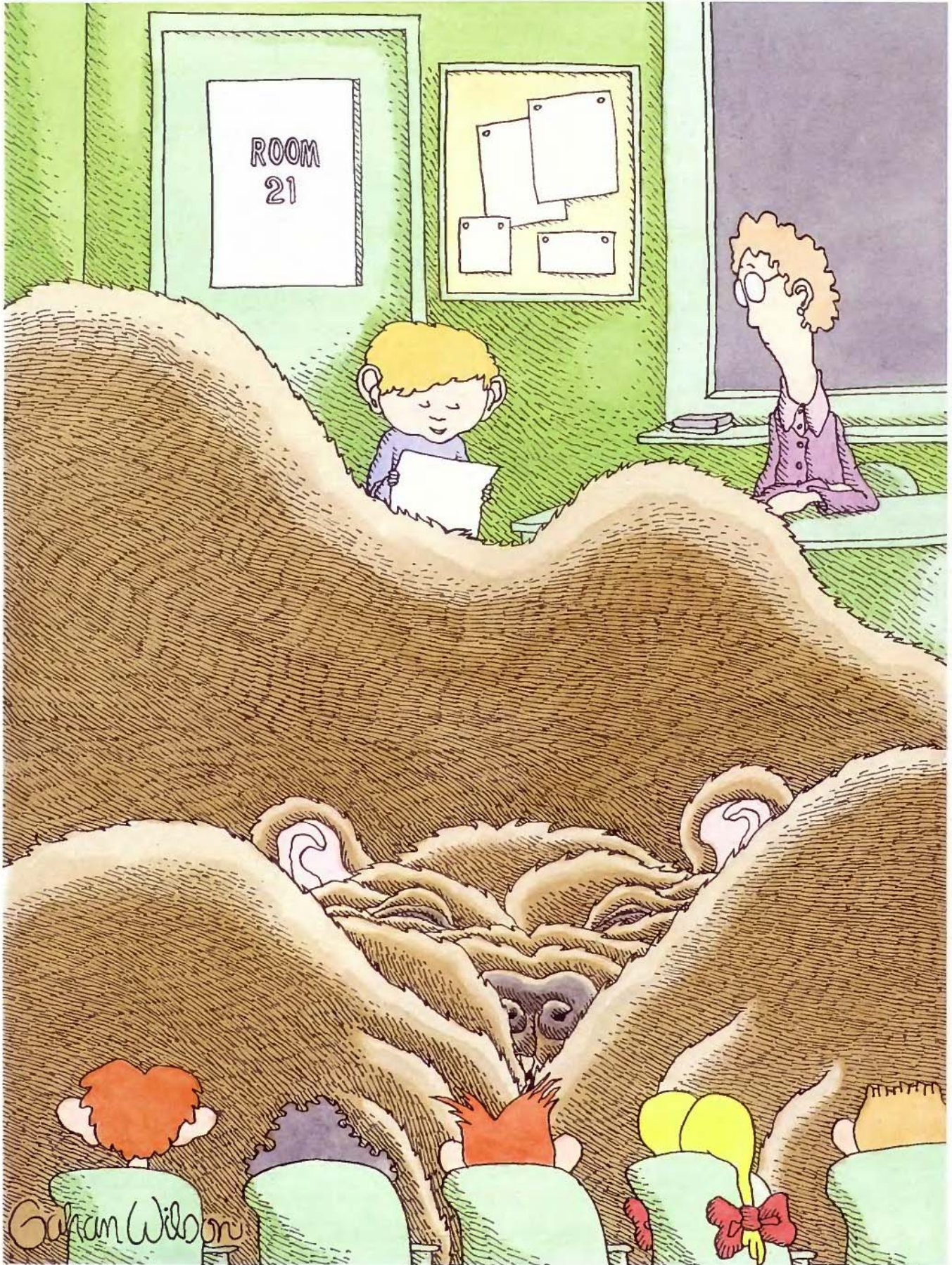
to adhere to the rules we have. None of the excesses reported elsewhere have been a problem at LSU. We don't try to seduce players to come here. We tell them what the program is and introduce them to the people they'll work with. Gary Barnett is a class guy and a professional coach. I don't think he's personally responsible for what happened at Colorado. All we can do is set up the right culture to

avoid these sorts of problems.

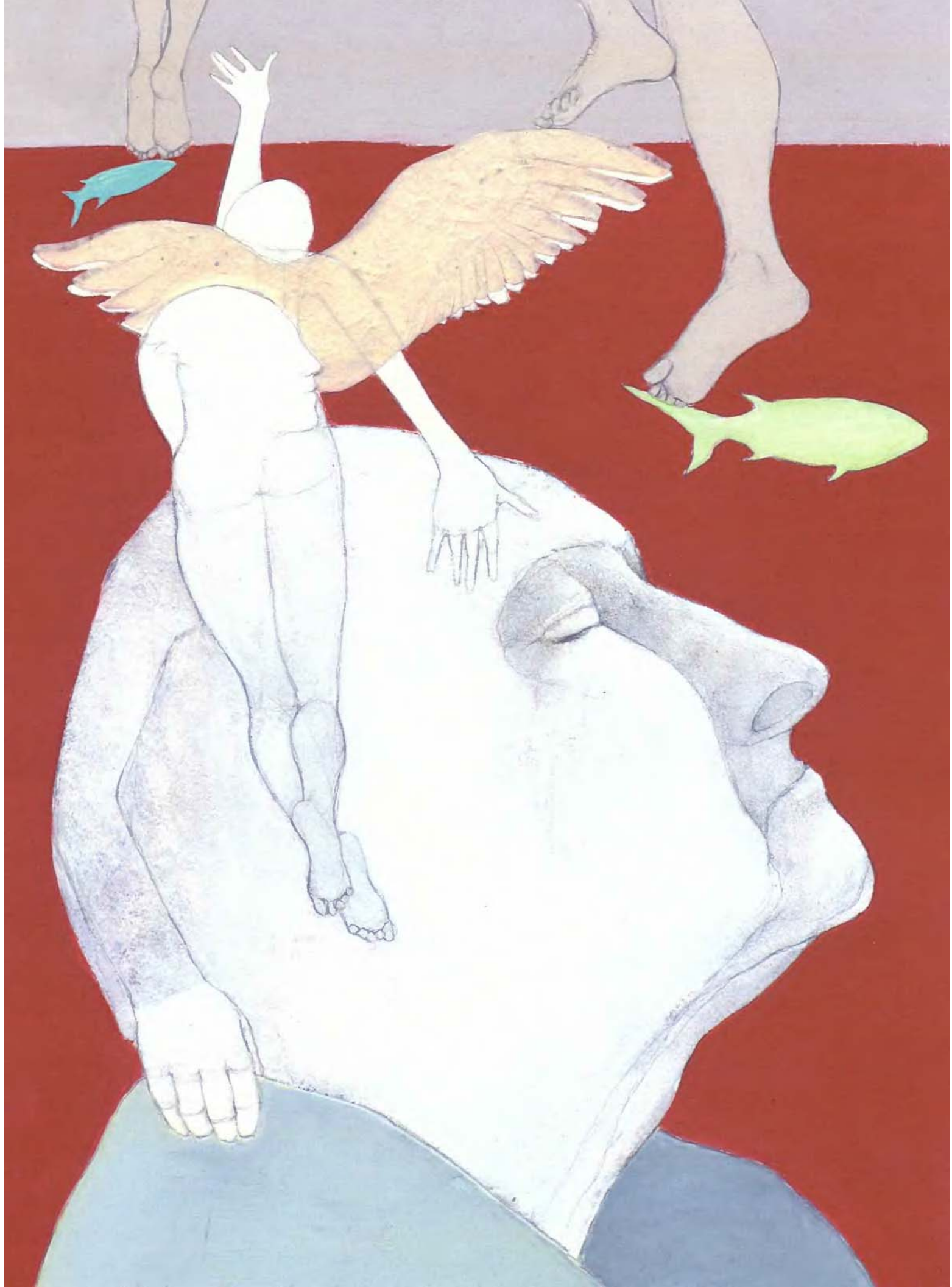
PLAYBOY: Your name came up for several NFL openings. Can your ambitions as a coach be satisfied at the collegiate level?

SABAN: I get a lot of gratification from watching 18- and 19-year-old kids develop. The environment for raising a family is great in a college town. We have great fans. They have so much passion for football. As long as we're committed to having success as a program, I'm happy at LSU. I'm not saying there won't be better opportunities out there, but I really like it at LSU.





"...and that's how I came to kill this bear during my summer vacation."



Are

HIS DISEASE WAS CLOSING IN FAST, BUT THERE WAS ONE THING LEFT TO DO

DREAMS

faster than

the

SPEED OF LIGHT

BY JOHN EDGAR WIDEMAN He'd played those idle whistling-in-the-dark games with friends. If you had to choose, which would you rather be—blind or deaf. Lose your arms or legs. With only 24 hours to live, how would you spend your last day. Well, someone not playing games had turned the games real. The doctors couldn't tell him exactly how long he'd live but could estimate plus or minus a couple of months how long it would be before he'd want to die. A long or short year from today, they said, he'd enter final storms of outrageous suffering, and the disease he wouldn't wish on a dog that had just bitten a hole in his ass, the disease he calls X 'cause its name's almost as ugly as its symptoms, would shrink his muscles into Fritos corn curls. One by one, millimeter by millimeter—with excruciating slowness—it would saw through all the cords stringing him along with the illusion he's the puppet master of his limbs and dry up his lungs so they harden, burn and crumble, and he'll cough them up in great heaving spasms of black-flecked phlegm. No one knew the precise day or hour, but sure as shit, given his symptoms—the jiggle in his legs, spiraling auras wiggling through the left side of his field of vision, numbness of tongue, fasciculation everywhere rippling like a million snakes under his skin, bone-aching weariness and fatigue totally out of proportion to the minimal bit of physical activity required to survive the day—the specialists agreed unanimously his ass was grass; maybe he'd last one more Christmas, if lucky, just in time to beg Santa for death, if death hadn't already come creeping and smirking into his room.

The riot of pain the doctors promised didn't scare him. Drugs would dull most of it, wouldn't they. He just hated the anticipation. Always prided himself on being the kind of guy who liked to bull-rush the enemy, get it on, get it over. As long as he had a chance to fight back, he could handle whatever. From day one, his color and a jock mentality had turned every encounter into a contest. Even the smallest

choices. For the past year he'd believed the tremor in his hands a symptom of his crazy habit of always needing to win. You reach for the pepper and at the last instant, because your mind's still debating the pluses and minuses of whether to sprinkle pepper or salt on your pasta, your hand hesitates, flutters in the air above the nearly identical shakers. Sometimes you knock over stuff. Sometimes you laugh at yourself. Sometimes you want to scream. To kill. Or die. Each decision a drama. Your fate and the future of Western civilization hinge on whether you top your coffee with a dab of half-and-half or a dollop of skim milk.

Now it turns out the problem was not indecision, not fear of doing the wrong thing and losing. No. Not his wacky mind causing his hands to tremble. His body's wacky. Loose connections in the circuitry of nerves. Connections blocked by inflamed tissue and arthritic bones. Simple motions frustrated by lack of information. Muscles atrophying because they don't receive enough love from the brain. They forget how to contract or stretch. All the switchboard operators sprawled dead or dying after a terrorist raid.

When his eyes slink open in the morning, he tells himself, You're still here; nothing's different. Nothing to worry about anyway. Over is over. Once gone, you're really gone. It's the air conditioner, the fridge, stupid, not death droning in your ear. Crowds amaze him. Busy swarms of people who haven't heard the news. Hey, he wants to shout. Listen up, everybody. It ain't just about me. Each and every one of you has got to go. For sure. Damned sure. Maybe the woman scowling into her paperback or that guy propped half asleep against the pole will be gone before this year's up. How would the others packed into this particular subway car this particular moment behave if they knew what he knew. Knew their score. A week, 10 days, a long or short year. Would their hearts beat faster when they tried to figure out what to do next, this minute or day or month remaining. Everything and nothing. Would they hear each click of a faceless clock counting down what's left of their lives. Would they understand they'd never understand. Not even this simplest thing about being on the earth. Caught in a net that's nothing but holes.

The doctors say his time's almost up, and suddenly he's old, just about as old as he'll ever get. An old man, all the people who once mattered long gone, so the death sentence a fresh start too. He owes nothing to anyone. Owns the

little time left. Though he can't afford to waste a second, no rush either. Size doesn't matter. Everybody gets a whole life—beginning, middle, end—no matter how quickly it's over. Like those insects, ephemerals, he'd read about, their entire life cycle squeezed into an hour of a May afternoon. Like his siblings, the twin boy and girl who couldn't stick around long enough to receive names, dying a few hours after birth, taking his sweet, sweet mother with them.

How long does it take to die. Well... that of course depends on many factors. He watches the doctor's face, watches himself lean forward, and in a weird way he's watcher and watched, patient and doctor, weather and weatherman. The doc's gleaming brow reassures, sleek flesh befitting his fees, the location of his office, the trust you must invest in his words, healthy sheen, vacation tan. Tiny ellipsoid spectacles slide down his nose a smidgen as he closes the distance between you, kisser and kissed. He's seen the same com-

*An unimaginable thought
at first. How in hell could
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father. Somebody needed to
step up to the plate.*

mercials you have, the actor acting like a doctor, this doc with big hands and big face and a habit of staring offstage at the imponderably heavy-duty shit always lurking just beyond the high-definition scene in which the two of you are engaged—the delicate conversation about fate, your fate, not his, because this doctor's a permanent member of the cast, always available to move the plot along, advise, console, subtle as a brick as he reveals the brutal verdict. I've never figured out how to inform the patient, he confides. Fortunately, I don't see cases like yours very often. What can I say except it's one of those things in life we must adjust to as best we can. Nobody ever said it was going to be easy. It's a job, and somebody has to do it, somebody's got to die. Did the doc really say that. Was he complaining about his tough job, or commiserating with his patient. Does it matter. He steals the doctor's voice again, pipes it through the plane. This is your captain speaking.... We are experiencing an emergency.

Please remove the oxygen mask of the helpless passenger beside you before you remove yours.

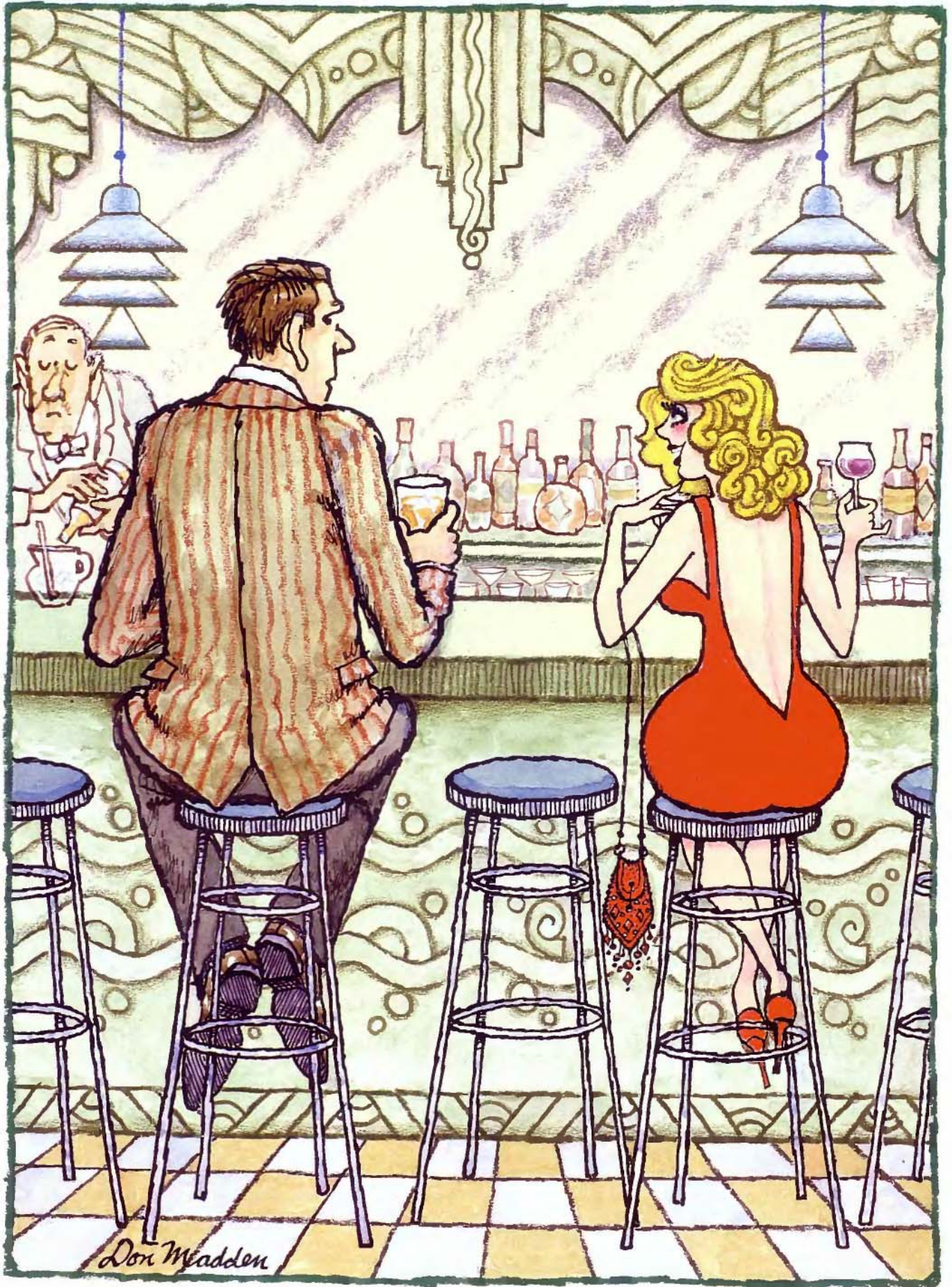
He'd begun compiling a list of chores, necessary things to do to prepare for the end. A notebook page full before he realized the list was about using time, filling time, about plans, control, the future, wishful thinking as if time were at his disposal. As if he possessed the power to choose. Blind or deaf. As if he weren't already eyeless, crippled, helpless, just about out of time. Next move the last move. When he switched the list to must-do, he was relieved by its shortness. Only two items: He must die, and before his time's up he must end the bad ending of his father's life. Couldn't leave his poor daddy behind to suffer any longer—how long, how long. He must take his father's life.

An unimaginable thought at first. How in hell could you kill murder whack terminate snuff your own father. Ashamed of the thought, then guilty when he doesn't act. If he loved his father, why allow him to suffer. Somebody needed to step up to the plate. Who, if not him. In the limbo of the veterans' hospital, his father's shrinking body, in spite of its skinny frailty, of the burden of its diseased mind, might not fail for years. Meaningless years in terms of quality of life his father could expect, meaningless except for whatever it means when a fatally wounded animal suffers, when an intensely proud, private man whose major accomplishment in life was maintaining a fierce independence, winds up on display, naked, paddling around in his own shit. Cruel years of pointless hanging on. Years the son did not have now, on his mind daily, monopolizing the little time, his only time remaining.

The father so present dying, so absent alive. For years, decades, starting even before his daddy had passed him to his grandmothers and aunts to raise, they'd been losing touch, becoming two men who saw each other infrequently, not exactly strangers, more like long-standing acquaintances who'd hook up now and then in restaurants or bars, talk ball games, politics, an easy, no-strings-attached fondness. They observed an almost courtly politeness and restraint, as if questions about the other's personal life would be not only prying but breaking the rules, a betrayal, an admission of desiring more than the other so far had given, and thus a rebuke.

Since he wasn't God and couldn't simply will his father's death and be done with it, killing his father necessitated tending to messy details. A

(continued on page 154)



"Unnatural acts come naturally to me."



SCARLETT Fever

When we meet Scarlett Keegan, the first thing she wants to get off her chest is that hers isn't a stage name. "My mom's favorite movie is *Gone With the Wind*," she says. "I didn't wake up one day and say, 'I want to be a star. I'm going to change my name to make it sound sexy.'"

By nature, Scarlett is 100 percent sexy—and Irish, too. "My mom was born in Dublin, and I've gone there almost every year since I was young," she says. "Dubliners give you a hard time if you're Irish and you weren't born there.

They know you have character if you can put up with a slugging. They're knowledgeable about American history—more than we are—which is embarrassing when you get into a political discussion at the pub. The city has a warm vibe. It's where my heart is."

Her body, however, is usually at her country home in California's Santa Ynez Valley, where she posed on her porch for this photo shoot. Did anyone tip off the neighbors? "No, and I'm not telling them," she says. "Word has already spread, though. It's a small town, and everyone knows one another."



Miss
September
is red,
hot and
Irish

Miss September has been acting and modeling since she was 12, but her cheeks turn as red as her hair when she recounts her first acting job—in a toilet-paper commercial at the age of three. “I didn’t understand how filming worked,” she says. “I thought I was going to be trapped inside the television. I started screaming, and they couldn’t shoot the commercial. They hired someone else.” Perhaps this traumatic incident is what prompted her to create a list of aspirations. “I write down all the things I want to accomplish,” she says. “I would love to get married and have a family. I

hope to have a house in Dublin. I hope to be successful enough to have a little place here and a little place there. And I’d love to continue acting and see where it takes me.”

So what does a self-described city lover do for fun in the sleepy Santa Ynez Valley? “What can I say? I like drunk bowling,” she says. “I have good hand-eye coordination, but I generally get worse as the game progresses. My friends and I have a lot of house parties. We go to the beach. I can be a wild girl. The way I look is a reflection of my personality. With my big pouf of thick curly hair, look out!”







*"A spark in a guy's
eye catches my
attention," Scarlett says.*

*"I also pick up
on his energy."*

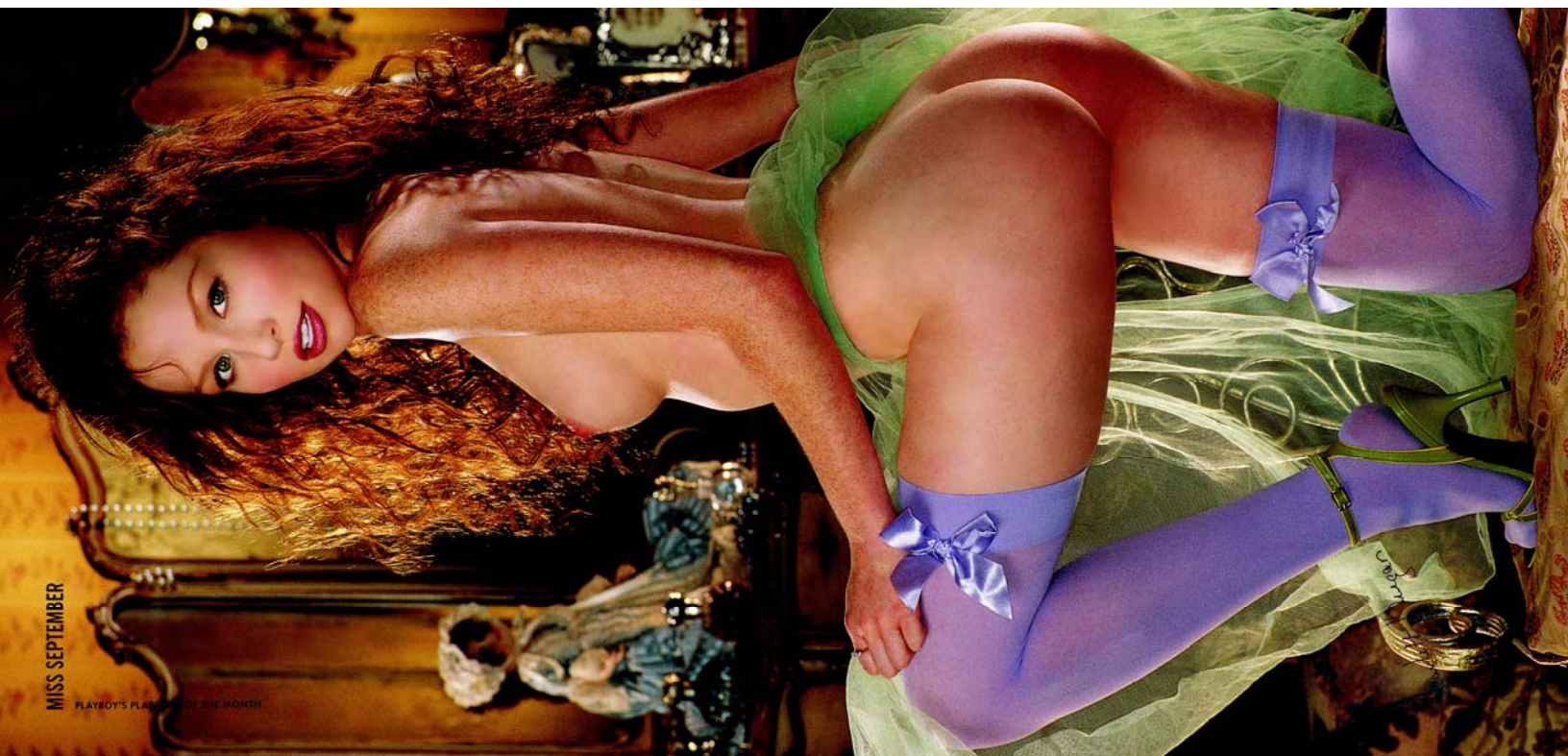




Scarlett took part in our 50th Anniversary Playmate search, and we promptly called her back for an encore. "I love the attention I get when I'm in front of the camera," Miss September says. "It's weird to walk around Playboy with clothes on. Between shots, people were trying to give me robes to put on, but I much prefer hanging out naked. I think it's great."



See more of Miss September at cyber.playboy.com.



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYBOY OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Scarlett Keegan

BUST: 34" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 106 LBS.

BIRTH DATE: 5/18/84 BIRTHPLACE: Westlake Village, CA

AMBITIONS: To be a Bond girl, travel, have a successful business of my own and have a home and family.

TURN-ONS: Intelligence, wit, Sincerity, Soulful eyes, optimism, sensitivity.

TURNOFFS: Game playing, stinginess, cheesy pickup lines, laziness, poor hygiene.

FIVE MOVIES I WISH I WERE IN: Chocolat, Goldfinger, My Fair Lady, Gone in Sixty Seconds, Sleepy Hollow.

WHERE I LIVE: IN a big country-style house on a couple of acres with a multitude of chickens + 4 adorable dogs.

MY STINT AS BARBIE: I was cast as Chelsie, one of the Generation Girl Barbie dolls; I had to dye my hair maroon + look like I knew how to handle a guitar.

PEOPLE SAY I LOOK LIKE: Nicole Kidman + Tori Amos.



First modeling shoot, age 12



MY "Serious" theatrical head shot, age 17



Spending time in my favorite city, Dublin



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Feeling heat from the world community over the absence of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, Condoleezza Rice asked President Bush, "Why can't we just plant weapons of mass destruction?"

Bush replied, "We can't plant weapons in Iraq. Nothing grows in the desert."

What do you call a strip bar owned by Zen mobsters?

The Buddha Bing.



A man strolling through the woods one afternoon came upon another man hugging a tree. The first man asked, "Just out of curiosity, what are you doing?"

The man stepped away from the tree and said, "I'm listening to the music of the tree. You should give it a try."

"Well, okay," the first man said, and he wrapped his arms around the tree.

The other guy slapped a pair of handcuffs on the man, stripped him naked, stole his wallet and clothes and then left. Two hours later another nature lover strolled by. He spotted the naked man handcuffed to the tree and asked, "What happened to you?"

He told the guy the whole story. The nature lover shook his head in sympathy, kissed the man on the cheek and said, "Today just ain't your day."

The waiter asked a diner, "May I take your order, sir?"

"Yes," the man replied. "I'm just wondering, how exactly do you prepare your chickens?"

The waiter replied, "Well, we usually just tell them straight out that they're going to die."

A woman confided to her girlfriend, "My ex-husband wants to marry me again."

The friend said, "How flattering."

The woman replied, "Not really. I think he's after the money I married him for."

How do you tell a good girl from a bad girl?

A good girl says, "It's hard to be good."

A bad girl says, "It has to be hard to be good."

What's an Australian kiss? The same thing as a French kiss, except it's down under.

A stockbroker died and went to heaven. Saint Peter said, "In today's world, we give you a choice of where you would like to spend eternity—in heaven or in hell. We offer you a chance to sample each for a couple of days before making your decision."

The stockbroker spent the first few days in heaven. Everything was peaceful. The people were friendly and polite. But he was a little bored. Then he went to hell. The devil himself answered the door. The stockbroker looked around and saw naked women, gambling, drugs and liquor. The next three days were the best he'd ever had. So he went back up to heaven and told Saint Peter that he'd decided to spend eternity in hell. Saint Peter said good luck and sent the stockbroker back below. He knocked on the door and, once again, the devil answered. The stockbroker looked around. This time there were no women, gambling, drinking or drugs. Instead he saw fire and brimstone, torture and despair. He turned to the devil and asked, "What's going on? Why did you lie to me?"

The devil said, "You're someone to talk. Yesterday you were a prospect. Today you're a client."

What will John Kerry do if he doesn't win the election?

He'll endorse a new shampoo called Really Big Head & Shoulders.



Alloy Neiman

Scientific research recently revealed evidence that female hormones are present in beer. A group of men were given six pints of beer each. One hundred percent of the men gained weight, talked excessively without making sense, became overly emotional, couldn't drive, failed to think rationally, argued over nothing and refused to apologize when wrong.

What do a sperm and a lawyer have in common?

They each have a one in a million chance of becoming human.

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



Rowland B. Wilson

"The characteristic I love most about you English gentlemen is your stiff upper lip."

THE PLAYBOY COMPENDIUM

YOU'RE KILLING ME!

OF OUTLAW HUMOR

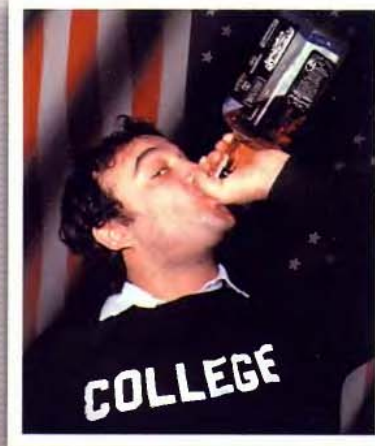


BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

After World War II, Americans felt entitled to some old-school funny to go with their peace and crabgrass. They'd just put an end to the worst stand-up act in the checkered history of German comedy, and it was time to whip up a few Boston cream pies and break out the exploding cigars. They wanted Bob Hope to be a fast-talking coward, Jack Benny to be an unyielding skinflint and Milton Berle to put on a dress. But things changed in the 1950s. History did not end. There was communism and McCarthyism, war and nuclear proliferation, Emmett Till and Selma, Alabama, the pill and rock and roll. Uncle Miltie in a dress wasn't cutting it anymore.

Others stepped in, others who wanted to talk about politics, sex and race, about hypocrisy, corruption and selfishness, and who thought the best way, or at least one extremely good way, was to make jokes. Jokes about how we did things. Jokes about what we accepted without challenge. Jokes that upset the status quo. And the status quo usually did not joke back. Instead it replied with the institutional powers at its disposal: condemnation, censorship and incarceration.

For more than 50 years outlaw humorists have led charges that conventional wisdom has had to withstand—or succumb to. Such humor—often caustic, sometimes sick but always defiant of authority—is uniquely American in its nonconformity and independence. We've been there. We know. Here then is a pie in the face of tradition.



ANIMAL HOUSE

In a world ruled by rules, why not smear mustard on your chest? Or wrap yourself in a bedsheet and pour grain alcohol over your head? These are the kinds of ontological questions that should be raised in the American educational system. In this campus-rebellion flick set before the era of campus rebellions, the merry, mischievous, anarchistic Deltas strike a victorious blow against the Nixon-like Dean Wormer, the militaristic Neidermeyer and all that is cynical, corrupt, regimented, repressed and mustard-free. It represents the career highlights of Doug Kenney, a co-screenwriter and *National Lampoon* co-founder, and the film's breakout star, John Belushi. Best



bit: Belushi's rousing speech after the dean expels the Deltas: "What's all this lying around shit? We just gonna take this? What? Over? Nothing's over until we decide it is. Was it over when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor? Hell no!"

ROSEANNE BARR

"My husband said he needed more space. So I locked him outside." With her deadpan sneer and gimlet eye for male foibles, Barr broke into the public consciousness as a five-foot-four, 215-pound self-described domestic goddess. Her sarcasm evoked



the real anger roiling blue-collar Middle American womanhood. Those feelings got a fuller expression in her frequently top-ranked television show, a family sitcom not located in the realm of the cute. "I think people get what I'm saying and doing on the show," she told a reporter. "I don't think the press gets it, that it's really anti-glamour. It's really anti everything that the media tries to shove down our throats."

SANDRA BERNHARD

The first thing you notice is the mouth—shocking in its size and with lips as thick as truck tires. Food trembles in her midst. And when she opens those lips, you know you're in for it. Hilarious in her first big appearance, playing a crazy fan in Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy*, she has become the mistress of a thin but rich domain—the self-anointed, fully realized diva who nonetheless lives in the shadow of such larger stars as Madonna (who is neither outlaw nor humorist). She is frequently capable of going too far, as when she emceed a fashion-industry show in 1992: As Ralph Lauren left the stage after winning an award, Bernhard said, "There's nothing like the sight of a Jewish cowboy riding off into the sunset. I sure do love your sheets, Mr. Lifshitz." Shacking—at least to people who take themselves too seriously.

LENNY BRUCE

This is the c-cksucker who started it all. This c-cksucker was the Elvis of comedy, a talented aggregator of found techniques and coarse street culture. Before he was done he would significantly alter the cultural landscape with his performances, his writing (*How to Talk Dirty and Influence People: An Autobiography*) and his First Amendment

court cases. He was able to synthesize old-time showbiz rozzmatazz, Borscht Belt shtick, the X-rated humor of burlesque houses, and pop cultural and political hipness, process the result through his lightning-quick mind and deliver it in very funny jazz-inflected routines. He mocked racism by asking the men in the audience if they would rather fuck Kate Smith or Lena Horne, joked about Hitler ("My name is Ben Meltzer, and I am the agent here. We are trying to find a dictator today") and ridiculed religion by treating the world's religious leaders as though they were business conventioners ("Hello, Johnny! [Pope John XXIII] What's shakin', baby? When are you comin' to the coast? I'll get you the Sullivan show on the 19th. It's good television. Wear the big ring"). Bruce's style has been so thoroughly absorbed into popular comedy that it's a challenge to recognize how new and different he was. And though his period of influence lasted a mere eight years, he succeeded in being not only a revolutionary humorist but—through the stupid and tragically destructive legal actions against him—a revolutionary cultural motherf-cker as well.

BULWORTH

A fearless political satire, this film casts a withering, contemptuous eye on the entire system and finds it cynical, hypocritical and corrupt. A politician who tells the truth? What a gag. Warren Beatty has never been funnier or more radical—quite a statement on both counts.

LUTHER CAMPBELL

He was horny. Yes, he was very horny and he wanted some pussy. Nothing strange about that. Most guys are horny and want some pussy. But this guy, he wanted it so bad he decided to sing out, and that's when things got weird. As Luke Skywalker, Campbell led the ridiculously explicit 1980s rap outfit 2 Live Crew, whose simple, sexual rhymes ("We Want Some Pussy" was a typical title from its 1986 album, *The 2 Live Crew Is What We Are*) and Miami bass sound had garnered a big following even before a 1990 obscenity trial in Broward County, Florida made Luke a crossover player. The trial concerned the multiplatinum 1989 album *As Nasty As They Wanna Be*, which contained "Me So Horny," the first Top 40 single to deal openly with oral-anal sex. His legal defense relied on the First Amendment, though his staunchest defenders struggled to argue the artistic merits of his juvenile humor (despite its clear ties to a long line of sexually explicit black comics such as Redd Foxx, whom Luke sampled). An appeals court dismissal of the obscenity charges went all the way to the Supreme Court before being upheld. With his newfound notoriety, the self-styled black Hef built a business empire on music, home videos and clubs. Thanks to Campbell, musicians no longer have to say "please" when inviting a woman (in song) to "nibble on my dick like a rat does cheese."

GEORGE CARLIN

Finally, a man who applied Cartesian rigor to the laws of comedy: "I'm in favor of separation of church and state. These two institutions screw us up enough on their own, so both of them together is certain death." Carlin, the baldest of American cynics, forsook a conventional comedy career in the 1960s when he turned from telling jokes to talking about what was inside his head. Carlin is a ridiculer of religion ("First thing they do is tell you there's an invisible man in the sky who's going to march you down to a burning place if he doesn't like you. If they can get you to believe that, it's all over"), and he has little but disdain for any institution. "Prosperity makes it easy enough for Americans not to go ahead and question things. You get a good five-, six-year depression in this country and you'll see some folks out with torches." His most famous routine, about the seven words you can never say on radio, was banned by the FCC, but the bit was less about propriety than linguistics.



"Shit, piss, fuck, cunt, motherfucker, cocksucker, tits. Those are the heavy seven. Tits doesn't even belong on the list. It's such a friendly word. Sounds like a nickname. 'Hey, Tits, c'mon here, man.' Sounds like a snack. New Nabisco Tits. The new cheese tits. Corn tits. Pizza tits. Tater tits."

CATCH-22

Naked guys in trees, homicidal whores, shitheaded parade-loving lieutenants and shrapnel-ridden young men unraveling in planes that couldn't get back to base fast

enough. Joseph Heller's classic novel brilliantly portrays what happens when a bureaucratic mentality takes over an enterprise as destructive and terrible as war. The hero perversely insists on clinging to his humanity by acting in ways that seem insane—which only goes to prove that he is in fact sane and therefore not exempt from participating in the give-and-take carnage around him. In the years since the novel's appearance we've heard about having to destroy a village in order to save it and having to torture Iraqis in order to liberate them. Heller didn't write those lines; we only wish he had.

HOLDEN CAULFIELD

"If you really want to hear about it..." So begins J.D. Salinger's comic novel *The Catcher in the Rye*. Caulfield, the teenage narrator, may not recognize himself as a progenitor of half a century of humor, but all the elements are there: the sarcasm, the faultfinding, the unattractive self-absorption, the disdain for phonies, the dread of growing up. You know, like *Seinfeld*.

CHEECH & CHONG

Dropping acid while driving, accidentally urinating in laundry hampers, smoking insects—Noel Coward had nothing on these guys. The two itinerant comics—Richard "Cheech" Marin from East L.A. and Tommy Chong from Calgary, Alberta—met in a Vancouver, British Columbia nightclub in the late 1960s and soon after formed a team and headed off on tour. Their act was largely about dope; it veered between political commentary and bloodshot idiocy, with many "Hey, maaaaans" sprinkled liberally throughout. Their 1971 debut went gold; 1972's *Big Bambu*, packaged with a huge rolling paper, was the number one comedy album of the year (an accomplishment back when comedy was consumed on vinyl, not on HBO). By the time 1978's *Up in Smoke* hit the big screen, Cheech &



Chong had become a countercultural phenomenon, Abbott and Costello with a fat spliff. In the opening scene of *Smoke* (considered by all astute critics the greatest pot movie of all time), they share a supersize joint and gobble hits of acid. Subsequent flicks *Next Movie* and *Nice Dreams* repeated the amiable druggies-vs.-Keystone Kops theme to big audiences, but Ed Meese soon made sure nobody found drug use funny. While Chong has suffered persecution typical of a drug crusader (he went to jail last year for selling bongos), Cheech eschewed drug humor in the 1990s, landing a major role on TV's *Nash Bridges* and a voice role in Disney's *The Lion King*. This is your brain on drugs, America.

R. CRUMB

One shudders to think what might have become of Crumb, a lanky geek who draws grimy little pictures of big girls with huge breasts and huge asses, had he not become the godfather of underground comix. An eccentric refugee from the American Greetings card company, where he was poisoned by flowery sentiment and tawdry emotion, Crumb has variously been described as the creator of the modern comic book, "an American Hogarth, a moralist with a blown mind" (by art critic Robert Hughes) and a "minstrel, artist, poet and philosopher" (by Crumb himself). His classic satires of social strictures and our neuroses emerged through innumerable strips, the most famous of which feature Fritz the Cat, a hepcat who becomes a political radical; Flakey Foon, who never quite figured out who was running things; the con man—saint Mr. Natural; and Whiteman, a businessman who constantly dreams of sex. Who doesn't? Keep on truckin'.

LARRY DAVID

That *Seinfeld* became a phenomenon despite lacking a single sympathetic character was a testament to its writing. Then co-creator Larry David topped himself with *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. The show's premise is that a rich man, liberated from all bodily wants, all need, all labor and all care, will nonetheless behave in ways that are mean, cowardly, vain, ignoble and utterly self-serving; that in most circumstances, efforts to overcome that impulse and act with generosity and kindness will be rebuffed, ridiculed and met with behavior that is mean, cowardly, vain, ignoble and utterly self-serving; and that ultimately the best way to counter such behavior is to be more mean, cowardly, vain, ignoble and self-serving.

DOONESBURY

For decades *Doonesbury* has been sharp and sardonic, much like the generation whose attitudes and foibles it recorded so well. During the 1970s and 1980s, when boomer interests and appetites ruled the world uncontested, *Doonesbury* was essential reading. Now that boomers have been elbowed into sharing the cultural limelight with Gen Xers, Gen Yers and children still too young to be captured in journalistic

shorthand, *Doonesbury* seems more comfortable replacing its undercurrent of outrage with a more resigned—but wiser—outlook on life.

DR. STRANGELOVE

OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB

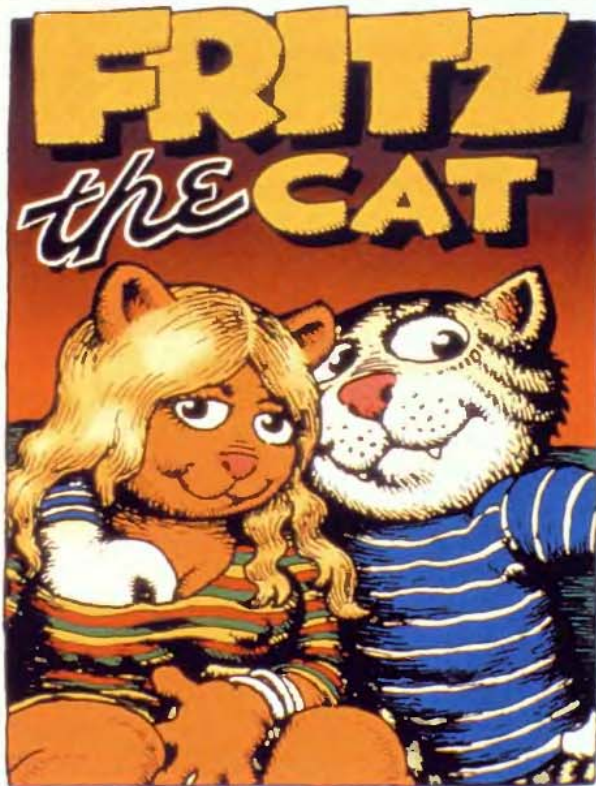
A mushroom cloud, the end of the human race as we know it, utter and complete devastation—now *that's* funny! The blackest comedy Hollywood has ever produced, *Dr. Strangelove* plays the insane logic of the Cold War completely for laughs. Stanley Kubrick tells a story that keeps folding in on itself until there's no hope for a happy ending. Even so, the climax is a hoot: The sight of ignorant cowboy Slim Pickens riding a falling hydrogen bomb, yee-hawing his way to our mutually assured destruction, is one of the most iconic images ever filmed. In a movie filled with funny scenes, perhaps the funniest element is the disciplined, deadpan delivery with which the actors discuss nuclear annihilation. It's the same somber, sanitized, euphemism-laden language our leaders so often use to discuss war, except somehow we don't usually laugh; we just nod our heads and agree.

FLAVOR FLAV

In Public Enemy, one of the most important—and the most stridently political—groups in hip-hop history, Flav was the ghet-to-down. With an enormous clock hanging from his neck (counting down to Armageddon, no less) and his signature "Yeeeeeaaaah, boyeee," he alleviated the menace in Chuck D's Marv Albert baritone and the militarism of PE's Black Panther shtick. His erratic off-stage behavior only added to his comic edge and genuine outlaw status. He delivered half his exclamations in a screech or a snicker, and much of the rest were hilariously inscrutable. He recorded "911 Is a Joke" on *Fear of a Black Planet*—a satire based on a serious problem and, alas, no joke.

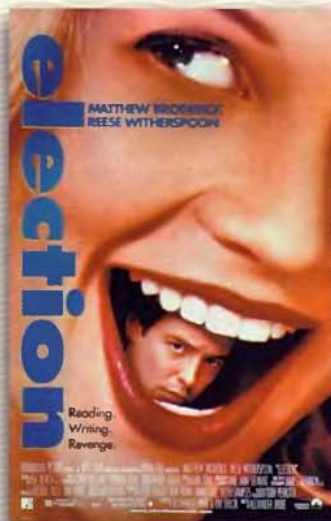
REDD FOX

Much of Foxx's humor was in the delivery—often by default, since half the time nobody could understand what the hell he was saying. Yes, he played Fred Sanford on *Sanford and Son*—even a big dummy knows that. Foxx was also known as the dean of blue comedy, cutting his first album, *Laff of the Party*, in 1955; he eventually produced 54 party records, which, without airplay, promotion or a presence in most re-



ELECTION

Set in a Midwestern high school, Alexander Payne's 1999 film is the best satire of American politics since *The Candidate*. Reese Witherspoon's determined, ambitious, ruthlessly nice Tracy Flick is scary—a power-grabbing survivor in a ponytail—and Matthew Broderick is also funny as the weak, inept teacher who aims to thwart her.



tail stores, would eventually sell 20 million copies. "Pretty soon, vital-organ transplants will be the thing," goes one joke. "Imagine a white guy in the shower looking like a panda." His humor wasn't all bawdy; it was satirical as well. "See, blacks have had whites fooled for years with one word: boss. 'Good night, boss!' 'Yassir, boss!' See, boss spelled backward is double-s-o-b." Breaking in at a time when blacks weren't allowed to play white clubs, Foxx performed comedy for black people in the vernacular, breaking ground that Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy would later mine.

THE GRADUATE

"I just wanna say one word to you. Just one word—*plastics*." With that single line, what would have been a quirky bedroom farce about a mixed-up kid in an unusual love triangle becomes a satire about a young man who feels suffocated by the banality, the boredom—the plasticity!—of his parents' world. How great was this film? We laughed. We cried. We thought extensively about hot mother-daughter combinations. And then we bought the soundtrack. Two thumbs up.

DICK GREGORY

"I've got to be a colored funnyman," Gregory would say, "not a funny colored man." A noted comic in the 1960s, he was also a prominent activist; running as a write-in candidate for president in 1968, he received more than a million votes.



(Some accused him of taking the election from Humphrey and handing it to Nixon, à la Nader in 2000.) His jokes first and foremost challenged the political order by showing intelligence, a capacity supposedly beyond blacks. "The NAACP asked me to buy a lifetime membership. Told them I'd pay a week at a time. Hell of a thing to buy a lifetime membership, wake up one morning and find the country's been integrated." Often heckled mercilessly, he defused the tension when an audience member called him a nigger by explaining that his contract stipulated he was to get \$50 whenever someone shouted the word at him. "Now will everybody in the room please stand up and yell, 'Nigger'?" Now that's courage. Try that in a public place someday and see what happens.

HEATHERS

Forget *Mean Girls*. Michael Lehmann's 1989 darkest of dark comedies is sharper, smugger and far more audacious. The popular girls, for example, don't learn any lessons; they simply die. Winona Ryder demonstrates why everyone thought she would become a major star, and Christian Slater offers the best Jack Nicholson performance that Nicholson never gave. Rent it—it'll be a long time before you see another high-school-shootings comedy.

BILL HICKS

Only his 1994 death at the age of 32 prevented the most lacerating comedian of his generation from becoming a major something: cultural force? national conscience? scourge? talent-show judge? "During the Gulf war, intelligence reports would come in—Iraq has incredible weapons. How'd we know that? Well, we looked at the receipt." "Clinton's a liar and a murderer. He launched 22 cruise missiles against Baghdad in response to the alleged assassination attempt of President Bush. Six innocent people in Baghdad are dead, and the U.S. has spent \$22 million. What we should have done is get rid of Bush ourselves." "This is

my final live performance. I'm quitting because I finally got my own TV show. It's called *Let's Hunt and Kill Billy Ray Cyrus*." When he died, he left no prisoners.

ABBIE HOFFMAN AND JERRY RUBIN

Founders of the yippies, they ran a pig for president decades before the thought ever occurred to Karl Rove. Their best gag? Assembling 50,000 people in a Pentagon parking lot and chanting in an effort to levitate the building. They stood in the visitors' area of the New York Stock Exchange floor and threw money down just to watch the traders scramble for the bills. Hoffman titled his book *Steal This Book*. What he really meant was, "Don't pay the store. Send the money straight to my bank account!"

HUNGRY I

This joint in San Francisco's North Beach is now a late-night topless club—but it was something to see back in the day. The Hungry I became the Plymouth Rock of outlaw humor when Mort Sahl debuted his act there in 1955. A small, smoky downstairs place, the club—originally the Hungry Id but shortened "to show we weren't white-bread," says owner Enrico Banducci—became the place for offbeat, antiestablishment, "sick" comedians to perform, as well as a stopover for folk music acts such as the Kingston Trio. The club featured one of the chief semiotic signatures of stand-up comedy—the brick wall—and provided a model for the programming at other clubs, including the Purple Onion in San Francisco and Cafe Wha? in New York.

DON IMUS

Drugs and alcohol almost ended his successful career as a disc jockey, but the reborn I-Man is a high-on-life news junkie. Resident provocateur on the New York–D.C. shuttle, he's become a bit like Charlie Rose, if only Rose were snarkier and had done more to abuse himself. Imus maintains a wicked wit; in his finest moment, at the Radio & Television Correspondents' Association annual dinner in 1996, he flayed all in attendance. That included President and Mrs. Clinton, whom he teased about Whitewater and sex before cracking wise about others on hand. On Dan Rather: "He's a little tense. Watching Dan Rather do the news, he looks like he's making a hostage tape." On Peter Jennings: "The first place the telecommunications bill should have mandated a V-Chip be placed is Mr. Jennings's shorts." On Tim Russert: "He once worked in New York for Senator Moynihan and Governor Cuomo. His duties included hiding the bottles for Pat and the bodies for Mario."

JACKASS

The name says it all. Through their baffling willingness to endure needless pain, this group of geniuses has managed to score a TV show, a movie and (in some cases) embryonic acting careers. As Aristophanes proved, there's really no better entertainment than watching a guy smack his friend in the nuts with a sledgehammer. The *Jack-*



ass stunts—think Three Stooges for Ritalin users—horrify the audience, which then laughs at its dismay. How better to protest the parents who made you take honors chemistry and sent you to soccer camp than by covering yourself with shit? (Or at least laughing at guys who do.)

ANDY KAUFMAN

Perhaps the only recent comedian to work in metatext, Kaufman strove not to entertain people but to make them wonder what the hell was wrong with this guy. His shows were often a test of an audience's psycho-

then declared himself broke on the Letterman show and relentlessly panned the audience until he had to be removed by security (the sole thankful suppression of outlaw humor). He appeared on the *Taxi* set as his alter ego, the boorish Tony Clifton, annoying everyone until Judd Hirsch throttled him and security again had to haul him off. (Kaufman considered this particular moment the pinnacle of his professional life.) Kaufman was much more a performance artist than a comedian, which might have been more obvious if he hadn't done all his work in comedy clubs and on entertainment shows.

SAM KINISON

This wild and profane former Pentecostal minister practiced yelling as an art form, delivering blasts of crazed rage infinitely more promising than any Howard Dean yawp. In volcanic tirades, Kinison's anger would rise like lava until he seemed to explode, abandoning words for the say-it-all profundity of "Auuugh-uuuugh!" In a subtle parody of the old Troggs hit, the ever-cuddly Kinison shouts "Wild thing / You made me trust you, then stuck the knife in my heart, you lying, unfaithful, untrustable tramp!" On the famine in Ethiopia: "I've figured out why you people are starving. It's because you live in a desert. Yes, a desert! See this? This is sand! Nothing will grow here!" On modern religion: "Jesus is still up in heaven, thumbing through the Bible, going 'Where did I say to build a waterslide?'" At the time of his death, Kinison had just married and appeared to be settling in for the long haul. "How many times do these relevant underground comics have to OD and die?" he once



logical endurance: A so-so riff might become, through perseverance, amusing, then riotously funny, then not quite funny and then just painful to watch. He was the fragile-looking weirdo lip-synching the theme from *Mighty Mouse* on *Saturday Night Live* and the nonsensical foreigner Latka Gravas on *Taxi*. Those were his good days. He challenged women to wrestle,

asked. "It's been done. It's cliché. I'm not like that. I come from a relationship with God, which I still love."

TOM LEHRER

For several years in the late 1950s and early 1960s, the bookish Lehrer was considered the equal of Lenny Bruce, Dick Gregory and Mort Sahl. He attained this status by being the most brilliant practitioner of an arcane but high art form: writing and performing satirical songs. Among them: "National Brotherhood Week" ("It's only for a week, so have no fear. / Be grateful that it doesn't last all year"); "So Long, Mom (A Song for World War III)" ("So long, Mom, I'm off to drop the bomb. / So don't wait up for me. I'll come back to my home when the war is over, / An hour and a half from now"); "The Masochism Tango" ("Take your cigarette from its holder / And burn your initials in my shoulder"); and "The Old Dope Peddler" ("When the shades of night are falling, / Comes a fellow ev'ryone knows. / It's the old dope peddler / Spreading joy wherever he goes. / He gives the kids free samples / Because he knows full well / That today's young innocent faces / Will be tomorrow's clientele"). It's no Tenacious D, but they liked it back then.

BILL MAHER

The man who cracked the first AIDS joke on a network (to Carson: "I just want to meet an old-fashioned girl with gonorrhoea") later singlehandedly reintroduced political comedy to mainstream TV. Maher usually stayed within the boundaries of acceptably spirited discourse for *Politically Incorrect*—no one was ever considered sufficiently loathsome or repugnant that they or their champions couldn't appear on the show and break bread with him. Yet Maher was pushed from outspoken to outlaw after September 11, when he not only agreed with a conservative guest that the 9/11 terrorists were not cowards but maintained that America had behaved in a cowardly way. "We've been lobbing cruise missiles from 2,000 miles away. That's cowardly. Staying in the airplane when it hits the building...it's not cowardly." This frankness earned him a menacing slap from presidential press secretary Ari Fleischer, who warned that Americans "need to watch what they say, watch what they do."



Sponsors canceled ads, and ABC eventually canceled the show. Maher's martyrdom lasted until early 2004, when HBO hired him.

MASH

Humor is misery distilled, and nowhere will you find more misery than at a mobile hospital near the front lines of a nasty war fought with conventional weapons. Happily anti-authoritarian but at the same time highly moral, Robert Altman's 1970 film cleverly swipes at the madness of war and the mindlessness of the military. It's the ultimate moment for antiheroes. The good guys—the doctors who care—tell misogynistic jokes, get drunk and act like assholes, while the bad guys play by the rules. How dark was *MASH*? The theme song, which was also used in the TV version, had a name: "Suicide Is Painless." It even had little-known lyrics: (Sing along now) "Suicide is painless. / It brings on many changes...."

MICHAEL MOORE

Moore has proven the master of a particular kind of humor—the it's-funny-because-it's-true kind of joke, the look-at-all-the-dead-people kind of funny. The contentious and weighty documentarian first achieved cinematic success with *Roger & Me*, a sharp, affecting film about what happens when a dim-witted giant corporation, in this case General Motors, shuts down a plant. Moore reliably takes a left-wing position on issues but often surprises with a bit of blue-collar conservatism—and surprises even more with a wicked wit. Moore's *Bowling for Columbine*, a look at guns and gun control, won an Oscar. His *Fahrenheit 9/11*, about President Bush and his foreign policy, won the Palme d'Or at Cannes. This should ensure Moore a long career—look how popularity in France has helped Mickey Rourke.

EDDIE MURPHY

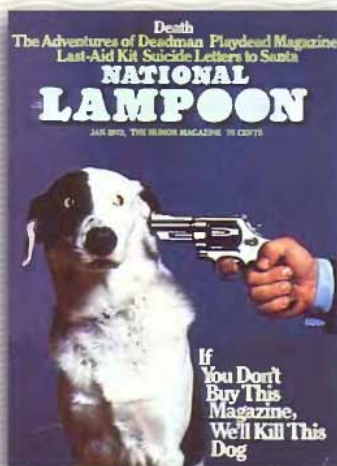
When Murphy broke, little did anyone expect that *Daddy Day Care* and *The Haunted Mansion* would be in his future. Brash, gifted and willing to take risks (example: the 1997 bust in which he got snagged with a 20-year-old Samoan transvestite prostitute...whoops), Murphy seemed destined to do as a movie star what Richard Pryor had done as a comedian (but not as a movie star): use humor to bring light and uncomfortable heat to race relations. It was a shocking, searing sensation to hear him say, in *48 HRS*, "I'm your worst nightmare—a nigger with a badge," and the uneasiness between him and white people in *Trading Places* and *Beverly Hills Cop* gave those films a distinctive edge. Murphy for some



reason decided that he preferred being an entertainer to being an artist, and he now serves the cause of brotherhood by inspiring people of all races to denigrate *The Adventures of Pluto Nash*.

NATIONAL LAMPOON

Between the decline of the early-1960s topical comic—Gregory, Bruce, Sahl—and the arrival of *Saturday Night Live*, outlaw humor lived not in clubs or on TV but in the pages of a magazine. Smart, funny and as daring as anything produced by mostly 20-somethings playing with other people's money can be, *National Lampoon* amused a generation with a combination of scolding irreverence and loopy nostalgia. Though it was happy to take on big targets—Nixon, Agnew, Jesus, sex—it also scored by teasing with affection but without sympathy the pretensions, foibles, zits, sexual inadequacy and lunkheadedness of ordinary Middle American life. In its heyday the magazine had a monthly circulation of 800,000, (more than *Esquire* has today), produced a series of successful stage shows and albums and eventually launched a movie brand name that produced *Animal House* and the Chevy Chase *Vacation* flicks. Eventually, however, the talent drifted away and new recruits couldn't keep up the circus act. *National Lampoon* waddled through a long, dwindling decline, and the brand now leads a zombie-like (continued on page 150)



THE TOP 25

1. LENNY BRUCE
2. RICHARD PRYOR
3. HOWARD STERN
4. ANDY KAUFMAN
5. SAM KINISON
6. GEORGE CARLIN
7. HUNTER S. THOMPSON
8. R. CRUMB
9. JOHN WATERS
10. MORT SAHL
11. CHRIS ROCK
12. TOM LEHRER
13. ROSEANNE BARR
14. BILL MAHER
15. DON IMUS
16. DICK GREGORY
17. MICHAEL MOORE
18. SANDRA BERNHARD
19. KEVIN SMITH
20. REDD FOX
21. LARRY DAVID
22. BILL HICKS
23. BART SIMPSON
24. CHEECH & CHONG
25. JOHN BELUSHI

AND FIVE WHO WILL NEVER BE OUTLAWS

1. YAKOV SMIRNOFF
2. JEFF FOXWORTHY
3. JUDY TENUTA
4. GALLAGHER
5. SINBAD



"I have to go, Veronica. Harold's PLAYBOY came today."



calvin
klein

"It's about sensuality and beauty. People are going to notice his presence. Our clothes are a little bit flashy but not over-the-top."

Fashion by Joseph De Acetis

the new

Nine leading designers take the challenge and reinterpret our vision of the 21st century man

"As with PLAYBOY, the history of Calvin Klein is about sensuality and sexiness. We're designing for a young guy—not in age but in mentality. He doesn't want to look uptight. He wants to look good and feel comfortable. These clothes are real but interesting at the same time," says Italo Zucchelli, men's design director. Above, Mr. Modernist is in wool pants (\$540), a sateen jacket (\$1,065), tuxedo shirt (\$628) and belt with square closure (\$256), all by Calvin Klein Collection. His sunglasses are by Calvin Klein Eyewear (\$170), and his shoes are by Calvin Klein Collection (\$315). His girl is in a dress by Binetti (\$500) and pumps by Calvin Klein Collection (\$400).

MVS CHAISE BY MAARTEN VAN SEVEREN AVAILABLE AT VITRA. CORTINA LAMP BY PABLO PARDO AVAILABLE AT DESIGN WITHIN REACH.

PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES



dolce &
gabbana

"The PLAYBOY man is demanding and cultured. He wants to be surprised by interesting clothes that are high quality and stylish."

Photography by Mick Rock

playboy

"We're thinking of a passionate, romantic provocateur with a strong personality and a deep sense of humor," say Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana. From left: Señor Passion is in a two-button suit (\$1,395) and shirt (\$295) by **Dolce & Gabbana**. His belt with silver buckle (\$340) and shoes (\$1,105) are by John Lobb. Monsieur Romantic is in a notch-lapel suit (\$1,395), shirt (\$295) and belt (\$290), all by **Dolce & Gabbana**. His shoes are by Johnston & Murphy (\$178). Herr Provocateur is in a peak-lapel suit (\$1,650), shirt (\$425), tie (\$115), eel-skin belt (\$240) and shoes, also eel, (\$675), all by **Dolce & Gabbana**.

111

versace

"I think the PLAYBOY man wears suits with a new respect. A suit can give an impression of strength and control that khakis cannot."



"After the business-casual trend of the past few years, I think men want to look tailored and strong again," says Donatella Versace. "So this fall I am returning to the classic elements of tailoring and menswear—but with an edge." She sharpens that edge in underground rock clubs. "Music has and always will serve as an inspiration for me. I have been lucky to have met some of the most amazingly talented musicians in the world, and I'm constantly looking for new talent." Above, at left, Mick wears a velvet suit (\$1,940), matching velvet vest (\$700) and silk tuxedo shirt (\$595), all by **Versace**. Keef is in a double-breasted wool pin-striped suit (\$2,000) and silk print shirt (\$925) by **Versace**. Their backstage Betty wears a silk halter dress by **Versace** (\$2,202) and shoes by Casadei (\$420). "For these looks I decided I wanted to move away from the black that I use so frequently," says Versace. "I used a deep purple for the silk-velvet tuxedo—it looks fresh and new for evening wear. Of course, there are also the usual Versace bright colors and patterns."

perry
ellis

"Touch makes the PLAYBOY man—there's a sexiness about him. When a girl grabs our clothes, they feel great. The hand is key."

"The PLAYBOY reader is confident and self-assured," says Perry Ellis creative director Jerry Kaye. "He's an individual who stands for what the modern man is today. There's a sex appeal and charisma to him. There's a relaxed ease about him, an elegance. When he walks into a room, he'll be noticed, but not for being flashy or in-your-face. It's about confidence, which is exactly what Perry Ellis is about. The intelligent, modern-thinking professional of today is the person we dress." Above, the butler checks on our guys. Mr. Black is in a cashmere turtleneck (\$275), velvet tuxedo jacket with shawl collar (\$324) and ivory velvet pants (\$225), all by Perry Ellis. Mr. White wears an ivory velvet dinner jacket (\$324), dark washed-denim jeans (\$80), cotton shirt (\$80) and silk jacquard tie (\$40), all by Perry Ellis. His shoes, by Johnston & Murphy (\$198), are moc-toe venetians in dark cherry Italian calf leather. "These looks have an easier attitude toward evening wear but are still sophisticated and dressed up. They can take you from a formal party or evening event to a casual dinner," says Kaye.



paul
la fontaine

"Today's PLAYBOY man is a career guy with a great social life. My mix of sportswear and tailored pieces takes him from work into the night."

LEATHER CHAIR AND OTTOMAN FROM CRATEANDBARREL.COM.



joseph abboud

"The 21st century PLAYBOY man is cooler than ever. But he's subtle about how he drops it on you. He's about substance, not flash."



john varvatos

"The PLAYBOY guy is interested in putting pieces, textures, patterns, colors and cuts together in his own way to create a personal style."

Opposite page: "I like to look chic but not like a poseur," says Paul La Fontaine, who draws much of his inspiration from his own jet-setting party lifestyle. "That's what my clothing expresses. It's about ease and versatility. It looks cool, it's wearable, and it's sexy. It's not classic, it's not fad fashion—it's just right." Lefty is in a suit (\$1,295) and shirt (\$195) by Paul La Fontaine. His shoes are by Fratelli Rossetti (\$395). Middy is in a velvet jacket (\$625), shirt (\$195) and bi-stretch wool pants (\$250), all by Paul La Fontaine. His shoes are by Fratelli Rossetti (\$425). Righty's in a one-button tux (\$1,450) and shirt (\$215) by Paul La Fontaine. Her dress is by Just Cavalli (\$695). This page, above: "Women love a well-dressed guy," says Joseph Abboud. "There's real sex appeal to substance. But we want a man to be comfortable when he's dressed up. The idea is for the suit to be fluid and sexy—a part of his wardrobe not limited to his nine-to-five routine." Mr. Suave is in a double-breasted suit (\$1,125), shirt (\$125) and wool-and-cashmere tie (\$98), all by Joseph Abboud Black Label. Joey Heisman is in a suit (\$995), shirt (\$125) and wool-and-cashmere tie (\$98), all by Joseph Abboud Black Label. Her dress is by Versace (\$1,930). This page, left: "Modern eclectic" is how John Varvatos describes his clothing. "The pieces in my collection provide guys with the elements to put together looks for any aspect of a well-heeled lifestyle. My designs allow men to wear these kinds of fashionable pieces in a very comfortable way." Our gentleman hunter is in a wool suit (\$1,495), cashmere sweater (\$425) and suede shoes (\$398), all by John Varvatos.



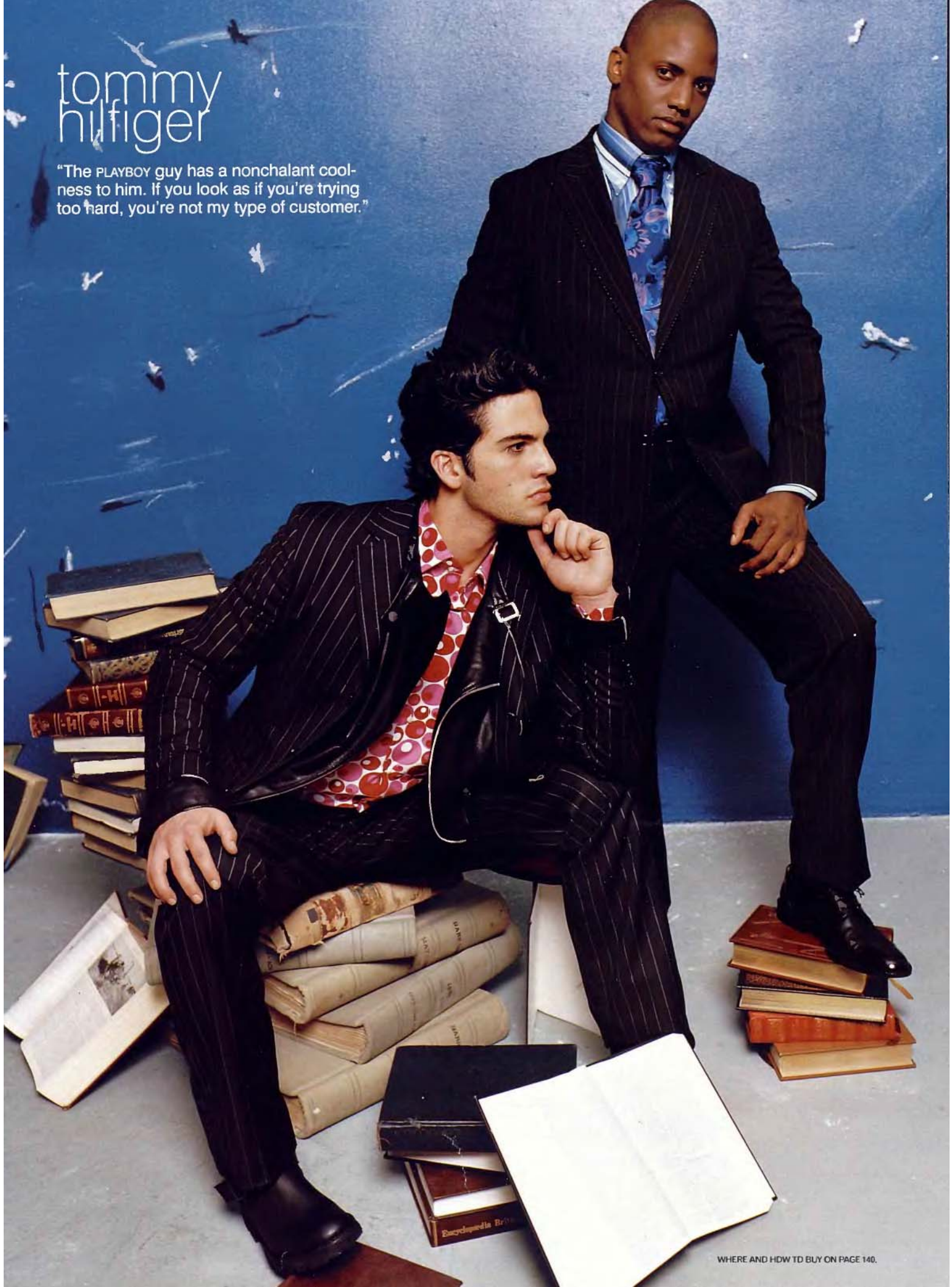
john richmond

"Quality is important. I want to make a statement in a sophisticated way, and that's reflected in the PLAYBOY reader."

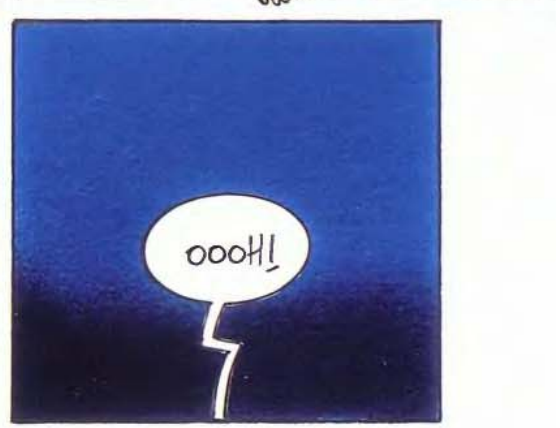
This page: "I discovered fashion through music," says John Richmond. "All the flamboyant people of music—Alice Cooper, David Bowie, Marc Bolan, then punk and the New Romantics. My generation—and younger generations—grew up fighting people who wore suits. Now we've all gone back to wearing suits. A suit jacket is a cool item in everyone's wardrobe. It's cool to wear one. It had to go through the period of being the antigarment, and now it's come back in." Suedehead, at left, is in a jacket with zipper detailing on the shoulder (\$1,380), trousers (\$575) and shirt with embroidery and beading (\$3,080), all by **John Richmond**. His boots are by Tommy Hilfiger (\$250). Brushcut's in a jacket with embroidery and beading (\$1,310), black trousers (\$690) and an embroidered T-shirt with beading (\$970), all by **John Richmond**. His boots (\$130), belt (\$39) and buckle (\$25) are by Harley-Davidson. Her jacket is by Gai Mattiolo (\$970). Opposite page: "The H line is about accessible luxury—for a man who loves life," explains Tommy Hilfiger. "He appreciates luxury and wants to wear a more elegant look without spending a fortune. He is likely well educated, perhaps a young executive on his way up. He loves to travel, loves sports and music and has an appreciation for fine cars, fine wine and fine dining. He likes the good life." The Thinker is in a pin-striped tropical-wool suit (\$595), printed shirt (\$98), leather moto jacket (\$595) and boots (\$250), all by **Tommy Hilfiger**. Here comes the book-stepper in a suit (\$595), striped shirt (\$90) and silk paisley tie (\$50), all by **Tommy Hilfiger**. His shoes are by Johnston & Murphy (\$178). "These suits are chameleonlike," Hilfiger says. "They are power suits in the daytime and cool suits in the evening. The fits are really important. And they have all the details, like the inside cell phone pocket. The lining is important, the construction of the suit is important, and the shoulder has to be right."

tommy
hilfiger

"The PLAYBOY guy has a nonchalant coolness to him. If you look as if you're trying too hard, you're not my type of customer."



Outdoor Activities



JUAN AVAREZ • JORGE

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX



*Peggy
McIntaggart*

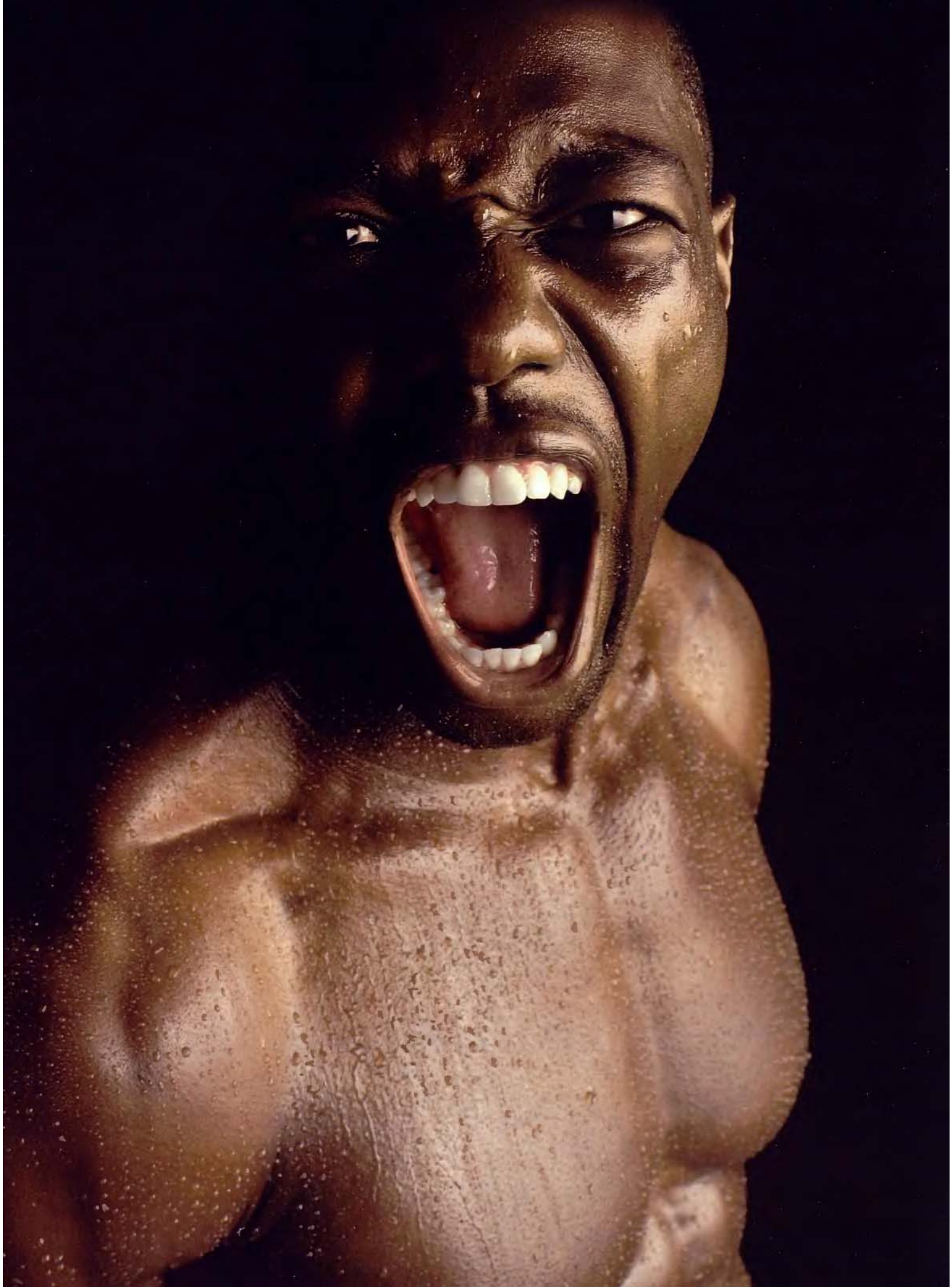
She likes men clean

Men don't groom or clean themselves the way women do, but they should. Women are as turned on by visual stimuli as men are. I am so turned off by body hair, especially if it's coming out of a man's shirt. I like it when a man's pubic hair is about half an inch in length and his testicles are completely shaved. Men shouldn't forget to pay attention to their nose hair, ear hair, eyebrows and toes. They should invest in a good toothbrush. And when a man gets a haircut, he should shave the hair on the back of his neck so he has a polished look. I've always thought about opening a salon divided into three parts: Pinky Cheeks for Women on one side, Puppy Groom for Men on the other and the Good-to-Go Martini Bar in between. That way everyone can get nice and clean, then meet for cocktails.

But she'll get dirty

Sex is 95 percent in the head. If I find a man who's open-minded, clean and in touch with his feminine side, there's no doubt we'd have mind-blowing sex regardless of his looks. Once I find the right guy, I treat him well. I'll dress up as a maid or a nurse or a nasty sex queen. I'll put red light-bulbs in my lamps, spray perfume in the air, light incense, turn on some sexy music and open a bottle of wine. I'll suck on his nipples, bite and chew on his ears while whispering sweet nothings to him, caress his testicles and take him in my mouth. Then I'll wrap a pearl bracelet around his penis. It adds another dimension to sex. I don't mind using a vibrator, either. Other times I feel like telling my man, "Don't work. Just lie there and let me please you. I'll eat you up. You can come and then just fall asleep."





Terrell Owens

The media doesn't like the opinionated Eagle's attitude, but he still lets loose—on and off the field

1

PLAYBOY: Even though you got your wish to be a Philadelphia Eagle, you didn't go as a free agent. Instead the San Francisco 49ers traded you to the Eagles after you complained about an initial trade to the Baltimore Ravens. Why didn't you fight the league for free agency and thus get a bigger signing bonus?

OWENS: It's not all about the money. I'm pretty sure I missed out on some money, but it's not that big of a deal. You can say the Eagles got me for cheap—and I didn't break any records as far as my contract is concerned—but it ain't no chump change. And they've got a quarterback in Donovan McNabb who I feel I can jell with.

2

PLAYBOY: What do you like best about playing for the Eagles?

OWENS: It's a brand-new start for me. People's perception of me has been tarnished by what the Bay Area media put out there. Dude, I'm a great guy. I'm a nice guy. What you see on the field is totally the opposite of what you see off the field. I wanted to get out of San Francisco two or three years ago. My coaches said, "T.O., it'll get better. You think you want to go somewhere else, but the grass is not always greener on the other side." Not only is the grass greener on the other side, but the uniform is greener, and I'm getting paid a lot more than what the 49ers were willing to pay me, so my bank account is greener. I'm happy where I am. I ain't looking back.

3

PLAYBOY: What gives an MVP quarterback like Peyton Manning the edge over a Donovan McNabb?

OWENS: Probably accuracy, which is something Donovan can improve on. That's not me putting a knock on

Donovan. It's not something nobody else has said. He has probably said there are things about my game that need improvement. Peyton is a general out there. Not to say Donovan isn't, but Peyton has put up some nice numbers and obviously has a good receiver to complement his skills as a QB.

4

PLAYBOY: What's your biggest weakness?

OWENS: Impatience. At times I just want the ball a high percentage of the time, but I know other players have to be involved for us to obtain the goal of winning a game or a championship. It's a team game, and I can't be selfish. But sometimes playing receiver you have to be selfish.

5

PLAYBOY: Some people have been upset with your creative touchdown celebrations, especially after the much publicized Sharpie incident, when you pulled a marking pen out of your sock and signed the ball after you scored.

OWENS: If you got pissed off about that, then obviously you have a problem within yourself; there are some personal issues there. And as for some of the comments made by the media, coaches and players, some of those people need to look in the mirror, because those guys aren't perfect. I'm pretty sure they've done some things that are probably equally or more embarrassing.

6

PLAYBOY: Which of last season's celebrations did you find more creative: Joe Horn's end-zone cell-phone call or Chad Johnson's DEAR NFL: PLEASE DON'T FINE ME AGAIN sign?

OWENS: Chad Johnson's. He knew what everybody was expecting, and he flipped the script, saying, "Please don't fine me." But Joe Horn was basically being a copycat; you can call him

Kinko's. Here you have a guy who went off about my thing with the Sharpie, saying he would never do anything like that, then he tries to top it. I thought the guy was cool with me. One minute people like you, the next minute they don't.

7

PLAYBOY: You played college ball at Tennessee-Chattanooga, which is not exactly a football powerhouse. Did the school at least have a decent party scene?

OWENS: That was the worst time of my life. There was no nightlife. I played football and basketball, and when I was on campus the parties were lame. As soon as we'd go on the road, guys would call and say, "Man, that party was hot." I figured it was just my luck that we were on the road. The best time I had was playing basketball. But as far as football and the nightlife in Chattanooga? Nothing.

8

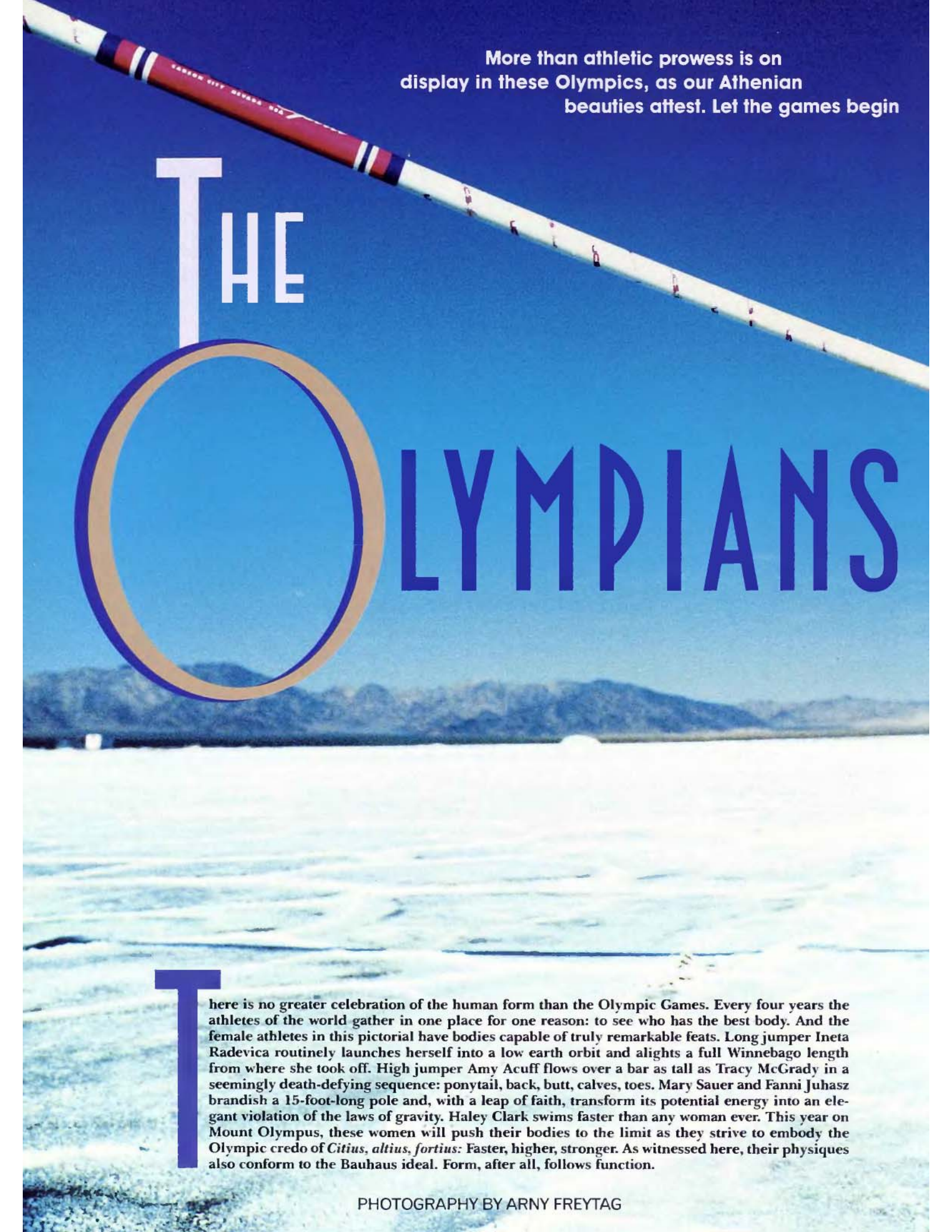
PLAYBOY: Peyton Manning's younger brother Eli took a page out of your book when he came out publicly and told the media he didn't want the San Diego Chargers to draft him—just as you insisted publicly that you would not play in Baltimore.

OWENS: That was a situation where he basically let his family dictate where he was going to go. My situation was a little different. I felt the 49ers were trying to take a right from me, and that wasn't going to fly. They were trying to strip me of my right to free agency. At first I was told I didn't have a case. Everybody said I was stuck in Baltimore. But all along I said I wasn't going to Baltimore. You look at the situation and see who came out on top.

9

PLAYBOY: Why not Baltimore?

OWENS: I understand the Ravens have a great defense. (concluded on page 166)



More than athletic prowess is on display in these Olympics, as our Athenian beauties attest. Let the games begin

THE OLYMPIANS

There is no greater celebration of the human form than the Olympic Games. Every four years the athletes of the world gather in one place for one reason: to see who has the best body. And the female athletes in this pictorial have bodies capable of truly remarkable feats. Long jumper Ineta Radevica routinely launches herself into a low earth orbit and alights a full Winnebago length from where she took off. High jumper Amy Acuff flows over a bar as tall as Tracy McGrady in a seemingly death-defying sequence: ponytail, back, butt, calves, toes. Mary Sauer and Fanni Juhasz brandish a 15-foot-long pole and, with a leap of faith, transform its potential energy into an elegant violation of the laws of gravity. Haley Clark swims faster than any woman ever. This year on Mount Olympus, these women will push their bodies to the limit as they strive to embody the Olympic credo of *Citius, altius, fortius*: Faster, higher, stronger. As witnessed here, their physiques also conform to the Bauhaus ideal. Form, after all, follows function.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



FANNI JUHASZ. Hungary, Pole Vault. HAVE YOU EVER BROKEN A POLE? Yeah. I did a really good jump, and the pole couldn't keep up with me. It kicked me on my elbow, and I had to get two stitches. My first coach told me, "A pole-vaulter isn't a pole-vaulter until she breaks a pole." **DO YOU HAVE ANY PRE-JUMP RITUALS?** When I get to the runway, I hold my pole. I look at the bar and say to myself, "You have to jump up there." **ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?** Kind of. I don't change the way I do my hair. I don't change into a different uniform. I put my socks on left foot first. Some with my shoes. But I try to think that it's just a regular day. **WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED IN AMERICA?** The bad words. I usually use a lot of the F word. When I use a bad word, my teammates tell people, "She's a foreigner; she doesn't know what she's talking about." So I can say pretty much whatever I want.





AMY ACUFF. United States, High Jump, two-time Olympian. WHAT SURPRISED YOU ABOUT LIFE IN THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE? One of the big misconceptions is that every athlete is 100 percent serious about being there. A number of athletes in the Village—people who know they don't have a chance—are there to have a party. **WHAT'S YOUR OLYMPIC FANTASY?** Jumping seven feet. Everyone dreams about doing something no one imagined was possible. **WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE A GOLD MEDAL OR A WORLD RECORD?** A world record. The Olympic champion is the person who was the best that day. The person who holds a world record is someone who broke a paradigm. **WHY DID YOU WEAR A FUR OUTFIT AT THE MILLROSE GAMES?** It was interesting to see people's reactions. I'm not doing brain surgery. I'm jumping over a stick.

ZHANNA BLOCK. Ukraine, 100 Meters, two-time Olympian. IN SCHOOL, WERE YOU THE FASTEST GIRL IN THE CLASS? Yes. I beat some boys. IN THE 2000 OLYMPICS YOU FINISHED FIFTH. HOW CLOSE WERE YOU TO A MEDAL? Two hundredths of a second. DO YOU STILL THINK ABOUT IT? Of course. Sometimes things don't go your way. DO YOU WEAR ANYTHING SPECIAL ON RACE DAY? I put a regular safety pin on the briefs part of my uniform for luck. That's what people do in my country. DO YOU WATCH AMERICAN TV? My husband and I watched *America's Next Top Model*, but only because one of the girls on the show lived in our building. We were interested in where she was going to end up. She came in fourth. She's actually pretty good-looking. BETTER LOOKING THAN YOU? She'd better be better looking than I am. I'm an athlete; she's a model.





INETA RADEVICA. Latvia, Triple Jump and Long Jump. **HOW WOULD YOU EXPLAIN THE TRIPLE JUMP TO SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER SEEN IT?** It's hard.

Sometimes I explain it to people by jumping around in the street. They probably think I'm crazy.

And I am. **WHAT'S YOUR BEST LONG-JUMP TIP?** Don't put on lotion before you jump. It causes the sand in the pit to stick to your skin.

IS THE IDEA TO GET YOUR BUTT OUT AS FAR AS YOU CAN? The butt is your center of gravity. If you want to go the farthest and the highest, it's the center of everything.

TELL US ABOUT LATVIA. There are lots of pretty women in the capital city. I don't understand why all the men of the world aren't in Riga. **WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE AMERICAN FAST-FOOD JOINT?** Burger King. A Whopper. Hold the pickles.





KATIE VERMEULEN.
Canada, 1,500 Meters.
IS RUNNING A CONTACT
SPORT? Oh yeah. The girls
are all fighting for position,
pushing and shoving. No one
wants to get boxed in. **WHAT**
IS THE WORST HIT YOU'VE
EVER TAKEN? I was passing
someone, and I got spiked by
her all the way up my leg. I
still have spike marks above
my knees. **DID YOU WIN?** I
did. I was like, "La-di-da,"
and then I looked down and
there was blood everywhere.
ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?
I had a pair of lucky pink
underwear when I was a kid.
DO YOU HAVE ANY LUCKY
UNDERWEAR NOW? We
don't wear underwear. We
wear bum huggers.



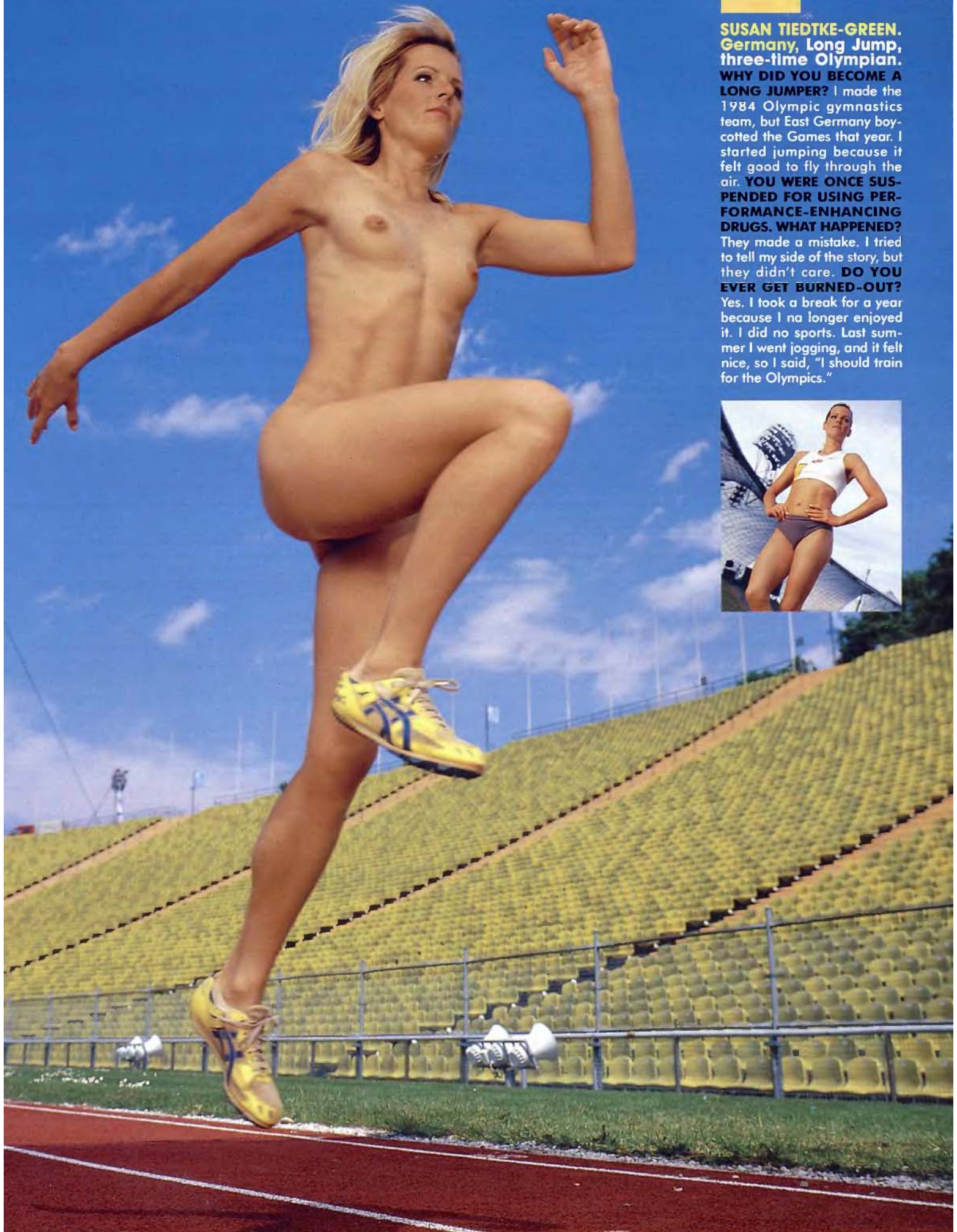


SUSAN TIEDTKE-GREEN.
Germany, Long Jump,
three-time Olympian.

WHY DID YOU BECOME A LONG JUMPER? I made the 1984 Olympic gymnastics team, but East Germany boycotted the Games that year. I started jumping because it felt good to fly through the air. **YOU WERE ONCE SUSPENDED FOR USING PERFORMANCE-ENHANCING DRUGS. WHAT HAPPENED?**

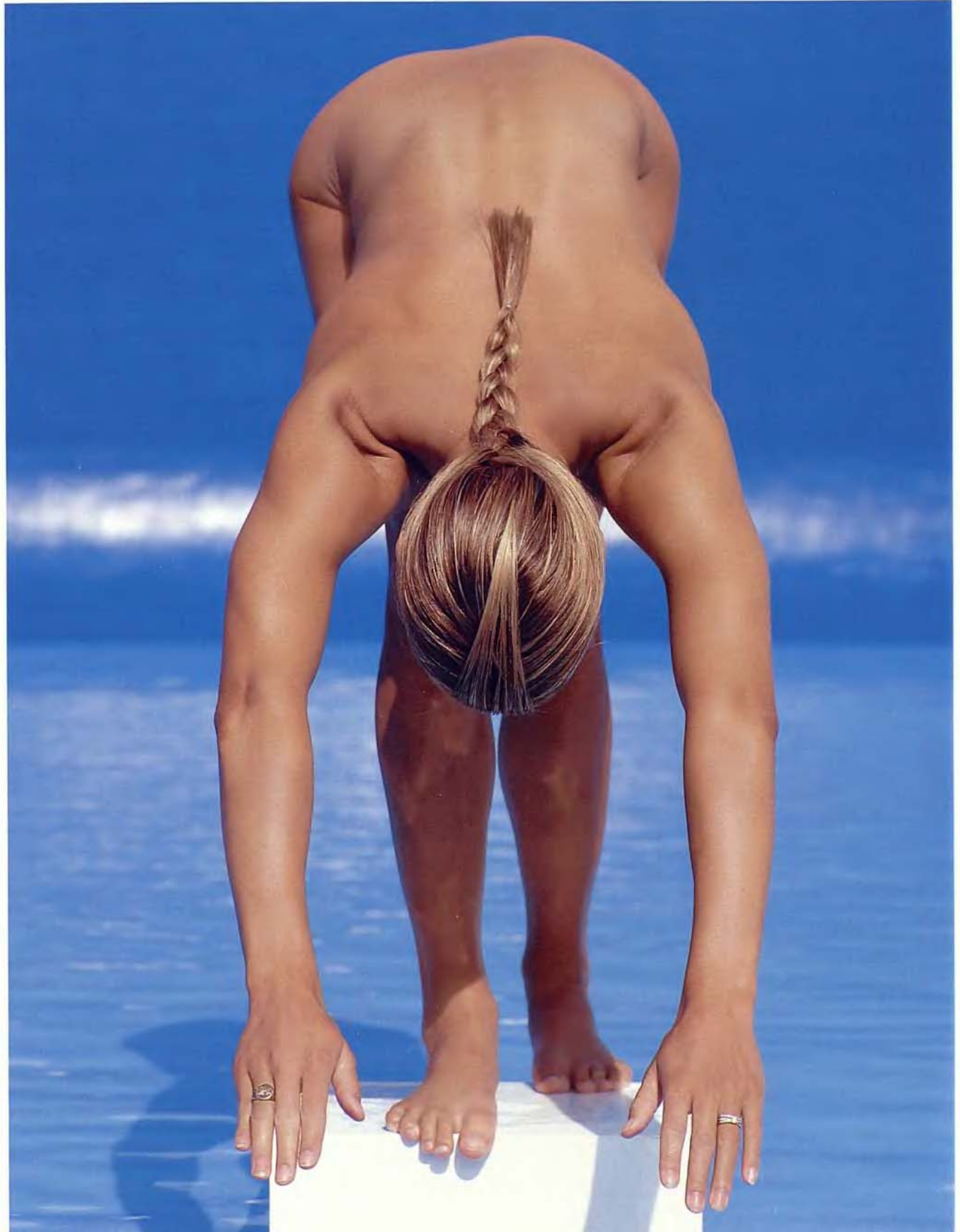
They made a mistake. I tried to tell my side of the story, but they didn't care. **DO YOU EVER GET BURNED-OUT?**

Yes. I took a break for a year because I no longer enjoyed it. I did no sports. Last summer I went jogging, and it felt nice, so I said, "I should train for the Olympics."





HALEY CLARK. United States, 100-Meter Backstroke, World Championship gold medalist and former world-record holder. TELL US ABOUT YOUR SWIMSUIT. It's designed to be fast. It's tight and difficult to get into. My swimsuit would fit my five-year-old sister. **HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO PUT IT ON?** I've got it down to five minutes. The first time took 20 minutes. You have to be dry. It's impossible if you're wet. **WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU RIP YOUR SUIT WHEN THE RACE IS ABOUT TO START?** You flash the timers and go. **WE HEAR YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU THE OLYMPIC NUDIST.** It's true. I don't walk through the door and strip, but I might point my nails naked. People aren't comfortable with themselves. I am. I'm a freak. I vote Republican, I worship Martho Stewart, and I don't mind being naked.







MARY SAUER. United States, Pole Vault. WHAT DON'T PEOPLE UNDERSTAND ABOUT THE POLE VAULT? They think we use only one pole in a competition. Most of the time I go through five poles because of the differences in stiffness. **WHEN DO YOU WANT A STIFF ONE?** You start off with a softer one, and then you work up to a stiffer one. **WHAT WOULD FREUD SAY ABOUT ALL OF THIS?** I don't think I want to know. Sometimes a pole is just a pole. **WHAT KIND OF HEIGHT DO YOU CLEAR?** Around 15 feet. And I'm afraid of heights. But when I pole-vault I can't tell how high in the air I am. I'll go driving down the freeway and see an overpass sign that reads CLEARANCE 14 FEET, 10 INCHES, and I think, Wow, I've jumped over that. **HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT JUMPING OVER, SAY, TRACTOR TRAILERS INSTEAD OF THE BAR?** When pole-vaulters get together, we all think about creative things that would attract more attention. We think the pole vault should be in the X Games. Maybe like pole-vaulting off the end of a pier. I think they did that in *Jackass: The Movie*. **HAVE YOU EVER HAD A JACKASS MOMENT?** In 2000 I broke a pole in a meet. The pole recoiled and hit me in the back of the head. I had to get six staples back there. They had to pick the fiberglass out of my head. Everyone was like, "That was cool!" Some guys have come down with the top part of the pole between their legs. That's the kind of stuff that happens.



See more at cyber.playboy.com.



Pigskin (continued from page 84)

If Florida coach Ron Zook fails to win 10 games this year, he'll be out of a job.

less aggressive, especially early in the year. Coach Larry Coker lost a couple of solid assistant coaches, which could shake things up.

Schedule: The season opener is against familiar foe Florida State, but the switch to the ACC will present new obstacles for the Canes, notably a road game at Virginia in November.

Prediction: 9-2

7. OKLAHOMA Last season: 12-2. The Sooners topped the polls for the first 15 weeks of the season and won the Big 12 South title before the bottom dropped out. A loss to Kansas State in the Big 12 championship game was followed by a loss to LSU in the Sugar Bowl with the national title at stake.

This season: Heisman Trophy-winning quarterback Jason White returns, which may be a mixed blessing. White is a capable signal caller but was far from the Sooners' best player. The team deserved as much credit for White's Heisman as White himself did. And while Oklahoma scored a school-record 601 points, the defense did most of the heavy lifting, constantly giving the ball to the offense in good field position. Wide receiver Mark Clayton will roll up huge numbers, and return man Antonio Perkins is a threat to score every time he touches the ball.

Weaknesses: You can't lose players like Tommie Harris and Teddy Lehman without a falloff. And late-season losses to Kansas State and LSU may have torn holes in Oklahoma's cloak of invincibility.

Schedule: Is this the year the Sooners lose to Texas? Other land mines: a trip to Kansas State in mid-October and a home game against Nebraska in November.

Prediction: 9-2

8. MICHIGAN Last season: 10-3, a Big 10 title and a 28-14 loss to USC in the Rose Bowl.

This season: The Wolverines caught a break when Braylon Edwards, Marlin Jackson and David Baas decided to stick around for their senior year. Edwards is a game breaker on offense, and Jackson is one of the nation's best defensive backs. Running back Chris Perry and quarterback John Navarre will be tough to replace. David Underwood could be Perry's successor, while Matt Gutierrez has the edge over Clay-

ton Richard to be Navarre's replacement. As usual, both lines have plenty of muscle, though defensive tackle Jeremy Van Alstyne injured a knee in spring practice and is out for the season. Gabe Watson and Larry Harrison will try to pick up the slack. Coach Lloyd Carr, who is 86-26 in his 10 years in Ann Arbor, has a good but not great team to work with.

Weaknesses: Quarterback and running back. And the loss of Van Alstyne leaves a hole in the defensive line.

Schedule: It could be worse. Notre Dame is down, and Wisconsin and Penn State aren't on the schedule. Beware the late-October game at Purdue.

Prediction: 9-2

9. CALIFORNIA Last season: 8-6. Cal capped its season with a shootout win over Virginia Tech in the Insight Bowl—the Bears' first bowl victory in 10 years.

This season: Cal appears to be second only to USC on the West Coast. Quarterback Aaron Rodgers has NFL scouts drooling, and Reggie Robertson is a solid backup. Running back J.J. Arrington led the conference in yards per carry (5.7), and Geoff McArthur and Jonathan Makonnen are exceptional wide receivers. Coach Jeff Tedford's defense returns nine starters, including tackle Lorenzo Alexander and all-conference rover back Donnie McCleskey.

Weaknesses: The defense gave up 49 points in Cal's bowl-game win.

Schedule: You wouldn't want to start your season with four road games in the first five, especially when that fifth game is at USC. It gets easier after that. If USC stumbles, Cal will have a shot at the Pac-10 title.

Prediction: 9-2

10. KANSAS STATE Last season: 11-4. The Wildcats beat Oklahoma in the Big 12 championship game but couldn't get past Ohio State in the Fiesta Bowl.

This season: Sophomore quarterback Dylan Meier is expected to replace three-year starter Ell Roberson. Often compared to former K. State quarterback Jonathan Beasley, Meier has good targets to throw to, especially at tight end. But can he get them the ball? The passing game could be suspect, but the rushing game won't be. Don't be surprised to see running back Darren

Sproles on the Heisman podium in December. The Wildcats' defense will be comparable to last year's unit, which finished sixth in the nation.

Weaknesses: If QB Meier fails to get the job done, coach Bill Snyder will have to turn to Indiana transfer Allen Webb or a freshman. A couple of the defensive backs are untested, but Snyder has always been able to fill holes with junior-college transfers.

Schedule: The nonconference schedule is cake, and the Wildcats leave the state of Kansas only three times (Texas A&M, Missouri and Colorado). The big tests are back-to-back games against Oklahoma and Nebraska in October.

Prediction: 9-2

11. NEBRASKA Last season: 10-3, which wasn't good enough for coach Frank Solich, who lost his job.

This season: Bill Callahan, who coached the Oakland Raiders for the past two years, brings a new look to Nebraska: Out with the option, in with the West Coast offense. The switch was made because Nebraska can no longer overpower opponents with its running game. Joe Dailey will be the first quarterback to benefit from the new pass-first philosophy. The offensive line, led by tackle Richie Incognito, is good enough to execute the blocking schemes, and tight end Matt Herian leads a talented corps of receivers. Now Dailey has to deliver. Defensively, the Huskers will once again be formidable, though holes have to be filled at linebacker.

Weaknesses: Success doesn't come easily to teams that adopt entirely new offensive philosophies.

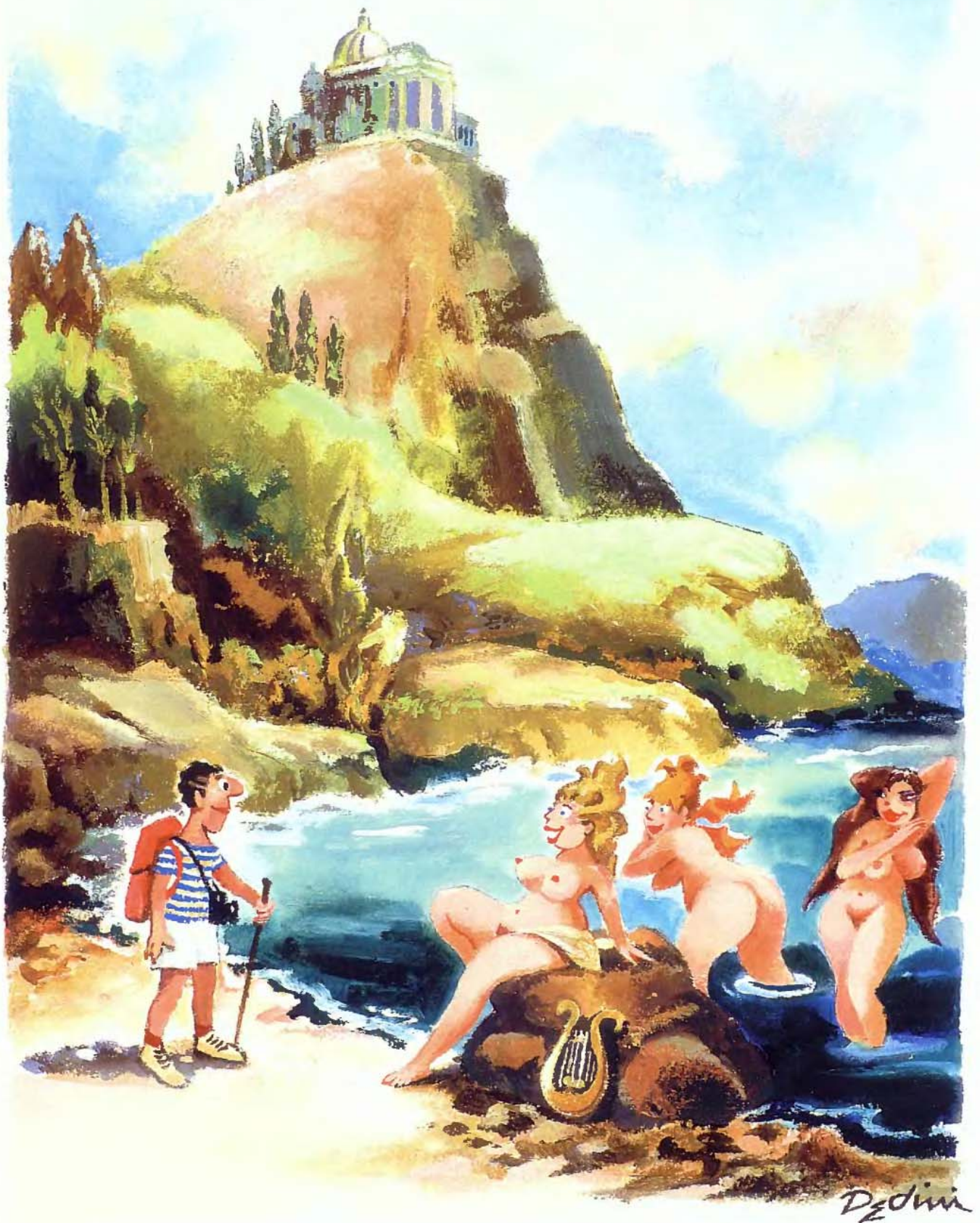
Schedule: The big tests are road games at Kansas State and Oklahoma.

Prediction: 9-2

12. FLORIDA Last season: 8-5. The Gators finished a respectable 6-2 in the SEC—including impressive wins over LSU and Georgia—but lost three nonconference games, including a 37-17 drubbing by Iowa in the Outback Bowl.

This season: If coach Ron Zook fails to win 10 games, he'll be out of a job. He has a lot of talent to work with. Quarterback Chris Leak, with a year of experience under his belt, could have a breakout season. Sophomore linebacker Channing Crowder, last year's SEC Defensive Freshman of the Year, is a big-time talent, and Zook can only hope he'll stay in school another season or two after this one. Travis Harris, who will switch from end to linebacker, may prove to be Florida's most improved defensive player.

Weaknesses: The Gators are notoriously inconsistent.



"Forget Mount Olympus...why not just mount us?!"

D'Edin

Schedule: A tad easier than last season's. The big ones are road games against Tennessee and Florida State, a home game against LSU and a neutral-site game versus Georgia.
Prediction: 8-3

13. MINNESOTA Last season: 10-3, including a 31-30 win over Oregon in the Sun Bowl. The Gophers' offense had a monster season, scoring a school-record 66 touchdowns and amassing more than 6,000 yards in total offense.

This season: Four-year starting quarterback Asad Abdul-Khaliq is gone, but most of Minnesota's offensive juggernaut is back. Running backs Marion Barber III and Laurence Maroney and four returning starters on the offensive line will put defenses on their heels. Bryan Cupito will take the snaps, and junior-college transfer Adam Ernst will be the backup.

Weaknesses: Coach Glen Mason hopes his defense will be just good enough to keep the offense on the field for most of the game.

Schedule: The nonconference schedule is more demanding than usual, with games against Toledo and at Colorado State. But the Gophers are fortunate not to have to play Ohio State or Purdue.
Prediction: 8-3

14. OHIO STATE Last season: 11-2. Defeated Kansas State (35-28) in the Fiesta Bowl.

This season: A big talent drain for the Buckeyes. The first challenge for coach Jim Tressel will be to find a quarterback among two redshirt sophomores (Justin Zwick and Troy Smith) and a freshman (Todd Boeckman). The job is up for grabs. Five other starting spots need to be filled on offense, along with seven on defense. The Buckeyes will sorely miss the pass rush of graduated defensive end Will Smith. Linebacker A.J. Hawk is a star-in-waiting.

Weaknesses: Ohio State always has talent in the wings, but the 13 depart-

ed starters will be tough to replace. Tressel needs one of his young quarterbacks to emerge if his team is to finish in the top 20.

Schedule: Wisconsin and Michigan visit

Brains and Brawn

Each year we select one extra player to be part of PLAYBOY's preseason All America team. The choice is based on a combination of athletic and academic performance. Nominated by their universities, candidates must have a minimum GPA of 3.0 and start on their team. The winner is invited to attend PLAYBOY's All America Weekend, and PLAYBOY contributes \$5,000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

Morgan Scalley of the University of Utah is this year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete. Scalley, a second-team Mountain West selection last season, plays free safety and returns kicks for the Utes. A mass-communications major with a minor in German, Scalley has a 3.96 GPA, following a perfect 4.0 last year.

Columbus. The tough road games are at Iowa and Michigan State.

Prediction: 8-3

15. VIRGINIA Last season: The Cavaliers finished 8-5 after many predicted a top-20 finish.

This season: Despite the loss of quarterback Matt Schaub, the top passer in school history, Virginia's offense is loaded. The entire offensive line is back, and Virginia has the best tight end in the nation in Heath Miller. The defense returns impact players as well, notably end Chris Canty and linebackers Ahmad Brooks and Darryl Blackstock.

Weaknesses: A team without a proven quarterback will always have doubters. Junior Marques Hagans has the most experience; it's his job to lose.

Schedule: The additions of Miami and Virginia Tech make the ACC tougher for everyone.

Prediction: 8-3

16. TENNESSEE Last season: In an up-and-down campaign, the Volunteers beat Florida and Miami but crashed in a 27-14 loss to Clemson in the Peach Bowl.

This season: The first order of business for coach Phillip Fulmer is to replace four-year starting quarterback Casey Clausen. Give the edge to C.J. Leak, with Clausen's younger brother, Rick, a close second. Tennessee's running game should be solid, with Michael Munoz, son of NFL Hall of Famer Anthony, creating the holes for Cedric Houston to run through. The Vols always seem to have good receivers, and with James Banks, Chris Hannon and Tony Brown, this year will be no different. The defense has linebacker talent in Kevin Burnett and Kevin Simon, as well as speed in the secondary, but stopping the run could be a struggle.

Weaknesses: Tennessee never quite lives up to expectations. Having to break in a new quarterback won't help.

Schedule: The Vols have their usual tough conference rivalry games, but they don't have to play ACC-bound Miami, replaced on the schedule by Notre Dame.

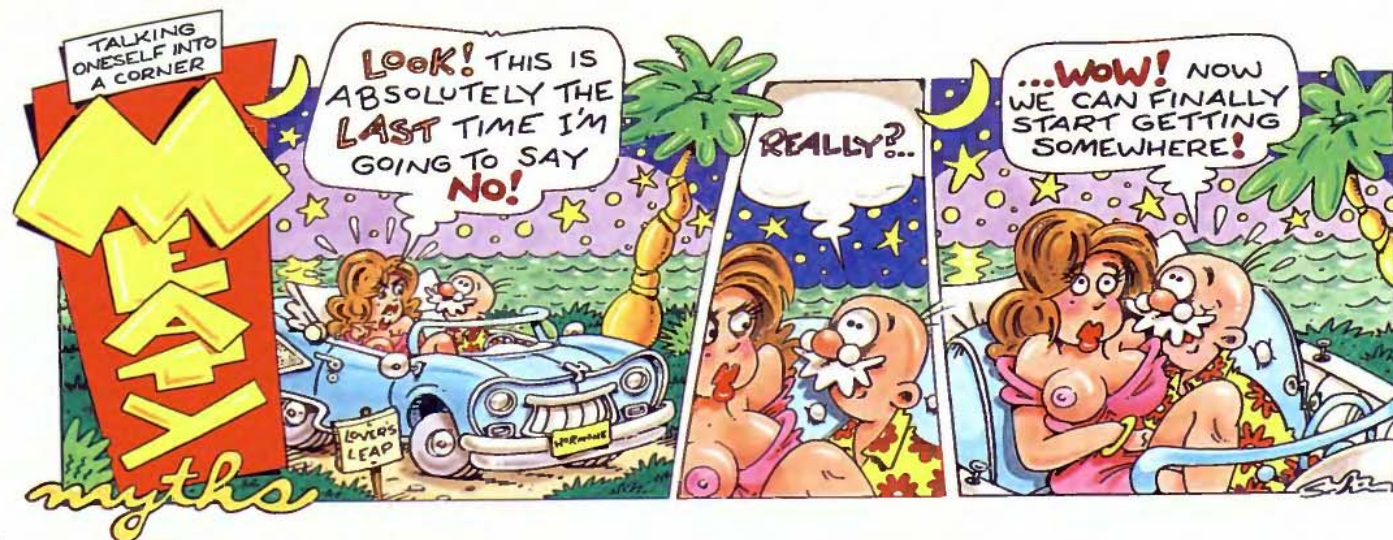
Prediction: 8-3

17. IOWA Last season: 10-3, including a 37-17 Outback Bowl win over Florida. No coach got more out of his talent than Kirk Ferentz.

This season: With the loss of the nation's best offensive lineman in Robert Gallery and the need to find a quarterback, one might expect Iowa to slip. But Ferentz has a knack for plugging players into slots with good results. Drew Tate is the leading contender to start at QB, while Jermelle Lewis will carry the load in the backfield. The defense, led by end Matt Roth and an excellent corps of linebackers, will keep Iowa in every game.

Weaknesses: Inexperience at quarterback and on the offensive line is a concern.

Schedule: The nonconference schedule is a breeze, but Iowa gets all the Big



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10 bad boys this time around.
Prediction: 8-3

18. TEXAS TECH Last season: 8-5, including a 38-14 win over Navy in the Houston Bowl.

This season: Yet another team looking for a quarterback. Senior Sonny Cumbie is the heir apparent to graduated B.J. Symons but could get a challenge from junior-college transfer Robert Johnson. Whoever takes the snaps will get good protection: Left tackle Daniel Loper is a 329-pound brick wall who last season helped shut down Tommie Harris and the vaunted Oklahoma defensive line, which had no sacks. Out of the backfield, Taurean Henderson is a threat running and receiving (78 receptions last year). The defense, which labored at times last season, should be improved. Adell Duckett led the conference in sacks (14) and tackles for losses (24.5). Free safety Vincent Meeks, who already has seven career interceptions, has been timed in the 40 at 4.19 seconds.

Weaknesses: The absence of an experienced quarterback.

Schedule: October will be scary, with games against Oklahoma, Nebraska, Texas and Kansas State.

Prediction: 8-3

19. MARYLAND Last season: 10-3. With 31 wins in the past three years, the Terps are fast becoming a football power. **This season:** Sophomore quarterback Joel Statham is still a work in progress, so coach Ralph Friedgen will emphasize the running game. And whoever carries the ball would be smart to run behind

massive guard C.J. Brooks, who is already good enough to play on Sundays. The defense needs to step up against high-powered offenses such as Florida State's. The Noles always pile on the points against the Terps.

Weaknesses: They seem to lack confidence on defense in big games and could use more speed in the secondary.

Schedule: No Miami, and Florida State travels to College Park. The relatively easy early schedule could get Maryland rolling.

Prediction: 8-3

20. TEXAS CHRISTIAN Last season: 11-2. TCU lost a shoot-out (34-31) to Boise State in the Fort Worth Bowl.

This season: Conference USA teams typically don't get much respect, but the Horned Frogs defeated nearly everyone they played last year and have excellent players returning, including quarterback Tye Gunn, defensive tackle Brandon Johnson and safety Marvin Godbolt. If Gunn gets injured, senior Brandon Hassell, who is 7-2 in his career as a starter, will be ready to step in. Coach Gary Patterson's multiple offensive formations are a headache for opposing coaches.

Weaknesses: TCU may have trouble with good rushing teams because of holes on the defensive line. The secondary also has questions, but new defensive coordinator Dick Bumpas thinks he has the answers.

Schedule: A little tougher than last year's, with games against Texas Tech and Northwestern, both bowl teams last season.

Prediction: 8-3

And five to watch:

VIRGINIA TECH Last season: 8-5. The Hokies lost to California (52-49) in the Insight Bowl.

This season: Coach Frank Beamer has two talented quarterbacks: Bryan Randall and Marcus Vick, brother of the Atlanta Falcons' Michael. It's nice to have a backup, particularly when Vick's eligibility is in doubt. Vick and two other Hokies got into trouble for some late-night partying with girls who turned out to be underage, and he could be out of favor with his coach. Randall is a seasoned passer with athletic ability and a good grasp of Beamer's offense.

Weaknesses: The offensive line and the secondary are of particular concern.

Schedule: Not bad once the Hokies get past the opener with USC in Washington, D.C. Maryland, North Carolina State and Virginia all have to come to Blacksburg, and Florida State isn't on the schedule.

Prediction: 8-4

WASHINGTON STATE Last season: 10-3, including a 28-20 win over Texas in the Holiday Bowl.

This season: Second-year coach Bill Doba has a rebuilding project on his hands. The offense returns four starters, the defense only two. Redshirt sophomore Josh Swogger and redshirt junior Chris Hurd will battle for the quarterback job. At six-foot-five and 238 pounds, Swogger has the physical tools to succeed, but can he make good decisions on the field? Bright spots on offense include the line, led by Calvin Armstrong and Sam Lightbody, and running back, where Chris Bruhn will excel. Will Derting, who switched from outside to middle linebacker, is an undersized but ferocious tackler reminiscent of Zach Thomas.

Weaknesses: Doba has a lot of talent, but the influx of new players will inevitably result in multiple miscues.

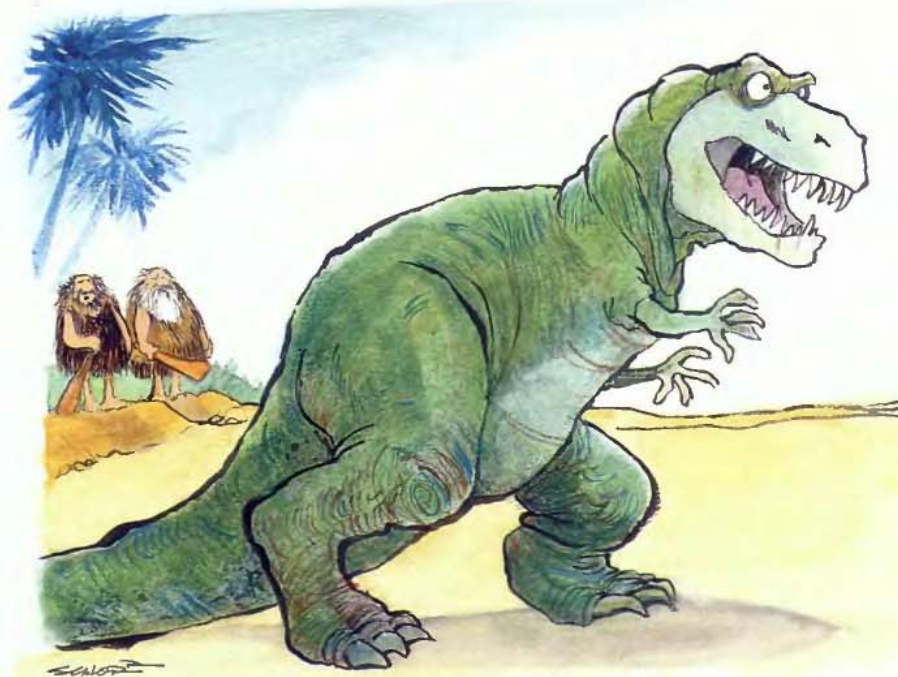
Schedule: Easier than last year's, with Oregon, USC and Washington all traveling to Pullman.

Prediction: 7-4

MISSOURI Last season: 8-5. The Tigers finished with a 27-14 loss to Arkansas in the Independence Bowl.

This season: Missouri loses seven starters on offense, but Brad Smith, one of the most dynamic quarterbacks in the nation, is back for his junior year—and he generates quite a bit of offense by himself. Coach Gary Pinkel will opt for more two-back sets, meaning power running should be an even bigger feature of this team's attack. Nine starters return on a deeper defense. For the first time in a while, Missouri thinks its talent approaches that of Kansas State and Nebraska.

Weaknesses: An inexperienced offensive line could have quarterback Smith



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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 34, 39-40, 76-79, 110-117, 169 and 172-173, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



THE NEW PLAYBOY
Pages 110-117: *Binetti*, 212-727-2031. *Calvin Klein*, available at Calvin Klein stores. *Casadei*, 212-765-6846. *Crate & Barrel*, crateandbarrel.com. *Design Within Reach*, 212-242-9449. *Dessa Gallery*, 212-260-5074. *Dolce & Gabbana*, dolcegabbana.it. *Fratelli Rossetti*, 212-888-5107. *Gai Mattiolo*, 212-246-6724. *Harley-Davidson*, harley-davidson.com. *John Lobb*, available at Neiman Marcus. *John Varvatos*, johnvarvatos.com. *Johnston & Murphy*, johnstonmurphy.com. *Joseph Abboud Black Label*, josephabboud.com. *Just Cavalli*, available at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas. *Paul La Fontaine*, available at Nordstrom. *Perry Ellis*, perryellis.com. *Tommy Hilfiger*, tommy.com. *Versace*, versace.com. *Vitra*, 212-929-3626.

GAMES

Page 34: *Electronic Arts*, ea.com. *ESPN*, espnvideogames.com. *Namco*, namco.com. *SCEA*, us.playstation.com. *Sega*, sega.com. *Ubisoft*, ubi.com. *Wired: OQO*, oqo.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 39-40: *Aston Martin*, local Aston Martin dealerships. *Dunton Hot Springs*, duntonhotsprings.com. *Estée Lauder*, esteelauder.com. *Hugo Boss Baldessarini*, baldessarini.com. *John Varvatos*, johnvarvatoscent.com. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, ferragamo.com. *Ultimate Ears*, ultimateears.com. *Yves Saint Laurent*, ysl.com.

LIQUID ROMANCE

Pages 76-79: *Al Ladd*, alladd.com. *Baccarat*, baccarat.fr. *Christofle*, christofle.com. *Davidoff*, davidoff.com. *Diamond Crown*, cigarfamily.com. *George T. Stagg*, binnys.com. *Janet Torelli*, martinipic.com. *Laguiole*, laguiole.com. *Plymouth Gin*, plymouthgin.com. *Riedel*, riedel.com. *S.T. Dupont*, st-dupont.com. *Bacardi Millennium*, *Caol Ila*, *Jim Beam Distillers' Masterpiece*, *Milagro Romance*, *Oban 32*, *Richard Hennessy* and *Xellent*, ask your liquor store to order.

ON THE SCENE

Page 169: *Motorola*, motorola.com. *Nokia*, nokia.com. *Samsung*, samsung.com. *Sony Ericsson*, sonyericsson.com.

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Page 172-173: *Alienware DHD*, alienware.com. *Blue Q*, blueq.com. *Ebonite*, ebonite.com. *Hide This Book*, available through local booksellers. *Naughty Knobs*, naughtyknobs.com. *Nike MP3Run by Philips*, nike-philips.com. *No More Bush thong*, shopkitson.com. *TaylorMade*, taylor-madegolf.com. *Waal's World Watch*, 888-350-8765.

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scrambling for his life instead of for touchdowns. If Smith were to go down with an injury, much of the spirit would be taken out of the offense.

Schedule: The Tigers should win their first five games. Then the going gets tougher, with games at Texas and Nebraska and a critical home date against Kansas State.

Prediction: 7-4

TOLEDO Last season: 8-4 behind a standout year from quarterback Bruce Gradkowski.

This season: The Rockets' passing game will be awesome. Gradkowski, a junior, is back after finishing second in the nation last season in completion percentage (71.2). He had 29 touchdown passes and only seven interceptions. Also returning is wide receiver Lance Moore, who topped the nation last year in receptions with 103 (1,194 yards). The offensive line returns some heavy hitters, including tackle Nick Kaczur, who looks to become a four-time All-MAC player.

Weaknesses: An ineffective defensive line lost all four starters. Maybe that's a good thing. There's decent talent at linebacker and in the secondary, but opposing offenses too often will have a first down by the time tacklers get to them.

Schedule: The toughest game is probably the opener at Minnesota.

Prediction: 8-3

UTAH Last season: 10-2.

This season: The Utes are one of the best-kept secrets in the country. Coach Urban Meyer coaxed 10 wins out of his team last year and returns an excellent signal caller in junior Alex Smith, good wide receivers and probably the best defense in the Mountain West Conference.

Weaknesses: There's no depth behind quarterback Smith, and with the graduation of Brandon Warfield, the team is without an established running back. A lack of offensive firepower could mean the defense will be on the field too much.

Schedule: The conference sets up nicely—most of the MWC powerhouses come to Salt Lake.

Prediction: 8-3

PLAYBOY has been selecting preseason All America football players for 47 years. Most of the time we get it right, but sometimes we miss a player, someone we later realize should have been a Playboy All American. We did so a few years ago with Pat Tillman, who played for Arizona State. Then again, we don't have a category for heart or courage. Without fanfare, without talk-show appearances, Tillman gave up a career in the NFL and took his hard-hitting mentality and love of country to the Army Rangers. He didn't have to go to Iraq and then to Afghanistan, where he made the ultimate sacrifice for his country. Thanks, Pat, for helping us understand what a real All American is.



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GOOGLE GUYS

(continued from page 60)

applies to websites. They refer to one another with links, a system that simulates referrals. The web is far more expansive and broad, however, so there must be refinements to the system. We have to look at who is doing the referring. It presents a new challenge: How do you decide the importance of the links on a site? We do it with mathematical formulas that go deeper and weigh many factors.

PAGE: That's a small part of how we actually link pages. It's very complex.

BRIN: We have to consider many other challenges. How do you deal with different words that refer to the same concept? How do you help people find websites in languages they understand? Can we translate pages for them? Google is all about getting the right information to people quickly, easily, cheaply—and for free. We serve the world—all countries, at least 100 different languages. It's a powerful service that most people probably couldn't have dreamed of 20 years ago. It's available to the rich, the poor, street children in Cambodia, stock traders on Wall Street—basically everybody. It's very democratic.

PLAYBOY: Tim Berners-Lee, who designed the World Wide Web, worried that commercial content would prevail on the Internet, pushing aside open and free conversation and information from individuals. Does Google have a bias toward commercial websites?

BRIN: One thing that's important to us is the distinction between advertising and pure search results. We make it clear when something is paid for. Our advertising is off to the side and in a couple of slots across the top. Ads are clearly marked. There's a clear, large wall between the objective search results and the ads, which have commercial influence. Other search engines don't necessarily distinguish. Beyond ads, with other search engines, payment affects the results. We think that's a slippery slope. At Google, the search results cannot be bought or paid for.

PLAYBOY: Will that distinction be protected after the IPO? What if your share-

holders push you to accept payment for better placement in search results?

BRIN: It doesn't make sense. Why don't you, as a magazine, accept payment for your articles? Why are advertisements clearly separate?

PLAYBOY: Our editorial content retains its credibility only if it isn't influenced by advertisers. If that line were unclear, our readers would rebel.

PAGE: There you go. It's no different for Google. People use Google because they trust us.

PLAYBOY: With search engines, however, the line between editorial content and advertisements may become less obvious than in magazines. As you note, some search engines do not clearly identify results that are paid for. How can users know the difference?

PAGE: It's a problem for us because some people assume we blur the distinction as well. But people are smart. They can distinguish pure results. We will continue to make it clear.

BRIN: It's an important issue, something people should be concerned about. We're dedicated to separating advertising and search results, and we want people to understand the distinction. The more awareness among the entire world's people about these questions—their ability to understand results that are tainted versus those that are not—the better. It's not enough for us to improve the search engine so it provides better results from more web pages; we must also protect it from people who attempt to manipulate the results. People try to find ways around our system, and we continue to work on the problem.

PLAYBOY: And yet an entire industry of optimizers seeks to influence Google search results. They claim they can help companies place higher in your rankings, but sometimes they resort to treachery. How do you counteract them?

BRIN: You have to distinguish among optimizers. Some do perfectly legitimate things—they're just trying to create informative sites.

PAGE: They help people find what they're looking for.

BRIN: But some people do surreptitious things. They try to influence the system.

PLAYBOY: What are some examples of new techniques people use to influence your search results?

BRIN: People send us web pages to review that are different from the ones they'll send to users. It's known as cloaking. They'll put stuff on their web pages that the user can't see—black-on-black text, for example. We consider that manipulative and work to combat it.

PLAYBOY: Playing cat and mouse like this, how can you be sure to stop them?

PAGE: We have a lot of people devoted to stopping them. We do a good job.

BRIN: People try new things all the time. By now, the people who succeed have to be very sophisticated. All the obvious or trivial things one might think of have been done many times, and we've dealt with them.

PAGE: It's going to get harder and harder to do these things. However, the benefits are obviously large, so some people will try to manipulate the results. Ultimately, it's not worth it. If you're spending time, trouble and money promoting your results, why not just buy advertising? We sell it, and it's effective. Use that instead. Advertising is more predictable and probably more effective.

PLAYBOY: Yet it may not carry the weight of a search that appears to be unaffected by money.

PAGE: Yes. So people will try, and we will continue to stop them. Eventually people may realize that it's more efficient just to pay to promote their things, if that's what they want to do.

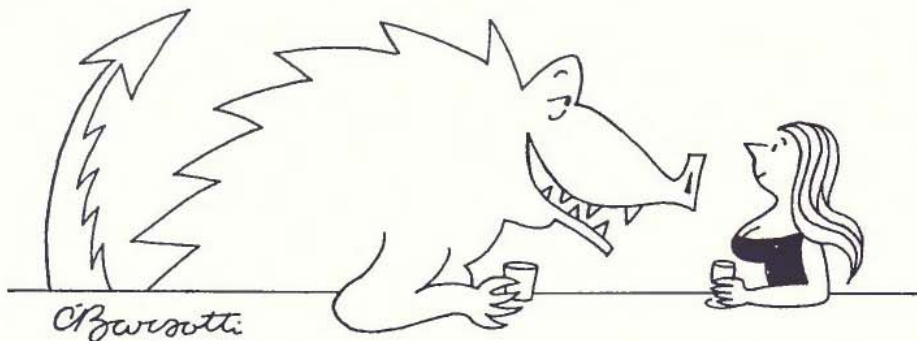
BRIN: That's absolutely true, because ads on Google work. We know that when people are looking for commercial things, they use the ads. They know they're ads and they know they're just commercial, yet they use them.

PLAYBOY: How do you fight Google bombing, a tactic some people use to manipulate search results by linking words? For instance, if they have their way, the query "world's dumbest man" might lead you to the White House web page.

BRIN: That's in a different category. We call it spam but not in the sense of e-mail. People try to make political statements using search results. They want to affect the results when you search for something obscure and specific, say "French military victories." They get tons of people to link the phrase to a website that pushes their political point of view. These queries are rare. The number of people interested in French military victories is tiny. There may be no other websites dedicated to that topic, so people create a page with the idea of controlling a message.

PAGE: People do it because it's like discovering fire: "We can affect the web!" Well, you are the web, so of course you can affect it.

BRIN: Typically Google bombs don't affect people looking for information.



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PAGE: They're more like entertainment.

PLAYBOY: How can you balance the more modest sites of nonprofits or consumer groups with those of enormous companies and industries? If we research a controversial topic, how can Google be certain to point us to sites that reflect both sides of an issue?

BRIN: I agree that diversity of sources is a desirable goal, and in fact the results naturally tend to be diverse. We do some simple things to increase the diversity. If you check almost any topic, you will get diverging viewpoints. Everyone on any side of an issue will typically complain, though. Environmentalists will say, "Why aren't you showing our results first?" An industrial group will say, "Why aren't you showing *our* results first?" They all want to be number one. We think it's good for us to encourage diverse viewpoints, and the search engine presents them. It happens naturally as a response to queries.

PLAYBOY: But don't companies with enormous budgets have the ability to pay for deep sites with lots of links and overwhelm the opposition?

PAGE: Actually, given the factors the search

engines take into consideration, opposition groups do well in search results. For example, environmental groups tend to be very active on the Internet. That's how they organize. They have good websites with a lot of activity. All of that is factored into the search results. Thus their sites will be prominent in the listings.

BRIN: Yes. On such a search, you would likely get the best environmental sites as well as the best sites representing the industry, for two sides of the issue. I'm sure there are counterexamples, and I'm sure we could do a better job.

PAGE: In general we're trying to use the web's self-organizing properties to decide which things to present. We don't want to be in the position of having to decide these things. We take the responsibility seriously. People depend on us.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've been criticized for caving to pressure from organizations that objected to some of your search results. In one famous case, the Church of Scientology pressured you to stop pointing out a website critical of it.

PAGE: That was more of a legal issue.

BRIN: The Scientologists made a copyright

claim against an anti-Scientology site. It had excerpts from some of their texts. The counter-Scientology site, Xenu.net, didn't file an appeal. It sort of folded. Consequently, we were forced to omit their results, but we explain what happened on the search. If things are missing from a search, we often link to websites that explain the controversies. So now, if you do a generic search on Scientology, you get a link to a site that discusses the legal aspects of why the anti-Scientology site isn't listed. In addition, this independent site links to the anti-Scientology site. As a result, if you search for Scientology, you will be armed with anti-Scientology material as well as pro-Scientology material.

PAGE: A Stanford University organization has volunteer lawyers posting complaints about cases like this related to web searches. We're able to link to this site. It's a nice compromise. In general, though, few things get removed in this way. It's not a practical problem.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond when the Chinese government blocked Google because your search engine pointed to sites it forbade, including Falun Gong and pro-democracy websites?

BRIN: China actually shut us down a couple of times.

PLAYBOY: Did you negotiate with the Chinese government to unblock your site?

BRIN: No. There was enough popular demand in China for our services—information, commerce and so forth—that the government re-enabled us.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever agreed to conditions set by the Chinese government?

BRIN: No, and China never demanded such things. However, other search engines have established local presences there and, as a price of doing so, offer severely restricted information. We have no sales team in China. Regardless, many Chinese Internet users rely on Google. To be fair to China, it never made any explicit demands regarding censoring material. That's not to say I'm happy about the policies of other portals that have established a presence there.

PLAYBOY: Which sites cooperate with Chinese government censors?

BRIN: I've heard various things, but I don't want to spread secondhand rumors. There is a Harvard site that lists what you can and can't get from different places around the world.

PAGE: Search for "censorship" and "Berkman" and you can get the website. [Editor's note: The website is at cyber.law.harvard.edu/home/.] It has some cool programs that automatically track what is and isn't available on the web.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you had to choose between compromising search results and being unavailable to millions of Chinese?

BRIN: There are difficult questions, difficult challenges. Sometimes the "Don't be evil" policy leads to many discussions



"I've decided to enter the public sector so I won't have to spend so much time with my family."

about what exactly is evil. One thing we know is that people can make better decisions with better information. Google is a useful tool in people's lives. There are extreme cases, we're told, when Google has saved people's lives.

PLAYBOY: How has Google saved lives?

BRIN: When people look up information in a life-threatening situation. Someone wrote that he was having chest pains and wasn't sure of the cause. He did a Google search, decided he was having a heart attack and called the hospital. He survived and wrote to us. To help in situations like that, Google has to be quick and correct. Other people have written us with similar stories. We get postcards and pictures of them with their family. Those are extremes, but there are countless other examples. People are helped with their careers. Students are helped when they study. It's a powerful tool.

PLAYBOY: When someone is having chest pains and searches the web for information about them, for example, it's essential that the information be correct. How does Google know about the veracity of a website's information?

BRIN: Similar to other media—books, magazines, whatever—you have to use judgment.

PLAYBOY: But isn't the Net, where anyone can put up a web page, more likely to have erroneous information?

BRIN: Yes. Joe Blow can write something in a few hours, post it and it's on the Net. It could be about neuroscience, and he may know nothing about neuroscience. More typical inaccuracies in other media are from out-of-date material. In both cases, you have to apply judgment. The Internet helps because you can quickly check a number of different sources. If I were seriously interested in something important to me, I wouldn't just click on the first search result, read it and take it as God's word.

PAGE: Which is a great thing about the Internet, because you can read information from many sources and decide. Libraries might have some of the information but probably not all—and not necessarily the most up-to-date.

PLAYBOY: Librarians must hate Google. Will you put them out of business?

BRIN: Actually, more and more librarians love Google. They use it. They do an excellent job helping people find answers on the Internet in addition to using their book collections. Finding information still requires skill. It's just that you can go much further now. Google is a tool for librarians just as it's a tool for anyone who wants to use it.

PLAYBOY: Much has been made of the fact that *Google* has now become a verb. When did you begin to fathom the scale of Google's success?

PAGE: I don't remember exactly. Pretty early on I saw a newspaper story about Googling dates. People were checking out who they were dating by Googling

them. I think it's a tremendous responsibility. If you think everybody is relying on us for information, you understand the responsibility. That's mostly what I feel. You have to take that very seriously.

PLAYBOY: Are you still surprised by the ways people use Google?

PAGE: We hear surprising stories all the time. The amazing thing is that we're part of people's daily lives, like brushing their teeth. It's just something they do throughout the day while working, buying things, deciding what to do after work and much more. Google has been accepted as part of people's lives. It's quite remarkable. Most people spend most of their time getting information, so maybe it's not a complete surprise that Google is successful.

PLAYBOY: Though you have cataloged 4 billion websites, there are more than 10 billion, and the number grows each day. Is it possible for Google to catch up and keep up?

PAGE: We have to. The increasing volume of information is just more opportunity to build better answers to questions. The more information you have, the better.

PLAYBOY: Yet more isn't necessarily better.

BRIN: Exactly. This is why it's a complex problem we're solving. You want access to as much as possible so you can discern what is most relevant and correct. The solution isn't to limit the information you receive. Ultimately you want to have the entire world's knowledge connected directly to your mind.

PLAYBOY: Is that what we have to look forward to?

BRIN: Well, maybe. I hope so. At least a version of that. We probably won't be looking up everything on a computer.

PLAYBOY: How will we use Google in the future?

BRIN: Probably in many new ways. We're already experimenting with some. You can call a phone number and say what you want to search for, and it will be pulled up. At this stage it's obviously just a toy, but it helps us understand how to develop future products.

PLAYBOY: Is your goal to have the entire world's knowledge connected directly to our minds?

BRIN: To get closer to that—as close as possible.

PLAYBOY: At some point doesn't the volume become overwhelming?

BRIN: Your mind is tremendously efficient at weighing an enormous amount of information. We want to make smarter search engines that do a lot of the work for us. The smarter we can make the search engine, the better. Where will it lead? Who knows? But it's credible to imagine a leap as great as that from hunting through library stacks to a Google session, when we leap from today's search engines to having the entirety of the world's information as just one of our thoughts.



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MACHINE

(continued from page 74)

Arbaugh, a University of Maryland professor of computer science who had been pressed into service as a test hacker, began tinkering with the server—which in a real election gathers all the votes from many polling places. Suddenly his jaw fell open: The server used a plain-text password instead of an encrypted one. Anyone eavesdropping on the server, which is easy, could discover it. “Once I had that, I could upload new results or additional votes. With the password, we were able to break into the server completely. ‘Owning the machine’ is what we call it. That could have been the server counting all the votes in a county or even an entire state.

“We were trying to think, Who is going to break into the system—teenagers or a well-funded organization?” he says. “We expected a well-funded organization. You can expect someone to throw \$100,000 at rigging an election. It’s not inconceivable.”

But some of the hacks were so simple

they cost nothing at all. It took Matt Bishop, a professor of computer science at the University of California at Davis and another member of the hacker team, to figure out that a mischief maker could shut down the machine by jerking out the wires behind it. “That wouldn’t erase the votes inside, but it would kill it for the rest of the day,” says Bishop. “The only way to fix it is to open it, which is typically illegal on Election Day. We call this a ‘denial of service’ attack, and it’s serious. Do this to enough machines and you shut down a polling station. If you know a particular precinct is likely to vote a certain way, you can disenfranchise it.”

Even without tampering or mishandling, touch-screen machines can malfunction. The iVotronic used in Miami holds results several ways: on a removable electronic ballot cartridge, in three independent memory banks and on a flash card similar to those found in digital cameras. Each backs up the other. At the end of an election, results from each of a poll’s machines are electronically gathered into an election server that

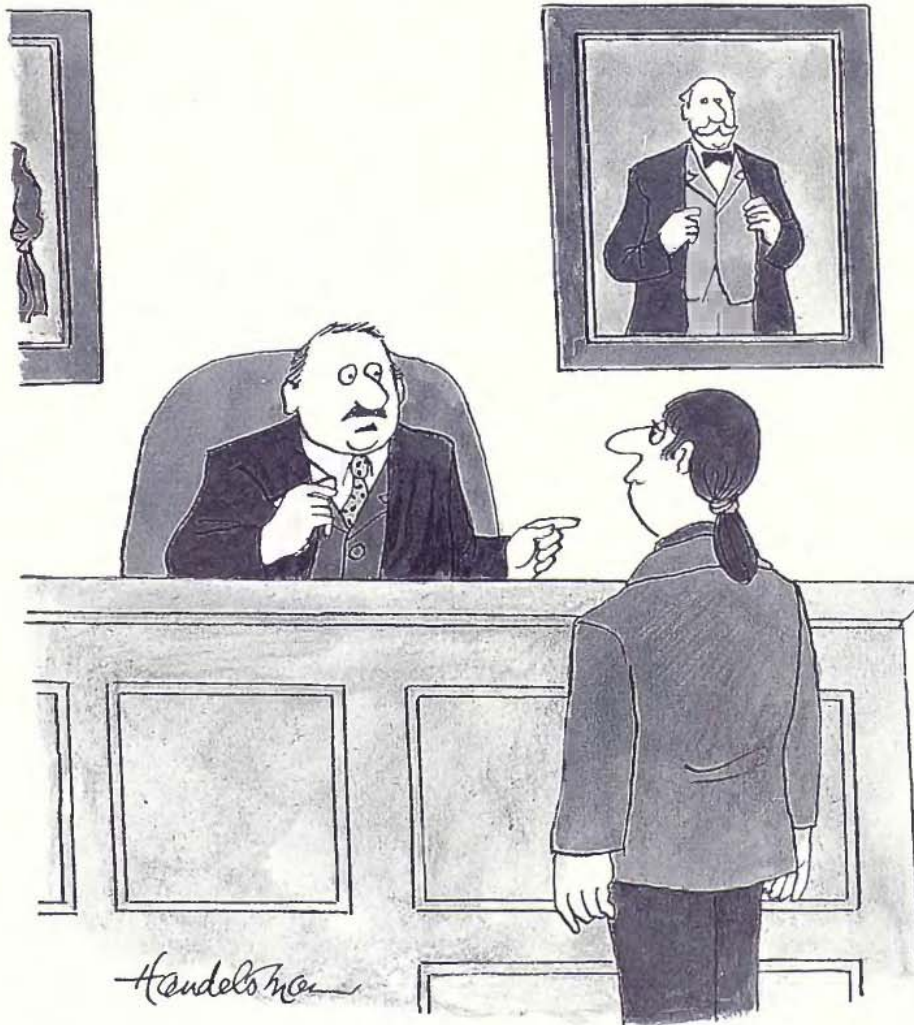
generates a “results tape”: a printout of all the votes. (Diebold and Sequoia machines have similar redundant recording systems.) Miami-Dade’s technology division audited a sampling of the ES&S machines used in 2002 and found that the records often didn’t agree. Certain machines didn’t show up on the results tape. Sometimes a machine that didn’t exist showed up on a zero tape. In one case, 38 votes kept mysteriously appearing and disappearing. The division director concluded that “there is/are a serious ‘bug’ in the program(s) that generate these reports, making the reports unusable for the purpose that we were considering (audit an election, recount an election and, if necessary, use these reports to certify an election).”

In May the state discovered that the flash-card backup didn’t work; thus every one of Miami-Dade’s 7,200 voting machines may have to be audited via laptop to verify results. “Right now we’re doing some time- and labor-intensive studies to see how long that will take,” Constance Kaplan, Miami-Dade’s new supervisor of elections, tells me on the phone. I suggest this may be one breakdown too many and remind her that County Commissioner Jimmy Morales remarked to the commission that the touch-screen machines could be like New Coke, one of the biggest marketing mistakes in history. “Coke said, ‘This is a mistake. Let’s pull the plug,’” Morales said, proposing that Miami-Dade do the same with the touch-screen machines. “I have an August election!” Kaplan says. “It would be very hard to change.” Then, in a whistling-past-the-graveyard tone, she says, “Our voters are comfortable with the technology.”

The full story of Miami-Dade’s catastrophic 2002 election is known by one man, David Leahy, supervisor of elections at the time. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore,” he says when I call him at his new job in the county manager’s office. “I’m not going to jeopardize my job. I don’t want to go on the unemployment line.” But Kaplan, his replacement, agrees to see me, so I drive out to west Miami to meet her. A big woman with a halo of stiff blonde hair and an American-flag pin on her caftan, Kaplan worked in the Chicago elections department from 1968 until last year. (When election-reform activists talk about her being brought in to clean up Miami elections, they invariably mention Chicago with a cynical roll of the eyes.) Among Kaplan’s office decorations is a big wooden ballot box of a type frequently tossed on election night—according to legend, at least—to the bottom of the Chicago River. She also has one of the audio-equipped iVotronics and invites me to try it.

“For English, press the up arrow,” it tells me. I press the up arrow.

“For English, press the up arrow,”



“Furthermore, this court does not take kindly to being addressed as ‘Dude.’”



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

Jamie Ireland



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it tells me again, so I press the up arrow again.

"For English, press the up arrow," it says a third time, at which point Kaplan's assistant shoves me aside, bangs on the iVotronic as if it were a pinball machine and gets it to work. Then I touch the screen in the box next to the fictional candidate of my choice; an X appears in it. I try to vote for two candidates and the machine flashes a warning that I can vote for only one. I press the flashing red VOTE button and the machine says my choice has been recorded, a vaguely unsatisfying climax for someone accustomed to the reassuring sound of a ballot card dropping into a box.

"I get high on democracy," Kaplan shouts across her desk.

The historically low levels of voter turnout don't strike her as all bad. "A lot of times apathy is acceptance," she booms. "When people are unhappy, they're more likely to vote." As for the new machines, she cites a *Miami Herald* poll that found that 70 percent of voters were confident their vote would be counted correctly. Of course, that means almost a third lack the most basic faith in U.S. democracy.

"A lot of people have bad feelings about what happened in 2000 and 2002," she says, taking a mint from the bowl on her desk. "Whatever we can do to address that is not going to make their anger go away." Since taking the position in July 2003, Kaplan has run about 30 small elections in the county without computer glitches, she says, and she is confident November will run smoothly. "The same people complaining now about touch-screen machines are the people who complained then about punch cards," she offers in a put-upon tone. "Those people who are concerned about computers are going to continue to be upset. There's nothing I can do about that."

It's true: All voting technologies have problems. Hand-counted paper ballots can be lost or forged. Ballot boxes are mislaid, stuffed or stolen. In an election in which one candidate has a commanding lead over another, a small rate of error doesn't matter. But with the country as politically riven as the U.S. has been since 2000, a minuscule irregularity can throw an election and send everybody to the barricades.

Michael Wertheimer, a former National Security Agency officer who ran the team of Maryland hackers, says that U.S. election officials, in their rush to electronic technology, have waded in over their heads. "You have customers—election officials—who don't know shit from Shinola about security, and vendors who are going to build only exactly what the customer wants, so nobody does anything about security," he says. Worse, he adds, there is no oversight of the process. "Fundamental infrastruc-

ture in this country is all regulated. We look to the Food and Drug Administration to keep our food safe, to the Federal Communications Commission to watch the airwaves, to the Federal Aviation Administration for air travel. For some reason, we don't do that for voting, which is the most important thing we do."

PAPER BALLOTS:

Activists are pushing for what they call a voter-verified paper ballot—a paper record of a voter's choices, which would spit out as soon as a voter finishes, like an ATM receipt. The voter could check to make sure the machine had recorded each choice correctly and, if so, could then drop the ballot into a box. In the event of a hairbreadth election, the backup paper ballots would serve for a recount. (To eliminate opportunities for tampering or box stuffing, the backup ballot could appear for verification behind a glass window and remain untouched by human fingers.) U.S. Representative Robert Wexler, a Democrat from Delray Beach, Florida, is suing the state to require such backup paper ballots. While it's true that hackers could make machines print a ballot that does not reflect the recorded vote, Wexler says such tampering could be detected. "We could sample some small percentage of the machines on election night and compare their recorded votes to the paper ballots," he tells me. "If they match up, we could declare the election clean. If they don't, we'd have to have a recount, and because the paper is what the voter verified, the paper ballots are the ones that would count."

The Help America Vote Act requires that all voting systems "produce a permanent paper record with a manual audit capacity" by 2006. But each state seems to be interpreting that directive in its own way. Several Florida legislators, for example, tried unsuccessfully in April to slip into an omnibus bill a provision that would have made manually recounting votes from touch-screen machines illegal. "There's really nothing to hand-count, since the machines don't use or produce paper ballots," one sponsor told the *Miami Herald*. This is exactly the reformers' point: Wexler and the activists are insisting that machines should produce voter-verified paper ballots so there will be something to hand-count. To clear up the ambiguity of the Help America Vote Act, U.S. senators Hillary Rodham Clinton of New York and Bob Graham of Florida, both Democrats, introduced a bill in March that would explicitly require all voting systems in the nation to generate backup paper ballots, but any such law is a long way off. Nevada is the only state that will have touch-screen machines with voter-verified paper ballots in November.

On election night 2002, County Manager Steve Shiver was manning the

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elections floor on the 17th story of the hulking Miami-Dade county building. Shiver was 36, the youngest-ever Miami-Dade county manager, a diehard Republican appointed by a Democratic county mayor. All day and night he'd been answering three phones at once, hearing reports of jammed machines, polling places that couldn't open and elderly poll workers who couldn't move the 56-pound iVotronic booths into place. At four in the morning, as he watched voting machines being returned, he realized some of them were missing. It was the last straw. Shiver turned to his elections supervisor, David Leahy, and told him that next time he wanted to take over the election himself.

The next time, when Governor Bush was reelected, came two months later, and Shiver threw everything he had at it, damn the expense. He drafted every county employee with the slightest computer experience to work the polls. He pressed the Miami-Dade police department into service to transport machines, maintain communications and keep order inside the polls—the first time anyone in Florida can remember the police running an election. Shiver had the machines booted up the night before and posted a policeman, earning overtime, outside each polling place until daybreak. The election cost the county \$12 million. (The entire budget of the elections department this year is a little more than \$11 million.) By all accounts the election went smoothly, and for Miguel De Grandy, the counsel for the iVotronic's manufacturer, it vindicated the machines. "We got unfairly bashed," he says. "I don't think anybody can say it's an ES&S problem if it works well with a huge expenditure."

Which is precisely the point. In the U.S. we don't devote huge expenditures to running elections. We do them on the cheap.

Maybe that's why California's secretary of state pulled the plug on touch-screen machines in May, specifically barring four big counties from using them at all this November and requiring 10 others to jump through hoops before they can bring theirs back on line. Is that good news? Could be. But it sends a signal to voters in states still using touch screens that their equipment is suspect and their votes are at risk. Having rushed into the arms of voting technology that is privately held, impossibly complicated and electronically dubious, the country is looking at another November nightmare. The man most often quoted among election-reform activists is that legendary champion of representative democracy Joseph Stalin: "Those who cast the votes decide nothing. Those who count the votes decide everything."



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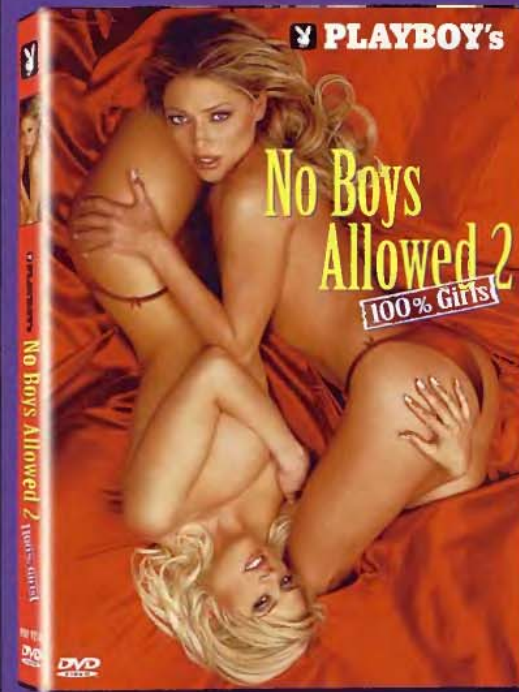
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OUTLAW HUMOR

(continued from page 108)

existence, popping up with movies such as *Dorm Daze* and *Van Wilder*.

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT

Long before Philip Roth became a man of letters, he was a very funny novelist who, when his hands weren't busy in his pants, whacked out hilarious stories on the typewriter. Nowhere is this better demonstrated than in *Portnoy's Complaint*, a novel in which sex-driven, sex-obsessed and sex-obsessed Alexander Portnoy bares his psyche and his soul, which America found greatly amusing. *American Pie* got its pie idea from Portnoy's defiling of the family calf's liver.

THE PRODUCERS

Today the tune "Springtime for Hitler" is about as shocking as a gay sex scene on HBO. But there was a time—1968, actually—when making a joke of a genocidal dictator who instigated a war that claimed more than 50 million lives was thought to be off-limits. Mel Brooks shattered the taboo with a swastika-draped parody of Broadway musicals, presenting Hitler as a demented hipster. Brooks also deserves recognition for the hilarious *Blazing Saddles*, though one can't help but think that most of the outrageous racial material was inspired by one of the film's co-writers, Richard Pryor.

RICHARD PRYOR

Pryor on interracial dating: "Don't ever marry a white woman in California. A lot of you sisters probably sayin', 'Don't marry a white woman anywhere, nigger. Shit! Why should you be happy?'" On the difference between how whites and blacks date: "Whites say, 'Good night, dear. Been a pleasure being with you.' Blacks say, 'Nigger spend \$34, somebody givin' up somethin'!" On the LAPD accidentally killing a black man with a choke hold: "Ah shit, he broke. Can you break a nigger? Is it okay? Let's check the manual. Yep, page eight, you can break a nigger." Following a wave of black comedians whose essential message was "I'm black, and I'm the same as you," Pryor broke through by proclaiming, "I'm black and I'm different." Pryor took on police harassment, drug use, crime and sexual attitudes between the races. "Ain't no niggers goin' to the moon, you know that. First of all, ain't no niggers qualified, so you all tell us. If niggers was hip, they'd help you all get to the moon. 'Hey, man, let's organize and help these white motherfuckers get to the moon so they leave us alone.'" Pryor's humor was honest, frank about taboo subjects such as sex, open about blacks' view of whites and blacks' view of themselves.

CHRIS ROCK

Rock is best when, as with his black-people-vs.-niggers routine, he's slamming

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black orthodoxies: "Niggers always want credit for some shit they're supposed to do. They'll brag about stuff a normal man just does. They'll say something like, 'Yeah, well, I take care of my kids.' You're supposed to, you dumb motherfucker! 'I ain't never been to jail.' Whaddaya want—a cookie?" Rock on single mothers: "It doesn't take a scientist to tell when you're going to have fucked-up kids. If a kid calls his grandmom Mommy and he calls his mama Pam, he's going to jail."

MORT SAHL

Despite his newspaper and crew-neck sweater, mild-mannered Sahl was the first of the outlaw comedians. Poised against a sea of guys in plaid jackets telling mother-in-law jokes, Sahl drew younger, hipper audiences with his wise-cracks about politics, trends and fads. His breakthrough joke was a slap at Senator Joe McCarthy ("Have you seen the Joe McCarthy jacket? It's like an Eisenhower jacket only it's got an extra flap that fits over the mouth"). He was an equal-opportunity satirist, taking shots at the golf-loving Eisenhower ("Ike was going to walk a little black girl to school in Little Rock by the hand, but he couldn't decide whether to use an overlapping grip") and at causes ("I'm for capital punishment. You've got to execute people. How else are they going to learn?"). Rants about the Warren Commission caused a career nosedive in the 1960s, but he continues to perform, his act now enriched by experience: "In the 1960s you had to be Jewish to get the girl; in the 1970s you had to be black to get the girl; in the 1980s you had to be a girl to get the girl. What's left?" (Mort was in fact married to PLAYBOY's Miss August 1964, China Lee.)

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

The idea alone was brilliant: Round up the funniest, most talented comedians from all over the place, give them a week to come up with material, turn a blind eye as some of them power-snort buckets of cocaine, then push them onto a live stage where the cameras are rolling. "Live from New York, it's *Saturday Night!*" Written by and starring many of the people (among them Anne Beatts, John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Michael O'Donoghue and Gilda Radner) who had made *National Lampoon's* magazines, albums and stage shows such successes, the program became an on-air clubhouse for that same spirit, though much watered down. Never as acidulous as *Lampoon*, *SNL* nevertheless acquired a reputation for danger just by poking fun at such fat targets as Gerald Ford's clumsiness and the false seriousness of television news, simply because nothing else on TV was doing anything like it.

THE SEX PISTOLS

The band that changed the face of rock and roll was instigated as a fashion-scene

joke by oily promoter Malcolm McLaren, whose gift is knowing how to stir things up. McLaren, who had briefly managed the New York Dolls, assembled a band largely from the hangers-on at his clothing store. Fronted by a sarcastic, unemployed rotter and anchored by a proto-loser "bass player," the Sex Pistols took to the stage, snarling and making a racket. Never mind that they weren't good at playing their instruments: The band signed with a major label. They released the album *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*, with the singles "Anarchy in the U.K." and "God Save the Queen" ("God save the queen, / The fascist regime"). The Pistols didn't last long, but their legacy was enormous, as evidenced by countless neo-punk emulators, most of whom, sadly, never got the joke.

SICK, SICK, SICK

Jules Feiffer's cartoon strip, which first appeared in *The Village Voice* in 1956, dealt with nuclear apocalypse and racial intolerance, as well as sexual inadequacies, romantic anxieties and all matters in between. Feiffer's humor was often ironic or absurdist, leading to the sort of mordant jokes that invited less than hip audience members to say, "That's sick!" Hence the strip's original name, which was applied to many young humorists, including Lenny Bruce. Feiffer was one of the few who made his weird humor work in mainstream movies. *Carnal Knowledge*, which starred Jack Nicholson, was his vicious—and funny—look at dysfunctional relationships between the sexes, a cynical view best described by a line Feiffer cut from the script: "Boys begin life not liking girls. Later they don't change; they just get horny."

THE SIMPSONS

It's hard to think that a show can be outlaw when ancillary products bearing the leading characters' likenesses are found in so many of the world's emporia. Yet is there a better word to describe a program that, in its good-natured but merciless way, makes such devastating fun of parenthood, business, industry, government, religion, education, the law, science, progress, Habitat for Humanity and old rock stars—to name just a few of the institutions the show has found less than sacred? And by the way, a little gossip: Smithers is as gay as a tree full of birds. You didn't hear it from us.

KEVIN SMITH

He earned his place on this list with *Dogma* (1999), a pro-God, pro-faith film that managed to outrage conservatives by suggesting that an abortionist might be a relative of Christ, a stripper might be a kind of angel, a 13th apostle might be a malcontent, and Alanis Morissette (and presumably not Eric Clapton) might be God. Catholics groused, and Disney, parent company of the distributor Miramax, forbade Miramax to back it. But the film



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came out, and militant godsters were later rewarded with *The Passion of the Christ*. Now Smith is signing on to hawk products in TV ads and make mainstream films. Hey, even outlaws have to eat.

SOUTH PARK

Is it funny to kill a tiny, near-mute child? Maybe not the first time, but by the 16th go-round it kind of brings a warm chuckle. Matt Stone and Trey Parker's daringly low-tech animated series about gutterhead fourth-graders in a dysfunctional Colorado town has a good time picking on fat, juicy targets, including the hypocrisy of Americans' attitudes toward race, violence, religion, homosexuality, environmentalism and especially the entertainment media. As one critic put it, "Kids these days say the darnedest fucking things." Stone and Parker's

magnum opus is the feature film *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut*, the most inspired moment of which casts Satan as Saddam Hussein's lovesick boyfriend.

HOWARD STERN

The King of All Media built his empire on Lesbian Dial-a-Date, Stuttering John and songs about queefs. But now he's defending his domain against an assault from federal bluenoses and craven corporate moralists. The secret of his success: allowing the uncensored voice inside each of our heads—which in his case is cleverer, meaner and more incautious—to escape. It's little wonder Stern has had limited luck on television; his humor is cerebral and verbal and, apart from the strippers undressing, not particularly visual. Stern's ideas spring straight from the id, which has

certainly helped him become America's pioneer in radio sexuality. Not bad for a guy who claims to be "hung like an acorn."

HUNTER S. THOMPSON

In 1971, with the hippy-dippy 1960s in full retreat, drugs were no laughing matter. With a meandering tale of an easily distracted sportswriter, Thompson rectified that perception. "We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the drugs began to take hold," begins *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. "I remember saying something like 'I feel a bit lightheaded; maybe you should drive.' And suddenly there was a terrible roar all around, and the sky was full of what looked like huge bats, all swooping and screeching and diving around the car, which was going about a hundred miles an hour with the top down to Las Vegas. And a voice was screaming: 'Holy Jesus! What are all these goddamn animals?'"

WAG THE DOG

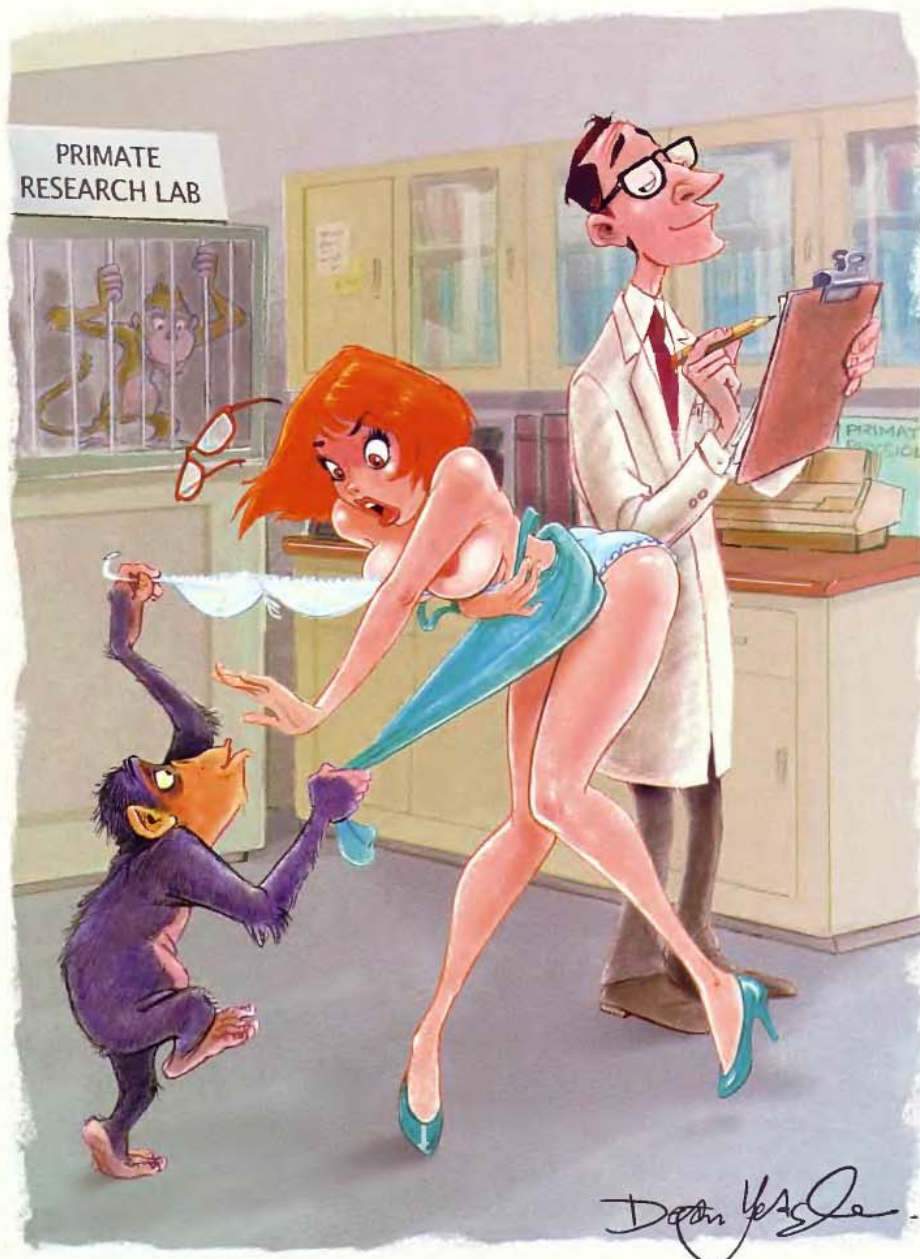
How frustrating is it to be a satirist? In 1997 Barry Levinson made a smart, sly movie about a president who starts a war to distract the country from his sexual peccadilloes. Not a year later our president bombed a terrorist base, and many people believed he did it to distract the country from his sexual peccadilloes. Here's the punch line: Many of those who thought that at the time now say he should have done more to fight terrorists.

JOHN WATERS

Waters's camp films earned him the title the Pope of Trash from no less an authority than William S. Burroughs. (He's also been called the Prince of Puke.) *Pink Flamingos*, for example, tells the story of Babs Johnson (played by Waters's muse, the big-and-tall transvestite Divine) and how two jealous perverts (as the script calls them) try to steal her Filthiest Person Alive title by sending her a turd in the mail and burning down her trailer. *Pink Flamingos* ends with one of the most edifying scenes in film history, in which Divine eats a fresh piece of dogend off the sidewalk. Says Waters, "I'm not interested in using sex to turn people on. If anything I use it to make people laugh. I mean, has anyone ever masturbated to a John Waters movie? I doubt it. If they have, they probably need help."

WILL & GRACE

God bless American prime-time TV planners: It took them 50 years to figure out that neurotic gay men are the funniest people on the planet. And nothing subverts like success: All but the most ignorant viewers embraced quick-witted queers Will Truman and Jack McFarland, whose innuendo-laden exchanges make the banter on *Friends* sound like study tapes for third-year dorkese.



Dean Cain



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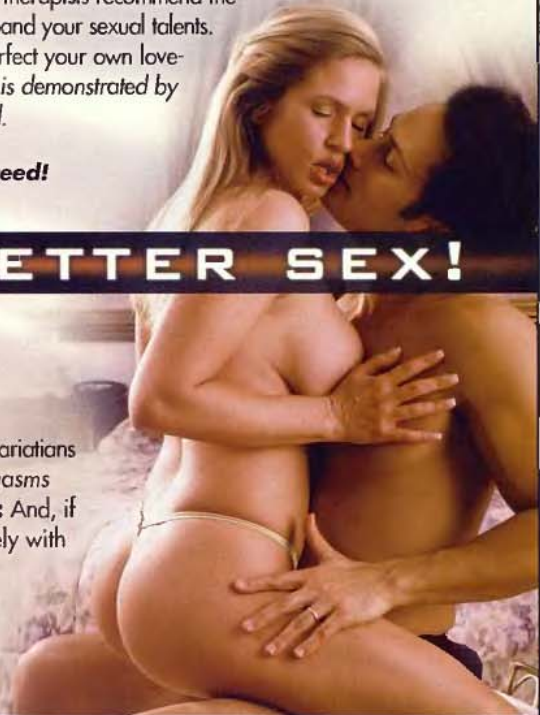
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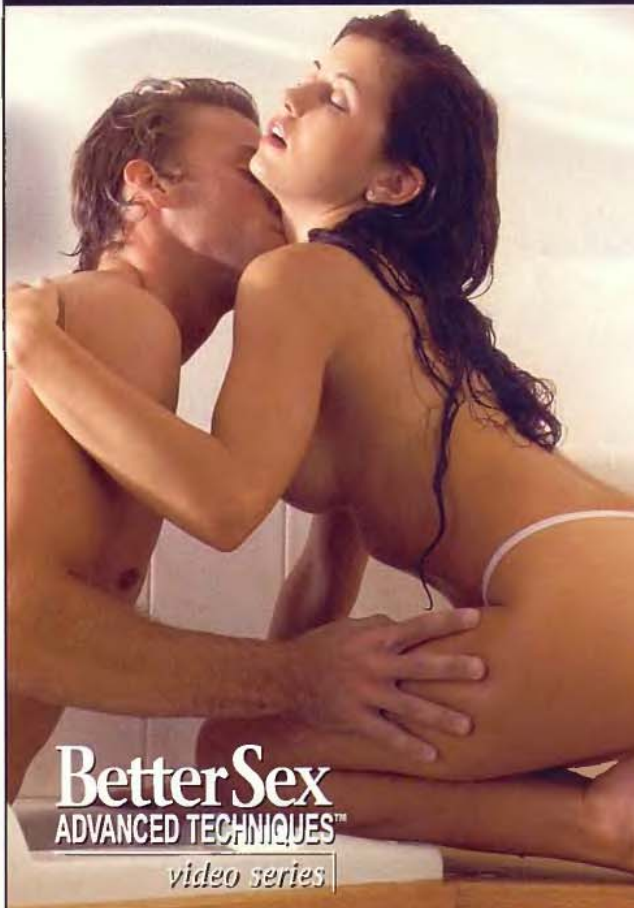
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DREAMS (continued from page 88)

He stands pressed into a corner watching his father, a brown wooden man on the barber's wooden stool.

weapon, for instance. And words, his unreliable weapon of choice, wouldn't suffice in this crisis either. Wouldn't buy more time. Or finish his father's time. Yet a word, *hemlock*, popped into his mind, clarified options. A quick, lethal dose of poison no doubt the most efficient, practical means of accomplishing the dirty work. Hemlock—shorthand for his plan, code word for whatever poison he might procure. Hemlock certainly sounded nicer than strychnine, anthrax, arsenic, cyanide, Zyklon B, poisons he associated with murder mysteries, pest exterminators, concentration camps. After repeating it to himself many times, the word took on a life of its own: hemlock, a cute, sleepy-eyed little turtle. Hemlock finally because it reminded him of a painting.

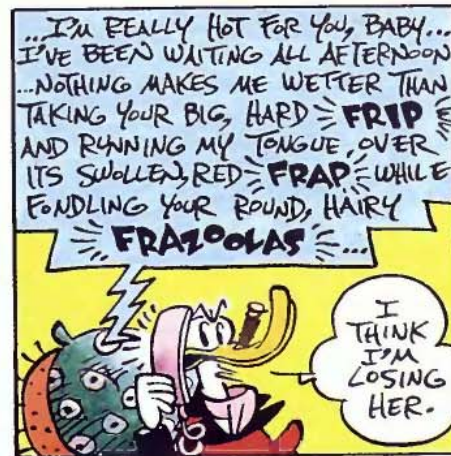
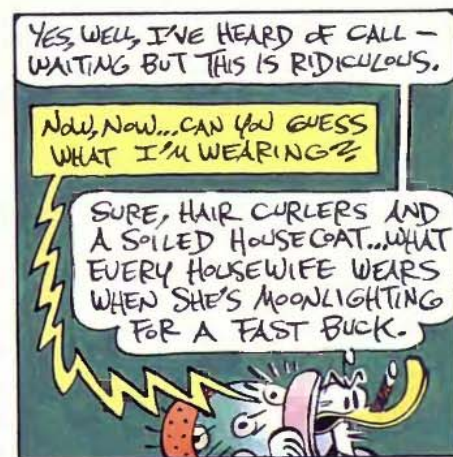
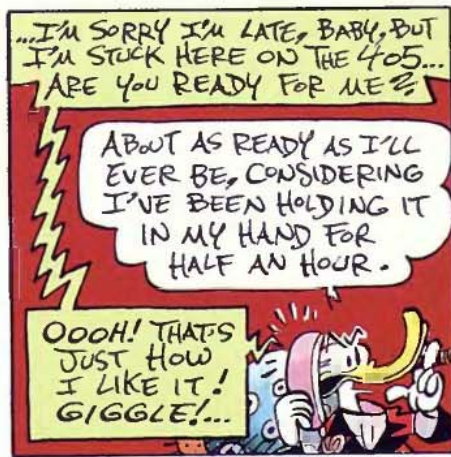
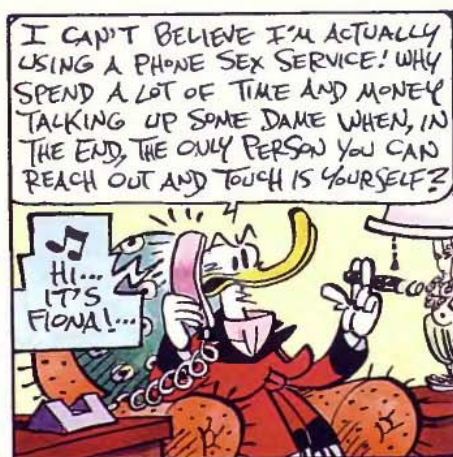
During its first year, when the veterans' hospital was overstaffed and under-

used, only a small group of patients occupied the locked-down seventh-floor ward. Walking the brand-new halls with his father, he'd been reassured without realizing it by an illusion of spaciousness and tranquility some clever architect had contrived with high ceilings, tall windows, gleaming floor tiles, unadorned walls like a gallery stripped for the next exhibition. Almost as if he strolled with his father through that familiar classic painting, the one whose title he couldn't recall then or now, the academy of so-and-so at somewhere, he thinks, remembering a slide from a college survey of art, philosophers in togas, their elegant postures, serious demeanors, a marble dome, sky-roofed arcades. A scene, said the voice-over, embodying intricate thought, calm speculation, the slow, careful accumulation of beads of truth on invisible threads connecting Socrates

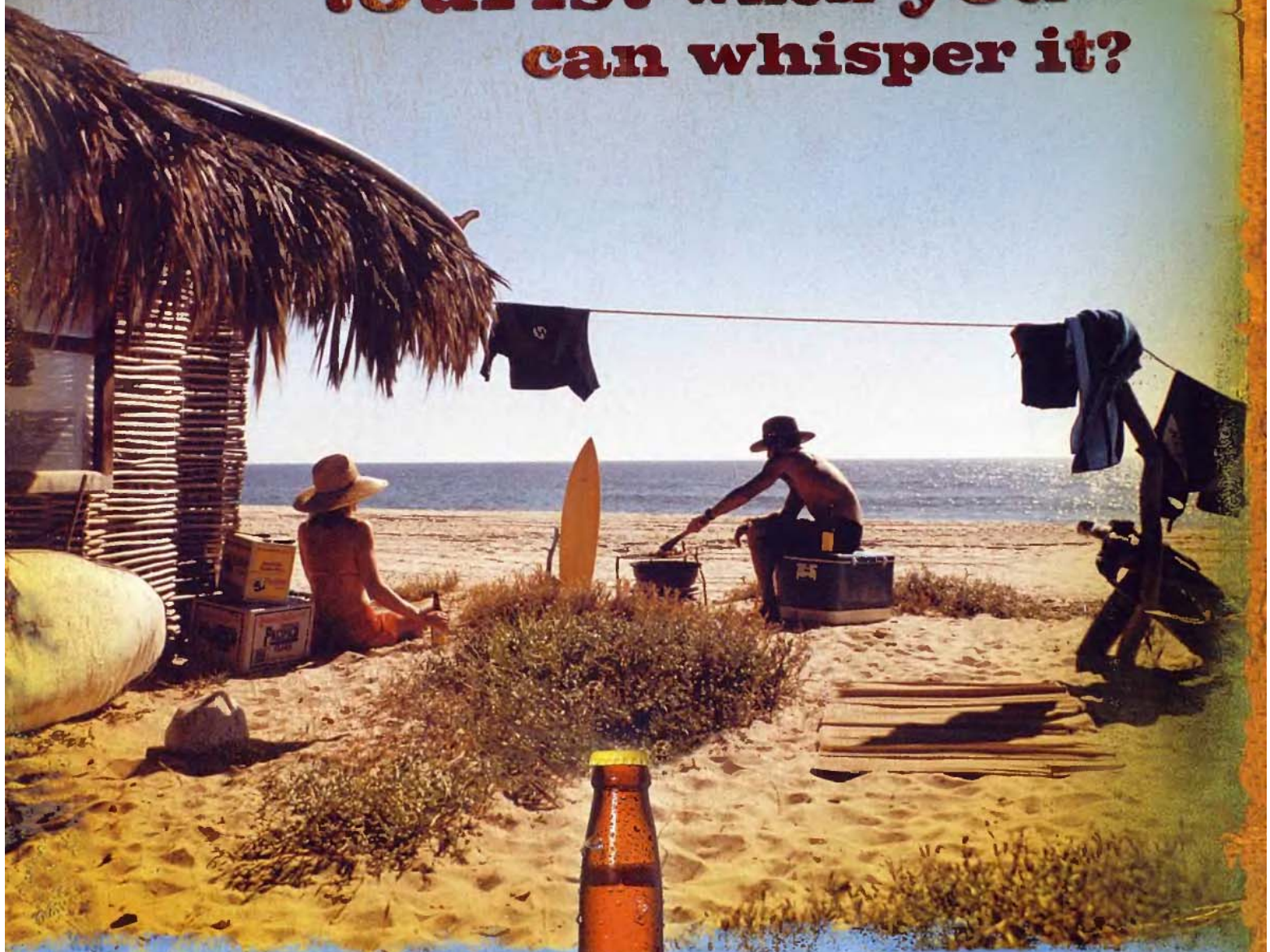
to Plato, Plato to Aristotle, Aristotle to Virgil or Dante or the pope, whomever these bearded, antique figures populating the painting were supposed to depict, wherever the idyllic version of Greece or Rome was supposed to exist, living and dead in earnest conversation. Maybe it's heaven, the strollers immortals. Maybe he had needed to flee that far away from the nearly empty spic-and-span scrubbed corridors to feel then what he wishes he could feel again—the peace, false or not, the comforting appearance of order and safety impossible today beside his father in a traffic jam of shuffling, drugged, dull-eyed, muttering men in aqua pajamas, father and son slowly shuffling back and forth along corridors where windows begin above their shoulders and ascend, giant glass panels cloning light but allowing no one to see in, no one to see out.

Did the building in the painting have a basement, underground kennels the artist chose not to include. Where were the people who clean and polish the marble. Where were the sick and dying. The maimed in body and spirit. Where were the good citizens with brown faces who look like us, Daddy, who are

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doomed like us, Daddy.

Are dreams faster than the speed of light. Should he ask his father. Wouldn't his daddy know all the answers now, the whole truth and nothing but the truth tucked away in his silence, silence deep as the painting's, his father mute like those white-robed sages frozen beneath a canopy of marble arches, all the time in the world on their hands, the ever-blue Mediterranean sky at bay above their heads.

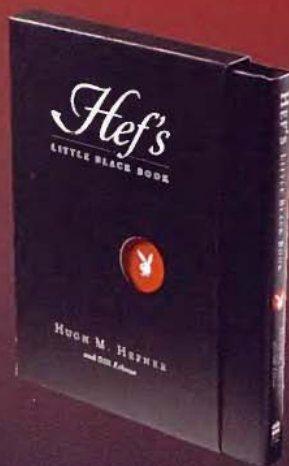
He stands pressed into a tall corner watching his father, a brown wooden man on the barber's wooden stool. Next to his father on a folding chair another aqua-pajamaed man, face pale as the ghostly philosophers, a dentist they say in his other life, babbles non-stop, cracking himself up, ha-ha-ha-ha as if he's still the life of the party, entertaining a captive audience of dental technicians and patients in the tooth-pulling parlor where he reigns until it's his turn on the stool.

The barber, who comes on Tuesdays and Thursdays to the VA hospital and sets up shop in an alcove near the nurses' station so he can holler for help if a patient gets unruly, snips, snips, snips, scissors snipping like a patient swarm of insects darting around his father's head. A crown of snips, if you drew lines from one snip to the next. The black-handled scissors restore the handsome, well-groomed man his father has always been, disguise the madness lying in wait to seize his features. Scissors snip, snip, snipping, the barber intent as Babo in Melville's *Benito Cereno*, as Michelangelo coaxing the sleeping David from a block of marble, like the voice trimming and snipping these words, these words words snipping, killing, drifting away, white hairs, brown hairs, gray hairs, little commas and tightly curled spirals that accumulate on the cloth draping his father's shoulders, hairs that have grown too long and wild, telling tales. *Beware, beware, his flashing eyes his floating hair on the tight-lipped, vacant-eyed man shuffling toward you in one of the corridors radiating like spokes from the panopticon hub of the nurses' station.*

His father's face looking good, holding on in spite of scalding daylight powering from the window above the alcove. Still a striking face, a brown-eyed, handsome man, uh-huh, he was a brown-eyed handsome man, this pretty daddy who stares without blinking at a landscape only he's able to see, a place elsewhere demanding more and more of his attention until one day his father shrugged his shoulders and let the weight of this world slip off his back. As simple as that. As simple and quick as standing up when the barber finishes and letting the white cloth drop behind you onto the empty stool.

Are dreams faster than the speed of

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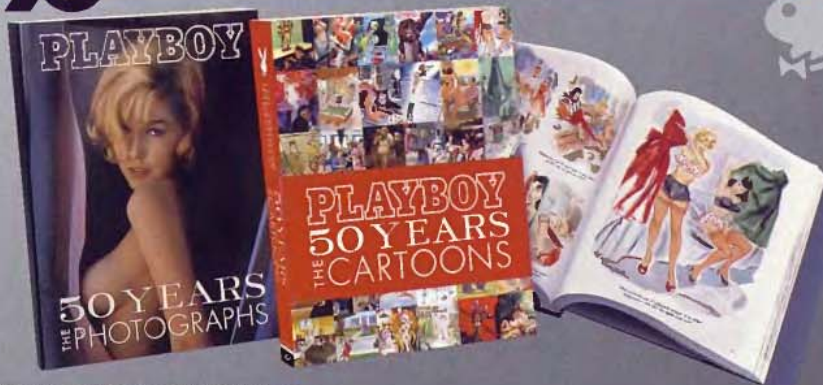
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light. He had asked himself the question after Lisa related a story about a Chinese physicist at Caltech or Berkeley or UCLA, he doesn't remember which university, just the fact it was a West Coast school because he recalls imagining out loud a life for the scientist, how the guy winds up in charge of a world-class experimental physics lab after being born in an internment camp out west. Would a spotless lab coat, a drop-top BMW erase memories of almost starving to death, a nisei father killed defending American interests in the Pacific, the bittersweet day of release from the camp, his mother's tears, her brown hands eternally cracked from trying to grow food in Arizona sand—wait a minute, Lisa interrupts in the middle of my riff, Chinese, not Japanese, she says, but who cares about such fine distinctions when war fever's high, he says. A chink's a chink. Yellow peril. Yellow menace. This article's about today, not World War II, stupid, so stop raving, she says, waving in his face a clipping from the *Times* that describes an experiment a Chinese scientist conducted and experts from around the world either hailed enthusiastically or dissed as a crock of inscrutable shit, the division of opinion duly noted and quoted so discriminating readers of the science section could decide for themselves.

Something about light waves behaving

weirdly when superheated in a bath of cesium. Light wave/particles accelerated till they're simultaneously here and there, present and absent, moving faster than light's supposed to move, faster than 186,000 miles per second, the speed everybody agreed till now nothing can move faster than. About kung fu a Chinese physicist performed with microwaves, mirrors and lasers, a trick comparable to marking and releasing a rat before it's been captured. The scientist proving with measurements of before and after that no reliable measurements of before and after exist, since the rat/light breaks free on the far side of the labyrinth at precisely the instant it's about to enter. One impossibility—motion faster than the speed of light—proving another impossibility possible. You know, like a unicorn's mother appearing on *Oprah* with a photo of the son she's begging viewers to help her locate.

Wow. Flying faster than the speed of light, you could travel through time, Lisa hollers through the bathroom door.

A person could be in two places at once, she shouts, as if the news too urgent to wait till she finishes showering.

I'm always in two places, he almost shouts back. Too goddamned many different places at once, thinking of himself dispersed as data on some marketing consultant's spreadsheet or as a blip on a Pentagon doomsday planner's screen

estimating acceptable first-strike losses. His mom in heaven, smiling down on him. Hungry worms slithering in the mud smiling up. Here. There. Everywhere. In a different place than Lisa, as usual. Locked up in one of America's concentration camps while she hitchhikes through history.

Do you think this advance in science will prevent roundups of civilians, rape, torture, mass exterminations in the next world war, my sweet. Maybe the next goddamn big war's already here, maybe it's learned to be many places at once, no place and everywhere, like the rat, the particles. Like me.

C'mon. Stop being a grouch, Lisa says. And he decides to let her enthusiasm infect him, especially since she's standing beside the bed naked.

He intended to keep the clipping, can't remember if he did or where he might have stashed it, but recalls they made love not war that night. Lisa moist and warm from her shower, his hand running up and down her thigh, fingertips tickling her hip bone, the smooth hollow of her flank, his hand sliding around and up to sample the flat, limber strength above her butt's *mmmm* good, buttery curve.

Your father's a fine-looking man, sir, the barber says, stepping back from the stool to admire his handiwork. Does he expect a tip. Where's the motormouth dentist who was next.

No sign his father heard the barber. No sign his father still on the planet except for the shell of body abandoned on the stool.

Hey. Yo. You. Mister brown-eyed, handsome Bojangles man, the barber turned you into a movie star, mister. All the ladies swoon, they see you struttin' down the avenue.

Does the man on the stool respond with the slightest of twinkles, a tiny, teasy pursing upturn of one corner of his mouth, Daddy's way, his way. Do the man's eyeballs roll toward the ceiling because his son's talking trash or is he remembering scissors, remembering he must sit very still to avoid danger in the air above his head, the helicopter blades still up there snip-snipping, clipping away hair, bone, brain if you're not careful. If you make a sudden, wrong move.

Later, walking the ward, fingers pinching his father's blue-green sleeve, he thinks you could call it a freak show—that one's glaring, this one's wailing, that poor soul sitting on the side of the bed diddling himself, pajama bottoms down around his ankles—or just concede craziness its due, let craziness convince, let it suck you in before the effort of resisting makes you crazy. When it comes to reality, one man, one vote. Purest democracy on the seventh floor. Equal-opportunity votes for men who believe they're women. Only the doctors and staff try to convert. But no



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As if I know. As if I'll ever know. As if anybody ever knows. Hard enough to live in his own dreams. A nightmare of emaciated naked people passing by in an endless line. His job hosing them down before they vanish in roiling clouds of disinfectant and poisonous gas. Then he's knee-deep in piles of bloody, contorted corpses he must untangle, arrange in neat rows according to gender color age size. A nightmare equal parts Holocaust and Middle Passage and him equal parts victim and executioner. The whole evil concoction like a program he's watching on the History Channel, safe until it snatches him inside and the images on the screen are his memories, his heart pounding because he knows his father's lollipop head will scroll by on one of those stick people, his father's face, his own, face after familiar face asking why, why, why are we here and you there, why are you combing through heaps of mangled dead bodies searching for us when we're beside you, right here in front of your eyes.

Maybe a routine washup his father is embellishing. An aide's daily chore to change the soiled diaper, scrub the old man clean, shave him, perhaps oil and talc his skin. A particularly kind nurse reminded of a father or husband or son

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(Please print clearly. I certify I am 18 years of age.)

Address

City

State

Zip

or lover by this good-looking, helpless brown-skinned man, gentle, gentle as a newborn on his good days. An extra portion of TLC administered. Her soft, firm hands massage bare shoulders and back. His father amazed. Reminded of the truth of himself. Of desire belonging to him, the terrifying, demanding return of focus when the fog is pierced and a bright, solid world of haunting clarity streams through the needle's eye faster than the speed of light.

Tell me again, son. I hate to keep asking you to repeat things, but it's getting harder and harder for your old father to keep it all straight. Play my numbers in the tobacco shop over by where Sears used to be, you know, over there on Highland Avenue. Walk out the tobacco shop and half hour later can't remember whether I played my goddamn figures or not. It's vexing, vexing. Standing there on the sidewalk not knowing what I did or didn't do. Come next morning I think about putting my numbers in and damn, realize I ain't checked what hit yesterday. Forget to check, forget if I played or not, forget there's a goddamn lottery, forget all that money white people owe me. What I'm trying to say is I know you already told me once, but I can't keep nothing straight in this feeble-ass mind of mine anymore. So tell me again, son. Why do I have to die. Why you have to kill me.

The academy's retractable roof opens, and warm starlight bathes father and son. Lutes strum just loud enough to be heard, not exactly breaking the silence, more a reminder of silence, a pulse within night's quiet, this night with qualities of day exhaling the freshly scrubbed breath of dawn. His father's face glows. A zigzag vein pulses in his temple. His proud, high forehead imposing as the brows of Benin nobles sculpted in bronze.

Levitating like Yoruba priests he'd read about, they float two or three inches above the treadmill looping of a path contrived to convince you you're strolling or running or flying faster than the speed of light, and the sham works until a moment like this one beside his father, when he peers down and observes the peculiar laxness of their ankles, their dangling feet not quite brushing the path that revolves beneath them, feet supple as fins, as the naked, boneless feet of blonde angels hovering and strumming lutes in the ether of medieval illuminations. Not very high but sufficiently high to understand they are being taken for a ride, each step forward on the rotating path also a step in place, a step backward, the world surrounding them a painted backdrop or dancing shadows on a screen. You know, the way a filmstrip projected behind stationary actors animates Hollywood scenes, just mirrors and shuck and jive. The son understands, gazing down past his father's mashed-back slippers, his own clownish, overbuilt, winged sneakers, shoes tied to feet tied to ankles limp as a lynched man, shoes freed of the body's weight, trussed-up feet going nowhere fast, a mountain of empty shoes, shoes, shoes, late and soon.

It's about me, Daddy. Not you. Something awful's happening to me. The doctors say I have just a little time left. And some of it will be bad, very bad. The disease killing me will kick up its heels and party hearty. Oh-la-la, Daddy. I'm not scared for myself, but I'm scared for you. Don't want to leave you behind to suffer.

His father's head droops. Perfect haircut, courtesy of the state, intact. He could be nodding, or he could be ratcheting down one notch further into Zombierville.

Why his father and no one else. Why did he confess the dirty secret of the

disease only to his father. If Lisa were as helpless as his father, would he have shared the news of his death with her. The huge, trifling news. All these years assiduously looking out for himself as if he'd been entrusted with a project of cosmic significance. *Hmmmm*. Not much to him, after all. Maybe that's why he hoarded his news. No news, really. No big thing. Everyone dies sooner or later and oop-poop-a-doop, surprise—surprise—one less monkey don't stop no show. Did he believe withholding his little secret would inflate it into big news. Wasn't he like those homeless particle/waves flying faster than the speed of light—gone, gone before he even got here.

Only once, when she was leaning over the sink, intent on cleaning up a mess they'd made, her thin back looking even smaller with her shoulders hunched forward, armless from where he sat, only that once had he almost said to anyone else other than his father, I'm going to be very sick and soon after that I'll die. Dressed for court in elegant business suits with short skirts and double-breasted jackets, shiny panty hose encasing shapely legs, black hair precisely bobbed, Lisa could transform herself into a cartel-busting, justice-for-the-wretched-of-the-earth, petite Abrams tank. He'd feel proud of her glamour, her gleaming impenetrability and incorruptibility. When she smiled at him, testing him one last time on the intricate maneuvers required to mesh and unmesh his sloth with her complicated schedule that particular day, he loved her, loved how full of herself, how undaunted, she could be, marveled at the distance between them, distance they sometimes miraculously closed, but distance that also stunned him each morning. Would he matter enough to woo her back. Slouched in the fat chair, staring at the stalled novel in his notebook, he'd exhale a sigh of relief after the door closed behind her slim, perfect hips, hopelessly missing her but also glad she was gone so he could get on with the rest of his life.

After the phone rings, in the instant between recognizing Lil Sis's voice and listening to what Lil Sis is saying, he wonders why he hadn't thought of her. Isn't Lil Sis the perfect person to tell the news of his death, this stranger, this half-sister, strangely closer now because the father they share, a stranger during his life to both of them, is dying. Should he tell her about hemlock, too.

Hate to call with bad news, but Daddy's had a fall. Doesn't sound too good. The doctor wants to operate right away.

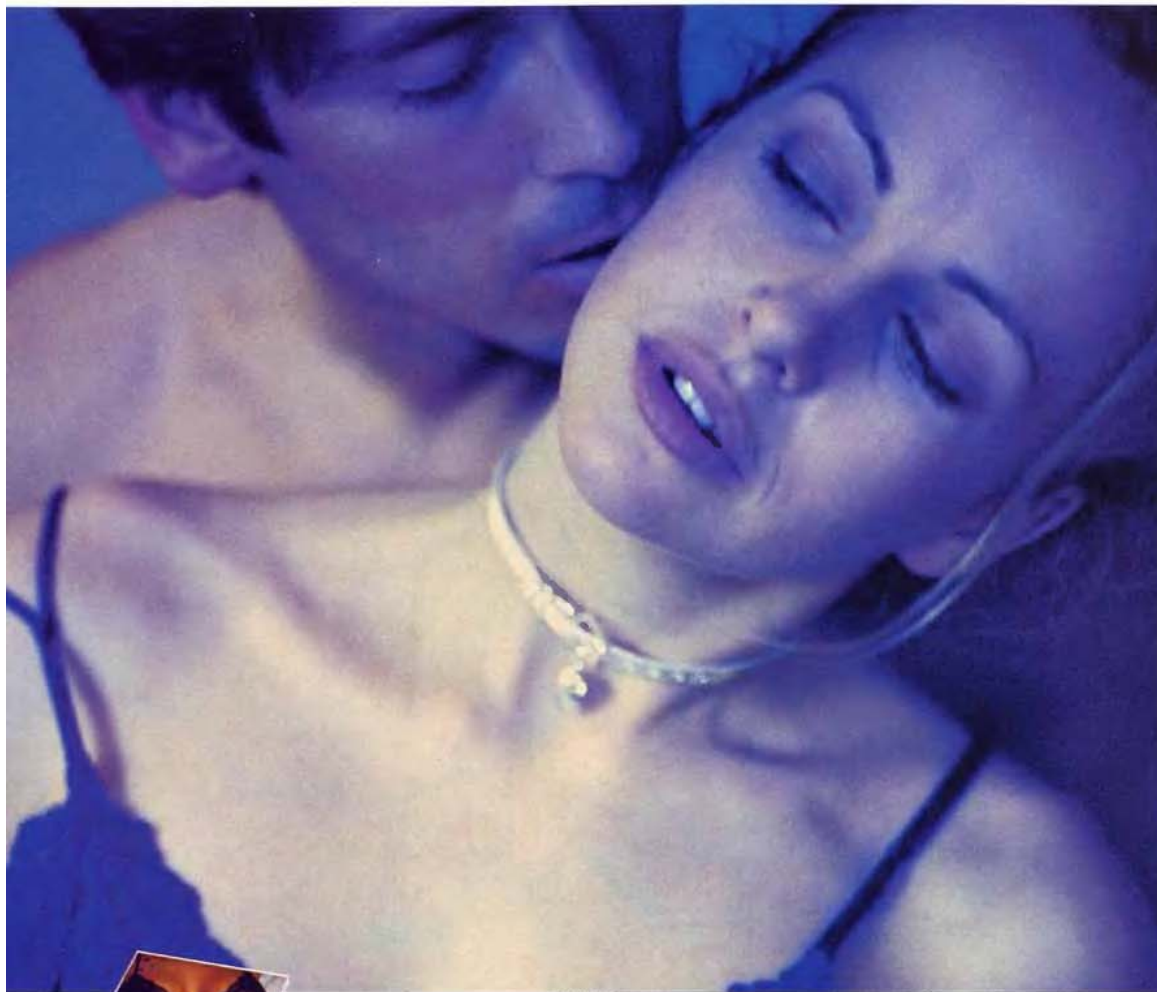
A fall.

That's what they claim. But you know as well as I do the rough stuff goes on at the VA. They say one of the nurses



"I got a good feeling about this one."

What the #\$\$@! was that!!!?



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found him lying on the floor and Daddy couldn't get up. Sounds like his hip busted up really badly. In splinters, they say. Lots of bleeding inside the joint and that's why they have to operate quick, before it gets infected. I want to know how in hell he wound up on the floor. But Daddy can't tell us, so I guess we'll never find out, will we.

Operate how soon.

If we say okay, they'll try to schedule him for tomorrow morning.

After he hangs up the phone, he thinks he should have said no. Let nature take its goddamn course. Out of it as his father already is, he'll be worse after surgery. Old people can't deal with anesthesia. His grandfather never the same after they knocked him out and cut on him.

But you can't just let a person rot. Surgery or not, his own rot—smart bones whisper, This mugging will finish off your father. Is he just a tiny bit disappointed he's lost the chance to play hero. After all the agonizing, rationalizing and fighting with himself, finally, a rush of cool determination. Clarity at last. Yes, yes. Ready to purchase poison, activate the plan. A hemlocked vanilla milk shake the final solution. A special treat he'd bring to the hospital next Sunday. Vanilla milk shake my dad's favorite thing, folks. Sharing one with him for old time's sake. Father and son on the last train out of Dodge. A carefully drafted note in plain view on the bedside table explaining everything so nobody

gets the wrong idea.

To top off the plan, he'd prepay a double funeral. Ride off with his daddy in a horse-drawn black hearse. A glorious New Orleans good-bye parade winding through the streets of Homewood. The Pittsburgh Rockets drum-and-bugle corps leading the march. Shiny trumpets and tubas. *Umpah-umpah. Ratta-tat-tat-tat.* Tease of jive and boogie in their mournful playing, their precise high-stepping. Barbecued kolbassi with red-hot sauce. Coolers full of icy Iron City. *Hmmm. Oh, didn't we ramble, Daddy. Oh, didn't we.*

You never know, do you.

The big-eared retro phone smirks at him. So much ado about nothing. No opportunity, after all, to play God. Game called on account of rain. The coy, old AME Zion deity working in his own good time, his wonders to perform.

At the hospital, not counting his father, three of them in the room when a nurse breezes in to brief the family. Very sound reasons not to count his father, but how could you ever be sure. Introducing himself as Clarence, folks, the nurse flashes a silver-starred front tooth. In six months, if he lives that long, would his eyes still be able to read the tattoo on the nurse's hairy forearm. A posse of needles, tubes, gauges, pumps, suction, drips protects the bed. Virtual life pattering on forever in printouts, on screens, in beeping monitors, whether or not a glimmer of vitality in his father's eyes.

Of course even now at his dad's direst

moment, at this sad, affecting denouement, the son flies elsewhere, faster than the speed of light, father forgotten, son dreaming ahead to what it will be like at his own miserable countdown. *Shit, he's thinking. Shit. What's the point. What's the horseshit stinking point.*

The nurse updates them.

We can't get Mr. Wideman to eat. Goes on to explain why it's important for patients to eat. Explains that patients die if we don't manage to start them eating post-op. Explains the options, mouthwise or IVs, folks, and how the mouthwise method is much preferred by doctors, staff, studies, you know. And next thing I know, after Lil Sis's husband and I crank up the bed, I'm standing beside my father waving a spoonful of vanilla ice cream (go figure) I'm supposed to coax, wheedle, beg, sneak, lever, ram down his throat. I try to steady my shaky hand. Inch the spoon closer, closer to cracked lips the exact shape and color of mine, lips I swam through like a fish when I was birthed a second time John Edgar. John my dead mother's dead father's name, Edgar my father's, both names chosen by my mother to bind me to the men she'd loved most in the world. Entitles, my South Carolina grandfather would have called the names my father whispered to Reverend Felder and the good reverend's bass intoned loudly to family and friends gathered around the baptismal font of Homewood AME Zion.

And dead as he is, as I am for all intents and purposes, I find myself touching my father's mouth, prying open a space between what dwells outside him and all that's indwelling, and then into the passage propped open by thumb and finger, I attempt to slip in a spoon, ease a spoon, pray a spoon the way I'd heard my mother on her knees pray, the entire congregation of Homewood AME Zion pray and chant Sunday mornings to a God I never could love, not even then, long ago when I was a boy—only fear, only address when I desired something very badly I knew I wasn't going to get anyway, so why not ask, why not believe a different life possible, joining the other lives I daydreamed daily. Lives not in my father's house nor my mother's bosom nor God's bosom nor the streets of Homewood. Made-up lives like this one I try to save holding open my father's mouth.

His teeth chatter, his jaw twitches as uneven surges of air enter and leave. Losing most of the load maneuvering the spoon through a broken fence of snags anchored in corpse-foul gums, I keep Lil Sis busy wiping vanilla drool from our daddy's chin as I ladle what I can into him, down him, and nothing, nothing else matters.



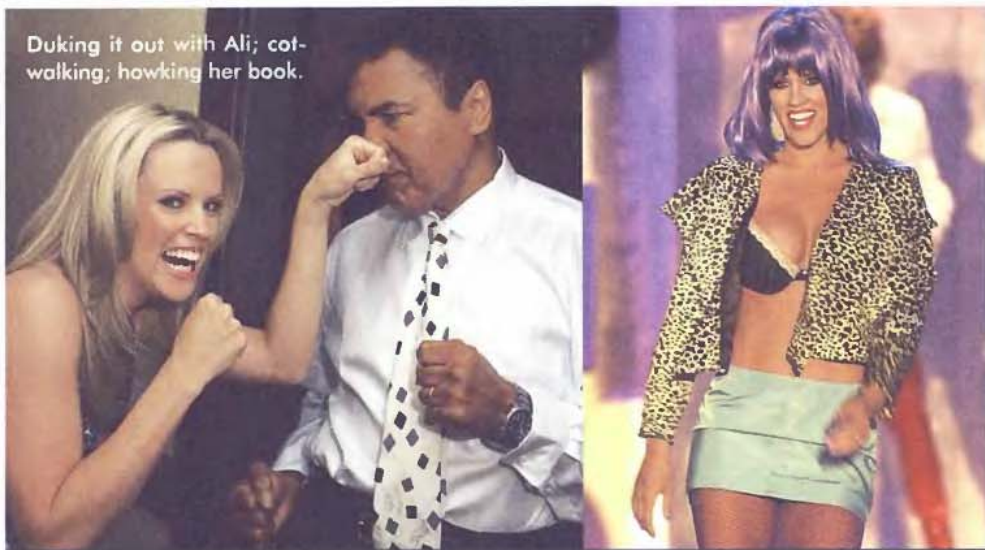
"I'm going to have to ask you to leave, sir. Either that or put out the cigarette."



PLAYMATE NEWS



Duking it out with Ali; cot-walking; howking her book.



JENNY MCCARTHY'S BIG COMEBACK

In the mid-to-late 1990s you couldn't click on the TV without seeing Jenny McCarthy's cute mug smiling at you. From the MTV hits *Singled Out* and *The Jenny McCarthy Show* to the covers of *Rolling Stone* and *TV Guide*, Jenny was everywhere. Then, just as suddenly as she had appeared in our Chicago headquarters a decade ago, looking to become a Playmate, she vanished. Or so it seemed. In reality Jenny was off having a baby and writing a pregnancy book. She luxuriated in her low-profile life, only occasionally emerging to host shows such as *America's Best Beaches* or to pull a cameo in *Scary Movie 3* with fellow Centerfold



Pamela Anderson. Now we are proud to announce that Miss McCarthy (or Mrs. Asher, if you ask her husband, John) is back where she belongs: complete and total ubiquity. In the past few months we've seen her all over the place: interviewing iconic athletes (including Muhammad Ali, pictured above) at the Xbox E3 press briefing in Las Vegas, walking the runway in the Race to Erase MS fashion show in Los Angeles and signing her book, *Belly Laughs*, in the Windy City. What's next for Playmate of the Year 1994? Rumor has it she's working on another sitcom. Welcome back, Jen. That's our kind of McCarthyism.

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Vicki McCarty became Miss September 1979 by happenstance: She was covering the 25th Anniversary Playmate search for *The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* when



she was asked to pose. Vicki later married Jimmy Iovine of Interscope Records and wrote books. "I'm the Playmate whose IQ was three times greater than her bustline measurement," Vicki says.

LOOSE LIPS

"I am a woman in heat—I've been in heat for a long time. Back in Texas I used to climb the clothesline pole and get off. My grandma caught me one time and whipped my ass with a switch. So she must have done it herself."

—Anna Nicole Smith

PLAYMATES ON THE TOWN

From far left: the incredible shrinking Anna Nicole Smith at a NASCAR Busch Series event; Irino Voronino at a fashion show in Beverly Hills; Luci Victoria celebrating National Nurses Day (never heard of it, but it sounds good) in London; Lani Todd at the Playboy 50th Anniversary Club Tour; Deanna Brooks at the Mansion party in honor of PMOY 2004 Carmello DeCesare.



HOT SHOT



ULRIKA ERICSSON

THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT BARBARA MOORE

1. She's the reigning U.S. National Pro-Am Ballroom Champion for the second consecutive year and doesn't mind the pre-competition jitters. "It's a natural high that I actually need in my life," she says.
2. On her list: "Starting a charity and pursuing my talent as a clothing designer."
3. She and Olivia Newton-John (above) hung out in Reno, Nevada after one of Newton-John's concerts. The connection? Moore is dating *Grease* star Lorenzo Lamas.



POP QUESTIONS: KRISTA KELLY

Q: We hear you've been traveling. Where have you been?

A: I was recently in Puerto Vallarta. I visited beaches and waterfalls, went horseback riding and had a beautiful time. I'd also love to go on an African safari.

Q: Would you take luxury items?

A: Yes, bug spray and a camera.

Q: How do you manage to stay in such great shape?

A: I don't go to the gym. I'm pretty lazy. I try to eat healthy meals, but I make sure to have junk food in between.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Bobby Slayton

"I watch so much porn that I can definitely name my favorite porn star, but as for as my favorite PLAYBOY Playmate is concerned, they're great every month. Playmates are like puppies—they're all adorable. How about Shannon Tweed (below)? She's pretty hot. You know who else I absolutely loved? Dorothy Stratten."



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Pamela Anderson has become a U.S. citizen. "I'm proud to be a Canadian," she says. "But I felt it was important to become a citizen in order to vote in the U.S."...Teri Harrison is being heralded by the *New York Post* as one to watch. "Based on the past performance of manager Ray Manzella, she will be famous soon enough," the paper noted. "Teri is the best of three in one," Manzella says. "She has Vanna White's poise and beauty, Jenny McCarthy's sense of humor and Pam Anderson's sex appeal."...Scott Caan and Jennifer Walcott (right) partied at the Mansion....



Lindsey Vuolo knew who to thank (see below) when she graduated from Indiana University of Pennsylvania.



Scott and Jen: a star-studded night in L.A.

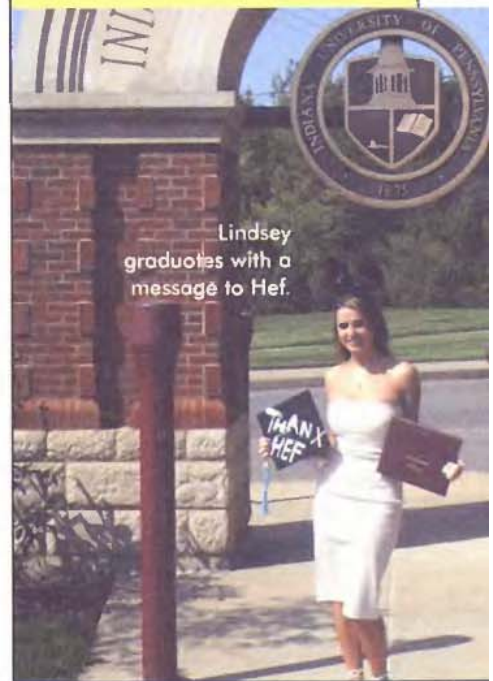
Now that she has a degree in communications media, what's she going to do with her life? "I'm back home with my parents, trying to fit the past four years of my life into my room," she says. "When I get back from a trip to Europe, I'll contact the people I interviewed with over spring break. Life is great. I'm super happy."

SHOW ME THE BUNNY

Bunnies used to work at the Clubs, and Playmates posed in the magazine. Today the worlds have collided. Left: Miriom Gonzalez. Below: Venice Kong and Bunny Mother Pat Lacey at the Bunny Reunion in Las Vegas.



Lindsey graduates with a message to Hef.



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Terrell Owens

(continued from page 121)

I understand they have Ray Lewis. Ray Lewis is one man, and he's an MVP. He has earned every accolade he's gotten, but let me tell you right here: Ray Lewis has no record of any passes being thrown or completed at quarterback.

10

PLAYBOY: Lewis insinuated that you chose Philadelphia because you knew you couldn't acclimate to the family atmosphere of the Ravens.

OWENS: He knows that's not true. Both teams are good. They were both choices of mine. Like I said time and again, I went with Philadelphia because one, I'm familiar with the West Coast offense, two, the coaching staff has been with me for the past two or three years in the Pro Bowl, so they're familiar with me and I'm familiar with them, and three, they have Donovan McNabb at quarterback. Lewis can say whatever he wants to say to make a story. That's all it is. I don't really care about having the spotlight, because what I do on the field is spotlight in itself. I'm not trying to position myself for a spotlight with Ray Lewis. If that's what he wants to think, then by all means, go on CNN, go on *60 Minutes*.

11

PLAYBOY: You two will have a chance to square off this season.

OWENS: I know everyone will say it's going to be me against Ray. But Ray doesn't play defensive back; he plays linebacker. Some of my routes may take me across the middle or whatever, but guess what—I'm not the whole Eagles team, and he's not the whole Ravens

team. We both hold great positions. He's a big piece of the puzzle there. I'm obviously going to be a big piece of the puzzle in Philly. Whatever he needs to do to pump up our game and get us some good ratings when we play, by all means, he should do what he's gotta do.

12

PLAYBOY: Besides winning, what's most rewarding about being an NFL player?

OWENS: I'd say the perks. Once you become successful, everybody begins to notice you a little more. You take pride in that, and it makes you work harder to elevate your game. The fame and all that is going to come. To be known across the country? That's great.

13

PLAYBOY: Give us a preview of what we can expect from you this year in terms of touchdown celebrations.

OWENS: Dude, I don't know. With the NFL trying to crack down on everything, we're sort of limited right now. The league wants everybody to be team oriented, but you can't even celebrate with your teammates.

14

PLAYBOY: Does pro football treat its players worse than other sports do?

OWENS: It's crazy. In the NBA you've got guys who get wristbands with their numbers or initials or whatever on them. We can't do any of that. We can't have any personality, no individuality. We're almost like slaves, like robots.

15

PLAYBOY: Former 49er and current Cleveland Browns quarterback Jeff Gar-

cia, with whom you played for years, has denied media rumors that he's gay. What do you think?

OWENS: Like my boy tells me: If it looks like a rat and smells like a rat, by golly, it is a rat.

16

PLAYBOY: What do you think would happen in an NFL locker room if a gay player came out of the closet—either to his teammates or to the media—while he was still playing?

OWENS: I probably wouldn't say anything right off the bat. I'd just see what everyone else has to say. I'd probably keep my distance, and hopefully he would keep his. If it was a guy who was helping us win ball games, hey, I'd have no problem with it. He can do what he wants to do outside of my everyday life.

17

PLAYBOY: Are you still single?

OWENS: I'm single. I definitely have an open mind about acquiring a female as a steady, but at this moment I'm concentrating on football. If God leads some beautiful, sexy lady my way, I'll deal with it when the time comes. But as of now, I'm like Kraft cheese: single.

18

PLAYBOY: Everyone has a secret life. What's yours?

OWENS: I'm very caring, especially with people who are close to me. I'm sensitive when it comes to things like abandoned kids, homeless people and the starvation of babies and little kids in third world countries. I've donated money to help out in these situations. It's something I don't really make public. If you're doing it from the heart, the world doesn't have to know.

19

PLAYBOY: Will the Eagles be blessed with a Super Bowl this season?

OWENS: On paper right now, we should win the Super Bowl. It's just like the Chicago Bulls in the early 1990s. They were champions on paper. They had the personnel to be champions. You just have to go out there and take it one game at a time. You can't expect people to lie down and let us win. There will be hard-fought games and some great wins. There will probably be some disappointing losses. But if we give ourselves a chance to get into the playoffs, that's all we need.

20

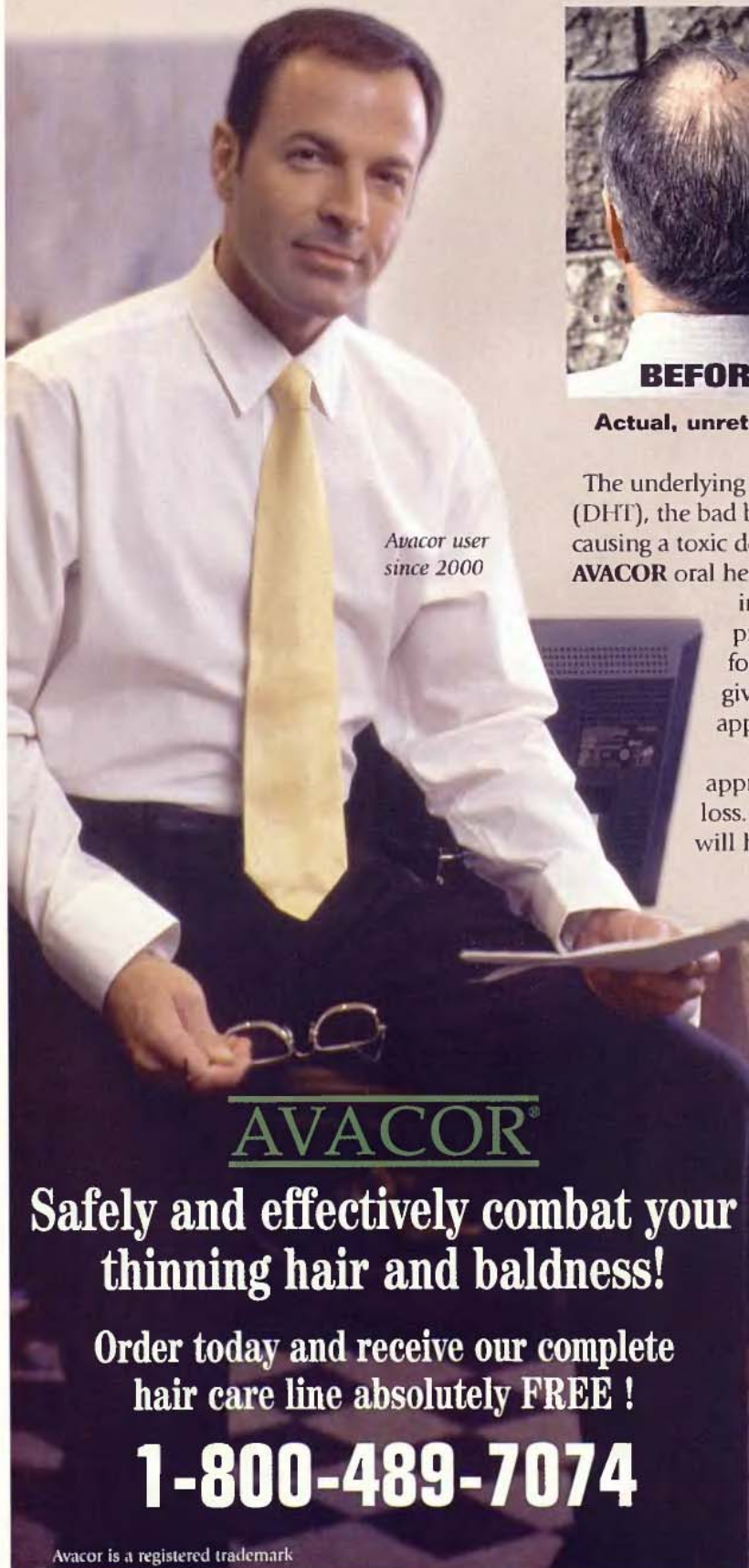
PLAYBOY: If you could change any rule in the NFL, what would it be?

OWENS: No limit to the celebrations. Just keep it real. Keep it gangsta.



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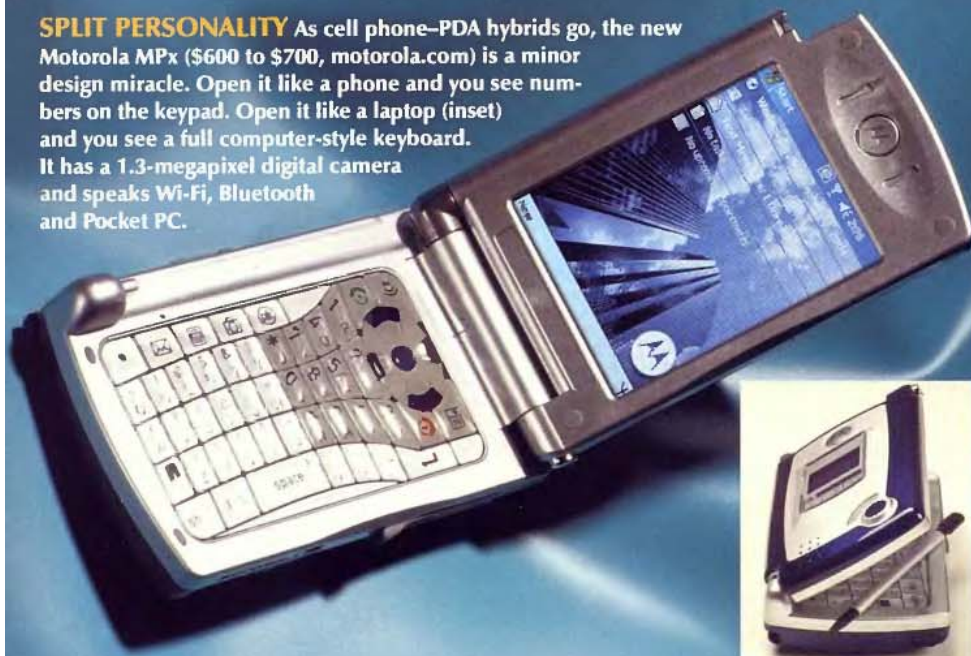
PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GOING MOBILE

SPLIT PERSONALITY As cell phone-PDA hybrids go, the new Motorola MPx (\$600 to \$700, motorola.com) is a minor design miracle. Open it like a phone and you see numbers on the keypad. Open it like a laptop (inset) and you see a full computer-style keyboard. It has a 1.3-megapixel digital camera and speaks Wi-Fi, Bluetooth and Pocket PC.



WORLD TRAVELER

Samsung's SCH-a790 phone (\$350 to \$450, samsung.com) is the first cell to work from almost anywhere in the world. Service provider Verizon has worked out roaming agreements with more than 100 countries, which makes yakking it up as easy in Dubai as it is in Duluth.



FASHION PLATE

We're besotted with this phone's style—in lust, even. Whereas most phones content themselves with a squared-off set of numbers, Nokia's 7610 (\$400 to \$500, nokia.com) is dressed for a night out. And with its generous screen, one-megapixel camera, Lifeblog organizer software and Bluetooth, it's more than just another pretty face.



STRAIGHT SHOOTER

Hallelujah! In photo mode, Sony Ericsson's S700 (\$500, sonyericsson.com) actually feels like a camera. Plus, its photo light and 1.3-megapixel sensor allow you to return prints worthy of your photo album, not your computer's recycle bin. When you're ready to make a call, just swivel open the S700 and dial.



Grapevine

Concert Tina

Jay-Z isn't the only one crazy in love with BEYONCÉ. Here she's looking fine on the Verizon Ladies First Tour. Next up: the *Pink Panther* prequel.



Leave It to Cleavage

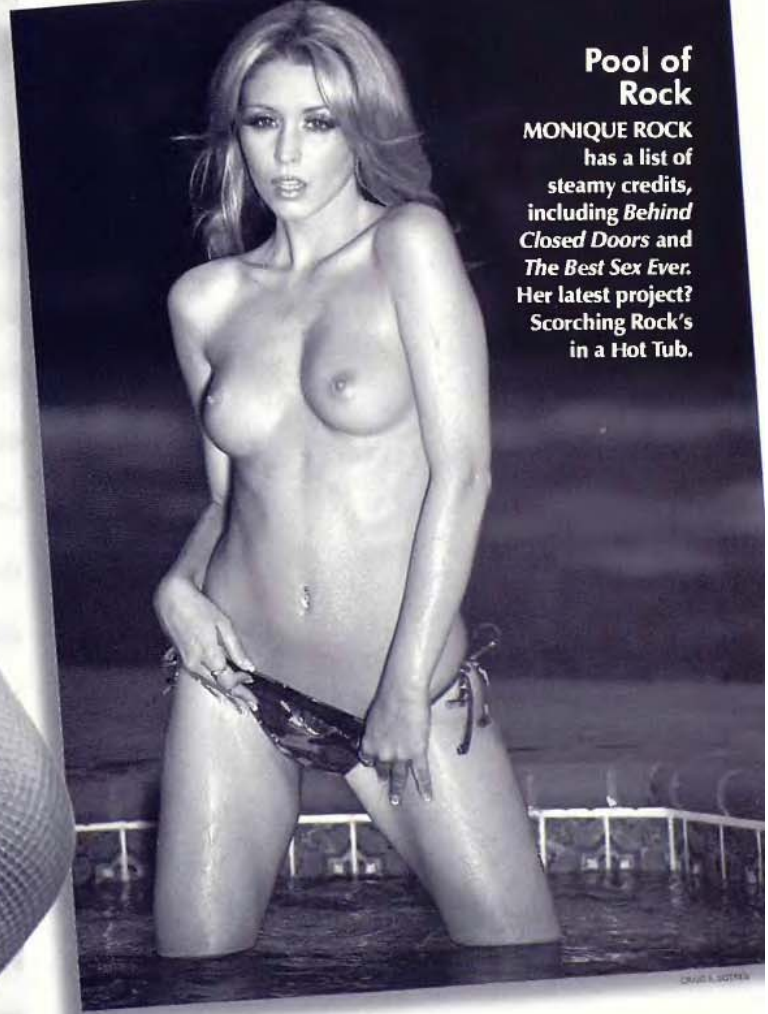
Supermodel and tell-all author JANICE DICKINSON recently judged wannabes on *America's Next Top Model*. Here the mouthy bed warmer shows how she pushed her way to the top.

DAVE NIOSIMAN/WIREIMAGE.COM

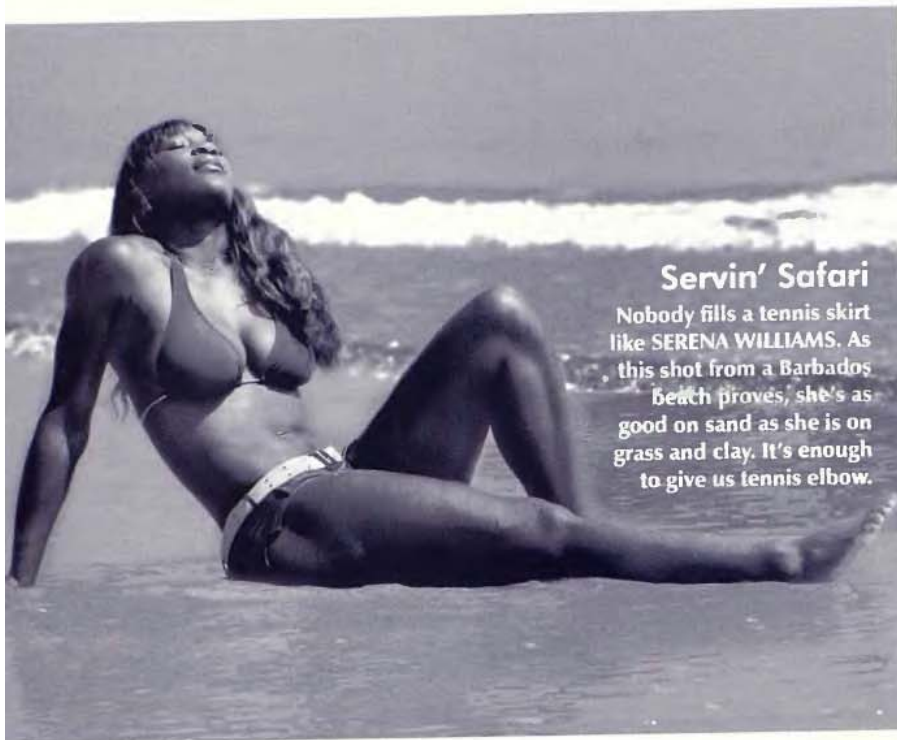
ALVIN NEWBERG/RETNA/GETTY IMAGES

Pool of Rock

MONIQUE ROCK has a list of steamy credits, including *Behind Closed Doors* and *The Best Sex Ever*. Her latest project? Scorching Rock's in a Hot Tub.



DAVE NIOSIMAN/WIREIMAGE.COM



Servin' Safari

Nobody fills a tennis skirt like SERENA WILLIAMS. As this shot from a Barbados beach proves, she's as good on sand as she is on grass and clay. It's enough to give us tennis elbow.

© 2004 ANGLEWIREIMAGE.COM

Nice Cannes

Director ALEXANDRA KERRY, daughter of presidential candidate John Kerry, stole the show at the *Kill Bill Vol. 2* party in Cannes, France. The U.K. *Sun* wrote, "Alexandra showed two reasons why Americans should vote her dad into the White House."



FASCOL SHIP/AP/GETTY IMAGES



STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM

Zipper? We Hardly Know Her

We'd like to thank Whitcomb Judson, inventor of the zipper. During L.A.'s fashion week, ERIN NAAS kept hers stuck on stun.



ALVIN NEALER/WIREIMAGE.COM

Moore the Merrier

MANDY "Candy" MOORE has officially popped her bubblegum past in favor of Hollywood's big leagues. At the premiere of *Saved!* (above), she hyped her next movie, *Romance & Cigarettes*, starring James Gandolfini and Kate Winslet.

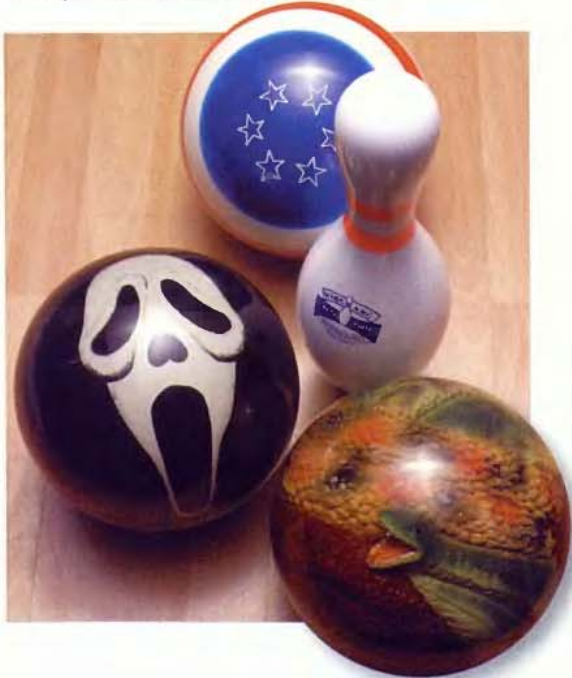
PACE MAKER

Tiny and skipless, solid-state MP3 players are the best thing to happen to running since shoes. Nike's MP3Run by Philips (\$300, nike-philips.com) picks up the pace by adding a piece that attaches to your shoe and measures your strides, then beams the data to a 256-megabyte player. Hit a button and it tells you how long, how far and how fast you've run. Upload the stats to your PC to keep track of your distances and how much your pace has changed.



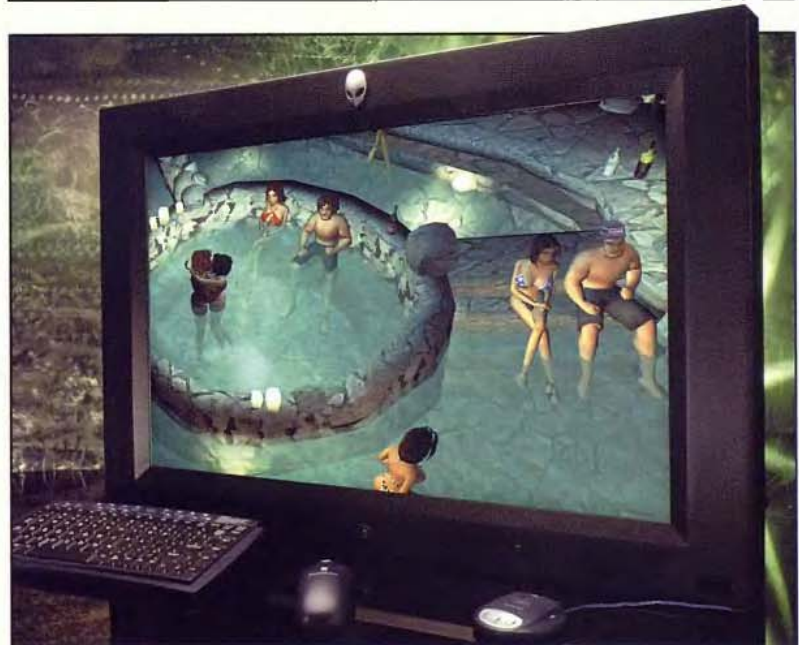
HOLY ROLLERS

There's nothing like a long-legged woman who can pick up a 7-10 split. She's tough to find, but if you ever do, you can skip the diamond and buy her one of these bowling balls instead. The latest from Ebonite, the company that brought you the see-through bowling ball with a fake human skull in it, these are made of tournament-quality reactive resin. Clockwise from top: Yankee Doodle, Snake and Ghost Face (\$110 to \$119, ebonite.com).



BODY POLITIC

The George Bush-vagina jokes have gotten old, but we're okay with these NO MORE BUSH panties, given that they're the brainchild of luscious Krista Allen, star of *Anger Management*. The black thongs (\$28, shopkitson.com) have John Kerry's initials on the back, and profits go straight to the Kerry cause. Rumor has it Kerry will wear a pair for good luck during the national debates starting next month. You heard it here first.



MAJOR TURN-ON

If flat-screen TVs make you drool, get ready to soak yourself. The latest creation from Alienware—the geek-world equivalent of Porsche—is a flat-screen LCD TV with a fully functioning media-center PC built right in. The DHD (\$6,500, alienware.com) works as a regular TV, as well as a computer optimized for multimedia applications—playing DVDs, listening to music, viewing pictures, and recording and playing TV shows à la TiVo—all without extra components. Alienware has also incorporated DISCover's Drop and Play technology, which takes the mess out of PC games (such as *Playboy: The Mansion*, above), making them as easy to load as an Xbox or PS2 game.

FOR SWINGERS

Golf bags are marvels of design—built to take a beating and equipped with pockets for those little things you can't do without. Now TaylorMade is launching a new line of travel bags (taylormadegolf.com). They're constructed of the same durable nylon used on the company's big mammas, with pockets to carry your pens, laptop, cell phone, business cards and clothing. The line features a

messenger bag (\$110), backpack (\$110) and duffel (\$120).



TIME ROLLS ON

We all love to travel, but resetting your clock in every city is a drag. Whether you're an obsessive country hopper or worried about waking up far-flung friends with a phone call, a WaalsWorldWatch (clockwise from left: \$65, \$180 and \$110; ameico.com) will ease your time-management issues. To find out if it's cocktail hour yet, just rotate the clock until your current time zone (say, Eastern) is on top. Side benefit: the realization that if you live your life at the appropriate pace, clocks really don't need minute hands.



CHEW ON THIS

Most gum is good only for dealing with bad breath and nervous energy. But these days we expect more from everything, including our gum. Blue Q has created chewables that can curb your addictions (HandzOff Anti-Masturbatory Gum), style your hair (Instant Afro Gum) and quiet annoying co-workers (Shut the Hell Up gum). Each and every \$1.50 pack is guaranteed to contain real gum.



HOUSE PARTY

Despite evidence to the contrary on HGTV, no law says your drawer pulls must be pedestrian. To prove it, Earth to Peter's Naughty Knobs line (about \$24 each, naughtyknobs.com) incorporates a wide range of provocative imagery. Pulling on one of these pewter drawer knobs means grabbing a pair of boobs or literally pulling on your knob. Yes, decorating with these puppies definitely sends a message. When we figure out what it is, we'll let you know.

LA LANGUE D'AMOUR

To have fun in Europe, you must immerse yourself in the culture, and "Le chat est sur la table" isn't going to cut it. *Hide This French Book* provides translations for the things you really need to say, with opening lines such as "Ça boume?" (How's it going?), secondary lines such as "Je peux l'embrasser?" (Can I kiss you?) and pressing questions such as "Tu as de l'herpès?" (Do you have herpes?). Those interested in the master class can move on to such phrases as "N'oublie pas tes menottes" (Don't forget your handcuffs) and "Tu fumes du shit?" (Do you smoke dope?). The pocket-size volumes are available at bookstores for \$10.



Next Month



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LEARNING CURVES: GIRLS OF THE ACC.

GIRLS OF THE ACC—DON'T BE A TAR HEEL: CHECK OUT OUR SEMINOLE COLLEGE GIRLS PICTORIAL. WE'VE GOT BLUE DEVILS OUT OF DRESSES, CAVALIERS CAVORTING NAKED, TIGERS GETTING FRISKY, YELLOW JACKETS MINUS THEIR COATS AND MUCH MORE. SMELLS LIKE TEAM SPIRIT.

DONALD TRUMP—AS THE SUPERLATIVE-LOVING DONALD WOULD SAY, HE'S ONE OF THE PLANET'S MOST POWERFUL GUYS. THE BOARDROOM LOWDOWN ON THE NEXT *APPRENTICE*, HOW HE CHARMED SUPERMODEL MELANIA KNAUSS. WHAT'S IN HIS WALLET AND, OF COURSE, THAT HAIR. THE BEST *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW EVER. BY **DAVID HOCHMAN**

KINGS OF CAVIAR—AT \$105 AN OUNCE, SALTED STURGEON EGGS RIVAL TRUFFLES AND FUGU AS CULINARY EXTRAVAGANCES. BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE SPECIALTY RESTAURANT CAVIARTERIA, HOWEVER, THE ATMOSPHERE WAS ANYTHING BUT HIGH-CLASS. TWO RICH, FAMOUS AND ADDICTED BROTHERS BATTLED OVER THEIR FATHER'S BUSINESS—UNTIL EACH SUFFERED A TRAGIC DOWNFALL. BY **SIMON COOPER**

RAELIAN WOMEN HAVE CURVES—AND WE HAVE PROOF! A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE NUDE KIND, FEATURING HEAVENLY BODIES BELONGING TO THE WORLD'S LARGEST UFO-RELATED AND CLONE-HAPPY ORGANIZATION.

MUSIC INDUSTRY ROUNDTABLE—OUR EXPERTS DISCUSS ITUNES MANIA, THE FUTURE OF RECORD STORES, THE SUIING OF KIDS AND THE INDUSTRY'S BIGGEST WOES. HEAR IT FIRST FROM **CHUCK D, JOHN MAYER, AIMEE MANN, PERRY FARRELL, MOBY, SHARON OSBOURNE** AND **MISSY ELLIOTT**. BY **ROB TANNENBAUM** AND **DAVID SHEFF**

JIMMY FALLON—WOULD YOU DITCH A CUSHY LATE-NIGHT-TV GIG FOR A RUN AT MOVIE STARDOM? IT WORKED FOR WILL FERRELL. JOE PISCOPO? NOT SO MUCH. HOW WILL THE FORMER *SNL* ANCHORMAN FARE? FALLON GETS REAL ON THE ART OF IMPERSONATION AND WHY FOUR EYES (HEY, TINA) ARE SEXIER THAN TWO. *20Q* BY **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

WHY THE MILITARY NEVER LEARNS—THE LESSON FROM VIETNAM WAS DON'T FIGHT A WAR IF IT DOESN'T AFFECT NATIONAL SECURITY. BUT OFFICIALS PUSHED US INTO IRAQ ANYWAY, THINKING IT WOULD BE "WHAM, BAM—GOOD-BYE, SADDAM." BILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND THOUSANDS OF LIVES LATER, IRAQ IS THE WORST MILITARY MISCALCULATION EVER. BY A MAN WHO GETS DAILY E-MAILS FROM SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES, **COLONEL DAVID HACKWORTH**

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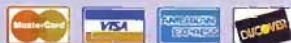
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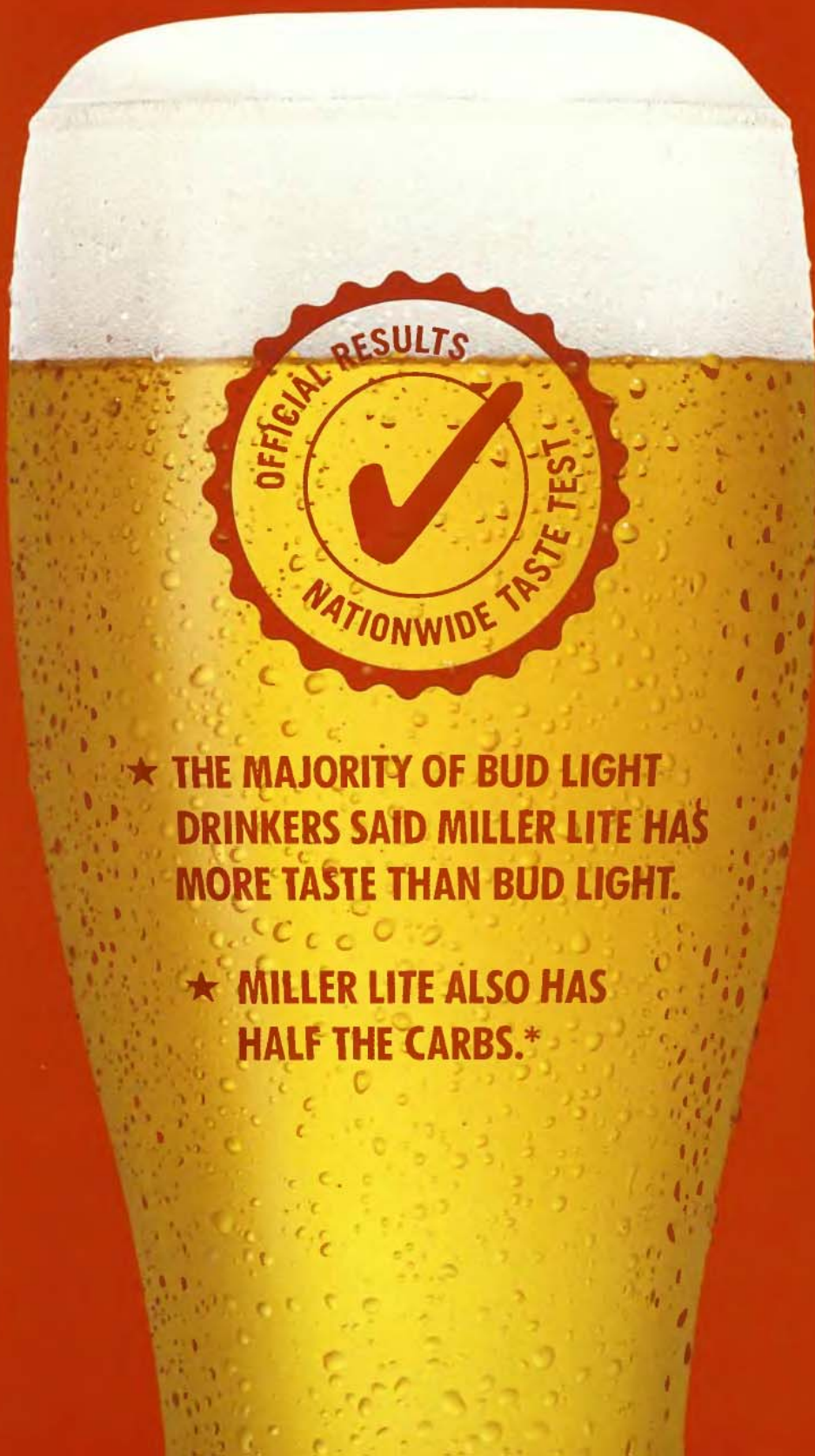
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