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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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CHRISTY HEMME

FROM RAW
TO RAVISHING

BRAZILIAN
BEAUTIES

EXCLUSIVE

UDAY
HUSSEIN'S

PLOT AGAINST

SADDAM

8 PAGES
OF
TAN
LINES
AND
BEHINDS

INTERVIEW: CBS'S LES MOONVES
20Q: MENA SUVARI
BEST SPRING SUITS
PHIL GORDON'S POKER NIGHT
TC BOYLE FICTION
THE AD, AD, AD, AD WORLD
OF DONNY DEUTSCH

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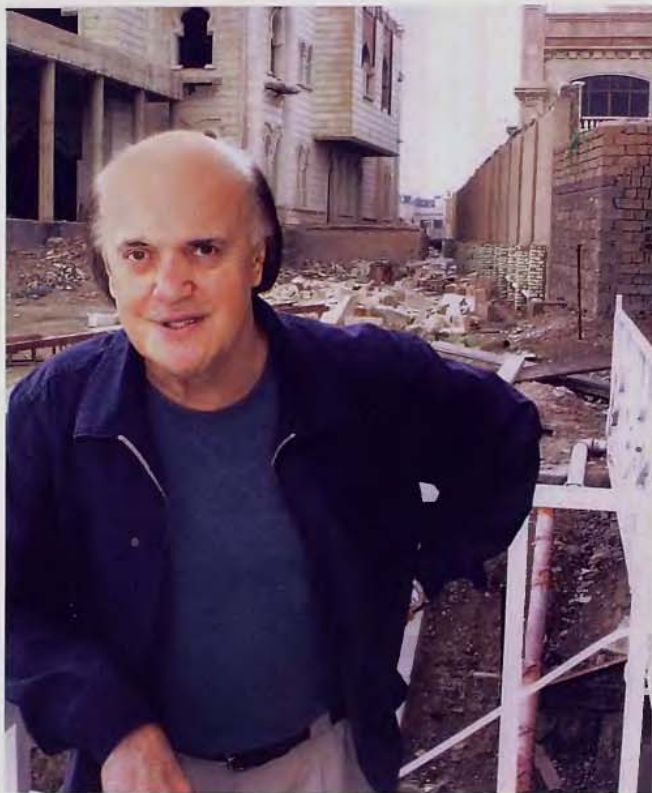


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Since his groundbreaking coverage of the first Gulf war for CNN, **Peter Arnett** has kept close tabs on Iraqi affairs. Now, with *Blood and Betrayal*, he is rewriting history. Living in Iraq since before the invasion, Arnett has unraveled the secret plans of Uday Hussein, Saddam's eldest son—plans that force a reassessment of prewar Iraqi power structures and reveal the origins of the insurrection. Arnett even managed to acquire the contents of Uday's desk. "Uday's psychotic behavior certainly upset his father," says Arnett, "but he was always pushing to make sure he would inherit Saddam's mantle. Uday had made the Fedayeen his own army, providing them with proper training and good equipment, and they were to be his coup d'état force. So even before the war Saddam's days were numbered."



This month's fashion feature, *The Colors of Paradise*, was shot by **Antoine Verglas**. "We went to an incredible resort in Bora-Bora," he says. "Tahiti is hot right now for the fashion industry. The resort had a honeymoon feeling, which may have helped create the great energy among the models, which shows in the pictures. The ambience was perfect—black-sand beaches, sun. Nobody wanted to leave." Verglas also likes the way the suits worked with the location: "It was a good match. The clothes are colorful, hip and fun."



T.C. Boyle's latest story, *The Swift Passage of the Animals*, is accompanied by an illustration from London-based artist **Phil Hale**. You can't miss it—the writhing eels make sure of that. "The story is full of memorable imagery," says Hale, who has also created art for other Boyle stories in *PLAYBOY*. "The isolation of the environment and the graphic quality of snow grabbed my imagination." Being an artist has changed Hale's approach to fiction. "It's impossible for me to read stories in any state of blank leisure," he says. "I'm looking for something I can hang a visual idea off. It may be atmosphere or intent, but it gives me a way forward. It's crucial."



Harvard-educated economist **Lou Dobbs** made CNN's *Moneyline* the most prestigious business-news show on TV. Now the host of *Lou Dobbs Tonight*, he has us hooked on his contrarian analyses of job outsourcing, the subject he addresses in the lead article of this month's *Playboy Forum*. "I thought it was time someone gently pointed out that our idiotic trade policies have put this country on a collision course with economic and social disaster," he says of the piece. "It's time business leaders stop pursuing their own selfish interests over the national interest, the good of the company over the good of the country."



It's fast becoming a traditional sign of spring: A gorgeous wrestling star shows off her body in *PLAYBOY*. This year she's **Christy Hemme**. "It's always telling to see how people behave when they aren't in the spotlight," says **Jancee Dunn**, who interviewed our new favorite ring diva. "I had seen her in action on TV shows plenty of times, and what you see is someone who is very confident. But you don't get the warmth until you meet her in person. I knew right away that she was the real deal—nice as can be."

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SPEED

PLAYBOY

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Until a six-hour gun battle with American forces took his life, there was no bigger proponent of regime change in Iraq than Saddam Hussein's eldest son, Uday. Passed over by Saddam because of his vicious and wanton lifestyle, Uday slowly assembled the elements of power—media, military and political management—needed to oust his tyrannical father. Our reporter talked to a wealth of sources in Uday's inner circle and obtained hundreds of pages of Uday's private documents, enabling him to piece together a surprising new take on the would-be dictator. **BY PETER ARNETT**

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Ben Affleck said what? Angelina Jolie wants who? When celebrities don't have a script to follow, they're deliciously, delightfully frank. **BY LARRY ENGELMANN**

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Poker night at your place doesn't have to be a gamble. The right table, cards, chips, liquor and short-skirted waitress can make the difference between a disappointing evening and ESPN-worthy rounds of Texas Hold 'Em. Here's all you need to know about being the host with the most. **BY PHIL GORDON**

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Advertising tycoon Donny Deutsch knows a few things about turning quick impressions into dollar signs. His aggressive, hip ads got young adults to drink Tanqueray, created a worldwide hit with the song "Days Go By" for Mitsubishi and made Ikea a household name. Here, the Elvis of advertising comes clean about his beef with Bill O'Reilly, why most ads suck and why he can now admit that Ikea furniture is crap. **BY ROB TANNENBAUM**

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A man and his girlfriend of three weeks find themselves stranded on a deserted mountain road during a winter storm. Their only chance for survival is to walk miles to a lodge. Will they survive? Will their relationship? **BY T.C. BOYLE**

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Big businesses would like you to believe that outsourcing American jobs to cheap labor markets overseas stimulates the economy. What it is really doing is downsizing, if not destroying, the middle class. **BY LOU DOBBS**

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Everybody remembers the rose petals showering her naked body during Kevin Spacey's Lolita fantasy in *American Beauty*. Now Suvary tells us about her embarrassing encounter with Daniel Day-Lewis, her ex-crush on Tom Cruise and her brief but vivid experience of having 36DD breasts. **BY STEPHEN REBELLO**

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CBS's head honcho has celebrated the smashing success of *Survivor* and *CSI* but has also had to weather the fallout from Janet Jackson's Nipplegate and the embarrassment of seeing his venerable news operation embroiled in a scandal. One of the most powerful executives in Hollywood tells us how he made CBS the number one network and what it's like to have friendships and fracasés with people such as Dan Rather, David Letterman, Bill Clinton and Howard Stern. **BY DAVID SHEFF**

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COVER STORY

Christy Hemme beat out nine slamming beauties to become the newest WWE RAW Diva. Previously she fueled many a fantasy as a cheerleader, a roller-skating Hooters girl, a *Man Show* Juggy girl and a dancer with a group that heated up Harley rallies. Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag is down for a rematch. Our Rabbit gives Christy, here wearing a fur kindly provided by Somper Furs, the gentlest of choke holds.



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BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

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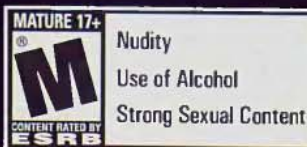
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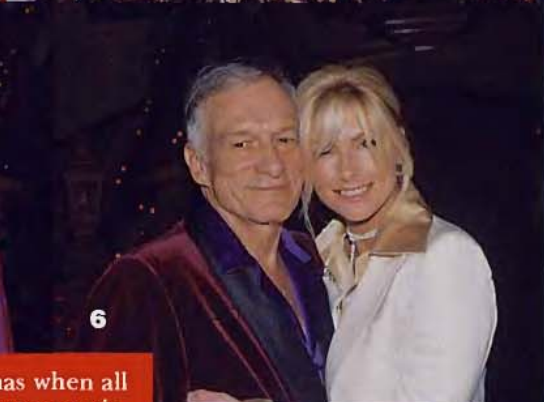
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Hef's HAPPY HOLIDAYS



(1) 'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the Mansion, not a creature was stirring—except Hef and his girlfriends Kendra, Holly and Bridget. (2) The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that Saint Playboy soon would be there. (3) Kendra and Holly exchanging gifts. (4) Hef, Kimberly and Quincy Jones on Christmas Eve. (5) Fred Dryer and his daughter, Caitlin. (6) Brande Roderick hanging with the Man. (7) Ice-skating on Christmas baby Holly's birthday (she was born on the 23rd). (8) Hef sharing a traditional Christmas dinner with friends and family. (9) Holly and the girls making Christmas cookies for the troops in Iraq. (10) Playmate of the Year 2004 Carmella DeCesare showing off her inner Martha Stewart. (11) Centerfolds Jillian Grace and Victoria Fuller baking Bunny treats. (12) Hef with syndicated radio personality Tom Leykis, who broadcast his show from the Mansion. (13) Kendra and Stacy Burke with Papa Roach drummer Dave Buckner. (14) Girls in the Grotto during *The Tom Leykis Show*.



Hef's HAPPY HOLIDAYS

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Hef's annual New Year's Eve bash is the hottest ticket in L.A.—and not just because of the sexy black-tie and lingerie-or-less dress code. This year everyone from athletes to movie stars gathered to pop the champagne and ring in 2005. (1) Hef and his party posse tooting their own horns. (2) The host with John Asher, Jenny McCarthy and Jenny's mom, Linda. (3) Bill Maher, Erica Kelso and Holly. (4) Judd Nelson and Helena Hest. (5) Shari and Steve Valentine of *Crossing Jordan*. (6) Comics Jeffrey Ross and Paul Rodriguez having a ball with model Dita de Leon. (7) Mr. Playboy and his sons, Marston and Cooper, looking dapper. (8) The Painted Ladies. (9) Julie Strain flashing her ID. (10) Holly with *Amazing Race* stars Victoria Fuller and Jonathan Baker. (11) Playmates Stephanie Glasson, Pilar Lastra and Jillian Grace. (12) Michael Buffer and Christine Prado. (13) Carmella DeCesare and her boyfriend, NFL star Jeff Garcia, with Hef and his girlfriends. (14) Michael Keaton. (15) Talk show host Larry Elder and Brande Jones.



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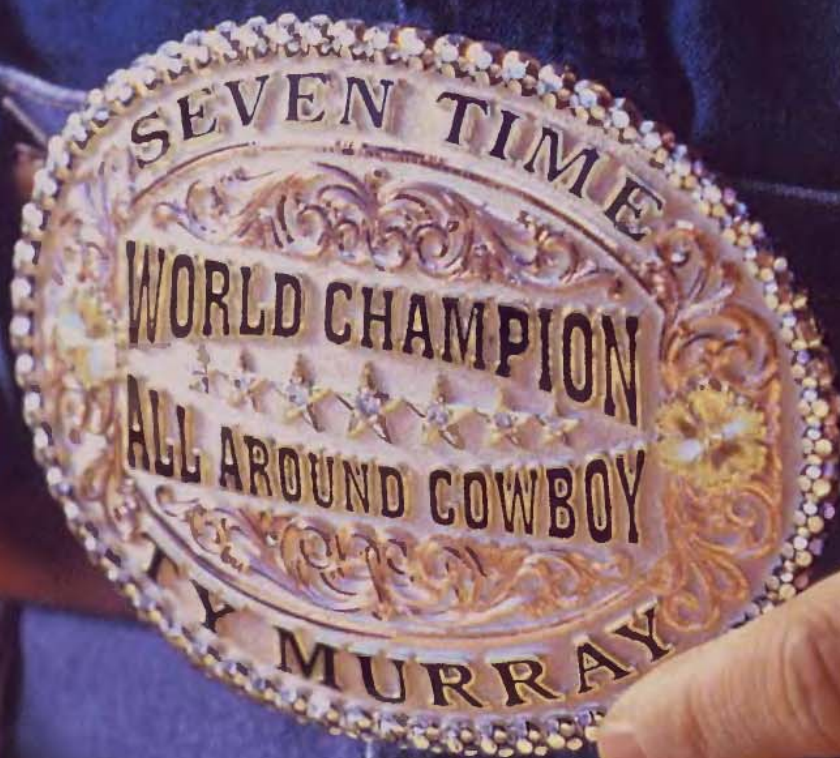
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FLYING WITH THE AVIATOR

The mythologist Joseph Campbell wrote that a hero is a person who pursues his passion no matter where it takes him. This perfectly describes Howard Hughes. Yet in *The Sucker With the Money* (January), Neal Gabler basically describes him as a nutcase. It's amazing that Hughes held it together as long as he did, considering the many



Howard Hughes and his flight of fancy.

head injuries he sustained in car and plane crashes. I have a theory that he suffered from severe fibromyalgia, a condition that causes "brain fog." How many of us would be normal if we had lived his life?

Elaine Kiefer
Miami, Florida

INSIDE MEXICAN FACTORIES

William T. Vollmann's *Blood, Sweat and Trade Secrets* (January), in which he goes undercover to describe working conditions at U.S.-owned maquiladora plants along the Mexican border, is amusing but unnecessary. The websites of a number of Mexican worker organizations contain a wealth of reliable firsthand information. These reports and our 12 years of monitoring indicate that few of the factories comply with Mexican labor and safety laws or with the global standard of operations that many American corporations claim exist in their plants. Surely Mexican workers deserve more choices than either working in unsafe maquiladoras or starving.

Garrett Brown
Maquiladora Health and
Safety Support Network
Berkeley, California

Vollmann's article is yet another maquiladoras "exposé" filled with innuendo, speculation and rumor. The truth is that maquiladoras provide 26 percent of the jobs in Tijuana and pay up to four times more than other jobs available to lower-skilled workers. In Tijuana that translates to an average of \$700 a month, not including benefits such as onsite health care and child care. By law all plants must also contribute funds to housing assistance programs. Vollmann reports that companies feared his attempts to enter their factories. In reality they are concerned with industrial espionage and are fined if foreign visitors don't have permits. The next time *PLAYBOY* publishes an article about Mexico, get beyond the myths.

Kenn Morris
Crossborder Business Associates
San Diego, California

Vollmann presents a balanced view of the human costs of a much less than perfect model for building an export economy in a country such as Mexico, which is emerging from painful political and economic changes while also facing intense competition from China.

Erik Lee
Center for U.S.-Mexican Studies
University of California, San Diego
La Jolla, California

COUNTRY REBEL

You describe Toby Keith (*Playboy Interview*, January) as a country music rebel. Let's see where he and his music are in 20 or 30 years before we associate him with men such as Johnny Cash, Hank Williams, Waylon Jennings and Merle Haggard.

Corey George
Tampa, Florida

REVVED UP

In *Cars of the Year* (January) you name the Mini Cooper S Convertible the "most fun on wheels," but the photo shows the base convertible.

Augustus Ang
San Francisco, California
Good eye. We were driving so fast during the test that our photo researcher flew out.

You neglect to mention the pussy factor of the cars. I'm not talking about their ability to attract women. I'm talking about how easy it is to reach the cruise control while fingering your partner. I drove a Mercedes that had the control on a lever to the left of the steering wheel. That freed my right hand to roam. By the way, my mistress

would also like automakers to sink the center console so it's easier to give the driver a blow job.

Robert Dally
Camarillo, California

That sounds like fun, but we can't condone anything that distracts a man behind the wheel of a beautiful car.

POKER'S ACE

David Williams is one of those rare players who combine skills learned online with those learned playing in casinos (*Meet the Future of Poker*, January). However, your sidebar, which lists six other great players (all male), overlooks Annie Duke, who won the 2004 World Series of Poker Tournament of Champions and a \$2 million prize. Maybe a pictorial, *The Women of Poker*, is in the cards?

Joseph "the Poker Prof" Smith
Las Vegas, Nevada

JENNY RETURNS

Time, marriage and motherhood have made Jenny McCarthy even sexier (*The New McCarthyism*, January). No woman has ever looked better in a Bunny costume.

Stephen Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii



The sun follows Jenny everywhere.

Is *PLAYBOY* auditioning Jenny for a part on *That '70s Show*? Elvis has left the building, and so should that wig.

Marcel Gamache
Edmonton, Alberta

I loved seeing Jenny, but the wig and makeup hide her beautiful eyes.

Frank D'Herde
St. Clair Shores, Michigan

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COMING DOWNSTAIRS

Neil LaBute's short story *Mom Descending a Staircase* (January) brought back fond memories. A few years ago a friend showed me nude photos of his mother from the 1960s. Like the character in the story, he found them after her death. By the way, who is the gorgeous woman in the photo that runs with the story? Is it from the 1960s?

A.J. Feletin

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

LaBute shot the image. His model is December 2002 Playmate Lani Todd.

LaBute's story is so captivating, I thought it was a memoir until I read *Playbill*. It's a damn fine piece of literature and photography.

Lanny Middings

San Ramon, California

EVERYONE HAS IDEAS

How about a pictorial with the women of the Weather Channel?

Jeff Delaney

North Haverhill, New Hampshire

We need to see more of the woman in that Evan Williams whiskey ad.

Mike Reynolds

Chicago, Illinois

Would you consider doing *The Women of Range Rover*? Living on the west side of L.A., I can't help noticing the foxy moms who drive them.

Robert Heller

Los Angeles, California

Could you persuade Brianne, the Yahoo personals model, to pose?

Bill Bohn

Malvern, Pennsylvania

The Women of UPS would deliver.

Mike Tabor

Hammond, Indiana

There's nothing sexier than a woman who can cook a gourmet meal, build a house or rebuild a 350 small block. That's why I'm suggesting a how-to pictorial with the women of the Food Network, Paige Davis of *Trading Spaces*, Samantha Brown and Tracy Gallagher of the Travel Channel, Robin Hartl of *Hometime*, Laura Swisher and Morgan Webb of G4techTV and Nigella Lawson of *Nigella Bites*.

John Canton

Phoenix, Arizona

PRESIDENTIAL DUEL

Jefferson vs. Hamilton (January) is a one-sided matchup. Gore Vidal states that the rise of Alexander Hamilton and the decline of Thomas Jefferson are "simply reflective of our current political and economic arrangements."

I agree, if by "current" he means since the Civil War. Over the past two centuries the U.S. has transformed itself from Jefferson's vision of a slave-based agrarian plantocracy into Hamilton's vision of a thriving urban manufacturing meritocracy. Jefferson helped break the reins of colonialism, but Hamilton's legacy is the edifice of the U.S. as we know it today. Vidal's defense of Jefferson is that he was no worse a hypocrite than most politicians, no worse a slave master than Andrew Jackson and no worse a slave rapist than the average Virginia gentleman of the time. If this is the title bout in the Theater of the Republic, as you state, then Hamilton wins by a technical knockout.

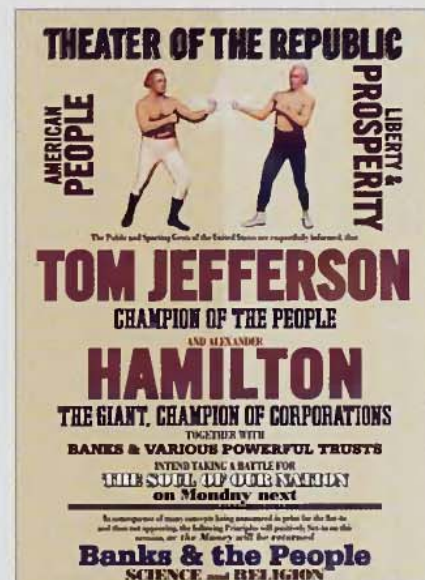
Scott Lindsay

The Alexander Hamilton

Historical Society

Washington, D.C.

Vidal's interpretation of selected Jefferson and Hamilton quotes is far more



Historical hindsight: Which man wins?

devious than religious fundamentalists extracting quotes from the Bible to condemn disbelievers. When he quotes Jefferson as saying, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man," then adds, "which means to him, above all, established religion," I detect a tyrant at work. The most tyrannical control occurs when the information that feeds the mind of man is produced, revised and distributed by groups, like the media, that have a common, self-serving political agenda. A religious perspective may be the only opposing view for true independent thinkers.

Eugene Phillip

Great Falls, Virginia





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S/M (1-5), M/L (7-11)

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10137 Advisory Tee \$22
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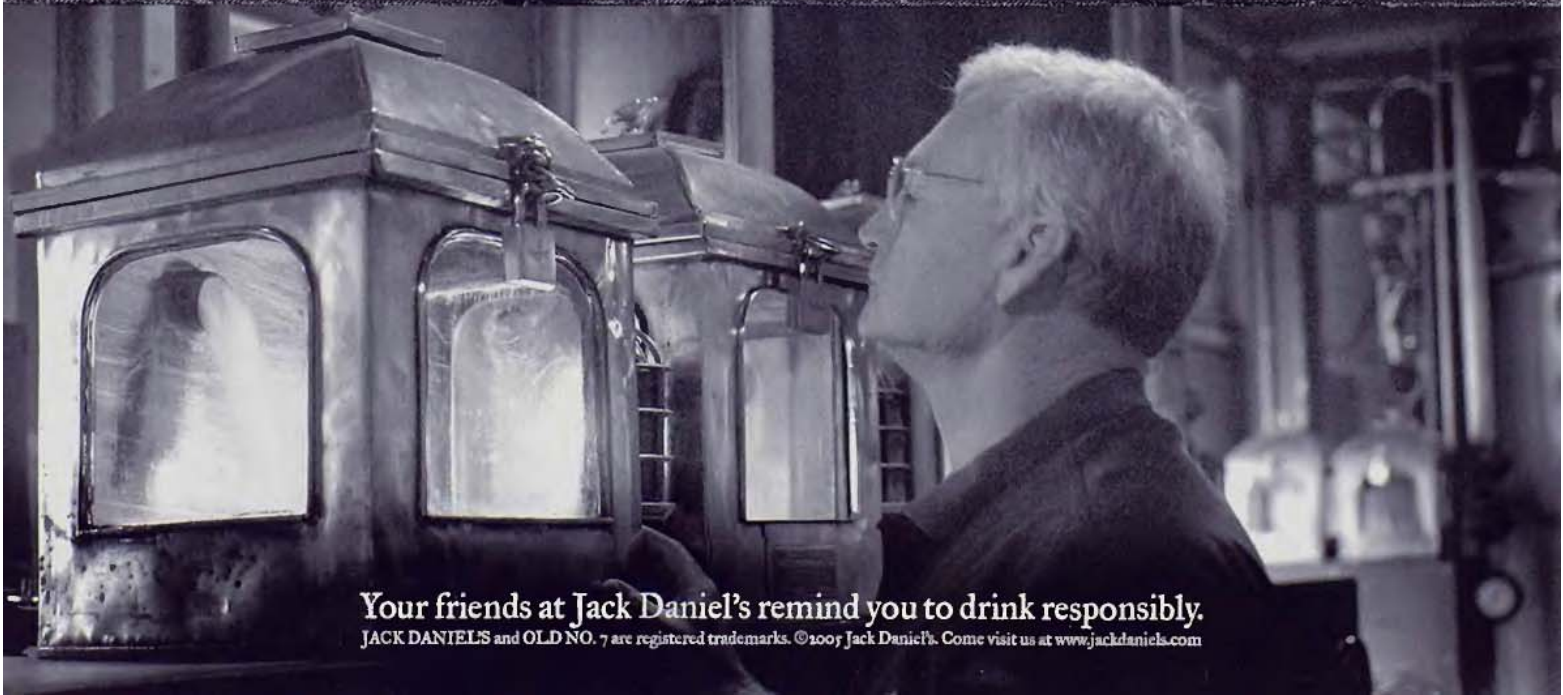
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babe of the month

Camille Anderson

Rock Star's renowned Elevator Hottie is on the way up

This much is clear: Camille Anderson is a desirable woman. With roles such as Elevator Hottie, Hot Office Girl and (ahem) Santa Fe Tart adorning her acting résumé, the 24-year-old Texas native has built her screen career on the simple fact that she's grade-A fantasy fodder. The former Miss Austin USA is hardly uneasy with her eye-candy status, but she's excited about becoming more of a somebody in *The Wedding Crashers*, which stars Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn. "I'm finally graduating from the Hot Babe Number One cate-

"I'm in a thrill-seeking stage. My motto is, Try everything once."

gory," she says. "I'm proud to say my characters have names now." In her four years in L.A., Camille has had her share of disaster dates, war stories that informed her monologue in the play *Pieces (of Ass)*. "One guy just blurted out at the end of a blasé date, 'Can I come inside so we can make out?'" she says. "I couldn't believe it." When not dodging lotharios, Camille enjoys going to a Lakers game with friends or making a midnight run to Home Depot. "I have the biggest toolbox—drills, saws, everything," she says. "Lately I've been doing things I've always wanted to do. I went skydiving and bungee jumping over Africa's Victoria Falls, which is one of the seven natural wonders. I'm in a thrill-seeking stage. My motto in life is, Try everything once."



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stinking badges



LICENSE TO THRILL

SAN ANTONIO WANTS EXOTIC DANCERS TO WEAR TAGS

In our experience, it isn't hard to identify strippers in a men's club—they're the naked ones. Texas officials aren't that perceptive. Under San Antonio's "amended human display ordinance," every stripper would be required to wear a permit—a dog tag that would remain on the dancer's body even after everything else has come off. To obtain the permit, strippers would have to file their personal information with the local police department. "The city council is basically trying to put clubs out of business," says Jim Deegear, the lawyer spearheading the strip joints' fight. "The girls have to pay \$50 for the permit, and they would need a separate permit for each club they work. There's always the risk of picking up a stalker. Having their real name and address on public record will deter them from dancing for a living." Another bizarre provision stipulates that strippers must stay three feet away from patrons at all times. "Personal dances are part of the fantasy, and they're how the strippers make their money," says the barrister of the bare-assed. "If you're dancing three feet away from one guy, you might as well be dancing for the other five guys in the vicinity. Who's going to pay for that?" Draconian as these proposals are, they could be worse. "This is Texas," notes Deegear with a shrug. "I'm surprised they don't want to brand the girls."

170,000 easy pieces



STEVE KEENE'S RAPID ART MOVEMENT

WORLD'S MOST PROLIFIC PAINTER SELLS MASS-PRODUCED MASTERPIECES

Steve Keene is a painting machine. "My goal is to produce the most work with the least amount of effort," he admits. Keene cranks it out assembly-line style: He sets up about 50 blank panels, grabs a bucket of paint and works his way around the room, adding one color at a time until all the paintings are complete. In a year he'll do upwards of 30,000, which he sells for peanuts—at SKSK, his store in the Williamsburg neighborhood of Brooklyn, a bundle of three goes for \$5 or \$10. (He also sells work at stevekeene.com.) Although not a household name, Keene has plenty of hipster cred, having done album covers for Pavement and the Apples in Stereo (above). "People buy my work because it's so cheap they've got nothing to lose," Keene says. "I want buying art to be like buying a sandwich." Easy on the turpentine, Steve—five bucks won't get you a sandwich these days.

noose of the world



KNOTTY & NICE

SUMMER'S SHORT TIES PACK A PUNCH

Introducing the Neapolitan, a short fat-knotted tie. "It projects confidence," says our fashion man, Joseph De Acetis. "It's optimistic." Tie a Windsor short, leave the knot full and you'll rule at the soiree or barbecue—anywhere but in the boardroom. More on page 116.

carb your enthusiasm



SNAP 'N' CRACKLE STOP

A GOURMET CEREAL BAR? SOUNDS FLAKY

"I was in a business meeting across from a guy who was snacking on Cocoa Puffs," recalls 42-year-old David Roth. "He said people sneak their favorite cereals into work every day." Roth smelled a business opportunity: What if you ran a cafe serving nothing but cereal? For mere money (\$3 and up), Cereality offers hot and cold name-brand cereals gussied up with toppings by pajama-clad Cereologists. Customers design their own blends or go with such house specialties as Life Experience—Life cereal, almonds and bananas. With stores in Philadelphia and Tempe, Arizona, Cereality plans to expand into 12 more cities this year. Genius? Stupid? We really can't say, but the homey decor and cheery bowl-slingers recall a now-ubiquitous chain of coffeehouses. Remember, it wasn't long ago that America scoffed at the idea of a \$3 cup of joe.

pimp my ride

BLING OF THE ROAD

MEET WILL CASTRO, KING OF CUSTOMIZERS



Nothing touts the size of one's recording contract or signing bonus like an absurdly luxurious car, and when rappers and ballers need a trophy ride they call Unique Autosport. We talked to founder Will Castro, who now has his own show on the Speed Channel called *Unique Whips*.

PLAYBOY: We have to ask—what the hell is a whip?

CASTRO: A whip is a vehicle that doesn't just ride, it whips around. It whips from lane to lane. When you see a car go by, driver leaning back, switching lanes—that's a whip.

PLAYBOY: Who was your first big-name client?

CASTRO: Erick Sermon of EPMD. It was the late 1980s, and he had just signed a recording contract. He got a Mercedes-Benz 300E. We did the rims and tires, put a ragtop on it.

PLAYBOY: Who was the first athlete you did a car for?

CASTRO: A body shop called me—"Hey, we got a football guy who wants fancy rims. Can we send him over?" It was Erik McMillan, the All-Pro safety. We did a lot with the Jets.

PLAYBOY: Who do you work with now?

CASTRO: In 1999 Sermon introduced me to Busta Rhymes. He had a new Range he wanted detailed. Later Busta brought in his Suburban for a system. The rest is history: Wyclef, Eminem, 50 Cent, Carmelo Anthony, Jermaine O'Neal.

PLAYBOY: What's big now?

CASTRO: DVD navigation, PC rear cameras, TVs, big rims.

PLAYBOY: What's the most outrageous job you've done?

CASTRO: Busta's bumblebee Hummer. We had this bumblebee theme—subwoofers were the eyes; the fiberglass mold was the wings. The interior was yellow and black suede.

PLAYBOY: Anything you won't do?

CASTRO: I don't put toaster ovens into golf carts. Our stuff is simple but unique. It all has to make sense. I don't want anyone saying, "Damn, why the fuck did he do that?"

girl, girl, girl



HOMAGE À TROIS

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY SPLAYS IT AGAIN

Eagle-eyed readers noticed the resemblance between Lindsay Lohan's recent EW cover and a shot of Elle Macpherson we ran in 1994. True, but both covers pay tribute to Brigitte Bardot—quite the leg up for the *Freaky Friday* starlet.

LEARN TO SPEAK GETAWAY

I didn't know she
was a bloody grass.

Piss off or I'll sort you out!

Straight off the back of a lorry.
Fancy a butcher's?

You wanna get nicked? Bloke in the
corner looks like Old Bill.

Just give me the reddie's, you tosser.

Better not be telling porkies, luv, or
you'll be wearin' a Chelsea smile.

...and tell 'em this time I
don't want claret all over
the boot of my motor!

I want those geezers tooled up.
Shooters, knuckledusters, the lot.



guest spot: billy idol



DECADENT DECOR

AN ORIGINAL PUNK'S TIPS FOR OUTFITTING YOUR DEN OF INIQUITY

• Start with a red velvet couch. Sex on a red velvet couch is the best. • Ditto for an indoor swing made of leather and chrome. Nothing feels better against naked, sweaty skin. • Play good punk music—mine, for example. Punk was never supposed to be sexy, but I have to admit all these years later that “White Wedding” and “Dancing With Myself” are great fucking songs. • Keep Barry White CDs on hand.

His voice really gets the chicks on the velvet couch and the swing going. • Good porn helps create a sexual cabaret. I recommend the apocalyptic *Café Flesh*. Remember, some people want to play, and some just want to watch. • Park the motorcycle indoors. The seat is the perfect shape for a lady to lie back against. Ride 'em, baby! • Go for a sex-club look. Onstage I wear all kinds of stuff—chains, handcuffs, straps, leashes. They're not just props. After a concert I take them down to my dungeon and have a little fun. • Above all, you need all kinds of women. Don't limit yourself to a certain type. Life's a buffet. *Billy Idol is on tour supporting his album Devil's Playground.*

bum steers

NOT NECESSARILY GOOD ADVICE
WISDOM TO BE USED SPARINGLY, IF AT ALL

When you're old and gray, you will look back on your less than stellar conquests with fondness, not regret. Even the ones that made you itch.

Not everything that's socially unacceptable is a good idea.

A man who says he's never had a bad relationship is probably in one.

Nurses are trained to ignore a patient's erection. If you really want to get her attention, ask her to dinner.

If she throws her drink in your face and storms off, don't bother chasing her. You'll just lose your seat at the bar.

A woman who gives a world-class blow job is rarely of any use in the kitchen. Something to consider if you plan to marry.



employee of the month



BURGER MISTRESS

LOUISVILLE MCBOMBSHELL CRISTY CREIGHTON IS ESPECIALLY SAUCY

PLAYBOY: How long have you worked at McDonald's?

CRISTY: Six years. I work the window—they call me the Drive-Thru Queen.

PLAYBOY: Do guys hit on you at the pickup window?

CRISTY: All the time—like, “Can I get some ketchup and your phone number?”

PLAYBOY: Do you find the uniform attractive?

CRISTY: No, it's really big on me. The pants are ridiculous—big around the crotch and tight at the ankles, like 1980s-style jeans. You can't see my body. That's why I always show cleavage when I go out. I've got nice natural boobs, and I push them way up.

PLAYBOY: How about that french fry smell?

CRISTY: I have to take a shower when I get home or I'll smell like french fries all night.

PLAYBOY: What would happen if a man took you to McDonald's on a date?

CRISTY: We would get half off.

See more girls of McDonald's at cyber.playboy.com.

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to PLAYBOY Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.



**...and they better not
get blood all over the
trunk of my car!**

***Make sure they're armed
to the teeth. Guns,
brass knuckles...the works.***

***I've got some stolen goods.
Want to take a look?***

Get lost or I'll hurt you!

How was I supposed to know she was a snitch?

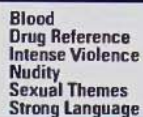
You wanna go to jail? Guy in the corner looks like a cnp.

Give me the money, you jerk.

***You better not be lying, or I'll
fix that pretty smile of yours.***

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MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING TO
THIS WHOLE TRIPLE
DISTILLATION THING.
THEN AGAIN...



IT COULD JUST BE THE TASTE.





The King

According to Pollstar, the top U.S. touring artist in 2004 was Prince, whose 69-city, 96-show tour grossed **\$87.4 million**. The most expensive tickets were Elton John's, at an average price of **\$158**.



Price Jacking

Picston Shottle, the pure-bred Holstein considered the world's leading stud bull, is scheduled to produce **200,000** doses of semen this year (an average bull yields **120,000**), to be sold to breeders at **\$65** a pop, for a total take of **\$13 million**. Shottle's ejaculations sell out **5** months in advance.



How They Smack Up

According to the DEA, the purity percentage of heroin, by location:

- San Francisco: **12.1%**
- Baltimore: **22.9%**
- New York City: **61.5%**
- Philadelphia: **66.3%**
- Just about anywhere in New Jersey: **71.4%**

Tunis, Anyone?

Other than the United States and Canada, the nation that airs the most NBA programming is Tunisia, at **9,173** hours annually. No Tunisians play in the league. Slovenia, represented by five players (second-most, behind Serbia and Montenegro), has no NBA programming.

Political Capital

Since 1900 the Dow Jones Industrial Average has seen an average annual return of **13.3%** under Democratic presidents and **6.9%** under Republicans. A **\$10** investment would have grown to nearly **\$280** under Democrats and **\$79** under the GOP.

Book of Pointless Records

Most Weight Pulled With an Ear

Using a rope attached by a painful-looking clamp to his right ear, Li Jianhua of China towed a van weighing nearly **9,000** pounds a distance of **66** feet.



Hush Money

\$120,000

Settlement given by the city of Augusta, Georgia to Martha Burk, who had sued the city for suppressing her protest at the 2003 Masters tournament. Of the **49** players who finished the tournament, **35**, including Tiger Woods, earned less.

Price Check

Sneeze Freeze

\$3,500 Estimated price of the British short-haired house cat (available in 2007), a feline genetically engineered not to irritate allergic owners. About **1/3** of the **27 million** Americans who are allergic to cats own one.



Sock It to Me

Men with messy sock drawers have **3** times as much sex per month as men who fold their socks.



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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[SIN CITY]

The gritty graphic novel finally hits the screen

Frank Miller enjoys godhead status among comic-book fans, having almost single-handedly reinvented the superhero genre with his mind-bending 1986 graphic novel *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns* and then topping that with his 1993 magnum opus *Sin City*, a bleak, trippy, neo-noir thriller. Now he's debuting as a film director with a celluloid take on *Sin City*—three interlocking stories featuring Mickey Rourke as Marv, an outcast misanthrope on a rampage in a morally bankrupt metropolis. The blood-soaked odyssey is littered with such stars as Jaime King, Bruce Willis, Clive Owen, Jessica Alba, Josh Hartnett and Elijah Wood. Says Miller, "Having worked with Hollywood a bit, I thought, I've got no future here. But this crazy Texan Rodriguez dragged me into it." He's referring to filmmaker Robert Rodriguez, who forfeited membership in the Directors Guild when the organization refused to let him and Miller share director credit on the film. "I'd already drawn the damn thing, so I didn't have to work on the shots all that much," says Miller. "What I loved was getting to play with the actors. Mickey Rourke, as pure a Marv as you could ask for, has moments in this that terrify me." The result? "The tone of the comic is completely uncompromised. My fingerprints are all over this movie." —Stephen Rebell

"The tone of the comic is completely uncompromised."

now showing

BUZZ

Melinda and Melinda

(Will Ferrell, Radha Mitchell, Chloë Sevigny, Chiwetel Ejiofor, Amanda Peet) In Woody Allen's newest New York saga, two writers in a restaurant, debating whether life is comic or tragic, spin for their fellow diners alternate tales about gorgeous, relationship-challenged Melinda (Mitchell).

Our call: The Woodman finally regains his artistic footing. Ferrell and Ejiofor are two of the freshest and most original Allen surrogates in recent years, so that bodes well.



The Weather Man

(Nicolas Cage, Michael Caine, Hope Davis) It's heavy-emoting time for Cage again as he plays a Chicago TV weatherman who auditions for a gig on a national morning show. Before he splits for New York he's frantic to patch up the mess he has made with his ex-wife and kids, and with his ailing dad (Caine).

Our call: Cage is walking on sunshine after *National Treasure*, and now, switching between cheesy action films and heavy drama, he proves he's an actor who enjoys taking chances.



Guess Who

(Bernie Mac, Ashton Kutcher, Zoe Saldana) In this redo of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, the watershed 1960s comedy about racial tolerance, things get louder, cruder and ruder as lily-white Kutcher is put through the wringer when he meets his acid-tongued black future father-in-law (Mac).

Our call: The original earned 10 Oscar nominations. Of course, it had the talents of Sidney Poitier, Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Kutcher is way out of his league.



Sahara

(Matthew McConaughey, Penélope Cruz, Steve Zahn) A globe-hopping spy-babe magnet (McConaughey) and his wisecracking sidekick (Zahn) team up with a scientist (Cruz) to halt an environmental toxin that threatens to decimate the planet. They also unearth a vast Civil War conspiracy. Why not?

Our call: Fans hoping for a rip-roaring flick based on one of novelist Clive Cussler's best-selling adventures have been suffering a long dry spell. Sadly, the drought isn't over.



dvd of the month

[SIDEWAYS]

Giamatti and Church reinvent the buddy pic

Men will be messes, says *Sideways*, a rare comic gem that pairs *American Splendor*'s Paul Giamatti and *Wings* dolt Thomas Haden Church. Giamatti is Miles, an alcoholic oenophile who takes his altar-bound buddy Jack (Church) on a final bachelor escapade—a weeklong tour of California wineries. When horn dog Jack hooks up a double date that bags Sandra Oh for him and Virginia Madsen for Miles, the road trip takes an emotionally scenic detour. Director Alexander Payne allows the characters to unpack their hefty baggage without making the film feel like Catharsis Club for Men. Oh is hilarious as a single mom whose energetic boinking all but freezes the groom's feet, and Madsen's scenes with Giamatti are among 2004's most achingly true cinematic moments. **Extras:** Deleted scenes, featurettes and a commentary with Giamatti and Church picking up where they left off.

☆☆☆

—Greg Fagan



THE INCREDIBLES (2004) Writer-director Brad Bird scores with a hilarious riff on the role of superheroes in this animated film that appeals to adults even more than kids. A battery of liability complaints forces Mr. Incredible and his family underground in a superhero-protection program. Newly named Bob Parr and his wife, Helen (a.k.a. Elastigirl), settle down and start a family, but soon middle-aged Bob longs for the excitement of his youth. **Extras:** Animator commentary, deleted scenes, a making-of documentary, a bloopers reel and the short film *Boundin'*. ☆☆☆½

—Matt Steigbigel



LAURA (1944) "I shall never forget the weekend Laura died." So begins one of the all-time great film noirs, finally available on DVD. Gene Tierney is the eponymous Manhattan socialite, loved by all, surrounded by sinister paramours and murdered in cold blood. **Extras:** Commentaries by composer David Raksin and film historians Jeanine Basinger and Rudy Behlmer, a restoration comparison and an original theatrical trailer. ☆☆☆—M.S.



CLOSER (2004) You desperately want to get closer to gorgeous people like the four leads—Jude Law, Natalie Portman, Julia Roberts and Clive Owen—in this intelligent, funny drama by *Carnal Knowledge* director Mike Nichols. But there are always buts, and here they are: the underlying ugliness and shameless deception that each character brings to this *ménage à quatre*. British writer Patrick Marber adapted his play for the screen, and his dialogue, blue and often biting, keeps *Closer* sizzling even as

Nichols eschews the sex scenes that could have made this an erotic masterpiece.

Extras: There's nothing official to report at press time, but we're keeping our fingers crossed for the must-see full-frontal Portman strip scene that Nichols cut. ☆☆☆ —G.F.



HIGH ROLLER: THE STU UNGAR STORY (2003) Legendary card shark Stu "the Kid" Ungar didn't know when to fold 'em and died at the age of 45. *The Sopranos*' Michael Imperioli creates an unsympathetic character of cocky schmuck Ungar in this timely cautionary tale. **Extras:** Commentary by Imperioli, writer-director A.W. Vidmer and poker expert Vince Van Patten, plus a music video. ☆☆☆

—Buzz McClain



THE TWILIGHT ZONE: THE DEFINITIVE EDITION, SEASON TWO (1960–1961) Freaky season two is arguably the most mind-bendingly consistent of the show's run. The eerie classics are even better with new high-definition transfers and commentaries—our favorites are from Donna Douglas (the bandaged beauty in "Eye of the Beholder") and Don Rickles (the bettor in "Mr. Dingle, the Strong"). **Extras:** Some radio shows, Rod Serling TV appearances and isolated musical scores. ☆☆☆ —B.M.



tease frame



Nicollette Sheridan first warmed our blood as the sure thing in *The Sure Thing* (1985), her feature-film debut, which did as much for the bikini industry as it did for our hormone level. She teased us with her tantalizing cheekbones and legs in several lame TV movies, but in *Raw Nerve* (1999, pictured) she finally bared all as the cunning, rich girlfriend of lucky Mario Van Peebles. We now get to feast our eyes on her each week in *Desperate Housewives*, on which she plays a seductive divorcée in hot pants, and we're seriously considering changing our address to Wisteria Lane.

**ARE YOU OR
IS SOMEONE
YOU KNOW A
GASAHOLIC?**





AM I A GASAHOLIC?

✓ If you answer yes to any of these questions, you're a Gasaholic. And if you don't, well, you still might be. So just admit it. But remember, it's not your fault. It's not your fault. It's not your fault. (Repeat until you feel better.)

Y N

Do your hands or clothes often smell like gasoline? ☐ ☐

Do you frequently visit the gas station before noon? ☐ ☐

Are you always pumping gas by yourself? ☐ ☐

Do you pump gas to build up your self-confidence? ☐ ☐

Have you ever left work in the middle of the day to hit the pump? ☐ ☐

Have you ever felt remorse after guzzling? ☐ ☐



IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MAKE A U-TURN.



A journey of a thousand miles begins with the first efficiently-motored you sip your way to a healthier you. With constant support and service

However, some Gasaholics are in so deep they don't even realize the

IT'S NOBODY'S FAULT.

Gasoline addiction is a sickness. People just fall into the trap of using oversized gas tanks. Before they know it, they're hooked. And they can't go back to sipping. We've seen it a million times. Sad but true.



PARENTS WHO ARE GASAHOLICS HAVE TEENAGERS WHO ARE GASAHOLICS.

"Dad, can I borrow the car keys?" It sounds innocent. But it's really a sign of horrific tragedy. When parents loan a gas guzzler to a teenager, they're saying that it's okay to guzzle. Soon, the weekly allowance is wasted at the gas pump instead of on CDs and body piercings. And that's just wrong.

NOTE:

WHEN GASAHOLICS MOTOR, DENIAL IS THEIR CO-PILOT.

block. You can do it! Local Gasaholic Treatment Centers can help, many people are able to stop guzzling and rebuild their lives.

're addicted. Be a friend and perform a motorvention.

THE MINI ONE-STEP PROGRAM

STEP 1: Get into a MINI.

STEP 2: Didn't you see the name of the program? Why are you still reading?



THE GASAHOLIC'S MANTRA

Grant me the faith to believe in high gas mileage.
The courage to refuel rarely. And the wisdom to
know when I've pumped enough.



GASAHOLIC TREATMENT CENTERS

Once a Gasaholic takes control and makes a commitment to sipping, he or she will discover firsthand that you don't need to guzzle to have a good time. For instance, the MINI Cooper Convertible is the most fuel efficient convertible in the country.* Contact your local Gasaholic Treatment Center for a test sip.

ARIZONA Phoenix 866.215.MINI	Jacksonville 904.725.0911	MISSOURI Clayton 314.727.8870	PENNSYLVANIA Bala Cynwyd 610.667.1000
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Escondido 866.294.1417	South Miami 305.256.2200	Morristown 973.451.0009	PUERTO RICO San Juan 787.641.7001
Irvine 949.380.1200	West Palm Beach 866.838.5559	Princeton 609.452.9400	SOUTH CAROLINA Charleston 888.998.8799
Los Angeles 800.800.6425	GEORGIA Atlanta 678.569.7550	NEW MEXICO Albuquerque 505.342.0066	Greenville 864.234.6437
Monrovia 626.358.4269	Union City 770.969.0755	NEW YORK Elmsford 914.347.MINI	TENNESSEE Cordova 901.365.2584
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FLORIDA Coconut Creek 954.935.2700	MICHIGAN Shelby Township 866.936.6867	OKLAHOMA Oklahoma City 405.755.3600	WISCONSIN West Allis 414.543.3000
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*Ranked by the EPA and Department of Energy.

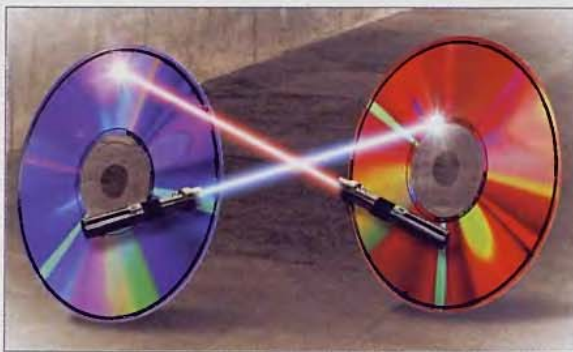


tech zone

[DISC WARS]

Movie studios battle over next-generation DVDs

Whoever wins, we'll all lose as movie studios and electronics giants take sides in the latest high-tech war. In the near future, when high-definition DVDs hit the market, you'll be faced with having to buy one DVD player for your new *Pirates of the Caribbean* disc and another player for *The Lord of the Rings*. Sony's Blu-ray hardware will go up against Toshiba's HD DVD players later this year. These similar but incompatible next-generation machines will replace your current DVD player, which uses a red laser, with one that uses a blue laser to reproduce true high-definition images on your HDTV. Besides a killer HD image and superior audio for your high-def screen of choice, the new DVDs will have interactivity capabilities for bonus features heretofore unimaginable. The problem: Discs that play on one will not play on the other, and the studios are currently choosing between formats. So far Disney and Sony, including Columbia TriStar and the newly acquired MGM, are in the Blu-ray camp; Warner (including subsidiaries New Line and HBO), Universal and Paramount are behind HD DVD (standing off, Fox is being foxy at this point). Both player formats can handle your existing DVD library, but that's the only good news. "From a consumer perspective it's much worse than the Beta-VHS battle," says Paul Sweeting, who covers home entertainment for *Video Business* magazine. "Studios had put out all their product in both Beta and VHS, but not this time: If you buy one player, you won't be able to watch movies from the other studios." So you'll have to take sides, and it's going to cost you: Expect player prices to debut at \$1,000 and up. With that kind of money at stake, only the most addicted technophiles will initially be game; smarter consumers may want to wait until a clear winner emerges (we hope) in a few years. —B.M.



BRILLIANT DUPE

special additions

A sex star, a hell house and a moon mission get a new coat of polish



Orgazmo, the 1997 Trey Parker porn satire, is finally available in an official U.S. DVD release. In fact, the new special edition delivers multiple *Orgazmos* with the NC-17 theatrical release and the unrated version. You can have another *Orgazmo* with any of three commentary tracks, including an amusing "drunken" track with Parker and his partner, Matt Stone, plus special guests such as Kevin Smith.... If a guttural, disembodied voice calls to you, "For God's sake, get out!" chances are you've just bought **The Amityville Horror Collection**, which collects the 1979 haunted-house hit, the prequel *Amityville II: The Possession* and *Amityville 3-D*. The bonus disc sports an obligatory pitch for the remake, due in theaters April 15, along with two documentaries examining the hoax that launched an exploitation subgenre.... Fans of director Ron Howard's **Apollo 13** will find the new 10th anniversary edition DVD essential. Go right to the commentary track with Apollo astronaut Jim Lovell—played in the film by Tom Hanks—and his wife, Marilyn. Howard used as his template Lovell's book *Lost Moon*, about the ill-fated yet heroic flight. The director holds forth on a separate commentary, while the second disc offers the IMAX version of the movie. You'll have to sit close to the set to approximate the desired effect, though. —G.F.

SCANNER

THE MACHINIST (2004) Christian Bale does a reverse De Niro à la *Raging Bull*, losing 63 pounds in this taut psychological thriller about a drill pressman whose insomnia causes reality and paranoia to become indistinguishable. ★★★

AFTER THE SUNSET (2004) Pierce Brosnan delivers a subpar performance as the world's greatest jewel thief, who has to make one last score. His girl is scantily clad Salma Hayek, and FBI agent Woody Harrelson plays his lifelong nemesis. ★★

NEWLYWEDS: SEASON TWO (2004) See Jessica have laser eye surgery! See Nick eat "crap my pants" Chinese food and try to solve the mystery of the huge lawn turds! Hurry, before the marriage goes south in *Newlyweds: Season Three*, *The Divorce*. ★

THAT '70S SHOW: SEASON TWO (1999) Season two has the dorky teens of the Wisconsin burbs trying sexual and pharmacological combinations. Don't forget to remove those brownies from your mom's oven. ★★★

ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE (1973) Robert Blake gives a standout performance as a diminutive motorcycle cop in this crime thriller. He makes up for his short height with dedication and honesty. Ironies abound. ★★★

SEED OF CHUCKY (2004) The dysfunctional killer-doll family from hell returns to kidnap and impregnate Jennifer Tilly in this campy fifth *Child's Play* flick. Tilly is deliciously hammy as she lampoons her own life. ★★½

PIMP MY RIDE: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (2004) Rapper Xzibit and crew perform resurrections on old jalopies a ping away from the junkyard. What car couldn't use tailpipe flamethrowers, turntables, a chandelier or a yoga studio? ★★½

FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX (2004) Dennis Quaid stars in this remake depicting desert-crash survivors who manage to build a new plane despite an onslaught of preposterousness. Giovanni Ribisi is the enigmatic MacGyver behind the salvage scheme. ★★

★★★★ Don't miss
★★★ Good show

★★ Worth a look
★ Forget it

funk soul brother



[BEND IT LIKE BECK]

Guero is a return to his fine *Odelay* form

The tone of Beck's sixth major-label effort is oceans away from 2002's melancholy postbreakup diary *Sea Change*. We're guessing it's because he got married. Whatever the reason, Beck has more postmodern-pop spring in his step than we've heard in years. With veteran Beck producers the Dust Brothers behind the boards, the result is a funk scrapbook that's as strange, wonderful and eclectic as the musician himself. On the trippy title track he uses his mouth as an instrument, bouncing from singing to ironic rapping and back again. On "Earthquake Weather" he shows off his vocal range, including some enviable falsetto stylings. A tiki vibe on "Missing," one of the standout tracks, suggests he could be talking about the girl from Ipanema's hipster cousin. His lyrics, as usual, are a clever juxtaposition of pop culture and personal experience. On "Scarecrow" he sings, "And my soul's just a silhouette/From the ashes of a cigarette." From track to track, everything from electro beats to chicken-fried guitar strumming reminds us why Beck Hansen remains one of our most formidable artists: The man can do it all. (*Interscope*) **★★★★**

—Alison Prato

KEREN ANN • *Nolita*

Some of this Paris singer-songwriter's material—spritely, acoustic, sung in French—is reminiscent of early Françoise Hardy records. Elsewhere—moodier, in English—she could be Stina Nordenstam or Mazzy Star's Hope Sandoval. *Nolita* far exceeds her stateside debut, *Not Going Anywhere*. (*Metro Blue*) **★★** —Tim Mohr


ANDREW HILL • *Mosaic Select*

It's no wonder there is a cult of Andrew Hill. His idiosyncratic compositions and angular piano playing rival the music of Thelonious Monk. But Hill never gets the recognition he deserves. This impeccable three-CD set gathers his previously unreleased Blue Note dates. (*mosaic records.com*) **★★★★** —Leopold Froehlich


JUDAS PRIEST • *Angel of Retribution*

Both Catholic priests and Judas Priest have gotten a bad rap for sucking lately. But now, after 12 years, singer Rob Halford has rejoined the group. It was a long 12 years. His return results in one of the best headbanging albums in years and one of the best Priest records of all time. (*Epic*) **★★★★** —Patty Lamberti



QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

Lullabies to Paralyze

On the group's first record since bassist-singer Nick Oliveri's exit, members of Garbage and ZZ Top, as well as frontman Josh Homme's girlfriend, the Distillers' Brody Dalle, fill in the gaps. Looking to overdose on speed metal and soulful stoner rock? Here's your fix. (*Interscope*) **★★★★** —A.P.



THE SOUNDTRACK OF OUR LIVES

Origin Vol. 1

TSOOL has always held up classic album rock as its aim. Songs slowly build—think "Gimme Shelter"—and albums wind from mid-tempo rockers through the occasional ballad. *Origin* has great songs, but it can also be savored straight through. Classic indeed. (*Universal*) **★★★★** —T.M.


MOBY • *Hotel*

Moby is nothing if not a workaholic. Here he produces every track, plays almost every instrument and sings, though the disc's vocal highlight is guest Laura Dawn on "Temptation." A bonus CD, *Hotel: Ambient*, ensures sweet dreams. The most notable difference from his 1999 classic, *Play*? No samples. (V2) **★★** —A.P.


SYSTEM OF A DOWN • *Mezmerize*

Metal fans thirsty for tunes a few IQ points above "Nookie" love the political humor buried in System songs. On *Mezmerize*, the band grinds gears from punk to thrash to Middle Eastern jams while focusing on war. Behind the riffs, this music is smarter than it sounds. (*American*) **★★** —Jason Buhrmester


DOVES • *Some Cities*

On this follow-up to 2002's sweeping *Last Broadcast*, the band again creates what you might call a more muscular version of Coldplay's hushed majesty. The atmospheric and guitar work also evoke *Unforgettable Fire*—era U2. And Doves' probably ace percussion work is better than ever. (*Capitol*) **★★★★** —T.M.



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game of the month

[GOING MENTAL]

Saving the world, one mind at a time

In an age in which cash often trumps creativity, we're glad to see that Tim Schafer is still going strong. The brains behind the classic comedic adventure games *Full Throttle* (1995) and *Grim Fandango* (1998) has come out with a new gonzo gaming masterpiece, *Psychonauts* (Majesco, PC, PS2, Xbox). You're Raz, a grade-school kid at psychic summer camp, tasked with entering, exploring and healing the twisted minds of the residents of an insane asylum across the lake. Think *Meatballs* meets *Jacob's Ladder* on the set of *Edward Scissorhands*. Each patient's psyche presents a different gaming mix that keeps your fingers as busy as your funny bone. Sort out emotional baggage (which appears as weeping luggage) and make friends with a horde of inner children as you swing from trapezes and fry foes with your paranormal powers. *Psychonauts* proves that at least one designer still has a sixth sense for making compelling games. **★★★★** —Scott Steinberg



GOD OF WAR (SCEA, PS2) Tired of cute, fuzzy mascot games? Good. This unflinchingly brutal take on Greek mythology has you battle an epic array of mythical creatures such as Medusa, the Hydra and Cyclops with the aid of two "blades of chaos" attached to your forearms. Avoid the traps, solve the puzzles, commit the odd human sacrifice and pagan ritual, and maybe you'll find a way out of your cursed destiny. A gruesome, gorgeous and gleefully gory Greek tragedy. **★★★★½**

—Marc Saltzman



STAR WARS REPUBLIC COMMANDO (LucasArts, PC, Xbox) Lightsabers are for wusses. This squad-based first-person shooter puts you in command of the clone army's black-ops Delta Squad. These four supersoldiers rely on their guns and specialties (demolitions, sniping, hacking) to get the job done. The single-player story takes place between episodes two and three, and Force dorks will think they've died and gone to Dagobah in the 16-player online death matches. **★★★★½**

—John Gaudiosi



ENTHUSIA PROFESSIONAL RACING (Konami, PS2) Whoever said video games aren't therapeutic hasn't played this beautifully rendered driving sim. This fast-paced road-rage cure allows you to tool around in hundreds of licensed cars from 40 manufacturers; each vehicle can be raced on unpronounceable courses such as Nürburgring and Burgenschlucht. What the game lacks in originality it makes up in looks, thanks to its proprietary Visual Gravity System. **★★★★** —M.S.



FIFA STREET (EA Sports Big, GameCube, PS2, Xbox) Finally EA gives its trademark no-way-that-would-ever-happen-but-wow-it's-fun "street" treatment to the FIFA soccer franchise. Packed with freaky four-on-four footie action and flashy trick moves, the game moves much faster and has a healthy disregard for the rules. Even with the nerve-jangling house soundtrack and aggressively awful pseudo-Jamaican commentator, we'll still be logging some serious hours with this one. **★★★★** —S.S.



online sports

[OUT OF THE PARK]

Virtual-sports fans are gearing up for a whole new ball game

Most team-sports video games are played one-on-one, with each gamer controlling an entire squad. *Ultimate Baseball Online*, the first game to accurately mirror group competition, makes you part of a team. Depending on the position you want to play, you'll endow your character with the attributes he'll need—outfielders will want strong arms, pitchers want good throwing accuracy and so on. Prac-



tice sessions with your teammates help you learn to work together, as cooperation and knowledge of the game are essential. If you field a grounder at short and your pitcher is blocking your line to first base, you won't make the play. Got a problem with that? Talk to your manager. Maybe you guys need to run a few different drills. As in conventional role-playing games, the more you play, the better your character becomes. Improvement qualifies you for more prestigious levels of play, from all-city games up to pro ball. Players can create their own leagues, and entering official tournaments can net teams cash or prizes. Appealing to both die-hard baseball gamers and rotisserie obsessives who've never picked up a controller, the game costs \$30 up front, with a \$10 monthly subscription fee. Download from ultimatebaseballonline.com. —J.G.

wired

LG Electronics Flatron 80-Series (17-inch, \$500; 19-inch, \$600; lgusa.com) Serious gamers have always turned up their nose at flat-panel LCD screens because their refresh rates have been notoriously slow, blurring fast action. The amazing eight-millisecond response time on LG's new Flatron 80-Series monitors is the fix for that bug, and the fold-and-flip stand lets you view your head shots from any angle.



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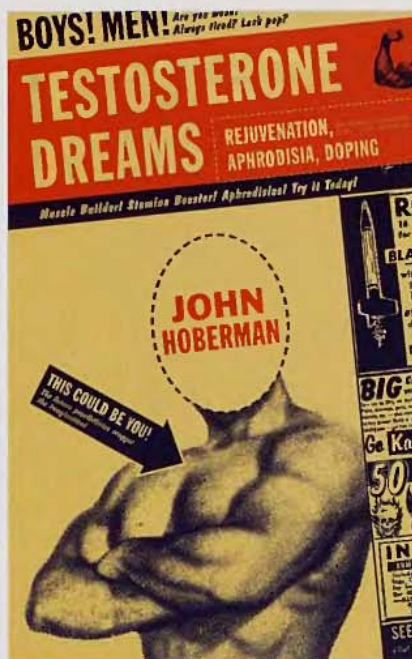
book of the month

[A WONDER DRUG WITH MUSCLES]

The incredible story of male hormone therapies

Since testosterone was first synthesized in 1935, it has been hyped as an antidote for old age, a sagging libido and girlie-man muscles. Which makes it perfect for the story John Hoberman really wants to tell in *Testosterone Dreams*: how shifts in culture, medicine and marketing make a drug more than a medical treatment. Such drugs now have a more dubious role as lifestyle enhancers. Hoberman injects his dense social history with odd medical lore, dissections of corporate profiteering, sharp examinations of Olympic doping and a powder-dry disdain for consumers who demand a better life in pill form. He connects such seemingly disjointed topics as Arnold Schwarzenegger's popularity and cops who abuse steroids. And he doesn't shrink from big questions such as, what does it mean to be human in an age when steroids can make you a stronger athlete, Prozac a more focused businessman and Viagra a better lover? (University of California) **★★★**

—Scott Dickensheets



CHINA, INC. • Ted C. Fishman

The future used to belong to Japan. In this amazing book PLAYBOY contributor Fishman points out that the future now belongs to the 1.3 billion Chinese. As its economy transforms from low-cost manufacturing to biotech and aerospace, China will rule the world. (Scribner) **★★★** —Leopold Froehlich



THE LOBOTOMIST • Jack El-Hai

Dr. Walter Freeman started performing lobotomies in the 1930s and became the procedure's biggest advocate, even after it was decried as ineffective, if not devastating. This sobering book tells the story of the man behind the most reviled surgery of modern times. (Wiley) **★★★** —Jessica Riddle



FREEMASONS • H. Paul Jeffers

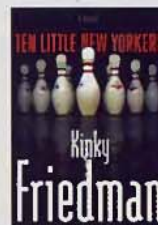
This secretive fraternal society has been accused of everything from controlling the world to murdering Mozart. The members argue that Freemasonry is really quite innocent, like Dungeons & Dragons for the political set. It's hard to buy that act, though, when you consider that presidents from George Washington to Gerald Ford were members and the popular suspicion that Masonic symbols were incorporated into the designs of the dollar bill and the Washington, D.C. street plan. The author doesn't deliver on his promise to reveal the Masons' secrets, but we don't blame him: One writer who threatened to expose Freemasonry was kidnapped and never heard from again. (Citadel) **★★½** —Patty Lambert



TEN LITTLE NEW YORKERS

Kinky Friedman

Die-hard fans of the Kinkster, the country-music star turned author, will be turned on by his latest thriller. Others may find it to be the literary equivalent of the missionary position. In Friedman's 17th novel, his private-eye protagonist, also named Kinky, inexplicably falls into an Inspector Gadget-type murder mystery. This time around Kinky becomes the suspect. The mystery is solved late in the game, but Kinky's humorous tirades are entertaining in the meantime. Spoiler warning: The ending implies this is the last we'll see of Friedman's alter ego. But with Kinky we can expect the unexpected. (Simon & Schuster) **★★½** —J. Jaroneczyk Hawthorne



playing the field



LUXURY TOYS • Anja Llorella Oriol, editor

Most toys for children prefigure the world of adult functions, but luxury toys elaborate the pleasures of adulthood. In practice such high-end goods exceed a product's actual function. This sumptuously illustrated book—a celebration of Holland Jachtbouw yachts (left), Gulfstream V jets and Aston Martin convertibles—shows us how to “differentiate oneself from one's fellows.” The problem is, you have to come up with a cool \$100 million to buy in. (teNeues) **★★★** —L.F.



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PLAYBOY AFTER DARK

A man and a woman are shown in a romantic embrace, nearly kissing. The woman is wearing a shimmering, sequined dress and high heels. The man is wearing a dark suit. They are standing in front of a large, multi-story building with many windows, some of which are lit up. The overall mood is romantic and sophisticated, with a dark, moody color palette.

the
definitive
guide to
american
nightlife
2005

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Las Vegas

Ever since 1931, when gambling was legalized in Nevada, Las Vegas has been an adult playground. In the 1980s attempts were made to Disneyfy the city of sin. But kids have only pennies in their piggy banks, and the plan failed. By the 1990s Vegas was wooing vice-loving adults with hotel-resorts complete with bars, stores and roller coasters. It's no wonder Vegas is the fastest-growing city in America.



If lady luck is on your side when you hit the Strip, you could end up with big cash and a night to remember.



Take a break from slots at a show.



There's plenty of fun in Sin City, both inside and outside the casinos.

•**Best Upscale Restaurant:** Proving that everything old can be new again, Emeril Lagasse has revamped Emeril's New Orleans Fish House (in the MGM Grand, 702-891-7374). Its showy look and updated menu reestablish this dining room at the top of the food chain. Bam!

•**Best Quick Eats:** Cafe-Ba-Ba-Reeba! (in the Fashion Show Mall, 702-258-1211) serves up tapas with a great Basque flavor.

•**Best Ethnic Restaurant:** Hue Thai's Sandwiches (5115 Spring Mountain, 702-943-8872) offers wonderful Vietnamese subs for under \$3.

•**Best Hotels:** Two and a half billion dollars. That's the staggering sum poured into the new Wynn Las Vegas resort (866-770-7108). Screened from the bustle of the Strip by a five-story man-made mountain, the hotel—with its numerous restaurants and premium shopping and entertainment options—is a world unto itself. Also self-contained but more relaxed, the Palms Hotel & Casino (866-942-7777) offers sweet

rooms embedded in a lively complex of movie theaters, nightclubs (including the rooftop Ghostbar, with a see-through acrylic dance floor) and restaurants.

•**Best Dive Bar:** The Friday-night karaoke isn't the only thing worth recommending at Dino's Lounge (1516 Las Vegas South, 702-382-3894). There's also the clientele—a mix of professional types, blue-collar joes and colorful regulars (tell Whiskey Linda we said hi).

•**Best Bar:** From the headless Lenin statue outside—the pigeon droppings decorating it aren't real—to the commie kitsch within, Red Square at Mandalay Bay (702-632-7777) has ambience.

•**Best Wine Bar:** At the Wine Cellar (in the Rio, 702-252-7777) you can sip from a \$10 million collection of fine vintages.

•**Coolest Nightclubs:** Pure at Caesars Palace (702-731-7873) is divided into three distinct environments, each with its own sound system and DJ. We're also huge fans of the sexy burlesque performances at Tangerine Lounge & Nightclub (in the Treasure Island, 800-288-7206).

•**Funkiest Nightclub:** Time your Vegas visit so you can take in the poolside clubbing at Skin Pool Lounge (in the Palms, 702-942-7546).

•**Best Music Spot:** Rain Nightclub (in the Palms, 702-942-6832) often transforms into a concert venue.

•**Best Florist:** Whether you're proposing or apologizing, the Tiger Lily Flower Shop (700 East Sahara, 702-737-7077) will make the right arrangement.

•**Best Mode of Transportation:** Taxicabs are handy for darting from one casino to the next.

•**Best Coffeehouse:** The Coffee Pub (2800 West Sahara, 702-367-1913) is a power-breakfast joint where a guy can linger over a newspaper while the governor gets interviewed at the next table.

•**Best Drink:** Here's a change of pace from the martini: the cable car, served at the Nobhill restaurant (in the MGM Grand, 702-891-7337). It's a rum cocktail given a sweet twist when the barkeep coats the rim of the glass with brown sugar and cinnamon.

•**Best Shopping:** Make sure she has some sexy attire from Sirens Apparel & Lingerie (in the Treasure Island, 702-894-7769) to change into before bed.

•**Best Sports Opportunity:** If you come during baseball season, take in the minor league high jinks of the Las Vegas 51s—a Dodgers farm team—at downtown's Cashman Field (850 Las Vegas North, 702-386-7200).

•**Playboy Pick:** There has always been a subliminal sexuality to the performers of Cirque du Soleil. Zumanity (at the New York-New York Hotel & Casino, 702-740-6969) brings that carnality to the fore with erotic Thierry Mugler costumes, steamy body movements and flashes of nudity.





new stimulations

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Miami

It's said that Florida is full of old people. Maybe that's true of Palm Beach, but Miami is a playground for the young and lovely. There are as many bikini-clad beauties here as in Los Angeles, but Miami's women aren't so full of BS or Botox. The club scene may have died in New York, but here in Miami, and especially in the South Beach neighborhood, the party is just getting started.



The SunTrust building shines in the evening.



Don't run through the CocoWalk shopping center.



It's fun to explore Miami's vices after the sun sets, but it's a shame not to enjoy the breezy twilight, too.



•**Best Upscale Restaurants:** Chef Claude Troisgros creates French cuisine with a Brazilian flair at the Delano Hotel's Blue Door (1685 Collins, 305-674-6400). Crabavocat, a mixture of guacamole and blue-crab salad, is a must. The only thing better than the seafood at Baleen (4 Grove Isle, 305-860-4305) is the restaurant's location on a private island. Try the lobster martini (lobster meat and truffled mashed potatoes in a martini glass).

•**Best Quick Eats:** If your craving for Cuban fare hasn't subsided by three A.M., join the rowdy locals at Versailles Restaurant (3555 Southwest Eighth, 305-444-0240) for the finest *lechón asado* (roast pork) in town. Don't forget to taste test the desserts in its bakery next door. It may not be New York pizza, but the best slices in Miami are at Gino's Pizza & Brew IV (1535 Washington, 305-531-0069). San Loco (235 14th, 305-538-3009) serves the best inexpensive Mexican food in Miami.

•**Best Ethnic Restaurant:** Test the limits of your belt buckle while you feast on the buffet at the Brazilian-style steakhouse Porcão (801 Brickell Bay, 305-373-2777). Pair finely cooked lamb, filet mignon or sirloin with such Brazilian side dishes as fried yucca and breaded bananas. The outstanding *rodizio*-grilled meats are skewered and sliced right at your table.

•**Best Hotels:** The Delano Hotel (1685 Collins, 800-606-6090) is named after FDR, but don't expect Americana decor. The 250-foot-long lobby is straight out of the Greek Islands. Agua, the rooftop spa, offers a bird's-eye view of Miami Beach. For a trip back to the 1930s, check into the Avalon Hotel (700 Ocean, 800-933-3306).

•**Best Dive Bar:** Tobacco Road (626 South Miami, 305-374-1198) has the oldest existing liquor license in Dade County and serves many limited-edition libations.

•**Best Bar:** South Beach socialites flock to the Redroom at Skybar, which is part of the celeb-friendly Shore Club (1901 Collins, 786-276-6772), and flop onto the red felt floor cushions and antique slipper chairs. Choose from the 75 different rums served at the Rumbar. Just don't get too enthusiastic and jump into the club's pool. Thursday's "Moroccan Nights" party is a crowd favorite.

•**Best Wine Bar:** Pop the corks of more than 50 wines at Corkscrew Bar at the Biltmore Hotel (1200 Anastasia, Coral Gables, 305-445-1926). Note: The bar has only five tables, so stop in early.

•**Coolest Nightclub:** It's not easy to choose the coolest nightclub in Miami, which has the most outrageous after-dark culture outside of Manhattan. But Tantra (1445 Pennsylvania, 305-672-4765) has a slight advantage because of its sensual trimmings, including fresh grass on the dance floor.

•**Funkiest Nightclub:** The dimly lit decor at Mynt (1921 Collins, 786-276-6132) is as sexy as the clientele. Celebrities, models and fashionistas beautify the dance floor. Be prepared to wait in a line that stretches around the block before crossing the high-profile threshold.

•**Best Music Spot:** According to its slogan, Jazid (1342 Washington, 305-673-9372) offers jazz and a DJ "every damn night." If you're lucky, you may catch a surprise appearance by a well-known musician.

•**Best People Watching:** Sit on the patio at the Van Dyke Café (846 Lincoln, 305-534-3600) to check out the passersby and savor the scrumptious chocolate soufflé.

•**Best Florist:** Roses by Karla (100 Northeast 25th, 305-644-3555) arranges botanicals for celebrities and major hotels in South Beach.

•**Best Mode of Transportation:** Your feet. South Beach is only a dozen blocks wide.

•**Best Coffeehouse:** Among the bars and the bikinis sits Kafka's Cyber Kafe (1464 Washington, 305-673-9669), a retreat that houses more than 30,000 used books.

•**Best Drink:** The mojito was one of Ernest Hemingway's favorite drinks, and he may be responsible for the libation's popularity in Miami. The best and mintiest is served at Bolero (661 Washington, 305-673-6516).

•**Best Shopping:** Though the city's sultry climate leaves residents no choice but to dress at the bare minimum, Miami is at the forefront of fashion. At the Bal Harbour Shops (9700 Collins, 305-866-0311) you can splurge at designer stores and high-end boutiques, including those of fashion royalty such as Dior, Dolce & Gabbana, Gucci and Cartier. Bayside Marketplace (401 Biscayne, 305-577-3344) is an outdoor shopping extravaganza on the waterfront. The street performers are not for sale.

•**Best Sports Opportunities:** Do the names Dan Marino and Shaquille O'Neal ring a bell? Miami has been home to some of the greatest athletes in the history of pro sports. Don't miss the chance to visit Pro Player Stadium (2269 Dan Marino, 305-623-6100) and watch the Miami Dolphins or Florida Marlins tear up their home turf. At American Airlines Arena (601 Biscayne, 786-777-HOOP), see Shaq light up the scoreboard with the Miami Heat. If spectator sports aren't your thing, hit the green at any of the city's golf courses.

•**Playboy Pick:** At 15,000 square feet, the Pleasure Emporium (1019 Fifth, 305-673-3311) is south Florida's largest adult store (and that's saying something). This emporium will help make your nights hotter than the Miami heat.



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Chicago

Chicago is a city of baffling extremes—from grueling winters to blazing summers and from hot dogs to haute cuisine. But it is consistently one of the world's great cities for nightlife. When you visit Chicago, either alone or with that special someone, you'll need only three things for a great evening out: your appetite, your ID and this guide. The Windy City won't just rock you; it'll blow you away.



The skyscraper was invented—and perfected—in Chicago.



Navy Pier (above) isn't as kitschy as it might appear, but the best way to spend a summer night is in Wrigleyville (below).



Black cats moan until four in the morning.



•Best Upscale Restaurants: Chicago has many great restaurants—Charlie Trotter's (816 West Armitage, 773-248-6228), Tru (676 North Saint Clair, 312-202-0001), Topolobampo (445 North Clark, 312-661-1434)—but the combination of extraordinary food and an amazing view of the city makes Everest (440 South LaSalle, 312-663-8920) the most romantic dining spot in the Midwest. Try the poached tenderloin of beef. Runner-up: Avec (615 West Randolph, 312-377-2002), a stylish place that produces gastronomic delights.

•Best Quick Eats: Two essentials of Chicago cuisine should not be missed: deep-dish pizza at Gino's East (633 North Wells, 312-943-1124) and Italian beef—try it with sweet peppers at the incomparable lunch spot Mr. Beef (666 North Orleans, 312-337-8500).

•Best Ethnic Restaurant: Situated in the heart of crowded Greektown, the Mediterranean-themed Greek Islands (200 South Halsted, 312-782-9855) is the Zeus of the neighborhood because of such specialty appetizers as taramasalata, lamb-heavy entrées and fish flown in daily. Be sure to stick your tentacles into the grilled octopus.

•Best Hotels: It's by no means inexpensive, but the Peninsula (108 East Superior, 312-337-2888) is the most elegant hotel in the city. Don't miss its Japanese-style breakfast. Its two restaurants—Avenues and Shanghai Terrace—are also excellent. Best value hotel: The InterContinental (505 North Michigan, 312-944-4100) offers a central location and surprisingly reasonable rates. Pay a visit to the Roman-style swimming pool on the 12th floor.

•Best Dive Bar: Wear your coolest hipster clothes to the Rainbo Club (1150 North Damen, 773-489-5999), where indie rockers elbow one another's tattoos to fit into the vinyl booths. After filling up on the cheap beer, you can stumble into the photo booth.

•Best Bar: Situated on the 33rd floor of the sleek W Lakeshore hotel, Whiskey Sky (644 North Lake Shore, 312-255-4463) is the pinnacle nightspot for well-dressed, trendy urbanites. Even better than the views of Lake Michigan and the Navy Pier Ferris wheel is the view of scantily clad bartenders.

•Best Wine Bars: Cru Café (888 North Wabash, 312-337-4001) has an impressive list of wines by the glass. The food is okay too. But the best thing about it is the sidewalk tables on a summer night. Runner-up: Bin 36 (339 North Dearborn, 312-755-9463) in Marina City is the perfect place to split a bottle of Châteauneuf-du-Pape.

•Coolest Nightclubs: The venerable Transit (1431 West Lake, 312-491-9729) stands out as the best spot for postprandial action. Runner-up: A flashy late-

night place with plenty of attractive women, Le Passage (937 North Rush, 312-255-0022) is worth a visit.

•Funkiest Nightclub: The 50,000-watt sound system at Rednofive (440 North Halsted, 312-421-1239) draws a mostly singles crowd on any given night. Whenever you need a break from dancing, this club is replete with comfortable nooks, including a new VIP area.

•Best Music Spot: Any night of the week, the Empty Bottle (1035 North Western, 773-276-3600) has the best live music in Chicago.

•Best People Watching: The food is surprisingly good, and there's no better place in town to watch girls go by than Tavern on Rush (1031 North Rush, 312-664-9600).

•Best Florist: Mudd Fleurs (66 East Walton, 312-337-6833) delivers.

•Best Modes of Transportation: Taxis are abundant and easily hailed. Metropolitan Limousine (845 North Michigan, 312-808-8000) offers personal tours and promises confidentiality.

•Best Coffeehouse: Intelligentsia (3123 North Broadway, 773-348-8058) has a great vibe and the best espresso in town.

•Best Drinks: A weiss beer drunk while standing at the rail of the century-old bar at the Berghoff (17 West Adams, 312-427-3170). The saloon at Chicago's oldest restaurant closes early and doesn't have many seats, but it offers time travel at its most pleasurable. Runner-up: A martini at the Signature Lounge (875 North Michigan, 312-787-7230), on the 96th floor of the John Hancock Building. No bar in any American city offers a more spectacular view.

•Best Shopping: Check out Oak Street for the coolest (and most expensive) shopping. Barneys New York (25 East Oak, 312-587-1700) is much more laid-back in Chicago, and the best fashion-forward men's clothing in town is at the Saks Fifth Avenue men's store (717 North Michigan, 312-944-6500). For women's gifts, try Cynthia Rowley (808 West Armitage, 773-528-6160). The Chicago-bred designer specializes in women's clothing and bags.

•Best Sports Opportunity: A pilgrimage to Wrigley Field is, of course, mandatory. Tickets can be purchased from Wrigley Field Premium Ticket Services (3717 North Clark, 773-477-2425).

•Playboy Picks: The Art Institute of Chicago (111 South Michigan, 312-443-3600) is one of the nation's top museums and the perfect place to spend an afternoon. It sounds odd, but Chicago From the Lake offers the best architecture tour of the city—on a boat. The 90-minute river cruise is an unsurpassed way to see America's greatest architectural city (435 East Illinois, 312-527-1977).

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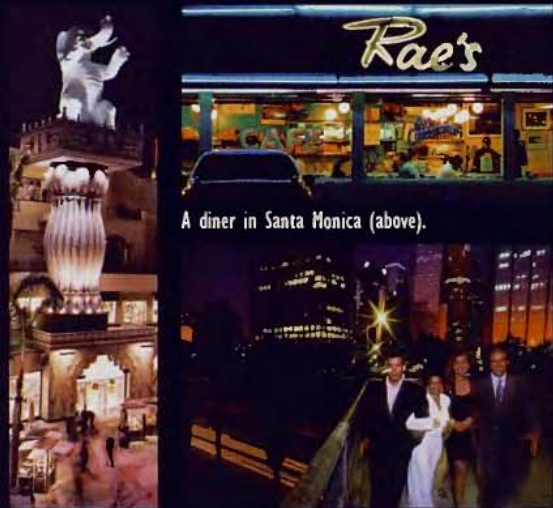


Los Angeles

To outsiders, Los Angeles may seem to be a city with an identity problem. But scratch beneath its glossy surface and you'll discover diverse ethnic communities, pristine beaches and whatever nightlife you dream of. Forget the clichés about all the phony people—they moved here from out of town anyway. This city has angels that await your discovery.



Contrary to legend, the City of Angels has a vital nightlife.



A diner in Santa Monica (above).

From the hills of Hollywood to funky Hollywood Boulevard, L.A. constantly surprises after the sun sets and people come out to play.



•**Best Upscale Restaurants:** Sublime dining comes in many flavors, from the traditional Italian at Via Veneto (3009 Main, 310-399-1843) to the twist on Vietnamese at Crustacean (9646 Little Santa Monica, 310-205-8990) to the California-Pacific dishes served in the sumptuous Gothic hall at La Bohème (8400 Santa Monica, 323-848-2360). But nothing tops L'Orangerie (903 North La Cienega, 310-652-9770), with its extensive wine list and serene garden courtyard.

•**Best Quick Eats:** The Farmers Market (Fairfax and Third) debuted in 1934 and is still a bustling open-air emporium where you can find a variety of such fast bites as sushi, burritos, gumbo and shish kebabs.

•**Best Ethnic Restaurant:** Nyala (1076 South Fairfax, 323-936-5918) offers Ethiopian meat and vegetarian dishes served on a large communal platter that you dig into with *injeras*—flat, tangy, spongy crepes—instead of utensils.

•**Best Hotels:** The opulent Peninsula Beverly Hills (9882 South Santa Monica, 310-551-2888) features private villas and the distinguished Club Bar. If you prefer trendy, the Standard Hollywood (8300 Sunset, 323-650-9090) offers an amazing hilltop view and a retro pool-side lounge that is crawling with Sunset Strip hipsters.

•**Best Dive Bar:** The Rainbow Bar and Grill (9015 Sunset, 310-278-4232) has been a haven for hipsters and rockers such as Slash, Lemmy and Van Halen. Order some decent Italian grub on the street-side patio, and welcome all the hard-rock women to the jungle.

•**Best Bars:** CineSpace (6356 Hollywood, 323-817-3456) is an 8,300-square-foot lounge with *Blade Runner*-inspired decor. It features a screening room that plays classic movies while patrons have cocktails. Special mention goes to Silverlake's Oriental-themed 4100 Bar (4100 Sunset, 323-666-4460) for its laid-back, everyone's-welcome vibe.

•**Best Wine Bars:** A.O.C. (8022 West Third, 323-653-6359) offers more than 50 wines by the glass and delectable tapas-size Mediterranean dishes. It would be criminal for a vino lover to miss Wolfgang Puck and Barbara Lazaroff's annual American Wine & Food Festival at Universal Studios, where oenophiles can sample fine wines in support of a charitable cause.

•**Cooler Nightclub:** Miss Kitty's Parlour at the Dragonfly (6510 Santa Monica, 323-466-6111) is a fleshy, anything-goes carnival. Take part in or just watch people from all walks of life enjoy the erotic cabaret shows, kinky contests and almost-naked Twister every Friday at this hedonistic electro dance party.

•**Funkiest Nightclubs:** Everything is red-hot at Prey (643 North La Cienega, 310-652-2012), from the crimson gargoyles at the entrance to the dancehall-

ics who claw their way in. Runners-up: Ass and Titties night at the Echo (1822 West Sunset, 213-413-8200) is a real booty shaker, and the industrial-looking Ivar (6356 Hollywood, 323-465-4827) houses Hollywood's finest. The only problem will be getting past the doorman.

•**Best Music Spots:** Discover the best sounds from the underground any night of the week at either Spaceland (1717 Silver Lake, 323-661-4380) or the Troubadour (9081 Santa Monica, 310-276-6168).

•**Best People Watching:** Along the Venice Beach Boardwalk (between Rose and Venice) you'll find sun worshippers, street performers, artists and roller babes. When the sun sets on that human circus, check out the liveliest nightlife at the nearby Third Street Promenade.

•**Best Florist:** A-listers have been dialing up Tic-Tock Couture Florals (1603 North La Brea, 323-874-3034) for more than two decades.

•**Best Mode of Transportation:** "Nobody walks in L.A.," so the song goes, and nobody hails a cab, either. If you're going to be wheels challenged, keep Yellow Cab's number (310-301-0262) handy.

•**Best Coffeehouse:** Described as "the oldest independent coffeehouse in Hollywood," the Bourgeois Pig (5931 Franklin, 323-464-6008) is a cool neighborhood place with a screening room in the back. The espresso and desserts beat the coffee mega-chains hands down.

•**Best Drink:** Kick back with a blood and sand (rum base, several brandies and grenadine blended with a thin head) and watch cool cats Marty and Elaine play inventive jazz covers for the hip lounge crowd at the Dresden Restaurant (1760 North Vermont, 323-665-4294).

•**Best Shopping:** She'll want to stop at Fred Segal (8100 Melrose, 323-651-4129) to pick up some of the accessories, fashions and makeup that Gwyneth buys. Take the opportunity to channel 007 at Spy Tech Agency (8519-8521 West Sunset, 310-657-6333), where you can find gadgets such as infrared cameras, lock picks, surveillance devices and a briefcase that can deliver a 50,000-volt shock.

•**Best Sports Opportunity:** The futuristic Staples Center (1111 South Figueroa, 213-742-7340) is home to the Lakers, Kings, Clippers and WNBA Sparks. After you visit the many levels of shops, sports bars and restaurants, step out onto the CityView Terrace for a drink, and take in the primo downtown view.

•**Playboy Pick:** The Museum of Jurassic Technology (9341 Venice, 310-836-6131) is a dark fun house of oddities that challenges visitors to question its validity. Installations include a hairy human horn, needle-eye-size figurines, trailer park junk, "magnetic oracles" and a mind-bending exhibit from an alleged memory researcher that maps out his "theories of forgetting."

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New York City

Aspiring actresses and leggy models from all over the globe come to party in a city where most bars close at four A.M. and no one has to drive home. But because studio apartments in Manhattan start at \$1,500 a month, many of those beautiful people wait tables while trying to carve out their piece of the Big Apple. And the cream of the crop that's "made it"? You'll find them in bars, too.



For night owls, New York is a beacon of pleasure.



From Rockefeller Center (above left) to Central Park (above right) to Times Square (below), Manhattan's switch is always on.



The Vesuvio Bakery in Soho.



•**Best Upscale Restaurant:** When you're the best restaurant in New York City, you may be the best restaurant on earth. When master Parisian chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten of Jean Georges (1 Central Park West, 212-299-3900) is an international celebrity, bid adieu to the competition. The egg caviar is to die for, and the chocolate cake is reason to live.

•**Best Quick Eats:** In a city of a billion options these must-eats have withstood the taste of time. Katz's Deli (205 East Houston, 212-254-2246) was immortalized by Meg Ryan's orgasm scene in *When Harry Met Sally*. Put something in the prep people's tip cups when you order and your sandwich will double in size. Bad pizza in New York? No way. But the traditional thin pies at John's of Bleeker Street (278 Bleeker, 212-243-1680) are great any way you slice it.

•**Best Ethnic Restaurant:** Although a lot of great recipes have passed through Ellis Island, we'll take French and Italian off the table and pledge our allegiance to Megu (62 Thomas, 212-964-7777), which arrived here via Japan. The Buddha ice sculpture changes daily.

•**Best Hotels:** The SoHo Grand (310 West Broadway, 800-965-3000) is where celebrities stay. Hotel Chelsea (222 West 23rd, 212-243-3700) is where Bob Dylan lived. Nancy Spungen died and Sid Vicious was arrested.

•**Best Dive Bar:** Though the cowgirls dancing on the bar at the Coyote Ugly Saloon (153 First Ave., 212-477-4431) make for good theater, Manitoba's (99 Ave. B, 212-982-2511) takes the gold medal in the dive bar category. Punk rock icon Dick Manitoba's photo-lined joint is an homage to NYC rockers such as Debbie Harry and Joey Ramone.

•**Best Bars:** Three decades older than the Statue of Liberty, McSorley's Old Ale House (15 East Seventh St., 212-473-9148) is one of Gotham's most treasured institutions. You'll find only two beers here: McSorley's Light and McSorley's Dark. Both the drinks and the atmosphere can be stiff at the historic Rainbow Room (30 Rockefeller Plaza, 212-632-5000), but the view is the best in Manhattan.

•**Best Wine Bar:** With 2,000 wines by the bottle and 150 by the glass, the Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe (1 Rockefeller Plaza, 212-262-7700) is the toast of New York.

•**Best Dance Club:** A nightly parade of A-listers passes through the three rooms at Marquee (289 10th Ave., 646-473-0202), which are linked by a Philip Johnson-designed wishbone staircase. The door staff artfully weeds out undesirables, thus eliminating a need for VIP sections in this former garage where Tara Reid and Paris Hilton are regulars.

•**Cooliest Nightclub:** After much anticipation, mixologist Jamie Mulholland (Lotus, P.M.) has opened Cain (544 West 27th, 212-947-8000), and when it comes

to serving up great cocktails in a stylish South African-flavored setting, Cain is more than able.

•**Funkiest Nightclub:** Table 50 (643 Broadway, 212-253-2560) was New York's raunchiest club in the 1980s. Now it's back and funkier than ever, especially on Thursdays, when Q-Tip deejays.

•**Best Places to Watch Sports:** Jay-Z's upscale sports lounge, the 40/40 Club (6 West 25th, 212-989-0040), is where New York City's pro athletes come to play. Patrons who arrive dressed like gym rats will be blocked by NFL-size bouncers. Unlike most sports bars, the 40/40 boasts a 50-50 male-female ratio. Bounce (1403 Second Ave., 212-535-2183) has 13 flat-screen TVs and plenty of flat-stomached bartenders.

•**Best Music Spot:** You won't see Mariah Carey at the Knitting Factory (74 Leonard, 212-219-3132), but every next big thing to come out of New York City passes through here.

•**Best People Watching:** In addition to hosting concerts, summer screenings and the occasional David Blaine stunt, Bryant Park (Sixth Ave. and 42nd) is a great place to watch the world pass you by.

•**Best Florist:** Everything comes up roses at Magnolia Flowers & Events (436 Hudson, 212-243-7302).

•**Best Mode of Transportation:** Perhaps because of sheer volume, a cab ride is one of the few things in New York City that's cheap. Catching a taxi is easy—step into the street and one of the nearly 13,000 will probably hit you.

•**Best Coffeehouse:** A dog-friendly coffee shop complete with a swinging screen door, Jack's Stir Brew Coffee (138 West 10th St., 212-929-0821) serves only organic, fair-trade beans.

•**Best Drink:** Cocktail queen Julie Reiner solicits recipes from the city's best concoctionists, but none tops the mint jules she has created for Flatiron Lounge (37 West 19th, 212-727-7741).

•**Best Shopping:** When in town, James Bond shops at Hammacher Schlemmer (147 East 57th, 212-421-9000). To buy a gift for her that will benefit you, try La Petite Coquette (51 University Pl., 212-473-2478), the lingerie shop to the stars.

•**Best Sports Opportunities:** Yankee Stadium (161st and River Ave., Bronx, 718-293-6000 for tickets), a.k.a. "the House That Ruth Built," is all but the official site of the annual Fall Classic. Ali and Frazier tangled at Madison Square Garden (4 Pennsylvania Plaza, 212-465-6741), and Knicks fans still go there to boo the home team.

•**Playboy Pick:** Taking a Kama Sutra-inspired approach to the intellectual side of eroticism, the Museum of Sex (233 Fifth Ave., 212-689-6337) houses pornographic collectibles and hosts performing artists. The best part: no grade-school field trips!

Houston

When people think of the Lone Star State, they envision superwealthy Dallas tycoons (think J.R. Ewing) or rednecks. There aren't many of either type in Houston, which is culturally superior to other Texas cities. This doesn't mean Houston lacks traditional Southern hospitality, however. You won't find nicer people in any other major North American locale.



Bright lights + big city = fun nights.



Get down at Bayou Blues.

Politics at City Hall is hotter than the weather (above left); the Space Center is out of this world (above); fireworks on the Fourth (below).



•**Best Upscale Restaurant:** In a town known for upscale dining, it's hard to pick the best. But Da Marco (1520 Westheimer, 713-807-8857) has a slight edge. The nontraditional Italian dishes are simple and elegant, and many of the ingredients are flown in directly from Italy.

•**Best Quick Eats:** For Mexican and Cuban food with drive-through convenience, zip into El Rey Taqueria (910 Shepherd, 713-802-9145). The taco plates are *muy bueno*.

•**Best Ethnic Restaurant:** Niko Niko's Greek (2520 Montrose, 713-528-4976) serves the best lamb shank, lemon chicken soup and broiled trout in town. Or stick to the old standby, the gyro. All food is served on paper plates, ordering is done at the counter, and there is often a line. But don't be turned off by these minor inconveniences. They're the hidden cost of the great food.

•**Best Hotel:** Though still in its infancy, the posh downtown Hotel Icon (220 Main, 713-224-4266) is fast becoming the destination of choice for the discriminating traveler. Originally built as a bank in 1911, it features 135 guest rooms with enormous bathrooms.

•**Best Dive Bar:** Centrally situated near the Galleria, the Roll-N Saloon (4200 San Felipe, 713-622-7487) is a classic. Dollar shots, known as train shots, are offered every time a train goes by—and they pass by often. The jukebox even magically plays "Strokin'" at least once a night.

•**Best Bars:** Above the hip restaurant Benji's sits the Lounge at Benji's (2424 Dunstan, 713-522-7602), which pairs urban ambience with stiff drinks. Bar tables and couches offer panoramic views of the city. Another long-standing favorite is Warren's Inn (307 Travis, 713-247-9207). Downtown on Market Square, this smoky bar with a great jukebox has been serving lawyers, theater types and hipsters since 1978. And since you're in the area, stop by the second-oldest bar in Houston, La Carafe (813 Congress, 713-229-9399). You won't be sorry, especially if you're on a date.

•**Best Wine Bar:** The Tasting Room (1101-18 Uptown Park, 713-993-9800) boasts about 190 wines by the glass. Call ahead to find out when it will be offering wine tastings.

•**Coolest Nightclubs:** The midtown area is fast becoming club central. The Red Door (2416 Brazos, 713-526-8181) has just that—a red door, along with lounges and dance floors, three bars and a spacious rooftop patio. The adjacent restaurant, Casa Manhattan, serves food until the wee hours. For more action, walk around the corner to the Absinthe Brasserie (609 Richmond, 713-528-7575).

•**Funkiest Nightclub:** The Underground Lounge (804 Fannin, 713-225-0948) in the Montague Hotel is an old seedy resting spot.

•**Best Music Spot:** For live music seven nights a week, check out the Continental Club (3700 Main, 713-529-9899). An offshoot of the famous original in Austin, the Continental offers the best local talent, as well as some of the country's hottest touring acts (see them here before they get big). Local cover bands play during happy hour.

•**Best People Watching:** You'll have to call for directions to the hard-to-find Last Concert Cafe (1403 Nance, 713-226-8563). You'll also have to knock on the door to gain entrance. But this Mexican-themed restaurant and jammy live music bar will keep you entertained for hours. On any given day, grab a bottle of wine or a brown-paper-bagged quart of beer and head to Hippy Hill, properly known as the Miller Outdoor Theatre (100 Concert, 713-284-8354).

•**Best Florist:** Bergner & Johnson Design (1310 North First, Bellaire, 713-662-3769) specializes in high-end arrangements for those in the know.

•**Best Modes of Transportation:** A pickup truck is best, but if a Suburban is all you have, that will do. Houston's newest form of transportation, the MetroRail, is convenient if you're traveling between downtown, the museum district and the medical center. Best bet after drinking? Call a cab (Yellow Cab, 713-236-1111).

•**Best Coffeehouse:** Situated at the hip intersection of Dunlavy and Westheimer in Montrose, Brasil (2604 Dunlavy, 713-528-1993) has everything you want in a neighborhood cafe.

•**Best Drinks:** Margaritas are king in Texas. For the best and freshest, try Hugo's (1602 Westheimer, 713-524-7744). Tila's (1111 South Shepherd, 713-522-7654) offers a martini-style margarita in a quaint Santa Fe atmosphere.

•**Best Shopping:** If you want a sprawling indoor mall, go to the Galleria (5075 Westheimer, 713-622-0663). Otherwise browse through the boutiques on 19th Street in the Heights. The shops range from junk to antiques.

•**Best Sports Opportunity:** All of Houston's major sports teams have new digs. But the most fun can be had at the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo (1 Reliant Park, 832-667-1000), which rides into town every March. Do not wear loafers to the rodeo, but do try to see the bull riding, barrel racing and calf scramble featured in the rodeo portion of the nightly event.

•**Playboy Pick:** Before selling liquor by the glass was legalized, locals gathered at ice houses, outdoor bars that serve only ice-cold beer. The West Alabama Ice House (1919 West Alabama, 713-528-6874) is a Houston institution. A cold Shiner bock on a hot summer day can be more relaxing than a massage. Also on the menu is a variety of microbrews from Texas and beyond.

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A Slice of Heaven

This summer, the second-best golf course in Scotland is the one you want to play

You can spend a lifetime traveling the world and playing great golf. But if you're a serious swinger, you owe it to yourself to hit the east coast of Scotland, where it all began. That's especially true this year, when the greatest golfers in the world will compete in the British Open at the Old Course in St. Andrews from July 14 to 17. It's a splendid course that, unfortunately, you shouldn't even bother trying to get on; you're more likely to sink a hole in one with a stewardess on the flight over, since the Old Course will be closed for three weeks prior to the tournament. Instead, grab your clubs and take the 15-minute drive south to Kingsbarns Golf Links on the edge of St. Andrews. Five years ago California course designer Kyle Phillips turned what had been a cow pasture into one of the top 50 courses in the world, a completely man-made seaside wonderland with all the style and charm of ancient Scottish links. Think fescue-covered ridges, deep pot bunkers and long, arching fairways, with every hole serving up a view of the craggy North Sea coast. As one golf journalist recently said after playing Kingsbarns, "Whatever it takes, get there." A round will cost you about \$200, and when you're finished, cap the day off with a dram at the clubhouse—you're in the heart of whiskey country. To make reservations (and to see more of the course), check out kingsbarns.com.

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- Is made of a rubber core and an outer layer of either balata, Surlyn or urethane.
- Should never be used as a tool to enhance a sexual encounter or as an ingredient in soup.
- Will likely end up at the bottom of a pond, where it will degrade slowly over the next millennium.



Great Head

MORE AND MORE pros are using putters with big heads that look as though they could double as weapons. The large clubface expands the sweet spot, so there's less chance of shanking your shot. So you'll have that going for you, which is nice. Our pick from this year's models is Taylor-Made's Rossa vt Monza (\$279, rossaputters.com). You can customize the feel by screwing weights into the head.



Have a Seat

Sexy, eh?
The woman is
pretty hot too

WHEN YOU arrive home at the end of the day, this is what you want to see: a beautiful girl about to get out of your favorite chair. The MVS Chaise (\$2,225, vitra.com) is fashioned from a stainless steel frame and a stretchy shell that molds to your body. Tip it forward (as pictured) and it's perfect for reading. Tip it back and it's a daybed.



For Your Information

THE INTERNET MAKES IT EASY to access huge amounts of data. Unfortunately the Internet also makes it easy to drown in huge amounts of data. Which is where the Ambient Dashboard (\$150, ambientdevices.com) comes in. Set its three analog needles to display info from more than 30 sources—the stock market, the pollen forecast, local traffic conditions, the size of your e-mail in-box—and you get an immediate, noninvasive and, above all, useful look at the stuff that shapes your life. The info comes from the company's free wireless network, so the only thing you need to plug it into is an outlet.



About Time: the Oris Miles Davis Chronograph

AN HOMAGE to the king of cool, this Swiss-made beauty from Oris (\$2,325, oris-watch.com) is all about telling time in style. With its stainless steel case, crystal covering, stopwatch and luminescent hands, you can read the time in dark jazz clubs and never miss a beat, just like the man himself.

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Strange Brew

AH, THE VACUUM. It cleans rooms and makes space travel frictionless. And it can make a damn good cup of coffee, too. The Cona D vacuum brewer (\$180, cona.co.uk) has no power plug. Heat from an alcohol lamp creates a vacuum that draws the water through the grounds. The result? A clean, sediment-free brew that's never touched metal, for under \$200 (deluxe makers can top \$1,000). In the next blackout you'll be the only one on your block with fresh coffee.



Phone, Holmes

CELL PHONES THAT can deal with e-mail, contact lists and schedules may be "smart," but they're not so entertaining. Audiovox's featherweight SMT 5600 (\$199 with service plan, attwireless.com) lets you enjoy music, recorded TV shows and Internet video downloads. Removable Mini SD memory cards (sold separately) can store up to four hours of video. And when it's time to do some work? This baby runs Microsoft Office and can handle eight e-mail accounts. It's an entire office in your pocket, letting you toil right from your beach chair.

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The Playboy Advisor

Why isn't there Viagra for women?—D.G., Cincinnati, Ohio

*Because women are...complicated. Or at least more complicated than an erection. Early trials with women found that Viagra works as advertised—it increases blood flow to the genitals—but even when the lab instruments showed that female subjects were physically turned on, the women reported not feeling horny. This disconnect between physical and psychological arousal is a chasm that testosterone, Viagra and other pharmaceuticals apparently can't bridge, except perhaps as placebos. A 2003 survey of 853 women led by John Bancroft of the Kinsey Institute concluded that the best indicators of sexual dysfunction in women are emotional factors, such as the strength of their relationship. (Only eight percent of the women reported an impaired physical response as the primary source of their problem.) A psychiatrist cited in Meika Loe's *The Rise of Viagra* illustrates this point with a New Yorker cartoon in which one woman says to another, "I was on hormone replacement for two years before I realized what I really needed was Steve replacement."*

Why don't the customizers you see on the Discovery Channel have to build their motorcycles in accordance with state and federal safety regulations? That is, how do they get around requirements such as blinkers or a horn? I'm not saying they shouldn't be able to; I'm just curious about how they do it. Some of the bikes are made for a specific customer, while others are produced in duplicate. Does that make a difference?—D.W., Miami, Florida

*Every bike taken onto a public road is supposed to comply with safety and pollution-control laws. Custom bikes are required to have, among other things, headlights, a rearview mirror and approved tires, rims and brakes. State laws may require side mirrors, a speedometer, muffler and brakes on both wheels. There are illegal cycles (and cars and trucks) out there, but the people who can afford to have them built can also afford the tickets. In fact, what makes a bike unsafe has been a point of contention since the days when the feds went after choppers for their extended front ends. (In response, the editors of *Easyriders* in 1971 founded ABATE—A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments. Today its state chapters and the national Motorcycle Riders Foundation lobby to keep bureaucrats "off our bikes.") The custom shows on cable have been great for the industry but also draw attention to its extremes, and regulators have taken notice. This past December the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, in what many saw as a preemptive strike, fined a custom shop that does work for MTV's *Pimp My Ride* \$16,000 for removing a driver's-side air bag to install a video screen in the steering wheel. The Environmental Protection Agency, meanwhile, plans in 2006 to*



begin allowing customizers to build 24 motor-cycles that don't meet emissions standards (allowing for shorter and more attractive exposed exhausts and better performance). The catch is that they can be ridden only to and from bike shows. The agency will also allow individuals to build one exempt cycle with no travel restrictions. However, the exemption applies only once per lifetime, so if you wreck or sell your dream bike, you can't replace it.

In December a reader began her letter, "I'm a 27-year-old woman who has slept with 35 men...." It's ignorant of the Advisor to suggest that a man need not be wary of this sort of unmanaged libido. At some point you have to acknowledge that there is such a thing as too much sex. Oversexed people are not only mentally unsound but also more likely to spread STDs. Your number of partners should never exceed your age.—E.D., Brooklyn, New York

Oh, brother. We prefer the Kinsey definition of oversexed: anyone who has more sex than you. As a potential partner of a sexually active woman, you can't determine if she has an STD by knowing her total. Only testing will do that. And the dozen guys who write us each month about this aren't concerned with STDs—they want a total so they can anguish over every guy their girlfriend has dated and whether she liked him better. Next they start imagining these guys fucking their girlfriend and get jealous of guys she's rejected. Ridiculous. Insisting that you need your partner's total indicates a serious lack of trust.

In response to the woman who has had 35 lovers: You go, girl! I'm 29 and have been with three men. My boyfriend, who is 42, has been with 45 women. As

long as he pleases me in bed I couldn't care less who came before.—A.F., Flatwoods, Kentucky

We like your attitude, but by E.D.'s calculations your boyfriend is a slut.

A reader in December said he couldn't get over the fact that his partner won't reveal her sexual history. You implied that this was because of his insecurity or immaturity. Wrong! He has a right to know; the quantity and quality of her partners say something about his girlfriend's character and commitment (six is reasonable; 60 suggests a pattern).—P.N., Montreal, Quebec

A pattern of what? Meeting people? A better indicator of a woman's character is how she treats waiters.

As a poker dealer I'd appreciate your sharing something not shown on television: when to tip a dealer. In cash games it's customary to leave a tip after winning a pot. You should also tip the chip runners. New players are often intimidated when they walk into a poker room, but they don't need to be—dealers will explain the rules and offer advice. And because they're professionals, they'll help you out regardless of whether you tip.—A.D., Blackhawk, Colorado

We're happy to pass this along. You should also throw the dealers a chip or two if you lose. It's not their job to give you good cards.

I am overwhelmed by the urge to get toned, beautiful women to flex for me. I've asked for a flex twice, and both women said no. Now I just compliment women on their physiques and get my kicks that way. My obsession with getting a flex is interfering with my ability to socialize. What should I do?—J.R., Des Moines, Iowa

We love breasts, but that doesn't mean we ask every attractive woman we meet to lift her shirt. In the same way, you can't just ask for a flex. Besides, do you really want to date a woman who flashes her biceps for every guy who asks? It's more fun when she, like a 15-pound weight, offers a little resistance. Save the flex for sex. After you've become intimate your partner will be more likely to show off, especially when she observes the effect it has on you. If intimacy isn't your goal, you have a problem.

A loudmouth at the corner bar says his hands and feet are registered as lethal weapons. He claims he's a black belt in karate and that martial artists and boxers are required to register with the police. We've been telling him he's full of it, but he insists. Can you register your hands as weapons?—P.C., Jamesville, New York

No, that's bunk. Anyone can claim his

hands are lethal weapons, but no statute anywhere in North America requires registration. Unless he's been convicted of killing someone with his bare hands, which we suppose is a form of legal recognition, it's just a lame boast. Most laws specify that only an object can be considered a deadly weapon, although that could conceivably include your shoe if you were to kick someone hard enough. That's not to say body parts can't be weapons—in one case a jury convicted an HIV-positive inmate of assault with a deadly weapon for biting two guards. Legally, a person's experience as a boxer or martial artist may work against him if he seriously injures someone—the prosecutor could argue that someone with training should know when to stop.

In January you stated that flavored vodkas include gin and schnapps, which are seasoned after distillation. Schnapps is more properly defined as a fruit brandy. Some are specific to the fruit, such as calvados (apple), kirsch (cherry) and slivovitz (plum), while others, such as schnapps (German) and palinka (Hungarian), are generic. It's true that some spirits sold as schnapps are flavored after distillation, especially in the U.S., but this does not apply to all or even most schnapps. Webster's defines vodka as "a colorless liquor of neutral spirits distilled from a mash (as of rye or wheat)." While that's not the final word, vodka is usually distilled multiple times at high proof, then diluted with water, the quality of which provides much, if not all, of the flavor. The next time the Advisor is in Europe he should visit a good bar in Budapest and sample the palinkas alongside the schnapps, vodkas and related spirits and decide for himself whether schnapps is a vodka or a brandy.—R.B., Boston, Massachusetts

We accept your challenge. Thanks for sharing your knowledge.

David Letterman often wears white or cream socks with a dark gray or navy double-breasted suit. My late father, who sold clothes for 50 years, would have had a fit. Is this something that only Letterman does, or is it a trend?—W.D., Memphis, Tennessee

It's a trend among late-night hosts who make \$14 million a year and have no one left to impress. After all, style is just shorthand for "What can I get away with?" While socks work for Letterman because he's a comedian. They wouldn't work so well if he were handling people's money.

When I married I picked a woman who didn't want children, and we've had a great 20 years. But her two sisters decided to start families when they were in their 40s. In the space of four years they have procreated a combined total of nine times. Now I'm stuck with these self-centered moms who feel their undisciplined brats are welcome at any event.

When we were invited to a princess

birthday party, I went to a ball game instead, and my sister-in-law blew a gasket. After working a 50-hour week, why should I drive three hours to spend a weekend with a pack of shrieking, sugar-intoxicated banshees? Am I being an ogre? My wife isn't angry, but her sister is really pissed.—J.C., Buffalo, New York

Next time say you have to work. But you also need to lighten up about this. You can't ditch every family gathering, and it doesn't pay to irritate a sister-in-law (they can do a lot of damage). Some of this is your attitude going in. If you arrive thinking you'll be miserable, it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. Enjoy the fact that they aren't your kids.

A soldier wrote in January to say his buddy intended not to masturbate during their deployment in Iraq. If my experience is any guide, I'm sure he will ejaculate and probably when he least wants to. The worst wet dream of my life occurred in Korea in zero-degree weather with no heat or warm water, in a thin sleeping bag while I was wearing most of my clothes.—D.R., Posen, Illinois

That's one of those stories you don't tell the grandkids.

Is wearing a class ring considered fashionable?—M.M., Cherry Hill, New Jersey

It depends on whether you have a good rap. A class ring is designed to be a conversation piece, so if you attended a highly regarded university or a service academy, you have a story to tell. We often see men wearing their class rings, and as long as they're subtle (no big blue stones, please), they don't look uncool.

I thought I'd be alone for the rest of my life and had sort of accepted that. But on a lark I placed a personal ad online. A few months passed before I received a response—and she had replied to the wrong ad. I'm 43 and she's 21, but we chatted and then met. She said right away she didn't find me attractive, but we stayed friendly. Two weeks later she invited me over. Soon I was spending two or three nights a week at her place. One night she was busy but said, "How about my friend Amy? She's not getting any." So she called Amy, who called me, and within an hour I was fucking this 19-year-old. Then Amy told me about another friend, who's 22. Same thing happened. Now they've agreed not to share me with anyone. I don't mind, except I placed the ad to find a girlfriend. I try to meet people, but when 11 p.m. rolls around I'm knocking on one of these three doors. This is the most sex I've ever gotten, and it's high quality, but I want something more.—M.H., Chicago, Illinois

It's hard enough to give up one night a week of great sex, but seven? We couldn't do it. You could walk away and see who follows; perhaps you already have a girlfriend and neither of you realizes it. But don't expect that to happen. Instead we suggest you restrict

your booty calls to weeknights so you can devote at least weekends to your search.

When is it better to take your car problem to a dealer even though it's more expensive?—T.T., Birmingham, Alabama

You may have little choice if you own a newer car. That's because, when your engine light goes on, your mechanic will do a diagnostic scan of the vehicle's computer system to locate the problem. But he may not be able to pinpoint it, because many automakers refuse to share their diagnostic codes with anyone but their dealers. Independent repair shops are pushing Congress to force automakers, who have reclaimed 10 to 15 percent of the repair market since 1996, to give them up. "Mercedes and BMW are the worst about not sharing, GM and Ford are the best, and everybody else is in between," says David Solomon of Motorwatch.com. Surveys show that people are far more satisfied with an independent, in large part because they can speak directly to the mechanic and usually pay about 20 percent less for labor and much less for most parts. Still, it's probably wise if your car is under warranty to visit the dealer once a year for an oil change or tire rotation. This puts you in the system and allows you to be alerted to nonsafety recalls.

Are any of the "reality" porn sites such as Bang Bus and M.I.L.F. Hunter real? Although I'm sure there are women out there who would get into a van and, after half an hour of coaxing, have sex with a stranger for \$100, I can't believe any would do it while being filmed.—J.R., Richland, Washington

There's no pulling the Kleenex over your eyes. Yes, they are fake. The women are actors who apply for the job, then improvise their dialogue. Frankly we're surprised by their talent: Many are almost convincing as random women who accept an invitation from three drooling strangers—one of whom is peering through a camcorder—to climb into a van with tinted windows. Producers for these types of sites typically recruit swingers, strippers and the underemployed and pay upwards of \$700 for an hour of coy conversation and sex. This past November, in a sweeps-week exposé, WPLG-TV in Miami revealed that "the women [of Bang Bus] are actually paid performers, and the incidents are all set up in advance." Stop the presses! The station even took a videotape to the police to see if any laws had been broken, but the cops said none had. WPLG, you are officially no fun.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

AMERICA'S OTHER WAR

BY OUTSOURCING, CORPORATE AMERICA KILLS
THE MIDDLE CLASS—AND THE AMERICAN DREAM

BY LOU DOBBS

During the past few years the U.S. has lost millions of manufacturing jobs and hundreds of thousands of service jobs. If current outsourcing practices continue, millions more American jobs may be shipped abroad in the next five to 10 years.

The outsourcing of jobs by U.S. multinationals to cheap foreign labor markets is a direct assault on the American middle class. And outsourcing is the clearest demonstration yet of the unparalleled political power of corporate America. Both political parties remain in the grip of that power, while our middle class is the least represented group in Washington, D.C.

Many mainstream economists, including those most influential in Washington, argue that outsourcing is a natural part of international trade. They say exporting jobs is probably a plus for our economy in the long run and that it should be accepted regardless of the costs to our society. Those economists have no answer to two simple questions: How long is the long run? And how much suffering must our middle class endure before we recognize we must create new trade policies?

By exporting American jobs, corporate America forces our middle class and those who aspire to be part of it to compete with the cheapest labor around the world. American companies are stepping up their outsourcing efforts. Business executives and government officials defend these practices by invoking the corporate mantra of efficiency, competitiveness and productivity, which is nothing more than a set of code words for the lowest possible price for labor.

I'm not against the creation of better jobs in developing countries. We must aid other countries—but not at the expense of our own standard of living and quality of life.

Our trade deficit is rapidly approaching outrageous levels, and we continue to import foreign capital at an unsustainable rate. The dismantling of our nation's manufacturing base and, for the first time in history, the lack of new job creation in our private sector are signals of a desperate need for new trade policies.



We must first review our commitments to the World Trade Organization and NAFTA and revisit the costly free-trade agreements we've signed over the past decade, all of which have turned out to be nothing more than outsourcing agreements. Instead of opening new markets to U.S. goods and services, they give corporate America the opportunity to move plants, production and jobs to other parts of the world. The U.S. is no longer a location for production; it has become a debtor nation increasingly dependent on foreign goods. I'd prefer that we rely more on the ingenuity and innovation of our own workers.

I'd also prefer that corporations return to being good citizens and—because of the dictates of their conscience—end outsourcing. But if corporate America

can't forgo short-term profits for the broader interests of our society, it is Washington's responsibility to act. More than 30 bills or proposals in Congress are designed to curtail the negative effects of outsourcing. But these legislative efforts have been moving slowly. And most of the bills do not attempt to limit outsourcing directly but instead try to slow the practice by giving Americans more control over their personal, financial and medical data. Our federal, state and local governments also need to ensure that they're not setting the poor example of outsourcing public-sector jobs.

We don't want to mirror countries whose protectionist measures have resulted in systemic unemployment. There is, however, a wide range of choices between the two extremes of protectionism and free trade. As our deficit continues to rise we must start a dialogue on a national policy of balanced and mutual trade such as those our principal trading partners now pursue.

Outsourcing advocates claim that the more we outsource, the more high-value new jobs will be created here. Not only is the empirical evidence to support this lacking, but the inverse is true. When the Bureau of Labor Statistics earlier this year released its 10-year projections for American job growth, seven of the 10 largest areas of

growth included menial or low-paying service jobs such as waiters, janitors and cashiers. Only three of the areas require a college degree.

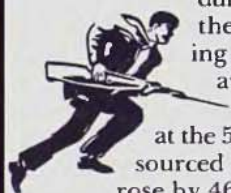
While there's no official government data on the subject, evidence now shows that our highly educated workers face the same kinds of economic pressure familiar to our manufacturing workers. The odds of losing a computer-services job in the past few years have, in fact, been only slightly lower than the odds of losing a job in manufacturing. So much for the thinking that education and retraining are the best solutions to the export of jobs. America isn't losing jobs to a dynamic, rapidly changing economy. We're losing jobs because we permit corporations to force American workers to compete with cheap labor.

Ultimately this debate is about what we want this country to be and the quality of life we want. Do we wish to turn back the clock on every achievement we've made to improve the lives of our citizens in order to allow U.S. multinationals to get cheaper labor overseas? I don't think so. Instead of selling out the 50 million middle-class households that embody the American dream, our business leaders and government officials should help expand the middle class.

It seems, however, that business leaders would rather collect seven-figure bonuses for cutting costs—usually by dumping jobs or shipping them overseas. According to one recent survey, average compensation for chief executives at the 50 companies that outsourced the most service jobs rose by 46 percent in 2003. If CEOs, who make 300 times the salary of the average worker, insist that middle-class Americans compete with foreign labor, why aren't senior executives outsourcing their own jobs? The savings, I assure you, would be immense.

There's no simple solution in combating the realities of outsourcing. It will require first an honest public debate and then tough political choices to reverse decades of mindless policies and destructive outsourcing agreements posing as free-trade treaties.

Our middle class is, I still believe, the nation's foundation and its future. But it must demand an end to its victimization at the hands of the laissez-faire orthodoxy of multinationals, politicians, academics and even the media. Working men and women must regain control of our economic destiny. If we are successful, our future will once again be made in America.



FLOOR FIGHTS

WE EXPECT CONTENTIOUS DEBATES IN CONGRESS THIS YEAR. BUT WILL ANYONE THROW A PUNCH?

By Michael Farquhar

When he visited the United States in 1832, Alexis de Tocqueville didn't think much of the House of Representatives. In his book *Democracy in America*, the

Frenchman dismissed members of the House as "mostly village lawyers, men in trade or even persons belonging to the lower classes of society." The Senate, on the other hand, contained "eloquent advocates, distinguished generals, wise magistrates and statesmen of note, whose arguments would at all times do honor to the most remarkable parliamentary debates of Europe."

Thirty-one years after Tocqueville's visit, an intoxicated Willard Saulsbury of Delaware took the Senate floor to denounce President Abraham Lincoln as a "weak and imbecile man." The presiding officer, Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, ordered Saulsbury to take his seat. When Saulsbury refused, the vice president directed assistant doorkeeper Isaac Bassett to remove him.

"Let him do so at his expense," shouted Saulsbury, pointing a pistol at Bassett's chest. The doorkeeper calmed the senator by asking him to have a drink with him. "Bassett, damn you," Saulsbury said later, "if you had put your hands on me, I would have killed you."

The next day Saulsbury claimed to have no memory of the incident. Nevertheless he apologized and avoided punishment, in part because so many legislators carried firearms. "Every man on the floor of both

houses is armed with a revolver," reported Senator James Hammond of South Carolina, "and some with two revolvers and a bowie knife." Benjamin Wade of Ohio had a sawed-

off shotgun. Once, when a pistol discharged in someone's desk, 30 or 40 pistols were immediately in the air.

This arms race nearly led to disaster in 1850 when Senator Henry Foote of Mississippi taunted Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri during a speech. When Benton stormed toward Foote, the latter took out a pistol. "Let him fire!" Benton bellowed as other senators stepped between them. "Stand out of the way and let the assassin fire!" The situation was diffused after Foote was disarmed and Vice President Millard Fillmore entertained a motion to adjourn.

In 1902 Ben Tillman declared that John McLaurin, his fellow Democratic senator from South Carolina, had succumbed to "improper influences" in voting with the Republicans on a treaty. When McLaurin responded by calling Tillman a liar, Tillman promptly punched him in the face. A ruckus broke out on the Senate floor, and both men were later censured.

The first recorded fight in the House began with a gob of spit. In 1798 Matthew Lyon of Vermont expectorated in the face of Roger Griswold of Connecticut for making light of Lyon's Revolutionary War record. A resolution to expel Lyon failed, but two weeks later Griswold hit Lyon

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

Global politicians go wild



INDIA



INDONESIA



TURKEY



ITALY



TAIWAN



IRAN

over the head with a hickory cane. Lyon, struggling to his feet, began swinging a pair of fire tongs. Onlookers quickly broke up the fight. The next day, in the spirit of good will, both representatives signed a pledge not to commit further violence on each other.

Some House quarrels became so heated that opponents settled their differences on the field of honor (or the field of stupidity, depending on your view of duels). A notable standoff took place in 1838 between William

Jordan Graves, representing a district in Kentucky, and Jonathan Cilley, representing a district in Maine. Cilley had made critical remarks about a New York newspaper editor. The insulted editor challenged Cilley through the editor's second, who was Graves. Cilley refused to accept

the challenge, arguing that under the Constitution he was not responsible outside the chamber for anything he said within it. So Graves issued a challenge of his own, noting that, according to the rules of dueling, Cilley's refusal constituted an insult not to the editor but to Graves. And so one member of the House came to kill another with a rifle shot through the femoral artery.

Dueling fell out of favor after Cilley's death, but the legislature continued to seethe with tension, especially during the buildup to the Civil War. One of the most

disturbing episodes involved Charles Sumner, an antislavery senator from Massachusetts. On May 19, 1856 he delivered a fiery speech in which he decried the efforts of Southerners to force slavery into the Kansas territory. It included sharp digs at Senator Andrew Butler of South Carolina. Butler, Sumner declared, "touches nothing which he does not disfigure with error. He cannot open his mouth but out there flies a blunder." He added, "The senator has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows

and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world is chaste in his sight. I mean the harlot, Slavery."

Three days later a member of the South Carolina delegation, Representative Preston Brooks (who happened also to be Butler's nephew),

entered the Senate chamber. He approached Sumner, who was working at his desk, and beat him with a cane until it splintered. He left the senator in a bloody heap.

Northerners reacted with horror. The *Albany Evening Journal* noted, "For the first time the extreme discipline of the plantation has been introduced into the Senate." Southerners sent Brooks canes inscribed with HIT HIM AGAIN. As debate raged over whether to expel Brooks, he resigned. Sumner, after taking three years off to recover, served in the Senate for another 17 years.



Brooks lays down the law on the Senate floor.

MARGINALIA

FROM A LIST of gifts received by justices of the Supreme Court since 1998, as reported in the *Los Angeles Times*: CLARENCE THOMAS: \$19,000 Bible once owned by Frederick Douglass from a Republican donor, \$15,000 Lincoln bust from the American Enterprise Institute, \$5,000 cash from a fellow mobile-home enthusiast, \$1,200 tires from a trucking executive, \$1,200 in batteries from former law clerks, \$800 jacket from Daytona 500 organizers, \$500 Stetson hat from the Houston Club, \$375 performance chip from a Corvette supplier, \$100 in cigars from Rush Limbaugh. SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR: \$1,500 crystal medallion from Scripps College, \$875 Steuben glass sculpture from the Junior League, \$500 blanket from the American Academy of Achievement. WILLIAM REHNQUIST: \$5,000 award from Fordham, \$4,000 for Washington Golf and Country Club dues (value of initiation-fee waiver not disclosed). ANTONIN SCALIA: \$375 in wine from a Virginia winery, \$300 cowboy boots from Texas's Tarrant County Bar Association, \$300 silver box from singer Andrea Bocelli, \$300 portraits from a Republican donor and former ambassador to Italy.



FROM A STUDY by two professors at the University of Colorado at Denver: "Who lives and who dies on death row depends on many factors unrelated to the crime. According to our analysis, condemned inmates with only a grade-school education are more likely to receive clemency, while those with some college are less likely to have their sentence commuted. Being older than 44 increases the probability of commutation. If an inmate's spell on death row ends at a point where the governor is a lame duck, his probability of commutation increases significantly. Minorities are less likely to get executed than whites. White governors are less likely to grant commutation to minorities. Democrats are more likely to spare minorities. Female death-row inmates are less likely to be executed."

ALL-AMERICAN LOBBIES listed in the *Encyclopedia of Associations* and found online: Americans for African Adoptions, Americans for Alaska, Americans for the Arts, Americans for Balanced Energy Choices, Americans for Better Care of the Dying, Americans for Casino Entertainment, Americans for Chicken Safety, Americans for Computer Privacy, Americans for Constitutional Democracy, Americans for Decency, Americans for Divorce Reform, Americans for Equitable Climate Solutions, Americans for Fair Taxation, Americans

(continued on page 61)



THE

DEBUNKER

MYTH:

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY SALES TAX WHEN YOU SHOP ONLINE

REALITY: That's true only if you live in a state that doesn't collect sales tax, namely Alaska, Delaware, Montana, New Hampshire or Oregon. The other 45 states and D.C. require residents to mail the sales tax they owe for online and catalog purchases to the state treasury, and 21 of those states include a line on their income tax form for that purpose. Few people comply. In 1992 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that retailers are required to collect tax only if they have a store, warehouse or other presence in the customer's state. Otherwise, the Court said, it would be too great a burden to require merchants to track the

rates and rules of the estimated 7,500 city, county and state taxing jurisdictions. As the Internet grew, state governments



responded with the Streamlined State Tax Project, which hopes to make the 1992 decision obsolete by developing software to match a customer's nine-digit

zip code to a database of local and state rates. Once that's available, the SSTP plans to push Congress, which regulates interstate commerce, to allow states to require merchants based in other states to collect sales taxes for them. In the meantime many states are pressing retailers to comply voluntarily. Wisconsin, for example, has agreements with 29 out-of-state merchants to collect tax on orders from Wisconsin residents. In exchange, the firms are given immunity from paying taxes on past Internet sales. Some retailers, such as Target, Toys R Us and Wal-Mart, now collect sales tax for every state that has one.

READER RESPONSE

DEATH-ROW POLITICS

Most people are astounded to learn that judges have refused to order DNA testing that might exonerate an executed prisoner ("A Tragedy of Errors," January). Those who support this concept of "finality" over justice rely on a legal philosophy known as originalism,



Did House kill his neighbor? DNA says no.

which considers the Constitution to mean only what the writers intended at the time it was written. One well-known originalist, Justice Antonin Scalia, has written, "There is no basis in text, tradition or even contemporary practice for finding in the Constitution a right to demand judicial consideration of newly discovered evidence of innocence brought forward after conviction."

When an innocent person is condemned, relief has traditionally come from federal judges. Yet as George W. Bush appoints more originalists to the bench, innocence becomes less relevant. Consider the case of Paul House, who in 1986 was convicted of rape and murder. DNA evidence and new witnesses seem to exonerate him. Nevertheless a federal appeals court voted eight to seven last fall not to consider this evidence. The eight who voted to keep House on death row were each appointed by a Republican president. Of those appointed by Democrats, six wanted him freed and the seventh called for a new trial. In death-penalty politics, truth and justice do not equal the American way.

Randy Tatel
Tennessee Coalition to
Abolish State Killing
Nashville, Tennessee

Rob Warden's article is a subjective exercise in alternative history. Each of these allegedly suspect executions was reviewed by numerous courts. Any pro-

cedural discrepancies have been addressed and evidence of innocence taken into account. Although DNA is an important tool, it does not take precedence over verdicts delivered by citizens and upheld by judges. Warden fails to show innocence in the cases he describes; instead he bases his assumptions on weak after-the-fact "evidence." Those who work to free the innocent should be commended, but the cases offered in the article are propaganda.

William "Rusty" Hubbard
Justice for All
Austin, Texas

RELIGIOUS MODERATES UNITE

Reason is not the glue that holds civilizations together ("Who Needs Religious Moderation?" January). Religion is necessary to provide common goals and beliefs so that groups can conduct commerce and defense, bring about civil order and produce large engineering projects. The problems of humanity stem from our being prone to mental and emotional problems and stupidity. That is not the fault of religion.

Randy Dinius
St. Louis, Michigan

Moderate Christians such as retired Episcopal bishop John Spong and moderate Muslims such as Irshad Manji, author of *The Trouble With Islam*, are always ready to criticize fanatics. They do not coddle them for the sake of "tolerance." For a man of reason, Sam Harris is not very reasonable. In his book *The End of Faith: Religion, Terror and the Future of Reason*, he suggests that a pre-



The big bad wolf in the steeple.

emptive nuclear strike against the Islamic world may be necessary to save Western civilization. "Some propositions are so dangerous," he writes, "that it

may even be ethical to kill people for believing them." As one review pointed out, this is Dr. Strangelove-like thinking.

Brian Sorgatz
Sacramento, California

We are spending precious dollars and energy to protect ourselves from those who look at the 14th century as the good old days, without ever daring to bring up the fact that these beliefs stem from a specific region and religion. As a proud liberal it pains me to agree with Harris that our effort to accept everyone in the name of being civilized has become a threat to civilization.

Dave Greene
Montgomery Village, Maryland

The behaviors Harris attributes to religion are in fact independent of religion and, in the case of the Middle East,



Elmer Gantry says, "You're all sinners!"

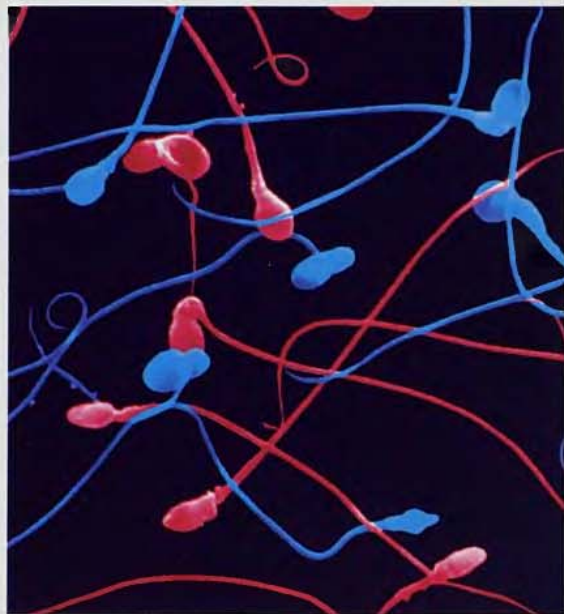
the result of 100 years of murder, deceit and robbery by the West.

Neal AlChalabi
Santa Cruz, California

Harris responds: "Opposing faith through argument is a difficult job. With faith, almost any possible state of the world can be made to seem compatible with religious dogma. If the sight of tens of thousands of children being wrenched from their mothers' arms and casually drowned on the day after Christmas is not enough to raise doubts about the existence of an omnipotent and benevolent God, it is not surprising that a short essay in *PLAYBOY* would leave the faithful unimpressed. Still, one must try to speak sensibly about these things when given the chance. Brian Sorgatz and the review he cites quote me out of context. I leave it to the readers of this magazine to imagine the likelihood of a book recommended by *The New York Times*, *The Economist*, the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Chicago Tribune* arguing for an unprovoked nuclear strike against the Muslim world."

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

NEWSFRONT



Swimming the Channel

LONDON—This month sperm donors in the U.K. lose their right to anonymity. Starting in 2023, when children born in 2005 will reach adulthood, banks will have to supply on request the biological father's name, occupation, religion and other data. The regulations, which also exist in Sweden, Switzerland, Norway and the Netherlands, have made recruiting donors more difficult. The world's largest distributor of frozen sperm, Cryos International of Aarhus, Denmark, has assigned 40 mostly blond and blue-eyed Scandinavians to provide sperm for British mums. But many of its other 210 carefully screened donors refuse to contribute to countries that require disclosure. "Some of these men have sired 20 or 30 children—will they all come knocking on his door?" asks Claus Rodgaard of Cryos's New York office.

Rebel Without a Case

NEWTON STATION, PENNSYLVANIA—When security guard Curtis Storey showed up for work with two Confederate flag stickers on his pickup and another on his lunch pail, his supervisors told him the plant did not allow Confederate symbols because they might offend other workers. Storey refused to remove them and lost his job. He sued, arguing that his ex-employer had discriminated against him based on his national origin, which he identified as Confederate Southern American. He also argued that the flag is a protected religious symbol. A federal court ruled against him on both counts.

Sad Sack

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Pentagon is expected this year to forbid troops from paying for sex, even in places where prostitution is legal. Any soldier convicted of solicitation would face up to a year in the brig and a dishonorable discharge. Officials said they hoped the change would stem the traffic in sex slaves near bases, such as that of the thousands of Filipinas indentured in South Korea. Meanwhile, a ruling by the Army's highest court could mean the end of the long-standing military ban on "unnatural carnal copulation." The court overturned the conviction and demotion of a specialist caught getting a blow job from a female civilian in the barracks.

Just Checking

GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—A former computer-security analyst exchanged 60 e-mails, some of them sexually explicit, with a 15-year-old girl, then arranged to meet her for sex. In his de-

fense, Ian Finlay claimed that he knew "Kelly" was actually a cop but decided to play along so he could show up at the meeting and say "Gotcha!" A jury convicted him. In Westerville, Ohio, Stephen Kauff offered a similar excuse after being arrested for allegedly trying to rendezvous with a 14-year-old girl. "I wasn't going to meet anybody," Kauff insisted. "I'd always see on the Internet where they set up stings and stuff, and I was going to say, 'You know, I wonder if they really do that?' I guess they do."

He Looks 10 Years Younger

HOUSTON—In 1991 police arrested Ray Krone for allegedly killing a female bartender. He became known as the "snaggletooth killer" because marks on the victim supposedly matched



his bite. Krone spent two years on death row before being resentenced, following a retrial, to life in prison. In 2002 DNA from the crime scene exonerated the former postal worker, and a judge ordered him freed—the 100th person since 1973 to be released after serving time on death row. This past February the ABC show *Extreme Makeover* revealed a new Krone—it arranged for him to receive extensive dental work, skin and acne-scar treatment, hair plugs, liposuction, forehead smoothing, an eye and brow lift and a nose job.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 59)

for a Free America, Americans for Fuel-Efficient Cars, Americans for Gun Safety, Americans for Health Care, Americans for Immigration Control, Americans for Indian Opportunity, Americans for Insurance Reform, Americans for Limited Terms, Americans for Long-Term Security, Americans for Medical Progress, Americans for Middle East Understanding, Americans for National Parks, Americans for Nonsmokers Rights, Americans for Open Records, Americans for Radio Diversity, Americans for Reform, Americans for Responsible Recreational Access, Americans for Truth, Americans for Victory Over Terrorism, Americans for Voluntary School Prayer, Americans for War, Americans for Wholesome Foods.

FROM A COLUMN

in *The Hartford Courant* by Paul Janensch: "If it's okay to show images of dead Indians, Sri Lankans, Thais and Indonesians killed by a giant wave, why isn't it okay to show images of dead Americans killed in Iraq? The U.S. government will not even allow us to see images of flag-draped coffins. Do we think that only Americans deserve privacy in death?"

FROM A REPORT by the Rockefeller Institute of Government: "With assistance from the White House Office of Faith-Based and Community Initiatives, 10 federal agencies have proposed or finalized new regulations that mark a major shift in the separation of church and state. Examples include: (1) The government now allows federally funded faith-based groups to consider religion when employing staff; (2) The Justice Department no longer prohibits religious organizations from converting government-forfeited property to religious purposes; (3) The government now allows federally funded faith-based groups to build and renovate structures used for both social services and religious worship; (4) The Department of Veterans Affairs no longer requires faith-based social service providers to certify they exert 'no religious influence'; (5) The Labor Department now allows students to use federal job-training vouchers to receive religious training leading to employment at a church or other faith-based organization."

FROM A LETTER sent to the owner of Textfiles.com: "Improper references to the Bardex trademark appear in three [erotic] stories on your site. The Bardex mark identifies only C.R. Bard medical products, namely urological catheters, which require a prescription. This might confuse consumers. We request you revise the text to refer to enema nozzle, enema balloon, enema bulb or some other generic term."



SMUGGLERS' BLUES

THE BORDER PATROL HAS SEEN IT ALL, SO COURIERS AND ALIENS HAVE TO BE CREATIVE. THE AGENCY SHARES ITS GREATEST HITS

Last year U.S. Customs and Border Protection officers seized 56,321 shipments of illegal drugs (mostly marijuana and khat), arrested 1.2 million illegal aliens and confiscated \$45.9 million in cash. As inspectors get better

at detecting contraband, smugglers get more sophisticated about concealing it. One courier implanted drugs in his thigh, another stashed them inside a dog's belly, and a third hid weed in the floor of a trailer that contained two live bears.



BEAR MARKET This stuffed teddy, intercepted by Customs officers in Miami, contained tens of thousands of dollars.



SOFT MONEY How much cash could you pack inside a hand-lotion bottle? This one, seized at JFK Airport, had \$186,000.



BEST DRESSED A 42-year-old Mexican man attempted to cross in San Ysidro, California posing as a car seat.



DASH TO THE BORDER Agents in San Ysidro also discovered this Mexican woman stuffed inside a dashboard.



NICE FIGURE One of 13 people caught in a van at the border in El Paso, Texas. They had a total of 227 pounds of weed.



FLY WITH ME With their legs and beaks bound, tiny rare birds were inserted into tubes and taped to this smuggler's legs.



PATIO HIGH An inspector, curious why anyone would import patio bricks from South America, found marijuana inside.



COKE CAST A smuggler from Haiti who arrived in Miami had fashioned this fake cast to conceal 2.3 pounds of cocaine.



PARTY OVER Agents in Tecate, California opened a heavy piñata and found a five-year-old girl. Mom was in the trunk.

HOT SPOT

the inside story on healthy sex by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her 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 a multiple climax. 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 pow! pow! power! stimulated me into my own intense climax. Before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. 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.



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



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 everyday. 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 a 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, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang throughout Europe for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps going and going and going."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-276-1193 or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex 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

Jamie Ireland

FRIS

lime

[Everything else is just a lemon.]

FRIS® (pronounced "freeze") Lime is the only
FREEZE DISTILLED® vodka in the world.
A special blend of limes and our unique process
of applying extremely low temperatures create a
pure, smooth taste. FRIS Lime. We're confident
you'll be sweet on it in no time.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

LESLIE MOONVES

A candid conversation with Hollywood's top honcho about reviving a dead network, losing Howard Stern and the real story on Dan Rather

In a reality show more dramatic—and with infinitely higher stakes—than anything that runs on his television networks, Leslie Moonves, Viacom co-president and CBS chairman, faces outrageous challenges on a regular basis. He does battle with the Federal Communications Commission when it fines his network \$550,000 after Janet Jackson exposes her breast during the halftime show of the 2004 Super Bowl. He fires one executive, asks for the resignation of three others and publicly apologizes to the American public at the conclusion of an investigation into the 60 Minutes II report in which his star anchorman, Dan Rather, raised damning questions about President Bush's service in the National Guard that were based on documents now believed to be forgeries. He takes on Howard Stern, who refers to him as a snake, and David Letterman, who includes in a top 10 list of complaints from Taliban prisoners at Guantánamo Bay, "Television only gets one channel, and it's CBS." He takes the heat first for commissioning and then for yanking a biopic about Ronald Reagan starring Barbra Streisand's husband, James Brolin, as the former president.

It's another day at the office for Moonves, the man who took CBS from last place when he arrived in 1995 to its current slot at number one. Now Viacom chairman Sum-

ner Redstone has pitted Moonves against MTV's Tom Freston by naming them co-presidents, making them two of the most powerful men in Hollywood. The winner of the "bake off," as the media have dubbed it, gets the top Viacom job when Redstone, who is 81 years old, steps down in 2007. Moonves was put in charge of CBS Entertainment, CBS News, CBS Sports, the company's TV stations, CBS syndication, Infinity radio, billboards, Paramount Television, King World syndication and the UPN network. His name is on everyone's short list whenever a potential executive vacancy is mentioned (he's currently rumored as a replacement for Michael Eisner at Disney). Meanwhile Freston is in charge of MTV Networks (which includes VH1 and Nickelodeon), Showtime, BET, Paramount Parks, Simon & Schuster and the motion picture operations of Paramount Pictures.

Moonves, who is from Long Island, worked as a stage actor, bartender, television actor and producer of plays and TV shows before joining Warner Bros. Television, where he emerged as a major force as a production executive after his company launched such hits as *Friends* and *ER*. He left for CBS at a time when the eye network was languishing in the ratings. It had lost its way, had few hit shows and catered to an older and (to advertisers) less desirable

audience. Former NBC chairman Grant Tinker told *Los Angeles* magazine, "I wouldn't want to be in his shoes. He's facing much worse odds than anyone has ever had."

Moonves turned CBS around with hit shows including *Everybody Loves Raymond*, *CSI* and *Survivor*. Not only is CBS the number one network in ratings and profits, it has also captured a younger demographic, winning CBS the prized 18-to-49 viewing group.

Recently Moonves's personal life has resembled one of his daytime soaps. Last year he filed for divorce from his wife of 25 years, Nancy Moonves, with whom he has three children. In December he married CBS Early Show anchor Julie Chen.

PLAYBOY sent contributing editor David Sheff, who last interviewed Oliver Stone, to meet with Moonves. Sheff reports, "Moonves has a bicoastal life with bicoastal personalities and bicoastal wardrobes to go with it. When I met him at CBS in L.A., where he wore a sweater and casual slacks, he had been dealing with the creative side of his job, attending casting calls, shuffling his network's schedules and meeting with producers and actors. In New York, at Viacom, wearing an impeccably tailored suit, Moonves was preparing budgets and meeting with Wall Street. In both places one thing was obvious: Moonves loves his job, loves TV and



"They keep telling us that morality is the number one issue in America, yet the number one shows in the nation—in blue and red states—are *CSI*, about murder, and *Desperate Housewives*, about adultery."



"I felt double-crossed by Janet Jackson. My opinion is that she knew what she was doing. I don't think this was an accident. That said, this is a conservative climate. People are living in fear. It's a dangerous precedent."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN FILO

"The biggest name on cable, Bill O'Reilly, gets a million and a half viewers. The three network anchors together draw almost 30 million a night. Network news may be less important now, but a sizable number of people are watching."

thrives on the daily hailstorms, whether they come in the form of crackdowns by the FCC or negotiating with major stars like Stern and Letterman."

PLAYBOY: Now that you're co-president of Viacom, how involved can you be in the scheduling of CBS shows?

MOONVES: CBS is still my baby. I'm devoted to the network. I get up at 5:30 every morning to check the previous night's ratings. The good news is that we have a lot more good nights than we used to.

PLAYBOY: Right now ABC, the last network anyone had deemed a threat, is giving you a run for your money. *CSI* is still the nation's number one show, but ABC's *Desperate Housewives* just beat out *Survivor* for number two.

MOONVES: Everybody is surprised that ABC has come back so strongly. *Desperate Housewives* is a good show. And by the way, it isn't just a chick show. I know a lot of guys who watch the program—it has beautiful, sexy women. But we have the number one comedy in *Raymond*, the number one drama in *CSI*, the number one newsmagazine in *60 Minutes* and the number one reality show in *Survivor*. We are doing spectacularly well. For the first time since 1980 we are winning 18- to 49-year-olds. We are no longer the old-fogy network.

PLAYBOY: Rather than being the hip network, CBS used to be the hip-replacement network. What brought in younger viewers?

MOONVES: *Survivor* helped a lot. It was the first time my daughter, who is now 20 but at the time was 16 and in high school, came home and said, "Dad, my friends are actually watching a show on CBS." Then *CSI* exploded. CBS became hip.

PLAYBOY: *Survivor* changed television. If you go down in history as the father, or as a father, of reality television, will you be proud or embarrassed?

MOONVES: I wouldn't be proud of many reality shows, but I'm very proud of *Survivor*. There is a reason we are on *Survivor* 11, *Amazing Race* six or seven and *Big Brother* six. These are good shows, and the cream rises to the top.

PLAYBOY: You've made dramatic improvements in the entertainment division, but CBS News is deeply troubled. The independent panel you charged with investigating Dan Rather's *60 Minutes* II piece about President Bush's National Guard service released a damning report. Were you surprised?

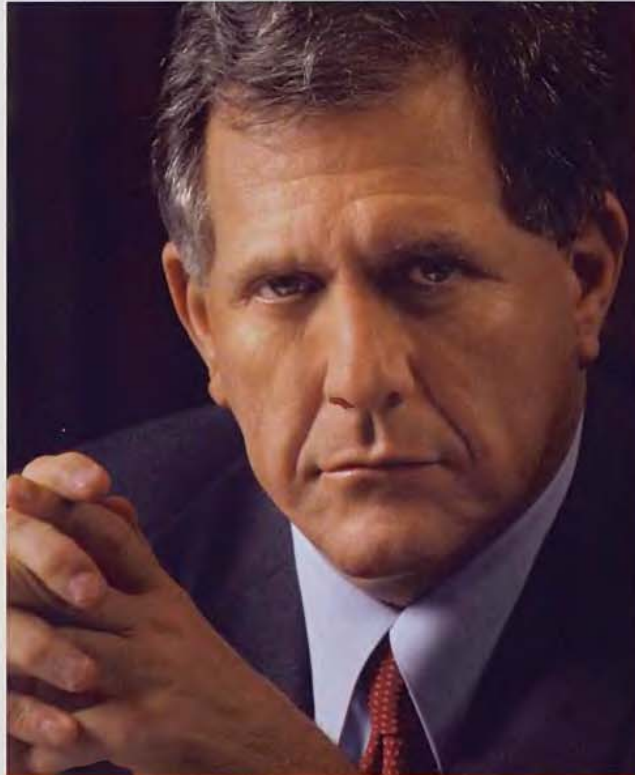
MOONVES: Not entirely, though some of the revelations were more shocking than I thought they would be. I was surprised by the level of bad journalism.

PLAYBOY: What shocked you?

MOONVES: That no one authenticated the documents and yet we went with the story. That we didn't thoroughly investigate the source of the documents. Finally, when the report was in question, that the person who did the report in the first place was the one who did the follow-up. Each of those was surprising and completely unacceptable.

PLAYBOY: The panel accused CBS News of having "myopic zeal."

MOONVES: It's a sobering revelation for us and, I think, for a lot of news organizations. Getting the scoop and being first can't be our first priorities. It's competitive out there, but I would rather be last and accurate.



Letterman is edgier and more creative. At 11:30 maybe people want to be more comfortable.

PLAYBOY: The report also revealed that the producer of the segment, Mary Mapes, called Joe Lockhart, a senior official in the John Kerry campaign, prior to airing the piece. The panel called Mapes's action a "clear conflict of interest that created the appearance of political bias."

MOONVES: It breaks every journalistic rule in the book. But I was also pleased that the panel concluded there was no political bias at CBS News. Political bias was not behind the report.

PLAYBOY: Yet you are on record as a supporter of Democrats, particularly Bill Clinton. Is it any wonder that some Republicans suspect you?

MOONVES: I can't and would never try to influence our coverage. Our news de-

partment operates with the highest standards. There's no place for partisan politics here. By the way, the minute the news department started reporting to me, I removed myself from all political activity. I have not given a nickel nor have I attended any function for any political party since then.

PLAYBOY: Four news department staff members were singled out in the panel's report, but were they the fall guys? What about Andrew Heyward, the head of CBS News? What about Rather himself?

MOONVES: The report shows that before the segment was broadcast Andrew Heyward gave explicit instructions to check every word of it. Afterward he issued direct instructions to investigate the sourcing of the story and the authentication of the documents. His instructions weren't carried out, which is a problem we are addressing.

PLAYBOY: And Rather?

MOONVES: He had already announced his resignation in advance of the report. We felt he had taken the appropriate steps.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved in Rather's decision to resign?

MOONVES: He decided. No matter what people have said, that decision was made much earlier. We literally began discussing a succession plan with Dan the previous summer. We decided to get through the election, at which point we would announce a game plan. Dan was going to cover the inauguration and step down soon after, whether in February, March, April or May—sometime in that framework.

PLAYBOY: Was he asked to resign early because of the scandal?

MOONVES: It was his decision. He chose his 24th anniversary.

PLAYBOY: Didn't he want to make it to his 25th?

MOONVES: Maybe, but he made the choice. It was important that he do this ahead of the report. Yes, he may have announced his retirement a month earlier

than he would otherwise have in order to distance the announcement from the report. There's no question about that, but he had already planned to retire.

PLAYBOY: He announced his resignation from his anchor spot at *CBS Evening News* but not from *60 Minutes*. Will you ask him to resign from that position, too?

MOONVES: No. He will stay on with CBS News and *60 Minutes*. Nothing in the report changes that decision. We feel that's appropriate.

PLAYBOY: How will CBS News attempt to recover from this incident?

MOONVES: There will be a top-to-bottom reorganization. We have major challenges ahead. A lot of people at CBS News have been here for hundreds of

years. The world has changed, and they haven't kept up. We'll follow the recommendations in the report as a start. In addition we are working on a bold new plan going forward. Also, I can't totally keep my hands off.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you'll be more involved with the news division, checking stories before they run?

MOONVES: At the moment I am not involved editorially in any way. There is a real separation of church and state, which I respect. Now, however, we have to reexamine it. What occurred was clearly detrimental to the entire network.

PLAYBOY: You announced that an ombudsman will oversee controversial news stories. But journalists balk when non-journalists—executives like you—interfere. It can compromise their work.

MOONVES: An ombudsman would not interfere, just put up cautionary flags. There must be some oversight. We need a system that protects the company while assuring the independence of the news department.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you realize Rather's report about President Bush had problems?

MOONVES: The day after the story ran there were rumors on Internet blogs, but I was assured that the documents had been verified. As the days wore on, however, I began to do my own investigating. I hadn't gone very deep before I realized there was a problem. From that point I was disappointed that this story ran without the questions being sufficiently answered. By the time Dan apologized publicly, we had decided to set up the panel to investigate what happened.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved in conversations that led to his apology?

MOONVES: Yes, though I never dealt directly with the principals. I worked through Andrew Heyward.

PLAYBOY: With the retirement of Rather, Tom Brokaw and Bill Moyers, is this the end of an era?

MOONVES: I think it is. These guys were like the voice of God, bigger than life. Now network news is changing. It's still important. The three network anchors together draw almost 30 million people a night. The biggest name on cable, Bill O'Reilly, gets a million and a half. Network news may be less important than it was when Walter Cronkite and Huntley and Brinkley were sitting behind the desk, but a sizable number of people are watching. Having said that, not to evolve into the next generation would be silly. Right now we have an opportunity to evolve. When Cronkite was on television, there was no Internet. People are now getting an awful lot of information online. There is cable news. Everything is faster paced, and news comes via satellite and phone. To ignore the changes would be stupid.

PLAYBOY: Before the election, Sinclair Broadcasting, which owns CBS affiliates

Moonves's Golden Gut

He picked the shows that put CBS on top. But no one's perfect



His hits...



CSI: Crime Scene Investigation (2000): A 21st century Quincy, CBS's dark and sometimes twisted answer to *Law & Order* made forensic science sexy and paved the way for a dozen more prime-time crime dramas—most of them on CBS. Peak viewership: 31.5 million.



Survivor (2000): After the other networks said no, Moonves green-lit the granddaddy of reality shows, making the world safe for immunity challenges and tribal councils. Who needs high-priced actors or writers to create must-see TV? Peak viewership: 51.7 million.



Everybody Loves Raymond (1996): You'll be hard-pressed to find a single reference to current events during this timeless trip into the mind of a married man. After struggling in its first season, *Raymond* moved to Mondays and turned into a big hit. Peak viewership: 24.3 million.



JAG (1996): This red-state-friendly, TV-size *Top Gun* was canceled by NBC in 1996 because not enough younger viewers watched. Moonves saw its potential, turning it into a steady, if unflashy, success story that also spawned a spin-off (*NCIS*). Peak viewership: 18.3 million.



...and misses



Meego (1997): Bronson Pinchot plays a 9,000-year-old alien nanny who helps raise myopic muppet Jonathan Lipnicki. A disastrous attempt to steal the Friday-night family audience away from ABC, it taught Moonves an important lesson: Kids don't watch CBS. Episodes aired: six.



The Fugitive (2000): Despite the Harrison Ford blockbuster, viewers just didn't see the point of watching the saga of Dr. Richard Kimble yet again. An overhyped remake that seemed tired compared with the other new show that premiered the same night: *CSI*. Episodes aired: 22.



Bette (2000): Larry David can get away with playing himself on *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, but Bette Midler struck out at playing Bette in this laugh-free sitcom. Every TV exec needs at least one expensive star vehicle to come crashing down—and for Moonves this was it. Episodes aired: 16.



Public Morals (1996): This sitcom about NYPD cops caused concern from the start thanks to references to whores, dykes and the "pussy posse." Long before *Rathergate*, this disaster provided Moonves with lessons in damage control. Episodes aired: one. —Josef Adalian

in some markets, was in the middle of a controversy because it planned to show an anti-Kerry documentary. Did you weigh in on it?

MOONVES: I thought it was inappropriate. They were clearly taking a strong political point of view on the public airwaves. We are licensed by the federal government. I didn't approve of that. Sinclair has three CBS-affiliated stations, but there is nothing we can do. Affiliates are allowed to take our programs off the air and put on whatever they want. A lot of advertisers bailed out. They didn't think it was the appropriate forum. I found it interesting that there seemed to be more outcry over the airing of *Saving Private Ryan* than over the Swift boat movie. That surprised me.

PLAYBOY: You were accused of playing politics when you commissioned a TV movie about Ronald Reagan, even though you ultimately pulled it from CBS.

MOONVES: It wasn't politics. Reagan is obviously a significant figure. At the time, I said, "Make sure this is a balanced portrayal." I knew we would show him warts and all, but I wanted to be certain it was fair. Those were my instructions. I read the script, but scripts change and directors interpret scripts in different ways.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to pull it?

MOONVES: When I finally saw the movie I thought it was unbelievably biased against Reagan. It had an agenda. I felt the movie would have upset too many people. I asked for some changes, and most of them were made. When I watched it again I realized I was trying to change a zebra into a horse. I decided we couldn't show it, which is when the brouhaha started.

PLAYBOY: Judy Davis, who plays Nancy Reagan, called your decision "an attack on free speech."

MOONVES: She has a right to her opinion, but I disagree. If this were a cable network, it would probably have been fine to air it. It ran on Showtime, which was appropriate. If it were a feature film by a director like Oliver Stone, it would have been fine. People can decide if they want to go to a theater to see a feature.

PLAYBOY: But people could have chosen to watch your Reagan movie or not.

MOONVES: A broadcast network is different. We have the public trust. We are on public airwaves. Our average audience each night is 14 million people. Political bias has to be put aside. Displaying that is not our role.

PLAYBOY: Does the political climate influence the way you program the entertainment shows?

MOONVES: No. The two highest-rated shows on television are *CSI* and *Desperate Housewives*. *CSI* is watched by almost 30 million people every week. Those shows are watched by people in red states and blue states.

PLAYBOY: Some pundits have said the elec-

tion results were in part a reaction against liberal Hollywood.

MOONVES: I know many people think that those in the media and maybe especially in Hollywood are out of the mainstream, but it isn't true. The people producing shows watched by 30 million viewers each week are not out of touch. *The Incredibles* was made by people in Hollywood. They aren't out of touch. Some would divide us into the Mel Gibson people and the Michael Moore people, but we talk to all of America.

PLAYBOY: Arguably, your reality shows talk to a great cross section of Americans. Are the shows rigged?

MOONVES: Never. They are games. Somebody wins a million dollars. You've got to play kosher, and we always do. We're strict about the rules.

PLAYBOY: Yet viewers have long suspected that audience favorites—the sexiest girl, the most flamboyant character—are less likely to be axed.

MOONVES: Sure, we're always looking and hoping that the more interesting players and the ones with better stories last, but we don't control it. We do our part by

*It's true that you sometimes
see a darker side of people
than you want to see
on reality-TV shows, but
that's part of life, and it's
good television.*

creating situations that lead to conflict and tension. We also make careful choices when we cast these shows. I have been involved in the casting of every *Survivor*.

PLAYBOY: What are you looking for?

MOONVES: Diversity in race, style and age. The contestants are generally in their 20s and 30s, but there is always a 50- or 60-year-old. *Amazing Race* always has couples over 60. I want the 55-year-old guy to have someone he can root for. Eye candy isn't bad either. We cast interesting personalities and pretty girls who have something to say. We look for people who bring something special, and we want to mix it up. We want drama.

PLAYBOY: Which makes for better drama, people hitting it off sexually or catfights?

MOONVES: Hopefully you get both.

PLAYBOY: These shows don't necessarily bring out the best side of people.

MOONVES: It's true that you sometimes see a darker side of people than you want to see, but that's part of life, and it's good television.

PLAYBOY: Have reality shows run their course? Some critics have sounded their death knell.

MOONVES: They are totally wrong. *Amaz-*

ing Race has more viewers now than it ever did. We're doing more *Survivors*—seasons 10 and 11—and the show dominates Thursday nights. On other networks *The Apprentice* and *American Idol* are doing great.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the success of Donald Trump's show?

MOONVES: No. It's well-done, and Mark Burnett is a wonderful producer.

PLAYBOY: Trump is now famous for firing people. Are you good at that?

MOONVES: No, I hate it. By the way, anybody decent hates it.

PLAYBOY: Trump called you the most overrated person in television.

MOONVES: He did that after I put *CSI* against *The Apprentice*. He didn't like that. *CSI* beats it every single week. I say that with a lot of pride. Donald says his is the number one show in America, but that's not honest. It's not even the number one show in its time slot.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised that *Survivor* spawned an entire genre of television?

MOONVES: Sure. Especially since I turned down the original pitch. I thought it was the stupidest idea I had ever heard.

PLAYBOY: What changed your mind?

MOONVES: I agreed to meet with Mark Burnett, whose idea it was, and he knocked my socks off. He's a great storyteller and very engaging. He had the show worked out to the last frame. A lot of my job is betting on people. I decided to go forward, but I was still leery. I never believed it would be such an enormous success. I'm not surprised that good shows find an audience, but no one can predict when a show will catch on and become number one and remain at number one. No one can predict a *Friends* or a *CSI*.

PLAYBOY: Are you sometimes appalled by certain shows that take off?

MOONVES: It happens all the time. No, I'm not going to say which. I've been involved with shows that were not particularly good but had a certain commercial appeal. But there aren't many of them. Critics aren't always right, either. Their job is to criticize, but by definition they don't speak for the public. We had a catastrophe movie recently that was soundly hated by reviewers but was the highest-rated new miniseries in five years.

PLAYBOY: Did you disagree with the reviewers?

MOONVES: No. It was cheesy. It was a disaster movie. It was sort of an old Irwin Allen movie. But people like those. It was popcorn. The reviewers took it a little too seriously. On Sunday night, people want to have fun.

PLAYBOY: *CSI* was created by a Las Vegas tram driver. Why did it work?

MOONVES: He wrote a spec feature-film script, and producer Jerry Bruckheimer liked it, so we did the pilot. I watched it in my Los Angeles office. I was eating a sandwich and almost got sick when a bullet tore into some guy's body, which since

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then has become a trademark of the show. Bruckheimer brought to television special effects like that and other production values normally associated with movies. He brought a new dimension to television. He has six shows on our air now—*Amazing Race*, three *CSIs*, *Cold Case* and *Without a Trace*. The original *CSI* wasn't a slam dunk, but then we tested it and it did surprisingly well and surprisingly well with women, which is essential for any hit show other than sports shows. We realized it wasn't seen as a cop show but as a murder mystery. It made its way onto the schedule and took off.

PLAYBOY: Have you been in love with shows that never caught on no matter how hard you tried to make them into hits?

MOONVES: It has happened but not often. No matter what people think, it's rare that something really good doesn't get noticed.

PLAYBOY: With *CSI* and *Survivor*, you eventually beat shows you developed at Warner Bros.—*ER* and *Friends*. Was that particularly gratifying?

MOONVES: Yes, especially since my babies, *ER* and *Friends*, had tormented me for years. They were monster hits, and nobody could compete with them. At CBS I would wake up every Friday morning and be devastated because their numbers were so high and ours were so low. It was like a dagger in my heart. With *Survivor* and *CSI*, we finally beat them. It was hugely significant, particularly since this was Thursday night, and Thursday night is the mecca for network television. To win Thursday night was huge.

PLAYBOY: Why is Thursday so important?

MOONVES: Winning Thursday night means a shift of hundreds of millions of dollars. It's the highest-priced night in television. More people watch, and it's the night the movie companies advertise for the weekend. As much as 40 percent of our revenue comes from Thursday night because of the movie companies. When *Survivor* and *CSI* took over Thursday night we were dancing in the streets.

PLAYBOY: CBS got the NFL but not *Monday Night Football*.

MOONVES: It's not something we want. We're happy with our Sunday package. Fortunately our prime-time schedule is working so well that we beat *Monday Night Football* with our regular lineup of *CSI: Miami* and *Everybody Loves Raymond*.

PLAYBOY: It has been reported that CBS doesn't make money because you paid so much for the NFL deal.

MOONVES: We make money when you add the owned-and-operated stations and the AFC package. Seven AFC teams are affiliated with CBS-owned stations. When you add the additional revenue from that, the deal is profit-making. On top of that, it means a lot to the network as a whole. There is no better way to reach young men. It's huge. You've also got the Super Bowl and the AFC championship game. There are many values other than dollars and cents.

PLAYBOY: With successes like *ER* and *Friends*, why did you leave Warner Bros. to run the last-place network?

MOONVES: Running a network is the top of the heap in television. CBS was obviously in deep trouble. I don't know if how to fix it was so obvious, but I thought I knew how. For my first 18 months here I thought I'd made the biggest mistake of my life. It was so depressing after Warner Bros., which was exciting and vibrant. A loser mentality ran throughout CBS after the network had been in last place for years.

PLAYBOY: How did you address the culture?

MOONVES: There are many things in this business you have no control over, so you had better control the things you can. One of them is hard work. The first or second Friday afternoon I was at CBS, I walked around and the place was three quarters empty. I was furious. I wrote a memo to the staff, saying, "In case you haven't noticed, we are in last place. My guess is that at 3:30 on a Friday afternoon at NBC and ABC they are still working." The memo wound up on the front page

*The FCC is partly why
Howard Stern is leaving.
He felt it restricted him. It's
a \$100 million deal, and
I can't blame him for taking
it. I'm sorry to see him go.*

of *Variety*. Things changed, particularly when I brought over my team from Warner. It's a cliché, but having a good team is key. These are people I really care about and trust. It has been essential, especially as my responsibilities have increased.

PLAYBOY: How has the impact of emerging technologies changed your business?

MOONVES: Since I've been doing this job, obviously the penetration of cable has increased immensely. There's the Internet and DVDs. But I wouldn't say I'm programming any differently now than I did before. If you put on quality shows, people come.

PLAYBOY: The stakes are different, though. When there were three networks, a successful show won 50 percent or more of an audience on a given night. Now the audience is sliced up among as many as 100 or more stations.

MOONVES: At one time a 30 percent share was a poor showing. It meant you were getting less than a third of the market. Now that's a very big number.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean the big network newscasts are a thing of the past?

MOONVES: We still get an enormous num-

ber of people, far more than any cable station. And networks still do some things better than anyone else.

PLAYBOY: What do you do better?

MOONVES: Big events. I don't mean only the Super Bowl and the Academy Awards. *Survivor* is an event each week. So is *CSI*. Our job is to cast our net wide, whereas cable stations such as MTV and ESPN have specific focuses.

PLAYBOY: The TV was once the new fireplace, where families watched together.

MOONVES: No question about it. Now you don't assume that anybody is watching with anybody. The father is in one room watching the NBA, the mother is watching her show in another room, the teenagers are watching MTV, and the little kids are watching Nickelodeon. But the big hits are watched by everybody, even if they're in different rooms watching different TV sets. Millions watch *CSI*, 18-year-olds and 60-year-olds. And people gather to watch TV in other places now. That's new too. You see it for big events, whether *CSI* or the Academy Awards or the Super Bowl. In fact, I don't think we get enough credit for the multiperson room. We don't get credit when 200 people watch at a sports bar or a fraternity house where 30 guys are there drinking beer and watching a basketball game. We think Letterman is underrated for that reason. He's watched by a lot more people than are watching Leno late at night in frat houses all around America. We're trying to change the ratings so they can track that.

PLAYBOY: Are you competitive with HBO, which recently cleaned up at the television awards ceremonies?

MOONVES: HBO has done a remarkable job and deserved its awards. But it's competing on a different playing field. *The Sopranos* takes twice as long to shoot and costs twice as much as an episode of *CSI*. HBO has to produce only 13 of them a year compared with 23 for our shows. It's a different economic model. And it's easier when you have to put on three or four shows at a time. I have to fill up 22 hours, plus all our other programming. It's a different business. I'm a big admirer of what HBO has done. I love its programming. I love *The Sopranos*. HBO head Chris Albrecht is a good friend. I tease him by saying, "You're the second-best executive in television."

PLAYBOY: There are other differences. HBO can show nudity.

MOONVES: And a level of violence that we can't touch.

PLAYBOY: Do you wish you could?

MOONVES: Sometimes. But once again we have the public trust. We're always in a quandary over it. If we don't push, the critics say, "Those network guys are doing the same old, same old, same old." When we push, however, people flock to complain that we shouldn't be doing what we're doing on network television.

(continued on page 159)

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★ ★ ★

I. THE ANSWER

On the seventh day of the Iraq war a sandstorm rolled across Baghdad. This *gobar*, as Iraqis call it, was the worst storm of its kind in memory. The swirling wind brought with it a pall of drifting silt from the primeval deserts to the south, mixed with acrid smoke from smoldering bombed buildings. It was March 26, 2003, and news reports from the front said the American military was bogged down in cities along the Euphrates River.

Of the three major American frontline units, the 101st Airborne Division, with its scores of Apache attack and Chinook supply helicopters, had been temporarily put out of commission by the *gobar*. In Najaf the advance of the 3rd Infantry Division was facing ferocious resistance from the Saddam Fedayeen militia, and in Nasiriyah the 1st Marine Division was fighting the paramilitary units to capture the strategic river city while containing a growing casualty toll.

In Baghdad there was no rejoicing. Three inches of choking orange dust brought some respite from the constant air attacks, but the cowed population stayed indoors. The Shock and Awe bombing campaign at the start of the war had shaken the capital to its foundations. Not a single shop was open, no one strolled the sidewalks, no tire tracks

marked the dusty streets. The Americans were delayed, but everyone knew that sooner or later they would arrive.

On this eerie day Uday Hussein was waiting at one of his newly acquired safe houses, a bungalow with high walls and leafy trees on a quiet street in the privileged Jadriyah section of the capital. The eldest son of dictator Saddam Hussein, Uday traveled with a security staff of five, and they too were there, waiting for a young officer bearing a light brown envelope embossed with the black rampant eagle seal of the Saddam Fedayeen. The envelope, from the most powerful military man in Iraq, was marked PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Uday tore it open and extracted the familiar green stationery, with its fancy gold borders. At this moment he had reason to remember his father's anger at him nearly a decade earlier. Uday had rashly denounced the regime back then and vowed to do a better job as president. He nearly paid for that boasting with his life. Now, on this seventh day of the war, one of the final pieces of his scheme was in place. But even as he gloried in his success, fate was about to snatch away his opportunity.

He read the typed paragraphs of Arabic script: "Virtuous and respected Dr. Uday Saddam Hussein, Chief Executive of the Saddam Fedayeen. According to your direction and command to form a



By Peter Arnett





Top secret letter from the commander of the Saddam Fedayeen backing Uday in a coup d'état.

government under the leadership of your Excellency, we have informed all the senior officers of the Saddam Fedayeen of your desire to appoint them as candidates for office in your government. All of them state they are ready for this mission in a new Iraqi government should it come about, as we discussed in our last meeting. With my deepest respect, General Maki Hamudat, 26.03.2003."

General Hamudat, the commander of the Saddam Fedayeen, had signed his name with a confident flourish. A week or so earlier he would have thought bet-

ter of it: This letter would have been his death warrant had his driver taken it to Saddam Hussein. If it had fallen into the hands of any one of Saddam's many security services, the general and all he named would have summarily been put to death, as had so many other plotters who over the years had entertained similar ideas of lèse-majesté in the era of Saddam.

At this moment, though, Uday and his plotters were the real authority in the shrinking domain of Baathist Iraq. They were now the feared ones. It was the Saddam Fedayeen with their pickup trucks and small arms who were fighting the Americans, not the vaunted Republican Guard, the charge of Uday's younger brother, Qusay. Even in Baghdad the only soldiers visible on the dusty streets were the Fedayeen in their bandannas and with their AK-47s slung over their shoulders.

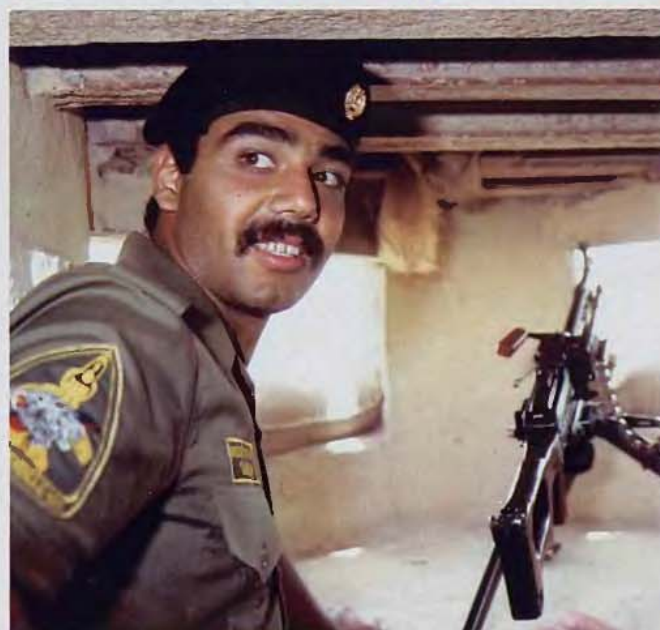
By now Saddam Hussein, whose 10 years of tactical misjudgment were catching up with him, was on the run from aerial assassination—stopping at friends' houses, phoning his information minister and demanding tougher speeches. He complained to aides about the incompetence of his son Qusay, to whom he'd unwisely entrusted the country's defense. But everyone in the inner circle knew that Saddam himself had allowed his armed forces to deteriorate to the degree now becoming evident to the world. It was Saddam who had refused to visit a single military base in the decade after the first Gulf war.

Now Uday, the ostracized, crippled eldest, was commanding a personal army that, for a few days at least, had stopped the United States in its tracks. Later in the day he had planned to make a special personal broadcast over his Youth TV facilities in downtown Baghdad, an unprecedented action undoubtedly sparked by his pact with the Fedayeen. At six A.M. local time, however, a U.S. bombing raid had destroyed the transmission facilities at Abu Ghraib. Uday was hysterical when he learned of the attack.

He phoned Youth TV and told the manager to keep the staff in place and repair the damage in 12 hours "or I will personally kill you all." Even with the invasion forces just days from Baghdad, Uday's threats were not taken lightly. The staff eventually rigged up a satellite link, but by then

A dictator in waiting

Iraq's first family of fear, from top: Uday Hussein (left) with his father (center) and brother, Qusay, who was handed the levers of power; in an undated photo found after the war, Uday, drawn and weak during his recovery from the 1996 ambush, fires a Kalashnikov during a party at one of his palaces; Uday, the first son, in healthier days, spoiling for a fight in a bunker during the 1990 invasion of Kuwait.





Scenes from a tortured city

Iraqi soldiers abandoned their bunkers and discarded their uniforms (above) as U.S. troops entered Baghdad in early April 2003. More than a year later car bomb attacks like this one destroyed Al Arabia's Baghdad TV bureau (bottom left). The Saddam Fedayeen's suicide brigade parades in the streets of Baghdad before the invasion (top left). Loyal to Uday, they are thought to be active in the insurgency.

the power grid had been destroyed and no one in the country could hear Uday's message.

Though it has not been reported until now, Uday Hussein was the biggest proponent of regime change inside Iraq. During the previous 10 years, he had slowly assembled the elements of power—media, military and political management—designed to overthrow his tyrannical father. He had built a television, radio and newspaper conglomerate bigger and more competent than the state media apparatus. Under the cloak of his Olympic committee and funded by secret oil deals that brought him millions, Uday had formed a shadow government on the outskirts of Baghdad. And finally, on March 26, 2003, he had the last and most important piece: the sworn allegiance of General Hamudat and the Saddam Fedayeen.

What follows is the result of an 18-month investigation that began in the last week of March 2003 as bombs again fell on Baghdad. I was there during the final days of the regime and talked to sources in Uday's inner circle who knew about his plans, movements and machinations in the last weeks of his life and, more important, about how he came to be in such a position. This report is based on in-depth interviews with dozens of sources who were close to Uday, most of whom had never before spoken to a reporter: his driver, bodyguards, security team, secretaries, girlfriends and employees at the many ventures he ran. In addition, I have gained access to and examined photos and hundreds of pages of Uday's private documents that reveal much that was unknown about the regime's final days.

In the end the eldest son moved too late. On March 17, 2003 George W. Bush delivered his ultimatum to the entire Hussein family: Leave Iraq or be killed. The war had come too early for Uday, the answer from his fellow plotters too late.

II. FLAGRANT INDULGENCE

The Hussein family was as secretive as any modern dictatorship, and the faithful retainers who labored in the security services ensured that secrets were kept. While Saddam's political and military excesses were leaked—or sometimes trumpeted—to an appalled world, the family excesses were mostly hidden. Now as this dazed nation tries to chart a course toward a bearable future, it is also learning much more about the shameless clan that held the country in thrall for 30 years.

Uday Saddam Hussein was Saddam's firstborn, and under Arab tradition he held the right of succession. But at the time of his birth, in 1964, Uday had little to look forward to: Saddam was imprisoned in Baghdad for plotting to overthrow the government, and the family was impoverished. Saddam told his first biographers that baby Uday proved his value to the cause early on when his mother smuggled messages into the prison by concealing them in his diaper.

That Saddam had planned a family succession became clear in the last years of his reign when he appointed his youngest son, Qusay, to several consequential jobs. Saddam had little choice. His methodical liquidation of potential rivals over the years had left none but his immediate family with the authority to succeed him. His purposeful elimination of many of the most qualified personnel because of real or imagined grievances not only degraded the competence of the government but also reinforced his own security phobias, and he passed them on to his family. Saddam chose Qusay, but Uday wanted the job.

Saddam's paranoid governing style also limited his growing sons' exposure to the real world. The pool of available talent to educate and train the young men for future office had been reduced to trusted flunkies. Saddam had come up the hard

way, born into dire poverty in a shabby village where banditry was common. At an early age he got a basic education through the help of sympathetic relatives and was introduced to revolution by a radical uncle who set him on the path of violence and political intimidation.

Saddam's sons knew only wealth and privilege. They attended school irregularly but were always marked at the top of the class. The brothers wore pistols in pretty leather holsters, but neither received any military education. Writing in the authoritative *Azzaman* newspaper, one of Uday's close acquaintances in high school recalled "living our lives in emergency" because the friends had to be at Uday's beck and call. "He would request our company to party at all hours, and if we didn't answer our phone he would punish us, torture us. No one knew what he would do when he got agitated and angry. We didn't know how to please him."

The sons used their bodyguards as shields against the diffi-

Uday was as promiscuous as any man in Iraq—a flagrant indulgence that panicked the father of any attractive daughter who came into his presence. But Uday was a stern moralist when it came to his mother. Sajida was Saddam's first cousin; she had borne the burden of her husband's struggling early years and was enjoying the prestige of being first lady. Uday doted on her, and he took exception to his father's acquisition of a second wife.

The son, muscular and taller than his father, had grown up to be a violent drunkard, a disgrace to Saddam. Tanked on vodka at an official party in 1988, Uday bludgeoned to death his father's trusted valet, who had arranged the second marriage courtship. The visiting wife of Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak witnessed the murder, which became an international scandal.

An angry Saddam, who had meted out capital punishment to many others for less reprehensible actions, quickly and publicly sentenced his son to death. The execution of the firstborn



The true face of a sadistic regime

These crude torture devices, possibly designed by Uday himself, were found in his private prison in the basement of the Iraqi National Olympic Committee building after the invasion. At left, an Iraqi man wears one of the torture masks, which were sometimes used on athletes whose performance displeased Saddam's sadistic eldest son. In Baghdad fear floated like a noxious smell around Uday. He used brutality as a management tool and got away with it for years.

culties of the world. The beefy, hard-faced men escorted them everywhere. They pushed their way first into the high school and university classes the sons sporadically attended, intimidating fellow students and teachers. They cleared restaurants of other guests so the sons could dine privately. They eventually became the sons' procurers and enforcers, with Uday's toughs becoming as familiar to the people of Baghdad as the son himself. They began organizing and running Uday's increasingly unpredictable parties, at which prominent singers and dancers were ordered to show up and watch Uday's drunken behavior. By early manhood neither son had received a decent education nor been in a schoolyard scuffle that his bodyguards hadn't resolved.

His father never trusted Uday with important jobs. In the years after graduation he was not appointed to any of the key agencies that buttressed Saddam's rule, such as the Baath Party or the security services. He was made president of the Iraqi National Olympic Committee, at the time a minor responsibility.

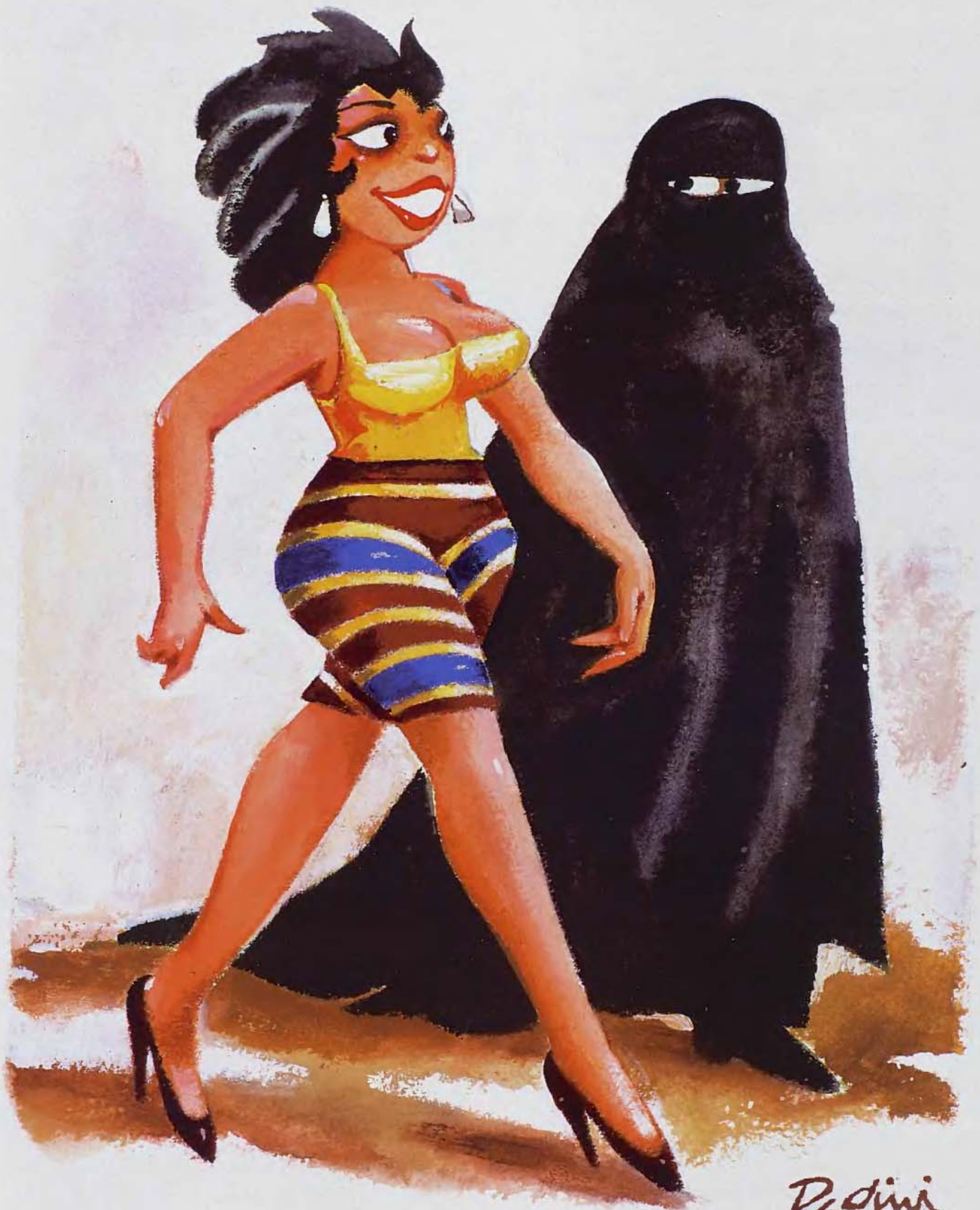
Uday was prone to public outbursts of erratic behavior that may have been evident to the family early in his life. This could have accounted for his father's rejection. Or possibly Uday's close bond with his mother, Sajida, tested Saddam's patience. For all the talk about women's rights and female equality in Baathist Iraq, Saddam and his sons freely misused women. The partiality of the male family members for numerous sexual partners was a constant aggravation for their wives and significant others, who could do little to stop it.

was thought to be highly unlikely, and the father graciously acceded to a campaign that family and friends had organized for a reprieve. Uday was jailed and then exiled to Switzerland for several months before returning home. When Saddam married for a third time two years later, neither his son nor his first wife raised any objections.

The first Gulf war weakened Saddam to a degree unknown to the outside world. The savage repression of rebellious Shiite and Kurdish populations was a Pyrrhic victory; the dictator could no longer claim to rule over a united Iraq when 80 percent of the population had risen against him. The United Nations sanctions had steadily undermined Iraq's once prosperous middle class and led to genteel poverty for the well-to-do. Saddam, disappointed by his military, left the well-being of his troops to sycophants who routinely misled him about their readiness. UN inspection teams had systematically dismantled the weapons of mass destruction he had lovingly, expensively assembled in the previous decade. Saddam withdrew into his many palaces a brooding, discouraged figure.

His sons had come of fighting age. Uday in particular was aggressively laying claim to once again be heir apparent. Uday was a formidable figure, strikingly tall and assertive, with a trim beard and a Havana cigar usually sticking defiantly out of his mouth. Qusay, small in stature and two years younger, stuttered and appeared to be

(continued on page 86)



Dedeini

"I think it's the freedom of thrusting your hips forward."

Saluting "the sexiest magazine in the world"

BORN IN BRAZIL



Imagine one day you discover your girlfriend is being visited by an exotic cousin from a faraway land. When you meet her you can't quite believe your eyes. She shares so many of her most alluring traits with your girlfriend, yet she has many captivating characteristics all her own. You'd be a fool to start comparing the two, yet somehow you can't keep from cataloging her attractions. There she is, lolling by the pool. Unbeckoned, a song floats to mind, arriving subtly, like a warm dream. "Tall and tan and young and lovely...." A softly strumming guitar insinuates itself into your bloodstream. The girl from Ipanema is before you.

Yes, right before you, every month on the pages of Brazilian *PLAYBOY*, which British *Esquire*, with typical English understatement, calls "the sexiest magazine in the world." Our sister publication has taken a formula pioneered in the USA and infused it with the exuberance and flair for which Brazil is so famous, and we thought you'd like to see the result. Brazilians, as we know, are almost innocently comfortable with the human body, as evidenced by their cutting-edge work in perfecting the thong. But the hips those thongs accentuate on the beaches of Rio, hips that roll so sensuously during the samba and shake so captivatingly during the merengue, prove that innocence is the last thing on anyone's mind. Witness these Carnival attractions: Lorraine Lima and Naara Carolyne Cunha (left), Andréia Nautick (above) and Maryeva (right).

When the magazine started in 1975, it had to cope with a politically repressive regime that practiced a strict, if illogical, censorship: One nipple could be shown but never two. Those dictators were ousted in 1978; *PLAYBOY* kept on. Today, showing photos in which one, two or even a dozen nipples are triumphantly displayed (ah, freedom!), the magazine is almost always the country's best-selling monthly. Actresses, singers, athletes and even the star of the top children's television program have appeared nude in pictorials, all delighted to take their turn personifying Brazilian beauty. "Here," says an editor, "it has never been vulgar to be naked."







Brazilians maintain that, along with peerless soccer players, their country produces the most beautiful women on earth. The last people who would contest this view are Brazilian women themselves, who back their national vanity with a fearless exhibitionism. "For every 10 women you ask to pose in *PLAYBOY*," a former editor says, "only two will say no. And they will say yes if you ask them again." Here are two who agreed: Nádia Pires (left) and Livia Lemos.







Undoubtedly it sounds better tripping off a native tongue, but there's a saying in Brazil: "The bottom is the national preference." Brazilian *PLAYBOY* happily feeds this appetite, showing as many photographs highlighting a lady's fundamental feature as showcasing her front. Another local fascination is the tan line. Brazilian swimsuits may be skimpy, but they must be worn. The flesh below then goes unseen, leaving tan lines to highlight the forbidden fruit: Consider Keila Siqueira (left), Silvana Bandeira (above), Graziela Alves (below left) and Milena Mascarenhas (below right).





Some Brazilian beauty preferences go back a long way—the beloved bleached blonde, for example. Other standards have evolved: small-breasted women, once preferred, have yielded to girls as generously endowed on top as they are below. But whether they are large or small, blonde or brunette, or viewed fore or aft, all these girls—such as lovely Antonela Avellaneda, on this page, and Renata Santos, at right—can be summarized in a single phrase: Braziliantly beautiful!

See more Brazilian beauties at cyber.playboy.com.



Uday Hussein (continued from page 76)

A gunman leaned out of the SUV's window and started pumping bullets into Uday's groin.

intimidated by his older sibling. Guests who attended Uday's many parties say Qusay drank little and left early and alone. The younger brother was said to be smarter, though neither is remembered for his book work. Qusay was being groomed for the top security and Baath Party jobs that could have paved his path to the presidency one day.

One late evening in 1995 Uday arrived drunk at the Youth TV office in downtown Baghdad. He complained aloud about the adverse effects of UN sanctions on the economy and blamed his father. "I can do a better job as president. I will do a better job as president," he exclaimed to the astonished staff. Uday demanded a TV camera and insisted on making a videotape of his message, to be broadcast on Youth TV the next day. He ordered one of his favorite sports anchors to assist the technical staff in the lighting and camera work. "We knew insurrection when we heard it," the sports anchor said. After Uday departed, the management staff had a hurried meeting and decided to send the tape to Saddam's palace for approval. The tape was never returned to Youth TV, nor did Uday raise the subject again.

A more sober Uday enjoyed embarrassing Saddam's obese cabinet ministers with critical interviews for Youth TV, supplying his reporters with lists of questions calculated to emphasize the ministers' incompetence. The aging minister of information once complained directly to Saddam, who sympathized with him and ordered that only questions officials had approved in advance would henceforth be permitted in interviews. Uday sometimes called in zingers just as the reporters were sitting down with their subjects, challenging the officials to ignore him. Uday also used the pages of his daily newspaper, *Babel*, to roundly and frequently criticize the ruling establishment. After the first Gulf war, Saddam's practice of relying on tribal allegiances rather than on government institutions to run the country was criticized in a strident *Babel* campaign. One old-line official wrote that encouraging tribalism "sows the seeds of division" by inciting one part of the country against another, annulling the law and depriving legal justice.

The intransigence of the first son was rarely noted internationally because visiting reporters usually abided by the

understanding that only the official version of events inside Iraq was to be told to the outside world.

One upshot of the internal power struggle was the much publicized defection, on August 7, 1995, of two of Saddam's sons-in-law, Hussein and Saddam Kamel, and their families. They were said to have fled to Jordan because they feared the wrath of Uday. Their actions rocked the ruling regime because both men had key military and security positions, and they revealed to the UN and Western intelligence agencies the last secrets of Saddam's WMD programs.

Saddam apparently blamed Uday for the defections. The defectors' wives were Saddam's daughters and Uday's sisters, and Uday tried to atone by promising all who would listen that he would personally kill both men if they ever returned. His threats apparently did not reach the defectors, because they were persuaded to come back to Baghdad six months after fleeing. They died three days later in an armed assault on a family home, supervised by Uday. The bloodbath did not end the matter. Saddam's widowed daughters, Raghda and Rana, were disconsolate, and there were recriminations all around.

Uday's continued family meddling had brought about the biggest internal crisis the regime had ever faced. New information suggests that Saddam gave the go-ahead for a terrible punishment to be inflicted on his errant offspring.

Uday loved tooling around Baghdad in his orange Porsche, just one of the 1,200 or so costly automobiles he collected. He once turned up to vote at a referendum polling place in a pink Rolls-Royce, and he filled warehouses inside and outside Baghdad with Lamborghinis, Ferraris and Mercedeses in a rainbow of colors. But this evening, December 12, 1996, the Porsche best suited his mood and his mission—to pick up two attractive young women who came highly recommended and were willing to spend the night with him.

The rendezvous point was the Arowad ice cream parlor, a popular spot for young people in the upscale Baghdad neighborhood of Mansur. *Upscale* is a relative term because the first Gulf war and the sanctions that followed had reduced the once flourishing neighborhood to a slum. But this was the best the city offered, and this Thursday evening

the streets were crowded with people looking for something to do.

Mansur adjoined the presidential palace grounds, and Uday sped down the Qadisaya Expressway and turned onto broad Zaitun Street, passing Zawra Park. With him was his trusted bodyguard Ali al-Sahir, a boyhood acquaintance who helped organize many of Uday's sexual escapades, including this one. Al-Sahir gave a lot to Uday and would give a lot more—such as part of his tongue when his boss objected to something he said several years later. But on this early winter evening, as the Porsche raced through the dark streets, they were just pals out for an adventure.

Uday was not unaware of the dangers he faced in a country where the dictatorial regime had made life cheap. Assassins, some financed by the CIA, were thought to be lurking in the shadows. Although Uday had no important role in governing Iraq, he was a tempting target to those who hated the regime and wanted to hurt Saddam. On this night, however, Uday was confident. Only his household staff knew where he was going. It was evening, and he drove fast.

Uday arrived at the ice cream parlor around 6:30 and stopped his car in the middle of the street. From this vantage point, he believed, he had a better chance to spot potential trouble. His bodyguard ran into the shop to find the girls while Uday idly scanned the road. A black Land Cruiser slipped unnoticed into Arowad Street and, before Uday knew it, had pulled alongside his Porsche on the driver's side. A gunman leaned out of the open Cruiser window and started pumping bullets into Uday at point-blank range with a machine pistol: five bullets into his groin, another in his left leg and two in his back as he slumped forward. His bodyguard, running from the ice cream parlor with pistol waving, was felled by a bullet in the leg. Then the Land Cruiser and the assailants disappeared into the night.

That the loyal Al-Sahir seemed to have saved Uday's life by running into the gunfire and then hustling Uday to the hospital despite a bleeding leg wound was lost on the ruling family. Al-Sahir was arrested as news of the attack was broadcast to the public, a security dragnet was initiated across the capital and accusations were leveled against Iran.

Baghdad at the time was one of the most paranoid cities in the world. The security and intelligence services were believed to number as many personnel as the military, and the sense of surveillance was palpable in the streets. Saddam

(continued on page 142)



"Oh, you would, would you...?!"

CELEBRITY SEX QUOTES

IS STAR SEX BETTER THAN REGULAR SEX?
YOU BE THE JUDGE



1 SPOKEN LIKE A MAN WHO'S NEVER WATCHED SPONGEBOB

"If you want entertainment, you get a couple of hookers
and an eight ball." —SEAN PENN

2 THEN, IN 1990, SHE DISCOVERED DINERS

"Pre-1989 I pretty much fucked everybody. But it was because I
had to get breakfast somehow." —COURTNEY LOVE

3 AS WELL AS A 37-MINUTE MONOLOG ABOUT HOW GREAT I AM

"When I was quoted saying I had sex
for seven hours with tantric yoga, that
included dinner and a movie." —STING



4

TAKE THAT, STING!

"The doctor told me, 'This injection will
give you an erection for two hours.' I
said, 'Doctor, that will be one hour and
57 minutes longer than I've ever had.'
—TONY CURTIS

ALL RIGHT, A THROUGH
E, START LINING UP IN
NORTH AMERICA....

"I need more sex, okay?
Before I die I wanna taste
everyone in the world."

—ANGELINA JOLIE



5

PERHAPS SHE COULD JUST LEAVE HIM BLIND IN ONE EYE

"This girl, a very attractive blonde, probably about 25, a
little drunk, walked over to me and said, 'How would
you like it if I sucked your cock until your eyes came out?'
I was taken aback." —BEN AFFLECK



6

AND YOU'RE HOLDING BETTY FRIEDAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT?

"I used to be a feminist, until the first time Tom Arnold
grabbed me by the hair, threw me up against the wall and
fucked me in the ass." —ROSEANNE



7

CORRECTION: IT WAS THE PRODUCER'S TRAILER

"I heard that I walked into another actor's trailer and said,
'You wanna fuck a star?' Like I would ever socialize with
another actor." —CHRISTINA RICCI



LIKE, WHO
DOESN'T?

"She probably
needs to get laid."

—BRITNEY SPEARS, ON THE
FIRST LADY OF MARYLAND,
WHO HAD SAID SHE MIGHT
SHOOT SPEARS IF SHE
HAD THE CHANCE

8

AND WILLIE IS A MAN WHO WENT THROUGH A SPECTACULAR BANKRUPTCY

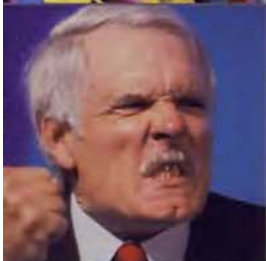
"A wise man told me recently that there's one thing he's learned in life: Money makes women horny." —**WILLIE NELSON**



9

NEITHER HAD RANDALL

"Tony Randall and I were once doing a variety show together, and the first thing he said to me was something about fellatio. I don't think I'd ever heard that word before, and I said, 'I haven't read much Shakespeare.'" —**PHYLLIS DILLER**



10

OF COURSE, HE GETS TO FACTOR JANE FONDA INTO HIS AVERAGE

"Having wealth is one of the most disappointing things. It's overrated, I can tell you that. It's not as good as average sex. Average sex is better than being a billionaire." —**TED TURNER**

11

STEP ONE: DIM THE LIGHTS. STEP TWO: PUT ON MATHIS. STEP THREE: SHOUT, "LET'S GET READY TO RUUUUMMMMMMBLE!"

"Filmmaking, like sex, isn't a polite enterprise. It involves a lot of mess and sweat and tears, and the bottom line is, if somebody ain't screaming, you're not doing your job." —**JAMES WOODS**



VALUABLE ADVICE

"Making love got me through morning sickness—I found I could be happy and throw up at the same time."

—**PAM ANDERSON**

12

AND WITH SEX, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO WALK MUCH

"Golf and sex are the only two things that you can be bad at and still have a good time." —**CHARLES BARKLEY**

13

PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE POOR MAN—IT'S JUST THE COCAINE TALKING

"It sounds strange for me to be saying this, but I've come around to the idea that sex really is for procreation." —**ERIC CLAPTON**

14

SIX DEGREES OF FORNICATION

"Any idiot can get laid when they're famous. That's easy. It's getting laid when you're not famous that takes talent." —**KEVIN BACON**

15

ONLY WITHOUT THE SAVOIR FAIRE

"It's like kissing the Berlin Wall."
—**HELENA BONHAM CARTER, ON DOING A SCREEN KISS WITH WOODY ALLEN**

16

EXCEPT, OF COURSE, GONORRHEA

"Forget all those health clinics and gyms. Sex is the best cure for everything." —**GRACE JONES**



AH, BULLSHIT

"We're so damn conservative all day that when you finally get us in the bedroom, we're absolute animals."

—**SHANNEN DOHERTY, ON WHY REPUBLICANS HAVE BETTER SEX**





A FULL house

Life is a gamble, but poker night at your place shouldn't be. Here's how to host a winner of a home game

By Phil Gordon

A quick, efficient riffle of the cards. An offer to cut. And with a flourish, the first hand of the night flies across the felt. You look down at your hole cards and find two red kings. A swig of Pappy Van Winkle soothes your nerves as your buddy raises from an early position. His bet is called by your boss, the sucker in this game. You take another peek at your monster hand, chuck a fistful of chips into the pot and cry, "Raise it up, boys." Everyone folds. Oh well. "Can't win 'em all unless you win the first one," you boast as you scoop up the pot. It's the best night of the week. It's poker night.

Although poker started booming a few years back, nobody thought it would continue to grow the way it has. Its popularity has been fueled by the high-stakes action on the Travel Channel's *World Poker Tour*, ESPN's *World Series of Poker* (where first place is expected to be worth more than \$10 million this year) and the spectacle of Hollywood's finest bluffers sweating it out on Bravo's *Celebrity Poker Showdown* (which I happen to co-host). By current estimates, more than 80 million Americans play poker.

It's amazing what passing money back and forth can do for creating new friendships and cementing old ones.

But it takes more than a deck of cards and a roomful of suckers to make a successful game. That's because social poker isn't about cash. Winning the home game has much more to do with the kind of night you create than how much money you make.

• The Setup •

We'd be the first to concede that you haven't truly played poker until you've spread a seven-card-stud game on a twin bed in a neon-lit motel room. For your home game, though, you'll want to raise the class bar a few notches.

Start with the landscape. Playing on a professional-quality poker table makes a world of difference. Cards slide effortlessly across the felt. Beverages sit safely in their drink holders. Wisecracks seem funnier. Pots are scooped more joyfully. A top-quality table with eight leather chairs can run upwards of \$5,000—but amortized over 10 years of Wednesday nights, that's only about \$10 a session.

Once you've got your table, you need to set it, and that means cards, chips and booze. Start with two decks of Kem cards, the gold standard for serious poker. They're made of plastic, last forever and can be cleaned in the dishwasher. With Kems you never have to worry about marked cards, and with two decks someone can shuffle the unused one while the current hand is being played, speeding up the action. Bear in mind that Kem was recently bought by another company. It will produce cards bearing the Kem name, but it's possible their composition will be different. Some places still have the originals in stock, though—snap them up while you can.

Chips are the coin of the realm, so they should have a little heft. Use anything shy of 11.5 grams—the standard casino weight—and you may as well be playing with five-and-dime plastic jobbies, which have a charm of their own (save them for the motel-room games). There's no sense skimping when you're buying a home set, so I'd recommend going up to 13.5 grams apiece. For an eight-person game you'll need at least 300 chips, though 500 wouldn't hurt. Have enough colors to keep everyone in the action. Four—white (\$1), red (\$5), green (\$25) and black (\$100)—should be all you need, and if necessary you could probably get by with three. If you want to go the full glamour route, have your set customized. Nothing gets

OPPOSITE PAGE: **Stine poker table** Stine has been making quality wood furniture for 25 years. The table you see here is solid mahogany with brass fittings and burgundy fabric (\$3,700, stinegametables.com). **Elite poker chairs** Stine's chairs are the perfect complements to its tables. They're elegant and comfortable enough to plant yourself in for hours at a time (\$200 each, stinegametables.com). **All-in chips** Composite chips are the work of the devil. All-clay chips are a blessed thing. And the good news is that they aren't priced like gold anymore. The chips pictured are from All-In's Fifth Street set (\$195, all-inchips.us). **Kem cards** It's the Kems or nothing. And no one has a bigger stock of this fast-dwindling poker player's Holy Grail than kardwell.com (\$33 for two decks). **Pappy Van Winkle's Family Reserve, 15 years old** Toss a few drops of water into this cult-favorite 107-proof bourbon and courage will not be a problem (\$45, available at fine liquor stores). **Talisker single malt, 25 years old** This scotch from the Isle of Skye is so smooth, your opponents won't be able to keep their hands off it (\$200, available at fine liquor stores). **Christoffe crystal glasses** The crisscrosses on the bottoms of two of the glasses are an homage to Scottish clan tartans. Do you have a better glass to drink scotch out of? From left: the Atalante double old-fashioned (\$55), Scottish double old-fashioned (\$50) and Scottish old-fashioned (\$50, all available at christoffe.com). **Zino Platinum Scepter Grand Master** The Grand Master (\$156 for 12, zinoplatinum.com) offers a smoke full of bold flavors that doesn't need to get in your face. It's also available in a demitasse stick (shown on tin, \$14 for 10) that offers the same pleasures in a more compact format. **Davidoff Rayon de Soleil ashtray** No one knows smokers the way Davidoff does. Is it any surprise the company makes the end-all parking place for your stogie (\$575, davidoff.com)?

the gambling juices flowing like snapping open a hefty case full of heavy monogrammed chips. Plus, it's more than a little intimidating. Plenty of places on the Internet will do the job for you for around a buck a chip.

And speaking of flowing juices: Although I wouldn't recommend heavy drinking at any kind of tournament, drinking during your home game is practically mandatory. And if a game ever cried out for whiskey, it's poker. Whether you offer bourbon or scotch (or both, as I would), it should be something special, something classy. What it shouldn't be is overpowering: Offer Talisker, not Laphroaig. If your prospective fish have to brace themselves before each sip, they're not going to drink enough to get lazy and overconfident, and where's the fun in that? Also, keep some gin, vermouth and olives around should anyone want a martini, and maybe a wine cooler or two for anyone annoying enough to order something that's not on the menu.

If your friends are the kind who don't mind tipping a pretty woman when she makes a drink for them, think about booking a cocktail waitress, preferably one equipped with a miniskirt. If your friends aren't that type, think about finding new friends. You can recruit

turn into enemies fast when Junior's college fund is getting devoured like a pepperoni pizza.

That said, if you've got the cash and the cojones to get a no-limit game going, your challenge is to keep the stakes relevant for everyone, and that means capping the buy-in. The rule of thumb for the maximum buy-in is 100 big blinds. So for no-limit Hold 'Em at \$1-\$2 blinds (where \$1 is the mandatory "small blind" bet made by the first player after the dealer, and \$2 is the mandatory "big blind" bet made by the second), the max buy would be

\$200. That means any player who's down in chips can buy back in but only enough to bring his current chip total up to \$200. For a \$5-\$10 game the max buy-in would be \$1,000. Let the personal enmity begin.

At the start of the evening make a list of acceptable games. Playing a round of each is a good way to eliminate any positional advantages some games create. For example, if the current dealer calls Omaha high-low, each player deals a hand of it. When the deal returns to the guy who called the game, skip him and have the next player call whatever he's been itching to play. To keep things flowing, stick with games that are fast and generate a lot of action, such as Texas Hold 'Em, seven-card stud and Omaha (high only or high-low). For more information about rules and strategies, check out cardplayer.com.

An ideal size for a home game is seven or eight players. More than eight and the action slows down. If you fall to five, the worst players are going to have a difficult time winning. With seven or eight, the bad players will have a better chance of surviving, and somebody's always there to turn up the volume on the *SportsCenter* highlights. Plus, the game won't be ruined when a player has to split.

Which, of course, brings us to the biggest buzz kill in home poker: watching the money leave the building. One player booking a big early win and then taking

off will deflate the room's enthusiasm in a hurry. Avoid this with a one-hour rule. Any winning player who wants to leave has to give an hour's notice before he can do so. Losing players can drag their sorry butt home whenever they wish. The casinos learned that the best way to deal with winners is to entice them to stick around for a while. Turns out it's a really effective tactic.

Here's another rule that affects winning players: The host should rake the pot, just as the casinos do. Food, alcohol and scantily clad waitresses all cost money. Taking a dollar or so out of each pot until expenses are paid is a great way to make the winning players underwrite the source of their good fortune.

You'll notice we haven't said a word about how to win. That's because what really matters isn't how fat your wallet gets but the time you spend with your friends. And if you're looking for a place where money is the game, bring your aspirations to fulltiltpoker.com, where you can take me on personally. Whatever happens, may your cocktail waitress mix a perfect martini and may all your pots be monsters.



"I Hardly Know Her!"

Ten Definitive Rules for Strip Poker

1. The game should be quick. Any player caught stalling must remove a piece of clothing.
2. Female players should outnumber the males. Try for at least two to one.
3. Everyone playing should want to play. Everyone else should leave.
4. Once the game has begun, no player can quit until it's finished.
5. Each piece of jewelry counts as one item. A pair of shoes counts as one item. The same goes for socks.
6. In a showdown (i.e., when players reveal their cards), everyone with a losing hand must remove an article of clothing.
7. If a hand ends without a showdown, the winning player designates another player to remove an article of clothing.
8. Once a piece of clothing comes off, it stays off.
9. Cheating is allowed but only by certain people (i.e., you).
10. Don't stress over the rules. They're explicitly designed to break down at a certain point. When that time comes you'll know.

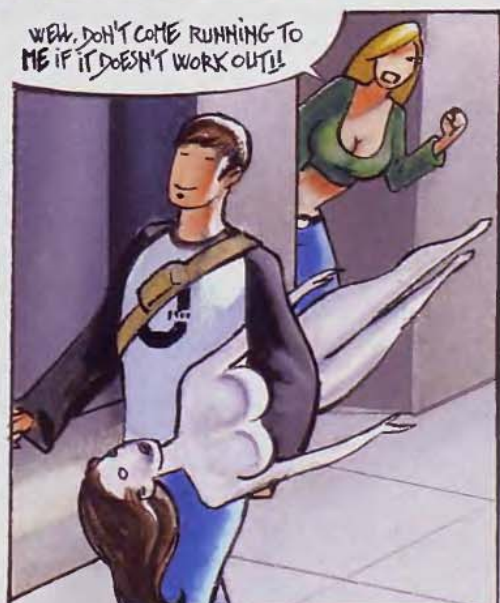
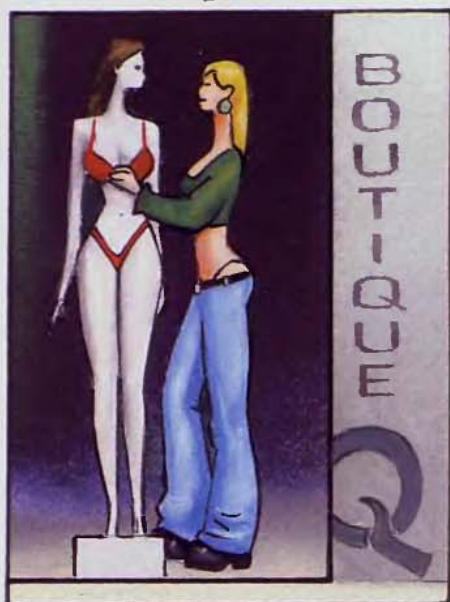
your scantily clad server at a local sorority, your favorite bar or, if you truly want to distract the bastards, a gentlemen's club. She should be tipped with chips and paid out at the end of the night. If a guy drops out and she asks to be dealt in, beware. In poker, concentration is everything—if you did your hiring right, you won't be on your A game.

Other things you shouldn't play poker without: a dealer button to keep track of who's deal it is, a timer if you're playing tournaments, and a pen for recording buy-ins and for signing checks (or car pink slips) at the end of the night.

• House Rules •

Now that you're fully equipped, it's time to shuffle up and deal. Defining the game starts with setting the stakes. They should be high enough to get your heart pumping but low enough that no one will miss a car payment. If you're playing a \$5-\$10 Texas Hold 'Em game (meaning \$5 is the bet size before the turn, \$10 after), a big loss in four hours of play would be about \$400. Bear in mind that no-limit poker may look fun on TV, but it's not a great social game. Friends

Boutique



JUAN IVAR • JORGE G

THE SWIFT PASSAGE OF THE ANIMALS

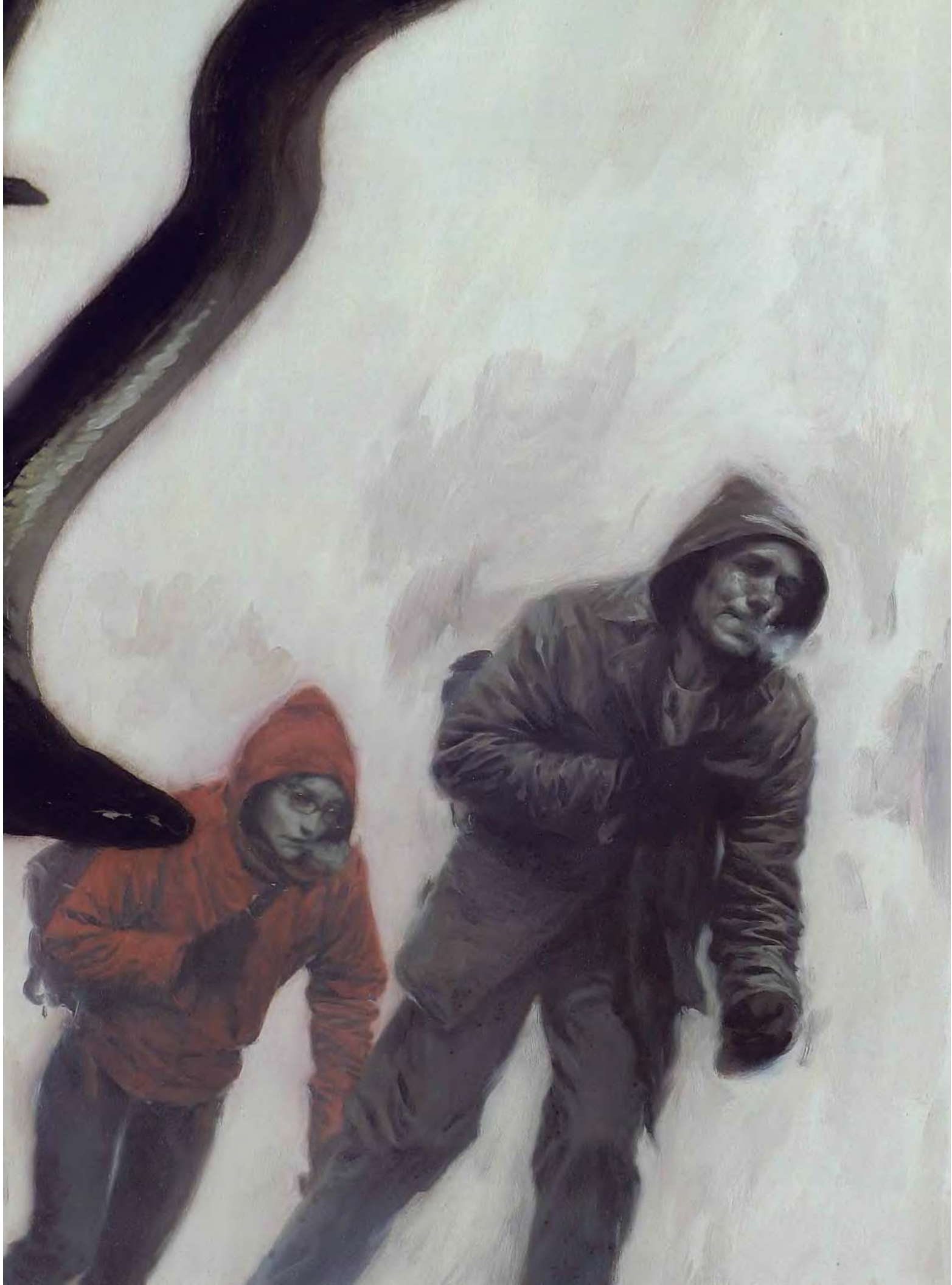
HIGH IN THE SIERRAS WITH A GREAT GIRL, BOUNTIFUL SNOW—AND NO SHOVEL

FICTION
BY **T.C. BOYLE**

She was trying to tell him something about eels, how it had rained eels one night on a town in South America—in Colombia, she thought it was—but he was only half listening. He was willing himself to focus on the road, the weather getting worse by the minute, and he had to keep one hand on the tuner because the radio was fading in and out as they looped higher into the mountains. “It was a waterspout,” she said, her face a soft pale shell floating on the undersea glow of the dash lights. “Or that’s what they think, anyway. I mean, that’s the rational explanation—the eels congregating to feed or mate and then this eruption that flings them into the air. But imagine the people. Imagine them.”

He could feel the rear wheels slipping away from him each time he steered into a curve, and there was nothing but curves, one switchback after another all the way up the flank of the mountain. The night was absolute, no lights, no habitation, nothing—they’d passed the last ranch house 10 miles back and were deep into the national forest now, at 5,500 feet and making for the Big Timber Lodge at 7,200. There was a winter storm watch out for the Southern Sierra, he knew that, and he knew that the back road





would be closed as soon as the first snow hit, but the alternative route—up the front of the mountain—was even more serpentine than this one and a good half hour longer, too. His feeling was that they'd make it before the rain turned to snow—or before anything accumulated, anyway. Was he a risk taker? Sure he was. And he was always in a hurry. Especially tonight. Especially with her.

"Zach—you listening to me?"

The radio caught a surging throb of chords and a wicked guitar lead burning over the top of them as if the guitarist's fingers had suddenly burst into flame, but before he could enjoy it or even recognize the tune, a wall of static shut it out, and it was suddenly replaced by a snatch of mariachi and a superslick DJ booming something in Spanish—about used cars, probably, judging from the tone of it. Or *Viagra. Estimados señores! ¿Tienen ustedes problemas con su vigor?* His fingers tweaked the dial as delicately as a recording engineer's. But the static came back and persisted. "Shit," he muttered, and punched the thing off.

Now there was nothing but the wet slash of the wheels and the rise and fall of the engine—gun it here, lay off there, gun it, lay off—and the mnemonic echo of the question he'd yet to answer: You listening to me? "Yeah," he said, reaching for his buoyant tone—he was listening, and there was nothing or no one he'd rather listen to, because he was in love, and the way she bit off her words, the dynamics of her voice—the whisper, the intonation, the soft, sexy scratch of it—shot from his eardrums right to his crotch, but this was sleet they were looking at now, and the road was dark, and he was pressing to get there. "The eels. And the people. They must've been surprised, huh?"

She feasted on that for a moment, and he snatched a glimpse of her, the slow, satisfied smile floating on her uplifted face, and the wheels grabbed and slipped and grabbed again. "That's the thing," she said, her voice rich with the telling. "That's the whole point, to imagine that. They're in their huts, frame houses, whatever—tin roofs, maybe just thatch. But the tin roofs are cooler. Way cooler. Think of the tin roofs. It's like, 'Daddy! Mommy! the kids call out, 'it's really raining!'"

This was hilarious—the picture of it, the way she framed it for him, carrying it into falsetto for the kids' voices—and they both broke up, laughing like kids themselves, kids set free in the back of the bus on a school trip. But then there was the road and a black tree-thick turn he nearly didn't make, and the last

spasm of laughter died in his throat.

A minute fled by, the wipers beating, sleet trapped in the headlights. She readjusted herself in the seat, and he saw her hand—a white furtive ghost in the dark of the cab—reach down to check the seat belt. "The tires are okay, aren't they?" she asked, trying—and failing—to keep the concern out of her voice.

"Oh yeah," he said, "yeah, plenty of tread," though he'd begun to think he should have sprung for chains. The last sign he'd seen, way back, had said CARS REQUIRED WITH CHAINS, and that stabbed him with the first prick of worry, but chains were something like 75 bucks a set, and you didn't need them to get to work in Santa Monica. It seemed excessive to him. If he could have rented them, maybe....

And there went the back wheels again, fishtailing this time, a broad staggered Z inscribing itself across both sides of the road, and thank God there was nobody else out here tonight, no chance of running into a vehicle coming down the opposite way, not with a

Her narrow plastic-frame glasses were like a provocation, as if at any moment she would throw them off and dazzle the room with her unfettered beauty.

winter storm watch and a road closure that was all but certain to go into effect at some point in the night.

"You're really skidding," she observed. For a moment he glanced at her—sweet and compact in her black leggings and the sweater with the two reindeer prancing across her breasts—and then his eyes shot back to the road. Which was whitening before them, as if some cosmic hand had swept on ahead with a two-lane paintbrush.

"You know my theory?" he asked, accelerating out of a turn and leaning into the pitch of the road—up and up, always up.

"No, what?"

"If you go fast enough"—he gave her a quick glance, straight-faced—"I mean, really fast...."

"Yeah, uh-huh?"

"Well, it's obvious, isn't it? You won't have time to skid."

There was the briefest hesitation—one beat, and he loved that about her, that moment of process—and then they were laughing again, laughing so

hard he thought he'd have to pull over to keep from collapsing.

•

He'd met her three weeks ago, just before Thanksgiving, at a party in Silverlake. Friends of friends. A craftsman house—restored down to the last lick of varnish—good wines, hors d'oeuvres from the caterer, a roomful of studiously hip people who, if they weren't rockers or filmmakers or poets, had to be training to swim the Java Strait or climb solo up the south col of Mount Diablo. He'd figured he would fill up on the hors d'oeuvres, get smashed on somebody else's \$32 bottle of cabernet and then duck home and watch a movie on DVD, because he wasn't really interested in much more than that. Not yet. He'd been with Christine for two and a half years, and then she met somebody at work, and that had shaved him right on down to the root.

Ontario was standing by the fire with his best friend Jared's sister, Mindy, and when he came to think of it later he saw that there might have been more than a little matchmaking going on here from Mindy's perspective—she knew Ontario from her book club, and she knew that Ontario, sweet and shy and reposing on a raft of arcane information about meteorological events and the swift passage of the various animal species from this sore and wounded planet, was six months divorced and in need of diversion. As he was himself, at least in Mindy's eyes. The wine sang in his veins. He made his way over to the fire.

"So I suppose you must hear this all the time," he said, trying to be clever, trying to impress her after Mindy had embraced him and made the introductions, "but are your parents Canadian?"

"You guessed it."

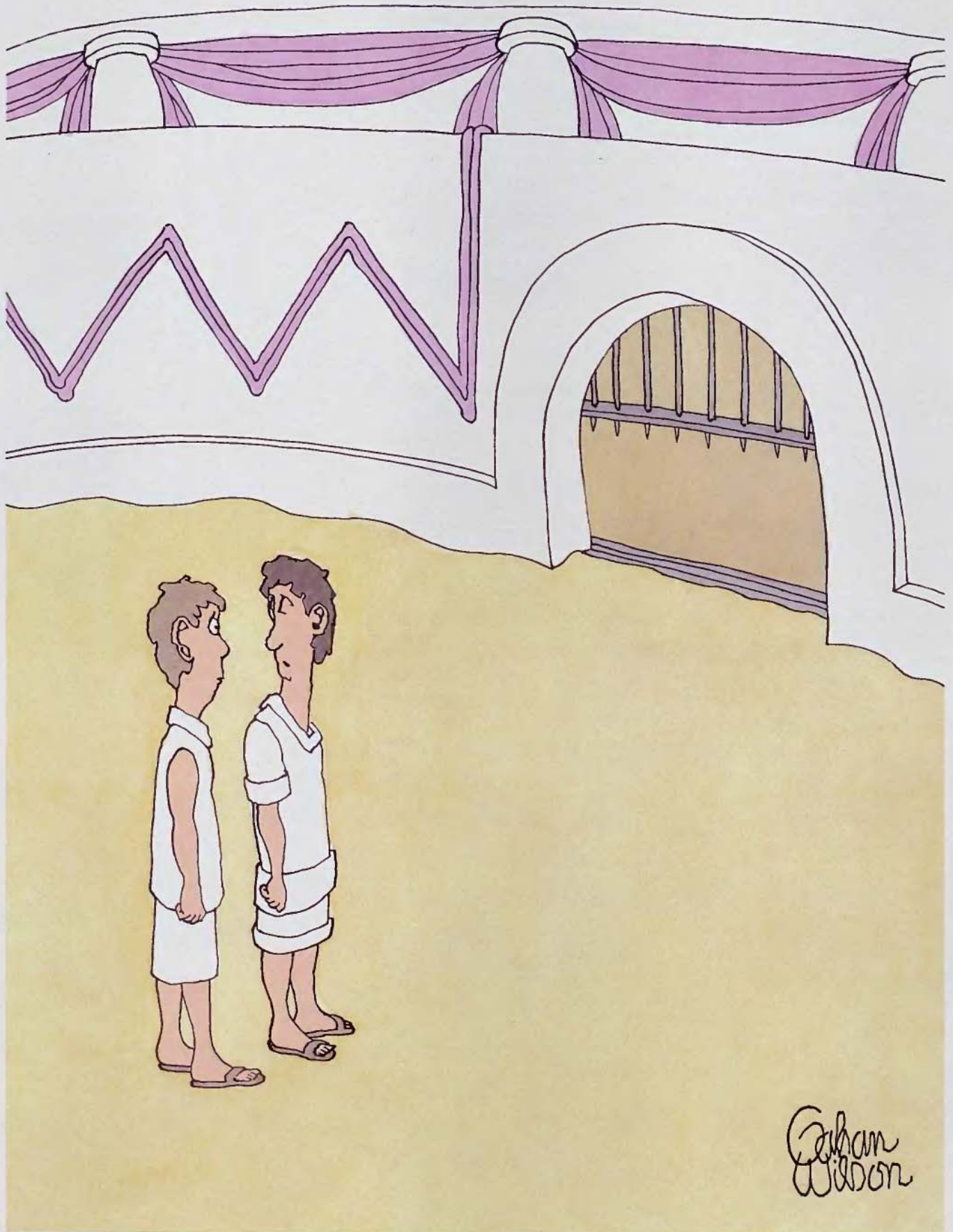
"So your brother must be Saskatchewan, right? Or B.C., how about B.C.?"

Her hair shone. She was dressed all in black. Her eyes assessed him for a moment—from behind the narrow plastic-frame glasses that were like a provocation, as if at any moment she would throw them off and dazzle the room with her unfettered beauty—and she very deliberately shifted the wineglass from one hand to the other. "Unfortunately I don't have a brother," she said. "Or a sister, either." Then she smiled, fully radiant. "If I did, though, I'd think my parents would have gone for Alberta if it was a girl—"

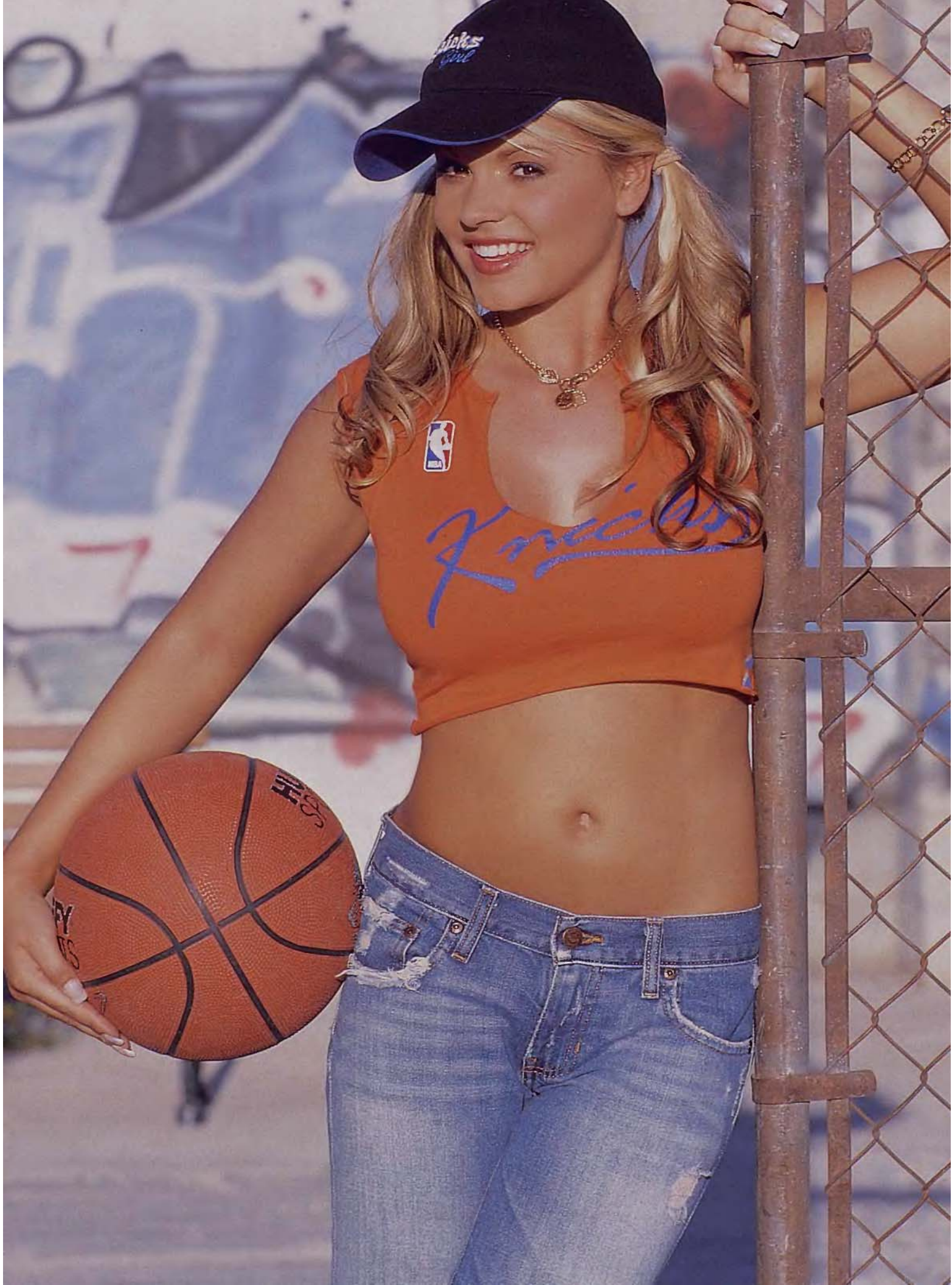
"And what, let me guess—Newfoundland if it was a boy."

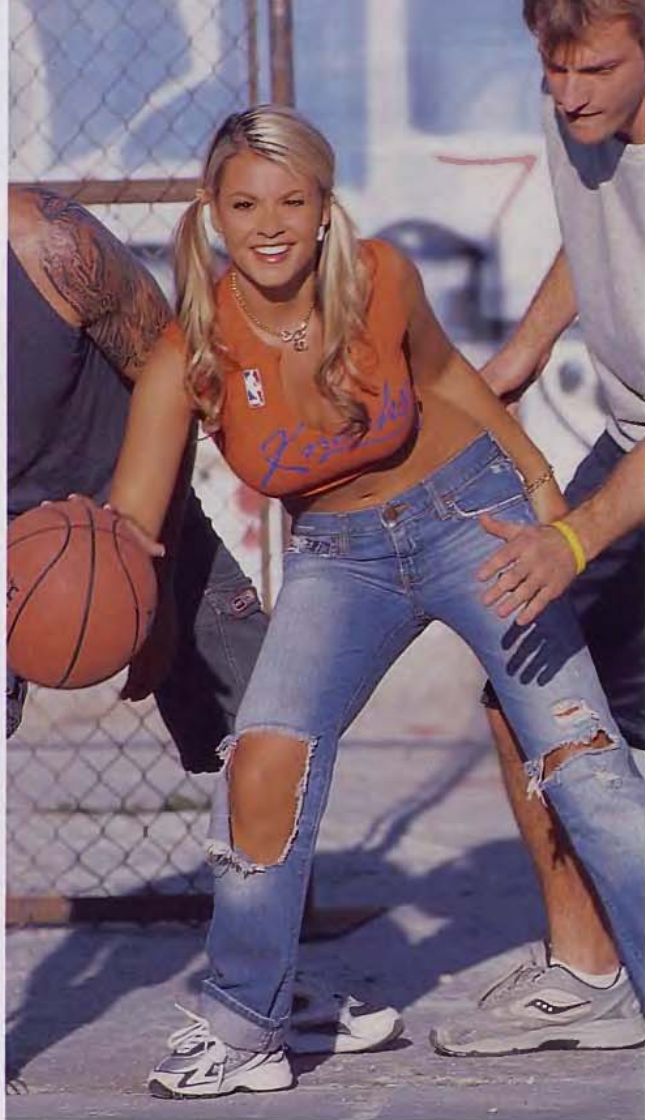
She looked pleased. Her lips parted, and she bit the tip of her tongue in anticipation of the punch line. "Right," she said, "and we'd call him Newf for short."

(continued on page 153)



"Don't worry, the lions do all the work."





A NEW YORKER, NATURALLY

Miss April is a psychology student, but she prefers turning heads to shrinking them

Many people will tell you that family is the key element in their life, but when Courtney Rachel Culkin says so, the lovely blonde with the dark, inquisitive eyes isn't merely mouthing a convenient cliché. Courtney lost her mother when she was 10 and was raised by her grandmother and her aunt in Shirley, New York with a houseful of cousins who were also tragically bereft. "My grandmother really helped me keep my head screwed on straight," says 22-year-old Courtney. "Her home was like a halfway house for a lot of us, and she and my aunt took care of us. I honestly feel luckier having been raised this way rather than in a traditional family. We all have each other's back. My family is the most important part of my life."

Courtney first appeared in *PLAYBOY* for our 50th Anniversary Playmate Search in 2003 and is happy to be back. "I feel totally comfortable in front of the camera," she says. "I hate clothes. I really do." Since that appearance she has been pursuing a degree in psychology and is now just two semesters short of graduation. When asked to analyze her own personality, however, she manages to avoid shrinky jargon. "I'm definitely an outgoing person," she says. "I like to make jokes, even when I'm under pressure. Whenever people are unhappy—say, at a funeral—I'll try to make light of the situation. I have a joke for anything."

As apt a self-appraisal as that may be, Courtney says she's even better at analyzing another group: men. "I know their game better than they do," she says with an assured laugh. "I can figure any guy out—I don't even have to date him." Though she feels she can tell whenever masculine wheels



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"I like men with sexy jawlines," says Courtney, contemplating her ideal specimen. "I also like strong shoulders and nice feet. I have nice feet, so I like other people's feet." Posing for *PLAYBOY*, Courtney reveals a more glamorous side of herself than she usually lets out: "I was showing my pictures at a party, and a guest kept saying, 'I can't believe that's you!' But it is."



have started spinning, Miss April has no appetite for the kind of mind games some men and women like to play.

"No, I don't like to play games," Courtney says, "but if you're going to play games with me, then I'll beat you. I'm very competitive." This tendency, she admits, affects her romantic relationships. "Oh yeah, I'm the boss," she acknowledges, "or maybe my boyfriends just let me think I am. But what I say goes. I need a lot of love and attention. It's how I was raised. My grandma always tried to compensate for our losing our parents by giving us love, love, love, love. That's what I'm used to."

Growing up a stone's throw from the beach has left Miss April with a deep appreciation for the life aquatic. "On weekends we always take a boat out and go riding on a Jet Ski," she says. "Then we anchor the boat, lie out, blast music and dance on the bow. Sometimes we'll look at other boats and see people staring at us through binoculars." But she also has a fondness for artistic, more landlubberly activities such as painting and photography. "I'm basically a flower child who was born in the wrong decade," she says.

Courtney knows new worlds are opening for her and more await; she hopes one day to get a doctorate in child psychology. But she's sure she has a good foundation for what lies ahead. "I'll never think I'm better than anyone," she says. "I'll always be that poor girl from Shirley. My family is my strength. There's nothing that can bring me down."





"I love New York. It's definitely the city that never sleeps. You can wake up at six o'clock in the morning, be out all day and then stay out all night at the clubs. The party is nonstop. I love it."







MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

TAXI
OFF
DUTY

TER CARRIES
Y 5 DOLLARS
IN CHANGE

Courtney Rachel Coulter

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Courtney Rachel Culkin
 BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
 HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 105



BIRTH DATE: Feb 23, '83 BIRTHPLACE: Long Island, New York

AMBITIONS: To secure a successful career in modeling and entertainment and finish my degree.

TURN-ONS: Educated men with a strong sense of self. Thin and sexy with a pronounced jawline.

TURN-OFFS: Bad teeth; pushy, disrespectful men; show-offs.

FAVORITE MOVIE AND WHY: Pretty Woman is my favorite movie (not for the same reasons as everyone else). Julia Roberts looks and acts like my mom.

FAVORITE SPORTS: New York Knicks basketball ↓ Also baseball - Go Yankees ↓↓↓

MY PET: Friday ↓ my American bull + Lab mix.

PET PEEVES: People who drive slow in Caravans, tough teachers.



5th grade, buck-teeth + monkey face.



Me posing at Smith Point Beach. Sexy! ↓



10th grade, no more monkey.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Three politicians in a bar were discussing where they liked their wives to be during sex. The Republican said, "On the bottom, of course, as God intended."

The Independent said, "I see nothing wrong with the woman being on top."

The Democrat said, "I prefer my wife to be out of town."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: What do you call a blonde with two brain cells? Pregnant.



What separates five female nymphomaniacs from two alcoholics?

The cockpit door.

A chicken farmer walked into a bar and sat down next to a woman who was drinking champagne, and he ordered the same. He turned to her and said, "I'm drinking the good stuff because I'm celebrating."

The woman said, "Me too."

As they clinked glasses, the man asked, "What are you celebrating?"

She said, "For years my husband and I have been trying to have a baby. Today I found out I'm pregnant."

"What a coincidence," the man said. "I'm a farmer. For years all my chickens were infertile, but today they're finally pregnant."

"That's great," the woman said. "How did they become fertile?"

"I switched roosters," he replied.

"What a coincidence," the woman said. "So did I."

The increased use of Viagra by seniors created a demand for a sexual lubricant to address the special needs of that age group. So the makers of K-Y jelly developed Oil of Old Lay.

A teacher asked her class if anyone could use the word *contagious* in a sentence. One girl raised her hand and said, "The mumps are contagious."

"Very good," the teacher said. "Would anyone else like to try?"

A boy raised his hand and said, "Our next-door neighbor was painting her house by herself, and my dad said it would take the contagious."

What is the definition of confidence?

When your wife catches you in bed with another woman and you slap her on the ass and say, "You're next."

A man received a notice from the IRS that he was being audited. He asked his accountant for advice on what to wear to the meeting with the IRS agent. The accountant said, "Wear your shabbiest clothing. Let them think you're poor."

The man asked his lawyer the same question. The lawyer advised, "Show them you're a professional. Wear your best suit and tie."

Confused, the man went to his rabbi and asked for his advice. "Let me tell you a story," the rabbi said. "A woman was getting married. She asked her mother what to wear on her wedding night. Her mom said, 'Wear a long flannel nightgown that goes right up to your neck.' But her best friend said, 'Wear a sexy negligee.'"

The man asked, "What does this have to do with my problem with the IRS?"

The rabbi replied, "The lesson is that no matter what you wear, you're going to get fucked."

A couple visited a sex therapist, who asked the wife, "What's your main complaint about your sex life?"

She replied, "My husband suffers from premature ejaculation."

The therapist asked the husband, "Is this true?"

He replied, "Well, not exactly. I don't suffer. She does."



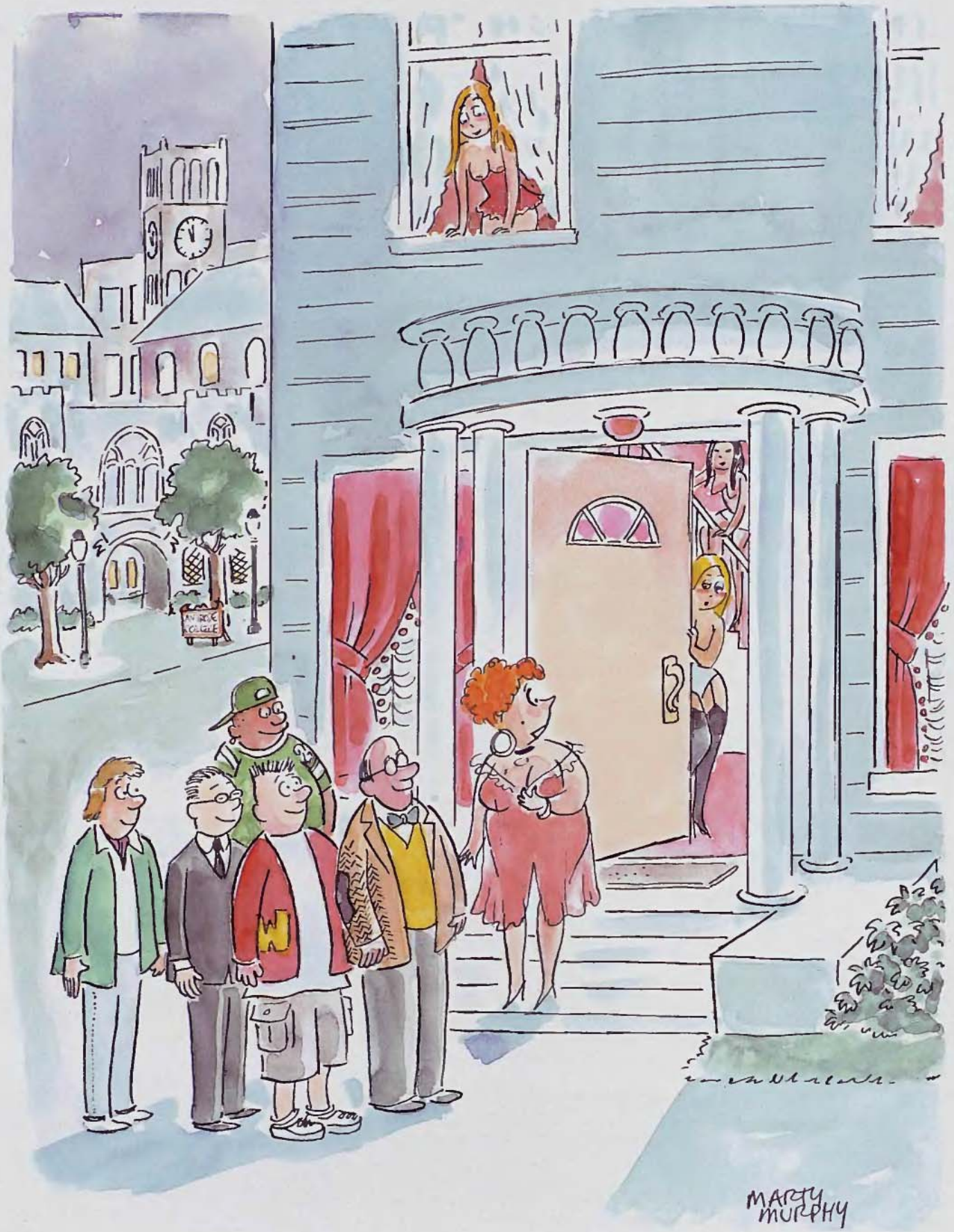
An ant and an elephant got married. After they had sex, the elephant had a heart attack and died. "Crap," the ant said. "Five minutes of passion and now the rest of my life digging a grave."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A teenage girl returned home from school and asked her mother, "Is it true that babies come out of the same place where boys put their penises?"

The mother replied, "Yes, dear."

The daughter said, "But then when I have a baby, won't it knock out all my teeth?"

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected.



"Anybody know about a field trip from Professor Foster's Biology 101 class?"

IT'S AN AD, AD, AD, AD WORLD

Donny Deutsch has sold everything from Ikea to gin.
Now he's pushing a new product—himself

BY ROB TANNENBAUM

It takes about 10 minutes to walk from the front door of Deutsch Inc. to the office of Donny Deutsch, the ad agency's chairman and chief executive. This is a pleasant walk, especially when you're escorted by one of his four young, lively assistants. The company's stark, modern industrial offices occupy 155,000 square feet, a full city block on the 14th floor of a downtown Manhattan building—taking in the view is like being in a helicopter. Some staffers travel from desk to desk on Razor scooters.

With Deutsch everything is oversize. At the age of 47 he's intense and stocky, the walking archetype of a fast-talking, confident native New Yorker. He was "known for years as Madison Avenue's egomaniac," as *Forbes* once wrote, a guy so fond of the spotlight that his own staff nicknamed him Madonny.

In 2003 he began hosting a Sunday-night talk show on CNBC, *The Big Idea With Donny Deutsch*, featuring a cavalcade of politicians and porn stars, and in January the network decided the show would go nightly. But before *The Big Idea* Deutsch was on television via his memorable ad campaigns.

He took over his dad's modest, serious agency in 1984 and soon "skyrocketed to fame," as a *New York*

Times advertising columnist wrote, using "hip, aggressive ads that draw attention with cheeky, occasionally outlandish humor."

Deutsch Inc.'s campaigns have included the bright "Mr. Jenkins" collage ads for Tanqueray, which brought younger drinkers to the gin; Mitsubishi spots that turned Dirty Vegas's unknown electronica track "Days Go By" into a worldwide hit; work for giant brands such as Snapple, Domino's, Tommy Hilfiger and Coors Light; and an Ikea campaign that made a Swedish chain with unpronounceable products a household name and also broke taboos by depicting two gay men shopping for furniture together.

Deutsch has made a lot of money for his clients, and in 2000 he made a lot of money for himself, selling his agency to the Interpublic Group for nearly \$300 million—he had owned 87 percent of his agency and stashed away the kind of payout that would make even sports superstars jealous.

The brand he's peddling hardest now is himself. Over late-afternoon tea, occasionally interrupted by one of his flirty, attentive helpers, *PLAYBOY* sat down with the man who has been called—and no, not by himself—"the Elvis of advertising."





PLAYBOY: From an advertising standpoint, why did George W. Bush win the election?

DEUTSCH: I don't think advertising decides national elections anymore. In 1960 you saw the candidates in a couple of debates, on the evening news, in ads and that was it. Well, now it's 24/7 on the Internet, so the 30-second commercial is not a big piece of the impression. Bush had a clear message that was simple and rang more true to a few more percentage points of the population. The irony is, Bush ran on antiterrorism, but the states most directly affected by 9/11, the areas that continue to be targets—New York, D.C., California, Pennsylvania—voted the other way. We're sitting here doing this interview 20 blocks from the World Trade Center site, so we've got fucking targets on our heads. I'd actually feel safer with John Kerry in office.

PLAYBOY: Did Kerry do a bad job of advertising himself?

DEUTSCH: His message wasn't clear, so obviously a better job could have been done. But it's kind of insane—you have to give the Bush people credit, disgustingly so. George W. was a reservist who allegedly did not serve, and the whole campaign was about this other guy who volunteered and went to Vietnam. He got in the fucking game, and he had to defend himself about that? The fucking world is upside-down. But somehow those Bushians did it.

PLAYBOY: Here's a quote we'd like you to comment on, from David Ogilvy in his book *Confessions of an Advertising Man*. "There is one category of advertising which is totally uncontrolled and flagrantly dishonest: the television commercials for candidates in presidential elections."

DEUTSCH: He's 100 percent right, and he wrote that 42 years ago. Today it's the most important product sold on television, and it's the least regulated. It's absolutely fucking absurd. Political ads are manipulated to the point where they become lies, whereas you could never sell a car and say it goes from zero to 60 in 4.6 seconds if it takes 4.7 seconds.

PLAYBOY: We pay less attention to how we sell politicians than to how we sell cars?

DEUTSCH: Or feminine-hygiene products. So something's upside-down.

PLAYBOY: You worked on Bill Clinton's campaign in 1992. Were any lies involved there?

DEUTSCH: No. The campaign was driven by James Carville, George Stephanopoulos and Mandy Grunwald, and they were brilliant. They would have us cut a spot,

and then they'd say, "Okay, we're saying this on health care, and then the Bush response is gonna be this, so we want you to do the response-to-response ad before this one's even out there." It's like daily-communications guerrilla warfare.

PLAYBOY: In the past few years the advertising buzzword has been *clutter*. Explain what that means.

DEUTSCH: *Clutter* is the buzzword of the whole world. When I was a kid we had six TV stations, some radio stations, some newspapers and billboards. Now you've got your cell phone, the Internet, 8,000 channels. There used to be 15

TO ME, ADVERTISING MIRRORS WHO WE ARE. ONE COULD ARGUE THAT 30-SECOND ADS ARE A MORE IMPORTANT PART OF OUR CULTURE THAN NOVELS.

stops where a consumer would interact with ads during a day, and now there are thousands.

The cell phone is the next big one. Basically people are going to be living through their cell phone. How will advertisers get their messages across? There is so much clutter, and now people can zap through an ad with TiVo, so there damn well better be something entertaining or informative in your ad. It's interesting that the two types of ads least zapped on TiVo are beer and pharmaceuticals. Why? People expect to laugh at beer commercials, so they'll watch those. And they might learn something from a pharmaceutical ad, like how to have a four-hour erection. So the lesson there is to give people new information or entertain them—or else you're in trouble.

PLAYBOY: So before long you and your clients are going to send ads to our cell phones?

DEUTSCH: Yeah, but if we do it, we'd better be saying, "Okay, if you watch this ad for the next 60 seconds, we'll give you a free minute on your phone," because people will have control over it. It's going to be more of a partnership between the advertiser and the advertisee.

PLAYBOY: Okay, but nobody starts out by saying, "Hey, let's do a really stupid campaign with some crappy advertising that no one wants to watch."

DEUTSCH: The majority of ads suck for several reasons. Number one, people assume the audience isn't smart. Number two, so much advertising is cooked up in committee, and I've always found that the fewer people involved, the better the stuff is.

PLAYBOY: One of your big clients is Coors. Can you explain why beer ads are always predicated on the idea that men are stupid?

DEUTSCH: [Laughs] Clearly young men are the big beer drinkers, and they don't take themselves too seriously. I don't think the ads are predicated on men being stupid—the audience wants to laugh, and one way you laugh is by making fun of yourself.

PLAYBOY: Is it a bad thing that bright 25-year-olds coming out of college become advertising copywriters instead of novelists?

DEUTSCH: Look, everything wonderful and horrible about our society is tied into advertising. To me it mirrors who we are. Advertising sells stuff to people. Some of it they need, some of it they don't. One could argue that 30-second ads are a more important part of our culture than novels.

PLAYBOY: Deutsch represented Ikea for 11 years. You coined the diversity campaign and made a lot of money for the company. DEUTSCH: Ikea was a wonderful, progressive company, and we did some great work together.

PLAYBOY: So now are you willing to acknowledge that its furniture is crap?

DEUTSCH: Yes, it's total crap. I'll say that on record. It is crapola. That's what you get for firing our ass, Ikea! I was always astounded at the shit people had to do to put that furniture together. So that just shows our great selling ability.

PLAYBOY: There's a legend that you smashed a VW Beetle when you didn't get a Volkswagen account. True?

DEUTSCH: No. That was 10 years ago. We had pitched Volkswagen, and we really wanted the account. When you're pitching a car company, you buy or rent its cars because you want to get to know them. We didn't get the account, and *USA Today* said, "Well, what are you going to do with the car now?" I said, "I'll smash it into a wall." In my less than perfectly cogent moments I say things like that. But I didn't harm it. I sold it.

PLAYBOY: You have a nightly show on CNBC. Why does an advertising executive need a TV talk show when perfectly qualified guys like John Davidson and Merv Griffin (continued on page 164)



"Good news, honey! The doctor has cured me of my erectile dysfunction!"

THE COLORS OF PARADISE

STRIPES ON STRIPES, FLORAL PRINTS AND
BRIGHT TROPICAL HUES ECHO BORA-BORA

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS


PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

At left, the two-button linen jacket is by Belvest (\$1,545), the pants by Belvest Blue Label (\$195). His shirt is by Lorenzini (\$315), and his geo-print tie (\$75) and wingtip oxfords (\$175) are by Ted Baker London. At right, the embroidered jacket (\$1,575), mint green cotton pants (\$440) and shirt (\$440) are all by Paul Smith. Torino makes his belt (\$70), his pocket square is by Charvet (\$80), and his tie is by Paul Smith Accessories (\$120). Note that the ties hang short and have big double Windsor knots.



The two-button raw silk jacket (\$895) and teal lace-up sweater (\$295) are by Michael Kors, and the white cargo shorts are by Michael Kors (\$60). His woven leather belt is by Torino (\$75). The pocket square is by Charvet (\$65). Contrasting belts and shoes add an additional dash of color. Tie or not, a pocket square shows you have style.





THAT PAGE: At left is an outfit by Ted Baker London, featuring a jacket (\$825), light blue pants (\$175), French-cuff shirt (\$235) and red-and-orange tie (\$75). His white loafers are by Johnston & Murphy (\$195), his pocket square is by Sean John (\$20), and his ribbon belt is from Best of Class by Robert Talbott (\$75). She's in a dress (\$295) and sandals (\$570) by Versus. Her earrings are by Michèle Bidault (\$50). At right is a striped red blazer (\$825), French-cuff shirt (\$425) and tie (\$75), all by Ted Baker London, with trousers by Etro (\$275). Charvet makes his silk pocket square (\$65), Best of Class by Robert Talbott his belt (\$75).

THIS PAGE: Sean John makes the jacket (\$170). The shirt is by Brioni (\$600). Sunglasses by Alain Mikli (\$188) keep the tropical glare out of his eyes. His pocket square is from Best of Class by Robert Talbott (\$75).



Left: His suit is by Tommy Hilfiger (\$425). Middle: The blazer (\$1,300), pants (\$415) and shirt (\$395) are by Paul Smith; the glasses are by Gimme:Glasses for Robert Marc (\$345). Right: The suit is by Jack Victor (\$595), the shirt by Façonnable (\$125), the loafers by J.M. Weston (\$375).

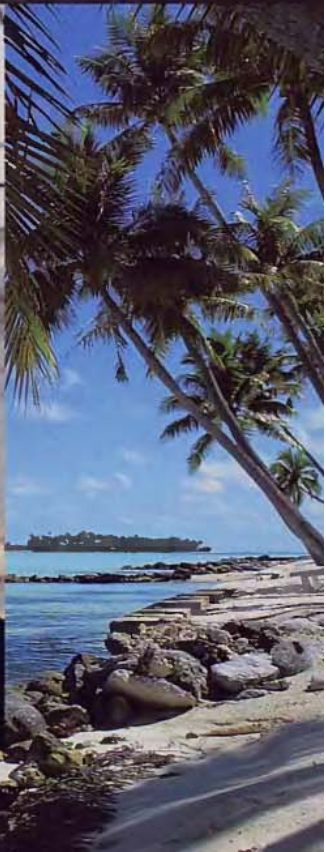


Left: His suit (\$895), shirt (\$125) and tie (\$85) are by Boss Hugo Boss, and his loafers by Mark Nason (\$200). Her dress is by Binetti (\$725). Right: He's in Paul Smith shoes (\$400); for all else, see the next spread. She's in a dress by Just Cavalli (\$475) and platform sandals by Casadei (\$470).






In both shots, his blazer (\$1,995) and pants (\$195) are by Belvest, and his shirt (\$440) and scarf (\$230) by Paul Smith. The straw hat is by Albertus (\$200), the pocket square by Sean John (\$20) and the loafers by Mark Nason (\$260). Her dress is by Iceberg (\$1,225).



Left: His jacket (\$1,190) and shirt (\$155) are by Dsquared, and the pants (\$385) and croc loafers (\$525) by Versace. The belt (\$75) and pocket square (\$65) are from Best of Class by Robert Talbott. Right: The pants are by Sean John (\$105), the belt by Torino (\$70); for all else, see previous spread.

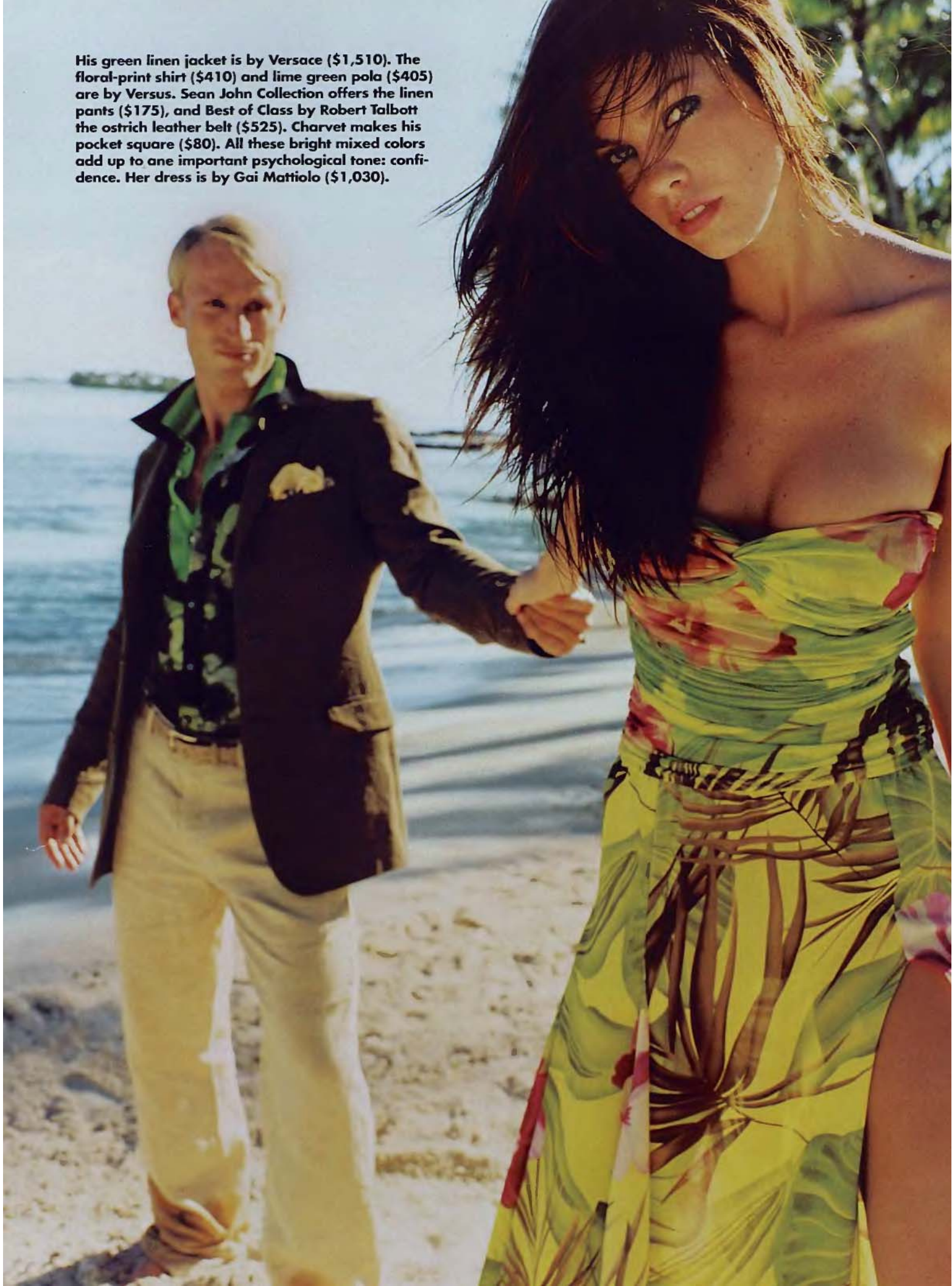



A full-page photograph of a man with dark hair and a light beard, wearing a white three-button linen jacket over a floral-print shirt and off-white trousers. He is standing outdoors in a garden-like setting with green foliage in the background. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day. The man is looking slightly to the side with a neutral expression.

THAT PAGE: In the foreground, he's in a three-button linen jacket (\$345), floral-print shirt (\$115) and off-white trousers (\$75), all by Joseph Abboud. He's also wearing a tan leather belt from Best of Class by Robert Talbott (\$135) and a striped pocket square by Audrey Talbott (\$65). In the background, he's wearing a bamboo three-button sports coat (\$1,995), white shirt (\$325), orange trousers (\$395) and an olive-and-white rep tie (\$175), all by Gianluca Isaia. The paisley silk pocket square is from Best of Class by Robert Talbott (\$65). Topping it all off is a burnt-orange leather coat by John Varvatos (\$2,895). Both of these outfits show the usefulness of neutral colors and white as a sort of palette cleanser amid the kaleidoscopic array of colors and patterns of the season.

THIS PAGE: His white jeans, by Ted Baker London (\$495), are embroidered with a floral design. The jacket (\$900), button-front shirt (\$346) and, beneath it, neon yellow shirt (\$397), which is made of 100 percent bamboo, are by Iceberg. His brown leather belt is by Torino (\$65).

His green linen jacket is by Versace (\$1,510). The floral-print shirt (\$410) and lime green polo (\$405) are by Versus. Sean John Collection offers the linen pants (\$175), and Best of Class by Robert Talbott the ostrich leather belt (\$525). Charvet makes his pocket square (\$80). All these bright mixed colors add up to an important psychological tone: confidence. Her dress is by Gai Mattiolo (\$1,030).



A man and a woman are shown in a romantic pose outdoors. The woman, on the left, has long dark hair and is wearing a white, sleeveless, pleated dress. She is leaning against a wooden post. The man, on the right, has short dark hair and a light beard. He is wearing a white button-down shirt with a black floral print, a striped two-button jacket in blue, red, and white, and red cotton trousers. He is leaning towards the woman, and they appear to be about to kiss. The background is a soft-focus outdoor setting with greenery and a thatched roof.

He's wearing a striped two-button jacket (\$360), red cotton trousers (\$350) and a white button-front shirt with black floral print (\$250), all by Gianfranco Ferré. Jackets this season are cut closer to the body, though they're still light and easy to move in. His white pocket square, from Best of Class by Robert Talbott (\$75), is trimmed in red. Her white satin gown is by Boss Hugo Boss (\$350).



"Well, Maestro, I have to tell you that I haven't seen any improvement in my daughter's piano....!"

ANGEL BORIS

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

100 PERCENT HOT

My favorite time to have sex is high noon. There's nothing better than an afternoon delight, because most people have tons of energy in the middle of the day. I have a huge oral fetish. I love sucking on lips. I could probably orgasm after just kissing for an hour. Also, I always reach orgasm when I use sex toys. I have a small silver vibrating one that's called the Egg. My man likes when I use it on myself while I'm going down on him. And then we'll play this little game. He'll ask me, "What percentage are you at?" He wants to know how close I am to orgasming, which is 100 percent. So I'll be pleasuring him, and I'll pause and say, "I'm at 60 percent...80 percent...95 percent." And then when I reach 100 percent we devour each other.



THE ULTIMATE ROAD TRIP

Any time I go on a road trip I like to pull off the highway in the middle of nowhere and have sex in the backseat. My favorite little spot is outside San Francisco. I'm always a bit nervous someone will spot us, but that's half the excitement. One time I went on a long road trip with my man and his friends, who were in the car behind us. I pulled out my Pocket Rocket and pleased myself while he drove. It was dark, so I didn't have to worry about anyone in another car seeing me. He said, "Let's see how many orgasms you can have before you can't stand it anymore." I kept that thing on the whole way home, over two hours. We counted 32 orgasms. When I got out of the car I could barely walk. Then we went to see a movie with his friends. And later that night my guy upped the final count to 33.

Angel Lynn Boris



2Q

BY STEPHEN REBELLO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JACK GUYMENA
SUUVARI*The American beauty talks about her
crushes, fighting temptation and the joy of
having 360Ds—even if they're fake*

Q1

PLAYBOY: In *American Pie*, the movie that put you on the map, you play a sweet high school girl who sings in the choir. But the image of you most people remember is from *American Beauty*; as Kevin Spacey's *Lolita* fantasy you're spread out on a bed of roses, naked except for some artfully placed flower petals. What's the inside dope on the filming of that scene?

SUVARI: I was wearing a thong, and they had cut the sides off it, so it was just taped to me on the front and back. They strategically stuck on the rose petals, and the cinematographer stood way up on a ladder and sprinkled petals down on me. Even in the bathtub scene, when the tub is filled with roses, they had to carefully place the rose petals on me. The scenes took about a day to film, and I got to take some roses home. The other day I was in downtown Los Angeles at the flower market, and this man came up to me with huge long-stemmed red roses and said, "These are for you." Free roses—just one of the perks.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Another perk has been more movie projects. For instance, in 2002 you were in *Sonny*, Nicolas Cage's directing debut about a male hustler in New Orleans, as well as the indie *Spun*, in which you play a speed freak.

SUVARI: Every film I've done has changed someone's idea of me. In *Amer-*

ican Pie I was kind of wholesome. *American Beauty* showed a darker, more deviant side of me. I know I got extremely lucky with those two movies. I really had to grow up fast after those and figure out what the hell I was doing. That's when I started working on projects like *Spun* and *Sonny*. People were shocked by *Spun*. I think it's a cool movie, and I've always wanted to do a film that's down-and-out and gritty. It didn't really have a release. It initially played one theater in L.A. and one in New York, so you had to look for it. It wasn't for the masses, who weren't going to get it; it was really for the coasts. I don't want to do something just because it's going to get me on the cover of a magazine or because it's commercial. The risk you take is that not everybody will like or identify with everything you do.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Did you always want to be an actor?

SUVARI: I never said, "I'm going to become a movie star." I started modeling when I was 12, and when I first came to L.A., at the age of 15, I got a Rice-A-Roni commercial. I mean, that's not the same as getting a movie, but some people have been in L.A. for 10 years and can't get a commercial. I didn't know any of that then, though. When *American Pie* and *American Beauty* came along, I didn't even know what a huge studio movie was, and I certainly didn't

have the ability to see the potential in a script. I didn't say, "I've got to do this movie because it has the potential to be really successful." I just kind of did my thing, auditioning and meeting people, because that's what you do.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You said you had to grow up fast after your first big successes. Before those you had done such movies as *Slums of Beverly Hills* and *The Rage: Carrie 2*. Did suddenly becoming a hot, talked-about young star force you to deal with a lot of new challenges—such as easy access to drugs and hard-partying Hollywood types?

SUVARI: Are you asking why I'm not an alcoholic or strung out on drugs? [laughs] Listen, I used to get upset about the downsides associated with this business, but you have to find your priorities and discover who you really are. I've experienced a lot of things in my life and been in many kinds of situations. If you want to look for the world you're talking about, you can find it anywhere, not just in Hollywood. The first film I worked on was *Nowhere*, directed by Gregg Araki, which was very much that kind of world. But I don't think I put myself out there for that type of attention.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Last year you appeared on seven episodes of *Six Feet Under*, playing

a lesbian performance artist who, among other things, masturbates a guitar onstage and seduces the character portrayed by Lauren Ambrose. Did you have any "Hmm, I'm not so sure about this" moments?

SUVARI: Playing Edie was therapeutic for me because a lot of her qualities are ones I always wanted to have and never felt as though I did—like being so strong and outgoing. I was a little apprehensive about her personality but not about the subject matter. I think our society is mixed up in its perspective on that. When people care about each other, there are no boundaries. My first day of work I was onstage doing a performance piece in front of a hundred people, mostly strangers, and I was yelling "Yeah, baby!" at the top of my lungs and jerking off the guitar. If I had reservations about the scene on the bed with Lauren, they were just that I was concerned about her and didn't want to make her feel uncomfortable in any way. We both had concerns about our bodies, but I think we knew what we were getting into. I really had to be the driving force, very aggressive, and just go for it. I feel I morphed somewhat into that character. It was fascinating to realize that the role was a test for me. I could easily have said I was afraid to do it, that I didn't know if it was really me.

6

PLAYBOY: You're also in the big new comedy *Beauty Shop*, with Queen Latifah, Kevin Bacon, Alicia Silverstone and Djimon Hounsou.

SUVARI: It was a huge production, and everybody on it was really lovely. I had a great time playing a socialite who is really, really blonde, works at Saks and is manipulative and insecure. She's completely lost. The way she defends herself against all that is to be snotty. All she can think about is getting a boob job, and she's constantly on the phone talking about how she can't wait to get it done and how she'll get extra pain medication for her friends. They made a bra for me, a 36DD—and that's just huge. The role is a take on Paris Hilton, in a way.

7

PLAYBOY: So how did it feel to be temporarily superendowed, thanks to Hollywood prosthetics?

SUVARI: My back started to hurt after the first day of shooting. I didn't like it. I like my own and appreciate what I was given. It was like a psychological experiment, because when I had the bra on, people would treat me differently. They put me in tight tops, so on me these breasts were really prominent. I remember walking out of the

trailer in my costume, and from a hundred feet away guys would be like, "Hi!" If you give people the opportunity to change something about themselves, they'll probably name something. I'm really petite, and I've thought, Oh maybe I could look like that, or, I wish I were taller. But I looked at myself on the set with this cleavage, and it was just too big. I think proportion is a lovely thing.

8

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Paris Hilton, what do you make of the phenomenon of celebrity porn videos, whether or not they're made for public consumption?

SUVARI: Well, you know my husband and I have a video coming out, but I didn't want to compete with Jessica and Nick, because they're special. Maybe we'll release it for next Valentine's Day. [laughs] No, I think it's about an out-of-body experience. You're removing yourself from the situation when you make it, and later you get to rewatch it. It's like dissociation—you're detaching

*They made a bra for me,
a 36DD—that's just huge.
It was like a psychological
experiment, because when I
had the bra on, people
would treat me differently.*

yourself so that you get to see it from a different perspective. It's not about a couple watching themselves; it's about a couple watching another couple, and that's tantalizing. People are naturally voyeuristic. They like to push the boundaries and do something unique. I also think it goes hand in hand with the whole revolution in porn.

9

PLAYBOY: What has shocked you most about Hollywood?

SUVARI: One thing comes to mind. You might take offense to it. [laughs] I was naive when I got out here, and after *American Pie* and *American Beauty*, being innocent and a huge pleaser, I was thrust into all these interviews. A couple of times I read interviews I'd done, and they were made up. Things were put in that I never said, sometimes in boldface. I took it personally. I didn't know why someone would do that. It's really a test of your patience and your sense of self. You learn to let it go, but that was a big shock to me. When I was

younger I would read magazines and think the person being interviewed said every word, and now I take them with a grain of salt.

10

PLAYBOY: No offense taken, by the way. And you'll notice this interview is being taped with two separate recorders. Do you enjoy being recognized?

SUVARI: When I was in New Orleans working on *Sonny*, I was checking out at a supermarket. The checkout girl said, "You look like that girl from *American Pie*." She said, "You know, you should do one of those celebrity look-alike things, except that *American Pie* girl's hair is a little different and she's a little thinner." I watched an interview with Samuel L. Jackson on *The Daily Show*, and he said he always takes the subway in New York but that nobody really thinks he's him. In this checkout girl's eyes I was supposed to be in Hollywood, driving around in my limo, not in a supermarket checkout line in New Orleans.

11

PLAYBOY: Your father is an Estonian and a retired psychiatrist. What are some must-know facts about Estonia and Estonians?

SUVARI: A lot of people don't know what Estonia is, let alone where it is. I remember talking to somebody in L.A. who actually asked, "Estonia, is that in California?" I grew up in Newport, Rhode Island, and you know, Estonia and Rhode Island are similar—they're like the smallest, most nonexistent places around. When I mention Rhode Island, people think it's an actual island, or they say, "Don't you mean Long Island?" My father came from Estonia in the 1940s with no money, worked his way up and started studying medicine. I haven't been to Estonia, though one of my three brothers has. The little I know is that a lot of its heritage was lost because of the Russian invasion. The Russians tore down buildings and replaced the statues with Russian ones.

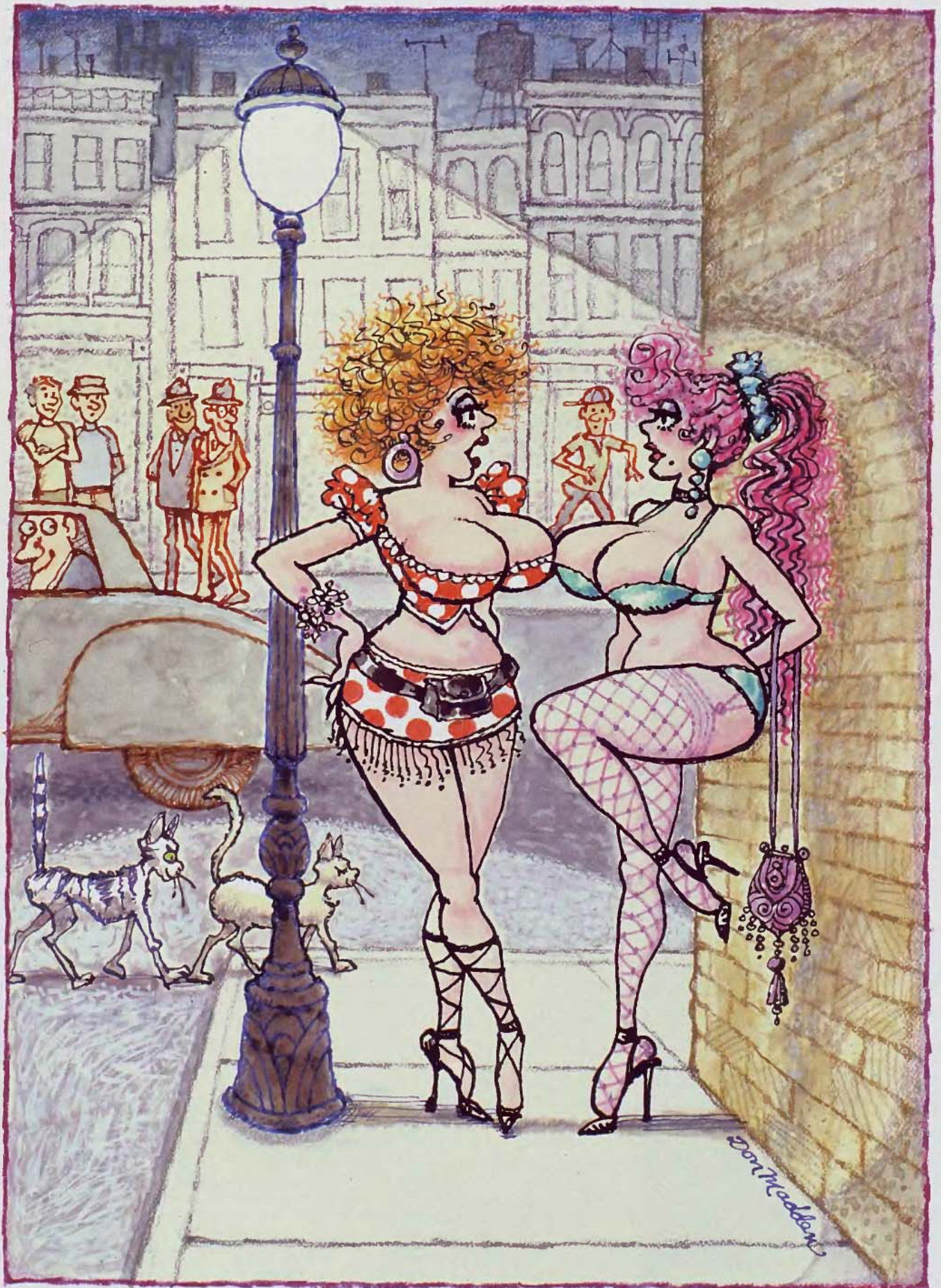
12

PLAYBOY: Did you ever give your parents enough grief to make them consider sending you to one of your father's psychiatric colleagues?

SUVARI: No, not in the way you're mentioning. I had my phases, but I was a very good child. Yes, my father was a psychiatrist, but going to see one is a big deal. You've really got to have a reason.

13

PLAYBOY: You've been making movies for eight years now, but do you still take
(continued on page 162)



"Let's face it, Rosie. This corner isn't big enough for the both of us."



HEMME HITS HOLLYWOOD

Christy Hemme has learned that
being the darling of the WWE
is far from punishing

By Jancee Dunn

At 24 Christy Hemme has played every kind of fantasy girl the male mind can conjure: cheerleader, music video dancer, Hooters waitress on—yes!—roller skates, pudding wrestler, giggling Juggy girl on *The Man Show*. And now, to complete the résumé, Hemme steps into her latest role as the WWE's newest *RAW* Diva, having beaten out nine other beauties in a grueling competition finally settled by the fans. Hemme jumped into the contest in her usual way: high-octane. "I don't do things unless I go full-on," she says. For the Diva Dodgeball challenge, for instance, she overcame a sprained ankle to crush one competitor. For the cream pie fiesta, she zestily clapped one onto her bikini-tush and strutted around the ring as the audience went bonkers.

But Hemme is no diva. She's talkative and friendly and has a boisterous laugh. She's the type of girl who is close to her family and signs autographs for hours after wrestling matches because "it makes me happy when I make someone else happy." Today, as she lounges in the WWE's sleek New York City office, she's making the cubicle dwellers happy in a clingy black sweater, pin-striped pants and a checked newsboy cap. "Normally I'd be wearing jeans," she says, stretching out her five-foot-five frame. "But for the WWE we have to dress in business casual everywhere we go." Her trademark fiery red hair spills luxuriously down her back. "And yes, this hair is all real," she says with a laugh. "Guys come up behind me all the time and put their hands on it, and it's like—smack!—'That's mine!'" On her right wrist is a tattoo of a little red heart, in honor of her late mom. "I love hearts, and my favorite color is red," she says. "In my bedroom I have all kinds of hearts everywhere."

Hemme is constantly in motion, leaping up to make a point, gesturing with her hands, unleashing that rowdy laugh. This is a woman who likes to have fun. "I've always had this energy," she says. "Always. I mean, I drove my parents crazy growing up. I have so much energy, I can't sleep much. I just wake up and think, Okay, I've got a lot of stuff to do." It's no surprise that this free-spirited California girl is adept at seemingly every sport in the Western world: snowboarding, capoeira (a Brazilian martial art), skiing, dirt biking, wakeboarding. "Anything that's active and crazy," she says. "I can ride a horse, too."

At the moment, she's in motion without a special someone. "I don't have a boyfriend," she says. "But I am a girlfriend kind of girl. I'm not a dater. I don't want to put my energy into meaningless dates with people I'm not going to be serious with." She smiles wistfully. "I'd like to meet somebody and give them all my love," she says. "But with what I'm doing right now, it's obviously difficult." Indeed, Hemme works 51 weeks a year. She travels every week from Los Angeles for three nights of wrestling matches in various parts of the country, then hustles over to her *RAW* gig, which is shown live on Spike TV every Monday night. Then it's back to the West Coast for a few errands, and the whole process starts anew.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



Christy



Hemme says she isn't attracted to a particular type of man. "If you look at the people in my past," she says, "they are all completely different. But one quality I see in all of them is that they were all very passionate. I'm most attracted to a man who cares about the things he likes to do, who relishes what he does day to day." Her head is also turned by physical quirks. "I don't want a perfect guy," she says. "What's hot to me are interesting things like a scar on a man's face or a crooked tooth. Weird, kooky things."

The ability to ride a motorcycle is also a plus. Mention the words *Harley-Davidson* and Hemme lights up. Her father taught her to ride when she was three. "I would be thinking, This is really scary, but I'm going to do it," she recalls. "I would never tell him I was scared. And I loved it." Her dad also taught her to be independent, a lesson she absorbed so well that she moved out of her folks' house in Temecula, California at 17. She and three other girls took an apartment near her family. "We just went crazy," she says. "We were loud and had parties and had a really fun time." She subsidized this fun by working at her father's insurance company until she decided she wanted to be a Hooters girl.

"When I first got to Hooters I thought, This is fun, but how can I make this more fun?" she says. Then she remembered seeing old photographs of Hooters babes wearing roller skates. Management balked when she proposed the idea, because each waitress had to buss her own tables and haul tubs up and down a staircase. "I was like, 'Screw you. I'm wearing my roller skates!'" she says. "I always had this strange fetish about being Rollergirl." After signing a waiver, the determined Hemme won her right to haul dirty dishes down stairs on skates. "I got really good at it," she says.

One night at a bar, in what sounds like the beginning of an excellent adult film, Hemme met a group of former professional cheerleaders. They told her they were getting ready to attend the annual biker rally in Sturgis, South Dakota. "I was like, 'Yes!'" she says. "I love Harley rallies." They left the next day. "All we did was pudding wrestle and sell photos of the girls," she says, "and I ended up making best friends." The gang decided to form a dance troupe called Perfect Angels and started performing at every Harley rally they could find. "We'd just show up and say, 'Can we work here?'" Who would refuse them?

After five years of that, Hemme tried out to be a Juggy dancer on Comedy Central's *The Man Show*. "I auditioned

(text concluded on page 164)

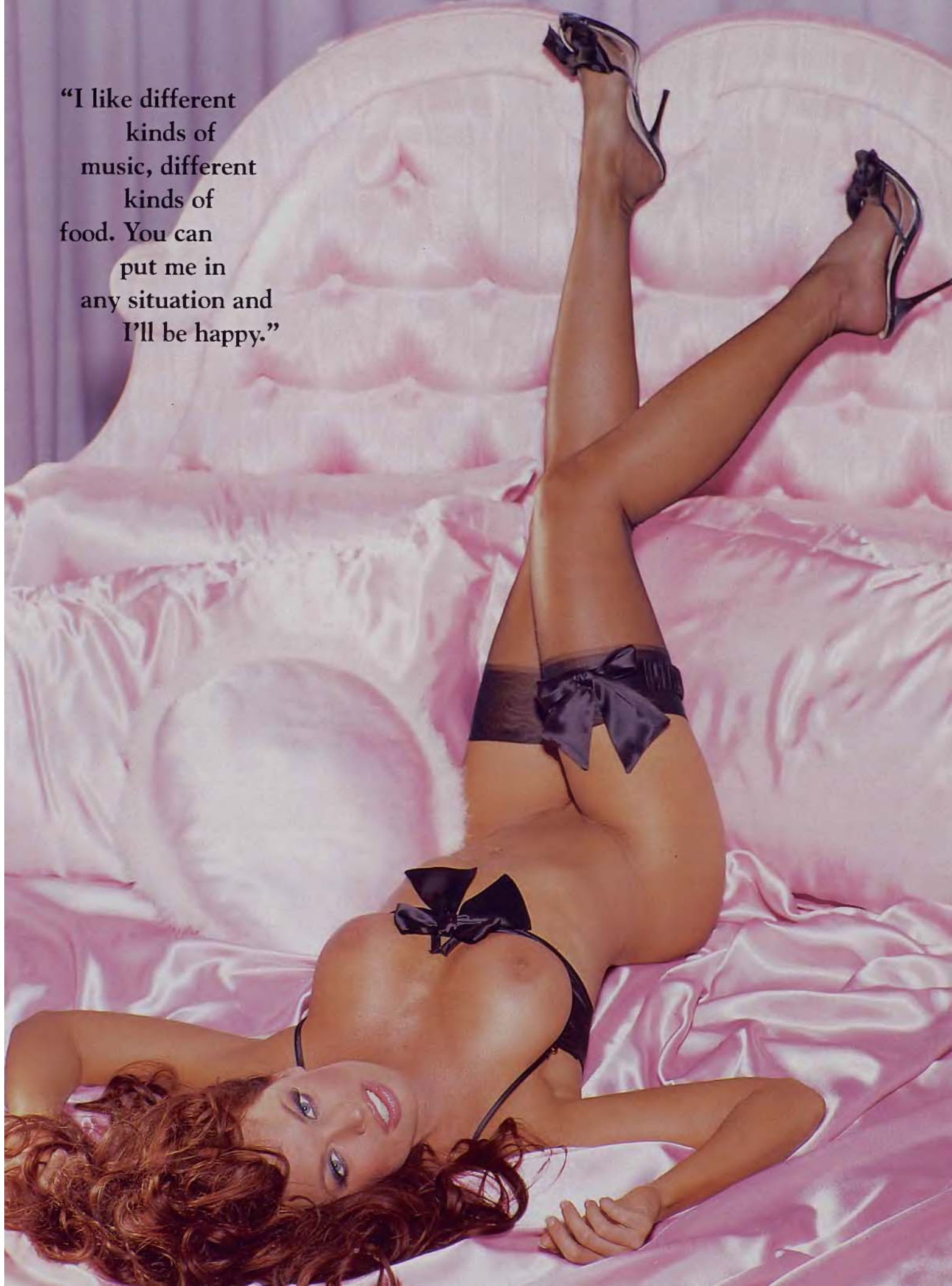








"I like different
kinds of
music, different
kinds of
food. You can
put me in
any situation and
I'll be happy."





“I knew in my soul I belonged with the WWE. If you put me in a bikini in front of a few people I’m kind of shy, but if you put me in front of thousands of hollering fans I’m comfortable. It’s like, ‘Hey, guys!’”



Uday Hussein (continued from page 86)

"I wish we could solve all problems radically and, if necessary, by cutting out tongues."

Hussein had reason to fear for his life because the CIA was known to be spending at least \$100 million trying to overthrow him. Several ingenious plots had been hatched and failed. Yet Uday's attackers escaped easily as he lay near death in the hospital, and they remained at large as he slowly recuperated to face a lifetime as an invalid. After the war many claimed the title of Uday's attacker (I counted seven different versions of the assault in the post-war Iraqi press), but none has gained any credibility.

Uday's misadventure preoccupied the gossips of Baghdad, who had been predicting for years that Uday would come to a bad end. He was notorious for choosing his sexual partners at random from any gathering, sports match or nightclub he happened to attend. The younger the girl, the better. His bodyguards would present a chosen one with his phone number and order her to call soon; refusals were unacceptable. After the war the gargantuan extent of Uday's depredations was revealed through his own notebooks and through interviews with his female victims, chosen primarily from middle-class Iraqi families in thrall to the regime and in no position to resist. The choice of fleeing the country to save a daughter's honor was available to few.

Many assumed Uday was the victim of a botched honor killing by a distraught family, which would account for the bullets to the groin but not explain the absence of a lethal shot to the head. For years Uday had been a likely target for one enemy or another. In addition to his womanizing, there was his psychopathic administration of the Iraqi Olympic committee. Rumors abounded of corporal punishment inflicted on losing athletes and of a private prison under the new 10-story Olympic committee headquarters that included torture devices, many of his own design. But any assailant would risk severe punishment to himself and his extended family if the Saddam regime were to catch him. The Iraqi term for *the fourth degree*, which originated in Iraq under medieval caliphs, designates the right of rulers to destroy families down to the fourth degree of relationship to the challenger. Saddam ordered similar sweeping punishments for his opponents. Upholding the honor of an abused daughter or getting even for the agony of thumbscrew tor-

ture would hardly be worth the risk of bringing Saddam's wrath down on one's whole extended family.

But one man in Iraq was further above the law than Uday: his formidable father. After the war several officials in the secretive security service responsible for the ruling regime's protection expressed the belief that Saddam had to have organized the attack on Uday. In such an absolutely controlled political environment, they said, the assailants could never have gotten clean away. CIA-employed plotters never succeeded in laying a finger on Saddam or any member of his family. And there was the nature of the attack—designed to punish, not to kill, the way an all-powerful man might show an ambitious first son who's boss. "Look at the hit—bullets to the groin, the back, the leg, fired right into the vehicle window from an adjoining car," commented one of the investigating officers. "But where was the coup de grâce, the bullet to the head that would have finished him off? It was never fired. And I think I know why. Dad was teaching his son a lesson."

Perhaps in an attempt to mollify Uday, Saddam returned control of the Fedayeen to his son. Uday had established the fanatical Saddam's Martyrs in late 1994. Two years later, however, the militia had been wrested from his control when Saddam discovered that his son had illegally transferred weapons allotted for the Republican Guard to the Fedayeen.

To repair his shattered leg Uday meanwhile underwent repeated surgeries. On June 15, 1998, still recovering from the grievous wounds inflicted in the ambush, Uday wrote about the family problems in a rambling letter to his father, a copy of which was discovered after the war among the papers in Uday's Olympic committee office. His scrawling, uneven handwriting covers seven pages of a letter that is part mea culpa and part accusation. He asks for patience concerning rumors about his activities: "The prophet says jealousy exists. I can tell you it exists not just among ordinary people but also among our relatives who don't know how to distinguish between reality and unreality. See what has happened to our little family. Two women without husbands and the children without fathers. And me, your son: Nobody knows what has happened to him except God. He

has lost the goodness of life after the loss of his health and the separation from his father that has continued for eight months."

Separated for eight months. That statement says much about the deterioration of the relationship between son and father.

Uday brings up his own poor health. "I'm lame. I can't walk without support," he writes. He warns his father about enemies in Baghdad and tells him to take care. "After all I have seen and suffered, I want to tell you to be careful because my enemies are your enemies, and they are also enemies of the nation. They are my enemies because I am Saddam's son."

Uday laments that the regime had less of a free hand in the capital, Baghdad, than it did elsewhere in the country: "I wish Baghdad were like the south of Iraq, where we could solve all problems radically and, if necessary, by cutting out tongues."

Although he was indifferent to the Shiite people, Uday quotes their founder, Imam Ali, several times in the letter, possibly indicating his growing interest in their religion. He concludes his remarks to his father with a reminder of the earlier theme. "Imam Ali said jealousy reveals bad character. If God wants to punish someone, he makes him jealous."

Despite the warnings against jealousy, Uday never suggested he had been betrayed by a filicidal father. He may not even have been able to think that thought because of the mistrust it would have represented.

Uday's birthday party on June 18, 1998 was his first social appearance after the attack. He phoned some of the girlfriends he hadn't seen since the ambush; they gathered at the Jadriyah Equestrian Club and sang songs and danced together as Uday watched. He was subdued and did not drink. He didn't fire his pistol in celebration as he so often had at earlier birthday parties. And he didn't ask any of the girls to stay the night.

Uday was so far down in spirits that he went on a religious pilgrimage late in 1998 to the holy Shiite cities of Karbala and Najaf, south of Baghdad. He stayed for weeks and met with holy men and mystics. He returned convinced that they had set him on the path to recovery. A few months later he walked a few steps with a cane. He was so excited that he asked his father if he could sponsor a day of celebration for the Shia in their sacred cities. Saddam had been repressing the Shia for years, but he was trying to put a better face on his regime to win the sympathy of neighboring Arab states. He turned down Uday's request but sponsored the festivals himself.



"It's Melanie, for you—what shall I say?"

Uday never fully recovered from his ambush injuries. He needed frequent medical attention and never again walked without support. Yet it was clear that, even with his left femur in fragments and a bullet lodged in his spine, Uday's predatory behavior grew unabated. So enfeebled that he could no longer swing a club at those who angered him, he ordered his bodyguards to inflict the punishment for him. Around Uday fear floated like a noxious smell. In his business dealings, his administrative work and his love life, he used brutality as a management tool.

Uday developed his media properties to include print, TV and radio, outshining even the Ministry of Information at propaganda. His media outlets were popular with the citizens of Iraq. And if he did nothing for Iraqi sports, he parlayed the institutional framework of the Iraqi Olympic committee into a black-market empire centered in the modern 10-story building on Palestine Street.

Uday recruited for business and pleasure from the large pool of compliant Iraqis spawned by the 1968 Baathist revolution. The 35 years of dictatorial rule that followed had placed such great restraints on life and liberty that many in the population had become

passively cooperative with the demands of the state.

As the first son, Uday felt especially privileged. His private e-mail screen name was Shahrear, taken from the legendary king whose philandering excesses were tempered by Scheherazade's storytelling in *The Arabian Nights*.

He was greedy for power and pleasure. Businessmen were required to yield 10 percent of their profits to Uday to receive a government contract. His national soccer players had to win every major game to avoid a beating from his henchmen. His TV anchors would wind up in jail for presenting a routine news item that Uday did not like. A teenage girl had to surrender her virginity if she caught Uday's eye, and his eye roved constantly. They all complied with Uday's demands. To demur was to invite unpleasant physical retaliation. In Saddam's Iraq the police worked for the first family, and there was no recourse to the courts for justice. Uday's yes-men did not necessarily escape his wrath. He nursed a vicious temper and rarely engaged in friendly banter with associates. Even his senior deputies feared the phone call that might put them on the carpet. And there was no quitting his service. Once you entered Uday's orbit you stayed there, as if you were doing business with the Cosa Nostra.

Uday the detail man paid close attention to punishments, sometimes personally supervising beatings. Pain was the remedy for all transgressions. Punches to the body and whippings on the legs and the soles of the feet were given for minor infractions. In the basement of the Olympic committee headquarters he installed a prison manned by toughs from the Saddam Fedayeen. The place was outside the realm of the regime's Stalinist justice system, which usually at least listed the names of most of the accused and punished. The men and women sent down to Uday's basement prison might disappear for weeks or months. They would reappear, ashen-faced and skinny, with scared eyes, or they might disappear altogether, transferred to one of the Fedayeen prisons outside Baghdad that were even further above the law. Many victims were from Uday's prominent family of top athletes and broadcasters, whose skills he rarely rewarded but whose real or imagined failings ignited his wrath.

Uday worked at his sadism. His were not political punishments used to force confessions or eliminate opponents—tactics his father and brother used routinely. Uday wanted to inflict pain, and he devised the instruments to do so. Fished from the water of his basement prison, flooded during wartime bombing, was an array of torture devices Hannibal Lecter would have approved. Several were variations of those described in Alexandre Dumas's novel *The Man in the Iron Mask*—crudely modeled metal headpieces, heavy and menacing, intended to intimidate. A much larger metal structure, a full human figure that hinged open to reveal blunted spikes, was apparently hauled outside and used to cook victims in Baghdad's brutal summer heat. One monstrous metal device shaped like a large spring onion could be expanded, forcing open and mutilating a human orifice. And there were the leg and head clamps and the metal whips.

Uday routinely beat up his lovers and required them to return for more of the same. His relations with women caught the public eye more than anything else he did. In Baghdad in the years before the war, his womanizing was the one subject involving the first family that officials would talk candidly about with visitors. Even after Uday received his incapacitating wounds, his appetite for the company of women remained insatiable.

After the regime collapsed and Uday fled Baghdad, his associates at the Iraqi Olympic committee took his private papers home for safekeeping. I acquired stacks of his letters, e-mails, desk Post-its and love notes, as well as his black book and an old desk calendar he had been using to track his dating in the months before the war. They portray an obsessive womanizer with an enormous capacity for partying. The black book contains the times and locations of dates with 297



"Wake up! You're missing the best part!"

named women and lists the names and phone numbers of 41 others.

Few Iraqis have been willing to talk about their relationship with Uday because of the prospect of retaliation. But in his papers I found a request a woman had scribbled on his personal notepad not to tell a man named Omar about their affair because he is a member of her family. Another woman, named Dalia, e-mailed Uday in German, English and Arabic that she had kept their relationship secret but that her mother suspects something.

Before the shooting Uday would personally pick up his dates from the anonymity of public places. That is how Uday discovered a girl I'll call Hala. According to those in Uday's inner circle, there were many like her. Hala's story is atypical only in that she was willing to sit down and tell it. Many others I contacted through Uday's black book refused to speak for publication.

In early 1996 Hala and her family were at the Al Sayed club and restaurant in the Mansur district. Her father was a minor government functionary, her mother a strikingly handsome woman. Hala at the time was a 15-year-old schoolgirl enjoying one of her rare nights out. Her family was Christian, and her parents were drinking along with most of the others in the club, a mix of Arab and Kurdish businessmen and Baath Party officials. Hala made do with Coca-Cola.

During the evening the burly Ali al-Sahir, Uday's chief bodyguard, came to Hala's table and introduced himself. He presented Hala with his boss's telephone number and invited her to call. The young girl was flattered. She was an attractive teenager, already aware of the power of her womanly figure. She wanted to call, she said. Her parents, aware of Uday's lewd reputation, had mixed feelings, but they also knew he was the closest thing to royalty in Iraq. And he knew where they lived. Hala made the call two days later.

Al-Sahir arrived at her house early the next evening in a black Mercedes sedan. He promised her parents she would not be late. "I was thrilled with the Mercedes," Hala remembers. "I liked the new-car smell. I'd never been in such luxury before." She was excited by the promise of adventure. They drove to one of Uday's walled mansions in Jadriyah, which was off-limits to ordinary Iraqis like Hala's family. Saddam had taken more than 500 acres of prime Tigris riverbank land in Jadriyah and was building five large palaces for his family, but no one in the city ever saw the construction. Even fishermen were forbidden to drift downriver.

Uday was waiting in the hallway, already drunk. He greeted Hala by name and handed her a bottle of what she later learned was scotch. She had never tasted alcohol before. She could barely stomach

the stuff, but Uday insisted. "He was much taller than I," Hala says. "He was much stronger." There were few preliminaries. He led her to an upstairs bedroom and told her to undress. She was unsteady on her feet; she was frightened. And here was Saddam Hussein's son standing in front of her, grinning and pulling off his shirt.

Blaming the booze, Hala claims not to remember much of that first night. "He started slapping my face and punched my body as he bore down on me," she recalls. "He entered me forcibly and was snarling when he had his orgasm." Hala had never had sex with a man before and for a while was under the impression that that was how it was done. Afterward Uday tried to make her finish the whiskey bottle. He slept for a while and then rolled onto her again, beating her a second time. Al-Sahir drove Hala home the following afternoon. She had showered and eaten breakfast. The bruises didn't show, she says, but she wasn't the

same little girl who had left home the night before.

Hala was not the first teenage girl Uday molested. She tells of many others she befriended over the years, girls her age. Hala told her story to her mother, who consoled her and let her take a couple of days off from school. Then Al-Sahir knocked on her door again.

Hala went back to Uday. She had no choice, she says. She got used to his drunken sex play. She got used to scotch. Sometimes he called at three in the morning, and she would arrive to find a score or so of girls cavorting with him. She grew to feel possessive because Uday had a pleasant side, too, when he was sober. He gave her costly foreign-made designer clothes, expensive makeup and perfume. He gave her money when she needed it.

He also had sex with her mother, a briefer relationship than Hala's, just half a dozen visits. The mother could hold her liquor better than her teenage



daughter. She admitted in an interview to knowing a few sexual tricks that surprised even Uday. He was probably intimidated. He didn't beat her. He gave her gifts and then left her alone.

Hala's father caught on early. First came his daughter's late-night adventures. Then it was his wife rising from her bed at two A.M. to leave the house. His pride was bruised, but he accepted this. "Dad just wanted to believe we were close friends of Uday," Hala said in an interview. "We never talked to him about it then and not today." Her father noticed his superiors treated him a little better at the office. The extra money the women brought into the family was also handy in those troubled times. Uday corrupted the family as surely as his father, Saddam, had corrupted the nation.

Hala says she hung around with Uday to the end. She was invited to the first party he threw after his ambush injuries

had healed a little, in 1998, and to many similar gatherings. Uday had changed for the worse, she says. He was bad tempered with guests. He didn't touch her but forced her to strip naked and table dance crazily as the whole room laughed at her. He fired rifles and pistols with increasing frequency. Guests ducked, dodged and hid under tables. Hala drank more and more, as did Uday. Toasting her one evening, he boasted, "There is no one like me. I can do anything. I'm not afraid of anyone, not even God."

Uday was crippled. He never again took Hala back to his bedroom, and she assumed his injuries had left him impotent. He began passing off some of his former girlfriends to his bodyguards even as he invited new women into his life. Hala met Lebanese, German and other foreign women Uday imported into Iraq in the prewar years. His personal party videos, looted from his resi-

dences, have been best-sellers in Baghdad, and Hala worries that someone she knows may someday see her dancing naked for the president's son.

Uday had many young women like Hala in his short life of prodigious excess. There were rumors that he terribly injured some of them or even had them killed when they incurred his wrath. Others fell for him the hard way, or so they say in their love letters, which he kept locked in his private office filing cabinet. A woman named Abeer faxed him that she had cried when he left her for another woman at a party. "I found you, and I tried to tell you why I was crying, but you got angry," she writes. "You attacked me and beat me. What hurt more was that you called me a whore. I don't deny that I needed the money, but I swear to God I really wanted to know you and see you."

Abeer appended a crude self-portrait she claimed she had painted with her blood: "Any word between us is useless. This is my blood as a memory. I hope it will not wind up in the trash bin."

IV. THE FEDAYEEN

Uday Hussein's long convalescence set back his ambitions. He was under regular medical treatment at his Abbasid palace and was impatient with the doctors who provided sedatives and supervised his exercise. The palace maids heard him yelling at his medical staff. He was more capricious than ever, his mean streak more evident. A maid told Al Arabia television that she had angered Uday when she stumbled and dropped a tray of drinks at a party. The next morning Uday sent her to the Olympic committee headquarters, where his goons caned the soles of her feet until they bled. According to those who were there, such "motivational" practices were becoming routine occurrences for the staff at his many enterprises.

Uday's relationship with his father was also convalescing. Saddam had put Iraq through another of its confrontations with UN weapons inspectors. The crisis led to their withdrawal in late 1998 and a retaliatory series of U.S. air strikes against Baghdad. The pressure lessened as President Bill Clinton's entanglement with Monica Lewinsky took center stage at the White House. Iraq began successfully reaching out diplomatically to its Arab neighbors. Uday authored a 300-page political-science treatise that praised his father's dogged defiance of the West. The tribute must have pleased Saddam; he allowed Uday to stand in the 2000 Iraqi National Assembly elections as a Baath Party candidate, guaranteeing him a seat and a voice in the public affairs of government. Uday was next seen on TV frolicking in the murky Tigris River to show his improved health. In private, however, Saddam was handing the levers of power to Qusay, who was taking over



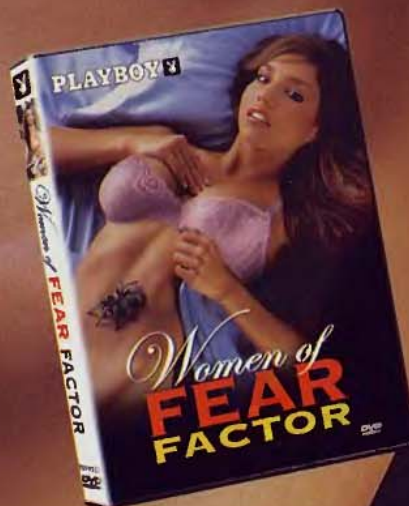
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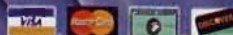
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the important military and security posts. He was still the heir apparent, a status confirmed in 2001 when the ruling Baath Party voted him its leader. Uday's injuries had put him out of the running—or so everyone thought.

In 1994, after the demoralizing defeat of Iraqi forces in the first Gulf war, Uday assembled a ragtag pack of young bullies and irregular soldiers to restore the honor of the armed forces. Though he had his father's approval, he worked in secret, diverting scarce military matériel to his militia. He handed out bonuses and introduced sophisticated indoctrination techniques that emphasized harsh discipline and total loyalty. With Uday back in control, the Fedayeen quickly grew in size and power even as the regular military forces, including the elite Republican Guard divisions, fell into decay. Outside experts wrote off Uday's militia as a maverick assemblage of thugs and miscreants hardly worthy of serious study. They were wrong. The Fedayeen proved to be the most resilient force in the second Gulf war and are still thought to be part of the insurgency.

By the eve of the second Gulf war, the Fedayeen had increased to an estimated 60,000 fighters, with units in all of Iraq's main cities. Their training curriculum included suicide-bombing indoctrination and instruction in guerrilla warfare, not routinely required in the regular armed forces. As did Hitler's Nazi SS, the Fedayeen operated completely outside the law, above the political and legal structures of the country. The black-clad, often masked militiamen prowled the backstreets of Baghdad and other Iraqi cities with lists of political suspects, sometimes administering on-the-spot executions by beheading.

By the end of 2000 Uday had assembled the elements of power. He had acquired a political base to augment his media empire and the Olympic committee front for his lucrative black-market businesses. And he had his own private army. His reclusive father no longer even appeared in public, seemingly besotted with dreams of securing his place in Iraqi

history. The country's oil revenue was being used to plan and build gigantic palaces and mosques. Even the top officials in the land, the members of the Revolutionary Command Council, were never sure where Saddam was going to host their next meeting. They assembled in the early hours of the morning and were bused to various conference points over unexpected routes.

Saddam kept occupied by producing a 52-hour television movie on the Baath Party's rise to power, a project he eventually scrapped in favor of a book he wrote from the script, called *Men and the City*. He was reputed to have written several sappy historical romances and a musical based on a similar theme. Sad-

believed that Iraq's traditional allies, France, Russia and China, had failed to deliver on promises of protection. He submitted a working paper to the National Assembly in November 2002 that was highly critical of the sweet oil deals Iraq had made with China and Russia, deals worth billions of dollars.

Uday also revised his views about the inevitable decline of America. He suggested that a better idea for the Iraqi regime would have been to cultivate business relations with "Democrats and Republicans in the United States opposed to Bush's policies. And what if we had given a percentage of our money to the English, what influence would that have achieved?"

Uday's economic-initiative suggestions were naive and futile. The U.S. and the United Kingdom had forbidden trade relations with Saddam's regime anyway, but Uday was signaling his impatience with the old guard and the old ideas around his father. Early in 2002 he had taken his plans a step further, secretly reorganizing the structure of his Olympic committee front and integrating its operations with his TV, radio and newspaper empire.

On February 3, 2002 Uday wrote to two close associates, Major General Jabbar Rajab Habbush and Norman Idan, his financial aide, ordering them to "revise the whole system, administrative and structural,

from all sides." They came up with an elaborate reorganization that required a multiplicity of new job titles and departments more suitable for a state enterprise than a private business.

By late summer that year, with senior Iraqi officials privately conceding the likelihood of war, Uday demanded rapid implementation of his plan. The director of his Youth TV operation, Alaa Mekki, responded by letter on August 20: "We are aware of the structural, managerial and directional changes you wish to implement, but they are far-reaching and we don't fully understand them. It will take time to make the changes, and we beg for more time."

Broadcasters and producers at Youth 147

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

TV recalled that they quickly began to realize that the abrupt reorganization effort seemed directed at something more than new programming. Elaborate schematics were drawn up to redistribute office space. The network was suddenly required to accommodate a new layer of executives at the cramped Iraqi TV center in downtown Baghdad. Uday loyalists were coming to positions of power with little or no media knowledge. Faces of senior Fedayeen officers were seen around the organization. New communications links were established with the Olympic committee. All this was done without publicity; Uday was clearly up to something.

Now he needed to absorb the leadership of the Saddam Fedayeen militia into his organization. He could bend his media and business enterprises to his will easily enough, but the Fedayeen were another matter, professing loyalty in blood oaths to Saddam Hussein himself. To ensure that the Fedayeen, the third leg of his future governing triad, would stand firm when he needed them, Uday turned to his sumptuous resources of money and privilege.

On the eve of war Iraq's military establishment was in tatters. The high concrete walls built to keep the numerous encampments from public view were the only contemporary feature of the military; all else was in decay. Ruthless purges of the officer corps had brought mediocre talent to the fore. Saddam himself had not been photographed in a military uniform since the first Gulf war.

The defenses had been adequate,

however, to quell internal division. Saddam's rusting Russian tanks and outdated artillery pieces had proven decisive in suppressing internal unrest in the years since the Gulf war, just as his omnipresent security services had crushed political opposition. For that reason Saddam entrusted command of the armed forces to Qusay, whose loyalty had been proved in the years he successfully ran the internal security services. Qusay had no military training, but he was quietly ruthless. The previous decade had been devoted to the security and preservation of the regime above all else, and preparations for the war with America centered on the same strategy, that of ensuring Saddam's survival in power.

The specter of internal rebellion haunted the Baghdad regime, and it squelched plans for city defenses from Mosul in the north to Basra in the south, defenses that rebels might turn to their advantage. Because of the same concern, bullets were withheld from many military units posted in those cities. Important highways and bridges linking parts of the country, clearly of value to an invader, were never considered for demolition or interdiction. They were too vital for the suppression of rebellion, as was demonstrated in the bloody civil struggle that followed the first Gulf war. Saddam's tanks had raced from Baghdad to the resistance cities in Kurdish and Shiite lands and blasted their way to victory. But the goals of defending Iraq from without and Saddam from within had by this time become mutually exclusive.

Iraq's senior military commanders

knew this, but because Saddam's inner circle had become so small they were distrusted outsiders. With Saddam ignoring battle plans to study blueprints for palaces and mosques, fantasy ruled in the military. The capabilities of the once vaunted Republican Guard divisions were mythical; their Soviet-era hardware had long ago deteriorated along with the soldiers' morale. The regular army was in an even more pitiful state, with soldiers unable to afford the bus fare home on their infrequent leaves. Only the public face of the military was steadfast and loyal, an illusion created by the propaganda services and believed by the West.

Ironically Saddam did come to terms with one deception. For years he had played a cat-and-mouse game with the international community over weapons inspections, leaving the vivid impression he had something diabolical to hide. Saddam yielded to Russian and French entreaties late in 2002 to open his country totally to UN weapons inspectors to end the threat of war. In the view of some senior Iraqi commanders, this was his downfall. The inspectors found no such weapons. Now there was no longer any military reason for American forces to hesitate to attack, whatever had been publicly stated as justification for the war.

As war rapidly approached, fantasy continued to rule. Senior military staff meetings that Saddam presided over were characterized by gung ho portrayals of Iraqi military capability. Commander in chief Qusay played as pernicious a role as his compliant subordinates, openly lying to his father about military readiness. A general officer on the planning staff recalled in a postwar interview that in a November 2002 senior staff meeting Saddam had asked if his orders to extend the range of 37-millimeter antiaircraft weapons had been carried out. "We all looked at each other, knowing it had been impossible to do so. But Qusay responded, 'Yes, our engineers have succeeded.' Everyone but Saddam knew that was a lie," the officer said. The war plan as it evolved envisaged strong defenses of all borders and cities with effective air and ground-to-air weapons support, attacks against U.S. aircraft carriers in the Gulf and a loyal population eager to do battle with the invaders.

That none of this was practical or doable was never mentioned by knowledgeable military men at staff meetings. Some argued that Saddam himself had to be in on the illusion, but none dared to cross him, not even Qusay. Lying had become endemic in Iraq because to agree with the regime was to live a less troubled life. The greater lie was that war would not come at all.

Uday was left out of the war planning. His playboy reputation and his injuries pushed him from the center of power. His plain speaking was also causing pain. The Ministry of Information prevailed



"It all comes down to who's screwing who."

on Saddam to close Uday's paper, *Babel*, for a month because it had criticized the governments of Jordan and Egypt, two Arab states Iraq was desperately courting. His Saddam Fedayeen militia was similarly excluded from the war plan because of its independence from the chain of command.

Uday had already begun planning his own war. Maybe because of his cruel injuries, he had become a realist, unlike others in his family. Late in 2002 he was making changes in the regional commands of the Fedayeen, promoting young but proven officers. He ordered a complete reappraisal of the militia's military readiness with an emphasis on honesty. The responses began coming back in mid-January 2003, about two months before war began. The Fedayeen were ill-equipped, ill-trained and unready. Uday moved to change all that in a hurry, setting an inspection deadline of March 8.

V. COUP D'ÉTAT

But even an impending invasion would not spoil the fun. Among the many Post-its found in Uday's desk, some scrawled with red marker, are lists of videos he wanted to see: *The First Wives Club*, *The Odd Couple II*, *Sabrina Goes to Rome* and *Dark City*. Other notes mention various additional desires: two new Mercedeses and another Rolls-Royce. There are lists of Internet porn sites. A bundle of incoming e-mails addressed to shahrear2000@yahoo.com detail three weeks of negotiations to purchase a million-dollar diamond from a Saudi Arabian princess.

Five days before the war began Uday threw his last party. Officials from his media properties and the Olympic committee gathered at one of his favorite haunts, the private Jadriyah Equestrian Club on the Tigris River near the University of Baghdad. The entryway was framed by a large ceramic mural of Saddam and his two sons dressed as Bedouins astride Arabian stallions. Crude stone sculptures of naked women were scattered about the grounds to add a sybaritic flavor.

In earlier days Uday would climb onto the club's roof and fire his automatic rifle into the sky to the nervous applause of young women gathered on the lawns below. And he would cavort drunkenly on the dance floor with his female guests before ordering a comely girl to the notorious "black room," where he had a simple bed and washbasin and to which no invitation could be refused. But that was before his crippling.

This night Uday hobbled to his table and sipped quietly on a vodka tonic. He called for the band to "sing to me about the end" and applauded when it came up with the sad music of popular Iraqi singer Kadim al-Sahir. Uday seemed to have forgotten he had sent Al-Sahir into exile several years earlier for some minor

grievance. Later in the evening Uday invited several of his favorite associates to a back room and presented them with small memorial pistols. He was crying. He said, "Bush really means it this time. It is good-bye." Five days later the Equestrian Club was one of the first targets of the invasion's cruise missiles.

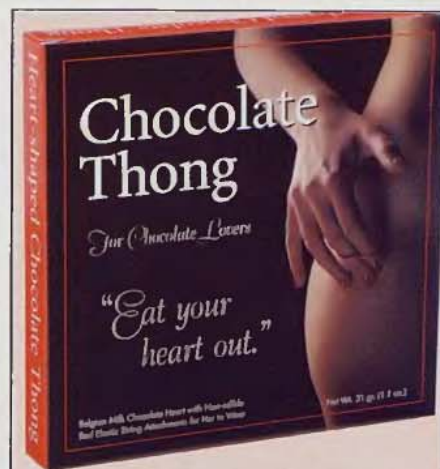
Few others in the ruling regime seemed to understand that the end was indeed near. Perhaps decades of political isolation had made it easy for the leadership to hide from the reality of the threat. Or maybe they believed the nonsense from the state media about Iraq's overwhelming ability to resist invasion. As the U.S. and coalition armed forces were gathering strength in the Gulf in the final 10 days before the war, Qusay Hussein was seen idling for a few hours at an expensive furniture store on Arasat Street with his father's senior aide Abid Mahmoud. Qusay's responsibility at the time was to command the defense of the entire country, with a special emphasis on Baghdad.

Maybe the leadership had been so misled by the rising tide of international resistance to the war that they believed the Americans would fold at the last minute. Saddam had escaped oblivion a decade ago when an earlier Bush administration decided to leave him in power after the first Gulf war rather than risk the uncertainties that would follow his ouster. Senior Iraqi officials planted more uncertainty. They began talking confidently to Western reporters about plans for a spirited defense of Baghdad. It would rival the famous World War II battle for Stalingrad that pitched Soviet troops against the Nazis. Such a drama fought before the cameras of the international media would supposedly force the Americans to yield to an aroused world opinion and sue for peace.

As anyone could tell, there were no sensible defenses of Baghdad, no outer rings of concealed armor or inner rings of entrenched soldiers in city buildings to force an invading army to fight in the streets. Only two of the city's many bridges were mined. The lightly sand-bagged street corners and shallow fox-holes dug in empty city lots were so cosmetic as to be laughable.

George W. Bush's rush to war had driven the Iraqi regime to greater rhetoric, but it drove Uday to greater effort. By now his militia had formed specifically trained suicide squads modeled on the Palestinian example and motivated by a cult of personality that Uday was quietly growing for himself. His picture was starting to compete with his father's in Fedayeen encampments.

Uday's oil riches provided the militia with sophisticated Russian guided anti-tank missiles and the sturdy Nissan trucks on which to mount them. He tapped into resources unavailable to regular army units, some of which were



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On March 8 the Basrah Fedayeen commander reported the arrival of 350 new AK-47 rifles and 394,970 rounds of ammunition. The Missan commander had earlier received 250 AK-47s and 214,000 rounds. And so it was across the country for all the Fedayeen units. Uday had created a mobile guerrilla force numbering in the scores of thousands, with high morale and high motivation. Uday's ragtag country boys had risen to become the cream of the military crop.

No direct documentary evidence yet available marks exactly when Uday committed to a coup d'état. The reorganization of his media empire in 2002 and its integration with the Olympic committee suggested his intention to circumvent government institutions at an early point in a takeover and to use his own personnel to run the government. He began integrating the Fedayeen into the Olympic committee about the same time. He was giving generals seniority over civilian counterparts. As would soon be seen, the military men

accepted his invitations to serve in his coup cabinet.

During this same period Uday was unsuccessfully reasserting his claim within the ruling family to the right of accession. A friend recalled that Uday privately ridiculed his brother Qusay's promotion to head the Baath Party, a job he maintained should rightfully be his. In better health and more mature in personality, Uday felt he deserved a return to grace. His brother was in the way, of course, and growing ever more powerful in his father's esteem and in his security and military connections.

Uday now hurried his planning. Unlike Qusay, he was not entirely beholden to his father. His media and business empires placed him closer to the Iraqi people and the outside world than any other member of the ruling family. He knew the glaring weaknesses in the regime and observed his father's flagging strength. With Bush clearly planning war, this would be a fine time for new leadership and a new direction for Iraq. He was hinting at it in his newspaper columns, with his criticism of the regime's oil deals and its international business relations, while he was implementing it behind closed doors.

But his courtship of the Fedayeen leadership was taking time. These were simple men, chosen for their ruthlessness and their obedience to the regime. They killed willingly for Saddam Hussein, their lord and master, who allowed them their excesses. Uday had to court such men with caution.

On February 28 Uday received a letter labeled CONFIDENTIAL from the secretary general of the Fedayeen, Lieutenant General Muhssin Abdul Karim Mahmood. It named a committee of the senior general officers to discuss military preparedness. None had so far committed himself to Uday's cause.

VI. THE ACE OF HEARTS

In the weeks leading up to war, Uday was put in charge of Iraq's internal security forces, his first significant job in the ruling regime. Qusay was his nominal boss, but the older brother now had a powerful new post and an official reason to communicate with his formerly distant father.

Uday's confidence seemed to have trumped his wisdom on the eve of war when Bush issued his public ultimatum to Saddam Hussein to leave Iraq with his sons and family or face the full force of military invasion—but perhaps Uday's move was deliberate. Rather than wait for his father's response, Uday rushed a statement to Youth TV, trying to ridicule the American leader by suggesting that Bush and his family should leave the U.S. He warned that American troops would die horrible deaths and that their loved ones would "cry not tears but blood." A surprised Baghdad waited several more hours for Saddam to offer his official



rejection of Bush's demands, and senior military officers began wondering who was in charge.

Several days before the Shock and Awe bombings that signaled the invasion's start, Uday moved to a war footing. He assumed correctly that his properties would be among the first to be bombed. He moved his essential staff and all the computers from the prominent 10-story Olympic committee headquarters to the modest football federation building and sent the female staff home.

He conferred with his television executives and devised an escape route from the Youth TV offices to an old house across the parking lot and then by tunnel to the Tigris River about 500 yards away, where boats would be waiting.

Uday also called a final conference of the Saddam Fedayeen planning staff that included several retired officers brought back for their experience in the first Gulf war. Uday was, typically, not present at the conference but sent a video crew to film it for him. His representative insisted Uday be kept informed at all times of the Fedayeen's operations when war began, with the most important message traffic moving by car, not phone or fax.

The Fedayeen conference concluded that, as in the first Gulf war, the U.S. would try to cut Iraqi field communications quickly. This meeting signed off on the Fedayeen's operational independence, which would come into effect once contact with Baghdad headquarters was lost. Each unit would rely on the self-sufficiency attained through its rigorous guerrilla training and the weapons and ammo stockpiling completed in the previous weeks.

Uday's common sense gave him foreboding about the war's outcome, but the early successes of the Saddam Fedayeen and some commando units buoyed his spirits. At a family home in the Zaiyouna area of Baghdad he briefed close friends, explaining excitedly that the country's defenses were holding. For a few days at Umm Qasr the resistance to U.S. and British marines, as well as heavy action at Basra, seemed to bear out the state media's unlikely assertions that Iraqis would fight the American invasion to the death.

Uday was emboldened to appear in public. In the first days of the war he was spotted a few times hobbling on his cane down the broad expanse of Palestine Street, security men in tow. He cordially greeted the few passersby who ventured outside. That part of eastern Baghdad was distant enough from the city center to avoid routine bombing. A small yellow Sunny taxi was always seen following him, the nondescript conveyance a far cry from the expensive autos stored in his many garages. His belated discovery of the common touch was picked up by his father and younger brother, who began popping up in odd places around the city

to the great surprise of the public, few of whom had ever seen the family members in person.

Just 90 minutes after the Bush deadline expired, 40 U.S. Tomahawk missiles crashed into a residential complex in a northern suburb where Saddam was believed to be meeting associates. This was the first of a series of much publicized unsuccessful attempts to kill the Iraqi leader with missiles and bombs and led to much speculation about his well-being. One such attempt later in the war, on April 7, almost did the job when warplanes dropped four 2,000-pound bombs on several houses located behind the Al Saa-ah restaurant in the Mansur district. Saddam was in one house preparing for lunch with Qusay and several top aides when a security man came inside and whispered in his ear. An SUV had driven past the house, stopped briefly and then moved on. The vehicle may have been spying. Saddam looked concerned, stood up and told everyone to disperse. The bombs fell 15 minutes later, damaging the safe house but obliterating three adjacent homes and killing nine people.

With his father's death a distinct possibility, Uday needed to confirm the support of the Fedayeen commanders. Under the existing institutional arrangement, the leadership succession would automatically pass to Qusay and senior Baathist leaders. Just two days into the war Baghdad residents were surprised to discover that all police posts in the capital were deserted and there were no street patrols or traffic police on duty. In their place were Saddam Fedayeen militiamen, many with sinister masked faces and all with automatic weapons and rocket launchers. They manned the sandbagged street corners and intersections. No other security forces were visible.

Uday's maneuvering had paid off. He controlled the streets of Baghdad. He ran the internal security services. His Olympic committee associates—a possible minigovernment—were functioning in their obscure wartime location, and his media properties were humming. At the end of the war's first week his Fedayeen militiamen were slamming U.S. Marines at Nasiriyah on the Euphrates River, holding the bridges and shocking the invaders with suicide bombings and the taking of prisoners.

Around this time Uday called his friends together again, and they met at a private house in Jadriyah. He was still confident, "with high morale and high spirits," one of the attendees recalled. There were no maids, just security men who handed around drinks. They thanked God for the bizarre weather that had shrouded Baghdad in an orange dusk as airborne desert sands drifted in with the wind. The choking gloom was thickened with black smoke billowing from trenches of burning oil dug around the

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On March 26 the Fedayeen high command sent Uday the hand-delivered letter he'd been waiting for. He had their backing for a coup d'état. Now everything was in place. At an earlier time Uday could have made his move and probably gotten away with it. And at a future time, had the Americans played the game Saddam had originally envisaged—a long siege of Baghdad followed by political negotiations to end the war—Uday could equally have taken over.

His younger brother was no real threat. Saddam's last strength lay with the Republican Guard divisions he had entrusted to Qusay. As the American military discovered, the guards were paper tigers, their ability hampered by some of the worst leadership in modern military history. Qusay blithely dispatched one division after another down open roads into the teeth of the American bombing offensive, leaving hundreds of tanks and artillery and men in pieces and all the doors to Baghdad wide open. A desperate military command staff sent Saddam a message begging for permission to implement a sensible defensive strategy. The response was a laconic "I have appointed your commander in chief. Now listen to him."

The Fedayeen were swept aside as the American offensive gathered full force in the first days of April. Tens of thousands of troops backed by armor and air power rushed toward Baghdad, their dominance indisputable. The Fedayeen would come back to fight another day, but by then Uday's dreams of glory had turned nightmarish.

Uday met once more with his group of close acquaintances in early April

when U.S. troops were reportedly advancing on Baghdad's international airport. "He was pessimistic and looked very weak," recalls one friend. Uday shook their hands and expressed concern about their safety. "I will be in contact with you again if God wants," he said as he departed, never to see any of them again. All those at the house had at one time been victims of Uday's mercurial temperament, suffering his punishments and disapproval for minor things. They had partied with him in the good years and suffered with him through his bad health, his personal feuds and his ugly public behavior. "In the end we all loved Uday," one friend comments. "But the only person Uday really loved was his mother. He feared his father, but he admired his strength."

Uday would be seen once more with his father in Baghdad newspaper photographs. In a last gesture of his authority Saddam promoted both Uday and Qusay to the rank of brigadier general on April 4. With American troops crawling all over Baghdad Airport, demotion would have seemed the most appropriate gesture, but Saddam was never one to publicly slight his nearest and dearest.

Uday made a run for it on April 7. American troops were already in Abbasid Palace when he sent for two members of his security staff. They found him in one of his small safe houses in the Mansur district. He was dressed as a Bedouin tribesman in flowing robes. Uday complained that he had spent the two previous nights in uncomfortable bunkers near the Equestrian Club because he feared capture. He climbed into the backseat of a Sunny taxi with his driver at the wheel and ordered his security men to follow. "I will destroy all my cars. I won't let the

Americans get them," he told them.

They crossed the suspension bridge to Jadriyah, then traveled south toward Hilla and an area where the security men knew Uday had several large car warehouses. They took back roads to avoid advancing American troops. Near their destination they spotted a pink Rolls-Royce of 1960s vintage pulled over to the side of the road; local farmers were tearing at the interior leatherwork and removing the wheels. The vehicle had apparently run out of gas. It was the same one Uday had ostentatiously driven to a referendum in 2000. He was furious. He told his security men to help him out of the taxi. He wanted to shoot the looters with his pistol, but his men prevailed on him to be discreet.

They drove on to the warehouses, eight large low-slung wooden buildings beside a large dairy farm that Uday owned. Seven of the warehouses had been broken into, and they were swarming with farmers pushing Rolls-Royces and Mercedeses and tinkering with Lamborghinis and Ferraris. Numerous other vehicles were being cannibalized, including two stately vintage Rolls-Royces stolen from the Kuwaiti royal family during the first Gulf war.

Uday drove to the last locked warehouse. His security men broke open the door. Lined up inside were rows of late-model Mercedes sedans and sports cars. "Burn them all," Uday shouted from the back of his taxi, unwilling to get out now that many locals were crowding around. With pistols drawn, his security men doused all the vehicles with gasoline and tossed a match. Uday watched the last of his car collection burn, then drove off in his taxi after a final wave to his men.

Uday lived above the law but died a hunted man in a shoot-out after a desperate flight and a double cross. He is believed to have teamed with Qusay in the Sunni triangle region west and north of Baghdad in early June, and they fled with Qusay's 14-year-old son, Mustafa, to Mosul. By then U.S. authorities had launched an intensive search for Saddam and his sons, offering large rewards for their capture. The brothers moved in with an old family retainer in Mosul, but he apparently turned them in to the authorities for a \$30 million reward. In the resulting shoot-out with U.S. troops on Tuesday, July 22, 2003, both brothers and Qusay's son were killed, their mutilated bodies displayed to the world.

A U.S. Army spokesman said Uday's briefcase, found after his death, contained \$400,000 in \$100 bills, Viagra and a solitary condom. To the very end Uday evidently believed he had a chance to become a whole man again. After all, in the famous Iraq's Most Wanted deck of cards, Uday was the ace of hearts.



"She'll lie down, but she won't roll over."



SWIFT PASSAGE

(continued from page 96)

He'd phoned her the next night and taken her to dinner, and then to a concert two nights later, all the correspondences in alignment. She had a three-year-old daughter. Her ex paid alimony. She worked part-time as a receptionist and was taking courses at UCLA toward an advanced degree in environmental studies. One entire wall in her apartment, floor to ceiling, was dedicated to nature books, from Thoreau to Leopold to Wilson, Garrett, Quammen and Gould.

He fell. And fell hard.

Each turn was a duplicate of the one he'd just negotiated, hairpin to the right, hairpin to the left, more trees, more snow, more distance. The road was gone now altogether, replaced by a broad white featureless plain without discernible limits. He used the trunks of the trees as guideposts, trying to keep the car equidistant from those on the left and the ones that clipped by on the right like so many slats in a fence. It really wouldn't do to skid into any of these trees—they were yellow pines, sugar pines, Jeffreys and ponderosas, as wide around as the pillars of the Lincoln Memorial—but the gaps between them were what caught his attention. Go off the road there and no one could say how far you would drop. Guardrails? Not out here.

They were silent for a moment, so he took up the eels again—just to hear his own voice for distraction. "So I suppose there's an upside—the villagers must have enjoyed a little fried eel and some plantains. Or maybe they smoked them."

"You'd get awfully sick of eel after a couple days, don't you think?" She wasn't staring out the windshield into the white fury of the headlights but was watching him as if they were cruising down the coast highway under a ripe and delicate sun. "No, I think they went ahead and buried them—the ones that were too injured to crawl off."

"The stink, huh?"

"Or slither off. Did you know that eels—the American eel, which is what these were—can crawl overland? Like a snake?"

He squinted into the sleet, reached out to flick the radio back on but thought better of it. "No, I don't think so. Or maybe. Maybe I did. I remember they used to be in every creek when I was a kid—you'd fish for trout and catch this big slick whipping thing that always seemed to swallow the hook, and then you couldn't do anything but cut it loose. Because of the slime factor."

"They're all born in the Sargasso Sea. You know that, right? And that it's the females that migrate inland?"

He did. Because he was something of a nature buff himself, hiking up the canyons on weekends, poking under rocks and in

the willows along the streambeds, trying to learn the lore, and his own bookshelves featured many of the same titles he'd found on hers. Which was one of the reasons they were going to Big Timber for the weekend—so he could show her the trails he'd discovered the past summer, take her on the Trail of the Hundred Giants and then down the Freeman Creek Trail to the Freeman Grove. She was from Boston, and she'd never seen the redwoods and sequoias except in photographs. When she'd told him that, over a plate of mussels marinara at a semi-hip, overpriced place on Wilshire with red banquet seats and votive candles on the tables, he began to rhapsodize Big Timber till he'd made it out to be the earthly paradise itself. Which it was, for all he knew. He'd been there only twice, both times with Jared on their mountain bikes, but it was as wild and beautiful as it must have been in Muir's time—sure it was—and he'd persuaded her to have a girlfriend babysit for the weekend so they could hike the trails and cross-country ski if there was enough snow, and then sit at the bar at the lodge till it was time to go to bed.

And that was the other reason for the trip, the unspoken promise percolating beneath the simple monosyllable of her assent—going to bed. On their first date she'd told him she was feeling fragile still—her word, not his—and wanted to take things slowly. All right. He respected that. But three weeks had gone by, and when she'd agreed to come with him—for two days and two nights—he felt something pull loose inside of him.

"Right," he said, "and then they all return to the Sargasso Sea to mate."

"Amazing, isn't it?"

"All those eels," he said. "Eels from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas"—he gave her a look—"Ontario, even."

That was when the wheels got away from him and the car spun across the road to glance off a white-capped boulder and into a glistening white ditch that undulated gracefully away from the hidden surface of the road, which was where he really and truly wanted to be.

That they were stuck was a given. The passenger-side wheels were in the ditch, canting the car at an unfortunate angle, and beneath the furiously accumulating snow there was a glaze of ice that gave no purchase. He cursed under his breath—"Shit, shit, shit"—and slammed the wheel with his fist, and she said, "Are we stuck?" For a long moment he didn't respond, the wipers stupidly beating, the snow glossy in the headlights and driving down like a hard white rain. "Are you all right?" he said finally. "Because I—I mean, it just got away from me there. The road, it's like a skating rink or something." Her face was ghost-lit. He couldn't see her eyes. "Yeah," she said softly, "I'm fine."

When he cracked the door to get out



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and have a look, the snow stung his eyes and drove the breath from his lips. He caught a quick glimpse of her, huddled there in the passenger seat—and there was the smell of her perfume too, of the heat of her body and the sleepy warmth of the car's interior—and then he slammed the door and walked round the car to assess the damage. The front fender on the passenger side was staved in where it had hit the boulder, but it didn't seem to be interfering with the wheel at all, and that was the good news. For the rest of it, the rear tires had dug themselves a pair of craters in the ice beneath the snow, and the axle was resting on a scraped-bald patch of dirt just beneath the tailpipe. And the snow. The snow was coming down, and the road was certain to be closed—till spring maybe—and he wasn't sure how many miles yet it was to the lodge. Five? Ten? Twenty? He couldn't begin to guess, and as he looked up into the thin streaming avenue of illumination the car's headlights afforded him, he realized he didn't recognize a thing. There were just trees. Trees and more trees.

Then the car door slammed, and she was standing there beside him, the hood of her parka drawn tight around the

oval of her face. "You know, I grew up in snow, so this is nothing to me." She was grinning, actually grinning, the glow of the taillights giving her features a weird pinkish cast. "I'll tell you what we have to do, we have to jack up this back wheel here and put something under it."

"Like what?" The engine coughed softly, twice, three times, and then settled into its rhythm. There was the smell of the exhaust and the sound of the miniature ice pellets in all their trillion permutations hissing off the hood of his jacket, off the trunk of the car, off her hood and the boughs of the trees. He looked around him bleakly—there was nothing, absolutely nothing to see but for the hummocks of the snow, white fading to gray and then to a drifting pale nullity beyond the range of the headlights.

"I don't know," she said. "A log or something. You have a shovel in the trunk?"

He didn't have a shovel in the trunk—no shovel and no chains. He began to feel less a risk taker and more a fool, callow, rash, without foresight or calculation, the sort of blighted individual whose genetic infirmities get swallowed up in the food chain before he can reproduce and pass

them on to vitiate the species. That was the way an evolutionist would see it—that was the way she would see it. "No, uh-uh, no shovel," he breathed, and then he was slogging round the car to reach through the driver-side door, cut the engine and retrieve the keys—the jack was in the trunk anyway. Or at least it had been, the last time he'd looked, but who obsessed over the contents of the trunk of his car? It was a place to put groceries, luggage, the big purchase at the mall.

Without the rumble of the engine the night seemed to close in, the ceaseless hiss of the snow the only sound in the universe. He left the lights on, though the buzzer warned him against it, and then he was back with her, flinging open the trunk of the car, the interior of which immediately began to whiten with the descending snow. There were their bags—his black, hers pink—and there was the jack laid in against the inner panel where he'd flung it after changing a flat last summer. Or was it the summer before last?

"Okay, great," she said, the pale puff of her breath clinging to her lips, "why don't you jack it up, and I'll look for something to—pine boughs, we could use pine boughs. Do you have a knife with you? A hatchet? Anything to cut with?"

He was standing there, two feet from her, staring into the whitening trunk. There were two plastic quarts of motor oil in the back, a grease-stained T-shirt and half a dozen CDs he was afraid the valet at the Italian restaurant might have wanted to appropriate for himself, but there were no knives, no tools of any kind, other than the jack handle. "No, I don't think so."

She gave him a look then—the dark slits of her glasses, the pursed lips—but all she said was, "We could use the carpet. I mean, look"—and she was reaching in, experimentally lifting the fitted square of it from the mottled steel beneath.

The car was two years old, and he was making monthly payments on it. It was the first car he'd ever bought new in his life, and he'd picked it out over Christine's objections. He liked the sportiness of it, the power—he could blow by most cars on the freeway without really pushing it—and the color, a magnetic red that stood out a hundred yards away. He didn't want to tear out the carpeting—that was not an option, because they'd get out of this and laugh about it over drinks at the lodge, and there was no sense in getting panicky, no sense in destroying things unnecessarily—but she already had hold of it with one hand and was showing the bags back away from it with the other, and he had no choice but to help.



"The library didn't have 'How to Please a Woman,' so I picked up a book on small-engine repair. Let's pretend you're a 2-stroke motor getting a tune-up."

Inside the car with the engine running, he was in a dream, a trance, as if he'd plunged to the bottom of the sea with Cousteau in his bathyscaphe and all the

world had been reduced to this dim cab with the faint green glow of the dash lights and the hum of the heater. Ontario was there beside him, a dark presence in the passenger seat, her head nestled in the crook of his arm. They'd agreed to run the car every 15 minutes or so—and then only briefly—in order to conserve gas and still keep the engine warm enough to deliver up heat. And that was all right, though he kept waking from his dream to a kind of frantic beating in his chest because he knew they were in trouble here, deep trouble, no matter how much he told himself the storm would tail off and they could wade through the snow to the lodge. And what of the car? With this heavy a snowfall the road would be closed till spring, and the car would be abandoned until the snow melted away and revealed it there at the side of the road, in the ditch, and he'd have to beg a ride to work or squeeze onto one of those noxious buses with all the dregs of humanity. Still, it could be worse—at least he'd filled the gas tank before they'd started up the hill.

"Zach?" Her voice was murmurous with sleep.

"Yeah?"

"There's nothing to worry about, you know. I've got two strong legs. We can walk out in the morning and get somebody to help—snowmobilers. There's sure to be snowmobilers out—"

"Yeah," he said, "yeah, I'm sure,"

and he wanted to add, gloomily, that this wasn't suburban Massachusetts, that this was the wild, or at least as wild as it got in southern California. There were mountain lions here, bears, pine martens, ring-tailed cats. Last summer, with Jared, he'd seen a bear cub—a yearling, he'd guessed, a pretty substantial animal—out on the highway, this very highway, scraping the carcass of a crushed squirrel off the pavement with its teeth. They averaged 20-plus feet of snow per season at this altitude and as much as 40 during an El Niño year, and with his luck this would turn out to be an El Niño, no doubt about it, because it was coming down as if it wasn't going to stop till May. Snowmobilers. Fat chance. Still, there was the

lodge, and if they could get there—when they got there—they'd be all right. And the car would keep—he felt sick about it and he'd need a new battery maybe, but that was something he could live with. The cold he didn't think about. Or the killing effort of slogging through knee-deep snow. That was for tomorrow. That was for daylight.

They'd spent a good hour or more trying to get the car out, the carpets expendable, his Thomas Guide, even his spare jacket and two back issues of *Nature* she'd brought along to pore over by the fire, but the best they'd been able to do was give the rear wheels a moment's purchase in order to shove the front end in deeper. By the time they gave up, he'd

He shrugged in the darkness, drew her to him. "They're all asleep now. But last summer—at the lodge?—there was one out back, a big cinnamon sow they said must have weighed 300 pounds or more. Jared and I were playing eight ball—there's a nice table there, by the way, and I'm challenging you to the world championship tomorrow afternoon, so you better limber up your fingers—and somebody said, 'The bear's out there again,' and we must have watched the thing for half an hour before it lumbered off, and lumber it did. I mean, now I can understand the meaning of that word in a whole new way."

She was silent a moment, and then she said, "The California grizzly's extinct, but you knew that, right?"

"Oh, yeah, yeah, I meant this was a black bear."

"They shot the last grizzly in Fresno, probably sniffing around somebody's sheep ranch, in 1922. Boom. And it was gone forever."

There was a hitch in her voice, a sort of downbeat, as she settled into the arena of certainty, of what is and what was. The snow sifted down around them, a white sea in fragments—the dandruff of God, as his father used to call it when they went skiing at Mammoth over Christmas break each year. She paused a beat, then her voice came to him, soft as a prayer. "Did I ever tell you about the Carolina parakeet?"

It was still snowing at first light, and the wind had come up in the night and sculpted a drift that rose as high as the driver-side window, though he didn't know that yet. He woke from a dream that dissolved as soon as he opened his eyes, replaced by a sudden sharp apprehension of loss: his car to be abandoned, the indeterminate walk ahead of them, the promise of the weekend crushed like a bag full of nothing. All because he was an idiot. Because he'd taken a chance and the chance had failed him. He thought back to yesterday afternoon, the unalloyed pleasure in her face as she tucked

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lost all sensation in his toes and fingertips, and that was when she thought of her cell phone—and he let her take it out and dial 911 because he didn't have the heart to tell her that cell phones were useless up here, out of range, just like the radio. "Tell me a story," she said now. "Talk to me."

He cut the engine. The snow had long since turned to powder, and it fell silently, the only sound the creak and groan of the automobile shutting down. The dark was all-embracing, and the humps of the gathering snow clung to it. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know any stories."

"Tell me about the animals. Tell me about the bears."

her bag into the trunk and settled in beside him, the palms nodding in a breeze off the ocean, the light traffic—lighter than he'd ever seen it—one great tune after another on the radio, all beat and attitude, his fingertips drumming on the steering wheel, and how was work and did the boss say anything about ducking out early? He wished he could go back there, back to that moment when she'd slid in beside him and the precipitation hadn't started in yet and he could have chosen the main road, the one he knew would get them there, snow or no snow. He wished he'd sprung for chains, too. He wished a lot of things. Wished he was at the lodge, waking up beside her in bed. Or lingering over breakfast by the fire, big white oval plates of eggs and ham and home fries, mimosas, bloody marys, the snow hanging in the windows like a wraparound mural....

The car was cold—he could see the breath trailing from his lips—and the windshield was opaque with the accumulation of snow and the intricate frozen swirls of condensation that clung to the inner surface of the glass. Ontario was asleep, the hood framing her face, her lips parted to expose the neat arc of her upper teeth, and for a long moment he just stared at her, afraid to wake her, afraid to start whatever was to come. What had she told him the night before? That the wild was shrinking away and the major species of the earth were headed for oblivion and there was nothing anyone could do about it. He tried to dissuade her, pointing to the reintroduction of the wolf in Yellowstone, the resilience of the puma and black bear populations in these woods, the urban invasion of deer, opossums and raccoons, but she wouldn't listen. This was her obsession, everything dead or dying, the oceans depleted, the skies bereft, the plains and the forests gone preternaturally silent, and she fell asleep in his arms reciting the names of the creatures gone down as if she were saying her prayers.

He listened to her breathing, the soft rattle of the air circulating through her nostrils and lifting and deflating her chest in a slow regular rhythm, and he watched her face, composed around dreams of the animals deserting their niches one by one. He didn't want to wake her. But he was cold, and he had to relieve himself and then formulate some sort of plan or at least figure out where they were and how far they were going to have to walk, and so he turned over the engine to get some heat and cracked his door to discover the drift and the chill blue light trapped within it.

She sat up with a start, even as he put his shoulder to the door and the breath of the storm rode in on a cold whip of wind-flung snow. "Where are we?" she murmured, as if they could have been anyplace else, and then, vaguely pushing at the hood of her

parka as if to run her fingers through her hair, "Is it still snowing?"

They relieved themselves privately, he on his side of the car—after planing off the drift with the dull knife-edge of the door—and she on hers. He stood there, the snow in his face, whiteness unrelieved, and drilled a steaming cavity into the drift while she squatted out of sight and the road revealed itself as a featureless river flowing away between the cleft banks of the trees. It took them a while to divide up their things—anything left behind, extra clothes, toiletry articles, makeup, jewelry, would go into the trunk, where they'd recover it next spring as if they were digging up a time capsule—and they shared one of the two power bars she'd brought along in her purse and a stick each of the beef jerky he found in his backpack. They ate in the car, talking softly, warming their fingers in the blast of the heater, the gas gauge run nearly all the way down now, but he'd worry about that later. Much later. He brooded as he worked his jaws over a plug of dried meat, kicking himself all over again, but she was unfazed. In fact,

*The snow drove down,
burying everything. Nothing
moved. The silence pinned
them in, as if they were
in an infinite bed under a
blanket as big as the sky.*

given the circumstances, given how miserable he was, she seemed inordinately cheerful, as if this was a big adventure—but then it wasn't her car, was it?

"Oh come on, Zach," she said, her eyes startled and wide behind the constricting lenses, a faint trace of chocolate defining her upper lip, "we'll make the most of it. We were going to hike anyway, weren't we? And when we get to the lodge we'll see if maybe somebody can tow the car out—all right? And then we can play that game of pool you promised me."

His voice dropped to a croak. He was feeling sorry for himself, and the more upbeat she was, the more sorry he felt. "They can't," he said. "It's miles from the lodge, and they don't plow here. There's no point in it. I mean, how would they get a tow truck in?"

The smile still clung to her lips, a patient smile, serene, beautiful. "Maybe you can get them to just plow one lane or something—or somebody with a snowplow on his pickup, something like that."

He turned his head, stared at the frosted-over side window. "Forget it," he said. "The car's here till May. Unless the yahoos come out and strip it."

"All right, then. Have it your way. But we'd better get walking or we'll be here till May ourselves, right?"

He didn't answer.

"It's that way, I assume," she said, pointing a gloved finger at the windshield.

He just looked at her, then shoved open the door and stepped out into the snow.

•

He was 28 years old, in reasonably good shape—he worked out once or twice a week at the gym, made a point of walking the eight blocks to the grocery store every other day and went mountain biking in season—but the major part of his waking life was spent motionless in front of the computer screen, and that was what afflicted him now. The snow was thigh deep, the air thin, and they hadn't gone half a mile before his clothes were damp with sweat and his legs felt like dead things grafted on at the hip. She followed three steps behind in the narrow gauge of the trail he broke for her—her eyes sharp and attuned, the pink bag thrown over one shoulder—thrusting out her arms for balance every so often as if she were walking a tightrope. Nothing moved ahead of them, not a bird or a squirrel even. The silence pinned them in, as if they were in an infinite bed under a blanket as big as the sky.

"You look like a snowman," she said. "A walking snowman."

He took this as a signal to stop, and he planted his feet and rotated to face her. She seemed reduced somehow, as small as a child sent out to play with her sled on a day when the superintendent had closed down the schools, and he wanted to hug her to him protectively, wanted to make amends for his mood and the mess he'd gotten them into, but he didn't. The snow drove down, burying everything. There was a crown of it atop her hood, individual flakes caught like drift in her eyelashes and softening the frames of her glasses. "You too," he said, pulling for air as if he were drowning. "Both of us," he gasped. "Snowmen. Or snowman and snowwoman."

Later on—and maybe they'd gone another mile—he made a discovery that caused his heart to leap up and then almost simultaneously close down again. They'd come to a place he recognized even through the blowing snow and the shifting, subversive contours of the landscape—an intersection with a half-buried stop sign. Straight ahead the road pushed deeper into the wilderness; to the left it led to the Big Timber Lodge, and at least he knew where they were now, even if it wasn't nearly as close as he'd imagined. He'd been fooling himself, he knew that, but all along he'd been hoping they'd passed here in the disorientation of the night. "I know this place," he said. "The lodge is this way."

She was panting now too, though not

10 minutes ago she'd been telling him how she never missed a day on the Stair-Master—or almost never. “Fantastic,” she said. “See, it wasn't so bad.” She stamped in place, shook the snow from her shoulders. “How far from here?”

His voice sank. “Pretty far,” he said.

“How far?”

He shrugged. Looked away from her even as a gust flung a fist of snow in his face. “Thirteen miles.”

There came a point—it might have been half an hour later, 45 minutes, he couldn't say—when he gave in and let her break trail ahead of him. He was wiped. He could barely lift his legs. And when he wasn't moving—if he paused even for a minute to catch his breath—the wind dug into him and he felt the sweat go cold under his arms and across his back. He couldn't believe how fast the snow was accumulating—it was up to his crotch now and even deeper in the drifts, the wind raking the trees till the needles whipped and sang, the temperature falling as if it were night already, though it was just past one. He watched her move ahead of him, head bobbing, arms churning, six steps and then a recuperative pause, her lower body sheared off at the waist as if she were wading across a river. She'd slipped a pair of jeans on over her leggings in the fastness of the car, but she must have been cold, even if she had grown up in the snow. He was thinking he'd have to catch her by the arm and reverse positions with her—he was the one who'd gotten her into this, and he was going to lead her out of it—when suddenly she stopped and swung round on him, heaving for breath.

“Wow,” she said, “this is something, huh?” Her face was chapped, blazing, the cord of the hood gone hard with a knot of ice; her nose was running, and her mouth was set.

“Let me,” he said, “it's my turn.”

Her eyes gave him permission. Slowly, with the wind in his face and his feet shuffling like a drunk's, he waded on ahead of her.

“I wish we had snowshoes,” she said at his back.

“Yeah, me too.”

“Or skis.”

“How about a snowmobile? Wouldn't that be nice?”

“Hot coffee,” she said. “I'd settle for that.”

“With a shot of brandy—or Kahlúa. How does Kahlúa sound?”

The wind came up. She didn't answer. After a while she asked him if he thought it was much farther and he halted and swung round on her. His fingers throbbed, and his feet were dead. “I don't know—it can't be that much farther.”

“How far do you think we've come?”

I mean, from where the road forked?”

He shrugged. “A couple miles, I guess, right?”

Her eyes narrowed against the wind. She ran a mittened hand under her nose. “You know what killed off the glyptodont?”

He hugged his arms to his chest and watched her, the windblown snow riding up his legs.

“Stupidity,” she said, and then they moved on.

Near the end, when the sky shaded perceptibly toward night and the ravens began to call from their hidden perches, she complained of numbness in her fingers and toes. Neither of them had spoken for a long while—speech was superfluous, a waste of energy in the face of what was turning out to be more of a trial than either of them could have imagined—and all he could do was apologize for getting her into this and reassure her that they'd be there soon. The snow hadn't slackened all day—if anything, perversely, it seemed to be coming down even harder now—and the going was ever slower as the drifts mounted ahead of them. Earlier, they'd stopped to share the remaining power bar, and she'd been sufficiently energetic still to regale him with stories of the last passenger pigeon dying on its perch in the Cincinnati Zoo and the last wolf shot in these mountains, of the aurochs and the giant sloth and half a dozen other poor doomed creatures winking by on their way to extinction even as he silently calculated their own chances. People froze to death out here, that much he knew. Hikers forever lost in the echoing canyons, snowmobilers awaiting rescue by their disabled machines, the unlucky and unprepared. But they weren't lost, he kept telling himself—they were on the road, and it was just a matter of time and effort before they got to the lodge. Nothing to worry about. Nothing at all.

She was ahead of him, breaking trail, the snow up to her waist. “It's not just numb,” she said, her breath trailing behind her. “It stings. It stings so bad.” The gloom deepened. He went on another five steps and pulled up short. “Maybe we should stop,” he said, breathing so hard he felt as if his lungs had been turned inside out. “Just for a couple minutes. I have a tarp in my pack, and we could make a little shelter. If we get out of the wind we can—”

“What?” she swung round on him, her face savage. “We can what—freeze to death? Is that what you want, huh?”

The snow absorbed them. Everything, even the trunks of the trees, faded to colorlessness. He didn't know what to do. He was the one at fault here, and there was no way to make that right, but still, couldn't she see he was doing his best?

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"No," he said, "that's not what I mean. I mean we could recoup our energy—it can't be much farther—and I could warm your feet. I mean, on my chest, under my parka—isn't that what you're supposed to do? Flesh to flesh?"

She snatched off her glasses and all her beauty flashed out, but it was a disengaged beauty, a bedraggled and fractious beauty. Her lips clenched, her eyes penetrated him. "Are you crazy? I'm going to take off my boots in this? Are you out of your mind?"

"Ontario," he whispered, "listen, come on, please," and he was shuffling forward to take her in his arms and press her to him, to have that at least, human warmth and comfort and all the trailing sorrowful release that comes with it, when the air suddenly bloomed with sound, and they both turned to see the single cyclopean eye of a snowmobile bounding toward them through the drifts.

A moment, and it was over. The engine screamed, and then the driver saw them and let off on the throttle, the machine skidding to a halt just in front of them. The driver peeled back his goggles. There was a rime of ice in his beard. The exhaust took hold of the air and paralyzed it. "Jesus," he said, his eyes shying away from them, "I damn near run you down. You people lost or what?"

He could have stayed where he was, could have waited while the man in the goggles sped Ontario back to the lodge and then returned for him, but he trudged on anyway, a matter of pride now, the man's incredulous laugh still echoing in his ears. You mean you come up the back road? In this? Oh, man, you are really in the shits. He was less than a mile from the lodge when the noise of the machine tore open the night and the headlight pinned him where he was. Then it was the wind and the exhaust and the bright running flash of the meaningless snow.

She was propped up by the fire with her boots off and a mug of coffee

wrapped in her hands when he dragged himself in the door, shivering violently from that last wind-whipped run through the drifts. Her wet parka was flung over the chair beside her, and one of her mittens lay curled on the floor beneath the chair. A group of men in plaid shirts and down vests were gathered at the bar, roaring over the weather and their tall drinks, and a subsidiary group hovered around Ontario, plying her with their insights as to the advisability of bringing a vehicle up the back road in winter and allowing that you should never go anywhere this time of year without snowshoes, a GPS beacon and the means of setting up a shelter and building yourself a fire in the event you had to hole up. She was lucky, they were telling her, not to mention crazy. In fact, this was the craziest thing any of them had ever heard. And they all—every man in the place—turned their heads to give him a look as he clumped toward the fire.

Someone shoved a hot drink in his hands, and he tried to be a sport about it, tried to be grateful and humble as they crowded around him and offered up their mocking congratulations on his having made it—"You're a snow marathoner, isn't that a fact?" one of them shouted in his face—but humility had never been his strong suit, and the longer it went on, the angrier he felt. And it did go on, he and Ontario the entertainment for the night, the drinks circulating and the fire snapping, a woman at the bar now, heavysset and hearty and louder than any of the men, until finally the owner of the place came in the door, snow to his eyes, to get a look at this marvel. He was a big man, bearded like the rest of them, his face lit with amusement, proprietor of the Big Timber Lodge and king of all he surveyed. "Hello and welcome," he called in a hoarse, too-loud voice, gliding across the room to the fireplace, where Zach sat slumped and shivering beside Ontario. He took a minute, bending forward to

poke solicitously at the coals. "So I hear you two took a little hike out there today."

Zach reddened. The laughter rose and ebbed. Ontario sat hunched over her coffee as the fire stirred and settled. Beyond the windows it was dark now, the snow reduced to a collision of particles beating across the cone of light cast by a single lamp nailed to the trunk of one of the massive trees that presided over the parking lot. "Yeah," Zach said, looking up into the man's face and allowing him half a smile, "a little stroll."

"But you're okay, right—both of you? You need anything? Dinner? We can make you dinner, full menu tonight." For the first time Ontario spoke up. "Dinner would be nice," she murmured. Her hair was tangled and wet, her face bleached of color. "We haven't really eaten since lunch yesterday, I guess."

"Except for some beef jerky," Zach put in, just for the record. "And two power bars."

The big man straightened up. He was beaming at them, his eyes jumping from Zach to Ontario and back again. "Good," he said, rubbing his hands as if he'd just stepped away from the grill, as if the steaks had already been flipped and the potatoes were browning in the pan. "Fine. Well, listen, you make yourselves comfortable, and if there's anything else, you just holler." He paused. "By the way," he added, leaning in to brace himself on the back of the chair, "you have a place to stay for the night?"

The fire snapped and spat. It was all winding down now. Zach put the mug to his lips and felt the hot jolt of the coffee like a bullet in the back of his throat. He didn't look at Ontario, didn't pat her hand or slip an arm round her shoulders. "We're going to need a room," he said, gazing up at the man, and in the space of that instant he could hear the faint hum of the wings and the beat of the paws and the long doomed drumming of the hooves before Ontario corrected him.

"No," she said. "Two rooms."



LESLIE MOONVES

(continued from page 70)

A show like *CSI* pushes the envelope without going over the line and making the FCC crazy.

PLAYBOY: Or your advertisers. When won't you kowtow to them?

MOONVES: There have been episodes of *CSI* that certain advertisers have not wanted to be in.

PLAYBOY: Because of the violence?

MOONVES: The violence or the subject matter. We did one episode about cannibalism. There were some food sponsors who didn't want to be in there. Our advertisers pay the bills. In a lot of ways they, along with the FCC, are our checks and balances.

PLAYBOY: The FCC fined you \$550,000 for Janet Jackson's exposed breast. Why have you refused to pay it?

MOONVES: We think what she did was terribly wrong, but we should not be fined for that behavior. The FCC is claiming prior knowledge and responsibility. We're fighting it. There was no prior knowledge. And how can we be responsible for something she did? Is ESPN responsible for televising the basketball game in which Ron Artest ran into the stands? That's not showing kids a good thing either. If at a news conference someone takes off their clothes and runs across the stage, is it our fault? As a result of the Janet Jackson thing, we have taken precautions, adding a five-second delay to everything on our network other than live news and sports. We have a delay on halftime shows for sporting events. We have a delay at awards shows. We have taken precautions so that it won't happen again. I believe the FCC should say, "All right, CBS has acted responsibly to address a problem that occurred." That should be the end of it.

PLAYBOY: Did you buy Jackson's excuse that she had a wardrobe malfunction?

MOONVES: No. I felt double-crossed. She knew what she was doing. I don't think this was an accident in any way.

PLAYBOY: Whether or not she planned it, was it much ado about nothing? After all, it was only a breast. The nipple, covered with what looked like an ornate star, wasn't even exposed.

MOONVES: It clearly was the straw that broke the camel's back in this country. There had been a lot of pressure from the government about morality and indecency. It was an election year. What elected official isn't against indecency? It gave people a rallying cry.

PLAYBOY: How much is indecency determined by the political and social climate of the time? Would the incident have passed unnoticed a few years ago, in a less conservative climate?

MOONVES: Exposing your breast to a national audience during a football game would always have been inappropriate. It just is. It's disrespectful to the audience.

That said, this is a conservative climate. The FCC's decision not to exonerate in advance the people who were going to show *Saving Private Ryan* is patently absurd. It's absurd that some ABC affiliates did not want to show a movie about World War II heroes by arguably the greatest filmmaker of our time. The movie is about D-day and, yes, thousands of Americans lost their lives. People use four-letter words. My guess is that a soldier being shot at by Nazis is not saying, "Oh my goodness." Stations were worried that they would be fined and went to the FCC and asked in advance if they would get in trouble, and the FCC stayed silent. In my view both the stations and the FCC were wrong. People are living in fear. It's a dangerous precedent.

PLAYBOY: Are they overreacting?

MOONVES: All I know is that they keep telling us morality is the number one issue in America, yet the number one shows in the nation—in blue and red states—are *CSI*, about murder, and *Desperate Housewives*, about adultery.

PLAYBOY: Although you refused to pay the FCC fine for the Janet Jackson incident, you recently settled one related to Howard Stern.

MOONVES: Yes. It was part of a larger settlement. The FCC is partly why Howard is leaving. He felt it restricted him. He's going to Sirius Radio, where he can do what he wants and no one is sitting on a buzzer.

PLAYBOY: The FCC censored Stern, but did he go too far for your personal taste?

MOONVES: I would turn his show off at times, but some episodes of some CBS shows aren't my taste either.

PLAYBOY: Stern isn't leaving just because of the censorship. He'll be making an enormous salary.

MOONVES: It's a \$100 million deal, and I can't blame him for taking it. I'm sorry to see him go.

PLAYBOY: Even though he went after you on his show a number of times, once calling you a snake?

MOONVES: Yes, there were some not so good moments, but there were also some very good ones. Our relationship is good now. I ran into him recently. We were both caught off guard, and we talked. I told him I'm sorry he's leaving.

PLAYBOY: Afterward he described the meeting on the air. He described Julie Chen, your wife since Christmas, as hot.

MOONVES: It was flattering to her.

PLAYBOY: Were you initially angry when he exposed your personal life—your divorce from your wife and relationship with Chen—on the radio?

MOONVES: It's part of the deal when you work with someone like Howard. You can't be in this business if you have a thin skin.

PLAYBOY: How much impact will his departure have on Viacom's Infinity Broadcasting?

MOONVES: Had he stayed, our profit

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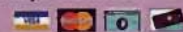
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margin would have shrunk down to very little because of his salary. But he has an enormous following, and he'll be difficult to replace. He has been a staple on these stations, but I guarantee you the air will not be dead during those hours.

PLAYBOY: How big a threat is satellite radio to traditional networks such as Viacom's Infinity?

MOONVES: It's a big question. A lot of people have invested a lot of money in satellite. They're betting that satellite is the new cable television. Up until now they've lost a lot. Networks missed the boat when they said people wouldn't pay \$9.95 for cable TV when they could get free television. Arguably, though, radio is a different animal than television, and we haven't gotten involved in satellite. But we'll see.

PLAYBOY: Are you more optimistic about Internet radio?

MOONVES: As with satellite radio, I know some very smart people who believe in Internet radio. We're looking into it, but at the moment we're committed to terrestrial radio.

PLAYBOY: What will be the impact of video on demand on your TV networks?

MOONVES: We're looking at that, too. Video on demand is huge. You're a fool if you're in this business and not watching these things. I'm amazed by video on demand. I'm amazed by telephony and by my kids watching movies and playing music on their telephones.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about TiVo?

MOONVES: Obviously we're doing a lot of research on TiVo. For now it has only a four percent penetration. If in five years it

has, let's say, 50 percent, that's not necessarily bad news for us. The number of television shows people who use TiVo watch is greatly increased. The programs most people watch on TiVo are top 10 shows. So if you're doing well as a network, your shows will be watched by more people.

PLAYBOY: Potentially without commercials, though. How do your advertisers respond?

MOONVES: People who zap commercials are holding down the button. To zap the commercials, they are watching the commercials. Believe it or not, in many ways the impressions are deeper than for other viewers, especially for the person who, when the commercial comes on, gets up and wanders around the room or gets a beer or whatever.

PLAYBOY: What about when TiVos or their equivalent zap commercials for you?

MOONVES: There's a possibility that they won't be able to do that legally. Another possibility is that they will be able to do it, but you'll have to pay a subscription fee like people pay for cable. The bottom line is that we're going to have to be paid for our shows. It costs more than \$2 million to do an episode of *CSI*. I have to pay for it. Either Colgate or Ford or Anheuser-Busch will pay for it, or you will pay for it directly.

PLAYBOY: Might product placement in TV shows pay for it?

MOONVES: It will help a lot.

PLAYBOY: How do advertisers feel about product placement? Is it less effective than a traditional commercial?

MOONVES: It's more effective if you do it properly and unobtrusively. During the

first year of *Survivor*, for one challenge the winning team got Budweiser and Doritos. They were on a desert island with nothing to eat or drink, so they were jumping up and down over a can of Budweiser and Doritos as if they had won the lottery. It was effective advertising.

PLAYBOY: At what point does product placement compromise the entertainment value of a show?

MOONVES: That's why it has to be unobtrusive. I don't want *Survivor* to look like *The Price Is Right*. I want it done well. Our creators are realizing that this is a way of life. Their shows have to be paid for. If that means shooting a scene in a Lowe's hardware store as opposed to someone's kitchen, they'll do it.

PLAYBOY: Other than video on demand, TiVo and product placement, what else is coming down the road to change television?

MOONVES: Clearly entertainment of all kinds will be tied to the Internet. You may well get most, if not all, of your entertainment from the Internet in one way or another, whether it's coming to your home, your car, your mobile phone, wherever. We're looking at all these things, and it's hard to know where to place your bets. At our core, though, we continue to bet that people will want quality programming no matter how they get it. At heart I am a programmer. To me that's the name of the game.

PLAYBOY: What are your biggest challenges as CBS's programmer in chief?

MOONVES: We're looking at shows for two years down the road. We're improving CBS Sports. We just made a significant deal with the NFL. We're beginning to take the lead in late night with Letterman. I think his show is better than ever. His ratings are climbing, and he beat Leno for the first time. We're winning Monday night.

PLAYBOY: Yet in overall ratings Letterman still trails Leno.

MOONVES: It's changing. For a long time Leno had better lead-in shows. And maybe Leno is more middle-of-the-road. Letterman is more clever, and his comedy is more original. At 11:30 at night, maybe people want to be more comfortable. Letterman is edgier and more creative. I like his show better.

PLAYBOY: Yet he nearly left CBS a couple of years ago when ABC was seducing him.

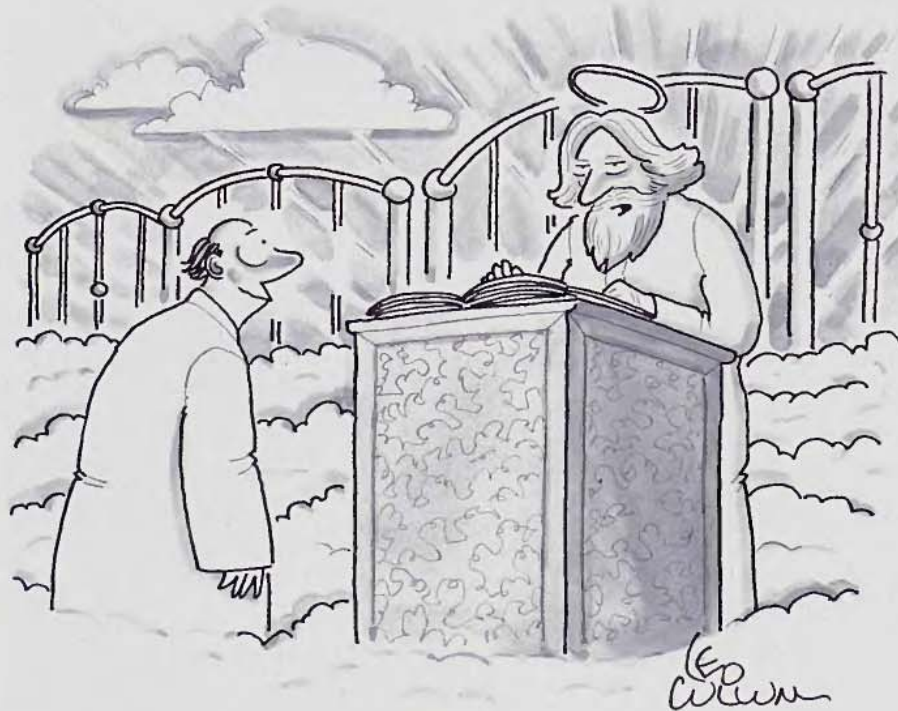
MOONVES: Fortunately we were able to persuade him to stay.

PLAYBOY: For \$31.5 million a year.

MOONVES: The money was only a small part of it. He wanted better promotion and support.

PLAYBOY: NBC announced that Conan O'Brien will replace Leno in five years. Who will take over for Letterman?

MOONVES: Dave isn't going anywhere for a while. It's hard for me to fathom why they did this five years in advance. I think Conan was being wine and dined by



"The standard room has a sky view. From the premium room you can see the people in hell."

other networks, and NBC wanted to tie him up. Otherwise there's no practical reason to do that. You don't want to make your main guy a lame duck for five years. **PLAYBOY:** You've probably seen every variety of pitch known to man. What was the most outrageous?

MOONVES: Someone came in with a gorilla and pitched some sort of chimp show. I was pitched a show about West Point, and 12 cadets came into my office and sang. The Spice Girls came in and sang before they were the Spice Girls.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond?

MOONVES: I said, "You guys are terrific, but I don't know what to do with you."

PLAYBOY: What's the best way to pitch to you?

MOONVES: Make it short. Tell me where the show would work on our schedule, why it would work, what's different about it—but keep it all within five minutes. Who is involved in it? I have to say it's usually more about the people than anything else. How would you have pitched the greatest comedies of the past couple of decades? Cheers: "It's a show about eight people in a bar." *Friends*: "Six people in their early 20s who are trying to make it in New York City."

Seinfeld: "Four people who live in an apartment building." *The Cosby Show*: "A middle-class family with five children in Brooklyn." *Everybody Loves Raymond* is about a son with a wife and three kids who lives across the street from his mother. They don't sound like much. People on the street come up to me all the time and pitch shows—"I work in a shoe store. It's the funniest group of people." It may be, but what will make it a good show? Who are the people who will make it work? Have you dealt with them before? Do they have the ability to pull it off? When we order a show to go to series, we're basically giving somebody \$12 million to \$20 million. If it's somebody off the street, even if he's a smart kid with a good idea, we're going to pass.

PLAYBOY: What were your favorite shows when you were growing up?

MOONVES: I loved *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. I loved *Mission: Impossible*. For news our family watched Walter Cronkite like the rest of America.

PLAYBOY: What did your parents do for a living?

MOONVES: My father owned gas stations in New York.

PLAYBOY: How important were TV and movies to you?

MOONVES: Television was important, but my mother allowed only a certain amount of TV a day. Frankly, I preferred sports. I played baseball, basketball, stickball in the street, touch football. That's what I lived for. My heroes were Sandy Koufax and Jim Brown.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to be an actor instead of a professional athlete?

MOONVES: If I could have been anything, I would have been a professional athlete. But I realized early that my career wasn't

PLAYBOY: After turning CBS around, you're now apparently on the short list for the top spot at Disney. Well?

MOONVES: Whenever a big job opens up, there are 10 candidates whose names are recycled. I'm on the list. But I'm very happy at Viacom. I love CBS.

PLAYBOY: But you've said you like the challenge of starting at the bottom. Might Disney be an appropriate challenge?

MOONVES: I'm not going to touch that one.

PLAYBOY: At Viacom you and Tom Freston are apparently competing for the top job, which will open when Sumner Redstone retires.

MOONVES: Which won't happen anytime soon.

PLAYBOY: He said he will step down in 2007. Are you and Freston vying for his job?

MOONVES: There is so much on our plates, the last thing Tom and I want to do is go mano a mano. For the press it's a sexy thing to write about, but neither of us is looking at it that way. I'm going to do everything I can to make my units as successful as they can be. He is too. Tom and I speak a number of times during the week. When we're in the same city we try to get together for breakfast to catch up. In the meantime Sumner is still full of vim and vigor. He is actively involved. We speak every other day and sometimes three or four times a day if there's a crisis.

75

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going much further than stickball on the street. So I went into acting.

PLAYBOY: What was your most embarrassing television performance?

MOONVES: I played a Mexican pearl diver on an episode of *Cannon*. This was back when you didn't have to be politically correct—you didn't have to be Hispanic to play a Hispanic. I was in a Speedo, talking with a Spanish accent, saying, "No, señor, my name is not Paco" or something like that. No, my acting career was not terribly illustrious. All the time I was acting, I was thinking I was probably better at other things. I'm a control freak, and it bugged me that actors aren't in total control of their lives. It was a logical shift to producing, which I loved. I began producing theater and then television.

Sumner is respectful of the operations but remains very involved.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever overwhelmed by the responsibilities he has given you?

MOONVES: Sometimes I wish I could go home and forget about work, but I never do. My BlackBerry is with me on Saturdays and Sundays. I work all the time, but I get excited every day coming to work. You never know what will hit. I'm like the little Dutch boy. As soon as you plug one hole, there's another leak. This is an enormous responsibility. To put on good shows, you're going to make mistakes, and everybody is not going to like what you do all the time. You can't play it safe in this job. Thirty million people are watching.



MENA SUVARI

(continued from page 130)

a lot of flak for your unusual name, which has an Egyptian association?

SUVARI: Yeah, my name gets mispronounced all the time. At a party last night I said my name three times to this guy I was talking to, and he was kind of looking at me, going, "Um, Me? Mia? What's your name again?" I get "Menna" a lot, too. I'm named after my godmother and the Mena House, the hotel at the base of the pyramids in Egypt.

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PLAYBOY: Do you and Mira Sorvino ever get each other's mail?

SUVARI: I don't get her mail, but I definitely get called her name. My favorite is being on the red carpet at events where 49 photographers are yelling "Mena!" at me while one guy keeps yelling "Mira!" Okay, you don't have to know who I am, but wouldn't it tell you something if 49 people around you are saying one name and you're saying another? We don't look anything alike. I got to meet her, and I said, "Oh hi, I'm Mena. A lot of

people think I'm you." And she gets people calling her Mena, which shocks me because I wouldn't have thought it happens in reverse. I think she's a little uncomfortable with it, actually. [laughs]

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PLAYBOY: Have you ever embarrassed yourself in the presence of another famous person?

SUVARI: When I met Daniel Day-Lewis I was such a dork. It was at an awards dinner, and I said, "Hi, I'm Mena," and he said, "Yeah, thanks, I'm eating dinner. Bye." He didn't know who the hell I was. [laughs] He's a brilliant actor and not just because he's handsome. Joaquin Phoenix is someone I would just die to work with. I'd be a bumbling idiot. Because these people are so talented, I'd turn into a really stupid fan. When I was younger I was obsessed with Tom Cruise and would watch every movie he was in. He was my first crush. It's not there anymore, though.

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PLAYBOY: Has working with someone in a movie ever made you lose your cool?

SUVARI: You don't know what it's going to

be like to work with a lot of people who've been in this business for so long, but Christopher Walken was so sweet, funny, down-to-earth and humble. I was peeing my pants when he said his lines. He was so funny that one time I almost said, "I can't do it." I'd never before had the experience of not being able to get through my scenes. I think he did it on purpose. He really messed with me. It was one of the best times I've had on a movie.

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PLAYBOY: You, Kirsten Dunst and Sarah Michelle Gellar, among others, apparently competed for the Mary Jane role in the *Spider-Man* flicks. With competition so fierce in Hollywood, are there any actresses you wish would just take a break?

SUVARI: Why? I know I can't do every role. We all have our own personality. We're all fit for certain things. Everyone brings something unique to this business.

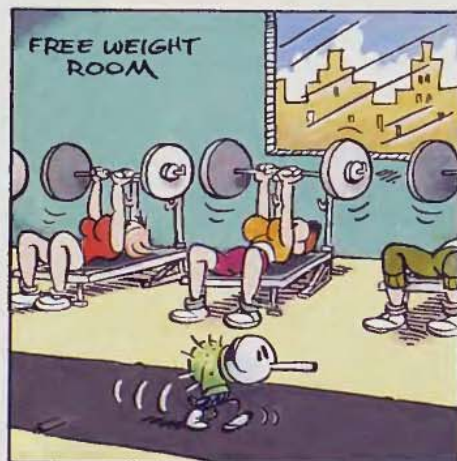
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PLAYBOY: Movie sets and location shoots can be filled with booby traps—flirtations, casual affairs and other temptations. How do you handle them?

SUVARI: Being on the set has always been

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about forming relationships with people and having a good time. That's part of the collaborative effort. But listen, if I were put in an awkward situation, no is no. There's a fine line between somebody being friendly and someone flirting with you. Nobody's ever been over-the-top with me. Maybe I'm just blind to it. I don't know.

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PLAYBOY: You have a movie coming out this year, *Rumor Has It*, about the long-term consequences of a secret love affair, kind of a spin-off of *The Graduate*, with Jennifer Aniston, Kevin Costner and Mark Ruffalo. What was the filming like for you, considering that Rob Reiner came in to replace first-time director Ted Griffin (who was fired after 10 days of production), Griffin's screenplay was rewritten and several cast members got canned?

SUVARI: It was a horrible experience at first. I felt so bad for everybody involved. It was extremely unfortunate. Ted is very talented and a great guy. I had finished part of my work and was going to go out of town when I found out. I was terrified for a week. Was I going to get the boot? Was the movie ever going to be made? It's the worst thing that can happen with a film. The movie has a complicated plot: Jennifer Aniston, who lives in New York, returns home to Pasadena for my wedding. Shirley MacLaine, who plays our grandmother, sort of slips up and mentions that our mom, who passed away when we were younger, had run off with a guy a week before she married our father. It turns out the guy our mom ran away with was the basis for the main character in the book and movie *The Graduate* and that Shirley was Mrs. Robinson. So Jennifer starts to think maybe our mom and the guy ran away together and that she got pregnant with me. We ended up having a great time shooting it. Rob Reiner is an amazing director.

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PLAYBOY: How weird does your life get?

SUVARI: A lot of people think I have a twin. I've heard so many stories about my being somewhere or doing something when in fact I wasn't there. My lawyer called me when I was in London filming a movie and left a message on my husband's cell phone, asking, "Are you okay, Mena? Call me back." I called her, and she said she'd heard I'd been hit by a car while I was on my bike. I said, "I'm in London. What are you talking about?" So I guess I must have a twin. Sometimes I think, What if I weren't actually Mena Suvari but just went through life accepting roses and other perks from people?



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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, 49-52, 90-92, 116-125 and 174-175, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



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at Cantaloup in NYC. *Brioni*, available at Brioni in NYC. *Casadei*, available at Macy's West. *Charvet*, available at Neiman Marcus. *Dsquared*, available at Bergdorf Goodman. *Etro*, available at Etro in NYC. *Façonnable*, available at Nordstrom. *Gai Mattiolo*, 212-246-6724. *Gianfranco Ferré*,

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HEMME

(continued from page 134)

by jumping on a trampoline in my bikini," she says with a giggle. Twice she was rejected, but the third year she returned to her roots: "When I dyed my hair red, everything started clicking."

She stands up to do a catlike stretch. We decide to take a walk around New York City to continue our conversation. In the elevator she recounts how, after a year spent juggling, she began thinking of becoming a WWE Diva. "I had been a big fan of the WWE when I was a kid," she says, strolling down a midtown sidewalk. "Undertaker was my favorite." A friend in the wrestling industry discouraged her, saying she was too small. "I was disappointed, because the WWE is so me," she says.

When the Diva search started last summer, she wangled an audition. She felt right at home—the crowds weren't so different from those in Sturgis. "I really get along with bikers," she says as a businessman passes her on the sidewalk and does a comical triple take. "I know how to talk to them, and we party together at night. The WWE audience is the same."

Hemme leaped right into the Diva Search, and the audience quickly got behind its red-haired California spark plug. The only part of the competition that bothered her was the backbiting

among the contestants, both on- and off-stage. "I'm used to being in a group of girls where everybody gets along. I'm not used to being mean and vindictive," she says. "But now we're all friends." Hmm, really? "Really!" she says. "We talk all the time."

When Hemme aced the contest last September (earning a one-year contract and \$250,000), she was ecstatic. "Literally the next day I flew to Cancún to do a Divas photo shoot," she says. "I absolutely love doing sexy photo shoots." The thrill has yet to wear off. "Do you have any idea how exciting the show is?" she says as a couple passes her. The man stares, mouth agape, while his scowling girlfriend elbows him. "It's live, so it's mayhem backstage. And then in the Diva locker room it's so great. If a guy could be a fly on the wall he would be so happy, because all the girls are running around naked."

Since her victory Hemme's schedule has been frenetic (peaking with *WrestleMania 21* on April 3), but she did pause long enough to spend a bit of her prize money. "I bought a Harley," she says proudly. "I got a Dyna Low Rider, which is a big bike. Chrome everything, custom everything. I was like, 'I want a bigger engine, I want it to be heavier, and I want to go faster!'" She laughs delightedly. "I *loooove* to go fast," she says. "Big surprise, right?"



AD WORLD

(continued from page 114)

are looking for work?

DEUTSCH: Actually, my CNBC show came down to a choice between me and Merv Griffin. They even thought about a Merv and Donny show, but Merv was caught up in his Vegas stuff. The answer is that nobody *needs* to have a talk show. But to have an hour of prime-time television every night to use as a platform, to talk to interesting guests, to stimulate and provoke people—what could be better than that?

There were only two long-format interview shows in prime time: *Larry King* and *Charlie Rose*. The idea was, what if you just did a younger, more contemporary version of that? And you go, "Duh!" Even though my show has gravitas, it's a little looser. If Bill Clinton came on, he'd still be Bill Clinton, but he might have a bit more fun than he has on *Larry King*.

PLAYBOY: But why you? How does doing the Ikea campaign qualify you to host a TV show?

DEUTSCH: If you think about it, the people who have talk shows are either journalists or entertainers. To me, an ad guy who's spent the past 20 years trying to figure out what's on people's minds, what the trends are, how to connect with people, that's the best training in the world. People have been shocked: "Wow, you seem so natural and relaxed. And your questions are the kind I would ask." It's because of where I come from. So I think my training was perfect.

PLAYBOY: And you're a bit of a ham, too.

DEUTSCH: I never run from the spotlight. [laughs] I'm hard-driving, and I speak my mind. Look, not many CEOs are shy. I like being the center of things, and I'm unabashed. People always say, "You have a big ego." Yeah! Egos are good. You show me a successful person, and I'll show you a guy who has some sense of ego.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about you as though you were a product. What are your brand attributes?

DEUTSCH: I'm very direct, honest, engaging, high-energy, smart, funny and self-deprecating. I'm a guy's guy, and I love to flirt with women. I'm a fun populist with a bit of an edge.

PLAYBOY: Were you being direct and honest on *The Big Idea* when you thanked Christie Brinkley "for making the Hamptons and the world a better place"?

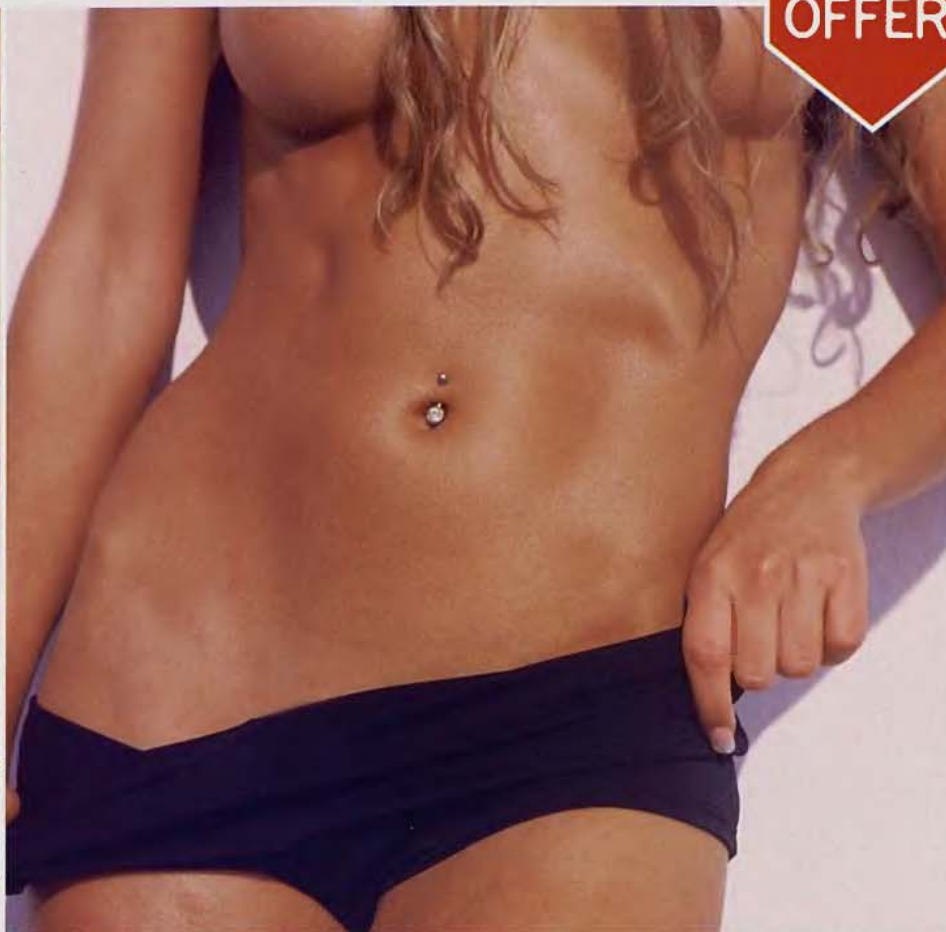
DEUTSCH: [Laughs] Let's think about this for a second. Let's line up the 6.4 billion people in the world. I don't think Christie Brinkley is curing cancer, but she's a beautiful, nice person who is politically active, so I think she's made it a bit of a better place. Not in the sense of Winston Churchill or Jonas Salk. But if the whole world were full of Christie Brinkleys, it might be a better place.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever done a show and had a hard time pretending to be interested in the guest?



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DEUTSCH: Yeah, actually, I was interviewing Jesse James. We taped it, and it didn't make it to the air. The guy was such an asshole. He didn't seem to want to be there, and I felt like saying, "Look, dick-head, you have a 15-minute reality show. You don't have the right to carry on with this attitude." He was a terrible interview. If I were at a different stage in my career, I might have really gone at him on the air and said, "You're too fucking cool to be here. Get out of here."

PLAYBOY: Was Jenna Jameson flirting with you on the show?

DEUTSCH: I hope so. Jenna Jameson has made her livelihood by engaging with men, so it would be surprising if she wasn't flirting. I was certainly flirting with her, as hard as I could. And let's emphasize the word *hard* there.

I gotta add one thing about porn stars. People always say, "Oh, you have lots of porn stars on." In our first 20 shows we had three porn stars. But porn stars rate. Every time you have a porn star, ratings go up. I once interviewed the CEO of Vivid Entertainment, and he said, "Last year 800 million porn movies were bought or rented. And you know what? It's not 800 guys renting a million of them apiece." Which is a smart way to lead into my favorite fact: In the hotel business, when people rent a movie in their room, what's the average time they spend watching the movie? PLAYBOY: We don't know.

DEUTSCH: Seven minutes! And that's everything from *Gladiator* to *Debbie Does Dallas*. They ain't watching Tolstoy. TV tends to be compartmentalized: news over here, entertainment over there. Yet if you and I, two smart guys, go out for dinner, our conversation would not be compartment-

alized. We'd talk about the election and then *Desperate Housewives* and then what Alan Greenspan might do with interest rates. Why shouldn't that all be in a talk show? That's the way we live our lives.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn from Greenspan back to Jameson.

DEUTSCH: I'd much rather talk about Greenspan, but okay, I'll indulge you and talk about Jenna Jameson.

PLAYBOY: Thanks for being a good sport. At the end of the interview she made a joke about tongue kissing you. If she'd wanted to, would you have given her the tongue?

DEUTSCH: In a heartbeat. I'm married, and my wife, who's a beautiful woman, has nudged me about the flirting I do on my show. I hide behind the Howard Stern defense: "It's just a character I play on TV." I did have friends bust my balls. They said, "It looked like Jenna Jameson was going to give you a little tongue, and you pulled away." I would have been in there, slipping and sliding, but it didn't play out that way. PLAYBOY: You seemed a little nervous interviewing her. Were you?

DEUTSCH: No. The only time I got nervous was with Yoko Ono. To me I was interviewing the Beatles. Of course, some people would rage and say, "No you weren't." But in my childhood nothing touched the Beatles. So I showed some reserve—I didn't call her a babe. Actually, she has a really nice rack. She's 72 and her skin is beautiful, but I held back.

PLAYBOY: And what if she had wanted the tongue?

DEUTSCH: No, no tongue for Yoko, out of respect to the late and great John. That would not have been appropriate. You've got to know when to tongue and when not to.

PLAYBOY: Which *Big Idea* guest would you most want to change places with?

DEUTSCH: Interesting. I could become Jenna Jameson and have sex with other hot lesbians. Let's think this through for a second. If I traded places with Jenna, I'd turn to my husband and say, "I can't fuck you anymore." But he'd say, "You have to fuck me, you're my wife." But I'd go, "No, I'm just Donny Deutsch, who's become Jenna Jameson just so I can be with other hot lesbian women." See, now we're talking. That would be interesting.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of kinky sex, you have a segment on the show called "O'Reilly Sucks." What's your grudge against Bill O'Reilly?

DEUTSCH: He's a bully and a dick. I find it rather comical that a guy accused of sexual harassment is telling people about morals. I'm not judging you, Bill. Knock yourself out. Pull on your pud as much as you want. But who the fuck are you to tell people what they should and shouldn't do? There's a lot of mean-spiritedness there, and I've got a problem with that.

I'm going to go at him. "O'Reilly Sucks" is a little like what David Letterman does with Dr. Phil—we take tape from the night before and go, "I can't believe he fucking said this. He's full of shit." I'm a liberal guy. If you look at television, the liberal voices have been Janeane Garofalo, Al Franken, Michael Moore. Fox clearly has right-wing underpinnings, but the genius of what it has done with O'Reilly is taken a guy who seems like he could live next door to you. You've got to cloak it a certain way. I'm from Queens, New York. I'm a little rough, a guy you can relate to, so if I get up there and say, "Why shouldn't there be gay marriages?" I might be more effective at delivering the message.

PLAYBOY: You once estimated that you'd had 100 girlfriends.

DEUTSCH: I'm 47, so if I started fooling around when I was 18, and I've been married for seven years, that's 20 years of bopping around. Even if you're doing only five or six girls a year, which doesn't sound like a lot, you get into triple figures. I don't know the number, but I think I would have had a lot more than that if I were into one-nighters.

PLAYBOY: What was your type when you were single?

DEUTSCH: Dark and voluptuous. I'm a boob man. I'm an unabashed tit man. My friends make fun of me for it.

PLAYBOY: And when you finally married one of those women, she was a lot younger than you.

DEUTSCH: I'm 47, and my wife is 32. In their 40s men become who they're going to be. Women do the same thing in their early 30s. So I think a 10-year spread between a man and a woman is healthy because women are 10 years ahead of us. In their early 20s women are still girls. They're hot, and let's not knock hot women, but I find women in their 30s the sexiest.

(concluded on page 169)



"I've been saving myself for the right one-night stand."

PLAYMATE NEWS



MEET THE BARKERS, MTV'S LATEST REALITY STARS

If Nick Lachey and Jessica Simpson are the new Sonny and Cher, Shanna Moakler and Travis Barker, the latest newlyweds to join MTV's reality-show lineup, are more akin to Pam and Tommy. After getting hitched last October in a *Nightmare Before Christmas*-themed wedding, Miss December 2001 and the Blink-182 drummer settled into their SoCal mansion with their two kids—and two camera crews—to film *Meet the Barkers*, premiering this spring. Expect plenty of rock-and-roll moments, including their honeymoon in Tahiti, Travis on tour, Shanna auditioning for acting roles and, of course, Playboy Mansion parties. "Having cameras around was really

weird at first, but after a while we forgot about them," Shanna says. "Our whole house is miked, and that's kind of crazy. When you pee you wonder, Can they hear me?" While they aren't the first couple to go under MTV's reality microscope, they may prove to be the most entertaining. "I can honestly say it's not like the other programs," Shanna says. "We're trying to show how a young couple with two very busy careers can balance a family and all the crazy things that come up in our lives. We've tried to stay as real as possible. The show is young, sexy and fun, and we're so proud of it."



15 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Born in Peoria, Illinois, Miss April 1990 **Lisa Matthews** grew up riding horses, skiing and playing baseball and football. Years later she dropped the uniform and posed for us. Our readers adored her, and she was named Playmate of the Year 1991. (We called her Our All-American Girl.) Lisa and Kimberly Conrad Hefner were instrumental in creating Operation Playmate, a letter-writing campaign to boost the morale of servicemen during operations Desert Storm and Desert Shield. While dating famed movie producer Joel Silver, she even gave Hollywood a shot: She played Girl in Car in his 1991 movie *Hudson Hawk*.



RED CARPET REPLAY



From left: Barbara Moore at Bliss in Las Angeles for the Bench Warner Trading Cards Celebrates 2004 Fall Fantasy Series event; Devin DeVasquez at the same function; Pamela Anderson at Pinz Bowling Center for Tony Hawk's first Stand Up for Skateparks benefit; Heidi Mark at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California for the 2 B Free Fall Fashion Show; Brande Roderick working the press line at VH1's Big in '04 Awards in L.A.



HOT SHOT



VICTORIA FULLER

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Meat Loaf

When we were recording *Bot out of Hell*, the producer, Todd Rundgren, was dating Miss November 1974 **Bebe Buell**. She would hang

out at the recording studio and was pregnant with Liv Tyler. I didn't know at the time that Liv was Steven Tyler's child. It was a real *Days of Our Lives* adventure. I liked Bebe a lot. She was adventurous and flamboyant. I spent two days with Dorothy Stratten on the set of a movie once, too.



POP QUESTIONS: TIFFANY FALLON

Q: You were an NFL cheerleader. How did you become such an enthusiastic sports fan?

A: I was a tomboy growing up, and I remember always watching football. I was a huge Miami Dolphins fan and went to tons of games. Also I went to Florida State—a school with a great football team.

Q: Do you have a favorite athlete?

A: I really like Brett Favre. I love his character and his heart. Whenever he's playing you know there's always a chance he can pull a comeback and win the game in the last few minutes.

Q: You're a former beauty queen. Do

you have any deep, dark, juicy secrets about pageant life?

A: There's a lot of taping and teeth bleaching involved. Some girls go so far as to rub hemorrhoid cream into their thighs, then wrap them in cling wrap theoretically to shrink or tighten those areas. Personally I think that's more of a mess than a magic solution.

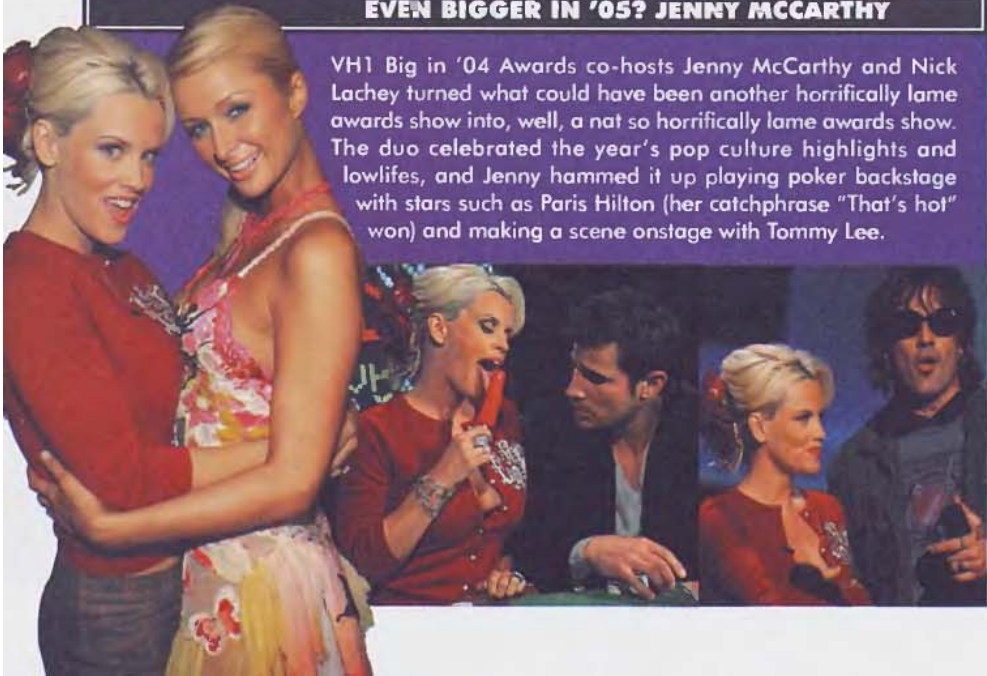
Q: Careerwise what's next for you?

A: I haven't been in any movies. I would love to tap into that world and possibly be the next Bond girl. That's always been attractive to me, and maybe one day I'll have the opportunity to try that.



EVEN BIGGER IN '05? JENNY MCCARTHY

VH1 Big in '04 Awards co-hosts Jenny McCarthy and Nick Lachey turned what could have been another horribly lame awards show into, well, a not so horribly lame awards show. The duo celebrated the year's pop culture highlights and lowlifes, and Jenny hammed it up playing poker backstage with stars such as Paris Hilton (her catchphrase "That's hot" won) and making a scene onstage with Tommy Lee.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Nicole Lenz (below) hung back-stage with 2 B Free designers Yves and Cedric Benaroch at their Smashbox Studios fashion show. You may have seen Nicole in recent Old Navy commercials and in a guest spot on *CSI*.... *The Playmates at Play* 2006 swimsuit calendar is already in the works.

Destiny Davis, Tiffany Fallon, Scarlett Keegan, Stephanie Glas-son, Jennifer Walcott, Nicole Narain, Pilar Lastra, Penelope Jimenez and Sandra Hubby are set to pose at the Palms Hotel &



Free to be Nicole Lenz.

Casino in Las Vegas.... Serria Tawan recently starred in a one-woman show, *A Model Wouldn't Say That*, in Los Angeles. She can also be seen in print ads for Yahoo and Allstate.... Audra Lynn appears with Gene Simmons on the May cover of *Dub* magazine.... Lindsey Vuolo, Colleen Marie and their pooches are profiled in *The New York Dog* magazine.... Buffy Tyler and Suzanne Stokes (below) pop



Buffy and Suzanne: hot Frostbite.

up in the teen comedy *Frostbite*, which is being touted as "Animal House set at a snowboarding academy." Now *that's* hot.

cyber^{club}

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.

AD WORLD

(continued from page 166)

PLAYBOY: You have four assistants. Each one is female; each one is hot. Does someone good-looking stand a better chance of getting a job at Deutsch?

DEUTSCH: No. There are a lot of attractive people here. Most of our employees are young, and it's a stylish business. We're an image business, so if you walked through this place and it looked like a telemarketing firm or a Midwestern insurance company, we'd be sending the wrong signal to our clients. This is a cutting-edge place.

PLAYBOY: Describe your high school back in Hollis Hills, Queens.

DEUTSCH: I went to Martin Van Buren High. It was like 4,000 kids, a real city school, integrated, probably 50-50 black and white. It wasn't *Happy Days* or *Saved by the Bell*. From the outside it looked like a prison. You had to have your wits about you. You couldn't go to the bathroom unless you knew the right guys, or you'd get your ass kicked. I went through a real ugly adolescent stage, bad acne and braces, but I got through that. I was class president, a real bigmouth.

I had the best of both worlds: I was definitely from money, yet my high school was a tough environment. I remember getting to college—I went to Penn—and there were all these guys who had gone to suburban high schools. They were smart, but I couldn't wait to play cards with them and take their money and steal their girlfriends, because they just didn't have street smarts.

PLAYBOY: You had Dave Navarro of Jane's Addiction on *The Big Idea*, and when he talked about going on a cocaine binge you nodded sympathetically. Have you done coke?

DEUTSCH: I experimented. Ninety-seven percent of the people I grew up with tried drugs. If you didn't, it was almost bizarre. In the 1980s quaaludes were a big drug, and I smoked pot. But I was never a big drug guy. So we'll leave it at that.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a yes.

DEUTSCH: We'll leave it at that. I'm part of NBC. I'm on the business network, and I don't want to get myself fired.

PLAYBOY: You've been fired. In fact, you were fired by your own father. What was that like?

DEUTSCH: It was one of the best things that ever happened to me. I came out of school and went to work for Ogilvy & Mather, which was a large ad agency, and I was fucking around. I went out west to find myself for a year, fucked around out there, came back and said, "Let me try working for my dad." He had a boutique ad agency called David Deutsch Associates that did really high-end print work for the Louis Vuittons of the world. I wasn't wholeheartedly into it. I was an account executive, a really bad one. I was more into what I was doing at night. I was a fuckup, and my dad said, "Get the fuck out of here.

You're clearly not committed to this, and I don't want you here if you're not." How could I be mad at him? He was right.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago when your dog went missing in the Hamptons, you put up a \$10,000 reward for her return. Did you ever get her back?

DEUTSCH: No. When we did that, the obvious reaction was, "Look at these assholes." Now, my wife and I don't have children, and I'm not going to compare a dog to a child, because that would be absurd. But we were heartbroken. Anyone who has dogs knows you fall in love with them. And it was this adorable little Boston. If you can go out and spend \$50,000 on a car, why can't you spend \$10,000 to find something you love? To me spending \$600 on a bottle of wine is retarded. So no, unfortunately we never found her. Hopefully she's in a good place.

PLAYBOY: What do people who don't like you say about you?

DEUTSCH: "He's an asshole. He's full of himself. He's a dick." But they can't say "He lies" or "He cheats," because I've never fucked anybody over. I can't tell you the number of times people have said, "Before I knew you I thought you were such an asshole."

It's interesting. I inspire a lot of dislike from people who don't know me. And I've always written it off as envy. Look, I've been very successful, I always speak my mind, I had the single largest payday in the history of the ad industry, I have a shop that's always done amazing work, the people are fiercely loyal, and now, guess what, I've got my own TV show. Promoting is part of my business.



"One thing that I've learned from my dad's PLAYBOY collection, clothes change, music changes, and famous people don't stay famous...but a pretty girl with her clothes off is always worth looking at!"

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Jesse Jane in *Three Timing* image courtesy of Digital Playground



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Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



A Car Is Born

One man, one dream, one supercar—the Farboud GTS Turbo

The archetypal British sports car company is the vision of a single man, a speed freak turned business icon such as Walter Bentley (who launched Bentley in 1919), William Lyons (Jaguar, 1922) or Colin Chapman (Lotus, 1952). The dream of every one of Her Majesty's piston heads is to see his name added to the list. This month Arash Farboud makes his bid with the Farboud GTS Turbo. For the past five years the 29-year-old entrepreneur has run his father's pharmaceutical company during the week and created this piece of sculpted engineering on weekends with the help of two designers. Under the hood they've harnessed a slick V6 Ford twin-turbo engine that pumps out 355 base horsepower. The zero-to-60 sprint takes 3.9 seconds (topping the Porsche 911 Carrera by nearly a full second). Packs of these vehicles will roll out of Farboud's Bath factory in 2005; they'll be available in the States and Britain for about \$85,000 (info at farboud.com). "My goal was to offer a supercar for a fraction of the cost of a Ferrari," Farboud says. Sounds great, but can one man compete against powerhouses like Jaguar and BMW? "There's a saying in the car world," says Farboud, who has funded his company out of his own pocket. "If you want to make a small fortune, start with a big one." —David Critchell 171

Grapevine

Bronx Bombshell

Don't be fooled by the rocks she's got (under that gown). If JENNIFER LOPEZ still wants to be Jenny from the block, who are we to argue?

Whether she's with P. Diddy, Ben Affleck, Marc Anthony or the next guy, she'll always be a fly girl to us.



PHIL PRESEN/REUTERS/ARND BRONKHORST

Maria Full of Grace

Before relocating to Honolulu, MARIA LOPEZ spent time as a swimsuit model in her hometown of Mexico City. She's been on the short-lived NBC show *Hawaii* and in music videos. Her nickname? The Body. (What? You thought it was the Hat?)

Mesh for Fantasy

Backstage at a jewelry show in New York City, notoriously hot-headed super-model NAOMI CAMPBELL kept her body feeling nipply in an air-conditioned top.



ALAN HOLCOMB

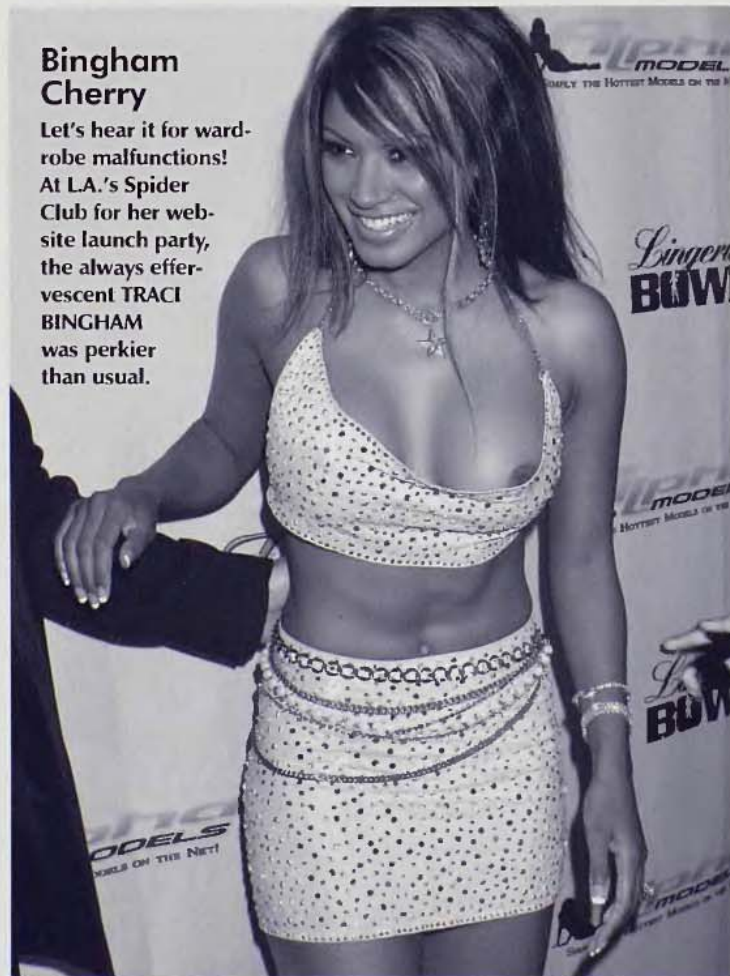


Peas, Love and Underclothing...

Or the lack thereof. **FERGIE** of the Black Eyed Peas (at VH1's Big in '04 Awards) has come a long way since her Kids Incorporated days. The Peas' new CD, *Monkey Business*, includes songs with James Brown and Dick Dale.

The Tail of Paulina Rubio

Latin pop sensation **PAULINA RUBIO**'s latest album is called *Viva la Diva*, and you can see why. At the first-ever MTV Video Music Awards Latin America, she was nominated in four categories, including best female artist of the year. On the red carpet and performing onstage, she outshone, outshimmied and outshook everyone from Shakira to Avril Lavigne.



Bingham Cherry

Let's hear it for wardrobe malfunctions! At L.A.'s Spider Club for her website launch party, the always effervescent **TRACI BINGHAM** was perkier than usual.

Lingerie
BOW



Potpourri



STEALING HOME

There's nothing like opening day of baseball season. That said, there's a bittersweet quality about beginning another season, knowing your shot at the majors has gone aglimmering. You can still play ball at home, however, with *XaviX Baseball* (\$80 for the XaviXPort console, \$50 for the game, xavix.com). Hook up the console to your TV and it'll toss you virtual pitches. The baseball-bat controller lets you take real swings at high heat and wallop dingers in a variety of game challenges. The \$29 million contract is sold separately.

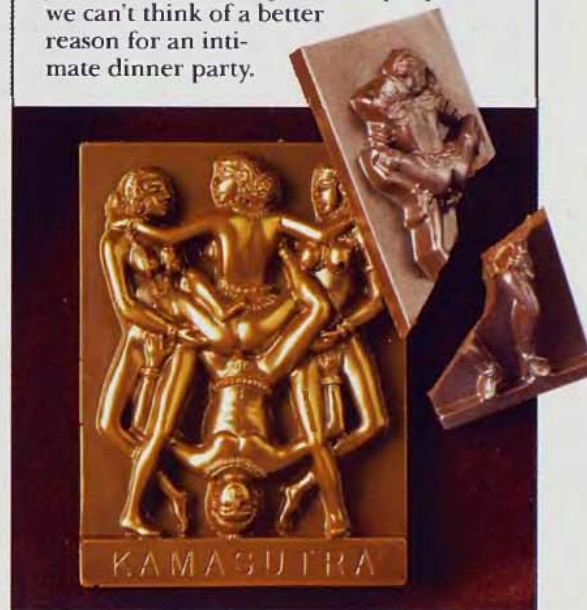


MEAT THE PRESS

In the South they call it a Cajun microwave. Everywhere else it's a pig roaster. *La Caja China* (\$265, lacajachina.com) is basically a big wooden box with metal panels inside—a Caribbean-style barbecue that's great for backyards or urban rooftops. (*La caja china* is Spanish for "the Chinese box.") You pour charcoal onto the top tray, as pictured, stick a 70-pound marinated pig inside and light the thing. Spend the next four hours drinking cold beer and—voilà!—you've got succulent, falling-off-the-bone pork for your entire neighborhood. Keeping kosher for the holidays? Don't fret—a Caja is available for your turkey-roasting needs as well, for \$190.

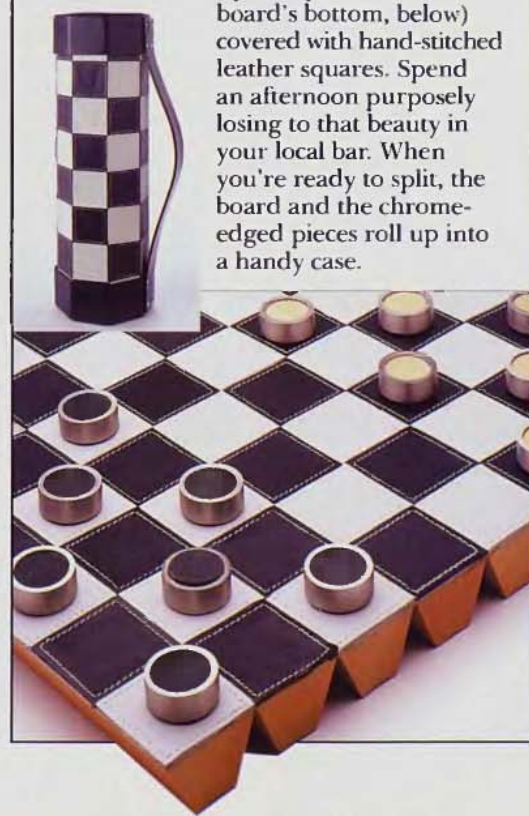
SWEET DREAMS

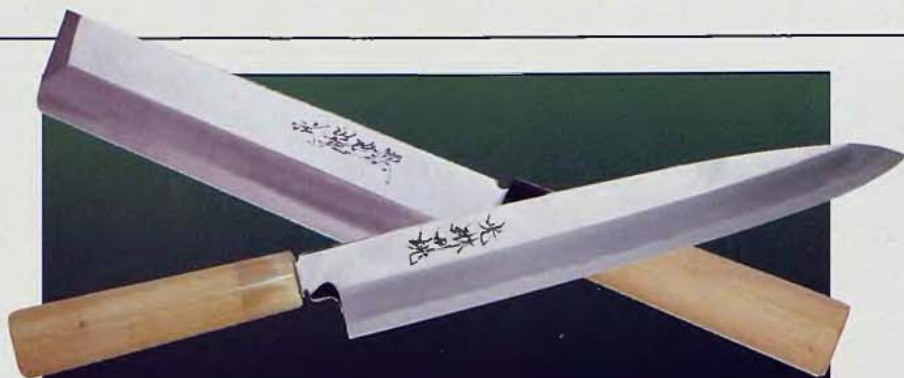
Bon Bon, a small Chicago company, is hawking a real-life edible orgy. *Kamasutra Chocolates* (\$20, bonbonchicago.com) depicts steamy scenes from the classic sex guide. Spring one of these on your date after a romantic dinner, and then you can act out the scenario you've just eaten. Some require four people—we can't think of a better reason for an intimate dinner party.



SMOOTH MOVES

You have to hand it to a company that can redesign the checkerboard. Umbra's Rolz checkers set (\$165, umbra.com) is made of solid maple trapezoids (see the board's bottom, below) covered with hand-stitched leather squares. Spend an afternoon purposely losing to that beauty in your local bar. When you're ready to split, the board and the chrome-edged pieces roll up into a handy case.





HOME SLICE

In the old days Japanese blade carvers fashioned samurai swords. Today they make blades to cut food, not human heads. Japanese kitchen knives are arguably the world's finest. Pictured: Korin's 11.7-inch Yanagi sushi and sashimi knife (\$248) and 6.4-inch Usuba vegetable knife (\$128). Iron is incorporated into both of these high-carbon-steel blades for easier sharpening. Available at korin.com.

MOVE TO THE MUSIC

So you digitized your music and slapped it into an iPod Mini—you're ready to create a road-trip soundtrack for the ages. If only you could play it through your car stereo. Belkin's TuneBase FM (\$80, belkin.com) solves three problems at once: Plug it into your cigarette lighter and dock your Mini on top, and it provides an adjustable stand, powers the player and broadcasts your music to any FM frequency you choose. Tune it in on your radio and proceed with your road-trip rocking-out activities.



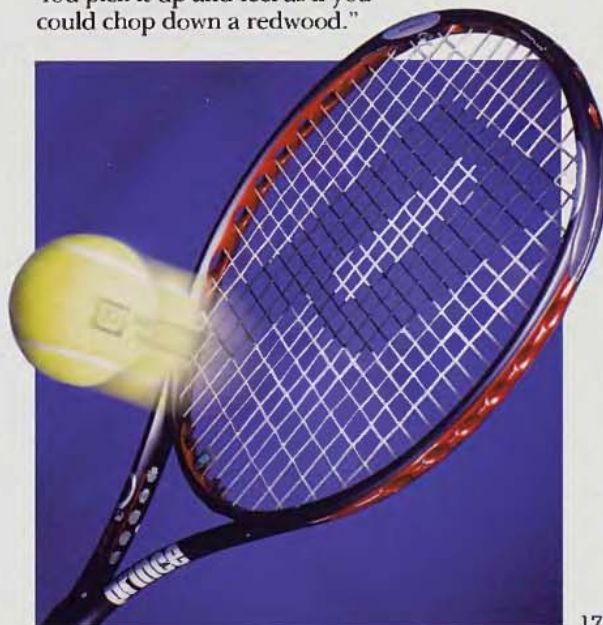
FRUIT OF THE VINE, RIGHT ON TIME

Only those poor souls with a basement full of Barolos and syrahs know the bitter regret that comes with missing the prime drinkability period of a 1981 Bordeaux they've cellared for 15 years. An eSommelier system (\$6,000 with scanner, esommelier.net) can save you from that dismal fate. Scan your collection into the desktop database and you can organize it by region, vintage, appellation or drink-by date. Then get on with it—that stuff doesn't drink itself.



WHAT A RACKET

Prince, the company that brought you the over-size tennis racket in the 1970s, has a new one called the 0³ (\$300, princetennis.com). The company is trumpeting its new O-Ports, big fat grommets meant to enlarge the racket's sweet spot. Does it work? "Like a charm," says our staff tester, Anna Kournikova. (Just kidding. His name is Albert.) "The graphite frame is light yet sturdy, and there's virtually no dead zone. You pick it up and feel as if you could chop down a redwood."



PICTURE BOOK

In just 13 films Stanley Kubrick changed the world of cinema. The *Stanley Kubrick Archives* coffee-table book (\$200, Taschen) shows how. It offers 800 frame blowups and 800 items from Kubrick's archives: props, artworks, scripts and more. First-print-run buyers also get a 12-frame filmstrip from the man's personal 70-millimeter print of *2001*, the Kubrickian equivalent of precious bodily fluids.

Next Month



HAVE YOU MET YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD'S HOUSEWIVES?



MAY FASHION: WHAT TO WEAR 24/7.



BASEBALL GETS DOWN AND DIRTY IN 2005.



AMAZING VICTORIA FULLER.

DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES—WHO SAYS SUBURBIA IS SEXLESS? WE ASKED REAL-LIFE DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES TO SHOW US WHAT THEY'VE GOT UNDER THEIR APRONS. THEY DROPPED THEIR MOPS, GARDEN HOSES, DIAPER BAGS AND, YES, CLOTHING TO POSE FOR A MEMORABLE PICTORIAL. BE CAREFUL—YOUR MAILMAN MAY SWIPE THE ISSUE.

THE MEANING OF IT ALL—HOW DID WE GET HERE? HOW IS IT GOING TO END? FASCINATING REVELATIONS FROM SOME OF THE WORLD'S LEADING DEEP THINKERS, INCLUDING CAMBRIDGE COSMOLOGIST **SIMON SINGH** ON THE BIG BANG, BISHOP JOHN SHELBY SPONG ON RECONCILING FAITH AND SCIENCE, AND JOHN LESLIE ON THE END OF THE WORLD.

JAMES SPADER—AFTER MORE THAN 40 MOVIES SPADER FINALLY RECEIVED DUE RECOGNITION: AN EMMY FOR HIS ROLE ON *THE PRACTICE*. IN AN EXCLUSIVE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW HE GIVES **LAWRENCE GROBEL** THE VERDICT ON FILMING SEX SCENES, WHY ACTORS GET MORE WOMEN THAN QUARTERBACKS AND WHY HIS CO-STARS CALL HIM SCARY.

THE HILTON SISTERS: CRIME-FIGHTING DUO—WHEN AMERICA IS THREATENED BY AN EVIL BLONDE PROGRAMMED BY BIN LADEN, IT'S UP TO THE HEIRESSSES TO SAVE THE DAY. A COMIC OF EPIC PROPORTIONS.

PLAYBOY'S 2005 BASEBALL PREVIEW—WE'RE IN FOR ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING SEASONS IN YEARS. ON DECK: OUR PICKS FOR THE TEAMS TO WATCH, HOW EVERYONE ON THE FIELD CAN EARN MORE RESPECT, WHY SALARIES ARE SO UNBALANCED AND INSIDE-BASEBALL ADVICE FROM THE GAME'S MOST OUTSPOKEN WIFE, ANNA BENSON.

FOOT WORK—ONE DAY YOU'RE IN MASSAGE SCHOOL LEARNING REFLEXOLOGY, THE NEXT DAY YOU'RE WEARING ARMANI SUITS AND GIVING FOOT JOBS TO OIL SHEIKHS IN HONG KONG, AND THE NEXT YOU'RE RUNNING FROM FLOPHOUSE TO FLOPHOUSE, MAKING JUST ENOUGH CASH TO STAY ALIVE. MORE DARK, BRILLIANT FICTION BY **CHUCK PALAHNIUK**

VICTORIA FULLER—THE ELECTRIFYING RELATIONSHIP OF *AMAZING RACE* HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM JONATHAN BAKER AND PLAYMATE VICTORIA FULLER HAS BECOME NATIONWIDE WATERCOOLER TALK. WHAT WON'T YOU SEE ON THE SHOW? VICTORIA NUDE. AN AMAZING PICTORIAL.

PLUS: FROM HIGH IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, HOW THE FINEST MARIJUANA BRITISH COLUMBIA HAS TO OFFER REACHES THE U.S.; *20Q* WITH HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION **VITALI KLITSCHKO**; THE MEN'S FASHION DIARY; AND MISS MAY, **JAMIE WESTENHISER**.