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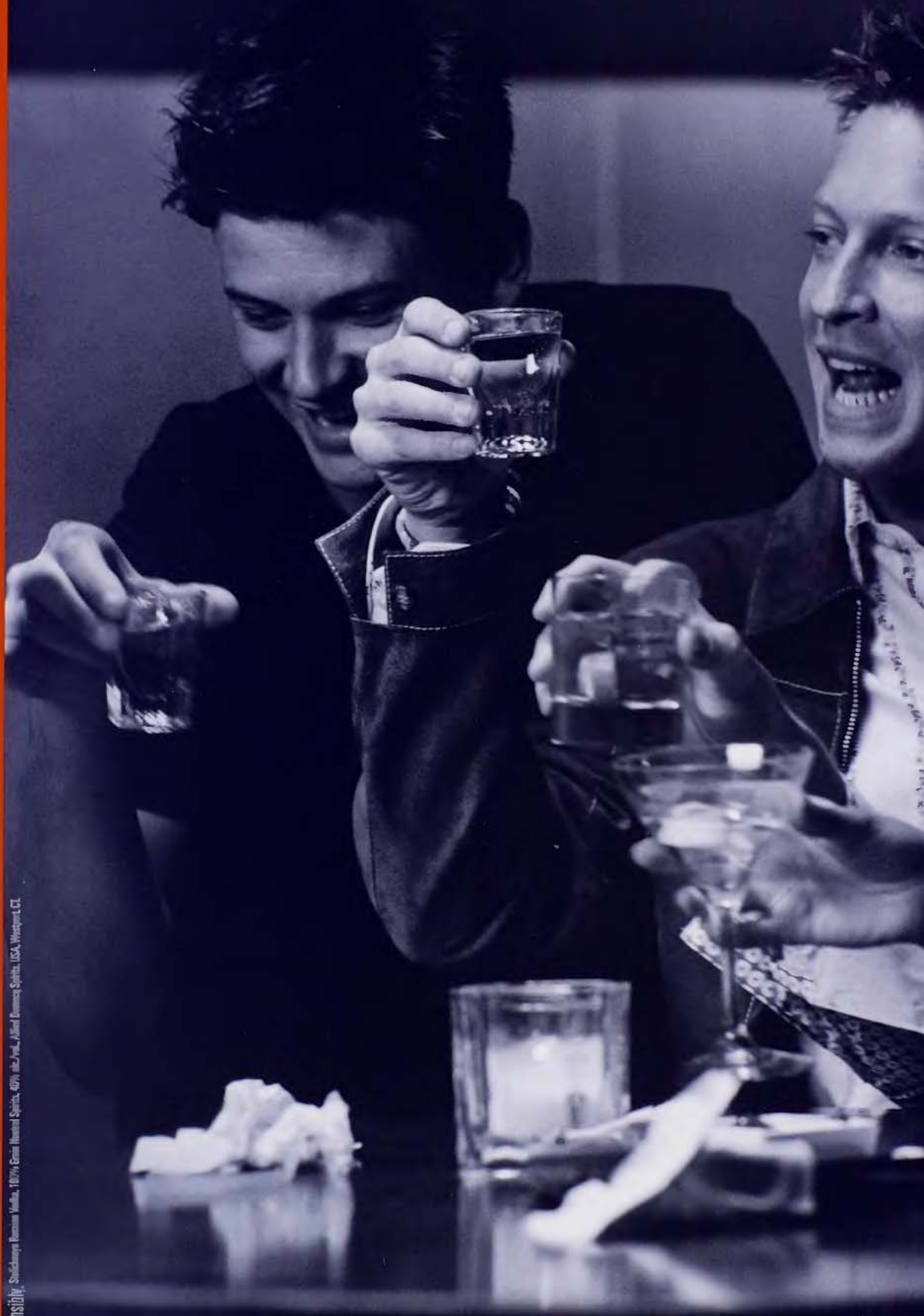
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New York's **Charles Rangel** is one of the longest-serving members of Congress and the ranking Democrat on the House Ways and Means Committee. He was against invading Iraq but is in favor of reinstating the draft. Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker**—who met Rangel in his Harlem office for this month's *20Q*—says Rangel is riled. "One of the reasons I'm seriously thinking about getting out of politics," Rangel told him, "is because my driving force is to make things better. It's no fun being in Congress now because of the damper this administration's economic policies have put on us for decades ahead. Our military and homeland defense costs are increasing, our borrowing is increasing and there's reduction in assistance to local and state governments. And we're talking about tax cuts? It's hard for me to get excited about the future."

What if the hot new girl in your high school had hinted that she would fool around if you could just score her some drugs? *Jailbait*, by **Mark Boal**, is the story of how cops in Altoona, Pennsylvania planted a narc in low-riders and a thong to do just that. "I read a lot of small-town newspapers," Boal says. "When I saw this story about an undercover sting in a high school, I wanted to know how these narcs operated in real life, and what impact they had on the working-class communities they policed. I found that this tactic is like a low-tech bomb that causes a lot of collateral damage en route to its target."



We like the approach taken by photographer **Chuck Baker**, who shot this month's fashion feature *Killer Additives*. "I've always seen fashion from a natural, fun point of view," he says. Baker has a reputation for exquisite still-life work—some of which can be seen in our feature. "The idea was to focus on a small apartment, shooting somebody wearing clothes in an environment where they live, work, get up in the morning. I wanted to shoot the couple in bed, having breakfast—but we didn't have 20 pages. The still lifes are shot with the idea that they are part of the same environment. That makes this a true lifestyle story."

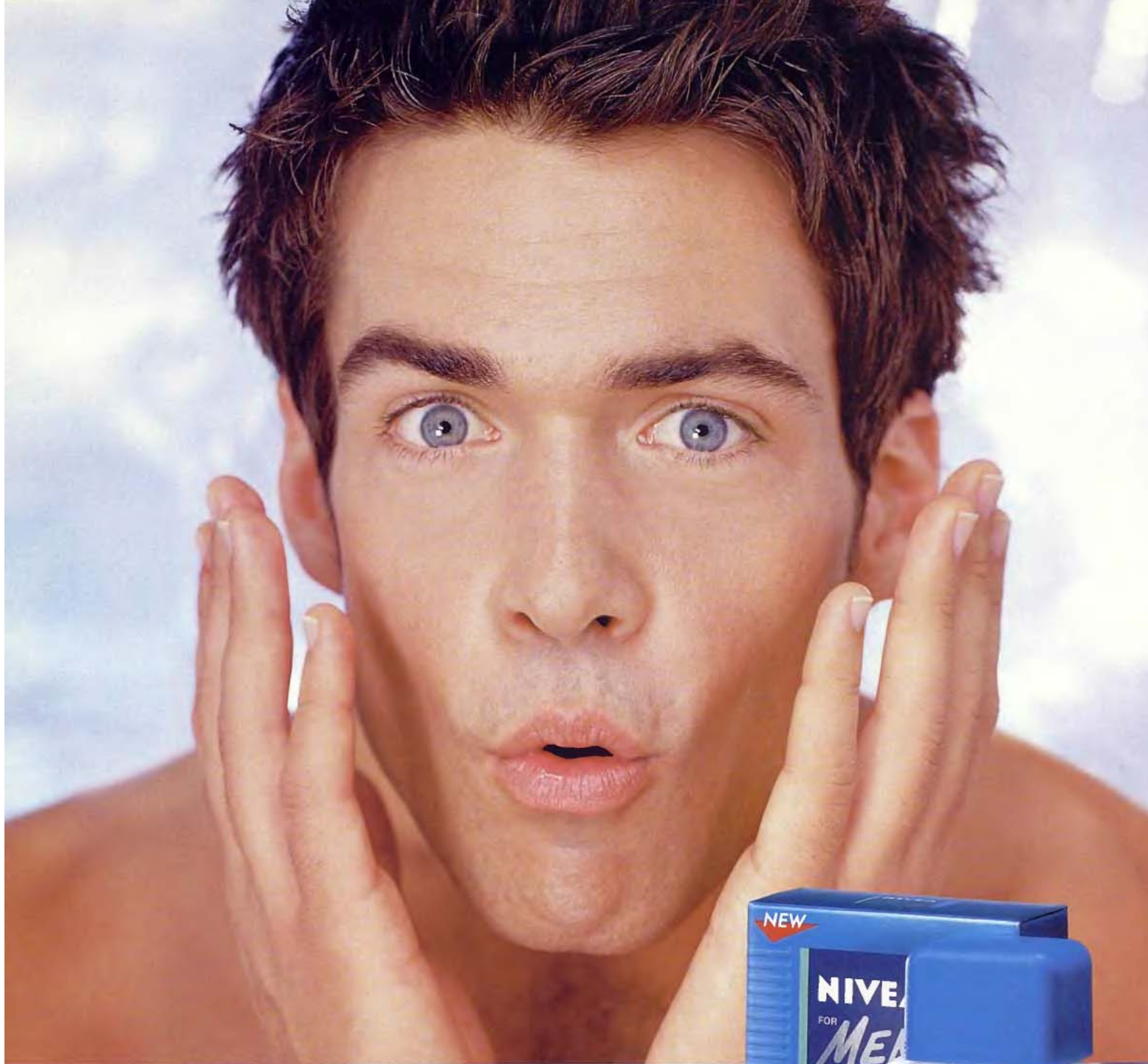


As Spider-Man, **Tobey Maguire** swung into Hollywood's elite. This summer, he takes a break from worldwide web success to star in *Seabiscuit*. "He's one of the hottest actors, but he also aspires to be a mogul," says Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, who engages Maguire for the *Playboy Interview*. He carries himself like a mogul, too—right down to the stogie. "With *PLAYBOY*, he realized it was OK to smoke a cigar while we talked. Still, he's very conscious of his image. We asked him to pose with the cigar in his mouth, but he wouldn't do it."



Our August fiction, *Jubilation*, by **T. Coraghessan Boyle**, is set in an idyllic planned community in Florida. But the developers, it seems, failed to mention a pre-existing community of reptiles. Boyle encountered his first alligator in the Okefenokee Swamp. "We were in a little skiff, whispering so we wouldn't disturb this beautiful animal," he says. "It was a good-size gator—maybe eight feet. After a while, it wasn't doing much, so my friend ill-advisedly whacked it on the head with an apple. It turned out to be very forgiving. We fed it bologna sandwiches and all was well."





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PLAYBOY

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When a hot transfer student showed up midsemester at a Pennsylvania high school in 2002, she seemed up for anything—as long as the local boys could score her some drugs. Several teens took the bait. Then they got arrested. Did this narc go too far? The inside story of a controversial undercover operation. BY MARK BOAL

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Sex in the city. Sex in the country. Sex in club bathrooms and beach motels. Almost 10,000 people responded to our online poll, which takes the mystery out of one-night stands. We look into what's happened to promiscuity in an age of conservatism and AIDS; we find out how many people are getting it on with strangers, what makes them want to and how kinky they'll get. Get advice on how to handle the morning after. Plus weird, wild and well-oiled hookup stories.

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When a giant amusement park corporation starts a planned community complete with an old-fashioned Main Street, USA, they take care of everything—except the mosquitoes and alligators. BY T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

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With Spider-Man, Tobey Maguire went from the earnest young man of The Cider House Rules and The Ice Storm to the top of Hollywood's pay scale. Where do you go from there? The Playboy Interview, of course. Maguire describes fighting Willem Dafoe, getting involved with AA and indulging his current vices. BY DAVID SHEFF



cover story

Why was *Survivor: The Amazon* the best season yet? Because the heat forced winner Jenno Morasca and fourth-place runner-up Heidi Strobel to sprint, swim and scheme in nothing but their skivvies. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Woydo snapped shots of the million-dollar bodies underneath the bikinis. Our Rabbit gets jungle fever near the jackpot.



PLAYBOY®

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Hef's HAPPY 77TH



Hef is in seventh heaven celebrating his 77th birthday with his seven girlfriends at a celeb-packed pajama-and-lingerie party at the Mansion. (1) The birthday boy has his cake and is eating it, too. (2) Stephen Dorff and Luke Wilson. (3) Artist Olivia De Berardinis and pin-up icon Bettie Page with an autographed painting for the host. (4) Jon Lovitz, Jack Osbourne and friends. (5) Dennis Haysbert, Erika Klauer, Jacqueline Billings and Chaz Guest. (6) *Joe Millionaire*'s Sarah Kozer with the real deal. (7) Dana Norris and Aaron Buerge of *The Bachelor*. (8) Owen Wilson meets the Bentley twins. (9) *Survivor*'s Jerri Manthey. (10) Brooke Burke and her hubby, Dr. Garth Fisher. (11) Michael Bay and Lisa Dergan. (12) WWE superstar Torrie Wilson with her husband. (13) Justin "Who's Afraid of a Little Pussy" Timberlake. (14) Fred Durst in comely company. (15) Tap-dancing legend Fayard Nicholas with his spouse. (16) Jack Osbourne putting the squeeze on Paris Hilton.



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A



B

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TORRID TORRIE

I'm a big fan of the WWE, and your Torrie Wilson pictorial (May) is amazing. I didn't think you could top Sable.

Larry James
London, UK

I have been in love with Torrie ever since her WWE debut in 1999.

Joe Kirsh
San Francisco, California



Torrie pins us again.

I wondered when Torrie would pose for you guys. She is a goddess.

Greg Vale
San Jacinto, California

Thank you for making all my Torrie fantasies come true. Now, how about getting Trish Stratus next?

Arce Rodriguez
New York, New York

Thanks for the hottest babe on the planet. I might be in love.

Andy Bracewell
Belfast, Northern Ireland

BILLY BOB BLOOPERS

The neurotic Billy Bob Thornton (*Playboy Interview*, May) says he's afraid of Komodo dragons and Louis XIV furniture and that he won't do Shakespeare because we don't understand that language. Where is Laurence Olivier when we need him?

Jerry Lumbre
Pittsburg, California

GORGEOUS JORJA

You ask 20 questions of the hottest Fox on TV (20Q, May), and you don't tell us what she did before appearing on *CSI* or even how old she is. But let's hear it for those legs anyway.

Steve Douglas
Pasadena, California

We don't really care what she did before CSI, and our mothers told us it's impolite to ask a woman her age.

ANOTHER CHINA SYNDROME

Thanks for *The China Syndrome 2003* (May) by Rene Chun. I am deeply disturbed by Edward McGaffigan's cavalier attitude about a possible attack on Indian Point. It's absurd to think that only a "few" people's dying is acceptable to the NRC.

D. Fox
Columbus, Ohio

Sorry, guys. There's a better chance of Bin Laden walking into the White House than of a terrorist causing a meltdown at Indian Point.

Matt Gray
Washington, D.C.

As a private security consultant I can certainly understand Foster Zeh's concerns about poor training for security officers, but when the state and federal governments do not allow security to use common sense and instead force them to use 100-page orders, training is a waste of time. The armed security guard must wait for an assault before he can open fire. Either get the military to guard these facilities, or train private security properly.

Paul Pickard
Riverside, California

I have worked in the nuclear field for almost 20 years and have been involved in all aspects of plant operations and waste handling. To me, "the China Syndrome" means a B movie made with Jane Fonda. If I wanted sensationalized journalism, I'd turn on CNN.

Chris Vech
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Stick with beautiful women, great interviews and superb fiction. Editorials disguised as exposés are nothing but crap. If you must do this, where is the plant owner's side of the story? Where is Wackenhut's side of the story?

Chris Shoemaker
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Once again the antinuke nuts are at it. The real problem is the not-in-my-

backyard one. Would we really like to give up cheap power, nuclear medicine and X rays? I doubt it.

Ira Shprintzen
New Rochelle, New York

I believe many of the terrorist-attack assumptions you make are correct and very troubling. We should have started storing these fuel rods at the Nevada Test Site years ago, placing them in highly secure, long-term storage. I have worked with nuclear material most of my life. The environmentalists and Native Americans have delayed the completion and operation of the Yucca Mountain storage areas for years now, and maybe that will cause the kind of disaster your article warns about. Frankly, I don't think any security force in the world could stop a dedicated terrorist who doesn't care if he dies in an assault.

John Cleland
Las Vegas, Nevada

Your *China Syndrome 2003* article is a deep disappointment. As a practicing nuclear engineer, I can tell you it is poorly researched. Let's start with the turquoise "shrink-off" radiation in the spent fuel. It doesn't pulsate—it has a steady glow. The radiation causes energetic particles in the water to travel faster than the speed of light, and this



Nuclear fallout.

causes the shock wave. The effect is known as Cerenkov radiation, after the Russian physicist who first described it. Also, the zirconium cladding on the spent-fuel rods fails at 1200, not 900, degrees centigrade. Those 300 degrees make all the difference in the world. Sorry, another annoying fact: The NRC's decision on the safety and location of the spent-fuel pools would come from reviewing

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the design documents and visiting the site and looking at the condition of the pools. If your primary source is a whistle-blower, he would be protected by the law, but it does not appear from the article that he ever applied for this protection. Perhaps the cause for his dismissal is less sinister.

Brenden Heidrich
State College, Pennsylvania

The Indian Point plant has operated for decades. In the world after September 11, the FBI considers nuclear power plants hardened targets and therefore unlikely to be successfully attacked. The *Blueprints for Terror* sidebar is much scarier. Closing Indian Point would cause electricity costs to rise, increase air pollution and not reduce the risks.

Gilbert Brown
Lowell, Massachusetts

Nuclear energy is an emotional issue. But the question is not whether we have a choice of living with nuclear energy—it's about how we choose to live with it. We decided to cast light on what appeared to be lax security at Indian Point and the vulnerabilities of its spent-fuel pools. On those points, our critics are silent. Whether you support nuclear energy or oppose it, there's no denying that spent fuel poses an enormous challenge to the industry—and could be its Achilles' heel. The issue of long-term disposal remains unresolved. And now, compounding the safety dilemmas presented by aging plants and ever-increasing amounts of spent fuel, comes the threat of terrorism—which can't be so easily dismissed. Chris Shoemaker might want to go back and read the story again: An Indian Point representative and an NRC official are quoted throughout. As for Brenden Heidrich's concerns, we used the colloquial expression for Cerenkov radiation as part of what is simply an eyewitness description of the pools themselves. Also, the dangers associated with spent-fuel rods reaching a temperature of more than 900 degrees centigrade are undeniable—it's the point at which a loss of cooling water can result in a zirconium fire. Many nuclear physicists have verified that the spent-fuel pools were not designed to handle the amount of toxic material they now hold. The NRC has adjusted its standards to fit the needs of the energy companies to which it is beholden; we're skeptical of that relationship. We stand by Foster Zeh's account. Zeh is not trying to shut down Indian Point. He merely made the decision to draw attention to the poor security and physical plant conditions there. He shouldn't be ignored.

ROPED IN

It was so refreshing to read *The Velvet Rope Orgy* by Tanya Corrin (May). I belong to a club in the Philadelphia area, and I am sick of the stereotypes

people have about group sex. I have seen some beautiful people there, some joining in, others watching. This kind of sex is for the young and bold.

C.M.
Westchester, Pennsylvania

On the cover of your May issue you have *V.I.P. SEX: ARE YOU ON THE LIST?* If I were on the list, I wouldn't require a subscription to your magazine.

Christian Coney
New Orleans, Louisiana

I have a few corrections to your article. I'm familiar with this scene. *Rendezvous* and *Flirt* are separate clubs. *Flirt* is a spin-off of *Rendezvous*. *Ren-*



Behind the rope.

dezvous still exists as a private club whose members are all known by the founders.

Ana Pavan
New York, New York

MAY OUI

Miss May, Laurie Fetter, is fantastic, and photographer George Georgiou really brings out her best feature—those eyes. Laurie's warm, sensual look says it all.

John Michaels
Eldersburg, Maryland

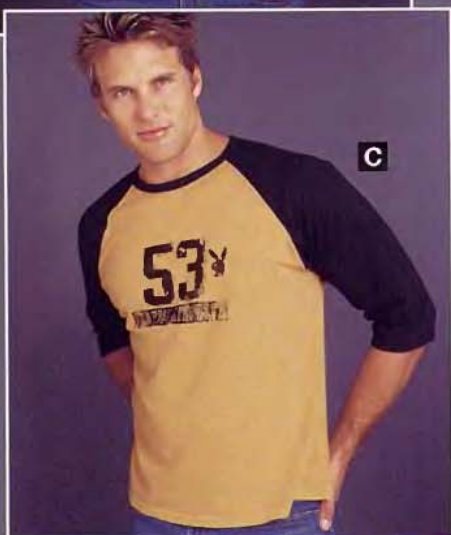
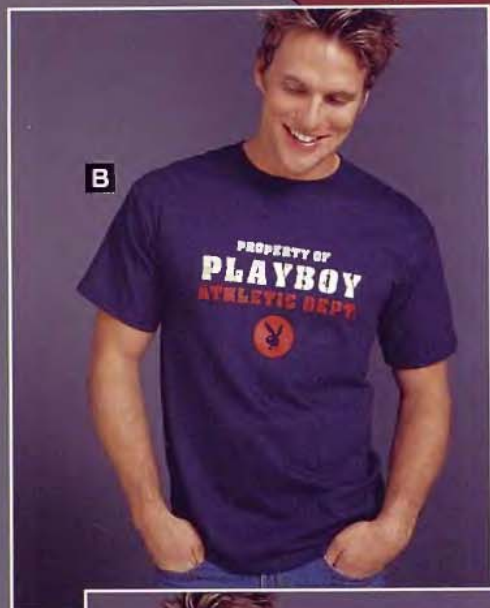
HE LOVES US

I am an avid *PLAYBOY* reader. I started stealing them from my dad when I was younger and graduated to my grandfather's collection, which goes back to the first issues in the Fifties. I have fallen in love with many things in *PLAYBOY*, not just the beautiful women. Thanks.

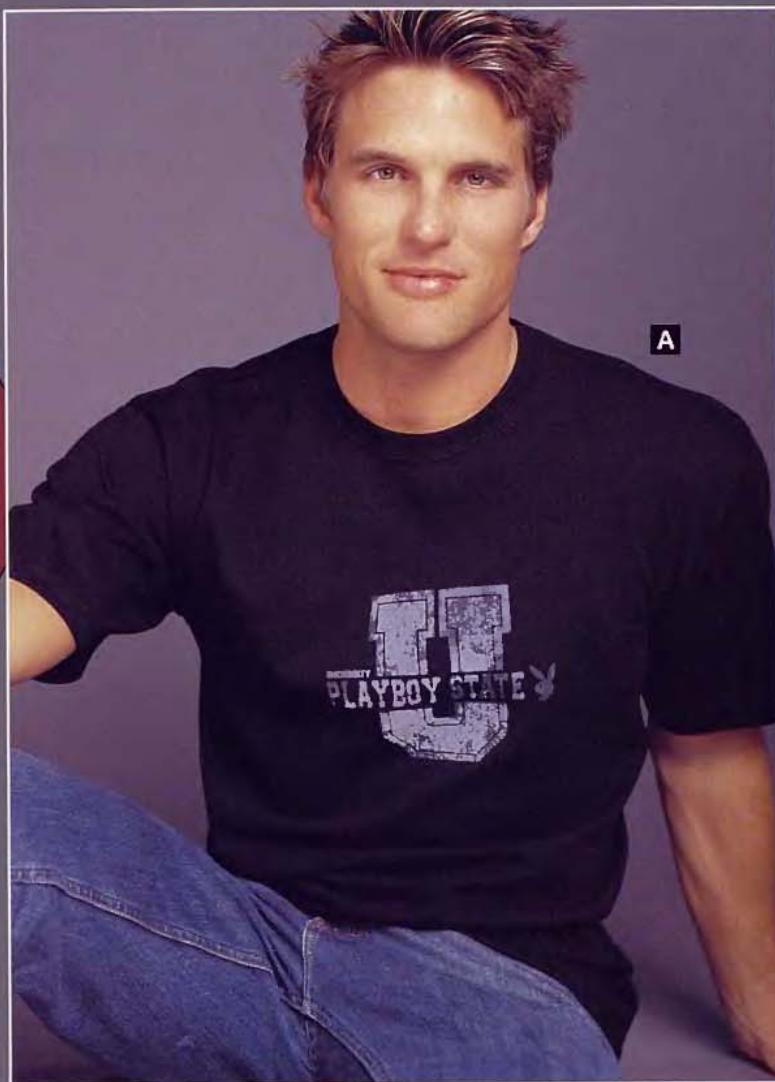
Mark Andrews
Fargo, North Dakota



OLD SCHOOL



53



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- C. SW8659 53 Baseball Jersey **\$46**

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babe of the month

Monica Keena

the star of *freddy vs. jason*
gives us goose bumps

Monica Keena first whet male appetites on *Dawson's Creek* (at least among guys wimpy enough to watch the show but shameless enough to enjoy it). "I played Abby, the mean girl," she recalls. "I was the first death on the show. I got trashed and hit my head on a pier. Another character asks if I'm OK, and I say, 'Shut up, bitch.'" As a teen, Keena attended an arts high school in Manhattan. "We were across the street

"The whole movie is me running around scared. I'm so little, Jason could snap me in two."

from a rougher school," she says. "Our last class would get out 15 minutes before theirs to avoid those kids' beating up all the kids from our school." Fleeing from bullies helped Keena prep for her role in the clash of the horror titans *Freddy vs. Jason*. "The whole movie is me running around scared," she says, delivering welcome news for fans eager to see her lungs put to good use. So who is scarier, Freddy or Jason? "I think Jason," she says, "just because I'm so little and Jason is a big, hulking guy who could snap me in two with one hand. Freddy messes with you more psychologically. I feel like I could talk my way out of it." We're all ears.



WHAT'S UP, MON?

EDUCATING KEENA: Monica attended the High School for the Performing Arts, immortalized in *Fame*. "It's a public high school, not a rich private school for pristine little artists."

DREAM DATE: "There is a crazy side to me. I think it's awesome to party with friends. I like hanging with the guys, and I can drink with the best of them. I'm definitely very comfortable sexually. I'm not prudish at all."

YOU MAY HAVE A SHOT: "I like guys who are funny. I go for weird, offbeat, artsy guys—guys who look like they could be in a rock band."

DEAL SEALERS: Books. "I like Faulkner, Roald Dahl, Vonnegut. They are good to keep around. Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan records help. Tom Waits, too—guys should keep that in mind."

HELLO, KITTY: "I have a big bed. Lots of big pillows and candles. Very cushy. I like to feel like a little kitten in my huge bed."



barometer

IT'S AUGUST AND ...



... you're not a soccer guy. But you are willing to be seduced by intentionally bad dubbing and computer-enhanced stunts of *Shaolin Soccer*, the *Crouching Tiger* of sports comedies now hitting theaters. Bruce Lee look-alike? Check. Cool 1974 disco hit *Kung Fu Fighting*? Check. Guy hit in privates by 45 mph ball? We hope so.

... you've spent a day mowing the grass. Now you crave a juicy steak, medium rare. Slap it on the grill, grind on some pepper and enjoy. Your manly body will thank you for all the protein, iron, B vitamins, zinc, selenium and essential amino acids that are lacking in your lawn.



... you're impressed by American ingenuity, what with Ford, Harley-Davidson and the Wright brothers' first flight joining Strom Thurmond in the 100-year club. But only one of these centennials will be celebrated with chug-a-lug and wet T-shirt contests: Bikers from around the world descend on a helpless Milwaukee August 28.

... you need a beach book. Gaze at passing bikini babes while reading page-turners *Seizure* by Robin Cook and *The Teeth of the Tiger* by Tom Clancy. The sophisticated ogler will opt for *Benjamin Franklin: An American Life* by Walter Isaacson—the perfect prop to peer over through mirrored granny glasses.



... you've heard enough wild stories about naked cyclists, flame jugglers, body paint, glitter karma, desert dharma, S&M yoga and public masturbation to last a lifetime. You wish what happens at Burning Man (August 25 to September 1 in Nevada's vast Black Rock Desert) would just stay at Burning Man.

keepin' it real



HIP-HOP AND HEF

OUR MAN GETS MORE PROPS THAN A HELICOPTER PAD

Hip-hop lyrics are littered with shoutouts to PLAYBOY. It's easy to understand: Hef and rappers share a vision for a world free of strict morals, cumbersome clothing and playa haters. Check these lyrics, dawg.

Michael Jackson featuring Jay-Z—*You Rock My World (Remix)* He says: "The Mike Jordan of rap, the Mike Jackson of pop . . . The Hugh Hef of the game, yeah it won't stop." We say: Jigga, if you really want to be like Hef, start by ditching Jacko.

Baby Cham featuring Foxy Brown—*More* She says: "I'm like a Playboy Bunny/I love to pose nude/A six-page spread/Some Prada shoes." We say: You want to wear shoes? Forget it.

Nas—*U Wanna Be Me* He says: "I'm like Hugh Hefner/You lesser." We say: Hef and Nas are so much alike, in fact, even their close friends have a hard time telling them apart.

Next featuring 50 Cent—*Jerk* He says: "PLAYBOY, November issue, page three was my wife. . . . I touch on myself when ain't no shorties to touch me." We say: See? Bullet-riddled OGs like 50 Cent get lonely, too.

D12—*Fuck Battlin'* They say: "Have your mom suck my cock while I read PLAYBOY books." We say: You kiss our mother with that mouth?

Binary Star—*KGB* He says: "I'm trying to count zeros and hos like Hugh Hefner." We say: Hef suggests hiring a good accountant.

Pacewon—*Cowboys and Westerns* He says: "Done seen more naked chicks than Hugh Hefner." We say: Not likely.

bottoms up



POON TANG

AN ENERGY DRINK WITH THAT FRESH, CLEAN FEELING

The first thing you notice about Sum Poozie is the color, and then the odor. It's pink, it's cherry and it's fake—just the way we like it when we need an artificial rush. With a campaign designed to take on Red Bull, and a pin-up girl on the bottle, Sum Poozie isn't subtle. It's loaded with sugar, B₁₂, ginseng and, for a dose of extra ups, taurine. So as the party rolls on, Sum Poozie may help flagging revelers stay erect.

body of evidence

BLIND HER WITH SCIENCE

ENHANCE YOUR POWERS OF PERSUASION WITH FACTS

Women are romantic creatures. But vanity also makes them susceptible to honey-dipped science. Use these indisputable facts as deal closers, and tell her you got them from your doctor.



Hypothesis: Sex makes you smarter.

Proof: University of Calgary med school research reveals that sex triggers a surge of the hormone prolactin, which causes stem cells in the brain to produce new neurons. The effect seems limited to the olfactory center—your sense of smell—but why go into needless detail? Bottom line, sex

produces more brain cells. Be careful. A line like "You could always use more brain" will probably provoke the reply, "With tits like these, I don't need a brain. Or you."

Hypothesis: Intercourse fends off the flu.

Proof: Researchers at Wilkes University in Pennsylvania found that sex twice a week produces high levels of a disease-fighting antibody called immunoglobulin A. So it's solid science to assume that sex twice a day will make her almost invulnerable.



Hypothesis: Marathon sex aids sprinters.

Proof: According to Uwe Hokus, who trains Germany's sprint team, women who have sex before competing perform better than when they abstain. Intercourse raises their testosterone levels, which enhances performance. Use this one on fitness fanatics. Remember: It's not whether she wins or loses, it's whether she buys your game.

Hypothesis: Infidelity is key to survival.

Proof: Need fresh sexual energy? Try monkeying around. University of Virginia behavioral ecologist Charles Nunn's analysis of 20 years' worth of data on higher primates found that promiscuous species have soaring white blood counts and high resistance to infection. Of course, once you make this point, you can't complain when she develops a taste for bananas.



Hypothesis: Parted thighs are smooth thighs.

Proof: An article published by the noted scientists at the German edition of *Glamour* claims that sex helps prevent cellulite formation in women by releasing hormones that firm up body tissue and skin. Follow up her typical query, "Am I fat?" with, "No, but your legs could use some toning," and you may actually win the ensuing argument.

goof proof



WILD CARDS

A PAIR OF JOKERS SNEAK OUT OF THE PACK AND INTO COLLECTORS' HEARTS

With millions of trading cards produced every year, there are bound to be screw-ups. Chief among legendary error cards is Topps' 1977 C-3PO "Golden Rod," in which the fussy droid is shown sporting a stiffy the size of a plucked Ewok. The party line for the flub involves an errant piece of costume caught in midair by the camera. Uh-huh. Though thousands exist, the card goes for as much as \$20. Next up to the plate is the 1989 Billy Ripken card, issued by Fleer even though the bottom of Ripken's bat reads "Fuck Face." Ripken claimed the card-in-al sin was a prank by teammates; Orioles fans put the finger on his brother Cal. Thousands of cards were printed before Fleer cried foul and sanitized the image—and ever since, baseball fans have tried to save Face.

indecent proposals

EVERYBODY HAS A PRICE

YOUR SELF-RESPECT, GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE...

- \$ Would you start an unprovoked shoving match with a total stranger for \$100? \$500? \$1000?
- \$ Would you French-kiss your dog for \$25? How about for \$50? For a Certs?
- \$ How much would it cost for you to name your firstborn Sars? \$5000? \$25,000? \$125,000? How about Osama? Adolf?
- \$ Would you risk all your savings if you had a 50-50 shot to make 10 times more? How about 100 times more?
- \$ If your girlfriend was willing, would you let a friend screw her for \$1000? \$10,000? \$25,000? Would you let her screw three friends at once for \$10,000? \$50,000? \$100,000? Where did you find this girl?

Log on to Playboy.com and vote in the Everybody Has a Price poll. This month's results will be published in the November issue.

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taste test

Have a bite
of mine.

Sure...where
is it?

Over here.

I didn't know
this place had
kielbasa!

DATING IN THE DARK

GUESS WHO'S GROPING FOR DINNER?

Finally, something for romantics who find candlelight too inhibiting. Here's the way Dinner in the Dark, a new dating option for singles in New York, works: Show up at the designated restaurant, where a hostess wearing night-vision goggles guides you into a pitch-black room to join 35 or so other blind daters. The five-course gourmet meal begins. "My fork is as fucking blind as I am," says a voice named Rita. Wineglasses are shared, and female diners' hands wander to judge looks, build and virility. The experience, hosted by cosmoparty.com (and spreading to cities other than New York), is supposed to be more culinary than carnal. Right. "You're missing a great show," announces Maribel, rumored to be blouseless by the time her coq au vin arrives. So what's for dessert?

siren call

FAKING THE LAW

POSEUR POLICE SO
REAL WE CAN'T BELIEVE
THEY'RE NOT BACON

Everyone in Hollywood pretends to be something they're not, but the LAPD is not fooled by the trend of citizens posing as cops. Genuine law enforcement has a name for the phenomenon: play police. "These guys blend right in," says LAPD detective Robert Haro. "Even cops assume they're real and look the other way." How do play police, who have been known to respond to calls and write traffic citations, pull it off? Believe it or not, authentic uniforms, scanners, riot gear, batons and cuffs can be purchased through catalogs and from wholesalers. Uniforms Inc. in downtown Los Angeles offers an LAPD uniform for about \$375. Police cars can be bought at auctions for \$10,000 to \$15,000. As for decals, play cops manage to create them at graphics shops or at home. Fake fuzz spend small fortunes on their look for one reason—the rush. "Most are failed police applicants," says detective Sean Collinsworth, formerly of the LA County Sheriff's Department. "When they fail, they go out and flash a badge anyway." Once, Collinsworth was walking by a yogurt shop and spied two "stone-cold-perfect" LAPD officers. "They even had a patrol car parked out front." What they didn't have was the proper frequency on their radio. "That was one of the scariest arrests I ever made," he says. "There was still a chance that they were actual LAPD, and you don't draw a gun on the LAPD unless you're crazy."



employee of the month



SUPERSTYLIST

SET DESIGNER BRYNNE RINDERKNECHT
KNOWS HOW TO ADORN A ROOM

PLAYBOY: What do you do at the magazine?

BRYNNE: I'm a set designer and photo stylist. I pick out everything from props to wallpaper for our photo shoots. I also find furniture, and occasionally choose the wardrobe.

PLAYBOY: How about the set for your own shoot?

BRYNNE: For one picture I put some turquoise aquarium gravel on the ground and posed on it.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of decor, does your carpet match your drapes?

BRYNNE: No rug—my floor is bare!

PLAYBOY: Were you nervous about stripping?

BRYNNE: I feel sexy in front of the camera. I've been to nude beaches, I walk around nude at home and my boyfriend and I like to do Polaroid sessions once in a while.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a hot hobby.

BRYNNE: I try to make my whole apartment a sexual environment. I have old theater curtains draped around my bed—I like being dramatic where it counts.





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Laurence Fishburne says sip responsibly

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Another Military Cluck-Up

The number of chickens issued to U.S. Marines in Kuwait as living bio-detectors to display warning symptoms in the event of an attack with chemical or biological weapons: **43**. The number of those chickens that dropped dead of natural causes within days of arriving in Kuwait: **42**.

Chance Encounters

This month's odds, brought to you by sportsinteraction.com:

NEXT JAMES BOND:

Hugh Jackman	3:1
Jude Law	7:1
Christian Bale	12:1
Ewan McGregor	12:1
Cuba Gooding Jr.	33:1

COLIN FARRELL'S FATE:

Checks into rehab	7:4
Retires from acting	8:1
Stops swearing	20:1
Marries Britney or Demi	50:1



Doggie Dough



REWARD

offered by the Patabendi family of Hollis, Queens for the return of Bugsy, their German shepherd:

\$25,000

Blow Jobs

Number of balloon retailers in the U.S.: more than **12,000**
 Number of balloon titles available at inflatablevideos.com: **30**
 Annual retail balloon-sales revenue: **\$1 billion**
 Price for high-end balloon sculptures: **\$12,000**

Quite Frankly

In 2001, supermarket hot dog sales totaled **\$1.7 billion**. The average American eats **70** wieners per year.



No Free Bride

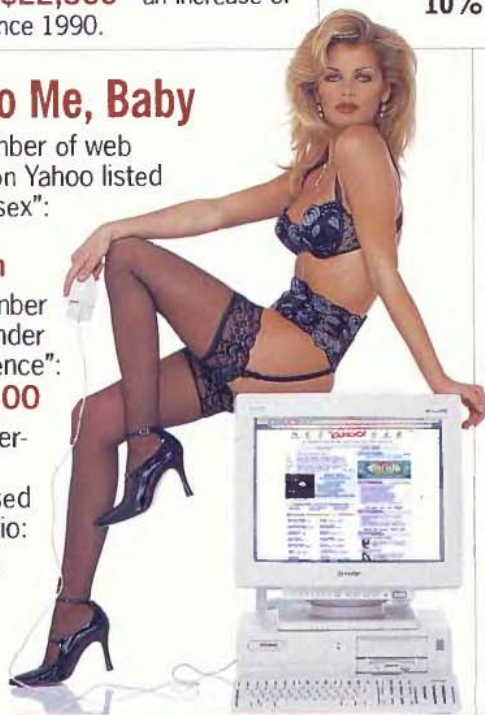
The average cost of a wedding in 2003 is **\$22,360**—an increase of **47%** since 1990.

Yahoo Me, Baby

The number of web pages on Yahoo listed under "sex": **137 million**

The number listed under "abstinence": **390,000**

The difference expressed as a ratio: **351:1**



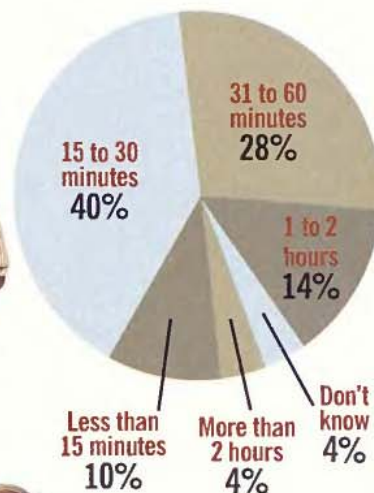
All Work, Little Play

Number of vacation days taken annually by average worker in:

ITALY	42
FRANCE	37
GERMANY	35
BRAZIL	34
UK	28
CANADA	26
S. KOREA	25
JAPAN	25
U.S.	13

The Sting Meter

According to a Harris Poll, the average sexual encounter lasts 15 to 30 minutes. The breakdown:



The Bottom Five

The Least Important U.S. Presidents

based on length of entry in the *World Book Encyclopedia*. (For comparison, George Washington, the president with the longest entry, is discussed for 11,165 words.)

Rank	President	Words in Entry
39.	Franklin Pierce	1699
40.	John Tyler	1648
41.	Zachary Taylor	1343
42.	William H. Harrison	1318
43.	Millard Fillmore	1216





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

POWER LUNCH

healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

The inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her 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

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes," and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a 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 dimax*!

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



Oh well, guess she doesn't need a light after all.

movie of the month

[TERMINATOR 3: RISE OF THE MACHINES]

Man-vs.-machine mayhem—batteries not included

In anticipation of filming something as massive as *T3*, everybody has ideas. When Nick Stahl, who plays hope-of-humanity John Connor, was mastering weaponry, his LAPD instructor did a little directing of his own. "I found myself in the passenger seat of his car firing an AK-47 out the window as he was doing doughnuts in a parking lot," says Stahl. "He had it in his head that maybe that was part of the movie." It's not, but \$150 million worth of stunts, effects and Ah-nold (as a sometimes good, sometimes bad cyborg) are in store for fans of the James Cameron-created franchise—although Cameron himself bailed, replaced at the helm by Jonathan Mostow (*U-571*). The story picks up 10 years after *T2*, with Connor "living off the grid, basically homeless," says Stahl. "He avoids cameras, doesn't have friends and has a well-founded paranoia about being discovered." But what if your new pursuer is a knockout Terminatrix in red leather (Kristanna Loken)? "She's off-the-scales hot," says Stahl, who bemoans that most of his scenes with Loken involved fleeing her presence. "After three months of running away, I thought, I either want her to catch me and kill me, or maybe we can be friends!" (July 2)

"I was firing an AK-47 out the passenger side window."

now showing

The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen

(Sean Connery, Stuart Townsend, Peta Wilson, Shane West)

This month's comic book-based flick pits a power-mad villain against a Brit-lit team of Indy-like adventurer Allan Quatermain (Connery), the Invisible Man and Dracula's bride, plus token Yank Tom Sawyer. Talk about your coalition of the willing.

Our call: *Gentlemen*, please. Rumor has it that Connery and director Stephen Norrington nearly came to blows. That would be more fun to watch than this ill-conceived bomb.



Bad Boys II

(Will Smith, Martin Lawrence, Gabrielle Union, Joe Pantoliano)

Whatchagonna do when it takes eight years to engineer a reunion between those maverick narcs played by Smith and Lawrence? Round two finds them busting a drug kingpin and Smith getting jiggy with his unamused partner's li'l sis.

Our call: Director Michael "Boom" Bay could match expectations, if your expectations aren't for much more than wisecrack-gunfight-car-chase-wisecrack-kablooey.



Lara Croft Tomb Raider: The Cradle of Life

(Angelina Jolie, Gerard Butler, Djimon Hounsou)

Jolie returns as the planet's best-looking independently wealthy video-game vixen, this time on an adventure-filled quest to locate that wellspring of evil, Pandora's box, assisted by an old flame. No, we don't mean Billy Bob.

Our call: The first Croft flick nearly entombed us, so the sequel offers more action, less yack. Even slam-bang stunts can't outshine the movie's best special effect—Jolie in a bikini.



Seabiscuit

(Tobey Maguire, Jeff Bridges, Chris Cooper)

Wonder boy Maguire plays the real-life half-blind Depression-era jockey who rode a runty dark horse to the victory circle, inspired an entire nation and presumably made some long-odds players a whole lot of hay.

Our call: A horse movie is just a horse movie, of course. But this adaptation of the best-selling book leads the Oscar field so far. *Rocky* with a saddle could win by a nose.



critical mass

[WHAT WAS THAT MASKED FILM?]

Bob Dylan makes a puzzling art-house movie. Or does he?

When *Masked and Anonymous* (opening July 25) screened at Sundance, the smattering of applause was matched by the sounds of heads being scratched. What could motivate an all-star cast—Luke Wilson, Jeff Bridges, Penélope Cruz, Jessica Lange and Val Kilmer, among others—to appear in this esoteric mess? Answer: Bob Dylan, the movie's central star and inspiration. But like most things involving Dylan, the mystery doesn't end there.

What's it all about, anyway?

M&A is set in an America turned into a third world country by a senseless civil war. Shady promoter Uncle Sweetheart (John Goodman) sets up a sham benefit concert and lands long-imprisoned troubadour Jack Fate (Dylan) as the headliner. What results is a chaotic mix of political commentary, abstract humor and smoking performance footage that features Dylan and his touring band.

Is Dylan responsible for the script?

It's difficult to overestimate Dylan's genius as a songwriter. But whenever he has ventured into other fields—1971's free-form novel *Tarantula* and 1978's nearly-four-hour movie *Renaldo and Clara*—he's received a critical drubbing. Which, perhaps, is why the *M&A* script is credited to "Sergei Petrov and Rene Fontaine," when rumor has it that Dylan wrote it with the film's director, sitcom guru Larry Charles. At Sundance, Charles swore that Petrov and Fontaine are real, but the film has Dylan's fingerprints all over it. Then again, the Dylan in-jokes

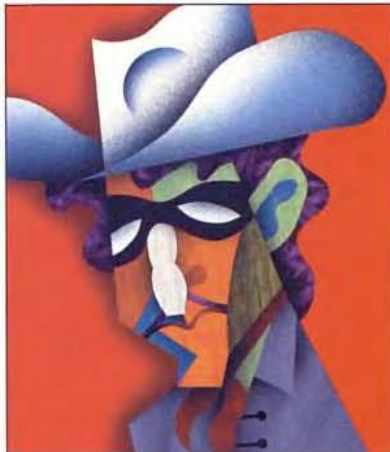
have led others to speculate that the script is the work of an obsessive fan.

Why is Ed Harris in blackface?

Um, because he plays a "song-and-dance man," we guess. (Too bad he delivers a monolog instead of fancy footwork.) More likely it's because the recent Oscar nominee is also a Dylan acolyte who would show up in a corset and nipple clamps if Bob asked.

Who is the audience for this?

Forty years after *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, academic studies of the



artist's songs continue to hit bookstores with alarming regularity. No matter how severely it gets trashed by critics, the low budget (the film was shot on digital video and the stars worked for union scale) practically guarantees that Dylanologists will put it in the black—and spend the next 40 years yammering on about how it's a misunderstood masterpiece.

art house



Northfork

Twin filmmakers Michael and Mark Polish (*Twin Falls Idaho*) justify their cult following with this haunting fantasy about a widower (James Woods) sent to evacuate a Montana town before it's flooded, and a team of angels (including a hermaphrodite) on their own odd mission. *Northfork* sounds pretentious, but it's too sincere and lyrical to dismiss. —Andrew Johnston

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by
Leonard Maltin

DOWN WITH LOVE Renée Zellweger and Ewan McGregor parody Doris Day and Rock Hudson pillow-talk comedies, which were never as heavy-handed as this. The retro look is great, but the comedy is relentlessly artificial, and that grows old fast. ♫

THE HARD WORD Guy Pearce and Rachel Griffiths star in this Aussie import about prisoners who are part of a robbery ring with their warden and a slick lawyer—until things go awry. Sharp and clever with plenty of surprises in store. ♫

THE MATRIX RELOADED This sequel doesn't have the revolutionary visual ideas of the first blockbuster, but it's still pretty cool, especially as Agent Smith multiplies. But isn't it ironic that a futuristic film's greatest action scene is a car chase? ♫

OWNING MAHOWNY Philip Seymour Hoffman gets a great showcase in this fascinating study of a nerdy assistant bank manager who uses his position to fuel a gambling addiction. Minnie Driver and John Hurt co-star in this solid sleeper. ♫

28 DAYS LATER Danny Boyle (*Trainspotting*) offers a film that's part science fiction, part horror and all scary. A virus spreads like wildfire through the UK, leaving survivors to dodge the brain-diseased marauders who haven't yet died. ♫

WINGED MIGRATION This Oscar-nominated film allows us to fly with birds—alongside, over, under and behind them, in fact—as they migrate around the world. An eye-opening documentary that's one of a kind. ♫

X2: X-MEN UNITED A whole lot of mutants means not enough time for each character, but the action never lets up in this lively sequel. Nightcrawler (Alan Cumming) and Jean Grey (Famke Janssen) get ample screen time, while Halle Berry is among those who don't have much to do. ♫

CAPTURING THE FRIEDMANS This documentary won the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance, with good reason: Not only are we touched by a middle-class family's destruction as the father is accused of child pornography, but we see it, too—they kept a video camera running all the time. ♫

Don't miss
Good show

Worth a look
Forget it

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cd of the month

[JANE'S ADDICTION * STRAYS]

The Lollapalooza godfathers are keeping it surreal.



At this point nothing's shocking about Jane's Addiction. During their late-Eighties assault on the Los Angeles scene, the alternative quartet's dalliance with sexual imagery and fierce sermonizing on personal freedom made big-hair bands seem Paleolithic overnight. But can a reunited Jane's still create a stir? On *Strays*, singer-shaman Perry Farrell and band don't so much reinvent as pick up where they left off. They stomp through *To Match the Sun* and the tribal drumming of *True Nature* with the vigor of young Lollapalooza moshers and rekindle their brand of surfside balladry with *Everybody's Friend*. Then, with *Just Because*, Dave Navarro's riffs and Farrell's upper-octave wail truly lock step and demonstrate that Jane's Addiction doesn't need to shock us any longer. They only need to be themselves. (Capitol) ******* —Jason Buhrmester

DANDY WARHOLS

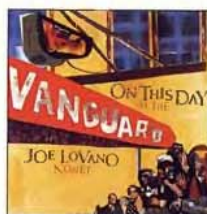
Welcome to the Monkey House

The Dandys have long been a reliable connection for drugged-out rock, but this time they slipped us something different. The foursome's T. Rex riffs come dressed for an Eighties tribute, complete with synths and a cameo by Simon Le Bon. It's less rock, more mood—but do they have better stash that they're not sharing? (Capitol) *****½** —J.B.



JOE LOVANO * On This Day

In the studio, master tenor man Lovano's work with his nonet has been mostly cerebral stuff. This CD, recorded last September at the Village Vanguard, is boisterous, jubilant and straight ahead. It's gratifying to hear a band at the top of its form ripping through strong material. This one joins other classics recorded at the New York club. (Blue Note) *****½** —Leopold Froehlich



MARS VOLTA

De-Loused in the Comatorium

When El Paso punk heroes At the Drive-In split up, members landed in MTV-friendly Sparta and the Mars Volta, a trippy setup that has created an exciting album. In a time of garage overkill, Volta blasts off in a spaceship fueled by who-knows-what, cranking out a psychedelic soundtrack of epic, then hushed songs that never end. So who wants it to end? (Universal) *****½** —Alison Prato



FANNYPACK * So Stylistic

Fannypack is from Brooklyn, but *So Stylistic* is a throwback to the fun-loving heyday of Miami bass—comically simple beats and noises propelled by bazooka booms. These female MCs are unmistakably Eighties, entreating us to "Get up and do it, do it," or busting lines like, "This ain't White Castle, but I'm what you crave." It's all you need to give the entire summer a spring break bounce. (Tommy Boy) *****½** —Tim Mohr



phoning it in

[50 CENT]

Nine bullets almost ended multiplatinum rapper 50 Cent's life three years ago. So the nine questions we fired off didn't even make him flinch.

On being on top:

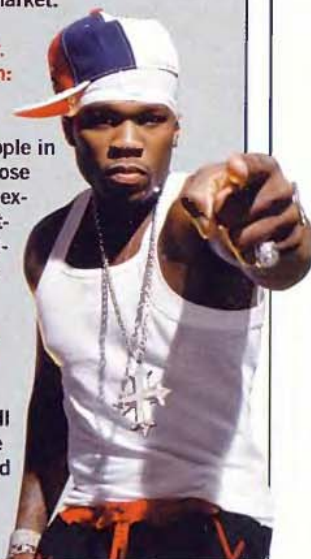
Now my toughest thing is being in competition with myself. After you do exceptionally well, your next record is up against the one that's out now.

Gambling his riches:

I'd rather put \$20,000 on the floor in a dice game than \$20,000 into the stock market, because when the dice stop rolling I know whether I've won or lost. I've no idea what the fuck is going on with the stock market.

Working with Dr. Dre and Eminem:

I already know exactly what to say to excite people in the hood, but those guys have more experience generating worldwide interest. So I take their advice.



The best rapper ever:

Tupac might be the one. He's still outselling people who are alive and breathing who can't come up with concepts better than those Tupac had before he passed.

Drugging and thugging:

I don't miss none of that shit.

His work ethic:

It has to do with not having a plan B. If it doesn't work for me musically, then I go back to the street, which is going back to nothing.

His ideal woman:

She has to know something I don't know. I need a partner, not a girlfriend that's just pretty and just there.

Why he thinks he's lucky:

You get shot nine times and survive—your fingers and toes move and you're operating regular like there's nothing the matter—you gotta kinda start thinking there's a reason.

Did he really kill a man?

Hey, if he didn't survive, he didn't survive. —Dewey Hammond

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game of the month

[SOUL CALIBUR 2]

Girls gone wild—now with swords!

The only thing more humiliating than losing to your buddy at *Soul Calibur 2* (Namco, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) is losing to your buddy when he's playing as a cute girl dressed in a gown that would make J. Lo blush. This sequel to the planet's most popular weapons-based fighting game includes plenty of half-naked femmes among the new combatants (including a custom creation by comic-book legend Todd McFarlane), fresh bone-crusher moves and an exclusive special-guest character per console: Zelda's sword-wielding Link on the GameCube, battle-axe brute Spawn on the Xbox and Tekken's bare-fisted Heihachi on PS2. Unfortunately, *Soul Calibur 2* doesn't include an option to download content from the Net, nor is there a component for online play, so all fashion critiques are confined to your living room. **★★★** —Marc Saltzman



STARSKY & HUTCH (Empire Interactive, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) Two-player mode is where the action is in this spin-off starring our favorite blow-dried cop duo. Have a friend use a wheel controller to steer the classic "Red Tomato" car while you fire out the window with a gun controller. Cut scenes narrated by Antonio "Huggy Bear" Fargas connect the game's 19 episodes, all of which center on patrolling Bay City and cutting down bad guys. It's the best drinking game we've played this year. **★★★**

—Jason Buhrmester



SILENT HILL 3 (Konami, PS2) Hanging out at the mall can be scary enough, even without a plague of giant blood-soaked bunnies. Troubled teen heroine Heather is undaunted, using a steel pipe and a shotgun to battle the beasts infesting her natural habitat, as well as a not-so-amusing amusement park. Grainy video filters, swirling cameras and intense action put it severed head and shoulders above the rest of the horror-game competition—the best installment yet of a great series. **★★★★**

—Scott Steinberg



CHAOS LEGION (Capcom, PS2) As the saying goes, the opera ain't over till the fat lady sings, but this self-described "gothic opera" ain't over till the fat lady is hacked to bits. As master swordsman Sieg Wahrheit, you're hunting Victor Delacroix, an old friend who has gone over to the dark side. You slash through swarms of monsters, getting an assist from seven specialized ghostly legions that you summon just as the frantic button-mashing grows tiresome. **★★½**

—John Gaudiosi



THE GREAT ESCAPE (Gotham Games, PS2, Xbox) The problem with movie-based games is that you know the ending before you pick up a controller. Still, we couldn't resist a shot at playing Steve McQueen, dodging prison camp guards and making the most daring motorcycle jump in cinematic history. Gameplay shifts between *Medal of Honor*-inspired shootouts and sweat-inducing stealth missions. A chance to slap James Garner silly would have been a really nice twist. **★★½** —J.B.



game bang

[FAST WOMEN]

Street Racing Syndicate's Angelica Bridges cuts to the chase

Wherever you find high-end sports cars, you're sure to find high-maintenance women. *Street Racing Syndicate* (3DO, PS2, Xbox, GameCube) exploits the symbiotic nature of hot rides and sultry sex-pots by allowing players to accessorize their cars with 18 girlfriends who can be won, lost or traded. "What do men like? Sex, cars and money," suggests actress and *PLAYBOY* cover girl Angelica Bridges, whose voice and animated image appear in the game, alongside those of Playmates Tina Jordan and Christi Shake. "So it's natural for a video game to touch on these themes. I play the dream girl—that's why it takes so much to win me over." Just don't count on a smooth ride. These gals are no mere hood ornaments, and when they demand a night on the town, you must choose between losing the girl or the race. The trade-off: The girls dig up dirt on rivals and shake their moneymakers for the camera. "Successful drivers can gain respect and power by trading ladies around their crew," explains *Playboy* Special Editions pin-up Sasha Singleton, also featured in the game. "It's just like real life, because boys are shady."

—S.S.

Angelica Bridges



wired

Alienware If you're a PC gamer, Alienware will outmuscle the beige box that you're currently using. The company's new extraterrestrial-inspired cases feature four USB 2.0 ports on the front and an innovative cooling system that fans air through the glowing eyes. Each system is custom-built to your budget and your intended use, whether it's for video editing or for up-all-night gaming (alienware.com).



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dvd of the month

[GANGS OF NEW YORK]

Tribal warfare in lower Manhattan.

Martin Scorsese's long-awaited costumer about New York in 1863 was nominated for 10 Oscars and came away with nothing. *Two Weeks Notice* made more money. What went wrong? It may be that 167 minutes is too long to squirm in a theater. But with DVDs you can stretch your legs and not miss the bloodletting. *Gangs* is a challenging eyeful. Scorsese's depiction of turmoil during a wave of Irish immigration and the draft riots is both plausible and operatic—in the same vein as his *Age of Innocence*. And he had the good sense once again to cast Daniel Day-Lewis, who walks off with the movie. **Extras:** Bonus materials include commentary by the director and two history lessons (one from the Discovery Channel). But where is all the material that was cut to make the release under three hours? Not here. This version will have to do until the director's cut comes out. ★★★½ —John Rezek



THERE'S SOMETHING MORE ABOUT MARY (1998) Everybody loves Cameron Diaz, including traumatized high school sweetheart Ben Stiller, who hires sleazy private dick Matt Dillon to find her years later. Crude hilarity and organic hair gel ensue. **Extras:** The Farrelly brothers have added 15 minutes for this two-disc collector's edition, which includes new commentary, star interviews (one with Brett Favre), the ending in eight languages and a "Behind the Zipper" featurette that answers the question, "Is it the frank or the beans?" ★★★ —Buzz McClain



PHONE BOOTH (2003) Smarmy Gotham publicist Colin Farrell picks up a ringing public phone and finds himself talking with a psycho sniper who will shoot him if he hangs up. As cops and a crowd of typical New Yorkers circle the booth, director Joel Schumacher tries a slew of cinematic techniques to keep us riding this tense, one-trick pony—except for plausibility. **Extras:** In his DVD commentary, Schumacher agrees it was a good idea to delay the movie's release during the sniper hunt in Washington, D.C. ★★★½ —Gregory P. Fagan



THE QUIET AMERICAN (2002) Chaotic 1952 Saigon slips toward quagmire in director Phillip Noyce's adaptation of the Graham Greene novel. Michael Caine is a British expat reporter who agrees to show U.S. aid worker Brendan Fraser the ropes and winds up sharing his local lay. Fraser's a spook, it turns out, with an idealist's zeal for fixing Indochina's rickety wagon. **Extras:** Australian Noyce, who made a movie skeptical of U.S. foreign policy in a time of patriotism, plays a good sport on the commentary. ★★★ —G.F.



DAREDEVIL (2003) Whatever you may think about movies based on comic book heroes, they inspire cool DVDs. This one offers Ben Affleck as Marvel's titular sight-deprived "Man Without Fear." The two-disc *Daredevil* set is chock-full of features, including one called "Shadow World" that explains how the blind guy uses other senses to kick supervillain butt. (Radioactive isotope baths for everyone!) **Extras:** Jennifer Garner's screen test for the role as Daredevil's lean, mean love interest, Elektra. ★★★ —G.F.



quick study

[FILM SCHOOL]

This month's lesson: All you need to know to watch blaxploitation.

Back in black: In the early Seventies African Americans didn't star in movies, unless they were Sidney Poitier. Into this void rose a new form of urban entertainment that depicted black society in all its funky glory, with black actors as top-billed stars and street-level themes—urban decay, oppression by the Man—as plot points. Much of the blaxploitation genre was low-budget drive-in fodder featuring pimps, hos, pushers, monsters (*Blacula*, 1972) and the occasional hero in tales about botched drug deals or revenge on (usually white) authority figures. But the strongest films raised serious social issues amid the sex-strewn, violent mayhem, not the least being Melvin Van Peebles' 1971 *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* ("Rated X by an all-white jury," ads crowed) and the heroic *Shaft* series. Ridiculous chop-socky and formulaic familiarity burned out the audience, but not before leaving a legacy of a w e s o m e soundtracks (*Superfly*, 1972), producing stars such as Ron O'Neal, Jim Brown, Richard Roundtree and Pam Grier—and raising Hollywood's bottom-line consciousness.



Additional study: *Across 110th Street* (1972), *Cleopatra Jones* (1973), *Detroit 9000* (1973), *Foxy Brown* (1974), *Cotton Comes to Harlem* (1970), *Black Caesar* (1973), *The Mack* (1973), *Three the Hard Way* (1975), *Black Belt Jones* (1974), *Dolemite* (1975). —B.M.

sleaze frame

She may be legally blonde now, but in 1998's *Twilight*, Reese Witherspoon played a jailbait runaway who ex-cop Paul Newman is hired to drag home. A little over two minutes into the proceedings, America's sweetheart gives Newman a nice long look at her buttocks when he barges into her Mexican love nest. The rest of the movie—also starring Gene Hackman, Susan Sarandon and James Garner—is a perfectly competent suspense mystery, although it never quite matches its earlier peaks.



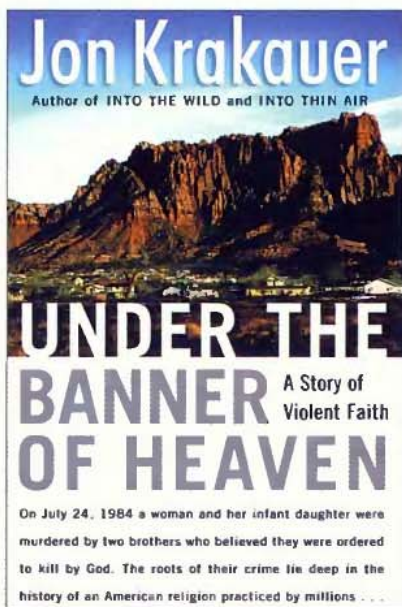
book of the month

[UNDER THE BANNER OF HEAVEN]

JON KRAKAUER

Praise the lord and pass the ammunition.

Krakauer, master of narrative nonfiction, is drawn to stories of people facing extreme elements: climbers caught in a killer storm on Mount Everest (*Into Thin Air*), a would-be Thoreau starving in the Alaskan backwoods (*Into the Wild*). Now he trains his eye on Mormonism, a religion that he also finds extreme. Using a 1984 Utah homicide as a springboard (two fundamentalist Mormon brothers claimed they killed their sister-in-law and her infant daughter as acts of "God's will"), he deftly demonstrates that the history of America's fastest-growing faith can as easily be identified with fanatical violence as with polygamy. He even tacks on a chapter about Elizabeth Smart's kidnapping and the media's rose-tinted celebration of her return to her family. How can a religion foster behavior both messianic and evil? Krakauer makes us understand. Almost. (Doubleday) **★★★★½** —Alison Prato



ASPHALT GODS *Vincent Mallozzi

For nearly 50 years, the Rucker tournament has offered the best outdoor hoops in the world. Holcombe Rucker, a New York City Parks Department employee, brought amateur and pro basketball legends to Eighth Avenue and 155th Street to play a shake-and-bake style of roundball that greatly influenced the modern game. Julius Erving, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Wilt Chamberlain came to the playgrounds of Harlem during the summer to square off

against such street legends as Earl "the Goat" Manigault, Herman "Helicopter" Knowings and Joe "the Destroyer" Hammond. Although there are too many woeful tales of players (like Hammond) who ended up in the big house rather than Madison Square Garden, *Asphalt Gods* is a welcome piece of New York City history. (Doubleday) **★★★★** —Leopold Froehlich

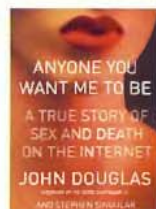


ANYONE YOU WANT ME TO BE

John Douglas, Stephen Singular

In the early Nineties John Robinson, the world's first Internet serial killer, redefined the stalking ground for psychotics by finding his victims online instead of in dark alleys. To nab him in 2000, authorities had to trust emerging technology to track his movements and reconstruct evidence from his hard drive. The authors, a former FBI veteran and a journalist, examine how Robinson used the Net's anonymity to create a "new criminal reality." But they do a much better job of building a credible analysis than weaving a suspenseful story. Bizarre habits and con jobs provide the most fascinating moments. (Scribner) **★★**

—Jason Buhrmester



HEY NOSTRADAMUS! *Douglas Coupland

More than a decade after he coined the term Generation X, Coupland still understands youthful angst. His ninth novel examines four people affected by a Columbine-style massacre that occurs in Canada (though Canadian teens haven't displayed the murderous impulses of their U.S. counterparts). Each chapter is written in the voice of a different character—a high school girl who was killed, her lover, his girlfriend 14 years after the murders and his estranged father. Coupland explores the relationship between religion and school shootings. Black humor keeps the book from being a bummer. (Bloomsbury) **★★★★½**

—Patty Lamberti



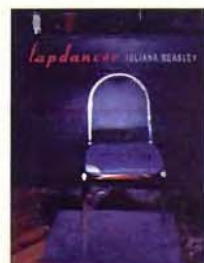
library of lust



LAPDANCER *Juliana Beasley

Our casual-sex survey in this issue reveals that the vast majority of the respondents don't believe a lap dance constitutes sex. If you had any doubt, Beasley's look at the lives of friction-for-hire fantasy girls will eliminate it. She tells of bruised knees, Advil-fueled muscles and endless searches for costumes, tanning beds and nail salons. She supports this vision of bump and grind with dozens of pictures of customers and the girls they adore. (Powerhouse) **★★**

—James R. Petersen



Bombay Sapphire Martini
by Vladimir Kagan

SAPPHIRE INSPIRED



NEWSGIRLS GONE WILD

Playboy TV's *The Weekend Flash* is news, entertainment and weather—without all that bothersome clothing. We stopped by the studio, where news anchor Kitt Pomodoro, weather girl Michelle McAndrews and entertainment correspondent Janelle Perry had just completed *The Weekend Flash*'s 100th episode.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst thing that can happen on camera when you're stripping while delivering the top story?

MICHELLE: I'll be trying to act sexy and then do something stupid like trip or fall down. Sometimes I get tied into these bathing suits that I can't get off, and then I'm so distracted that I blow my lines and miss cues.

PLAYBOY: Does nude reporting give new meaning to the term bad hair day?

MICHELLE: You have no idea! On our website, we get crazy feedback about our pubic hair. People are enthralled with the various styles and cuts. I once had a lightning bolt shaved in down there, which they loved. Now I have a racing stripe.

KITT: I'm sporting a little more hair than Michelle. I just did a story on the Gucci G cut—it's all the rage.

PLAYBOY: What's the sexiest subject you report on?

KITT: Money. I like watching the market go up and down.

PLAYBOY: *The Weekend Flash* has featured interviews with Nappy Roots and Insane Clown Posse. Not that you have to be hard-hitting with most rock stars, but do you have journalism degrees?

MICHELLE: I don't. I worked in several

model. I spent a few years modeling in Tokyo, then became a professional cheerleader for the Rams and the Clippers. After that, I worked on a sports show in Chicago.

PLAYBOY: If Tom Brokaw were to stop by your homes unannounced, what would he find you doing?

KITT: Walking around naked. I walk around my house nude all the time. It's natural. But I have to be careful, or else I'll end up in front of the windows or out on the balcony butt-naked.

PLAYBOY: Michelle, are you as much of an exhibitionist as Kitt?

MICHELLE: I'm extremely comfortable in the buff, but when I'm not working, I'm definitely more conservative. Nobody notices me.

KITT: Or so she thinks!

PLAYBOY: We're definitely pro-bush, but where do you two stand on the Bush administration?

MICHELLE: I'm pro-Bush and extremely patriotic.

KITT: I might not agree with the president all the time, but I think Bush and



News team strips on television while reporting the day's events. Viewer feedback positive. Above: Extra, extra! *The Weekend Flash* weather girl Michelle McAndrews predicts an unusually warm front and a full moon. Right: Correspondent Kitt Pomodoro fires off the tough questions and gives new meaning to the term "hard news." Here's our question: How was onetime guest Steve Guttenberg considered cool enough to get grilled by Kitt?



dental offices in Orange County before I got this job. When I heard about the casting call, I was so excited. For the audition, I cut out snowflakes and pasted them to my boobies. I think that sealed the deal.

KITT: I went to school to be a newscaster, but I never finished, because I found out how much money you can make as a

Dick in the White House is a good combo, don't you?

Watch Kitt, Michelle and Janelle strip down on *The Weekend Flash* every Friday, Saturday and Sunday night at 7:30 ET/9:30 PT on Playboy TV.

NEWSCASTERS WE'D LIKE TO SEE NAKED

Jill Arrington (pictured), *The NFL Today*
Ashley Banfield, MSNBC
Jillian Barberie, *Good Day Live*
Heidi Collins, CNN
Serena Altschul, MTV
Laurie Dhue, Fox news
Giuliana, El news
Lisa Guerrero Coles, *The Best Damn Sports Show Period*

AND SOME WE WOULDN'T

Katie Couric
Maria Bantiromo
Barbara Walters
Connie Chung
Diane Sawyer
Maria Shriver
Greta Van Susteren
Joan Rivers
Larry King



Celebrating the golden anniversary of America's performance icon.

Fifty Years of Corvette

In the half century since it was first introduced, Chevrolet's Corvette has changed significantly — both inside and out. The one thing that has never changed is the spirit of this great sports car. Now, you can own a landmark tribute to America's sports car. Presenting...*Fifty Years of Corvette*, available exclusively from the Danbury Mint.

Every year is precisely captured.

This stunning 1:43 scale collection, officially authorized by Chevrolet, features every model year from the legendary 1953 model to the 2003 50th anniversary edition. The replicas are remarkably detailed down to the grilles, taillights, and undercarriages.

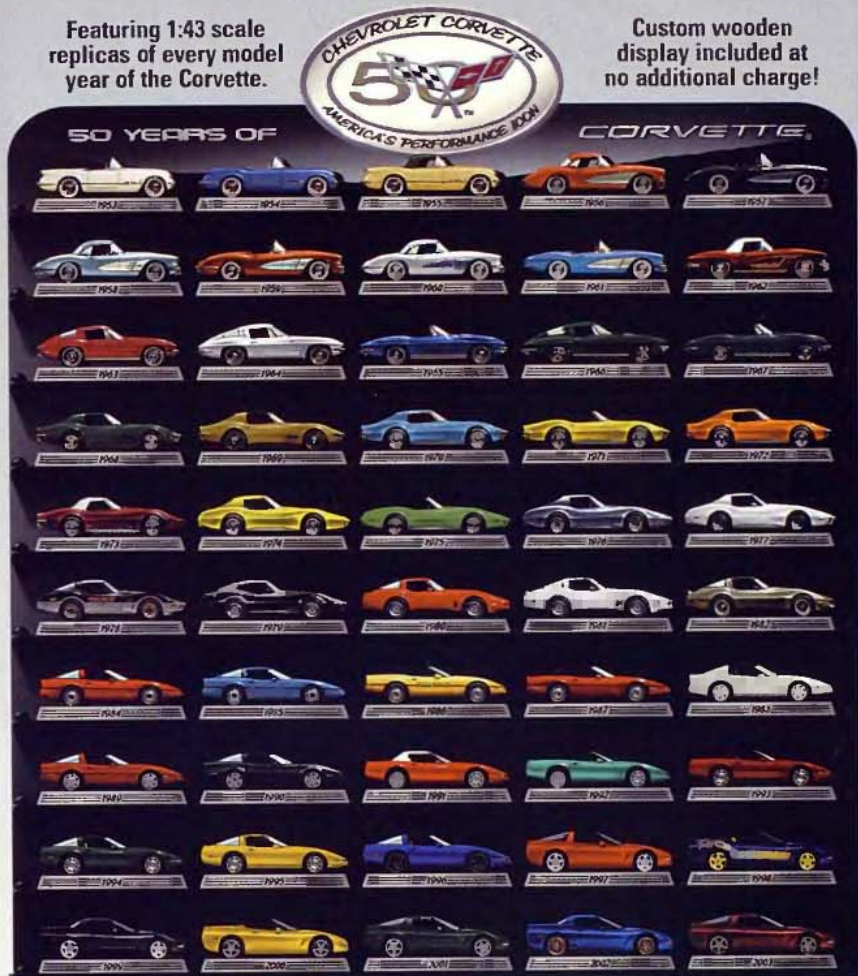
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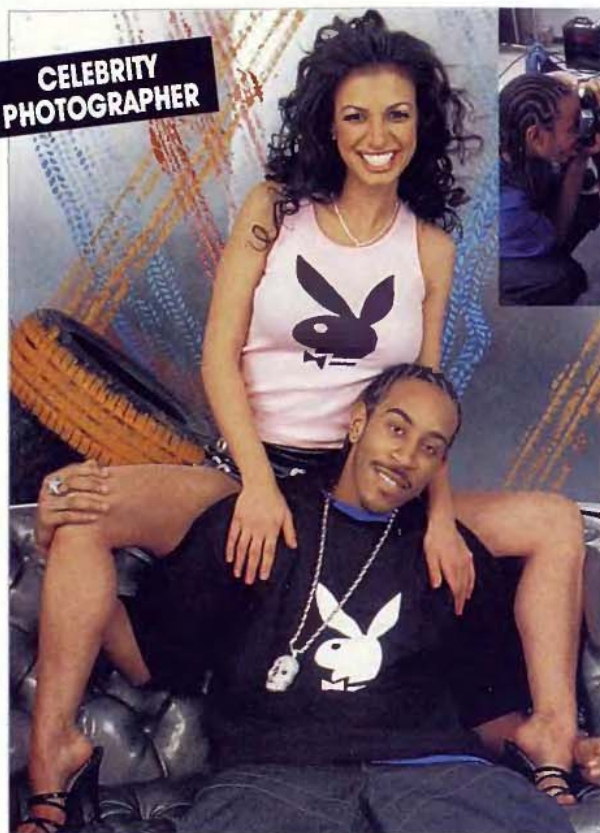
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CELEBRITY PHOTOGRAPHER



LUDACRIS, CAMERA, ACTION!

As a star of the high-octane street-racing sequel *2 Fast 2 Furious*, motormouth rapper Ludacris drove the highway's hottest wheels. But that's nothing compared with the wild ride he took in our Chicago photo studio. As Playboy.com celebrity guest photographer, he took a test spin with Krystal Tamburino, a gal with a chassis that would get any guy's



pistons pumping. Luda's next gig? "I'm gonna request La Toya Jackson," he says. Here's what else he said on set:

Who is the most beautiful woman on the planet?

"I hate to be like everybody else, but Halle Berry takes the cake."

Who was your teenage fantasy girl?

"Janet Jackson. I like Janet with more weight on her, though. She's a little too skinny for me now."

Besides Halle and Janet, what kind of woman turns your head?

"Someone with a strong mind and nice feet. I can't mess with her unless her toes are pretty. A big butt is a catch. Yeah, I'm a sucker for a big ass."

What's your take on older women?

"They're the best. Women don't reach their sexual peak until they're in their 30s. Older women tend to control me, and I love that. Once, two women blindfolded and handcuffed me. That was the greatest experience."

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

Nancie Tyler Le Birth date: June 29, 1975. Hot for teacher: "I have a degree in English literature and I'm striving for a master's in education. Eventually, I'll teach high school." Crowded house: "I'm the 11th child out of 12—and the last single girl." Greatest weekend getaway: "Swimming topless with my girlfriends in Vegas. There's nothing like being naked in the water." To-do list: "Going to the Mansion and meeting Hef." Favorite superhero: "Wonder Woman. She uses a golden lasso to tie up men—need I say more?" Favorite food: "My father's homemade pho, a Vietnamese soup. I grew up on it." What to get her at the bar: "A lemon drop shot made with Ketel One vodka." When she's not modeling, you'll find her: "At the beach, reading a book and basking in my teeny bikini."



COUNTDOWN TO THE 50TH

fifty years of covers at playboy.com

THE FIFTIES

The magazine's debut features Marilyn Monroe waving. As the decade goes on, Art Director Art Paul turns the Rabbit Head into one of the world's most recognizable symbols.



THE SIXTIES

Playful parody designs evoke old film posters and fine art. We challenge the reader by hiding the Rabbit Head on the cover. The tradition continues to this day.



THE SEVENTIES

The emphasis shifts to photography and beautiful models, including Playmates and A-list celebrities such as Bette Midler, Farrah Fawcett-Majors and Dolly Parton.



THE EIGHTIES

New Art Director Tom Staebler reconceives the jacket with models as the centerpieces. Celebrities—Bo Derek, Christie Brinkley—become cover staples.

THE NINETIES

It's the decade of women who need no last names: super-Centerfolds Pamela Anderson, Jenny and Anna Nicole and supermodels Stephanie, Cindy, Naomi and Elle.



NOW

Stars steal the spotlight, with most of the covers devoted to celebrities such as Kristy Swanson, Kylie Bax, Gabrielle Reece, Tia Carrere, Carmen Electra and Jaime Bergman.





Physician approved as the safe, effective HRT alternative.

Product Information
AVLIMIL™ (AV-11-mil) Tablets
(Salmix Ribus)

AVLIMIL (Salmix Ribus) tablets for Female Sexual Function

Read this information carefully before taking AVLIMIL. This information will be routinely updated and should be read prior to taking AVLIMIL.

What is AVLIMIL? AVLIMIL is not a prescription drug. It is a non-synthetic, once-daily, non-hormonal supplement containing a proprietary blend of ingredients shown to have a positive impact on female sexual response. AVLIMIL aids in the sexual function of women by enhancing stimulation, increasing local blood flow, and providing greater muscular sensation. This unique combination of effects increases sexual desire and responsiveness, leading to increased drive, which creates greater sexual enjoyment. Reported effects are based on a randomized, double-blind, placebo-based, parallel-group clinical study conducted by an independent medical research center, of women aged 29-65, of any sexual orientation, who expressed an interest in taking the product for reasons of improving their sexual satisfaction. For additional information regarding AVLIMIL, once-daily tablets, and/or the clinical double-blind study, please call 1-800-AVLIMIL.

What should I know about female sexual response? Female Sexual Response is dependent upon a number of factors, including those that may be defined as physical, psychological, psychosocial, and environmental. Examples of each are as follows:

- physical factors, such as hormonal fluctuations due to menopause or childbirth, or the physical attributes of chronic fatigue syndrome or chronic stress
- psychological factors, such as those issues affecting a normal, healthy relationship in relationship unhindered by issues of alcohol, or issues pertaining to past personal history, such as a history of sexual abuse
- psychosocial factors, such as societal preconceptions and perceived expectations of sexual fulfillment or performance
- environmental factors, such as schedule conflicts between partners that may inhibit sexual activity

AVLIMIL is for the treatment of the physical factors negatively impacting female response and female desire, but may also have positive benefits for women suffering from the psychological, psychosocial, or environmental factors affecting female sexual function. The efficacy of AVLIMIL in treating female sexual response issues in these situations is not clearly known. AVLIMIL can in many cases effectively treat the condition currently known as Female Sexual Dysfunction, or FSD. FSD is not a disease, and oftentimes responds favorably to the proprietary blend of ingredients in AVLIMIL. FSD is quite common, affecting 50 million women over the age of 25. Until recently, FSD was thought to be strictly psychological. Today, we know that physical causes may be to blame. FSD is not always evident and may appear at various times in a woman's life. FSD is most often evident in four areas:

- lack of or diminishing libido
- difficulty or inability to become sexually stimulated
- difficulty or inability to experience orgasm
- pain associated with intercourse (such as vaginismus and dyspareunia). Sexual relations are less pleasurable and unsatisfying due to any or all of these various symptoms. Nearly 70% of women experience sexual problems at some point in their lives. Some women may not even know they are experiencing sexual difficulties, attributing their problems to the natural aging process, menopause, childbirth, or relationship issues. In truth, in most cases the symptoms are treatable.

What causes loss of sexual desire?

The first thing to understand about loss of female sexual desire is that desire and drive are not necessarily the same thing. A woman can lose her desire for sex, but still be capable of arousal and orgasm. Conversely, another woman might still desire sex, but once involved in the sex act, find orgasm more difficult than she did at other times in her life. For women, perhaps even more so than for men, sexual enjoyment is a complex mixture of physical forces and hormonal fluctuations enhanced or inhibited by mood, psychology, and emotional response. Loss of sexual desire may have a number of causes. Many women report stress as a significant contributing factor in their diminished sex life.

How can AVLIMIL help? AVLIMIL is an effective formula for improving female sexual response. The mechanism of action in AVLIMIL works to relax the body and increase blood flow to the vaginal and clitoral areas during arousal, making sexual stimulation more pronounced and increasing enjoyment from sexual activity. AVLIMIL contains a safe, all-natural vasodilator that works to improve blood flow, facilitating a more satisfying sexual response. At the same time, AVLIMIL releases natural compounds that help relax your body and create a better overall sexual experience.

What should every woman know about AVLIMIL?

AVLIMIL is a once-daily, non-hormonal supplement. It does not contain estrogen, progesterone, or testosterone, or any derivatives thereof. AVLIMIL is intended to enhance the female sexual response. This response is complex and can be severely affected by many emotional and physical states. Consequently, AVLIMIL will not be equally effective for every woman. In studies, side effects of AVLIMIL were not significant and included nausea, headache and abdominal discomfort. If you experience these or any other side effects with AVLIMIL, discontinue use and consult your physician.

Is AVLIMIL safe? Yes. AVLIMIL is derived from non-synthetic ingredients, and has been clinically tested for safety and effectiveness. If you are pregnant or nursing or taking any prescription medication, consult with your physician before taking AVLIMIL or any supplement.

Follow these instructions for taking AVLIMIL:

- Take one AVLIMIL tablet daily with a full glass of juice or water.
- Do not take AVLIMIL with any liquids that contain caffeine or alcohol.
- Do not take AVLIMIL with any liquid that may be difficult to swallow.
- Take AVLIMIL for no less than 30 days to see desired effects. The recommended course of treatment is 90 days for optimal results.
- If undesired side effects are experienced, discontinue use.
- AVLIMIL should be taken daily for as long as its effects are desired.

The recommended dosage of AVLIMIL is based on achieving optimal benefits while maintaining a minimal side effect profile. This supplement should be taken exactly as directed to avoid undesired side effects or toxicity. It is always recommended that you speak with your physician before beginning any new exercise program or diet plan.

What if I have other questions? If you have additional questions about the efficacy of AVLIMIL, or about female sexual response, ask your healthcare provider or call 1-800-AVLIMIL (toll-free), or visit avlimil.com.



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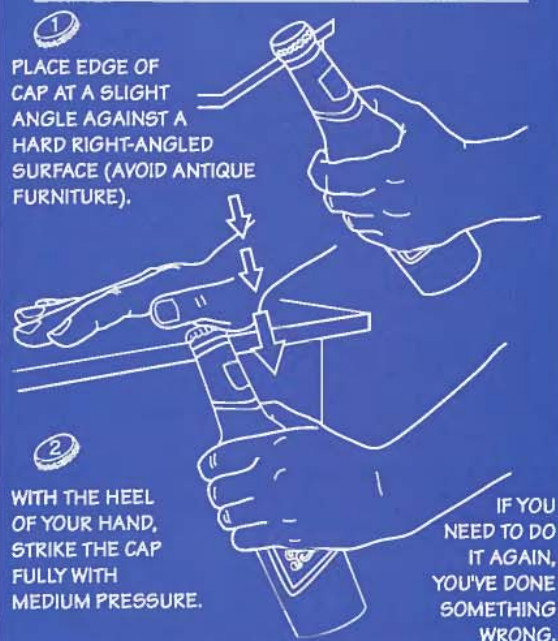
MANTRACK hey...it's personal



Cadillac Goes Topless

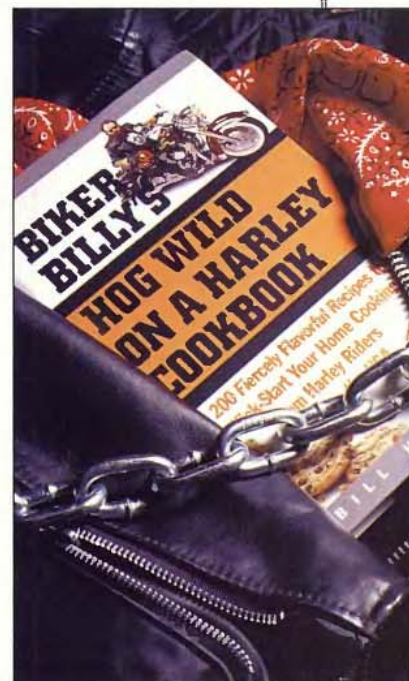
If the Caddy emblem weren't so prominent in our photo, you might think the new XLR roadster above is next year's C6 Corvette. Forget everything you knew about the Allante. Cadillac finally got it right. We tested the XLR on mountain roads outside Palm Springs. Its electronic suspension and race-bred disc brakes let us slalom through turns like Bode Miller. Lighter and more powerful than a Mercedes-Benz SL500, the \$76,200 XLR is priced well under its Teutonic competitor's base price. Want road muscle? Under the hood is a 320-horsepower Northstar V8. In cruise mode, the five-speed transaxle shifts automatically. But for real fun, select Driver Shift Control—tap the shifter knob and instantly get the gear you want. A feature called Performance Algorithm Shifting matches engine speed for downshifts and powers up when you nail it to change gears faster than you could manually. All this plus ABS, Magnetic Ride Control (it changes suspension settings in milliseconds) and a StabiliTrok antiskid system. The folding power top leaves room for two golf bags. Inside is aluminum and eucalyptus-wood trim, a six-disc stereo and big-screen navigation. We'll take ours in silver.

HOW TO OPEN A BEER BOTTLE THAT DOESN'T HAVE A TWIST-OFF CAP



Ride to Live, Live to Cook

There are no recipes for roodkill in *Biker Billy's Hog Wild* on a Harley Cookbook, but you will learn the secrets of Josh Placa's Grandpa's Oil Pan Stew, Jerry Brown's Greased Chicken Rims and Wyatt Barbee's H-D Chili. They're just some of the 200 dishes served up by Harley riders who contributed "fiercely flavorful recipes to kick-start your home cooking." Wash everything down—and get the bugs out of your teeth—with Michael Pogan's High Octane Martinis or Biker Patriot Uncle John's Nasty Black Coffee (you brew it in a "stained and chipped enamel coffeepot"). Not everything in the book is grease and gravel. The Wild Fire H.O.G. Chapter in Peshtigo, Wisconsin contributed a recipe for sugar cookies. Price: \$19.95. Horvord Common Press is the publisher.



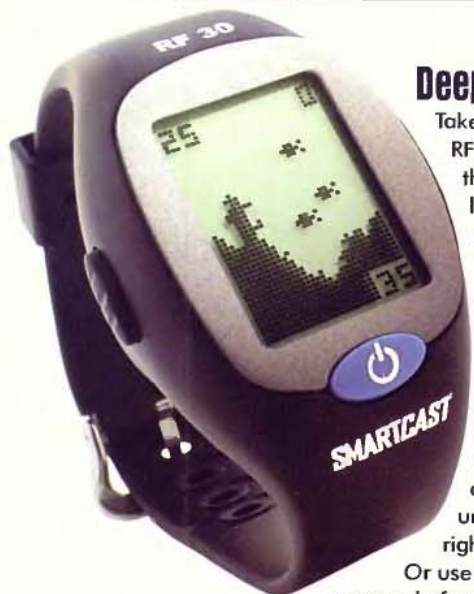
MANTRACK



Here Come the Gurkhas

Pound for pound, Gurkhas are probably the finest infantrymen in the world. They are recruited in Nepal, and the battle cry of these short, wiry bug-gers—"Ayo Gurkhal!" ("Here come the Gurkhas!")—has caused many an enemy soldier to flee rather than fight. The same war whoop will initiate a different response when you break open a box of Gurkha

Master Select, a superpremium cigar that's as strong as a kukri—the razor-sharp knife that Gurkhas carry. The smokes are aged for two years and come in bundles of 25, packed in elegant lacquered mahogany boxes with numbered brass plates. Very clubby, old boy. Six sizes of Gurkhas are available, and only 3000 boxes are produced annually. Average price per box is \$275.



Deep-See Fishing

Take along a Smartcast RF 30 wireless fishfinder the next time you go looking for a mermaid or the Loch Ness monster. It's worn on your wrist and operates in conjunction with a Remote Sonar Sensor attached to your line. Cast it overboard and you get a real-time view of fish, bottom and underwater structure right where your line is.

Or use the sensor to preview an area before you fish. (Too bad

the feds didn't have this to search for Jimmy Hoffa.) The fishfinder has a 75-foot operating radius to a max depth of 100 feet. There's even an alarm in case you nod off. (Sorry, ice fishermen, it doesn't work in cold weather.) Think of the money you'll save on worms. Price: \$89.



Clothesline: Jesse L. Martin

When it comes to style, *Law and Order's* Jesse L. Martin is old school.

"I've always been drawn to timeless, well-tailored suits. Who doesn't want to own an Armani? I'm also crazy about Hugo Boss and New York designer D.L. Cerney, who creates Forties retro clothes with a twist. I wear hats all the time, but my favorite article of clothing—also retro—is a great-looking baseball jersey that was a gift from David Duchovny when I appeared on *The X Files*. He also had shirts made for me with the name of the episode, 'The Unnatural,' on them. I love those shirts to death. I have long arms and long legs, so most of my clothes have to be tailored. My casual look is urban fatigues: well-worn jeans, sneakers—mostly retro Nikes—and athletic gear, even though all I'm doing is walking the streets of New York."



The Perfect Time...

To exercise: Within an hour after rising, or 15 to 30 minutes after eating a snack, lunch or dinner. Physical activity in the morning increases your metabolism when it's ordinarily sluggish, and if you work out before breakfast you may burn more fat than at other times of the day. That's because during the night your body uses up its stored carbohydrates and burns fat to fuel your exercise. After eating, digestion drives up your metabolic rate about 10 percent, which you may leverage to 20 percent with moderate activity.

• **To return from vacation:** A day earlier than anyone in your office expects. Before being dropped back into the normal craziness, use your "free" day to wade through piled-up snail mail, backlogged e-mail, voice messages, etc. • **To outfox your dental insurer:** Get your checkups in early January and late December of either odd- or even-numbered years. Why? Your first visit usually isn't covered, but your insurer will cover most of the tab for the second. With this scheduling trick, your "annual" checkups occur at 11- and 13-month intervals. When all is said and done, you'll pay less out of pocket.



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The Playboy Advisor

I've heard about new pills that are similar to Viagra. Any information?—R.R., Washington, D.C.

You can never have too many penis pills. Men who have been disappointed by Viagra may find inspiration in Cialis and Levitra, which are expected to be on the market before the end of the year (they're already available in Europe and via the online black market). In trials both pills appeared to work faster and last longer than Viagra. Many men also reported fewer side effects such as headaches. The most promising aspect of Cialis is that it can be taken as long as 12 hours before sex and lasts up to 24 hours; Viagra and Levitra must be taken within 60 minutes and last up to five hours. Cialis and Levitra also can be taken on a full stomach—so go ahead and treat her to a burger first.

What is the protocol when you find nude photos of a female acquaintance online? She's someone I know fairly well and would like to bang. My hours of porn surfing haven't been a waste after all.—J.W., Kansas City, Missouri

Are you sure that it's the same woman? We haven't seen the site, but we're guessing it's a fantasy created to make money and not reflective of her personal sluttiness. Rather than being indiscriminate about who she "bangs," you may find her wary—and weary—of your interest. Ask her out, but let her make the first mention of her business. If you come across as another one of her drooling fans, the only way you'll see more of her is with a credit card.

Is it OK to masturbate while wearing boxing gloves?—R.G., Chicago, Illinois
Sure. Knock yourself out.

My best friend went to the Caribbean for his honeymoon. One day he got a massage. He told me that the masseuse "hooted" him—that is, she squeezed his penis. Embarrassed, he ignored the gesture. The masseuse continued the massage as if nothing had happened. Was she sending a signal that she'd be willing to give him some X-rated attention? If so, what's the proper response?—M.K., Somerville, Massachusetts

Have you already booked your flight? Before we hear from any outraged masseuses, let's say first that you should never expect—or request—a happy ending. We've enjoyed hundreds of massages over the years and have never been hooted. Then again, we don't find our masseuses in the sports section of the newspaper. There is no secret meaning to a woman grabbing your cock, in any context. It means what you think it means. The best response, if that sort of thing interests you, is, "That felt nice."



Which provide the better results—free weights or machines? I say there is no difference; my father says that a barbell and a bench are all he needs.—K.O., Chesapeake, Virginia

Studies have not shown a significant difference—your muscles don't care what provides the resistance. Free weights engage more muscles than a machine because you must balance and control the load. They also give you more flexibility to design exercises specific to your sport, especially for the lower body. They're less expensive, take up less space and work with every body type. However, they take more time to adjust, which can slow down your workout, and usually require a spotter. Machines are more comfortable for most people; free weights seem riskier to beginners. Some people prefer hybrids such as Bowflex, which provides resistance through flexible rods and handles.

I ran into my ex and her new boyfriend at a restaurant. She began to flirt with me as if he wasn't there and even asked me out for the next day. But when I showed up at the bar she'd suggested, she had her boyfriend with her. She again flirted and this time asked me to lunch. I called in the morning to confirm and she said she couldn't make it. What's my next move?—J.T., Orlando, Florida

You don't have one. Your ex is playing you for cheap thrills or to make her boyfriend jealous—probably both.

A reader wrote in March to complain that his girlfriend drags him to wedding and baby showers. You advised him to stick it out. I'm a 32-year-old single woman who has been invited to these events

since I was 12. Seven years ago I started boycotting them. I could no longer tolerate how much it sucked to be in a room full of women oohing and aahing over crocheted favors. Women want guys to attend for one reason: We think it will be more tolerable. Don't cave. You'll still get laid. Being male is your get-out-of-showers card.—S.M., Brick, New Jersey

A few male readers joined you in challenging our response. It's a risky business.

The other night I met this hot bartender at the corner pub and asked her out. She said she worked weekends but that I could visit her at work. I know what you're going to say: Meeting bartenders is like meeting strippers—they're interested as long as you're buying. How can I talk to her so I don't come off as another jerk trying to get into her pants?—A.P., Fort Benning, Georgia

You're not trying to get into her pants? Give her more time to size you up, then ask her out for coffee or lunch. If she says she also works days, take the hint.

I realize most long-distance relationships fizzle, but my girlfriend and I were OK for two years before we recently began hitting a few rocks. Any suggestions how I can improve things?—P.L., Fort Walton Beach, Florida

Move.

Besides during the national anthem, when is it not OK to wear a baseball cap?—T.P., Boston, Massachusetts

Remove your hat whenever you're indoors, except while watching sports.

In April you wrote, "There is no method to increase the size of your cock outside of surgery." I guess you've never heard of jelqing. It works, but it's a pain to set aside 30 minutes six days a week to do it. I jelqed for a couple of months. The increase was especially noticeable in the flaccid state, with the most pronounced growth near the head. One must jelq regularly to keep the gain, and there is potential for serious injury if you're overzealous.—M.N., Walters, Oklahoma

Your experience with this risky and unproven method, which involves "milking" your penis regularly for months, is unusual. Why not spend that three hours a week on something productive, like volunteering at a homeless shelter, or therapy?

Your attitude toward penis enlargement is uninformed. I used moist heat, massage and stretching daily for two years to go from six to seven inches. In the flaccid state I now have a nice bulge. The

boost to my confidence, not to mention the satisfaction of the ladies, is immeasurable.—H.M., Stockton, California

We can measure it. If it's tied to your penis size, it's still low.

How about a woman's perspective? Personally, I can't handle more than five and a half inches. Most of my friends prefer small to average because sex is less likely to be painful. Guys, keep looking for a woman who appreciates you and your size. Odds are you'll find one.—S.B., Abingdon, Maryland

Thanks for that dose of reality.

You reported in March that researchers had found a correlation between index fingers and penis size in a sampling of 52 men. From my experiences with 15 to 20 men, a man with fuller lips is likely to have a thick penis. Guys with low, deep voices tend to be larger. The largest men I've been with were slow-moving fellows with relaxed walk and speech patterns. The smaller guys had competitive personalities (i.e., they got into more fights as kids). Perhaps with practice, a man could give off the vibe that he has a big penis. Experienced women would pick up on it.—G.G., Birmingham, Alabama

As they say, walk softly and carry a big stick. That's enough penis letters for this month. Or maybe this year.

Do you remember that 1989 Porsche Speedster owned by Nicolas Cage that was stolen and dumped into the Lake of the Ozarks? It had only 100 miles on it. I read the other day that the thief got five years in prison. He ripped out the stereo before pushing the \$100,000 black beauty into the drink. The windshield was crushed and the convertible roof was torn half off. Can a Porsche in that condition be restored? Five years wasn't long enough for that punk.—H.T., New York, New York

We tracked the Speedster, one of only 802 made, to Jerry Hawken of Hawken Paint and Body in Osage Beach, Missouri, who bought it from Cage's insurance company. Hawken won't reveal what he paid but says salvage jobs typically run 15 percent to 25 percent of retail. He cleaned off the mud, drained the fluids ("The transmission fluid was like honey") and repaired the suspension. He had the gauges rebuilt, replaced the computer, electrical components and headlights and next plans to straighten the damaged panels and replace the \$4000 windshield. "People see the car and say, 'What a shame,'" he says, "but I'm optimistic. And I have a clean title signed by Nicolas Cage."

A guy wrote in April to say that when his wife isn't in the mood, he cradles his erection between her butt cheeks. My girlfriend and I enjoy something similar. She lies on me facing the ceiling. With a good sweat going, we don't need lubrica-

tion, just sliding and grinding. It puts me in a great position to fondle her breasts, ass and clit.—S.C., Dallas, Texas

A reader from Philadelphia tells us the position is known as slip-dogging.

My girlfriend wants a tattoo—two eyeballs, one for each butt cheek. I don't want to look at that bullshit every time we're doing it doggy style. What should I do?—B.Z., New York, New York

Pretend you're getting a blow job. If she's serious about this (which we doubt), keep her sober. If she goes through with it, stock up on crotchless panties.

What do you think about putting speakers in the ceiling? I can't find anyone who can tell me why I shouldn't.—J.L., Colorado Springs, Colorado

The advantage of an overhead mount is that the ceiling becomes an effective baffle. The disadvantage is that it's hard to fine-tune the position of speakers (or a subwoofer) when they're fixed in plasterboard. The project will be a challenge if you don't have an attic or crawl space for the back boxes and generously spaced trusses. Many manufacturers sell mounting kits, or you can buy custom speakers that can be adjusted by motor or hand. We'd install some, but we've already used the space for sex cams.

The skin around my asshole is sort of brown. My boyfriend says it's normal, but he's just trying to make me feel better. I am a very clean person. Is there a way to make my anus go back to its natural pink? I've heard you can bleach it. Please help.—L.T., Houston, Texas

We never imagined we'd write these words in the Advisor, but here they are: Do not bleach your anus. Despite rumors that asshole brightening is the latest Hollywood craze, it's a stunt that belongs in the next Jackass movie, not in your bedroom. Your boyfriend is right. Brown is your natural color, although your anus may appear more pink when you're aroused.

I met a gorgeous woman at a party. As we spoke, I noticed her touching her neck in the area where her blouse button would be. Any idea what that meant?—R.T., San Diego, California

She wanted you. Or she lost her necklace. Hard to say. Men tend to overestimate women's interest, especially if they aren't getting laid. Princeton researchers asked 285 adults to interpret everyday behavior for signs of horniness. They found that "basically, if a woman goes out and stands anywhere, some men are going to think she's fairly interested in sex right now." Women, meanwhile, "just about always get the sexual intent of men right." (Well, how hard is that?) For more insight, we turned to an expert in reading body language, Mike Caro of PlanetPoker.com. Years ago he and another poker champ, Doyle Brunson, developed a system they call quick bonding. "You need to come across as

somewhat mysterious in an intellectual way," Caro explains. "Don't say too much at first, but convey the impression that there might be a lot for her to peel away and discover. For example, if I were to notice a woman touching her neck, I would walk past slowly, catch her eye, smile sincerely and say confidently, 'Don't worry about it. It's fine.' There's a good chance your cryptic, caring, conspiratorial remark will connect in some way to her subconscious gesture, and you'll get credit for having perceived that connection even if you're clueless. In my experience, the woman often will track you down to investigate." As usual, it's not the cards you hold but how you play them.

My girlfriend just went on the pill. How long should we wait before I stop using condoms?—K.W., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Wait until she's gone through one monthly cycle of pills. Keep in mind that even with perfect use (and only about a quarter of women manage that), up to five women in 1000 get pregnant within a year. With imperfect use, the number rises to as many as seven in 100. If your girlfriend misses a dose (she takes a pill for the first 21 of every 28 days, followed by a placebo), use a backup method for at least seven days of active pills.

In May a woman asked how to deep-throat her husband. Here's a trick that works for me: About five minutes prior, I suck on a cough drop. That numbs my throat, which allows me to take him deeper than I thought possible.—H.J., Fontana, California

Thanks for the tip. It's women like you who get us up in the morning.

A reader complained in May that his girlfriend's smell stays in his nose for days after going down on her. He should dab lemon juice under his nose. It will cancel strong odors.—B.S., Toms River, New Jersey

It also may cancel your chance of getting any more action.

My friend says a woman should wear her panties under the garter. I say they are worn over the garter. Who's right?—L.C., Bridgeport, West Virginia

It depends on your date. A good girl wears her panties under the garter, so they're harder to remove. A bad girl doesn't have the patience to unhook her hose.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOX, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.



THE DEATH OF RADIO

inside the corporation that controls the airwaves

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Looking for a clear case of political clout run amok? Look no further than Clear Channel Communications, owner of more than 1200 radio stations, including 60 percent of all U.S. rock stations, and the major player in 247 of the 250 largest markets in the country. After September 11, Clear Channel circulated a list to its stations of 150 songs that corporate executives deemed too offensive or insensitive for the ears of traumatized Americans. Programmers shelved hits such as Soundgarden's *Blow Up the Outside World*, the Gap Band's *You Dropped a Bomb on Me*, Peter and Gordon's *I Go to Pieces*, Third Eye Blind's *Jumper*, Sugar Ray's *Fly* and Elton John's *Bennie and the Jets*.

The list struck us and many others as overly sensitive, especially because it also included John Lennon's *Imagine*, Cat Stevens' *Peace Train*, James Taylor's *Fire and Rain*, Kansas' *Dust in the Wind* and R.E.M.'s *It's the End of the World as We Know It*.

But it also educated people quickly on the influence of radio giants. This wasn't official censorship, but given the power of the near monopoly that Congress has granted some media companies within the past few years, it comes close. Clear Channel's reach is the result of the Telecommunications Act of 1996, a piece of deregulation foisted on the country by a Republican-controlled Congress and signed by the Democrat in the White House.

Because the amount of space on the dial is limited, the FCC controls through licenses who can broadcast. Prior to 1996, a company could own

no more than two stations in any market, and no more than 40 total. When Congress rewrote the law to remove those restrictions, Clear Channel began snapping up stations.

Naysayers predicted that the new FCC rules would lead to a

so much of the public airwaves. Clear Channel had become "radio's big bully," he found, playing hardball with bands and record companies. To extend its influence, the company began buying music venues (at last count it owned 135 amphitheaters, arenas, theaters and clubs) and dictating terms to acts seeking to tour, all allegedly with the veiled threat "Our way or no airplay." Big business? In 2001 Clear Channel's promoters sold some 27 million concert tickets. Its closest competitor, House of Blues, sold 4 million. This is rock and roll, the corporate American way.

As Clear Channel came under scrutiny, a fuller picture of its political connections began to emerge. Was anyone surprised to learn that Clear's vice chairman is Tom Hicks, the man who made George W. Bush a millionaire by buying baseball's Texas Rangers from a group of investors that included the future president? Or that Lowry Mays, Clear's chief executive, is another Texas good old boy?

During the Iraqi war, Clear Channel sponsored Rally for America events in 18 cities—an advocacy stance that troubled some media critics. Glenn Beck, the conservative talk-show host who organized the rallies, said they were designed to counter antiwar dissent and critics who conspired "to marginalize the voices of patriotic Americans."

The loss of freedom on the nation's airwaves is not measured by what you hear on the radio, but by what you don't hear.



"mutilation of the community's thinking process." Freewheeling expression over the radio waves would become format in a can. Tom Petty mourned the changing environment with a tribute called *The Last DJ*—"There goes the last DJ/Who plays what he wants to play/And says what he wants to say/There goes your freedom of choice/There goes the last human voice."

At Salon.com, Eric Boehlert wrote a series of exposés that examined the impact of a single entity's controlling

Songs You Probably Won't Hear on Clear Channel Stations:

In a World Gone Mad—Beastie Boys
A Twisted Sense of God—Chuck D
To Washington—John Mellencamp
The Price of Oil—Billy Bragg

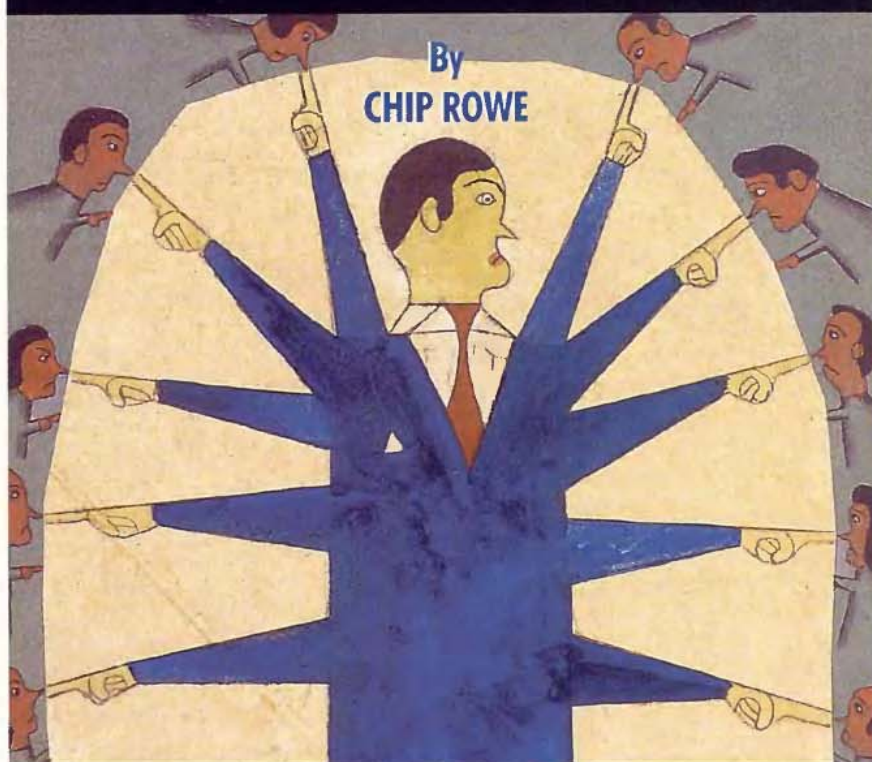
I Am Not at War—Luka Bloom
Big Blue Ball of War—Nanci Griffith
Bomb the World—Spearhead
Impeach George Bush—Ed Sanders

Hard-on for War—Mudhoney
We Will Iraq You—stAllio
The Final Straw—R.E.M.
Ferocious—Mexico's Molotov



THE BLAMELESS SOCIETY VIII

our regular roundup of whiners and gripers



In his novel *The Gilded Age*, Mark Twain describes a deadly steamship accident in which an investigator concluded, "Nobody to blame." As one modern commentator noted, the statement reflected a 19th century legal doctrine (the assumption of risk) that refused to reward people who acted carelessly.

That was then, this is now. These days, everyone has a scapegoat—and, it seems, a lawyer to help them profit from their mistakes. Finger-pointing is a national pastime, as it was long before we started conducting this exercise 12 years ago. And yet we have not lost hope. Occasionally we hear about stand-up individuals such as Ronnie Steine, vice mayor of Nashville, who owned up to stealing a \$7.50 pack of trading cards. "I did something wrong," he told reporters. "It was a mistake. I'm not a kleptomaniac. I'm an idiot." Or Tom Regan, the Atlanta television newscaster who muttered "a horrible obscenity" into a live microphone while a taped segment aired during the evening news. "My comment was incredibly stupid, and I make no excuses for it." But such admissions are rare. James Watson, one of the scientists who helped discover the structure of DNA, says advancements in gene therapy could someday eliminate stupid people. But that's not necessarily a good thing. Who would we have to write about?

THE BLAMELESS

Reed Slatkin

Rab Brown

Edward Mezvinsky

Lincoln Diaz-Balart

Jae Zarelli

Dominick Steo

Elizabeth Roach

Daniel Hadley

Dr. Marcos Ramos

Nathan Powell

Harvey Taylor

William McKenzie

Caesar Barber

Anita Durrett

James Bond

Seong Sil Kim

Geremie Hoff

Larry Harris

Marjorie Knoller

John Remley

Greg DeLozier

John Park

Phyllis Engleson

Edward Ludaescher

Lendell Quint

FORUM



THE PROBLEM	WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK	INSTEAD, BLAME . . .
Internet mogul pled guilty to fraud in \$255 million Ponzi scheme.	Disconnect him.	"Psychological impact" of being involved with Scientology.
While fleeing police, drove to his death off end of bridge under construction.	Flashing lights? Sirens? Pull over, dude.	Police, for forcing Brown to drive into work zone (father sues).
Former congressman convicted of fraud totaling \$10.4 million.	Another corrupt politician.	Antimalaria drug Lariam, taken during business trips to Africa (sue drugmaker).
Congressman waited eight months to refund illegal campaign contributions.	No rush, Congressman.	Postal service. Treasurer says all 45 checks were lost in mail.
Applied for and received unemployment while earning salary as Washington state senator.	Politics: as close as you can get to not working.	Unemployment office, which he says should have known better.
Police officer shot himself with his service revolver in botched suicide attempt.	Sad.	Police department, for giving him the weapon (sue for \$45 million).
Embezzled \$241,061, went on spending spree that included \$7000 belt buckle.	How much was the belt?	Excessive shopping needed to "self-medicate" depression (probation).
Australian teen robbed store of knife point.	Punk.	"Caffeine intoxication" from too much Red Bull and other drinks (lawyer).
Convicted of indecent assault for conducting breast exams on women with neck injuries.	A little self-control, Doc?	Preventive medicine. "You never know when cancer is going to appear" (lawyer).
New Yorker charged with killing celebrated Afghan filmmaker, chopping up body.	Psychopath.	Patriotism and post-traumatic stress from September 11.
Fugitive sex offender ran from detective into woods, got frostbite on toes.	Next time, stay put.	Detective, for not arresting him sooner (threaten to sue).
New Zealand cop struck blind woman in crosswalk, breaking her leg.	The blind go first.	The victim. McKenzie: "I never hit her. She walked into my car."
Overweight diabetic ate fast food four or five days a week, suffered two heart attacks.	Did he smoke, too?	Fast-food restaurants. "I had no idea I could be damaging my health" (sue).
Shoplifted \$266 worth of groceries, fled at 90 mph, crashed, killed nine-year-old daughter.	Tragedy.	Grocery store employees, for chasing her from scene (sue).
While on work release, stomped on palm frond, which partially severed his ear.	Great bar story.	Ventura County, for not protecting him from palm frond (sue for \$1 million).
Struck by train after lying on New York City subway track.	Lucky to be alive.	Subway train operator, for not braking faster (awarded \$9.9 million).
Professor spiraled into depression, took early retirement from job and became withdrawn.	Deep troubles.	Local beauty salon, for bad haircut (awarded \$6000).
Drunk intruder ignored warnings, electrocuted by tavern's window security system.	Shocking.	Tavern owner (Harris family awarded \$75,000).
Attorney's two dogs mauled a neighbor to death.	These are pets?	Victim, for provoking dogs with perfume. "I wouldn't say it was an 'attack.'"
Winner of all-you-can-drink contest fell and hit head while claiming prize at tavern.	That's a downer.	Bar, for serving him too much free booze (sue for at least \$1 million).
Wearing a ski mask and gloves, stabbed wife three times at beauty salon.	Bad hair day.	Relocation stress. "We were moving and the pressure was starting to get to me."
Arrested for drunk driving.	Dumb move.	Misunderstanding. Says he began drinking only after cop pulled him over.
Tripped over a traffic safety cone in Little Falls, Minnesota.	Watch out for traffic safety cones.	The city, for not warning people about warning cones (sue).
Former cop arrested for trying to rob bank.	Bad career move.	Method acting. Says he was preparing for role in police training video.
Shot wife in leg with .357 Magnum.	Crazy wife-shooter.	Viagra and Chinese food.

CLASS '03: YOU'RE SCREWED

what the deficit means to you

Dear Graduates:

Remember at commencement when you were told repeatedly about the world of opportunities waiting for you—that the investment you and your parents made in your education would be returned a thousandfold?

Utter crap. The truth is, you are royally screwed.

As you've noticed by now, the job market has not been worse since Bush the Elder was president. You're in line behind 8.4 million workers who've lost their jobs, with 2.5 million private nonfarm jobs lost on the president's watch. The only workers the federal government's policies are helping are military contractors and financial planners who can tell the richest one percent how to maximize their tax refunds.

The administration keeps talking about investing in the future. But the president is not planning to invest in your future. Bush's proposed cut on the taxes paid on dividends would deliver \$364 billion to those who have already made their way in the world. Based on 2001's tax returns, Bush would pocket an estimated \$44,500 a year. Cheney would save \$326,555, which is probably one of the smaller paydays in an administration full of former chief executives.

Those who have incomes of \$1 million will get an average \$90,000 kickback annually, enough to buy a Humvee in a designer color. For half of all filers (e.g., you, should you get a job), the refund would return less than \$100, enough for a Game Boy Advance SP (minus the game). Most senior citizens would get back \$89, barely enough to buy a month of the prescription drug Lipitor—from a Canadian pharmacy.

At the end of the Clinton era, the government was projecting a surplus of \$3 trillion over the next 10 years. If he wins a second term, Bush will leave the White House having saddled the country with a projected

By Ted Fishman

deficit—and these are government statistics, which are always rosy—of \$2 trillion. The swing from surplus to deficit (\$5 trillion, give or take) is roughly equal to half the value of everything made and sold in the U.S. in the past year. It will be the most money owed by any entity in history. The combination of cutting taxes and launching the military budget to an

in part to pay down the debt, the economy picked up and tax revenue increased markedly. For a few years it looked as if the perennial prediction that Social Security was doomed would be proved wrong. Social Security is again in danger, and the crisis will hit long before you see your first retirement check. Instead, it will hit when your parents become eligible. When the government cannot pay your parents' checks, their care and feeding will fall entirely on you.

Now might be a good time to start planning that home addition—the one where your parents will live when their money runs out. That is, if you can afford a house. When the government spends vast amounts of money it doesn't have, it needs to borrow increasingly vast amounts to keep up. That has a tendency to drive up interest rates. The last time the U.S. paid for an expensive war was Vietnam. At the time, the U.S. hunger for money upset world credit markets so severely that it took 20 years to recover. Interest rates ran as high as 17 percent. Don't have a mortgage yet? Imagine one with almost triple the monthly payment. Think small.

Don't expect the government to Build a Better Tomorrow. Once, Washington invested heavily in science, education and the arts. The space program was once the pride of America, not an underfunded studio for disaster footage. Advances in science were made routinely in great public labs by scientists who went to college with government help. As

money grows tighter, the government will play a decreasing role in seeding the future.

Debt creates a future in which the government works against our best ideas of ourselves. If this trend continues, we may end up with the sort of government we fear most—one where our resources go into keeping order. All it will be able to do effectively is police and punish.

George W. Bush stole your future.



DON DIAL

all-time high will continue to run up the nation's bills long after the capital gang departs.

The debt now stands at roughly \$90,000 per family of four. In five years it may be half again that. Servicing that debt, which will be your responsibility, will feel a lot like paying a mortgage on someone else's house.

Say you have been lucky enough to find a good job. Look at your paycheck. After Bill Clinton raised taxes,

READER RESPONSE

WAS IT RAPE?

In May *The Playboy Forum* discussed a California Supreme Court decision that dealt with postpenetration rape ("Rape or Regret?"). During a party Laura T., a 17-year-old girl, ended up in a room alone with 17-year-old John Z. Laura testified that John Z. began kissing her, got on top of her and penetrated her, during which she said nothing. After he rolled over so she was sitting on top of him, Laura testified that she "kept pulling up, trying to sit up to get it out and he grabbed my hips and pushed me back down." She told him repeatedly that she wanted to go home. The justices voted six to one that John Z. had raped Laura.

You suggested that your readers should be outraged about the court's decision. We are, but for different reasons.

You say the ruling means, "A person who consents to sex may claim 'postpenetration rape' if she changes her mind midstroke, even if she fails to communicate the change of heart." This case says no such thing. Rather, it clarifies the law in California: If a woman consents to "initial penetration and then withdraws her consent during an act of intercourse, but the male continues against her will," it is rape. Surely this is a reasonable premise. All of us can imagine circumstances under which, for whatever reason—physical pain, a boyfriend pounding on the door or a change of heart—we might wish to cease and desist sexually.

Six of seven justices concluded that "substantial evidence shows Laura withdrew her consent and, through her actions and words, communicated that fact." She told John during the act that "I don't want to do this." How much clearer does it get? She further attempted to stop intercourse by telling him three times that she needed to go home. When he wouldn't stop (instead telling her, "Just give me a minute"), she reiterated, "No, I need to get home."

You focus on the lone dissenting opinion of Justice Janice Brown, who contended that Laura did not "officially" tell John that she didn't want



FOR THE RECORD

PUSSY FOOT

"Attaching a story to a shoe to sell it makes a great deal of sense, but attaching a hot woman to a shoe? God!"

—James Twitchell, an advertising professor at the University of Florida, criticizing *Pony shoe* advertisements that feature porn stars.

to have sex, and that her words and actions did not sufficiently communicate her unwillingness. Justice Brown's opinion is disturbing. It implies that Laura's actions prior to the incident—which included being alone in a dark room with men and kissing them—are relevant to the question of Laura's consent to intercourse. They are not. Agreeing to one form of sexual activity in no way obligates someone to another form. Those who attack the strength of Laura's dissent to sex may be missing the point. Sex without consent is always a crime.

Delilah Rumburg
National Sexual Violence
Resource Center
Enola, Pennsylvania

Do you seriously argue that "I need to get home" carries the same message as "Stop. This is rape"? Have you never kept a lover in bed in the morning, despite protestations of "I need to get to work"? Laura said lots of things that night. "I don't want to do this" was part of a discussion about "respect" and the future of the "relationship," such as it was. John did not hear "withdrawal of consent" in her words. Neither did Laura T.'s two girlfriends, who, after hearing from Laura what happened, concluded that she had

not been raped. Neither did the judge who filed the dissent. Is every such ambiguous act to be decided by committee or a panel of judges after the fact?

IN THE NAME OF TERROR

Iraq's torture chambers now stand empty. But few know about the Bush administration's own murky position on torture. Two Afghan men—a 22-year-old taxi driver named Dilawar and 30-year-old Mullah Habibullah—were in U.S. custody in Bagram, Afghanistan in December when they died. A medical examiner concluded the deaths were homicides involving "blunt force injuries." The federal government has promised to investigate the circumstances of the deaths.

What happened to these two men?

Although the Bush administration has stated it honors international laws that ban torture, it has apparently not ruled out what it calls "stress-and-duress" techniques. Former U.S. detainees say that they were hooded, deprived of sleep, food and medical care, exposed to extreme heat or cold or had their arms chained to the ceiling.

If the allegations are true, the methods clearly violate the international prohibition on torture and cruel, inhumane and degrading treatment of prisoners. The failure of U.S. officials to issue a categorical denial that our forces engage in this type of behavior fuels the perception that such abuse is now acceptable, in the name of fighting terror. This is reckless and dangerous, with grave consequences for our democracy.

Alexandra Arriaga
Amnesty International USA
Washington, D.C.

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 us at forum@playboy.com or fax your comments to 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PLAYING HOOKER

PORDENONE, ITALY—A prostitute advocacy group has created a board game called Puttanopoly (Whoresville) to help raise money for its cause.



Each player begins the game with an empty bank account and a contract that forces him or her to hand over 90 percent of their earnings to a pimp. As they move along the board, players encounter police officers, priests, spouses and serial killers. The Committee for Prostitutes' Civil Rights sells the game for about \$50 through puttanopoly.com.

TEACHER SHOCK

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS—A classmate asked a 14-year-old boy if he was gay. The boy says he replied: "If I am, I am. And if I'm not, I'm not." But when confronted by a vice principal, the boy admitted he liked males. She allegedly told the boy that if he didn't inform his parents by the end of the day that he was gay, she would. The boy asked his guidance counselor to make the call (the boy's mother said she was shocked by the news but that "this isn't the school's business"). The student claims that his science teacher wrote him a four-page letter predicting that he would end up in hell, and that an administrator made him read aloud a Bible verse that condemns homosexuality. The

school has forbidden the boy, who has contacted the ACLU, from discussing the topic with classmates.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA—Police officers called in the bomb squad after finding a suspicious package addressed to Attorney General John Ashcroft. A bomb technician who x-rayed the package noted that something inside had screws, so he blew it up. Turns out the box contained a collection of pornography (the screws were holding together a videotape). "We had porn floating all over downtown Scranton," the technician said.

D'OH!

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Armed robber Ronald Stephenson shot and killed a man. He confessed to a friend, who went to the police. The cops installed a hidden camera inside the friend's home. Stephenson again confessed—this time boasting that the only way he'd get caught would be if the cops got him on video.

NO-CALL LAW

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The federal government plans to launch a do-not-call list for people who don't want to hear from telemarketers. Consumers will be able to add their names online or by calling a toll-free number. Solicitors who call anyone who has registered can be fined up to \$11,000 per violation (charities and pollsters are exempt, along with—surprise—politicians). An industry group has sued to block the law, saying it violates telemarketers' right to free speech.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

LONDON—The human rights group Privacy International collected more than 5000 nominations for its world's dumbest security measures. The Most Inexplicably Stupid Award went to Philadelphia International Airport, where agents quarantined a room after a Saudi college student sprayed himself with cologne. San Francisco General Hospital earned the Most Stupidly Counterproductive Award

for requiring anybody entering the emergency room, including homeless people, to show ID. Delta security officers at New York's Kennedy Airport won the Most Flagrantly Intrusive Award for forcing a nursing mother to drink her own bottled breast milk to prove it wasn't dangerous.

EYES IN THE SKY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Associated Press reports that the FBI flies about 80 spy planes and helicopters at night over U.S. cities. Agents track suspects with infrared devices, snap surveillance photos and listen to conversations in bugged cars, along bugged streets or on cell phones (most of these activities require warrants). An ACLU spokesman found the idea troubling: "We need to fundamentally rethink what is a reasonable expectation of privacy."

YOUR ASS ON THE LINE

ORLANDO—Early adapters who own wireless phones that can snap and transmit digital photos aren't all sharing images of beautiful flowers in the park. According to one report out



of Florida, voyeurs have been using camera phones to capture clandestine photos of nude people in health club locker rooms to post online. Authorities advised gym members to be alert, especially when they're naked.

CAMEL

PLEASURE
— To —
BURN



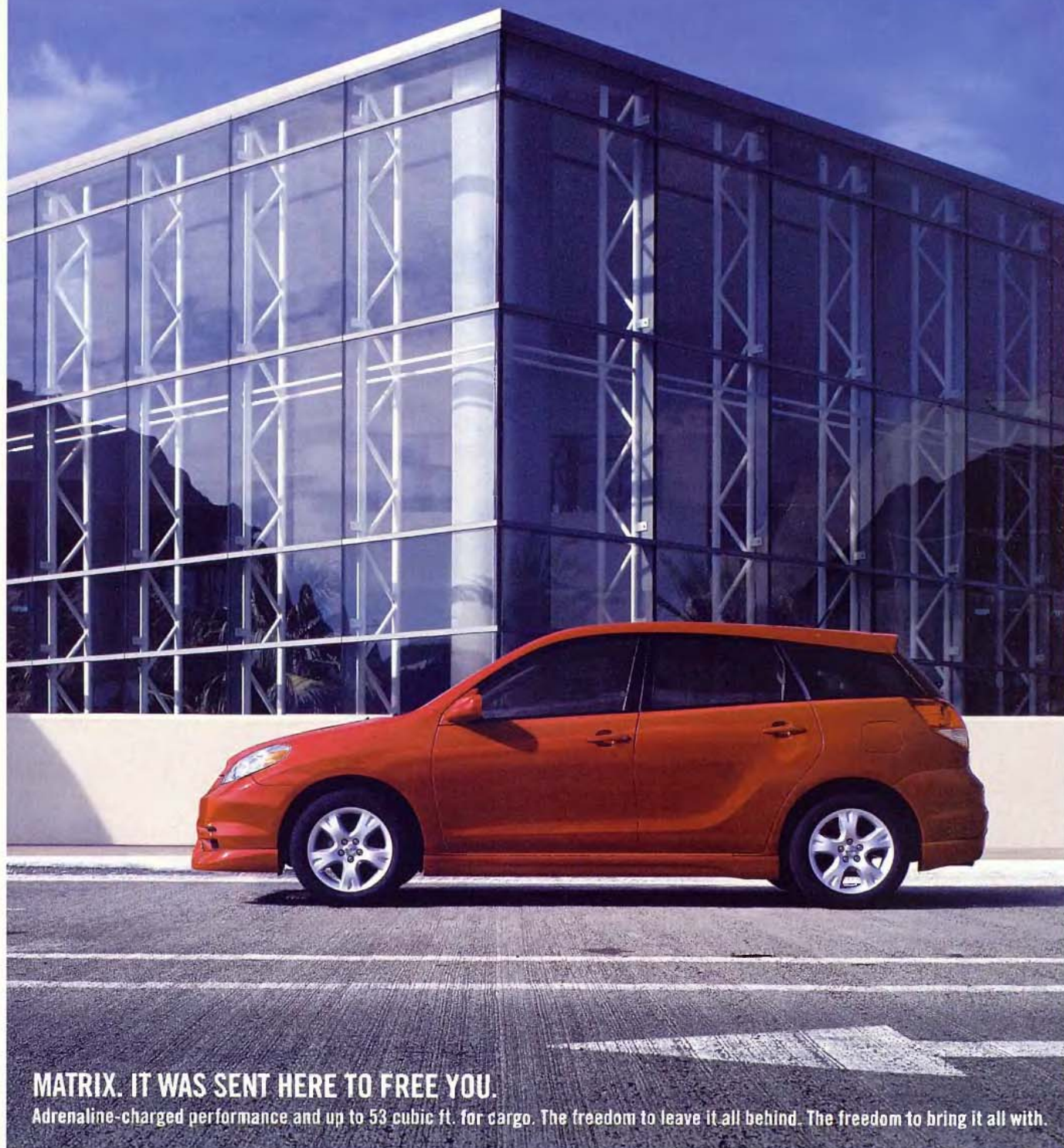
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOBEY MAGUIRE

a candid conversation with the soulful superhero about his morphing body (small for Seabiscuit, big for Spider-Man), his time in AA and keeping his life private

Weighing in at 140 pounds, 5-foot 8-inch Tobey Maguire isn't that big to begin with. To prepare for the role of jockey Red Pollard in *Seabiscuit*, the 28-year-old actor worked out on a mechanical horse to drop another 20 pounds. Then, in an almost cruel twist, immediately after wrapping *Seabiscuit*, Maguire had to bulk back up for *The Amazing Spider-Man*, the sequel to the 2002 blockbuster that grossed \$800 million.

Before he became a superhero, Maguire had carved out a niche in art-house cinema, portraying brooding but moral young men in *The Ice Storm*, *The Cider House Rules* and *Wonder Boys*, holding his own with such established leading men as Kevin Kline, Michael Caine and Michael Douglas. Then in 2002 he took on Willem Dafoe's sinister Green Goblin in *Spider-Man*, becoming one of the quirkiest action heroes in memory. "Maguire will never be the traditional hunk that studios prefer in these kinds of parts," wrote Kenneth Turan in the *Los Angeles Times*, "but the appropriateness of his creaky-voiced sincerity, the very ordinariness of his offbeat charisma, turns him into the most convincing of Spider-Men."

Maguire was born and raised in southern California, where his young, unwed parents worked as a cook and a secretary. They married two years later, and soon divorced.

When he enrolled in a home economics class in junior high, Maguire's mother bribed him with \$100 to take drama instead. It changed his life. Maguire dropped out of school after the 10th grade to pursue roles in commercials and TV shows. He later hung out with his buddy Leonardo DiCaprio and a crowd of young Los Angeles actors dubbed the Pussy Posse by tabloids. Maguire and DiCaprio both auditioned with Robert De Niro for a part in *This Boy's Life* in 1993. Although DiCaprio snagged the lead, he helped his friend land a small role. A series of critically lauded movies followed, but it took *Spider-Man* to make Maguire a major star. Now, with *Seabiscuit*, based on Laura Hillenbrand's best-seller, and next summer's *Spider-Man* sequel, he joins the ranks of Hollywood's highest-paid actors (reportedly \$26 million for two Spidey sequels). Contributing Editor David Sheff went to Maguire's West Hollywood office, where the actor, with a few days' stubble and a smoldering cigar stub in his mouth, arrived after a day of performing back flips while hanging from the ceiling on wires.

PLAYBOY: Spider-Man is larger than life, whereas jockeys are tiny. Does going from one to the other and back again wreak havoc on your body?

MAGUIRE: There isn't much difference in the physical requirements for a jockey and Spider-Man. I did have to lose weight for *Seabiscuit*. Most people don't know it, but jockeys are incredibly strong. I didn't think of it that way when I was a kid. Most of these guys weigh under 115 pounds and yet they have to control incredibly powerful racehorses that weigh 2000 pounds. The jockey is at once driving, pushing and reining in the animal, using his legs, arms, upper body, back and shoulders. They are small, but ripped and muscular.

PLAYBOY: Had you had much experience with horses before *Seabiscuit*?

MAGUIRE: I love horses, though it's a guilty pleasure. I feel badly about putting my body weight on an animal and asking it to carry me around. I probably wouldn't appreciate it if something was climbing on my back. Before this, when I made a movie called *Ride with the Devil*, I learned how to ride horses and shoot guns. Riding racehorses is different, though. These horses want to go. It's in their blood. Keeping control is hard. The first time I was on the track, I held back, but the next time I eased up and went for it. Whoa. The real jockeys cheered. Afterward, they told me, "You



"I went through a period when I was embarrassed, like when my mom would pay for food with food stamps. I didn't have many friends. I just didn't want to deal with it. I prided myself on that."



"AA is no-frills spirituality. There are no hokey traditions. It's just all practical. I'm an analytical guy. I come in, I ask for help. You could be brainless and do it. You do what they ask you to do and shit happens."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"There's a greater reward in this industry for being famous than for being talented. I would never do a film just because it's a high-profile movie, but as a result of getting famous I get more power in this business."

broke your cherry." I got better and better as I rode more.

PLAYBOY: Are horses cooperative actors?

MAGUIRE: There are certain challenges to working with these horses. There are rules about what they can and can't do—how much time they can run before they get a break. At least 10 horses are used to portray Seabiscuit. The racing scenes were incredibly complex. We were doing shots with eight jockeys and eight horses and a camera car driving around the track. We were re-creating real races, so certain things had to happen—certain horses had to win and win by four lengths, or whatever. We used tons of horses and rotated them.

PLAYBOY: Was it easier working with Chris Cooper and Jeff Bridges?

MAGUIRE: Sure. They're both great guys and great actors. I love working with people who are good at what they do, whatever their job is. We spent the whole time teasing Chris about his Oscar nomination for his role in *Adaptation*.

PLAYBOY: Teasing him how?

MAGUIRE: Telling him he was definitely going to win the Oscar. People don't like to hear that kind of stuff. [Still, he won.]

PLAYBOY: Before making the movie, did you read the book *Seabiscuit*?

MAGUIRE: [Director] Gary Ross told me to, so I did. I found the story and the characters and the racing itself fascinating. The book slows everything down, so you go through the intricacies of racing in ways that I never could have imagined. You learn what's going on with the jockeys and horses—the emotions as well as the technicalities. You see what these characters are going through. You see who this horse was and what it meant at that time in history. It's a fascinating story.

PLAYBOY: Had you ever gone to horse races before?

MAGUIRE: When I was a kid, but it was just a show to me. You watch these guys get on these horses, watch them run around the track. For me, the show was exciting. However, working on the movie, I got to go behind the scenes, and I learned how everything plays out. I saw all the things that go on in order to put on the show. I saw the roles of the trainers and the grooms and jockeys and owners. I learned to have incredible respect for jockeys. There's no season for this sport, which means that the jockeys are working 52 weeks a year. They don't get paid much unless they place. If they win, they get a piece of the purse. The owner gets something like 60 percent and the jockey gets 10 percent of that—

6 percent of whatever the purse is, but only if they place. The top 10 percent of jockeys make a decent living, but the rest don't. It's amazing what they do for every two-minute race. They have to keep their weight down throughout the year. Whereas a wrestler or boxer may have to pull weight before a match, jockeys have to do it every time they get on the scale, which may be as much as eight times a day, every day. After a boxer fights, he can relax and gain a few pounds. A jockey gains a pound or two and has to take it right back off.

PLAYBOY: Sounds torturous. How did you lose weight for the role?

MAGUIRE: Diet and exercise. There's no other way. You might be able to pull



I was going to read for Woody Allen. I had a panic attack. I was just terrible, but he gave me the job.

some water weight if you sit in a sauna for a while, but not much. A jockey told me that you can pull a pound in a sauna in about 20 minutes, but the second pound is torture. It takes an hour or more. They have to go through that all the time. They often get dehydrated and have to race like that.

PLAYBOY: Right after *Seabiscuit*, you put weight back on for the *Spider-Man* sequel. Easy or hard?

MAGUIRE: Putting weight on is not difficult. For a few weeks, I let myself go, ate whatever I wanted. The problem was that I then had to get the body fat down and build up the muscle again. That was really hard work.

PLAYBOY: How hard?

MAGUIRE: It was extreme. If I was working out on my own to stay in shape, I'd do it a few times a week to get the heart pumping. I do this six days a week and several hours a day.

PLAYBOY: What is Spider-Man's typical workout?

MAGUIRE: This time it's different. For the first movie, I did general training on every part of my body. I did gymnastics, martial arts and even dancing, in addition to weights and cardio. This time I've been doing wire work, in a harness, practicing leaps, kicks, jumps and flips. I have to land in a Spidey pose. I also do cardio. I'm preparing for specific scenes.

PLAYBOY: Is it ever dangerous?

MAGUIRE: They're not going to put me in any positions that are too dangerous. But I've banged my head a couple of times.

PLAYBOY: Recently there were persistent press reports that you wouldn't be in the *Spider-Man* sequel and that you had been replaced by Jake Gyllenhaal. What happened?

MAGUIRE: When I got the part, I had to decide if I was willing to commit to a three-picture deal, which is what the studio wanted. It was a leap of faith for me. So those reports were fiction. I knew I would be doing the sequel from the moment I signed up.

PLAYBOY: What was behind the reports?

MAGUIRE: The only concern was that the stunts in this new picture exceed the ones in the original, and I have back problems. My back is better, but I had to make sure that I could do the stunts. I went to some doctors. I wanted to see how it felt on the wires. The studio was being cautious, too. It was a little thing that got blown way out of proportion.

PLAYBOY: Some of the reports about the *Spider-Man* sequel suggested that you were holding out for more money. Was it

really just about your back?

MAGUIRE: Correct.

PLAYBOY: Did you hurt your back on the first *Spider-Man*?

MAGUIRE: The injury actually predated the movie. I've been seeing an osteopath for it. It's like a miracle.

PLAYBOY: Why an osteopath? Some mainstream doctors are dubious about osteopathy and its effectiveness.

MAGUIRE: I've been to neurosurgeons. They're great, too, but a neurosurgeon doesn't treat you with conservative care. They prescribe. I also saw a physical therapist and a chiropractor. Physical therapy was great, and thankfully I've been to some good chiropractors who said that their adjustments wouldn't

help my problem. This osteopath, though, is unbelievable. I don't even know what he does. It's almost like acupuncture, but way more complex.

PLAYBOY: Willem Dafoe, who played the Green Goblin, confessed that he was unusually rough on you—and your back—in your fight scenes.

MAGUIRE: Nah, though the stuntmen were more gingerly than he was.

PLAYBOY: Did you complain?

MAGUIRE: We teased each other. I said he was overly aggressive—that he didn't need to kick and punch me the way he did. So he called me a crybaby.

PLAYBOY: You've also worked with Kevin Kline, Michael Douglas, Jeff Bridges and Michael Caine. Are you ever intimidated by older and more experienced actors?

MAGUIRE: I'm fortunate enough to work with guys who don't carry themselves in a way meant to intimidate, but if you dwell on who they are or indulge in it, it's going to screw you up. You have to focus. The first time I met Michael Douglas, yeah, there were some jitters. Once I worked with him, it was easy. He's a really warm guy. We talked a lot about sports. I'd tease him about the Knicks and Heat, his teams. Earlier I was going to read for Woody Allen for *Deconstructing Harry*. I was 20. I thought I was going to be fine. I went into the waiting room and had a panic attack. I could see Woody Allen and I was like, *Holy shit. I've got to go in and read for Woody Allen*. I was taking these big breaths and some woman I didn't know started rubbing my back. "It's going to be OK, sweetie." I went in and I was just terrible. So I went back later and read again. I was just as terrible, but he gave me the job anyway.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever ask him why?

MAGUIRE: No, but it worked out, and I thought I was pretty good in the film. Before that, I was only 16 when I met De Niro for *This Boy's Life*. I was reading for the part that Leo wound up playing. There were eight or nine of us kids all reading with De Niro. At the time, I was just discovering De Niro and the other greats of that generation, including Hoffman and Pacino. I was really intimidated and a total mess. Leo went in and he was oblivious to who he was reading with. He was the only kid who stood up and matched De Niro.

PLAYBOY: Was it true you and DiCaprio agreed that if either of you got a part in the movie, you would try to get a role for the other one?

MAGUIRE: We did, and Leonardo followed through.

PLAYBOY: How was it working with him?

MAGUIRE: Pretty amazing. I had a great moment with him. We're all in this cave, where he and his buddies go drinking. We're talking about our big plans for our lives. He says, "Who are you guys kidding? You're going to end up just like your dads," and he lays into us. Then he falls down off this ledge and starts

Pet Projects

Seabiscuit follows some tough animal acts. And some not so tough

BEST



◀ The Black Stallion

(1979)—A boy-and-his-pony plot becomes a spellbinder about a kid and a horse surviving a shipwreck and galloping to racetrack victory.

International Velvet ▶

(1978)—Thirty years after *National Velvet*, this sequel stars Tatum O'Neal as a heroine so bitchy you wish her steed would stomp her to death.

HORSE



WORST



◀ Old Yeller

(1957)—This classic about a country boy's best friend features a death scene that reduced more guys to sobbing fools than any other movie.

Turner & Hooch ▶

(1989)—Tom Hanks plays a cop partnered with a big, dumb mutt. It could have killed a lesser actor's career (we mean Hanks, not the pooch).

DOG



◀ King Kong

(1933)—The giant ape is the scariest, sexiest mofo of all. Even the dialogue ("It wasn't the airplanes. It was beauty killed the beast.") is classic.

Ed ▶

(1996)—Matt LeBlanc plays a loser ballplayer who bunks with an athletic chimp. The ape gets an assist from animatronics. LeBlanc isn't so lucky.



MONKEY



◀ Free Willy

(1993)—Troubled kid. Doomed killer whale. Boy saves whale. Whale saves boy. It might as well be an infomercial for Greenpeace.

Orca ▶

(1977)—A rubbery whale bites Bo Derek in half. Was *Orca* playing movie critic? Or did his agent promise this would be his *Jaws*?



WHALE



◀ Babe

(1995)—An orphaned piglet is adopted by a sheepdog but tries to reunite with his mom. This could make you swear off pork forever.

Deliverance ▶

(1972)—Ned Beatty gets corn-holed by a hillbilly who tells him to "Squeal like a pig!" Yes, Ned is the other, other white meat. —Stephen Rebello

PIG





Hella, KITTY!

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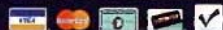
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crying. I watched him do the scene and thought, *Shit, my friend is a really good actor*. He blew me away.

PLAYBOY: For a while, you, DiCaprio and some other Hollywood friends made the social scene in a big way, traveling as a pack.

MAGUIRE: That's just a press thing. It has nothing to do with reality.

PLAYBOY: The press said you guys called yourself the Pussy Posse.

MAGUIRE: Are you kidding? The only way I'm aware of that name at all is by reading it in tabloids. There's nothing for me to say about it. I can't even answer a question associated with it because it's completely fictitious.

PLAYBOY: One report had you guys throwing grapes at paparazzi. Did you?

MAGUIRE: No. I don't mess with those guys. They're all looking to rope you into a lawsuit. I prefer not to give them any energy.

PLAYBOY: How about lobbing stink bombs?

MAGUIRE: Maybe when I was a kid, but not since then.

PLAYBOY: Do you still hang out with DiCaprio?

MAGUIRE: Sure, but I don't like talking about my friends. It's part of my private life. I'd rather talk about my movies.

PLAYBOY: Do your work relationships often develop into friendships?

MAGUIRE: It's like anything else. In any situation, you hit it off with some people and some you don't.

PLAYBOY: What about Michael Caine?

MAGUIRE: He was great. He's powerful and sensitive and fun and funny.

PLAYBOY: Robert Downey Jr.?

MAGUIRE: He is really fresh. He likes to keep things alive and spontaneous. He's great at going off the cuff.

PLAYBOY: Does his battle with drugs and alcohol affect his work?

MAGUIRE: I'll say that we all can't help bringing the sum total of our personal experiences to our work.

PLAYBOY: You once said that your spiritual advisors include Bill Wilson, who was a co-founder of Alcoholics Anonymous. Are you in AA?

MAGUIRE: I can't really comment on that.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MAGUIRE: The tradition of the AA program is that you remain anonymous in the media.

PLAYBOY: Do you know why?

MAGUIRE: Historically that came from a baseball player who went out and talked about his sobriety. He became a poster child for AA. Then he fucked up and his life went to shit. It put a bad light on AA.

PLAYBOY: But lots of famous people have movingly described the impact of AA on their lives.

MAGUIRE: I know. It's a really powerful program with a tradition I'd like to respect. It is to protect the anonymity of others. I wouldn't tell you so-and-so is a member of AA. They tell you, "What you hear here stays here." I respect that. I

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

have no business talking about other people.

PLAYBOY: How about yourself?

MAGUIRE: Well, the program just makes sense to me.

PLAYBOY: What is it that appeals to you?

MAGUIRE: It's derivative of all religions and all philosophical practices. AA is no-frills spirituality. There are no hokey traditions. The program makes sense to me. It's just all practical. I'm an analytical guy. A thinker. There are no holes in the program. I like the osteopath because there are results. This has results, too. It's a little clunky because it was created in the Thirties. It's a little sexist, I guess—it talks about "the man" a lot. But the truths within it are astounding. It's so simple. I come in, I ask for help. I'm willing. The person doesn't tell me what to do, they tell me what they did. That's how I learn what to do. It's monkey see, monkey do. You could be brainless and do it. You do what they ask you to do and shit happens. It's that simple.

PLAYBOY: What shit happens?

MAGUIRE: Your life gets better. Your life changes. It has totally changed my life.

PLAYBOY: From what? How bad was your problem that led you to AA?

MAGUIRE: I never have talked about it this much. Not ever. It's a private thing.

PLAYBOY: You're an actor. People are interested in your life.

MAGUIRE: That's definitely the downside. Especially after *Spider-Man*. No one cared as much before that. *Spider-Man* changed everything.

PLAYBOY: Did you anticipate the huge success of *Spider-Man*?

MAGUIRE: In some ways it exceeded my expectations and in some ways it was about where I thought it would be. I knew the movie was highly anticipated. I knew there were 40 years of history with that character.

PLAYBOY: Was that history a mixed blessing? Did people already have *Spider-Man* fixed in their minds?

MAGUIRE: When you adapt something, all you can do is get the essence of it and make a movie that stands on its own. *The Cider House Rules* was nothing like the book, though it was a very successful film, adapted by the author himself. We certainly didn't want to alienate *Spider-Man*'s fans, but we were also making a film for people who had never read a comic book.

PLAYBOY: Had you?

MAGUIRE: Actually, not much.

PLAYBOY: Were you reluctant to do an action movie?

MAGUIRE: I had lots of questions. How many cooks are going to be in the kitchen? What's the tone? What's the quality? Those questions were answered once I spoke with [director] Sam Raimi and read the script. It became an easy decision. I was convinced, but I had to convince the studio.

PLAYBOY: That involved not one but two

screen tests. After a string of successful movies, did you mind having to go through that process?

MAGUIRE: I had a couple of moments of ego, but I got over them. After I did the first scene, which was a dramatic piece of the movie, they wanted to see a screen test with an action sequence. That sort of irritated me, because they didn't mention that the first time. I grumbled, but then did it. The action scene test is on the DVD. It's a short sequence where I have my shirt off and I'm in tights.

PLAYBOY: Did they tell you to take your shirt off?

MAGUIRE: They put me in this unitard. I was in pretty good shape at the time, because I had been preparing like an animal. The unitard compresses your muscles, so they don't really show unless you're Arnold Schwarzenegger in his heyday. So, I decided to peel the top half off. I did a fighting scene.

PLAYBOY: You started working out before you knew you had the part?

MAGUIRE: I had been working out in anticipation of something coming along in which my physicality would be important. I was considering other movies, including *Training Day*, playing Ethan Hawke's part. I was interested in doing that, but *Spider-Man* came up and I shut down all other possibilities.

PLAYBOY: What's it like to wear the Spider-Man suit?

MAGUIRE: It's really not bad. Apparently the Batman suit was hot and heavy, but this one is lighter and flexible.

PLAYBOY: Yet you once said you felt as if you were trapped in a sleeping bag.

MAGUIRE: I did when they were making a mold for the suit. They cast my head in the same gummy and rubbery stuff the dentist uses to make impressions of your teeth. They pour it over your entire head and shoulders. There are two tiny nose holes through which to breathe, but everything else—your mouth, your eyes—are covered. As it was hardening, some of the stuff got into my air passages and I started freaking out. Then they wrapped me in a plaster cast, which was heavy and got hot as it hardened. I had to be in there for half an hour and started freaking out then, too. It wasn't much fun. Sometimes the zippers would break when I was wearing the suit. They would stitch me inside. That wasn't a great feeling, either. The stuntmen, some of whom worked on *Batman*, told me a trick, which was to stay hydrated. You get squeamish in there if you get dehydrated. But the more you drink, the more you have to use the rest room. In the suit, that's an ordeal.

PLAYBOY: Because . . . ?

MAGUIRE: It takes them 10 minutes just to get the suit off.

PLAYBOY: You were rewarded when Kirsten Dunst gave you a real kiss in a scene even when she didn't have to.

(continued on page 139)

The Beverage Testing Institute, world renowned for its knowledge of fine spirits, ranked Jim Beam® Black the highest among leading North American whiskies. Jim Beam Black was judged to be better in overall nose, depth of flavor and finish. That's because Jim Beam Black is aged for eight years, creating a rich texture and extremely smooth flavor. With each sip, you'll recognize Jim Beam Black to be an exceptional whiskey of superior quality, worthy to share with good friends.

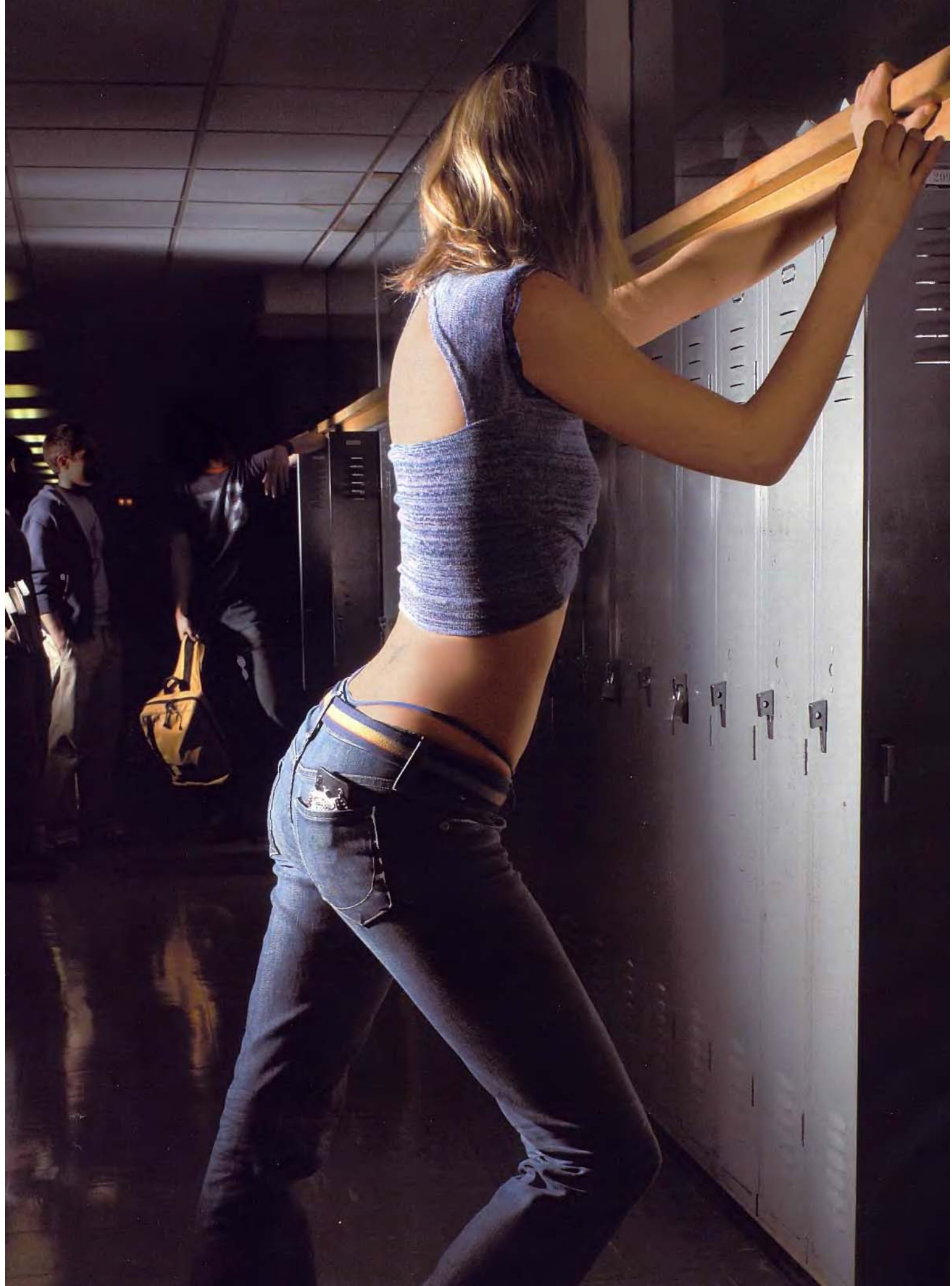
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JAILBAIT

She was the new girl in town, a hot blonde hard body with a secret agenda. The inside story of an undercover high school drug sting

In the rusting, industrial city of Altoona, Pennsylvania, the corner of 14th Street and Fourth Avenue has held a special significance for generations of working-class kids. The hallowed ground is on a hilltop behind the Altoona Area Senior High School, just beyond the sightlines of teachers and other adults, a dilapidated intersection strewn with cigarette butts and shaded by a ratty old maple. Everybody knows it as Smokers' Corner, where a clique of boys and girls—not student-council types or overachievers, mind you—meet each morning to engage in a ritual. Faces still creased with sleep, they flirt and gossip, bum cigarettes, get the news and tell the tales of adolescence as they bring one another along in life.

On a wickedly windy day in April, a handful of seniors huddle in a semicircle on the cracked concrete sidewalk. Their torn jeans and low-end-designer hoodies flap and flutter in the blustery air. We are high above the half-deserted streets of downtown, where the tallest tower belongs to a public hospital. They take turns rehashing one of their now favorite topics: the beautiful transfer student Amber Baxter, who one day last year appeared on the Corner with her easy smile and sweet ride and then vanished three months later. Amber was gorgeous, they agree: a girly, petite blonde with a tight body and major attitude, a flirt with a bit of a cruel streak. She arrived from Philadelphia, she told them, a city chick in a mint Cavalier. Flipping her hair, strolling to first period in a belly shirt, jeans slung low on her hips and a thong riding up in back, Amber was the girl everyone wanted to nail.

"She just came up and asked for a light," says senior Jonathan Rhodes with a soft shake of his head, "and then it was like she was never not here."

Sage nods all around. These kids are more advanced in physique, clothing and demeanor than the freshmen and sophomores, with their acne-cursed faces and chicken necks. These are worldly-wise seniors; they knew Amber personally.

"I'd say she was a 10," says Luke Zorger, another senior and Corner fixture. "A 10 out of 10, just as far as looks go."

He turns to the crowd for confirmation. "Remember? She had that red silky shirt she got sent to detention for. Her car was cool, too."

"She always wore a *thong*," says Bobby Noel in a hushed tone that implies that it is illegal—which it practically is according to Altoona High's strict clothing policy. "And she made sure you could see it."

But three months after Amber lit up the scene on the Corner in the spring of 2002, she vanished, leaving the students who knew her and the city itself changed forever. In the days that followed her departure, Amber's time in Altoona would become the centerpiece of a large-scale police investigation that saw five juveniles and 11 adults charged and was hailed by community leaders and school officials as a major success in the war on drugs.

For Mike Fisher, the ambitious attorney general of Pennsylvania, Amber's triumph in Altoona became political capital in a tough gubernatorial race. Fisher even flew in to take some credit, and the local newspapers gave him what he wanted. The

official version of events was picked up by the Associated Press, and the story of Amber Baxter's undercover stay at Altoona Area High made news across the state. Most significantly, the case entered the annals of Pennsylvania law enforcement history and became a model for how other schools in the state could deal with problem students.

But there was a sense of something unsaid in the published reports, a mystery at the heart of the Amber affair. The kids whose lives were scorched by the sting were never heard from, their names kept from the press, ostensibly for privacy reasons. Amber herself was silenced by the police bureaucracy. When, for the first time, some of the kids finally talked to me about the events of last spring, they told a darker, more complex story than what was reported in the newspapers, a tale of betrayal, drugs and teenage lust that raises serious questions about the scope of police power and the extraordinary lengths we're

by
**mark
boal**





Many teenage lives were changed forever by the sting (from top): Senior Jonathan Rhodes says he shot up two bags of heroin a day as a junior. A year later, Jonathan, who was not arrested, insists the undercover sting was a success: "I am just tired of seeing my friends get caught up in all this heroin," he says. Malicia Darroch: "I know I got off pretty easy, but all I did was give her a bag of shake when she asked me for it," says Malicia, who was suspended and sentenced to 40 hours of community service. Bobby Noel: "I thought she was hot, and I thought she was a bitch and I hated her," he says of Amber Baxter, the undercover officer at the Altoona Area High School. He was suspended, transferred and kicked off the football team, ending his NFL dreams. Jason Kruse, in hat, photographed at the cemetery where the Corner kids sometimes went to smoke: "She gave me 20 bucks and I brought the bag out for her," he says. His father, Richard, adds: "I'm not saying Jason was a saint, but what they did to him was wrong. They set him up." This page, upper right: The local press and how it covered the high school sting, a first in Pennsylvania's drug war history. (The photo on the opening spread is a re-creation.)

willing to go to as a society to eliminate drugs from the lives of the young.

THE LOCAL HERO

That semester, Bobby Noel was working on building up his body every chance he could. He has an athlete's genes to begin with: His brother has won state wrestling championships; his father considered playing professional baseball before settling down to drive a truck. Squeezing in sets at every free moment—after a crack-of-dawn newspaper delivery run and at night in the basement gym his father built—Bobby became a fire hydrant from the neck down, while above, a scrappy brown goatee struggled to take root in his sweet, open face.

On the football field, Bobby was a show-off, flexing his biceps after a tackle. He played defensive nose and made 30 tackles over the course of a gold-plated 12-2 season in which the Altoona Mountain Lions advanced to the state semifinals. He was a local hero. "Everybody knows who I am now," he says, wearing the team's maroon-and-white slicker with an immodest smile.

Football is taken seriously in Altoona, perhaps because athletes are some of the town's few prized exports. (Since the Sixties, five Altoona High School graduates have played in the NFL.) The railroad and related industries that made Altoona a prize of American industry—a proud center of steam and steel—have all but withered away in the information age, and Altoona has become a working-class town with little work, even for bright, talented kids like Bobby. In the Forties, Altoona's famously curved railroad tracks were such a vital infrastructure that the Nazis targeted them for destruction. Now the railroad is an abstraction, represented in dioramas in a small museum downtown. Way off the grid of world affairs, straight out of a Springsteen song, Altoona is now a microcosm of the different ways American towns can decline: In Blair County, where Altoona is situated, nursing homes and elder-care businesses are the sole sources of growth, one in five kids lives below the poverty line, and education levels are among the lowest in the state (only 10 percent of adults finish college). Many young members of the German and Irish population look to Wendy's or McDonald's for burger-flipping jobs, unless they score a union connection. Drugs—weed, crack and heroin—fill the vacuum left by lost hope.

Bobby's family was doing better than most. His dad racked up enough mileage on the road to keep his son in decent used cars (Bobby's latest was a green 1994 Jimmy with tricked-out rims), but the Noels didn't spring for luxuries like cell phones. They knew where Bobby was anyway—working out—and they didn't worry about the house parties full of heroin, the drug that started whipping through Altoona a few years ago. Trucked in by low-level entrepreneurs from Philly and New York on Interstates 80 and 99, the junk is distributed by a ragged pack of teenage dealers with beepers in their waistbands who loiter by gas station pay phones, risking felony arrests for \$20 deals and \$5 profits.

The redbrick buildings of Altoona High, the most prestigious public high school in Blair County, are defended like a fortress, with surveillance cameras scanning the halls and exterior, entrances monitored and a security team in a



Jeep Cherokee patrolling the grounds and parking lot. Searches of cars, lockers and the 2000 senior high students have become routine. Altoona Area School District Director of Public Relations Thomas Bradley put it this way to the kids: "If you don't allow us to do a search, we will be happy to get a warrant."

Drug-sniffing dogs are brought in regularly, and even the honored athletes are closely watched. Bobby and the rest of the football team submit to urine tests each season. He always passed, of course, never daring to jeopardize his chance to play the game he loves.

In fact, Bobby was so good in 2001, he was getting letters from colleges offering football scholarships and—who knows?—he thought just maybe he'd see a bit of the NFL.

But that was before he met Amber Baxter.

THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER

"She took a seat one day, and basically that was the end of my class. None of the guys were paying attention to me anymore," recalls Kathy De Piro, who teaches Warehouse Sciences, a course in which kids learn how to track inventory and set up cold-storage rooms. "You have to understand, I had 18 boys in my class and two girls, and the women were like tomboy types. The guys just stared at her blatantly, with absolutely no shame. They were just, I think, really taken aback by this feminine girl with long blonde hair. And she was very pretty."

Her eye shadow was the first thing you noticed. Bright iridescent blue ran all the way to the upper lids, giving her an extravagant, stagy look that attracted the boys and provoked instant hostility from the girls on the Corner. "I hated her," says a senior who asked to be identified as Destiny. "She was kind of a loser. I don't know why everyone says she was so hot. She wore this ridiculous glittery eye shadow all the way up to her eyebrow. How tacky is that?"

Malicia Darroch is an upperclassman with all-American looks: shimmering blonde hair and freckles over her nose and cheeks. At first, Malicia didn't take to Amber, but when her boyfriend accused her of being jealous, she says, she decided to see what the new girl was all about. "I didn't think she was so great—a seven, maybe, depending on the day. She had a pretty big nose. She wore her hair up sometimes in this really gay way."

Malicia decided to rise above the insult. One of the more popular girls in school, she had turned a rough start in life—15 schools in her 17 years—into an outgoing nature and a relaxed touch with strangers. She sympathized with Amber's position as the new girl. "Most of my friends were too snobby to have anything to do with her. You know, that blue eye shadow was a real tacky minus. But I started being nice to her because I know what it's like not to have any friends, and because, mostly, I wanted to stay on my boyfriend's good side."

They became close friends, talking many nights on the phone. Malicia opened up to Amber about her troubled past, telling her how she had been tattooed at five and trundled from school to school. Amber seemed genuinely to care, and she tried to help out whenever she could, mostly by giving her new friend rides to doctor's appointments. But Amber seemed to have needs of her own. "The thing was," Malicia says, "she was always asking me if I could get her drugs. Once right before going to the doctor I snuck in her car and she asked me if she could have the shake left in the bag. I said I didn't see why not."

THE PLAYER

"Hey, Bobby, are you a *faaaaggot*?" Amber's voice, high-pitched and teasing, rang through the halls where the kids hit the lockers between classes. The sound of it still sits in Bobby Noel's ears, the elongated pronunciation turning it

GREAT STINGS

Famous Fish Who Got Fried By Undercover Operations

MARION BARRY



BUSTED: Marion Barry, Washington, D.C. mayor, January 1990.

THE STING: The U.S. Attorney's office spent more than \$240,000 in its investigation, which used Barry's ex-girlfriend, Rasheeda Moore, to lure him to a room at the Vista Hotel, where he was caught on video surveillance cameras smoking crack.

UPSHOT: Barry got six months' prison time for possession on another charge; a dozen other charges were dropped. In 1994, Barry won his fourth term as D.C. mayor.

QUOTE: "Bitch set me up," said an eloquent Barry at the time of the bust.

JOHN DELOREAN



BUSTED: John DeLorean, October 1982. A former head of GM's North American car-and-truck operations, he started his own company to produce the *Back to the Future*-looking DMC-12.

THE STING: Trying to save his debt-ridden company, DeLorean stumbled into a web meant to snare a drug dealer and was caught on video ogling a suitcase containing 55 pounds of cocaine.

UPSHOT: DeLorean was found not guilty on all counts of drug trafficking.

QUOTE: Asked by a reporter after the trial whether it would hurt his reputation, DeLorean replied, "I don't know, would you buy a used car from me?"

VINCENT "BUDDY" CIANCI



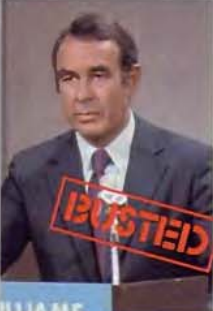
BUSTED: Vincent "Buddy" Cianci, April 2001. Cianci was mayor of Providence, R.I. for 21 years (excluding a six-year break after an assault conviction for attacking his ex-wife's lover with a log).

THE STING: Feds spent years on Operation Plunder Dome, using an agent posing as a shady businessman to implicate dirty city officials. The resulting tapes allegedly showed Cianci associates taking cash bribes.

UPSHOT: Found guilty of one count of RICO conspiracy, Cianci was sentenced to five years in prison, fined \$100,000 and ordered to serve 150 hours of community service.

QUOTE: "There are still no stains on this jacket," said Cianci when the indictment against him was released, referring to the then-fresh Clinton scandal.

SENATOR HARRISON WILLIAMS



BUSTED: Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey, Congressmen John Murphy of New York, Frank Thompson of New Jersey, Raymond Lederer and Michael Myers of Pennsylvania, Richard Kelly of Florida, and John Jenrette of South Carolina, in 1980.

THE STING: In an operation called Abscam, the FBI used agents posing as Arab businessmen to buy political favors. In the most famous bit of videotape, Rep. Kelly stuffs \$25,000 in cash into his coat pockets and asks, "Does it show?"

UPSHOT: Though the busted contended that the sting constituted entrapment, none of the convictions were overturned.

QUOTE: "It was a setup, a goddamn setup," said House Speaker "Tip" O'Neill.

into a sneer. Then she spun around to show him the seat of her form-hugging jeans: He recalls that it had a red, heart-shaped patch sewn onto it. The patch read *YOU CAN'T TOUCH THIS*.

Amber and Bobby sat next to each other in science class, the transfer student getting the attention of the popular athlete with the question about his sexual preference. When Bobby tells this story in a cramped guest room in his uncle's house, his face reddens. When asked what response he gave, he doesn't speak for a few moments. The television glows silent, muted, his two-year-old nephew flits in and out of the living room.

"I called her a bitch," he says.

Bobby believed he was dealing with a "ho," a word he huffs out with scorn. As proof of her claim on the title, he recalls the time Amber allowed his friend Taj to cup her breasts in public—hands over the sweatshirt, but still. "I thought she was hot, and I thought she was a bitch and I hated her," Bobby says.

Such was her charm that when Amber asked for a favor, Bobby jumped to oblige her. She pleaded with him in a note scribbled during class: "Bobby, can you get me some pot? I am really desperate and I have \$40. xxx, Amber."

Bobby wrote back: "I don't smoke pot," but he said that he would see what he could do. After finding his friend Jason

Kruise, a senior who knew his way around, Bobby told him the new chick Amber was looking for some pot. But Jason didn't want to get a bag for a stranger. So Bobby in his trusting, incautious way—or perhaps in his desire to make her see him as a player and not as a faggot—gladly played the middleman, taking the weed from Jason and delivering it to Amber. He tossed the bag to her under his desk while the teacher fiddled with a PowerPoint presentation at the back of the classroom. It was a cool move that Bobby has come to regret. "It wasn't even my stuff," he says. "I don't even do pot. I just passed it to her." But in the hallway, when Amber pulled \$20 from

her jeans, he took the money.

From then on, Bobby said, she should deal directly with Jason.

THE LADIES' MAN

Naturally, they met at Smokers' Corner. "She just asked me if I could get her weed, and I was like, sure, yeah," says Jason, a good-looking kid with an Ethan Hawke-type angularity to his cheekbones, a head of floppy brown hair, dark eyes and a pierced eyebrow and lower lip. "Bobby said she was cool, so I told her to meet me at the Corner."

The son of a tire salesman and a housewife, Jason is a budding narcissist and minor league clotheshorse who wears the best brands his parents can afford. He is extremely popular and successful with the local girls. During the time he knew Amber, in his senior year, Jason's main concern, apart from his social life and a particularly cool Ecco sweatshirt he'd just bought, was passing his certification test to become a welder.

Jason turns sullen and shamefaced when his relationship with Amber is mentioned. No doubt he was happy to do a pretty girl a favor, but according to his mother his deeper motive had nothing to do with drugs or money. "She was just going to be another notch in his belt," says Debbie Kruise. "Jason thinks he's a studmuffin," his father says. "He has girls stashed all over the place. She was just the latest."

After meeting at the Corner, they drove a few blocks to a ramshackle brick house where (continued on page 84)



Left: The Altoona Cemetery, popular with the kids from Smokers' Corner. Above: The scene of the sting.



EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW ABOUT UNDERCOVER WORK I LEARNED FROM KEANU REEVES AND VIN DIESEL

POINT BREAK



Agent: FBI Special Agent Johnnie Utah (Keanu Reeves)

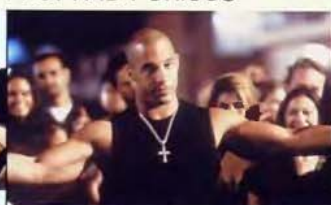
Cover name: None. How hard is it to fool a surfer?

Assignment: Infiltrate a group of bank-robbing beach bums led by criminal mastermind Patrick Swayze.

Insider tip: Take on any challenge to fit in, including jumping out of a plane or hanging out with Gary Busey.

Lesson learned: Don't leave your FBI badge on the bathroom floor or your flaky surfer girlfriend will figure out you're like a cop or something.

FAST AND FURIOUS



Agent: Brian O'Conner (Paul Walker)

Cover name: The White Guy

Assignment: Investigate a series of 18-wheeler hijackings carried out by members of a street racing team.

Insider tip: Do not shag the crime boss's sister, regardless of what a total piece of ass she may be. Otherwise you will have to keep a straight face while Vin Diesel growls, "You break her heart, I'll break your neck."

Lesson learned: The bad guy gets \$20 million for his next job, the good guy will likely be washing cars soon.

DONNIE BRASCO



Agent: Special Agent Joseph Pistone (Johnny Depp)

Cover name: Donnie Brasco

Assignment: Latch on to Lefty, a wise-guy with a thing for Animal Planet. Use him to drag down the NYC Mob.

Insider tip: "This ain't a fucking rodeo," sharp dresser Lefty says, advising Donnie to ditch the mustache.

Lesson learned: Listening to mobsters talk about catching a snitch so they can "cut his prick off, leave it in his mouth and leave him in the street" is hardly worth the overtime pay.

RESERVOIR DOGS



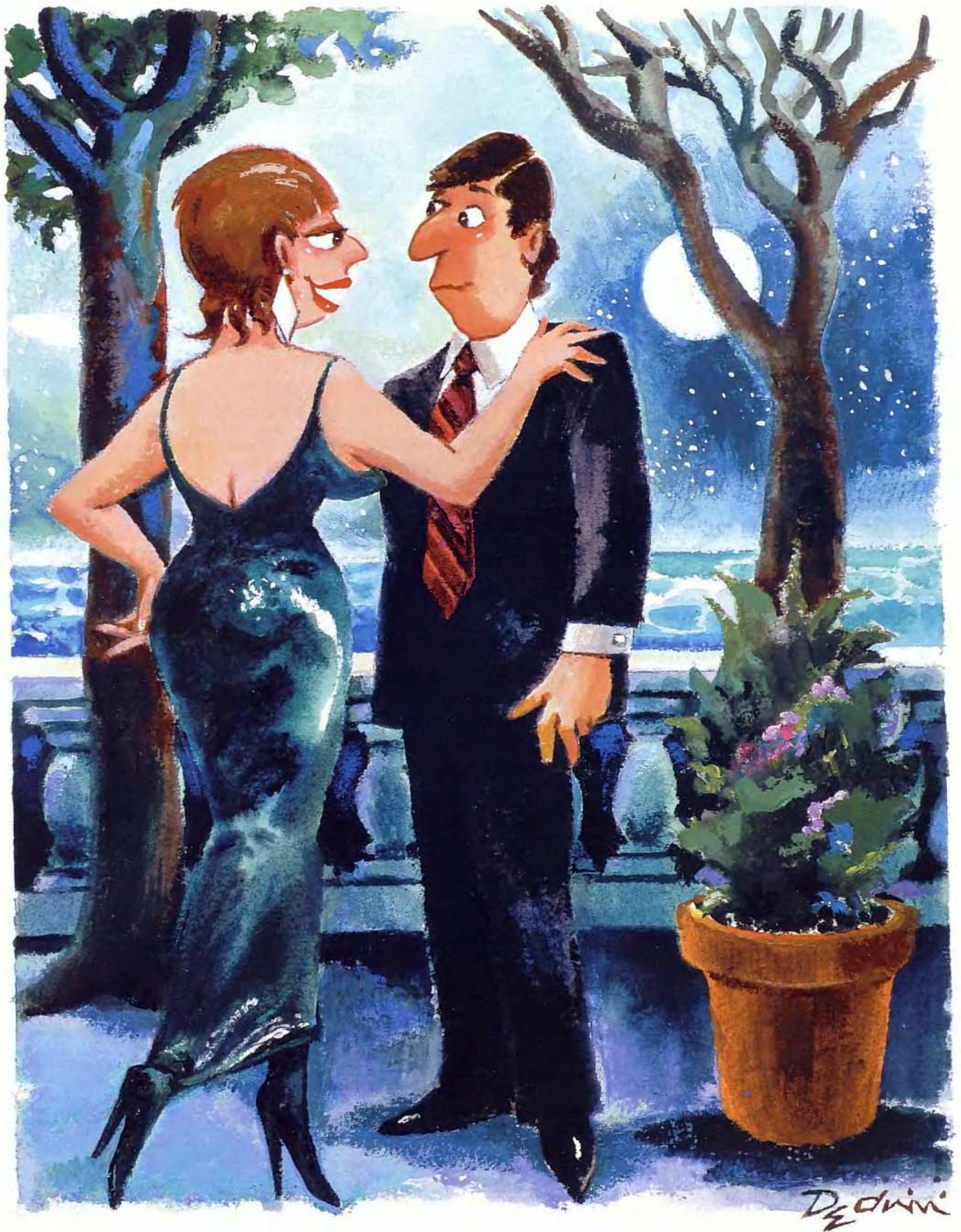
Agent: Freddy Newandyke (Tim Roth)

Cover name: Mr. Orange

Assignment: Infiltrate potty-mouthed gang plotting a jewelry-store heist.

Insider tip: Solidify your rep with an anecdote about "something funny that happened to you while you were doing a fucking job." Remember: "Bad actors are bullshit in this job," although that never stopped Quentin Tarantino.

Lesson learned: Psyching yourself up with the mantra "You're not going to get hurt. You're fucking Beretta" guarantees you'll catch a slug in the gut.



"Johnny, why don't you just say no to abstinence?"



C

ARNIE WILSON is stepping out in a new skin, and the 35-year-old singer's enthusiasm about her transformation is infectious. "I went from a size 28 to a size six," she says. "I'm sure I'm the first woman to be featured in *BBW* (*Big Beautiful Woman*) and *PLAYBOY* within five years. I was always the fat chick from Wilson Phillips or the 'funny fat girl.' *PLAYBOY* is my final redemption." Back in 1999, the daughter of Beach Boys auteur Brian Wilson topped out at 298 pounds before deciding to undergo gastric bypass surgery to battle her life-threatening obesity. Carnie used to associate her addiction to food with the absence of her father. "Blaming people is a cowardly way to live your life,

singer carnie wilson steps into a smaller spotlight

Compact CARNIE



because you're not taking responsibility for your actions," she says. "My dad and I became friends and did a lot of healing before I had surgery. He's funny, he wears his heart on his sleeve and he's the strongest person I know." Her operation was broadcast live on the Internet for Spotlighthealth.com, an organization she continues to support by giving inspirational lectures. She's been shedding pounds—and dress sizes—ever since. Carnie wrote a book called *I'm Still Hungry* about her life since the operation, and she lets out a throaty cackle if you ask her about some of the content. "I wanted to call it *Fuck! I'm Still Hungry*, but it was toned down for obvious reasons," she says. "I loved the *PLAYBOY* experience so much that I condensed my four-day journal about it into two chapters: 'To Pose or Not to Pose' and 'Does Anyone Else Feel a Draft in Here?' I originally wrote that I felt so horny—like one big vagina. The

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"I'm all about wanting everything times five, but I've learned that I have to cross my legs and calm down."



In addition to releasing her first solo album (left), Carrie is again recording with Wilson Phillips. This time she won't be the big girl relegated to the background. "Weight-loss surgery is not the easy route," she says. "I think most people, heavy or thin, say, 'I'm glad she got her life together and took control of her health.'"



title of the book just says it—I'm hungry for it all." Carnie recently got together onstage with sister Wendy and Chynna Phillips for a Wilson Phillips benefit concert. The group's breezy California pop sound garnered platinum and multiplatinum albums featuring hits like *Hold On* and *Release Me*. Now the girls are back in the studio for the first time in more than a decade. "We've been writing and recording for three years," Carnie says. "The new songs are soulful, more like TLC. It's not about hit singles or selling millions of records anymore, even though that is nice. I'm all about wanting everything times five, but I've learned that I have to cross my legs and calm down." When Wilson Phillips was put on ice in the early Nineties, Carnie branched out with acting roles on *The Sixties*, *Silk Stalkings* and other TV shows, and hosted her own short-lived talk show as well. She met her husband, musician Rob Bonfiglio, three months



before her weight-loss surgery. "When Rob and I met, it's not like he knew I wasn't fat," she says. "He loved my sense of humor, my face and my perfume. He also knew I wasn't afraid to be wild in bed, so I think that turned him on big time! When I was tempted to not take a walk or eat an extra piece of candy, Rob was a big motivator for me since he never went out with a fat girl. I just became more and more sexual. Being a risk taker is how you move on in your life and motivate people."



SEE MORE OF CARNIE AT
CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



JUBILATION

when you move into a planned community, the last thing you want is nonconformists screwing up your bucolic view

fiction by T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE



I'VE BEEN LIVING in Jubilation for almost two years now. There's been a lot of change in that time, both for the better and the worse, as you might expect in any real and authentic town composed of real and authentic people with their ironclad personalities and various personal agendas, but overall I'd say I'm happy I chose the Contash

Corp.'s vision of community living. I've got friends here, neighbors, people who care about me the way I care about them. We've had our crises, no question about it—mother nature has been pretty erratic these past two years—and there isn't a man, woman or child in Jubilation who isn't worried about maintaining property values in the face of all the naysaying and criticism that's come our way. Still, it's the people this whole thing is about, and the people I know are as determined and forward-looking a bunch as any you'd ever hope to find. We've built something here, something I think we can all be proud of.

It wasn't easy. From the beginning, everybody laughed behind my back. Everybody said, "Oh, sure, Jackson, you get divorced and the first thing you do is fly down to Florida and live in some theme park with Gulpyp Gator and whoever—Chowchy the Lizard, right?—and you defend it with some tripe about community and the New Urbanists and we're supposed to say you're behaving rationally?" My ex-wife was the worst. Lauren. She made it sound as if I was personally going to drive the Sky Lift or slip into a Gulpyp suit and greet people at the gates of Contash World, but the truth is I was a pioneer, I had a chance to get into something on the ground floor and make it work—sacrifice to make it work—and all the cynics I used to call friends just snickered in their apple martinis as if my postdivorce life was some opéra bouffe staged for their amusement.

Take the lottery. They all thought I was crazy, but I booked my ticket, flew down to Orlando and took my place in line with 6000 strangers while the sun peeled the skin off the tip of my nose and baked through the soles of my shoes. There was sleet on the runway at La Guardia when the plane took off, a foot and half of snow expected in the suburbs, and it meant nothing to me, not anymore. The palms were nodding in a languid tropical breeze, the chiggers, no-see-ums and mosquitoes were all on vacation somewhere, children scampered across the emerald grass and vigorous little birds darted in and out of the jasmine and hibiscus. It was early yet, not quite eight. People shuffled their feet, tapped their watches, gazed hopefully off into the distance while 100 Contash greeters moved up and down the line with crullers and cardboard cups filled with coffee.

The excitement was contagious, and yet it was inseparable from a certain element of competitive anxiety—this was a random drawing, after all, and there would necessarily have to be winners and losers. Still, people were outgoing and friendly, chatting amongst themselves as if they'd known each other all their lives, sharing around cold cuts and homemade potato salad, swapping stories. Everybody knew the rules—there was no favoritism here. Charles Contash was founding a town, a pret-a-porter community set down in the middle of the vacation wonderland itself, with Contash World on one side and Game Park U.S.A. on the other, and if you wanted in—no matter who you were or who you knew—you had to stand in line like anybody else.

Directly in front of me was a single mother in a powder-blue halter designed to show off her assets, which were considerable, and in front of her were two men holding hands; immediately behind me, silently masticating crullers, was a family of four—mom, pop, sis and junior—their faces haggard and interchangeable, and behind them, a black couple burying their heads in a glossy brochure. The single mother—she'd identified herself only as Vicki—had one fat ripe cream puff of a baby slung over her left shoulder, where it (he? she?) was playing with the thin band of her spaghetti strap, while the other child, a boy of three or so decked out in a striped polo shirt and a pair of shorts he could grow into, clung to her knee as if he'd been fastened there with a strip of Velcro. "So what did you say your name was?" she asked, swinging around on me for what must have been the 100th time in the past hour. The baby, in this view, was a pair of blinding white diapers and two swollen, rooting legs.

I told her my name was Jackson and that I was pleased to meet her, and before she could ask, "Is that your first name or last?" I clarified the issue for her: "Jackson Peters Reilly. That's my mother's maiden name. Jackson. And her mother's name was Peters."

She seemed to consider this a moment, her eyes drifting in and out of focus. She patted the baby's bottom for no good reason. "Wish I'd thought of that," she said. "This one's Ashley and my son's Ethan—say hello, Ethan. Ethan?" And then she laughed, a hearty, hopeful laugh that had nothing to do with rejection, abandonment or a night spent on the pavement with two exhausted children while holding a place something like 400-deep in the lottery line. "Of course, my maiden name's Silinski, so it wouldn't exactly sound too feminine for little baby Ashley, now would it?"

She was flirting with me, and that was OK, that was fine, because wasn't that what I'd come down here for in the first place—to upgrade my social life? I was tired of New York. Tired of L.A. Tired of the anonymity, the hassle, the grab and squeeze and the hostility snarling just beneath the surface of every transaction, no matter how small or insignificant. "I don't know," I said, "sounds kind of chic to me. The doorbell rings and there's all these neighborhood kids chanting, 'Can Silinski come out to play?' Or the modeling agency calls. 'So what about Silinski,' they say, 'is she available?'"



**I felt a prickle of
alarm. We were
all in this together,
and if everybody
didn't pitch in
what was going
to happen to our
property values?**

I was doing fine, grinning and smooth-talking and sailing right along, though my back felt misaligned and my right hip throbbed where the pavement had bitten into it during a mostly sleepless night under the amber glow of the newly installed Contash streetlights. I took a swig from my Evian bottle, tugged the plastic brim of my visor down to keep the sun from irradiating the creases at the corners of my eyes. There was one more Silinski trope on my tongue, the one that would bring her to her knees in adoration of my wit and charm, but I never got to utter it because at that moment the blast of a Civil War cannon announced the official opening of the lottery, and everybody in line crowded closer as 10,000 balloons, in the powder blue and sun-kissed orange of the Contash Corp., rose up like a mad flock into the sky.

"Welcome, all you friends and neighbors," boomed an amplified voice, and all eyes went to the head of the line.

There, atop the four-story tower of the sales preview center, a tiny figure in the Contash colors held out his arms in benediction. "And all you little ones, too—and remember, Gulp Gator and Chowchy love you one and all, and so does our founder, Charles Contash, whose vision of community, of health and vigor and good schools and good neighbors has never shone more brightly than it does today in Jubilation! No need to crowd, no need to fret. We've got 2000 Village Homes, Cottage Homes, Little Adobes and Mercado Street miniluxury apartments available today, and 3000 more to come. So welcome, folks, and just step up and draw your lucky number from the hopper."

The press moved forward in all its human inevitability, and I had to brace myself to avoid trampling the young woman in front of me. As it was, the family of four gouged their ankles into my flesh and I found myself making a nest of my arms for her, for Vicki, who in turn was shoved up against the hand-holding men in front of her. I could smell her, her breath sweet with the mints she'd been sucking all morning and the odor of her sweat and perfume rising up out of the confinement of her halter top. "Oh, god," she whispered. "God, I just pray—"

Her hair was in my mouth, caught in the bristles of my mustache. It was as if we were dancing, doing the macarena or forming a conga line, back-to-front. "Pray what?"

Her breath caught and then released in a respiratory tumult that was almost a sob: "That there's just one Mercado Street miniluxury apartment left, just one, that's all I ask." And then she paused, the shining new moon of her face rising over her shoulder to gaze up into mine. "And you," she breathed. "I pray you get what you want, too."

What I wanted was a detached home in the North Village section of town, on the near side of the artificial lake, a cool \$450,000 for a 90-by-30-foot lot and a wraparound porch that leered promiscuously at the wraparound porches of my neighbors, 10 feet away on either side—one of the Casual Contempos or even one of the Little Adobes—and I wanted it so badly I would have taken Charles Contash himself hostage to get it. "A Casual Contempo," I said, and the family of four strained against me.

She was fighting for position. The child underfoot clung like a remora to the long tapered muscle of her leg. The baby began to fuss. Vicki was put out, overwrought, not at all at her best, I could see that, but still her eyebrows lifted and she let out a low whistle. "Wow," she said, "you must be rich."

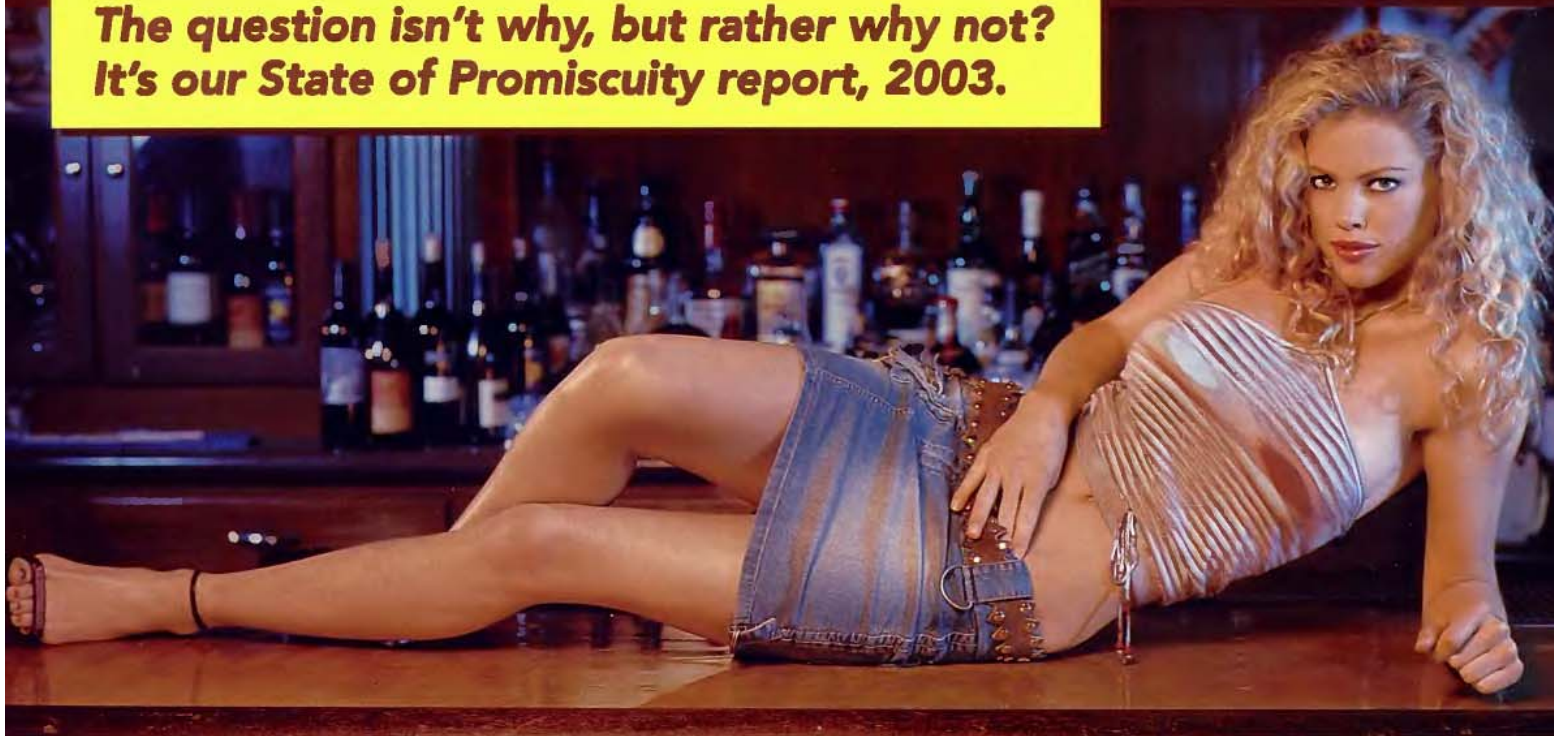
I wasn't rich, not by the standards
(continued on page 104)



"I know you're not alone . . . I see bubbles."

the playboy casual

**The question isn't why, but rather why not?
It's our State of Promiscuity report, 2003.**



Him: What's a girl like you doing in a place like this?

Her: Wanna fuck?

Him: I thought you'd never ask.—Male, single, 31

Recently we invited visitors to playboy.com to participate in an online survey. Our goal: to discover the state of casual sex in an age of war, AIDS, uncertain economy, political conservatism and chat rooms. What, we wondered, has become of the one-night stand, the random hookup, the booty call, the good old-fashioned no-strings-attached fuck? Almost 10,000 people responded, answering a 43-item questionnaire and recounting conquests in four essay questions. Frankly, we're surprised they found the time, because the data they helped us compile suggest that for many Americans, the pursuit of casual sex isn't just a staple of reality TV—it's an inalienable right. Six out of 10 of our respondents said they were having as much or more casual sex now than five years ago.

Not surprisingly, most respondents were young (median age for men was 26, for women it was 23). Two thirds were single, though more than half of married respondents admitted to engaging in casual sex with someone other than their spouse in the past year. How casual were their encounters? True confessions spoke of getting freaky on the dance floor with strangers, throwing caution to the wind in elevators with new acquaintances, floating the light fantastic in hot tubs and getting buck wild in parks, alleys and those reliable standbys, backseats. Consider the following warp-speed courtship, courtesy of one of our respondents:

I was at a club with my girlfriends when this guy started freaking with me. Pretty soon we were kissing. Then he undid a couple of buttons on my blouse and started sucking my nipples. I slid my hand inside his pants and stroked his dick, and he reached under my skirt to rub my clit. I was so wet and horny, I couldn't wait. We moved to a corner up against a wall. It took about two seconds for him to pull my panties to the side, unzip and start fucking me from behind. I came almost immediately, and three more times before he came. When we got our breath back, he gave me a quick kiss and we both went to look for our friends. We never even spoke.—Female, single, 27

Thrill of the Hunt

That thrills-over-frills approach was also reflected in our subjects' language. Two thirds preferred the unadorned term fucking. Almost half called it hooking up. Relatively few (19 percent of men, 17 percent of women) referred to the sexual act as making love. We also heard the terms slam muffins, fuck buddies, one-hit wonders and our favorite, "the sexual relief of the week."

There was no consensus on how many times you could hook up with someone before it became a relationship. It was more a matter of intent than time. Two thirds of our subjects defined casual sex as simply sex for sex's sake, with no thought of becoming serious. Half cited spontaneity (i.e., it was casual if it was unplanned). About a third admitted to having casual sex with former lovers, the old-flame fuck.

sex survey

Data in the Raw

Our respondents play with their percentages

How hot is hot?

51% of the men and **46%** of the women we surveyed said they'd had sex within six hours of meeting someone for the first time.

What's the frequency?

Have had casual sex more than 10 times in the past year

Men: **24%** Women: **34%**

Have had sex with two different people in a 24-hour period

Men: **52%** Women: **56%**

Have had sex with three or more people in a single week

Men: **38%** Women: **41%**

Have not had casual sex in the past year (i.e., they're in a monogamous relationship or in a coma)

Men: **35%** Women: **27%**

Where they last hooked up

School: **20%**

Bars: **16%**

Work: **15%**

Friends: **13%**

Party: **11%**

Dance club: **7%**

Church: **2%**

Health club: **2%**

What is the longest time you've gone without sex?

Less than a month

Men: **26%** Women: **34%**

One to six months

Men: **32%** Women: **32%**

Longer:

Men: **42%** Women: **35%**

Broke their dry spell in a casual encounter

Men: **58%** Women: **50%**

Lost their virginity in a casual encounter

Men: **39%** Women: **33%**



Define your terms

Have someone they see just for sex, i.e., a fuck buddy

Men: **40%** Women: **53%**

Have had casual sex with someone else while in a steady relationship

Men: **54%** Women: **62%**

Consider that to be cheating

Men: **59%** Women: **60%**

Do not think a lap dance counts as sex

Men: **90%** Women: **83%**

Have had oral sex, but not intercourse, with more than five people

Men: **24%** Women: **29%**

40% of the men and 42% of the women said the best sex they ever had was in a casual encounter



What they do

Mutual masturbation

Men: **48%** Women: **49%**

Oral sex

Men: **83%** Women: **80%**

Anal sex

Men: **25%** Women: **30%**

Bondage

Men: **10%** Women: **17%**

Watch porn together

Men: **26%** Women: **35%**

Sex toys

Men: **18%** Women: **28%**

Take a shower together

Men: **52%** Women: **47%**

Group sex

Men: **14%** Women: **22%**

When asked to explain why they pursued casual sex, three quarters of men and women credited excitement or acute horniness. About half attributed it to meeting someone they couldn't resist, the need for variety or the desire to have sex without the baggage of an actual relationship. One in four thought casual sex was a great workout. Hookup hopefuls reported being horny 24/7 but said they do most of their carousing on Friday and Saturday nights. Most subjects find a partner the traditional way—after getting hammered at a bar, dance club or college party.

Significantly, we did not find that the Internet had revolutionized casual sex, as so many headlines have trumpeted. A mere six percent of our sexual adventurers had made a lust connection in chat rooms. A word to the intrepid: The Net was mentioned in many "worst hookup" stories.

Head Games

When it came to the subtle psychology of casual sex, there were distinct differences between the sexes.

Women were twice as likely as men (38% vs. 20%) to have had a fling to make a third party jealous, or because they were angry at someone.

I was at a wrestling match, talking to one of the cheerleaders, and she asked me to take her home. When we got to her house, we proceeded to strip naked and get it on in the shower. As we walked out of the bathroom, her boyfriend, a wrestler, was waiting in the doorway. He was not happy that I had just fucked his girl, and he beat the living shit out of me. As I left, I heard her thank her boyfriend and then she began to have sex with him.—Male, single, 27

More men than women said their competitive nature or dares from friends were contributing factors in having casual sex.

A female friend of my roommate had come over, and my roommate was flirting with her, so I stayed away—until we started playing drinking games. We were dared to kiss each

"Casual sex is a possibility when I'm clicking with a guy and I allow myself to 'slut out.'"—Female, 21

other, and even though it pissed my roommate off, I enjoyed it thoroughly. The night went on with her rubbing her hands all over my body under the table until we finally ran upstairs to my room. The only awkward part was when I realized I was out of condoms. She went back downstairs buck naked to ask my roommate for one.—Male, single, 26

In past surveys, casual sex implied a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am disregard for quality coitus. No more. On the basics (oral sex and intercourse), favorite positions or number of orgasms per encounter, there was no difference between the sex you get in a relationship and the sex you get on the fly. A significant number of casual sex encounters involved what used to be known as kinky stuff [see *Data*].

Why the shift, toward more casual sex, less guilt and more experimentation? One respondent may have hit upon the reason—a change in women's attitudes:

My best hookup was with a former boyfriend. We had been drinking, went to his place, stripped and went at each other tooth and tongue. When I was to the point where I just wanted to fuck, he held me down (the way I like it) and went for so long that I came several times within an hour. I woke up about half an hour later, pushed him off me (he was out cold) and slept in a different room. The next morning he asked me if I had used him. It was the best feeling to say, "Well, to be perfectly honest, yes."—Female, single, 19

Thanks for helping with the survey. Was it good for you, too?

Snapshots

Liquid Courage

Lust at last call

Eight out of 10 of our subjects cited booze as a basic ingredient in casual sex. Want to shed inhibitions? When asked who initiated sex, about 25% said they did or the other person did, 40% said it was mutual, and 8% said they couldn't remember because they were drunk. There is a fine line between maintaining a buzz and boarding the oblivion express.

I look for a guy with tattoos and a sense of humor. When I'm drinking I become more forward. If the man fucks my mind and my panties are wet and my pussy is throbbing, then basically he will be fucking me by the end of the night.—Female, single, 29

She wanted to have sex so I obliged. I blew my load in about a minute. I told her I had whiskey dick to explain why I was a one-pump chump. Later, she told her friends that I was the guy who couldn't keep it up.—Male, single, 22

We stumbled into an alley by the bar and started having sex. We both were pretty lit and didn't notice two cops sitting in their patrol car about 30 yards away. We were arrested for indecent exposure and public drunkenness.—Male, single, 21



Recreational drugs were also a factor. More than a quarter of respondents admitted to toking and pok-ing. Smaller numbers had combined cocaine (9%) or ecstasy (8%) with sex. Our most interesting finding: Eight percent of the men had tried Viagra during a night of casual sex, and almost half of those were under 25 years of age. Conclusion: They wanted insurance against alcohol-induced failure. Even Viagra had unexpected consequences:

One night I got curious and took Viagra prior to seeing a fuck buddy. The sex (which was always great) was marginally better, if that. In fact, all I remember from the experience was having the worst headache ever. Then she found out that I had taken the Viagra. She never forgave me.—Male, single, 31

from the Edge

Significant findings, strange stories and news you can use

Fear Factors

Facing the consequences of casual sex

Women were twice as likely as men to worry about their reputations (36% to 17%). Men were more likely to worry that the women want a relationship (41% to 28%). A not-so-close friend set me up with someone. We talked a few times before meeting and had a pretty good first date. We ended up having sex. But she started saying "I love you" and that she had loved me from the first time we talked. She spoke about "our" money and "our" lives together. I tried to end it, but she wouldn't believe me. Then she threatened to kill herself if I left her. She was calling my home 35 times a day—more to my cell and pager. She finally gave up after a year.—Male, divorced, 30

About 75% of our respondents said their greatest concern was contracting a sexually transmitted disease (more than half had had an HIV test; the subject was a topic of conversation in almost half the hookups). Some 60% cited a fear of pregnancy; more than half always use a condom or birth control during casual sex.

In the middle of sex she said, "I shouldn't be doing this." I asked why. She wouldn't give me an answer. The next day she called to tell me she was on medication for an STD. I went through the pain of having a 10-inch Q-Tip shoved up my penis, and of course the test was positive.—Male, divorced, 46

The Morning After

How we handle it

Only 49% of the men and 55% of the women said they knew the first and last names of every person with whom they'd had sex.

I always ask for a phone number the next morning in hopes that she'll write her name along with it. That trick usually works, but sometimes they bust you and say, "What's my name?"—Male, single, 33

If he asks for my number I'll give it but then screen all my calls.—Female, single, 25

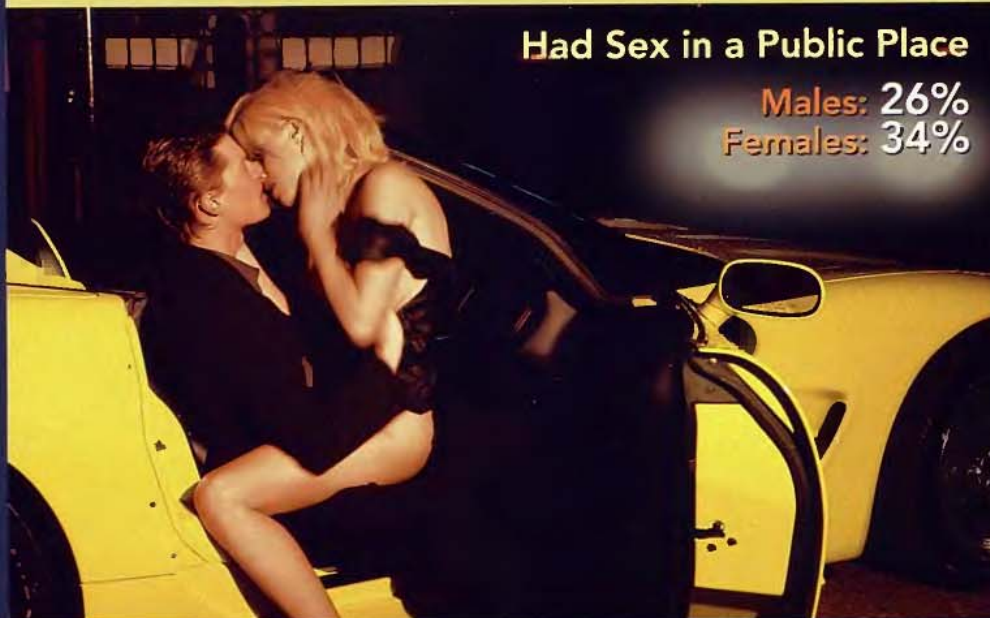
Sometimes I sneak out or tell her I have to get to a meeting. If she is worth pursuing, I do the breakfast-and-bloody-mary thing.—Male, divorced, 30

I tend to avoid "morning afters" by taking off or tossing them out before sunrise. If they hang around, I make breakfast and get rid of them as soon as possible, particularly during football season.—Male, single, 25

The morning after? What's that?—Male, single, 25

Had Sex in a Public Place

Males: 26%
Females: 34%



Coitus Interruptus

It's not always smooth sailing

21% of our subjects had been interrupted during a hookup—by roommates, strangers, or worse.

I was with a great-looking girl. It was our third date. We hadn't even shared a passionate kiss when—wham!—she was all over me in her parents' kitchen. I just let go and we started ripping our clothes off. Then the dog came in. Not a small yappy dog but a 140-pound rottweiler named Bunny. Bunny was very protective and bit into the back of my calf. So I'm lying on the kitchen floor, my pants around my ankles, and a dog is gnawing on my leg. My date was so freaked about the dog that she didn't even bother to come to the emergency room with me. I went home 37 stitches later.—Male, divorced, 39

Half of our respondents said they had bailed out of a sure thing. Last-minute scrutiny often derailed passion; 12% of the women and 10% of the guys found themselves turned off by their partner.

15% of women (but only 6% of men) stopped an encounter when the other person requested a form of sex that made them uncomfortable.

It was late, and we went to her place and were getting naked like it was the last time we were ever going to have sex. Everything was cool until she took out this crazy-looking toy she wanted to try on me. I was like, "no," and that was the end of that.—Male, single, 20

Hooked up with the hottest chick in the club. When I took her top off, she had more chest hair than me.—Male, 20

In Their Own Words

The hot, the heavy, the hilarious

Location, Location, Location

I was sitting in a campus coffee shop studying for an exam. This hot chick was sitting in a booth across from me. Her shirt was half unbuttoned and I figured, *What the hell*. I asked her if she would like to have a study date that night. We met at my dorm. She went to the rest room and came out wearing nothing but a black G-string and a bikini top four sizes too small. Her words were, "I don't know if you're the kind to do this on a first date, but I really want to give head and I really want a good fuck." I got out of my clothes and she asked me to go find

the condom in her purse. I got it out and went back to the bathroom, where she had turned on the shower. She was giving me a lap dance when I heard the door open. Just my luck: It was my girlfriend. She saw my clothes on the bathroom floor and pulled back the shower curtain. There I was with this girl rubbing her breasts on my crotch. My girlfriend was so pissed that she reported us and we both got three-day suspensions. During my suspension I had two great fucks with the new girl and a threesome with her

and her cousin. My girlfriend was jealous and wanted me back, so she fucked my brother, apologized and started doing my favorite sexual thing—giving head. So during those three days and four nights, I got five awesome fucks just for studying in a coffee shop.—Male, single, 21

Direct Approach

I was at a party and the evening was winding down. There were only a handful of girls still there and a few of the guys who lived in the house. One girl gave me a suggestive smile, so I sat down to talk to her. She said she had seen me dancing earlier that night. I said, "Do you like to give blow jobs?" She giggled and said, "Yes." So I said, "Do you want to suck my cock?" And she said, "Yes." That was our total conversation. We went up to my room and fucked all night long.—Male, single, 21

The Ultimate Morning After

I started working this girl in a bar. I took her to my apartment and she promptly went into the bathroom. I was hammered myself and ended up falling asleep. I was playing golf the

next day, so my buddy calls me super early and says that he's downstairs in a cab. I started to get ready, and then I remembered the girl. I found her asleep on the bathroom

floor. She didn't remember anything from the night before. She was so amazed that she woke up

fully clothed. A couple minutes later I got out of the shower and she started flirting with me and grabbing my towel. Meanwhile, my buddy keeps calling every 30 seconds, telling me to hurry up. We end up fucking in three different positions over a quick few minutes. When I finished, we threw on our clothes and ran for the elevator. My head was pounding, but I had a pretty solid story for my golf buddies.—Male, single, 33

Slippery When Wet

I went to a strip club with some friends. As a woman I thought I'd have a good time watching the boys try to get with these girls. Turns out I was the one who wanted one of them. When she came out onstage, all I could think about was what she would look like nude.

When her top finally fell to the floor, she was more perfect than I thought possible. After her dance she came out into the club and I spoke with her. I thought there was no way I would go home with her, so I didn't try. She kept touching the back of my neck as she walked by, so I slipped her my number. I was in my car and halfway to my house when my cell rang. She gave me directions to her place. When I arrived we slid into her hot tub. She was the first woman I had

ever been with. She knew exactly what I wanted and she gave all of it to me. I will never forget the way her silky body felt against mine.—Female, single, 27

Camp Casual

While working at a summer camp, I met another employee. We ended up chatting for a while in sarcastic—but at the same time flirtatious—tones, as parts of the conversation were solely devoted to sex. By the end of the evening the sexual tension was ridiculous. We moved to a more private location, the loft of a barn, with a blanket and a bunch of condoms. I was finally fucked the way I would like to be all the time. The sex kept on coming; I was still awake when the sun came up and was fully energized from all the sex. I guess it just gets your blood going. I kept going back for more all summer.—Female, single, 22





"Town really hasn't been the same since the meteor shower."

What's In Your Bag?

we screen the carry-ons of
three celebs to see what gear
goes best on the road

Tony Hawk pro skateboarder

The skateboarding superstar has been touring skate parks since his teens without a serious injury, save for this pain in the ass: "I had a lot of valuable stuff stolen from a bag I checked on a trip to Chile. Now I never check stuff I can't live without." •In his bag (clockwise from top): Sony's DCR-TRV80 camcorder wirelessly transfers footage to a computer via Bluetooth (\$1500). Apple iPods are now available with 30GB of memory, enough to store 7500 songs (\$500). Hawk can prank-call pal Tom Green on the Danger Hiptop cell phone PDA or flip out the color screen for web browsing and e-mail (\$300). •Other items: a spare set of wheels, skateboard tools and XL Band-Aids.

Want a crash course in road survival? Disturbed guitarist Dan

Dan Donegan guitarist for disturbed

Donegan has done two Dzzfests and lived to tell about it. His tip: Isolation is the key to keeping sane—and curing hangovers. •In his bag (clockwise from top): Hip Gear's Screenpad controllers feature a two-and-a-half-inch LCD screen for playing video games without a TV on the bus (\$150–\$170). The Samsung SPH-i500 cell phone–PDA combo has a built-in GPS for finding the next gig (about \$600). To seal out noisy bandmates, Donegan uses Koss Pro-4AAT home stereophones with closed-ear cushions (\$100). He attaches them to Bantam Interactive's BA1000, an MP3 player that can encode songs without a PC (\$300). •Other items: guitar picks, a Metallica *Ride the Lightning* CD and panties from a groupie in Dallas ... or was it Toledo?



Sunrise Adams

adult
film star

Vivid Girl
Sunrise
Adams packs
everything

you'd expect from the niece of porn legend Sunset Thomas. "I've actually never had a bad travel experience," she says. "Then again, I'm only 20." •In her bag (clockwise from below): The 3.2-megapixel Pentax Optio S digital camera fits inside an Altoids tin (\$425). She uses Motorola's T722i with a full-color display and external caller ID (\$200). Adams can watch *There's Something About Mary* or *There's Something About Merrie's Ass* on the five-inch screen of Panasonic's PalmTheater portable DVD player (\$600). •Other items: mad money, photos of her dogs, Kujoe and Tinkerbelle, and a really good fake ID.



JAILBAIT

(continued from page 64)

Jason scored his dime bags. But the dealer—whom Jason insisted not be identified—was reluctant to do business in front of a stranger, so Amber waited in the car while Jason went in with her money. "She gave me the 20 bucks, and I brought the bag out for her," he says.

By that time, Jason had already taken Amber to the cemetery, one of the few places outside the bowling alley or the shopping center where kids went to relax. They stood among the tombstones in the midafternoon sun while Jason rolled a fatty from his own supply. He took a drag and offered the joint to Amber. "She said no thanks, that she was going home later and her mother would kill her if she saw her stoned," he recalls.

Talking about her mother depressed her, Amber told Jason. She complained about how poor they were, living in a shitty place in Roaring Spring, half an hour away. Had Jason been even a tiny bit alert, he might have noted that if Amber lived with her mother in Roaring Spring, she most likely would not have gone to Altoona but rather to a high school closer to her home.

Over the course of the investigation, Jason allegedly helped Amber get \$80 worth of weed, and his friends say he began bragging to them that he'd succeeded where Bobby had failed. "Jason said he and Amber had gotten drunk and had sex one day after school," says Malicia. "And I don't see why he would lie about it. I mean, usually, it's the girls who lie about having had sex with him."

Now, talking to me almost a year after the fact, he says he regrets starting that rumor. "I don't know why people keep saying that about me," he says. "Every time they bring it up I have to say, 'No, I didn't really fuck her.'" Then he paused and said, "Look, I wish I had, because it would make your story better. But I did get her phone number and I called her once."

JONATHAN'S KISS

It was April now, two months before graduation, when Amber went to Jonathan Rhodes's house. "She came by about 15 minutes after school," says Jonathan, a bright, sensitive kid who identifies himself as a former heroin addict. Jonathan smiles easily, revealing a row of ruined teeth, prematurely yellowed by a hepatitis C infection. "She asked me if I had a rig. She said if I'd hit her she'd split a bag with me. What was I gonna say?"

Jonathan was so excited that he didn't bother to bring his whole kit—

he just grabbed a needle, a bottle of water, a tie and a spoon, and ran downstairs to meet Amber in her car. They drove to an alley by a seldom-used baseball field. Jonathan gestures to a patch of gravel and crabgrass in front of the field where it happened. "She said she had to go home or whatever, so we did it up real quick. I put the needle in her arm."

Jonathan says that after shooting up they drove aimlessly around the neighborhood—past the check-cashing store with the plywood door; and the bowling alley, hugely popular with the pompadour-and-acid-wash generation. They made stoner conversation and smoked cigarettes.

"We talked about her mom," says Jonathan. "She said she was thinking about moving to Altoona from Roaring Spring. She said she wanted to sleep at my house if she did."

Later, as Amber and Jonathan sat in the car idling in front of his house, Jonathan leaned over and kissed her on the mouth, "a real kiss," he says. Leaving the car, he recalls thinking that the next time they got together, he could get her to go all the way.

But he never got the chance to test his hunch. Amber was moving on to other guys and never spent time alone with Jonathan again.

"I got one kiss," Jonathan says, "That was it."

THE LESSON

On the morning of May 29, 2002, a swarm of local and state officers arrived at Altoona Area High. They burst into first-period classes, where they handcuffed several kids in front of their openmouthed classmates. "That was intentional," says Jack Reilly, the school's security chief. "We wanted to send a message and teach a lesson."

Bobby was stunned when they called his name. He protested his innocence, became belligerent and made a scene, thrashing his big arms with such violence it took two cops to pin him against the orange metal lockers in the hallway.

They stopped Malicia, who was walking to class. She was floored. "I remember thinking, This must be some kind of mistake," she says, "and they were reading me this paper, saying I handed them drugs, and undercover agent Jessica Miller this and Jessica Miller that, and I was like, I don't know anybody by that name."

Then Malicia had an epiphany. "I all of sudden saw her face in front of me, and I was like, Oh god, I'm totally busted. They put the cuffs on me and walked me down this long hallway in front of everyone. It was really humiliating."

Later, at the courthouse, Bobby watched Amber walk right by him. He wasn't sure it was her, because she looked radically different in the dim light of the marbled foyer. No longer dressed to flirt, she was wearing a dark suit, and her long blonde hair was pulled tight in a bun. She looked like a Fortune 500 executive. But when she drew close, he knew it was the same girl with blue eye shadow he had wanted to nail so badly—only now it was clear who had screwed who.

When Malicia saw that Bobby had been arrested, too, she turned to him and made eye contact. "Bobby," she whispered, "what happened?" He just shrugged. Then she broke down in tears.

The police found Jason at home. He was "running late for school that day," he says, and was still up in the bathroom brushing his teeth when a school security guard and a burly Altoona cop charged up the creaky stairs to get him. He listened to his Miranda rights with a mouthful of Crest. Then he was taken to the police station.

News of the arrests spread quickly among the student body, hastened by a flurry of cell phone calls. "My daughter was out on a bus on a class trip that day," recalls Thomas Bradley, spokesperson for the Altoona school district. "She'd heard all about it. The whole bus was talking about the undercover operation."

"It basically annihilated the end of my semester," says De Piro, the warehousing teacher. "I just couldn't get the kids back after that. Whether they were angry or what, they couldn't move on."

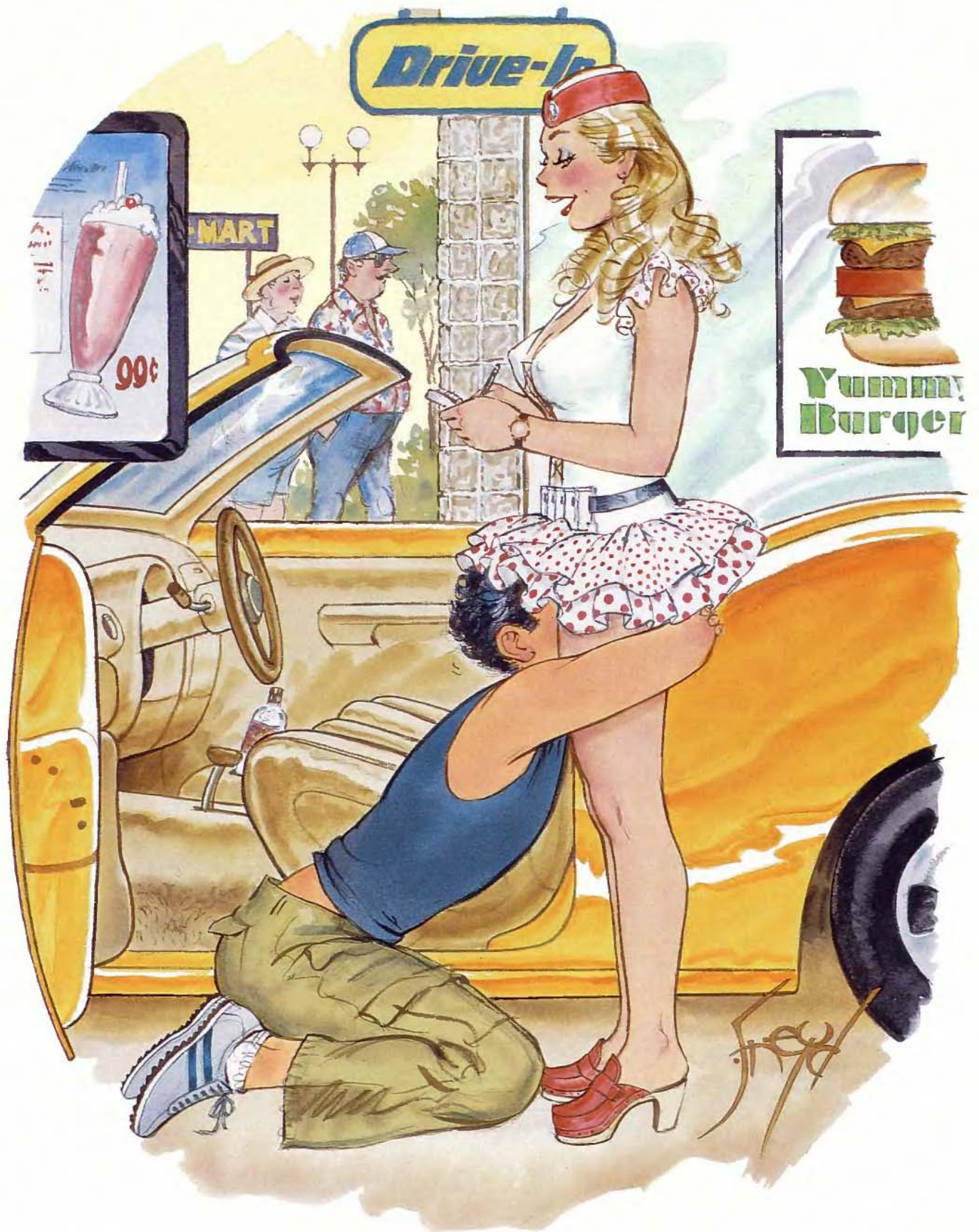
On Smokers' Corner, paranoia took hold. Everyone wondered who would be arrested next. They all knew there were heroin and crack dealers in the neighborhoods around the school; they suspected the cops wouldn't settle for a few kids who had peddled some shake to a narc. Jonathan, of course, feared the worst, and he went straight home to hide any evidence of his addiction and to cleanse his bedroom of heroin traces. Then he waited for a knock on the door.

THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED

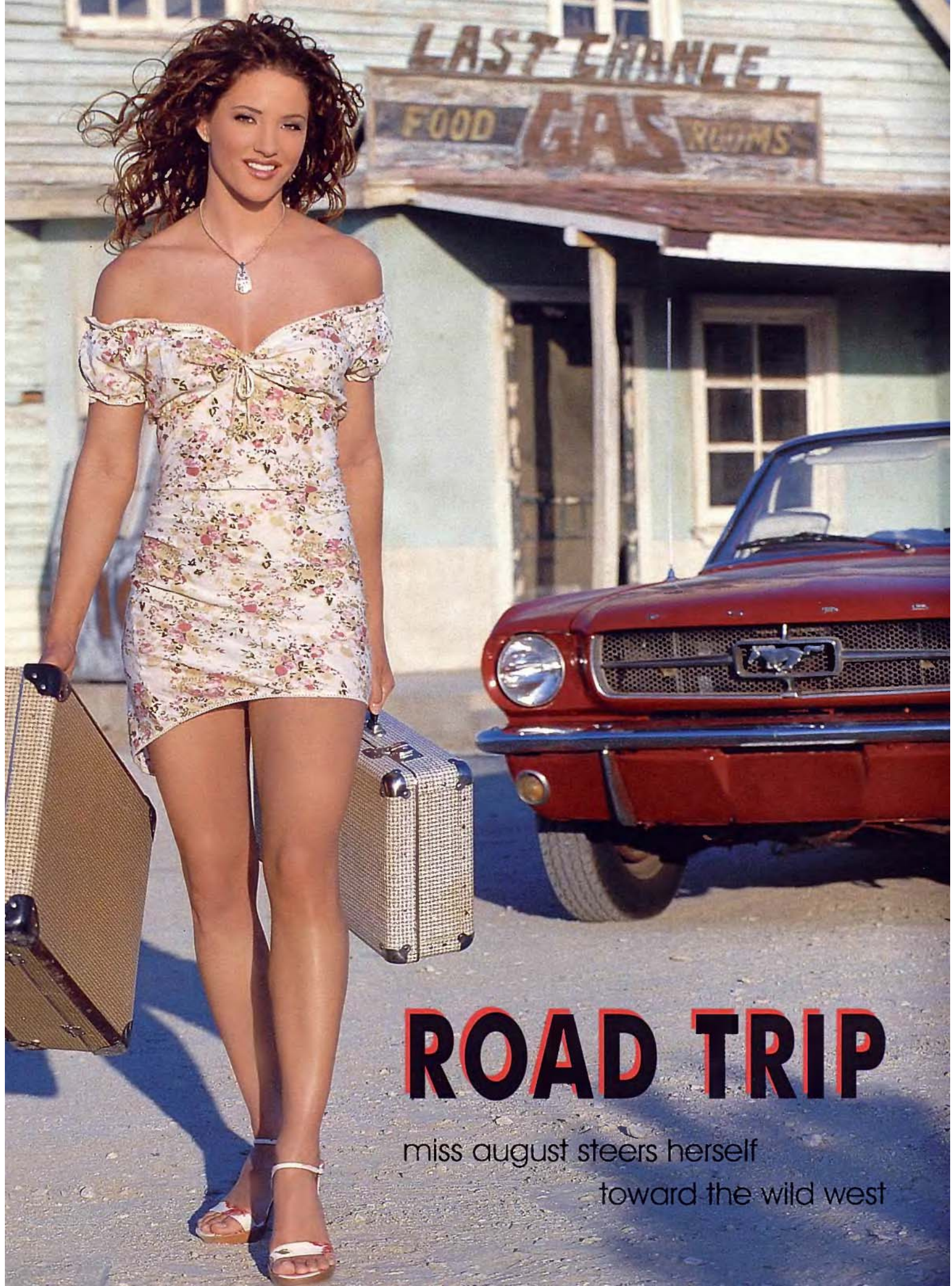
That afternoon, while Jonathan worried about his fate and the arrested kids sat in holding cells, school officials summoned the local press.

As video cameras rolled, school superintendent Dennis Murray, in a fine gray suit, opened the event by invoking Dickens and Frost, while half a dozen local reporters took notes. "We took the road less traveled in this instance," he said. "We took an extreme

(continued on page 144)



"Do you want fries with that?"



ROAD TRIP

miss august steers herself
toward the wild west

"hey there, going my way?"



WHEN COLLEEN MARIE popped into our office, she struck us as the kind of girl who can kick back and feel comfortable in any environment. The 26-year-old has zero attitude, a homegrown allure and a self-deprecating sense of humor that instantly puts you at ease. Colleen was raised in Dallas and lived in Baton Rouge for eight years while studying veterinary medicine. "I'm not a Southern belle who's like, 'Could you fetch me my coat?' though I do prefer my tea with ice in it," she says. "I have one older sister and our dad raised us like sons, so we did all the outdoor chores and went fishing with him." In fact, Colleen's tomboy ways persisted even after she blossomed. "I blended into the walls and got teased a lot at school, which made me realize in the eighth grade that I had to start brushing my hair. I never felt pretty until people told me. I was in college, and, of course, it went straight to my head! A year later I got it under control, and that's when I started to model." Even with a busy schedule of modeling jobs, Miss August achieved her dream of becoming an animal doctor a year ago. "I am so fortunate to be able to do two things I love this much," she says. At the age of 24, Colleen drove across the country to share a home with her

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



"I'm part Cherokee," says Calleen. "I tan easily and have dark hair and high cheekbones, so that's my link to that heritage. I'm also German, Irish and maybe French. I'm Heinz 57 Varieties, like so many Americans."



SEE VIDEO AND MORE NUDES OF
MISS AUGUST AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



sister in Las Vegas. "My sister and I don't have any attachments and had never lived west of Texas, so we wanted to experiment," she says. "I work for one of the better-known exotic vets in town. We see rats, snakes, ferrets, lizards—anything and everything. There was a traveling freak show that had an act featuring a tarantula, and it ripped off one of its legs. I handed it to my boss and said, 'It's all up to you. I don't do spiders.' We glued its wound shut and gave it an antibiotic injection. Then we were invited to watch it perform."

Colleen offers these tips on how to express your own animal attraction: "Don't stand behind me and scope me out for 10 minutes, because I'll see you doing it and it'll make you look like a dumbass," she says. "Pickup lines can be amusing, but it's a scary place to go if you're not that funny. You can pretty much do anything wrong and I'll forgive you as long as you're honest. Also, I like guys with big, girly eyelashes. It's a total jealousy thing because I have none. I wear makeup only when I go out for a big night with the girls or when I'm modeling." Dr. Colleen is in touch with her inner wildcat and confesses to having a few body piercings, though she won't tell us exactly where all of them are. "I have a split personality—the doctor side and the fun side," she says. "I try to make it a good mix."

"I conned my friend into driving across the country with me when I moved," says Miss August. "My 60-pound dog, Kobie, freaked out once on the interstate and wedged himself under the U-Haul's pedals. Thank god for cruise control!"







PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Colleen Marie

BUST: 34B WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 125lb.

BIRTH DATE: 8/28/77 BIRTHPLACE: Oklahoma City, OK

AMBITIONS: Moonlight as a model for the next 3-5 yrs. (to pay off my student loans), then focus on my veterinary career and becoming a great doctor.

TURN-ONS: Sense of humor, smart, honest, green eyes, good manners, has to like my dog ~~XX~~.

TURNOFFS: Lying or cheating, being late, chewing with your mouth open, showing off.

PRIOR PLAYBOY APPEARANCES: College Girls Feb. 2001, Book of Lingerie May/June 2001 and Girls of the SEC Oct 2001.

MY PIERCINGS: I have three- my tongue, my belly and a new one....

FAVORITE OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES: Hiking, taking my dog to the dog park, laying out by the pool, fishing, camping.

FAVORITE INDOOR ACTIVITIES: Cooking, baking, hanging out with family & friends, reading, playing on the computer.

CITIES I HAVE CALLED HOME: Plano, TX, Baton Rouge, LA, Las Vegas, NV.



High School senior picture, 1995.
(Big Texas hair :))



My sister, Katie, and me at my college graduation, 2002.
LSU!! Geaux Tigers!!



Modeling pic by photographer David Mecey, 2001.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A few days after the war started, a group of Saddam Hussein's body doubles met with Iraq's minister of defense. He said, "I have good news and bad news. The good news is, Saddam is still alive, so you all have jobs. The bad news is, he lost an arm."

A man joined a dating service to find a mate. He requested a woman who enjoyed water sports and liked formal attire. They set him up with a penguin.



A freshman in college worked up the nerve to ask a pretty senior for a dance at homecoming. She gave him the once-over and said, "Sorry, I won't dance with a child."

"Please forgive me," he said. "I didn't realize you were pregnant."

BLONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A young blonde asked her doctor to remove a large chunk of green wax from her navel. The doctor asked, "How did this happen?"

She replied, "My boyfriend insists on eating by candlelight."

A king suspected his wife was being unfaithful to him, so he secretly taped a tiny razor blade to her vagina. Three days later, he ordered his knights to drop their pants. They all had bandaged penises, except for one. The king said to him, "I always knew that you were my most loyal knight."

He replied, "It wath nothing, Your Magethy."

An elderly man told his doctor, "I'd like you to give me something to lower my sex drive."

The doctor said, "That's an odd request for a man your age. Your sex drive is too high?"

"That's right," the man replied. "It's all in my head. I'd like it to be three feet lower."

A teenage girl brought her new boyfriend home to meet her parents. They were appalled by his leather jacket, motorcycle boots, tattoos and pierced nose. Later, the parents pulled their daughter aside and confessed their concern. "Dear," the mother said, "he doesn't seem very nice."

"Oh please, Mom," the daughter replied. "If he wasn't nice, why would he be doing 500 hours of community service?"

A German Jew visited a rabbi and told him, "My conscience has been troubling me and I need your guidance. During World War II, I changed my name from Birnbaum to Van Buren and pretended to be a gentile. Was this wrong?"

The rabbi replied, "You did what you had to do to survive through difficult times. Don't trouble yourself."

The man continued, "During the war, I took in a refugee, a beautiful young girl, and hid her in my basement. In exchange for protecting her, she performed oral sex on me. Was this sinful?"

The rabbi replied, "You were under a tremendous amount of stress. God will forgive you if you are genuinely sorry."

The man sighed and confessed, "Well, that's the thing, Rabbi. I haven't told her that the war's over yet."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A worldly man told his drinking companions, "If I've learned one thing about women, it's that you can't trust a girl with brown eyes."

One inebriated friend said, "Shit. I have no idea what color my wife's eyes are."

He finished his drink and hurried home to investigate. His wife was in bed, apparently asleep. Not wanting to wake her from her slumber, he sat down beside her and carefully lifted an eyelid.

"Brown!" he exclaimed.

His neighbor, Mr. Brown, crawled out from under the bed and said, "How the hell did you know I was here?"



What type of meat do priests eat on Fridays?
Nun.

A bear walked into a bar. The bartender asked, "What can I get for you?"

The bear replied, "I'll have a gin and . . . tonic."

The bartender said, "OK, but what's with the pause?"

The bear said, "I was born with them."

Send your jokes on postcards 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.



MARTY
MURPHY

*"Hey! I should be the one getting an acting award . . . I slept
with that creep for six months!"*

THE GREATEST DAMN SPORTS MOMENTS OF THE NEW MILLENNIUM

IT'S ONLY 2003, BUT SO WHAT? OUR FAVORITE SPORTS SHOW HELPS US PICK THE WEIRDEST, WACKIEST EVENTS IN RECENT RECORDED HISTORY

BY KEVIN COOK

It was the best of times, it was the damndest of times. It was Shaq and Kobe, Tiger and Lance, Chucky, Barry, A-Rod and the Unit. It was Venus and Serena dominating, George Bush choking, the Mets toking and a guy trying to walk from Los Angeles to Sydney.

It was 2000, 2001, 2002 and some of 2003—perhaps the greatest and certainly the shortest millennium of our time. But why wait another 97 years to put this century's best

sports moments into perspective? Determined to beat everyone else to the punch, we huddled with the stars of Fox TV's *Best Damn Sports Show, Period*—Tom Arnold, Chris Rose, John Salley and Michael Irvin. Over drinks, dinner and stogies at a restaurant in Beverly Hills, we kicked around more than 100 ideas and finally came up with this definitive list. It may not settle every bet. It may not end any arguments. But it is definitely a damn list.



20

BONDS BOMBS AWAY

October 5, 2001 Pacific Bell Park, San Francisco

Three years after beloved, bulky Mark McGwire set a new mark for home runs, widely despised bulky bad guy Barry Bonds knocks Big Mac out of the record book. Critics say Bonds might be on steroids as he pumps homers 71 and 72 out of Pac Bell Park on his way to a 73-homer season. John Salley: "Our show is for steroids. What I hate is Bonds's home run trot. We timed him—he took 33 seconds to go around the bases."

Chris Rose: "I got tingly when McGwire hit his 70th. That's what was missing with Bonds."



18

PUCKHEAD

February 22, 2000 NHL HQ, New York

Boston Bruins goon Marty McSorley's NHL career ends when he attacks the Canucks' Donald Brashear. After smashing Brashear—one of pro hockey's few black players—over the head with his stick and knocking him out, McSorley is suspended for the remainder of the season, which will be his last. Lucky fans were treated to heavy-rotation replays of Brashear's bloodied head bouncing on the ice.

19

TYSON'S TAT

February 22, 2003
Memphis

A new-look Mike Tyson preps for his fight with Clifford "the Black Rhino" Etienne by getting his face tattooed. "I didn't like the way my face was looking," explains Iron Mike, whose clawed spiral joins tats of Mao and Arthur Ashe on the former champ. Boxing authorities, doctors and even top skin artists debate the wisdom of getting a tattoo on one's face just before a heavyweight fight ("Something might happen that would damage the tattoo," says a leading tat man at the Skin Factor in Las Vegas).

Not to worry. Tyson tattoos Etienne with punches, dropping the ex-con with a pile-driving right hand 49 seconds into the first round.



17

SUPER BOWL XXXVI: IT'S PATS

February 3, 2002

The Superdome, New Orleans
Mariah Carey screeches the National Anthem, then the New England Patriots pull off one of the biggest Super Bowl upsets ever. The Pats were two-touchdown underdogs going into the game against the TD-machine St. Louis Rams (and 70-1 preseason long shots to win the Super Bowl). Could one-season phenom Tom Brady continue to buck the odds? Indeed he could. America held its breath as New England won 20-17 with no time left on the clock, thanks to a 48-yard field goal by Adam Vinatieri—a distant cousin of daredevil Evel Knievel.

Tom Arnold: "Mariah sang at the NBA All-Star game, too, and she was great! She sandwiched her craziness between two damn fine performances."



16

YOU THROW, GIRL



July 30, 2002

Staples Center, Los Angeles

In a game against the Miami Sol, center Lisa Leslie of the Los Angeles Sparks throws down the first dunk in WNBA history. The moment makes highlight reels worldwide and makes the 6'5" Leslie—for one night—the most famous hoopster in LA.

Salley: "I was there with my daughters. They'll never forget it. They think she could dunk on Daddy."



14

TOUR DE LANCE

July 28, 2002 Paris

Lance Armstrong, minus a testicle after beating cancer, trounces the world's best cyclists to win his fourth straight Tour de France. This summer he'll try to match the all-time high of five consecutive wins, but he has already passed Greg LeMond as the top American cyclist. Maybe Armstrong's winning battle against cancer did more than build character. His friend Robin Williams says Lance has an advantage: With only one ball, he is "more aerodynamic."

Rose: "He might be the best athlete of our time."

Arnold: "Who, Robin Williams? Get out!"

13

TONYA WHUPS PAULA



March 13, 2002 Fox TV studios, Los Angeles

If the title didn't grab you—*Celebrity Boxing*—then the promise of third-tier luminaries mauling each other on Fox TV had an undeniable allure. And while there was a certain fascination in watching a paunchy Barry "Greg Brady" Williams getting knocked around by a pissed-off Danny Bonaduce, there was little question about the main event: trailer-park titan Tonya Harding versus alleged Bill Clinton pokee Paula Jones, who was in the ring only because Amy Fisher's parole board wouldn't let her box. Jones appears terrified from the opening bell. The sloppy, one-sided catfight mercifully ends when Harding wins a third-round TKO.

15

KOURNIKOVA WINS!



December 13, 2001 Cyberspace

Anna Kournikova becomes the top name for Internet searches, making the Russian tennis cutie one of the most hit-on women in the world. (In 2001 a virus cleverly dubbed *AnnaKournikova.jpg* threatened servers worldwide.) Kournikova has won zero tournaments since she turned pro in 1996, but her occasionally see-through tops have made her a cyber champ, far outstripping Martina Hingis—the star one site calls Anna's "fellow nipstress." That's only part of a busy off-court season for Anna: battling *Penthouse* magazine over bogus topless paparazzi photos, dealing with news reports that she had been secretly married to (and divorced from) Detroit Red Wings hockey star Sergei Fedorov and cavorting with lucky Enrique Iglesias on MTV.

12

DUDE, WHERE'S MY MITT?



September 20, 2002

Shea Stadium, Queens, New York

Newsday reports that several New York Mets have been suspected of smoking pot during the season and runs a photo of pitcher Grant Roberts sucking on a bong in 1999. The brushfire began in June when pitcher Mark Corey was hospitalized after getting stoned with teammate Tony Tarasco near Shea Stadium. General manager Steve Phillips, whose alleged sexual harassment of an office worker in 1998 earned him the tabloid nickname "Sex-Flap GM," issues a statement saying that the Mets have no more potheads than do other organizations.

Rose: "They didn't get the really good shit, so they finished last. Why didn't they just get in touch with Ron Darling and the other members of the '86 Mets?"

11

REMY ON THE ROCKS



March 4, 2000 Off Catalina Island, Pacific Ocean

Alsatian knucklehead Remy Bricka, wearing pontoon skis, attempts to walk on water from Los Angeles to Sydney, Australia. His project sinks within sight of its start when a storm wrecks the catamaran where he planned to rest between hikes.

Irvin: "That is so white. Black folks never do shit like that. They get enough excitement trying to pay their bills."

Arnold: "When I was a kid there was a dude, wasted, who hooked a bunch of helium balloons to a lawn chair and rode it up into the clouds. Then he popped the balloons, one at a time, and came back down. True story."

10 SOCCER'S NEW BOBBLEHEAD



November 25, 2001
Seville, Spain
After Jose Antonio Reyes of Seville scores a goal in Spanish soccer league action and is swarmed by happy teammates, another Seville player bends over and nibbles at Reyes' penis.
Rose: "That's how Mike Irvin used to celebrate his big games. Of course, he was the receiver."
Irvin: "Hey!"
Rose: "Remember when John Kruk was on our show? Kruk would have ordered seconds."
Arnold: "Is anybody else thinking of Brandi Chastain?"

8 SCREW THE COMMISH



March 11, 2003
LPGA HQ, Daytona Beach, Florida
Word leaks out of the LPGA, the ruling body of women's pro golf, that commissioner Ty Votaw has made novel use of his ruling body. Votaw admits he's been dating one of the tour's players, Swedish sweet swinger Sophie Gustafson.
Rose: "Here, Sophie, let me show you how to grip that club."
Irvin: "When I was with Dallas, we couldn't date the Cowboys cheerleaders. I'm not saying we didn't, but that was the rule. So we'd be quiet on the sideline, saying, 'That one? I did her. Her, too. Did that one. Yeah, did her....'"

6 THE MUSIC CITY MIRACLE



January 8, 2000
Adelphia Coliseum, Nashville
First round of the NFL playoffs, 0:16 on the clock. The Tennessee Titans are down 16-15 against the Buffalo Bills. The Titans' Kevin Dyson takes a lateral on a last-gasp kickoff return and streaks 75 yards for the game-winning touchdown in one of the best postseason games ever. It is the Titans' first kickoff return for a TD since 1988, when they were the Houston Oilers. Fans of the Bills still say the play was illegal.

9 SHAQ PROMOTES RACIAL HARMONY



June 28, 2002 Los Angeles
Clowning with his buddies on *The Best Damn Sports Show, Period*, Los Angeles Laker Shaquille O'Neal makes fun of 7'6" Houston Rockets center Yao Ming with a mock Chinese accent and goofy kung-fu moves. Later he instructs a reporter to "tell Yao Ming, 'ching-chong-yang-wah-ah-so.'" The *Kazaam* star seems genuinely surprised when his remarks are not well received by the international press. *AsianWeek* writer Irwin Tang, for one, delivers this dare: "Come on down to Chinatown, Shaq."

In their first meeting in Houston, the 296-pound Ming blocks Shaq's first three shots. Then, with help from online voters in his homeland ("the hordes of China," as sportscaster Brent Musburger calls them), Yao beats Shaq out and starts for the Western Conference in the 2003 All-Star game. In the end, though, the 7'1", 338-pound O'Neal muscles Yao out of the spotlight.

Their final stats:
Shaq: 27.5 points per game, 742 rebounds, 159 blocks, 46 double-doubles.
Yao: 13.5 ppg, 675 rebounds, 147 blocks, 27 double-doubles.

7 TED WILLIAMS CHILLS OUT



July 5, 2002 Alcor Life Extension Foundation, Scottsdale, Arizona
Baseball legend Ted Williams was considered by some to be a cold man. Then he died and things got really chilly. Immediately after his death, his son commandeers the body and has it frozen at -320 degrees, claiming it was his dad's long-standing wish. His son hopes future scientists will thaw out and repair the Splendid Splinter, but Williams' oldest daughter fights the move in court. She wants a father she can bury and remember, not a Popsicle.
Arnold: "Ted Williams was a war hero, a great American. I could see stuffing him and keeping him in the house, but freezing his ass—now that's sacrilege."

MASCOT MADNESS



A Fleury of Punches
December 28, 2002
HP Pavilion, San Jose, CA
After getting ejected from a Sharks-Rangers game, New York's pint-size pepper-pot forward Theo Fleury does the logical thing and takes out his aggression on hapless San Jose mascot SJ Sharkie, snapping one of Sharkie's ribs.



Fish Story
July 20, 2000
Pro Player Stadium, Miami
Florida Marlins mascot Billy the Marlin gets sued when a fan claims he suffered eye damage after getting hit with a wadded-up T-shirt fired from a cannon. Billy wins in court, saying, "This is one small step for a fish and one giant leap for mascotkind."



No Tongue
January 20, 2003
Pengrowth Saddledome, Calgary, Alberta
Flames mascot Harvey the Hound, a 6'6" dog, hounds Edmonton Oilers coach Craig MacTavish until MacTavish leans over the glass, rips out Harvey's foot-long tongue and throws it into the crowd.



Rumble in Paradise
November 23, 2002
Aloha Stadium, Honolulu
College football fans flip out after Hawaii beats Cincinnati 20-19. Players, fans and cheerleaders fight, and the home team's Warrior mascot goes after Cincy's big Bearcat. A cop on the scene calls both sides "fucking ding-dongs."

5

A-ROD SCORES \$252 MILLION

December 11, 2000

The Ballpark at Arlington, Texas
Rangers owner Tom Hicks couldn't help himself. In a giving mood, Hicks signs free-agent shortstop Alex Rodriguez, Barry Bonds's main rival as the game's best player, to the richest contract in baseball history: 10 years for a quarter of a billion dollars, plus \$2 million in folding money. That means that all by himself, A-Rod earns just \$14 million less than the Oakland A's \$39.7 million 2003 payroll.

In the end, Hicks gets his money's worth, sort of. Rodriguez hits 52 homers and drives in 135 runs—but the pitch-poor Rangers finish last, 43 games behind the AL West champ Seattle Mariners. Salley: "A-Rod was worth every dime and you know it."

Irvin: "Come on. We're always saying guys shouldn't just go for the money, but that's what he did. A-Rod knew that team wasn't going to win, but he went for the money. We should have ripped him, but we gave him a pass."



4

TIGER BLOWS CHUNKS BUT NOT LEAD

March 23, 2003

Bay Hill Invitational,
Orlando, Florida

Sick with food poisoning (his Swede sexpot girlfriend served up a dodgy batch of pasta—certainly a romance killer and bogey producer), Tiger Woods ducks into the bushes at Arnold Palmer's course to heave. Repeatedly. On live television. Then he easily, queasily blows away the field, winning by 11 shots.

Irvin: "Golf used to be one of those white people things, but Tiger Woods makes guys like me watch, which is basically a miracle. Even when Tiger is getting really sick I still watch."



3

SUPER BOWL XXXVII: CHUCKY'S REVENGE



January 25, 2003

Qualcomm Stadium, San Diego

After Bill Parcells turns down an offer to coach the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, team owners decide there is only one true savior for their team: Jon "Chucky" Gruden, the scarily intense head coach of the Raiders. Opportunistic Oakland owner Al Davis takes full advantage of the situation, squeezing the Bucs for four draft picks and \$8 million. But Gruden wins in the end, meeting his former team in the Big Game and dismantling them 48-21, making the Grinch-like Davis look greedy and wrong.

2

ROCK 'EM SOCK 'EM SOX FANS

September 19, 2002

Comiskey Park, Chicago

A crazed father and son rush from the stands to attack Kansas City first base coach Tom Gamboa, only to be mobbed and roughed up by the Royals. The rumble sets the stage for a White Sox-Royals rematch this spring, when four fans charge the field. One of them, Eric Dybas, says he attacked an ump because he "wanted to get a rise out of the crowd."

Rose: "And where's this year's All-Star game? The same rowdy ballpark."

Arnold: "The Royals lost the fight. They hardly landed any good shots on that dad and his kid."

Rose: "Royals whiff royally."

Arnold: "The Royals were on crystal meth, giving the drunks the advantage."



1

TACKLE THAT PRETZEL!

January 13, 2002

The White House, Washington, D.C.

Alone and watching a Ravens-Dolphins playoff game on TV, President George Bush chokes on a pretzel, passes out and hits his head on a table. Later, he is seen sporting a golfball-size welt on his left cheek.

The incident immediately becomes late-night-TV fodder (Kilborn: "The Secret Service wrestled the pretzel to the ground") and an embarrassed Bush joins in, joking, "Mother, I should have listened to you: Always chew your pretzels before you swallow." But for a moment between Ray Lewis tackles, Dick Cheney is one Rold Gold from the presidency.



JUBILATION (continued from page 74)

There are people in this world who are content with the lot they're given. I'm not one of them.

I'd set for myself, but I'd sold my company to a bigger company and bought off my ex-wife, and what was left was more than adequate to set me up in a new life in a new house—and no, I was not retiring to Florida to play golf till I dropped dead of boredom, but just looking for what was missing in my life, for the values I'd grown up with in the suburbs, where there were no fences, no walls, no gated communities and private security guards, where everybody knew everybody else and democracy wasn't just a tattered banner the politicians unfurled for their convenience every four years. That was what the Jubilation Company promised. That and a rock-solid property valuation, propped up by Charles Contash and all the fiscal might of his entertainment and merchandising empire. The only catch was that you had to occupy your property a minimum of nine months out of the year and nobody could sell within two years of purchase, so as to discourage speculators. But to my way of thinking that wasn't a catch at all, if you were committed. And if you weren't, you had no business taking up space in line to begin with. "Not really," I said, enjoying the look on her face, the unconscious widening of her eyes, the way her lips parted in expectation. "Comfortable, I guess you would say."

Then the line jerked again and we all revised our footing. "Mercado Street!" somebody shouted. "Penny Lane!" countered another, and there was a flicker of nervous laughter.

From where I was standing, I could barely see over the crush. A girl in a short blue skirt and orange heels stood on a platform at the head of the line, churning a gleaming stainless steel hopper emblazoned with the Contash logo, and an LED display stood ready to flash the numbers as people extracted the little digitized cards from the depths of it. There was a ripple of excitement as the first man in line, a phys ed teacher from Las Vegas, New Mexico, climbed the steps of the platform. Rumor had it he'd been camped on the unforgiving concrete for more than a month, eating his meals out of a microwave and doing calisthenics to keep in shape. I saw a running suit (blue with orange piping, what else?) surmounted on yard-wide shoulders and a head like a wrecker's ball. The man bent to the hopper, straightened up again and handed a white plastic card

to the girl, who in turn ran it under a scanner. The display flickered, and then flashed the number: 3347. "Oh, god," Vicki muttered under her breath. My pulse was racing. I couldn't seem to swallow. The sun hung overhead like an overripe orange on a limb just out of reach as the crowd released a long slow withering exhalation. So what if the phys ed teacher had camped out for a month? He was a loser, and he was going to have to wait for Phase II construction to begin before he could even hope to become part of this.

None of the next five people managed to draw under 1000, but at least they were in, at least there was that. "They look like they want houses, don't they?" Vicki said, a flutter of nerves undermining her voice. "I don't mean Casual Contempos," she said. "I wouldn't want to jinx that for you, but maybe the Little Adobes or the Courteous Coastals. But not apartments. No way."

Then a couple who looked as if they belonged on one of the Contash Corp.'s billboards drew number 5 and the crowd let out a groan before people recovered themselves and a spatter of applause went up. I shut my eyes. I hadn't eaten since the previous day on the plane and suddenly I felt dizzy. Get lucky, I told myself. Just get lucky, that's all.

A breeze came up. The line moved forward step-by-step, slab-by-slab. As each number was displayed, a thrill ran through the crowd, and they were all neighbors, or potential neighbors, but that didn't mean they weren't betting against you. It took nearly an hour before the men in front of Vicki—Mark and his partner, Leonard, nicest guys in the world—mounted the steps to the platform and drew number 222. I watched in silence as they fell into each other's arms and improvised a little four-legged jig around the stage, and then Vicki was up there with the sun bringing out the highlights in her hair and drawing the color from her eyes as if they'd been inked in. The boy fidgeted. The baby squaled. She bent forward to draw her number, and when the display flashed 17 she flew down the steps and collapsed for sheer joy in the arms of the only man she knew in that whole astonished crowd—me—and everybody must have assumed I was the father of those creamy pale children until I climbed up and thrust my arm into the hopper.

The stage seemed to go quiet suddenly, all that tumult of voices reduced to a whisper, tongues arrested, lips frozen in midsentence. I was going to get what I wanted. I was sure of it. My fingers closed on a card, one of thousands, and I fished it out and handed it to the girl; an instant later the number flashed on the board—4971—and Vicki, poised at the foot of the steps with a glazed smile, looked right through me.

There are people in this world who are content with the lot they're given, content to bow their heads and accept what comes, to wait, sacrifice and look to the future. I'm not one of them. Within an hour of the drawing, I'd traded number 4971 and \$10,000 cash for Mark and Leonard's number 222, and within a month of that I was reclining in a new white wicker chaise longue on the wraparound porch of my Casual Contempo discussing interior decoration with a very determined—and attractive—young woman from Coastal Design. The young woman's name was Felicia, and she wore her hair in a French braid that exposed the long cool nape of her neck. She was looking into my eyes and telling me in her soft breathy reconstructed tones what I needed vis-à-vis the eclectic neo-traditional aesthetic of the Jubilation Community—"Really, Mr. Reilly, you can mix and match to your heart's content, a Stickley sofa to go with your Craftsman windows set right next to a Chinese end table of lacquered rosewood with an ormolu inlay"—when I interrupted her. I listened to the ice cubes clink in my glass a moment, then asked her if she wouldn't prefer discussing my needs over a nice étouffée on the deck of the Cajun Kitchen overlooking lovely Lake Allagash. "Oh, I would love that, Mr. Reilly," she said, "more than practically anything I can think of, but Jeffrey—my sweet little husband of six months?—might just voice an objection." She crossed her legs, let one heel dangle strategically. "No, I think we'd better confine ourselves to the business at hand, don't you?"

I wrote her a check, and within 48 hours I was inhabiting a color plate torn out of one of the Jubilation brochures, replete with throw rugs, armoires, sideboards, a set of kitchen chairs designed by a Swedish sadist and a pair of antique brass water pitchers—or were they spittoons?—stuffed with the Concours d'Elegance mix of dried coastal wildflowers. It hadn't come cheap, but I wasn't complaining. This was what I'd wanted since the breath had gone out of my marriage and I'd begun living the nomadic life of the

(continued on page 132)



"Goodness gracious! You young people do need counseling, don't you!"



PLAYBOY
FASHION

KILLER ADDITIVES

refresh your wardrobe with a selection of the season's best new clothes and accessories

You can improve your look without a new closet of clothes. Good grooming works. So does getting the most bang for your buck. Just remember that a few top-quality upgrades will serve you better than a slew of mid-dling replacements. We've rounded up the best items to help bump your existing wardrobe up to first class.

fashion by joseph de acetis
photography by chuck baker
produced by jennifer ryan jones



1



2



3



4

THAT PAGE: Our man is wearing a corduroy suit (\$795) and striped shirt (\$175) by **Boss Hugo Boss**. She's in a velvet blazer (\$168) and velvet miniskirt (\$98) from **Kenneth Cole's Anniversary Collection**, and a diamond necklace (\$55,000) and earrings (\$22,000) by **Fred Leighton**. **THIS PAGE:** Freshen up a tired suit with the help of well-considered accoutrements like (1) this white sport shirt (\$115) and tie (\$95) by **Calvin Klein**. The

dark-chocolate leather briefcase (2) is also by **Calvin Klein** (\$795). Or reinvent your look with top-notch shoes like this pair (3) by **Kenneth Cole** (\$160). Of all the senses, the olfactory is the most refined—so a new scent represents a powerful change. These fragrances (4) are, clockwise from upper left, by **Kiton** (\$70), **Fahrenheit** by **Dior** (\$42), **Indigo** aftershave splash by **Gant** (\$35), **Cool** by **Aramis** (\$39) and **Vetiver** by **Guerlain** (\$45).



KILLER
ADDITIVES



THAT PAGE: He's in a ClimaProof tracksuit (\$90), short-sleeve shirt (\$30) and trainers (\$100), all by **Adidas**. She's in a jacquard bra (\$32) and sneakers (\$75) by **Adidas**, and Bodywear shorts by **Nike** (\$36). **THIS PAGE:** He's in Pro-Stretch briefs (1) by **Calvin Klein** (\$16). The white bath towel is by **Pratesi** (\$120). The watch (2) is by **Beretta** (\$2225). On the shelf (3) are, from left, style gel by **Suave** (Money), deodorant by **Arrid** (\$3), soap by

Old Spice (\$2) and shave gel by **King of Shaves** (\$6). At left in (4) are Age Fitness by **Biotherm Homme** (\$29), Sea Cleanse by **Clay** (\$25) and moisturizer by **Biotherm Homme** (\$25). Stacked, from top, are eye balm (\$23) and soothing gel mask (\$16) by **Kiehl's**, and protective skin cream by **Clay** (\$30). In front is Hydra-Detox by **Biotherm Homme** (\$24). At right is shave oil by **Clarins** (\$22) and skin cream by **Dermalogica**.



THIS PAGE: The sweaters (1)—green cashmere turtleneck (\$815), yellow cashmere button-front (\$875) and blue cashmere zip-front (\$1000)—are all by **Gran Sasso**. The toiletry products (2) are, from left, shave gel by **Sharps** (\$12), **Tancho** hair stick (\$10), 4-Play pomade by **Crome** (\$13), pomade by **Fekkai for Men** (\$19), Brilliant pomade by **Aveda** (\$28) and shampoo by **Fekkai for Men** (\$20). The shoes (3) are by **Terra Plana**

(\$235). The shirts (4) in rust corduroy (\$98), blue cotton (\$98) and dark plaid corduroy (\$110) are all by **Joseph Abboud**. The MP3 player is an iPod by **Apple** (\$400). **THAT PAGE:** He's in a sweater (\$758) and pants (\$205) by **Versace**. The custom **Gibson** guitar is from playboystore.com (\$6000). She's in a dress by **Salvatore Ferragamo** (\$750) and sandals by **Kenneth Cole** (\$135). Stackable Lucite cubes (\$450 each) are by **Desiron**.



**KILLER
ADDITIVES**

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149

TREND D GAME

*the rules
are simple:
dress it
up, keep it
cool and
always
think like
a rock star*

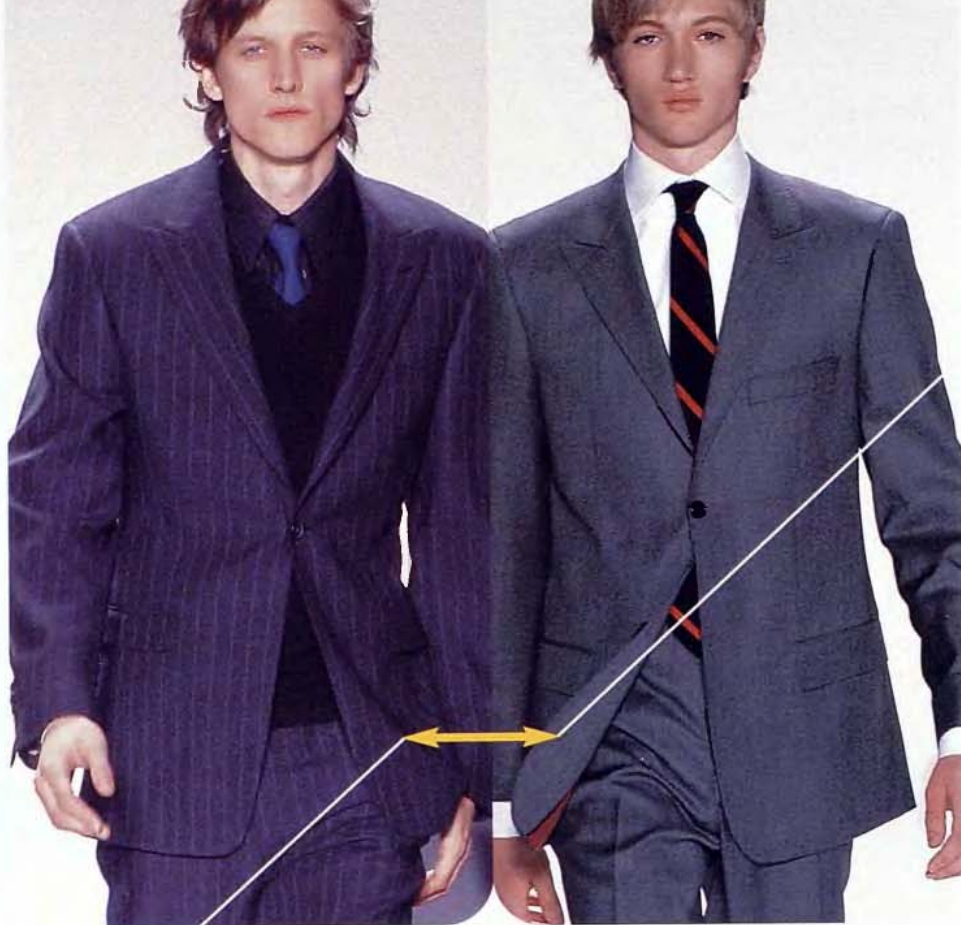
fashion by
Joseph De Acetis

Markets may still be mourning the go-go Nineties, but designers are ready for a new era of luxury. Expensive materials dominate this season—fur trim, rich wools, sumptuous leathers. You will also notice extra zippers, studs, cuffs, and pockets to hold your MP3 player and phone. The clothes below are by **DIOR HOMME**. The outfit at right is by **VERSACE**.



**PLAYBOY
FASHION**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN LECCA
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 148.



The suit above at left is by **KENNETH COLE**. The one above at right is by **TOMMY HILFIGER**. These suits look classic at first glance, but the fit is young and sleek—so they shift easily from the office to the club. The clothes at upper right are by **GIORGIO ARMANI**. Below at far right is an outfit by **DOLCE & GABBANA**. Below in the middle is a wool-and-distressed-leather combination by **DKNY**. The mix of textures and styles is indicative of this year's attitude—hard and soft, new school and old school. Below at left are clothes by **MICHAEL KORS**.





PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD IZUI

CSC:

CRIME SCENE CLEANUP

VIOLENT CRIME DOES PAY—IF YOU'RE THE GUY HIRED TO CLEAN UP THE MESS **BY PAT JORDAN**

A woman sits on the edge of the sofa in the living room of her ranch-style house in Romeoville, Illinois, fingering her First American Casualty Insurance policy and crying softly. She watches her husband lead two men down a narrow hallway to their teenage daughter's bedroom. He points through an open door and says, without emotion, "It was a shotgun." Then he goes back to his wife as one of the men begins taking photographs of the room.

There are posters of rock stars on the walls. Eminem. Korn. Limp Bizkit. There is a big television, a VCR, stereo, stacks of videos (*Titanic*), piles of CDs (Britney Spears, Wynonna Judd) and a glass bookcase filled with limited-edition Barbie dolls in wedding and evening gowns, swimsuits and jogging outfits. On top of the bookcase are softball trophies and a photograph of the girl: a pretty, strawberry blonde, hugging her boyfriend, a slim, unsmiling kid in glasses. On her unmade bed lies a piece of lined paper with neatly printed letters that read CARRIE 'N' KYLE. There is no body in sight, but on the rug next to the bed a teddy bear sits about two feet from a pool of coagulating blood that, after six hours, has turned from red to burgundy. White bits of skull and gray brain matter are evident in the blood, which is also splattered across the TV, the CDs, the walls, the door and the bedsheets.

"The halo effect," says Kevin Reifsteck, 29, a short man with a crew cut and bodybuilder's bulk.

"Her boyfriend probably broke up with her," whispers Greg Banach, 33. "That's the main cause of teen suicides." Greg looks like a thin, young Buddy Hackett in a black T-shirt that reads OUR DAY BEGINS WHEN YOUR DAY ENDS.

Kevin goes to the kitchen to show the parents the contract he wants them to

sign. He explains that he and Greg will have to throw out a lot of bloodstained items but that their homeowners' insurance policy will cover the cost of cleaning up the room. "We can probably save the mattress," Kevin says.

"No. Throw it out," the father says.

boy phoned the house that morning to say he was coming to kill himself in front of the daughter. When he arrived, he broke through a living room window while the mother and daughter fled out the back door to a neighbor's house. The boy went to the daughter's room, knelt



FROM THE AFTERMATH FILES: AT ONE SCENE, A CORPSE WAS FOUND LYING ON A RUG. TECHNICIANS PEELED BACK FOUR LAYERS OF BLOODY CARPETING AND FOUND THIS EERIE STAIN. THEY CALL IT THE JESUS FIGURE.

"She barely even knew him," says the mother. Kevin raises an eyebrow quizzically. She explains that her 17-year-old daughter had been stalked by a 19-year-old boy who once worked with her. The

on the rug, tilted his head back, put the shotgun in his mouth and blew half his head off.

Greg, listening in the doorway, says, "There are a lot of whack jobs out there."

ION BIOHAZARD



CAUTION BIOHAZARD




CA

Unfortunately you met one. Thank god he only killed himself."

After the police came and took the mother's statement and carted off the body, she waited for them to clean up the room. That wasn't their job, they explained. Then one of the officers gave her a name, Aftermath, Inc., and a telephone number: 877-TRAGEDY.

Aftermath, Inc. of Plainfield, Illinois is a biohazard recovery company licensed by the Environmental Protection Agency and certified by the Occupational Safety and Health Association to clean up and dispose of hazardous waste. Or, in the words of the company's brochure, Aftermath specializes in "easing emotional trauma at a time when it matters most. We provide specially trained technicians who remove your burden during the untimely death of a loved one." In short, Aftermath crews—including the two-man team of Greg Banach and Kevin Reifsteck—clean up the body parts and blood police leave behind. Registered in 19 states, Aftermath is one of the largest and most respected



THE MESS LEFT BY SOLITARY DEMISE CAN BE MORE GRUESOME THAN A VIOLENT DEATH.

ety—husbands and wives working part-time to clean up various crime scenes while holding down full-time jobs. Aftermath has been described by Illinois police as "providing an irreplaceable service" and as "extremely professional and reliable."

Say hello to America's newest growth industry. Look at any tabloid or local newspaper: Death is mentioned on every page. As the culture becomes simultaneously more sanitized and more violent, death cleanup has become a specialty

cleanup training and many more hours of sensitivity training. They are also required to get three vaccinations for hepatitis B, which is their biggest health hazard. (Some pathogens, like tuberculosis, can be killed on contact with decontaminating sprays. Others, including HIV, can live for days outside a body, and hepatitis B can live much longer than that and reanimate itself.) Most of Aftermath's technicians have backgrounds in law enforcement or medicine and are accustomed to gruesome

"ONE KID SHOT HIMSELF TWICE IN THE HEAD AND LIVED. HE CALLED HIS FATHER AND SAID, 'DAD, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT!'"

companies of its kind, which until recently were of the mom-and-pop vari-

market. And when the misfortune of suicide or murder or unattended death intrudes on our TV time, who are we going to call? Aftermath is one of many companies that have sprouted to fill a contemporary need. They even have a lobbying group, the American Bio-Recovery Association (founded in 1996), which puts the annual revenue for the fledgling industry at \$20 million to \$25 million, showing growth every year.

Aftermath employs 20 technicians, who receive 12 hours of

crime scenes. They are paid between \$25 and \$40 per hour, with some earning \$70,000 per year.

The average cost of an Aftermath job is \$2500, though price will vary widely, depending on the time required (a few hours to as long as a month). Typical fees are \$100 per hour, per technician, \$500 for supplies and \$200 for the disposal of hazardous waste. Most body fluids seep into walls and floors, so technicians spend less time wiping away such things than they do cutting out and disposing of parts of a room. Aftermath has a construction crew, Force Construction, that will completely rebuild a room or rooms so they look exactly as they did before the incident.

In 1995, Chris Wilson and longtime friend Tim Reifsteck (Kevin's brother) worked selling newspaper subscriptions. They always talked about becoming entrepreneurs but hadn't yet come up with their big idea. Then a neighbor's son committed suicide with a rifle. The parents were horrified when the police didn't clean up the area after the body was removed from their home. Chris



CHRIS WILSON (LEFT) AND TIM REIFSTECK STARTED AFTERMATH IN 1996.

and Tim offered to do it. They spent two and a half hours scraping off bits of brain and skull from walls and sopping up blood from carpets. Halfway through the process, it occurred to them: They had discovered their niche business. The next day they called funeral parlors and coroners offices to ask who provided such a service. They were told, "We wish someone did."

Before they opened for business, Chris and Tim spent six months researching crime scene cleanups. They learned about OSHA certification, vaccinations and medical waste disposal licenses. Most important, they discovered there were no books or courses on such cleanups; they would have to figure it out on the job. Then they opened for business in a small office in an industrial strip mall in Plainfield.

During the next two years they would learn many things: the proper technique for cleaning up blood, the equipment and disinfectants that kill germs and odors, the difference between a fresh death and an unattended death, the various stages of corpse decay, the reasons people die, the ways people die, the legacy of death for the families left behind. In time, they would learn more about death than they ever wanted to know.

The technicians at Aftermath are intimately familiar with the smell of decay—a sickly combination of vomit and flowery perfume. They can judge the time of death by how blood clumps and coagulates; they can instantly distinguish fluids of a fresh corpse from those of an aged one. They have dealt with the consequences of someone who has expired in the night with a whisper of death on his lips, and they have seen the destruction and butchery of murderers. They know, odd as it seems, that the scene left by a quiet, lonely demise can often be

more gruesome than the most violent death. They are janitors of the human condition.

A typical Aftermath workweek has Wilson and Reifsteck monitoring the activities of teams operating in various states. Theirs is a cell phone-driven business. I join them on a Tuesday, with the expectation that I will be sent on a job as soon as one comes in. We're getting acquainted over lunch in a Mexican restaurant when Chris, a handsome 30-year-old with slicked-back hair, gets a call about a suicide in Michigan. "Shotgun or handgun?" he asks. He's told a shotgun, which means the cleanup will take much longer. He starts arranging a team.

"About 30 percent of our deaths are suicides," Tim explains, pointing out that most happen during the holidays, in January (after people receive their Christmas credit card bills and tax forms) and in summer (when heat tends to bring out people's hostilities).

"Only 10 percent are homicides, which usually occur outside of homes," he says. Chicago had 645 homicides last year; more than 500 of those occurred outdoors—no-man's-land. "The cops just hose down the street," Tim says. "About 10 percent of our deaths are accidents. The rest are natural causes, with almost 50 percent being unattended deaths"—an industry term for a body that is discovered after as long as two years.

"Most suicides we see are influenced by divorce, child custody problems or depression," Chris says.

"We had one guy who hung himself," says Tim, "but he wasn't dying fast enough, so he shot himself

(continued on page 148)

SIX FEET UNDER

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?



STAGE: ALGOR MORTIS

ONSET TIME AFTER DEATH: IMMEDIATE

WHAT HAPPENS: Brain functions, respiration and heartbeat stop. Urine and feces are expelled if gravity allows. Body temperature drops an average of one and a half degrees per hour for the first few hours—critical information in determining time of death within the first 24 hours postmortem. (Actual rate varies with environmental temperature, and is useful only in temperate climates. In extreme climates, such as the Australian outback, body temperatures may even rise.)



STAGE: LIVOR MORTIS

ONSET TIME AFTER DEATH: 30 MINUTES

WHAT HAPPENS: Blood begins to pool at the lowest portions of the resting body, a process called lividity. The body becomes extremely pale while purple splotches form on its underside—earlobes and fingernail beds are usually marked by lividity during this period, too. By 10 to 12 hours after death, the lividity is fixed, and even if the body is moved, the discoloration will remain (though a secondary set of splotches can also form based on the new position of the body).



STAGE: RIGOR MORTIS

ONSET TIME AFTER DEATH: SIX HOURS

WHAT HAPPENS: Chemical changes cause muscular stiffening, which first locks small muscles in the eyelids, then moves to neck and hands. Last areas to stiffen are large muscles in limbs. Rigor mortis takes about six hours to start, another six to complete, and then passes in another 12 hours. Process is accelerated by high temperatures and by extreme muscle activity prior to death. Autolysis may start—organs that contain digestive enzymes begin to digest themselves.



STAGE: PUTREFACTION

ONSET TIME AFTER DEATH: 36 HOURS

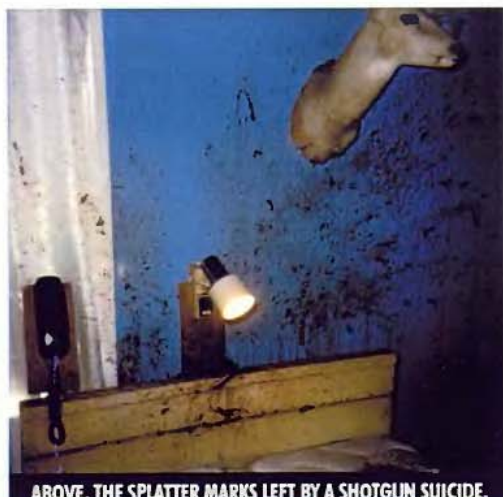
WHAT HAPPENS: Streaks of surface discoloration appear on abdomen and spread to flanks, limbs and face as soft tissue is broken down by bacteria and enzymes. Discoloration of veins causes marbling. Large sheets of skin may fall off. Blisters filled with fluid and gas form. After two to three days, internal pressure expels putrid fluid via orifices. Fingernails and toenails detach, often pulling off glove- and sock-like pieces of skin. Within weeks, body bursts open under pressure.



STAGE: MUMMIFICATION AND ADIPOCERE

ONSET TIME AFTER DEATH: WEEKS TO MONTHS

WHAT HAPPENS: Both depend on unique conditions. Mummification occurs only in dry heat—e.g., deserts. The body shrivels and is converted into a leathery mass. Adipocere, which takes at least six months, occurs in warm, moist, anaerobic conditions, such as under water, or a particularly well-sealed coffin. Instead of breaking down as in normal putrefaction, fatty tissue is converted into a yellowish waxlike mass. It's flammable. And it can remain in this form for years.



ABOVE, THE SPLATTER MARKS LEFT BY A SHOTGUN SUICIDE.

ION BIOHAZARD



CAUTION BIOHAZARD



CAUTION



*"I know you'd never cheat on me, darling. But what about
sometime when you're off me?"*

Centerfolds On Sex

Shauna Sand



MY FAVORITE ENCOUNTER

I was driving fast down the Pacific Coast Highway at 1:30 in the morning and I turned onto Wilshire and stopped at a red light, and my tire fell off. So I grabbed my cell phone and found the name of this French guy I'd met while working on a shoot. He showed up, fixed my tire like a pro, looked up at me with grease all over his white shirt and told me I couldn't drive home on the spare because it was too dangerous. He suggested I follow him to his house—10 minutes away—for my safety, of course.

When we got there he showed me to his guest room and told me I could sleep there if I wanted. I asked to see his room. I wanted to cuddle with him—after the ordeal and all. We started kissing—but like for an hour. Then we just rolled around naked on each other. We didn't have sex for at least a couple of hours. But when we did, it was incredible. I had five orgasms. I find myself still fantasizing about all the stuff he did.

WHAT I FIND ATTRACTIVE IN MEN

I love a man who's rugged. I love scruffy guys, guys who don't shave. I love that facial hair stuff. And long hair—that's so sexy. And I love muscles, but I don't like the guy to be too muscle-bound. I want to feel like the tiny one and that I have this big person protecting me. I can't stand guys who are in love with themselves, but I do like guys who are self-confident. I like guys who feel they are worthy of themselves, that they are special, without feeling that they're better than anyone else.

MY SEXUAL LIKES

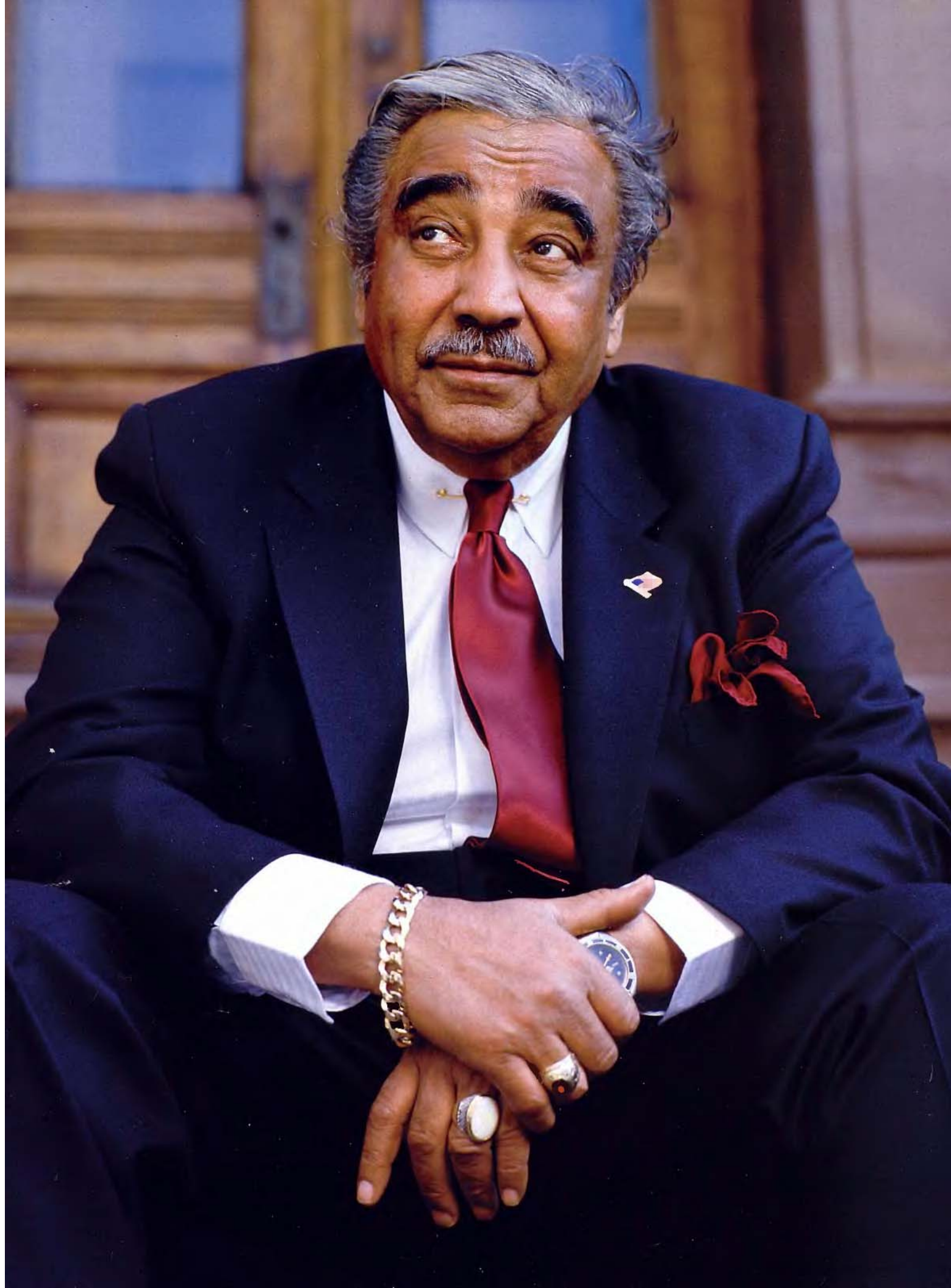
When I'm in the mood, I don't need any foreplay—it's OK for a guy to just rip off all my clothes. I need to get right down to it and just have everything. Touching my boobs is enough to set me off. I'm wet in like one second. That's something strange about me: I'm always ready. You can just look at me and I'll be ready. I'm very healthy in that way.

WHEN I LIKE TO HAVE SEX

I love it in the morning when I'm half asleep and just in a kind of Dreamville. I'll do the spoon or get on top of him. I wake up completely aroused in the morning.

Shauna Sand





Charles Rangel

20Q

the outspoken new york congressman wants the draft, a balanced budget and a spot on the west wing

1

PLAYBOY: You've called for reinstating the draft as well as for mandating alternative civilian service. Are you out to change the way young people think about their country?

RANGEL: Most everybody I know who served in the military—whether they volunteered or went screaming and yelling—believes they're a better person for the experience. Getting to know Americans from all backgrounds has to make you a better American. It may not be patriotism in the military sense of the word, but it makes you care more about your country. But that's not the reason I want to reinstate the draft. Wouldn't we be better off if all youngsters could be exposed to some type of discipline? Or if kids who come from families that are not strong could get a sense of self-esteem and accomplishment? And if wealthy kids were able to know what life is without wealth? That's not the draft in terms of military service. That's public service.

2

PLAYBOY: Lay out the Rangel draft plan.

RANGEL: Two years of mandatory service for ages 18 to 26. Give them an opportunity to finish high school, maybe a year. No deferments except for conscientious objectors. Probably around 35 million kids would be eligible for the draft, but only a fraction of one percent would be needed for the military. What do you do with the rest? We're going to be in a state of war for a long time. We need a real presence at our seaports and our airports, in our hospitals and our schools, on our streets and in our libraries.

3

PLAYBOY: You opposed the invasion of Iraq. Defend your opinion that a large number of draftees in the military will help curb intervention abroad.

RANGEL: When people talk about teaching Saddam Hussein a lesson, you don't get the sense that the country has been attacked by Iraq or that national security is involved. You hear congressmen, people in the administration and war advocates say, "We've got this volunteer army and they want to fight." It's like they're talking about the French Foreign Legion. They don't have any real sense of connection. Their children and grandchildren aren't involved in any of it. But war is not just a political decision—it's a nightmare to which you are exposing American kids. More constituents, if they thought their own families would be involved, would be in touch with more congresspeople. Then, when the question comes to Congress, the members would do a lot more thinking before going to war.

4

PLAYBOY: You are a decorated Korean War veteran, and in the Sixties you served as counsel to the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service. Give us the long view on the draft.

RANGEL: The problem we had in the Johnson administration was that middle-income families raised such political hell about the draft that they were given a way out with the college exemption. It was a class distinction. They didn't have to face Vietnam. If you've been in combat, you never forget it. It is the worst nightmare you could curse somebody with. You get past the question of shared sacrifice if everyone is exposed when the nation is in danger. We now have about 1.4 million volunteers and about 800,000 National Guardsmen and reservists. They're scattered all over the world. We don't know how many hundreds of thousands it may take to occupy Iraq and search for hard-to-find weapons of mass destruction, to maintain law and order, to keep the peace, to have the

transition. We have troops in the Philippines, Colombia, Japan, tens of thousands in Europe, and we're moving toward more military action. Just listen to the president and his threats to Syria and the axis of evil. We are the only superpower left, so there is a sense of responsibility for the world.

5

PLAYBOY: Some have accused you of fomenting a class war. Care to respond?

RANGEL: A lot of Republicans agree with me, but they say they don't want to embarrass the president. The truth of the matter is that we've been calling up reservists and the National Guard. This has caused a great deal of hardship on marriages, on families—employers are not hiring a lot of these people back, and there's a dramatic decrease in income. So when you think about our needs for the future, you have to be aware of what we will be dealing with. What do you do when you need more people? We have been increasing the stipends for enlisted personnel, but this is an appeal to working-class folks, the people who need the money, not those who aren't even thinking about the military. Senator McCain has proposed a bill that adds 18 months of military service and pays about \$20,000 in educational benefits. Some kid needs \$20,000 to go to school and you're saying that he or she should fight the wars of the United States? That's morally wrong. It is immoral to believe that the only people who will be fighting wars and exposing themselves to danger will be those who cannot afford to do anything else.

6

PLAYBOY: Do you and South Carolina Senator Fritz Hollings, who has joined you to promote the idea of a draft, intend to spark a national debate?

RANGEL: I don't (continued on page 142)

121

SOUL SISTER *SURVIVORS*

SURVIVOR: AMAZON WINNER JENNA MORASCA AND JUNGLE PAL HEIDI STROBEL MAKE A COMPELLING CASE FOR GETTING BACK TO NATURE

The glut of TV reality shows can make it difficult to distinguish one from another. But the recently concluded *Survivor: The Amazon* is burned into our brains, and not because the tribal councils wore better masks. The real draw? A pair of gorgeous young contestants—Jenna Morasca and Heidi Strobel—who made isolation and deprivation seem sexy. Forming an early bond, they competed and connived their way through episode after episode and kept male viewers tuned in by bathing together and even stripping naked in exchange for peanut butter and chocolate. But it was still an upset when Jenna, a 22-year-old student at the University of Pittsburgh, was awarded the million-dollar winning prize by a jury of seven runners-up. Jenna herself was surprised, so much so that she questioned some of the other contestants about why they had voted for her: “They said they respected the way I played the game,” she says. “Even the ones who didn’t particularly like me thought I’d played the best, and they rewarded me for that.”

Jenna is the youngest *Survivor* winner yet, so it wasn’t her familiarity with office politics that taught her how to win the psychological battles. She says she gleaned a lot of strategy from watching previous episodes of the CBS reality series: “Always keep your emotions in check. Always know your limits with other people. Always be friendly to everybody, even if you plan to vote them off.” Perhaps she learned more from competing in beauty pageants and swimsuit contests back home in Pennsylvania. “They’re really similar experiences,” she says. “In both situations you have to connect with the people who are casting the votes.” Her college zoology studies also proved beneficial while negotiating the Amazonian jungle. “My knowledge of animals made me less fearful. I was respectful and careful—but I wasn’t afraid. Actually, living in the wild afforded me the opportunity to see things I had only read about. I encountered some unique and rare species, such as pink dolphins.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA







Heidi, 24, lives in Buffalo, Missouri and teaches physical education in middle school. Her appearance on *Survivor* was definitely a big deal in the corridors of her school. "There were reporters sleeping on my doorstep, trying to get the inside scoop on whether I'd get fired for the whole stripping-for-peanut-butter-and-chocolate thing," she says. "The day after that episode aired, I was given about 40 jars of peanut butter. All of my students, and the other teachers, too, were bringing me peanut butter and chocolate. I had some problems with the school superintendent and two school board members, but the president of the board was behind me, and that saved my job."

In the Amazon, Jenna and Heidi hit it off immediately. "We both have a strong sense of family," says Jenna. "That says a lot about someone." Heidi agrees: "Jenna would tell me stories about how her family interacts. Everybody else out there was like, 'I don't want to talk about it'—they didn't want to share anything about their families." Of course, Jenna and Heidi were famously unwilling to share bath time with female tribal teammates: Along with one other young contestant, they ditched the rest of the







women and lathered up together in a stream instead. Heidi reveals some background to the breakaway bath that the audience didn't get to see: "Every time I took hold of a machete, the older women would roll their eyes. They assumed that because I looked a certain way, I would act a certain way. They never asked about my job—they didn't even know I was a schoolteacher. So the first time we went bathing with them, they were throwing out comments: 'Look at you. How long does it take to look like that?' Constant badgering. So I thought, I'm not going to do that again." Jenna makes an even simpler case for their bond: "We just enjoyed hanging around with each other—we had more in common."

Bathing is something they both view in a luxurious new light after two months without running water. "We didn't brush our teeth or shower the whole time we were out there," says Heidi. "The grass was so tall and sharp that I had deep cuts on my legs that never really healed. After we got home, it took two weeks to clean out the mud that was packed into the wounds." The jungle presented even bigger obstacles for Heidi, who was much more daunted by the Amazonian flora and fauna than Jenna (and for good reason). "When I was voted off, I was wrapped in five blankets and carried away. The show's doctor said, 'I'm just amazed you didn't die.' It was that bad." Now, back in civilization, famous with fans everywhere, and one of them a brand-new millionaire, Jenna and Heidi remain close friends. Even better, they apparently still wash up together every once in a while.

See more of these *Survivors* at cyber.playboy.com.













JUBILATION (continued from page 104)

I glanced up just in time to see the broad flat grinning reptilian head emerge from the water.

motor court, the high-rise hotel and the inn around the corner. I was home. For the first time in as long as I could remember, I felt oriented and secure.

I laid in provisions, rode my Exercycle, got through a couple of books I'd always meant to read (*Crime and Punishment*, *Judgment at Nuremberg*, *The Naked and the Dead*), took a divorcée named Cecily to the Chowch Grill for dinner and afterward to a movie at the art deco palace designed by Cesar Pelli as the centerpiece of the Mercado Street pedestrian mall, and enjoyed the relatively bugless spring weather in a rented kayak out on Lake Allagash. By the end of the second month I'd lost eight pounds, my arms felt firmer and my face was as tan as a tennis pro's. I wished my wife could see me now, but even as I wished it, the image of her—the heavy, pouting lips and irascible lines etched into the corners of her mouth, the flaring eyes and belligerent stab of her chin—rose up to engulf me in sorrow. Raymond, that was the name of the man she was dating—Raymond, who owned a restaurant and had a boat on Long Island Sound.

At any rate, I was standing over the vegetable display at the Jubilation Market one afternoon watching my ex-wife's face superimpose itself on the gleaming epidermis of an oversize zucchini, when a familiar voice called out my name. It was Vicki. She was wearing a transparent blouse over a bikini top and she'd had her hair done up in a spill of tinted ringlets. A plastic shopping basket dangled from one hand. There were no children in sight. "I heard you got your Casual Contempo," she said. "How're you liking it?"

"A dream come true. And you?"

Her smile widened. "I got a job. At the Company office. I'm Assistant Facilitator for tour groups."

"Tour groups? You mean here? Or over at Contash World?"

"You haven't noticed all the people in the streets?" she asked, holding her smile. "The ones with the cameras and the straw hats coming down to check us out and see what a model city looks like, works like? Look right there, right out the window there on the sidewalk in front of the Chowch Grill. See that flock of Hawaiian shirts? And those women with the legs that look like they've just been pulled out of the deep freeze?"

I followed her gaze and there they were, tourists, milling around as if on a stage set. How had I failed to notice them? Even now one of them was backing away

corder. "Tourists?" I murmured.

She nodded.

Maybe I was a little sour that morning, maybe I needed love and affection, not to mention sex, and maybe I was lonely and frustrated and beginning to feel the first stab of disappointment with my new life, but before I could think, I said, "They're worse than the ants. Do you have ants, by the way—in your apartment, I mean? The little minuscule ones that make ant freeways all over the floor, the kitchen counter, the walls?"

Her face fell, but then the smile came back, because she was determined to be chirpy and positive. "I wouldn't say they were worse than the ants—at least the ants clean up after themselves."

"And cockroaches. Or palmetto bugs—isn't that what we call them down here? I saw one the size of a frog the other day, right out on Penny Lane."

She had nothing to say to this, so I changed the subject and asked how her kids were doing.

"Oh, fine. Terrific. They're thriving." A pause. "My mother's down from Philadelphia—she's babysitting for me until I can find somebody permanent. While I'm at work, that is."

"Really," I said, reaching down to shift the offending zucchini to the bottom of the bin. "So are you free right now? For maybe a drink? Unless you have to rush home and cook or something."

She looked doubtful.

"What I mean is, don't you want to see what a neoretro Casual Contempo looks like when it's fully furnished?"

The first real bump in the road came a week or two later. I'd been called away to consult with the transition team at my former company, and when I got back I found a notice in the mailbox from the Contash Corp.'s subsidiary, the Jubilation Company, or as we all knew it in short—and somewhat redundantly—the TJC. It seemed they were advising against our spending too much time on our wraparound porches, especially at sunrise and sunset, and to take all precautions while using the jogging trail around Lake Allagash or even window-shopping on Mercado Street. The problem was mosquitoes—big, outsize central Floridian mosquitoes that were found to be carrying encephalitis and dengue fever. The TJC was doing all it could vis-à-vis vector control, and they were contractually absolved from any responsibility—just read your Declaration of Covenants, Conditions and Restriction-

tions—but in the interest of public safety they were advising everyone to stay indoors. Despite the heat. And the fact that staying in defeated the whole idea of the Casual Contempo, the wraparound porch and the free interplay between neighbors that lies at the core of what makes a real and actual town click.

I was brooding in the kitchen, idly itching at the constellation of angry red welts on my right wrist and waiting for the meninges to start swelling in my brainpan, when a movement on the porch caught my eye. Two cloaked figures there, one large, one small, and a cloaked baby carriage. For a moment I didn't know what to make of it all, but the baby carriage was a dead giveaway: It was Vicki, dressed like a beekeeper, with little Ethan in his own miniature beekeeper's outfit beside her and baby Ashley imprisoned behind a wall of gauze in the depths of the carriage. "Christ," I said, ushering them in, "is this what we're going to have to start wearing now?"

She pulled back the veil to reveal that hopeful smile and the small shining miracle of her hair. "No, I don't think so," she said, bending to remove her son's impedimenta ("I don't want," he kept saying, "I don't want"). "There," she said, addressing the pale dwindling oval of his face, "there, it's all right now. And you can have a soda, if Jackson still has any left in the refrigerator—"

"Oh, yeah, sure," I said, and I was bending, too. "Root beer? Or 7Up?"

We wound up sitting in the kitchen, drinking white wine and sharing a box of stale Triscuits while the baby slept and Ethan sucked at a can of Hires in front of the tube in the living room. Out back was the low fence that gave onto the nature preserve, with its bird-friendly marsh that also coincidentally happened to serve as a maternity ward for the mosquitoes, and beyond that was Lake Allagash. "At the office they're saying the mosquitoes are just seasonal," Vicki said, working a hand up under the tinted ringlets and giving them a shake, "and besides, they're pretty much spraying around the clock now, so I would think—well, I mean, they've had to close down some of the outdoor rides over at Contash World, and that means money lost, big money."

I wasn't a cynic, or I tried not to be, because a pioneer can't afford cynicism. Look on the bright side, that was what I maintained—there was no alternative. "OK, fine, but have you seen my wrist? I mean, should I be concerned? Should I go to the doctor, do you think?"

She took my wrist in her cool grip, traced the bumps there with her index finger. She gave a little laugh. "Chigger bites, that's all. Nothing to worry about. And the mosquitoes will just be a bad memory in a week or two, I guarantee it."

There was a moment of silence, during which we both gazed out the window



Don Madden

"We pay for this where I come from!"

on the marsh—or swamp, as I'd mistakenly called it before Vicki corrected me. We watched an egret rise up out of nowhere and sail off into the trees. Clouds massed on the horizon in a swell of pure, unadulterated white; the palmettos gathered and released the faintest trace of a breeze. Next door, the wraparound porch of my neighbors—the black couple, Sam and Ernesta Fills—was deserted. Ditto the porch of the house on the other side, into which Mark and Leonard, having traded \$2500 of the cash I'd given them for number 632 and a prime chance at a Casual Contempo, had recently moved. "No," she said finally, draining her wineglass and holding it out in one delicate hand so that I could refill it for her, "what I'd be concerned about if I were you is your neighbors across the street—the Weekses."

I gave her a dumb stare.

"You know them—July and Fili Weeks and their three sons?"

"Yeah," I said, "sure." Everybody knew everybody else here. It was a rule.

From the TV in the other room came the sound of canned laughter, followed by Ethan's stuttering high whinny of an underdeveloped laugh. "What about the red curtains?" she said. "And that car? That whatever it is, that race car painted in the three ugliest shades of magenta they keep parked out there on the street where the whole world can see it? They're in violation of the code on something like eight counts already and they haven't been here a month yet."

I felt a prickle of alarm. We were all in this together, and if everybody didn't pitch in—if everybody didn't subscribe to the letter as far as the Declaration

of Covenants, Deeds and Restrictions was concerned—what was going to happen to our property values? "Red curtains?" I said.

Her eyes were steely. "Just like in a whorehouse. And you know the rules—white, off-white, beige and taupe only."

"Has anybody talked to them? Can't anybody do anything?"

She set the glass down, drew her gaze away from the window and looked into my eyes. "Do you mean the Citizens' Committee?"

I shrugged. "Yeah. Sure. I guess."

She leaned in close. I could smell the rinse she used in her hair, and it was faintly intoxicating. I loved her eyes, loved the shape of her, loved the way she aspired her *hs* like an elocution teacher. "Don't you worry," she whispered. "We're already on it."

Once Vicki had mentioned the Weekses and the way they were flouting the code, I couldn't get them out of my head. July Weeks was a salesman of some sort, aviation parts, I think it was—he worked for Cessna—and he seemed to spend most of his time, despite the mosquito scare, buried deep in his own white wicker chaise longue out on the wraparound porch of his Courteous Coastal directly across the street from me. He was a Southerner, and that was all right because this was the South, after all, but he had one of those accents that just went on clanging and jarring till you could barely understand a word he was saying. Not that I harbor any prejudices—he was my neighbor, and if he wanted to sound like an extra from *Deliverance*, that was his privilege. But

I looked out the front window and saw that race car—"No excessive or unsightly vehicles, including campers, RVs, moving vans or trailers, shall be parked on the public streets for a period exceeding 48 continuous hours." Section III, Article 12, Declaration of Covenants, Deeds and Restrictions—and the sight of it became an active irritation. Which was compounded by the fact that the eldest son, August, pulled up one afternoon in a pickup truck that sat about six feet up off its Bayou Crawler tires and deposited a boat trailer at the curb. The boat was painted puce with lime-green trim and it had a staved-in hull. Plus, there were those curtains.

A week went by. Two weeks. I got updates from Vicki—we were seeing each other just about every day now—and of course the Citizens' Committee, as an arm of the TJC, was threatening the Weekses with a lawsuit and the Weekses had hired an attorney and were threatening back, but nothing happened. I couldn't enjoy my wraparound porch or the view out my mullioned Craftsman windows. Every time I looked up, there was the boat, there was the car and, beyond them, the curtains. The situation began to weigh on me, so one night after dinner I strolled down the three broad inviting steps of my wraparound porch, waved a greeting to the Fillses on my right and Mark and Leonard on my left, and crossed the street to mount the equally inviting steps of the Weekses' wraparound porch with the intention of setting Mr. Weeks straight on a few things. Or no, that sounds too harsh. I wanted to block out a couple issues with him and see if we couldn't resolve things amicably for all concerned.

He was sitting in the chaise longue, his wife in the wicker armchair beside him. An Atlanta Braves cap that looked as if it had just come off the shelf at Gulp's Sports Emporium hid his brow and the crown of his head and he was wearing a pair of those squared-off black sunglasses for people with cataracts, and that reduced the sum of his expression to the sharp beak of his nose and an immobile mouth. The wife was a squat Korean woman whose name I could never remember. She was peeling the husk off a dark pungent pod or tuber. It was a homey scene, and the moment couldn't have been more neighborly.

"Hi," I said (or maybe, prompted by the ambience, I might even have managed a "Howdy").

Neither of them said a word.

"Listen," I began, after standing there for an awkward moment (and what had I been expecting—mint juleps?). "Listen, about the curtains and the car and all that—the boat—I just wanted to say, well, I mean, it might seem like a small thing, it's ridiculous, really, but—"

He cut me off then. I don't know what he said, but it sounded something like



"Does being stoned give you the munchies?"

"Rabid rabid gurtz."

The wife—her name came to me suddenly: Fili—translated. She carefully set aside the root or pod or whatever it was and gave me a flowering smile that revealed a set of the whitest and evenest teeth I'd ever seen. "He say you can blow it out you ass."

"No, no," I said, brushing right by it, "you misunderstand me. I'm not here to complain, or even to convince you of anything. It's just that, well, I'm your neighbor, and I thought if we—"

Here he spoke again, a low rumble of concatenated sounds that might have been expressive of digestive trouble, but the wife—Fili—seeing my blank expression, dutifully translated: "He say his gun—you know gun?—he say he keep it loaded."

Things are not perfect. I never claimed they were. And if you're going to have a free and open town and not one of these gated neoracist enclaves you've got to be willing to accept that. The TJC sued the Weekses and the Weekses sued them back, and still the curtains flamed behind the windows and the garish race car and the unseaworthy boat sat at the curb across the street. So what I did to make myself feel better was buy a dog. A Scottie. Lauren would never let me have a dog—she claimed to be allergic, but in fact she was pathologically averse to any intrusion on the rigid order she maintained around the house—and we never had any children either, which didn't affect me one way or the other, though I should say I was one of the few single men in Jubilation who didn't view Vicki's kids as a liability. I grew to like them, in fact—or Ethan, anyway; the baby was just a baby, practically inert if it wasn't shrieking as if it had just had the skin stripped from its limbs. But Ethan was something else. I liked the feel of his tiny bunched sweating hand in mine as we strolled down to the Benny Tarpon Old Tyme Ice Cream Parlor in the evening or took a turn around Lake Allagash. He was always tugging me one way or the other, chattering, pointing like a tour director: "Look," he would say. "Look!"

I named the dog Bruce, after my grandfather on my mother's side. He was a year old and house-trained, and I loved the way the fur hid his paws so that he seemed to glide over the grass of the village green as if he had no means of locomotion beyond willpower and magic.

That was around the time we began to feel the effects of the three-year drought that none of the TJC salespeople had bothered to mention in their all-day seminars and living-color brochures. The wind came up out of the south carrying a freight of smoke (apparently the Everglades were on fire) and a fine brown dust that obliterated our lawns and flower beds and made a desert of the village green. The heat seemed to increase, too, as if the fires had somehow

turned up the thermostat, but the worst of it was the smell. Everywhere you went, whether you were standing in line at the bank, sunk into one of the magic-fingers lounge chairs at the movie theater or pulling your head up off the pillow in the morning, the stale smell of old smoke assaulted your nostrils.

I was walking Bruce up on Golfpark Drive one afternoon, where our select million-dollar-plus homes back up onto the golf course—and you have to realize that this is part of the Contash vision too, millionaires living cheek by jowl with single mothers like Vicki and all the others struggling to pay mortgages that were 35 percent higher than those in the surrounding area, not to mention special assessments and maintenance fees—when a man with a camera slung around his neck stopped me and asked if he could take my picture. The sky was marbled with smoke. Dust fled across the pavement. The birds were actually shrieking in the trees. "Me?" I said. "Why me?"

"I don't know," he said, snapping the picture. "I like your dog."

"You do?" I was flattered, I admit it, but I was on my guard, too. Journalists from all over the world had descended

on the town en masse, mainly to cook up dismissive articles about a legion of Stepford wives and robotic husbands living on a Contash movie set and doing daily obeisance to Gulp Gator. None of them ever bothered to mention our equanimity, our openness and shared ideals. Why would they? Hard work and sacrifice never have made for good copy.

"Yeah, sure," he said, "and would you mind posing over there, by the gate to that gingerbread mansion? That's good. Nice." He took a series of shots, the camera whirring through its motions. He had a buzz cut and a two-day growth of nearly translucent beard and wore a pair of tricolored Nikes. "You do live here, don't you?" he asked finally. "I mean, you're an actual resident, right, and not a tourist?"

I felt a surge of pride. "That's right," I said. "I'm one of the originals."

He gave me an odd look, as if he were trying to sniff out an impostor. "Do they really pay you to walk the dog around the village green six times a day?"

"Pay me? Who?"

"You know, the town, the company. You can't have a town without people in it, right?" He looked down at Bruce, who was sniffing attentively at a dust-



"In the book, this was a chess game."

coated leaf. "Or dogs?" The camera clicked again, several times in succession. "I hear they pay that old lady on the moped, too—and the guy that sets up his easel in front of the Gulpy monument every morning."

"Don't be ridiculous. You're out of your mind."

"And I'll tell you another thing—don't think just because you bought into the Contash lifestyle you're immune from all the shit that comes down in the real world, because you're not. In fact, I'd watch that dog if I were you—"

Somewhere the fires were burning. A rag of smoke flapped at my face and I began to cough. "You're one of those media types, aren't you?" I said, pounding at my breastbone. "You people disgust me. You don't even make a pretense of unbiased reporting—you just want to ridicule us and tear us down, isn't that right?" My dander was up. Who were these people to come in here and try to undermine everything we'd been working for? I shot him a look of impatience. "It wouldn't be jealousy, would it? By any chance?"

He shrugged, shifted the camera to one side and dug a cigarette out of his breast pocket. I watched him cup his hands against the breeze and light it. He flung the match in the bushes, a symbolic act, surely. "We used to have a Scottie

when I was a kid," he said, exhaling. "So I'm just telling you—you'd be surprised what I know about this town, what goes on behind closed doors, the double-dealing, the payoffs, the flouting of the environmental regs, all the dirt the TJC and Charles Contash don't want you to know. View me as a resource, your diligent representative of the fourth estate. Keep the dog away from the lake, that's all."

I was stubborn. I wasn't listening. "He can swim."

The man let out a short, unpleasant laugh. "I'm talking about alligators, my friend, and not the cuddly little cartoon kind. You may or may not know it, because I'm sure it's not advertised in any of the TJC brochures, but when they built Contash World back in the Sixties they evicted all the alligators, not to mention the coral snakes and cane rattlers and snapping turtles—and where do you think they put them?"

All right. I was forewarned. And what happened should never have happened, I know that, but there are hazards in any community, whether it be South Central LA or Scarsdale or Kuala Lumpur. I took Bruce around Lake Allagash—twice—and then went home and barbecued a platter of wings and ribs for Vicki and the kids and I thought no more about it.

Alligators. They were there, sure they were, but so were the mosquitoes and the poison toads that looked like deflated kick balls and chased the dogs off their kibble. This was Florida. It was muggy. It was hot. We had our share of sand fleas and whatnot. But at least we didn't have to worry about bronchial pneumonia or snow tires.

The rains came in mid-September, a series of thunderstorms that rolled in off the Gulf and put out the fires. We had problems with snails and slugs for a while there, armadillos crawling up half-drowned on the lawn, snakes in the garage, walking catfish, that sort of thing—I even found an opossum curled up in the drier one morning amidst my socks and boxer shorts. But the Citizens' Committee was active in picking up strays, nursing them back to health and restoring them to the ecosystem, so it wasn't as bad as you'd think. And after that, the sun came out and the earth just seemed to steam till every trace of mold and mud was erased and the flowers went mad with the glory of it. The smoke was gone, the snails had crawled back into their holes or dens or wherever they lived when they weren't smearing the windows with slime, and the air was scented so sweetly it was as if the Contash Corp. had hired a fleet of crop dusters to spray air freshener over the

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town. Even the thermometer cooperated, the temperature holding at a nice equitable 78 degrees for three days running. Tear the page out of the brochure: This was what we'd all come for.

I was sitting out on my wraparound porch, trying to ignore the decrepit boat and magenta car across the street, *Crime and Punishment* spread open in my lap (Raskolnikov was just climbing the steps to the old lady's place and I was waiting for the ax to fall), when Vicki called and proposed a picnic. She'd made up some sandwiches on the brown nut bread I like, Asiago cheese, sweet onions and roasted red peppers, and she'd picked up a nice bottle of Chilean white at the Contash Liquor Mart. Was I ready for some sun? And maybe a little backrub afterward at her place?

Ethan wanted to go out on the water, but when we got to the Jubilation dock the sound of the ratcheting motors scared him, so we settled on an aluminum rowboat, and that was better—or would have been better—because we could hear ourselves think and didn't have to worry about all that spew of fumes, and that was a real concern for Vicki. We might have been raised in houses where our parents smoked two packs a day and sprayed Raid on the kitchen counter every time an ant or roach showed its face—or head or feelers or whatever—but there was no way any toxins were entering her children's systems, not if she could help it. So I rented the rowboat. "No problem," I told Vicki, who was looking terrific in a sunbonnet, her bikini top and a pair of skimpy shorts that showed off her smooth, solid legs and the Gulpy tattoo on her ankle. The fact was I hadn't been kayaking since the rains started and I was looking forward to the exercise.

It took me a few strokes to reacquaint myself with the apparatus of oars and oarlocks, and we lurched away from the dock as if we'd been torpedoed, but I got into the rhythm of it soon enough and we glided cleanly out across the mirrored surface of the lake. Vicki didn't want me to go more than 20 or 30 feet from shore, and that was all right, too, except that I found myself dredging up noxious-smelling clumps of pondweed that seemed to cast a powerful olfactory spell over Bruce. He kept snapping at the weed as I lifted first one oar and then the other to try to shake it off, and once or twice I had to drop the oars and discipline him because he was leaning so far out over the bow I thought we were going to lose him. Still, we saw birdlife everywhere we looked—herons, egrets, cormorants and anhingas—and the kids got a real kick out of a clutch of painted turtles stacked up like dinner plates on a half-submerged log.

We'd gone half a mile or so, I guess, to the far side of the lake where the wake of the motorboats wouldn't interfere over-

much with the mustarding of the sandwiches and the delicate operation of pouring the wine into long-stemmed crystal glasses. The baby, wrapped up like a sausage in her life jacket—or life cradle might be more accurate—was asleep, a blissful baby smile painted on her lips. Bruce curled up at my feet in the brown swill at the bottom of the boat and Vicki sipped wine and gave me a look of contentment so deep and pure I was beginning to think I wouldn't mind seeing it across the breakfast table for the rest of my life. It was tranquil—dragonflies hovering, fish rising, not a mosquito in sight. Even little Ethan, normally such a clingy kid, seemed to be enjoying himself, tracing the pattern of his finger in the water as the boat rocked and drifted in a gentle airy dance.

About that water. The TJC assured us it was unpolluted by human waste and uncontaminated by farm runoff, and that its rusty color—it was nearly opaque and perpetually blooming with the microscopic creatures that make up the bottom of the food chain in a healthy and thriving aquatic ecosystem—was perfectly natural. Though the lake had been dredged out of the swampland some 40 years earlier, this was the way its water had always looked, and the creatures that lived and thrived here were grateful for it—like all of us in Jubilation, they had Charles Contash to thank.

Well. We drifted, the dog and the baby snoozed, Vicki kept up a happy chatter on any number of topics, all of which seemed to have a subtext of sexual innuendo, and I just wasn't prepared for what came next, and I blame myself, I do. Maybe it was the wine or the influence of the sun and the faint sweet cleansing breeze, but I wasn't alert to the dangers inherent in the situation—I was an American, raised in a time of prosperity and peace, and I'd been spared the tumult and horror visited on so many of the less fortunate in this world. New York and LA may have been nasty places, and Lauren was a plague in her own right, but nobody had ever bombed my village or shot down my family in the street, and when my parents died they died quietly, in their own beds.

I was in the act of extracting the wine bottle from its cradle of ice in the cooler when the boat gave a sudden lurch and I glanced up just in time to see the broad flat grinning reptilian head emerge from the water, pluck Ethan off the gunwale and vanish in the murk. It was like an illusion in a magic show—now he's here, now he isn't—and I wasn't able to respond until my brain replayed the scene and I felt the sudden horror knife at my heart. "Did you—?" I began, but Vicki was already screaming.

The sequence of events becomes a little confused for me at this juncture, but



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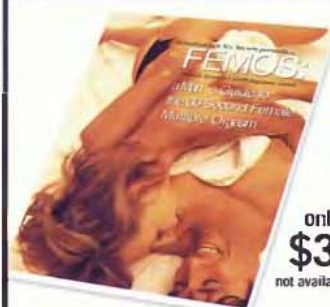
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looking back on it, I'm fairly certain the funeral service preceded the thrashing we took from Hurricane Albert—I distinctly remember the volunteerism the community showed in dredging the lake, which would have been impossible after the hurricane hit. Sadly, no trace of little Ethan was ever found. No need to tell you how devastated I was—I was as hurt and wrung out as I've ever been in my life, and I'll never give up second-guessing myself—but even more, I was angry. Angry over the Contash Corp.'s failure to disclose the hazards lurking around us and furious over the way the press jumped on the story, as if the life of a child was worth no more than a crude joke or a wedge to drive between the citizens of the community and the rest of the so-called civilized world. Alligator

Mom. That was what they called Vicki in headlines three inches high, and could anyone blame her for packing up and going back to her mother in Philadelphia? I took her place on the Citizens' Committee, though I'd never been involved in community affairs in my life to that point, and I was the one who pushed through the initiative to remove all the dangerous animals from the lake, no matter what their size or species (and that was a struggle, too, with the environmentalists crying foul in all their puritanical fervor, and one man—I won't name him here—even pushing to have the alligators' teeth capped as a compromise solution).

It wasn't all bad, though. The service at the Jubilation Nondenominational Chapel, for all its solemnity, was a real

inspiration to us all, a public demonstration of our solidarity and determination. Charles Contash himself flew in from a meeting with the Russian premier to give the eulogy, every man, woman and child in town turned out to pay their respects, and the cards and flowers poured in from all over the country. Even July Weeks turned up, despite his friction with the TJC, and we found common ground in our contempt for the reporters massed on the steps out in front of the chapel. He stood tall that day, barring the door to anyone whose face he didn't recognize, and I forgave him his curtains, for the afternoon at least.

If anything, the hurricane brought us together even more than little Ethan's tragedy. I remember the sky taking on the deep purple-black hue of a bruise and the vanguard of the rain that lashed down in a fusillade of wind-whipped pellets and the winds that sucked the breath right out of your body. Sam and Ernesta Fills helped me board up the windows of my Casual Contempo, and together we helped Mark and Leonard and the Weekses with their places and then went looking to lend a hand wherever we could. And when the storm hit in all its intensity, just about everybody in town was bundled up safe and sound in the bastion of the movie palace, where the emergency generator allowed the TJC to lift the burden from our minds with a marathon showing of the Contash Corp.'s most beloved family films. Of course, we emerged to the devastation of what the National Weather Service was calling the single most destructive storm of the past century, and a good proportion of Jubilation had been reduced to rubble or swept away altogether. I was luckier than most. I lost the back wall that gives on to the kitchen, which in turn was knee-deep in roiling brown water and packed to the ceiling with wind-blown debris, and my wraparound porch was wrapped around the Weekses' house, but on the plus side the offending race car and the boat were lifted right up into the sky and for all we know dropped somewhere over the Atlantic, and the Weekses' curtains aren't really an issue anymore.

As for myself, I've been rebuilding with the help of a low-interest loan secured through the Contash Corp. I've begun, in a tentative way, to date Felicia, whose husband was one of the six fatalities we recorded once the storm had moved on. Beyond that, my committee work keeps me pretty busy, I've been keeping in touch with Vicki both by phone and e-mail, and every time I see Bruce chase a palmetto bug up the side of the new retaining wall, I just want to smile. And I do. I do smile. Sure, things could be better, but they could be worse, too. I live in Jubilation. How bad can it be?



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TOBEY MAGUIRE

(continued from page 59)

What happened?

MAGUIRE: I was off camera. She leaned forward to give the kiss. She didn't have to really kiss me, because the camera wouldn't see it, but she planted one on me. I wasn't expecting it.

PLAYBOY: What did you think?

MAGUIRE: I understood what she was doing. She was doing it for the realism of the moment.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound like a chore.

MAGUIRE: Doing scenes like that is usually awkward.

PLAYBOY: Was that one?

MAGUIRE: A little. You don't know the person that well. You feel funny about it. You're apologizing. For *Deconstructing Harry*, I was in bed with some woman. I don't even remember her name. We've got half of our clothes off. I'm asking her, "Is this OK?" I was apologizing. I didn't want to offend her. It's pretty awkward when there are 40 people around.

PLAYBOY: Can't you get into it?

MAGUIRE: It's too awkward. I feel self-conscious. I'm trying to mask it, obviously. I'm trying to be involved in the scene, but it's the most awkward thing there is.

PLAYBOY: Many guys would love the chance to be that awkward.

MAGUIRE: Yeah, you tell people how hard it is and they go, "Yeah, right." Yes, I get to kiss hot chicks, and the truth is that it's really weird. You want to get it over with. A lot of times the person will be married or you'll be in a relationship. That's weird, too.

PLAYBOY: Yet with Dunst, it apparently led to a real-life romance.

MAGUIRE: This is where the wall goes up. [*He motions with his hands.*] That's what I don't talk about.

PLAYBOY: But there have been numerous reports about your romance and then your split-up.

MAGUIRE: [*Smiles, shakes his head.*]

PLAYBOY: All right. How about now: Do you have a girlfriend?

MAGUIRE: The wall is up. That's the boundary I won't cross.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it part of the deal that actors will be asked about their personal lives? Can you be a movie star and retain your privacy?

MAGUIRE: I think so. I do interviews because I have to promote my films. I don't have a problem with people being inquisitive about my life, but I don't have to answer.

PLAYBOY: And yet when you succeed in this business, your private life becomes the stuff of gossip and innuendo.

MAGUIRE: I don't pay that much attention to it. I don't react. There's no point. It's what it is. You accept it. You don't let it affect your life. You try not to have an emotional reaction, because it's a waste of energy.

PLAYBOY: Did you always want to be a

great sex

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movie star?

MAGUIRE: I never did. I wanted to act, but that's different. However, there's a greater reward in this industry for being famous than for being a talented actor. I'm a businessman as well as an actor. I would never do a film just because I thought it would be a high-profile movie. I did *Spider-Man* because I believed in the story and the filmmaker, but as a result of getting famous I get more power in this business—more options, more opportunities. But it's not something to which I aspired. I just wanted to act.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that your mother paid you \$100 to take an acting class?

MAGUIRE: Yes. I was signed up to take another class—home economics. She wanted me to take a drama class, and \$100 was a lot of money for me.

PLAYBOY: She and your father were extremely young when you were born.

Have you had conversations with them about what it was like to have a child at 18 and 20?

MAGUIRE: Many. I've thought, My god, when my dad was my age, he had a 10-year-old and a seven-year-old. It blows my mind. At my age, my mother had a nine-year-old. I don't know what I would have done if I had had kids at their age. I would barely be able to take care of myself. I'll wait until I'm in my 30s to have kids. Thirty-two to 36 seems like a good window.

PLAYBOY: Your parents divorced when you were very young. Did you still see them both?

MAGUIRE: Yes, I always lived with one or the other. We moved around a lot, but I was always in touch with them both.

PLAYBOY: You've said you were "super-poor." How did you deal with it?

MAGUIRE: At times I was embarrassed.



"PUSSY."



W O O P M A N

When you hit that age of 12, 13 years old and you're just going through puberty and you like girls and all that stuff, people start commenting on how you look and how you dress. I went through a period there when I was embarrassed, like when my mom would pay for food with food stamps or use Medi-Cal at the doctor's office. I got over it. They worked hard to give me things they felt were important. My mother gave me amazing gifts on my birthday and Christmas. She took me to Hawaii and paid for it with credit cards. She bought a piano on credit. She got me in martial arts and dance and all that. They extended themselves in ways that were hard for them. They made sacrifices, and I respect that. I wouldn't change anything, though I wouldn't have kids so young and I wouldn't move around so much.

PLAYBOY: What was the effect of all that moving around?

MAGUIRE: I didn't have many friends. By the time I was 12, I stopped making friends. I just didn't want to deal with it. I hung out with people, but didn't get invested. I prided myself on that. Later we settled down and I made good friends, but it took a while. I have friends from when I was 14, but it took a few years for me to admit that these were my friends. It took time for me to realize that I could trust them.

PLAYBOY: And now? What do you like to do with your friends?

MAGUIRE: Just hang out.

PLAYBOY: Are your clubbing days over?

MAGUIRE: I love music, but I haven't gone to clubs in a while.

PLAYBOY: What do you listen to?

MAGUIRE: Hip-hop. I like Snoop Dogg from 1993. Dr. Dre is one of the best producers of all time. I like most music, though I can't get into country music. Folk is OK. Lennon-McCartney is the best writing team ever. I definitely enjoy hip-hop, especially the guys who aren't speaking redundantly about making a lot of money and all the women they've got as slaves. Eminem is not only an interesting artist, but also an interesting topic. He has a strong, emotional voice. I think he's an interesting product of our society.

PLAYBOY: Are cigars now your only vice?

MAGUIRE: And a little caffeine.

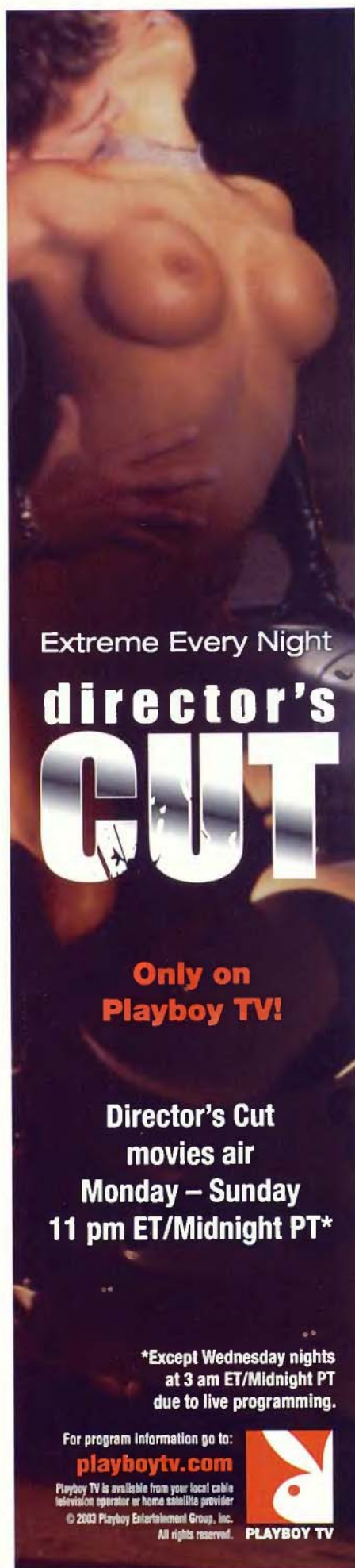
PLAYBOY: What kind of cigars do you prefer to smoke?

MAGUIRE: Cohiba Robusto is really the mainstay.

PLAYBOY: When did you start smoking cigars?

MAGUIRE: I started smoking them occasionally a few years ago. It's a little more than occasional now. I try to keep it out of certain publications. I wouldn't care, except that I'm in a kid's movie and don't really want kids to be going, "It's cool. Look at him." If I'm anywhere high profile, I don't smoke.

PLAYBOY: Any other vices?



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MAGUIRE: Some video games.
PLAYBOY: Are they a vice?
MAGUIRE: They can be. When you play a lot, and I have been known to do that sometimes.
PLAYBOY: What games do you play?
MAGUIRE: Now I'm playing *Indiana Jones* on Xbox. I just got done with *The Get-away* and *Vice City* on PlayStation. *Vice City* is an intense game and I kept waiting for some redeeming value to show itself, but there's none. There's no good moral to this game. It's about a crime lord. He does despicable things. I thought maybe he would be some undercover good guy or something, but no. It's a mind-blowing game.
PLAYBOY: When and why did you become a vegetarian?
MAGUIRE: About 10 years ago. I was always picking through stuff and getting nauseated half the time I was eating. I don't like bloodstains. I don't like giz-zards and veins. I don't like eating dead carcasses pumped full of chemicals and hormones. It's not a moral thing. It's logical to me not to eat that shit since I would get nauseated.
PLAYBOY: How has your life changed since you became famous?
MAGUIRE: I have to protect myself. People follow me sometimes.
PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the dreaded paparazzi?
MAGUIRE: Yeah. You look in your rear-view mirror and you see two cars following you—guys with cameras. I don't like people getting photos of me.
PLAYBOY: How intrusive is it?
MAGUIRE: Intrusive, but you adjust. Sometimes I'm like, Screw it, I'm staying home because I don't want to deal with it. Sometimes three or four cars are following me and I decide, This is ridiculous, and I just go home.
PLAYBOY: Are you bothered by fans?
MAGUIRE: Fans tend to be respectful. I don't mind them. I mind the people who make money at other people's expense. I don't respect that. Fans ask permission—"Can I have an autograph?" "I'm eating now, but maybe on my way out." Paparazzi, though, don't ask permission. They want to get you at your worst or your most intimate moments.
PLAYBOY: Do you worry that it could become so invasive that you would be unable to have a normal life?
MAGUIRE: I can always move. I live in Los Angeles because it's where my friends are. It's my home. I'm active here producing movies now. But I could leave. I don't imagine there are many paparazzi in Montana.
PLAYBOY: Montana?
MAGUIRE: Who knows? When I start a family, I probably wouldn't choose to do it here. That's all I know. For now, I deal with it. It's a price I can pay. My life isn't half bad.

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Charles Rangel

(continued from page 121)

want a debate. It's not like civil rights legislation, on which you have to educate people. I want equity. If for some reason God is good and says we don't need any more damn military, then I'm not going to be pushing it. My government is going to tell the American people it needs more young people for whatever purposes. And when it does, I'm going to say that the equitable way to fulfill our nation's need is through the draft. I'm not saying get rid of the volunteer Army. But why give involuntary extensions to those who are serving now? Why call up the reservists and the National Guard over and over? I went to see off some National Guardsmen from my district. Some of them have gone two or three times. They don't have any problem fulfilling their obligation, but they don't really feel that they're appreciated. Let everyone do a little bit and each person will have less to do.

7

PLAYBOY: We've entered an age of asymmetrical wars, in which a small terrorist

group rather than another state can do a great deal of damage to our country. What would satisfy your definition of a national emergency?

RANGEL: It would not be when the president gives a speech and the Congress says, "We don't know what it's all about, but we authorize you unilaterally to attack Iraq." Who the hell are you going to go to war with because of September 11? Bush said, Somebody's got to pay for this. You're either with us or against us, and if you give them shelter, we'll destroy you, too. That's a sophisticated version of what we do on the block. Someone hurts someone in your family and the gang gets together and says, "Somebody's got to pay for this." It makes you feel better. Based on that idea, I would have thought they would go and bomb Saudi Arabia—a majority of the hijackers were of Saudi origin. But I believe there was an intention to go into this region long before 9/11. September 11 just caused us to kick it up a notch and identify the big bum.

8

PLAYBOY: You have said you could support a preemptive military strike.

RANGEL: You bet your life. If there's some guy around the corner with a pipe, waiting for me, I don't want to get hit. Take him out. But you have to have evidence. I say without fear of contradiction that, in all the briefings, they haven't given one scintilla of evidence. We left the subject of Osama bin Laden. We're dealing with Saddam Hussein. And if you don't find any weapons of mass destruction, what are you left with? Regime change.

9

PLAYBOY: God is often invoked by American politicians. Do you feel that the deity plays too large of a role in our public policy discussions, given the constitutional prohibition against a state-established religion?

RANGEL: I spent a lot of time building the fire wall between religion and the state. If someone in charge starts expounding on their religion, then there's an exclusion of respect for other people's beliefs. The born-again, they exclude a lot of people from entering their kingdom of heaven. In fact, someone on the House floor said that Israel belongs to the Jews because they're supposed to be holding on to it for Jesus Christ's return. Representative Barney Frank said to me, "What you don't understand, Charlie, is that when your Jesus gets to our Israel and finds out how much we Jews charged for rent while he's been gone, he is not going to want to be there." Some born-again would say that I can't make heaven because I'm ridiculing what they believe. But they seem to be far more aggressive than people of other religions. Jerry Falwell has condemned Muhammad for being a terrorist. This country, as great as we are, is so young. We're without any concern about others' beliefs and cultures.

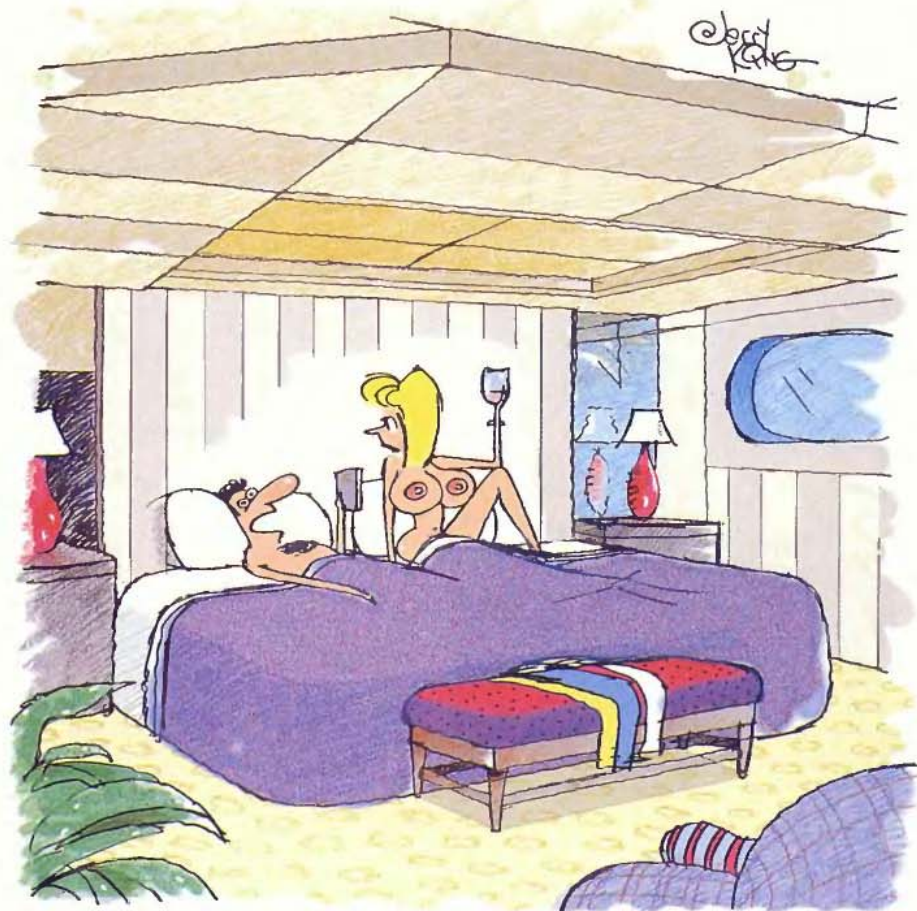
10

PLAYBOY: You have gone on record as supporting some faith-based organizations. Can you explain?

RANGEL: This administration would like to pass off federal obligations by giving money to different religions and thereby reduce or eliminate federal responsibility. But when you get to rehabilitation, that's where I'm stumped. I've fought the incursion of drugs all my adult life, unfortunately, because of the community where I was born and raised, in Harlem. It's still a major problem and it doesn't get the attention that it should. With rehabilitation, what works, works. In our prisons black Muslims substitute the Muslim faith for addiction. The churches and synagogues do an extremely good job in doing this.

11

PLAYBOY: You are a liberal Democrat who was first elected to Congress during the Nixon administration. How fares



"I bought you a thesaurus. I hope it will help you come up with a better word to describe my sexual performance than 'adequate.'"

liberalism these days?

RANGEL: Liberals have been demonized. But I'm for fiscal responsibility. I don't like paying the interest on the money we borrow. We debate the question every day on the House floor. Under the policies the administration has enunciated, in 10 years we'll be trillions of dollars in debt and the interest on that debt is going to be more than we're paying for health care. That doesn't sound like a sound fiscal policy. But is it liberal to start looking at the priority the Chinese give to education while we think of it as a local responsibility? It should frighten the hell out of anybody that a billion people will be better educated than we are. Will we be in a position to compete? And it seems to me that when people are sick and don't have health care or are worried about their kids not being covered, they're not going to be the most productive employees.

12

PLAYBOY: The Constitution requires that all spending bills originate in the House of Representatives. As the ranking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee, could you explain how you and your fellow members affect our daily lives?

RANGEL: Most members of Congress believe that we who serve on the Ways and Means Committee have more self-esteem than we really need [laughs]. If you're dealing with the economy, then you're dealing with issues we meet about every day in Ways and Means. We have all the responsibility for raising taxes and we also have responsibility for all international trade agreements, because tariffs are taxes. Social Security is the largest social program that has ever been enacted. We have responsibility for that and for Medicare programs as well. When you get older you'll appreciate us more.

13

PLAYBOY: Potential draftees may want to have a say in whether the politicians who advocate a draft bill will continue in their careers. Would you like to encourage them to visit the polls?

RANGEL: One of the saddest things is when less than one quarter of the eligible voters elect the president. Either there's something wrong with the system or we politicians aren't getting our message across. There are those who care about their communities, get their hands dirty, find out what the issues are and raise hell for what they believe in. This has allowed us to succeed for 200 years and to become the world's most powerful, most sought-after country. I fear that if more people drop out of the system, just a handful of people who are not very representative may prevail, especially in view of the expense of getting elected. Some may wake up in the morning and bitch, but it won't make much difference.

And as a minority, I want both parties to get people involved. I'm bothered by the fact that more than 90 percent of black Americans are Democrats. There's no question that they're often taken for granted by the Democrats.

14

PLAYBOY: You've raised millions for Democratic candidates. Doesn't the cash go to feed the TV ad machine?

RANGEL: Unfortunately, and to the chagrin of grassroots politicians who still truly believe that local issues count and that you campaign by knocking on doors. The political consultants who control campaigns are one of the worst things that have ever happened to us. They not only advocate heavy investments in television, but they also get a heavy return, 15 percent or so of that spending.

15

PLAYBOY: You marched with Martin Luther King Jr. in Selma in 1965. What's your prognosis on race relations?

RANGEL: Constantly improving. I could never believe the hatred and threats that my grandfather was subjected to when he was in Accomac, Virginia. And yet it bothers me that people are not prepared to say that the pains and the scars of slavery are not still here. Just being born white is an affirmative action. A lot of kids, because of their color, don't think as much of themselves as they should and therefore don't progress as fast as they should. We have a long way to go in this country, but blacks love this country like no other people. They don't have their own culture or their own names, but they have just the same hopes and dreams. You shouldn't need affirmative action, but you need it now. A classic example is Atlanta, which had as much prejudice as any Southern city, but once we had the Voting Rights Act—once they were able to elect black officials—you found the mutual respect Atlantans had for one another. My wife is from Florida, and she has said that, culturally speaking, she has more in common with white Southerners than she does with black Northerners.

16

PLAYBOY: You're regarded as something of a wit in Congress, where members love to tell stories from back home. Can you honor us with a Rangelism?

RANGEL: Everything I've said I've stolen from somebody else. Years ago we had a true wit in Mo Udall. Once, he came to the well and said that everything that could be said about the bill in question had already been said. The House went up in cheers—until we heard him say, "But not everyone has said it." It was two o'clock in the morning. I use that line a lot when I'm the last speaker.

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17

PLAYBOY: It's rumored that Hillary Rodham Clinton owes the idea of running for a New York Senate seat to Charles Rangel. Does the mantle of power broker rest lightly upon your shoulders?

RANGEL: I like that question. I'll respond with a Rangelism: For seven years I courted my wife and I still believe it was her idea to get married. I was one of Hillary Clinton's strongest supporters. When she hadn't made up her mind as to what she was going to do, I was able to visit with people in labor, fund-raisers, state party leaders and members of the Democratic congressional delegation. There was excitement over the possibility of her running.

18

PLAYBOY: On a recent episode of *The West Wing*, President Josiah Bartlet finds himself dealing with an African American congressman from New York who is a member of the Ways and Means Committee and who wants to reinstate the draft. Do you think you can trump Al Gore's claim that he and Tipper served as models for *Love Story*?

RANGEL: I saw that clip. That show comes on Wednesday night, and that is the worst night in the world for us, because it's the big legislative night. If you want to watch it you have to leave the House floor. Some members have it taped because they like it so much. They vicariously live through it. Well, I don't know where they're going with this damn congressman they got. But maybe if he ends up being appointed to the presidency like Bush, we could work out something.

19

PLAYBOY: We've heard reports about bad feelings across the aisle in Congress. Do you find them overblown?

RANGEL: Newt Gingrich came in with a slash-and-burn attitude. He demonized the Democrats and he was successful in getting moderate Republicans to think along more conservative lines. Before Gingrich a thin line separated Republicans and Democrats. We would travel together. We'd work together. We'd have friendships. You don't find this with the newer members, because they fight so hard in terms of ideology. The Republicans have fewer hearings on issues, which means committees meet less often. There's less communication, so we don't know one another as people. When you had [Democrat] Tip O'Neill and the Republican leadership of Bob Michel, you found strong political differences but no personality problems.

20

PLAYBOY: You regularly appear on television talk shows hosted by outspoken conservatives. Does Charlie Rangel get a thrill out of entering the lion's den?

RANGEL: I don't like Democrats being pushed around. If you don't show up, they're going to talk about you. If you do show up, you may not win, but more often than not, no matter how mean-spirited they appear, when you're in the commercial break, they will let you know they're happy that you're making a show for them. Right-wing people get so excited and angry with me, I increase their ratings.



"Ah, here's Miss Bergstrom now—and it looks like she's got good news."

JAILBAIT

(continued from page 84)

measure because these are extreme times." Then he addressed his remarks to the students, who would be forced to sit through the tape a week later. "To our student body, I would say you haven't seen anything yet. We are going to get more and more creative."

Officials explained that in the three months "the undercover officer" was in Altoona High School, "he or she" made more than 50 drug buys, which led to charges against six students and another 10 adults, busting a drug ring that preyed on students.

State Attorney General Fisher, who had organized the sting, told everyone that drugs in school are "a growing concern to all Pennsylvanians. Young people have gotten to the point that not only would they think of using and selling marijuana to someone but they would be using cocaine, heroin and pills like Oxy-Contin," he said. "And in many instances they're selling those drugs right here in the school building. These arrests today put a stop to that."

He continued, "I believe this case should serve as an example to other school districts across Pennsylvania that law enforcement is out there to help them solve their problems in a cooperative fashion."

Fisher's presence propelled the story—to the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, to the front page of the *Altoona Mirror*, which praised the sting as "good for the community" and even to the AP, which sent out on the wires 720 words under the headline UNDERCOVER AGENT INFILTRATES SCHOOL DISTRICT.

In a local poll, Altoona residents were split evenly over the question, "Do you support the use of an undercover officer to make drug arrests at Altoona Area High School?"

Some parents wanted to know why it was necessary in the first place. There had been 16 heroin-related deaths in Blair County from 1996 to 2000, and officials felt themselves under pressure to do something. Two students last year were caught using heroin. One set of parents complained that they slept with their wallets hidden from their drug-addled children.

"The overdoses were a real concern," says Altoona's principal, Sharon Fasenmyer. "When you see that happen in the society around the school, you have to wonder what's happening in your high school. We knew there was a major drug problem in the community, but there was a question about whether it was also in the school." When the school's security chief called for an undercover sting, teachers and school officials had little

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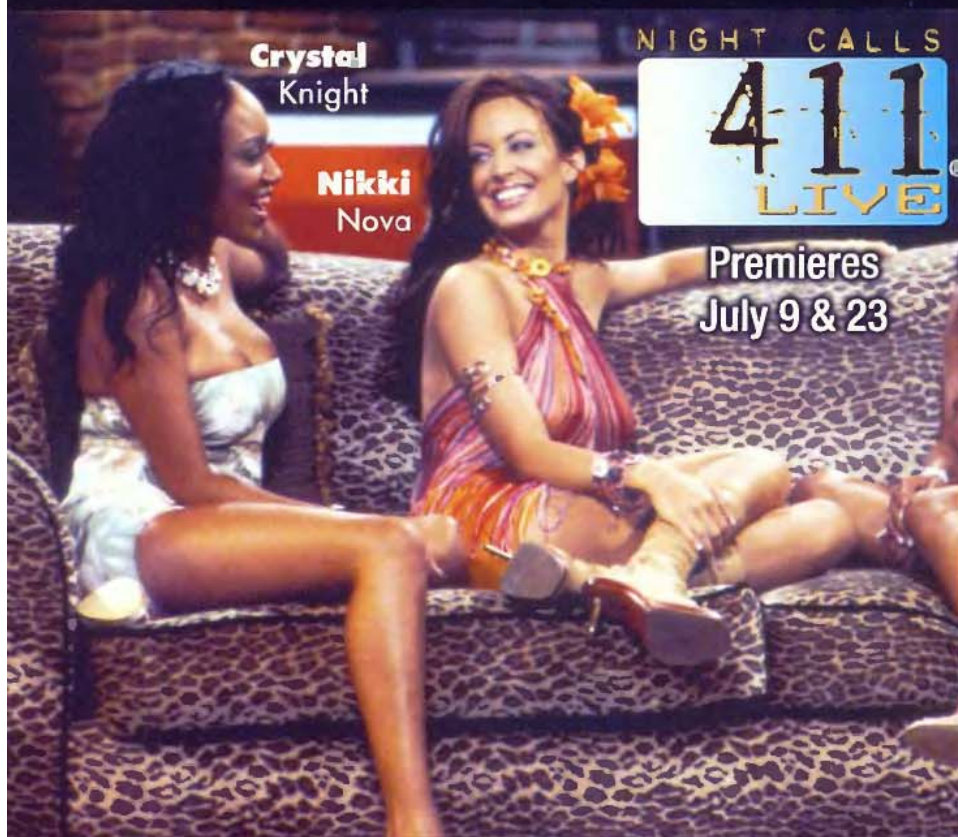
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choice but to go along. Many of them didn't know who Amber Baxter really was.

THE NARC

From childhood, undercover officer Jessica Miller knew she wanted to work in law enforcement. She says she was 10 years old when she realized what she wanted to be when she grew up. After high school in a small Pennsylvania town and with not much else going on—she worked for two years tending bar in various places—she enrolled at the Johnstown Regional Police Academy.

Early last year while working in uniform on street patrol, she was recruited by Randy Feathers, a suit-and-tie agent for the Blair County Drug Task Force. He had been looking for a narc to send to Altoona Area High School, and he gave Miller a brief description of the assignment and offered her the job on the spot. "Whether she was good-looking or not had nothing to do with it," Feathers told me. "It could have just as easily been a guy, or another woman. It was just that she looked young." At the time, Miller was 23, but she liked to say she looked about 10.

She remembers how she prepared for her first day at Altoona by trading in her pistol, holsters and ammunition belts for some "teenager-type clothes" with hearts and trendy logos, and applying a thick swath of glittery blue eye shadow, which she'd seen on her brother's girlfriend.

Then she drove up to Smokers' Corner. "I left my lighter in the car and went to the corner where they all hang out and asked some guy for a light, simple as that," she says. "I never think—I just wing it. I find it works better that way because you never sound rehearsed. I

didn't even find out my name was going to be Amber Baxter until the day before. And I almost forgot it a few times when people would call my name in the halls." Armed with fictitious transfer papers and a report card concocted by the school district, she invented a past and a present, telling kids she lived alone with her mother; that her father, a Vietnam veteran and motorcyclist, was long gone. "It's not like I had any training for this," she says. "But I didn't think it would be too hard. It wasn't that long ago that I was in school myself."

Though she has never before spoken publicly about the undercover job, she told *PLAYBOY* that the hardest part of what she did in Altoona was keeping the truth from her father and brother. "My little brother would call me three times a week, wanting to go the mall or the movies. I'd have to make up some story to tell him, and the more I lied to him the more he kept asking me. It was so hard."

The man who had asked Agent Feathers to recruit a young narc was Altoona's school director of police services, Jack Reilly, a chunky ex-cop. Previously, Reilly was the Altoona chief of police, and he runs the school like a station house commander battling a rising crime wave, eager to prove his place and establish "that cops and educators can work together."

When I interview him a few months after Amber left, he jokes that "a lot of guys sure seemed to like her" and that "one football player was especially interested and wrote her a lot of notes." Then Reilly turns serious. He leans forward in a metal chair, behind him a black gun safe the size of a small coffin. He says that Amber's arrests "had a three- or four-year deterrent value, until the next

batch of students comes through."

A footnote to America's war on drugs may record her as the person who helped make sexuality an instrument of Pennsylvania's drug policy. But Miller adamantly denies that flirting had anything to do with her police work. She denies shooting heroin with Jonathan or having sex with Jason—"That's just ridiculous," she says. Then, faintly, she laughs.

"I was very careful not to let anyone think that by selling to me they might have a chance to go out with me, because that's not fair and it raises entrapment issues," she says. When I mention that so many guys had thought she was beautiful and sexy, she says, "I guess that's just their opinion. I mean, I wouldn't want them to say I was ugly."

When I told her that Bobby Noel felt tricked and that he claimed he wasn't anything remotely close to a drug dealer, she replied, "I could see how he would say that. But he approached me. I didn't force him."

THE AFTERMATH

Malicia and the boys didn't put up a fight. Bobby and Jason pleaded guilty. The judge gave Bobby community service for passing \$20 worth of weed. With less than two weeks left in school, he got suspended from Altoona High and kicked off the football team, spoiling his bid for a college scholarship.

"They completely ruined his life," says Cindy Noel, Bobby's mother. "Football was the thing he loved most, and now he doesn't even want to talk about it." Then her angry tone changes and she sounds almost pleading. "If they were so worried about him using drugs, why didn't they just look at the two drug tests he did last year?"

These days Bobby refuses to discuss football. He still works out, and his bench is up to 265, but he will not set foot on a field. He's focusing all his attention on Christa, his new fiancée, for whom he just bought a small diamond ring with a white gold band. "She's it now, man," he says. "Football is over." He says he's going to become a truck driver like his father, and that he has chalked up his NFL dreams to his boyhood. In the middle of such resignation, he suddenly turns angry. "How is this fair?" he asks. "Wasn't she corrupting minors?" Still, remembering that day in the courthouse when he realized Amber was a narc, Bobby can't suppress a smile. "To tell you the truth, she looked even better in a suit."

Jason Kruse got 22 hours of community service for his felony conviction and now, on probation, works at a telemarketing outfit selling long-distance services. He seems to wear his conviction lightly, but his mother and father are deeply upset about it. "The judge told him there's so much he's not going to be able to do," says his mother, Debbie. "He'll never be



able to get a loan, he'll never be able to join the service, he'll never be able to vote, he'll never be able to do jury duty. You know, he'll probably never be able to get a decent job around here."

"I'm not saying Jason was a saint, but what they did was wrong," adds his father, Richard. "You put a knockout dressed like that in the school with teenage boys—come on. I don't care who they are, any guy would do the same thing to make out. And then you mess up a 19-year-old's life for a lousy joint? Or even a \$20 bag? That's bullshit. They set him up. There's worse crimes going on than that."

Malicia was also suspended and sentenced to 40 hours of community service. "I know I got off pretty easy," she says, "but all I did was give her a bag of shake when she asked me for it. And it really blows having everyone think I'm a bad kid now, you know, because I used to get A's and B's." Most of all, Malicia says, she feels betrayed. "I know busting people was her job, and I try to look at both sides of it. But she didn't have to pretend to be my best friend and get me to open up to her about my personal life. She could have done her job without that. She was always asking me for everything, ecstasy, marijuana, heroin."

As for Jonathan, he waited the entire afternoon of May 29, but when evening came without a call from the police, he was overjoyed. "I guess it would have been entrapment," he says now, adding he was never arrested or charged with any crime. "Besides, it wasn't my stuff."

Jonathan's future plans are vague. He says he's been clean for six months—he even quit smoking—and is looking at going to Penn State, where his father is a senior engineering aide. Maybe he'll work for his uncle's construction firm in Florida. He says he is scared straight and is full of praise for the operation. "I am just tired of seeing all my friends get caught up in heroin," he says, "although I am still pretty tripped out about getting high with a cop."

After the sting, Miller was promoted out of the police force and given a plum

job as an agent in the Attorney General's office. The Pennsylvania Narcotic Officer's Association gave her its investigator of the year award. "It was a very successful operation and we'll be doing a lot more of these types of investigations with her," says a spokesman for Attorney General Fisher, who lost in last year's gubernatorial election.

As it turns out, by late March 2003, Jessica had had her fill of undercover work and resigned. "I know it sounds crazy to leave the Attorney General's office, but right now my heart is really in patrol work and being on the road."

When I ask her if she thought there were fewer hard drugs available to Altoona students now, she replies, "Hon-

her drug war campaign—the broken dreams and interrupted lives of Bobby Noel, Jason Kruise and Malicia Darroch—Miller says she is certain she made some difference.

"At least they're not flashing it around in the hallways like they used to do," she says.

People familiar with Altoona's heroin scene would disagree. "Most of my friends just found other dealers," says Jonathan. "There's always somebody else in Altoona." Several other kids to whom I put the same question echoed the sentiment. Wally Shoeman, a straitlaced senior, says, "It's the same as it ever was. One girl now is selling out of her purse."

"It's just as easy to get drugs here," says senior Luke Zorger, a Corner denizen. The only thing that's really changed, he says, is that at Altoona High every new transfer student is believed to be an undercover cop.

On my last day in Altoona, I went back to Smokers' Corner, where a new crowd of freshmen and sophomores were out and jockeying up the pecking order controlled by the seniors. Luke Zorger was there and so was Destiny, the girl who thought Amber was trash. Jonathan came to say hello, although, since he'd transferred to another school, it technically wasn't his corner anymore. In deference to the rules, he didn't stay long.

"I heard all about her in my old school," says Rachel

Hayne, a fresh-faced sophomore in a hoodie. Puffing on her Marlboro Light, she adds, "I hate snitches."

I ask her about the availability of drugs, and she asks me if I'm a cop. Then she points to an SUV double-parked three quarters of the way up the block and about a hundred yards from the school, in front of a boarded-up house with an irregularly pitched roof and a mattress leaning against the door. "That's who you need to ask," she says, gesturing to the car and house. I turn back to thank her, but she has already vanished down the hill.

estly, I don't have a clue. That job was the first time I had ever been to Altoona, and I haven't been back since."

To be fair, Jessica Miller didn't only bust a group of working-class boys with raging hormones. Police records show she made forays into the tougher parts of Altoona, where she impersonated a strung-out crack addict and made several buys. But her refusal to smoke the product aroused suspicion, and a threat was made on her life. Her undercover buys helped bust a small-time heroin supplier, 1999 Altoona High graduate Rafael Sanchez, who was well-known and well liked on Smokers' Corner.

So despite the collateral damage of



"That's the worst," says Tim, "dealing with those little buggers after they've been hosting on a body."

too. There was also a kid who shot himself twice in the head and lived. He called his father and said, 'Dad, I can't do anything right.'"

The waitress brings our food and we begin to eat. Chris says, "Remember the guy who failed his paramedic's exam? He put a stick of dynamite in his mouth and blew his teeth through a wall." My companions dig into their burritos without hesitation.

"Another guy," Tim adds, "a disc jockey, put in earplugs and taped his eyes shut so they wouldn't blow out. Before that he put down plastic so that the blood would go down the bathroom drain, then stuck the gun in a pillow."

"I remember that one," says Chris. "It made for a quick cleanup."

Grim as these deaths are, the worst involve children. Aftermath's youngest suicide was a nine-year-old boy who shot himself in the head because he was being tormented in school. The youngest body the team has dealt with was eight months old—a distraught ex-boyfriend shot and killed the baby, his two siblings, the mother and then himself.

"How could anyone kill a baby?" says Tim, the father of two small children. He's boyish-looking in jeans and T-shirt, with a crew cut. "I mean, there was a Winnie the Pooh toy in the crib. Soon after that my little niece got the same toy for Christmas, and I was devastated."

Chris and Tim have mopped up after people who have died in every conceivable way and for every conceivable reason. They freely discuss their experiences, as if they've compartmentalized them in order to cope.

They say the most vicious death they have seen was a murder-suicide. In late August 1998, Daniel Jones of Lynwood, Illinois got tired of being kidded about the affair he believed his estranged wife, Tammy, was having with his co-worker James Castronovo. Jones put on a suit of body armor, gathered two handguns, a shotgun and a semiautomatic AR-15 rifle and set his trailer home on fire. He then went to his wife's Schererville, Indiana apartment, where he pumped more than 300 bullets into Castronovo and used the AR-15 to sever the man's arms and legs. When Castronovo pleaded with Jones to kill him, Jones set his testicles on fire, and finally finished Castronovo off by shooting him in the head. Then Jones killed himself. When Tim and Chris arrived on the scene, they say, they were stunned by the palpable hatred of the act.

"It took six technicians two days to clean up that place," says Tim. "The neighbors sat outside on deck chairs and watched us work. They brought coolers of beer as if it were entertainment."

•

Later in the week, I am teamed with the two-man crew of Kevin Reifsteck and Greg Banach, just back from a suicide job in Detroit. "We haven't seen our wives in two days," says Greg. "We just spent 15 hours cleaning up a self-inflicted death. But we once worked for nine days straight. We lived on Slim Jims and Mountain Dew."

From Detroit, they went directly to a gruesome unattended death in Crystal Lake, Illinois, where they were confronted with a situation that has caused more than one Aftermath technician to quit on the spot. The body was at least a month old—what is known as a "filth job."

"Most can't deal with this type of situation," says Greg. "Especially the maggots. We've walked into rooms that have a wall of flies. They eat off the body first, then lay their larvae, which become maggots. The maggots feast on the corpse, then hide in the walls until they become flies. Sometimes it takes three weeks to get rid of them. Rats and mice just run away when we come. Even worse than maggots are roaches. They get into your clothes."

"I remember one cleanup where the scalp of the corpse had separated from the head," says Kevin. "The maggots were inside the scalp, and it appeared to be actually crawling across the floor."

"I'm immune to it," Greg says. "There is no scene I can't handle, but I'll take a blood job over a filth job any day. It's different every time. It's interesting to learn the inside story of a crime."

Unattended deaths are a preoccupation for those working at Aftermath: Paradoxically, they are often the saddest deaths, the most unsettling scenes, the most challenging to clean. Chris Wilson delves into the subject. "A lot of unattended natural deaths happen on the toilet," he says. "Defecating slows the heart rate, which can cause a heart attack. If a corpse is unattended for more than two days, it begins to bloat. By the third day, gas and fluids explode through the navel and mouth. They drain out and seep into everything: floorboards, cracks in tile, the walls. The stench is so bad even the things the fluids don't touch have to be thrown out. After three to four weeks the body begins to liquefy. I remember a guy who

was dead for more than two years. His daughter kept him in a room she had sealed off, and she'd put 150 air fresheners around to mask the stench. She didn't want anyone to know he'd died, so she could collect his Social Security checks. By the time we got there, there was nothing but the sweet smell of death and a filmy substance on the floor. That muck was once his body."

In the worst unattended deaths, not only does a room stink of rotten meat and spoiled body fluids, but it also stinks of the filth that the person lived in when he was alive. Such was the case of a 450-pound man who lived in a room that reeked of dirty clothes, decaying food and cigarette butts. He drank himself to death and lay unattended for a week. When his body was finally removed it fell off the stretcher and literally exploded in the hallway. Aftermath technicians cleaned up the hall, then went into the bedroom where the corpse had been. It was crawling with maggots.

"That's the worst part of our job," says Tim, "dealing with those little buggers after they've been hosting on a body. They're hard to kill. When you disturb them they scatter everywhere, into the walls, and we have to track them for weeks. A lot of our guys don't have the stomach for it. Maggots bother them because they're alive."

It takes a certain kind of person to be an Aftermath technician, say Chris and Tim. Obviously, he or she must develop an insensitivity to blood and gore. Most of Aftermath's technicians are men; of the three women at one time employed by Aftermath, one, college student Stephanie Hayes, went on to work for the New York City Medical Examiner's office, taking photographs and writing up reports at death scenes. Another, Cassandra Seaburg, worked as a technician until she hurt her back. She became a secretary for the company and will soon open a branch of Aftermath in Hawaii. The third female tech quit because of trauma, referred to in the trade as critical incident stress syndrome. It is not uncommon for Aftermath technicians to be haunted by what they see. Some have terrible nightmares; others form an aversion to eating red jelly or rice.

"We get them counseling," says Chris. "A lot of them quit because they can't believe what people are capable of."

"They burn out," says Tim. "They can't deal with families pleading with them to 'bring back my son.'"

Aftermath makes a point of not hiring people who, Chris says, "are intrigued by crime scenes. We avoid those guys who just want to go under the yellow tape."

"Crime scenes get those types of people overly excited," says Tim. "They scare the hell out of us. The best guys can handle blood, but more important,

they can communicate with distraught people. They have to be meticulous, serious, no kidding around. Just focus on the mechanics of the scene. If the family sees you're distraught too, it makes them worse. You have to see this job as part of a healing process."

"After we do a job," says Chris, "most families hug us. 'Who would we have turned to?' they say. We can't bring back their loved ones, but we can help them move on with their lives. I remember one scene in which the coroner was removing a kid's body and he hit the kid's head against a wall and laughed. The mother went ballistic until we calmed her down. It can be hard to deal with the emotional trauma of cleaning up one room while the family is crying in another room because a husband of 32 years committed suicide."

Often, Aftermath gets letters of thanks. One man wrote that his family "was deeply touched and appreciative. Your kindness has helped restore our faith that good people do exist." Another woman wrote, "Thank you so much for all your help cleaning up my father's apartment. This has been a very difficult time and your assistance has made it a bit easier. Also, thank you for working with me on the price. Things have been tight, not to mention unexpected."

Tim takes me into a garage behind his office to explain the company's techniques. When they started in the business, Aftermath techs would appear on a job with a shop vac, mop, broom, scrapers, rags, buckets and a variety of decontaminate chemicals. They soon learned that a simple wipe-down of some scenes was insufficient. "Before we came along," Tim says, "the cops used to just throw coffee grounds around to kill the smell."

The company has since developed a process to completely clean a death scene. First, they use a pump spray with Microband-X disinfectant to sanitize a room and kill bloodborne pathogens that could cause HIV, TB and hepatitis B and C. Then they wipe down the room with lemon-scented TR-32, which deodorizes and sanitizes, and properly dispose of anything that can't be salvaged. For any lingering odor they use a UV fogger that sprays a mist to counter airborne particles.

Tim points out equipment lined up against the walls. A fan. A pressure sprayer—"for jumpers," he says. A generator. A portable heater. Air filters. Fifty-gallon drums for fecal matter. Shop vacs. "We go through 40 a year," Tim says. He points to a pile of black garbage bags. "The bags have to be three millimeters thick." He looks down at the floor and smiles. "Watch where you step," he says. A maggot.

The second floor of the garage is

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 32, 41-42, 82-83, 106-111, 112-113 and 155, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 32: *Capcom*, 408-774-0500 or capcom.com. *Empire Interactive*, empireinteractive.com. *Gotham Games*, gothamgames.com. *Konami of America*, konami.com. *Namco*, namco.com. *3DO*, 3do.com. *Wired: Alienware*, alienware.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 41-42: *Beach Cigar Group*, gurkhacigars.com. *GM*, cadillac.com. *Harvard Common Press*, bikerbilly.com. *Smartcast*, humminbird.com.

WHAT'S IN YOUR BAG?

Pages 82-83: *Apple*, apple.com. *Bantam Interactive*, bantamusa.com. *Danger*, danger.com. *Hip Gear*, hipgearproducts.com. *Koss*, koss.com. *Motorola*, 800-331-6456 or motorola.com. *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262 or panasonic.com. *Pentax*, pentaxusa.com. *Samsung*, 800-726-7864 or samsungelectronics.com. *Sony*, 888-222-SONY.

KILLER ADDITIVES

Pages 106-111: *Joseph Abboud*, 212-586-9140. *Adidas*, adidas.com. *Apple*, apple.com. *Aramis*, 212-756-4801. *Arrid*, arrid.com. *Beretta*, berettawatch.es.com. *Biotherm Homme*, biotherm.com. *Clarins*, clarins.com. *Clay*, 212-206-9200. *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-

COLE. *Crome*, 877-94-CROME. *Dermalogica*, dermalogica.com. *Desiron*, desiron.com. *Dior*, dior.com. *Fekkai for Men*, fredericfekai.com. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, salvatoreferragamo.it. *Gant*, gant.com. *Gibson guitar*, playboy.com. *Gran Sasso*, gransasso.it. *Guerlain*, guerlain.com. *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-

BOSS. *Kiehl's*, kiehls.com. *King of Shaves*, kingofshaves.com. *Kiton*, kiton.it. *Calvin Klein*, 212-292-9000. *Fred Leighton*, 212-288-1872. *Nike*, nike.com. *Old Spice*, oldspice.com. *Pratesi*, pratesi.com. *Sharps*, sharpusa.com. *Suave*, suave.com. *Tancho*, joybeauty.com. *Terra Plana*, terra plana.com. *Versace*, versace.com.

TREND GAME

Pages 112-113: *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. *Dior Homme*, dior.com. *DKNY*, dkny.com. *Dolce and Gabbana*, dolcegabbana.com. *Tommy Hilfiger*, 800-TOMMY-CARES. *Michael Kors*, 212-452-4685. *Versace*, versace.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 155: *Pitcher*, rod and martini glass, *Barneys New York*, 312-587-1700. *Calvin Klein*, 312-324-7665. *Wines by Castello Banfi*, 800-645-6511 or banfi.com. *Wine tote*, from *Material Possessions*, 312-280-4885. *Tool set and cocktail napkins*, available at *Neiman Marcus*, 888-888-4757. *Ice bucket and tray* by *Plata Lappas*, from *Saks Fifth Avenue*, 888-643-7275. *Salviati*, from *Elements*, 877-642-6574. *Shaker*, 800-463-7465. *Virginia Gentleman 90*, at liquor stores.

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where they keep the towels. "We spend at least \$60,000 a year on towels," Tim says. On shelves are chemicals such as Cavicide, muriatic acid, Unsmoke and UN-Duz-It to kill germs, and protective equipment such as Code Blue gloves, Knot-a-Boots and Tyvek suits with hoods and masks. They also use respirators, like the kind in the movie *Outbreak*.

"We spend over \$300,000 a year just on supplies," Tim says. Aftermath's total expenses run around \$1 million. The company, which Reifsteck and Wilson co-own, grosses about \$1.75 million annually and has made both partners relatively well-off. Chris drives a two-seater Mercedes-Benz; Tim drives a Hummer.

The phone rings in my hotel room. "We have a shotgun suicide for you in Romeoville," Chris says. "One body." It's a bloody scene, he says, but a fresh one, so it won't be too gory. I should have eaten earlier, I think. Then I drive to the scene, where I will meet the distraught mother and angry father before walking into the bedroom of their daughter, ruined by the suicide of her stalker.

It's a beautiful late spring day. The sun is shining on the neat ranch homes that line the street. A young girl is jumping rope in her front yard and young boys are riding their bicycles. A man is walking his dog. There is a red-white-and-blue GOD BLESS AMERICA sign on a fence. A woman is standing in her yard, smoking a cigarette, talking on a cell phone and staring across the street at the white Aftermath van in the driveway of her neighbor's home.

After Kevin and Greg talk to the parents and make their initial inspection of the bedroom, they go back outside. Kevin spreads a large blue plastic sheet on the front lawn. He puts cardboard boxes labeled "hazardous waste" on the sheets, then ties orange biohazard crime scene tape to one end of the house, and around the front lawn. He and Greg go into the van to change. They strip down to underwear and put on Tyvek suits, plastic booties, Code Blue gloves, protective eyewear and respirators.

In their extraterrestrial gear, they step out of the van, adrenaline pumping, ready for action. The parents have left the house, the way the men prefer it. Greg shuts off the heat in the living room; the Tyvek suits are hot. He walks down the hallway to the girl's room.

"This is a clean scene," he says. "No smell, no decay. We should clean it up in a few hours."

Greg kneels on the rug near the large puddle of blood and begins cutting a large swath with a razor.

"You have to be careful with rugs," Greg says over his shoulder. "Carpet tacks can cut you just like drug needles." Kevin examines the girl's open closet to see if any blood has hit her clothes. He picks up her phone, sprays a lemon cleaner on it and wipes it off. When he examines the girl's bed, he finds blood splattered on the sheets and pulls them off. He takes the sheets outside and drops them into an empty box on the blue plastic.

Greg rolls up the large piece of bloody carpet and puts it into a black plastic bag. The wood floor underneath is satu-

rated. "We'll have to cut out the floor," he says, "but first I have to sop up the blood so it doesn't splatter." He puts towels soaked in disinfectant on the bloody floorboards and throws them into the plastic bag.

Kevin carts out the mattress, passing Greg in the hallway. Greg points down at his foot. "Watch your step," he says. He's found a skull fragment. "I've got an eye for body parts," he says to me. "At one suicide, the cops told us the guy had shot himself in the room where the body was discovered. But I found part of his lips in another room. I told the cops he shot himself once there, and then a second time in the room where he died." Often, Aftermath technicians find things the police have missed—a knife, bullet casings, a gun, even a suicide note.

Kevin kneels on the floor to inspect the girl's CD boxes, which are splattered with blood. He takes the discs out of the jewel boxes and throws them into a dresser drawer. The boxes are then tossed into the garbage bag. He stops, pulls the girl's hair drier out of the drawer, wipes off a tiny spot of blood and puts it back.

Behind him, Greg says, "You can't hurry on this job or you'll miss things." That's why Greg and Kevin always "blue light" (use an ultraviolet light to illuminate any remaining traces of blood) a room. "Actually we call it a black light," Greg says.

After working for a few hours, Greg and Kevin go outside for a break. They discard their booties and gloves. Before they reenter the house they will put on new ones.

Before working for Aftermath, Greg had a job with the Illinois Department of Public Health, disposing of hazardous materials. When he read about Aftermath in a newspaper article three years ago, he applied for a job and hasn't looked back. "I always liked horror movies," he says.

Kevin liked horror movies, too. He also raised snakes and fed them live mice. His ambition was to become a doctor, but at 20 he joined the Army to be a medic. He left the service as a sergeant five years later and began to work for his brother at Aftermath. His first job was a two-day "bleed out" (suicide by razor blade). "It didn't bother me," he says. What does bother him are some of the people he comes into contact with at death scenes.

"People will walk over their dead grandmother to get her Social Security check," he says.

"I won't let my wife go into a highway rest stop without me," says Greg, "ever since I cleaned up a rest stop where some scumbag had beaten a woman to a bloody pulp, then raped her."

(concluded on page 153)



"Wow! Business is really jumpin' since I started letting them kiss wherever they want."

PLAYMATE & NEWS

SORCERESS STEPHANIE

There are plenty of Playmates turned actresses, but Stephanie Adams may be the first Playmate turned sorceress. "I've had psychic powers since I was young," Stephanie says. "My family loved to say that witches weren't always ugly old crones—they could be beautiful little girls like me. The funniest experience was when I was about two years old and I envisioned that one of my married

uncles had a secret girl-

friend. One night I asked why he hadn't brought her over to dinner. Turns out he did have a girlfriend, and his wife was not amused." Inspired by her knowledge of spirituality, astrology and the occult, Stephanie has written four books—under the pen name Sorceress—and created

Goddessy.com, a website that offers tarot card readings, astrological charts, books and jewelry. "The books are fun and somewhat shocking," she says. "I've always enjoyed being controversial."



BELLA DONNA: MISS D'ERRICO OPENS A LUXURY SPA

When Donna D'Errico created the body treatments at her new California sanctuary, ZenSpa, she was inspired by husband Nikki Sixx, bassist for Motley Crue. With *Dr. Feelgood* cranking in her head, Donna thought up the Classical Rock Massage, a treatment in which rock and roll replaces the usual Enya relaxation music. Since the spa opened last December, people have flown in from all over the country to get their bodies rocked. "Massage is an aphrodisiac," Donna says. "Guys dig this treatment because all they feel are hands beating on their muscles in time to music."



25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"My turn-ons are sex in unusual places and boy watching," wrote 19-year-old Vicki Witt on her August 1978 Data Sheet. Vicki also admitted that her secret dream was to be shipwrecked with Lee (*Six Million Dollar Man*) Majors. Years later, Vicki married a nonceleb and had three kids. As for Majors? He got hitched to 1985 Playmate of the Year Karen Velez.



Vicki Witt.

LOOSE LIPS

"When I broke up with my last boyfriend, I wrote him what I thought was a really nice letter. Turns out he didn't like that at all." —Shanna Moakler

"We hang out at home most nights. I'm looking forward to having a lot of kids." —Alicia Rickter, on life with boyfriend Mike Piazza

THE SWEETEST SWEDE



When you're a six-foot Swedish sex bomb named Victoria Silvstedt, you need an assistant just to sort through your VIP invites. Left to right: At the Movieguide Awards Gala; at Nobu in New York City; with model friends (including Carmen Electra and Playmate Tina Jordan) at the launch of Excitenight; working it at the Biker Boyz premiere in Los Angeles.



HOT SHOT

PAM ANDERSON



MY ANGEL IS A MOVIE STAR



In *Peak Experience*, Angel Boris and her co-stars face a deadly avalanche. Will they (A) expire, (B) learn the benefits of body heat or (C) pull an *Alive* and go cannibal? Check it out on video now.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

August 1: Miss September 1961
Christa Speck
August 5: Miss December 1964
Jo Collins
August 9: Miss September 1997
Nikki Schieler Ziering
August 18: Miss July 1997
Daphnee Lynn Duplaix
August 26: Miss June 1980
Ola Ray

POP QUESTIONS: STEPHANIE HEINRICH

Q: Have you ever faked an orgasm? If so, was it Oscar worthy?

A: Yes! What woman hasn't? Each of my performances outdoes the last.

Q: What's your take on sex toys?

A: They're very helpful. That is what I call higher education.

Q: What music turns you on?

A: I get weak in the knees for any Hank Williams tune. I'm a sucker for country boys.

Q: If your life were made into a movie, who would play you?

A: I would love for it to be Reese Witherspoon. It's a blonde thing.

Q: Who is sexier—Jay Leno or David Letterman?

A: Leno. It's all about the big chin.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Dennis Haysbert

"I like the ones who look the most natural, because I'm not a big fan of augmented bodies. I really

like *Ola Ray* and *Dorothy Stratten*. Poor Dorothy. I still think about what happened to her. And *Ola*—what an absolutely stunning woman."



THE PLAYMATE PLATOON



In 1965, when Second Lieutenant John Price—then serving in Vietnam—bought a lifetime subscription, he reminded

Hef of his promise that a Playmate would deliver every lifetime subscriber's first issue. Ever the crowd pleaser, Hef sent Jo Collins to Bien Hoa—and Operation Playmate was born. More recently, an army of our girls gathered in LA to continue the tradition.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Pamela Anderson wears many different hats—mother of two, Sunday school teacher, columnist for *Jane* magazine, Kid Rock's better half—but when she co-hosted Country Music Television's Flameworthy awards, the network made sure she didn't don one in particular.

According to a CMT insider, Pam wanted to wear a huge hat that was half American flag and half Confederate flag, but the network quashed the controversial fashion statement.

Reportedly, they asked Pamela, "Do you know what that flag stands for?" Either way, we say it's better than one of Kid Rock's scuzzed-out fedoras. . . . For his renowned series *America*,

photographer Andres Serrano asked Snoop Dogg, Chloe Sevigny and Deanna Brooks (pictured above), among others, to pose. The exhibit ran in London and Los Angeles galleries. . . . Nicole Narain, who has appeared in music videos for Ja Rule, LL Cool J and Bobby Brown, drew a crowd of thousands when she signed copies of *Playboy's Hip-Hop and Rock* DVD at the FYE store in New York City. . . . Michele Rogers talks dirty as a field reporter on the racy *Playboy* TV show *Sexcetera*. . . . Nicole Wood provided makeovers at her boutique and day spa on the TLC TV show *A Makeover Story*. . . . OPI nail polish called on Cara Wakelin (pictured), Lauren Michelle Hill, Shauna Sand and the Dahm triplets to appear in a marketing video for their British collection. Bloody brilliant!

OPI nails Cara Wakelin.



Deanna Brooks: photo finish.



(continued from page 150)

"You become suspicious," says Kevin. "Most people never see what we see, like a guy who's excited he found \$2000 in his grandma's room, where she's bleeding out on the floor, or two guys fighting over a dead relative's TV."

"Even some of the families we clean up for are unpleasant to us," says Greg. "There's no tipping in our job. It's not like delivering pizzas. We take away loved ones, and sometimes people want to lash out. I once found a clean skull fragment from an 18-year-old boy, and when his mother saw that it had her son's hair on it, she wanted to keep it. She went nuts on me."

When we go back into the home, I ask Greg and Kevin if this is one of their better scenes. Greg says, "There's no such thing as a good death." As proof, he goes to the van and returns with photographs of bodies he has cleaned up: a man whose arm was caught in a printing press and whose entire body was then sucked into the machine; another man who had been dead a week and whose skin had turned black; a man lying in the road whose head had been crushed by a truck. "People were just driving around him," Greg says. Then he describes the most difficult scene he has cleaned: a man who had fallen 46 floors down an elevator shaft.

"I had to clean up body parts and blood on every floor in the shaft," he says. "I rappelled down the shaft, picked up parts on each floor and handed them to my workers. The guy's arms weighed as much as a dog. It took us six days to complete the job."

Greg and Kevin finish the cleanup around midnight. The last thing they do is run a fogger to remove any lingering odor in the room. Then they talk to the girl's parents, who have returned home. The mother is still upset. Greg tries to reassure her. "This is a happy ending," he says. "That guy won't harass your daughter anymore."

The following morning I'm back at the Aftermath office. Cassandra is making calls. Chris is on his cell phone. Tim is sitting beside me at a card table piled high with Aftermath brochures.

"So, how did you like your first suicide?" he asks with an impish grin.

"Not as bad as I expected," I say. "I went out to dinner afterward."

"Really?" Tim reaches down and brushes something off my shoe.

"Just a maggot."

I shake my foot quickly.

He grins. "Just kidding."

Chris gets off his cell phone. "You didn't throw up?" he asks me. I shake

my head. Chris looks crestfallen. Then he brightens, "Your photographer almost did." It seems to make him feel better. Despite their protestations, they all feel a certain macho pride in their ability to do a job most people can't stomach. It requires a special temperament, like that of soldiers in battle who devise various mind-sets to get through the horrors they must face. Chris jokes about the things he sees. Tim is coolly detached from them. Kevin focuses on the mechanics of "tidying up." Greg reduces his job to a contest, like a puzzle, finding the clues that others miss.

What these guys have in common is the tendency to see in life's cruelties the natural order of man. They don't see the murder and suicide and inhumanity through a moral prism. That would be psychologically debilitating. Instead, they see the scenes of destruction as the facts of man's existence. Kevin once said, "We human beings like to separate ourselves from animals, but we're just like

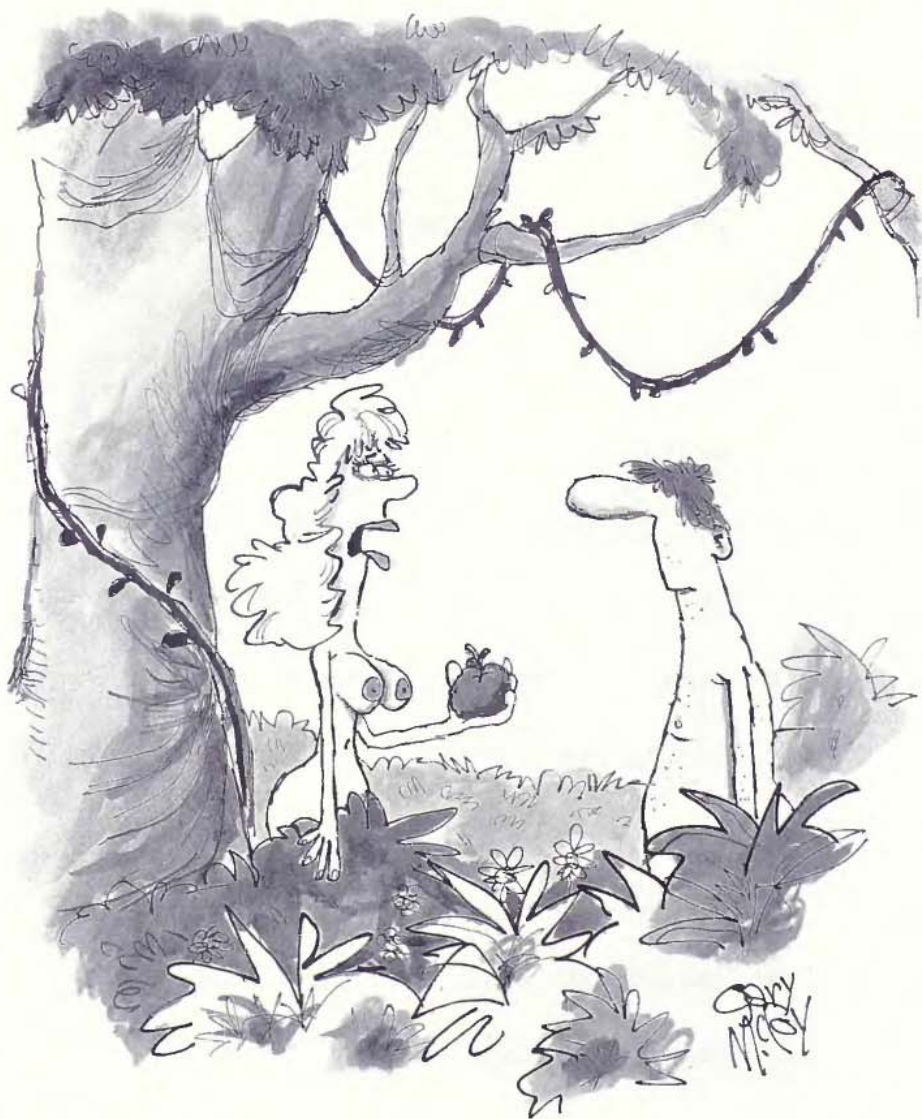
them—only they're better."

"Someone has to do it," Tim says of the job. He adds that this is not exactly the kind of career he aspired to when he was eight years old. But it's a job he has the perfect temperament for. "I'm able to separate myself from my work and my life. Some people say we're sick, but they don't see what we do for families. I'm very happy in my job. I'll retire doing this and pass it on to my kids—if they want to do it." I ask him what he has learned over the years. He says, "If a person wants to kill himself, you can't stop him."

"Exactly," says Chris. "Suicide is such a selfish act. Most suicides are attempts to get back at someone."

Before I leave, I ask Chris one more question: "Are you religious?" He smiles, then shrugs. I look at Tim.

"No," he says. "This job makes you not believe in much."



"Forbidden? Now, a slice of chocolate-covered cheesecake that'd go right to my hips, that would be forbidden."



a hotter side
of Playboy

cyberclub

cyber.playboy.com/join/0803

PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE BAR IS OPEN

Half the fun of playing host is getting to show off all the cool drink paraphernalia you've collected. A cocktail shaker shaped like a lighthouse? Why not? It's a handmade reproduction of one that was being shaken back in the Twenties. Talk about getting lit! The exterior is polished chrome over solid brass, and the interior is silver-plated. Celebrate that by having

another round or two. Your bar's glassware should be crystal unless your friends like to cap the evening Russian-style by flinging their glasses into the fireplace. Stir, shake, sip and keep plenty of the good stuff on hand. (Virginia Gentleman 90, below, is definitely "the good stuff.") Cheap liquor and elegant accessories definitely don't mix. We'll drink to that.

—DAVID STEVENS

Right: Of course, you know that Virginia Gentleman 90 is 90 proof. What the trade experts know—and now you do too—is that it won Double Gold: Best American Whiskey at the recent San Francisco World Spirits Competition (about \$20). Drink a toast to the Old Dominion with VG sipped neat from Italian-designed crystal shot glasses with assorted colored bands by Salvati (\$125 for a set of six).



Left: A chrome-plated copy of a Twenties lighthouse cocktail shaker (\$200). Below: Four-bottle wicker wine tote holds 1999 Summus (\$63) and Excelsus (\$73) mixed varietal vinos by Castello Banfi. Next to it is a wine tool set that includes a corkscrew, bottle stoppers and a bottle opener (not shown) by Diade (\$75), a Calvin Klein-designed wineglass (\$45) and a "Bottom's Up" linen cocktail napkin (\$14).



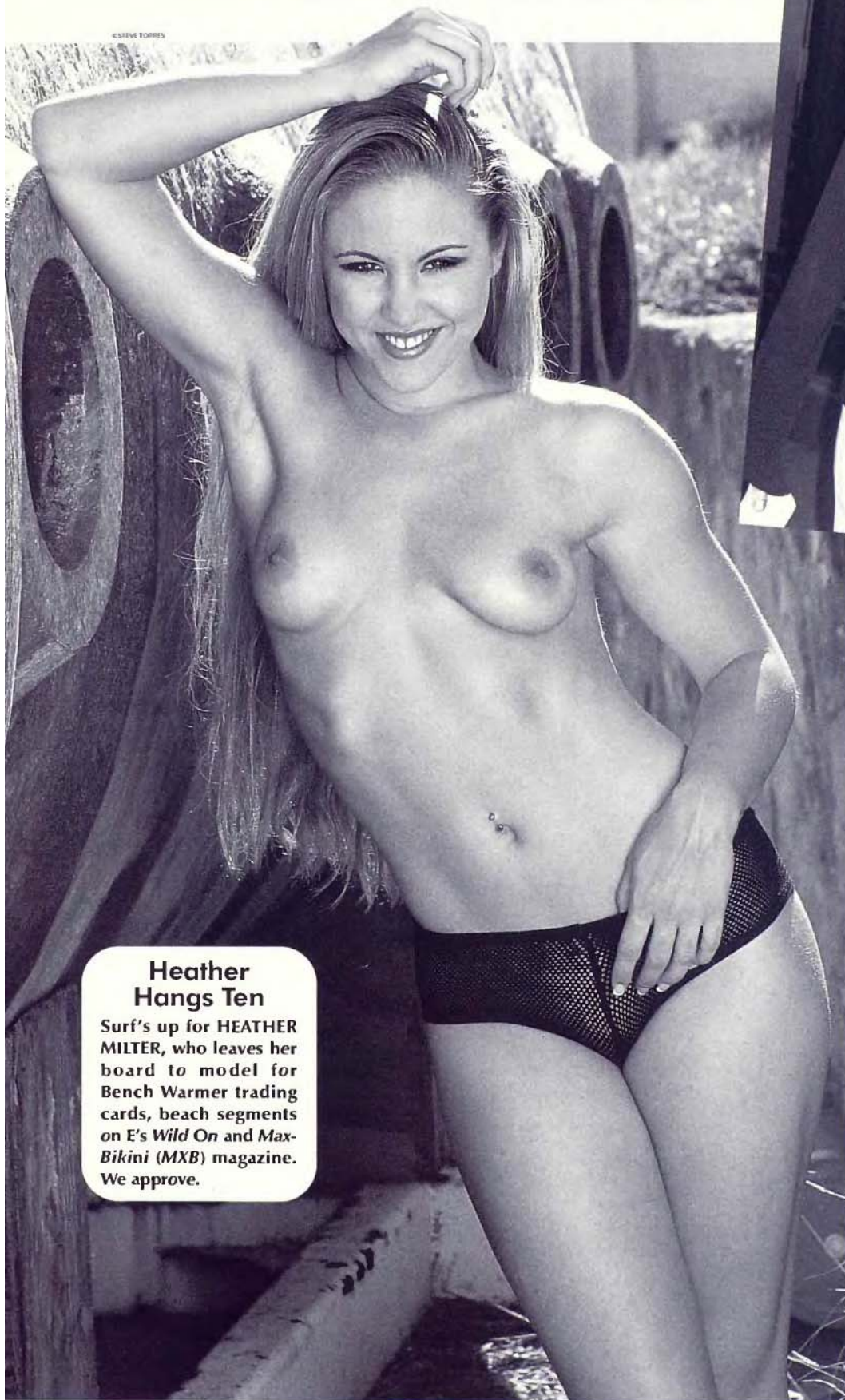
Left: Silver bullet, Mr. Lone Ranger? Yes, Tonto, if you stirred it in this etched bamboo-design martini pitcher with frosted mixing rod (\$150). The matching handblown etched bamboo martini glass is \$48. The silver-plated cocktail tray with cane handles (\$340) and the matching ice bucket (\$130), both by Plata Lappas, also hint of the tropics.

Grapevine

Heaton Heats Up

Everybody Loves Raymond Emmy winner PATRICIA HEATON lets the paparazzi check out her see-through action while plugging her book, *Motherhood and Hollywood*, and gearing up for *The Goodbye Girl* on TNT.

©SILVIA TORRES



Heather Hangs Ten

Surf's up for HEATHER MILTER, who leaves her board to model for Bench Warmer trading cards, beach segments on E's *Wild On* and *Max-Bikini (MXB)* magazine. We approve.



©HENRY MCGEE/OLIVE PHOTOS

No Gray Area

MACY GRAY is acting, singing, doing car commercials and touring behind her latest CD, *The Trouble With Being Myself*. Got a problem with that?



©FRANK MATHIAS/PHOTO HES



Either O.A.R.

O.A.R. (Of a Revolution) signed a multidisc deal with Lava and the group's first release on the label, *In Between Now and Then*, came out in the spring. They proved that selling out midsize venues with screaming fans who loved the early self-produced CDs wasn't a fluke.

© PAUL NATHAN PHOTO RES.

A Step Up

Model TOMIKO relaxes in satin and we're right there applauding. Look for her in Mercedes-Benz and UPS print ads and as a spokesperson for Crown Royal. We'll drink to that.



STUTTE FORBES

Grins and Bares It

Model and host of *Dog Eat Dog* BROOKE BURNS gives CRAIG KILBORN her March Madness pick. The Longhorns lost—but we won.

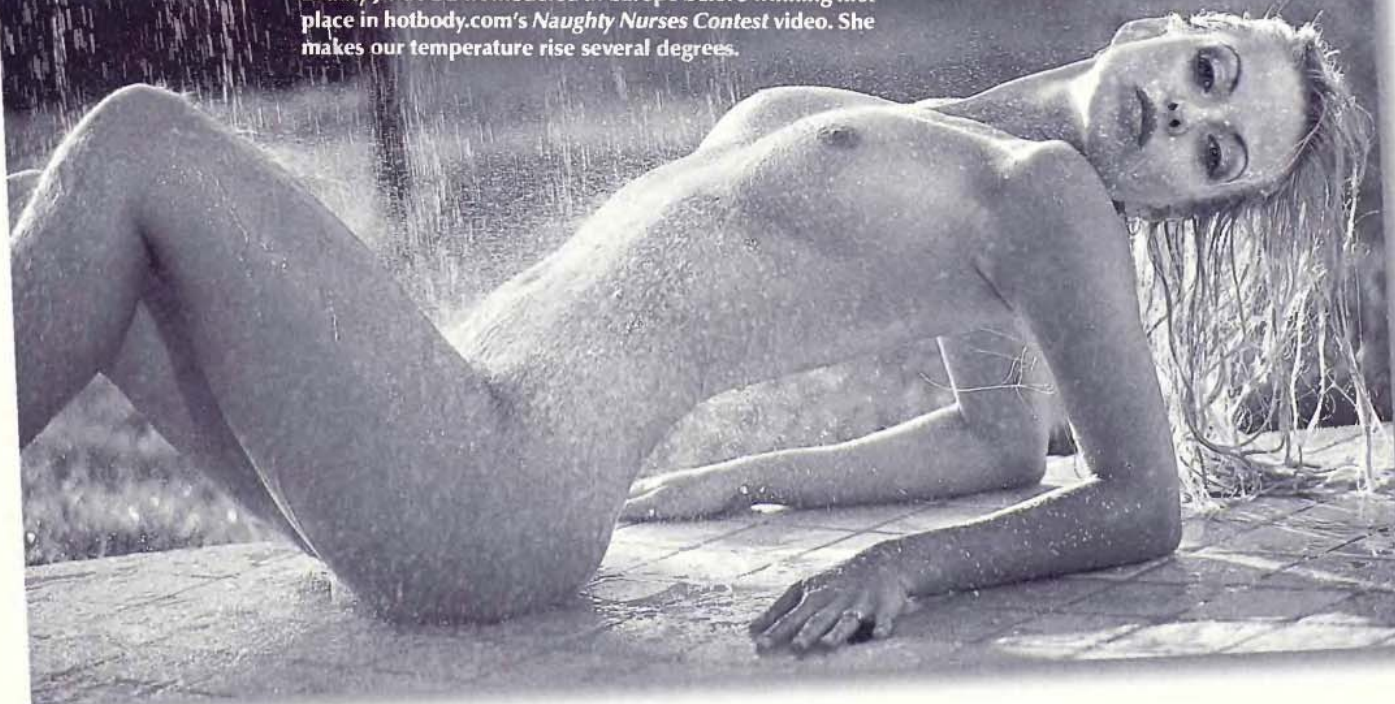
DAVID J. PHILLIPS



© CRAIG A. SOTRES

Wet and Wild

Beauty JANA COVA modeled in Europe before winning first place in hotbody.com's *Naughty Nurses Contest* video. She makes our temperature rise several degrees.





August's
SEX HIT

**FRENCH
SUN-KISSED**

The French may be lousy at taking up arms against mustachioed dictators, but they do know a thing or two about lolling in the sun and looking good. Caudalie's Vinosun Anti-Aging Suncare lotion is partially derived from—what else?—grape seed. It's primarily designed for the face, but our model wants other parts of herself not to grow old. Price: \$45 for SPF 15, \$55 for SPF 25. Call 866-826-1615 to order. Baguettes and cheese sold separately.

ROCK AND RECYCLE

Don Ho and Kajagoogoo are OK, but we hope Vinylux isn't making wall clocks and drink coasters from vintage Sinatra and Stones LPs. Actually, all the wax they convert is past its playing prime but has an original label intact. As far as we're concerned, that old Milli Vanilli record should feel honored to protect our furniture from unsightly rings. Price: \$36 for a clock and \$20 per set of six mixed coasters. Order from Uncommongoods.com or call 888-365-0056.



PASTA THE NOODLES, BIG TONY

Bet the Sopranos don't dine on watery pasta when they sit down to decide which weasel to whack next. Flying Noodle pasta club is more their style. Each month flyingnoodle.com ships subscribers two gourmet pastas and pasta sauces, plus a slew of recipes. "That's enough for eight to 10 servings," says Raymond Lemire, the Big Parmesan of the club. One month costs \$27.50. That won't last long. We recommend you join the six-month club for \$165. A year costs \$330. Mama mia, that's a lot of pasta. Orders are also taken at 800-566-0599.

DOGG'S IN HOT WATER

Some guys have all the luck. Not only does Snoop Dogg get paid to hang around hot tubs shooting Doggy videos, but celebriducks.com has created a rubber ducky of him, too (below). It's \$12. Or soak with the four Osbournes for \$50. Major league baseball, NBA, NHL and college mascot dummies are also available, along with Nascar drivers, historical figures (bathe with Beethoven) and even the Three Stooges. Phone: 877-232-5388.



CHAMPAGNE GOES TO WAIST

We've had many a belt of champagne but, until now, never had a champagne belt. Moët & Chandon's new Mini Moët Belt, created to celebrate this year's America's Cup yacht race, has two things going for it—the contraption holds four minibottles of White Star bubbly, and your girlfriend will want to wear it. Now champagne can tickle your nose two ways. A four-pack of Moët Minis is about \$40 in liquor stores. The Mini Belt is \$45. Go to vivre.com to order.



BUGS AT THE BEACH

Wouldn't you know that Ralph Lauren owns this 1938 Bugatti Type 57SC Atlantic? It's worth only a couple of mil. About 50 classic Bugattis (plus many other makes) will be on display at the 53rd Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance this August 17 at the Lodge at Pebble Beach. Tire kickers will be shot on sight. Tickets, which are \$100 each, can be purchased only in advance. Call 877-693-0009 or go to pebblebeachconcours.net.

RED-HOT POKER

When can you screw your neighbor, spit in the ocean and try twin beds all in one evening? Poker night, of course, but that's only if you can find the cards and chips—and remember how to play all those games. That's where knackpacks.com deals a winning hand. Its poker kit contains a deck of cards, 200 poker chips and a handbook of rules to more than 50 games, along with information on poker strategy, etiquette, etc. Price: \$24.95. Your bet, pal.



CEL BLOCK

Got \$40,000 burning a hole in the pocket of your designer jeans? Spend it on a BMW or this original production cel of the evil queen from Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. The queen just might be a better investment. Great American Ink (open by appointment) at 11633 San Vicente Boulevard in Los Angeles is considered the world's premiere gallery for vintage animation art. Call 800-552-BUGS to schedule an appointment or obtain a catalog.

ONE BOURBON, ONE VODKA, ONE LIQUEUR

Our title doesn't roll off the tongue the way John Lee Hooker's classic *One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer* does, but these new liquors go down smoothly. Old Forester's 95 proof Birthday Bourbon will be produced annually in a limited volume. Price: \$35. Shakers vodka, made from Minnesota wheat, is distilled six times. Price: \$35. Bet you don't throw away that cocktail-shaker bottle. Velvet Falernum, a lime liqueur from Barbados, is the perfect ingredient for rum drinks. Price: \$13.



Next Month



© VICTORIA



TUBA CITY: ON THE MOUND



PAY DIRT: THE NFL PREVIEW



SPRUCE YOUR GOOSE

THE RAINBOW FARM MASSACRE—IN SEPTEMBER 2001, TWO GAY MARIJUANA ADVOCATES WERE SHOT TO DEATH AFTER A STANDOFF WITH POLICE, VICTIMS OF A VIOLENT GOVERNMENT WITCH-HUNT. THE TRUE STORY OF AN AMERICAN DREAM TURNED NIGHTMARE. BY **DEAN KUIPERS**

JON GRUDEN—THE TAMPA BAY BUCS COACH ON WINNING THE SUPER BOWL, HOW FREE AGENCY HAS ALTERED THE NFL, HIS INSANE INTENSITY, HIS RIVALRY WITH AL DAVIS AND THE RAIDERS AND WHICH COLLEGE FIGHT SONG GOES BEST WITH SEX. AN ALL-OUT PLAYBOY INTERVIEW. BY **KEVIN COOK**

NFL PREVIEW 2003—OUR ANNUAL GRIDIRON GUIDE TO THE LONG SHOTS, UPSETS AND SURE THINGS, INCLUDING CHATS WITH THE HARDEST-HITTING PLAYERS AND WHY FOOTBALL REMAINS EARTH'S GREATEST SPORT. BY **ALLEN ST. JOHN**

THE OUTBREAK FROM GROUND ZERO—A CHANCE MEETING BETWEEN A SICK CHINESE DOCTOR AND A HANDFUL OF INTERNATIONAL TRAVELERS, ALL WAITING FOR THE SAME HONG KONG ELEVATOR, MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN THE BEGINNING OF THE SARS EPIDEMIC. A MONTH LATER, HONG KONG WAS THE CENTER OF THE DISEASE, WITH NO TOURISTS AND AN ENTIRE HOSPITAL DEVOTED TO VICTIMS. A REPORT FROM THE STREETS. BY **MICHAEL PARRISH**

LOOKING FOR LOVE IN ALL THE STRANGE PLACES—WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T PICK UP GIRLS AT AA MEETINGS, GYNECOLOGISTS' OFFICES, PORN MOVIE SETS, SCIENTOLOGY GATHERINGS AND FUNERALS? CERTAINLY NOT OUR SHAMELESS WRITER **COREY LEVITAN**, WHO TRIES HIS LUCK AT ALL OF THE ABOVE. DOES HE SCORE? STAY TUNED

TUBA CITY—THE KID WAS A FORMIDABLE SOUTHPAW: LARGE, LUMBERING AND OVERWEIGHT. HIS NICKNAME WAS SHOE. ONE DAY HE SHOWED A SCOUT SOMETHING NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN IN BASEBALL—HE TURNED THE GAME UPSIDE DOWN AND INSIDE OUT. FICTION BY **JOSEPH KIERLAND**

HOWARD HUGHES STYLE—FASHION HAS RETURNED TO THE GLAM DAYS OF WEST COAST ELEGANCE AND SWEET-AS-PIE STARLETS. ACTOR **MATTHEW SETTLE** PLAYS THE AVIATOR, STUDIO OWNER AND ALL-AROUND STUD AT AN OLD AIRSTRIP WITH GORGEOUS HONEYS STANDING IN FOR AVA GARDNER AND JEAN HARLOW

PLUS: THROW CAUTION AND SOBRIETY TO THE WIND WITH DAREDEVIL COCKTAILS, WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE SEX WITH PLAYMATE **SHANNA MOAKLER** (IN HER OWN WORDS), HOW STEROIDS AND OTHER DRUGS AFFECT YOUR LIBIDO, AND MISS SEPTEMBER, **LUCIE VICTORIA**