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ENTERTAINMENT

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HAPPY
HOLIDAYS
WITH HEF



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Santa was very good to Hef, who spent the holidays with loved ones—including his six girlfriends. (1) Nicolas Cage with Mr. Playboy at Nic's Christmas party. (2) Mansion maidens making Christmas cookies for charity. (3) Dan Aykroyd with Playmate Nicole Whitehead and Hef's party posse at Concorde. (4) Steven Van Zandt at Playboy's 50th Anniversary Mansion do. (5) Sharing a cool yule at Disneyland. (6) Exchanging gifts on Christmas Eve in Hef's bedroom. (7) Hef with Lil' Hefs Cooper and Marston. (8) Thora Birch. (9) Cracking jokes with the host on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*. (10) Sofia Eng and Crispin Glover at the Mansion New Year's Eve gala—where the dress code is black tie and lingerie (or less). (11) The Dahm triplets. (12) Gene Simmons and Shannon Tweed. (13) Rochelle Loewen, Bill Maher, Hef and Holly. (14) Hot couple Lorenzo Lamas and Playmate Barbara Moore. (15) *The Shield*'s Benito Martinez and PMOY Christina Santiago. (16) "Weird" Al Yankovic and his wife, Suzanne.



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**HAPPY
HOLIDAYS
WITH HEF**

continued



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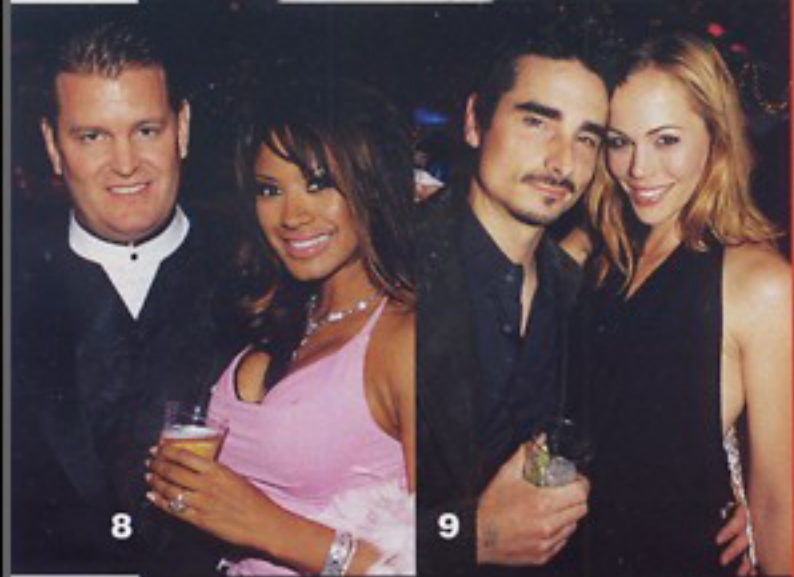
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More New Year's Eve celebrating at the Mansion. (1) The host and his girlfriends are ready to ring in 2004. (2) Playmate Nicole Narain and model Christian Monzon. (3) Sarah, Vicki and Rachel Satterfield, triplets discovered during the Great 50th Anniversary Playmate Hunt. (4) Corey Feldman and his wife, Susie. (5) Amy Mueller and Dr. Phil's son, Jay McGraw. (6) Ron Jeremy dancing with the ladies. (7) Hef's girlfriends Holly and Bridget blowing in the new year. (8) Traci Bingham and fiancé John Yarbrough. (9) Backstreet Boy Kevin Richardson and his wife, Kristin. (10) Charlie Matthau and Ashley Anderson. (11) Judd Nelson with Don Adams's daughter, Christine. (12) *Survivor: Pearl Islands* stars Jon Dalton, Christa Hastie and Burton Roberts. (13) The Mansion's notorious Painted Ladies adding spice to the festivities. (14) Shanna Moakler with her fiancé, Blink-182's Travis Barker. (15) Verne "Mini-Me" Troyer and his fiancée, Genevieve Gallen. (16) Hef and Holly with pal Drew Carey.



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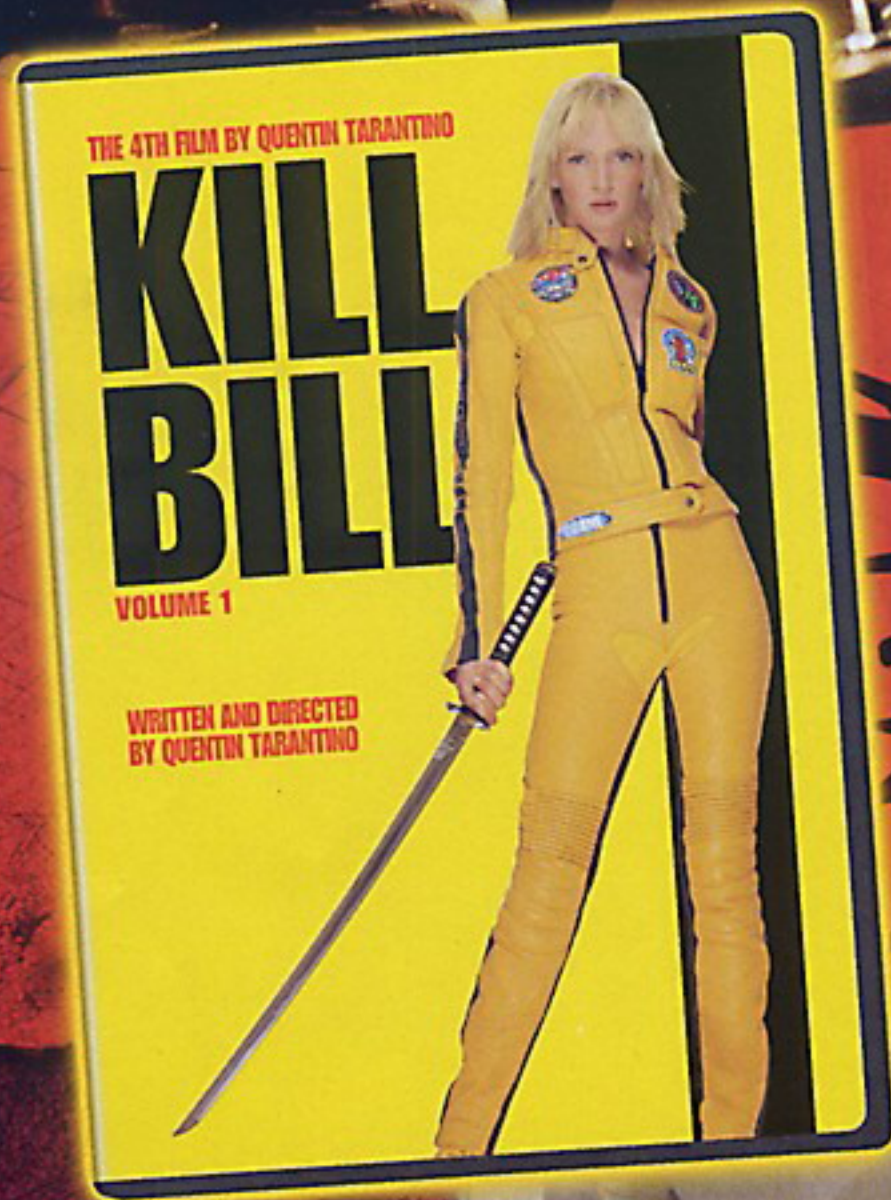


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EXPLOSIVE ENTERTAINMENT ANY WAY YOU SLICE IT!



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BEFORE THE FINAL KILL**

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Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 17

A BAND APART



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Krista Allen

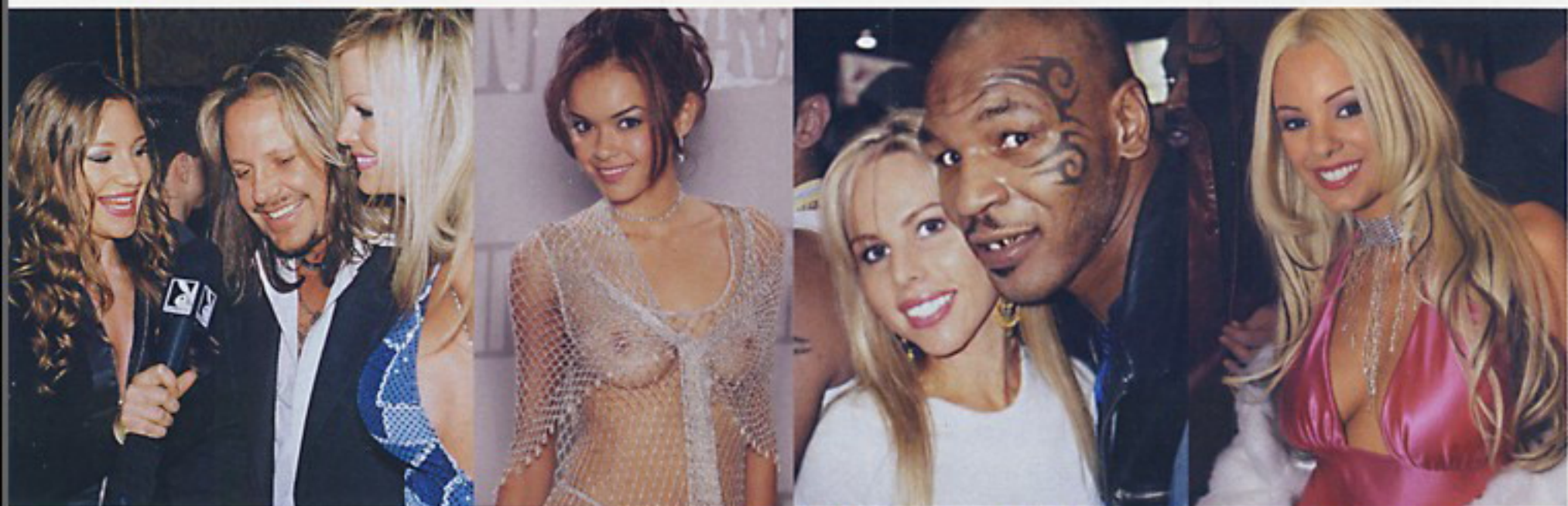
Watch your hands—this dish is served piping hot

Maybe there is a reason you'd consider seeing the upcoming romantic comedy *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*. Krista Allen will be there to ease your pain, playing a friend of Italian bride Mila Kunis of *That '70s Show* (okay, make that two reasons). Interestingly, Krista hangs with the gaba-gool crowd again in her other major role this year, as the sex-crazed niece of a mafioso in *Shut Up and Kiss Me*. Directors may like to cast Krista as a hot-blooded daughter of Italy, but in reality she's straight-up Texan. The

She plays a sex-crazed Mob daughter, but Krista is straight-up Texan.

Lone Star State couldn't keep Krista lassoed for long, though. In 1995, with only \$1,000 in her jeans, she headed for Hollywood, adding another \$2,500 with a gambling stopover in Vegas. The lucky streak didn't end there. Within a week of arriving in L.A. she landed a role on *The Bold and the Beautiful* as a bikini waitress (maybe we should start checking out those daytime dramas). Bit parts on *Silk Stalkings* and *Married With Children*, and a three-year stint on *Days of Our Lives* followed. Ditching soaps for a swimsuit, she breaststroked her way through the 1999 season of *Baywatch* before jumping to the big screen in *Anger Management* and *Paycheck*. Undoubtedly even bigger roles will follow. Meanwhile, if Krista needs to practice her wise-girl accent with someone, we'll bring the pizza.





Scenes from the AVNs. Above, from left: Aurora Snow grilling Vince Neil and Lia Gerardini; Daisy; Playboy TV's Jessica Mestler and Mike Tyson; Carmen Luvana. Below, clockwise from top left: Awards host Jenna Jameson; Ron Jeremy and Krystal Steal; Sunrise Adams; Lil Jon and the Ying Yang Twins; Rachel Rotten; Redman raps.

WEEKEND AT PORNIE'S

The *Adult Video News Awards* have been nicknamed the Oscars of Porn, but one thing's for sure: Billy Crystal won't be hosting them any time soon. In case you missed this year's 21st annual Sin City extravaganza—which was emceed by porn luminary Jenna Jameson and honored such categories as Best Group Sex Scene and Best Oral-Themed Feature—the entire ceremony will be broadcast this month on Playboy TV. Actually, so much hedonism is on parade during AVN weekend that we need three shows to cover (and uncover) it all: *The 2004 AVN Awards*; *Backstage Pass*, a behind-the-scenes report from Juli Ashton and Aurora Snow; and *Fresh Faces*, a look at promising new starlets found at the Adult Entertainment Expo. And if that's still not enough to satisfy your adult-video jones, we've broken down the weekend's highlights.

It's Not Easy Recognizing Clothed Porn Stars

If you've seen your favorite adult star fully dressed, it probably wasn't for long. Some actresses, such as Bettie Page doppelgänger Rachel Rotten, are easy to spot in Las Vegas. Thankfully, we had host Juli Ashton on hand to help ID some others. We nearly busted a gut when she pulled back Alexandra Silk's purple dress to reveal that it was, in fact, Alexandra Silk and she was not, in fact, wearing any silk (or other material, for that matter) underpants.

A-Listers Love the AVNs

At the Adult Entertainment Expo, the situation was dicey for Mike Tyson, who had a swarm of fans glued to him as he fought his way through the hall. (No ear biting was reported.) 50 Cent, who was there to promote his "XXX-rated interactive adventure" *Groupie Luv*, was most in need of a disguise—he was marooned in his promotional booth. We love his efforts, but we have one question for the



P.I.M.P.: Isn't all porn interactive?

It's Not Brain Surgery. Or Even Tic-Tac-Toe

One of the weekend's most endearing moments? When Juli Ashton asked Best Supporting Film Actress nominee Julie Meadows what movie she was nominated for and Meadows responded with a blank stare. "I did know, but then I got drunk," Meadows says.

No Kleenex Required

At the Oscars it's standard issue to sob uncontrollably during your acceptance

speech. At the AVNs—where most podium banter is along the lines of "I like to give blow jobs. Thanks!"—blubbering is frowned upon. When asked if she cries when she wins, Snow says, "You got an award for sex—that's no reason to cry!"

And the Nominees Are...

Lastly, we feel obligated to share the year's best porn titles (there's no award for this, but there should be): *Blow Me Sandwich 2*, *Me Sucky Fucky* and *Fast Times at Deep Crack High*. Oddly enough, Sean Penn is not featured in any of the aforementioned.



This just in: Playboy.com is looking for America's hottest newscaster. From left: MTV News correspondent SuChin Pak; ABC's Emmy-winning anchor Elizabeth Vargas, who dated Michael Douglas before getting hitched to singer Marc "Walking in Memphis" Cohn; and CNN's Emmy-winning anchor Paula Zahn. Cast your vote at Playboy.com.

NUBILE NEWS

Why has Fox News Channel been challenging CNN in the cable news ratings competition of late? We think it may have more to do with Fox's stable of beautiful reporters than its "fair and balanced" reporting. The days of broadcast journalists who look like your dad's lodge buddies are gone: When it comes to newscasters, lip gloss and push-up bras are garnering more attention than buttoned-up suits and bad rugs.

Despite criticism from old-school news vets who find the telebabes lightweight, hard news just might be easier to digest when an attractive woman delivers it. (If those alleged weapons of mass destruction are ever found, would you rather hear about it from a gorgeous redhead or Tim Russert?) Now Playboy.com is asking which of the talking heads you deem the sexiest. We've narrowed it down to 10 women, including ABC's Elizabeth Vargas, CNN's Paula Zahn and Fox News Channel's Laurie Dhue, who told *TV Guide*, "Television is a visual medium. If you're flipping channels, you're going to stop if there's an attractive person. My bottom line is getting the news out. If I can look good at the same time, great. It's a win-win."

Rounding out the poll are CBS News Washington correspondent Sharyl

Attkisson, CNN Headline News's Rudi Bakhtiar, Headline News anchor Robin Meade, MTV News reporter SuChin Pak, ABC News White House correspondent Kate Snow, MSNBC's Alison Stewart and Headline News's Linda Stouffer.

Playboy.com's Sexiest polls are famous for generating buzz. The recent For Bod and Country poll, in which we named Shania Twain country music's hottest singer, was watercooler chatter from

Nashville to Hollywood. And in 2000 *Sports Illustrated* named our America's Sexiest Sportscaster contest "the season's second most discussed poll," after the Bush-Gore tie. Last year our search for America's Sexiest Meteorologist drew more than 650,000 votes.

As with previous contests, our Sexiest Newscaster poll is certain to create static. Our take? The bedrock of unbiased journalism is calling a babe a babe.

CYBER GIRL OF THE YEAR

Name: **ALICIA BURLEY**. Favorite hobby: "Off-roading. I like doing it on three-wheelers, too." In high school: "I was heavier. I lost 30 pounds, and that's when I decided to do [PLAYBOY](http://PLAYBOY.com)." Nickname: "Gleek. He was the cartoon monkey on *Super Friends*." Road Runner or Wile E. Coyote? "I'm on the coyote's side. Just once he needs to nail that bird." If I were a guy: "I'd want to do Adriana Sklenarikova, the Victoria's Secret model with those great blue eyes. Or Gisele. Actually, any of them." One thing you should know: "I've got two pit bulls. But don't worry—they're very nice."





"I've heard it called many things...but never an hors d'oeuvre!"

A TRIBUTE TO PHOTOGRAPHY'S KING OF KINK

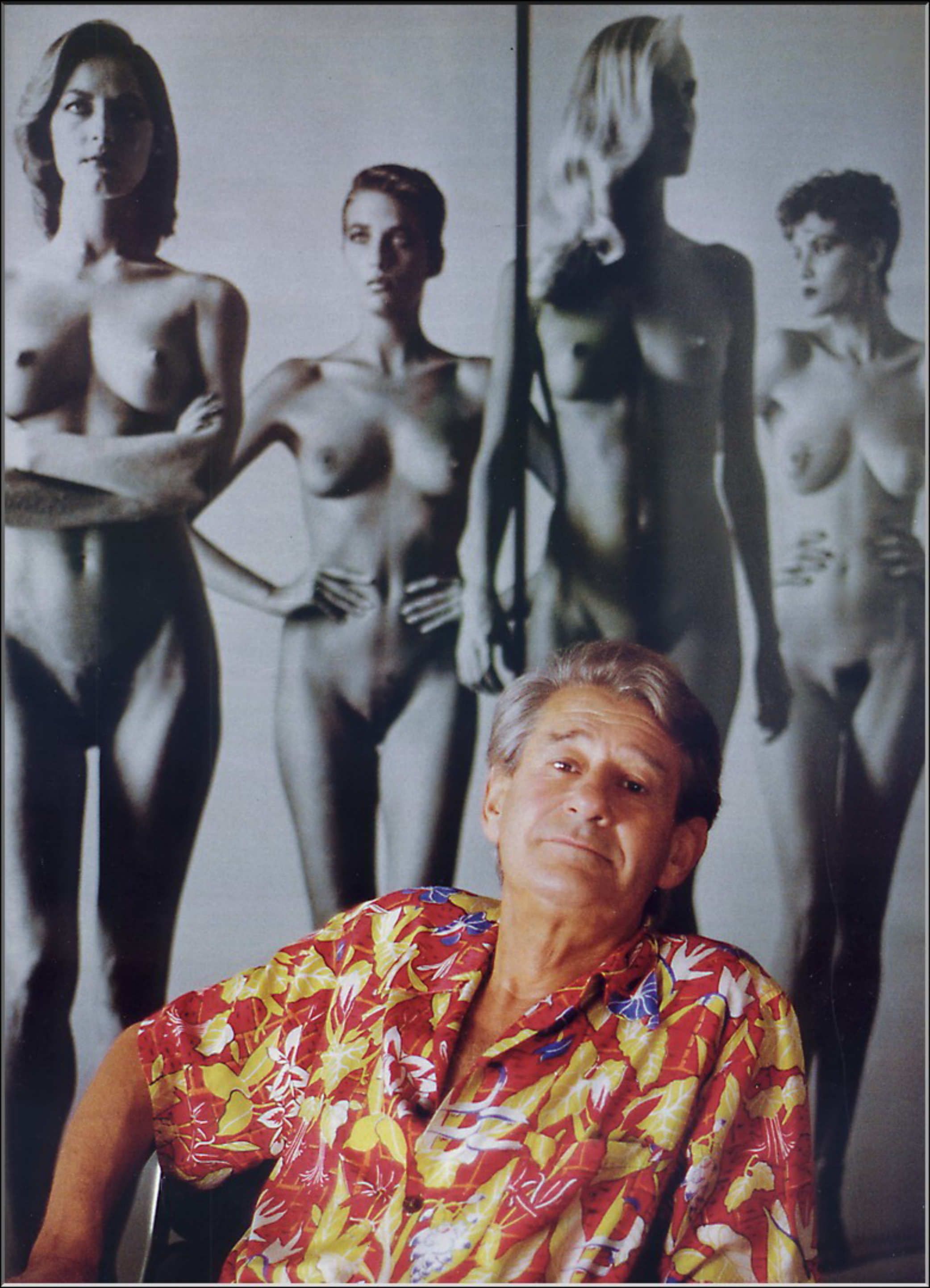
REMEMBERING HELMUT NEWTON



Whether Helmut Newton was shooting fashion for Italian *Vogue* or the famous for *PLAYBOY*, his photographs were always edgy, unpredictable and uncompromisingly erotic. His death in a car accident early this year at the age of 83 represents the loss of one of the world's great visual stylists.

Born in Berlin, Newton bought his first camera at the age of 12. His taste in women was influenced by the Prussian maids who worked in his family's prosperous household. He fled the Nazis as a teenager, landing in Australia via Singapore. There he acquired a down under accent, but his view of the world, and of women, remained profoundly Germanic. Fashion magazines in Europe and the United States began publishing Newton's work in the 1950s. His signature images of statuesque models clad in leather and high heels were sensuous, sometimes decadent, often criticized by feminists and widely emulated by other photographers.

Newton's fascination with photographing beautiful women led him to *PLAYBOY*, where his work first appeared in the mid-1970s. Actresses Charlotte Rampling, Debra Winger and Nastassia Kinski, and supermodels Grace Jones and Carla Bruni all posed for his lens. But his favorite *PLAYBOY* subjects were Playmates, shot not in the typical Centerfold style but in highly charged and unconventional settings. As Newton would wryly remark on accepting an assignment, "Let's try something a little kinky this time."





"MY JOB AS A PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER IS TO SEDUCE, AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN."

HOLLYWOOD

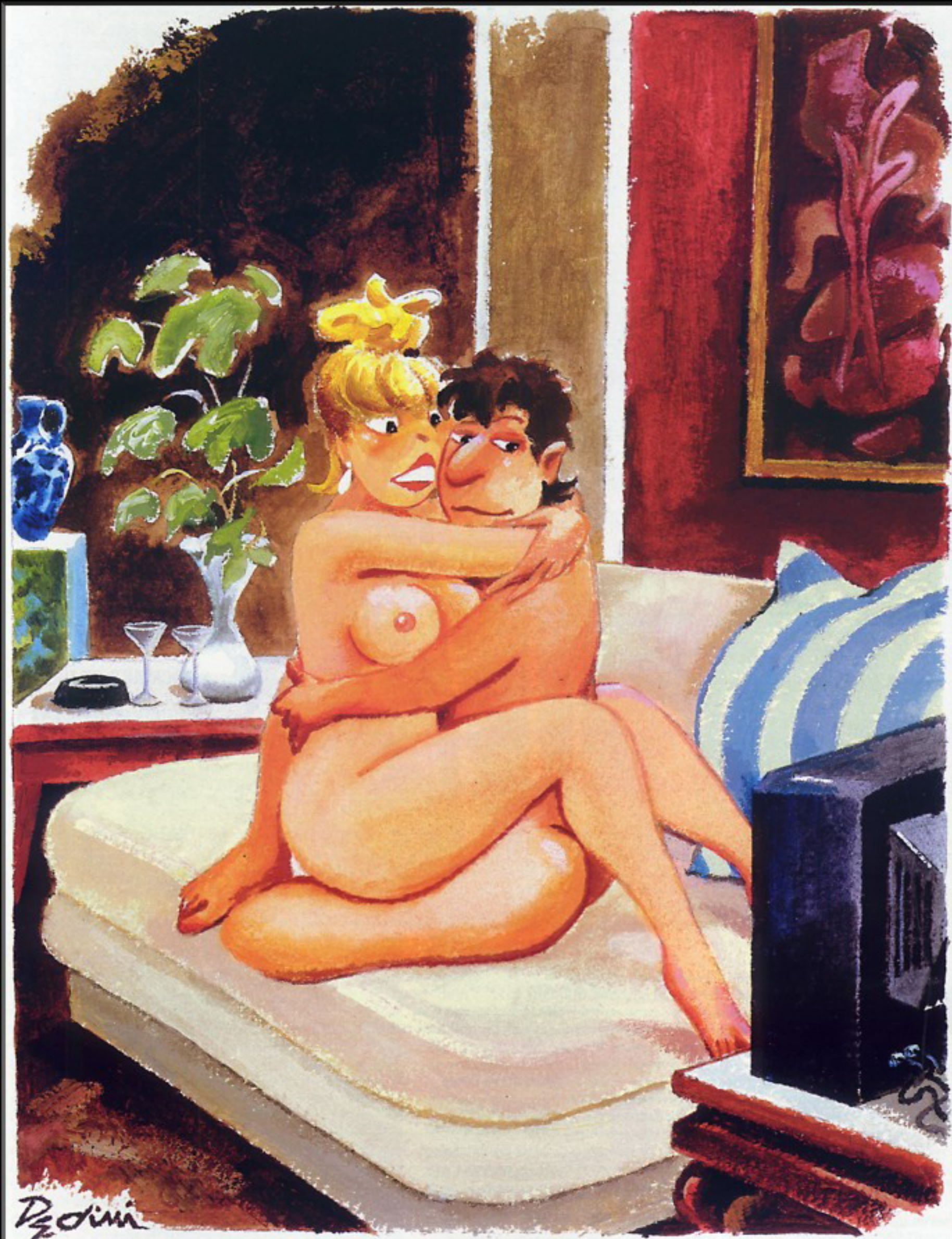




"YOU SHOULD FEEL THAT, UNDER THE RIGHT CONDITIONS,
ALL WOMEN WOULD BE AVAILABLE."



SEE MORE OF HELMUT NEWTON'S PLAYBOY
PHOTOGRAPHY AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



"I can't tell what they're selling."



GUY FAWCETT

"I thought you'd like to know, sir, she's not part of airport security!"

"I LEARNED THAT MY
BODY IS CAPABLE OF
REACHING HEIGHTS
OF PLEASURE
I'D HERETOFORE
CONSIDERED
UNATTAINABLE."



SEX PISTOLS

To learn what all the buzz is about, our sexiest correspondent (left) road tests nearly every vibrator on the market. She gets exactly what she bargained for—and then some

By ANNA DAVID



And there you have it: the largest pile of sex toys ever constructed. Buzzing silicene insects, undergarments fitted with remote-control massaging nubs, pulsating penises fashioned out of the same materials used to manufacture prosthetic limbs. All this and more is piled on my living room floor. I'm alone in my pajamas, up to my knees in the stuff. For the third time in as many seconds I find myself wondering what the hell I've gotten myself into.

When I first set out to explore the world of sex toys, I was, practically speaking, a vibrator virgin. Sure, I'd been the proud owner of a Pocket Rocket for years, using it solo and with a boyfriend or two. But—confession time—the closest I'd come to the iconic Rabbit Pearl was seeing it featured on *Sex and the City*. I didn't even know the difference between a vibrator and a dildo. (Sex Toys 101: Vibrators vibrate; dildos don't, unless they're vibrating dildos. For our purposes we're sticking with the vibrators.)

I'd noticed a recent surge in chatter about sex toys among friends and acquaintances. It seemed everyone was

using them, singles and couples alike. According to reps from some of the nation's high-end stores, consumers are buying about three times as many vibrators as they did five years ago. Chalk it up to a happy confluence of high-tech advances—these whirling dervishes get you off faster, harder and more creatively than ever before—and the anonymity of Internet commerce. These days anyone can log on to a trustworthy website and have high-quality orgasm-enhancing products delivered discreetly to her door.

It hasn't always been this way. The early vibrators weren't even considered sexual aids. An American physician named George Taylor patented the first—a steam-powered monster called the Manipulator—back in the 1860s to assist women suffering from hysteria. (No surprise, he had plenty of return patients.) Mechanical toys weren't available for private use until the 1960s. Since then, design and marketing improvements have grown exponentially. Despite a few remaining bastions of stick-in-the-mud puritanism—sex toys are still illegal in six states, where cops actually set up sting operations to bust people selling them—we appear to be entering the golden age of the vibrator.

Optimistic industry bigwigs predict that these pulsating playthings will soon be as commonplace in American homes as toasters. "Twenty years ago lingerie was sold only in sleazy catalogs, but Victoria's Secret made it a mainstream, acceptable product," says Sandor Gardos, a clinical psychologist and sex researcher. "Sex toys are moving in the same direction."

In the name of journalism, I decided to tackle this trend myself. After weeks of research and preparation, I devoted five days to a round-the-clock sexual expedition. I tried every product on the market (no matter how bizarre), sharing the wealth with a few trusted girlfriends to get a well-rounded view. I visited factories, warehouses and vibrator stores, and spoke to doctors, researchers—even my own mother (explaining the use of that strange "novelty" she'd



Writer Anna David (left) and a few trusted friends took the vibrator industry head-on. Among their top picks: the Good Vibrations Itty Bitty Bump-N-Grind (top), which, when used as a cock ring, buzzes the entire pleasure zone—his and hers—while zeroing in on the clitoris. The Doc Johnson Pocket Rocket (bottom) offers total portability and discreetness. "I used it while I was driving, and I almost crashed," says one tester. "Finally I just pulled over. Love the Pocket Rocket."



More of our testers' vibrator favorites, clockwise from top left: Pure Bliss; California Exotics' Impulse Flirtatious Dolphin (which has a range of pulsating options); and Hitachi's Magic Wand—the most heralded 12 inches in the business.

received as a wedding present nearly 40 years ago).

Through it all I learn to some surprising revelations. I learned that my body is capable of reaching heights of pleasure I'd heretofore considered unattainable. I also found that it's entirely possible to become emotionally dependent on the battery department of the local drugstore. Whether I'll continue with the pace I had to set remains to be seen. But I know that what I've embarked on is a lifelong project—and I'm nothing if not dedicated to the research process.

Day One: Ladies and Lipstick

My first task: to recruit a few women who can help round out the study. I remember that Kate, my half-Asian, half-Jewish writer friend, took me vibrator shopping the very day we met. And surely Emily, blonde and angelic, with a former life as an S&M chick, will be up for it. Finally I ask Jill—an Ivy League-educated, curly-haired sales rep who reads three newspapers a day—if she can think of anyone else who might help out. When she offers her own services, I'm surprised.

"I never would've thought this was your kind of thing," I tell her. She informs me, ever so casually, that she typically

makes herself come six times a night, more often than not with the aid of some kind of external device. I'm shocked, so I accuse her of exaggeration.

"It's true," she swears. "It's almost an obsessive-compulsive thing, like I won't be able to sleep until I get to six."

What have Jill and I been so busy talking about that I didn't know this?

That afternoon I sit down in my living room and scan the mass of plastic and rubber devices. Where to begin? The lifelike Vibrating Tongue? The purple-and-green bendable unit surely modeled after an alien's private parts? I decide to start small, picking up something called a Classic Hide-a-Vibe. It's an inch-long pink bullet—phallic only if you were, say, an Oompa Loompa—designed to look like a miniature lipstick. (In fact, it comes with a lipstick-like case so you can carry it around without tipping anyone off.)

With the afternoon sunlight peeking in and R. Kelly's "Ignition" remix blasting from my computer speakers, I lean back on my couch and reach under my flowing pink skirt with the "lipstick." The tip finds its way directly on top of my clitoris, buzzing through my panties. A little roundabout, an adjustment or two and I can no longer feel the mess of scattered C batteries wedged uncomfortably against my outer thigh. My cat is looking at me, terrified, but I forget about her as the tiny tickle grows and spreads down my legs. In just a few minutes I'm there. The little sucker makes the grade.

Day Two: Sex-O-Phone

When I give my phone number to Carol Queen, she literally yelps when she hears that 6 and 9 are the last two numbers. "Our number ends in 69 too," she remarks excitedly. "Did you request it?" (I didn't.)

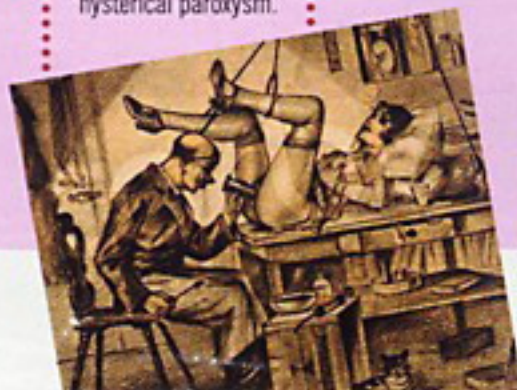
Queen, who has a doctorate from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, is the "resident sexologist" at Good Vibrations, a chain of stores in northern California that's been around since 1977. (Good Vibes perfectly represents today's clean, well-lit place for sex toys, where the packaging is elegant and the employees are approachable—and not much freakier than those at your local Kinko's.)

She gives me a rundown of the store's best-sellers: the Pocket Rocket (my old favorite); the Vibratex Rabbit Pearl, a Japanese-made cutie with a see-through, pearl-filled silicone shaft and a clit-tickling "bunny"; and the Hitachi Magic Wand, a 12-inch body massager originally made for sore backs and necks, which has become one of the best-selling vibrators of all time (PLAYBOY recently named it among the

GREAT MOMENTS IN VIBRATOR HISTORY

• 1653

Dutch physician Pieter Van Foreest recommends a new treatment for female hysteria. Doctors should "massage the genitalia with one finger inside" until the woman experiences "hysterical paroxysm."



• 1869

To help physicians treat more hysterical women—with fewer resulting finger cramps—American physician George Taylor patents the first vibrator, the steam-powered Manipulator.

• 1899

McClure's magazine runs the first vibrator ad, for the Vibratile. Other women's mags follow suit.

• 1906

The Shelton Electric Company releases its Shelton Deluxe-Wayne Vibrator (below).



• 1910s

Sears, Roebuck begins hawking a home appliance with attachments for a vaginal massager—and a mixer, grinder, fan and buffer. The Swedish Vibrator Company of Chicago begins advertising a product that provides (whoa!) "30,000 thrilling, invigorating, revitalizing penetrations per minute."

• 1920s

As vibrators start appearing in stag films, they start disappearing from doctors' offices and the pages of women's magazines.

• 1931

Sigmund Freud postulates that women have both clitoral and vaginal orgasms.



top inventions of the past half century). The Pocket Rocket and the Wand are for external stimulation only, while the Rabbit works simultaneously on the vagina and the clitoris; as Queen says, "it brings both to the party."

Back home I proudly lay out my goodies on the bed. I'm ready to give the Wand a whirl, but just as I'm about to get down to it I receive a call from Gardos, the sex researcher. After I review my products with him, a note of concern creeps into his voice. "A lot of people find the Wand too powerful," he tells me as I hold the giant thing in my hand. "Keep in mind that you should place several towels between you and it."

The towel news is shocking—and slightly alarming. I glance at the Wand and realize that *gargantuan* is really the only word to describe this white plug-in device. It occurs to me that the Wand would make a tremendous weapon.

The Rabbit, on the other hand, is pink—my favorite color—and kind of cute. And the control device has separate buttons for the penetrating shaft and the clitoris-tickling part.

Conveniently I've recently met a special someone who lives across the country. Though my impersonation of a 976 operator usually makes me cringe, somehow phone sex seems inevitable from the beginning of our conversation. It starts innocently enough—a clarification about a work project, really. I mention that I'm in bed with the lights dimmed and the Rabbit Pearl next to me.

"You mean you're just lying there? With the vibrator?"

"That's right."

There's a pause. Then, in his naturally deep voice: "That's the sexiest thing I've ever heard." Another pause, and then: "Is it turned on?"

It is. And I am.

This guy—usually the model of smooth control—sounds as if he's breathing a bit fast. And once he begins to describe



what he'd be doing to me if we were in the same room, he's not the only one. His words and the Rabbit Pearl's clitoris massager and burrowing shaft are a perfect combination, though I'm not sure I appreciate the pearls as much as I would if they were, say, around my neck.

The Wand watches it all. If it could talk, I feel certain it would taunt me.

Day Three: Panties From Heaven

I spend the morning sifting through a dizzying array of penetrators and massagers—products that resemble penises, dental drills and Xbox controllers. By now I've determined that California Exotics takes the prize for manufacturing the most bizarre stuff on the market. Its Impulse Computer Accessory, a bullet vibrator that attaches to a computer via a USB cord, would come in handy if I were into Internet porn. And the Vibrating Pleasure Periscope,

1952

The word *hysteria* is dropped from the American Psychiatric Association's books.

1960s

Vibrators are again openly advertised and sold as novelties, though their sale remains illegal in many states.

1973

Author Betty Dodson begins teaching masturbation workshops for women that focus on how to use vibrators. Her film *Selfloving: A Video Portrait of Female Sexuality and Orgasm* (right) gets gushing reviews from feminists and pervs alike.

1977

Sex therapist Joani Blank opens Good Vibrations in San Francisco. Blank creates Joani's Butterfly, the first clitoral-stimulating vibrator.

1994

Susan Colvin becomes the first female CEO of a sex-toy company, the Chino, California-based California Exotics. The six-foot blonde becomes a driving force in changing the mainstream image of "novelties," using tasteful packaging and products that appeal to more women and couples.

1998

On an episode of *Sex and the City* Charlotte becomes a fan of the Rabbit Pearl. Sex-toy stores nationwide are inundated with orders for the Japanese-made vibrator.

PRESENT

Studies show that roughly half the women in the U.S. have tried or regularly use a vibrator during masturbation.



with its see-through tip and series of mirrors, actually allows you to look between your legs into a viewing window to see what's going on inside. ("We sell a ton of them," says a company rep. "Even gynecologists buy them.")

As my afternoon coffee brews, I slip on a pair of Cal Exotics' Vibrating Panties, a black polyester G-string with front pockets containing a battery and a bullet vibrator. I like that the panties have a remote control attachment, enabling a partner to activate them from across the room. I also know that unless I can teach one of my cats a fancy trick, I won't be experiencing that today.

Wearing nothing but the panties, I slide onto my couch. The mini bullet hits just the right spot, and I do my part by moving it in circles. I think about how amazing these would be on a plane ride, assuming you could get it through today's airport security without humiliating yourself.

Afterward I call Emily, my former S&M-worker friend, who tells me she came twice while wearing hers in her office with the door shut. We conference call Kate and then Jill, the multi-orgasmic Ivy Leaguer, who tells us she pranced around in hers while making lunch. "Oh," she says, "and I used the Wand today. I came like 20 times."

Emily and I are silenced. Kate announces that she found the Wand's "jackhammer-like sensation" overwhelming. "I kept thinking of that line in *Sex and the City* when someone tells Samantha this Sharper Image massager will burn her clit off," she says.

My Wand fear has now reached new heights.

"I think it looks more like an instrument of torture than a vibrator," I say.

They all laugh, and I don't bother to ask about the towels.

DAY FOUR: FIELD TRIP

It's Doc Johnson factory tour day. With more than 450 employees and 2,000 products, the Los Angeles-based company is a leader in the sex-toy industry, known not only for quality but for the most gorgeous packaging this side of spa products. Donna, a no-nonsense former New Yorker who spent most of her career working in the garment industry, greets me at the door. Just as I'm shaking her hand, J.C., a cheerful young guy in research and development, walks up holding three jelly cocks. He hands them to Donna and asks what she thinks.

Donna's fingers graze appreciatively over the pink, purple and white dongs. "Oh, I can really see the iridescence in this," she comments while holding up the white one.

"Which do you like best?" J.C. asks me, his eyes twinkling flirtatiously. He has no idea who I am—all he knows is that I'm a woman in the target demographic, so my opinion about these things is highly relevant. I tell him I'm partial to pink. He grins proudly, as if he'd invented the color himself.

Because J.C. is in R&D, he's an expert in T&A. As Donna takes me on a tour of the warehouse, where hundreds of factory workers calmly pour liquid plastic into copper dishes shaped like penises of every size imaginable, she informs me that J.C. is in charge of all the castings. This means he's the guy who slaps the mold on, say, Jenna Jameson when she's allowing her vagina and ass to be used to create a product. And I always thought movie casting directors were the ones who had it good.

For someone in the industry Donna seems remarkably innocent. She uses words like *gynormous*, tells me she "just wants to make a product that looks pretty" and blushes when I ask if she's ever tried Doc's G-spot-, clitoral- and

Jill was thrilled with the Flirtatious Dolphin: "I moved the switch from high to pulsating when I started to come, and my orgasm lasted literally minutes."

anal-stimulating Trigasm. When she informs me that the company is known for its Ultra Realistic 3.0 material—UR3 to those in the know—she adds that customers are warned not to cook or microwave the products (which certainly cuts down on the hors d'oeuvres options).

As we tour the factory, Donna begins to sound like a Food Network host: "The ones that are dipped are cooked in the oven, like pizza," she explains. "After they cool they're put on a sort of hamburger griddle to make them smooth."

We pause next to a group of Mexican workers who are adding amazingly lifelike hair to UR3 penises. An older woman with the name MARTHA sewn on her work apron says something in Spanish, and her co-workers all laugh. Though I don't speak Spanish I feel certain that Martha's joke has little to do with the gynormous John Holmes cock she's holding. In fact, everyone in the room seems so indifferent to the leg-size penises they're decorating, they

may as well be packaging mustard.

When I get home I decide that, among the dozen products I'll be playing around with tonight, I should probably road test a vibrator that resembles an actual penis. In fact, the Hank, made in the factory where I spent my morning, is more penislike than actual penises I've come across, except that it can be propped upright on its flat half-ball-sac bottom.

Sitting on my couch, I place the apparatus at the base of my nether region and turn it on. Slowly I move it around and push it inside me, gripping tightly (it's not like I'm going to hurt anyone). The buzz begins to make me quiver but not for long. Something about the experience makes me long for a heartbeat. It's both too much and not enough like the real thing. This dick gets the shaft.

DAY FIVE: CLIMAX

With about 30 products down and roughly 20 to go, I invite over my three partners in crime. Time is running short, and I want to get a feel for how these women are making out. Sitting in my living room, the place trashed with empty vibrator boxes and battery packaging, we get down to business.

Emily announces that she adored the Good Vibes Rock and Roll, a lifelike penis vibrator. "I used it in combination with the Wand," she says as she tucks a few blond ringlets behind her ear. She also liked Cal Exotics' Infra Red Massager, with its on-off heat button. "The heat didn't enhance the orgasm per se, but the overall feeling was highly enjoyable," she says.

Multiorgasmic Jill was thrilled with Cal Exotics' Impulse Flirtatious Dolphin, a sea-blue jelly tube molded in the shape of a miniature sea mammal. Though I found it off-putting, she loved everything about it, especially the various speed options: escalating, pulsating, low and high. "I moved the switch from high to pulsating when I started to come, and my orgasm lasted literally minutes," she gloats.

Emily also flipped over the Dolphin. Her orgasms were so strong, she tells us, she cried. "But I'm completely PMSing," she adds. "I cried during *Friends*, too."

The thing that really got Kate buzzing was the Itty Bitty Bump-N-Grind, a rubber device with a bunch of tiny spaghetti-like ticklers hanging off it and a bullet that vibrates them. Of course Kate has an accessory the rest of us do not: a boyfriend who lives in the same city.

The Bump-N-Grind slides onto a
(concluded on page 154)

Sex PISTOLS

(continued from page 92)

penis and acts like a kind of cock ring, delicately vibrating against both partners' organs. "We felt a little like 15-year-old virgins because we were bumbling around so much at first," she says, "but I really think it's the undiscovered hero of missionary-style orgasmic sex." (She typically can't come during sex unless she's also touching herself.) "It excited my boyfriend, too," she reports. "He had a tough time lasting as long as he usually does."

Once the girls leave I realize that Jill's multiorgasmic abilities have stirred my competitive nature. Plus, I'm growing resentful that even with all this practice, I'm still just a one-time-only girl. I feel as though I've tried everything short of

the anatomically correct Cal Exotics Tera Patrick love doll, whose voice box is activated when a finger or penis is inserted into her vagina or mouth. Surveying my trashed living room, I spot the Wand. I can't avoid it any longer.

If I'm going to do it, I may as well go full force, so I skip the towels I'd been instructed to layer between the Wand's bulbous tip and my skin. I plug the sucker in and switch its one button to high, leaving on just my G-string. Despite the Wand's blenderlike sounds, its head doesn't seem to be moving. When I touch it, however, it feels as if I'm being electrocuted. I decide to slip into something less comfortable—men's tightie whities—and surrender, lying back in my bed.

Immediately the shock waves jolt up my spine. It is, without a doubt, the

strongest, most titillating, most fantastic thing I've ever felt (barring, of course, the touch of someone I love). Typically I need to be in a thoroughly sexual state of mind to get myself going, but here I am, with all the lights on and the dull blare of CNN in the background, and the sensations in my body are overpowering everything else. The first orgasm hits in less than a minute, and I come a second time without even trying.

History has been made, and I have the Wand to thank.

JUST DESERTS

When I sit down to begin writing this story, I find myself bewildered. Everything except the Wand has meshed into one big pulsating silicone animal or some kind of vibrating, lifelike cock. As the pressure of my deadline mounts I seek ways to procrastinate—which are readily available thanks to the device that is now permanently plugged in next to my bed. (Writers who work at home surely play with themselves more than any other sector of society.)

So what have I learned? My head is filled with interesting, if useless, information. For instance, a man having his penis molded for a vibrator or dildo must maintain his erection sans stimulation for three minutes—no easy task. (That one goes in the FYI folder.) More to the point, I've learned that women are just as dedicated to the fine art of self-gratification as men are, though the distinct female body-mind combination makes reaching nirvana a matter of personal preference—as evidenced by each of my friends having an altogether different take on the best product for the task. I catch myself wondering whether I'll get addicted to the Wand, whether any man will ever top its magical powers.

The famed sexologists Masters and Johnson claimed in 1982 that women who rely on "intense mechanical means" to reach "instant orgasm" will eventually find their ability to achieve higher pleasure with a partner more difficult. Generally speaking their claims are probably true. And so it seems that—as with so many other things in life—the end of this story is another beginning. No matter how gratifying a week spent with a pile of vibrators can be, a week spent with a pile of vibrators and another pair of hands can be only that much better.

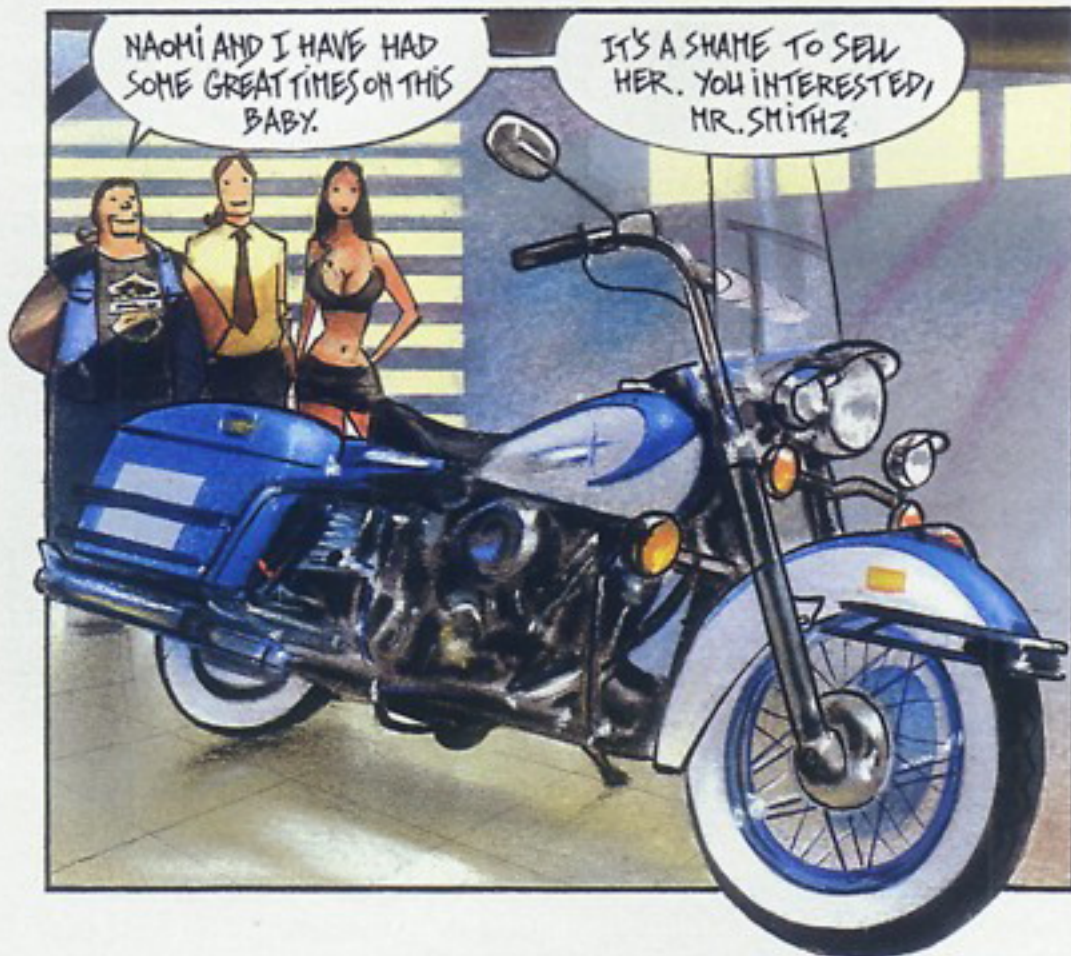
Unfortunately men aren't packaged in plastic and sold in high-end sex stores the way vibrators are today. But judging by how far this industry has advanced, the day when a woman will be able to order up a human who meets her specific needs—with extended warranty!—could be just around the corner. Make mine a tall one.



"Maybe allowing chicks into the construction trade wasn't such a bad idea after all."



Test Drive



IVAN IVAREZ • JORGE



Strap yourself in—

Miss May is taking you
on a wild ride

READY FOR TAKEOFF



Licensed pilot Nicole Whitehead—yes, she flies airplanes—is absolutely fearless. “The first time I flew a plane was also the first time I went skydiving,” says the 23-year-old. “I literally dived out the plane door—they couldn’t open it fast enough. When I was free-falling I could see all this amazing scenery at one time—the ocean, the city and the area where the NASA shuttles take off. It was so pretty, I think I started to cry.” Back on solid ground, Nicole, with ample Southern charm (she’s from Alabama and lives in Florida), explained to the pilot that while skydiving was a trip, she would be even more excited actually *flying* the plane. How could he resist? “He took me up and let me take the controls,” she says. “It was the best day I ever had. I knew right then that I had to fly for a living.”

Nicole earned her pilot’s license last August and is currently chalking up solo flight hours. Meanwhile, to help pay for flight school, she works at a local bar (most requested drink: Alabama slammer), models (you may have spotted her on the 2001 cover of *PLAYBOY*’s Natural Beauties special edition) and steals the spotlight in music videos (in Ricky Martin’s “She Bangs,” she dances—or bangs—herself into a frenzy). While definitely a girl on the rise, Nicole isn’t going after red carpet megafame. “I would be perfectly happy

Coffee, tea or me? “I hope to get into the charter business and fly Learjets,” Nicole says. “When I’m ready to settle down—like in 20 years—I’ll have enough hours to go to an airline, where I can have a steady routine. I could have a family and a dream job.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG







flying other celebrities around the world rather than being one myself," she says.

Nicole may literally have her head in the clouds, but she credits her upbringing with keeping her grounded. "Nobody comes before family," she says. "We're a bunch of crazy Southerners. I live on a ranch and have a tomboy side. Nascar is my religion. I like to go mudding in a truck. I can clean up and be a lady, but the everyday me wears Levi's, cowboy boots and a tank top."

Those boots come in handy when she tends to her three horses, her admitted first loves, which live on her ranch in Orlando. "When I was six I visited my grandparents in Florida," she says. "They took me to see a dinner show called *Arabian Nights*. I loved it. The day I graduated from high school I moved there and tried to join the show. I had no formal training, but I'd barrel raced and worked with cows." Once again Nicole put her wiles to use: "I pulled the show manager aside and told him, 'Look, I can smile really big, and I don't fall off horses.' I got the job and worked there for the most incredible two and a half years of my life. I was a trick rider—I stood up on the back of galloping horses and would flip off them and do crazy stuff."

A rodeo clown could figure out that when it comes to guys Nicole is into the adventurous type. "I definitely like guys who are rugged and strong," she says. "It's sexy when a guy can help me work the horses or fix my car. I'm attracted to cowboys, but I haven't figured out how to find them yet. Maybe hang out at rodeos?"

When we tell her that someday her space cowboy will come, Nicole smiles. "In five years I'd like to be in the pilot's seat, 43,000 feet above everyone else and going 500 miles an hour. My heart is definitely in the sky."

Always the creator of her own destiny, Nicole sent a home video to the Playboy TV show *Sexy Girls Next Door*. "I taped myself bathing my horse—wearing nothing but boots," she says. "I normally don't do that in the nude. It was an experience."

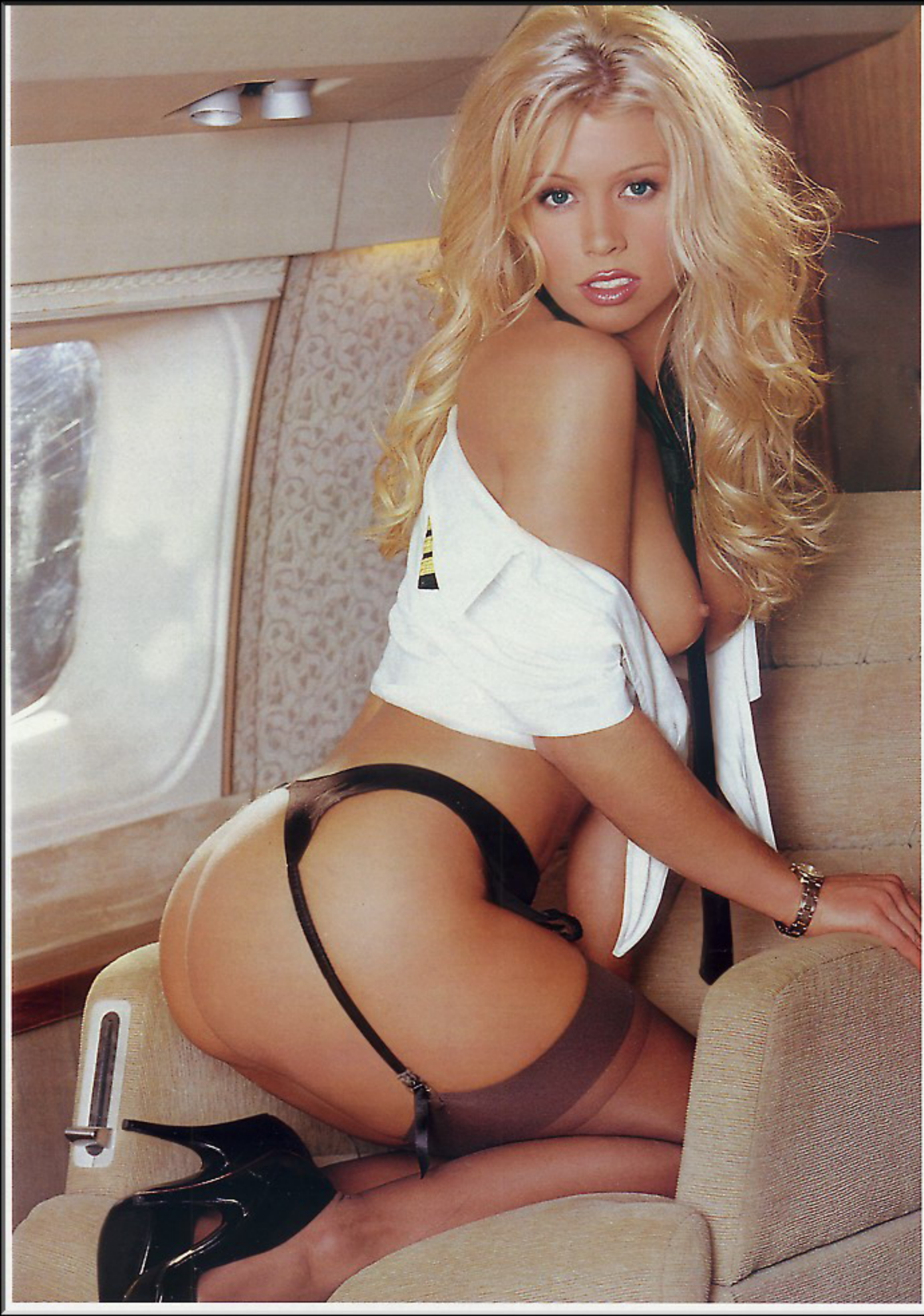








SEE EXCLUSIVE VIDEO OF MISS MAY
AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM





MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



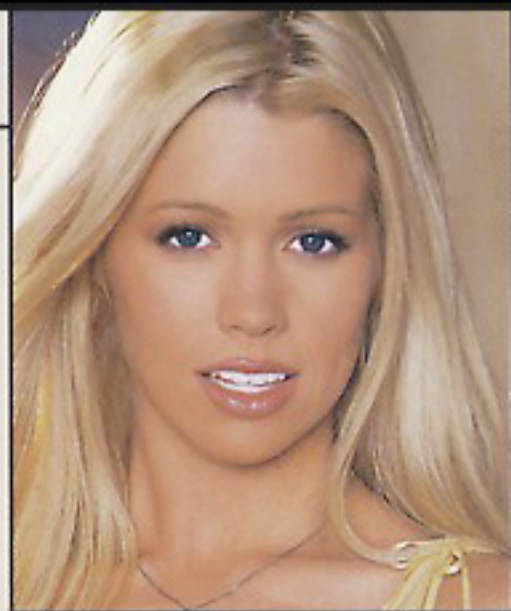
Nicole Whitehead

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Nicole Whitehead

BUST: 32 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 110



BIRTH DATE: 11-5-80 BIRTHPLACE: Birmingham, Alabama

AMBITIONS: To be a successful Learjet Captain + someday fly home from work to a family of my own.

TURN-ONS: Cowboy hats, monster trucks, horseback riding on the beach, & being proud of who you are + where you came from.

TURNOFFS: Violence, lack of ambition, + someone who gets airsick pulling a couple of g's!

SOMETHING I DO EVERY WEEKEND: Saturday nights I'm getting wild on a mechanical bull. Sundays I'm all about NASCAR. The rest of my time I'm up in the clouds - my favorite place to be.

MY FAVORITE MOVIE: The Crow

SOME PLACES I'D LIKE TO VISIT: Austria To see the famous white Lipizzaner stallions dance. These are some of the most talented horsemen and beautiful horses in the world.

BEST REASON TO LIVE IN THE SOUTH: Southern Rock + my "Sweet Home Alabama"



My Senior Year



Beauty Pageant Winner



1st time flying a jet - my best day!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why did Jennifer Lopez dump Ben Affleck?

Because he finally admitted, "Your ass *does* look big in those pants."

A car hit a 10-year-old boy and drove off. The boy was lying injured in the middle of the road. A passerby ran up and asked the boy, "Do you want me to find a priest?"

The boy replied, "How can you think about sex at a time like this?"



George W. Bush recently wrote this letter to John Hinckley:

Dear Mr. Hinckley,

Laura and I hope that you are continuing to recover from your mental problems. We were pleased to hear that you are now able to have unsupervised visits with your parents.

I have decided to seek a second term in office as your president. Since I am a public servant, please let me know if there is anything that you need at the hospital. By the way, are you aware that John Kerry is screwing Jodie Foster?

Sincerely,

George W. Bush, president

What do you get when you take ecstasy and birth control?

A trip without the kids.

A man owned a farm in Kansas. The Department of Labor received a tip that he was not paying proper wages to his employees. An agent came to interview him and said, "List your employees and tell me how much you pay them."

The farmer said, "I have one ranch hand who's been with me for three years. I pay him \$600 a week plus room and board. Then I have a cook. She's been here six months. She gets \$400 a week plus room and board."

"Anybody else?" the agent asked as he scribbled on a notepad.

"Yeah," the farmer said. "There's a half-wit here. Works about 18 hours a day. I pay him \$10 a week and give him chewing tobacco."

"Very interesting," the agent said. "I want to talk to that half-wit."

The farmer replied, "You're talkin' to him right now."

Why did Scott Peterson want to move to West Virginia?

Everyone has the same DNA.

A man who reeked of booze flopped on a subway seat next to a priest. The man's tie was stained with liquor, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a bottle of gin was sticking out of his coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes, he turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

The priest replied, "It's caused by loose living, sleeping with wicked women and drinking too much alcohol."

"Well, I'll be," the drunk muttered, returning to his paper.

A few minutes later, the priest nudged the man to apologize. "I'm very sorry," the priest said. "I didn't mean to come down on you so strongly. How long have you suffered from arthritis?"

"I don't have it, Father," the man said. "I was just reading about the Pope."

A new car stereo comes equipped with voice-activated software. If you yell out "rock," it tunes in to a rock station. If you say "classical," it switches to a classical music station. If you say "country," it changes to a country music station. But one unhappy consumer complained that while he was driving, some children ran out in front of his car. Hitting the brakes, he muttered, "Fucking kids." The radio started playing Michael Jackson songs.



BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: Why should a boss give his blonde secretary only a half-hour lunch break?

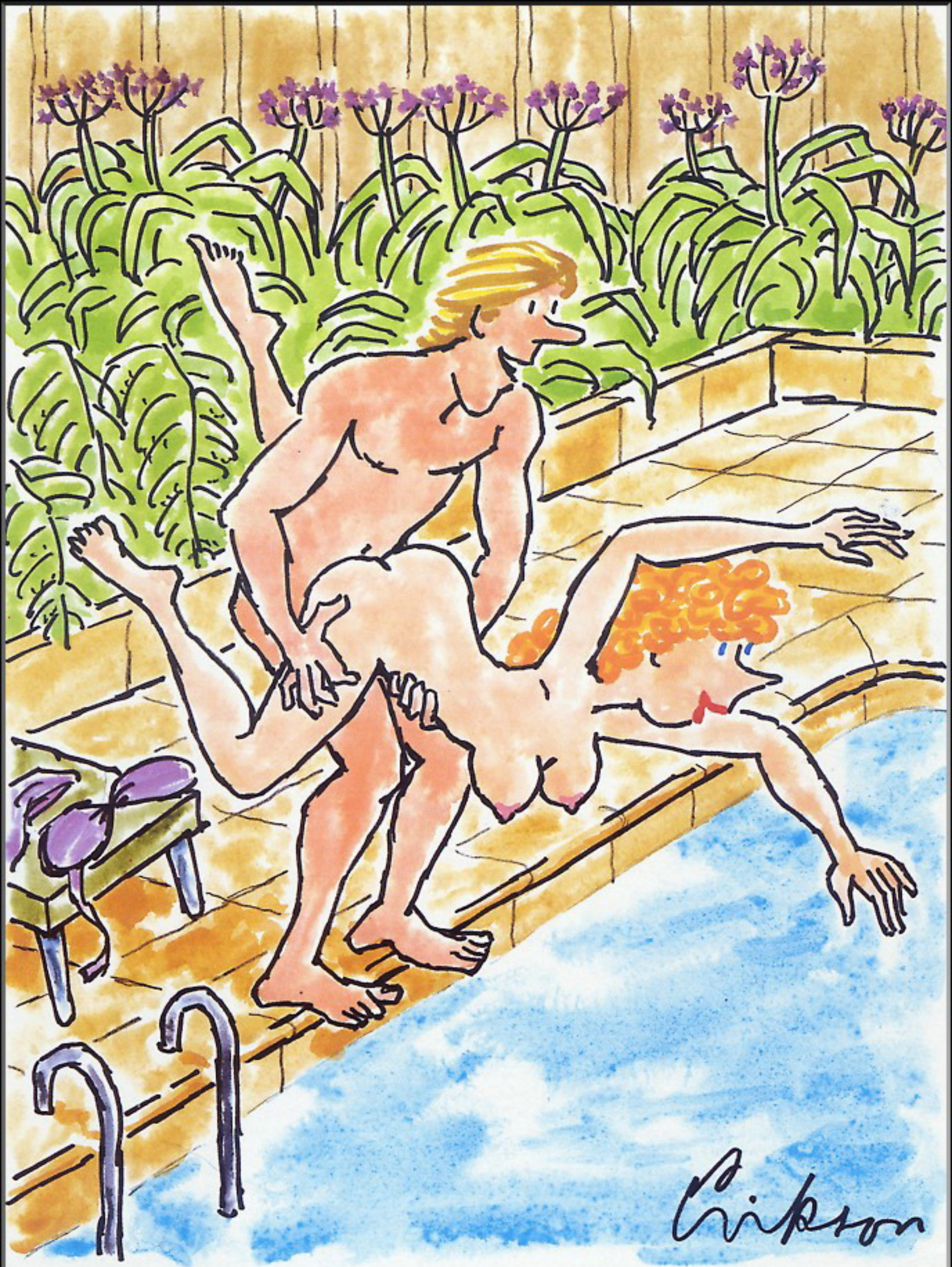
Because if she were gone for an hour, she'd have to be retrained.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Where does an Irishman go on vacation? A different bar.

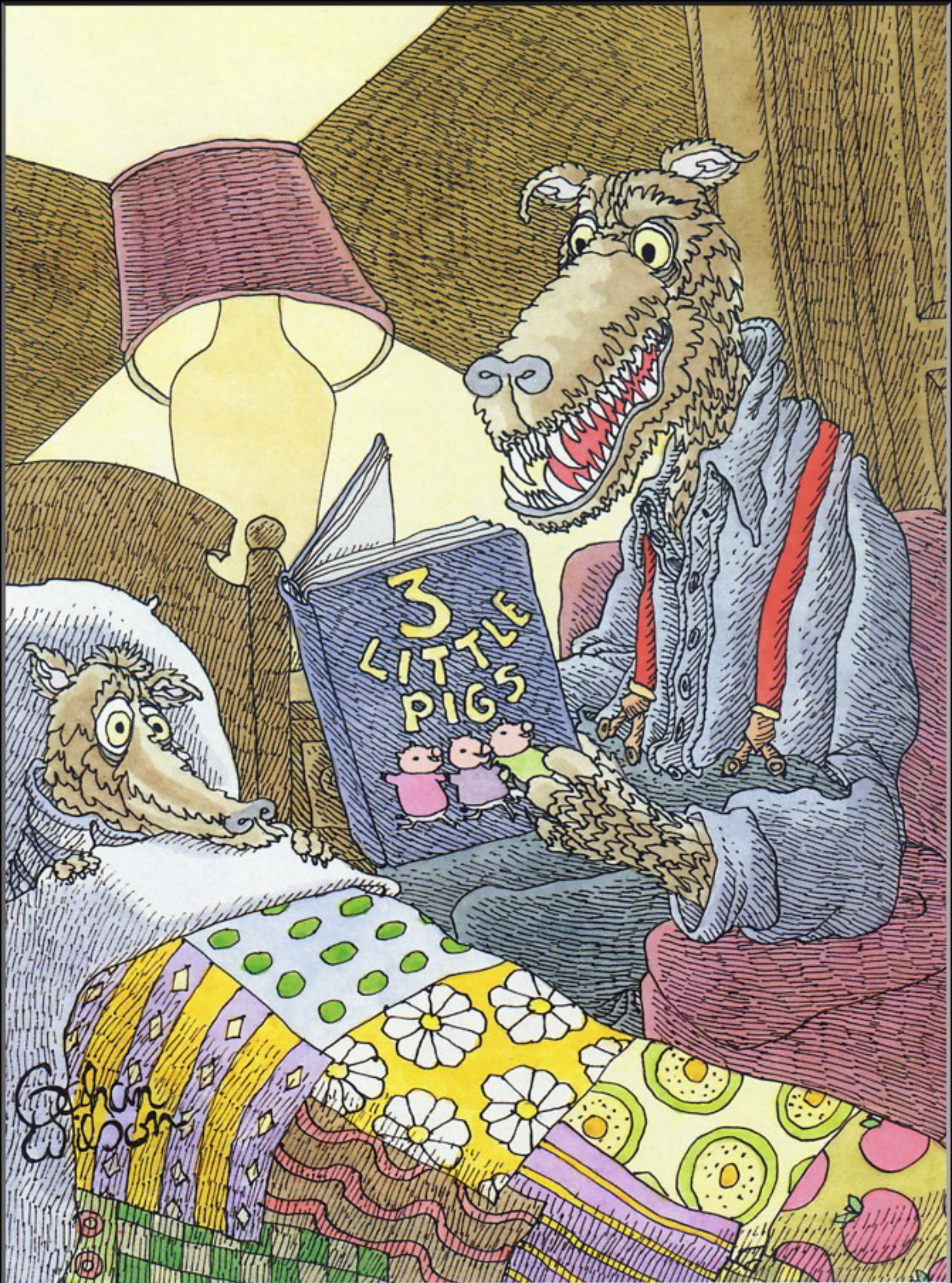
Why are nurses so bad at giving oral sex?

Because they always wait for the swelling to go down.

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



"Great form, Ms. Blythdale! Next week we'll try it in the water!"



"It strikes me this book is pretty hard on wolves."



"Apparently the open house is tomorrow."

Centerfolds On Sex

ORAL EXAM

When a man goes down below, he should try to spell out the ABCs on a woman's most sensitive region. Some guys like to wander around with their tongues because they think it turns a woman on. Here's the truth: They should get to the clitoris and just stay there. It's also nice if they sing and hum, which adds vibration to the area. Alternate between using the tip of the tongue and sucking. Not too hard, though. I like when a man combines this approach with a creative use of his fingers. It's bound to get any woman off.

Angela Melini

HOW TO BE A PICKUP ARTIST

Picking up a woman is tricky. I often feel that if I weren't in the room, the guy would just be hitting on some other woman. So many pickup lines are cheesy. For instance, "What's your sign?" is really annoying. I once wore a pair of jeans to a Vegas nightclub. A guy walked up to me and said, "You put the 0 in the 501." I looked at him and just laughed. The one I really hate is "You have the most beautiful eyes." One guy even told me I had the most beautiful green eyes he'd ever seen. I said, "Oh really? Because they're brown." The eye line is the worst because it's so common. I don't think men are really looking at my eyes. They're looking below my chin and above my belly button. I may dress sexy by showing cleavage, and I expect men to look. But I don't want all their attention focused there. I prefer a direct approach, like "Hi, I think you're really pretty, and I'd love to buy you a drink." A guy has to prove that he's not too aggressive but very sure of himself. That's a turn-on.



INSIDE PAM

Any star can take it off. Superstar glamour icon Pam Anderson opens up

Pamela Anderson is lounging in the backyard of her beach house in Malibu, California. She got home late last night from Las Vegas, where she attended her friend Elton John's extravaganza, in which he performs "The Bitch Is Back" in front of a 30-foot-tall screen that shows Pam pole dancing. That's just one place she is appearing

these days. She has one of the web's most visited sites (pamelaanderson.com), and the cartoon series she created with Marvel Comics legend Stan Lee, *Stripperella*, depicts Pam as a superheroine who can cut glass with her nipples. A devout vegetarian and animal-rights activist, Pam also recently appeared in a pro-vegetarian ad wearing a bikini made

of lettuce, which caused even devoted carnivores to crave salad.

Pam is single and spends much of her time doting on her two children with ex-husband Tommy Lee, but she's also busy with a new clothing line, for which she recently shot a catalog. "It was very strange having to keep my clothes *on*," she explains. "My



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE BAHAMAS
BY STEPHEN WAYDA



instinct is to fling them off." Thankfully she reserved that pleasure for us—in this, her ninth pictorial for PLAYBOY. She also breaks her own record for the most covers in the magazine's 50 years. Editor David Sheff got the latest from America's greatest glamour queen.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean to you that this is your 11th time on our cover?

ANDERSON: I love that I can still do it, especially because some people don't approve. After all these years people are still hung up about it. Look at the reaction to Janet Jackson's nipple.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by that reaction?

ANDERSON: I understand that you aren't expecting to see a breast while you're watching the Super Bowl, but I don't understand the outrage—the fainting, the "My god, I'll never be able to have sex with my husband again" and "My kids are destroyed." Over a nipple? Come on. It's got to be the Bible Belt people, for whom everything about sex is repressed. When people pretend that sexuality isn't a part of our lives, the ugly stuff comes out. I've never understood why our children can see violence but not sexuality. *Lord of the Rings* is fine but not *Lord of the Nipple Rings*.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever experienced a wardrobe malfunction?

ANDERSON: Everything is always popping off me. Clothes and I are like two magnets opposing each other. Many times it could have been my Janet Jackson moment, though without the nipple ring.

PLAYBOY: You don't go for that?

ANDERSON: Tommy used to tell me to get my nipples pierced, but no way. He talked me into too many tattoos as it is.

PLAYBOY: Your divorce from Lee was well covered in the press. Some people can't understand how, after all that, you claim that the two of you are still good friends.

ANDERSON: We are good friends. We'll always love each other, plus we have a connection with our children that we take seriously. It's true that there was a time when I had to stand up to him for myself and the children, but he loves me for it. We're there for each other. It makes it tough for anybody else who comes into my life.

PLAYBOY: Is that what got in the way of your relationship with Kid Rock?

ANDERSON: If I'm going to be with someone, he has to bring stability to my life, not the opposite. Being on tour with someone isn't good for my health, and I just had to make a choice. I adore Kid Rock, but I'm better off being on my own here in Malibu.

PLAYBOY: After your experience of having the private sex video of you and











"I like doing photo shoots," says Pam. "I guess I'm a bit of an exhibitionist. I'm a ham in front of the camera, but I'm not really into seeing the final product. I never want to see the pictures. It's funny, since I like doing them. I don't have my PLAYBOY covers. I don't have anything. I hope my mom does."



Tommy released to the public, do you have any advice for Paris Hilton, who is also featured in a stolen sex tape?

ANDERSON: She should have kept her shoes on.

PLAYBOY: Is another lesson not to tape yourself?

ANDERSON: Not at all. What people do in private is their own business. It's fun to tape yourself. Put these things in perspective. Save your energy for caring about the important things.

PLAYBOY: Such as, we imagine, learning that you have hepatitis C. Were you devastated?

ANDERSON: At first. When the doctor told me, I said, "Okay, how do I get rid of it?" And he said, "You can't get rid of it. This is something you could die from." I would think of my kids and break into tears. Since then I've learned about the disease. They grade the liver from zero, which is healthy, to four, which is cirrhosis. I'm a one, so for now I'm fine.

PLAYBOY: Are you getting treatments?

ANDERSON: Only homeopathic medicine. If I were in a later stage, I don't know what I would do. They use interferon, which can have great results. But I'm not big into Western medicine. I don't even like to take Tylenol. If it got really bad, I don't know if I could get a liver transplant. I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you contracted it from Lee when you shared a tattoo needle.

ANDERSON: We don't really know, but it's very hard to get. You can't get it through sex unless there's blood-to-blood contact. It's usually through drug use or tattoo needles. I've tried to bring awareness to the disease and let people know that it doesn't discriminate. Kings and queens and bums and addicts and rock stars and actresses all have this. So I just take care of myself and keep my immune system strong. Since I've had kids, I've been uninterested in partying much. Usually I'm in bed with the boys at nine, though Elton's show was an exception.

PLAYBOY: We wouldn't mind seeing a 30-foot-tall screen of you pole dancing. How was it for you?

ANDERSON: I sat in the front row, and Elton was singing right to me. We've had some great fun. For one of his birthdays I wore a strawberry bikini and carried in a strawberry cake. And he kissed me. He actually stuck his tongue down my throat, which you wouldn't expect from Elton John.

PLAYBOY: What inspired *Stripperella*?

ANDERSON: Stan Lee and I wanted to do a sexy, campy cartoon. She's a stripper at night and a superhero later at night. It's just one of the things I've been doing. I also have the clothing line,

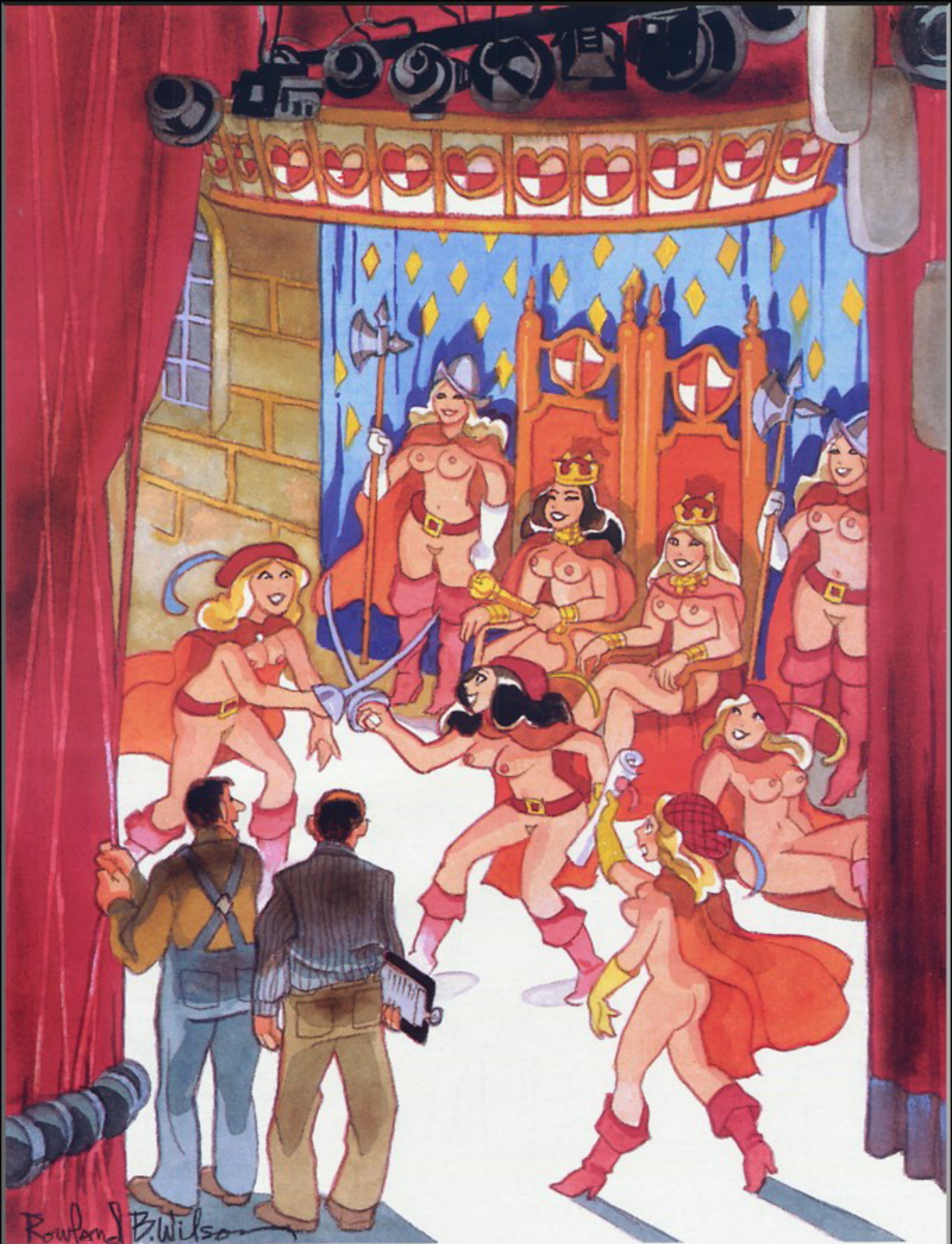




which is 100 percent cruelty-free—no animal products, no animal testing, nonleather. I like that I can do so many different things, from helping educate people about the cruel way we treat animals to writing a column for women's magazines to posing nude in *PLAYBOY*.
PLAYBOY: Most women who are lusted after by men are loathed by other women. And yet you write a column for *Jane*, a women's magazine.
ANDERSON: When I did TV shows and movies, the studios did demographic research. They were shocked to find that my audience isn't just men who are too drunk to turn off the TV after football. It's women, too. I don't know

exactly why, other than that I've tried to remain true to myself for all these years. I have gone through a lot, and I've been open about it. Maybe they look at me and can see how you can grow up, have children, continue to be sexy, get married and divorced and, though you grew up poor, live the American dream. I'm very blessed. I'm happy for it all.
PLAYBOY: Even for the painful times?
ANDERSON: Absolutely. Pain just gets you to yourself faster. I look around and see that I've made good choices. My kids are happy, and we're sitting here in my dream house on the beach. Hopefully I went through it all

with some grace and dignity.
PLAYBOY: You recently asked, "How long does it take to become a virgin again?" Are you trying?
ANDERSON: Yeah. How long *does* it take? I must almost be there.
PLAYBOY: Do you miss sex?
ANDERSON: It's just not at the top of my list. I'm sure it will be shortly, but I've had enough sex for a while. Who knows what will happen? If I don't have a relationship until my kids are 18, that's okay with me. That's not where my head is at right now. I'm content doing exactly what I'm doing. I'm 36 and I'm on the cover of *PLAYBOY*. That's not too bad, is it?



"Ordinarily I don't like Shakespeare!"



model

"She's the new antidepressant his doctor prescribed."

GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP?

Myths

myths

STEWARD! I HAVE A COMPLAINT! LAST NIGHT A DRUNKEN SEAMAN TRIED TO GET INTO MY CABIN!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ON A DISCOUNT CRUISE? THE CAPTAIN?



Scha



"I changed my mind. Keep the brain. I want a really huge penis!"



“How would you like to appear on a new reality show I’m developing? How it works is you and several other women will have sex with me. I won’t bother you with the rest of the details.”



"If I weren't great in bed could I pick up women in a duck suit?"



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JPN2000

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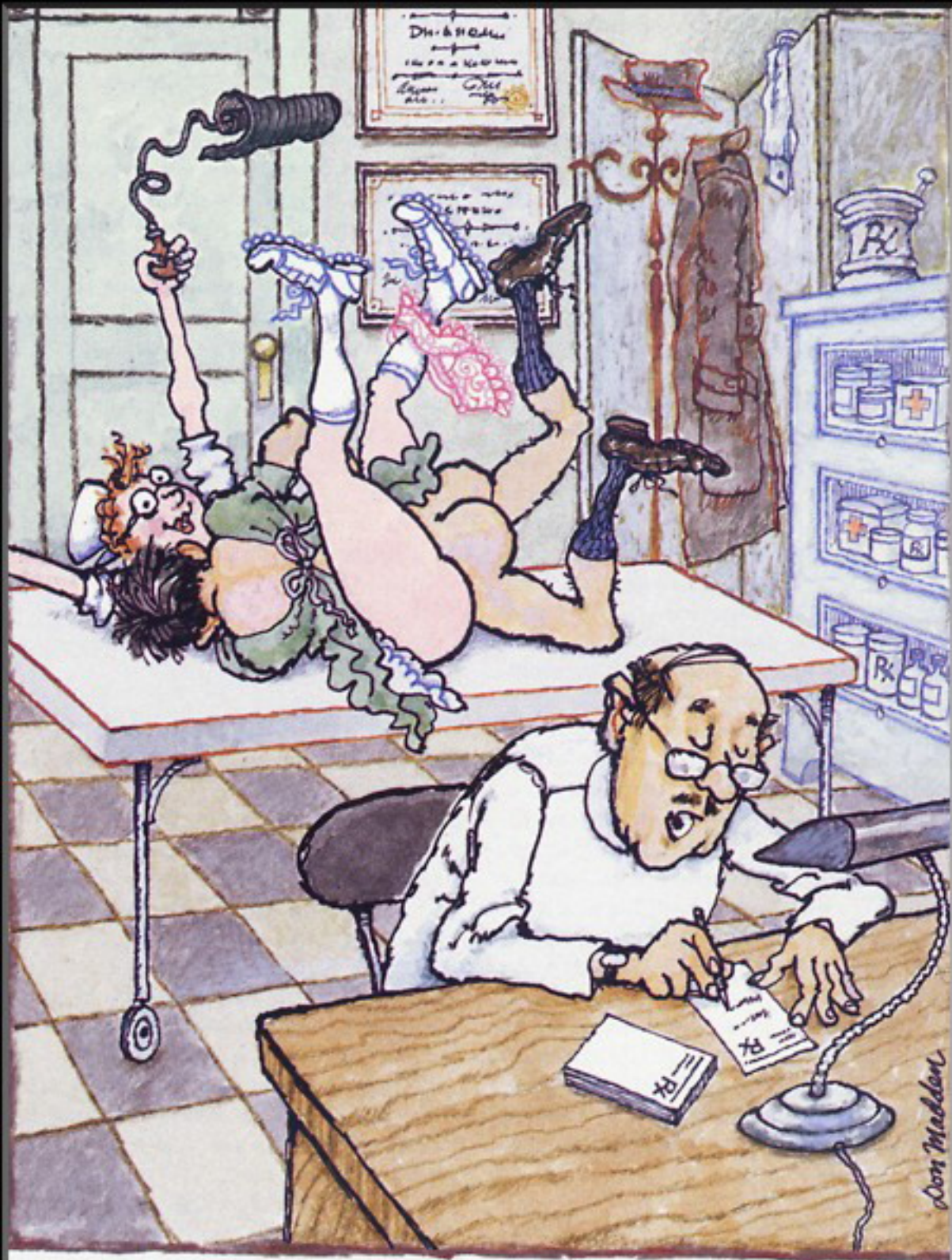
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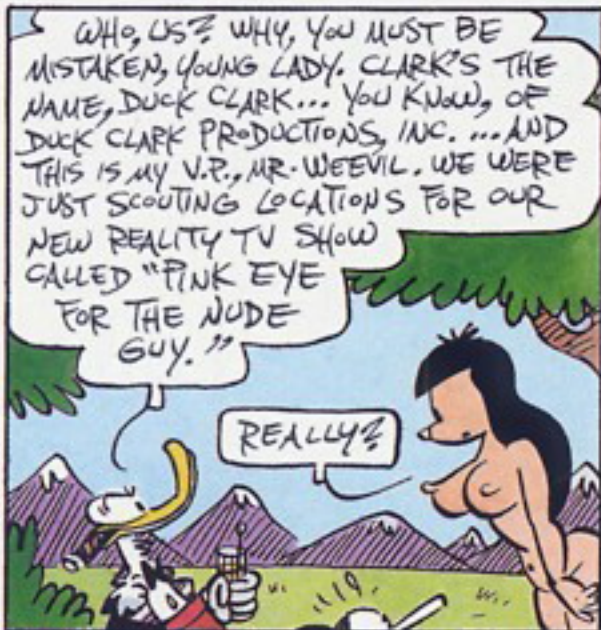
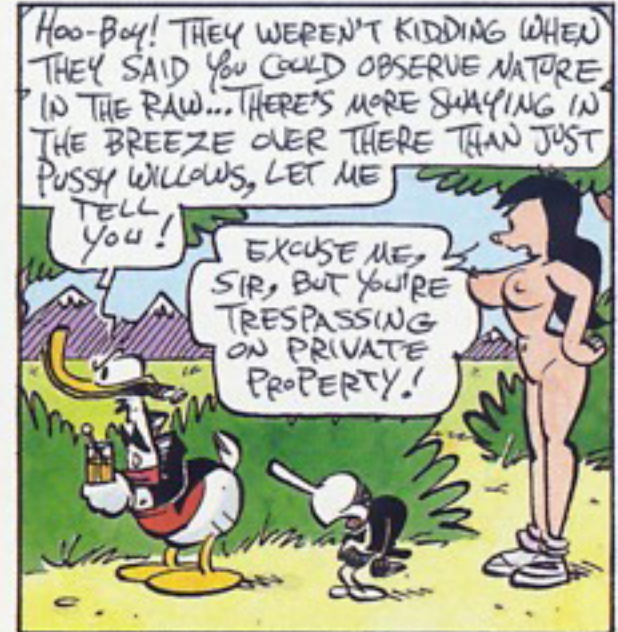
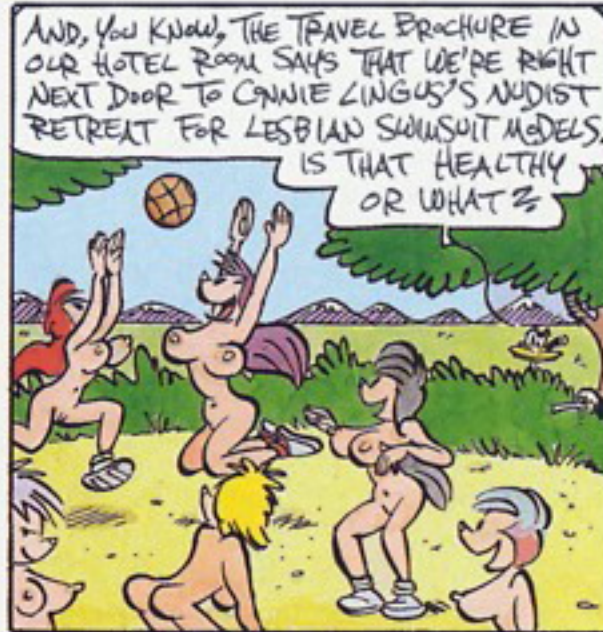


"Can I call you back, Robin? I'm in the middle of a sandwich."



"I'm reducing your dosage of testosterone, Mr. Sackmann."

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London





"Take me to your Leda."

PLAYMATE & NEWS



WILD AT ART

Victoria Fuller's art career is off to a colorful start, and she says she owes it all to the man who named her Miss January 1996. "Hef has inspired me to follow my dreams," says Victoria, who recently showed her PLAYBOY-themed pop art at galleries in New York and Los Angeles. Inspired by Andy Warhol, Peter Max, Roy Lichtenstein and "all that pop culture has to offer,"

Above: Victoria's work. Right: At a gallery with Cara Wakelin and Lauren Michelle Hill.



the media and pure color to create an energy." Art aficionados are snapping up her work. "I have gotten an amazing response," she says. "People love PLAYBOY, so when they see my work for the first time they're like, 'Wow, that is so cool!' They haven't seen fine art and Bunnies together on one canvas since the work of LeRoy Neiman." As a Centerfold, Victoria is accustomed to fans stopping her on the street, but she admits to being blown away by people who recognize her as an emerging artist. "It's amazing to hear people say, 'You're that artist!' because I've been known for being a Playmate first and foremost for so long. It's great to be acknowledged for something I've created." To see more of Victoria's work, including her signature piece, *Back Bunny*, and one of her portraits of Hef, *Movie Time*, go to victoriafuller.net.



30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Fans of Miss May 1974 and PMOY 1975 Marilyn Lange are still talking about the way she twisted a tuft of her pubic hair—and pushed the envelope—in her June 1975 pictorial. Marilyn, who was refreshingly outspoken about sex, had this to say at the time about porn movies: "It's nice when there's a little room left to the imagination."



LOOSE LIPS

"As a child I was painfully shy. I followed my brother and sister everywhere, even though they would do crazy things to me—like putting me up in our tree house and running off for hours. I came out of my shell in high school. I was voted Best Figure and Biggest Flirt." —Angela Little

RED CARPET REWIND



Playmates out on the town, from left: Victoria Silvestedt at the Monte Carlo World Music Awards; Shauna Sand decked out at a *Girls Gone Wild* costume party; Corinna Harney at the CineVegas Film Festival screening of her movie *The Road Home*; Vanessa Gleason looking the part at Glamourcon 30 in Los Angeles; Jenny McCarthy at L.A.'s Shrine Auditorium for the 31st annual American Music Awards.



HOT SHOT



JENNIFER WALCOTT

THREE THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT NIKKI ZIERING

1. As Matthew Perry's abusive personal trainer in the movie *Serving Sara*, she did all her own stunts.



2. The Lingerie Bowl, which featured Nikki as the Team Dream captain and aired during halftime of the 2004 Super Bowl, was declared a bust. "It was about as titillating as tossing a football through a tire hanging from a backyard tree," wrote an ESPN.com columnist.

3. She did, however, rock L.A. Fashion Week when she wore a bikini made of Guns N' Roses guitar picks. "Nikki stole the show," said one onlooker.

POP QUESTIONS: LANI TODD

Q: When did you realize you were beautiful?

A: When I was 17. I don't try to use my sexuality as a form of power, though, because your beauty can be taken from you at any time.

Q: What's the most fun you've had with clothes on?

A: Kissing! It can be more intimate than intercourse.

Q: We're making you a romantic dinner. What's on the menu?

A: Wine, a nice steak and some asparagus—it's my favorite vegetable.



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Richard Moll

"My favorite is Miss April 1999, **Natalia Sokolova**. She drinks her milk—she's damn tall. I like a woman I can see eye to eye with—even lying down! She gave me a tour of the Mansion



once. I proposed to her, but then I let it slip that I was married. So that didn't go over very well."



NICOLE LENZ: BEST FRIENDSTER?

What's the latest trend in Celebrityland? Posting eye-popping first-person profiles on Friendster.com. After the *New York Post* published a story about Johnson & Johnson heiress Casey Johnson's salacious missives, we found a profile of Nicole Lenz (here, left, with Kimberly Stewart), in which Nicole divulges some personal info. Some excerpts: "Interests: Finding sexy people to play with, getting drunk, break dancing (yeah, right), smoking weed." "About Me: Retard is my game, and genius is my name." "Who I Want to Meet: People who wanna save the frickin' world, man!"



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Animal rights activist Pamela Anderson felt so bad that paparazzi had caught her wearing sheepskin Ugg boots, she introduced fake Uggs at the Magic fashion trade show in Las Vegas.... Congratulations to **Julia Schultz**, who recently married San Francisco Giants pitcher **Brett Tomko**.... Seven Centerfolds, including **Marketa**



From Russia with love (and a big limo).

Janska, **Divini Rae**, **Serria Tawan**, **Cara Wakelin**, **Karen McDougal** and **Irina Voronina** (pictured above) traveled to Moscow for PLAYBOY Russia's celebration of Playboy's 50th anniversary.... **Bunnies Nicole Wood**, **Lani Todd** and **Cara Wakelin** signed autographs at **Henri Bendel's** New York Bunny Boutique during a guys' shopping night.... **Donna D'Errico** and her husband, **Nikki Sixx**, are featured in a JVC "Are You Experienced?" print ad.... The newly svelte **Anna Nicole Smith**, who has reportedly lost more than



Hef and Colleen Marie getting totally Justified.

80 pounds, was seen busting into **Betsey Johnson's** Los Angeles store to buy armfuls of dresses.... **Colleen Marie** (above) partied with **Justin Timberlake** and **Hef** at the Mansion. No word on anyone crying anyone else a river.

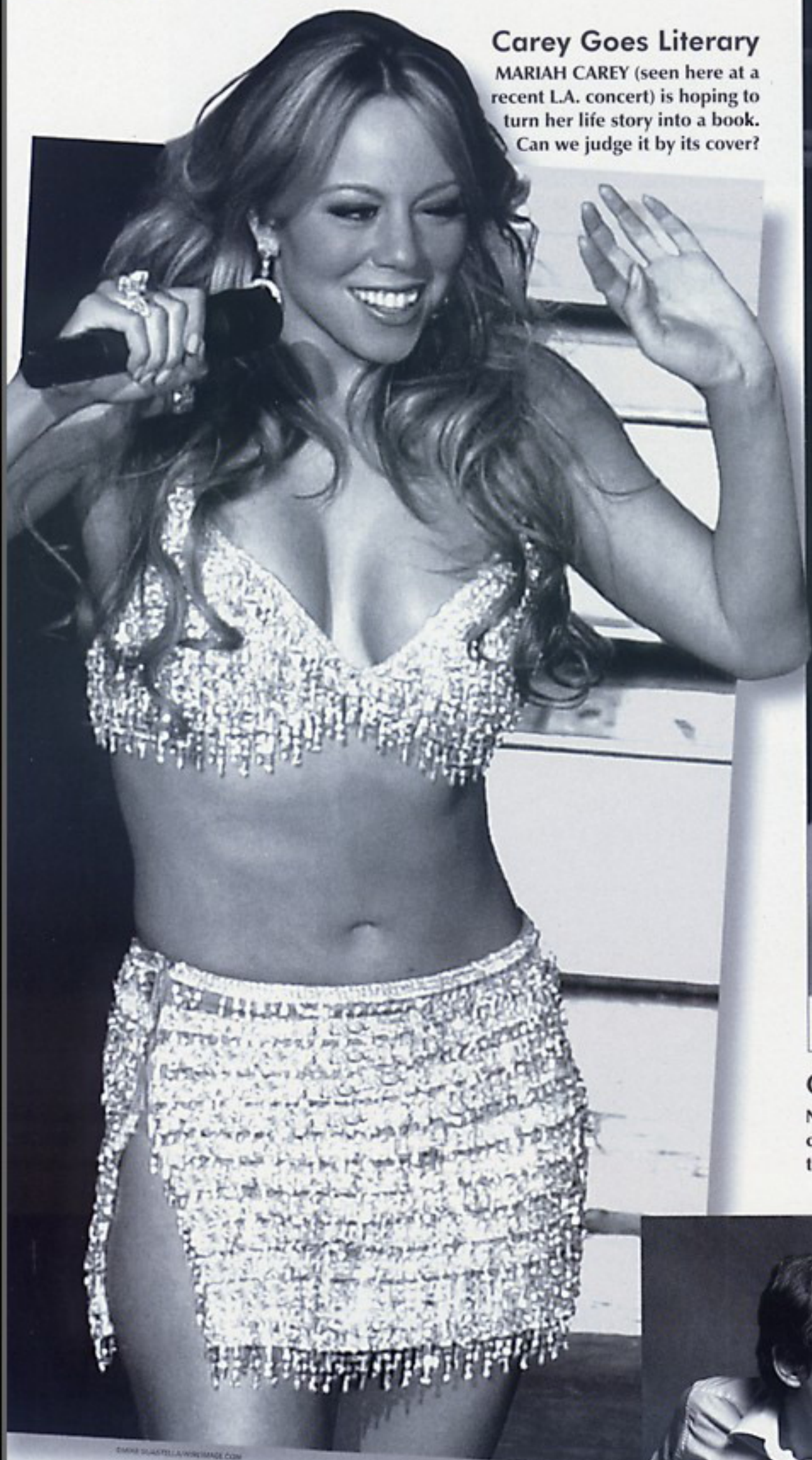


"But almost everyone is rejected by 'The Bachelor.'"

Grapevine

Carey Goes Literary

MARIAH CAREY (seen here at a recent L.A. concert) is hoping to turn her life story into a book. Can we judge it by its cover?



EMILY SUAREZ/WWW.EMILYSUAREZ.COM

Your Buddy Is a Wonderland

JOHN MAYER got some pointers from BUDDY GUY, often called the world's greatest blues guitarist, when they played at Irving Plaza in New York City. While the screaming teenage girls were there for Mayer, the fellas were in Buddy's pocket.



Campbell's Coup

NAOMI CAMPBELL, the first black model to appear on the cover of *Time*, has transitioned into acting and singing. On the catwalk, however, she still outshines the other girls.

©PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE, INC.



©MIKE MASTRO/ANDREW HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES

Pop Cruz

Why is TOM CRUISE (with girl-friend PENÉLOPE CRUZ at a London movie premiere) sporting an extra-big trademark grin? Wouldn't you be?

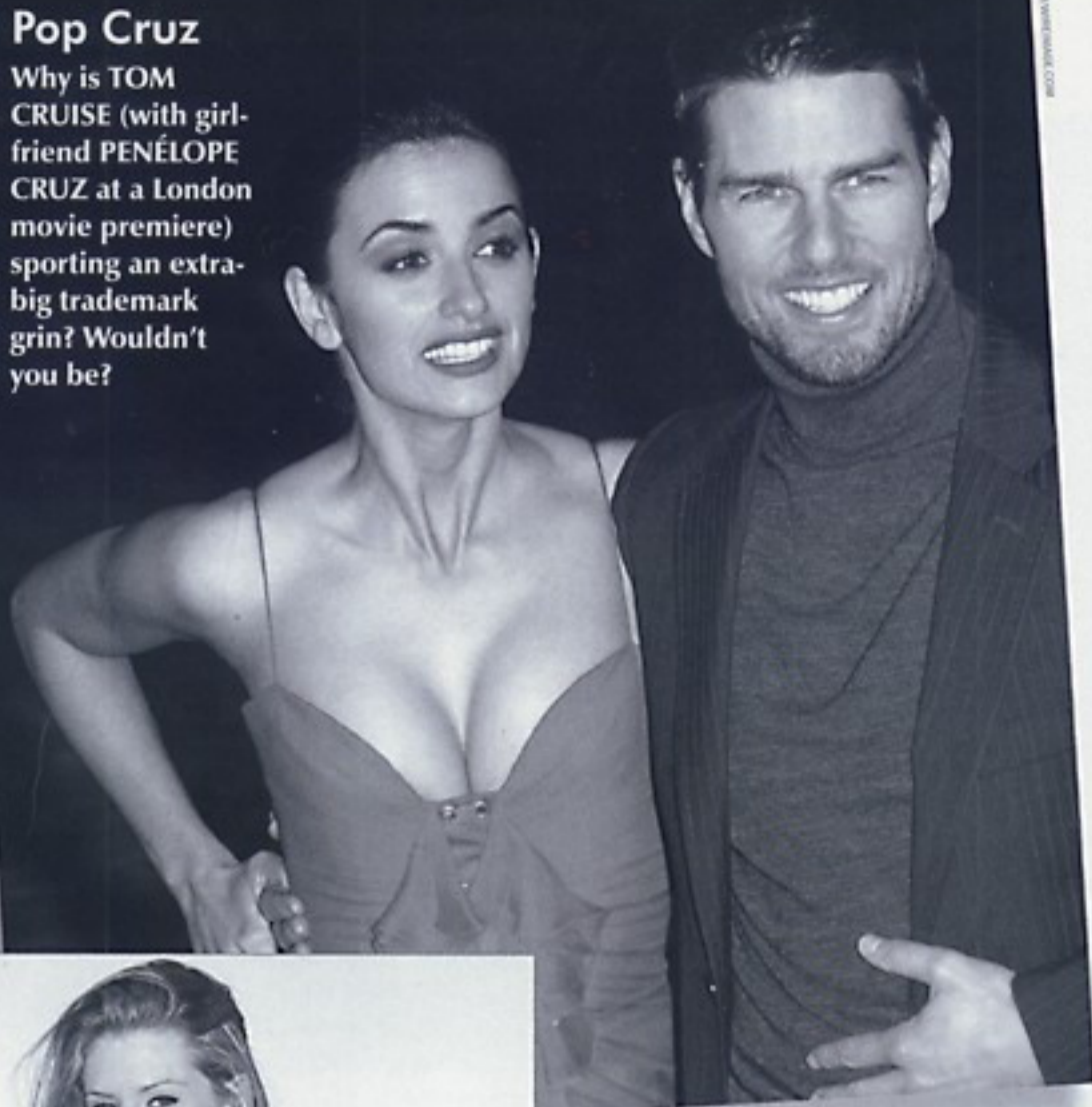
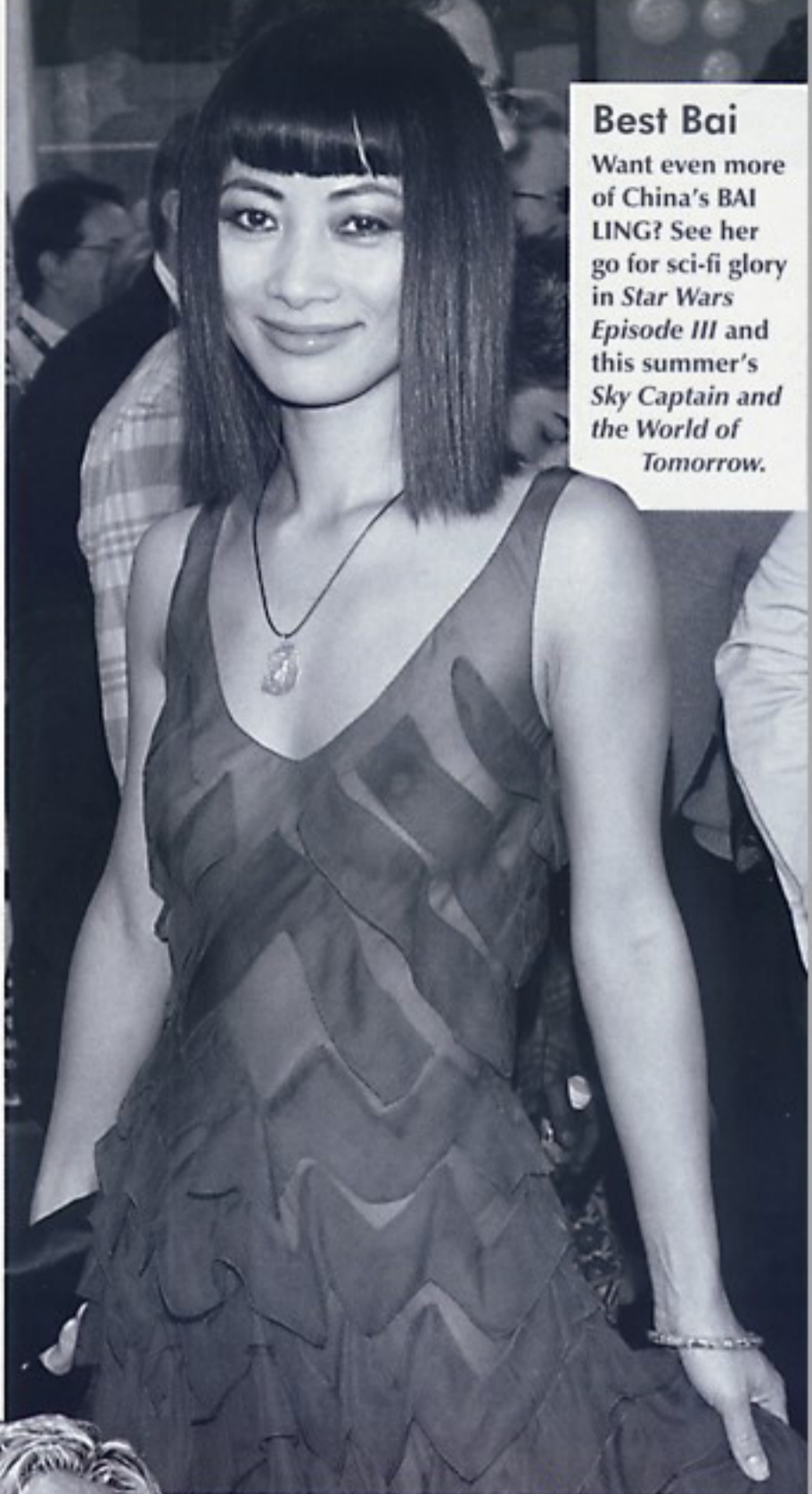


PHOTO: JEFFREY MAYER/WIREIMAGE.COM

Best Bai

Want even more of China's BAI LING? See her go for sci-fi glory in *Star Wars Episode III* and this summer's *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*.



ELISA O'CONNOR/ELMA PRESS

Desert Flower

Nevada's KASSIA ROSE has a few hot zones on her résumé, including E!'s *Wild On* and print ads for Reef Brazil. She clearly knows about (un)dressing for the heat.



KEVIN MAZUR



EVANCE CARSTAD

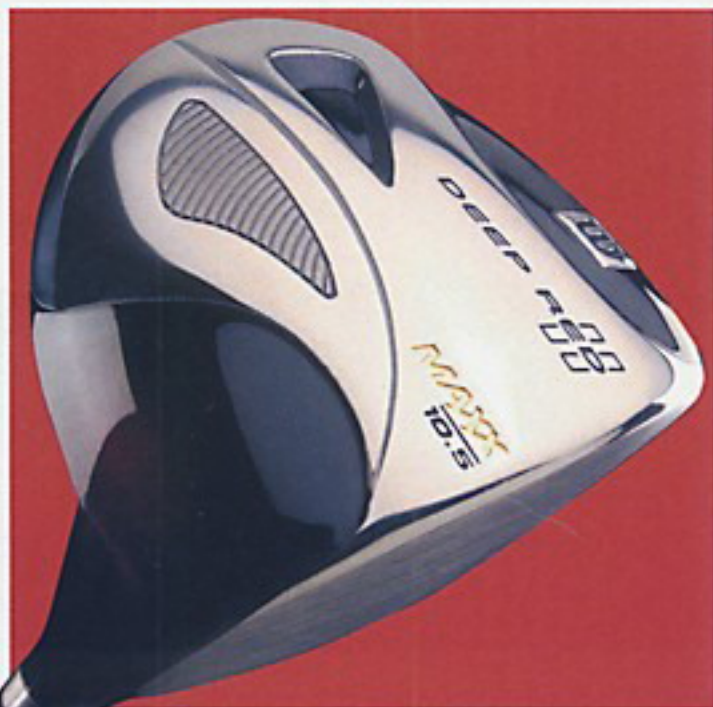
Hawaii 1-0

The spot: Oahu, Hawaii. The gig: the 21st annual Miss Hawaiian Tropic International Pageant. One of the top four finalists: Florida model ELAINE ARIAS, who never met a bikini she didn't like.

Potpourri

GOING DEEP

The clubhead on the Deep Red II Maxx (\$449, wilsongolf.com) is the largest Wilson has ever produced and comes with a host of performance tweaks. Designers seated the center of gravity farther back from the clubface to improve stability (think rear-wheel drive) and stiffened the shaft, resulting in less torque and a higher launch. Sure, it will feel like you're swinging a dinosaur femur, but if it gets you on the green in one, do you really care?



CHECK THE OIL

Pressed from rare olivastro seggianese olives, Italian film producer-photographer Armando Manni's olive oils are some of the most expensive in the world (\$30 for 100 milliliters, manni.biz). You get a lot for your money, though. Their flavor is so intense, you need to add only a third of the amount you would with other oils. And as those who've had one can attest, you can't put a price on a truly stunning virgin.



SHARP SHOOTER

Want to take your shooting games up a notch on the realism scale? Pelican's Silent Scope Light Rifle (Xbox only, \$50, pelicanperformance.com; naked lady sold separately) is the most realistic gun controller on the market. Designed to work with the sniper game *Silent Scope*, the rifle uses a motion-activated sensor to let you zoom the scope by tilting your head. Squeeze the trigger and the gun even bucks against your shoulder to simulate kickback. The less precision-oriented can convert it to a pump-action shotgun for playing *House of the Dead*.



THE CUTTING EDGE

You never know when you'll need to slice something—whether it's a lime at cocktail time, the flesh of your enemies or the 15 pounds of packaging that comes with every consumer product these days. Our picks from among Spyderco's latest batch of stainless steel sharps, from left: The Persian Folder (\$135) is an all-star utility player—a perfectly weighted "gentleman's knife" that shares its name with a contortionist we once knew in Tehran. The D'Allara Rescue (\$80), named for an NYPD officer who perished in the World Trade Center disaster, is designed for emergency rescue use. The little Cricket (\$65) weighs just an ounce and doubles as a money clip. More info at spyderco.com.

TIME IS MONEY

Timex's new line of Speedpass-enabled watches (\$35-\$50, timex.com) lets you strap cash-free purchasing power to your wrist. Link the Speedpass account to the credit or debit card of your choice and items at participating McDonald's restaurants and Exxon and Mobil gas stations will become yours with a regal wave of the watch. All of which leaves your hands free to pump gas (or scarf burgers).



WILD CARDS

The Breast King's signature deck (\$10, breastking.com) may be the most realistic and socially conscious set of nudie cards ever created. Featuring winners of the King's weekly open-entry best-natural-breasts contest, the subjects are diverse, to say the least (from flat-chested and tattooed to enormous and pierced). Plus, a cut of the profits goes to breast cancer research.



DADDY, WHERE DO CARS COME FROM?

In the 1990s the Big Three car manufacturers all installed new top designers in hopes of reviving their moribund aesthetics. Those seeds are now bearing fruit in the current American car design renaissance. If you want to impress the ladies with your auto-geekitude, C. Edson Armi's *American Car Design Now* (\$35, Rizzoli) will get you up to speed, thanks to high-octane interviews with such luminaries as J Mays (Ford) and Wayne Cherry (General Motors), along with photos of their top models.



ROCK-AND-ROLL UPGRADE

Thanks to multimedia PCs, people now listen to far more music while staring at a monitor than while, say, eating dinner or fornicating. The result? High-end computer audio equipment such as the Xhifi Xducer 2.1 (xhifi.com), an \$800 speaker system that plugs into your 'puter. The subwoofer and 50-watt amp will more than fill your office with thump, and two 360-degree satellites offer stunning high-resolution sound.

FROM SCOTLAND WITH LOVE

We don't have to tell whiskey fans what a treat a special bottling of Laphroaig is. Though the crusty distillery is known for rarely deviating from its hide-bound ways, this 10-year-old straight-from-the-wood cask-strength brew (114.6 proof, \$60) is evidence that the old dog has some new tricks up its sleeve. Add a splash of water and hang on tight. And speaking of new tricks, Johnnie Walker is bringing its 15-year-old Pure Malt to America. Green Label (\$50) easily competes with J.W.'s other top-shelf offerings (Blue and Gold), though it's mellower and a touch fruitier. Not that there's anything wrong with that.



Next Month



THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR'S BACK!



SINK-OR-SWIM FASHION.



SUMMER FLICKS: SPIDEY'S HERE, AND SO IS KIRSTEN DUNST!



MISS JUNE, HIROMI OSHIMA. OH SO HOT.

THE VEGAS CHAPEL WARS—LONG BEFORE BRITNEY SPEARS STARRED IN A QUICKIE SIN CITY WEDDING, FOLKS HAD BEEN FLOCKING TO LAS VEGAS TO GET HITCHED WITHOUT A HASSLE. BEHIND THE GARTER BELTS AND THE ORDAINED ELVIS IMPERSONATORS, HOWEVER, LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD. A CROP OF CUTTHROAT CHAPEL OWNERS IS COMPETING FOR BUSINESS—EVEN IF IT MEANS TURNING HONEYMOONS INTO HELL. BY **KATE SILVER** AND **SCOTT DICKENSHEETS**

PLAYBOY'S SUMMER MOVIE PREVIEW—NO AIR-CONDITIONING AT HOME? THEN YOU'LL BE SPENDING A LOT OF TIME AT THE MOVIES. BEFORE YOU WASTE YOUR MONEY ON BIG-BUDGET, SPECIAL-EFFECTS-LADEN FLOPS, GET IN LINE FOR OUR BIG-SCREEN GUIDE. WE HANDICAP EVERYTHING FROM *SPIDER-MAN 2* TO *THE STEPFORD WIVES*. YOU BRING THE POPCORN.

THE NAKED PAGE PROJECT—IN OUR 50TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE, AUTHOR **JONATHAN SAFRAN FOER** SHARED HIS COLLECTION OF BLANK PAPER FROM FAMOUS WRITERS. THEN HE ASKED READERS TO CUT THE EMPTY PAGE FROM HIS ARTICLE AND MAIL IT IN. WE GOT HUNDREDS OF THOUGHTFUL, FUNNY AND JUST PLAIN WEIRD RESPONSES. FOER SHEDS LIGHT ON THE PAPER TRAIL.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR 2004—WE SPENT MONTHS NARROWING DOWN 12 PERFECT CENTERFOLDS TO ONE INCREDIBLE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR. IT WAS A TOUGH JOB, BUT WE ROSE TO THE CHALLENGE. NOW WE'VE GOT A BRAND-NEW PICTORIAL OF OUR WINNER. WANT A HINT? SHE LOOKS BETTER NAKED THAN YOU DO.

THE DIGITAL REVOLUTION COMES HOME—WANT THE ULTIMATE TRICKED-OUT LIVING ROOM? AN OFFICE EVEN YOUR BOSS WILL ENVY? THE COOLEST STUFF TO TAKE WITH YOU ON THE ROAD? EMBRACE YOUR INNER GEEK AND PLUG INTO OUR PICKS FOR MORE THAN 20 NEW HIGH-END PRODUCTS, INCLUDING PLASMA TVS, PERSONAL VIDEO PLAYERS AND PC GAME CONTROLLERS. THEY'LL BLOW YOUR MIND, YOUR FUSE BOX AND YOUR WALLET, TOO!

WET HOT AMERICAN SUMMER—THE BEACH IS HOPPING WITH GIRLS IN BIKINIS. WE'VE GOT SWIMSUITS AND FLIP-FLOPS THAT WILL LOOK JUST AS GOOD ON HER CABANA FLOOR.

PLUS: A FRIGHTENING INVESTIGATION INTO GENETICALLY MODIFIED FRANKENFOODS, AT BAT (AND IN DEPTH) WITH YANKEES SUPERSTAR **DEREK JETER** IN A HOME RUN *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW, **GORE VIDAL** ON THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE, THE SUPERCOOL LOTUS ELISE, AND MISS JUNE, **HIROMI OSHIMA**.