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laybill



"The writer's life can be a little isolating and a lot maddening," says Simon Dumenco, author of War of the Words, a look at notable—and hate-filled—feuds between seemingly buttoned-down media figures. Tom Wolfe, best-selling author of The Bonfire of the Vanities and A Man in Full, found himself under attack from a group Wolfe calls the Three Stooges: John Irving, John Updike and Norman Mailer. Wolfe knows such feuds aren't new: "There was a famous fistfight between Ernest Hemingway and Max Eastman—and they're both these great big guys," he says. "It was in editor Maxwell Perkins' office. The fight had a great reputation until Perkins' letters were published and he described how these two guys went at each other and after 20 seconds were totally out of breath, collapsed on the floor panting."

Photographer Antoine Verglas gained fame shooting supermodels in their most intimate moments. But even he got goose bumps about this month's fashion feature, The New Playboy. "This shoot was all about excitement," says Verglas. "We were doing it at the Playboy Mansion! It was my first time there, and it's always been a fantasy for me-for any man. It also made me want to present the fashion in a sexy way." Verglas loved the Mansion. "It's so much bigger than I had anticipated. The land, all the animals-you don't expect that in the middle of LA. It's like Disneyland with women."



Lisa Marie Presley waited until now, at the age of 35, to release her debut album. But she's no slacker debutante trading on her name, says Rob Tannenbaum, who conducted this month's Playboy Interview. "I think there are only two things she's taken really seriously and committed herself to," he says. "One is being a mom. The other is putting out this record. She talked about how, growing up, different musical artists meant a lot to her. She's had a lot of difficulties in her life and always found music to be a comfort. I think she truly wants to make music that can function that way for others. She sure doesn't need the money."



Foxy is the latest designer sex drug to storm the underground club scene. After trying it for Sex on the Edge, Heather Caldwell thinks it's the real deal. "It was fun," she says. "It's an amazingly interesting aphrodisiac-most of the women I know who have taken it feel like the hottest chick ever. One said she felt like a porn star with magical powers. I felt like that, too." Still, she doesn't plan to take it again. "I don't want to press my luck," she says. "I'm still paranoid that I'm going to come down with some bizarre symptoms or nerve damage."



David Cross first showed up on comedy radars as co-star and writer of the HBO sketch comedy series Mr. Show and has since had roles on The Drew Carev Show and Just Shoot Me! and in Waiting for Guffman. This month's futuristic article Dear Friends: Get Me the Fuck Out of Here turned out to be an easy assignment for him. "I am from the future," he says, "but only five minutes ahead-which can be frustrating." The payoff for being hardwired to the future: Cross landed a spot in Terminator 3. "I play a spoon." One thing is for sure: He ladles up the laughs.



This Father's Day, give him the Star Treatment.



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Volume II includes Big Jake, The Shootist, The Sons of Katie Elder

Treat the 'Sheriff' in your house to these Classic Westerns on DVD.



PLAYBOY

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For years, different drugs have been touted as ultimate aphrodisiacs. Now there's foxy, a new sex potion that gets club kids—and law enforcement—all hot and bothered. Does it work? Is it dangerous? Our fearless writer scores a vial and tells all.

BY HEATHER CALDWELL

80 WAVE RAVE

Whether you're into skimming, jet-skiing or bare-ass kayaking, we'll bring out your inner sea hoss with this summer's coolest surf-busting machines.

82 WAR OF THE WORDS

A gentleman's profession? Ha! Literary and media heavies—from Tom Wolfe and Norman Mailer to Dave Eggers and Tina Brown—have a bad habit of getting nasty. And their poison-pen put-downs live forever in cyberspace. Behold five of the most ferocious, keyboard-melting feuds. BY SIMON DUMENCO

88 AMERICA THE BREWFUL

There's only one way to know if microbrews like Blackened Voodoo, Weizenheimer and Ghettoblaster stand up to their names. PLAYBOY chugs a brewer's dozen and spills the results. BY JAMES OLIVER CURY

104 DEAR FRIENDS, GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

Apparently the future isn't all it's cracked up to be. The good news: In 2053, men have multiple penises. The bad news: everything else. Read our recently discovered letters from the future or risk a forehead demerit label. BY DAVID CROSS

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Joe Millionaire's good girl has a wild side—and it's peeking through her lingerie.

116 20Q RACHEL WEISZ

The star of the Mummy movies went to Cambridge, but she still loves to roll around in the mud and get dirty. She even thinks the overweight, overmedicated Elvis was cute. No, you are not dreaming, and, yes, she is perfect. BY ROBERT CRANE

119 CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: REBECCA SCOTT

Rebecca likes her men to fondle and lick her everywhere. And we mean everywhere.

120 THE HIPSTER'S GUIDE TO DATING

Grab your horn-rimmed glasses and vintage sneakers and check out our can't-miss guide to nailing bohemian chicks. You'll thank us later. BY ROBERT LANHAM

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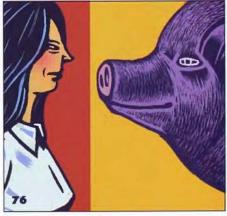
The hot new girlfriend has a pet. No problem. Except that her pet happens to be a 100-pound potbellied pig she shares with an ex. BY STEVE AMICK

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59 LISA MARIE PRESLEY

She is the daughter of the King, but she's no princess, as she reveals in a Playboy Interview that covers Jacko, Nicolas Cage, her dad and more. "My taste in sex," Presley says, "is probably 'porn style.' I am a little dark. I like it rough, the way they do things in porn movies." We're all shook up. BY ROB TANNENBAUM





cover story

With darling Nikki Schieler Ziering stealing scenes in the latest American Pie sequel, American Wedding, and heating up the jungle set of I'm a Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here, PLAYBOY decided to send Seniar Contributing Phatographer Stephen Wayda an a mission: Get Nikki's clothes aut of here! Our Rabbit gets all knatted up by Miss September 1997.



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BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

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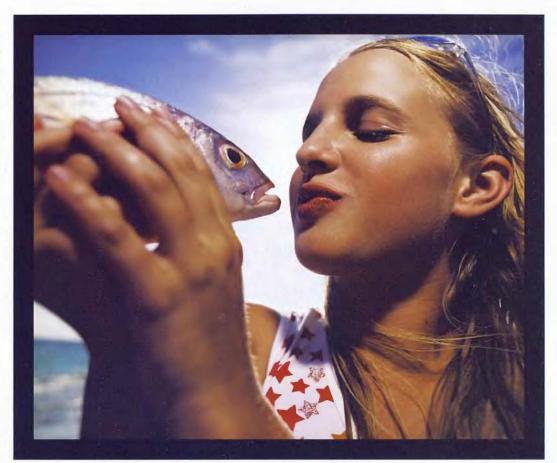
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



PRAYING FOR **GUIDANCE**

Lucy Liu, Cameron Diaz and Drew Barrymore share a reverential moment with Hef between scenes on Charlie's Angels 2. The Playboy Mansion was transformed into Our Lady of Perpetual Virginity for the movie. The grounds looked like those of a religious institution, but Hef couldn't resist playing while praying.



ON THE TOWN WITH HEF

Hef and Verne "Mini-Me" Troyer (left) shared the opening-night festivities at the hot new LA nightspot White Lotus, where Hef also got smooched by party pal Paris Hilton (below right). On another night, Mr. Playboy and his party posse put in an appearance at Carmen Electra and rocker Dave Navarro's engagement party.



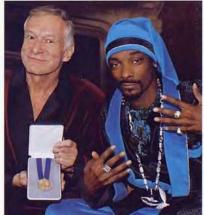
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Hef and Al Jarreau shared a moment at the Playboy Jazz Fest press conference, where George Wein announced that Bill Cosby would be returning to emcee another Hollywood Bowl full of jazz for the 25th anniversary of the popular annual event.



SNOOP AND HIS MAIN MAN Snoop brought his MTV crew to the

Mansion to film a segment for his show, Doggyfizzle. He presented Hef with a Noble Piece Prize medal for his "in-depth study of female anatomy" and for getting "more piece than any other white man alive."





PLAYBOY MANSION FIGHT NIGHT

Hef's longtime friend James Caan was part of the crowd cheering heavyweight Roy Jones's dazzling display of the sweet science as he beat John Ruiz on Fight Night.



MANSION MENAGERIE

Hef's new live-in girlfriends-Zoe, Renee, Sheila, Izabella, Bridget and Holly-are really concerned with the care and feeding of the Mansion menagerie-including the lions.



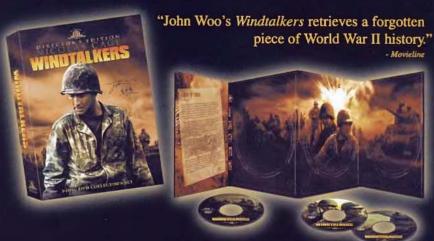


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ear Playboy

SCORING

The Last Score (April) was one of the most interesting articles I've ever read, because we rarely hear the convict's side of the story. Too bad Stephen Reid couldn't control himself better on the outside.

Steve Genna Union, New Jersey

I couldn't help thinking that maybe this time the authorities will make Reid serve his whole sentence.

> Randy Brown Clearwater, Florida

HARD KNOCK LIFE

The wit, insight and integrity displayed by Jay-Z (*Playboy Interview*, April) could be summed up in a nutshell. There are many more interesting people to interview. Keep looking.

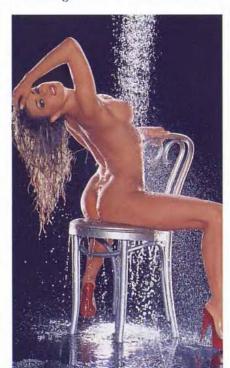
Rick Taber Minocqua, Wisconsin

CARMEN ROCKS

I'm an aspiring musician and a new PLAYBOY subscriber, so imagine my surprise to find my favorite lady, Carmen Electra (April), holding my favorite guitar, a cherry-red Stratocaster. You have just earned yourselves a lifetime subscriber.

Casey Wilson Bozeman, Montana

I got my April issue and I've been hollering at the moon ever since.



Electro shock.

There is nothing sexier than seeing Carmen holding that guitar.

K. Smith Cincinnati, Ohio

Carmen is hot, sexy and beautiful. That's all I can say.

> Ralph Soto Downey, California

CARRIE BRADSHAW WANNABES

I have been a PLAYBOY reader for a long time and, unlike my husband, I don't claim to read it just for the articles. But I was disheartened to read Sex and Two Cities (April). Both women spent far too much time on Stoli and sugar daddies. Do men need another reason to see women as shallow and manipulative? Just so you guys know, we're not all like those two.

R. Skye San Diego, California

OUR BEST SHOT

The mezcal article in April (*The Worm Has Turned*) was clearly meant to be funny. As the author of *The Tequila Lover's Guide to Mexico and Mezcal*, I can tell you that the excellent brands you rated offer wonders that your clever descriptions don't explore.

Lance Cutler Sonoma, California

Thank you for plugging your book. We may even read it when our head stops throbbing and our sinuses clear.

OUR OTHER BEST SHOT

The Rock Shots pictorial (April) would have been so much better if you had featured more of the photos your guest photographers took instead of shots of them taking the pictures. Who wants to see Ja Rule when you have the lovely Michele Rogers and Christi Shake on a bed?

Brett Kenschaft Denver, Colorado

We all know rock stars get the girls, but when I look at PLAYBOY I like to imagine myself as the photographer, not some celebrity. Why don't farmers, computer programmers or cabdrivers get a turn? I'll be happy to volunteer.

Wayne Thume Preston, Maryland

You and a thousand other guys. May we get back to you on your offer?

THAT DOG WON'T HUNT

Your recent piece on Dr. Phil Mc-Graw (The Dr. Phil S.A.T., April) made him look like a natural target for jibes and criticism. I've watched him for some time now and he's hardly in the same category as Maury Povich or Jerry Springer. His basic messages of behavior modification are grounded in research in that field. I think he is notably devoid of jargon, and as a retired professor of sociology and psychology, I find his ability to develop rapport with his guests an important skill for a therapist, even on TV.

George Vrhel Sterling, Illinois



Tail in two cities.

We hear what you're saying and we'd like to validate your feelings. However, our irrational, deep-seated need to jerk Dr. Phil's chain prevents us from doing so.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR HIPS

As a man with a strong preference for full-figured women, I must congratulate you for *Babe of the Month* Rosa Blasi (April). She's beautiful.

Brendan Forde

Washington Township, New Jersey

THREE'S A CROWD

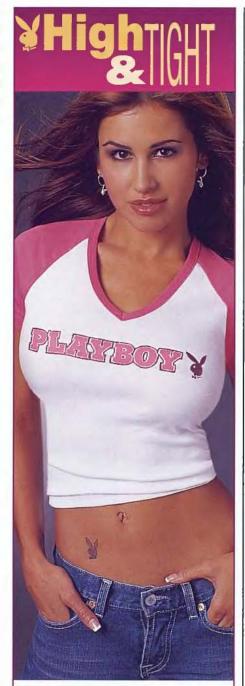
While Dirty Vegas was thrilled to win the PLAYBOY readers' music poll (*The Year in Music*, April) for best electronica, we at the label wondered what happened to a photo of keyboardist Paul Harris?

Elliot Walker Ultra Records New York, New York

Would you believe we got a discount on the photo? No? OK, sorry and congratulations again.

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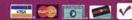
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DeCesare (Spring Fever, April). Are we great, or what?

Ron Grant Massillon, Ohio

I can't believe it-a Centerfold with natural breasts. I hope this continues and you manage to get rid of French manicures as well. Then you'll really be on to something again.

William McEwen Arlington, Texas

I don't believe the Playmate Data Sheet for Carmella DeCesare. Her hips can't be 27 inches. If this were so, then her waist/hip ratio would be 0.89, a value much higher than the average 0.69 for the 206 previous Playmates. Please print the corrected value in a forthcoming issue for those of us who enjoy statistics.

Harry Murphy

Albuquerque, New Mexico Harry, we'll have to get back to you. We're working on our statistical abstract right now. But last time we checked, Carmella looked pretty damn proportional to us.

Thanks for bringing Carmella back after her departure from the Fox series The Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold. She was my favorite on the show, a pure, natural beauty.

> David Brown Los Angeles, California



All soaped up.

I may be mistaken, but I don't see a single tattoo or body piercing on Carmella, which makes me incredibly happy.

Tom Brady Manchester, Connecticut

Can PLAYBOY get any better than this? Your April issue is amazing: Carmen Electra looks moist, Carmella DeCesare reminds your older readers what college boys hope to see every fall, a very funny interview with Andy Richter and a true-story bank robber chase. I'll be waiting for an encore.

Tim Stockdale Arlington, Virginia

Natural breasts and no tattoos make the incredibly beautiful Miss April Carmella a wonder. Who could ask for anything more?

> Victor Garcia San Diego, California

HOT STUFF

The guys and I would like to say thank you for providing some fine firehouse reading. Once a month one of us runs to the newsstand to buy the latest issue and then it's added to our library. Congratulations on your almost 50 years of beautiful women.

Monroeville Volunteer Fire Co. #5 Monroeville, Pennsylvania

SEMPER FI

We are currently deployed in Kuwait. You would be surprised how your magazine can raise the morale of troops who have been away from home for months. We admire Hef for starting pretty much from scratch. It is that kind of American ingenuity that we are over here fighting for.

L/Cpl. David Marshall USMC

LOVE YOU, TOO

Thanks for a great magazine. I really enjoy the short stories, the intellectual disagreements and the internationalist tone. I feel as though I grew up with Hef.

> Ion Thomas Tulsa, Oklahoma

FICTION FAVORITE

Ever since kids got radios, music has been the portable backdrop to our lives. I really liked Ethan Hauser's story Kid, Rock (April) for reminding me that making up, breaking up and all those major personal moments were connected to music.

> Karen Moss New York, New York

Now that radio is under corporate control and without any flavor from either the city it is played in or the DJs who are heard on it, I wonder if kids will be able to identify the important moments in their lives by tunes on the radio. Or will they just remember that some songs were played twice an hour? Hauser's story really got it.

> lack White Chicago, Illinois







THE SEARCH STARTS HERE

Playboy is conducting a nationwide search for our 50th Anniversary Playmate.

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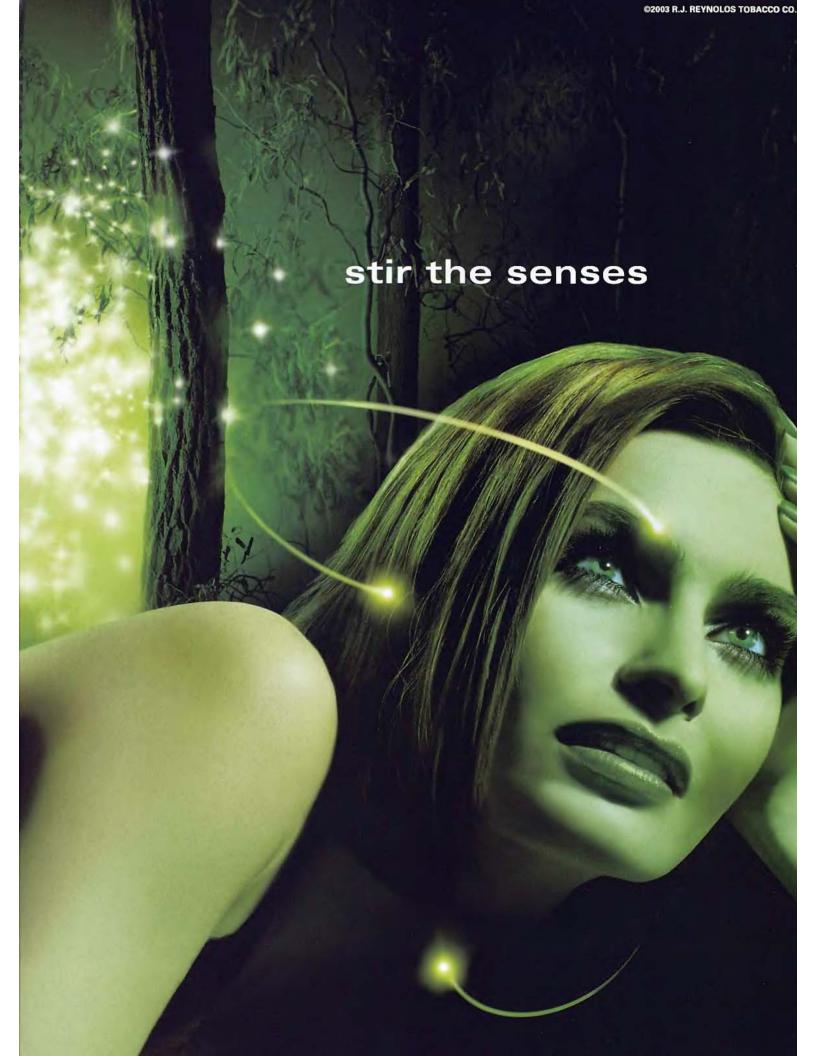
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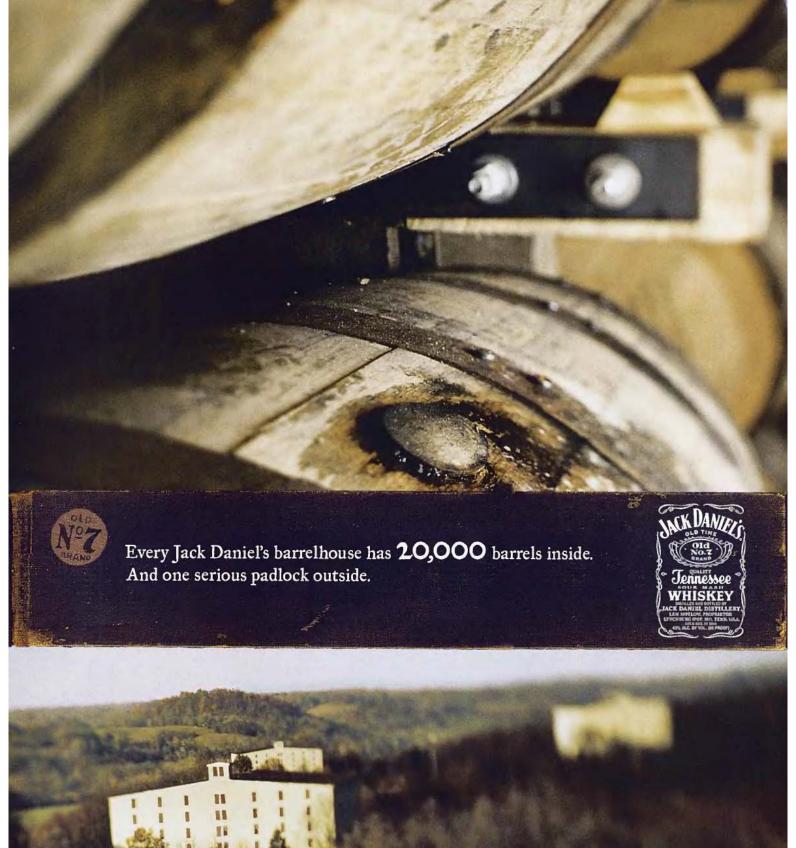
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Candidates must be at least 18 years of age and bring with them two forms of personal identification, one of which must have a photo, expiration date and date of birth. Acceptable forms of ID are: valid driver's license, birth certificate, passport, college ID, social security card, voter's registration card or state identification card.

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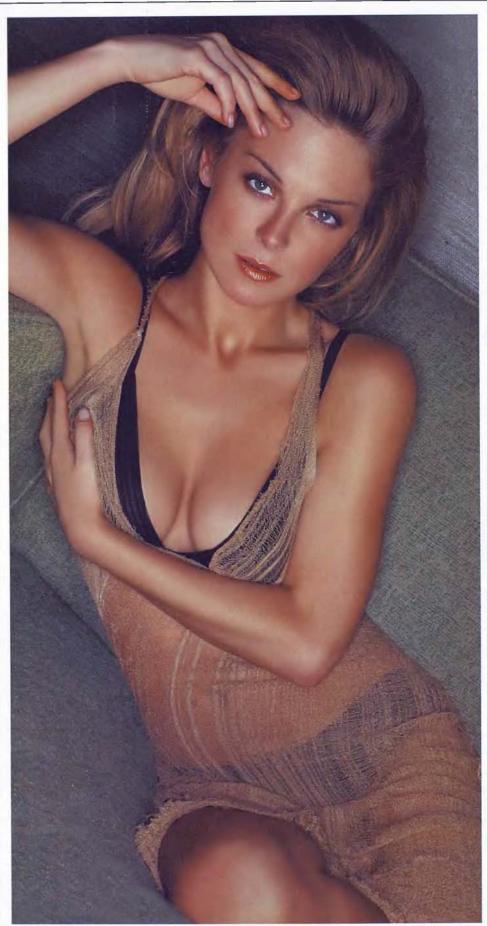




PLAYBOY

after hours





mother," says Jordan. "She was strict. I was quarantined in my house with a 10 o'clock curfew. I rebelled, but I covered my tracks." As an actress, Jordan tormented Drew Barrymore in Never Been Kissed but declined Drew's offer to appear in the big-screen Charlie's

"I just want to have a good time. Sex is part of the human experience, and to ignore it is to ignore a part of life."

Angels. Catch her next in the thriller Cabin Fever (about a flesh-eating virus that attacks her posse in the woods): "It was the most disgusting script I'd ever read, so I had to be in it." While eschewing favoritism, the 28-year-old is comfortable with her inherited hotness. "When I showed up on a Most Sexy list, I got points with my husband," she says. "I wasn't just the old lady—other boys thought I was attractive. I just want to have a good time. Sex is part of the human experience, and to ignore it is to ignore a part of life."

LADD, LADD WORLD

OH, BABY: When Jordan was young, she didn't consider it odd that her mom fought crime in a two-piece. "Most of the kids I went to school with had parents in show business. It was all pretty normal." SUPER JORDAN: "I love to travel but hate traffic and planes. I wish I could beam myself anywhere instantly. Wiggle my nose or shake my ass-bam!-I'm in Quebec." SEX OR CHOCOLATE? "Sex. Oh yes, sex. It helps you lose weight." IN THE BAG: A Polaroid camera, American Spirits, her terrier Earl and Binaca breath spray. "I want to revive the Seventies. When someone wanted to make a move in a commercial, they'd spritz Binaca first. It sends that message." CREAM PUFF: "I worked in a bakery and had to wear a humiliating little Danish outfit. But now that I think back, it was kind of sexy. I looked like a Danish milkmaid."

barometer

IT'S JULY AND . . .



Wimbledon. Sampras? Who cares? The ladies' bracket has all the heat. Joining Anna K. is a volley of comely young Russkis who might even win a match: Elena Dementieva, Maria Sharapova, Tatiana Panova and Elena Bovina. Advantage, us.

... you're not sure how many more bombs you can watch bursting in air this month. But true patriots can head to the Coney Island Hot Dog Contest (Brooklyn, New York), the Summer Redneck Games (East Dublin, Georgia) or Spam Town USA Festival (Austin, Minnesota).

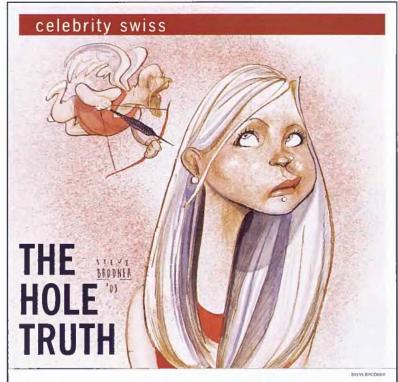


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sizes. Now she won't
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... you're saving to buy pricey water at all-day music-and-sunburn festivals. With Ozzfest and the Vans Warped Tour flagging, the stage is clear for Metallica's Summer Sanatorium and, with the first Lollapalooza since 1997, the return of rock's avant-freaks, Jane's Addiction.



your blender—or your microwave or toaster oven, for that matter. Not after seeing *The Matrix Reloaded* and this month's *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines*. The gadget revolution is coming, and your kitchen is a sleeper cell.



CELEBRITY PIERCERS REVEAL SECRETS OF A-LIST HOLES

Rob Reimer and Mikel Addonisio have seen thingies most men only dream about. They are piercers to the stars, paid to probe celebrity body parts normally trusted to physicians and privy to some tight secrets. Reimer is a former owner of Thirteen B.C. in LA. Before he retired, Reimer gained fame for penetrating Anna Nicole Smith (nipple), as well as Janet Jackson (tongue, nipple, nose), who is still a client. "Lots of people pass out when pierced," he says, "but Janet doesn't flinch. She's had piercing parties for her dancers and guests like Lisa Marie Presley." Anna Nicole was also memorable. "She has the world's biggest breasts and I struggled to pierce her nipple. It was stretched out and flat." In New York, Addonisio plugged into the celebrity circuit by fixing Lenny Kravitz' nostril at Andromeda, the parlor he manages. He's pierced Alyssa Milano (ears, navel) and Christina Aguilera. "Christina popped in and had the basics done-ears, navel and nose," he says. "Then I did her nipples. She called again about genital piercings, but she never came in." (Turns out she's also a regular at Thirteen B.C. Says current owner Taj, "I did her nostril, lip and other locations that she has asked me not to talk about.") Addonisio may have missed out on piercing Aguilera's downtown, but he's still proud: "When I saw her Rolling Stone cover I said, 'Those are my nipples!"

spot the bunny

QUILLY RABBIT

nature tricks not just for kids

We spend a lot of time finding ways to hide the Rabbit logo on our covers. But we're no match for this little prick: a divinely formed cactus from the Arizona desert. It's a unique varietal called cactii lapidii—Latin for "this won't hurt a bit." Don't tell our trademark lawyers.

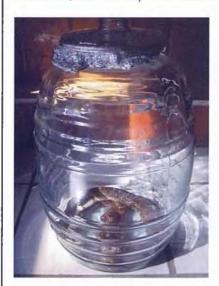


tequila monster

WHAT'S YOUR POISON?

HOMEMADE RATTLER HOOCH HAS A BIG BITE

Think you got cojones because you ate that puny worm at the bottom of a mescal bottle? Then point yourself down a rutty dirt road toward Rancho Agua Caliente, Mexico (about 20 miles south of Ensenada) and see if you're hombre enough to handle the bite



inside a jar of Tequila con Víbora de Rageoña. That's rattlesnake tequila to you gringos. "Como medicina," says Francisco Dario Garcia, 48, of his home brewa once-common folk cure that he claims relieves arthritis, cancer, rheumatism and nerves. Enter his dusty old cantina and he'll show you a live specimen coiled and hissing in captivity on the mantel. When the snake's time comes, Garcia sinks the writhing reptile in a two-gallon jar of tequila. After it drowns (and gives off its mythic curative properties), he soaks it again. At that point light

and alcohol will have neutralized the venom, and the result is said to have no toxicity. Whether a shot cures what ails you or not is moot, since most imbibers suffer from nothing more severe than a dare from companions. Just don't wuss out and pick out the scales floating on top. "Once many people learned to do this," he says, replacing the tinfoil lid on a nearly empty jar. "Now it's only me."

toy story

PLASTIC PUNK

NEVER MIND THE BARBIES, HERE'S A SEX PISTOL

Compared with the Sex Pistols, today's punk bands might as well be Celine Dion. Now, with a new action figure, Diamond Comic Distributors immortalizes the most self-destructive bassist of all time, Sid Vicious. At eight inches tall, the doll is about as big as the knife Vicious allegedly used to kill his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen. Little Sid is fully articulated at the neck and shoulders but his fingers don't move, which to many fans makes him truly lifelike.



bunker buster

"THE U.S. SHOULD DROP MILLIONS OF COPIES OF PLAYBOY OVER THE NATIONS OF THE MIDDLE EAST, ALONG WITH MILLIONS OF TINY AIRLINE BOTTLES OF BOOZE."—MSNBC TALK-SHOW HOST MICHAEL SAVAGE

employee of the month



NICE ASSIST

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT MICHELE BERKE IS A REAL TEAM PLAYER

PLAYBOY: What do you do all day?

MICHELE: Get my nails done—just joking. I work for the president of Playboy.com, and he travels all the time, so it seems like I'm always filling out expense reports. For somebody who hates numbers, I deal with them a lot.

PLAYBOY: Surely there are some fringe benefits?

MICHELE: I used to chaperone Playmates. And I met Yankees pitcher David Wells in the green room at the Howard Stern show. I'm a big Yankees fan.

PLAYBOY: What's with the purple hair?

MICHELE: With short hair, you can only do so much, so

I like to color it. I've done purple, orange, yellow, green, fuchsia, blue and every shade of red. I call it mood hair.

PLAYBOY: How do guys react when they find out you work here?

MICHELE: It's always the same. They ask, "Are there naked women walking around the office?" Until now I've been able to say no.



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flashbacks



CHRISTOPHER RITIGA

HIGH ART

A PSYCHEDELIC MUSEUM THAT'S WORTH THE TRIP

You are not hallucinating. There really is a museum devoted to the perforated blotter paper used to absorb LSD. Curator Mark McLoud has hoarded acid artwork for decades. Now his Institute of Illegal Images in San Francisco holds thousands of tabs bearing classic designs and icons from Janis Joplin to Homer Simpson. McLoud says visitors to his Louvre of lysergic stare at the sacred squares, recalling psychedelic blasts that blew open their doors of perception—or at least made them dance around like sock puppets. We may not know art, but we know what we lick.

brace yourself



GOOD NEWS BAD NEWS

IF YOU WANT TO YING, YOU'VE GOT TO YANG

Good news: The DA in California's Humboldt County, an area synonymous with pot cultivation, has issued new guidelines that permit residents with medicinal marijuana prescriptions to possess up to 99 pot plants and three pounds of dried buds.

Bad news: He's devoting saved resources to busting the meth lab in your garage.

Good news: Scientists at Wollongong University in Australia have developed a "smart bra" with special fabric that responds to strain. The prototype's straps tighten much like a seatbelt when breasts require extra support.

Bad news: That means no more gratuitous jiggling.

Good news: Some Wesleyan University coeds, inspired by *The Vagina Monologues*, have formed the Cunt Club to raise consciousness about our favorite vacation spot. "If you don't make a point of talking specifically about vaginas," says founder Cara Herbitter, "they don't get talked about."

Bad news: Membership is surprisingly tight.

Good news: A live window display at a downtown Madison, Wisconsin hair salon grew steamy as two women allegedly engaged in sex acts in front of a crowd of appreciative men on the street.

Bad news: Cops busted the girls and the men will never look at a hairbrush the same way again.

tipsheet

WE'RE PUTTING WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH

NOW YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO SEARCH FOR SOMETHING TO SAY

Dixie chickenshit: A country music artist who isn't supportive enough of the war efforts of the United States to suit his or her gung ho fan base.



Goldilocks economy: The good old days when the stock market was not too cold, not too hot, but just right.

Lobster: A lazy, stupid person, as in one with a tail full of meat and a head full of gunk. Which means a sunburned ditz is a broiled lobster.

Crappuccino: At \$300 per pound, kopi luwak is one of the most expensive coffees on earth. Its flavor secret? The beans are picked from the dung of the Indonesian luwak, a kind of cat that eats but can't digest them—it simply ferments them in its gut and shits them out. Take that, Juan Valdez.

Business-class ass: Not an obnoxious guy in a suit but rather a butt so big it won't squeeze into an airplane coach seat.

Shit a cold purple Twinkie: To freak out, and not in a good way. "If I ever found out she cheated on me, I'd shit a cold purple Twinkie."

Wankster: A phony gangster.

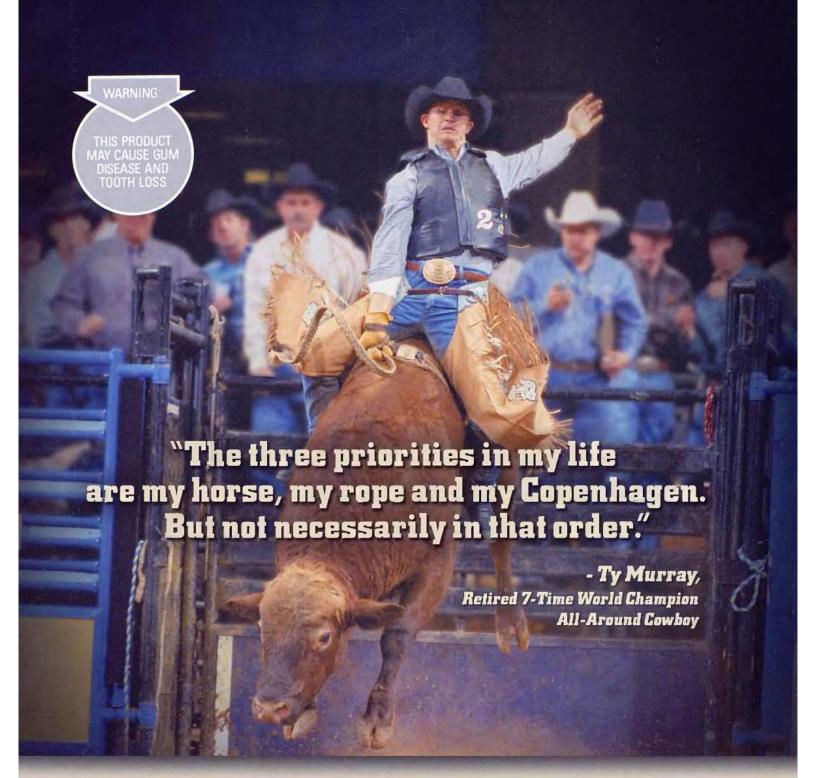
Plastercard: Tesco, a British company, plans to issue special credit cards with embedded Breathalyzers designed to let users test whether they're perhaps not in the right frame of mind to make a purchase. There goes the tattoo industry.

Picasso porn: The scrambled image seen by nonsubscribers when they try to watch a porn channel. We know you know what we're talking about.

The Agincourt gesture: The Finger, reputed to have originated with victorious Brit soldiers as a "fuck you" to the French after the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. However, according to findings by gestural-vulgarity scholars, it actually dates back to ancient Greece and Rome. Et tu and your mother, Brutus.

Metrosexual: A big-city dweller in love with his lifestyle and all the cool downtown props that go with it. An urban dandy.

Biological security agents: WMDese for dogs, cats and other household pets. Since veterinarians feed reports of animal seizures into a nationwide database, Fido's and Fluffy's moments of distress will now supposedly be the first alert of a terrorist attack involving bioweapons.



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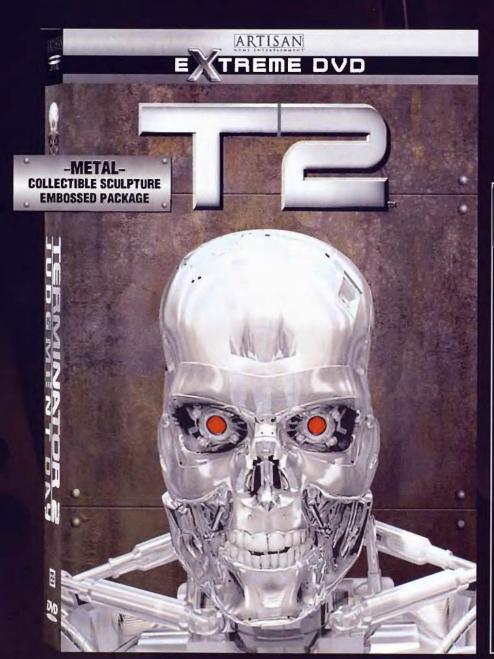




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WIGGE BY BRAD FIEDEL SPECIAL MARE-UP AND TERMINISTOR EFFECTS PRODUCTED BY STAN WINSTON CONTUTES GRAPMICS INVESTED AND MARIO FIRM ENTERS CONTRAD BUFF, MARK GOLDBLATT, A.E., INCRARD A. HARMIS PRODUCTED BY STAN WINSTON CONTUTES GRAPMICS INVESTED AND MARIO KASSAR WINTEN BY JAMES CAMERON A WILLIAM WISHER PRODUCES AND RESCITED BY JAMES CAMERON

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RAWDATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Diamond, Departed

LifeGem can transform your ashes into precious diamonds for your loved ones. The process costs about

\$2100 for \(\frac{1}{2} \) carat.

There is enough carbon in a corpse to make 50 diamonds.

Chance Encounters

The odds a married woman will have an affair

Before 2 years of marriage	1 in 8
Between 2 and 10 years of marriage	1 in 5
After 10 years of marriage	1 in 5
The odds a married man	

The odds a married man will have an affair

Before 2 years of marriage	1 in 7
Between 2 and 10 years of marriage	1 in 4
After 10 years of marriage	1 in 3

Inside Job

According to a report in the New England Journal of Medicine, about 1500 sponges, clamps or other surgical implements are left inside patients' bodies each year. The areas where the instruments were found:

Abdomen/Pelvis 54%

Vagina 22% Chest 7% Other 17%



Family Time

The Logan family of Ottawa County, Oklahoma has been charged with more than 250 crimes in 5 years. Currently, 4 family members are serving sentences in prison. In a recent incident, it took 8 law enforcement agencies to arrest 6 of the family members.



Extra Points

Nipple enlargement operations in 2002:

women: 501 men: 40

The Bottom Five

The least-visited national parks in the United States

(As a point of comparison, the busiest national park, Great Smoky Mountains, had 9,316,420 visitors in 2002.)

Park	State	Visitors per Yea
Isle Royale	MI	19,463
Gates of the Arctic	AK	6648
Lake Clark	AK	4325
Kobuk Valley	AK	4046
National Park of		1938



Source: National Park Service. Statistics are for 2002.



American Samoa

Diva Physics From London's Metropolitan

From London's Metropolitan Hotel (A), it takes star J. Lo (B) and her entourage (C) 15 minutes to load into 6 limousines (D). What is the distance that they will be traveling to reach London's Dorchester Hotel (E)?

Answer: 100 yards



In 1980, 40% of young people said they'd never consider joining the military. In 2000, that figure was 64%.



THE TEN MOST WANTED FUCITIVE

Drag Net

Using widely available Internet resources, Ian Cobain of *The Times* of London located 4 of Interpol's "Most Wanted" international fugitives. The massive manhunt took him 82 minutes.

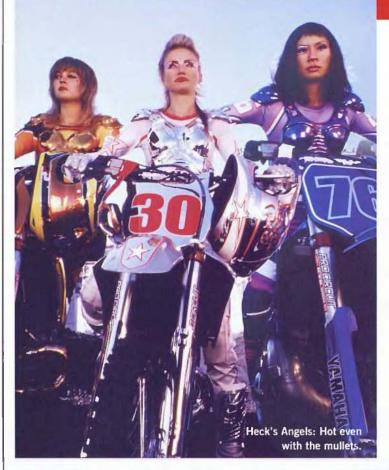
Convenience

The two closest Starbucks, located in Seattle, are 150 feet apart.



REVIEWS

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[CHARLIE'S ANGELS:] FULL THROTTLE

Cameron, Drew and Lucy in a revved-up sequel

Hollywood is littered with the wreckage of bomb sequels, so *Charlie's Angels* director McG isn't resting on that hit's fat box office—or the enhanced star power of Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore and Lucy Liu—the second time around. "Godfather II delivered, Rocky II delivered, Terminator 2 delivered, and we want to be one of those films that take it higher," the uni-monikered helmer says, apparently with a straight face. What ensures that part two isn't a number two? There's comeback-primed Demi Moore as a mentor angel ("She's a tough, beautiful wom-

an who can stand tall in a bikini") and Bernie Mac as the new Bosley, but let's face it: Better for this defiantly unserious franchise means more wild action. Expect Motocross stunts, helicopter theatrics and what McG boasts is a car-

"I'm hoping that the girls do Steve McQueen proud."

chase sequence that "pushes the limits of what we thought was imaginable on four wheels." It involves the Angels turning Hollywood Boulevard into a traffic jungle as they swoop Tarzan-style from car to car. "I want it to be reminiscent of *Bullitt* and *The French Connection*, but with the consciousness of *The Matrix*," says McG, adding, "I'm hoping that the girls do Steve McQueen proud."

now showing

Dumb and Dumberer: When Harry Met Lloyd

(Eric Christian Olsen, Derek Richardson, Eugene Levy) The prequel craze turns into full-blown insanity with this gleefully moronic tale about teen twits Harry and Lloyd's quest to escape special-education classes. Can you turn off your brain enough to enjoy this and still maintain vital bodily functions?

Hollywood Homicide

(Harrison Ford, Josh Hartnett, Lena Olin) Buddy cop action comedies never die, they just get grafted onto new milieus. This time it's veteran Ford and rookie Hartnett as requisitely unconventional Los Angeles detectives investigating the gangland-style slaying of a hip-hop group.

The Hulk

(Eric Bana, Jennifer Connelly, Nick Nolte, Sam Elliott) Art-film director Ang Lee uses the comic-book tale of a scientist (Bana) transformed into a rampaging green juggernaut as a moody meditation on the demons within us all—and his \$120 million budget as an excuse to wreck everything in sight.

Prozac Nation

(Christina Ricci, Jason Biggs, Jessica Lange) Social provocateur Elizabeth Wurtzel's best-selling memoir finally makes it to the big screen. Ricci plays a young working-class woman who struggles with her overbearing mother and an industrial-size bout of depression during her freshman year at Harvard.

BUZZ

Our call: Dude, where's the nearest exit? At least Levy's portrayal of a scheming high school principal gets him one step closer to a Lifetime Achievement Oscar.

Our call: Director Ron Shelton demonstrated an eye for the streets with White Men Can't Jump. Here's hoping he knows that aging white movie stars shouldn't rap.

Our call: Get ready to fork over some green. As long as the CGI effects don't look like they are courtesy of Hanna-Barbera, The Hulk should be a smashing good time.

Our call: A topless Ricci opening scene briefly raised our spirits, but the rest of this whiny self-obsession-fest saved us from refilling our prescription for sleeping pills.









altered egos

[COMIC GENIUS]

Marvel boss Avi Arad isn't a superhero. He just owns a lot of them.

movie stars. We caught up with Holly- by \$600 million. wood's newest hero at his secret lair.

What is it about The Hulk that keeps Let's put it this way—you haven't seen you up at night?

The terror is that we're making a creainteract in a believable way with its environment and real actors. We want like a New Year's Eve ball in Italy? you to watch the Hulk and actually see his emotions. That's a minefield.

When a picture turned up on the web, some people said Hulk looked more like Shrek.

I used to go nuts over this Internet stuff. With Marvel, there's a pretty passionate community out there that cares so much they sometimes beat us over the head. Any breathing male with red blood in his veins is going to see this movie regardless.

How is it decided which one of Marvel's 4700 characters gets the big-screen treatment next?

With the comics, computer games and animated shows doing well, the geek community gets bigger and bigger, and they'll go to any Marvel film. Daredevil was—no ifs, ands or buts— Ben Affleck in a red costume and that's As long as we zigzag and make the nally made \$100 million.

Did you foresee that Spider-Man ping between buildings. We're penewould be such a huge success?

begged the big bankers to give us a just from comic book geeks.

As chief executive of Marvel Studios, second chance, saying, "Don't sell Avi Arad has made Spider-Man, the yourselves short, guys. Spider-Man Hulk, Daredevil and the X-Men into alone will make a billion." I was only off

What is your least favorite superhero costume?

it on the screen. Costumes cause the most soul-searching on every movie. If ture that's completely CGI but must we make X-Men costumes as colorful as they are in the comics, will it look



Do you think the superhero movie boom will fade soon?

it. A small character, risky business. It characters compelling, the sky's the had a record opening weekend and fi- limit. What people remember about these movies is not guys in tights fliptrating the masses now. You can't gen-When Marvel was facing bankruptcy, I erate \$100 million at the box office

arthouse



28 Days Later

Director Danny Boyle (Trainspotting) leaps into genre territory with this gory tale of survivors (led by newcomers Cillian Murphy and Naomie Harris) dodging zombies after a viral attack wipes out 99.9 percent of the British population. Shot on digital video, Days bleeds an intelligence and intensity that Hollywood horror just can't stomach.-Graham Robinson

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by Leonard Maltin

ANGER MANAGEMENT Adam Sandler plays patsy to Jack Nicholson's leering therapist in this latest product from the School of Obnoxious Comedy. The novelty of watching Jack cavort in this kind of movie wears off faster than a temper tantrum. **

THE DANCER UPSTAIRS The directorial debut from John Malkovich stars Oscar nominee Javier Bardem in a hard-edged political thriller set in a Latin American country beset by corruption and terrorism. If only it didn't move . . . so . . . slowly. **

GHOSTS OF THE ABYSS James Cameron's return to Titanic-the real one, on the ocean floor-with Bill Paxton in tow, shows off his new IMAX 3-D robotic cameras, but the presentation is muddled by halfhearted dramatic re-creations.

MALIBU'S MOST WANTED Hip-hop wannabe Jamie Kennedy is really from the "tough streets of Malibu"-but that makes for a one-joke movie, even if you find the joke amusing. Taye Diggs and Anthony Anderson come off best as two classically trained actors hired to pose as thugs. **

THE MAN ON THE TRAIN Patrice Leconte (The Girl on the Bridge) offers an intriguing fable, with French rocker Johnny Hallyday and veteran actor Jean Rochefort as opposites who meet by chance and envy each other's lifestyles.

MIGHTY WIND Christopher Guest and his Best in Show gang reunite for this mockumentary about a reunion of folk-music stars. Eugene Levy, Catherine O'Hara, Harry Shearer, Fred Willard and Parker Posey are among the comic performers.

PEOPLE I KNOW AI Pacino plays a publicist who's running on fumes; a movie star (played by Ryan O'Neal), his last real client, asks him to clean up a mess involving a starlet (Téa Leoni). Then it turns into a political paranoia thriller. Even the compelling Pacino can't rescue this mess.

SPELLEOUND How on earth could a little documentary about eight teenagers competing to win the 1999 national spelling bee turn out so funny, so suspenseful, so revealing? Watch this Oscar-nominated film and you'll see. You might just improve your spelling, too.

メメメメ Don't miss Good show ¥¥ Worth a look Forget it

cd of the month

RADIOHEAD*HAIL TO THE THIEF]

Call the cops. Somebody swiped the band



Thom Yorke's voice, evocative of an emotional free fall, has always been the source of Radiohead's success. But on this latest release, his wails and single-word repetitions have become self-indulgent. Couple that with the fact that he has again largely shelved his once-ferocious band in favor of blips, bleeps and Casio beats, and you've got trouble. There is still interesting stuff going on here. and when Yorke lets the rest of the boys into the studio, there are magical moments (I Will, There There). More often, things fall apart, as on 2+2=5, which opens with mournful guitars and then careens into an unhinged coda with Yorke shouting "penetration." The less charitable might be inclined to wonder whether The Bends and OK Computer were flukes. (EMI) ¥¥ -Tim Mohr

STEELY DAN* Everything Must Go

If you're not a Dan fan, this album won't convert you. But aficionados will find these songs reminiscent of their Seventies classics. Once again, the duo delivers their staple—a fusion of jazz, pop and slyly disjointed lyrics. Two Against Nature earned

a surprise Grammy for Album of the Year in 2000. While that isn't likely to happen again, Everything Must Go is just as good. (Reprise) ***



-Patty Lamberti

DEFTONES* Deftones

These boys have always been a discerning nu-metal fan's bet for the group best equipped to transcend the genre. On this one they alternately simmer and explode while maintaining a sensitivity that would make most metal acts blush. Chino

Moreno screams, "It all sounds the same," suggesting that he understands a predictability that his band has outrun. (Maverick) >>> \%

—Jason Buhrmester



PETE YORN* Day I Forgot

DAVID BANNER* Mississippi: The Album Forget about the East Coast and West Coast. The rowdiest hip-hop today comes from the dirty South, and there's no place dirtier than the Magnolia State. Loud, bouncy and in your face, Dixie hip-hop thrives on crunk anthems and roughhouse choruses. David Banner is a whole lot

better at being socially conscious than he is at the hackneyed thugging and pimping, but this one will still rip up a party. (SRC) ***

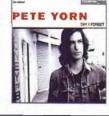
-Leopold Froehlich



After wowing critics with his debut CD, Pete Yorn was set up for a sophomore slump. It didn't happen. Day I Forgot was recorded with the same producers, but he has evolved into a formidable rock troubadour. On Carlos, he declares in his smoky, bar-strained voice, "Even when I

try to sleep/I'm looking for my best friends/I'm tired of all the people I see through." The mini Boss is all grown up. (Columbia) ****

-Alison Prato



phoning it in

[LUCINDA WILLIAMS]

Lucinda Williams has three Grammys and a new CD, World Without Tears. We spoke to her as she packed to hit the road with Neil Young.

Q: Time magazine called you America's best songwriter. Talk about piling on the pressure.

A: I know! I felt humbled. Wait a minute—what about Bob Dylan? John Prine? Don't single me out. That's my nature. I'm always taking care of everyone. They pour accolades on me and I think, What about so-and-so? I don't want my friends to feel left out.

Q: How many times have you had your heart broken?

A: God, it just happened. Second time this year. I guess I'm not doing something right.

Q: How do you cope with a bad breakup?

A: The last guy is all over my new record. I can't say who he is because that would be horrible for him. See? Here I go—he broke my heart and I'm worrying about hurting his feelings. How fucked up is that?

Q: What do you think of

industry's young sex symbols?
A: That's the nature of the business. Pop and rock are visual. But it's not just about glamour. The younger people

the music

think they can learn a few chords and, boom—that's it. They're not working on their craft. When I was 18, I wasn't thinking about getting a record deal. I was learning to write.

Q: Do you have groupies?

A: Men are intimidated because I'm strong and independent. Too bad. With male musicians it's the opposite—girls crawl all over them. It would be nice to have good-looking guys hanging around. God, I love to flirt.

Q: Where do you keep all of your Grammys?

A: Right now they're in storage. Not to be rude, but I wish they were silver instead of gold. They completely clash with all my stuff.

—Alison Prato



game of the month

RESIDENT EVIL: DEAD AIM]

The scariest thing on this cruise isn't the seafood buffet.

Resident Evil: Dead Aim (Capcom, PS2) is set on a cruise ship, but you won't mistake it for a Love Boat rerun. Something stronger than Isaac's mai tais has turned the passengers and crew into bloodthirsty zombies. As Bruce MacGavin, it's your job to

investigate the infection and kill (or is that rekill?) every nasty in sight, from possessed shuffleboard players to ferocious sea creatures. To add realism, the game can be played with a gun controller, allowing you to toggle between shooting in the first-person perspective or guiding MacGavin around the enormous ship. The foreboding atmosphere lives up to Resident Evil's creepy standards—just don't count on action as frantic as Sega's zombie-shooter rival, House of the Dead. Dead Aim's targets can act more disoriented than a boatload of Florida retirees. YYY -John Gaudiosi



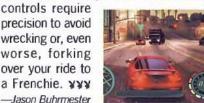
THE HULK (Vivendi Universal, PS2, Xbox, GameCube, PC) Most movie-togame conversions suck---witness Daredevil, a project that went bad faster than you can say Ben Affleck. But The Hulk is a pleasant surprise. You'll engage in stealth missions as Bruce Banner and vicious battles as his mean green alter ego in a noir style straight from the graphic novels un-

der your bed. Best of all, the game's environments are destructible, so if it exists. Hulk can smash it. צצצצ





Los Angeles, Tokyo and Paris. Touchy controls require precision to avoid wrecking or, even worse, forking over your ride to



MIDNIGHT CLUB 2 (Rockstar Games.

PS2, Xbox, PC) You don't have to boost

vehicles in this game by the makers

of Grand Theft Auto, but that doesn't

mean your insurance rates shouldn't sky-

rocket just for grabbing the controller.

Driving in the illegal street-racing circuit,

you race for pink slips against rivals in

BRUTE FORCE (Microsoft, Xbox) Put a trigger-happy gamer in control of a wellarmed military squad and there are bound to be casualties, especially in a game this tough. The sci-fi soldiers you command (an assault trooper, a sniper, a scout and a murderous alien) use their skills to accomplish missions that range from hostage rescue to seek-and-destroy. Keeping track

of the entire team while under fire requires strategy, so try being more Rumsfeld and less Rambo. XXX

-Marc Saltzman



OUTLAW VOLLEYBALL (Simon and Schuster, Xbox) The idea of a beach volleyball video game is a winner, so why isn't there a version that does it right? In Outlaw, you ogle scantily clad eye candy Summer and Harley and get dissed by tattooed muscle heads who hold grudges or cross the net to pick a fight when you spike the ball at them.

But behind the gimmicks Outlaw is a simplistic sports game that falls to pieces like a loose string bikini. * -S.S.



games people play

[EXTREME GAMER]

Supercross champ Ricky Carmichael plays some titles worth getting revved up about.

"It's almost sad to say, but I don't play many games outside of racing ones. We have heated battles at World of Outlaws: Sprint Cars (Infogrames, PS2, PC). It's

a great dirt-track game to play with a buddy-just try not to get pissed off at each other. I always use Sammy Swindell as my driver. Then I outfit my car with a slower acceleration so it handles easier in the dirt and mud. It pays off on tracks like Bristol that are so small and tight you can't just blast through. Those are the tracks that separate the players with technique from



you earn cash to upgrade your car. My tip: Suspension is key. Spend your bonus cash on that, then work on building up the motor. We also spend a lot of time playing my supercross game, MX Superfly (THQ, PS2, Xbox, GameCube). Luckily no one has ever beaten me while playing as me. That would suck."

wired

Fossil Wrist PDA with Palm (\$300) Early watch-personal digital assistant combos were awkward devices that screamed "geek" across a crowded club. Fossil finally got it right with its Wrist PDA. It runs the full Palm software, not a stripped-down version, including useful addons such as games and calculators. A tiny stylus tucks into the band, and a small infrared port on the face beams data to any Palmbased device.



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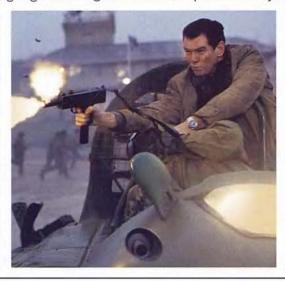
dvd of the month

DIE ANOTHER DAY

Brosnan and Berry heat up the Bond market.

The fourth trip around the world with Pierce Brosnan as 007 feels surprisingly fresh, like that rare Super Bowl in which both the game and the commercials are great. Credit director Lee Tamahori for giving the old megalomaniacal-villain-plots-to-destroy-

Western-civilization story a new (if convoluted) spin, and producers for adding Halle Berry as a wisecracking, bikiniclad American agent who almost makes this the first Bond buddy movie. As for thrills, the Aston Martin-on-ice chase ranks with the series' best. Extras: The double DVD is a Ofest, with two commentary tracks and several in-depth features on the jaw-dropping stunts. Madonna's Die Another Day music video is here, too, but we'd prefer the title sequence of Bond in captivityalso one for the 007 "best" lists. ¥¥¥% —Gregory P. Fagan



FRIDA (2002) Thank god it's Frida. All you need to know about Mexican artist Frida Kahlo (played by Salma Hayek) is that she had affairs with Leon Trotsky and Josephine Baker despite a five-inch unibrow and a metal rod in her back. And she was a gifted painter. Best excuse for the biopic: naked Salma. Extras: Two discs with, among other bonuses, commentary by director Julie Taymor, an interview with

Hayek, her recording session, production details of special effects and a biography of randy Kahlo. ***



-Buzz McClain

a carefree Jack Nicholson rides the back of a Harley; 33 years later a Winnebago takes his retired, widowed and adrift Schmidt character on a journey of self-discovery. Nicholson has said it's his least vain performance ever, but it doesn't come close to Kathy Bates's fearless nude hot tub appearance. Extras: Nine deleted scenes and, most interesting, several open-

ABOUT SCHMIDT (2002) In Easy Rider,

ing sequence test films by director Alexander Payne's editing staff. Inexplicably, there are no commentary tracks. ***



THE HOURS (2002) The ambitiously interwoven triptych of tales presents Virginia Woolf (Nicole Kidman with a nose extension) contemplating suicide while writing her novel Mrs. Dalloway, a Fifties housewife (Julianne Moore) who's reading Woolf's classic and contemplating suicide, and a contemporary editor (Meryl Streep) throwing a party for a friend (Ed Harris)

who is contemplating suicide. Extras: The actresses hold forth on one of the DVD's two commentary tracks.



TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY EXTREME EDITION (1991) Artisan has trumped its previous *T2: Judgment Day* Ultimate Edition DVD with this "extreme" issue. Even owners of the earlier release will be tempted, as little is duplicated. The film has been retransferred using director James Cameron's extended cut, improving sound and image. Extras: A new docu-

mentary on T2's impact on digital effects, and the T2 FX Studio, which enables you to recast the T-1000 in your own likeness. **YY — G.F.



quick study

[FILM SCHOOL]

This month's lesson: All you need to know to watch French New Wave.

Genre genesis: The masthead for the French magazine Cahiers du Cinéma (Notebooks on Movies) boasted such formidable names as François Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard, Eric Rohmer and Claude Chabrol—as critics, no less. Fed up with bourgeois French films and inspired by American cinematic masters such as Howard Hawks and Busby Berkeley, the pundits became directors, with the mandate to make movies in which the director was an auteur-the sole arbiter of the meaning of the film. The influential Nouvelle Vague movement began in the Fifties, and before it petered out in the mid-Sixties brought existentialism, leftist



politics, a soupçon of German expressionism and an unflinching portrayal of sex to its mise-en-scène. Not to mention about a million cigarettes.

Techniques: These directors broke rules by taking cameras off tripods, eschewing studios for locations and emphasizing gritty reality. Among the cornerstones: Le Beau Serge (1958), The 400 Blows (1959; no, not that kind of blow), Cléo de 5 à 7 (1962), Paris Belongs to Us (1960) and Breathless (1960).

—B.M.

sleaze frame

The Gift (2000) is a well-done suspense thriller, but it isn't just Cate Blanchett's nuanced portrayal of a clairvoyant sucked into a murder investigation or director Sam Raimi's gothic atmospherics that make it worthwhile. Near the film's denouement, spectacularly nubile Katie Holmes, the village punchboard, is confronted by her jealous fiancé, and for

a few blessedly gratuitous moments (at time marker 1:37 or so) we see her wearing nothing but a sneer and panties. Quite a gift, indeed.



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Remarkably detailed pewter sculptures; chessboard included at no extra charge!

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than actual size

book of the month

REEFER MADNESS*ERIC SCHLOSSER]

It's the shadow economy, stupid.

From guys selling fake Rolexes on the street corner to teenagers pirating CDs on the Internet, America's black market economy is booming. Reefer Madness illuminates the most lucrative aspects of the shadow economy—illegal immigrant labor, pornography and marijuana. One example? "Marijuana is and has long been the most widely used illegal drug in the U.S.," Schlosser writes. "More than 2 million Americans smoke it every day. Unlike heroin or cocaine, which must be imported, anywhere from a quarter to half of the marijuana used in the U.S. is grown here as well. The value of America's annual marijuana crop? Plausible estimates start at \$4 billion and range up to \$25 billion." Reefer Madness reveals the hypocrisy of a society in which big business often profits from the industries it publicly abhors, and that punishes a man more harshly for selling marijuana than for shooting someone. (Houghton Mifflin) YYY -Alison Prato

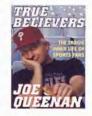


TRUE BELIEVERS . Joe Queenan

This hilarious collection of essays, subtitled "The Tragic Inner Life of Sports Fans," explores why otherwise sensible people surrender their emotional health to the fortunes of their favorite sports teams. Oueenan suspects the phenomenon is mostly male, postulating that the only com- the hat right, doofus." parable female pursuit is the fanatic acquisition of footwear. Recurrent themes include pathological behavior provoked by age our affliction. (Henry such perennial losers as the Red Sox, the Holt) www -John Rezek

Bills and the Suns. He's not immune to fandom. He just wants us to grow up a little. Some of his rules: "Never act like you're having a good time at preseason

games." "Be grateful for what you've got, even if you have nothing." "Wear With Queenan's help. there's hope we can man-



PERSUADER . Lee Child

The secret to writing a great scene: Start in the middle of the action, then leave the reader hanging. Child has coupled that formula to a razor-sharp style and crafted seven perfect thrillers. One press clip boasted that he's "the best thriller writer you're probably not reading-yet." Time to start. Jack Reacher, his hero, is a former military policeman with a knack for landing in sticky situations. This story kicks off with a kidnapping and quickly escalates to a cop killing. The villains are drug dealers, or maybe worse. Good

thing Reacher is well versed in firearms and strategy-just the guy to fight his way out of a 342-page read. Think Die Hard without the smirk. (Delacorte) ****

-James R. Petersen

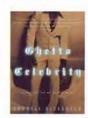


GHETTO CELEBRITY * Donnell Alexander

Told through a narrative with comic strips, this graphic memoir recounts the author's early experiences with rap and gangs in an Ohio ghetto. The best parts lampoon his absent father, who was a heroin addict, pimp, devout Muslim and James Brown impersonator, among other things. As Alexander grew up, he tried to follow in his dad's footsteps but found he didn't have the heart for it. Once, after smoking PCP, he instinctually knew how to break-

dance: after he crashed. he could barely remember how to walk. Ghetto's style is a quirky glimpse into hip-hop culture before it even had a name. (Crown) ***

-Patty Lamberti



made you look

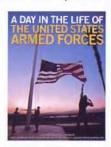


A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

On a single day, 125 photographers captured a candid look at military life. To a cynic, these results may have all the charm of a slick recruitment campaign. But now that the war is real-it wasn't when these sometimes heroic, some-

times mundane images were shotthere is a poignancy in looking at a standardissue day shortly before all hell breaks loose. (Harper Collins) ***

-Jarrett Banks





playboy tv



STEVE-O'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

On Playboy TV's hidden-camera show Totally Busted, Steve-O—Jackass' most unhinged jackass—is part of a squad that plays sexually charged pranks on unsuspecting victims. "So many hot chicks want to do irresponsible things," Steve-O says of his targets. "It's a natural relationship." Now, more wisdom from a guy who staples his scrotum to his leg:

(1) Thou Shalt Not Kill . . . Fewer Than 5000 Brain Cells a Day.

"A day in my life means sex, drugs and rock. Binging makes me motivated and irrational. I jumped off the Tower of London Bridge full of narcotics and Jack Daniel's. I don't like when chicks don't do drugs—it bums me out."

(2) Thou Shalt Not Take Bozo the Clown's Name in Vain.

"When I worked as a circus clown, I learned how to eat glass and chew light-bulbs. The trick is, wait—I'm not gonna tell you how to eat glass. That's retarded. I'm not looking to share the spotlight, so don't copy my fucking stunts."

(3) Thou Shalt Give the Crowd What They Paid For.

"Every night on tour, I had to pull out my equipment and staple my ball sack to my leg. Skynyrd isn't going to do a show without playing *Free Bird*, you know?"

STEVE-O'S FRIDGE: THE ESSENTIALS

1. Clamato. I love Clamato. And I'm totally into steamed clams. Sometimes you can get them frozen so you can reheat them.

2. Pickled Onion-Flavored Monster Munch. In England, they have this stuff, kind of like potato chips, that totally rules. 3. Wishbone Robusto Italian dressing. Dude—this is my fa-

vorite. I put it on everything.

CLAMATO

(4) Honor Thy Father Until He Jeopardizes Your Manhood.

"My dad suggested that I have pro soccer players kick balls at me while I balanced a ladder on my head. In the interest of protecting my penis, I said no." (5) Keep Holy Thy Hole.

"In Jackass: The Movie, I turned down a stunt for the first time. They wanted me to shove a Matchbox car up my butt. I told my dad about it, and the way he said, 'Oh, no,' made me pass."

(6) Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Clearasil.

"I got this whitehead on my lip when I worked on the movie *Blind Horizon*. I refused makeup so I could show it off."

(7) Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery

(7) Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery.

"If I acted on every sexual opportunity that came my way, I'd have herpes in a week. I'm keeping my wiener safe for a certain girl right now. No sex with other chicks. Maybe I'll masturbate on them."

(8) Thou Shalt Keep Thy Big, Fat, Stoned Mouth Shut.

"My roommate got a DUI without drinking alcohol. The cop said, 'Are you under the influence?' He goes, 'To be honest, I've been smoking weed.' I'm like, 'Why'd you tell him that? It's not like you have anything illegal in the car!" (9) Thou Shalt Not Scream Like a Girl.

"In the stunt 'Unwrapping the Wiener Mummy,' I put tape around my cock and ripped it off. Awesome!"

and Bam Margera stapled Carson Daly's mouth shut; in his Don't Try This at Home videos, Steve-O takes defying death to a new level.

Clockwise from top left: If you're in-

to hot chicks and people making

asses of themselves, you'll love To-

tally Busted; after this MTV Awards

stunt, Steve-O, Johnny Knoxville

(10) Thou Shalt Not Steal—Unless It's Captured for Posterity.

"Obscurity scares me. My motivation is historical significance. I never said I want to die on camera, or that I would plan my death for the purpose of the footage, but if I accidentally die, fuck yeah, I want it on tape."

—Totally Busted airs every Sunday at 8:00 pm. Eastern and 10:00 pm. Pacific.

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

NAKED NEIGHBORS
Need something to
help eradicate the
image of Steve-O's
abused nether parts?
Check out More Sexy
Girls Next Door, a
home-video collection featuring scads
of uninhibited clips
submitted by not-soaverage Janes from
around the country
(Kelly Hayes is pictured). Kitano Boker,
the fiesty Miller Lite
cotfight girl, also
gets naughty. We'll
drink to that.



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SetterSex

video series

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FIVE VACATIONS THAT WON'T **BUST YOUR BUDGET**

We get thousands of e-mails a week at Playboy.com. A note from a less-thanwealthy college kid hoping to surf somewhere other than the Internet this summer got us thinking: When you barely have enough cash to buy a round at the bar, vacationing anywhere but the mall seems like a pipe dream. Before you settle for Cinnabons and shoplifting, check out our list of the world's sexiest yet most inexpensive destinations. And send us a postcard, you cheap bastard.

Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam Once a wartorn hellhole, the former Saigon is now budget-traveler heaven with beaches, nearby mountains and a bustling nightlife. With a currency called dong, how can you resist? By day: Hike on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. By night: Down a few at Bar No. 5 and Tex Mex. Where to crash: the Pham Ngu Lao area at the western end of District One.

Shanghai, China There are more Starbucks than opium dens in Shanghai these days, but "the Paris of China" still offers a mix of Asian and European flair. By day: Huaihai Lu in Frenchtown is especially cool with its tree-lined streets, cafes and bars. By night: Take a twilight tour on the Huangpu River. Where to crash: Captain Hostel.

Austin, Texas Think New Orleans minus the beads-a town that bumps with neohippies, slackers and punks, downhome grub and nonstop music. By day: Bike, swim or hike at Zilker Park. By Where to go when you're low on flow? Try Austin (right), the hipster music copital of the world, thanks to its South by Southwest Music Festival. Far right: Is Kraków, with its historic buildings ond plentiful booze, the next Progue? Below: We liked Shanghai nights before Owen Wilson jumped on the bandwagon.



night: Watch the bats take flight from beneath the Congress Avenue Bridge. Where to crash: the Austin Motel.

Kraków, Poland The only Polish city that wasn't ravaged by war boasts one of the most scenic European cityscapes. By day: Visit Wawel Castle for its sword collection. By night: Booze it up at Singer Pub, decorated with vintage sewing machines. Where to crash: Hotel Saski.

Quito, Ecuador Quito offers views of green mountains, snowcapped volcanoes and-most important-ravenhaired Latinas. By day: Meals start at \$1, though local fare may not do it for youcuy is whole roasted guinea pig. By night: Wednesday is ladies' night at San Antonio de Cabeza-the perfect pickup spot. Where to crash: A budget hotel on La Ronda. (To learn more, see the full feature at Playboy.com.)



ALICIA BURLEY Q: What's the coolest place you've had sex? A: In my boyfriend's family's vineyard. His parents were home and we just couldn't wait, so we did it outside. Q: Whot's the sexiest car? A: A Lamborghini. It gets your heart pounding. Q: Whot do you wear to make a guy drool? A: Thigh-highs and a bustier. Q: If you could meet anyone fomous, living or dead, who would it be? A: Marilyn Monroe. It tokes a special woman to go from orphan to legend. Q: Whot's your poison? A: Milk—it does a body good.

COUNTDOWN TO THE 50TH

say what? jimmy's lust redux

The Playbay Interview has long been a forum for newsmaking statements by movers and shakers, and the most shocking may have been presidential candidate Jimmy Carter's confession, "I have looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times." In honor of our 50th anniversary, Playboy.com is post- a lot of ing audio clips from history's most incendiary interviews. Go With lust." online and listen up.



"I have looked on women



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

POWER LUNCH The inside story on healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

his month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love 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 than ever before. The power and sexual energy that he suddenly had was even more than when we first started making love almost 10 years ago! It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of it all - he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking, men don't have multiples. That's what I thought too, but trust me, he was and his newfound passion and vigor was such an incredible turn-on to me also, that before we knew it we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely, out of the ordinary. After a few days, 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 nearly 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 this 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

ina, 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 supplement that will most certainly trigger much longer and stronger orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from

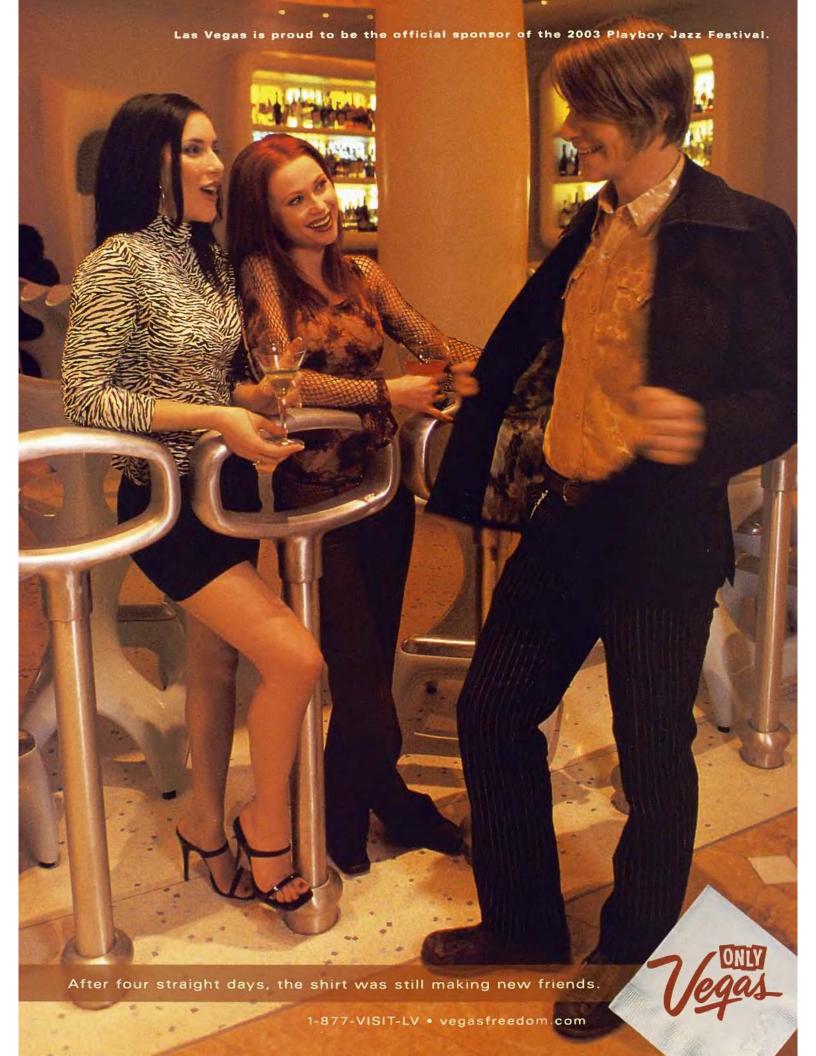
a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate her own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang throughout Europe 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."

As for finding it in the states, I know of just one importer, Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-OGOPLEX or Ogoplex.com. Ogöplex tablets are pure flower seed extract and are 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





The Mini-Minus a Top

What do poparozzi and auta industry spy photographers have in camman? Both will da anything to catch the latest model going topless. Ace spy shooter Brenda Priddy caught this black 2004 Mini Caoper convertible undergaing severe-weather testing in northern Sweden. (The red version, above, is a phata and art mock-up.) "Even in the caldest part of winter," Priddy says, "the best places to catch protatype cars are fast-food and drive-in restaurants. Test crews have to eat." Turning the Mini Cooper and its mare pawerful brather, the Mini Caaper S, into convertibles was a na-brainer. The snug-fitting tap drops in secands (we'll bet it's gaing ta be pawered) for open-air fun. We wanted to knaw more, but the Mini Coaper people weren't talking—except to admit that the spy shats shaw "a pretty damn goodlaaking car." They have announced a new 200 hp Jahn Cooper Works package far S models that includes an uprated cylinder head and supercharger, special electranics and a high-performance exhaust. The package can be retrofitted to S cars that are already on the road. (The upgrade will probably cast about \$5000.) As far the convertible—laak far it in mid-2004, if not soaner.



Chef's Choice

Remember when Survivor was in Australia a few years aga? Keith Famie, a chef fram Michigan, finished third, but that didn't slack his thirst far exatic travel ar eating weird cuisine an TV. Keith Famie's Adventures an the Foad Network toak him all aver the world, and naw his most exatic culinary discaveries are collected in You Really Haven't Been There Until You've Eaten the Food. The South Pacific, Africa, Mexico and Jamaica are same of the places where Famie has chawed dawn. Pictured here is Durban spiced shrimp, a South

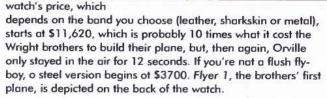


African dish that's jazzed up with cariander, cumin, turmeric and cloves. Serve it to your date with Cape Malay mashed patatoes and a bottle of cold Tusker beer, Mr. International Guy. (Clarksan Patter, \$32.50 in bookstores.)

MANTRACK

The Wright Time

It was 100 years ago that Wilbur and Orville Wright made their first powered flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Haw time flies! To commemorate the historic event, Breitling has introduced an 1B-karatgold self-winding watch, the Montbrillant 1903. Think the watch face looks funky? The beaded bezel is an exact replica of the one used on the first chronographs equipped with circular slide rules. The





Clothesline: David Carradine

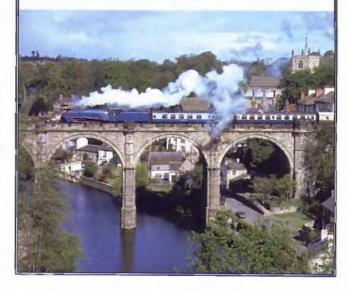
He may be a hippie at heart, but when it comes to fashion, David Carradine, who's starring in the upcoming Quentin Tarantino martial arts film Kill Bill, has a more formal attitude. "You will never see me in a restaurant in shirtsleeves. I always wear a jacket. My father [actor John Carradine) was an old-fashioned guy. He had a certain elegance, which I inherited. I have a number of Prada and Armani items, and I also



like Hawaiian shirts. Once, when I was in Hawaii, I found a store that was reissuing classic ones that I'd seen in movies. I bought the reissue of the shirt Montgomery Clift wore in From Here to Eternity. I never throw anything away. I have all kinds of clathes left over fram the Sixties. Quentin sent his wardrabe people aver to raid my closet for Kill Bill."

All Aboard for Luxury

Given the state of the world, cocktails and a candlelit dinner in a gently swaying diner car sure beat airline mystery meat in a claustrophobic caach seat. Luxurious foreign and domestic train trips are gathering steam, inviting you to climb aboard well-appointed vintage trains and watch the Canadian Rockies, the Swiss Alps or even South American jungles roll past in style. These aren't overnight junkets: One through Peru takes 13 days, and a Trans-Siberian journey chugs you acrass Russia by private train in 15 days for anly \$4500. Some trips are tailored to a special interest—sightseeing, golfing and fly-fishing excursians are offered in Canada. The experts at Rail Travel Center in Putney, Vermont can help cut the red tape in baoking, and they stock catalogs for all the trips. Go to railtravelcenter.com for information.



The Perfect Time . . .

To buy gasoline—particularly in the summer: Early in the marning, because gasoline expands as its temperature rises, so you get less for your money if you gas up when the sun is high. Another way to beat the cost of gasoline: Go to gaspricewatch.com to search for the best price in ony location.
 To fly to avoid air-travel delays: Between seven and eight A.M. The worst delays generally occur on flights that

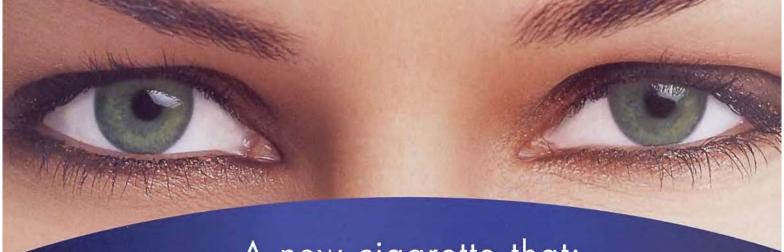
depart between late afternoon and early evening. Although stotistics vary by airline and by airport, early-morning domestic flights typically deport and orrive on schedule (within 15 minutes) more than 90 percent of the time. Just like at the doctor's office,



as problems accrue throughout the doy the waiting time grows. If you have a choice, don't fly on Thursdoys or on Fridays, the days when delays are most likely. Saturdays ore especially good for on-time arrivols. • To install airconditioning: Early September through mid-October. The cost of installing a system climbs with the mercury, but if you can tough it out this summer you can get o bargain in the fall, when prices for central air drop os much as 30 percent and installers aren't as busy. Cool, huh?



See The Future Of Smoking For Yourself



A new cigarette that:

- May present less risk of certain smoking-related diseases.
- Has 80% less secondhand smoke.
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If you want to know, you've got to go:



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

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The Playboy Advisor

I have a device in my car that supposedly jams police radar. I've heard that I could be charged with obstruction of justice if a cop catches me with it. Is that true?-S.A., El Paso, Texas

Yes, but in most states that will happen only if a state trooper makes a federal case of it. Jamming or attempting to jam a police speed gun has been a federal crime since 1997, but the feds don't enforce the law. State troopers in Florida and Ohio are the most aggressive about initiating obstruction charges, and California, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Utah, Virginia and Washington, D.C. have jammer bans of their own. The larger problem might be finding a jammer that actually worksyou can buy legal defusers that foil some laser guns, but any product that claims to block radar is probably bogus. Carl Fors of Speed Measurement Laboratories, which tests products for police agencies, says the latest police laser guns have such short bursts that they're invisible to jammers or detectors.

My girlfriend lives with her parents but spends 28 days of the month at my place. I have no problem with that, but whenever I ask her to help with the bills, she gets angry. She says I make her feel like an intruder. What should I do?-M.B., Little Rock, Arkansas

Ask her to move in-it's only two more days a month. That may be the source of her hostility. But be careful. If you can't get together on the bills, it doesn't speak well for your future together. Money is the root of all evil arguments.

How deep is the average vagina? If you were to slide a yardstick into a woman, how far would it go?-C.C., Grand Ledge, Michigan

The ones we've measured have been about four inches. But we used our tongue.

got an e-mail that promised to reveal the location of the male G spot for \$25. My husband is chomping at the bit. Is there such a spot and how do we find it?-M.E., San Ramon, California

Save your money. The male G spot, better known as the prostate gland, is a mystical place beneath your husband's balls. To find it, insert your index finger about 1.5 inches into his anus and make a come-hither motion against the front wall of his rectum. He may have had a doctor do this during an exam, but it's quite a different sensation when you're highly aroused, the finger belongs to your wife and insurance companies aren't involved. Suzi Godson, in The Sex Book, offers further instruction. Have your husband lie on his back. While stroking his cock, press gently but firmly on the area between his



balls and anus to stimulate the prostate from the outside. As you slide your latex-gloved, lubed finger into his anus, his sphincter will twitch. This may feel uncomfortable for your husband, but after about 30 seconds the spasms will stop. Caress his prostate gently. He may feel the urge to urinate (but won't). If he can speak, ask him what motions feel best. As he approaches orgasm, his sphincter will tighten and the gland will swell. Because it supplies part of the fluid that makes up his come, the gland will contract as he ejaculates. When you remove your finger, your husband will deflate.

My girlfriend and I were watching a TV show in which two guys were standing at urinals with privacy screens. She asked if the urinals at my job had screens. When I told her that they didn't, she wanted to know which of my co-workers were "hung like horses." A few months later she was talking about an ex-boyfriend and said he was "huge." When I asked her how huge had felt, she said, "Different." I said, "So, not good?" She said, "I didn't say that." Another time she told me her favorite position was from behind because it made me feel so big. When we have sex, I can't help but think she might be having a better time if I were larger. Why is she saying these things?-R.W., Las Vegas, Nevada

Your girlfriend may be a size queen, but we doubt it. You'd already be history. She more likely fantasizes about being "filled up" once in a while. That's common. It doesn't mean she's unsatisfied with your standard issue-only the first few inches of the vagina have nerve endings. Look at it this way: Do you ever fantasize about monster tits? Does the fact that your girlfriend's breasts may be smaller make the sex or the relationship less fulfilling? We hope not. You can gnash your teeth about this or use it to explore. If a pornstar penis is a turn-on, provide one. We're not talking about surgery but rather a threeinch latex extender available at sex-toy shops that fits over the head of your penis and has a nice collection of bumps to stimulate her. A similar extension made of CyberSkin can add 1.5 inches to your length and girth. Not every guy is man enough to wear a sleeve, but the ones who do are often surprised by the sounds they hear. Have fun. As most women will tell you, a large penis doesn't add up to much if the guy is a jerk. Your cock scores bonus points by being attached to you.

Does a person actually need to drink eight glasses of water a day? I tried it for a week and felt like a fish.-L.P., San Francisco, California

The thinking among nutritionists is that coffee, soda, fruit juices and milk can each be counted toward that eight-glass guideline if consumed in moderation (e.g., score a 12ounce coffee as six ounces of water; alcohol, unfortunately, is a zero). The best gauge of hydration isn't glasses or thirst but the color of your urine. It should be pale or clear.

A friend's recently divorced sister-inlaw, whom I've never met, is apparently open to the idea of us being fuck buddies. Is this weird? I'd be going on a blind date with the expectation of sex.-M.D., Chicago, Illinois

You know how women are—it's always sex, sex, sex. See how it goes, but don't put out until you know her better.

How much cologne is too much?—S.C., Columbus, Ohio

We could smell it on your letter. That's too much. The best advice we've heard is, "Spray enough that people know you're there, but not enough that they know you're coming." If you're using a standard bottle, don't splash. That happens only in commercials. Instead, apply a dab on one or both wrists, and/or the neck. Some guys also add a dab to their thighs, chest or back, for that all-over freshness. With spray bottles, limit yourself to two spritzes.

Last year my wife and I began swapping with another couple. When my wife fucks the other guy, she has more and stronger orgasms. She is also less inhibited. When we have sex, I do most of the work. My wife claims that her behavior is due to the "newness" of the situation. She says our sex life is good and that she doesn't want to change a thing. But now that I've seen what she's capable of, I'm 49 thinking I should call off the swap. Is this just a common risk of swinging or is there a corrective action I can take?—S.V., Lakewood, Ohio

Many guys who have the opportunity are surprised to see how differently their wives react when they're with someone else. The best explanation: Your wife is enjoying her fantasy of being with a relative stranger, whereas the sex in a long-term relationship tends to be more comfortable (sometimes too comfortable). Your wife also is being shown hard evidence that a stranger finds her desirable, which will perk up anyone's interest. If you're uncomfortable with the swap, suspend it. No matter what, you need to make sex as a couple less predictable. Arrange to share a few private fantasies-something out of the ordinary but perhaps as simple as a blindfold-and see what reaction you get.

My new girlfriend has genital warts. Although she has not had an outbreak in some time, is it still possible for me to get them? Also, can they be transmitted to my hands or mouth?—N.S., Los Angeles, California

Some types of genital warts are invisible to the naked eye, so transmission is always possible. Condoms are recommended but not always effective because they may not cover all infected areas. Warts rarely show up near the mouth, so oral sex is considered low-risk. The type of warts you get on other parts of your body, such as your hands, are caused by a different virus that does not appear to be transferable to or from the genitals.

find it arousing to see or hear a woman walk in loud shoes. I also love to hear them tap-dance. Is this normal? —J.F., Houston, Texas

It's uncommon. In his online history of foot sex, podiatrist Cameron Kippen of Curtin University in Australia references a case "in which a man reached orgasm by following women whose shoes creaked (known as acousticophilia, or arousal from sound). It was thought the origins of the association related to an early experience having standing sex on a staircase—his partner's shoes had creaked with each thrusting." This may be impossible, but you need to find a woman who likes to wear new shoes.

A friend introduced me to a woman who works as an escort. I used her services several times and we developed a nonpaying sexual relationship and friendship. I am falling hard for her, and she has expressed the same feelings for me. My question is, in a relationship like this, will she expect fidelity?—E.S., Los Angeles, California

Why wouldn't she?

am in my mid-40s and my girlfriend is in her early 50s. During sex, she refuses to do anything but lie there. She won't even touch my cock. She says, "None of my other lovers needed extra stimulation. It should be enough just to look at me. Have you had your testosterone levels checked?" She has had fewer than 10 lovers in her life, while I have had 100. As you can imagine, oral sex is out of the question. Do you have any suggestions?—T.S., St. Paul, Minnesota

Has your girlfriend been dating eunuchs? We find it hard to believe that her past lovers functioned in bed without her hand (or mouth) being involved. She needs counseling. Given her vanity, you probably shouldn't wait around for that to happen.

began having an affair with a friend. Now we're divorcing our spouses to be together. What is the probability that we'll end up cheating on each other?— G.T., Detroit, Michigan

Hard to say. Your relationship may be stronger than either of those that you're leaving. But given your history, you may always have doubts.

Sometimes my girlfriend's leg twitches as she falls asleep. It always startles me. What causes it?—M.F., Stowe, Vermont

The twitches are known as hypnic jerks. It's not clear what causes them; your girl-friend's body may be reacting to the mistaken belief that she's falling rather than simply falling asleep. A more serious problem is periodic limb movement disorder, which is when a person's legs or arms jerk at regular intervals, sometimes for hours, after he or she has fallen asleep. Some people never realize it occurs until their partners complain. The condition is relieved with the same drugs used to treat Parkinson's disease.

My wife, her sister and I were sharing our hot tub when my sister-in-law offered to give me a massage afterward, something she's done before. But this time, when I rolled over, I had an erection. My sister-in-law laughed and said, "Do you want me to handle this?" My wife smiled and shrugged. So my sisterin-law dribbled baby oil into her hand, pulled my bathing suit aside and began stroking my cock. When I came, the women hooted like schoolgirls. Later I asked my wife about this and she replied: "You think too much. It was a spur-of-the-moment thing." Why did she let her sister give me a hand job?-J.C., Buffalo, New York

Your wife is right. You think too much. Just keep that hot tub ready.

I asked my boyfriend to go down on me. It was his first time and he didn't do a good job. Is there a way to tell him how to do it without barking commands during sex? Also, just to be sure I know, what exactly is the right way?—C.L., New York, New York

The best way to find the right way is to experiment with his tongue. To do that, you're going to have to open your own mouth. You can provide more than enough instruction with six words: left, right, up, down, harder, softer. Before your boyfriend descends, lick the inside of his wrist in the same way you'd like to have him work your clit. If he still has trouble, ask him to spell out the alphabet with the tip of his tongue around your clit, then do it backward. If you prefer certain letters (or a certain alphabet), let him know. He'll still need practice, but who doesn't?

My girlfriend insists that any damp towel that contains my ejaculate will damage her hardwood floor. She says that an enzyme in semen eats into the finish. Could this possibly be true?—M.P., Appleton, Wisconsin

This wouldn't be a concern if she swallowed. A wet towel could damage her floor, but it has nothing to do with its semen content. Buy her a rug, or a hamper. Or pick up a tub of mango or vanilla Pleasure Wipes (a.k.a. Cum-Kleen), which are larger and thicker than baby wipes. Phone 866-286-5536 for a sample.

Three years ago I was in a relationship with a woman who did not want children. She told me that in order to show my commitment to the relationship I should get a vasectomy. Two years later she left me. Do I have any legal recourse?—A.B., Sterling, Colorado

No. But you may have medical recourse. Vasectomies have been reversed as long as 30 years after the procedure. About 60 percent of men who have microsurgery to reconnect the vas deferens produce children.

My wife's best friend is a man. They grew up together and had a couple of intimate moments but never dated. He lives in California. When she e-mails him she begins with a "Hey, baby" and ends with "Love, your girl." This makes me uncomfortable. We call each other baby and I thought she was my girl, legally and emotionally. I haven't asked her to stop because I don't know if I'm blowing this out of proportion. She wants to fly to California to spend a week with the guy, whom she hasn't seen in 10 years. Please help.—C.G., Atlanta, Georgia

You're right to be suspicious. It's OK for your wife's best friend to be a guy, as long as that guy is you. You can't stop her from going to California, or flirting with her old buddy, but you can let her know it's damaging her marriage. Then she'll decide.

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 provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

PLAYBOY GOES TO WAR

is this what it means to be embedded?

hile the technology of war has changed over the decades, one thing remains constant: When our soldiers go overseas, they take part of America with them. In the Vietnam era, GIs car-

PLAYBOY

ried PLAYBOY in their packs (left) and they flocked to see the Playmates who accompanied USO tours. In both Persian Gulf wars, Operation Playmate reached out to soldiers. Today's coverage brings the war into our living rooms, but it is

a more traditional medium—that of the girl next door—that maintains the connection with the home front.



Lance Corporal Brett Mair wrote to tell us that his April issue arrived missing 32 pages (i.e., most of Carmen Electra). The image below, widely circulated on the Internet, shaws an unidentified GI with co-pilot Centerfold Jennifer Walcott.



have you paid your reefer tax?

eople ask what drug decriminalization would look like. We already know. In 1937 Congress passed the Marijuana Tax Act, which required dealers to affix tax stamps to their product. The Supreme Court overturned the law in

1969, but by one count 17 states have statutes of their own requiring anyone possessing illegal drugs to buy and attach tax stamps. The idea may sound corny

(most drug stamps are sold to collectors), but prosecutors insist that it's an effective weapon. Because tax evasion is a civil infraction, authorities have a lesser burden of proof and can seize assets without a court order to pay delinquent taxes and penalties. In

S.C. Department of Revenue and Taxation

Minnesota that amounts to \$3.50 per gram of marijuana and \$200 per gram of narcotics, plus a 100 percent penalty. In Iowa it's \$5 per gram of marijuana, \$750 per plant, \$250 per gram of narcotics or \$400 per 10 doses if the drug isn't sold by weight.

North Carolina courts have collected \$68 million in fines since 1990 from suspects caught with illegal drugs that



violated his Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination.

R.I.DIVISION OF

why e-mail abuse should be a crime

By Randy Cassingham

f you haven't been bothered by spam yet, chances are you will be soon. Analysts who have charted the growth of e-mail believe that this year, for the first time, more junk e-mail may be sent than legitimate messages. Earlier this year, America Online reported it had blocked a bil-

lion spams in a single day.

As the creator of spamprimer.com, I take more than the usual precautions to keep my in box free of clutter. Yet about 250 junk e-mails manage to slip through my e-mail filters in a typical week. In addition to offers to enlarge my penis, refinance my home, make my septic tank flow freely, lose weight with a miracle bread diet, save my soul, buy herbal sex pills and access porn, spammers promise to help me steal credit card numbers, exact swift revenge, get rich quick (through spamming!) and buy cocaine, ganja, child porn and guns.

It's a cat-and-mouse game. Companies release new and improved filtering software, and spammers test it and make adjustments to ensure that their dreck can get through. The most common methods to get junk past filters are to change the spellings of trigger words (e.g., Viagra becomes Vi@gra, porn becomes p.o.r.n.) or use misleading subject lines ("Your account is due" or "I have your coat").

When spam first became a problem in the mid-Nineties, many people suggested regulation. The chief geeks, fearful of the federal government overseeing any aspect of the freewheeling Internet, promised Congress they could defeat spam with technology. If you make bulk e-mail illegal, they said, spammers will simply send their junk from overseas. In the meantime, the amount of spam has exploded. AOL has said that as much as 30 percent of its e-mail server time at any given moment is dedicated to handling junk (and that was six years ago). Brightmail, a San Francisco company that sells blocking software, estimates that 40 percent of all e-mail is spam (up from 8 percent in late 2001) and that 80 percent of it falls into three categories: 20 percent is solicitations for porn or personal-

ad sites, 34 percent is designed to market products (e.g., long-distance

Dictator needs ics has appropriated your app BLOT OUT THE FUN WITH YOUR HUGE NEW PEN Meet Sexy women right in your own cell bloc The fell atto Oly

> services, spy cams) and 26 percent consists of come-ons for loans, real estate or cheap stocks.

The Net is under siege. ISPs have spent millions-perhaps billions-of dollars to update their servers to handle the load, and to add bandwidth. Brightmail says that nearly 6.5 million spam attacks occurred in February alone. The costs are passed on. One study estimated that \$2 to \$3 of each person's monthly bill for access goes to handling the deluge.

Some people argue that spam is protected by the First Amendment. Wrong. Spam is conduct, not speech. Besides the fact that nearly all spam is commercial (speech designed to sell you something is afforded less protection), spamming is the equivalent of a "denial-of-service" attack against networks and their users. And the spammers are relentless. Even if a system operator rejects attempts to use his machines to deliver junk, the spammers will continue their attacks.

Spamming is long overdue to be added to the list of federal crimes (it's already regulated in 26 states, although the laws are mostly toothless).

Here's what I propose:

(1) I publish several e-mail newsletters that are sent only to people who request them and confirm their request. This is known as "double opt-in." It should be the legal requirement for anyone sending bulk e-mail.

(2) Penalties for sending spam must be significant: at least \$500 per message, the same as an existing law that bans junk faxes or requires telemarketers to remove you from their call list on request. This would make

it more worthwhile to sue spam-

mers for damages.

(3) Forgery of the sender's name or Internet address in a bulk e-mail should be a felony. Spammers often send their messages with the return address of an innocent party, who then sees his or her in box fill with bounced e-mails and complaints. Many innocents have had their online businesses closed by their ISPs after being accused of spamming.

The geeks had their chance, and they couldn't get the job done. It's time for Uncle Sam to step in.

1. Don't post your address to websites, discussion groups or chat rooms. A spam-STOP SPAM mer will find it and sell it to other spammers. The Federal Trade Commission once posted a test address and received a spam within 10 minutes. 2. If you need a public address, use a free mailbox on Yahoo or Hotmail that you can abandon when the junk gets too thick. 3. Consider installing a mail filter. For Eudora, see Spamnix.com. For Outlook, visit SpamNet.com. For Mac, try Spamfire (matterform.com). Don't complain or ask to be taken off a list, even if the spammer promises to honor your request. Your response only demonstrates that you read spam, which will lead to more spam. 5. Ensure that your ISP is taking steps to combat the problem, such as installing SpamAssassin. Some are more diligent than others.

R E A D E R

ALL ABOUT ATVS

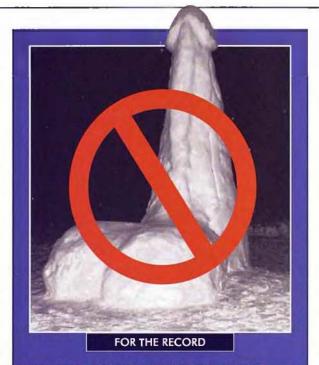
We are one of the groups responsible for the report about the dangers of all-terrain vehicles that James R. Petersen dismissed in "Safety Thugs" (The Playboy Forum, April). One of his more egregious errors is his assertion that because ATV sales have increased during the past several years, the injury rate per machine has gone down. While an ATV safety report that was released in January by the Consumer Product Safety Commission accounted for this growth in sales, the report found no decrease in ATV injury rates. In fact, the CPSC reports that between the years 1997 through 2001, injuries per 1000 ATVs increased by 46 percent.

Pediatricians and orthopedic surgeons will tell you that, unlike with bicycles, many young people simply do not have the mental and physical skills to control ATVs. As a result, the toll on our nation's youth has been climbing dramatically for nearly a decade, while the offroad industry markets bigger, faster and even more dangerous machines.

Sean Smith Bluewater Network San Francisco, California

Petersen's editorial misfired like a badly tuned motor. ATVs

aren't simply injuring and killing children. They harm adults too. Your core readership is males 25 and older. They experienced some of the most dramatic increases in injuries-almost 200 percent over the last several years. During this same time period, the number of injuries sustained by drivers 25 and older did not increase as much. I take issue with another point. The nearly 112,000 injuries caused by ATVs in 2001 were serious enough to require emergency room treatment-I doubt most riders visit the hospital for "finger cuts," as Petersen so glibly suggested. The information contained in our report came from independent experts such as the Consumer Product Safety Commission, physicians and respected medical organizations, including the American Academy of Pedi-



SNOW BALLS

"It was a structure put up to assert male dominance. It wasn't anyone's private property. It was snow. Taking down a penis is not impeding anyone's free speech. I think that women or men who are walking to class should not be subjected to a penis."

—Comments by one of two female undergrads at Harvard who destroyed a nine-foot snow phallus built by members of the crew team. Determined male bystanders could not save the structure.

atrics. The facts they provided cannot be easily dismissed.

Scott Kovarovics

Natural Trails and Waters Coalition Washington, D.C.

Can we look forward to future articles in the Forum fighting to preserve the rights of parents to keep choking hazards accessible to curious infants, or defending the "fun" race with scissors at the annual preschool picnic? The most natural thing in the world is to want to protect your children. But when some parents are missing that gene, it's OK for our government to step in. Seeing kids airlifted from the wilderness area near my house would be a horrible sight.

Tom Woodward San Juan Capistrano, California

Not only do the earth muffins exaggerate the dangers of ATVs, they also claim that the vehicles are too loud, pollute the environment and destroy land and wildlife. The reality is that ATVs arrive from the factory with an under-93-decibels sound level, meet or exceed government EPA standards and come with an instruction manual similar to that of an automobile. Maybe we should all sell our ATVs and automobiles, ride bicycles, live on solar power, quit our day jobs, smoke marijuana, buy a pair of Birkenstocks and eat only organically grown foods. Would that make everyone happy?

Joe Howell Eugene, Oregon

James R. Petersen responds: "The National Electronic Injury Surveillance System collects data from some 100 hospitals across the country. The data bank tracks certain variables, among them age, sex, location of injury, body part harmed, product involved and whether the patient was admitted for further care. The number crunchers extrapolate their dire predictions based on data from 173,000 to 375,000 cases a year (only a tiny portion of which are ATV-related). The bias is built in. The government is convinced that a visit to an emergency room 'implies a certain severity.' Did anyone take into account the possibility that dur-

ing a weekend sport, your local doctor's office is closed and the ER is your family physician? The NEISS has a 149-page coding system to track the product safety record of everything from acetylene torches and adult potty-chairs to yarn and zippers. According to the available data, between 13 percent and 16 percent of ATV accident victims spend the night in a hospital. This, we are told, is between three and four times the rate for the average of all other products tracked. So we will admit that ATV statistics reflect a higher risk than the aggregate of yarn injuries and adult potty-chair accidents. Also, the report notes that the 2001 injury rate was 261.8 injuries per 10,000 riders-down from 275.8 per 10,000 in 1988. The report notes that the spike in ATV fatalities from 1997 to 2001 may be an anomaly caused by a change in reporting protocols in 1999. But whatever the case,

FORUM

R E S P O N S E

are these numbers cause for alarm, or worse, legislation?

"To put this into perspective: The numbers for injuries in team sports far exceed those for youthful motorheads. Football used to claim dozens of lives a year until experts figured out that the safety equipment itself was to blame: Helmets provided the illusion of risk-free play and inspired coaches to tell players to tackle head-to-numbers. That led to spinal injuries and, sometimes, corpses. Proper information cut the number.

"Concern for children is natural, but all too easily exploited by those with hidden agendas. We do not give government the right to tell us how to parent simply because some parents are idiots. What should we take from safety thugs' apparent concern? Their motto is, Teach your children well, or else."

PREPARING FOR TERROR

You wondered if the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency website might actually be a "misdirection" designed to distract the public from the agency's true work ("Threat or Put-On?," The Playboy Forum, April). Am I the only person who wonders the same thing about the Department of Homeland Security site at ready.gov? Terrorists fly two planes into the World Trade Center and the White House responds by hiring more bureaucrats and publishing a safety brochure. The site offers helpful advice such as "If there is a flash or fireball (from a nuclear blast), take cover immediately." Also, "If you have a thick shield between yourself and the radioactive materials, it will absorb more of the radiation and you will be exposed to less." Dead birds, fish or small animals may point to a chemical attack (or a future serial killer). "In all cases, remain calm." What if my skin is falling off? This stuff is so ridiculous that it's not surprising that online wags made fun of it almost immediately (see conspire.com/dhs.htm for links). My favorite dark humor is at terrorready. net, brought to you by the Department of Homeland Panic. It includes instructions on how to best plan your demise.

Patrick Fisher Jersey City, New Jersey

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

CHASTITY CHIC

love is in the air-and it's time to clamp down

The federal gavernment's spending on abstinence education has grown from \$80 million in 2001 to \$117 million this year. Yet more than 50 percent of teenagers still have sex by graduation. It's time to get serious about keeping kids chaste. With young lust in bloom, we offer these modest proposals.



odern chastity belts are not the crude claws of medieval times. Instead they're made of stainless steel or acrylic with plastic locks (to avoid setting off airport alarms). They also prevent masturbation. The cost may seem prohibitive—about \$3 billion, by our estimate, to sedate and lock down 23 million teens. But Stockroom.com, which sells the Locking Chastity Harness (above) for \$48 and the male Curve (right) for \$168, offers quantity discounts.



oppy Dixon's mission is to get every woman to wear her Prayer Panties, available online for \$10.99 eoch at jesus21.com. Even the horniest teen might think twice if he encountered one of these messages underneath his date's jeans. The cost (assuming five pairs per girl) would be about \$626 million.



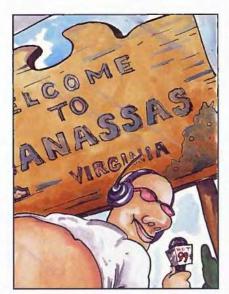
FORUM

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MOON OVER MANASSAS

MANASSAS, VIRGINIA—A radio station asked its listeners to submit photos of themselves mooning in front of monuments and landmarks. The winner



of the "Show us your ass for a boarding pass" contest would receive a trip to the Bahamas. The station's morning disc jockey decided to contribute: He dropped his pants next to a WELCOME TO MANASSAS sign. After photos of the stunt appeared on the station's website, the city prosecutor charged the jock with indecent exposure. He agreed to perform 25 hours of community service.

COULD BE ANYONE

WICHITA, KANSAS-A man asked an online photo service to convert digital photos of nude women into prints. When the service told him that some of the subjects appeared underage, the man canceled his order. The service then notified authorities about the images, and the police had a postal inspector deliver the order anyway. When the man signed for it, officers arrested him and seized his computer. Federal prosecutors charged the man, a Catholic school teacher, with possession of child porn. After being accused by defense attorneys of entrapment (and having a hard time establishing that the images showed minors), the feds offered a plea deal: The accused could avoid prison if he pleaded guilty to a felony charge of possessing "obscenity" based on two photos of adult women found on his computer. He took the deal. Federal agents will monitor his online activity for the next two years.

SERIOUS SIDE EFFECT

ST. LOUIS-In 1979 a judge sentenced Charles Singleton to death for murdering an Arkansas grocery clerk. Prison doctors later diagnosed him as schizophrenic. Because states cannot execute the mentally ill, this created a dilemma: As long as Singleton refused his antipsychotic drugs, he couldn't be executed. His lawyers argued that no doctor could make their client take the drugs, since it no longer would be in his best medical interests. Earlier this year a federal court ruled that the state of Arkansas can force Singleton to take his meds. Writing for the 6-5 majority, one judge noted, "Eligibility for execution is the only unwanted consequence of the medication."

HEAD GAMES

WASHINGTON, D.C.-Federal prosecutors recently charged 55 people for allegedly selling illegal drug paraphernalia online. The Drug Enforcement Administration said its Operation Pipe Dreams and Operation Headhunter led to the seizure of tons of paraphernalia, including gas masks converted to bongs, lipstickshaped pipes and highlighters that conceal one-hitters. The feds also closed 11 online head shops. "People selling drug paraphernalia are as much a part of trafficking as silencers are a part of homicide," said the head of the DEA.

SMART SENTENCING

LANSING, MICHIGAN—The state legislature voted to eliminate some of the nation's most draconian mandatory-minimum sentencing laws for nonviolent drug offenses. Enacted during the late Seventies, the laws based a prisoner's sentence exclusively on the weight of the drugs found at the time of the arrest. Judges are

again able to use their discretion in sentencing. The state released these numbers to show the law's impact:

 7600—number of Michigan prisoners serving drug sentences.

1250—number who are expected to be paroled this year.

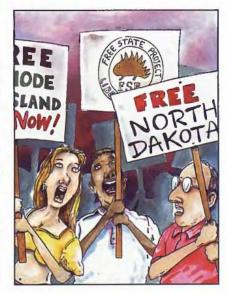
 6864—number of low-level offenders serving lifetime probation.

• 3218—number released from lifetime probation the day the statute went into effect.

 \$41 million—projected savings to taxpayers in 2003.

LIBERTY HO!

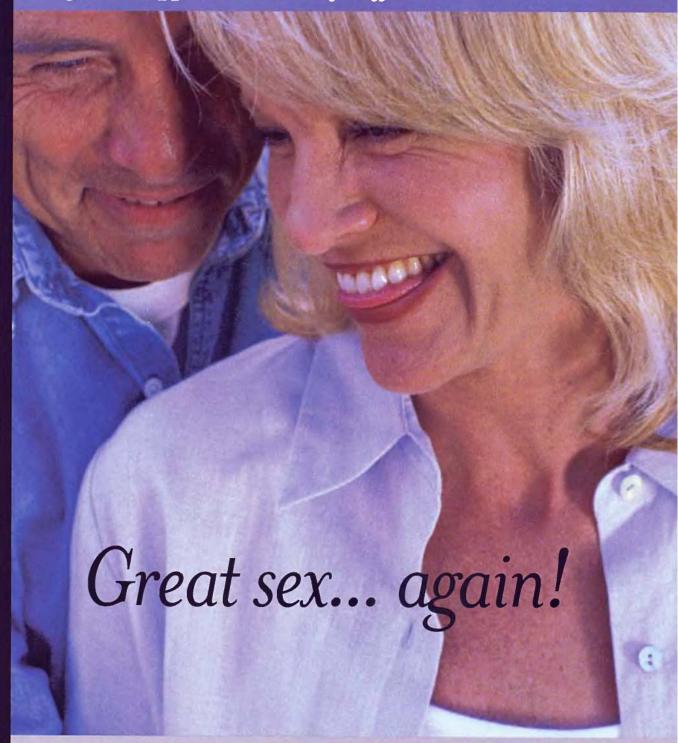
HENDERSON, NEVADA-The libertarian Free State Project has launched a campaign to persuade "freedom-loving people" to move en masse and take over a small U.S. state. The interlopers say that once they are voted into power, they would cut taxes, refuse federal funds, eliminate gun control and legalize drugs. As soon as 5000 people agree to relocate, the group will vote on which state to invade. And when 20,000 agree, the migration will begin. The leading candidates are New Hampshire and Wyoming, chiefly because their populations are less than 1.5 million, which



would allow 20,000 voters to more easily tip statewide elections. The project's founder, a 26-year-old doctoral candidate at Yale, hopes to recruit enough volunteers by 2005 via his website at freestateproject.org.



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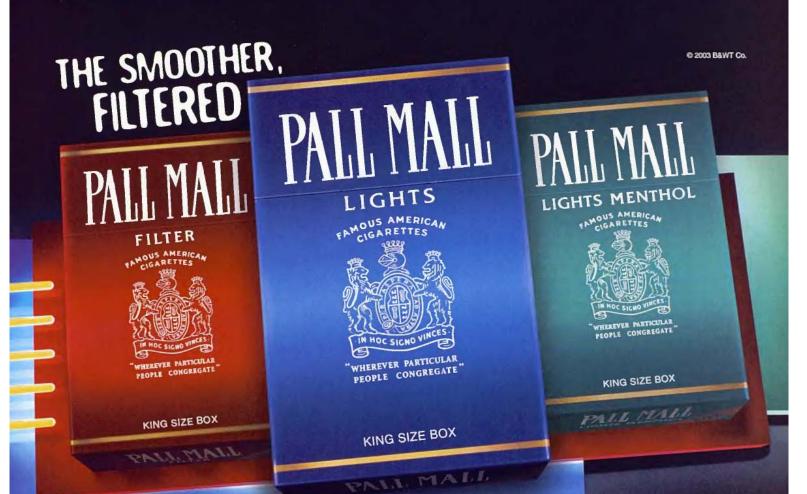
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LISA MARIE PRESLEY

a candid conversation with true rock royalty about sex, drugs, music and the men in her life—michael jackson, nicolas cage and, of course, elvis

Lisa Marie Presley inherited her father's eyes, lips and fame. As the only child born to the King of Rock and Roll and his wife, Priscilla, Lisa Marie was internationally known from the moment of her birth on February I, 1968, exactly nine months after her parents' wedding night. Priscilla said Elvis "looked petrified" the first time he held his daughter, but soon he was spoiling her with expensive jewelry, a miniature fur coat and an impromptu jet ride to Utah so she could see snow for the first time. He gave her everything, Priscilla lamented, a child "shouldn't have and couldn't appreciate."

Elvis had an aversion to making love to a woman who had given birth, so Lisa Marie's arrival caused a sexual estrangement between the singer and his young bride. Soon, both were having affairs and they divorced five years later. Though Priscilla took primary responsibility for raising their daughter, Lisa Marie spent lots of time at Graceland, Elvis' Memphis fortress. She was there when he died on August 16, 1977, after a decline marked by ballooning weight and addiction to prescription medication. When Elvis was found prone on the bathroom floor, she watched as people tried to revive him and asked, "What's wrong with my daddy? Something's wrong with my daddy, and I'm going to find out."

Elvis' death only deepened the mystery

surrounding his daughter—People magazine dubbed Lisa Marie "the most carefully secluded of all celebrity children." During that period of seclusion, she went through a drug phase—sedatives, marijuana, cocaine—which she says ended after she embraced Scientology. When she was 20, she married Danny Keough, an unknown musician. She was pregnant; they have two children, Danielle Riley, now 14, and Benjamin Storm, 10.

The relationship lasted six years, until she left Keough for Michael Jackson in 1994, marrying him in the Dominican Republic in a ceremony even Priscilla didn't know about. There was widespread skepticism about any physical union, especially since Jackson had recently faced civil charges of sexually abusing a 13-year-old boy. JACKSON-PRESLEY UNION SPARKS SHOCK, DOUBT, LAUGHS read one headline. During an interview around the time of their one-year anniversary, Diane Sawyer asked the couple if they had sex. Lisa Marie responded indignantly, "Yes, yes, yes." Seven months later she filed for divorce. The marriage was "a mistake, everyone knows," her lawyer declared.

After that mistake, she met actor (and longtime Elvis aficionado) Nicolas Cage at a party in 2001. They started a relationship, broke up, got back together, broke up, got back together and got married in Hawaii.

He filed for divorce 107 days later.

The current question for Presley, 35, is whether she inherited Daddy's talent. On her debut album, To Whom It May Concern, she sounds like a pissed-off Sheryl Crow, as her southern-fried rock rumbles with accusations, apologies, sarcasm and cursing. Writer Rob Tannenbaum spent two afternoons with Presley in the Capitol Records office in Hollywood, exploring her past, her new album and her future.

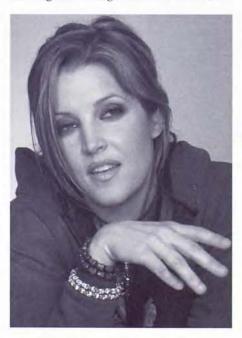
PLAYBOY: Most people make records for money or attention. You obviously don't need the money.

PRESLEY: I didn't do it to get attention. I hate attention. When I have to speak in public, I get so neurotic that I lose control of my tongue, my legs and whatever else. If I'm standing in front of a lot of people, I feel what they are thinking about me, their speculation. But I want to be heard. I have been writing and recording songs since I was 20, for cathartic reasons, as an outlet. I just haven't been doing it publicly.

PLAYBOY: In fact, you signed your record contract more than four years ago. Why did it take so long to make the record? PRESLEY: Honestly, I just needed to find my way, stylistically. I was anal about the final production. I didn't want to learn



"How many people have a family grave in the backyard? I'm sure I'll end up there, or I'll shrink my head and put it in a glass box in the living room. I'll get more tourists to Graceland that way."



"I knew Michael wanted kids. And Debbie Rowe was offering to do it for him while we were married, according to him. When I imagined having a child with him, all I could see was a custody battle nightmare."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO ROSE

"My taste in sex is probably 'porn style.' I am a little dark on the subject. I like it rough, the way they do things in porn movies. I think I was a pervert when I was three. I liked looking up skirts." the ropes publicly; I couldn't afford that. I knew there was going to be more attention on me than on anyone else putting out a debut record. If I wanted to be a novelty, I could have easily called a top writer or a top producer and turned into a pop star. I could have done that years ago. But I wanted to be looked at as an artist, so I couldn't do anything stupid or shallow or silly.

PLAYBOY: Were you writing silly songs?
PRESLEY: I never had a fluff problem. It
was always the opposite: "Let's get you
to lighten up and put some more radiofriendly stuff out there." My songs were
pretty dark and haunting.

PLAYBOY: There are 12 songs, including a bonus track. How many of them are

happy?

PRESLEY: I was talking with Nic [Cage] last night, and he lectured me: "I told you, you should put one happy song on the record." I said, "Fuck that. I'm not doing it." Music that's happy doesn't move me. So the answer to the question is, none. PLAYBOY: Before this year, you rarely talked to the press. If you didn't have an album to promote, would you be talking to us now?

PRESLEY: No. What else would I talk about? My upbringing? I don't like talking about myself. At this point I'm thinking, What have I done? The hard part is opening up for the first time. I have to combat 30 years of speculation and tabloid stuff. I have to go out there and say, "Hi, I'm not that person. However, I understand the curiosity, and I don't want to be an asshole or look like I'm hiding something. I realize why I feel vulnerable and afraid-a lot of people do interviews based on what their publicists tell them. I put my ass out there, cellulite and all. I can be very unfiltered and unedited, and that might kick me in the ass one day. I'm being really

honest, and if I get shit on, I might nev-

er speak again.

PLAYBOY: There are plenty of ways to market you as a reminder of your father. PRESLEY: People get all kinds of crazy ideas to turn me into a goofball. A whole record of Elvis covers and duets. We can put you in a white suit! Sorry, Britney already took the cake on that one.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think of putting the record out under a band name, like Jakob Dylan did with the Wallflowers?

PRESLEY: I thought about that, or taking Presley off and just using "Lisa Marie." But the record company wasn't very happy with the idea. [Laughs] They had other plans. I'm not trying to run away, and I'm not trying to capitalize. I'm just

trying to make a fucking record.

PLAYBOY: Your mother said, "The name Presley can be a hindrance and a help." In what ways has it been both to you?

PRESLEY: It's only a hindrance in that I didn't ask for all the attention, so I have a phobia against it. I don't ask tabloids to chase me around every week. But at the same time, I would never take back any part of who I am or where I came from. I would never want to be part of anything else. I'm honored and proud of my family and my dad.

PLAYBOY: Did your name help you get a record deal?

PRESLEY: Yeah, it helped me get a foot in the door. But you have to hold your own. And again, it's a hindrance, be-

I hear it nonstop from my Southern family. "My god, you're just like your daddy right now."

cause a lot of attention and pressure is on me. It's a little scary, because people are either going to love it or they're going to fucking hate my guts. Like, "You are the most despicable, sorry-ass excuse for a Presley that I've ever seen." I'm too extreme, I think, for people to have a mediocre reaction.

PLAYBOY: Here's a particularly unkind line from one review: "Her voice belongs in karaoke."

PRESLEY: You want me to react to that or something? I know it's going to happen. Of course, I obsess on the bad reviews. Nobody wants to hear that sort of crap. Who is this fucking critic? He can bite me. I want to hear him sing. You can print that.

PLAYBOY: What are people most eager to know about you?

PRESLEY: It's the same thing: "Three marriages! Three marriages!"

PLAYBOY: Your ex-husband was involved with the record, right?

PRESLEY: When you say "ex-husband," you have to be specific. [Laughs] I almost said, "Which ex-husband?" Yeah, Danny and I wrote two songs together. He's the first person I ever sang in front of, and he was the only person I wrote with for about eight years. So I wanted him to be on the record.

PLAYBOY: Lights Out is about your dad. Were you reluctant to write about him? PRESLEY: Very. The last thing I want is to look as if I'm capitalizing on that. I don't

want to be famous or superficially rich or some weird novelty. I addressed everything that affected me, and this is obviously important. Everything I have written about is pretty autobiographical.

PLAYBOY: The song also talks about Graceland and "the damn back lawn." Why did you

use that phrase?

PRESLEY: Because I couldn't say, "motherfucking back lawn." It didn't work melodically. The back lawn of Graceland is a graveyard, basically. How many people have a family grave in the backyard? How many people are reminded of their fate, their mortality, every fucking day? All the graves are lined up, and there's a spot there, waiting for me, right next to my grandmother.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan on being buried there?

PRESLEY: I don't plan on anything. I'm sure I'll end up there. Or I'll shrink my head and put it in a glass box in the living room. I'll get more tourists to Graceland that way. PLAYBOY: The song is bitter-

PLAYBOY: The song is bittersweet. Is that how you feel about being a Presley?

PRESLEY: To some degree it is. But I don't feel bitter—"I'm a Presley, and I'm bitter." There's good and bad with everything.

PLAYBOY: Your dad died at 42, and his mother died at 46. You're 35. Do you think more about death these days?

PRESLEY: No. When I was writing this album, I went through a period when I was not doing very well physically. It was mercury poisoning, from fillings. Everyone has a threshold, but after my divorce from Michael, I was under a lot of stress. My allergies caused craziness—I had my gallbladder removed, I went through hell. I constantly had these weird symptoms no one could explain. That was probably the worst period in my life, those two or three years.

PLAYBOY: Hey, at least you got some songs out of it. The person your lyrics are hardest on is you. You call yourself belligerent, needy, a princess—

PRESLEY: And I'm an asshole. Yes, in certain circumstances, I can be any one of those things.

PLAYBOY: And in S.O.B., you call yourself a son of a bitch.

PRESLEY: It's a term I heard a lot when I was growing up. "C'mere, you little son of a bitch." My family members say that to one another. My Aunt Delta used to live in Graceland. She was a scary woman, very funny. People were afraid to be around her. She was an alcoholic diabetic, so she wasn't always in the best mood. Her room was away from the tours, but she would come out to walk her dog and then flip off the tourists. They would come up to her and say, "Are you Aunt Delta?" She'd say, "Hell no, Delta died last night."

PLAYBOY: There's another song, *Nobody Noticed It*, that seems like it might be

about your dad.

PRESLEY: I wrote that to relieve myself of something I saw on TV about him, on the E! True Hollywood Story. It actually did me in, emotionally, for days. What made me angry was the interviews with the motherfuckers who hung around him. These idiots were so disgusting—they helped him go down and were actually worse than he was. It infuriated me. They were trying to take away his dignity, the one thing that was most important to him. And I needed to strike back at that. I happened to be going to the studio, and I got the melody in my head and started to cry.

PLAYBOY: You believe in revenge.

PRESLEY: I'm like a lion—I roar. If someone betrays me, I won't be a victim. I don't sulk, I get angry. I go immediately into retaliation. But it always comes from insecurity or pain.

PLAYBOY: In your mother's book, *Elvis* and Me, she wrote about your dad, "He wasn't the kind of person who'd come out and say, 'I'm scared.' He held in his fears and emotions until, at times, he would explode, tearing into anyone who

happened to be around."

PRESLEY: I'm much more like him on that front. That roar—I know that's a DNA situation. My mom's very strong and reasonable and caring—I have some of those qualities. But the rest is from him. I hear it nonstop from my family: "You are just like him." "My god, you're just like your daddy right now." I hear that all the time when I'm in Memphis.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a sense of humor about Elvis jokes or comments about your dad shooting out the TV? Or is that still too personal?

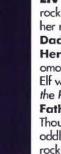
PRESLEY: No, it's not too personal. Shooting out the television is funny and that makes me laugh. As long as you're not degrading him.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite song of

ROCK DAUGHTERS

lisa marie isn't the only wild child with a famous father





Liv Tyler: Model-octress; raised by one rock star (Todd Rundgren) only to find out her noturol fother is another rock star.

Dad: Aerosmith motormouth Steven Tyler.

Her career highlight: Now immortalized omong the Dungeons-and-Dragons set as Elf worrior princess Arwen in the Lord of the Rings trilogy.

Father-to-daughter fame ratio: 2 to 1. Though Liv is more than just long legs and oddly familior bee-stung lips, Steven is a rock-and-roll institution.



Nona Gaye: Actress, former Prince girlfriend-collaborator on minor 1995 olbum The Gold Experience (she once described their relationship as "a whirlwind of head trips and mind screws").

Dad: Soul genius Morvin Gaye.

Her career highlight: Ploying Muhommad Ali's wife Belinda with Will Smith in Ali. Father-to-daughter fame ratio: 40 to 1. Between Sexual Healing and Let's Get It On, you can't get through a night on the town without hearing Morvin's miraculous voice.



lone Skye: Actress with a string of hit movies in the Eighties, now a pointer and housewife.

Dad: Has-been folk-rocker Donovan.
Her career highlight: John Cusack's boom-box serenode in Say Anything.
Father-to-daughter fame ratio: 1 to 1.
When she was starring in Wayne's World and married to Beastie Boy Adam Horovitz, it looked like Ione had the edge. Now, both generations hove become condidates for Where Are They Now?



Jade Jagger: Jewelry designer, representing oll rock daughters trying to make it in the fashion business (from A-list designer Stella McCartney to Keith Richards' Gapmodel daughters, Alexandra and Theodoro).

Dad: Hope you guess his nome.

Her career highlight: Recent cover of British GQ—toke that, Jerry Hall!

Father-to-daughter fame ratio: 100 to 1. It remoins to be seen whether stodiums can be filled with fans screaming for brooches and necklaces.



Norah Jones: 24-year-old sensation whose sultry, jazzy Come Away With Meone of the least likely number one olbums ever—has sold 5 million copies. **Dad**: Sitar moster Ravi Shankar.

Her career highlight: Sweep of the 2003

Grommy Awords.

Father-to-daughter fame ratio: 1 to 3. Shankar, Indio's greatest musical export, hosn't rocked up the platinum that his daughter has. Let's see if she can sell out concerts when she's 83, like her old mon.—ALAN LIGHT

DI A V R O V

PRESLEY: It's funny, I like the Seventies material because I was around for those recordings. There was some great stuff that never made it to radio: a song called Mary in the Morning, which I loved. In the Ghetto. I like the darker songs, the sad ones. There was a song called Separate Ways that was treacherously painful. And How Great Thou Art, when he'd sing that live, there was nothing like it. I'd go to his shows, and he was awesome.

PLAYBOY: You were five years old when your parents divorced. How did the di-

vorce change your life?

PRESLEY: When they divorced, I would go out on the road more and miss more school, which I liked. People say I didn't get to see him very much, but I was with him quite a bit. All of a sudden, a car would show up at school, and he was calling for me to go out on the road.

PLAYBOY: What was it like, hanging out with him?

PRESLEY: Nocturnal: Go to bed at four or five A.M. and get up at two or three the next afternoon. It was always a lot of fun. There is not one bad memory. There was always a lot of energy and life in the house. He was very mischievous.

PLAYBOY: You'd sit outside his room for hours, waiting for him to get up.

PRESLEY: The only two rooms upstairs in Graceland are mine and his. When he slept, he was a bear in hibernation.

PLAYBOY: Did you know your father was

addicted to pills?

PRESLEY: I was aware of the demise. [Soft-ly] His temper was getting worse, he was gaining weight, he was not happy. I saw him taking different pills, like a potpourri of capsules, but I didn't know what they were. He was obviously not in good shape. But he didn't want me to see that. So he would try to mask it for me.

PLAYBOY: You were visiting him at Graceland in 1977, when he died.

PRESLEY: I was there when he died. I was there for most of that summer. I'm actually not going to go into his death, the day of, the whole thing. Just so you know. I avoid that in all interviews. It's not something I like to capitalize on—particularly for people's amusement.

PLAYBOY: Then we would like to compare your memories with some of the legends about him.

PRESLEY: How much longer are we going to stay on this one? It's not that I don't like talking about him. And, yes, I could set the record straight. [Sighs] It's just that I'm uncomfortable with divulging anything about him, because people have done that for so long and capitalized on it. I hate those people so much. It's against my moral code to get attention by discussing him.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's discuss your exhusbands instead.

PRESLEY: No—we're going to stay on my dad, then. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Your mother also wrote that

because your father spoiled you so much, "Lisa had trouble learning what was right and wrong."

PRESLEY: I don't feel like I was spoiled. Anything my father did for me or gave me was done out of love, and I took it as that. I'm sure I had moments when I was a snot. But my mom was there to smack me back to the other side. Whatever he did, she cleaned it up.

PLAYBOY: After your parents split, your mom had a boyfriend named Michael Edwards—

PRESLEY: Oh my god, can I use the bathroom before I talk about this sorry-ass motherfucker?

PLAYBOY: He confessed that while he was in a relationship with your mom, he had

sexual feelings about you.

PRESLEY: He's a sick fuck. I know he wrote a book and said he lusted after my developing body as I got out of a pool. [In his book, Priscilla, Elvis and Me, Edwards wrote, "I'd had to put an end to our swimming together after one disturbing afternoon in the pool. Lisa had innocently thrown her arms around me, and we were jumping up and down. I became aroused. A sick feeling crept

I was in this destructo mode:
Anything my mom didn't
want me to do, I would do.
Smoking, drinking, drugs,
boys, whatever I could
get my hands on.

slowly into the pit of my stomach. I was craving Lisa sexually."] He made his attempts at coming into my room and being inappropriate while drunk.

PLAYBOY: You were a tough kid.

PRESLEY: I have always had a strength that intimidates people. It's a protection mechanism. In every school, the kids would automatically hate me and think I was stuck up. But I wasn't. I would make friends with the outcasts. You name it, I would get in trouble for it. I was in this destructo mode: Anything my mom didn't want me to do, I would do. Smoking, drinking, drugs, boys, whatever I could get my hands on. I went through a drug phase for like three years.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a hard time finding drugs?

PRESLEY: No. Does anyone if they really want them?

PLAYBOY: Were you sexually active?

PRESLEY: I didn't have sex until I was 15, like two weeks after my 15th birthday. But I was intrigued by sex at a very early age. I think I was a pervert when I was three. [Laughs] I liked looking up skirts. Body parts intrigued me.

PLAYBOY: Did your mother keep a close

eye on you?

PRESLEY: She watched me closely. After I read her book, I realized why. She'd done things that weren't what your average 14-year-old would do. And I was doing the exact same things.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Priscilla be-

come active in Scientology?

PRESLEY: I dabbled in it for a bit, then ran off to be a spiteful teenager. I rediscovered it when I was 17. I'd spent three nights awake, having been on cocaine for 72 hours. Eventually, my mom kicked me out of the house and made me stay at the Scientology Celebrity Center. I was drinking, and she handed me over to them in the middle of the night. She wanted them to watch over me. And I was happy-I was out of the house and had my own apartment. I had all this freedom. The smartest thing they ever did was put me to work with drug addicts. That made me productive and responsible. The last time I did a drug for recreation, I was 17. You know what life's going to bring you if you head down that route.

PLAYBOY: What does Scientology offer

to you?

PRESLEY: A better understanding of myself and others, sanity and insanity. Good answers—not answers that are enforced but don't really make sense. It's attacked because it's not understood, and that annoys me. I mean, I had it all fucking happen to me, and I'm fine. I'm not medicated. I might fuck up my marriages, but other than that, I am fine. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: And what about the Scientology belief that humans are descendants of

space aliens?

PRESLEY: I've never read anything in Scientology about aliens, but I have heard about it. An ex-boyfriend used to go, "Aliens! Aliens!"

PLAYBOY: When you were 17, you met Danny Keough in the church and later married him. What changed when you

had a baby?

PRESLEY: I was a tyrant as a kid, and then I had babies and settled down. Recently, in the past six years, I've gotten back in touch with my inner tyrant teenager. My friends were all out being crazy at 20, and I had babies. Now they're married and I'm like, "Look at you, you've got it together and I don't!"

PLAYBOY: What has Danny done as a musician?

PRESLEY: He's been in and out of bands. He's had opportunities, but he's his own worst enemy. He likes to sulk and be a tortured soul. He'd rather be anonymous and have nobody know that he was married to me. He needs confidence.

PLAYBOY: Does his lack of confidence come from having been married to you? PRESLEY: Very likely. He was overshadowed, buried alive by my mere existence, and he resented it.

PLAYBOY: In the song Sinking In, you say

you didn't treat him well.

PRESLEY: We didn't treat each other well. He can get pretty dark at times. We have that in common.

PLAYBOY: Who's darker, you or Danny?

PRESLEY: We fluctuate. Thank god we don't go off the deep end at the same time, because our kids would be wrecks. He's one of my closest friends. We go on vacations, spend holidays together, take the kids to school every morning.

PLAYBOY: Do you provide romantic advice to each other?

PRESLEY: No. He just shakes his head and laughs at me. I'm his entertainment. "How much of a shitstorm can you cause?" He intervened with Michael. But even then he wasn't vocal. He just let me know he wasn't happy about that one.

PLAYBOY: So you left Danny, an insecure, struggling musician, to marry Michael Jackson, the King of Pop.

PRESLEY: I walked away from Danny and went into Michael. And that was stupid. I thought it would help, because Michael and I had so much in common, our upbringings. And then it hit me in the face a year later.

PLAYBOY: Other than Danny, who knew you were going to marry Michael?

PRESLEY: No one except the people who arranged the wedding.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you tell your mom? PRESLEY: Because I knew she was against it. She was already saying, "Don't you

think this is just good timing for him? Wake up." But I wouldn't hear anything about it.

PLAYBOY: What did Priscilla say when you told her you had married him?

PRESLEY: She called me casually one day and said, "Ugh, there are helicopters flying over my house, driving me crazy. They're saying that you married Michael Jackson." And I was silent. And she went, "No, you didn't. Lisa! Tell me." And I went, "Yup. I did it." And I have to say I got a bit of a kick out of it, just for old times' sake. One more middle finger going up.

PLAYBOY: Lots of other people suspected it was a publicity stunt, because he had been accused of child molestation.

PRESLEY: We met casually at a friend's house, and he immediately disillusioned me of any preconceived ideas I had of him. He said, "I know you think this about me, you think that," and I immediately said, "Oh my god, you're so misunderstood!" I forgot who he was within 20 minutes, because we were so locked into a conversation.

PLAYBOY: You're saying that Michael Jackson is seductive?

PRESLEY: He's not sexually seductive, but there is something riveting about him. He doesn't let people see who he is. When he does, it's hard to shake. I got caught up and thought I was in love with the man. I don't know what else to say. PLAYBOY: When you announced the marriage, you said in a press release, "I understand and support him." Please explain Michael to those of us who really don't understand him.

PRESLEY: Here's the thing: For a while, Michael was like the Wizard of Oz, the man behind the curtain. At one time he was really good at manipulating a Howard Hughes type of image: "He's mysterious, fascinating." He became this bigger-than-life figure. But at some point, it turned on him and he became this freak. And now he can't get out from under it. When you're the king of your own palace, there are no morals or ethics or integrity. Everyone will kiss your ass and then give you the push that knocks you over.

PLAYBOY: Did you and he ever have children join you in your bed?

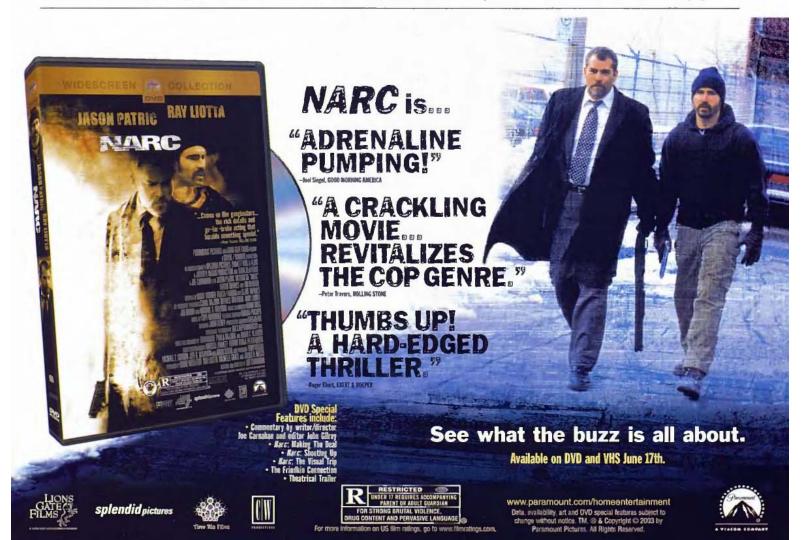
PRESLEY: Never. Never, never, never, never. I never saw him sleep in a bed with a child, ever.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever see him with photos of nude children?

PRESLEY: Never. Never.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any reason to think he's a child molester?

PRESLEY: If I'd had any reason to suspect that, I would have had nothing to do with the guy. I had no reason to, other than the allegations themselves. The only two people who know are Michael (continued on page 142)





Sonthe Delivers

from the chill spaces of clubland comes foxy, the latest orgasmic designer love drug. the only thing it's missing is a warning label

ello, ladies, love your costumes," says the naked hippie guy who greets us. He's staring at my breasts, but I can hardly blame him: My torso is bare and painted gold except for my bronzed nipples and matching armband. "Thank you," I say, looking past his shoulder. "A girl always has to accessorize her nipples." The theme of this evening's party is Shipwrecked. In my body paint, silver leather shorts and black calf boots, I'm like some randy figurehead on a pirate ship. My friend Isabel and I start to make our way through the massive industrial loft in the Dumbo section of Brooklyn. We're bobbing in a sea of sweaty bodies gathered by our hosts, a group of underground artists. Inside a life-size snow globe, a blonde bursting out of a feather corset waves to the crowd. When naked hippie guy tries to maroon us in a corner, we set sail for a new temperate zone-an igloo made of white nylon tent material.

We have entered the "chill space." Judging by my nipples it's an apt name, but that has nothing to do with the cold. Everywhere, couples are languidly knot-

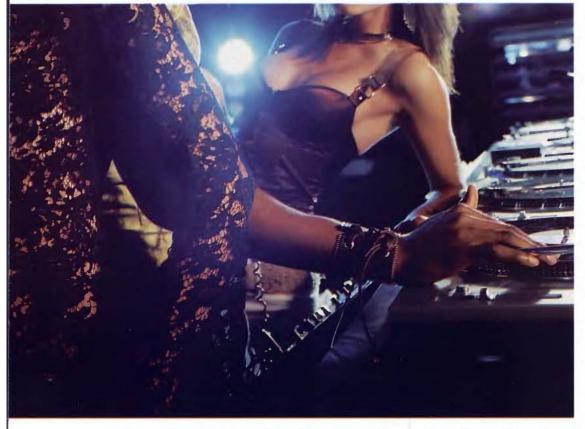
ted together like octopi in heat. A disco ball spins lazily above, and refracted bits of light strobe across flesh and faces. I stumble past stacked fur pillows and a candlelit incense altar. At first the 10 or 12 couples spread out around the edges of the circle don't seem to be looking at anything, but after my eyes adjust to the darkness I see that in fact they are staring intently at a prone couple rocking vigorously by a wall. The girl is on top, and her ass rises and falls steadily. Her navyblue canvas sailor skirt is pulled up around her waist, and I can't take my eyes off the rhythmic jiggle of her cheeks.

I glance at Isabel, who is busy giggling off compliments on her slutty mermaid costume. "Are they really having sex over there?" I say to no one in particular.

From the shadows to my left someone says, "Yeah—they're on foxy."

This isn't the first time I've heard of foxy, a drug so new in the culture no one but the most adventurous psychonauts knows where to get it, or even that it exists. But the Shipwrecked party is the first

time I've seen it live up to its rumored effects. I'd heard it described as the sex drug to end all sex drugs: Viagra, ecstasy and acid rolled into one. As we watch, a security bouncer marches over to the writhing couple, taps them on the shoulder and gestures for them to leave the premises. For sev-



eral seconds, I watch incredulously as the couple continues undaunted.

That's when the thought enters my head: I need to get my hands on some of this stuff.

THE MAKING OF A CHEMICAL COCKTAIL

The research chemical 5-methoxy-N,N-diisopropyltryptamine, or 5-MeO-DIPT, otherwise known as foxy, first came under scrutiny in a drug bust in New York City in 1999 when a Drug Enforcement Administration agent seized 12 capsules in a small plastic box marked "Foreplay." After investigating, the DEA noted that users reported effects akin to those of LSD and ecstasy (visual hallucinations, intensified tactile sensations and auditory distortions). But the most notorious effect of foxy was the one alluded to on

the box: The DEA described it as "feelings of love," and the highly regarded drug education website Erowid.org says the drug has a "significant erotic component." Since 1999 foxy has become popular enough that a DEA warning surfaced on January 28, 2003, clearing the way to classify foxy as a Schedule I controlled substance through an emergency scheduling procedure. The drug became officially illegal two months later, on April 4 (after this story was written).

While the rise in foxy's use is recent, it was developed around 1980 by Alexander Shulgin, the renowned experimental chemist. Now in his late 70s, Shulgin is famous for writing a 1978 research paper that described

> ecstasy (MDMA) as an empathy drug (see The Tripmaster, p. 68). Although foxy bears little chemical resemblance to ecstasy, dealers sometimes pass it off as a kissing cousin. Authorities say they have seized it at raves and clubs nationwide.

"I've heard of foxy being much more sensual than ecstasy," says Tim Santamour, executive director of DanceSafe, a national drug safety organization. Santamour first learned of foxy when he visited San Francisco two years ago. At the time, he says, it was most visible in the gay community. Since then, the organization has tracked its spread to a broader demographic as news of the drug has circulated through the world of urban nightlife. "Now we see it in Seattle, the Bay

Area, Boston," says Santamour. "And its use is growing in New York City."

FOX HUNT

After I'd seen the couple doing the Dumbo mambo, I decided to do some serious research into the sub-

Foxy first came under scrutiny when a DEA himself?" agent seized 12 capsules in a small plastic box marked

stance-friendly sex scene. I called my sister in San Francisco. "You want to try what?" she asked. "Don't you remember that guy Ben at the music festival who was on it and couldn't stop touching

"Well, maybe he didn't have anyone else to touch."

"Maybe," she said. "He kept insisting he was keyed into the erotic vibe of the crowd. But what do you expect at a rave?" She then put me in touch with her friend Rob, a self-described authority on foxy and one of the few people

who still had a job in Silicon Valley.

"Foreplay."

"Foxy makes me feel superstrong and fast, like I'm Bruce Lee," Rob told me on his cell while cruising the highway with his girlfriend Kim. "One time Kim and I were fucking. It was long and intense, and she came for what seemed like 20 minutes. Afterward she



"With sex on e," said Rob, "you forget what you're doing. With foxy you can have hours of foreplay followed by great sex."

told a friend: 'My orgasm was so big it needed its own area code.'"

"Wow," I said.

"But this wasn't on foxy."

"No?" My heart sank.

"We were on acid. You should try that. It's like a cubist adventure. You're having sex with buildings."

No thanks, I thought. My one experience on acid made me feel like I was more likely to throw myself off a building than have sex with it. Ecstasy is the only drug I can imagine using to heighten sex, but when I tried it I was so content to snuggle under my flannel sheets I never got around to molesting my boyfriend.

"But what about foxy," I persisted. "How does it compare to sex on e?"

"With sex on e," said Rob, "you forget what you're doing. With foxy you can have four hours of foreplay followed by an hour of great sex—and no hangover."

He explained that he and his girlfriend Kim took foxy on a romantic getaway weekend in Mendocino. "We'd been going out for two years, and we wanted to do something special. We took foxy and lay naked in front of a fire. Kim said she felt like she was getting shagged by the song we were listening to."

He paused and I heard them conferring. "She wants me to tell you she felt like the music was entering her. She says it was totally hot, and you should try it soon."

As the week progressed, foxy seemed to pop up everywhere. At a bar in Williamsburg, Isabel and I ran into her ex-boyfriend Tony, a cute young dropout. He was on his way to a club to meet some of his friends, take some foxy and dance until dawn.



"Have you done foxy before?" I asked.

"No. Why?"

"Do you know what's going to happen? Do you know anything at all about the drug?"

"Why would I want to know what's going to happen?" he said. Grateful to Isabel for her weird taste in men, I insisted we accompany Tony to the club and babysit in case he ran into trouble.

The three of us hopped into my 1972 Cutlass with the top that won't go up even in the dead of winter and headed to the far corners of Queens. Isabel nudged me at a red light and flashed a mysterious vial she'd ferreted out of Tony's pocket. It held a healthy teaspoon of clear liquid foxy. I could tell she was contemplating taking it.

Outside the trance party, I inspected the vial. It smelled disturbing, like New Jersey. Tony drained the contents and led us inside.

It was a site-specific techno music extravaganza, with hundreds of severe, angled hipsters grooving robotically in a dank basement. By the time we located Tony's friends, the foxy had kicked down their doors and was pistol-whipping their synapses. "I don't have the vocabulary to

tuned in, turned on? Myths and realities of sex drugs								
W ₀	Cocaine	Ecstasy	GHB	LSD	2С-В			
The Hype	A powder derived from coca leaf. Affects pleasure centers in the brain and increases energy.	Synthetic cousin to MDA and speed. Was once thought of as empathy drug, with good reason.	A natural metabolite. Soluble powder has rep for an alcohol-like buzz minus the calories.	Chemical derived from lysergic acid (found in ergot). Thought to lower inhibitions, enlighten.	Synthesized in 1974. Similar to ecstasy, it's an entactogen, meaning "touching within."			
Peaks	Boisters confidence, sense of sexiness, em- pathy and ability to chat up cute strangers.	Heightens Intimacy and exhilaration. Psychoac- tive. Makes cute strang- ers seem even cuter.	Works as a sedative, In- duces mild relaxation, sociability. Makes ugly strangers seem cute.	Triggers deep mystical experiences, euphoria, hallucinations. Faces of cute strangers melt.	Produces erotic sensa- tions, dramatic visuali. Heightened awareness of cute strangers.			
Valleys	Paranola and annoying boastfulness, even car- diac arrest. Combining with Vlagra dangerous	Teeth-grinding, jaw- clenching. Stimulant ef- fects can lead to dehy- dration, heat stroke.	Nausea, sturred speech and coma-like sleep. Mixing with alcohol is highly dangerous.	Psychotic behavior, various delusions, extreme paranola, hellish introspection.	Nausee, anxiety. Ex- tremely dose-sensitive. Bed trips possible at high levels.			
Potency As Love Drug	Can up desire, but can dim physical response. Translation: Good luck maintaining an erection.	Mental connections can be accompanied by drop in desire. Worse, users don't seem to complain.	As a depressant of the central nervous system, is more a date-rape drug than a sex-enhancer	Too much sensory over- load at peak moments for sex. Perhaps possi- ble while coming down.	Depending on dose and user, can have strong impact on erotic and sexual experiences.			

describe what I'm feeling physically," said Seth, a scruffy sound engineer in his mid-30s. Then he swung his girlfriend Chloe over his shoulder like a kid on a jungle gym.

I intercepted Chloe as she skittered past me on the dance floor. She looked like a hot elfin sex therapist. "What are you feeling?" I asked her, social-worker polite.

"Last night I dreamed I was giving sex tours of Hollywood with Eminem. This shit makes me think I could actually pull it off!"

She said she felt radiant, childlike, omnipotent. "I invented belly dancing," she announced to the crowd. Watching her, Seth said, "Doesn't Chloe seem like a ninefoot-tall Helmut Newton model? I think she's the sexiest woman who's ever existed."

Ten minutes later they were in a rush to get home. Tony watched them go and then turned to Isabel. "Hey, so, are you dating anyone right now?"

BETTER LOVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

The popularity of sex drugs is nothing new. Every time a fresh, illicit psychoactive chemical appears, it's rumored to be the next love potion. In this regard foxy follows the trail of LSD, MDMA, GHB and 2C-B. The Prozac Nation of 1962 was called My Self and I by Constance Newland, who took LSD 23 times in analysis to overcome her sexual frigidity. Both GHB and 2C-B were hyped as sex-enhancing drugs until the mid-Nineties to late Nineties; an English overthe-counter brand of 2C-B called Erox showed an intertwined couple on the packaging and claimed the contents were meant "for the temporary alleviation of male impotence and female frigidity." But all of these boutique drugs burned quickly through their target audience and were dismissed, thanks to scary and sometimes devastating side effects or lack of efficacy.

Still, the search continues. "A switch to a psychedelic culture would definitely lead to increased intimacy and exponentially improved sex," insists Daniel Pinchbeck, author of Breaking Open the Head: A Psychedelic

Journey Into the Heart of Contemporary Shamanism. "In terms of the development of our culture's erotic potential, it would be equivalent to the discovery of electricity."

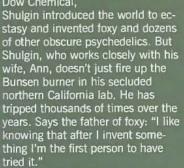
Viagra is the most popular and biggest prescription

drug to be marketed exclusively for sexual performance. Originally prescribed for primary impotence, Viagra is now widely used for recreational purposes as well. It is one of the most counterfeited drugs in history; dealers are combining it with ecstasy

the tripmaster

a conversation with foxy creator alexander shulgin

r. Alexander Shulgin knows his drugs. Timothy Leary even called him one of "the most important scientists of the 20th century." A 77-year-old genius biochemist who once worked for Dow Chemical,



PLAYBOY: Days after you invented foxy, you had sex on it. Was it good? SHULGIN: At low doses it greatly enhances my orgasm intensity but has no psychedelic effect. But Ann

didn't care for it. At the normal dose, it wasn't that memorable or constructive. So it's not in my medicine cabinet. PLAYBOY: What is foxy related to in a chemical sense—is it like LSD? SHULGIN: Not really. It's actually far more similar to some of the things in magic mushroom alkaloids.

PLAYBOY: Is foxy safe? SHULGIN: I don't know



of any valid medical studies. Unfortunately, in this country it's nearly impossible to do psychedelic studies with human subjects. People do them privately, but they don't publish the results.

PLAYBOY: Did you know ravers are taking foxy to party or have sex? SHULGIN: That surprises me. Street use isn't something I'm happy with. People aren't careful with their doses and their intentions.

PLAYBOY: Is there an ideal sex

drug?

SHULGIN: There are a lot of things like ecstasy that make you feel extremely warm and comfortable but inhibit your sexuality.

PLAYBOY: What about Viagra? SHULGIN: I use it occasionally at about a third to half dosage levels. But I don't like being dependent on it, and I can't use it when I'm trying

it, and I can't use it when I'm trying
out new compounds because I don't know
what the drug-drug
interaction will be.
PLAYBOY: What's the
point of inventing these
psychedelic drugs?
SHULGIN: It's to open
doors to research for
neuroscientists and psychiatrists. And from
that could very well
evolve tools for treatment
of mental disorders.

-MARK BOAL

"I like
knowing that
after I've
invented
something
I'm the first
person to
have tried it."

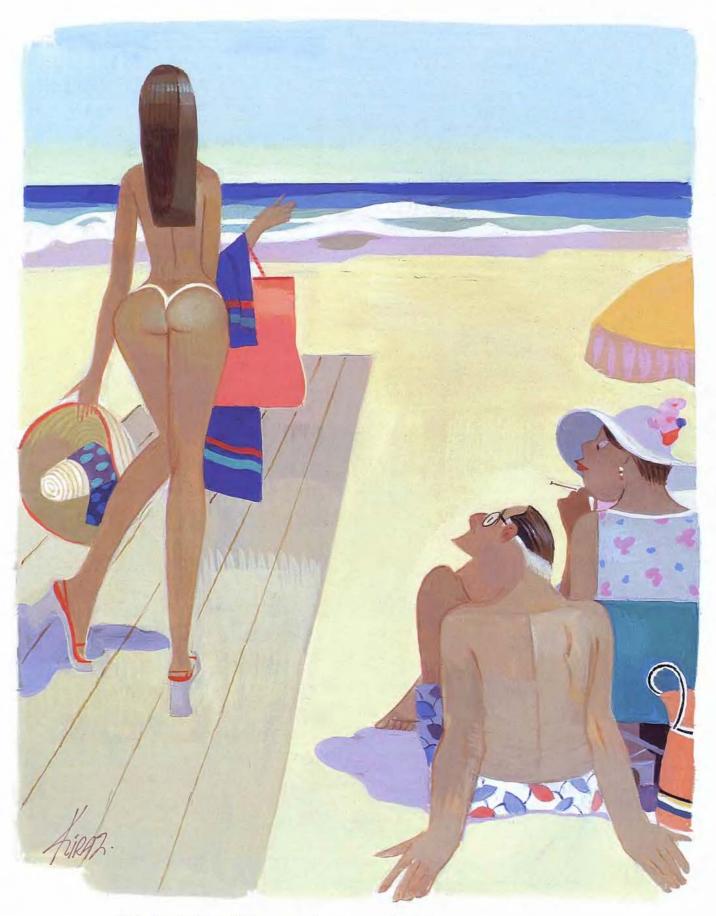
and selling it in nightclubs as Sexstasy. Meanwhile, selling and distributing Viagra for off-label use continues unabated. In this sense it's the first sex-enhancing drug to blur the boundaries between recreation and medicine.

In its name alone foxy holds the promise of a pharmacologically turbocharged orgasm. However, the problem for many people with a sex-enhancing club drug is its psychedelic edge. A sorority girl might be able to drop e on a Tuesday night and take a test the next day, but middle-aged golfers don't want such a trippy high. And even though I saw foxy in action—maybe because I saw it in action—I still wasn't sure it was right for me.

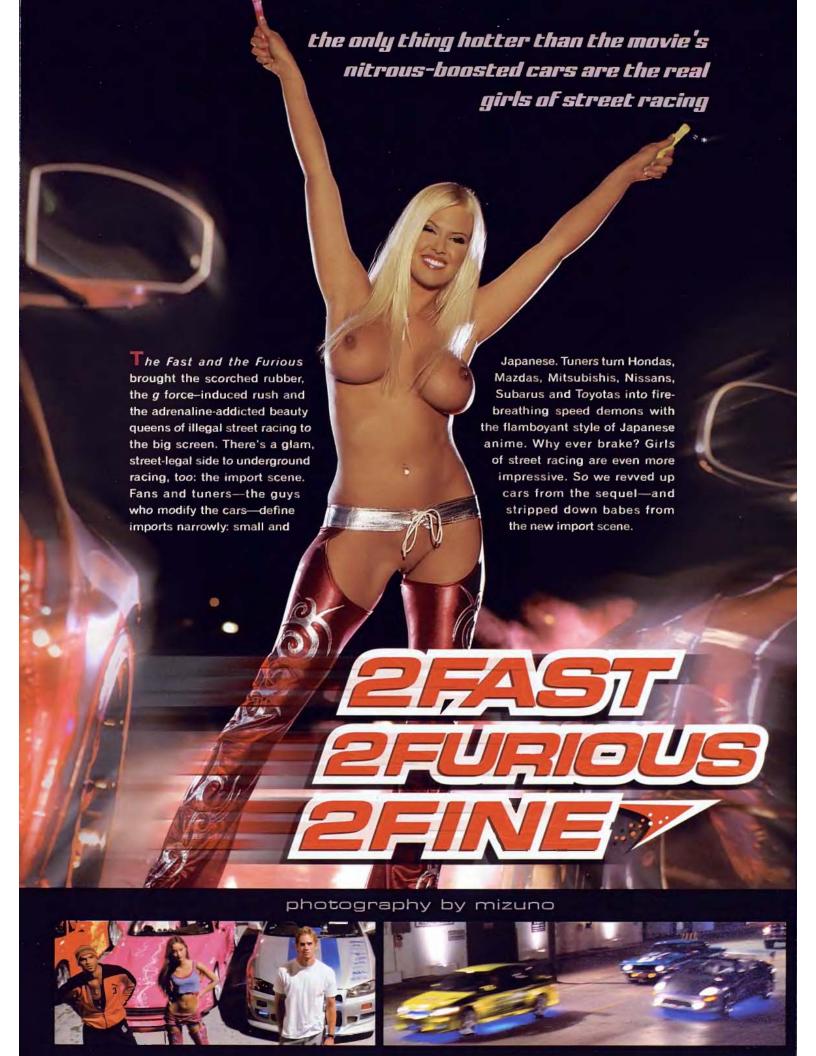
DRUG NET

One day at home I received a mysterious e-mail. The writer, a college kid named Josh (continued on page 146)

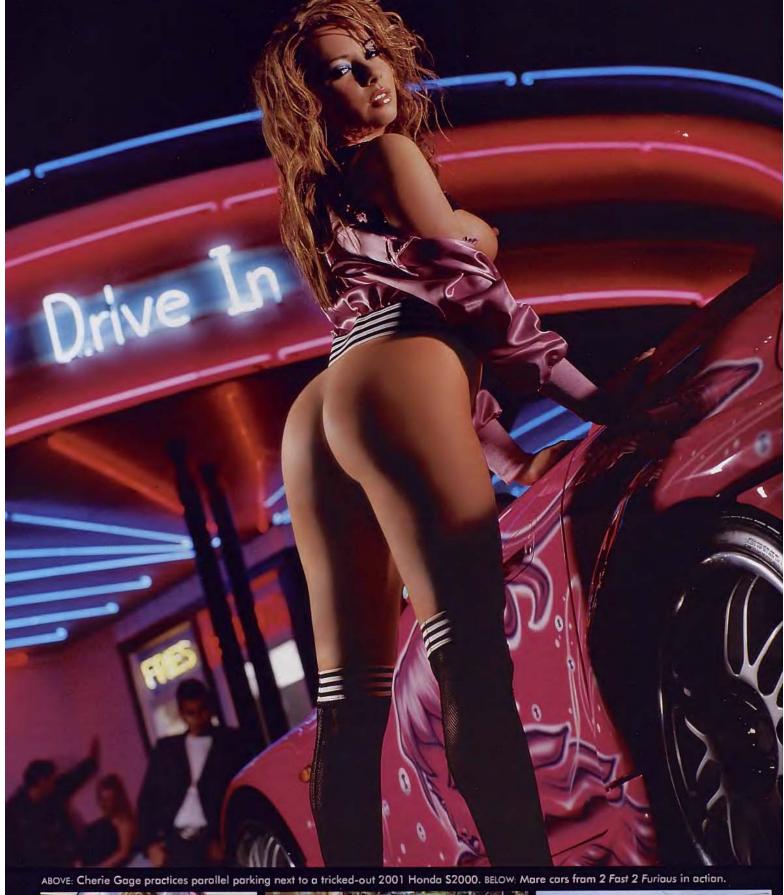




"My Uncle Joe said he was going to come back as a thong. . . . I just keep hoping I will recognize him."



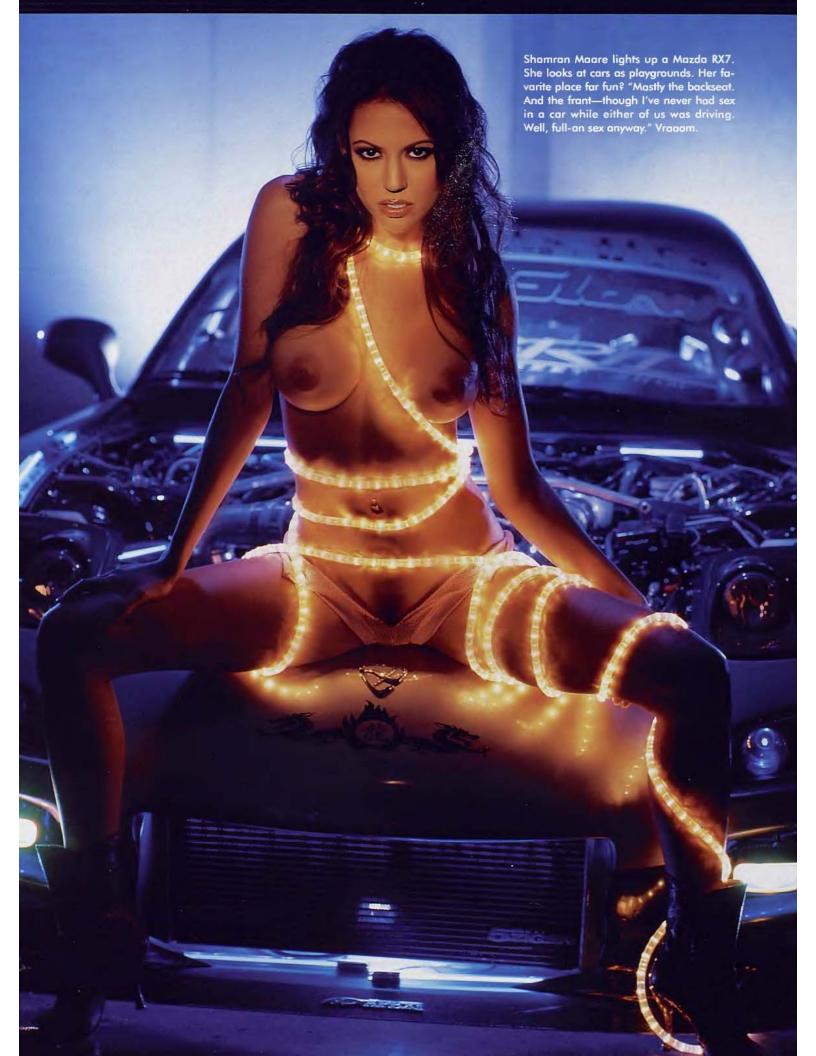


















Custody

idiosyncrasy with her bed frame. After all, I hadn't heard it when we were at my place, in my bed.

Midway she got up to pee and I heard her talking babyishly to someone in the other room. Her-voice was so unexpected, I froze with my face smushed ogainst the mattress, not during to breathe, trying to make out the words.

She'd never once mentioned a kid. And there had honestly been no signs—no premature sagging, stretchmarks, cesarean. Nothing. No toys underfoot, no Crayolaed scrawlings plastered everywhere like masterpieces—at least nothing I glimpsed on the way in.

When she slipped back into the room, beaming, I beamed right-back, trying, as best I could, for nonchalant. "Everything OK?"

lant. "Everything OK?"
"Everything's great!" she said, dropping her robe and straddling me in a motion yerging on rodeo. Before I

could ease things back to the subject of Who the hell were you checking on in the other room? the front-door lock rattled. The tumblers fell into place as someone entered, still knocking.

A guy's voice: "Hello! Just me!"

It was all getting very crowded, very quickly. In about 30 seconds, the population of the apartment, as I understood it, had just doubled. Where there had been two, there were now four.

'Shit!" She dismounted and grabbed her robe again, glaring at the clock radio, calling to this latest arrival out in the hall. "Deacon? Jesus, I didn't think you were coming.

"Sorry, babe! Practice went late. I'll

grab him and go!"

She turned down the stereo, then stood with her back to me, her hand on the doorknob, listening. I scanned the room, craned my neck back at the window behind me, thinking fire escape. He was moving around out there like he lived there, raising his voice to be heard as he moved through the apartment. "Hey, Shari? I'm leaving food money on the fridge, OK?"

"OK!" she called back

The guy's voice was closer now, quieter: "Hey, buddy. How ya doin', buddy? Were you sleeping? You ready to go to Daddy's? We're gonna have fun, aren't we, Pete? Just the boys. Yeah!

OK, here we go!'

Shari remained at attention with her nose to the door, listening. She seemed far away. She might have forgotten that I was there behind her, naked in her bed. Then there was another movement in the hall-lower, scraping sounds along the wall. I pictured one of those uncoordinated toddlers, weighted down with a knapsack or swinging his sleeping bag, bumping into furniture-that age when everything is an event and there's so much gear and planning, the simplest outing becomes more complicated than an armored troop movement.

But also, there was that grunting. A

sort of snuffling.

I lifted my head, thinking I might catch a glimpse as they passed. Shari had the door ajar now, letting a sliver of light in, standing to one side, as if not wanting this "Daddy" person to know she was in her robe. But wasn't it obvious what she was up to? What else would she be doing in her bedroom, unable to step around from behind the door, at 10 o'clock on Friday evening?

"Bye-bye, Petie," she said through the crack. "You be a good boy for Daddy, OK? Bye-bye! Mommy loves you!"

"I'll bring him back Sunday night?"

My view was narrowed to a sliver, but where I expected Garanimals, I saw actual animal. A rounded, rippling, bristly, black-and-white hide.

I didn't think anyone still owned potbellied pigs. It seemed like that fad had passed a few years back.

She closed the door and returned to the bed and I listened to the sounds of the guy leaving the apartment and locking it from outside and then the slow bump and murmur as he helped the thing down the stairs.

"So," I said. "You own a pig."

"Half a pig, really. Joint custody. That was my ex-boyfriend just now. Deacon." She leaned in and kissed me loudly, once, on the nipple, then sat back up. "It'll be a lot quieter now, I promise. If you still want to. . . . " She ran her finger down the center of my chest, as if alluding to the direction in which things could return. "I'm sorry about all that, before. It was embarrassing. He gets a little jealous when I'm with someone new."

This was where I could pull her down to me, bring the discussion to an

"You own a pig." Joint custody."

end, but I didn't. I asked her how long it had been since they broke up.

"I mean Pete gets jealous," she said. "Our pig. You probably heard him calling when we were. . . . " She bit the cuff of her robe in a way that was so cute and young, how could I possibly have thought, even for a moment, she was some old hag mom, burdened with a kid? "You know, earlier. He didn't like that, what we were doing. He's just vying for attention."

I must have looked confused, because she swatted me with the sash of her robe. "Pete," she said again. "Pete didn't like us messing around."

She slipped out of the robe and burrowed under the covers, giggling, getting me going again. But I was still thinking about the way she'd described him: Our pig. Our.

I used to know a few people with domesticated pigs-mostly single guys who had heard about George Clooney's pig and thought it would help them score. Having a pig never particularly appealed to me, but it was certainly a better prospect than a cat. If this woman became someone I decided I loved and wanted to make a life with, I would like to think I could handle living with a pig.

Except the gnawing problem was that it wouldn't just be our pig. This pig would forever belong to Shari and the guy in the hall. The ex. No matter how serious things got, we would forever be tied to the ex. At least for the

life of the pig.

After we were done, she seemed wired and scrambled around the apartment, finding pictures of Pete to show me. "You'd like him," she insisted. "I think you two would really get along."

When we'd come in earlier, after dinner, we'd entered kissing and pretty wound up and most of the lights were off and we headed straight for the bedroom. So now she gave me the complete tour. She showed me the converted hall closet that was Pete's room, just a few feet from her bedroom, so he could come in and snuggle if he wanted, if it was thundering or he had nightmares. He slept in a basket with a cushy pad of Three Little Pigs-patterned fleece, lavered with stiff little hair that looked like fine wire. And directly across the narrow hallway, hung just at pig height, was a photo in a nice wooden frame. I had to kneel to get a better look: It was Shari and a guy, arms around each other, crouched low right there in the hall in front of the basket, with Pete between them-much smaller than the hulk I'd glimpsed earlier-and their heads tipped together, beaming and proud. The year it was taken, they had used it as their Christmas card photograph.

I tried to be playful with Pete. I looked for excuses to touch him, pat him, tousle his bristly ears. It seemed real important that Shari see how much he liked me.

"Hey, buddy," I'd say.

"Hey, little guy!" "Hey, big guy!"

"How's it going, champ?"

He'd give me a few wet sniffs, then swivel that snout around and turn tail on those ridiculous sissified trotters. Show me that nubby corkscrew, aloof.

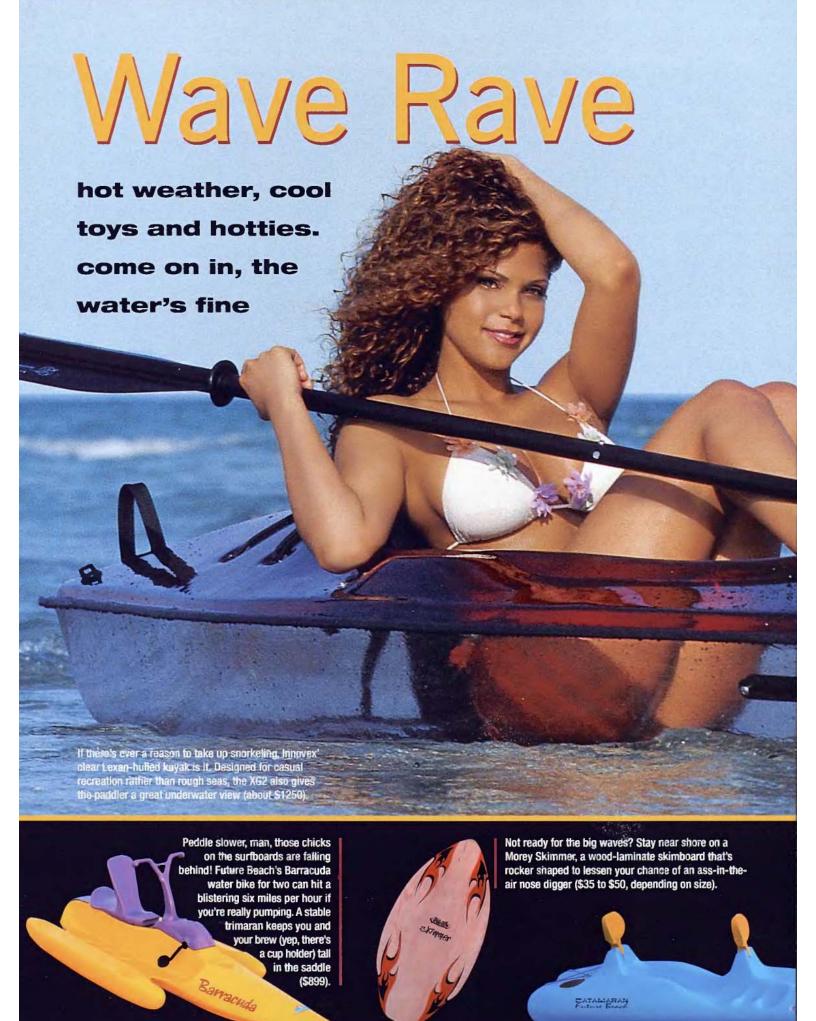
Still, I kept at it. I brought him little gifts. I gave him a Cubs cap, but he shook it loose and later I found it slobbery and chewed in the corner.

As soon as I heard him scooting his empty dish across the kitchen linoleum, I would hop up to fill it. Volunteering like this was part of my scheme: I figured that if he associated me with

(continued on page 124)



"And stop leaving your sex toys all over the porch for me to trip over!"



Where the Babes Are

South of Lake Havasu City, Arizona is Copper Canyon, a notorious party cove for personal-watercraft revelers. The goings-on get wet and wild when bikini tops start coming off. South Padre Island in Texas is a palace of pulchritude, especially during spring break. Bring a skimboard and you won't be lonely long. Panama City Beach, Florida is a mecca for outrageous mayhem, minimal bikinis and single women. Myrtle Beach, South Carolina is where the 1988 movie Shag was shot. The title reflects the favored nocturnal pastime—and the beach is body heaven during the day. When New Orleans party girls need a break from Bourbon Street, they head for Gulf Shores in Alabama to hang out

at such world-famous bars as the

Flora-Bama Lounge.

Playtime!

Superhot Hedonism II resort in Jamaica is the perfect venue for an Innovex clear-bottom kayak: nude bathing! National Wildlife Refuge in the Florida Keys National Marine Sanctuary, North America's largest living reef, is a tame alternative. 2 The Barracuda water bike is an aquatic toy best suited for protected, nearshore waters. Use it to explore Seattle's funky houseboat community. 3 You'll find skimboard devotees wherever there are surfers in southern California, but the prime location for this sport is Pismo State Beach near San Luis Obispo. The sloping beach and gentie waves provide a great setup for a long glide on a Morey Skimmer. 4 Poke around Island Beach State Park, a 10-mile barrier island off the New Jersey shore, aboard Future Beach's catamaran kayak. The mysterious salt marshes and estuaries of Barnegat Bay are worth the effort. 5 Snorkeling with a Sea-Doo Sea Scooter is a blast at John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park in Key Largo, established specifically to preserve the underwater ecosystem. 6 Lake Havasu City will host the annual world championship of watercraft racing October 5 to 12. Be sure to ride your PWC at least 80 miles up the Colorado River.

By Charles Plueddeman



The Catamaran 200, a polyethylene Future Beach kayak for two, has a streamlined hull for higher speeds, removable backrests and built-in paddle holders (\$600). Great for checking out the sea life around you. (Word to the wise: Bring a pair of binocs.)

The Sea-Doo Sea Scooter is a rechargeable swim-assist gizmo that can take you for a hell of an underwater ride at speeds up to two miles per hour—reaching a maximum depth of 65 feet (\$400). Don't forget the scuba gear.

Think of Yamaha's GP1300R personal watercraft as an aquatic Dodge Viper. Its fuel-injected, 165 hp marine engine will let you and a passenger (bet she's holding on tight) see almost 65 miles per hour on the digital instrument display. Five-position trim adjustment allows for exceptional handling (\$8900).



OF THE WORDS

SCURRILOUS SLAMS, VILE TRASH-MOUTH TAKEDOWNS, KEYBOARD-MELTING REVIEWS: FIVE MEDIA FEUDS THAT REFUSE TO DIE.

READ ON, IT'S GETTING UGLY.

Sticks and stones can break your bones, but bones will eventually knit and heal. Words, in the age of the Internet, are considerably more dangerous, possessing a radioactive half-life longer than strontium 90's. In our Googlefied world, a poison-pen review, a vicious gossip-column slag or a demeaning but funny insult can replicate endlessly, a killer virus in cyberspace.

And who better to use words as a weapon than those who use words for a living? The brightest lights of the literary and media worlds—men and women of letters, members of the fourth estate—have a nasty habit of getting downright nasty. Sometimes it's to bite back at a chronic critic. Other times it's to brutalize the preposterous, the pompous, the persistently annoying. Once in a great while, it's over a point of honor.

Forget any outmoded notions of a "gentleman's profession"—these men and women can mix it up like drunken Marines. Here are some of the greatest media death matches of the modern age, five feuds that refuse to go away.

BY SIMON DUMENCO

THE MAN IN WHITE VS. THE OLD LIONS

TOM WOLFE VS. JOHN IRVING, JOHN UPDIKE AND NORMAN MAILER



iterary lions roar! In this corner, the dandified, legendary journalist and author Tom Wolfe, who argues that his heavily researched fiction—"full-blooded realism," he calls it—is the right stuff to tevivify the moribund American novel. Facing him, a tag team of John Irving, John Updike and Norman Mailer, leading men of American letters (and at least two experienced brawlers among them), who dismiss Wolfe's wildly popular novels Bonfire of the Vanities and A Man in Full as fine entertainment for the masses but something far short of real literature.

FIRST BLOOD

"Awriiighhhhhhht!" read the title of Updike's review of A Man in Full, in the November 9, 1998 New Yorker. Updike, a reviewer of uncommon perspicacity, came on soft and silky in the first few paragraphs, offering praise for Wolfe's new novel, an instant literary sensation and best-seller. And readers had every reason to expect yet another glowing review, like the ones bestowed by The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, Time and







Newsweek. But despite the head fakes, Updike's intentions were revealed as he crept closer to the heart of the matter. While noting Wolfe's popularity and irresistibility—A Man in Full, he wrote, is "a book that defies you not to buy it"—Updike went on to ascribe the novel's appeal to its author's populist pandering: "Like a movie desperate to recoup its bankers' investment, the novel tries too hard to please." Then he went in for the kill: "A Man in Full still amounts to entertainment, not literature, even literature in a modest aspirant form."

A little more than a month later, in The New York

Review of Books, Norman Mailer weighed in: "The book has gas and runs out of gas, fills up again, goes dry. It is a 742-page work that reads as if it is 1500 pages long." At every turn, Mailer undercut his faint praise ("This is, to a degree, a compliment, since it is very rich in material") with robust condescension (the book is "banal, like a long afternoon spent watching soap operas"). But then Mailer took off the gloves: "At certain points, reading the work can even be said to resemble the act of making love to a 300-pound woman. Once she gets on top, it's over. Fall in love, or be asphyxiated."

When Wolfe read these reviews, he later wrote, he was "amazed, not that the two of them didn't approve but, at this stage in their lives, they had taken the time. 'My god, those two old piles of bones,' I said. 'They're my age!'"

Mailer's review in particular was hardly a stealth attack. Bad blood between the two writers had been flowing

for years. As early as 1989 Mailer had dismissed Wolfe, declaring that "there is something silly about a man who wears white all the time, especially in New York." After Wolfe responded by saying, "The lead dog is the one they always try to bite in the ass," Mailer took the bait and zinged back: "It doesn't mean you're the top dog just because your ass is bleeding."

John Irving, author of 10 novels that include *The World According to Garp*, was interviewed in 1999 on *Hot Type*, a Canadian TV show about books and literature. With merely a single question from the host, Irving went ballistic. Calling Wolfe's writing "yak," Irving said he couldn't bear to read it because it was mere "journalistic hyperbole described as fiction. He's a journalist. He can't create a character. He can't create a situation. Reading Wolfe is like reading a bad newspaper or a bad piece in a magazine. It makes you wince." Irving added that if he were teaching "fucking freshman English," he'd carve up Wolfe sentences to help students understand bad writing.

WOLFE STRIKES BACK

By that time, the Man in White had appeared on the cover of *Time*, and more than a million copies of *A Man in Full* had been sold. But Irving's attack was the final indignity; for Wolfe, this was a war. He now had a trio of pow-

erful detractors whom he dubbed—to all who would listen—the Three Stooges. "I think of the three of them now as Larry, Curly and Moe," Wolfe told the host of *Hot Type*.

Updike, Mailer and Irving, while each a "talented writer," Wolfe asserted, "have wasted their careers." He dismissed the three as "frightened" and later described Mailer's 1979 nonfiction novel based on Gary Gilmore's life and death, *The Executioner's Song*, as "the only good novel he would ever write after his first, *The Naked and the Dead*, back in 1948." (Mailer, it should be noted, has written nine novels since *The Naked and the Dead*.)

Irving, the youngest of the three, "would like to be compared to Dickens," Wolfe declared. "But what writer does he see now, the last year, constantly compared to Dickens? Not John Irving but Tom Wolfe. It must gnaw at him terribly." In an interview on Salon.com, Wolfe also took the writer to task. "Irving needs to get up off his bottom and leave that farm in Vermont or wherever it is he stavs and start living again. It wouldn't be that hard. All he'd have to do is get out and take a deep breath and talk to people and see things and rediscover the fabulous and wonderfully bizarre country around him: America." Wolfe is willing to talk

Wolfe is willing to talk about the feud, which he insists has an element of writerly sport to it. "If Irving hadn't jumped in, on impulse, really—because that TV show wasn't about me—I wouldn't have had three, and it just wouldn't have been any fun," he told

PLAYBOY. "Three is perfect. I couldn't beat that. The Two Stooges? That's not catchy. And I mean Irving—it's really quite unbelievable—he just suddenly lost it. The censor with the bleep button couldn't keep up with him."

Updike and Irving have since distanced themselves from the fracas, but Mailer doesn't concede any ground. "Tom Wolfe pouts whenever he feels he is not being sufficiently honored by his literary brothers," he says. "So I say, yes, by all means, let's honor him. He may be the best boy-novelist we have ever had."

"They felt threatened by my idea of a big return to the naturalistic novel," Wolfe says. "And I really do think it shook them up. Updike had begun doing things that really had nothing to do with the present, and Mailer had done an autobiography of Jesus Christ, and Irving had done something, but you never knew where the characters were—it was very strange."

Wolfe says he doesn't dread running into Mailer—or Irving or Updike—on the cocktail circuit. "I'd be most likely to run into Mailer because Updike lives someplace north of Boston, and Irving lives in New Hampshire or some such place. But, you know," he says, "a fistfight between an 80-year-old and a 73-year-old, that would be pretty ridiculous." He succumbs to a hearty chuckle. "I mean, we could probably blow each other over in one breath."





THE BLOVIATOR VS. DESTROYER OF WORLDS

ALEC BALDWIN VS. RICHARD JOHNSON



ichard Johnson edits the *New York Post*'s Page Six, the world's most powerful and widely read gossip page, embedded in a right-wing tabloid. Actor Alec Baldwin once rode high atop Hollywood's A-list, thanks to his fine work in films ranging from *Glengarry Glen Ross* to *The Hunt for Red October* and his passionate, volatile (now former) marriage to Kim Basinger. Baldwin, never shy about venting opinions, has morphed into a combative media figure and an outspoken champion of liberal causes who has considered running for the U.S. Senate.

FIRST BLOOD

In 1999, as an equal-opportunity offender, Johnson's Page Six briefly took on the Carol Baldwin Breast Cancer Research Fund, claiming that the charity, started by Alec's mother, was inept in its collection and disbursement of funds (Forbes later listed the fund as one of the five worst among celebrity charities in terms of efficiency—i.e., its ability to spend its money on charitable recipients rather than overhead). Baldwin responded first by going on Rosie O'Donnell's talk show, where he declared that the New York Post wasn't worthy of being used "to pick up after my dog"—and that "there's more news on a Bazooka comic." Then the fight moved to Howard Stern's radio show. Johnson was defending himself, which prompted Baldwin to call in and engage Johnson

mano a mano.

"Now, Richard," Baldwin said, "I know you've got a job to do. It's a filthy, ugly, nasty job and you're very good at it, by the way. But what have you got against breast cancer research?"

Johnson, of course, replied, "Nothing," then went on to defend his piece. But Baldwin wouldn't back off: "Your job is to bring people down. Your job is to destroy. You're a destroyer and the article is a destroyer. Page Six is a hatchet job."

Johnson responded: "I mean, basically, you're just saying that we are evil, we're a force for Satan—Page Six: bad, Alec Baldwin: good."

"No, Richard," Baldwin answered, "the one thing I will say is that your article is very badly written. You're a very bad writer. That's the biggest problem I have. Other people who do what you do are just so much better at it and more clever than you."

"Am I supposed to start bringing up the bad movies you've made?" Johnson countered.

It was a scorched-earth battle, with neither man giving ground. Baldwin: "The New York Post is a piece of

garbage. The editorial board of the *New York Post* needs to be flushed into the river. As a Christian I pray for you every night, Richard Johnson."

Johnson: "If I have Alec Baldwin praying for my soul, now I'm scared."

ROPE-A-DOPES

After the Stern show, Johnson took on Baldwin-bashing as a full-time job. He devoted endless column inches to the actor's then-troubled marriage, to his physique ("overweight, bloated"), his career ("underemployed actor"), his politics (Baldwin famously promised to leave the United States if George Bush got elected; after the election, the Post couldn't stop asking, "What's he still doing here?").

But the smart bomb came in the form of a nickname. In a masterstroke, Johnson dubbed Baldwin "the Bloviator"—a Menckenesque tag that stuck as tenaciously as the *Post*'s "Portly Pepperpor" moniker for Monica Lewinsky.

Last summer, Baldwin went on Stern's radio show again and declared that "a boxing match with Richard Johnson would be over in 60 seconds." When Stern tried to get Baldwin to commit to an actual match, Baldwin demurred: "I wouldn't want to be liable for the damages. I would beat Richard Johnson's ass so bad." Johnson responded later with, "Anytime, anywhere," and quoted an oddsmaker

on Page Six who declared him favored 3-to-1 over Baldwin, though he also said, "the Bloviator is a 100-to-1 favorite to eat more corned beef at the Carnegie Deli."

ALEC BALDWIN: MENACE TO MOTORISTS?

Even a street sighting of the actor served as an excuse for Page Six to ridicule him: "Button up your overcoat, Alec 'Bloviator' Baldwin, and watch where you're walking," read an item in January 2002. "The actor, in a long black trench coat, was lost in thought (reminiscing about Kim Basinger?) Saturday at 11:30 P.M., as he headed north through Times Square where Broadway and Seventh Avenue merge."

"I think it's all his doing," says Johnson. "He's very arrogant and has a habit of making enemies. I think it's a self-destructive thing." (Apparently, though, not a self-defense thing. Baldwin declined to reengage Johnson for this story.) The Page

Six boss admits, though, to a certain grudging admiration for Baldwin's obstinacy. "Actually, I wish there were more stars out there like the Bloviator. A lot of them are too timid and afraid to say anything or do anything or have any character."





THE BANE OF MOGULS VS. THE QUEEN OF BUZZ

MICHAEL WOLFF VS. TINA BROWN



Bald, curmudgeonly and hugely influential New York magazine media columnist Michael Wolff arrived on the scene four years ago as a journalistic pit bull who delights in taking big, bloody bites out of spotlight-hogging media figures. He has mixed it up with moguls like Fox chief Rupert Murdoch and USA Interactive czar Barry Diller, knocking them down to size as the merger-mad media world of the mid-Nineties to late Nineties began to unravel. (Full disclosure: I edit Wolff's column for New York magazine.) In fact, he so angered Diller that when Wolff wrote scathingly of an early encounter with the then-budding media mogul, Diller was quoted in the New York Daily News as saying to a friend, "I should have killed Wolff when I had the chance."

But of all his targets, Wolff has made Tina Brown his public enemy number one. The blonde Brit Brown is a legendary magazine editor, credited with rescuing Vanity Fair,

reviving *The New Yorker* (purists insist she did so by cheapening it) and producing one of the most anticipated media launches of the Nineties, *Talk* magazine. The *Vanity Fair* wannabe was launched with a megawatt-celebrity island party under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty and crashed to earth after just two and a half years when its backers pulled the plug. Since then, Brown has bided time by writing her own toothy, mogul-mauling column for *The Times* of London.

FIRST BLOOD

Even before the first issue of *Talk*—which Brown launched with Miramax studio chief Harvey Weinstein and the publishing conglomerate Hearst—rolled off the presses, Wolff pronounced it doomed. In a column delineating her talents as "prurience, cruelty, sycophantry and snobbery," Wolff went personal and described an encounter with a clueless-sounding Brown at her start-up magazine's offices: "She seemed, behind her desk, tightly wound, severe, nervous, wearing a dowdy banker-girl blue suit...."

Even worse, he allowed her to hoist herself on her own hot hot hot petard. Doing nothing to disabuse readers of the notion that Brown was an overrated buzz merchant, he quoted her as saying, "I believe heat is quality."

Wolff wrote, "I was surprised that she would acknowledge this," adding that he told Brown that "many people would say the problem with Tina Brown is that she believes heat is quality." He caught her off-guard in a Freudian slip, and he



wasn't about to give her the benefit of the doubt—or a gracious out.

"She looked uncomprehending for a second," Wolff wrote, twisting the knife. "Then stricken. 'No!' she said. 'Quality is heat.' She seemed annoyed that I might hold her to her slip, and our talk ended shortly thereafter."

In Talk, Brown returned fire, writing in her own "Diary" column of her encounter with the "heart-stoppingly handsome" Wolff: "When Wolff came to interview me, my heart sank as soon as he sidled up and fixed me with his baleful, masturbatory glare. Evidently he was having a less-than-perfect hair day. Perhaps I was too." Wolff's retort in the press at the time: "My hair is the same every day. I just think it's hilarious. She's so full of anger." He also tried to decipher her dig about his countenance. "What is a masturbatory glare? Was I just expressing self-love? What a turn of phrase."

NOT A TWIT

Wolff's real opportunity for a return volley, though, came when *Talk* folded in early 2002. He not only ridiculed the newly downsized Brown in a *New York* column titled "Failure is Hot!" but he declared Brown to be something of a fraud in a front-page interview with *The New York Times*. "This is no ordinary failure," he told the paper of record. "She staked everything and was wiped out. She's a little Enronish." While Brown worked the media circuit to chalk up *Talk*'s failure to the post–9/11 downturn, friends say she seethed about Wolff's opportunistic postmortem bashing. Since then, when Wolff and Brown have been spotted at the same magazine-industry events, neither has crossed the room for an air-kiss detente.

Wolff says Brown "has always been an interesting figure of the moment, but figures of the moment, when the moment passes, seem somewhat comic. And I guess that can be wounding, especially if you don't have a larger sense of yourself. We are all of us, more or less, comic figures, especially people in the media business, which is a business that's finally about searching for the spotlight.

"Right now it would seem the better part of valor for Tina Brown to go home to England. Because I may be the last person in America to care about her."

Brown retaliates by declining to acknowledge the very existence of her nemesis, suggesting, of course, that at least one Englishwoman cares not a whit about Michael...who?



THE STAGGERING GENIUS VS. EVERYONE

DAVE EGGERS VS. THE MEDIA—AND ASSORTED LITERARY PRETENDERS



or many in the media it was too much to bear. Dave Eggers, 32, a gifted, shaggy-haired satirist, wrote a postmodern memoir, A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius, that was so well received by critics and readers (National Book Award nomination, number one spot on the New York Times nonfiction best-seller chart) he was anointed the voice of a generation. Along the way, he managed to incite a seething, worked-up mob composed of media townspeople he'd bashed, as well as any number of sweaty aspirants to his literary success, including A Million Little Pieces memoirist James Frey and Everything's Burning novelist Ian Spiegelman.



memoir and a couple of million more for the movie rights—Eggers has displayed a nearly psychotic touchiness about any and all media that would deign to deconstruct his makeshift literary empire, including his clubby McSweeney's literary journal and website.

In 2001, Eggers published a scathing screed on McSweeneys.net, attacking New York Times reporter David Kirkpatrick for his profile of the Genius genius. Eggers exhaustively catalogued and annotated Kirkpatrick's often-obsequious e-mails (in which the Timesman prostrated himself in hopes of getting an Eggers interview) in a manner so abusively over-the-top that observers squirmed and wondered if Eggers had come undone.

His distended "Clarifications Page" dissection began: "This article, by Mr. Kirkpatrick, will be made an example of for many reasons." Among (continued on page 136)

FIRST BLOOD

Eggers' antagonists argue that he started it all just by being, well, Dave Eggers. Despite his great reviews and busloads of cash—\$1.4 million for the paperback rights to his

WHY CAN'T WE GET ALONG: HISTORY'S GREATEST FEUDS



Catholics vs. Protestants

When Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses to the door of Wittenberg Cathedral in 1517, he triggered a schism in the Christian faith between those who believe that Jesus is truly, truly awesome and those who believe he is simply the best.

Opening salvo: Decades of tension between the two religions ignited the Thirty Years' War, in 1618, pitting the Holy Roman Empire (present-day Germany and Austria) against England, France, Denmark and Sweden, among others.

Bloodiest conflict: A one-day siege by the Catholic League in 1631 burned the German city of Magdeburg to the ground, killing nearly 25,000 people, most of them civilians.

Resolution: The Peace of Westphalia (actually a collection of several smaller treaties) ended the war in 1648, thus ending religious persecution forever and ensuring tranquillity throughout Europe for all time.



Keith Richards vs. Elton John

It's a clash of rock millionaires when the immortal Rolling Stones guitarist takes on the troll-like balladeer in a war of words that barely obscures the fact that neither has made a listenable record in years.

Opening salvo: In a diatribe directed at Princess Diana, Richards took aim at Sir Elton's rewrite of Candle in the Wind, done in her honor. "I find it jars a little," said Keef. "After all, it was written for Marilyn Monroe. This is writing songs for dead blondes."

Bloodiest conflict: "He's pathetic," Elton snapped back, "It's like a monkey with arthritis trying to go onstage and look young. The Stones would have been better if they'd thrown Keith out 15 years ago."

Resolution: Little hope for peace after Richards dubbed Elton "Sir Fucking Brown Nose." "If you're gonna slam into me," scowled the surly Stone, "say it to my face. You won't have to worry about growing hair anymore!"

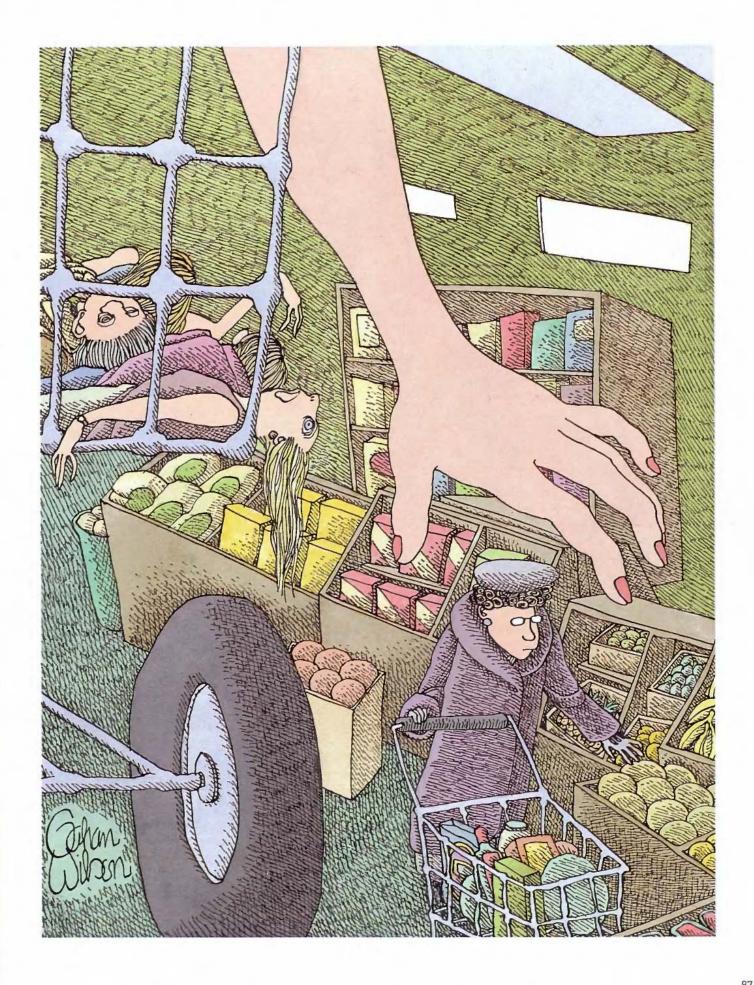


North vs. South

Barely four score and five years into the history of our nation, America found itself divided along geographic lines on issues ranging from slavery to proper usage of the word y'all.

Opening salvo: Rebel general P.G.T. Beauregard ordered his troops to fire on Fort Sumter, in Charleston, South Carolina, on April 12, 1861. They soon captured the Union base, and Virginia seceded on May 23 of that year. Bloodiest conflict: On September 17, 1862, the collision between Union general George McClellan and Confederate general Robert E. Lee at Antietam would leave more than 23,000 casualties in a single day—the deadliest battle in American history.

Resolution: After General Lee's surrender at Appomattox in 1865, the South was subjected to a crippling period of Reconstruction, a combined 78 years in office from Senators Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms and eight seasons of *Mama's Family*.



America The Brewful

a brewer's dozen offbeat domestic beers—what's not to like? our tasters pick the best

By James Oliver Cury



Snoqualmie Falls Washington



Longmant Colarada



Detrait Michigan



Portsmouth New Hampshire



Chicago



Westport Massachuset



New Orleans Louisiana



Wildcat

This strong Indio pole ole reminded one ponelist of a dissolved echinocea capsule. A bitter oftertoste lingers "like o wildcot in heat stolking its prey," but the some toster suggested that Wildcat would be really great with spicy Chinese, Thai or Indion dishes.

Deep Cover

One hord-up toster attributed "aphrodisiac qualities" to this brown ale, describing it as "reminiscent of on enduring French kiss." Other less romantic types commented on its "wonderful smoothness," "delicious aftertaste" and "nice tight bubbles."

Ghettoblaster

This unfiltered mild ole didn't tune in well with our ponelists. "Probably OK with some brots," soid one, odding, "It's still too light for hopheads like me." Another tester bemooned on "aftertaste similor ta hair sproy" and said, "It reminds me of dirty water."

Weizenheimer

"Kind of reminds me of Hubbo Bubba," soid one tester obout this light New Hampshire ale. "Still, the toste grows on you." A "perfect beach sex brew" was the comment of a female panelist who found the hint of banana in the finish appealing. Hmmm.

Goose Island

"Smells o lot like fresh breod, tostes delicious, with a creomy stort, o molty middle and not too much hops," soid one enthusiostic taster of this India pale ole that's brewed not too for from our Chicogo offices. Other panelists chanted positively: "This goose is loose!"

Olde Buzzard

"Reminds me of a pretzel," said one panelist who liked this lager's strong and complex flavors. "Appeoling ond slightly tart," said another, while applauding the fact that a portion of the brewery's profits go to the preservatian of Massachusetts formlands.

Blackened Voodoo

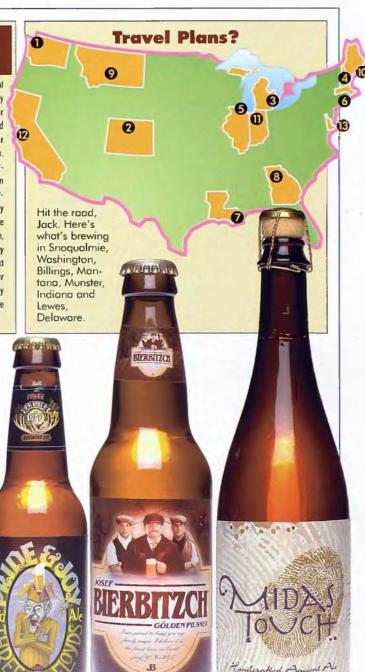
Rice added in the fermentation process gives this loger more flovor, we were informed by one experienced toster. "Mertot meets Boss ole," soid another, who odded, "This stuff is a little bit on the sweet side. It's a good beer to go olong with a cheeseburger."

Beer 101

everything you need to know about the greatest beverage on earth

Ale: a beer that's fermented with yeast at warm temperatures. American ales have a fruitier taste than their European counterparts-and we mean that in the best sense. Bunghale (also, bung): Beavis and Butt-head aside, the bunghale is a small opening in a keg or cask fitted with a spigat. Unless you are a brewer, it's probably wise nat to use the word in mixed company. Hops: an herb in the Cannabinaceae family (and therefore grouped with connabis). When added to fermenting beer it creates a bitter aroma and flavor. Dan't smake it. Lager: Lighter beers known for their clarity, smoothness and, in same cases. lock of character. Malt liquor: Beer with more alcohol. Pilsner: This easy-drinking brew with a strong flavor of hops was formulated in Pilsen (in the Czech Republic) in 1842. Parter: Created in Landon during the early 18th century, this type of darkbrown ale was marketed as richer and more substantial than ale-just the thing for heavy laborers on their lunch break. Staut: While it laaks AND THE PROPERTY

as black as caffee, stout is not much more patent than any other beer. The phrase "beer belly" is not directly related to staut, though many beer fons are familiar with both. Wheat: The yeast used in foreign wheat beers makes them too oromatic for same American palates, so our crafty brewers substitute an ale veast culture and, an accasion. kick up the flavor with honey or fruit. Zymurgy: The next time someone asks what your major was in callege, say "zymurgy"—it's the science of fermentation.



Atlanto Georgio



Billings Montana



Portland Maine



Munster Indiana



Gilray Colifornio



Lewes Delaware



Laughing Skull

"Odd, smoky flavar," said ane of our tasters after cracking a Skull pilsner. The same panelist also thought the beer had a hint of butter and was quite creamy. "The more you drink, the more you store at that psychedelic skull an the label." A less hypnotized panelist thought Skull "tasted a lot like rotten fish."

Grizzly Wulff

OVIONE VALLEY BREWING
TO A BOTTLED IN BILLINGS, MON
RELOZ - KEEP REFRIGERATE

This pleasant, mildly corbonated wheat beer impressed aur panel as being "more bear cub than grawn grizzly." "If you're full and still want a beer, try this," said one. They also liked Grizzly's clean aftertaste and the fact that it seemed considerably less corbanated than most of the other brews being tested.

Riptide

"You could get really ripped on Riptide," said a taster who thought this bourbancolared red ale was one of the best in our selection.
"Smells like the sea," "fruity nose" and "silky aftertaste" were other accolades, along with "good full-badied flavor," "hint of grapefruit" and "would go well with greasy bar food."

Pride & Jay

"Pleasant nuttiness" describes the taste of this mild ale—and the jester on its label. "Wanderful arama" was the consensus of the tasters, along with "pleasant aftertaste" and "mediumbodied sweet maltiness." All the panelists agreed that this gentle Indiana brew would appeal to a novice beer drinker.

Bierbitzch

Whether ar not you like this galden pilsner, it's fun to say. "Tastes dry, like wine with a bite," cammented one panelist. Others gave a thumbsup to its carbanation, spicy, sweet body and camplete lack of a bitter aftertaste. One of aur panelists felt the carbanation was a bit averpowering while another thought it was just right.

Midas Touch

"Serve Midas Touch in a wineglass, not a beer stein," aur tasters suggested after a sip af this honey-and-grape-flavored ale (purportedly based an an ancient recipe). Other panelist comments: "an aroma like connabis," "over-the-top smoothness," "almost like a dessert wine" and "taste reminds me af hard liquor, not beer."



miss july hits a new high note

wo years ago Marketa Janska left her home in the Czech Republic to travel in Europe. Then the 22-year-old received an offer to model in Los Angeles, and we were delighted to learn that she moved into the apartment complex where one of our friends lives. We asked her to meet us by the building's pool rather than at the Mansion, and the minute she approached us it was clear that the casual setting suited her perfectly. Modest Marketa wears no makeup and seems immune from the posturing that often accompanies the "LA model" label.

As you listen to this fresh-faced beauty communicate her dream of becoming a professional singer, what she says is more telling than the English she uses to express it. "I want to do something no one else has done," Marketa says in her soft voice. "I've studied since I was six and am now a trained classical singer. I play the piano, guitar and flute. At home, I was studying to become a grammar school teacher like my mother. It was not exciting for me." Marketa found a vocal coach she likes and is currently working on a demo. "Right now, I'm trying to lose my accent and sing perfectly." Marketa comes off so naturally-her green eyes convey a sincerity that makes us want to help her out in any way we can-yet we hope she doesn't lose her engaging accent completely.

Miss July comes from a small village outside of Prague that she describes as down-to-earth, an atmosphere that

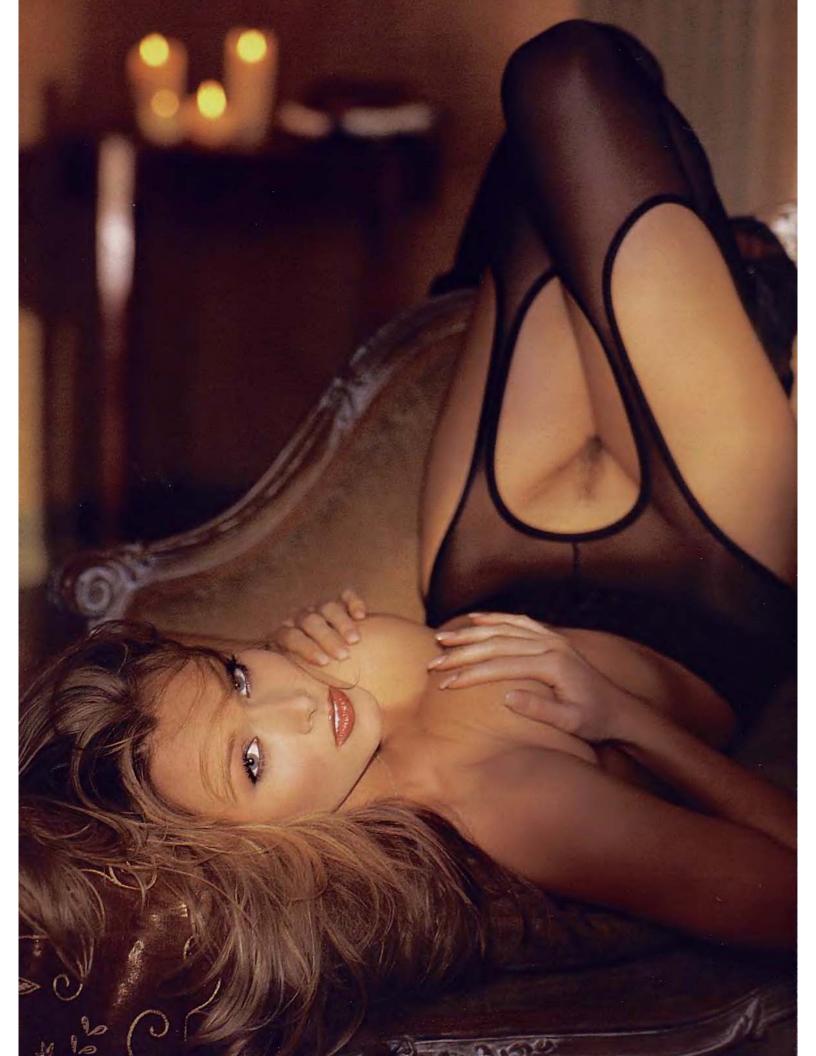
CZECH MATE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA











Before she come to Americo, Morketo oppeared in a lot of European magazines, swimsuit colendors and TV commercials. "The first time I posed topless I had just turned 18, and it was very uncomfortable for me," says Marketa. "I was still a girl and just smiled owkwardly for the camera. I see things differently today. Now I feel like a woman."



helped her remain grounded when she left home to start modeling. "I was slowly getting used to traveling to bigger cities and meeting new people, so it was not that shocking to come to LA," she says. It didn't take long for Marketa to pick up on the different dating styles of Czech and American guys. Does she have a preference? "It depends on the person and how charismatic he is," she says. "In America, a guy would want to impress me by taking me to an expensive restaurant,

something fancy. In the Czech Republic, we would go for a bicycle ride or on an afternoon hike or maybe enjoy a barbecue—something simple. I don't like show-offs—I like nice guys who don't try too hard. It doesn't matter what a man looks like—he should be easy to talk to and straightforward, and he should move slowly."

Marketa, who is here on a work permit, wants to try to become an American citizen in a few years. Still, she has strong ties to those she left behind. "I

have two younger brothers and I care a lot about my family," she says. "In five years I see myself living in the U.S., but not married. I want to have children much later, too—maybe in 10 years. I'm going to enjoy every day and see what happens." One unexpected turn for Marketa was an offer to play a Czech girl in a movie. "Acting can be fun and I'm very serious about all the work that I do, but I am happiest when I'm singing," she says. "That is where my heart is."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Markela Janska BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 517" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 5-24-81 BIRTHPLACE: Most, Cruch republic AMBITIONS: To become a successful singer and songwiser, enjoy every day and be happy TURN-ONS: Intelligent, charismatic, something unique about she person, confidence, nice smile. TURNOFFS: Selfish, dishonest show-offs,

A FEW SINGERS THAT I ADMIRE: Wine Dian, Charlotte Church, alicia Keys, Josh Groban, Laura Pausini.

LANGUAGES THAT I SPEAK: Crech, English, german.

ACTIVITIES I DO TO RELAX: Sell, wasching mores, skiing,

Hiding a molorcycle, roller flading on the heath.

FIVE ITEMS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: piano, laptop, chorolate,

candles, music CDs.

Add Seesh.

THE SEXIEST MAN ALIVE: Colin Farrell



Third grade.



Tunage heavy pageant, I was 15.



look seef at 17!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

President Bush and Colin Powell were having breakfast at a restaurant in a small town. The surprised waiter said, "It's a real honor to meet both of you. But what in the world are you two doing here?"

Bush said, "We're planning World War III. We're going to kill a lot of innocent civilians

and one blonde with big tits."

The waiter asked, "Why kill a blonde with

big tits?"

Bush turned to Powell and said, "See. I told you no one would worry about the civilians."



After returning from his honeymoon with his new bride, Virginia, Luigi stopped in his New York neighborhood barbershop. The barber asked, "Hey, Luigi. How was da trip?"

Luigi said, "Everything was perfect except for da train ride down. Virginia had packed a big basket of food with vino and cigars. When we got hungry, we opened it up. The conductor came by, wagged his finger at us and said, 'You can't eat in this car. You must use da dining car.'

"So me and Virginia went to da dining car, ate a big lunch and opened a bottle of vino. The conductor came by again, wagged his finger and said, 'You can't drink in this car. You

must use da club car.'

"So we went to da club car. I lit my cigar. The conductor came by, wagged his finger at us and said, 'You can't smoke in this car. You must

go to da smoking car.'

"So we went. Later that evening Virginia and I went to our sleeper car. We were just about to have sex when da conductor walked by our door, yelling, 'NO-FOK, VIRGINIA! NO-FOK, VIRGINIA!"

A man and a woman started to have sex in a dark forest. After 15 minutes the man said, "I can't see what I'm doing. I wish that I had a flashlight."

The woman said, "Yeah, so do I. You've been eating grass for the past 10 minutes."

A man walked into a drugstore. He asked the pharmacist if the store carried condoms with insecticide in them. The pharmacist replied, "You mean spermicide."

The man said, "No, I mean insecticide. My wife has a bug up her ass and I'm going in after it."

A young man moved into an apartment building. He went to the lobby and put his name on the mailbox. A young lady approached him, wearing nothing but a robe. As she began talking to him, her robe slipped open, revealing that she was naked underneath. The young man broke into a sweat. She placed her hand on his arm and said, "Let's go back to my place. I hear someone coming."

Once inside, she closed the door and allowed her robe to fall off. He gawked at her naked body. She asked, "What would you say is

my best feature?"

He said, "It's got to be your ears."

She said, "What? Look at my breasts and my butt. You think my ears are my best feature?"

He said, "Well, outside, when you said you heard someone coming, that was me."

A senior citizens' group chartered a bus. An elderly woman came up to the driver and said, "I've been molested."

The driver thought she was delusional and told her to sit back down. Ten minutes later, another old woman came forward and claimed she'd also been molested. So the driver pulled into a rest stop. He saw an old man on his hands and knees in the aisle. "Hey, gramps, what are you doing down there?" the bus driver asked.

The old man replied, "I lost my toupee. I thought I found it twice, but when I grabbed it, it ran away."

What's the difference between a boner and a bonus? Your wife will blow your bonus.

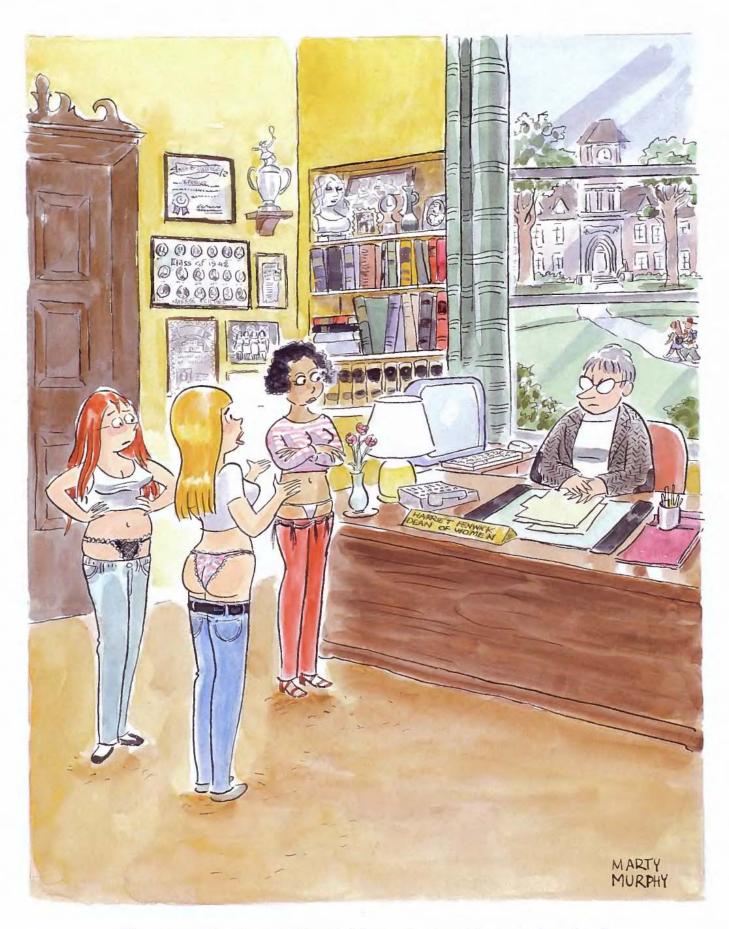


A new nun began to resent her life of abstinence. She confessed to Mother Superior that she was horny. "Comfort yourself with a candle," Mother Superior advised.

"I've tried that," the young nun said. "But you get tired of the same old thing, wick in and wick out."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: How is Viagra like Disney World? You have to wait an hour for a three-minute ride.

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"Aw c'mon, Miss Fenwick! Everybody's wearing low-rider jeans these days."

Vear Friends. OUT OF HERE!

COMEDIAN DAVID CROSS RECENTLY RECEIVED SOME MYSTERIOUS MESSAGES FROM A FUTURE SOCIETY. LUCKILY. HE FORWARDED THEM TO US

LETTERS FROM THE FUTURE

FEBRUARY 35. 2053

Hello, my name is Carlin Tammanny. I am (not) writing to you from Baja Mexico, California, in the world's greatest country, the United States of America and Friends. It is 2053. I will leave this letter at the Exxon Advantage One Post Office in a box marked "Letter From the Past to People Even Further in the Past to Be Sent in the Future if a Time Machine Is Ever Built." By the way, how much do stamps cost back then? Now they are two chickens apiece!

This is the one week of the year in which the weather is nice, and His Royal President says if the filth index is not too high, they may slide back the

dome! Ah, fresh-like™ air! Here's what you should know about me: I am a typical 34-year-old guy. My mom died of cancer as a result of

going outside too much and my dad they braceboarding write filming Jackass 28: Jackassier. My younger brother, Schneider, who is ranked fifth in the going outside too much and my dad died bladeboarding while world in Electronic Ice Jamming, will compete in next year's Las Vegas Winter Olympics. My world in Electionic are January, with compete in hear years has vegas writter orynipies. By sister, who work-funs for the Department of Homeland Security, is lost. We believe she's somewhere in the Warehouse (formerly North Dakota), where they store all our files. Her tracking

My work-fun is at the water treatment plant. It is a step up from my last work-fun at anklet probably ran out of juice, but who knows? DynaCorp, where I was in charge of the NannyCams, which are mandatory in all homes to ensure that no one sleeps too erotically. My official work-fun title? Head of Crybabies. When the last source of fresh water was poisoned in 2042, the country instituted a bold new plan to replenish our water was posseried in 2042, the country insurance a both new plan to replenish our water supply: desalinization of tears! After it became legal to clone immigrants, Senate Pro Tem Wal-Mart (R.-Canada) came upon the solution of torturing them and

extracting their tears. Now water only 14 tap dances.

My typical day: Wake up, pop a shower pill, * suit up, insert one of my penises (evolution!) into the penis scanner and go to work-fun. My hobbies include growing medical marijuana for lab rats (not for humans—the tests are still inconclusive) and home-brewing Botox. Oops, have to go for now—the probes are triangulating my position. Again, this is not a letter.

Sincerely,

*We switched to a pill-based economy in the late Thirties.

MY TYPICAL DAY: WAKE UP POP A SHOWER PILL. SUIT UP INSERT ONE OF MY PENISES (EVOLU-TION!) INTO THE PE-*TIS SCATTER ATO* GO TO WORK-FUN. ВУ ТИЕ ШЯУ. ИОШ · MUCH DO STAMPS COST BACK THEN? **NOW THEY ARE TWO** CHICKENS APIECE!

> ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID PLUTKERT

FEBRUARY 38, 2053

Hello again, friend.

Well, they let me off with a forehead demerit label. Which reminds me: Our culture is populated with a vast number of primitive elderly people, 80 percent of whom have leathery skin covered with pictures of smiling devils and fiery eight balls. Their pierced ears, noses, tongues, eyebrows, lips and private parts dangle to the floor. It's quite amusing.

I hear that TV is popular in your era. Our most popular television show is Watchin' It!, a neoreality program in which you go online to find other people watching Watchin' It! You tape yourself watching them and get as many people as you can to watch you watch them. Also popular? The White House™-sponsored Fox News and Variety Show, a look at the day's White House —approved events. To keep the news light, they feature singing, juggling, I am certainly not writing a letter at this very moment.

I woke up this morning to a headline floating above my pseudobed®: It's a Deal! Catholic Church to Buy a Controlling Interest in Judaism. This is huge. Things had gotten hairy seven years ago after it was revealed that the Vatican purchased weapons-grade plutonium from the New York Yankees and was three years away from developing the bomb. After nearly two years of negotiations, the Catholic Church met Judaism's tough demands for a leveraged buyout. With Islam selling itself to the Cartoon Network, almost the whole world is set to receive a cash infusion.

The big question is, How will this affect the upcoming Presidential® selections? Jenna Bush-Cheney, the Republican, is running against Laura Bush-Bush from the Democratic Lite Party. Oddly enough, the candidates seem to agree on almost every issue, including the most contentious, the privatization of gravity. In a nutshell, after the Carlyle Group was successful in its attempt to privatize water in what used to be referred to as "Latin America" but is now known as "the Suburbs," it proposed eminent domain as a way of laying claim to gravity. Both Bush-Cheney and Bush-Bush agree that it is imperative for the government to regulate gravity, lest it fall into the hands of evildoers.* It should be an interesting race, especially if a third-party candidate penetrates the system. Citizens are excited about Andy, a Christian puppet and host of the children's show The Get-Along Gang, who threw his hat into the ring. Andy has interesting things to say about America's place in this world and the next. Plus, he's so cute!

That's it for right now—my forehead label is emitting electric shocks.

God bless America and Friends®,



Jenna and Laura are neck and neck. But enough about politics. What does the new law state? "Never discuss religion or politics at dinner." Nuff said! Here are the things from your time that I would miss given the chance to experience them: fresh fish, the sound of laughter and perhaps the greatest comedy sketch group ever, the Scientologists, Still, nothing beats progress. Sometimes it's worth losing civil rights or a species. You guys won't believe how awesome it is to live in my era—there's so much convenience. The most common mode of transportation is the SUV jet pack. Even though the vehicles can hold a family of five, most people who fly them are single and never use the space. But still, what fun! Remember cell phones? When they required too many numbers to program, the government cre-

ated traceable cell-phone lip implants. Now you just talk to your lip. See? Easier! And this way they know where you are at all times, so if you need help or are downloading something illegal, an agent will be

I will leave you with one last slice of wisdom. Should this letter reach you at its intended time, please take this financial tip: Invest on his, her or its way. heavily in American flags manufactured in China by prison labor. The ones with 50 stars will be highly prized collector's items after the Runsfeld & Partners Inc. Annexation Treaty of 2004. Also, invest in Chinese prison labor.

Regards and good luck, Plantation Gardens Quadrant Apt. #6408-CX Carlin Tammanny No Letter Writing Allowed

P.S. Please build a time machine and get me the fuck out of here! It sucks now!





"We'd love to join you in a foursome, but could we finish the round first?"

THE + NEW PLAYBOY

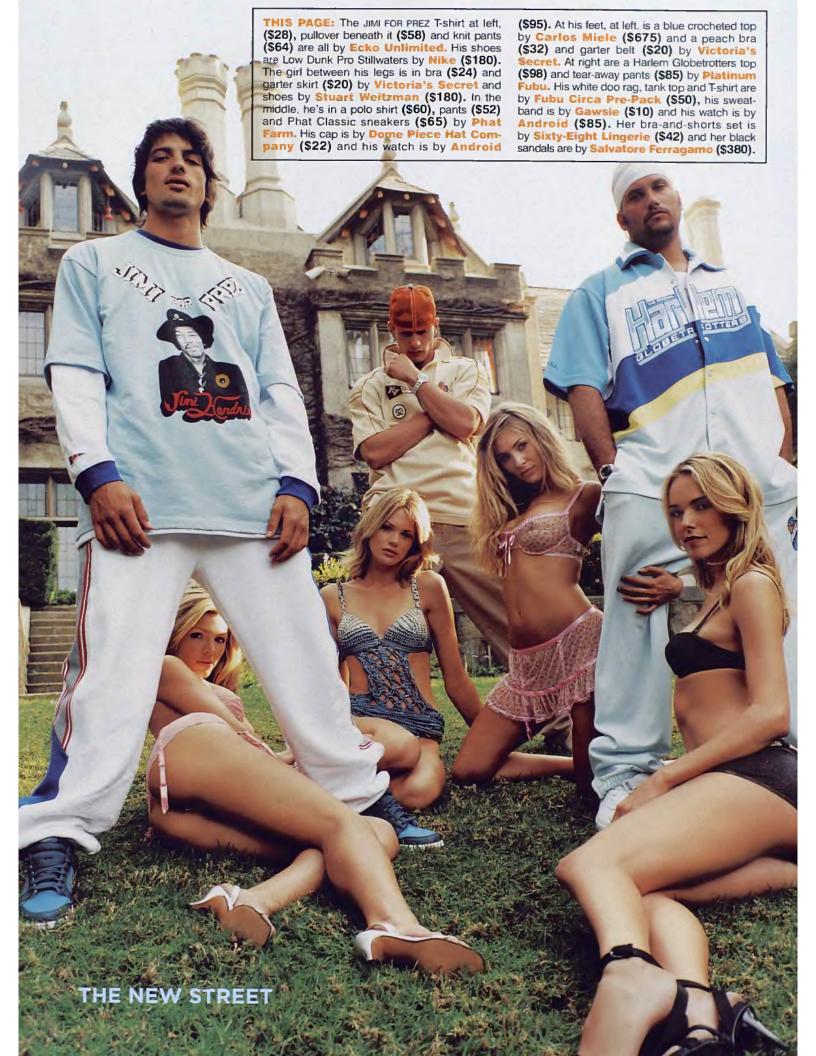
MASTER THESE ESSENTIAL LOOKS AND THE WORLD'S YOUR MANSION

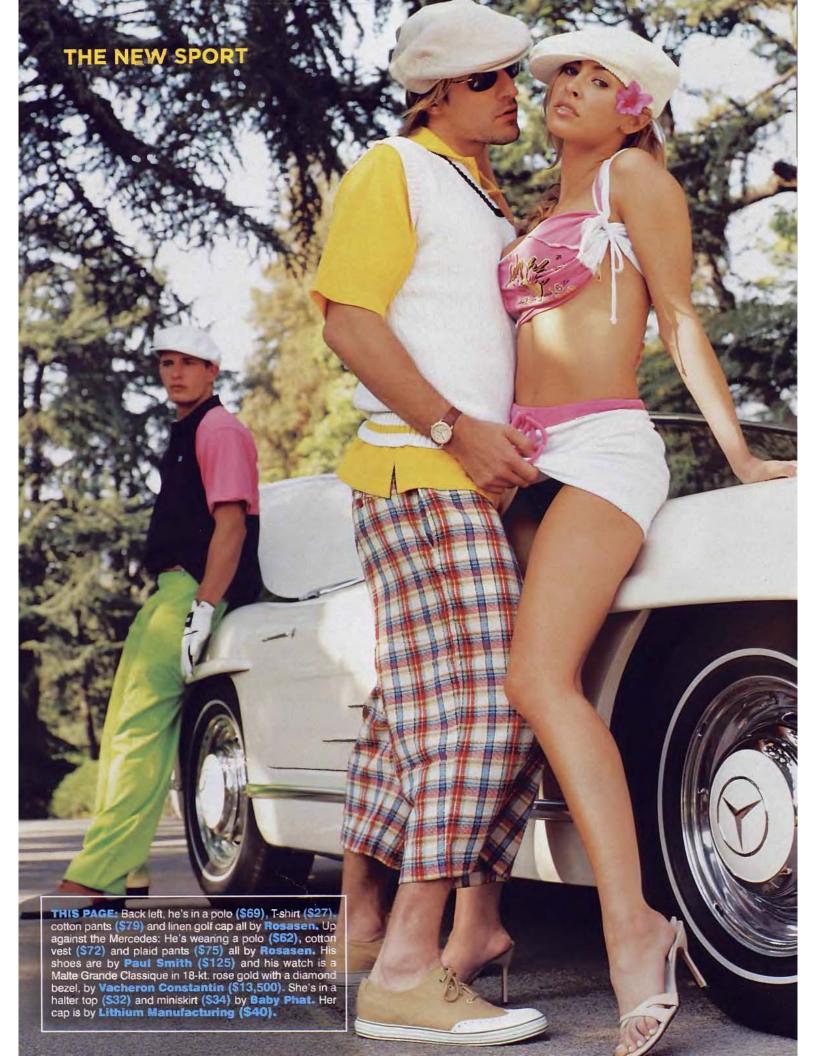
here was a time, not all that long ago, when most men shared the same aspirations. We wanted to be the duke-Tudor mansion, bearskin rug, marble fireplace and a James Bond-style wardrobe. These days, things are more exciting. There are a lot more choices. The good news is, we're here to help you feel cool and comfortable in every situation, whether at an Eminem concert or a black-tie benefit. Follow our advice and you, too, can be the New Playboy.

THE NEW CASUAL

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES











The Life

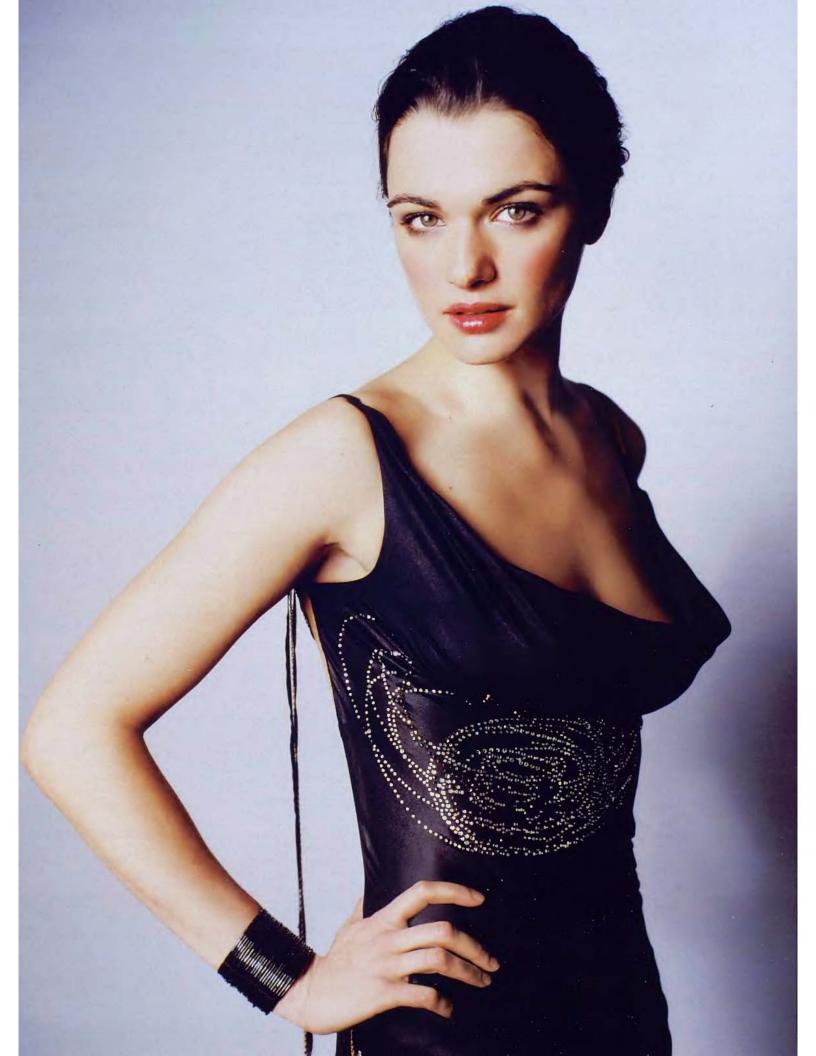
for the new PLAYBOY, style is in the details

fashion by JOSEPH DE ACETIS



Everybody's got a suit. And most of us have at least one decent pair of shoes. It's the accessories, however, that distinguish today's well-dressed man from a guy who's just dressed up. They're the finishing touches to any outfit. Pictured here, left to right from far left, are the ultimate accessories for the Playboy Man. The gunmetal fountain pen is by PAUL SMITH (\$250). The black crocodile wallet is by TURNBULL & ASSER (\$395). The shoehorn is the signature version by SALVATORE FERRAGAMO (\$85). The cuff links, with blue crystals set inside the squares, are by JAN LESLIE (\$165). The stainless-steel watch is by DUNHILL (\$1190). The leather-and-silver valet key chain is by SALVATORE FERRAGAMO (\$75). The pewter flask is by DUNHILL (\$270). The belt—in black alligator with a nickel buckle—is by LAI (\$350). The sunglasses are by BLINDE (\$230). They're called Playviators. The printed silk tie, below at left, is by EMILIO PUCCI (\$120). The striped silk tie, below at right, is by TURNBULL & ASSER (\$110).





Rachel Weisz

the mummy's lust object wants a potion to make her invisible. we think that's a very bad idea

1

PLAYBOY: Please explain your intense interest in Harry Houdini.

weisz: He was one of the earliest socially acceptable images of S&M—bound and chained—standing there in pain but with a triumphant look on his face. That's not why I'm drawn to him. I just love the showmanship, that no prison, no chain could hold him. The art of illusion and, in general, escapology is fascinating. Houdini's last name originally was Weisz and he was Hungarian. My dad is Hungarian—my secret fantasy has always been that I'm related to Houdini.

2

PLAYBOY: Your mom is a psychotherapist. Does that mean there's a greater likelihood you'll end up on a couch? WEISZ: A casting couch or a psychoanalyst's couch? I just avoid couches in general. Best to stay off the couch.

3

PLAYBOY: You spent some of your childhood in Austria. Could psychoanalysis have been invented anywhere else? WEISZ: I can't think of anywhere else it could have happened. Turn-of-thecentury Vienna was completely wild culturally. It was Victorian, but it had these amazing double standards. So while it was very Catholic, very moral, there was this fiery counterculture going on. There were masked orgies in the Vienna woods. There was incredible sexual liberation at the time that gave birth to psychoanalysis, which was all about what was really going on underneath. Freud had plenty to work with in Austria.

4

PLAYBOY: What's the greatest psychological insight that your mother ever gave you?

WEISZ: Never trust a man in a bow tie. It's not true actually, because my dad is in his 70s now and he's taken to wearing bow ties. But my mom is slightly tongue-in-cheek about it. She's just full of balls of wisdom.

5

PLAYBOY: You did a nice job capturing the classic lace-bloused, heaving-bosom allure of a librarian in *The Mummy*. Did you take that look home with you? WEISZ: I got a letter from a librarian in England who said she felt I totally misrepresented librarians. She was really angry. I kept the letter. In the movie my character was kind of clumsy, a bit forgetful and a little ditsy, and this librarian wondered why a librarian would be so ditsy. She wrote me that librarians come in all different shapes, sizes and styles, which I guess is true.

6

PLAYBOY: In Enemy at the Gates you achieved the impossible—looking incredibly sexy while being filthy dirty. Did you realize you were paving new cinematic ground?

weisz: Wow, no. I don't think so. But we definitely got into the mud and the dirt. It was quite refreshing because normally in a movie you're made to look good all the time. The worse we looked, the better. The more mud on our face, the more dust in our hair, the better. It's quite liberating. It's like being a kid in a sandpit. Kids love to get dirty, climb trees, get messy. It's a good feeling. I was lucky I had a hot bath every night. I didn't sleep in the mud.

7

PLAYBOY: Your father is an inventor. What did you wish he would have invented?

WEISZ: Probably a potion that you can drink and be invisible. That would be great. It would be fascinating to be able to watch people and they wouldn't be able to see you. It would be useful to me as an actor because part of your job is to watch people. But it would be useful for other reasons, too. I'd go to the White House, find out what Bush is up to—what's really going on in there.

8

PLAYBOY: What things have you done while listening to Stairway to Heaven? WEISZ: I'm afraid nothing too exotic. Driven a car. Definitely gone jogging. It makes me run if I listen to it on a Walkman. I've danced. Really boring things. I've cooked. Well, that's a lie. I have boiled eggs, I should say. Gotten ready to go out.

9

PLAYBOY: How come actors want to be rock-and-roll stars and rock-and-roll stars want to be actors?

weisz: Hard to say, since very few people can do both. Jack Black is one of the few who can pull it off. He's a rock star, an actor, a comedian. Jack is the ultimate combo.

10

PLAYBOY: Your father called your lips "Mick Jagger lips." Did you work with that?

weisz: Mine aren't as big as Mick's. My younger sister's, Minnie's, are. I think they rival Jagger's lips. If I had said it to someone I would have meant it as a compliment, because I think he's got amazing lips. But from my dad, who's missed out on rock and roll, it was not a compliment. He was saying that I move my mouth too much. It wasn't like Greta Garbo-still enough. So it was not a compliment.

11

PLAYBOY: You own a Jaguar. Are you crazy? (concluded on page 140)



"I'm as patriotic as the next American, but that parade passed here more than an hour ago!"



THE HIPSTER'S GUIDE TO DATING

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW TO SEDUCE A SUBCULTURE SEX GODDESS

BY ROBERT LANHAM, AUTHOR OF THE HIPSTER HANDBOOK FEATURING ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEFF BECHTEL



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN MOSKOP

ou have seen her at the coffee shop—the tasty chick with artfully disheveled hair, retro Puma sneakers and a finely honed look of condescension. Or maybe you spotted her puffing on a French cigarette outside an indie-band concert in a "transitional" part of town. Or flipping through vintage LPs at a vinyl-only record shop. She's a hipster, a sexy mixture of the downtown bohemian, street-

wise misfit and all-night party girl. She may drag around a guitar case full of attitude, but underneath that short mod dress or kitschy Iron Maiden T-shirt, she's got a taut little body and no reason to be home before six in the morning. Of course, to get inside the hipster chick's Che Guevara-print panties, you first need to get inside her head.

Why bother? Well, aside from revving things up between the sheets with a girl who won't protest that you're mussing her hair, just hanging out with this unique species can be rewarding: Hipster chicks will shoot pool with you and not complain about chipping a fingernail. Hipster chicks will smoke a joint with you on a Tuesday afternoon. Hipster chicks will never make you sit through a Meryl Streep movie. Best of all, hipster chicks have tongue piercings. Need we say more?

IDENTIFYING THE HIPSTER HABITAT

Before you can bed hipster chicks, you have to find them. With the exception of T.G.I. Friday's, tanning salons and Pink Floyd laser shows, hipsters are common to many parts of these United States. Nonetheless, hipsters are fairly selective about the places where they spend their free time:

HIPSTERS FREQUENT

- · Art galleries
- Restaurants that serve bruschetta
- Dive bars
- Wicker Park
- Coen brothers premieres
- Salvation Army

HIPSTERS AVOID

- · Bible studies
- Restaurants that serve poppers
- · Sports bars
- Wrigley Field
- Wayans brothers premieres
- US Army

WALK THE WALK

Once you have a fixed position on a bevy of hipster beauties, it's time to make a connection. Remember, these girls put a lot of time and energy into looking like they're wearing whatever was crumpled on the closet floor that morning, and they want a partner who will complement their carefully calculated social presence. Wearing a pair of pleated khakis, a tie and a Virginia Tech baseball cap into her favorite metal bar is more likely to get you mauled by her pit bull than laid. The bottom line: Hipster chicks will barely acknowledge your existence if they suspect that you're not a hipster yourself. (For more tips on fitting in, see "Hipster Seduction Gear" on the next page.) But don't be put off by the hipster chick's inherent aloofness. Lurking behind that cynical exterior still resides a woman who wants to be seduced.

TALK THE TALK

Like denizens of most subcultures, hipsters converse using special terms to show they are in the know. In fact, unless you study up on basic hipster lingo, you might not know whether she's flirting with you or warning you about her murderously jealous boyfriend. (See the glossary of "Hipster Slang" on the next page.) Instead of trotting out a cheesily suggestive opening line, meet her gaze with a complacent stare. She'll assume that you're deep—or, better, that you're holding the best weed in the room. Refrain from saying "nice tattoo" as an icebreaker—a hipster chick doesn't

HIP & FAMOUS HOT CELEBRITY HIPSTER CHICKS



MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL PLAYS KINKY KOOL



BJÖRK ICELAND'S PIXIE CHICK



PARKER POSEY



MEG WHITE HIP IN STRIPES

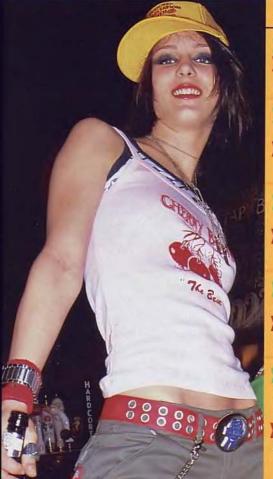


WINONA RYDER



CHRISTINA RICCI BUFFALO SIXTY-HIPSTER

YOUR STUDIO OR MINE?



HIPSTER PICKUP LINES

GOT ANY WEED?

NO AREN'T YOU IN MY
YOGA CLASS?

WADDUP WITH ALL THE LOSERS HERE?

HAVE YOU ACCEPTED JESUS AS YOUR PERSONAL SAVIOR?

I WAS A VEGETARIAN
BEFORE IT WAS MAINSTREAM.

NO DOES YOUR TONGUE PIERC-ING MAKE THINGS FEEL DIFFERENT?

VIS DIDN'T WE MEET AT THE WTO MARCH?

WHO DO YOU LIKE MORE: RUMSFELD OR ASHCROFT?

I WAS HANGING OUT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD BEFORE IT GOT ALL GENTRIFIED.

NO WANNA GRAB A STARBUCKS SOMETIME?

mind if strangers see the body art creeping above her panty line, she just thinks it's boring to discuss it with them.

Once the conversation heats up, strive to be self-deprecating; hipster chicks may be the only female subculture on the planet that considers confidence an undesirable trait in a potential mate. Success is another turnoff: She'll consider it a sure sign that you've been co-opted by mainstream society. So instead of clumsily mentioning the size of your bank account, find a way to casually refer to the size of your import-only record collection, and watch her knees go weak. Hipsters are also repelled by Republicans-regardless of your politcal leanings, identify yourself as a Democrat, a Marxist or, at the least, a libertarian if you want to score.

Keep in mind that homophobia is a big taboo for hipsters. Bisexuality is not necessarily an attribute, but openness to experimentation is something to which all hipsters strive. Most hipster women have had a same-sex hookup. If you're looking for a ménage à trois, she'll need reassurance that you are open to experimentation—even if you aren't.

HIPSTERS IN HEAT

She's giving you all the right signals and now you want to invite her to your place. Never say, "Do you want to come inside for a nightcap?" unless it's clear you're being ironic. We recommend employing more-current persuaders such as, "Wanna smoke up?" or

HIPSTER CHICKS HATE EVERYTHING MAINSTREAM. SO FORGET TAN AND MUSCULAR. THINK PALE AND SICKLY. AND PUT ON A COMPLACENT STARE.

HIPSTER SEDUCTION GEAR



MESH BASEBALL CAP



CHIPS SUNGLASSES



WIDE LEATHER-BAND WATCH



CBGB T-SHIRT



CHEESY WESTERN-STYLE BELT



CHECKERBOARD VANS



KITSCHY OR OBSCURE VINYL



SHOULDER STRAP MESSENGER BAG WITH INDIE-BAND PINS

"Yo, you gotta check out my collection of obscure Belgium techno mastermixes on limited-edition vinyl." Take care to hide any *Friends* DVDs, framed Monet prints, aerosol deodorant and other "mainstream" accourtements in your home that

could turn her off. And now that she's within reach, don't blow it by playing cheesy seduction music like Barry White or Sade. And for god's sake don't play anything "atmospheric" like Songs of the Humpback Whale or Enva.

HIPSTER SLANG

SHE HAS A WAY OF TALKING. NOW FIGURE OUT WHAT SHE'S SAYING.

BRONSON - beer > USAGE: I had too many bronsons last night and woke up next to a sled dog.

CHIPPER - slut > **USAGE**: Alicia is a chipper and will sleep with anyone after she's knocked back half a bronson.

DECK - a key word for most hipsters, similar in meaning to the antiquated fresh. To be deck is to be up on the latest trends, cutting edge and hip. > USAGE: Mike's faux-hawk is deck.

FIN - the opposite of deck. Fin is similar to outdated terms like wack and lame. Something that is fin is seen as bad or undesirable. > USAGE: Vin Diesel movies are fin. FLAVORLESS - heterosexual > USAGE: I thought he was flavorless until I noticed his Belle and Sebastian T-shirt.

FLUBBER - breast implants > **USAGE**: There's no way those things are real. They're so flubber they could deflect bullets.

FRADO - an ugly guy who thinks he's good-looking > USAGE: I'm going to go say hello to her. The guy she's with is a frado.

GRAPE - a greeting rapist, someone who cops a feel when saying hello with an embrace > USAGE: Be sure to extend your hand as soon as he ap-

proaches you. That guy is a grape.

JUICER - a ladies' man, an individual with undeniable sex appeal > USAGE: The ladies all think I'm a juicer in my Members Only jacket.

KALE - money > USAGE: Yo, can I borrow some kale to buy a pack of American Spirits?

MAXWELL - homosexual > USAGE: He changed his name from Frank to Fabian. He must be a maxwell.

NANCY - ass > USAGE: "Amy sure has a good head on her shoulders." "Maybe so, Mike, but have you seen her nancy?"

Keep in mind that most hipster chicks are used to hanging out with guys who wear Girl Scout T-shirts, so she may seem a little taken aback if you're too aggressive. Subtlety is the key at this crucial juncture. If she catches you popping Listerine breath strips, all your hard work could be in vain. And should you get a semi when she accepts your invitation, swing your messenger bag up front. It's hard to look hip with a boner.

Will she be worth your time and effort? YES! Hipster chicks aren't into free love like their historical precedent, the hippie chick, but with a little coaxing they can be just as adventurous. That's why we've saved the most important tidbit for last: Hipster chicks, despite their nonconformist trappings, all conform to the Law of Bohemianal:

- A. Being bohemian implies a desire to experiment.
- B. Hipster chicks want to be bohemian.
- C. Not experimenting defies the very definition of bohemian.
- D. Therefore, remind her about A—C and she will do anything you want.

LIKE WHAT, YOU SAY?

Hipster chicks use the C word in bed and encourage you to do the same. Hipster chicks will do it on the fire escape while laughing at the neighbors yelling at you to keep it down. And she's willing to whip out her favorite sex toy in the name of kinky "performance art." So enjoy yourself. Just be sure to buy an extra pack of American Spirits for the bedside table and some PBR for the fridge. You may not be going anywhere for a while.

ORDAIN - having performed a sexual act with another > USAGE: I saw you leave with the girl in the cowboy boots. Is she ordained?

PIECE - cell phone > USAGE: I must have been on the subway when you called. I didn't hear my piece ring.

SEMI - partial erection > **USAGE**: I hope I still have a job on Monday. When my boss hugged me goodbye at the bar on Friday night I had a semi.

SHELLACKED - drunk > USAGE: You must have been shellacked, dude. You were dancing to Linkin Park at the club last night!

HIPSTERS ON PARADE

A FIELD GUIDE TO COMMON HIPSTER TYPES, COLLECT 'EM ALL!



THE BARELY LEGAL

The trendsetter with a youthful glow and perky tits who likes to rock all night TURN-ON- Pop Rocks TURN-OFF Curfews



The Barely Legal has a rack that, while modest, is still fun.



THE GAROFALO

The self-deprecating bombshell hiding beneath funky librarian glasses TURN-ON. Flea markets TURN-OFF. Self-confidence



Look what's lurking under the Garofalo's baggy sweater!



THE NEO-CRUNCH

The post-Garcia hippie chick too stylish for tie dyes or patchouli TURN-ON Marinating gluten TURN-OFF Beefy breath



Beware the hair sometimes associated with the Neo-Crunch.



THE BIPSTER

The blue-collar hipster who works with her hands and likes it rough. TURN-ON Motor-head TURN-OFF Bands that use vocoders



Bipsters like to add an edge with tattoos and piercings.

Joint Custody (continued from page 78)

This grunting was disapproval, giving the new guy the thumbs-down. I was an interloper, a defiler.

meals, I'd be golden. Admittedly, being the guy who shook out the pig chow didn't seem to cause any monumental change in his outlook. He didn't object, but I saw no Lassie-loyal gaze or anything. He'd just glare up at me with regal disdain, like I was some sort of domestic, the hired help.

Give him time, I thought. He'll come around. I didn't need him to actually love me, just to respect me. It wouldn't hurt, of course, if Shari thought he was fond of me. I had yet to be convinced of the permanence of this joint-custody arrangement. It seemed to me the more she could see Pete getting along with a new guy, the more likely her tie with the ex would eventually be severed.

Pete tolerated my attempts at bonding for short intervals. Then he would stop and stare at me as if it just hit him that I was not who he thought I was. He'd trot off and curl up in his basket or scurry under Shari's bed. Or, if she was in bed, he'd sometimes grunt and try to raise himself up, clawing at the dust ruffle with his front hooves-a pathetic move, considering his terrabound build-until she'd consent to reach over and give him a boost under that bulbous butt and he'd curl up beside her, one marble-like eye open and gaping dully up at me. Those evenings, I'd usually go home to sleep. Shari was irresistible and all and I wanted things to progress, but I wasn't up for sharing a bed with a pig. Maybe with time, but we just weren't there yet.

The horseplay usually involved a spit-encrusted tennis ball, rolling it down the front hall and chasing after him with the same sort of intentionally tangle-footed stumble I used with my nephews, to let them win, let them get ahead. I'd chant encouragement, attaboys, patting him as he huffed and squealed by. If you were watching from an apartment across the street, you would think, There's that guy playing with his pig again. His pig, you'd think. After all, wasn't I the one giving him attention, spending quality time? Wasn't I the one that was present almost every single night? By all outward appearances, anyone would say there was a relationship there, that I mattered in this pig's life.

One Saturday afternoon I was lying on the bedroom floor, trying to fish the tennis ball from under her bed. Frankly, Pete could have retrieved it himself. He stood near enough, huffing away with his corn breath, but I wouldn't say he was that engaged. It was more like he had nothing better to do.

I was highly conscious of Shari's presence. She sat on the bed, working out client training schedules on her laptop. This was my chance to audition, to demonstrate the chummy rapport.

And that's when I heard the neighbors. They were talking loudly, laughing a lot, maybe three or four different voices, in what I thought might be Vietnamese. I had seen the name on the doorbell, something with a lot of ns and improbable vowel-consonant combinations, and I just guessed that it was Vietnamese. Maybe I had Vietnamese in my head, Pete being a Vietnamese potbellied pig and all.

So, lying there on the floor, I put my ear to the wall and said, "Hey, I think that's Vietnamese, Pete. Maybe you can help us out with a little translation."

Snorting, he stepped closer to investigate and I coaxed him over to where I could press one of his big floppy ears to the wall. He just stood there listening, breathing softly, not fighting me.

"Good boy. Can you translate that?"
"They're Korean," Shari said.

"Excuse me?"

"The neighbors are Korean. Pete is Vietnamese."

A laugh came out of me. I couldn't help it. She wasn't smiling. She was totally straight-faced. Not joking around.

"Yeah," I said. "Not that he can understand Vietnamese. He's a pig, right?"

She looked at Pete for a long moment, as if remembering something. "I know. I'm just saying. They're Korean. That's all. Not Vietnamese."

This, I thought, is a little crazy . . . but just a little.

The next Saturday afternoon, Shari was performing what I imagined was one of her more advanced Pilates routines, bucking like a cowgirl against my pelvic bone, her hair a churning turbine that was truly mesmerizing. But soon the squeal and chuff of the pig calling out once again started to cut through, growing in insistence and pitch, louder and more adamant. I finally had to speak up.

She stopped whipping her hair for a second and rolled her eyes, letting out a sigh. "He's being a brat. Ignore him." She held my face in her hands, trying to get me to focus.

But I wasn't convinced he was just vying for attention. This grunting was disapproval, verbally giving the new guy the thumbs-down. He wanted Deacon in that bed. He wanted his daddy and his mommy together, his family unit restored and intact. I was an interloper, a defiler, a motherfucker.

It sounded like he was bumping up against a bookshelf or something. I heard the rattle of electrical cords and the thump of furniture legs rocking.

"Do you need to go slop him or whatever?" I asked.

She pressed her fingers flat against my chest, as if to say relax, ignore it, put him out of your mind. Then there was a crash and whoosh and glassy tinkle, like a giant lightbulb popping. He'd pushed the TV over. "Damn it,"

she said, but kept going.

I felt the first twinge of shrinking, a lack of throb, and I told myself it was the position. I rolled her over on her side and worked around to straight-on missionary, hoping to regain ground. I concentrated, I kept going, but it wasn't the position. I knew that. I said it was, sure, I muttered to her about needing a deeper thrust to keep it up. But I was just looking for an excuse. It was the squealing, the complaining, the endless porcine kvetching. If anything was going to help, I suppose it would be to crank up the stereo till we drowned him out or to lock the little shit in the bathroom down the hall, but what I really needed was a night away from the farm.

I was definitely slipping out of her now, retracting like a bad idea reconsidered. And now it was coming from the other end of the hall, more insistent. Someone was knocking at the front door. Frankly, I welcomed an excuse to stop. Much better to be interrupted than to fail, and I knew I had about three strokes left till noodle time.

Shari yanked on her robe and padded out to answer the door. I stayed behind, certain it was her ex. But it was the neighbors, asking about the noise.

Wrapping myself in a towel, I snuck out softly behind her, catching a glimpse of an Asian couple in the foyer, bent and patting Pete and smiling, while Shari stood holding the door open, making introductions, I assumed. Not wanting to be part of those introductions, I eased into the bathroom for a little repair work. The condom was now a wilted balloon. I peeled it off, grabbed a washcloth, cleaned off the sticky, caked-on condom gunk, patted myself dry and, focusing on the minor cleavage of the model on Shari's shampoo bottle, managed to stroke myself back

(continued on page 150)

Cath JOHN, TAKE (









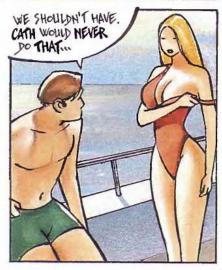
HAOMI, HO! 11'S OVER BE-TWEEN US. I'M WITH CATH HOW AND WE'RE HAPPY. HO "" NO!















JVAHAIVAREZ - LORGEG







The Price Is Right, put Matthew Perry in a headlock in Serving Sara, got her mojo working on Mike Myers for Austin Powers in Goldmember and appeared on TV's V.I.P. and Silk Stalkings. Nikki also braved the jungle as a contestant on the TV reality show I'm a Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here! "On the show, I learned that I'm a live-in-the-moment kind of person," she says. "And I think I can do anything after going into a crocodile pit. I love girly things—my apartment is very feminine—but I'm not such a princess that I can't get dirt under my nails." Nikki also may have undergone the first transcendental experience on a reality show. "When I got voted off, I walked over a bridge and saw a craft service table and a big champagne celebration. To me, it symbolized death

and going through that transition—how it's much better on the other side. Even though you miss the people you left behind, you know they'll be coming soon. On a monitor I saw the other contestants holding up signs that read WE MISS YOU, NIKKI, so it was kind of like watching my own funeral."

When it comes to Nikki's newly single life, rebirth is a more appropriate visualization. "I'm looking for a down-to-earth guy with a sense of humor—a gentleman whose mother taught him old-fashioned manners," she says. "I tend to be attracted to father figures. A man needs to be a little controlling to keep me in line, but he can't be too possessive. I got into martial arts mostly to stay in shape, but I wouldn't recommend trying anything funny on a date with me!"



Nikki sent us all scrambling far tokens as the grandest prize ever to grace a midway in her carnival-themed September 1997 Centerfold (left). As one af Barker's Beauties (near right), she made the shawcase shawdawn sizzle, and as the bachelar party entertainment in the new American Wedding (far right), she makes her paint with a delighted Stifler (Seann William Scatt).

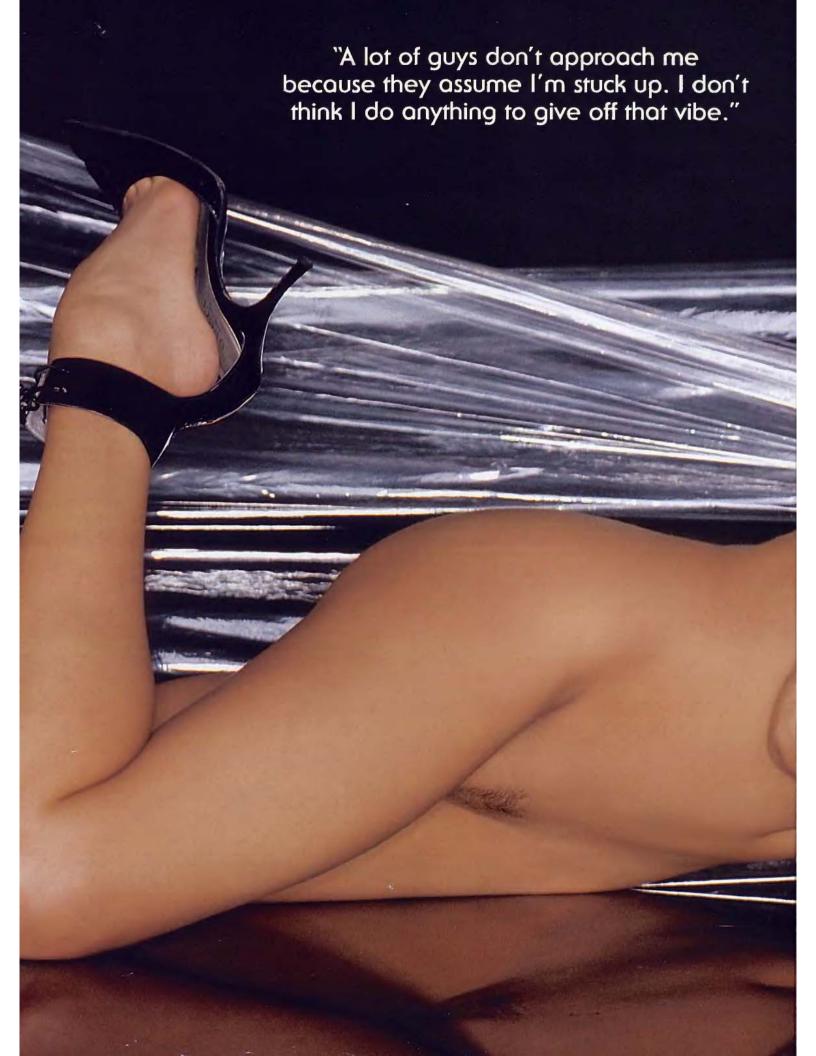


















"How can any reasonable person speak so snidely about books?" Eggers wrote. "Books!"

them: "factual fabrications"-Kirkpatrick it seems, had mistakenly placed a Newark bar in Trenton. (The Times ran a brief correction for that one mistake but ignored Eggers' other quibbles.)

Eggers further insisted that Kirkpatrick failed to get his OK before using off-the-record quotes Kirkpatrick had promised to run past him before publishing his Times article. Eggers' parsing and quoting of the complete text of his e-mail correspondence with Kirkpatrick was capped by a self-righteous declaration: "I think it's important that our exchange be published. It's the only remedy commensurate with the impact you enjoyed with your original piece. I want your friends and family to see it, and to say, 'David, ew.' You have done this kind of thing to too many people, and I'm really hoping this makes you and others in your position a bit more careful and willing to keep your word and tell the whole truth, as difficult as that can be. In your correspondence you sound like a normal, even warm, person who cares about truth, who enjoys books, etc. But in your journalism your persona is very different. Where does that tone come from? How can any reasonable person speak so snidely about books? Books!"

Eggers ranted on: "You used my words out of context and used words that were never meant for public consumption, and now it has happened to you. You cast doubt on my motives, and now people can wonder about yours. It must feel strange. You probably don't think it's fair. My guess is you don't think you come off too well, and you wish you could take each person reading this aside and try to explain. Welcome to the club."

Kirkpatrick did try to explain, though his restrained self-defense on a website against Eggers' charges came in at a

business as usual for Eggers. He'd already antagonized media outlets by either flat-out declining interview requests or by demanding that they be conducted solely by e-mail-and that the resultant Q. and A.s be published, unedited, in their entirety. Did Eggers really care so little about self-promotion? Or was he attempting to change the rules of the

more than 10,000 words.

mere 1000 words; Eggers' original was

For many observers, the feud was

making many friends.

The UK's Observer dubbed the pressaverse Eggers "the J.D. Salinger of Generation X," and media writers and former media cohorts took Eggers to task for being almost pathologically thinskinned. David Granger, editor in chief of Esquire—a publication that Eggers briefly worked for in the Nineties and ended up skewering in a thinly veiled story about an idiotic men's magazinesaid of his former charge: "At some point, he thinks it's inevitable that he'll be crucified, because he's too special to live in this world. While he does have talent, he refuses to believe that anyone can tell him how he can improve on anything he does."

game? Either way, he definitely wasn't

PRATTLE AND PARLOR TRICKS

Bring on the crucifiers! Among Eggers' eager detractors in the literary realm: tattooed tough guy James Frey, who is the author of the recently published druggie memoir A Million Little Pieces. He told The New York Observer: "The Eggers book pissed me off. Because a book that I thought was mediocre was being hailed as the best book written by the best writer of my generation. Fuck that. And fuck him and fuck anybody that says that."

Big talk, but Frey backed off when contacted for an elaboration on his comments, leaving the stage to Ian Spiegelman, part of the New York Post's Page Six gossip pack. Spiegelman gladly admits his animus up front. "I have attacked Eggers in the Post as often as I can," he says, even bragging about being the first reporter to break the truly heartbreaking story of the 2001 suicide of Eggers' sister Beth, who had publicly taken issue with her brother's portrayal of her in

When Eggers' novel You Shall Know Our Velocity was released last fall, Spiegelman was instrumental in getting a negative piece about the book published in the Post. (Eggers was taunted by plenty of other media outlets for his publishing plan for the book, which involved printing a limited edition of the hardback to be sold only through a small number of bookstores-a misbegotten marketing move that did nothing to dispel the notion, fostered by his critics, that Eggers prefers to live in an exclusionary literary



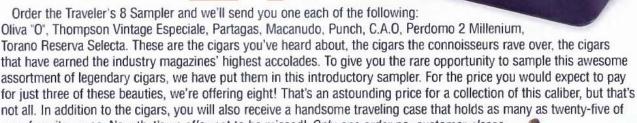
"It worked out perfectly. Just as I was leaving him for you, he left me for another guy."

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biosphere of his own creation.)

Eggers, of course, isn't talking, presumably having learned his lesson about backlash. But Spiegelman defends his pummeling of Eggers on, he says, purely literary grounds. "His writing isn't just heartless," Spiegelman says, "it's bloodless. All you ever get from him are the endless prattling and parlor tricks of a person who has never trusted any of his emotions."

Even worse, Spiegelman says Eggers is having a toxic effect on today's literature. "We can thank that curly-headed goon for the current flood of insufferable memoirs by precocious twenty-somethings," says Spiegelman. (For the record, James Frey is a not-so-precocious thirtysomething.)

Like Frey, Spiegelman runs the risk of appearing to be angling for notoriety by attacking obvious target Eggers. Still, he insists that it's his job as a journalist to expose the fact that Emperor Eggers doesn't wear any clothes. "Sooner or later," Spiegelman says, "people are going to realize they've been swindled by Eggers' literary con game, and they'll see that his work is just a lot of chitter-chatter and self-referential bullshit."

LA'S FINEST VS. BIGGIE'S HOMEBOY CHUCK PHILIPS VS. RANDALL SULLIVAN

Pulitzer Prize-winning Los Angeles Times writer Chuck Philips believes rapper Tupac Shakur was assassinated at the direction of rival Christopher "Notorious B.I.G." Wallace. Former Los Angeles Herald Examiner columnist and Rolling Stone contributor Randall Sullivan has his own theories about Tupac's murder—and Biggie's death six months later—which he published in Rolling Stone and in his book Labyrinth, an account of extensive corruption in the Los Angeles Police Department. Suffice it to say that each reporter thinks the other is full of shit.

FIRST BLOOD

Sullivan, a Rolling Stone writer for more than three decades, began investigating the Los Angeles police Rampart scandal for the magazine in September 2000. In doing so, Sullivan was invading turf that the Los Angeles Times had already been covering—inconsistently. On

December 9, 1999, for instance, the paper reported in a front-page story that Amir Muhammad, a friend of convicted dirty cop David Mack's, was a suspect in Biggie's murder. But on May 3, 2000, Philips, who came to crime reporting through his investigative pieces on the music business, wrote that LAPD detectives did not, in fact, consider Muhammad to be a suspect.

The Philips story represented a retreat from the front-page piece, which, it turned out, had relied in part on inside information supplied by former LAPD detective Russell Poole. With his core theory—that Biggie's murder was connected to rogue LAPD cops—rebuffed by Philips, Poole found a more sympathetic ear in Randall Sullivan. And a reporters' feud was started.

"After his piece came out," says Sullivan, "I spoke to Chuck Philips once in a very brief conversation—he seemed to feel that he didn't need to talk to me." Sullivan was exploring leads and theories that Philips had dismissed. "I got personal and I think he felt his ego had been stepped on," Sullivan says.

Philips declines to address Sullivan's specific statements about him and his

Dirty Duck by London













reporting at the *Times*, except to say, "I stand by the stories I have written about Tupac Shakur."

Poole, Sullivan argues, wasn't just any source—he was a highly decorated LAPD veteran who had been a lead detective on Biggie's murder. The story that Sullivan pieced together, using documents and evidence Poole had assembled, suggests that Death Row Records head Suge Knight arranged to have Shakur killed and that dirty LAPD cops (some of whom also moonlighted as security for Death Row) may have been involved in the hit on Biggie.

Sullivan feels Philips and the Times didn't want to explore that possibility for fear of increasing racial tensions in the already divided city. Sullivan's article appeared in Rolling Stone in June 2001, but even before it came out, Sullivan says he'd heard that Philips "was telling everyone he had a story coming out that was going to totally vindicate Suge Knight, and that we were going to be completely embarrassed." But Philips' vindication of Knight did not appear in the Los Angeles Times until last September.

BULLETS AND ALLEGATIONS FLY

Philips' story, in implicating Biggie Smalls in Shakur's murder, indicated that the triggerman was Orlando Anderson. Anderson couldn't comment; he himself had been gunned down in 1998. Philips' story also places Biggie Smalls in Las Vegas, where Shakur was killed, but his family insists Biggie was in New Jersey the night of the shooting.

Sullivan says, "I was really expecting that Philips was going to have some kind of a bombshell in his piece. But at the end of it I said, 'That's it?' I mean, does he have some substantiation other than 'Trust us, we're the Los Angeles Times and this is what happened'? There are actually only two named sources in Philips' article—one is Suge Knight. And the only people who say this is how it went down are alleged anonymous Crips gang members."

Sullivan adds that he "doesn't really hold Chuck Philips as responsible as I do the editors at the *Times* for letting that piece of shit in the paper. I mean, how could they not say: 'Wait, we've got to have more than this to make a story'?' Sullivan thinks the *Times* championed Philips' story in part "because there would be no legal exposure. Biggie and Tupac are dead—no one can sue."

Philips, in a statement supplied by e-mail, writes, "I spent many years investigating Shakur's murder and developing the many sources on which my stories are based. Randall Sullivan and his source, Russell Poole, have their own theories on the matter. I wish them the best in their pursuits." WHERE

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Even when Elvis was drunk, he sang like an angel. I think he was cute even when he was fat and wasted.

weisz: No! I just sold it. It was my beautiful vintage car, one of the most beautiful cars ever. It was a Seventies model, a 4.2 Sovereign. It was a very big, powerful car, a four-door.

12

PLAYBOY: Did you have a special arrangement with your mechanic?

weisz: I wish. No, it just cost me lots of pounds. The final straw was—I'm not well versed mechanically—but the power-steering fluid container sprung a leak so all the fluid drained onto the ground, and I had to drive this huge car without power steering, which meant my muscles and arms were really challenged. It was like driving a truck. Everything that could go wrong went wrong with the car. I finally sold it for parts. The person who bought my Jag was just going to chuck it up. That's all it was good for.

13

PLAYBOY: We understand you are an Elvis fan. Do you accept everything about him or are there some parts of his life about which you're in denial?

weisz: Some Elvis fans have read all the biographies and know everything about him. I love the way he looked and I listen to his music, but I'm not a fanatic. I think I just fell in love with him when I was a little girl, watching his movies on TV on Saturday afternoons. I'm not in

denial about any moment of Elvis' life. What's incredible to me is that at the end of his career when he was fat and drugged up and not himself, he could still sing. What's that famous recording where he bursts out laughing? He's drunk out of his mind. Even then, he sang like an angel, like nothing could steal his voice from him. It was effortless for him. So I loved him in all stages. I think he was cute even when he was fat and wasted.

14

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been tempted to try a deep-fried banana and peanut butter sandwich?

weisz: No, I haven't. I've heard that one sandwich is, like, 4000 calories. I think it's fascinating that Elvis and Brando—two of the most beautiful and lusted-after male icons ever—both said, "Fuck you, quit treating me like a sex object" and got fat. Interesting, isn't it?

15

PLAYBOY: You went to Cambridge. What is the title of your favorite paper? WEISZ: I don't think you're going to want to print this. My favorite essay is "For the Etruscans" by the American feminist writer Rachel Blau DuPlessis. It's about wondering where, or if, there is a female language rather than a male language. Most things around us were created by men. The paper questions if behind the

language or words there is something else. It's written in a nonlinear style—a way in which women might think. Like, if a man's telling a story and says, "I was walking down the street," the woman asks, "What time was it?" "It doesn't matter what time it was. I was walking down the street." It's kind of all over the place.

16

PLAYBOY: What's the best paper you wrote? WEISZ: I did a paper on Henry James that would have been published in the *Henry James Quarterly*. I was asked to edit it. I had to lose 1000 words, and I didn't bother. So I'm unpublished.

17

PLAYBOY: Could you date anyone less educated than you?

weisz: Sure. Definitely. There are different kinds of intelligence. I would like to believe that love transcends everything—that someone who is from America could flirt with someone from Japan. It's a completely different culture. Love should transcend all.

18

PLAYBOY: How do you flirt like a Brit? WEISZ: I think that Americans are just as good. At the end of the day, flirting is a pretty universal language. Americans are more direct. British people are more indirect about everything. I'm making this up as I go along. How am I supposed to know? I like American men, let me just say that.

19

PLAYBOY: Can you explain the sorry state of British dentistry?

WEISZ: Well, I guess the real answer is because our health care has been free. You go to the dentist here and they will tell you that you have eight cavities when you really maybe have only one. In England they'll tell you that you haven't got any because dental care is free. Actually, that's not true. Now you have to pay for your dental work. It was free for a long time. We don't cap our teeth and try to make everything look perfect. You have pretty unattainable images of perfection that, to us, are sort of characterless. We like a bit of character—a little yellowing, a little rotting, a little wonky, coffee stains, cigarette stains. Irregular teethwe like that.

20

PLAYBOY: Maybe the Brit medical community spent too much time developing those veterinary skills.

weisz: I'm sure! I don't have a pet, but I'm sure that we have the best vets in the world. As you know, the British love their pets more than their children.



"Honey, I'd like you to meet Miranda—this is where I got my oral sex before I met you!"

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia. Collective effort of The Hair & Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic.

ABSTRACT

The information presented here provides evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. Results may occur as early as 2 months. This therapeutic approach represents advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair

HERBAL ORAL CAPSULE

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound responsible for the male sex characteristics as opposed to estrogen and progesterone. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body, testosterone undergoes a series of transformations. This results in various compounds, each with a different physiologic function in the body other than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp, resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth).

The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles, resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair follicles.

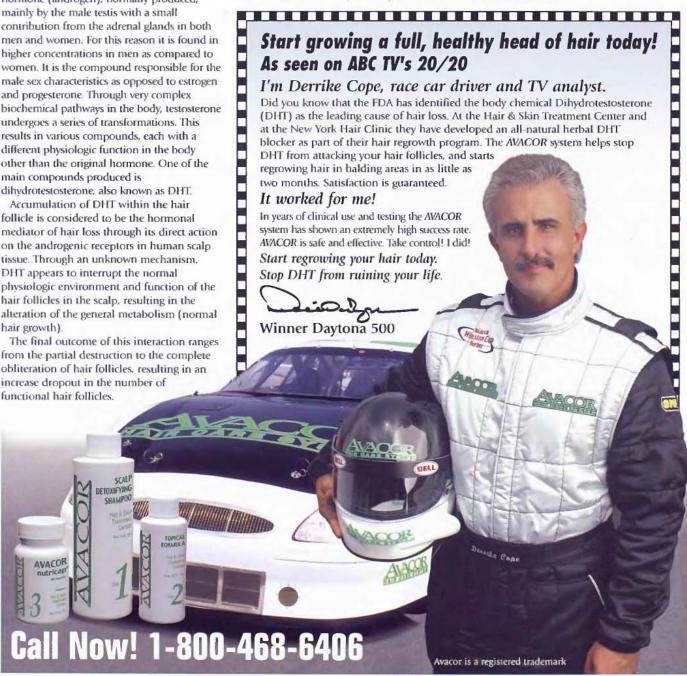
As used in the AVACOR system the organic extract of the herbal formulation acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

TOPICAL FORMULATION

Our Physicians Topical Formula" is used at the affected sights twice daily on a regular basis.

RESULTS

The overall outcome of this system has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant decrease in the rate of hair loss and increase in regrowth noted. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most persons after 1-2 months of treatment. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average starting within 2-4 months.



I never did anything to get publicity. I got caught up in Michael's thing, which was manipulation.

and that kid in the room. I've never seen him behave inappropriately. He was great with my kids. He does have a connection with kids, babies. He's a kid, and other kids sense that in him.

PLAYBOY: It would help his case if he'd stop saying, "Yes, I sleep with children." PRESLEY: I know! Someone should call him and go, "Would you just stop saying that? It's not working for you!"

PLAYBOY: Did you and Michael discuss having kids?

PRESLEY: Yeah. [Laughs] I got out of that one. "I just don't think it's a good idea right now." But I knew that's what he wanted. And I knew Debbie Rowe was offering to do it for him while we were married, according to him. She was a nurse who had a crush on him and offered to have his babies.

PLAYBOY: Was he trying to leverage you into agreeing?

PRESLEY: Kind of. "Debbie Rowe says she'll do it." OK, have Debbie Rowe do it! And it's funny, when I imagined having a child with him, all I could ever see was a custody battle nightmare.

PLAYBOY: He just wanted to find someone to bear his children.

PRESLEY: I think so, but I don't know. PLAYBOY: Did you watch his TV interviews last winter with Martin Bashir?

PRESLEY: I watched, because I was on a radio tour that week and I was being asked about it every day. I was like, Could there be any worse timing? I walked away in 1996. It's not something consuming my thoughts anymore.

PLAYBOY: When Diane Sawyer interviewed you and Michael, she asked if you two had sex, and you were indignant. Can you see how the marriage looked suspicious to people?

PRESLEY: I can see that, only because that's his thing, not mine. That always upset me. I was married for several years to a bass player nobody knew and before that never dated a celebrity. I never did anything to try to get publicity. I got caught up in Michael's thing, which was manipulation. I was like, "Fuck you people, that's not who I am. Why am I being blamed for a publicity stunt? Oh, I'm Miss Aspiring Singer, and now I want a record deal? That's why I'm with him?" PLAYBOY: It sounds like you think he used you.

PRESLEY: I'm not going to say he did or didn't. There are things that don't look good, that's all I can say. And most people saw it at the time, except me.

PLAYBOY: When did the relationship go sour for you?

PRESLEY: Not long after Diane Sawyer. I started to wake up and ask a lot of questions-I don't want to go into detail, but it went downhill pretty quick.

PLAYBOY: What about your kiss at the

going to happen. PLAYBOY: It was reported that you asked him for a divorce while he was in the hospital recovering from "exhaustion." PRESLEY: Not true. There was a bit of a

Video Music Awards in 1994? It looked

PRESLEY: It looked awkward because I

wanted out of my skin. At the 11th hour, he says, "I'm gonna kiss you." I was like,

"No, I don't want to do that. Do we have to? That's bullshit." On the way there I kept saying, "Do we have to?" I squeezed

his hand so hard that I cut off the circu-

lation. He wouldn't tell me when it was

so staged and awkward.

showdown in the hospital, and I didn't understand what was wrong with him. I didn't know what he was up to. When I started asking too many questions about what was wrong, he asked me to leave. This is the real story. He said, "You're causing trouble." The doctors wanted me to go. I freaked out, because it was all too familiar. When he got out, I called him and said, "I want out."

PLAYBOY: Later, when you met Nic Cage, were you thinking about marriage?

PRESLEY: After Michael, I wasn't in a hurry to get married again. Nic was also ending a marriage to Patricia Arquette that wasn't in good shape. But we clicked instantly. He is grand-that's a good word for him. We had somewhat similar realities, both part of famous families, and I admired the shit out of him because he detached himself from his family name [Coppola] and got a career by himself. He and I detected some sort of rebellious spirit in each other. His father, as a wedding gift, gave us a 100- or 200year-old bottle from the bottom of the ocean and a really nice toast. The whole thing was about how we were both pirate spirits. It was really moving.

PLAYBOY: He emulated Elvis in Honeymoon in Vegas and Wild at Heart.

PRESLEY: [Scowls] There are 45 other films he did, thank you very much, that don't have anything to do with my dad.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he wanted you because you're Elvis' daughter?

PRESLEY: Here's the answer: I've never seen one Elvis artifact or one piece of Elvis memorabilia that he owns. There was a rumor for a long time that he had an Elvis recording as the fucking outgoing message on his fucking phone machine. I never saw any of that. Sure, he was an Elvis fan. Who cares? I haven't met many people who've said, "I hate your fucking dad. He was terrible."

PLAYBOY: What went wrong?

PRESLEY: One pirate shouldn't marry another. We had already broken up and gotten back together twice. We were together for two years before we got married and thought that marriage would make us more secure.

PLAYBOY: But you went with him to the premiere of Adaptation just a few days before the divorce.

PRESLEY: We had a fight a few days later,



"Would you like one final smoke before we wrap up this episode of Fear Factor?"



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 WINNER'S LIST: For name of winner, available after 10,01/03, send a separate, self-addressed, stonged (#10) envelope to: Picture Yourself in Progrew With a Playmage, Box 686, Constrahodean, PA 19428. Sponsor: Pilsner Unquell USA, Washington D.C. and he had a temper tantrum. He walked out the door, filed for divorce, then felt bad. It was just a rampage, basically. He called a couple of days later and said, "Whoops!" [Laughs] He said, "I was in a rage, I'm sorry. I made a mistake. I wish I hadn't done that." And I was like, "Dude, we can't do the break-up-get-back-together thing. We're married." He's not surrounded by people who would talk him down when he's in a state like that. I hated him afterward. It was a long time before I would speak to him. PLAYBOY: A tabloid reported that you threw a \$65,000 ring he gave you into the sea.

the sea.

PRESLEY: I didn't throw it. Otherwise, that's a true story. We were in a fight, and I said it was over. He took the ring and threw it into the water. We hired a diver, but it was 150 feet down, and he just shook his head. It was a six-carat

yellow diamond, and Nic replaced it two days later with a 10-carat yellow diamond.

PLAYBOY: Is it strange that you're both in interviews talking about the marriage?
PRESLEY: I'm laughing because Nic did an interview with Barbara Walters and he said something to her about my blue eyes. I said to him, "They're fucking green!"

PLAYBOY: He did a TV interview, then called to report what he'd said?

PRESLEY: Yeah. I still care about him a lot. I don't want to have a media war. I'll say, "This is what I said on Diane Sawyer, in case you want to retaliate. But just know that I'll come back. If you say something I don't like, I will fucking nail your ass to the wall!" Like when Michael and I split up, he said, "Don't talk about me." He never wanted anybody talking about him. I didn't say a word about him. So the next three interviews I saw, he was talking about me. And I was like, "All bets are off, dude. You did it."

PLAYBOY: What are your vices?

PRESLEY: Having friends around. Cigarettes. And red wine—but it has to be good red wine. It has to be more than \$300 a bottle, because then I don't get as bad a hangover.

PLAYBOY: What are you like when you're drunk?

PRESLEY: I'm friendlier, nicer, more tolerant and more patient. Physically, I feel better. I'm not usually patient and tolerant when I'm not drinking.

PLAYBOY: Favorite curse word?

PRESLEY: Fuck. Motherfucker. And cocksucker. Curse words are good. When I was drunk and newly out with Nic at a bar, I called him a cocksucker at least six times. But it was kind of a flirtatious thing. If I was seriously calling him that, he would have kicked my ass. My friend Johnny Ramone was with us, and he said, "Sailor mouth! If your father could hear you talk like this, what would he think of you?" I don't think it was publicly known, but my father was pretty big



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on cursing. He wouldn't allow me to curse, but he did.

PLAYBOY: Do you read your financial statement?

PRESLEY: Not willingly-I'm forced to. I get angry at how much I'm paying people. It makes me insane. Every time I see the fucking financial statement, I want to fire people. There was this crazy woman I brought into my circle, and she pulled a Machiavellian maneuver and tried to take my empire down by backstabbing people and spinning a whole web-just unbelievably evil.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize your taste in sex?

PRESLEY: Probably "porn style." [Laughs] I am a little dark on the subject. I like it rough, the way they do things in porn movies.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wished you were a lesbian?

PRESLEY: Sure. I think I'd be much better as a lesbian. My best friend is also my assistant, and she's been with me for eight years. I feel like, Damn! If I were gay and I could've been with you, we would have been perfect.

PLAYBOY: What will you do differently if you get married again?

PRESLEY: I'm going to become a eunuch or a monk-nonsexual and nonfunctioning. I'm going to-you know what? I can't say what the hell I'm going to do, to

PLAYBOY: If your kids were going to write a tell-all about you, what's the worst they

PRESLEY: Just that mommy went through men like water. [Laughs] If I get married again, I'll stay married. I don't know if I really thought I'd stay married with the last two. I'm whimsical about things. I get caught up in the moment. It's the one area where I'm naive.

PLAYBOY: Are your kids having a tough time because they're Presleys?

PRESLEY: My daughter is 14, and some kids are starting to give her crap. "What are you complaining about, you rich little-" I want to choke that kid, by the way. [Laughs] If there's a little kid in school who's being an asshole, I want to kick the kid's ass. If I could, I'd go scare them. It's at the point where my kids won't tell me what's happening.

PLAYBOY: Do you want more kids?

PRESLEY: I'd like two more.

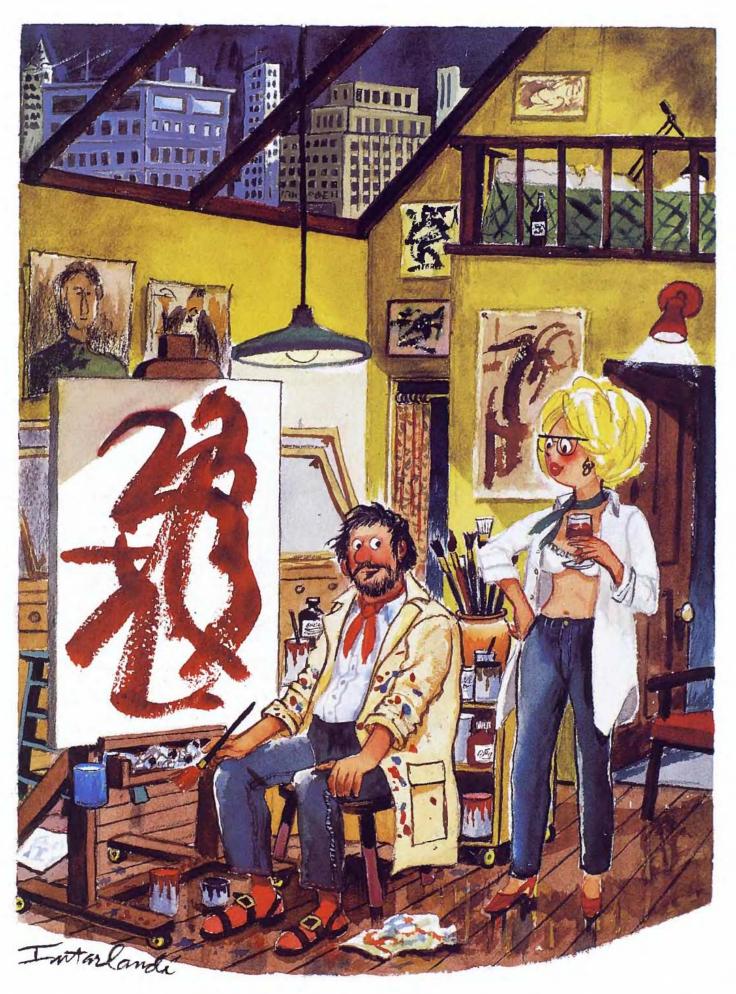
PLAYBOY: And if you don't have someone to be the father-

PRESLEY: Are you kidding me? No, I will not go to a sperm donor. I could ask Debbie Rowe to be a surrogate for me.

PLAYBOY: You're still fond of Danny and Nic. Maybe you'll get back together with one of your exes.

PRESLEY: With me, you never fucking know, do you? God! You know what? I'm not going to say never about anything again.

Hear exclusive audio of this interview at Playboy.com.



"There's just so much you can do with paint. Let's fuck!"

I brush my hand carelessly across my lap; the response is immediate, electric and sharp.

who was a friend of a friend, claimed to have extensive experience and information on foxy. He urged me to call him if I wanted to find out more. So I did. I liked the idea of talking to a possibly cute boy I've never met about a sex drug I've never taken. Along with his friends, college kids from Massachusetts and Tennessee, Josh bought a gram of foxy from an Internet site selling a slew of freaky research chemicals. He told me he'd taken foxy once a week for the past two months.

"Foxy is the psychedelic where sex is most appealing because it triggers intense concentration," Josh said, sounding like Dan Rather. "Unlike acid, foxy allows you to focus on sexual gratification. After an orgasm I can get an erection in a couple of minutes, which I can't normally do. And the more you have sex on foxy, the more you want to have sex, which doesn't happen on any other substance." I'd heard enough. I immediately went to see my boyfriend, John.

After I gave him the latest, John said, "Are you going to spend so much time investigating this sex drug that you won't have time to have sex with me? Why don't we just do the damn drug now?"

At that point I got in touch with my inner prude. I talk a big game, for sure, but did I want to take a hallucinatory research chemical that might give me leukemia or leech my highlights? "This is a possibly dangerous thing we're considering," I said. "Let's not rush it because you're horny."

"Fine. But you may want to check out the web page I bookmarked for you."

I could tell a trap had been set. The page was a foxy trip report from Erowid. org, the drug info website:

Ten PM. Clothes are torn off from each other and rubbing of bodies continues. We finally engage in the act. I cannot describe the images and feeling running through my head and body at this moment. Groans and moans are coming out of us that I have never heard out of the most primal animal. Sweat is everywhere, and the sheets are soaking wet."

John and I looked at each other and sealed the deal.

I called Tony. He'd bought foxy from a friend who had paid \$79 for a gram from a research chemical company website. Once diluted with water, it produced approximately 50 doses. Tony used an eyedropper to package the drug in tiny glass vials that once held 3.5 milliliters of maple flavoring. He sold us two vials for \$50.

WET AND WILD

In the 1973 manual Sex, Drugs and Magick: A Journey Beyond Limits, Robert Anton Wilson wrote, "The future will be much wilder and hairier than the immediate past." With this in mind, I drank the vial of clear liquid safe in the confines of my apartment and waited for my future to begin.

The taste was terrible. Secretly I felt secure in the knowledge that I would at

least weather it better than John. He downed his dose and shuddered violently. "I feel like I just licked the tracks of the fucking subway!" he moaned. Here's a guy who's such a straight-edged vegan he won't drink sake, for Christ's sake, and I have him squeezed between my legs ingesting questionable research chemicals invented before Reagan took office. But all I can think about right now is that someone should call in a weapons inspector to check my mouth for a stash of war chemicals.

We're not off to a good start. A few moments pass while we both stare into space. John says, "Well, at least there haven't been any fatalities reported. As far as we know, anyway." I pop a piece of gum into my mouth and chew like crazy.

Oddly, I begin to feel a tingling flush of warmth between my legs. It's absurd. No one could take a drug called foxy and get hot 10 minutes later-life just doesn't work that way. Besides, I'm so busy waiting to puke that I can't pay attention. I brush my hand carelessly across my lap; the response is immediate, electric and sharp.

Experienced foxy users say it's not a beginner's drug, and I'm starting to see their point. Right after we take it, we figure we have some time to gather supplies from the store-candles, raspberries, water-before it kicks in. But by the time we make it out the door, we are tripping so hard we find the dull sidewalk overstimulating. "I don't think I can make it," John says, eyeballing 74th Street like a bazaar in Bombay.

Back upstairs, I suddenly feel like the incarnation of femininity, but not in a sexpot way; more Botticelli's Venus than Madonna. I saunter up to John and shimmy slowly down his body, and it doesn't feel absurd. Clothes, even the kind by La Perla, seem unnecessary, so I shrug them off to the accompaniment of Seventies soul. John turns out the lights and watches me dance. I don't notice he's filming me until I hear the clicking of his video camera. I motion him to follow me into the bedroom.

Now my body is a strange combination of hot and cold-one second I'm trembling, and the next my thighs are slick with sweat. Although the physical sensations are like nothing I've ever felt, I'm mentally unchanged. I can speak clearly, but because of the delicious electrical rivulets running along my tongue, I'd rather kiss John's lips and the soft nest of his throat. Everything, suddenly, is a sex toy: a hair on his chest, the bedroom curtains blowing in the breeze across my ass.

Shivering from the subtlest waves of pleasure, I close my eyes as John runs his hands over me. "Do you realize you haven't stopped moving your belly erotically for three hours?" John says, and I say, "Seriously?" We've put on a CD of Algerian raï, a spell of Saharan wailing and drumming. I'm no longer aware of



"Whatever gave you the idea there'd be a long line?"

William Shakespeare's

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the boundaries of our bodies, only the rhythm they make together.

John turns me over. "You feel so subtle," John whispers, sounding out each syllable like they taste good in his mouth. I've been uncontrollably wet all night, and now, at last, I'm ready. The foxy sex is searing and endless. Foxy sex turns my skin inside out. Together, John and I shape-shift into different positions like figures in a Mayan hieroglyph.

I'm a Venus flytrap, about to snatch an orgasm the size of Alaska. I don't need an area code because I don't want anyone to call.

The postsex cigarette hour is filled with weightless intimacy. Some drugs lead to a comedown period of hellish introspection, but not foxy. "It's not like This Is Your Life," John says, "starring you and your brain and all of your neuroses." I can barely remember my problems, my gripes, the lingering doubts I have about John's suitability as a longterm partner. In fact, I'm almost disturbingly serene. I've gone from being a hypochondriacal girl on the rag, so to speak, to a yogic instrument of divine will. Nothing he could do would hurt me right now. I wouldn't care if John went dancing with 15 sluts in white go-go boots and I stayed home and ate Twinkies.

The sex never seemed to stop, even

when we hopped into a cab at one A.M. en route to an after-hours dance club. Our cabdriver dialed all his margins so tight and with such precision that I could have whispered into the ears of the passengers in the cars next to us. Sometimes he fucked the road, stroking it with effortless, powerful confidence. He made it look easy to charge red lights that magically turned green as we crossed the line. During the smooth ride we witness a procession of lights and flitting human minidramas unfolding down Broadway through Times Square. Everywhere the night went, there was a beat, and we were always in sync with it.

Whoa. Maybe this was too much of a good thing.

THE COMEDOWN

I slept long and hard the next day, and when I woke up I gathered my thoughts. I realized that the unique aspect of foxy was the way in which I had remained entirely lucid and coherent throughout the experience, despite the overwhelming physical sensations coursing through my body. Unlike date rape drugs like GHB, Rohypnol or Ketamine, I never felt like I was in danger of passing out or confusing my boyfriend with his roommate. I was perfectly capable of conversing with the doorman at the

club, and I didn't have mushy, drug-addled conversations with strangers.

But if foxy leaves your mind alone, it has its way with your body. Watching me strip naked, John had said, "This drug wants to dance." A week later I still felt like a primo hottie, and so, apparently, did Chloe, who called to tell me she'd found herself absentmindedly dancing while getting dressed for work in the morning. "I was grinding away alone, in front of the mirror," she said, "and I couldn't believe how unselfconscious I felt. Foxy has changed the way I experience my sexuality."

But not everyone has such a positive experience. My friend Isabel had taken the same dose and spent most of the night dry-heaving. She did own up to a few good moments on the drug: "Later in the trip, lying next to each other on the bed, we started moving our hips together ever so slightly. It was more like muscle contractions and releases than movement, and it was unbelievable. We found a groove where we were attuned to each other and completely fused."

Like Isabel, many people report spending the night going down not on their partners but on their toilets. One of the more curious aspects of the drug is the split between accounts from users who love it and those who hate it. Erowid.org judiciously divides its testimonials into sections with titles like "Glowing Experiences," "Mystical Experiences," and "Train Wrecks and Trip Disasters." Surf through these reports and you can't help feeling repelled by the bad effects of the drug. Users experience nausea, vomiting and diarrhea. The "heavy body load"-physical discomfort-produced by the drug can outweigh everything else. "Making love," wrote one user, "was the only thing that made me forget how lousy I felt."

"I haven't had any reports of fatal overdoses from foxy," says Santamour. "I know some people who've been taken to the hospital because of uncontrollable vomiting." There is general agreement that slight differences in the dose can make the difference between healthy postcoital glow and a trip to the emergency room. "Foxy is an unusually dosesensitive drug, which is why some people aren't taking it," says Santamour. "Maybe an analogue of foxy will take off later that won't be as sensitive."

Erowid.org posts a standard warning to all potential users of research chemicals: "When you're taking a new and unstudied drug, you're making yourself a human guinea pig. The drug you are taking may be perfectly safe. It may even be beneficial. On the other hand, you may take it three times and suddenly find yourself 20 years old and having Parkinson's disease."

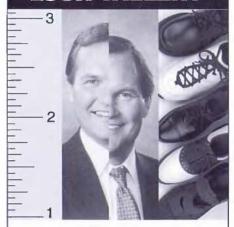
The site goes on to warn readers of the harrowing tale of MPTP, an impurity sometimes generated during the manu-



"I wouldn't call it a date, exactly. He invited me to join him to watch his wife get it on with her boyfriend."







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facture of a synthetic drug called MPPP (MPPP was created by underground chemists looking for a legal heroin substitute in the late Seventies.) A 23-year-old grad student developed permanent Parkinson's-like symptoms after using contaminated MPPP a few times, and scores of others experienced similar effects: tremors, blurred vision and speech difficulties. The MPTP case was a basis for the DEA's development of an emergency scheduling process to criminalize some uncontrolled drugs.

According to spokesperson Rogene Waite, the DEA's push to classify foxy as a controlled substance was based on a "large increase" in the incidence of law enforcement encounters involving the drug, as well as "evidence of its distribution and use as a legal alternative to club drugs." The DEA says foxy poses significant risks to public health and has no accepted medical use in the U.S. Waite, as well as everyone else I interviewed, claims that little information exists on how research chemicals like foxy interact with other drugs or pharmaceuticals. No one can begin to guess the drug's longterm or short-term effects. Tryptamine, the parent molecule of foxy, is known to cause convulsions or death in animals.

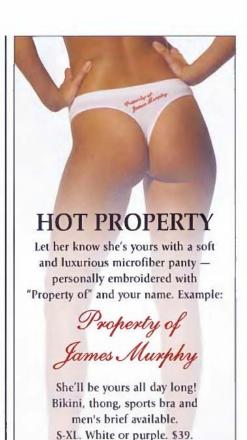
Ultimately, the question of whether people can use their brains when they're using drugs is almost as tricky as the question of whether they can use their brains when they're having sex. The one sure thing about foxy is that there will be more of it before there's less—until another research chemical replaces it. But unless a big pharmaceutical company comes up with a more reliable version of foxy, no one but hard-core tripsters is going to be in a hurry to down some and head for the hot tub.

Now I find myself in the position of fielding questions about foxy from friends. I've become the expert. There seems to be plenty of the stuff still in circulation. When people ask if I would recommend it, I say no, solely based on my friend's bad experience with the identical dose I took. The fact is that I had a wonderful experience on foxy. I just can't be sure I'd have the same one again.

At a dinner party recently I met a research scientist working on amphetamines. I asked him nervously what he thought of my foray into sex on drugs. He hadn't heard of foxy, but after I told him the scientific name he was able to sketch the molecular structure of the drug on his napkin. He stared at it for a minute, pondering. "So," he said at last, "the first time you have the best sex in your life, the second time you have even better sex than that, and the third time . . . you wake up with nerve damage."

He shrugged. "Or not." With that he returned to his appetizer. We didn't talk much the rest of the evening.

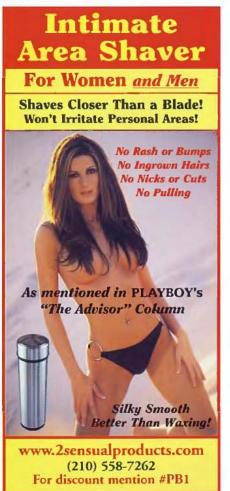




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Joint Custody

(continued from page 124) to something half presentable. Rewrapping everything with the towel, I slipped out of the bathroom and down the hall and into bed and lined up another fresh condom on her bedside table.

I heard the neighbors leaving and stroked myself under the sheets, eager to present her with the half-wood I had managed to work up. But she was taking her time with something out there. I heard the rustle of paper and pen. I got ready with a big smile.

When Shari reappeared in the bedroom, her eyes were wide, the color washed from her face. "He's never made so much noise that the neighbors complained," she said. "This is a first."

Under the sheets, I let go. "Maybe they're new here."

They were here when we moved in, Deacon and I, two years ago." "Oh."

"He's never carried on like that. They didn't know what was going on."

I apologized. I thought she would say, Don't be silly, you're not to blame, but she didn't. She bit her lip and looked back toward the front door, worried, and I took that as an opportunity to knock the new condom off the bedside table, into the trash. When she turned, her face looked like a delicate structure about to collapse. "You know what they said?"

I knew it was something upsettingher voice wavered and she wasn't getting in bed-but I couldn't even imagine.

"I called Pete over and introduced them to him-you know, to be neighborly and diplomatic and all?"

"Yeah?"

"They said, 'Fine pork! Fine! For good fine eating! Good and delicious, yes?'

"No, they didn't," I said. She had to

be exaggerating.

She looked like a girl, bobbing her head in slow motion. "It's a quote. The man said, 'Fine pork! Fine!' and then his wife said, 'For good fine eating!' and then he said, 'Good and delicious, yes?'"

I was amazed she could remember all that. She pulled a scratch pad out of the pocket of her robe. "I wrote it down after they left. I think it's a threat."

"They had to be kidding," I said.

"Were they maybe kidding?"

'They were smiling, but I don't think they were kidding. They were patting him and feeling his haunches and stuff." She looked disgusted. "It's like they were molesting him.

"Are you sure that they weren't just admiring him?"

She sprawled sideways across the bed, reaching for the phone. "Deacon's going to want to hear this."

I took that as a cue to locate my pants. Frankly, I was glad this time. It provided an out. This way I wouldn't have to continue trying to maintain an erection





while being harangued by a 100-pound refugee from the county fair.

One night at Shari's, Deacon came over and announced that he had an offer to manage a bar in Bangor, Maine. I pumped his hand warmly and congratulated him, thinking, good riddance, but he looked at me funny and then at Shari and Shari explained, "Well, he's not necessarily taking it. We have to discuss it."

I didn't get this, but I kept quiet. They went into the kitchen and sat at the little breakfast table. I withdrew into the bedroom to give them some privacy. Pete trotted out from under the bed and joined them in the kitchen.

After Deacon left, she came in and flopped down on the bed next to me and announced they'd decided he wasn't going to take it.

I really didn't get this.

"That's the deal. We have to agree on job offers that require moving." She explained that a month before, she had turned down a great position in Tacoma because it didn't work out for Deacon.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I hadn't thought about this before, but I now did the math: That meant that if we got serious, and I wanted to take a job somewhere else, I would not only have to work it out with her, but also get the approval of her ex so he could be within driving distance of a fucking pig?

"We have a list of mutually acceptable cities," she said. "Everything else is up for debate. If it's in some place where I could keep teaching Pilates, then, sure, I'd be willing to follow him there. If I thought Pete would like the town."

I hadn't realized how cavalier she was about her connection to this town—which included me—and toward being joined at the hip with Deacon, this hobbling inconvenience. I asked her why she broke up with him anyway.

"Oh," she said, "we've got zero in common. Except for Pete. And we only got him as a sort of last-ditch attempt to work things out."

"Really? It seems to me you guys are still pretty close."

"It's totally over between us. We're friends. That's it."

I heard laughter and water running one night when I knocked on Shari's

Practice of the second of the

"What my husband doesn't know is that Rashid, the grocer, is under here with me."

door. Deacon let me in. I was surprised to see him there and more surprised to see he wasn't wearing a shirt. "Bath night," he said, leading me back to where Shari struggled with Pete in the bathtub. "It's a two-person job, especially using the hoof trimmer."

She smiled up at me, but looked overwhelmed, wielding a handheld sprayer attachment that ran from the faucet. Deacon squeezed back in beside her, kneeling to help. Pete was squealing, his hoofs clacking against the porcelain. I stood in the doorway. There was no room left for me.

I wished she weren't wearing that skimpy wife-beater T-shirt. I'm sure it was the rattiest thing she had, perfectly practical for such a messy job, but still, I didn't like how sheer it was, how her nipples showed darkly like candies beneath gauzy paper in a box of fancy chocolates. I offered a hand.

"Too many cooks," she said. Deacon didn't contradict. Then Pete squirmed and kicked his hind legs and the sprayer got her all down her front. She looked up at me with a strand of hair in her face and a pursed expression like this was my fault. And now you could see everything, her tits clearly defined in the wet shirt. But it wasn't an inviting sight, not with that expression thrown in. "Go," she commanded. "Please."

So I kissed her on the top of her head, like a dad, and went home and beat off.

I was now convinced something had to be done. And as I was getting ready for work, putting on my shoes in front of Live With Regis and Kelly, some romance know-it-all with careful-looking hair was talking about the overlooked romantic possibilities of a road trip—unhurried long-distance drives to Vegas, Florida, tracing Route 66.

I picked up brochures and TripTiks that day at AAA and spread them on her kitchen table like tarot cards. "Just you and me for a whole week, getting to know each other. What do you say?"

She frowned. "That's sweet, really, but I can't possibly go away that long."

I reminded her that she'd told me how much she liked the freedom and flexibility of her work, that taking time off was easy. The pig would stay with Deacon, who certainly wouldn't mind.

"Oh sure," she said. "Deacon would just love it if I did that. Give him a whole week straight with Pete and he'll do all that bonding and work it so Pete barely looks at me when I return. You don't know the guy. He'd do that."

I didn't get it. "What would he do? Get

along with his pet?"

"Just take Pete with him to work, is all. Give him attention 24/7. Buy him treats and toys. You know, spoil him. Let him watch Babe, Charlotte's Web. So when he comes back, he goes, 'Oh yeah, her. Big whoop. Can I just stay with you, Daddy? Please? Pretty please?'"

I didn't say a thing, just waited for her to settle.

"It'll happen," she said.

She was being emotional, so I decided not to question the probability of the pig suddenly, over the course of one week, developing the faculty of speech. She said, "They already have that 'just the boys' male-bonding crap to begin with, I don't need things stacked against me any more than they are. A week is a long time. I'd be the least favorite after that."

I told her that I didn't see why it had to be a competition between them. It seemed to me she and Deacon had an amicable arrangement.

"You don't know," she said. "You're single. You're not a parent or anything."

I wanted to tell her she wasn't actually a parent, either, but that seemed a fairly obvious point. To me, at least. "I'm just saying, you and Deacon seem to really get along. In fact, if I didn't know he was your ex, if I just saw him talking to you with the pig—"

"What is that supposed to mean? What are you accusing me of?"

"Nothing," I said, because I wasn't-

"Nothing," I said, because I wasn't not until that moment, when she had protested so adamantly. Maybe something was going on.

"And he has a name, you know."

I looked down at the brochures, so colorful and fun-looking. I hated to give up on this idea. I put my hands in both of hers and tugged her close, nibbling her neck and whispering. "Come on. We'll bring back all kinds of really great presents for the pig that'll make him love you the most, forever, no contest."

She pulled away. "You keep calling

him the pig."

"No, I don't." My denial was automatic. I had no idea why it was wrong to call him a pig, but I could tell, at that moment, it wasn't good.

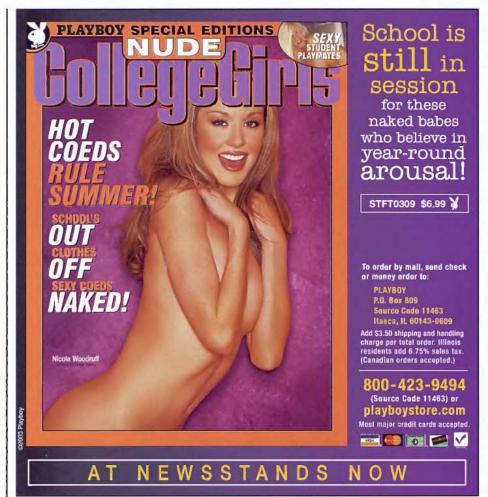
"It's so dismissive. It shows how you're totally unaccepting. Look, I'm a woman with a pig. That's not going to change. Maybe I'm not your ideal, pigless woman. Maybe you need to find a woman who doesn't have pets and can just—"

"I don't mind pets," I said. "I like animals. It's just—"

She nodded. "It's just you don't like pigs. You don't think they should be pets."

"No! Not it at all. Pigs make fine pets. You could have a llama, I don't care. It's just, if I had a pet, I would want it to be my pet. Our pet."

She inhaled deeply, considering something, then turned to the brochures and slid them into a neat stack. She gave me a peck on the cheek and said, "Thanks, though." And later that evening, before





I went back to my place, she said she thought maybe I was rushing things; that I shouldn't say that stuff about having a pet together lightly; that that kind of talk was too serious, too fast. Having a pet together was a big deal. Really big, like talking marriage or having a baby.

With the romantic getaway kiboshed, I opted for something far simpler: the evening of total pampering. Here, I was sure, was something Deacon had never given her. I poured her some wine, rubbed her down with massage oils for almost 40 minutes (the length of the mind-numbing New Age CD I had put on) till she fell asleep. Then I tiptoed out to prepare the tub. I'd brought along the works: bath beads, a Ziploc full of rose petals to sprinkle on the water, two terrycloth-lined inflatable pillows, scented candles and matches in case I couldn't find any, since she didn't smoke. I put a lot of thought into this.

Except for the drain. There was no built-in plunger thingy, and if there was a rubber stopper I couldn't find it. I realized that the only bath I had seen her take was at my place. Even Pete

took showers.

And now he was standing beside me, staring at the empty tub, then up at me,

like, What now, genius?

I didn't want to wake Shari. Maybe she didn't even have one. I scribbled a note at the hall desk—Be right back. Don't move!—and was halfway out the door when I realized that I didn't have a key. Screw it, I decided, leaving the door ajar and racing down the stairs, through a

cloud of kimchi wafting from the Koreans. I would be right back.

But Walgreens wasn't exactly right around the corner. The whole thing took the better part of an hour, from slipping out of the apartment to pulling in at the curb in front of Shari's. Right behind Deacon's van. I recognized the I V MY POTBELLY bumper sticker.

This wasn't his day for Pete. I knew that. I had double-checked the calendar in the kitchen, to make sure we wouldn't

be interrupted.

I moved swiftly up the creaky stairs, hoping to go unheard. The door was still ajar and I burst in to find Shari now wide awake, standing in the front hall in her terrycloth robe. Deacon was fully clothed, in his coat, even, but I couldn't tell if he had just arrived or was making his escape, which I'd thwarted.

"What's going on?" I demanded.

She was glaring at me. So was he.
"You didn't pull the door closed. Pete

got out."

"He was out in the hall," Deacon said. He said it the way you might say, He hotwired a Camaro, scored a six-pack and went for a joyride.

I asked Deacon, as politely as I could,

what he was doing there.

"She called me. She was very upset. I'm very upset."

Shari's arms were folded tight across her chest. "What were you thinking?"

I peeked around the hall closet door. Pete was curled up in his little bed. "Nothing happened to him. Right?"

She made a noise through her teeth that made me think showing her the rubber drain plug would be pointless right now.

"He couldn't really go anywhere," I said. "He wouldn't go down the stairs, right? By himself, he can't even—"

"He went all the way down the hall!"

"He was right in front of the Koreans," the guy said. "We're lucky we got him back."

I tried to laugh, hoping to get them to join in. "What, so just because they're Korean, they're going to steal your pet pig and eat him? I gotta be honest here, Shari, I think this guy's kind of racist."

"Don't try to—" the guy said. "You

know what you did."

"Seriously," I said. "Just because they're Korean?"

Deacon stepped closer to me, raising his voice now. "Oh, right. I'm being racist. Never mind that they said he was 'delicious.'"

Shari waved the air as if dispersing the cloud of testosterone collecting there between us. "No one's saying they would actually do it. But I think maybe you hoped they would do it."

"What?" I couldn't believe this. "What exactly are you accusing me of here?"

Deacon spoke for both of them. "We are saying maybe you knew that you left the door open."

I opened my mouth and a hollow sound came out. I tried again. "Please. It's not like I'd—" I bent to pet the pig. "I like Pete, I wouldn't—"

Shari swatted my arm. "Don't you touch him."

With a squeal and surprising agility, Pete hopped up and trotted around the corner into the bedroom, where he wedged himself behind the dresser. He looked like a kid, escaping the domestic ruckus. Shari and Deacon rushed to his aid, baby-talking, calling him Petie, telling him that everything was OK, that his mommy and daddy were there and no one was going to hurt him. They looked just like they did in that Christmas photo, kneeling down like that, cradling Pete between them.

I could hear their voices all the way down the stairs, cooing over their baby, telling him he was going to be fine, the big bad man was leaving. As I pushed through the door to the street, I heard a laugh from Shari: Pete had made an adorable sniffle or Deacon had said something cute. Who knew, who cared?

I stood on the sidewalk, wondering where I could go at this hour. Then I got in my car and I drove to Denny's and sat in a big open booth all by myself and ordered something they called a Moons Over My Hammy and when it came I asked the waitress, with my best big friendly smile, if I could also order an extra helping of bacon on the side.



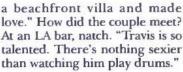
"I remember my first desk job."

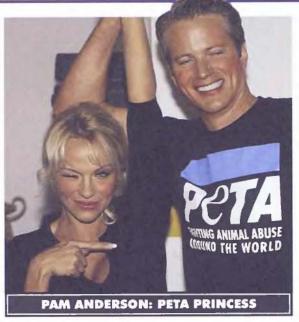
PLAYMATE & NEWS

SHANNA'S PUNK ROCK

We'll be honest—it kind of pisses us off that rock stars get all the hot chicks. Last month we told you about Jessica Lee's marriage to Papa Roach's Jerry Horton. The Playmate-rock star connection continues with Shan-

na Moakler and Travis Barker of Blink-182. The dutiful rock girlfriend, Shanna says she actually enjoys riding on the smelly, guyfilled tour bus. "The road is a lot of fun," she says. "I love the bands, the fans, the venues, the lifestyle. In the Bahamas, Travis and I broke into





Pam Anderson is accustomed to creating a commotion, though not usually over her big causes. The latest rift came when Pam went to Vienna to launch a People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals campaign (including the poster at right). While there,

Pam attended the Opera Ball with PETA's Dan Mathews (top), sending Vienna into an uproar. "Pam used it as a publicity stunt for her cause, and the papers were filled with endless discussions of her breasts," said a source. Never one to apologize for her sex appeal, Pam stayed focused. "People who wear fur are not knowledgeable about the pain and suffering that goes into making fur coats," she says.



30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

As one of the most successful Centerfold-actresses, Martha Smith has had roles in everything from The Scarecrow and Mrs. King to the new Fox comedy Oliver Beene. ("I play a snobby bitch as usual," she says.) Her most-loved on-screen

Martha Smith.

who was stripped down to her bra and granny panties in the movie *Animal House*.

LOOSE LIPS

"Scientists have invented a smart bra that tightens its own straps when the wearer needs more support. It also beat Anna Nicole Smith at Scrabble."—Jimmy Fallon

"I spent \$4000 to go to a C and considered it an investment—there are a lot of roles out there for that bimbo look."—Donna D'Errico



HOT SHOT



HEATHER KOZAR GETS TRASHY

When Centerfolds need sexy skivvies, they beeline to LA's Trashy Lingerie. Many of the girls, including Heather Kozar, also model for trashy.com. Maybe there's an employee discount.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

July 1: Miss February 1990
Pamela Anderson
July 7: Miss June 1974
Sandy Johnson
July 14: Miss November 1974
Bebe Buell

July 17: Miss November 1998 Tiffany Taylor

July 31: Miss October 1999 Jodi Ann Paterson

POP QUESTIONS: JENNIFER WALCOTT

Q: Carmen Electra shot you naked for Playboy.com. Was that weird?

A: It was comfortable. I mean, it's not as if I haven't seen her naked in

Q: Have you ever been a deliberate tease?

A: Yes I have—
there were times
when I didn't want
to go all the way but I wanted to show
a guy what I had to offer.

Q: What's the best compliment a

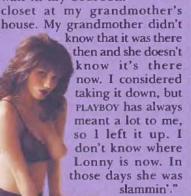
guy can give?

A: "You have a great heart."
Q: Do pickup lines work?

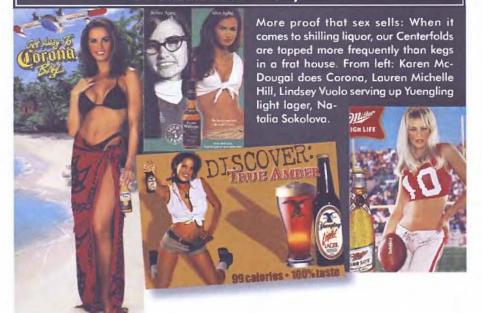
A: If you're hot enough and nice enough, anything may work.

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By George Lopez
"Miss January 1983
Lonny Chin's picture
is still tacked to the
wall in my bedroom



DO I MAKE YOU THIRSTY, BABY?



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Congratulations to Port Charles star Kelly Monaco (pictured), who was nominated for a Daytime Emmy for her roles as Liv-

vie and Tess.... How does
Lani Todd feel about
comparisons to Marilyn
Monroe? "In certain
ways I look like her,"
she says, "but Marilyn
was one of a kind."...

Brande Roderick is writing a

book about love and astrology. "It will be hot," she says.... Cynthia Myers, who was injured in a California ranch accident, thanks all her fans for their support: "You mean the world to me. I love you all." To keep updated on her progress and events, including the DVD release of Be-

release of Beyond the Valley of the Collis and her latest of latest of latest of sign?"

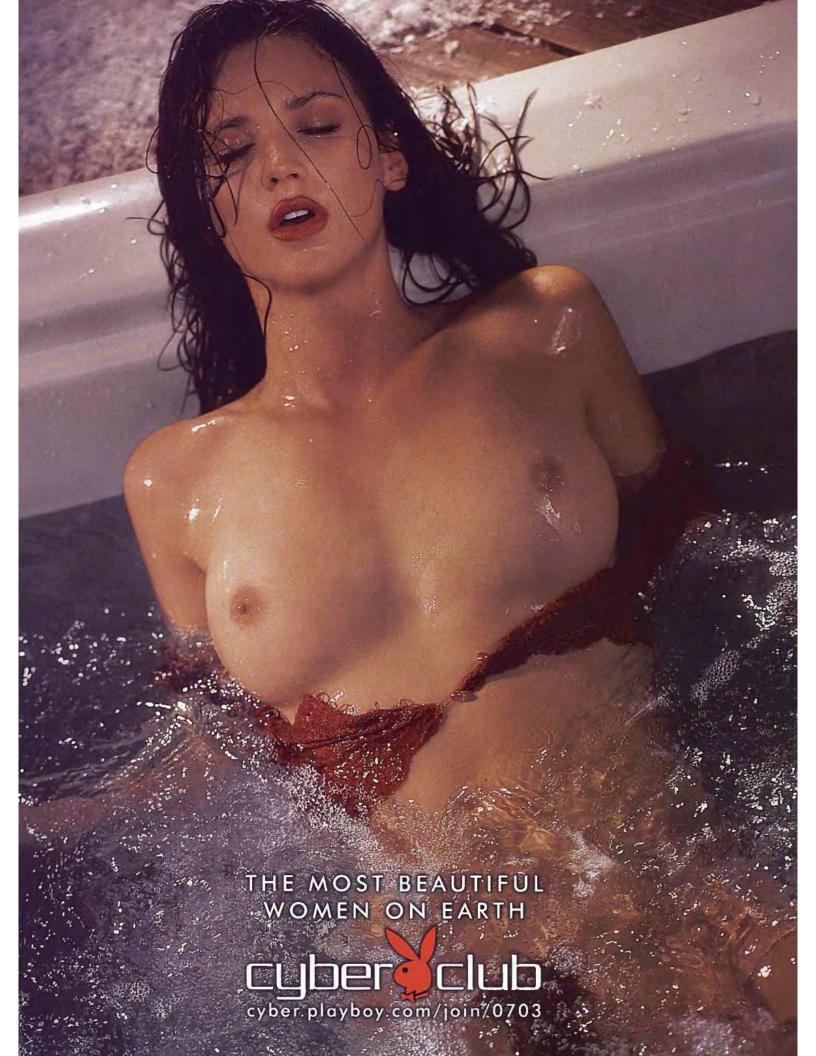
One good reason to see American Wedding, the last part of the American Pie trilogy? Nikki Schieler shows up. . . . Jenny McCarthy has been all over the boob tube, including roles on Fastlane and

lincluding roles on Fastlane and Less Than Perfect... Smirnoff Ice Playboy X-Treme Team captain Danelle Folta called to say how she and her teammates celebrate victory: "Smirnoff Ice—what else?" she says. (Helps that it's free)... Nicole Lenz and Simon



Simon: "Another Red Bull for the lody?"

Rex (above) hung at Light in Sin City. . . . Want Dalene Kurtis to spice up your voicemail? At your mobile.com you can download a greeting from her. It's the next best thing to scoring her digits.





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WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

-ROLL MODELS-

he axiom "If you can't be fast, then look fast" has never been more attainable—especially with today's streamlined bicycles. Thanks to advances in manipulating and molding aluminum and carbon fiber, the traditional diamondshaped bicycle frame is being tweaked, squeezed and stretched into exotic and aerodynamic shapes. Combined with continuing improvements in drivetrain, braking and suspension technology, the results are sleek, futuristic mountain, road and city bikes, like those pictured here. They're lighter, tougher, safer, more comfortable and even faster than their predecessors. Or at least they look it. Now do your part and lose a few pounds before you pull on that new skintight Lycra jersey.

> Left: A flex-resistant carbon-fiber frame, low-maintenance swing-arm suspension, disc brakes and nine-speed drivetrain make the EPX Terrashark mountain bike our ride of choice for difficult terrain (\$1600).







Above: Messenger boys, eat our dust! The all-aluminum Giant Prodigy DX rolls into the burgeoning urban-bike category with a sleek, integrated package rack, a pothole-eating dual-suspension frame, stopon-a-dime disc brakes and high-end 27-speed gearing (\$1500). Left: Kestrel's radical KM40 Airfoil road-andtriathlon model features a wind-tunnel-sculpted, one-piece carbon-fiber frame without a seat tube (the frame member that produces the most aerodynamic drag). Result: You can go faster because of reduced air friction (\$5300, including a 20-speed drivetrain). 159

Grapevine

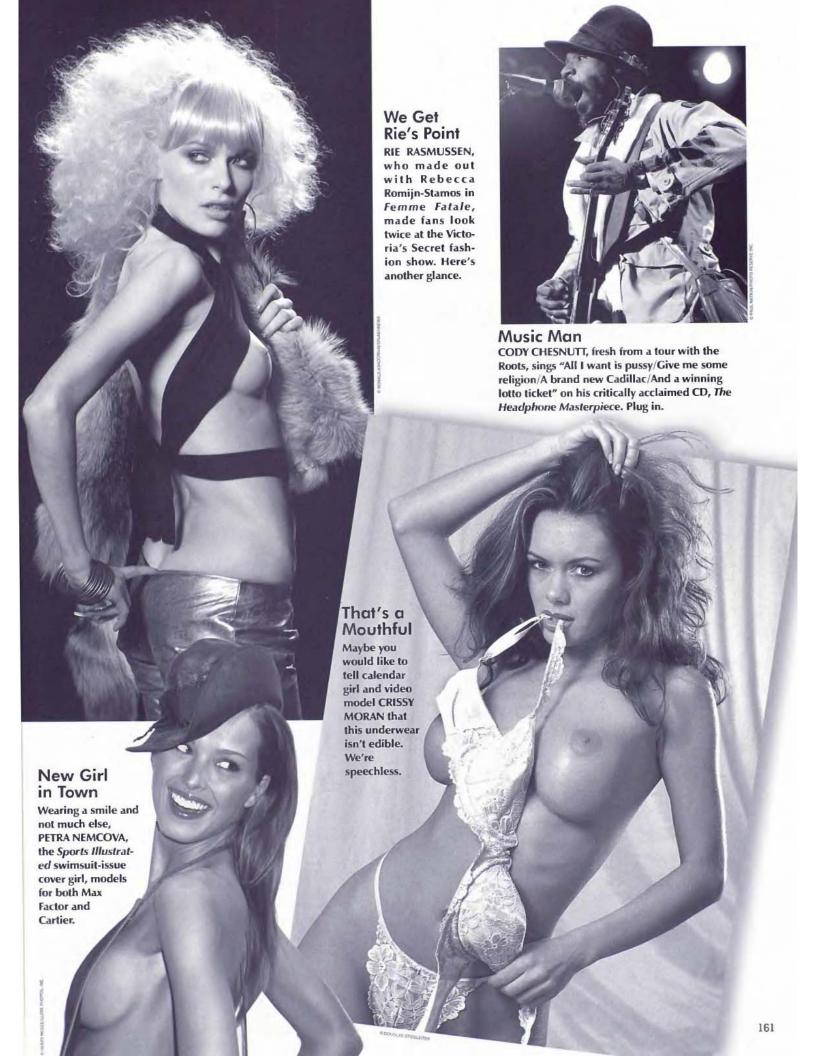
The One With the Missing Button

There's a little more of JENNIFER ANISTON on public display these days, with appearances in the recent movie *Bruce Almighty* with Jim Carrey and in an upcoming romantic comedy with Ben Stiller and Debra Messing. We'll take the plunge with her anytime.









Potpourri

GET SAUCED

Ever hear of Salt Lick BBQ Sauce from Driftwood, Texas, Fiorella's Jack Stack from Kansas City or BlackHole from San Jose? Neither had we, but we've become regular Qnoisseurs since joining BBQ Sauce of the Month, a service that scours the country for obscure finger-lickers from restaurants and small companies that sell their products only locally. Two sauces a month cost \$13, or subscribe for a year for \$156. Get more information at bbqsauceofthemonth.com or call 845-536-7492.



VIEW IT AGAIN, SAM

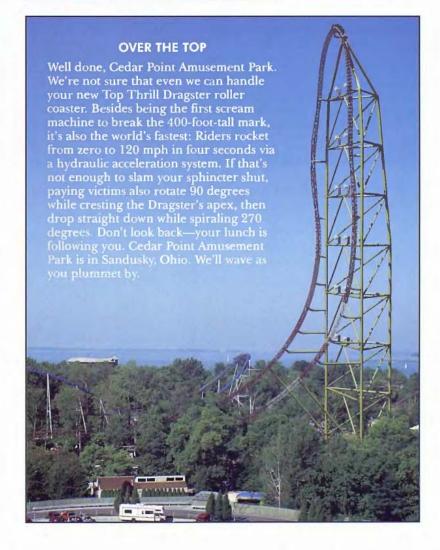
These binoculars not only get you close to a play, they let you watch the action over and over. Bushnell's new Instant Replay digital model records a 30-second continuous video loop for viewing on the pop-up LCD screen (so you can boo the ump's call with confidence). The binocs also take digital photos with 2.1-megapixel resolution and have 16 megs of internal memory and a flash card. Price; about \$600. Bushnell.com has more information.





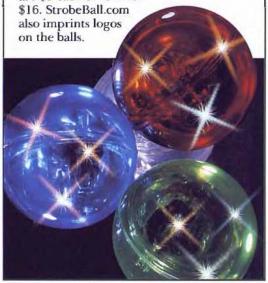
HELL'S KETTLEBELLS

How do Russians cure their frequent hangovers? Pickle juice and kettlebell workouts. Resembling basketballs with suitcase handles, cast-iron kettlebells are the weights of choice for Russian and American Special Forces. Weights range from nine to 88 pounds (\$89.95 to \$179.95). Beginners should purchase a \$39.95 videotape in which Russian kettlebell trainer Pavel Tsatsouline demonstrates how to achieve a commando's physique and wiry strength. (There's a tape for women, too. Price: \$29.95.) Call 800-899-5111 or check out dragon door.com to order. You're on your own with the pickle juice, comrade.



GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

We did a bounce test with
StrobeBalls in the office and everybody wanted one. The rubber ball ricochets like crazy when flung against a hard
surface, and an LED begins flashing.
(Caution: This combo has been known to
transfix cats and stoners for hours.) Balls
are \$5 each or four for



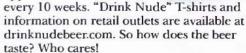
THREE CHEERS FOR VODKA

Michigan-based Local Color has introduced Voda, a microdistilled blueberry-flavored vodka. Tote it chilled to a picnic. Price: \$22. Absolut Vanilia makes a great white russian when mixed with coffee liqueur and heavy cream. Price: \$18. The latest Van Gogh vodka is pineapple flavored. To create a self-portrait cocktail, shake two ounces with half an ounce of Triple Sec Magnifique and an ounce of pineapple juice. Strain into a martini glass, add a splash of pomegranate juice. Severed-ear garnish optional. Price: \$30.



POP THE TOP

Forget the fancy dinner and a show—Nude Beer lets you take off a woman's clothes for the price of a longneck. The bottle's "peel-to-reveal" label is the brainchild of Naked Brew, which currently distributes its sexed-up suds in southern California, with Nevada and Arizona soon to follow. New models appear on the labels about







REMOTE PATROL

The mind boggles at the mischief you can create with a Porsche Cayenne remote-control model car equipped with a tiny video camera that beams back to a screen on your transmitter. Chase the dog or maneuver the Cayenne around the pool to check out the sunbathing beauties. Just don't steer it into the ladies' locker room or the last thing you see might be the bottom of a sneaker. Price: \$329, from 800-porsche, or go to porsche.com/shop.

BURNING DESIRE

Chances are you've been exposed to the lowbrow art movement even if you didn't know it-either by eyeing a sticker on a bathroom wall or the cover of a garage-band album. For almost a decade, Flame Rite has challenged top lowbrow artists to adorn the Zippo lighter's miniature metal canvas with their work. Scorched Art: The Incendiary Aesthetic of Flame Rite Zippos collects the company's entire line of lighters and chronicles the evolution of an art movement from originators Ed "Big Daddy" Roth and R. Crumb to innovators Shepard Fairey, Coop and Pizz. Price: \$18.95, from feralhouse.com.



Next Month









"DID I GET WITH KIRSTEN DUNST? READ THE INTERVIEW!



CARNAL CARNIE: LIFE'S A BEACH BOYS' DAUGHTER

CASUAL SEX 2003-FIRST CAME THE OFFICE SEX SURVEY, ONE OF OUR MOST POPULAR ARTICLES EVER. NOW WE'RE EXPLORING HOOKUPS IN OUR SPECIAL STATE OF PROMISCU-ITY REPORT. WHO'S GETTING LAID-AND HOW OFTEN? FROM CLUBLAND QUICKIES TO DORM ROOM THREESOMES TO WHATSHERNAME, 10,000 MANIACS TELL ALL

TOBEY MAGUIRE-HE'S RIDING HIGH AS A JOCKEY IN SEABISCUIT AND MOONLIGHTING AGAIN AS A HUMAN ARACH-NID. DOES THE GUY BEHIND SPIDER-MAN HAVE LEGS? TOBEY SHOOTS HIS WEB ABOUT HOOKING UP WITH KIRSTEN DUNST. MUSCLING UP-AND SHRINKING DOWN-TO NAIL HIS ROLES AND WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE TO BE A PART OF LEO'S PUSSY POSSE. A FORTHRIGHT INTERVIEW BY DAVID SHEFF

THE GREATEST SPORTS MOMENTS OF THE MILLEN-NIUM-SO WHAT IF THE MILLENNIUM IS ONLY THREE YEARS OLD? WE WANTED TO BEAT EVERYONE IN RANKING THE HIGHS AND LOWS. WRITER KEVIN COOK, JOHN SALLEY AND TOM ARNOLD HASH IT OUT. P.S. SCREW THE YANKEES!

BEAUTIFUL HIGH SCHOOL NARC-SHE WAS THE SEXIEST GIRL IN HER PENNSYLVANIA HIGH SCHOOL. THEN SHE START-ED TAKING DOWN THE DRUG DEALERS-ONE BY ONE. AN AMAZING TRUE STORY. BY MARK BOAL

CLASS REUNION SURVIVAL GUIDE-IT'S BEEN 10 YEARS SINCE YOU THREW UP AT PROM AND SHAGGED A CHEER-LEADER ON THE 50-YARD LINE-NOW YOU'RE READY TO WOW THE GANG. DON'T WORRY IF YOU HAVEN'T STRUCK IT RICH. OUR GUIDE TO AMPING UP YOUR WATTAGE WILL MAKE YOU BIG MAN ON CAMPUS AGAIN. BY DAN HEILUM

CARNIE WILSON-LAPAROSCOPIC GASTRIC BYPASS SUR-GERY HAS NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD. YOU'LL HAVE FUN, FUN, FUN CHECKING OUT BRIAN WILSON'S DAUGHTER SANS KNICKERS-AND HALF HER FORMER WEIGHT

PERSONAL VELOCITY-WHEN IT COMES TO DICK-MEASUR-ING CONTESTS, ONLY FOOLS USE RULERS. WE TRY OUT THE WORLD'S FASTEST VEHICLES-A PLANE, CAR, MOTORCYCLE AND POWERBOAT. BUCKLE UP!

WHAT'S IN YOUR BAG? -- SKATEBOARDER TONY HAWK. PORN STAR SUNRISE ADAMS AND DISTURBED GUITARIST DAN DONEGAN LET US SNOOP THROUGH THEIR LUGGAGE

PLUS: 20Q WITH NEW YORK CONGRESSMAN CHARLES RANGEL, BABE OF THE MONTH MONICA KEENA, OUR PICKS FOR THE YEAR'S COOLEST-AND MOST AFFORDABLE-FASHION AND MISS AUGUST, COLLEEN MARIE

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