

COLLEGE GIRLS NUDE: FROM A+ TO DD

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR

www.playboy.com • OCTOBER 2006

ABSOLUTELY LUDACRIS

THE PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

SPECTACULAR GIRLS OF THE

BIG 12

20Q JOHNNY KNOXVILLE

PLUS:

COLLEGE FICTION
SEX PISTOLS GREAT
STEVE JONES
TYLER FLORENCE
SEXUAL PENSÉES
BEST-DRESSED
MEN ON
CAMPUS

FORBIDDEN THE MYSPACE TEMPTRESS SHEDS HER TABOOS



DEATH IN A FRAT HOUSE

\$5.99

10>

0 70992 35270 8



We can all dream.



It's about quality, not quantity.™

CROWN ROYAL® Blended Canadian Whisky, 40% Alc./Vol. ©2008 The Crown Royal Company, Norwalk, CT. Visit CrownRoyal.com

NASA USES IT.

**THE PERFECT REASON
WHY YOU SHOULD, TOO.**



Interesting fact—NASA chose JVC D-ILA technology for image analysis after a shuttle launch. The lack of pixel structure doesn't interfere with critical image analysis and provides no spatial dithering as in other technologies, so no artifacts are projected onto the display. Sure it all sounds like rocket science, but that's what makes the picture quality so fantastic. Hmm...we're thinking it might make the football game in your living room look pretty good too.



HD-ILA™
Powered by **D-ILA**

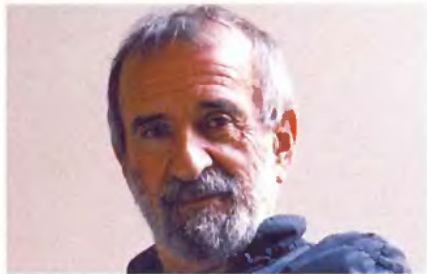
Get peace of mind knowing this technology will be around for a while at www.true1080p.jvc.com

JVC

The Perfect Experience



How do you persuade a woman to come back to your place? Make dinner for her there. "If my strawberry sandwich doesn't get you some, maybe dating isn't for you," says **Tyler Florence**, host of *Food 911* and author of this month's *My Place at Eight?* The chef takes you through three dates with three seductive meals that will moisten more than your dining partner's palate. "Women can be sensitive about eating in public," Florence says. "Many will sleep with you sooner than eat a plate of ribs in front of you. The meals in this article are engineered to gradually increase the heat, starting on a low simmer with something light and fresh, then building up to a sizzling steak dinner. Cooking for a woman makes all the difference in the world. If you put a little thought into what you're cooking, there is no doubt you can close the deal."



In *Sexual Pensées*, a new book published by Playboy with the Steerforth Press and excerpted in this issue, **Bruce Jay Friedman**'s musings are graced by **André Barbe**'s illustrations. "Barbe's life has been devoted to rendering exquisite drawings," says Cartoon Editor **Michelle Urry**. "We were lucky enough to capture his interest in the project, and the result is the erotic, insouciant and very French sensibility of the drawings."

For the past 20 years, our College Fiction Contest has offered young writers a way to pursue their dreams. In some writing classes, entry has even become a requirement. This year's winner is *Ozark Lake*, by **Nick Connell** of the University of Kansas. What's his next move? "I'd like to have a book out someday," Connell says, before adding in a self-deprecating tone, "But first I want to be a country-music star."

If there are no second acts in American lives, don't tell Briton **Steve Jones**. The former Sex Pistol has overcome his demons to become the hottest radio personality in Los Angeles. For *Jonesy*, **Dan Halpern** hung out with the original punk rocker to see if he is still living up to his youthful ideals. "Is he still punk at 50?" Halpern asks. "Of course. Whatever he is, whenever he is, that's punk. When he's 90 he'll be punk. The man can't help it."



The sloppy clothes we see on campuses across the country have us worried: If youth is indeed the future, the fashion forecast is bleak. Through our first-ever **Best Dressed Man on Campus** competition we hope to begin reversing this trend. Aware that every generation adopts its own look, we called on real-life undergraduates to show us their style. Of the thousands of college men who submitted pictures, we selected six individuals representing six different looks, and we showcase their first-class flair this month. "It was fantastic to work with real kids instead of models for this shoot," says fashion photographer **Sergio Kurhajec**. "Because these are actual students who dress this way daily, the pictures show an authentic representation of fashion."

WE DON'T EXPERIMENT ON BUNNIES.
BUT YOU CAN.

THE AXELAB PARTY AT THE
PLAYBOY MANSION.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 2006. FROM 9:00PM to 1:00AM.

Enter to win a chance to conduct your own experiments at playboy.com/oxelob until November 1, 2006. Or at one of the Axe Lab Phormasexual Research Centers coming to a location near you starting September 18th thru November 7th, 2006. Find out where at oxelob.net.

Official rules and details can be found on the website. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Open to U.S. residents only. Must be 21 or older to enter.



AXELAB

A NEW EAU DE TOILETTE

FROM THE LEADERS IN PHARMASEXUAL RESEARCH.

PLAYBOY

contents

features

- 58 THE BASEMENT**
In early February 2005 two pledges descended into the basement of the Chi Tau fraternity house at Chico State University for a final test of endurance. Hours later one of the young men was dead. Our reporter unlocks the secrets of this night of hazing that went terribly, lethally awry. **BY JONATHAN LITTMAN**
- 68 PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE TRIVIA QUIZ**
Can a student really earn credit for a course in tightwaddery? How about getting a degree in adventure sports? You'll think we're making some of this stuff up—and we are, but only some. Give our test the old college try by separating the bogus from the merely bizarre. **BY ROCKY RAKOVIC**
- 72 MY PLACE AT EIGHT?**
Ask any woman: Delectable dining is the best foreplay. The host of *Food 911* walks you through three easy-to-prepare three-course meals that will have her staying over for breakfast in no time. **BY TYLER FLORENCE**
- 96 JONESY**
Never mind the bollocks—walk in the shit-kicking boots of original Sex Pistol Steve Jones, as the punk-rock legend cuts loose about the band's legacy, his drug and sex addictions and how he became the wildest, most unpredictable DJ on West Coast radio today. **BY DAN HALPERN**
- 108 SEXUAL PENSÉES**
A New York humorist and PLAYBOY contributor with a philosophical bent casts a knowing eye on the sexual dance in this whimsical piece illustrated with the fluid line drawings of André Barbe. **BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

fiction

- 78 OZARK LAKE**
Our College Fiction Contest winner tells the tale of a 15-year-old girl looking for something to break the boredom at her parents' summerhouse. But after accepting a boat ride from an attractive older guy, she suspects Prince Charming is the predator her mother warned her about. **BY NICK CONNELL**

the playboy forum

- 45 THE PLAYBOY VOTER: A SPECIAL REPORT, PART I**
The accepted narrative of the 2004 presidential election is that red-state rubes outnumbered blue-state sophisticates. Our survey of PLAYBOY subscribers suggests a silent purple majority makes up the great middle of American politics.

20Q

- 76 JOHNNY KNOXVILLE**
The actor for whom no pain or prank is too outrageous answers questions about the quality of Willie Nelson's weed, why he said no to *Saturday Night Live* and whether he had doubts about making *Jackass: Number Two*. **BY JASON BUHRMESTER**

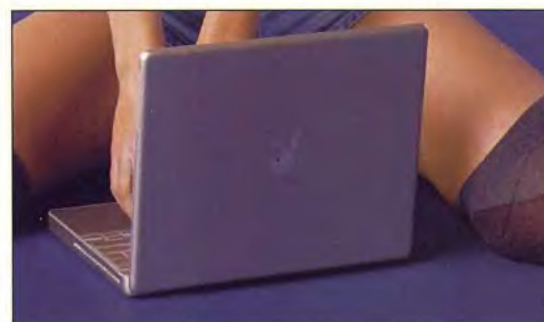
interview

- 51 LUDACRIS**
His Dirty South rapping has rattled Oprah Winfrey and Bill O'Reilly, but his roles in critically lauded movies such as *Crash* and *Hustle & Flow* earned him mainstream respect. Now the artist formerly known as Christopher Brian Bridges discusses why he dropped the moniker Cris Cringle, how to do it froggy style and why people need to stop blaming rap for society's woes. **BY ROB TANNENBAUM**



COVER STORY

Fall is here, which can only mean PLAYBOY is on heightened campus alert. We're throwing our annual back-to-school party by featuring the hottest student bodies in *Girls of the Big 12*. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda demonstrates why cover model and Miss August 2005 Tamara Witmer is at the head of her class. Our Rabbit adorns a laptop with a view.



PLAYBOY

contents continued



pictorials

- 62 FORBIDDEN FRUIT**
MySpace marvel Christine Dolce plays a dominatrix in this fetish-fantasy pictorial.
- 82 PLAYMATE: JORDAN MONROE**
When you move into the dorm, you hope Miss October lives down the hall.
- 112 GIRLS OF THE BIG 12**
As the Beach Boys knew, Midwest farmers' daughters really make you feel all right.

notes and news

- 9 THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY**
Jamie Foxx, Jimmy Kimmel and other celebs enjoy the 28th Playboy Jazz Festival; artist LeRoy Neiman is honored in Chicago.
- 10 GLOBE-TROTTING WITH HEF**
Hef, Holly, Bridget and Kendra take a big fat European vacation.
- 107 CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: CHRISTINA SANTIAGO**
Our Playmate of the Year 2003 reveals when she's ready for sex with her man (always) and in what position (nearly any).
- 151 PLAYMATE NEWS**
Pamela Anderson raises awareness of AIDS and bares all for animal rights; Miss July 1956 Alice Denham's new book, *Sleeping With Bad Boys*, is a lusty memoir.

departments

- 3 PLAYBILL**
- 13 DEAR PLAYBOY**
- 17 AFTER HOURS**

- 35 MANTRACK**
- 41 THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**
- 94 PARTY JOKES**
- 143 WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 155 ON THE SCENE**
- 156 GRAPEVINE**
- 158 POTPOURRI**

fashion

- 100 BEST DRESSED MAN ON CAMPUS**
The winners of our nationwide search for well-dressed college men show off the looks that keep them one step ahead of the pack.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

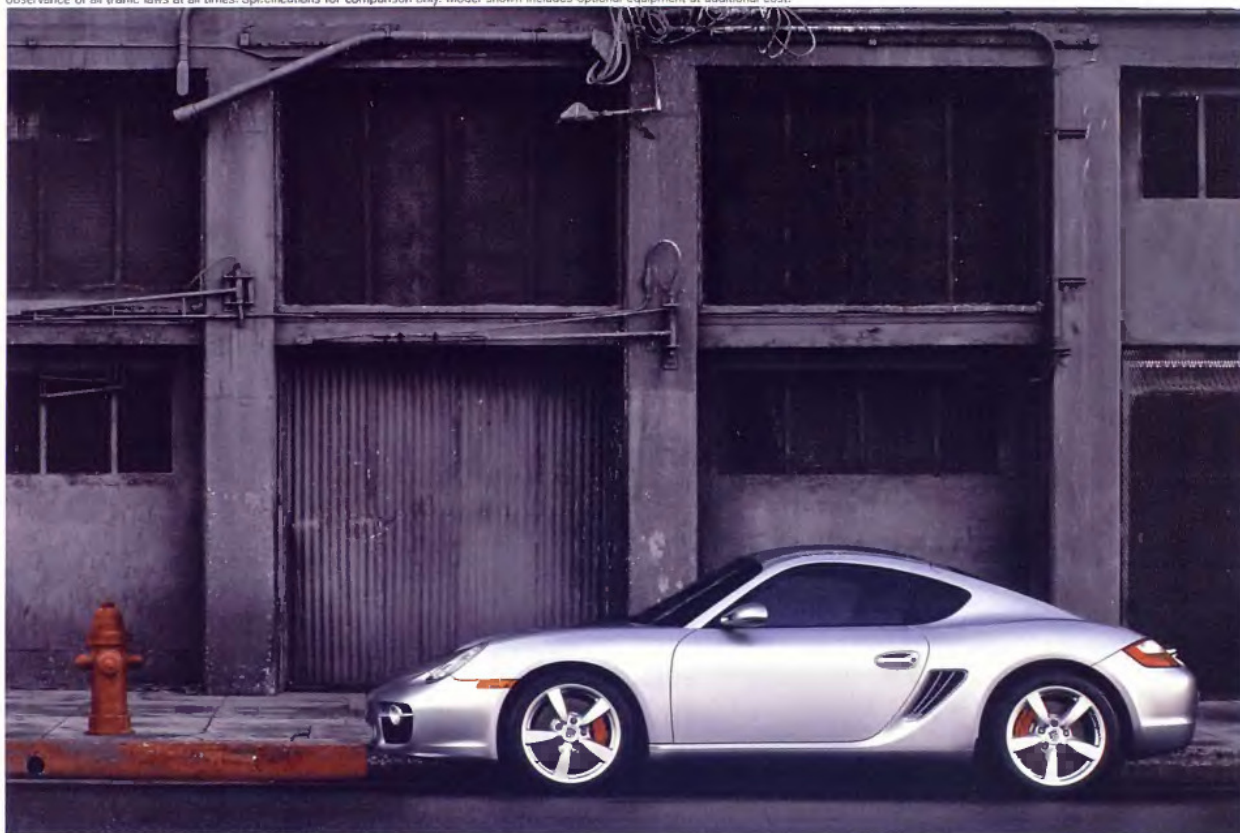
reviews

- 27 MOVIES**
Martin Scorsese is still married to the Mob with *The Departed*; *Children of Men* is sophisticated science fiction for adults.
- 28 DVDS**
Rediscover beauty and the beach with two seasons of *Baywatch*; Wolverine headlines the mutant battle royal in *X-Men: The Last Stand*.
- 30 MUSIC**
Chris Cornell talks about being a grunge-era survivor; the Living End is the Aussie answer to Green Day.
- 32 GAMES**
Prey is a gravity-defying first-person shooter; machinima—movies created using games—goes mainstream.
- 33 BOOKS**
The author of *The Zero* fictionalizes post-9/11 events; the best noir novels—dark books for dark times.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION JULY 2006. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS DIANE GRIFFIN. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2006 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 143. DANBURY MINT INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES AXE LAB INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 32-33 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993. Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5106 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-0717110332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Contact us at 1-800-PORSCHE or porscheusa.com. ©2006 Porsche Cars North America, Inc. Porsche recommends seat belt usage and observance of all traffic laws at all times. Specifications for comparison only. Model shown includes optional equipment at additional cost.



Just barely not illegal.

This one doesn't exactly tiptoe up to the line. 3.4-liter flat six. 295-hp mid-engine design with a top track speed of 171 mph. A rigid body for razor-sharp agility. And, if anyone's asking, all quite street legal. The Cayman S. Porsche. There is no substitute.

The Cayman S



PORSCHE

Oris Williams Day Date
Automatic Mechanical



Retail: \$995.00

Skeleton case back with Oris movement
Cal. 635. Instantaneous date and day, 25 jewels.
Also available on a rubber strap.



ORIS
Swiss Made Watches
Since  1904

For an Authorized Retailer in your area:
1-866-242-3600 ticktock1@orisusa.com
www.oriswatches.com

Authorized Retailer: Orlando Watch Company, Winter Park, FL

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER

editor-in-chief

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

editorial director

STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *executive editor*

ROBERT LOVE *editor at large*

JAMIE MALANOWSKI *managing editor*

EDITORIAL

FEATURES: A.J. BAIME *articles editor*; AMY GRACE LOYD *literary editor* **FASHION:** JOSEPH DE ACETIS *director*; JENNIFER RYAN JONES *editor* **FORUM:** CHIP ROWE *senior editor* **MODERN LIVING:** SCOTT ALEXANDER *senior editor* **STAFF:** ROBERT B. DE SALVO, TIMOTHY MOHR, JOSH ROBERTSON *associate editors*; DAVID PFISTER *assistant editor*; HEATHER HAEBE *senior editorial assistant*; VIVIAN COLON, KENNY LULL *editorial assistants*; ROCKY RAKOVIC *junior editor* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor*; JENNIFER THIELE *editorial coordinator* **COPY:** WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief*; CAMILLE CAUTI *associate copy chief*; ROBERT HORNING, JAMIE REYNOLDS *copy editors* **RESEARCH:** DAVID COHEN *research director*; A.P. BRADBURY, BRENDAN CUMMINGS, MICHAEL MATASSA, RON MOTTA, DARON MURPHY *researchers*; MARK DURAN *research librarian* **EDITORIAL PRODUCTION:** MATT DE MAZZA *assistant managing editor*; VALERIE THOMAS *manager*; SIOBHAN TREANOR *assistant* **READER SERVICE:** MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondent* **INTERNS:** KRISTIN BUTLER, JAMIE WILSON **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** MARK BOAL (*writer at large*), KEVIN BUCKLEY, SIMON COOPER, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS, WARREN KALBACKER, ARTHUR KRETCHMER (AUTOMOTIVE), JONATHAN LITTMAN, JOE MORGENSTERN, JAMES R. PETERSEN, STEPHEN REBELLO, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STEVENS, JOHN D. THOMAS, ALICE K. TURNER

ART

ROB WILSON *deputy art director*; SCOTT ANDERSON, BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior art directors*; PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant*; JOANNA METZGER *art assistant*; CORTEZ WELLS *art services coordinator*; MALINA LEE *senior art administrator*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JIM LARSON *managing editor*; PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS, KEVIN KUSTER, STEPHANIE MORRIS *senior editors*; MATT STEIGBIGEL *associate editor*; RENAY LARSON *assistant editor*; ARNY FREYTAG, STEPHEN WAYDA *senior contributing photographers*; GEORGE GEORGIU *staff photographer*; RICHARD IZUI, MIZUNO, BYRON NEWMAN, GEN NISHINO, DAVID RAMS *contributing photographers*; BILL WHITE *studio manager—los angeles*; BONNIE JEAN KENNY *manager, photo library*; KEVIN CRAIG *manager, photo lab*; PENNY EKKERT, KRISTLE JOHNSON *production coordinators*

LOUIS R. MOHN *publisher*

ADVERTISING

ROB EISENHARDT, JONATHAN SCHWARTZ *associate publishers*; RON STERN *new york manager*; HELEN BIANCULLI *direct response advertising director*; MARIE FIRNENO *advertising operations director* **NEW YORK:** SHERI WARNKE *southeast manager*; TONY SARDINAS *fashion/grooming manager* **CHICAGO:** WADE BAXTER *midwest sales manager* **LOS ANGELES:** PETE AUERBACH, COREY SPIEGEL *west coast managers* **DETROIT:** STACEY G. CROSS *detroit manager* **SAN FRANCISCO:** ED MEAGHER *northwest manager*

MARKETING

LISA NATALE *associate publisher/marketing*; STEPHEN MURRAY *marketing services director*; DANA ROSENTHAL *events marketing director*; CHRISTOPHER SHOOLIS *research director*; DONNA TAVOSO *creative services director*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director*; JODY JURGETO *production manager*; CINDY PONTARELLI, DEBBIE TILLOU *associate managers*; CHAR KROWCZYK, BARB TEKIELA *assistant managers*; BILL BENWAY, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director*; PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING

BOB O'DONNELL *managing director*; DAVID WALKER *editorial director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

JAMES P. RADTKE *senior vice president and general manager*

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



PLAYBOY JAZZ FEST
In its 28th edition the Playboy Jazz Festival showcased the music's luminaries against the breathtaking backdrop of the Hollywood Bowl (left). Hef and his lovely ladies (below), along with such stars as Jamie Foxx, James Spader and Jimmy Kimmel, took in the weekend program emceed by Bill Cosby (far left).



INTERNATIONAL MEN OF MYSTERY

At Playboy's International Publishing Conference in Barcelona (below), Hef met with the editors of PLAYBOY's 21 foreign editions to discuss the global future of the publication. If the world has truly become a global village, that means a lot more girls next door.



NORTHERN DELIGHTS

Actress and PLAYBOY pinup Rachel Sterling (below) hosted the Playboy Oasis fashion show in Toronto, where models strode the catwalk (left) in Playboy's sexiest wares.



VENI VIDA VICI

Attention, soldier! After making media and personal appearances across the country, July cover girl Vida Guerra set up camp at Washington's Fort Lewis, where she signed issues containing her delectable 10-page pictorial.

CELEBRATING NEIMAN

Playboy's Christie Hefner honored LeRoy Neiman with a reception at our Chicago headquarters when the renowned artist, known for the Femlin icon and countless other works that have appeared in this magazine, was in town to receive an honorary degree from the Art Institute of Chicago.



I SEE LONDON,
I SEE FRANCE



1



2



3



4



5



6



7

When you live at the Playboy Mansion and everything is at your beck and call, it takes something special to convince you to skip town. Would a grand tour of Europe, highlighted by stops in England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain, to celebrate your 80th birthday and promote the launch of your girlfriends' hit TV show possess enough allure? Bank on it. (1) Hef and his girls check out Buckingham Palace. (2) Phone-booth stuffing, Playboy style. (3) Bridget and Kendra at the Tower of London. (4) Off with their heads. (5) Celebrating Hef's birthday at the Cannes Film Festival. (6) Holding court at Versailles. (7) Director Roman Polanski with Hef at the VIP Room in Paris. (8) Dita Von Teese takes the cake at a VIP Room party for the birthday boy. (9) Hef meets with German media mogul Hubert Burda in Munich. (10) Bridget as a fetching beer maiden at Munich's Hofbräuhaus. (11) Hef and German Playmates at the P1 club. (12) Roman gladiators take Holly hostage outside the Colosseum. (13) Hef and his girls run into Kurt Russell in Rome. (14) All aboard for a romantic gondola ride through Venice.



8



9



10



11



12



13



14

1792, THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY

Clinch mountain & we got this night & Daniel Smiths on Clinch and there we
staid till thursDay morning on tuesday night & wednesday morning it snowed
very hard and was very coole & we hunted a good Deal there while we staid in
rough mountains & kiled three Deer & one turkey Canock Abram & I
got left tuesday night & it a snowing & I shoud a lain in the mountains had

Ridgmont Reserve 1792 Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 45-55% Alc./Vol. (93-100 Proof) Distilled and bottled by Benson Distilling Co., Bardonia, NY. Kentucky Historical Society



CHARACTER Rich Flavor, Velvety
OWNER *Kristina* RESERVE # *7*
APPROVED *[Signature]* DIST. DSP-KY-12
SMALL BATCH
AGED **8** YEARS

*Created by hand
to collect memories, not dust.™*

1792 RIDGEMONT RESERVE®, THE TOAST OF KENTUCKY.®
DRINK RESPONSIBLY

IN KENTUCKY,
TWO THINGS ARE AGED
TO PERFECTION.



BOURBON IS THE OTHER.

It's our commitment to a 180-year-old tradition that sets Copenhagen[®] apart. Copenhagen ages the finest, fire-cured tobacco in wood barrels



for years to ensure its bold and distinctive natural flavor.

**SINCE 1822. NOTHING TASTES LIKE IT
BECAUSE NOTHING'S MADE LIKE IT.**

WARNING:
THIS PRODUCT
MAY CAUSE
MOUTH CANCER

VISIT
FRESHCOPE.COM

U.S. SMOKELESS TOBACCO CO.
NOT
FOR SALE TO
MINORS
REMINDS
YOU

U.S. Smokeless
TOBACCO CO.

VA VA VIDA

Vida Guerra (*Viva Vida*, July) has the world's best ass—no butts about it.

Kevin Miller
Richmond, Virginia

I don't know how you convinced Vida to pose, but God bless you. My subscription just paid for itself.

Lance Nelson
Raeford, North Carolina



Vida Guerra—we'd follow her anywhere.

As the oft-told joke goes, I subscribe to PLAYBOY for the articles. But this month, I turned right to Vida's photos. To hell with the words.

Bill Brewer
Colorado Springs, Colorado

FUTURE SHOCK

One thing I hope will become clear in coming years is that we are unlikely ever to see bioengineered humans or biological immortality (*The New Human*, July). Biology is far too frail, slow, complex and well defended against tinkering. Meanwhile, however, technology will continue to improve and create wealth without precedent. In fewer than 15 years we'll likely be talking to computers, and they'll be talking back. We already communicate with search engines in an almost natural language for a few purposes. After about 2020 kids will be able to learn as fast as their curiosity drives them, not just from big media and our obsolete schools but by speaking with semi-intelligent avatars that will whisper responses immediately. This will change our concept of personal identity: What will happen when your digital twin learns your

stories, ideas, values and attitudes well enough that it can complete your sentences? What if your mother's digital self gets so good that you find it useful to keep talking to it even after she passes away? Will our rapidly advancing cyber-immortality change our desire for our bodies to live forever? Will we even care about physical immortality, or will we lose interest in our biology altogether, much as we've stopped caring about reproducing ourselves, as declining birthrates suggest? The key to understanding the future is asking the right questions.

John Smart
Acceleration Studies Foundation
San Pedro, California

Joel Garreau describes a tantalizing future in which people have the recall of computers, vastly longer life spans and so on. Unfortunately, his portrait is long on conjecture and short on evidence. Worse, it ignores the lessons of history. Many predictions made during the past century—moon bases, video-phones, paperless offices, holographic TV, home robots, fusion power, self-driving cars, electricity too cheap to meter—should give us reason to be skeptical about current visions. One big myth is the idea that technological change is exponential. We read a lot about computers, cell phones and the Internet, but think of the products of fundamental technologies that change only gradually—railroads, cars, airplanes, skyscrapers, bridges, printing presses, factories, electricity. There are always exciting developments in the lab; look at the cover of any issue of *Popular Science*. But most new products fail, and those that succeed typically take 20 years or more to reach the market.

Bob Seidensticker
Seattle, Washington

Seidensticker is the author of Future Hype: The Myths of Technology Change.

The more we ponder the future we're creating, the less surprised we will be as it comes to pass.

Josh Conviser
Santa Barbara, California

All we can say for sure is that the radical changes on the horizon will teach us a great deal about ourselves very quickly. Shortly after completing his work on the atomic bomb, Albert Einstein remarked, "It has become appallingly clear that our technology has surpassed our humanity." But our humanity—our experience—may be the deciding factor in which direction

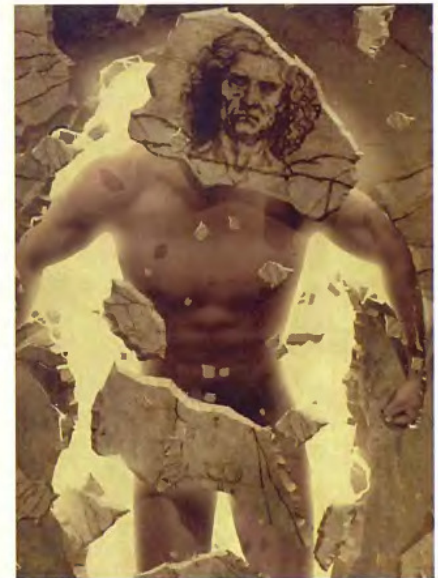
we take. Having supersoldiers, for example, can wreak havoc or keep the peace, depending on whether we learn lessons from the past.

Patrick Tucker
World Future Society
Bethesda, Maryland

The only people who will be able to afford bioengineered human enhancements will be the wealthy and/or those with medical insurance. Those left behind will not stop procreating for the convenience of the genetically enhanced, which may lead to either a Morlock-and-Eloi world à la H.G. Wells or the kind of bloody revolution that always happens when the masses feel they have nothing left to lose. How's that for a bold new future?

Al Skinner
Bellingham, Washington

Garreau reveals a fundamental misunderstanding of how bodies can be enhanced. He writes of attempts to enhance qualities such as strength, intelligence and endurance, but these traits are the result of complex interac-



Can technology create better humans?

tions of genes with the environment. Trying to improve them by tinkering with one body system or another is like trying to make a 747 supersonic by putting bigger engines on the wings. Nasty side effects are practically inevitable. I've been tinkered with myself: I'm deaf and use a cochlear implant, a computer embedded in my skull that triggers my auditory nerves with a string of electrodes. It lets me use a cell phone, listen to the radio and even enjoy music. But it's only a partial fix.

"MASTERPIECE"

—Associated Press



On DVD

"Exceptionally good..."

—The New York Times

"Hard-hitting...
gripping tales
of corruption
and deceit."

—Us Weekly

"Brother's a keeper.
...smart, saucy, and
ever-so-satisfying."

—Entertainment Weekly

Available Now!

© 2008 Showtime Networks Inc. Showtime is a Registered Trademark of Showtime Networks Inc., A CBS Company. CBS, the CBS Eye Design and related marks are trademarks of CBS Broadcasting Inc. © and © 2008 CBS Broadcasting Inc. All Rights Reserved. Licensed for sale only in U.S. and Canada. TM, ® & © by Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved. Licensed for private home viewing only. Any other use prohibited.

www.sho.com

www.paramount.com/homeentertainment



While the technology will continue to improve, there's no prospect that it will replicate the extraordinary sensitivity and range of the average ear anytime soon. Our bodies will be enhanced someday, but it will happen because of advances in cellular biology and genetics, not grandiose engineering projects. Far-reaching advances usually come from open-ended exploration. Had 19th century scientists been asked to engineer the road system of the 20th century, we would have gotten bigger carriages and better horses. Garreau's predictions will seem quaint in 2026.

Michael Chorost
San Francisco, California

Chorost is the author of *Rebuilt: My Journey Back to the Hearing World*.

Mary Midgley asks many questions concerning the complications of longer human life (*Why It Won't Work*, July). Robert Heinlein provides possible answers in *Methuselah's Children* (1941) and *Time Enough for Love* (1973). I am surprised Midgley doesn't mention him, given that he is the greatest science-fiction writer of all time.

Fred Waiss
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

VULVAR SURGERY

While cosmetic genital surgery is becoming increasingly popular, it is important to note that a medical need often dictates these procedures (*Rosebud*, June). I first began to do vaginal and vulvar aesthetic surgery in the 1960s and added laser technology in the mid-1970s. I've received the most requests for labial reductions from women who engage in sports such as jogging, aerobics, biking or even "athletic" sex. I've also heard from new mothers complaining that after giving birth they feel insensitive, and from women who find penetration painful. David Matlock may not be the first doctor to offer the procedure for purely cosmetic reasons, but he is certainly an accomplished businessman. I don't see how he can assert that *PLAYBOY* is an inspiration to his patients, however, since you have never shown explicit views of labia. Instead I would guess the accessibility of online pornography plays a major role in shaping these women's expectations.

Dr. Alan Gibstein
Boca Raton, Florida

SEX MACHINES

I enjoyed Penn Jillette's essay about creating the JillJet (*My Love Machine*, July), especially since I've met his type before. I spent three years interviewing and photographing erotic inventors for my book *Sex Machines*. Like Jillette, they spend hours reworking domestic

hardware into instruments of pleasure, although their creations more typically power a thrusting dildo. One inventor used a motor he'd pilfered from the family laundry room; his wife says she loves it but also got angry when she realized he didn't know how to put the washing machine back together. As I drove to small towns all over the country to meet these guys, I started asking what it all means. Are sex machines some embodiment of men's misguided attempts to understand women? Are they folk art? I began to see these men's preoccupation with sexual invention as part of the human instinct. The Internet allows these inventors to share their ideas, but sex machines have been made for centuries.

Timothy Archibald
San Francisco, California

Where can I buy the JillJet? And for how much? Please tell me that Jillette is not so cruel as to patent such a device and not license it for the masses.

Steve Sutphin
Mosul, Iraq

CAN'T GET ENOUGH

Every time I see Sara Jean Underwood—whether in the July Center-



Sara Jean Underwood returns to the fold.

fold (*Flower Girl*), in *Girls of the Pac 10* (October 2005) or on *The Girls Next Door*—she is increasingly gorgeous. Keep showing us more of her.

Ray Kodani
Forbestown, California

I am glad to see Sara Jean has no visible tattoos or piercings. Why mess with perfection?

Doug Teague
Falls Church, Virginia



also available at

Finish^{line}



*Always there for
whatever you wear!*

SKECHERS®

No. 11
The HEARTBREAKER Series

Reel 'er in!



 BREWED for a MAN'S TASTE 



• STAY SAFE - DRINK WISELY •
©2000 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

milbestlight.com

Milwaukee's BEST LIGHT

PLAYBOY

after hours

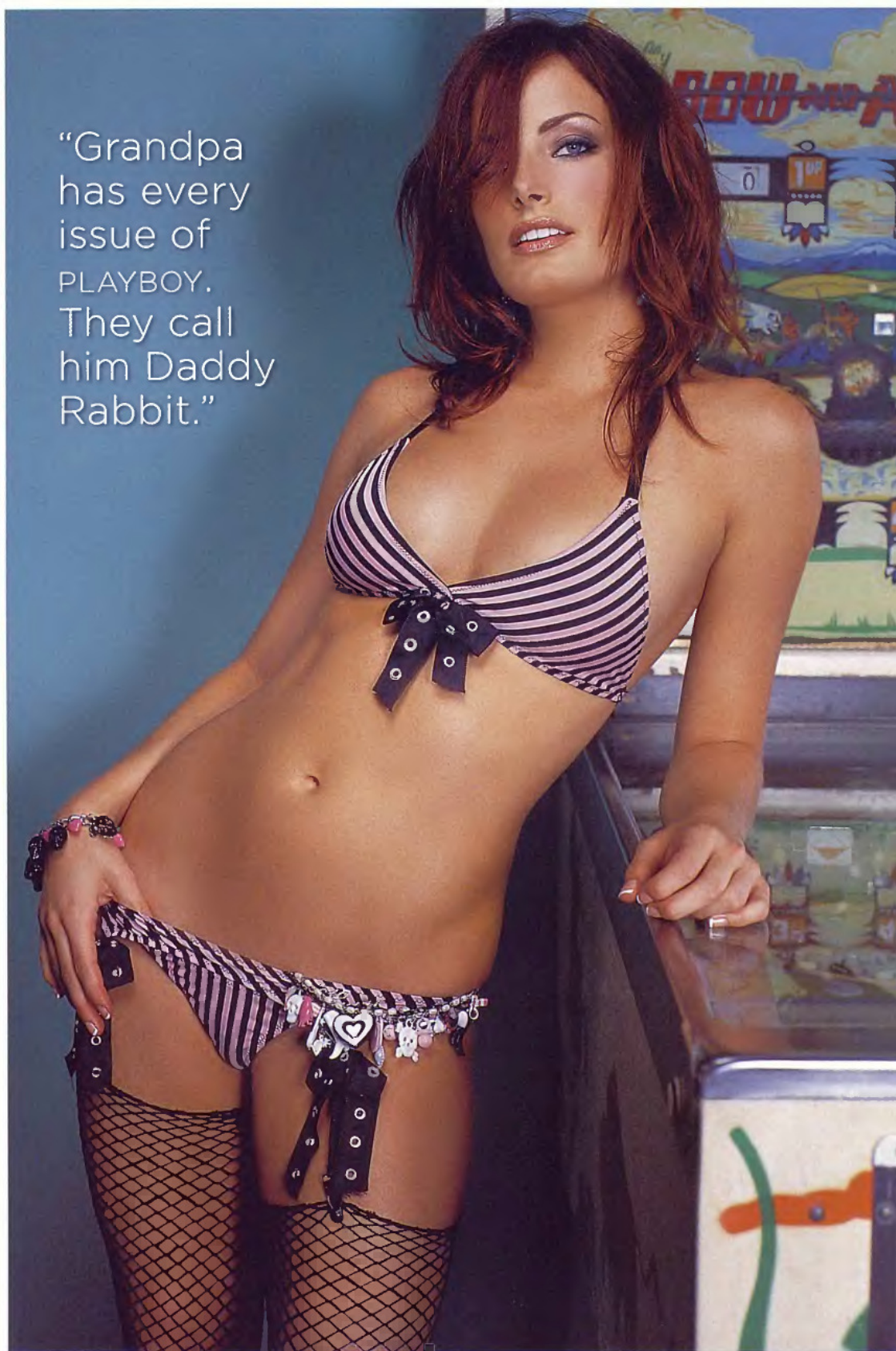
babe of the month

Kasie Head

A BIBLE BELT GIRL MEETS HER PLAYBOY DESTINY

On the push-your-luck game show *Deal or No Deal*, contestants hem, haw, rationalize, reason and then inevitably go down in flames—and there's not a thing Kasie Head can do about it. As one of the show's 26 models, she holds a briefcase and, when called upon, reveals how much money a player won't be winning. "People get greedy," Kasie admits. "There's always a point where all of us girls are thinking, This person needs to take the deal. You can read in their face that they know they should quit, but they decide to risk it and end up losing everything." What's a briefcase girl to do? Keep smiling and stand up straight—skills Kasie mastered as Miss Oklahoma USA 2002. She admits she "kicked butt" in the competition, winning the evening-gown and interview categories and coming in second in swimsuit. After the Miss USA pageant (in which she kicked less butt) she won a role as one of Vince Vaughn's girlfriends in *Starsky & Hutch* and legged it for Los Angeles. She's a long way from the family dairy farm in tiny Braman, Oklahoma (pop. 240), yet appearing in PLAYBOY feels familiar. "It's very conservative in Braman, but my grandpa has been a PLAYBOY subscriber since the magazine first started," she says. "He has every issue, and around town they call him Daddy Rabbit. When I was in high school he would come to my basketball games in his Playboy T-shirt. That's how I got the nickname on the back of my warm-up jersey: Bunny."

"Grandpa has every issue of PLAYBOY. They call him Daddy Rabbit."



sissy boom bah



OKSANA BADRAK

Fear the Fighting Koala!

FOURTEEN COLLEGE MASCOTS THAT FAIL TO INTIMIDATE

- University of Arkansas, Monticello **Cotton Blossoms**
- Evergreen State **Geoducks**
- Wayland Baptist U. **Flying Queens**
- Centenary College of Louisiana **Gents**
- Stetson U. **Hatters**
- University of Alaska Southeast **Humpback Whales**
- Columbia College (SC) **Fighting Koalas**
- Columbia College (CA) **Claim Jumpers**
- Washburn U. **Ichabods**
- Webster U. **Gorloks**
- University of Central Arkansas **Sugar Bears**
- Saint Peter's College **Peacocks**
- Whittier College **Poets**
- Rhode Island School of Design **Nads**

history laid bare



Remember Mamie?

IN SHOWBIZ YOU'RE ONLY AS OLD AS YOU LOOK

She was known as one of the three Ms, and neither of the other two—Monroe and Mansfield—made it out of the 1960s alive. But Mamie Van Doren, now 70-odd years old, is still willing to vamp it up. The above photo, which she calls the Fearless Nude, was taken on April 30.

"I have this Playboy book called *Redheads*, and I was reading all these things about how redheads are more passionate and apparently they're much more sexual than girls with other hair colors. I think I'm more sexual than my friends. More comfortable in my skin. I'm a sexual person, definitely."

—Lindsay Lohan, quoted in the *New York Post*

trying not to bomb

Shock and Guffaw

IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE AXIS OF EVIL, THE TERRORISTS WIN

Is there anything funny about the Middle East? Aron Kader, Ahmed Ahmed and Maz Jobrani think so. The trio (Palestinian, Egyptian and Iranian Americans respectively) is currently playing to packed houses on its Axis of Evil Comedy Tour.

PLAYBOY: Why the name Axis of Evil?

AHMED: We started as Arabian Knights....

JOBRANI: But we needed a new name. People would come to me after the show, saying, "You know, Iranians aren't Arabs."

AHMED: I said, "One of the 9/11 hijackers was Egyptian, we're getting ready to invade Iran, and everybody hates Palestinians—we're the Axis of Evil!" We're still looking for a North Korean. I feel shitty saying this, because I'm a hippie, but the war on terror has been good for the comedy world.

PLAYBOY: What's it like being Middle Eastern comics right now?

AHMED: If you Google my name, it comes up on the FBI's Most Wanted Terrorists list. Twice. One guard at the airport couldn't believe I was a comedian. Finally he said, "Fine, say something funny." I was like, "I just graduated from flight school?"

PLAYBOY: Will this tour change the world?

KADER: I'm trying to get Jews and Arabs in the same room, both laughing at jokes about the Arab-Israeli conflict. Let's all just split a ham sandwich and be happy.

JOBRANI: Maybe one of us could become a Middle Eastern Richard Pryor.

PLAYBOY: How do audiences react?

AHMED: Most Muslims love it. They line up around the block. And the CIA digs it



because we're finally all in one place.

KADER: I do a joke about Clinton getting a blow job. Afterward this college-age Arab girl came up and told me she was at the show with her parents. She told me how her mother, wearing *hijab*, turned to her father and asked, "What is the blow job?" I said, "Give your father my sympathies."

KATANA™



a new legend begins...



www.sanyo-katana.com

©2006 SANYO Wireless Communications. Screen images are simulated.

SANYO

miami slicer



Super Antihero

SHOWTIME'S DARKER-THAN-DARK *DEXTER* TAKES A BONE SAW TO CRIME-DRAMA CONVENTIONS

Tired of conflicted yet sympathetic TV protagonists? The new Showtime series *Dexter*, about a forensics expert who moonlights as a serial killer, may be just the ticket. Take this quick quiz to determine whether you'll find the new maniac on the block suitably alienating.

COLUMN A	COLUMN B
DAD TAUGHT YOU...	
HOW TO THROW A FOOTBALL.	HOW TO GET AWAY WITH MURDER (LITERALLY).
YOU FEEL IT'S WRONG TO KILL...	
ANY PEOPLE.	JUST KIDS.
YOU'RE FEELING SOME TENSION AT WORK BECAUSE...	
THE BOSS SUSPECTS YOU'RE SLACKING OFF, WHICH YOU ARE.	THE BOSS FEARS YOU'RE A DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATH, WHICH YOU ARE.
IF YOU WERE OBSESSED WITH BLOODSHED, YOU MIGHT...	
SEEK COUNSELING.	PURSUe A CAREER IN FORENSICS AS A BLOOD-SPATTER ANALYST.
IF A GUY BEATS A MURDER RAP BUT YOU'RE SURE HE'S GUILTY, YOU MIGHT...	
BEMOAN THE SHORTCOMINGS OF THE CRIMINAL-JUSTICE SYSTEM.	KILL HIM AND ADD A SAMPLE OF HIS BLOOD TO THE COLLECTION STORED IN YOUR AIR CONDITIONER.
DOGS...	
LIKE IT WHEN YOU PET THEM OR THROW A TENNIS BALL FOR THEM.	HAVE A SIXTH SENSE THAT ENABLES THEM TO SEE YOU FOR THE MONSTER YOU ARE.
All A's: You're normal. You can enjoy <i>Dexter</i> with no ill effects.	Mostly A's: You're scary. Watching <i>Dexter</i> may give you bad ideas.
Mostly B's: You're very scary. Better to have you watching TV than roaming the streets.	All B's: You're Dexter. Congratulations on getting your own TV show!

high bräu

That Was a Very Good Beer

ODD COUPLINGS FROM A BEER SOMMELIER (YES, THERE IS SUCH A THING)

At the *très* French Café d'Alsace in Manhattan, Aviram Turgeon—one of the country's first beer sommeliers—advises diners on pairing gourmet brews with haute cuisine. (Coors Light befits a burger, but one avoids the Silver Bullet when *choucroute garnie* is served.) Here are five of his favorite food-friendly bottles and suitably fancy entrées to drink them with.

Deus, Brut des Flandres

"Brewed in Belgium and sent to Champagne to age in the bottle, this *bière de Champagne* is delicate and complex, with a lot of citrus peel, *herbes de Provence*, rosemary and lavender, and a creamy finish. It's the perfect complement to our *saumon fumé*, which is a salmon fillet smoked with hickory and then finished on the grill."

Wostynjtje

"This Belgian mustard beer starts with some slightly sweet fruitiness on the palate, and it ends very tart. I pair it with *quenelle de brochet*, a pike mousse seasoned with tarra-

gon. The tartness balances the fatty consistency of the mousse, and the mustard seed in the beer highlights the tarragon."

Aecht Schlenkerla Rauchbier

"This is a dark, intense beer. The malt is smoked with Bavarian beech wood, which lends it touches of smoked ham and bacon. There's a lot of malt and vanilla going on. It's good with strongly flavored dishes like *choucroute garnie*, an Alsatian classic made with sausage, smoked pork and sauerkraut."

3 Monts

"I serve this French *bière de garde* with *cuisses de gren-*



ouilles (frogs' legs) sautéed with garlic, parsley and fresh tomato. The beer's acidity cuts through the butter, and its herbal notes highlight the garlic and parsley in the dish."

Rodenbach, Flemish Sour Ale

"Rodenbach is the only brewer

in Belgium that ages beer in oak, and this is a very good food beer. It smells like green apples and cranberries, and its tart finish balances well with the fattiness of a dish like *la moelle*, which is bone marrow with sea salt and toast."



COMING SOON

SMOOTHER. WIDER. DIFFERENT.

AT SELECT STORES BEGINNING IN NOVEMBER.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual amount may vary depending on how you smoke. For T&N info, visit www.rjrtarnic.com.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

KOOL
BE TRUE.



employee of the month

File Under Sexy

GOVERNMENT WORKER AMY BAKER IS A SILVER-STATE STUNNER

PLAYBOY: What do you do?

AMY: I'm a secretary in the financial management section of the Nevada Department of Employment, Training and Rehabilitation. I also supervise other secretaries.

PLAYBOY: Do you do the sexy-secretary look on the job?

AMY: I have to look classy because when I run errands over to the governor's office, I'm representing my department. Away from work, I'm into tube tops with a short skirt and heels.

PLAYBOY: What's your best feature?

AMY: I'm very blessed—like my grandmother and my mom—with a natural 34D chest. They're perky enough for me to wear a tube top without a bra. They stand right up.

PLAYBOY: They make you proud, don't they?

AMY: Someday, I know, I won't be able to go without a bra. Nothing against bras, but it's nice not to *have* to wear one.

PLAYBOY: Where do you like to go on a date?

AMY: A jazz club—kicking back with a dirty martini and a cigar.

PLAYBOY: What are you like in bed?

AMY: I'm a lady in the street and—this might sound horrible—a whore in bed. I'm not a conceited person, but I can toot my own horn in that area. I'm very giving. When a man pleases me, I'll go above and beyond to please him. It pleases me to please him.

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.

drinks of the month



Big 10 Titans

REVENGE IS A DRINK BEST SERVED CHILLED

Two points. That's what separated 11–1 Penn State from perfection last season. On October 14 the Nittany Lions face the Michigan squad that beat them 27–25 on a last-second play. Both teams are hungry. You're thirsty.



**MICHIGAN
VS.
PENN STATE**



Maize Wolverine

(adapted from the Orange Wolverine)

¾ oz. cinnamon schnapps
1 oz. vodka
1 oz. coconut rum
Lemon juice
Pineapple juice

Pour schnapps, vodka and rum over ice in a highball glass. Add splash of lemon juice, fill with pineapple juice and stir.

Lion Paw

(from Bill Pickle's Tap Room, State College, PA)

½ oz. Stoli Citros
½ oz. Stoli Razberi
½ oz. Stoli Ohranj
Sour mix
Cranberry juice

Pour vodkas over ice in a highball glass. Add splash of sour mix, fill with cranberry juice and stir.

Go to playboy.com/magazine for weekly college drink matchups.

reality tv

Things I'd Probably Say If the Bush Administration Were Just a Weekly TV Show

by Eric Maieron

"Now, see, you can't just go and do something like that. That would be illegal."

"Boy, someone's gonna get fired for that."

"Wasn't that the one who made all the mistakes? Why is she getting promoted?"

"They really expect us to believe that?"

"Am I the only one confused here?"

"Does this make any sense to you?"

"Why is this still on?"

—from *Mountain Man Dance Moves: The McSweeney's Book of Lists*


drink
smart

Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol. ©2006 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY.

IF YOU'RE NOT COMPLETELY
SATISFIED, SEND IT BACK.
WE'LL DRINK IT.



THE STUFF INSIDE MATTERS MOST.™
211 YEARS. 1 FAMILY. ORIGINAL RECIPE.

BRIDGESTONE



GET UP TO A
\$100
MAIL-IN
REBATE*

ON A SET OF 4 SELECT
BRIDGESTONE DUELER™ TIRES.

*OFFER VALID FROM SEPTEMBER 7
THROUGH OCTOBER 7, 2006. ASK YOUR
PARTICIPATING BRIDGESTONE RETAILER
FOR COMPLETE DETAILS AND ELIGIBLE TIRES.

DUELER™



All amenities included.

Enjoy all the amenities in one stylish package. Elegant SUV technology. Protective grip in wet or dry. A quiet, cushioned ride to let you arrive relaxed and unruffled. Make your move with the premium technology of Bridgestone Dueler tires.

B **PASSION**
for EXCELLENCE



Lie of the Storm

A congressional investigation found that as much as **\$1.4 billion** of funds budgeted to help victims of hurricanes Katrina and Rita was spent on goods and services unrelated to the disasters. Purchases included football season tickets, a tropical vacation and even a divorce lawyer.

All Cleaned Out

The Pinnacle car wash at Britain's Miracle Detail, which counts Rod Stewart among its clients, uses purified water, Australian towels, **\$130** buckets and Brazilian wax that costs almost **\$13,000** a tube. The entire 61-step, two-week cleansing process costs **\$8,800**.

price check

\$93,000

Paid at auction for a **355-pound** iron meteorite found in a crater in Argentina and thought to have originated in an asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter.



Dukes of Hazard

Roughly **18 million** currently licensed drivers in the U.S. would flunk a state driver's test if they took it today, according to a national driver's test survey.

Herbicidal Maniacs

At press time the IHateCilantro.com site ("Supporting the Fight Against Cilantro!") had **728** members.

book of pointless records

Largest Underwater Press Conference

21 Austrian journalists, all in full diving gear, swam 16 feet below the surface and carried special waterproof paper. The event was staged for the launch of a book about diving.



Woman of Letters

Sculptor David Mach created a female nude from Scrabble tiles, using **4,200** pieces worth more than **7,600** points. The figure stands eight feet tall.

World Cup Champ

The average size of the American breast has grown from **34B** to **36C** in the past two decades.



Cult Following

Prior to the advertising campaign for *The Da Vinci Code*, the Catholic organization Opus Dei, characterized as sinister in the film, received three or four inquiries a month from people in the U.K. who were considering joining. Now it receives up to **50** each month.



Unique Like Me

36% of Americans aged 18 to 29 have at least one tattoo.



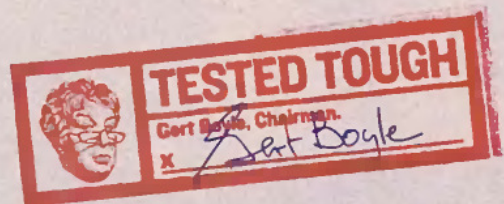
Fuel Efficiency

13% of the energy from the fuel you put in your car is actually used for locomotion. **80%** is wasted on idling and engine deficiencies.



COZY 1 BR APT. VLCRO. ZPPRS. GREAT VIEW.

THE TRICKSTER™ PARKA: Waterproof, breathable outer shell • Removable Interchange™ liner with MicroTemp™ insulation • Temp adjusting vent zips • Detachable hood • Action fit with radial sleeves and articulated elbows • 800-MA BOYLE or columbia.com



 **Columbia**
Sportswear Company.



movie of the month

[THE DEPARTED]

Martin Scorsese is still married to the Mob

Martin Scorsese's latest plunge into the underworld—with its codes of silence, betrayals and compromised loyalties—finds hard-ass criminal Matt Damon infiltrating the state police department in Boston so he can spy for the Irish American syndicate. Meanwhile, undercover cop Leonardo DiCaprio infiltrates the same Irish American Mob, which is run by ruthless boss Jack Nicholson. The adrenaline and bloodshed kick up once the two moles are threatened with exposure and must race to disclose each other's identity. Scorsese took on this remake of the 2002 Hong Kong hit *Infernal Affairs* despite his previous claim that he's "not doing any remakes." Apparently, he couldn't resist William Monahan's script, which he says was "so different and written so beautifully. I felt so much for every one of these damn people, even the bad ones. It was the sense of fatality about the world these people are in. They're all deceiving each other.

"I felt so much for every one of these damn people."

There's just no way out." Among those playing "these damn people" are Mark Wahlberg, Alec Baldwin and Martin Sheen. Of DiCaprio, tackling his third consecutive starring role with the director, Scorsese says, "The kid is willing to put all his energy into a part. Once he does, there's no taking him from that path. He goes through it to the bitter end. That's a gift, to have someone like that."

—Stephen Rebello

now showing

School for Scoundrels

(Billy Bob Thornton, Jon Heder, Jacinda Barrett) With comic situations inspired by the sharp 1960 classic of the same name, this romp sends luckless meter reader Heder to a confidence-building class in how to score with women. Hilarity ensues when his horn-dog instructor (Thornton) starts chasing Heder's dream girl.

Jackass: Number Two

(Johnny Knoxville, Bam Margera, Steve-O, Chris Pontius) Expect adrenaline-charged chaos as the gonzo gang from the MTV show reunites for another bout of suicidal stunts and gross-out shenanigans involving intense pain, insane risk, bodily functions and, if we're lucky, more blunt instruments applied to private parts.

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Beginning

(Jordana Brewster, Taylor Handley, Matthew Bomer) This slasher prequel set in the 1960s delivers the usual pretty teens—two hot girls and their two Vietnam-bound boyfriends—on the usual road trip. When an accident forces them into an isolated horror house, a young Leatherface cuts loose with his shackful of tools.

Children of Men

(Clive Owen, Julianne Moore, Michael Caine) This dark futuristic thriller finds the human race facing extinction and anarchy because it has mysteriously lost its ability to procreate. Former political activist Owen teams up with ex-wife Moore to protect a pregnant woman who may hold the secret to mankind's survival.

BUZZ

Our call: Nobody in this learning institution earns high grades for plot originality, but Thornton's nasty scheming and some slapstick make it pass with flying colors.



Our call: Count on extreme laughs and cringes, but true masochists should try watching a Knoxville doubleheader of *The Dukes of Hazzard* and *The Ringer* without painkillers.



Our call: As long as we all keep lining up to buy tickets for the umpteenth go-round with Leatherface, teenage Texas barbecue will keep getting served at the multiplex.



Our call: Director Alfonso Cuarón and a strong cast turn P.D. James's novel into a rarity in screen science fiction—a serious pulse pounder aimed at adults, not children.



dvds of the month

[**BAYWATCH: SEASONS ONE AND TWO**]

Pam Anderson and company make it safe to go back in the water

Five years after its last syndicated episode aired, everyone's favorite beach-themed eye candy debuts on DVD with a pair of 22-episode, five-disc boxed sets covering the 1991 to 1993 seasons. Finally we can feast our eyes on Pam "C.J." Anderson, Erika Eleniak and the other *Baywatch* babes (Carmen Electra appears in later seasons) as they follow jut-jawed lifesaver David Hasselhoff in solving crimes, falling in love and rescuing Malibu's singularly inept swimmers—with-out commercials! Unapologetically cheesy, *Baywatch* is pure guilty pleasure and the best 240-plus-episode TV series never to be nominated for an Emmy or a Golden Globe. A billion viewers in 140 countries made up for this transgression, started Pam-mania and made stars of some of our favorite Playmates. **Best extra:** The canceled 1989 NBC pilot episode. **YYY** —Buzz McClain



X-MEN: THE LAST STAND (2006) The Brotherhood of Mutants is incensed that the government wants to "cure" them in this Brett Ratner-directed sequel. The bravura battle scenes are mutant manna. **Best extra:** Collectors edition booklet with three classic *X-Men* stories. **YY** —Bryan Reesman



CHARLIE CHAN: VOLUME 2 The intrepid sleuth tackles four cases in this collection, the best of which is *Charlie Chan at the Opera* (1936). As with the first volume, these gems benefit from Warner Oland's unique appeal. **Best extra:** The tribute "Number One Son: The Life of Keye Luke." **YYYY** —Greg Fagan



THE UNIT: SEASON ONE (2006) Ex-24 commander in chief Dennis Haysbert leads the titular elite special-ops team. Produced by David Mamet, *The Unit* delivers all the commando manliness you expect, with character shadings that keep you coming back. That the



men on the team have hot wives and girlfriends who selflessly safeguard them is an attractive bonus. **Best extra:** Co-producer Shawn Ryan leads a commentary track on "SERE," the riveting torture-themed episode that is the series's best yet. **YYY½** —G.F.

THE NOTORIOUS BETTIE PAGE (2006) Playful pinup icon Bettie Page is our kind of woman, famously gracing our Centerfold in January 1955. Gretchen Mol performs a remarkable embodiment of that body—and personality—in this mannered but moving biopic. **Best extra:** Commentary by Mol, the director and writer. **YYY** —B.M.



HUMPHREY BOGART: THE SIGNATURE COLLECTION VOLUME II In addition to the new restoration of *The Maltese Falcon* (1941) in this classic set, Bogie reunites with its cast for *Across the Pacific* (1942), bombs U-boats in *Action in the North Atlantic* (1943), double-crosses Nazi spies in *All Through the Night* (1942) and fights alongside the Free French in *Passage to Marseille* (1944). **Best extra:** The rare 1931 version of *Falcon*. **YYYY** —Matt Steigbigel



SCANNER

MY NAME IS EARL: SEASON ONE (2005) This sitcom about lottery-winning lughead Jason Lee is a riot thanks to a cast of eccentric small-town characters, including Earl's bitchy ex-wife, played by Jaime Pressly. **YYY½**

MASTERS OF HORROR: IMPRINT (2006) An American journalist seeks his lost love in director Takashi Miike's unsettling, unaired minimovie, which was made for Showtime's popular series but deemed too extreme for cable. **YY½**

BURNING MAN: BEYOND BLACK ROCK (2006) Debunking the myth of the annual hedonistic hippiepalooza, this insightful doc focuses on the preparations needed to construct Nevada's largest temporary town. **YYY**

ROME: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (2005) In this stunning HBO epic, Rome's decline is seen from the gutter, through the eyes of two soldiers in Julius Caesar's army. **YYY**

LOST: SEASON 2 (2005) Lingering questions are answered (the hatch!) as our castaways confront the Others. A few characters get clipped, including two busted in real life for getting lost in liquor while driving. **YYY½**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

tease frame



Radiant **Rachel Weisz** is one versatile and voluptuous actress. The Oscar-winning Brit exudes a mischievous sexuality whether she's dodging Imhotep in the *Mummy* movies, being a manipulative mantrap in *The Shape of Things* or just lounging topless by the pool in *Stealing Beauty* (pictured). This month she confronts her mortality in fiancé Darren Aronofsky's *The Fountain*.

TIMEPIECES
INTERNATIONAL



RETAIL PRICE \$859. ON YOUR WRIST \$189. IN YOUR POCKET \$670.

The Couture Sports Two Tone Watch - 4 interest free payments of **\$47.25*** plus S&H or one payment of **\$189*** plus S&H

The Klaus Kobec Couture Sports Two Tone has polished golden numerals inlaid on a fine white textured dial. Rich and extravagant 18k gold plated accents to the crown, pushers and bracelet attachments coupled with brushed gold plated center links of the stainless steel bracelet, together create an intriguing mixture of opulence and rugged reliability. A high fashion timepiece designed for the cosmopolitan man or woman and sports enthusiast alike, is now available direct from the manufacturer at the astonishingly low price of \$189* plus s&h, – a saving of \$670 on the retail price of \$859. Or, for your convenience, we are offering a special option of four monthly payments, interest free, of just \$47.25* plus s&h.



So how can we make an offer like this? The answer is beautifully simple. We have no middleman to pay. No retail overheads to pay. And not the usual mark-up to make, which on luxury items (including watches) can be enormous. Buying direct from the manufacturer means incredible savings. We just make beautiful watches, beautifully simple to buy. For full details call our sales hotline now 1-800-550-TIME (1-800-550-8463). Hurry, this offer is available for a limited period only.

**30 DAY MONEY
BACK GUARANTEE**

**5-YEAR UNLIMITED
MOVEMENT WARRANTY**

COUTURE SPORTS IN TWO TONE. LADIES RETAIL PRICE \$829 DIRECT PRICE \$185* PLUS S&H OR 4 INTEREST FREE PAYMENTS OF \$46.25* PLUS S&H. GENTS RETAIL PRICE \$859 DIRECT PRICE \$189 OR 4 INTEREST FREE PAYMENTS OF \$47.25. FEATURES INCLUDE: STAINLESS STEEL CASE, STAINLESS STEEL AND GOLD PLATED BRACELET, STAINLESS STEEL BUTTERFLY CLASP TO THE BRACELET, CHRONOGRAPH FEATURING HOURS, MINUTES AND SECONDS DIALS, CALENDAR, WATER RESISTANT TO 3ATMS. SUPPLIED TO YOU IN A MAGNIFICENT PRESENTATION CASE. STOPWATCH MOVEMENT NOT AVAILABLE ON LADIES MODEL.

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 1-800-550-TIME (1-800-550-8463) 24 HOURS A DAY, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.

PLEASE QUOTE CODE PPB/60TT. www.timepiecesusa.com



* Shipping/Handling \$14.95.
FL Res add 6% Sales Tax

TIMEPIECES INTERNATIONAL, 3580 NORTH WEST 56TH STREET, FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33309. FAX: 1 888 675 3045

welcome to the machine



[AUDIOSLAVE]

Singer Chris Cornell can rock, but he can't dance

Q: Audioslave guitarist Tom Morello described your new album, *Revelations*, as Led Zeppelin meets Earth, Wind & Fire. What do you think?

A: Man, I don't know. We all have soul and R&B influences, and maybe we captured that more on this record.

Q: "Broken City" has some funk to it. Are you a dancer?

A: No. I'm hopelessly white when it comes to that.

Q: The song "Wide Awake" is about the Katrina aftermath in New Orleans. You've never been known as a topical songwriter. Why start now?

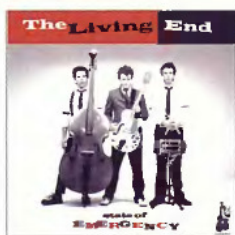
A: When Audioslave formed we had three guys from a band whose lyrics were 100 percent topical, so people wanted to know if I was going to start to write that way. My answer, of course, was no. And when Katrina happened I didn't think, I need to write about that. But when you get emotional about something, it's going to creep into your writing. It's still difficult to believe such devastation could be allowed to happen inside this country.

Q: Your time fronting Soundgarden must seem like a lifetime ago. Does it feel strange to be one of the last guys standing from the Seattle era?

A: Sometimes, yeah. A few weeks ago I did a photo shoot with Michael Levine, the photographer who shot virtually every Sub Pop band. I was going through his book and saw a picture of Tad holding a giant log over his shoulder. It just gave me this magical feeling but a sick and frightened feeling as well. The day everyone found out Kurt Cobain had died, Soundgarden was touring with Tad, and we were all in Paris. It was our last show before going back to Seattle. My memory of that era involves a lot of excitement but also a lot of unfortunate things.

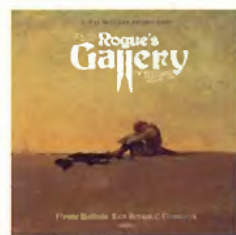
THE LIVING END • *State of Emergency*

It's tempting to call this *American Idiots Too*. After all, the Australian band is signed to Green Day's label, and the bands share chords. But reverb guitar and stand-up bass show the Living End's rockabilly roots (it started as a Stray Cats tribute) and steer this into new territory. (Adeline) **★★★★** —Jason Buhmester



ROGUE'S GALLERY

On this two-CD collection—masterminded by Johnny Depp in *Pirates* mode—the likes of Nick Cave, Lou Reed, Jolie Holland, Ed Harcourt, Bono and Jarvis Cocker resurrect salty sea chanteys of old. In parts mournful, elsewhere bawdy and everywhere soaked in rum, it's great stuff. *Aargh!* (Anti) **★★★★½** —Tim Mohr



THE ROOTS • *Game Theory*

With the support of Def Jam president Jay-Z, the Roots are better than ever. The Philly natives have Malik B back in the fold and combine their signature sound and brainy lyrics with new production techniques to create a soulful backpack native-tongue masterpiece. (Def Jam) **★★★★** —Dean Gaskin



PROTOTYPES • *Prototypes*

Anyone who likes Stereo Total will love this band's trashy mélange of punky guitars and purposely crappy electronics. You could also call the trio a lo-fi Gallic iteration of Yeah Yeah Yeahs: Charismatic frontwoman Isabel Le Doussal is a force even if you don't speak a word of French. (Minty Fresh) **★★★★** —T.M.



MARISA MONTE

Universo ao Meu Redor

Since its development in Rio a century ago, samba has gone in and out of fashion. Singer Monte here revives the old languorous repertoire but with a contemporary feel. It's not sweet like bossa nova but melancholy like a late-summer day. (Metro Blue) **★★★** —Leopold Froehlich



PRIMAL SCREAM • *Riot City Blues*

Known for its ability to create often innovative sounds with each new album, the Scream team this time looks back to the Faces and the rowdy early rock of fellow Scot Rod Stewart. Instead of the electronics of past LPs, mandolin, slide guitar and harmonica augment the sound here. (Columbia) **★★★** —T.M.



JOSE CUERVO Flavored Tequilas - 40% Alc/Vol ©2016 Imported by HeUBLEIN, KOWALK, CT under license from the trademark owner. JOSE CUERVO is a registered trademark of Tequila Cuervo La Rojeda S.A.C.V.



FRUIT UNCENSORED.

NEW FROM CUERVO



INTRODUCING NEW JOSE CUERVO FLAVORED TEQUILAS.

A selection of smooth, premium tequilas blended with natural orange, lime and tropical flavors. It's a refreshing new twist on your favorite shot or cocktail.

Drink responsibly. GET YOUR FLAVOR ON AT CUERVO.COM **VIVE Cuervo**

game of the month

[ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES]

Down on your luck? Need money? Have you considered a life of crime?

From a distance *Saints Row* (Xbox 360) may look like a shameless clone of the open-world *Grand Theft Auto* games (especially the *Boyz N the Hood*-esque *San Andreas*). But spend some time running, gunning and driving through the dilapidated city of Stilwater (where you can eat at a fast-food chain called Freckle Bitch's) and it becomes clear that this criminal adventure improves on the usual gangsta formula in a fistful of areas: Players can create their own custom characters with thousands of options, the entire city is available to players from the get-go, and the nonplayer characters are funnier and more varied than *GTA*'s cold brutes. *Saints Row* also bests *GTA* with its multiplayer capacity (which the latter has always lacked); as many as 12 players can interact in modes such as Protect the Pimp or Gangster Brawl over Xbox Live. **★★★★½** —Marc Saltzman



YAKUZA (PS2) In this open-world brawler you're a Mob enforcer back on the street after prison and instantly hip-deep in underworld intrigue. Dazzlingly faithful to Tokyo's neon-drenched Kabukicho district and with a story by novelist Seishu Hase, it's finger-chopping good. **★★★★½**

—Chris Hudak



PREY (PC, Xbox 360) Most first-person shooters keep gravity constant, but in *Prey* gravity is a variable. Your brain (and stomach) will need to adjust to this, but once they do you're in for a vivid, queasy wall-walking thrill ride with mind-bending multiplayer action. **★★★★** —S.A.



LEGO STAR WARS II (GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360) Yes, it's a Lego game, but it's also one of the best *Star Wars* games ever made. The first version was the sleeper hit of 2005; now we can play the original trilogy (episodes four to six) in plastic-block form. Pure, albeit guilty, pleasure. **★★★★**

—Scott Alexander



TEST DRIVE UNLIMITED (Xbox 360) Finally, something new in the driving genre. As you cruise this game's 1,000-plus miles of sunbaked Hawaiian roads in multiplayer mode, the other cars you see are controlled by real people you can challenge at any time. Slick stuff. **★★★**

—Scott Steinberg



LOCO ROCO (PSP) With its peppy, goofed-out soundtrack and anthropomorphic ball-of-goo hero, this one should rot your teeth. But simple yet interesting game mechanics, psychedelic level design and enough charm to shame George Clooney make it a wildly inventive freakfest. **★★★★**

—Scott Stein



SPY HUNTER: NOWHERE TO RUN (PS2, Xbox) Dwayne "the Rock" Johnson lends his star power and wrestling moves to this game based on the summer 2007 movie (itself based on a video game). This time around you can leave the car to add gunplay and puzzle solving to the mix. **★★★**

—John Gaudiosi



trend watch

[CLICK FLICKS]

Thanks to machinima, anyone with an Xbox can become an auteur

Machinima—movies created using games and acted by players using controllers—was once a dorky backwater. Now it's used to sell Volvos, reflect on the French riots, interview music legends and even tackle the question of free will. Here are four of the best. **THE FRENCH DEMOCRACY** (machinima.com) Less than a month after riots tore through the Paris suburbs, Frenchman Alex Chan created his own unrest with this film. It shows the riots and their buildup from the perspective of three black French citizens: a teen, a drug dealer and an MBA.



THIS SPARTAN LIFE (thisspartanlife.com) Part talk show, part fragfest, this deeply odd bit of entertainment takes place in the world of *Halo* and features a host, self-absorbed guests and the occasional head shot. Past visitors include former Sex Pistols promoter Malcolm McLaren. **DEVIATION**



(hardlightfilms.com/deviation) Created by a group of people who have never met in real life, this piece of digital angst illustrates one man's struggle with predestination and free will, and was shown at the 2006 Tribeca Film Festival. **GAME: ON** (not pictured, machinima.com) This Volvo commercial blends live action with machinima to deliver a nine-minute ad that shows you what characters from your favorite video games are up to when you're not running them into bullets. —Brian Crecente



wired

NITRO RACING WHEEL (\$250, joytech.net) If you're going to play next-gen driving games, you owe it to yourself to get the feel right. Joytech's Nitro Racing Wheel for the Xbox 360 gives you a more immersive experience than thumbing your way down the road, with rumble effects to pick up bumps, an integrated sequential shifter, a head-set port for talking over Xbox Live and, naturally, a set of gas and brake pedals. —S.A.





THANK YOU FOR YOUR PARTICIPATION IN THIS EXPERIMENT.



AXE LAB

A NEW EAU DE TOILETTE
FROM THE LEADERS IN PHARMASEXUAL RESEARCH.

View more experiments at axelab.net



AXELAB

A NEW EAU DE TOILETTE

FROM THE LEADERS IN PHARMASEXUAL RESEARCH.

View more experiments at axelab.net

thriller of the month

[A NOVEL OF 9/11 AND 9/12]

The author of *The Zero* proves fiction can be truer than fact

PLAYBOY: The events of September 11 have been among the most visualized in our history. What's left for the novelist?

JESS WALTER: It's exactly the pervasiveness of those images and their power within our collective subconscious that makes them such vital subjects for fiction. We all witnessed the same event, but we didn't see the same thing. Where some people saw leadership, others saw opportunism; where some saw a crime, others saw an act of war. Fiction's freedom allows us to rearrange and reorder, to synthesize, satirize and make thematic connections between disparate images and movements. It may be that fiction writers are the only ones who can make sense of what has happened to us since 9/11. We were attacked by religious zealots hoping to start a war in the Middle East, and we responded by starting a war in the Middle East. We live in a world that could have been dreamed up only by Graham Greene and Franz Kafka on a bender, with George Orwell along to write slogans.

PLAYBOY: What particular access did you have to the event and its aftermath?

WALTER: I was at ground zero as a ghostwriter for former New York City police commissioner Bernard Kerik. Real people inform the novel, but it's not about them. It's satire about us, about the collective post-traumatic stress we've suffered and the way we've retreated into a cocoon while frightening measures are undertaken on our behalf. From the first day I began writing I knew this wouldn't be a 9/11 novel. It's more of a 9/12 novel.

PLAYBOY: There's satire here as well as Kafkaesque sequences, but there's also acute realism and real empathy. Was that balance important to you?

WALTER: Yes—the dizzying balance between the real and the surreal, between vivid description and dreamy inexactitude that I first experienced at ground zero. I wanted the reader to feel the same way the characters do. And they in turn had to be real enough to register that what happened wasn't just surreal but truly awful.



the erotic eye



THE BIG BOOK OF BREASTS • Dian Hanson

A vast and wondrous portfolio of extremely large-chested women, this volume of voluptuousness was mined from the men's magazines of yesteryear and works as a kind of stroll down mammary lane. How refreshing and counterintuitive that the common thread running through this 420-page bounty of boobs—from the pendulous to the gravity defying, from nipples referred to as puffs to breasts that seem all aureole—is that each and every woman showcased is in fact silicone free. **AAA**

—Jamie Reynolds

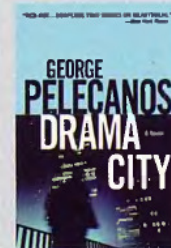
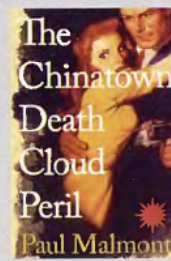
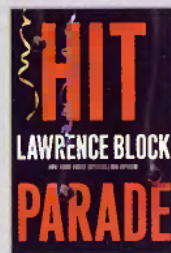


required reading

[THE BEST OF NOIRS]

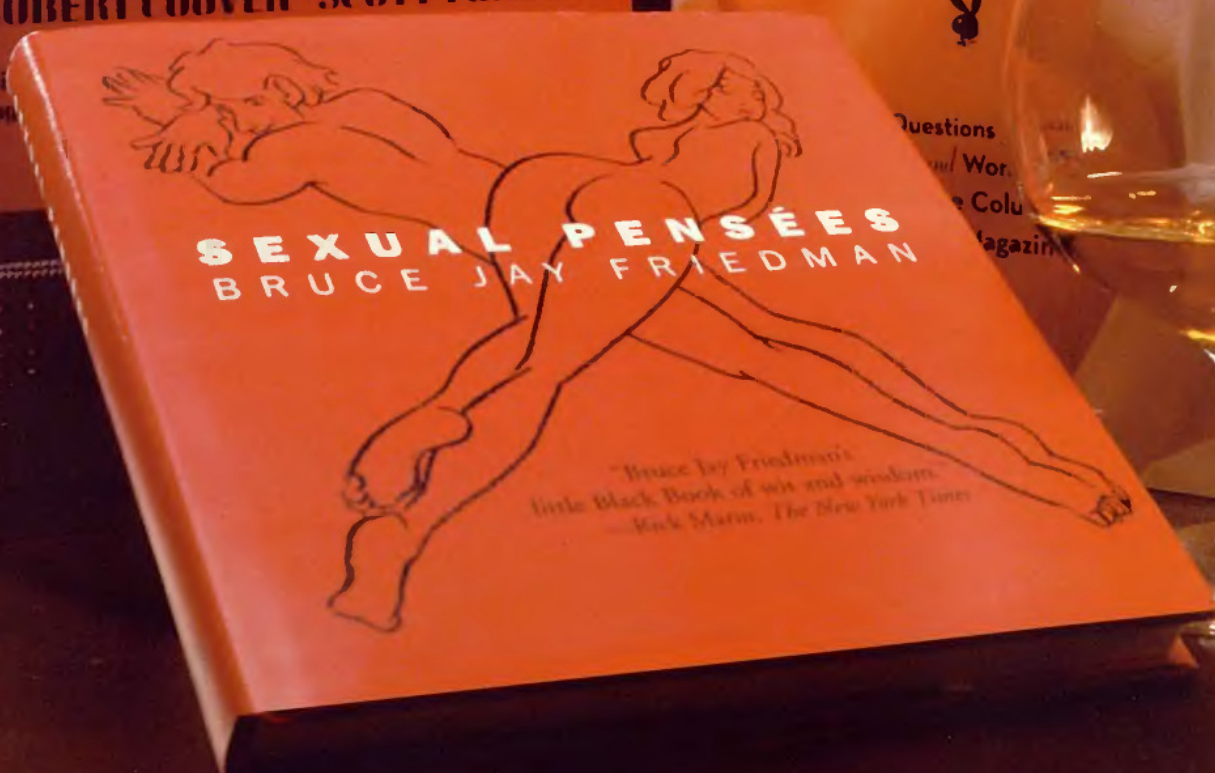
Dark novels for dark times

French critics adopted the term *noir* to describe the lusciously dark Hollywood crime films of the 1940s and 1950s that riffed on German expressionist cinema and hard-boiled American pulp. It has since come to signify a style or mood—usually brooding and driven by a cynical amorality. And if those early examples were a reaction to social and cultural upheavals such as the Depression, World War II and the birth of the atomic bomb, it shouldn't come as a surprise that after 9/11 and the subsequent "war on terror" our desire to create and consume all things noir seems as unquenchable as ever. Indeed, in **HIT PARADE**, Lawrence Block's stamp-collecting, baseball-loving hit man Keller returns, suffering a passing crisis of conscience about his chosen profession in the wake of 9/11. Trailing Keller around the country as he practices his trade in meticulous fashion feels like a classic noir road trip. In an inspired move, Paul Malmont makes the characters of his readable **CHINATOWN DEATH CLOUD PERIL** real-life 1930s pulp auteurs Walter Gibson, Lester Dent and even L. Ron Hubbard. Georges Simenon's **STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE** tells the story of Hector Loursat, a French lawyer and nobleman who has become a recluse in the 18 years since his wife abandoned him and their daughter. Awakened one night by the sound of a gunshot, he finds a corpse in a forgotten room and proceeds to unravel the mystery of who the man was and who killed him. Simenon, a legend of the genre, has a terse, compelling style that reveals a profound psychological acuity. George Pelecanos's **DRAMA CITY** follows ex-con Lorenzo Brown around the mean streets of Washington, D.C. Brown resists rejoining a world of drug traffickers and gang rivalries until his friend—and parole officer—is savagely attacked.



—Mark T. Conard

THREE SEXY READS



NEW! THE NEW BEDSIDE PLAYBOY BOOK

The works of some of the world's greatest writers, from Beat poets to Nobel laureates, have graced the pages of PLAYBOY over the course of its illustrious and often controversial history. This anthology presents an amazingly diverse selection of a half century's worth of entertaining stories, journalism, humor and cartoons from Woody Allen, Saul Bellow, Ian Fleming, Joyce Carol Oates, Gahan Wilson, Shel Silverstein and many more. Softcover. 6" x 9". 352 pages.

10494 \$19.95

NEW! SEXUAL PENSÉES BOOK

For men and women who look upon sex as sheer joy and often outrageous fun. This blend of poetry, aphorism and erotic memoir by Bruce Jay Friedman is a book about sex unlike any other. By revealing the deepest feelings of a young woman in Manhattan, a young man, a Hollywood starlet and a film producer, Friedman casts a knowing eye on the way we feel about sex—in and out of bed. Hardcover. 6½" x 6½". 112 pages.

10495 \$13.95

NEW! DEAR PLAYBOY ADVISOR BOOK

Fearless, funny and fascinating answers to questions from men and women all over the world. With more than 10 million readers in 14 countries, *The Playboy Advisor* is one of the best-known and most read parts of the magazine. This essential volume includes responses to nearly 800 of the most entertaining and provocative questions in 44 subject categories, including Affairs, Automotive, Getting Hitched, Stereos and Threesomes. Softcover. 6" x 9". 352 pages.

10493 \$16.95

FREE standard shipping and handling on first U.S. order. Enter or mention source code MG651 during payment!
ORDER TODAY! Visit playboystore.com Call 800-423-9494

Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%*, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%. (*NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.)
Call the toll-free number to request a Playboy catalog. (Canadian orders accepted.) We accept most major credit cards.



Kentucky Thoroughbreds

For a bluegrass cocktail, mix two ounces of bourbon with a beautiful Southern belle

THE STORY OF BOURBON is a great American tale, and you can taste it in every sip. The liquor takes its name from Bourbon County, Kentucky, where the world's fastest horses are bred. A Welshman named Evan Williams founded the first commercial Kentucky whiskey distillery, on Main Street in Louisville, in 1783. The original Jim Beam, who made his fortune after Prohibition, always wore a suit and tie, even when he went fishing, and he drove a 1939 Cadillac coupe. Thirsty? A few of our favorite small-batch bourbons: Ridgemoor Reserve 1792 (\$30), aged eight years and named for the year Kentucky became a state, features vanilla and caramel notes. Booker's (\$50), the barrel-strength (roughly 127 proof) six-to-eight-year-old made by the late Booker Noe, Jim Beam's grandson, goes nicely with a plate of thick-cut apple-smoked bacon. Bulleit (\$25), aged six years, has plenty of rye in it, so it's mellower and drier than most bourbons. Woodford Reserve (\$30), aged about six years, is currently our editorial office's house bourbon. Seems we're always running out of it.



American Spirit

WHEN IT COMES to whiskey, the Scots get all the credit. Fact is, we make three great, distinct whiskeys in the USA. **Bourbon:** By law it must be made of at least 51 percent corn (the rest is rye, malted barley or wheat) and aged a minimum of two years in new charred-oak barrels. **Tennessee whiskey:** Only two of these distilleries remain—Jack Daniel's and George A. Dickel & Co. Like bourbon, Tennessee whiskey is made of at least 51 percent corn, but it's filtered through sugar-maple charcoal before it's aged to make the sippin' mellower. **Rye:** The original American whiskey, it was first produced in Maryland and Pennsylvania in the 18th century. By law it can be no less than 51 percent rye, the rest being corn, malted barley or wheat. Try Michter's single-barrel straight rye (\$35) in an old-fashioned.

Dialed In

IN JUST EIGHT years Kobold has made its mark on the American watch industry with a small range of handcrafted mechanicals limited to 2,500 units annually. Though the Phantom Tactical (\$4,550, koboldwatch.com) was designed for law-enforcement types, we like it for its matte-black finish, an ice-cold take on the classic steel sports watch. So shoot us.



Great Escape

THE RITZ-CARLTON recruited A-list talent to create the company's new \$440 million Grand Cayman hot spot. Golf course by Greg Norman. Tennis center by Nick Bollettieri. Spa by La Prairie. And for the seafood restaurant, Eric Ripert of New York City's Le Bernardin. But credit the Big Man upstairs for the resort's finest attribute, a strip of glorious white-sand beach locked in an eternal kiss with the sea. Pure heaven. Rooms from \$300; ritzcarlton.com.



Quest for Fire

THE PLAYBOY TESTING laboratories use one surefire standard to determine whether a piece is truly bachelor-pad material: when four out of five women surveyed let an unprompted *oh* pass through their lacquered lips. Such is the case with the Fireorb (from \$5,800, fireorb.net), a steel fireplace that hangs from the ceiling and rotates 360 degrees, ensuring more *ohs* to come.

Road Rager

IN THE SEVEN YEARS following 1923, Britain's oversize, oversexed Bentley touring cars won the Le Mans 24-hour race five times. So the notion of a four-seat Bentley convertible that can hit 195 miles an hour shouldn't surprise you. In the new Continental GTC (\$190,000, bentleymotors.com) you get a six-liter, 48-valve, 552 bhp W12 engine, a paddle-shifted six-speed automatic transmission and all-wheel drive. The disc brakes are the largest on any series production car. Inside, handcrafted wood veneer and supple leather adorn this future classic, which is perfect for everyday use and just the ticket (careful!) for a high-speed cross-country blast.



BACK TO SCHOOL. BACK TO STYLE.

For these Best Dressed Men on Campus, back to school means back to style. They know that style isn't just about wearing the right clothes—but about taking care of their skin with Lab Series Skincare for Men. That means they'll be looking good long after they leave the classroom.



DAILY MOISTURE DEFENSE LOTION SPF 15

Going to school in Reno I ski all winter long and the cold dries out my skin. This keeps my face moisturized well past the last run of the day.

INSTANT MOISTURE EYE GEL

This is the best morning recovery tool next to coffee. It gets rid of the bags under my eyes after a late night of studying, or other activities...

MAXIMUM COMFORT SHAVE CREAM

When I apply this, my facial hair stands up. It puts a barrier between my skin and the razor that allows for a comfortable, clean cut.

RAZOR BURN RELIEF ULTRA

I used to hate midterms and shaving. Since using this, it's now just midterms.

MULTI-ACTION FACE WASH

The first thing I do when I wake up is use this. It leaves my skin feeling smooth and I go to class looking good.

INSTANT MOISTURE LIP BALM

Practicing football in the cold makes my lips chapped. This keeps my lips moisturized so they don't take a pounding.



Lap Dancer

A LAPTOP IS like a woman. It should be lithe, shapely, a joy to travel with and equipped with lengthy battery life for when you want action all night long. And you shouldn't have to empty your bank account to get it. Meet Ms. Right. With its roomy 12.1-inch screen and speedy 1.20 GHz processor, Fujitsu's new LifeBook Q2010 (from \$2,000, fujitsu.com) is a knockout. If it were any slimmer (2.2 pounds), you'd have to fight the urge to stuff a cheeseburger into its disk drive.



Old-Time Rock and Roll

WE'RE AS IN LOVE WITH THIS frightfully modern world as ever, but that doesn't mean we don't occasionally long for a simpler time, a time before MySpace, cell phones and Kevin Federline ruined everything. The folks at Speck Products understand our pain. Connect any MP3 player to their SpeckTone Retro speaker system (\$150, speckproducts.com) and you'll get big sound with a design aesthetic even your grandma could dig on. The little number belts out 28 watts' worth of audio, has a built-in subwoofer and comes in three colors of high-gloss piano-finish wood.



Phones, Holmes

HOT WHEELS AND FAB THREADS still count, but these days a modern man's style is expressed at least in part through his phone. From left: The talker of choice for the scruffy set, the T-Mobile Sidekick 3 (\$300 with two-year contract, sidekick.com) has an MP3 player, high-speed Internet access and tri-band support for world travelers. The Helio Hero (\$275, helio.com) has a great interface, a gorgeous display, a two-megapixel camera and exclusive support for MySpace Mobile. It's pricey and chunky, but then again so are some of the women on MySpace. The Motorola Q (\$200 with two-year contract, motorola.com) is the epitome of executive chic and, despite its supermodel profile, has a full keyboard, a 1.3-megapixel camera, a killer display and Windows Mobile—you may even get some work done. The Nokia N93 (coming soon, \$700, nokia.com) is spendy and looks like an alien robot, but its video camera is the best we've seen on a phone. It captures DVD-quality footage (as you can see, we took advantage of it), and you can plug it into your TV for playback.



IN 1822,
**THE
GLENLIVET.**

*was NOT YET distilled legally. HOWEVER, this small detail
DIDN'T STOP KING GEORGE IV
from DECLARING it his favourite whisky.*

*While on a royal visit to
Edinburgh, KING GEORGE IV
of GREAT BRITAIN called for
THE GLENLIVET. It was illegal
but sublime, "MILD AS MILK,"*



*and he would DRINK no other.
Luckily, he was the KING, and
shortly THEREAFTER, we had a
legal version of SCOTLAND'S
fabled SINGLE MALT WHISKY.*

**SINGLE MALT SCOTCH
WHISKY**

GUARANTEED 12 YEARS OF AGE

The single malt that started it all.™



* 1 GB = 1,000,000,000 bytes. Available capacity will be less. Reproduced content will vary. Song claim based on 4 minute song encoded at 64 kbps. WMA Video claim based on video encoded at 500 kbps MPEG-SP. © 2006 Creative Technology Ltd. All rights reserved. Not intended for unauthorized recording.

Find your ZEN

music • photos • video • radio

ZEN Vision:M



- 30GB – hold up to 15,000* songs, 120 hours of video
- Carry and share tens of thousands of photos
- 262,144 color display and high resolution TV out
- Enjoy FM radio, voice recorder and more

CREATIVE

us.creative.com

ZEN V Plus



- 1GB, 2GB or 4GB – hold up to 2,000* songs
- Watch video clips on the brilliant 1.5" screen
- FM radio and voice recorder are included
- Tiny size comes with a price to match

The Playboy Advisor

My wife has asked my permission to have an affair with one of her co-workers. She says the attraction is purely physical and will not affect our marriage. She also says husbands these days commonly allow this. Do they? And what should I do?—F.B., Austin, Texas

We're not sure which husbands she's hanging out with, but those who aren't swingers tend to frown on their wives sleeping with other men. Even if she can keep it "purely physical," her co-worker may not want or be able to do the same. Your wife also can't promise it won't affect your relationship—it already has. Tell her you are not comfortable with the idea but you appreciate her honesty. Use this candor to start a balls-out discussion about your marriage.

You hit the nail on the head with your response to the reader who is apparently dating a transsexual but doesn't realize it (June). I once dated a knockout who gave great head and insisted we have only anal sex because she was waiting to "really blow my mind." When I finally managed to finger her, her vulva felt odd. She admitted to having changed her sex five years earlier. She begged me to understand because we were in love, but I couldn't go there.—K.M., Laguna Hills, California

Well, she kept her promise. We're sorry it didn't work out.

While I feel bad for the guy, you should have taken his partner to task for lying to him. The situation didn't involve some small deception, like concealing a webbed toe. The fact that you have a penis is pertinent information in any relationship.—D.M., Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania

True enough.

Six years ago I put premium Michelin tires on my car. The warranty is for 80,000 miles or eight years. I have driven 50,000 miles on them, and they appear to be in excellent condition. However, when I had them rotated, the tire dealer told me I should replace them because after six years they are weak and unsafe regardless of how they look. Is that true?—G.E., Martinez, California

Michelin suggests replacing its tires at least every 10 years even if they aren't worn, although safety advocates are pushing car-makers to recommend all tires be replaced after six. The Rubber Manufacturers Association insists there is no "magic date" when tires go bad, citing a study it conducted of 14,271 scrap tires. But Sean Cane of Safety Research & Strategies argues that such research doesn't mean much unless you look only at tires that have failed. "Tires degrade even when they aren't used, so you can have a thick tread and still have a bad tire," he says.



"It's a big problem when old, unused full-size spares end up on a car." After a 1986 study in Germany found a spike in the failure rate of tires at six years, foreign automakers began adding warnings to owner's manuals. Much depends on where you live. If you're driving in the heat of Phoenix, you may want to replace your tires every four years. If you're in New England, a high-grade, well-maintained Michelin may well last a decade. Every tire carries its production date, but often it's on the inside sidewall and must be decoded. Look for a long string of numbers and letters. If there are 11 characters, the last four indicate the date, e.g., 4800 denotes the 48th week of 2000. If there are 10, the last three tell you the date, e.g., 373 signifies the 37th week of either 1993 or 1983 (or earlier). Cane advises an "abundance of caution," especially with SUVs and light trucks, which have an increased risk of rollover.

I am training to be an Air Force pilot; I also drive a sports car, have my own place and am known for being outgoing and funny (and humble). So why do my classmates and I find we get more attention from women when we claim to be bums? The minute we mention the Air Force, flying, goals, etc., it's like a switch goes off and the woman isn't interested. But if we say we don't have a job, live with our parents and mow lawns for a living, we do okay.—B.C., Valdosta, Georgia

The women in Valdosta bars have met enough young flyers to know that (1) they are not going to stick around and (2) they like to talk about flying. If you want to stand out, talk about something else, or better still, ask about her life. Or present this dilemma and gather feedback. It's a good conversation starter, and you may learn quite a bit.

A reader wrote in June that "men need to get some balls and demand their right to get sex either at home or elsewhere." I won't go into an "I am woman, hear me roar" rant, but sex should happen only when both partners want it. Demanding sex is a dressed-up version of rape. If a man ever threatened to get sex elsewhere unless I gave it up, I would send him packing. Men like that give good guys like my fiancé a bad name.—E.H., Morro Beach, California

So after you've been married a few years and the sex isn't as exciting as it is now and your husband wants more than you or vice versa, will you be content to say or hear "Tough luck"? The reader was obviously not talking about forcing anyone to have sex. Instead his letter reflects the frustration many spouses feel about having made a commitment to a person who has shut down for whatever reason.

I am a woman who agrees with that guy. Sex is not a priority for most wives; they pull a bait and switch. Before any couple gets married, they should draw up a sex contract in which each party states his or her expectations. If the contract is not honored, either partner would be entitled to get sex elsewhere or leave.—D.M., Nogales, Arizona

The challenge for us would be keeping the contract to one page.

My girlfriend and I haven't hung out for two weeks. She says she's busy, but yesterday I read a comment she posted for her ex-boyfriend on MySpace in which she calls him "hun" and says she'll miss him when she goes on vacation. She has never left comments for me on MySpace. I've asked her about this, and she insists he is her best friend but that's it. What do you think?—T.J., Apple Valley, Minnesota

This isn't a woman you'll be dating for long. In fact, it's not clear you're dating her now. Have fun if you can.

Since when is biting not part of fighting like a man (May)? That's how you break most wrestling holds. And kicking is basic. The military protocol around the world is explosives first, followed by machine guns, handguns, wrestling, knives, sticks or anything else that is useful and finally, if you have no other options, your hands. It takes a lot of training to make your bare hands as dangerous as a weapon; most people will break their fist if they hit anything with it. Of course the smartest thing is to avoid fights in the first place.—J.D., Houston, Texas

We weren't talking about bars in Iraq.

No kicking? Try telling Jean-Claude Van Damme, Chuck Norris, Chow Yun-Fat or Jet Li they don't fight like men and let



C
L
U
B

PALMS • LAS VEGAS

THE LEGEND REBORN.

www.playboybunnysearch.com



PALMS • LAS VEGAS

WHATEVER IT TAKES. GET HERE.

The Playboy Club,™ the embodiment of sexy nightlife, will rise this fall at the Palms Casino Resort in Las Vegas. We're hiring the most beautiful women in the world. Think you've got what it takes?

Visit www.playboybunnysearch.com.

For room reservations call 1-866-725-6773. Or log on to www.palms.com.



me know how it went after you get out of the hospital.—S.C., Austin, Texas

A kick works if you are accomplished in the martial arts, but how many guys can say that? Anyone else who tries it will look foolish.

In the wise words of my father, "If you fight fair, you fight stupid." I'm not sure what century you live in, but in the days of drive-by shootings and random acts of violence, you would do well to protect yourself by any means necessary, including hair pulling and eye gouging.—M.P., Newcastle, Pennsylvania

If a fight reaches that point, it's because we're hiding behind our date.

I'm a woman who flips to the *Advisor* first thing each month. For a men's magazine, you do an above-average job of taking a feminist perspective. But you slipped when you explained men's attraction to high heels by referring to the "biological desire to serve, protect and pursue" (June). Biology, nature and common sense are often cited to justify hegemonic patriarchy. I'm not sure anyone has ever shown that men have a biological tendency to serve, protect and pursue. Better to describe the tendency as socially constructed.—L.W., Lawrence, Kansas

We've been called much worse than above-average feminists, so we'll take that as a compliment. We won't review the scientific literature here, but the evidence for biology's influence on male mating behavior is stronger than the evidence that suggests it's socially constructed. To say socialization alone makes the genders act a certain way is to argue that an infant girl could be raised as a boy or vice versa. That's been proven wrong the hard way. But that's not to say our behavior can be explained with only biology. Rather than insist on a single explanation, it's more interesting to discuss where one begins and the other ends.

The reader who said he doesn't like his wife in high heels is weird. Or maybe I'm weird because I love them. My wife rarely goes out without heels. She wears short skirts with high slits that show her lace panties and garters. I often follow from a distance so I can watch other men's reactions. One day I even had a guy in a grocery store point out her stockings to me. He told me to watch closely and I would see under her skirt. After a few minutes she bent over on her four-inch heels, and I thought he was going to bust a nut.—R.F., Charlotte, North Carolina

What were you saying about high heels?

I've read that taking Viagra with grapefruit juice results in 23 percent greater absorption. Does that mean you'll get a better erection?—L.S., Tucson, Arizona

That figure comes from a 2002 study in which 24 German men took Viagra with and without grapefruit juice, which blocks enzymes that control the absorption of many pharmaceuticals, including sildenafil, in your intestines. Blood tests found that the juice appeared to

increase one's absorption of Viagra by 23 percent and also slow the drug's intake. From this small study, the notion developed that grapefruit juice puts more Viagra in your blood for a longer period of time. However, scientists and doctors recommend that men not take Viagra this way because it makes the drug less predictable. And isn't predictability why you use it?

My wife complains I am not doing enough around the house. This is unfair, of course. The problem is she's never satisfied with the way I do things. I am very efficient, doing only the minimum amount of work necessary to get the job done. She says she might as well do it herself. Any suggestions? It's becoming a sore point.—J.N., Atlanta, Georgia

There's a fine line between efficient and half-assed, but we'll give you the benefit of the doubt. David Bowers, the author of Dad's Own Housekeeping Book, points out that no smart woman ever says to a man, "I might as well do it myself," because we'll let them. He notes that most guys employ your no-frills approach: We'll clean the bathroom with a vengeance if it's presented as a challenge, but we're not going to freshen the potpourri. Bowers says the best strategy is to establish a routine, because without set tasks men tend to have selective vision and overlook such things as overflowing wastebaskets. His guide covers the basics, including tips on laundry, organizing manspaces such as the garage and getting the house ready for in-laws in 30 minutes or less. We especially enjoyed the list of male housekeeping habits that drive women nuts—sweeping crumbs from table to floor, storing leftovers in the pots used to cook them, cleaning the toilet seat but not the pedestal and making the bed by covering the crumpled sheets with the duvet. Our most effective labor-avoidance technique is to clean all the dishes except the pots; we just fill those with hot water and suds so we can finish them "tomorrow."

Jake Austen advises poker players never to show their hole cards unless they have a shot at the pot, because it may reveal their betting habits (June). As a professional Texas Hold 'Em dealer, I tell people to always show their hands. Why? The most common problem I see is that when you're down to two players at the river, one will ask the other what he has, he will respond, and the first player will fold without anyone showing their cards! Once a player mucks, he loses even if his opponent lied.—J.D., Windsor, Ontario

It's hard to believe this happens with experienced players. They wouldn't be that trusting with their own mothers. And in this situation, Austen's sound advice would apply anyway because both players have a shot at the pot.

In June you advised a reader to confess to his girlfriend that he had lost his virginity to a hooker and told him he shouldn't be disappointed if she leaves in a huff. Are you nuts? Some things are better left unsaid. Besides, it's none of her busi-

ness. If he lies and tells her it happened in college during a one-night stand, she'll never bring it up again. But telling her he had sex with a whore will freak her out, especially if she starts thinking about STDs.—T.W., Lexington, Kentucky

You may be right. Perhaps we're too idealistic. Just think of the great marriage they would have if he felt he could be honest.

Hiding the loss of your virginity to a hooker can be a burden, but revealing it could be used against you for the rest of your life. When my wife and I were first getting to know each other we discussed our sexual histories. I have since had my 14 former girlfriends repeatedly thrown in my face whenever we argue. My advice is to make up a story that will please her.—L.W., Austin, Texas

Or marry a woman who has fucked 15 guys.

A reader asked in June about pressing a tie. In my experience as a business traveler and twice-divorced bachelor survivalist, the best method is to place the tie inside a damp towel and iron with low heat. Within seconds the steam will make the tie look like new. For stains use mild soap and water on the end of your finger. Rinse with the least amount of water possible. I'm talking drops. When the tie is dry, use the towel technique to smooth wrinkles. You should treat a stain as soon as possible, even if you have to excuse yourself for a trip to the men's room.—J.H., Middletown, New Jersey

Good advice. Thanks. You're an iron man.

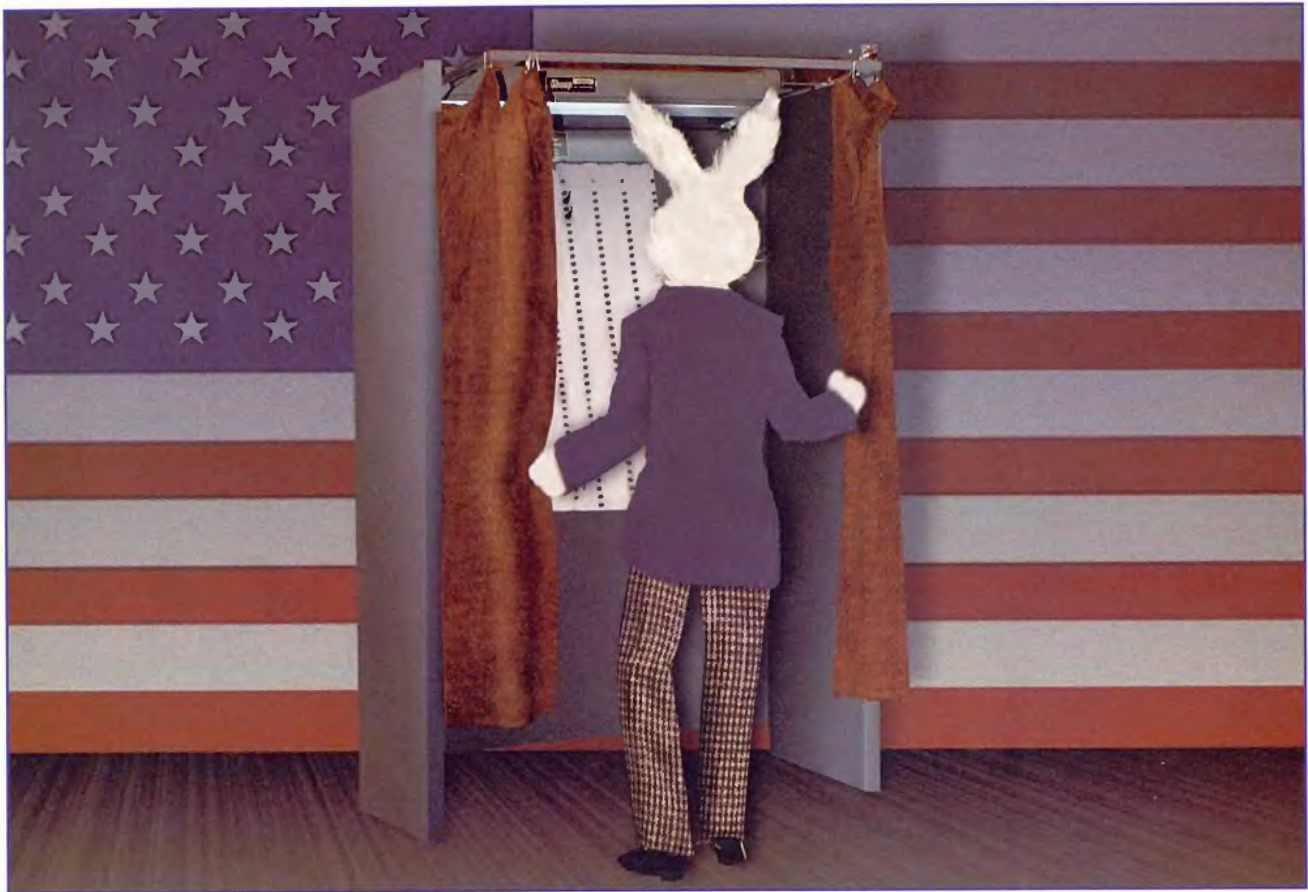
I am so sick of my husband coming into the bathroom, sitting on the toilet as I tweeze my eyebrows and reading me letters to the *Advisor* about women who insist that size matters. I once slept with a guy with a 12-inch cock who was so arrogant, he actually measured it before sex. Then I had to play with it forever to get him hard. Same problem with a seven-incher, plus once he came, that was it. I am now happily married to a man whose penis is only five inches erect, but he can fuck me for hours, licks pussy like a champ and knows how to hit my clit during intercourse. That's what matters most.—H.S., Defiance, Ohio

We appreciate hearing from you. FYI, five inches is about average. And that 12-incher must have been measuring from underneath his balls, which is cheating.

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



THE PLAYBOY FORUM



THE PLAYBOY VOTER

A SPECIAL REPORT

PART I

The **accepted narrative** of the 2004 presidential election is that red-state rubes outnumbered blue-state sophisticates. But when *The New York Times* went looking for clues about America's voting patterns after the election, the paper reported red and blue states had at least one thing in common: PLAYBOY magazine. It was no surprise to us. PLAYBOY represents a silent purple majority unswayed by the news media's reductionist red-state-vs.-blue-state story line. So with midterm elections looming and the media still presenting a nation divided, we decided to show the country united. PLAYBOY voters—8 million strong—embody the great middle of American politics, occupying a smarter piece of turf than the fringes held by overheated advocates of the left and right. The following survey shines light on our audience—America's best hope for a democratic future.

WHO DID YOU vote for in the 2004 presidential election?

Among subscribers who voted in 2004, **54 percent** cast ballots for George Bush, **39 percent** for John Kerry and seven percent for other candidates. Within those numbers, though, was at least one surprise. Compared with the independents in our parallel poll of a representative national survey group, PLAYBOY independents were more likely to have supported Kerry: **49 percent** voted for him, with only **40 percent** casting ballots for Bush. That is the reverse of the national sample, in which independents gave Kerry 41 percent and Bush 44 percent.



WHO WOULD YOU vote for in the 2008 presidential election?

Our survey choices were John McCain, Hillary Clinton, Al Gore, Condoleezza Rice, Barack Obama, Bill Frist and Russ Feingold. The front-runners for 2008 are the same among our readers as among our survey of nonsubscribers, though more PLAYBOY voters like John McCain than Hillary Clinton, **34 percent** to **21 percent**, whereas nonsubscribers prefer Clinton. One reason for McCain's lead among our readers is that PLAYBOY Democrats are twice as supportive of McCain than are nonsubscriber Democrats. Another reason: PLAYBOY Republicans prefer McCain over Rice by a much wider margin than nonsubscriber Republicans. PLAYBOY readers like Al Gore, who is close on Clinton's heels at 17 percent; in fact, among subscribers who voted in 2004, Gore is in a virtual dead heat with Clinton. **The great middle** represented by PLAYBOY subscribers seems to have little time for the "moral values" stance the current religious right-wing Republican Party has adopted: The first indication of this is that PLAYBOY Republicans are half as likely as nonsubscriber Republicans to say they would vote for Bill Frist. Another potential candidate on whom our readers differ widely from the representative national sample group is Feingold, who enjoys significantly more support among PLAYBOY readers.

WOULD YOU VOTE for a woman to be president?

Nearly three quarters of our subscribers—**72 percent**—say **yes**. Even among PLAYBOY subscribers, this is one area in which residents of red and blue states are particularly distinct, with respondents who say **no** almost half again as numerous in red states. It should be noted that **91 percent** of subscriber respondents are male, reflecting our audience.

DO YOU FEEL federal elections are conducted fairly?

Here PLAYBOY readers show their willingness to buck the party line. Of PLAYBOY Republicans, **36 percent** do not think elections are conducted fairly. Republicans from the national sample group are much less skeptical, with only 21 percent believing them to be unfairly conducted. Likewise PLAYBOY Democrats are less likely to buy conspiracy theories about rigged elections: **38 percent** of Democrat subscribers who voted in 2004 think elections are fair. Just 29 percent of Democrats from the national sample think so.

HAVE YOU EVER contributed money to a political candidate?

ABOUT ONE THIRD of PLAYBOY subscribers have donated money to a candidate. That proportion is the same for Democrats, Republicans and independents.

SHOULD THE SUPREME Court overturn *Roe v. Wade*?

The shrill nature of the abortion debate is often painted in the media as completely intractable. But in PLAYBOY's voting bloc, just **15 percent** of Democrats and Republicans wish to reverse *Roe*. PLAYBOY Republicans are half as likely as national Republicans to want to overturn *Roe*.

DO YOU BELIEVE a woman has the right to terminate her pregnancy?

A consensus in favor of some access to abortion has deep roots in the U.S. As far back as the colonial era, a majority of Americans supported a commonsense approach to abortion: Well into the 19th century both American law—following English common law—and American public opinion accepted abortion prior to quickening, the moment about halfway through gestation when the movement of a fetus can be detected. Despite polarized media coverage today, the majority opinion apparently still mirrors this consensus: Only **6 percent** of PLAYBOY subscribers claim a woman has no right to terminate her pregnancy. Even if we isolate PLAYBOY Republicans, just **7 percent** say a woman has no right to terminate.

SHOULD THE FDA approve the morning-after pill?

Even while ideologues attempt to block final approval of the over-the-counter sale of the medication despite the FDA advisory board's recommendation, **78 percent** of PLAYBOY subscribers support its approval. This includes **72 percent** of our Republicans, who obviously embody an older, socially libertarian tradition of Republicanism. From another perspective, that makes PLAYBOY Republicans half as likely as national Republicans to object to the morning-after pill.



DO YOU SUPPORT an amendment or law to ban gay marriage?

Nearly twice as many PLAYBOY Republicans as national Republicans oppose a ban on gay marriage, **50 percent** in all, compared with **28 percent**



of the national sample group's Republicans. Among PLAYBOY Democrats **82 percent** oppose a ban, meaning just one third of all subscribers would ban gay marriage.

SHOULD THE TEN Commandments be posted in public places?

Partisan lines are stark in this area. Overall, **47 percent** of our subscribers say no, compared with 31 percent of the national sample group. But while **62 percent** of PLAYBOY Democrats and **58 percent** of PLAYBOY independents oppose public display of the Commandments, only **28 percent** of PLAYBOY Republicans do. It would seem PLAYBOY Republicans, although friendly to science (as we'll see) and hostile to government involvement in their private lives, do not maintain much animus toward religious iconography.



DO YOU BELIEVE Darwin's theory of evolution should be taught in schools?

Reflecting mainstream America's long-standing embrace of science, PLAYBOY voters overwhelmingly support teaching evolution in schools, with a scant **14 percent** opposed. Not surprisingly, PLAYBOY Republicans are far less likely than national Republicans to jettison evolution as well, with just one in five against its being taught.

SHOULD THE FEDERAL government fund stem-cell research?

PLAYBOY subscribers support stem-cell funding more than the general population: **72 percent** of readers are in favor (**74 percent** of those who voted in 2004), compared with **61 percent** of the representative sample group polled. This is largely due to PLAYBOY Republicans being much more progressive on the issue than national Republicans, with far fewer opposed to funding the research.



SHOULD THE U.S. sign the Kyoto Treaty limiting pollution?

Seventy-nine percent of subscribers favor ratification of this treaty aimed at slowing global warming, including **91 percent** of PLAYBOY Democrats. Compared with national Republicans, PLAYBOY Republicans are 25 percent less likely to object to signing the treaty.

HOW WOULD YOU characterize federal protection of the environment?

With three answers available—"insufficient," "about right" and "intrusive"—**66 percent** of subscribers chose "insufficient," mirroring the national sample group. The surprise, however, is that a majority of PLAYBOY Republicans, 51 percent, also

chose "insufficient." Among Republicans in the national sample group, a plurality chose "about right," with "insufficient" trailing in at 42 percent.

HAVE YOU CHANGED your driving behavior as gas prices have risen?

HALF OUR READERS have changed their driving habits, with more PLAYBOY Democrats than Republicans doing so. Perhaps reflecting our subscribers' affluence, even fewer PLAYBOY Republicans than Republicans in the national sample group have changed their habits.

WHAT IS THE best way for the U.S. to further energy independence?

The vast majority of PLAYBOY subscribers, **69 percent** in all, advocate research and development of alternative forms of energy. On aggregate this mirrors the national sample group, but partisan distinctions within this support are much less pronounced among PLAYBOY voters: PLAYBOY Democrats are separated in their support for alternative energy research from PLAYBOY Republicans by just **70 percent** to **64 percent**. Among the national sample group, the spread is broader: **70 percent** to **58 percent**. The higher PLAYBOY Republican support for alternative energy research comes at the expense of support for drilling in Alaska and for building safer nuclear plants, both of which are more tepidly supported by our subscribers than by national Republicans.

In Part II, next month: the war in Iraq, rogue nuclear states, the economy, immigration and privacy in an era of surveillance. Survey conducted in June 2006 by Sovereign Marketing Research, using scientifically selected representative groups.

PLAYBOY VOTERS

79% of respondents to our reader poll voted in the 2004 presidential election. This is much higher than the national rate. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, just 64 percent of the American voting-age population cast ballots in 2004. That was the highest rate of turnout since 1992, when 68 percent of voting-age Americans did so.

According to the spring 2006 report by the magazine industry's top research firm, MRI, PLAYBOY has **10,119,000** readers.

The total PLAYBOY vote, derived by applying the percentage of readers who voted in the last election and multiplying it by the most recent MRI data on total readers:

7,994,010

PARTY AFFILIATION

36% of PLAYBOY voters are Republicans.

25% of PLAYBOY voters are Democrats.

25% of PLAYBOY voters are independent.

14% of PLAYBOY voters are unaffiliated or members of other parties.

PLAYBOY REPUBLICANS are **one third** more likely than national Republicans to describe themselves as **moderate** and **three times** as likely as national Republicans to describe themselves as **liberal**.

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY

53% of readers live in **red** states.

47% of readers live in **blue** states.

36% live in the South.

27% live in the Midwest.

24% live in the West.

13% live in the Northeast.

FOR FULL SURVEY RESULTS, SEE PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE.

READER RESPONSE

RIGHTS REVOKED

I take issue with your interview subject, as well as the rationale of your questioning, in "The Latest War on Sex" (July). Namely, there is no sup-



Are pro-lifers after your contraceptives?

port for some of the allegations Cristina Page puts forth. Don't get me wrong; I am not a pro-lifer—quite the contrary. Back in my Catholic high school I was assigned to write a thesis about abortion, which I was dead set against at the time. However, while researching my paper I realized there may be extenuating circumstances in which abortion would be acceptable in my eyes. Needless to say, my theology teacher was surprised. Still, people need to take responsibility for their own actions, regardless of their age or education. In my opinion, that is the fundamental problem with your article. To portray sex as a right as opposed to a privilege is irresponsible—notice I did not say immoral.

K. Kirchen
Tampa, Florida

In "The Latest War on Sex," Cristina Page seems to think all pro-lifers are against contraception. That is not the case. I support contraception for all women, even girls as young as seven or eight, to protect them from unwed motherhood caused by rape. I also support it to prevent abortions, which are still not very safe and have a 50 percent chance of leaving girls ages seven to 16 infertile. I do support more-stringent controls on abortion (some women are using it as a form of contraception), but I believe the first line of defense against abortions is widely available contraception that everyone, child or adult, can get for themselves.

Christopher Kidwell
Aberdeen, Maryland

HONESTY NOT BEST POLICY?

In "Honesty Is the Best Policy" (July), Sam Harris seems to suggest that 88 percent of us believe in some higher power. The entire remainder of the article then promotes the idea that we are all idiots. He just can't allow that maybe the great majority of us have knowledge or experience he lacks. Personally, I don't see a conflict at all between science and religion. Science just further confirms and explains the wonders of creation. Your top brainiacs say that for their quantum theories to work, there have to be different realms of existence overlaying one another like pages in a magazine. Scientific articles on this phenomenon often joke that a pink elephant could be sitting next to you in another realm. But if I say, "Well, you're right, but instead of a pink elephant it's a heavenly host and horde," I'm just some crazy guy talking.

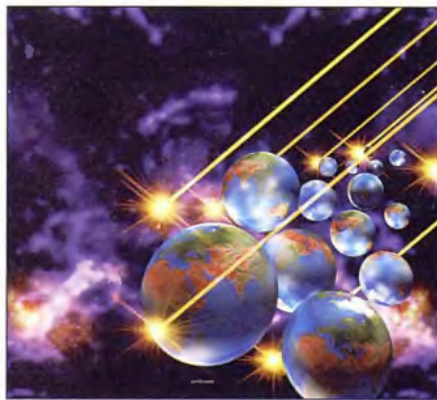
Rick McCarter
Burbank, California

One of the grand flaws of democracy is the underlying assumption of a rational and informed electorate. The fact is, the electorate in most, if not all, countries is neither informed nor rational. In "Honesty Is the Best Policy" we see the U.S. is no exception. If we could, we would reject science in favor of a simple, albeit wrong, view. Democracy may create rotten science.

Roy Wells
San Ramon, California

FIGHTING BACK

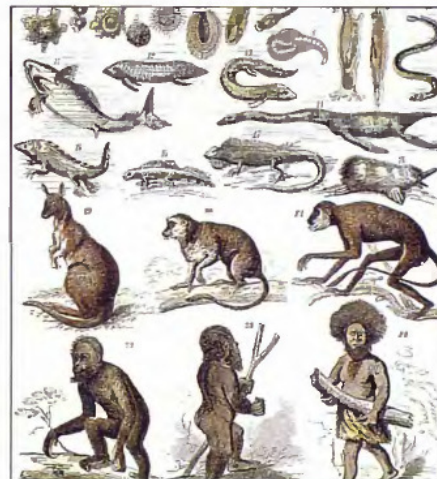
Shame on you, Michael Behe and David Berlinski ("Reader Response," July). You should know the difference



Junk science does not impress our readers.

between belief and fact. Mr. Behe, your comments are typical of pro-IDers everywhere. You wildly speculate on

the origins of life without any evidence, then you try to tear holes in evolution theory. Notice that those of us who advocate evolution don't have to try to find flaws in your delusional speculations. We merely ask that you furnish scientific evidence, not fairy tales. Your final argument, that perhaps complex life "looks purposely designed because it was indeed purposely designed," is ridiculously weak and definitely not backed by hard evidence. If either of



A history of life based on cold, hard facts.

you have any decency, you'll vacate your professions and get jobs in which you don't try to force-feed bullshit disguised as fact to students.

Randy Whitehair
Natrona Heights, Pennsylvania

It bothers me that I am unable to have an intelligent discussion regarding evolution with any religious people, while I can discuss religion with most scientists without a problem. We need to be certain that future generations are able to distinguish between faith and science.

Nicole Kyger
Twentynine Palms, California

Is it me, or are we all dumber? Maybe Darwin can't explain everything, but do we have to return to the days of thinking the sun revolves around the earth? There should be a law that defrocks scientists who don't believe in science. Why must we compromise with the religious right? They will never accept science.

Julie Pace
Evansville, Indiana

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.

NEWSFRONT



Storm Troopers

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In a 5–4 decision, the Supreme Court ruled in *Hudson v. Michigan* that evidence collected when police make illegal no-knock raids is admissible at trial. Centuries of common law—and Court rulings as recent as 1995's *Wilson v. Arkansas*—insist police must announce themselves before entering a private home. By giving occupants the chance to submit to a peaceful search, the knock-and-announce requirement is meant to avoid violence, property damage and the danger posed to police if they are mistaken for intruders. The only consequence for illegal police entries was the exclusion of evidence gathered that way. Now, without actually overturning *Wilson v. Arkansas*, the Court has all but legalized unannounced paramilitary raids by negating the only punishment for them.

LOL

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA—The Air Force has paid Versatile Information Systems of Massachusetts \$450,000 to research, monitor and analyze blogs over the next three years. According to Versatile president Mieczyslaw Kokar, "The fact that the web is a vast source of information is sometimes overlooked by military analysts. Our research goal is to provide the war fighter with a kind of information radar to better understand the information battle space."

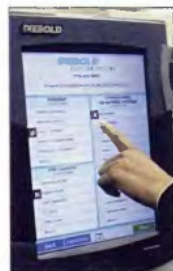
Every Dogma Has Its Day

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND—Robert Ehrlich, the Republican governor of Maryland, fired board member Robert Smith of the Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority for referring to homosexuality as "sexual deviancy" on a local TV show. Though Ehrlich opposes gay marriage, he called Smith's comments "inappropriate, insensitive and unacceptable." Reacting to the governor's decision in *First Things*, a journal on religion in public life, Joseph Bottum writes, "It will not be long before the principle of traditional Western morality that homosexual conduct is immoral will be contrary to the public policy of the United States. As this new public policy takes hold, it will filter through the law and society just as other antidiscrimination norms have. Adherence to the new policy will be a de facto requirement for holding public office."

Machine Politics

NEW YORK CITY—According to a new report from NYU's Brennan Center for Justice, all three of the most common electronic voting systems

are vulnerable to attacks capable of changing election results. These findings are significant because of the increasing ubiquity of such devices: Since 2000, the number of U.S. counties employing direct-recording electronic units has tripled, and electronic machines are now five times as numerous nationwide as traditional voting systems. Also disturbing is the report's finding that the most troublesome elements of electronic systems could be significantly improved by basic countermeasures. For instance, voting machines with wireless components are much more vulnerable to attack, but only two states (New York and Minnesota) have imposed bans on wireless components in all three systems. Also, units with no paper records for verification purposes are far more easily manipulated by software attack; only 26 states require paper records. Odder still, of states with paper records, less than half insist on audits—the only way to use the paper trail to detect fraud.



Taco Loco

NORCROSS, GEORGIA—Gwinnett County has banned taco stands in an effort to stem what one official called the gypsyfication of the community, a suburb of Atlanta where the Hispanic presence has increased from 10 percent of the population to 15 percent in the past five years. Nashville is now considering a similar ban aimed at purveyors of cheap Mexican food.

MARGINALIA

FROM THE ABSTRACT describing a Modular Disc-Wing (Frisbee) Urban Cruise Munition, selected for one of the Air Force's 2006 Small Business Innovation Research awards: "Triton Systems Inc. of Chelmsford, Massachusetts proposes to develop an MEFP-armed Lethal Frisbee UAV, whose purpose is to locate defiladed combatants in complex urban terrain and provide precision fires to neutralize these hostiles with minimum hazard to friendly forces or bystanders. The 3-D maneuverability of the Frisbee UAV will provide revolutionary tactical access and lethality against hostiles hiding in upper-story locations and/or defiladed behind obstacles to direct observation and fire."

FROM COMMENTS by Senator Joe Biden (D.-Del.) at an event in New Hampshire: "In Delaware the largest growth of population is Indian Americans. You cannot go to a 7-Eleven or a Dunkin' Donuts unless you have a slight Indian accent. I'm not joking."



FROM THE LYRICS of the new song "Face in the Crowd" by Disaster Strikes, a band on Jello Biafra's *Alternative Tentacles* label: "We won't sit down, and we won't shut up./We might be young, but we know what's up./We're working too hard and not paid enough./Because you say times are tough./You pay us pennies while you live it up./Sure doesn't look like you've got it rough./You line your pockets, we're just stuck."

FROM A 1951 ARTICLE in *The New York Times*, quoted by Dwight Eisenhower before his presidential campaign: "The rise in illegal border crossings by Mexican 'wetbacks' to a current rate of more than 1 million cases a year has been accompanied by a curious relaxation in ethical standards extending all the way from the farmer-exploiters of this contraband labor to the highest levels of the federal government."

FROM AN ESSAY by Henry Allen in *The Washington Post*: "Ah, Kenneth Lay of Enron: America hardly knew you before your trial but learned after your big-hammer jury conviction that you had left countless suckers broke, employees cheated and stockholders betrayed. Many people had looked forward to knowing more about Ken Lay, especially how he liked prison. But now that he's died of a heart attack in the luxury of his Colorado getaway while awaiting sentencing for his crimes, none of his victims will be able to contemplate that he's locked away in a place that makes the Baltimore Harbor Tunnel look like Hawaii."



SPORTING NEWS

THE WORLD SERIES IS STILL AN AMERICAN AFFAIR, BUT THE USE OF BASEBALL CAPS TO SPREAD YOUR MESSAGE HAS GONE GLOBAL

At least since hip-hop videos became a cultural fixture, baseball caps have been viewed as more than team uniform accessories and mini billboards for beer and tractor companies. When the members of N.W.A wore Raiders hats, they weren't saying they were Al Davis fans. The baseball cap had

become a statement. As we saw during rallies in response to the congressional immigration debates, recent immigrants to the U.S. have also been quick to realize the value of baseball caps as a way to promulgate slogans. For instance, we spotted one proclaiming, I AM A WORKER, NOT A CRIMINAL. But lately we've noticed a

greater trend: Baseball caps have gone global. And we're not talking about would-be rappers in Tel Aviv wearing Yankees hats. In fact, as you can see below, in some cases openly anti-American groups nonetheless see baseball caps as a good way to promote their cause and demonstrate their sense of community.



Hamas spokesman Mushir al-Masri was, at 29, the youngest member of the group voted into the Palestinian parliament in elections earlier this year. Here he is at a rally in the Gaza town of Beit Hanoun.

Hamas supporters rally in the West Bank city of Hebron on the last day of the Palestinian electoral campaign, January 24, 2006.



The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine is the group behind this masked militant's backward cap. The man is attending a 2005 demonstration at the Rafah refugee camp in the Gaza Strip.



The symbol of Taiwan's Nationalist Party is on this hat, worn at a rally in Taipei in support of the opposition party's leader, Lien Chan. The Nationalists take a conciliatory approach to mainland China.



In New Delhi a boy wears a hat bearing the logo of the Indian National Congress, also known as the Congress Party. Congress led India's independence movement and has dominated the country's politics since.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LUDACRIS

A candid conversation with the feisty rapper about his feuds with Oprah Winfrey and Bill O'Reilly, his amazing sex life and the truth about hip-hop and women

If the most successful rappers are measured by the stature of their enemies, Ludacris is hip-hop's leading man.

When Pepsi announced Ludacris as a spokesman in 2002, Fox News host Bill O'Reilly called for a boycott against the company for hiring someone who "disrespects women, encourages drug use and encourages violence." Pepsi immediately fired him, and O'Reilly continued to condemn the "vile" rapper for more than six months, even reviving the campaign in 2004 when Anheuser-Busch hired Ludacris.

This past year Ludacris had a starring role in *Crash*, a film about racial conflict, which was both praised ("often breathtakingly intelligent," gasped *The New Yorker*) and mocked ("in nearly every respect, preposterous," snickered *The New York Times*). In October, four months before *Crash* won the Academy Award for best picture, Oprah Winfrey hosted much of the cast on her TV show and interrupted her extravagant praise for the film only long enough to chide Ludacris for using the words nigger, bitch and ho in his music. Her disapproval swirled into a conflict: Ludacris, along with fellow rappers Ice Cube and 50 Cent, criticized Winfrey for essentially banning rappers from her program, and she was left insisting to reporters that, yes, she actually does like hip-hop—when it isn't degrading to women.

Rap fans were surprised. Ludacris controversial? Since *Incognegro*, the 2000 album he

released himself when he was an unknown, his music has been distinguished by a carefree tone and lighthearted manner. Harking back to black comics Redd Foxx and Rudy Ray Moore, he talks about sex with a bawdy delight that makes it seem both filthy and hysterical. Even on the occasions when he describes violence or drug use, he seems more like a jester than a gangster.

Luda, as fans call him, embodies the spirit of the Dirty South, the current red-hot center of hip-hop success and innovation. An only child, Christopher Brian Bridges, now 29, was raised mostly by his mother, Roberta Shields, who struggled for years in Chicago before securing a job as a mortgage-and-loan supervisor. At 14 he moved to Atlanta to be with his father, Wayne Bridges, a sales manager for an oil company, and worked in radio while he dived into the city's exploding rap scene. Along with fellow Atlantans OutKast and Lil Jon, he helped spread Southern music through raucous, catchy hits such as "What's Your Fantasy," "Roll Out (My Business)," "Move Bitch," "Stand Up" (a number one single), "Splash Waterfalls" and "Get Back," while adding a lewd verse ("We want a lady in the street but a freak in the bed") to Usher's "Yeah!," the biggest song of 2004. Ludacris, who has a young daughter, Karma, from a relationship with an on-and-off girlfriend, also made a strong crossover into acting, with sharp roles last year in *Crash* and another notable film, *Hustle & Flow*. His past two albums, *Chicken-N-Beer* and *The Red Light*

District, both topped sales charts, and a new album, *Release Therapy*, mixes his risqué rhymes with gibes against Winfrey and George W. Bush. While Ludacris was finishing the album, we sent writer Rob Tannenbaum to interview him.

"I met Chris three times: at his annual foundation dinner in Atlanta, at his hotel on Central Park and at my apartment in New York one night," Tannenbaum says. "He was under great pressure. He had a deadline to finish the CD, and his managers were advising him to stop criticizing Oprah because it could hurt his career.

"Please don't count it against me that I might be, like, the busiest Negro in the world," he laughed to a friend who rang on his cell phone. But every time we met he found time to play unfinished songs from *Release Therapy* for me—at really high volume, of course—talk forthrightly about his feelings toward Winfrey and even make provocative jokes. In my apartment he looked through a take-out menu from a local restaurant. I recommended the fried chicken. "Is that a racial comment?" he teased. When our talk was over, he carried his dishes to the sink, even after I told him to leave them on the table. "That's not the way I was raised," he explained."

PLAYBOY: When was the first time someone called you Ludacris?

LUDACRIS: I was working at Hot 97.5 in Atlanta, the radio station where I got my start, in my last year of high school.



"I respect Oprah's opinion, but she did not at all respect mine. I want her to admit to the media that what she did to me on her show wasn't right. Admit she was wrong. Who can be worse than the rapists she's had on her show?"



"I have a gun to defend myself. America has so many guns, which is why we're all killing each other, but if someone comes into your house, what the hell are you going to do? I have a gun in the car, a couple in the house, for sure."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO ROSE

"How can you say I'm degrading women, when I call myself a ho? I'm degrading myself? Look at me. I'm rich and successful, and I'm degrading the hell out of myself. Rappers may degrade women, but we degrade men, too."

It was ridiculous; I'd been through so many different rap names since I started rapping at nine years old. With some I look back and laugh. For instance, my name used to be Cris Cringle.

PLAYBOY: Yeah, that's pretty silly.

LUDACRIS: Hey, man, what can I say? I was an early teen. Around 16, I came up with Ludacris. It describes my music, my personality. I am kind of ludicrous, you know? *Ludicrous* means beyond crazy, ridiculous. I knew that was a good name. Like how the name OutKast describes their being outcasts from everybody. Ludacris describes me perfectly, man.

PLAYBOY: Once you had the name, did it help focus your identity as a rapper?

LUDACRIS: Exactly. As far as my style and personality of being outlandish and wild, I thought it was unique. People have compared me to Busta Rhymes, Method Man and Redman. I grew up listening to them, but I don't want to be like anybody else.

PLAYBOY: When you were Cris Cringle, did you wear a red suit stuffed with a pillow?

LUDACRIS: There was no outfit, but I used a lot of metaphors pertaining to Santa Claus: "I'm coming down your chimney with a bag of goodies." The first song I ever wrote, I was nine years old, and it went "I'm cool, I'm bad, I might be 10, but I can't survive without my girlfriend." I wasn't 10 yet, but I had to rhyme with *girlfriend*.

PLAYBOY: Your music is known for its sense of humor. One reviewer called you the clown prince of hip-hop. Are you comfortable with that title?

LUDACRIS: That's hard to answer. I'm so much more multifaceted than just being a clown, and there are serious sides to my music. Don't get me wrong, there's a lot of comedy, too. I used to watch Eddie Murphy, Richard Pryor and Martin Lawrence. I still to this day put that stuff in my music.

PLAYBOY: There's a great tradition of comedy in rap. Chris Rock says even N.W.A was really funny.

LUDACRIS: Now everybody would call them a gangsta group. All I'm trying to say is you can label me as funny, but take me seriously. Tupac had songs where he was cursing his ass off, talking about guns, talking about war. Then he had songs like "Keep Ya Head Up." He uplifted women in certain songs, he talked about revolution, and he talked about our becoming better people, changing the way we live, changing the way we eat. Nobody's perfect, which is one thing I'm trying to get people to understand about rap music.

PLAYBOY: A funny rapper seems easy to dismiss, but black comics are usually a lot

more serious than white ones. They do more than tell jokes.

LUDACRIS: They're very political, they're very serious. It's not just jokes. They talk about a lot of issues going on in America today, and it's okay because you're laughing about it. I love black comedy. Sometimes it's brutal—Richard Pryor talked about everything going on in his life. People gravitated to him because you can't blame a man for telling the truth, no matter how many curse words he says. Some stuff that happens in your life makes you want to curse. Comedians can touch the closest on certain issues and get heard and still get away with it. They're sneaking it in. But they won't let us rappers sneak it in.

PLAYBOY: So for instance, someone like



A lot of people have been casting stones at me. I'm here to defend myself and my music.

Martin Luther King Jr. got assassinated, but Richard Pryor didn't?

LUDACRIS: No comedian gets assassinated, but Tupac and Biggie Smalls got killed.

PLAYBOY: You think comedians get away with things rappers can't?

LUDACRIS: People point the finger at rap and not at the government because they live in fear. We all live in fear of our government. Without my getting too deep, the government does its job by distracting us. It sways us from a lot of issues we could be barking about. It's easy to blame rap music for every damn thing, but I am tired of people trying to point the finger at me while it's perfectly okay for black comics to do what they do. People love to cast stones at rap.

PLAYBOY: Lately they've been casting stones at you.

LUDACRIS: A lot of people have been casting stones at me, but it's okay. I take responsibility for everything I've done and for growing from my first album to where I am now. It's such an easy cop-out to blame rap music. People can come after me all they want. Maybe it's because I'm articulate and I'm in the public eye. Maybe everybody took Bill O'Reilly's lead and felt like since he jumped on me, it's okay. I'm here to let you know I'm not just going to shut my mouth. I'm going to tell you what's on my mind. I didn't ask for the Oprah situation, I didn't ask for the Bill O'Reilly situation, but I'm here to defend myself and my music. I don't claim to know it all, and I've learned from my mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Why does the media spend so much time worrying about how music is hurting kids while neglecting how government policies hurt kids?

LUDACRIS: Exactly. One of my albums sells 3 million copies; George Bush has control over 300 million people. But they just want to blame us. Rappers are basically speaking about what the government has done, what's going on in the world. Rap is like the news. The news is depressing as hell, but it's reality. Do you criticize the news? No. So how are you going to criticize rap music?

PLAYBOY: O'Reilly called you a thug rapper. Are you one?

LUDACRIS: You can't put me in a category.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say you've done some thug songs?

LUDACRIS: For sure. I have a lot of different sides to me, and I'm just trying to elaborate on the thug life. I have so many different elements, but people want to try to label me as this or that. I'm a businessman at the end of the day. We hate the term *rapper* these days, man. I'm an entrepreneur. I like to

say I'm an entrepreneur. [laughs] To me, *rapper* is an insult.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your entrepreneurship.

LUDACRIS: I'm in real estate and the clothing business, I'm the CEO of a record label, I'm a philanthropist, and I'm an actor. That's five off the top of my head. Another aspect of being a businessman is not telling the media the other five businesses I have. A silent-partner type of thing.

PLAYBOY: Now, that is gangsta. How come you never went on O'Reilly's show to debate him?

LUDACRIS: Because I've seen him completely regulate an interview. He controls the microphone. It wouldn't be fair

because he says what he wants to say and then talks over you. So it didn't make any sense to me.

PLAYBOY: You got a lot of free advertising from him. Did he help your career?

LUDACRIS: He may have, but he may have hindered it also. People who knew nothing about me heard about me, but they automatically took his opinion that I'm a menace to society. They believed him because they don't know any better. I don't know if he helped my career, but he definitely helped me out as a person. Anytime you face adversity and overcome it, you come out of the situation stronger.

PLAYBOY: Here's something O'Reilly said in 2001: "For years I've been saying the antisocial lyrics contained in many rap songs and the overall tone of boorish behavior in the hip-hop world are having a destructive influence on many of America's most at-risk children." Do you agree with any of that?

LUDACRIS: I can't speak for the whole hip-hop community, but I go back to what we were talking about earlier: Everybody tries to blame rap music. I agree that we have an influence, sometimes positive and sometimes negative; if there weren't one, there couldn't be the other. That being said, if people grow up in a negative environment—and I do speak for all rappers when I say this—they have to get that off their chest on a first or second album. So much anger and animosity is built up, not only in rappers but in any lower-class individuals—poor white people also; it doesn't have to be race-related. They feel they're getting the short end of the stick. A lot of rappers are young and may feel they need to do a violent song because it's the industry norm. As you get older your mind isn't as conditioned as it was before, and you understand 100 percent that you have an influence. Then you become conscious. But that doesn't necessarily mean you try to do different things. Some people are conscious of their influence, but they're scared to try different things.

PLAYBOY: So rappers actually do what politicians are supposed to do, represent their constituents?

LUDACRIS: We're just speaking on behalf of people who don't have a voice. And all this goes in a circle. If we sell a lot of records, we're a "bad influence" because we have a voice and reach the masses. But all we're doing is speaking for them.

PLAYBOY: Tell us what happened when the cast of *Crash* went on *Oprah*.

LUDACRIS: The cast was invited, but I wasn't. For what reason I don't know. They said only a certain number of people could come on the show. That's bullshit. This is Oprah—she can have as many people on her show as she wants. So my agent fought to get me on, and I got a call the night before, saying I could come. It was a little weird, like being invited to somebody's house but being told to use the back door. The whole show was built



Name Game

Christopher Bridges is a nobody. Ludacris is a star. Crafting the right alias is an art. Can you match the hip-hoppper's stage name with the one his mama gave him?

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Snoop Dogg | a. William Drayton Jr. |
| 2. Ja Rule | b. O'Shea Jackson |
| 3. Eazy-E | c. Michael Tyler |
| 4. Lil Jon | d. Joseph Simmons |
| 5. LL Cool J | e. Shawn Carter |
| 6. Timbaland | f. Ahmir Thompson |
| 7. Nate Dogg | g. Artis Ivey Jr. |
| 8. Paul Wall | h. Calvin Broadus |
| 9. Young Jeezy | i. Earl Simmons |
| 10. Ginuwine | j. Cornell Haynes Jr. |
| 11. Too \$hort | k. Christopher Wallace |
| 12. 50 Cent | l. Mark Andrews |
| 13. Nelly | m. Anthony Davis |
| 14. Busta Rhymes | n. Jonathan Smith |
| 15. Juvenile | o. Trevor Smith Jr. |
| 16. DMX | p. Terius Gray |
| 17. Biz Markie | q. Todd Shaw |
| 18. Coolio | r. Earl Stevens |
| 19. Dr. Dre | s. James Todd Smith |
| 20. Jay-Z | t. Marcel Hall |
| 21. Master P | u. Howard Bailey Jr. |
| 22. ?uestlove | v. Elgin Lumpkin |
| 23. Chingy | w. Dante Smith |
| 24. Mystikal | x. Brad Jordan |
| 25. The Notorious B.I.G. | y. Russell Jones |
| 26. B-Real | z. Richard Shaw |
| 27. MC Hammer | aa. Louis Freese |
| 28. Ice Cube | bb. Jeffrey Atkins |
| 29. Beenie Man | cc. Curtis Jackson |
| 30. Sisqo | dd. Eric Wright |
| 31. E-40 | ee. Warren Mathis |
| 32. Eminem | ff. Nathaniel Hale |
| 33. Bubba Sparxxx | gg. Andre Young |
| 34. Bushwick Bill | hh. Jay Jenkins |
| 35. Flavor Flav | ii. Stanley Burrell |
| 36. Redman | jj. Tim Mosely |
| 37. Reverend Run | kk. Percy Miller |
| 38. Scarface | ll. Paul Slayton |
| 39. Mos Def | mm. Marshall Mathers |
| 40. Ol' Dirty Bastard | nn. Reggie Noble |

Answers: 1-h; 2-b; 3-d; 4-n; 5-s; 6-ll; 7-ff; 8-ll; 9-hh; 10-v; 11-q; 12-cc; 13-ll; 14-o; 15-p; 16-t; 17-f; 18-g; 19-gg; 20-e; 21-kk; 22-f; 23-u; 24-c; 25-k; 26-aa; 27-ii; 28-b; 29-m; 30-f; 31-r; 32-mm; 33-ee; 34-z; 35-u; 36-nn; 37-d; 38-x; 39-w; 40-y.
Compiled by Rocky Rakovic (a.k.a. Robert Joseph Rakovic Jr.)

around not judging people—just as *Crash* was about not instantly judging people—and as soon as I sat down I was judged. Oprah's first words to me were "Now, you know I don't agree with your lyrics." I felt that absolutely didn't have to be said. The panel was talking about *Crash*, but I was onstage basically defending all of hip-hop. She was lecturing me about something that had absolutely nothing to do with the show.

PLAYBOY: So what happened next?

LUDACRIS: After she said that, I kind of defended myself. We got into a whole spiel about degrading women, about the word *bitch*, about the word *nigga*. And a lot of my defending myself was completely edited out of the final cut. That is the only problem I have with Oprah. I respect her opinion, but she did not at all respect mine.

PLAYBOY: After the show, you and she had a private discussion. What did she say?

LUDACRIS: I told her, "I'm still a young man. I'm still learning from my mistakes." I specifically remember her saying she'd had skinheads on her show, and as much as people talked about how bad they were, she felt she was empowering them by having them on.

PLAYBOY: So rappers are as bad as skinheads?

LUDACRIS: I'm just giving you the facts. I'm being very careful here. But in my opinion, yeah. That's what I got from it.

PLAYBOY: She equates rappers with skinheads but insists she doesn't have a problem with hip-hop.

LUDACRIS: I don't believe her when she says that. I wish I knew what her problem was. Who can be worse than the rapists she's had on her show? She has the power to make people understand rap if she wants to. The only thing I can understand, though I don't agree, is that her problem has to do with the degrading of women. Of course, there *is* degrading of women in rap.

PLAYBOY: We'll get to that later. She says she told you a lot of people who listen to your music aren't as smart as you are and take your songs literally.

LUDACRIS: Does that mean I should dumb down my lyrics? That's a bit of an insult to rap fans. There is a parental-advisory sticker on my albums. Teens find a way to buy them, just as they find ways to get into R-rated movies.

PLAYBOY: Would you go back on *Oprah*?

LUDACRIS: I would love to go back live. That's my take. The only thing I want to get out of this situation is for her to admit to the media, or to me, that what she did to me on her show wasn't right. Admit she was wrong. I don't think she'll ever admit it.

PLAYBOY: And now you've put her in a song, just as you did O'Reilly.

LUDACRIS: I did. It's called "Freedom of Preach," and it's a church-type song playing off "freedom of speech." I ask God to forgive Oprah. [laughs] What

do you think about that? I'm talking to God, saying I'm sorry for the things I've done, then I ask him to forgive people who've done things to me. "Forgive those who don't think I'm great and want to see me go./ Forgive Oprah for editing most of my comments off her show./ Don't get me wrong, I know some people got an image to hold,/ But those who criticize the youth might just be getting too old."

PLAYBOY: You've also written songs about your childhood. In "Child of the Night" you talk about living with your mom in a one-room apartment. Is that true?

LUDACRIS: Hell, yeah. My mother and I lived in one room—just one room—in my aunt's place on the South Side of Chicago, at 87th and Ashland. It was a struggle. My mom worked two jobs and still went to school, walked miles to get home. We didn't have anything, no car, but we got help from family. I was side by side with her, and I understood what it's like to come from absolutely nothing, to feed a child, to set goals and try to get ahead. It was probably the hardest point in my life, but I became strong. At

*I learned so much from being
in the street—seeing
people selling drugs, gangs,
violence. What kept me
from that path? I loved music.
It kept me focused.*

around eight or nine years old I had to get up at six o'clock in the morning to take the train downtown. The neighborhood was pretty serious. There were a lot of gangs I almost fell victim to.

PLAYBOY: In "Diamond in the Back" you talk about getting a whupping. What did you get whupped for?

LUDACRIS: I used to be a bad little man. The worst whuppin' I remember was because I threw a rock and broke a neighbor's window—I don't remember why. My mother told me to go find a stick. I brought back a little one and she said, "That's not big enough." I had to keep getting them until one was big enough, and then I got my whuppin'.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever in trouble with the law?

LUDACRIS: Yeah, I've been in trouble with the law. Luckily my record is pretty clean because a lot of my run-ins happened when I was a juvenile. I'm not at liberty to talk too much about all that.

PLAYBOY: C'mon, what did you do?

LUDACRIS: You can just say I was running with the wrong crowd a lot.

PLAYBOY: You spent some summers with

your dad in Atlanta. Why did your parents separate?

LUDACRIS: My mother and father don't like me to talk about how they split up. I hate that I have to censor myself, but there are certain things I don't want to get out, to protect my family.

PLAYBOY: Why did you move in with your dad?

LUDACRIS: I begged. I needed some fatherly love. I also had a motive: I wanted to live with my dad because of the music scene in Atlanta. It was the Motown of the South. TLC, OutKast, Kris Kross, Another Bad Creation, all the different record companies—So So Def, LaFace, Rowdy Records. Kids were getting put on in Atlanta, and my dad actually lived there. I missed him, but at the same time I wanted to get discovered.

PLAYBOY: Were you sent to live with him because you were getting into trouble in Chicago?

LUDACRIS: To a certain degree. But it's not like moving in with my dad cured me of doing bad things. I did a couple of things that shall remain off the record. I was caught shoplifting rap CDs: Black Sheep, LL Cool J, A Tribe Called Quest. The streets raised me, even though I never joined a gang per se. I learned so much from being in the street—seeing people selling drugs, gangs, violence. What kept me from that path? I loved music. It kept me focused, kept me busy. You know how there are recreation centers to keep kids out of the street? Music kept me out of the street.

PLAYBOY: Did your father support your plan to be a rapper?

LUDACRIS: My father loved music—the Gap Band, Frankie Beverly and Maze, James Brown, Michael Jackson. I owe my musical background to my father. When I was six or seven I heard U.T.F.O.'s "Roxanne, Roxanne." I gravitated toward that song so much. My dad bought me a copy. After that came Kurtis Blow's "If I Ruled the World," the Fat Boys' "All You Can Eat" and then Run-D.M.C. Now I have retired my parents. My mother is actually the president of my foundation.

PLAYBOY: In a couple of songs you mention your being light skinned. Do you have mixed ancestry?

LUDACRIS: There's Native American in the family. When I was around 13, my grandfather—may he rest in peace—showed me pictures and talked about the heritage and how far the family goes back.

PLAYBOY: Is that the same grandfather you talk about in "Hard Times"?

LUDACRIS: *Mm-hmm*. I was real close to him. He was just very strong, physically and mentally. He instilled motivation and intelligence and the importance of education into every one of his children, every one of his grandchildren. They used to call him the Egg Man.

PLAYBOY: Why was he called that?

LUDACRIS: He had a store where he

Real Bowflex®, Real Results ...

Get Your Own Bowflex® Body, Now Just \$19 a Month!*

Introducing the All-New Bowflex Xtreme™ Home Gym

Built for serious strength training, the New Bowflex Xtreme™ features traditional gym-style design, built-in lat tower, adjustable upper & lower pulley positions, and a reinforced X-shaped base for unmatched stability. It's compact enough to fit into any workout space – yet the Bowflex Xtreme™ home gym performs over 65 gym-quality exercises. *All this for just \$19 a month!**

Results You Can See in Just 6 Weeks – GUARANTEED!†

Just 20 minutes a day, 3 days a week is all it takes to get rock-hard abs, a sculpted chest, and powerful arms & legs using the new Bowflex Xtreme™ home gym ... *in as little as 6 weeks*. Results guaranteed – or your money back (less shipping and handling) – with our 100% Satisfaction Guarantee!

Bring Home REAL Bowflex® Quality

Over 1 million Bowflex® customers know that nothing else compares to Genuine Bowflex® Power Rod® Technology for professional-level performance and proven results. Now it's your turn:

Call (800) 952-8218 and take the Bowflex® Challenge today!

LOOK AT ALL YOU GET!

- Built-in Lat Tower and Squat Station
- Adjustable Upright Seating
- Adjustable Upper & Lower Pulleys
- Commercial Quality Construction with 7-Year Limited Warranty
- No-Time-Limit Power Rod® Warranty
- 100% Satisfaction Guarantee†



Plus a **FREE†** Leg Attachment — a \$200.00 value!



FREE†
LEG ATTACHMENT
You Save \$200

Call Now & Pay Just \$19/month!*

(800) 952-8218

www.bowflexweb.com

YES! Reserve my Bowflex™ Xtreme Home Gym with **FREE†** Leg Attachment.

I'll pay just \$19/month* on a Bowflex™ Credit Card – or I can pay in full using a major credit card.

Not ready to order? Call for a FREE Video or DVD!

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

Mail to: Nautilus, Inc., 16400 SE Nautilus Dr., Vancouver, WA 98683 or Call (800) 952-8218

1006PLAYBOYJKRST



*On your Bowflex™ credit card, subject to credit approval. The Reduced Rate 16.99% APR and minimum monthly payment of 1.5% of the purchase price are effective from the date of purchase for 12 months if your Account is kept current. The number of months you will pay and the amount of your total minimum payment due will depend on additional purchases and your Account balances. Thereafter, the standard minimum monthly payment and the Standard Rate 21.8% APR will apply. For Accounts not kept current, the promotion will be cancelled, the Default Rate 25.8% APR and standard monthly payments will apply. Minimum Finance Charge \$1. Certain rules apply to the allocation of payments and Finance Charges on your promotional purchase if you make more than one purchase on your Bowflex™ credit card. Call 1-866-367-4310 or review your cardholder agreement for information. Estimated monthly payments do not include taxes, and shipping and handling. Quoted shipping charges are for the 48 contiguous states. For shipping costs to Alaska or Hawaii, call 1-800-269-3539. We regret that we cannot ship to a P.O. box or international destinations. †Excludes shipping and handling. ‡Excludes shipping and handling. Offer subject to change without notice. Offer may not be combined with any other offers. ©2006, Nautilus, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Bowflex, the Bowflex logo and Power Rod are registered trademarks of Nautilus, Inc. BFMG0509 (1006)

sold dairy products, and he would get up every morning and make deliveries around the neighborhood in Mount Vernon, New York.

PLAYBOY: What did he teach you?

LUDACRIS: He taught me about perseverance, self-motivation and goal setting.

PLAYBOY: While you were finishing high school, you began working at a radio station. Were you a star instantly?

LUDACRIS: I was an intern on the morning show. I was the youngest person at the station, and the listeners were all my age, so it was only a matter of time before I became a star. It was a means to an end for me, a way to live out my dream. Like I told you, ever since I was nine I'd been going through demo tapes with different groups. I made mistakes. I signed bogus contracts. Then I started doing station IDs for everyone on the air, and I made a name for myself. People heard them and it was just like, "Who is this dude?" They put me on the graveyard shift, two A.M. to six A.M., for a month or two. After that another guy and I were given our own show. Once we had our own show, it just blew up.

PLAYBOY: While you were using the station's production studio to record commercials, were you also recording your songs there?

LUDACRIS: That's where I made my demo tapes. Jermaine Dupri heard one and put me on the *Madden 2000* video game. That added to my résumé. Timbaland heard one and put me on *Tim's Bio*, and that added to my résumé.

PLAYBOY: The biggest hip-hop executives and producers all passed on you. L.A. Reid, Dallas Austin, Jermaine Dupri, Timbaland, Puff Daddy—every single one decided not to sign you.

LUDACRIS: I sat in L.A. Reid's office, and he did not sign me. It's ironic because L.A. Reid is now the chairman of my record company. He just didn't hear it, I guess. That's what he said. He also said it was the biggest mistake of his life.

PLAYBOY: Is that something you want to gloat about now?

LUDACRIS: Oh, I've gloated before. *[laughs]* I say to L.A., "Man, do you realize how much money you could have made?"

PLAYBOY: So you were an underdog?

LUDACRIS: Oh, hell, yeah. For sure.

PLAYBOY: No one thought you were going to be a star, but you got signed through your own perseverance and goal setting. You were the Egg Man.

LUDACRIS: That's real. You're connecting the dots, man, and it's a beautiful thing. It all goes back to the Egg Man. I did it legally, as opposed to lots of other rappers who have made it damn near a cliché that you have to sell drugs to get into the game. You can do it the legal way. I've never sold a drug in my life, and I'm still accepted.

PLAYBOY: So how did you do it?

LUDACRIS: I was impatient, so I made an independent album. I'm good at saving, man.

PLAYBOY: Were you making good money at the station?

LUDACRIS: I was making \$500 every damn two weeks. It got a little better over time, but at the end, my salary was \$30,000 a year. Being at the radio station gave me other opportunities, like hosting a show at a club. They'd give you that nontaxable income, slide you \$200 for hosting the night. I would save it. It went toward a fund for trying to make an independent album.

PLAYBOY: You learned to live cheaply?

LUDACRIS: Clothes were free because I worked at the radio station. A lot of food came free because I worked at the radio station. I was able to cut corners.

PLAYBOY: How serious were you? Did you skip going on vacation?

LUDACRIS: Oh, man. Don't get me started. Life is all about prioritizing if you set a goal for yourself, and a lot of people don't understand that. So when I say I was getting clothes free from the station, I mean I would walk around with the same three T-shirts and pair of jeans for a good year, honestly speaking.

PLAYBOY: Did you give up having girl-

I did it legally, as opposed to lots of other rappers who have made it a cliché that you have to sell drugs to get into the game. I've never sold a drug in my life.

friends? Dating can be expensive.

LUDACRIS: I didn't give up having girlfriends. I would use the benefits I had from working at the station, you know what I'm saying?

PLAYBOY: "Honey, here's your free T-shirt."

LUDACRIS: Stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: "We're going out for a free dinner tonight."

LUDACRIS: "We're going to the movies because there's a screening and the radio station has passes."

PLAYBOY: You must have worn out a lot of shoes from hustling.

LUDACRIS: When I was working at that station, I started throwing my own parties for high school students. This was damn near illegal, and I had to do it in a roundabout way. I would have somebody pay \$2,000 to run commercials on the station for a week, but the money actually came out of my pocket. I would put fliers on every windshield in the parking lot of every surrounding high school. I would rent a club for another \$1,500, and at the party I would make my money back and then some. This is another way I paid for the album.

PLAYBOY: How much did the record cost to make?

LUDACRIS: I spent \$20,000 over a period of about three years. From there it was a wrap. I sold 20,000 records, which is unheard of for an independent CD. All the record companies were beating down my door. I chose Def Jam because of its history—it didn't even offer the most money. Elektra Records was offering more, but what would have happened if I had gone to Elektra? It would have been a totally different story.

PLAYBOY: What was the number on the check?

LUDACRIS: Should I really tell you that? It was seven figures. Over \$1 million, under \$2 million. I put a down payment on a home, man.

PLAYBOY: C'mon, you didn't buy anything stupid with it? Rappers are supposed to spend their first check on jewelry.

LUDACRIS: Yeah, I definitely bought some jewelry. But a house, that was the first thing.

PLAYBOY: Success probably didn't hurt your sex life, either. When did you discover sex?

LUDACRIS: The first time I discovered sex probably was in *PLAYBOY*. You guys are corrupt. Why don't they blame you for all the problems going on? Blame *PLAYBOY*, not rappers.

PLAYBOY: They used to blame *PLAYBOY* in the days before rap.

LUDACRIS: *[Laughs]* Right. When I was 10 or 11 I discovered my father's stash of *PLAYBOYS*. That's when I discovered sex, by flipping through the pages.

PLAYBOY: In "Splash Waterfalls" you talk about doing it "doggy and froggy style." Doggy style we understand, but how do you do it froggy style?

LUDACRIS: Think about how a frog sits. The woman sits in the frog position and goes up and down like a frog. All the man has to do is lie there. And yes, I have done it froggy style.

PLAYBOY: You've done songs about ménages à trois, whips and chains, tea bagging. Have you done all the things you rap about?

LUDACRIS: Yeah. I've experienced a lot of things—but safe things. People may not believe me, but I can count on one hand the number of people I've had unprotected sex with. So as nasty as people want to make me out to be—maybe I've had a lot of sex, but it's been a lot of safe sex.

PLAYBOY: How many hands would you need to count the total number of women you've slept with? You once rapped about passing Wilt Chamberlain's number of 20,000.

LUDACRIS: I don't think I can mess with Wilt Chamberlain. There's one line I exaggerated.

PLAYBOY: Now we're wondering what else you exaggerated, because you also rap that you've got nine inches.

(continued on page 138)

THE CHIVAS LIFE®



THIS IS THE EVERY DAY IS A WEEKEND,
PUT ON OUR DANCING SHOES, THEY'RE
ALWAYS PLAYING OUR SONG LIFE



Enjoy THE CHIVAS LIFE® responsibly. www.chivas.com
CHIVAS REGAL® 12 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).
©2006 Imported by Chivos Bros. Import Co., White Plains, NY

THE BASEMENT

WHY DO YOUNG MEN ENGAGE IN RITES OF PASSAGE THAT
KILL? A PLAYBOY SPECIAL REPORT ON A CAMPUS TRAGEDY

They take the men down to the dank basement. The temperature hovers around 40 degrees, but as the night goes on it will get colder. Windows are missing, and the men can see their breath. Sewage has backed up; the concrete floor is covered with three inches of gray water strewn with cigarette butts, garbage and dark chunks. They ask the men questions, and when they don't like the answers, they make the men get down in the water.

Two nights later the men are taken down again. They order them up onto a bench and pass them a five-gallon bottle of water. When they don't like the men's answers, they order them to drink. And drink. And to pour the bottle over their heads.

The water makes the men dizzy, the room taking on an eerily bright cast. The huge man rages and orders the fans turned up full blast. There will be no mercy in the basement tonight. The water, the questions, the water, the questions. One bottle is downed, then two, then three, then four—more than 20 gallons drunk or poured over the shivering bodies of the two men.

They warn the men not to urinate, but the

gallons must go somewhere, threatening to burst their swollen bladders and engorged stomachs. The men pee themselves, the warm waves of urine spilling down their legs, humiliation a small price to pay for the momentary respite from the cold. They retch up the water in long arcs, vomiting till they're ordered back up onto the bench and handed another bottle and another. Finally one of the tormentors has a different sort of question: "Did you know you could die from drinking too much water?"

The time is nearly four A.M., Wednesday, February 2, 2005. Down in the basement no one thinks twice about the Geneva Convention's ban on torture. This is not Guantánamo Bay or Afghanistan or a secret CIA prison in Eastern Europe. Mike Quintana and Matt Carrington are students at Chico State University, pledges at the Chi Tau fraternity. During the next hour the tormentors, the men they hope to call brothers, will determine whether they live or die.

Wired into our frenetic, high-tech world, we find it easy to forget the origins of male rites of passage, to think only of their most recent incarnations: rituals passed down by sports

BY
JONATHAN
LITTMAN





"Did you know you could die from drinking too much water?" The seven young men involved in the tragedy at Chico State University were not anyone's idea of stereotypical frat boys. Top: Matt Carrington, "Super Pledge," never planned on joining a fraternity. He was an exceedingly polite boy who wanted to be an accountant after graduating. Second row, from left: Jerry Lim, a U.S. Air Force veteran who proudly wore the title of pledge general; Gebe Maestretti, Chi Tau's genial Falstaff, who weighed 300 pounds and was nicknamed after a monster truck; John Paul Fickes, a bright, slightly insecure boy who said of his frat brothers, "They liked me. They thought I was a cool guy." Third row, from left: Carlos Abrille, Chi Tau's house manager; Mike Fernandez, a strapping athlete who also maintained good grades; Mike Quintane, asked by a family friend to look after Carrington at Chico. Bottom: the basement corner where the pledges were forced to sleep.

teams, college fraternities or the Boy Scouts. But few traditions are more ancient than forcing a boy through painful tests of courage and will to shatter his adolescence. Bloody beatings, wounds that scar, harsh ordeals in the wild—for thousands of years these have been the ways a boy becomes a man.

Classic male initiations began by ripping the boy from his mother. As Alex Haley showed in *Roots*, boys of the Mandinka tribe were literally kidnapped, removed to a male camp, run through rites of hunting and fighting, and then publicly circumcised. The myth of man carving his character and place in the world through dangerous, noble deeds has a timeless appeal. By the early 19th century American men placed huge stock in proving their manhood before other males. What actually made a man, however, was somehow mysterious. "The reason why this or that man is fortunate is not to be told," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson. "It lies in the man; that is all anybody can tell you about it."

Young men went west; they sought oil or gold, or they searched out a stage on which to prove their manliness. Matt and Mike went to Chico State. Over the years, the school has made a name for itself, earning notoriety in this magazine and others for its comely coeds and legendary party spirit. Chico would seem the ultimate California university town, and it is true that the quaint old Western downtown is crowded with bars. But Chico is far closer to Oregon than Los Angeles, lodged in the sparsely populated northern corner of the state. General John Bidwell founded the city in 1860 and planted lovely trees of endless variety, which now tower over the wandering creek that ambles through the pleasant campus here. Snow occasionally blankets the foothills in winter, agriculture and mining are the region's big industries, and a few miles away lonely stretches evoke New Mexico's high-mountain desert. Sacramento, the closest city of note, is more than two hours distant; San Francisco is three. Unless you happened to have grown up in this city of about 80,000, Chico is a long way from home.

Those fortunate enough to attend prestigious universities may find it easy to dismiss a young man who would choose Chico State and join a fraternity with a reputation like Chi Tau's. But the lives and character of the handful of youths in this drama reveal a far more complex reality. The fate of Matt Carrington and Mike Quintana rested on those who had most recently survived the ordeal, the pledges from the class just before theirs, called the junior actives. The logic—common not just to fraternities but to other male-dominated places as well—is brutally simple. Those who have just endured the abuse get first crack at dishing it out, their authority unquestioned. They've got bump.

Jerry Lim proudly wore the title of pledge general, a fitting one, since he had served in the Air Force. Short and intelligent, Jerry had hauntingly bad luck. His father left when Jerry was a year old; his mother was suicidal. Jerry scored brilliantly on the SAT and was accepted by the University of California, Berkeley, but his mother pushed him to join the Air Force. Jerry hated the military, leaving after three years to enter UC Santa Barbara at the age of 21; he partied there and soon flunked out. One month after his mother killed herself Jerry moved to Chico and rushed frats for the free beer, only to discover he actually liked the guys at Chi Tau. In spring 2004 he pledged, aspiring to be pledge master the next semester.

John Paul Fickes, a slight, ethereal boy, spent a lonely first semester with his grandparents, 30 miles away in a rural hamlet. A soccer player in high school, John Paul didn't drink or think of himself as a typical frat guy but found friendship with some "really smart" Chi Tau guys. The holder of a 3.9 high school GPA, who adored theater and dreamed of studying law, John Paul was impressed that many in the frat were putting themselves through college. "They liked me," he has said, and he was asked to pledge in spring 2004. "They thought I was a cool guy."

Mike Fernandez, a strapping kid with good grades, was another gifted athlete drawn to Chi Tau. His first night in Chico his roommate, Ken Dandy, took him to a Chi Tau party. Beers were being sold from a soda machine, three bands were jamming, and the house was packed with at least 500 people, girls lifting up their shirts and flashing. Ken fell for the frat, pledged that fall and soon became Chi Tau president. He convinced Fernandez that the guys were cool, that pledging was the best decision he'd ever made. Ken, who was on the Chico debate team, could be pretty persuasive. Fernandez said he also couldn't help (continued on page 70)

THE LOGIC IS BRUTALLY SIMPLE: THOSE WHO ENDURED THE ABUSE GET FIRST CRACK AT DISHING IT OUT. NO QUESTIONS.

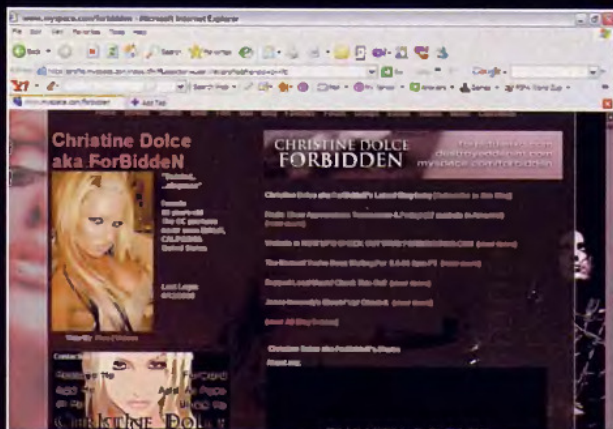


FORBIDDEN FRUIT

MySpace phenom Christine Dolce in the flesh

One look at Christine Dolce—with her trademark smile-snarl, a diamond piercing below her lower lip, her body so sculpted it looks like a weapon—and there's no mistaking her for a shrinking violet. Chances are you've seen her, admired her. She has gained a certain fame, or at least notoriety, for being herself on MySpace, where she is known as Forbidden. Two years ago she was working as a Chanel makeup girl at a department store when a friend suggested she put up a profile on the new site. "I was like, 'I don't know, it sounds kind of cheesy,'" she says. Nonetheless, the southern California native was one of MySpace's first 20,000 members, and her pics quickly got attention. Now the 25-year-old has nearly a million "friends," and her home page is one of the most visited on the MySpace network. Think of it as a vote of confidence for the coolest girl in school, only this school has about 90 million people.

So where did Christine get the handle Forbidden? She dated a big jock in high school who was known for being the jealous type. "His attitude was 'Don't even think about it or I'll punch you in the face!' People would say, 'What's up with the forbidden fruit?' Guys always want what they can't have. They want to take a bite out of the apple." Christine frequently gets recognized on the street for being the Forbidden girl on MySpace, and she says she's dated people she's met on the site. "You have a far greater chance of meeting someone you connect with there than you would going to a club, where the only guys who seem to have the courage to approach me are the drunk ones with nothing to lose," she says. "On the Internet you can get to know somebody a bit more. As sexual as I am on the site, in person I don't give that out until someone takes the time to see behind the exterior. Then my sexuality shines through." So far Forbidden is infamous just for being infamous. Though she's launched her own website, forbiddenxo.com, and a line of jeans called Destroyed Denim (customers send in their jeans and she custom "destroys" them), she says she's only getting started. She's not swimming in cash. She's never been to Mexico, never seen her favorite band, Nine Inch Nails. "Everybody thinks I live this lush lifestyle, but it hasn't happened yet." She flashes that trademark smile-snarl. "Yet."



"Sexuality is a big part of it," Christine says about the wave of attention she's gotten for her MySpace profile. "People do a double take. Guys see there's a mystique about me. I'm forbidden, off-limits. It can scare some guys off, but it attracts a lot more."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG







"I guess you could say I'm a mix of Trent Reznor and Madonna," says the Internet femme fatale when asked to define her come-hither-but-be-careful style. "I've always had a little bit of a rock-and-roll edge and been a little darker than the L.A.-sunshine cliché. I'm definitely open to all types of guys as long as they have style and ambition. But I always liked the bad boys with tattoos."





See more of Christine at cyber.playboy.com.

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE TRIVIA QUIZ

THIS IS NOT A TEST

**MANEATER OR THE SNAPPER? THE SHOT
GLASS OR THE SPITTOON? HERE'S A
TEST ON HIGHER ED'S MINOR DETAILS.
FEAR NOT: IT'S A TAKE-HOME**



1. Seth MacFarlane

2. Ali G

3. Conan O'Brien

4. Will Ferrell

1. Match the comedian with the remarks he made during Harvard's commencement weekend.

- A. "If you can laugh at yourself loud and hard every time you fall, people will think you are drunk."
- B. "I have banged chicks at every school in the Ivy League except Harvard. You are by far the toughest to get into."
- C. "Four of you—and I am not at liberty to say which four—will go on to magnificent careers in the porno industry. That's just a statistical fact."
- D. "You probably learnt a lot about de presidents. Like who was Jefferson and what did Lincoln give America—apart from de Town Car."

2. Which sexually risqué-sounding a cappella group doesn't exist?

- A. Aural Fixation, Boston University
- B. Reeg Arounds, Regis University
- C. Manginah, Brandeis University
- D. In the Buff, University of Colorado

3. Which one of these courses is a phony?

- A. Space Tourism Development, Rochester Institute of Technology: "Explore the unusual and often unique factors of hospitality and tourism management in an earth orbit habitat or other celestial bodies."
- B. Tightwaddery, or the Good Life on a Dollar a Day, Alfred University: "Spend money and you'll be happy. This is a lie perpetrated by the capitalists who want us to buy their products. This seminar will prove its falsity both in theory and in practice."
- C. The Evolution of Low Brow, Simon Fraser University: "Exploring the history of popular arts [which has been] further complicated by the emergence of photography and an international avant-garde."
- D. Dolphin Communications, Stetson University: "After ascertaining a grasp of clicks, you learn to implement pitches in both commands and conversational Porpoise with trained dolphins."

4. Which is not the name of a women's collegiate team?

- A. Bridgewater State College Fillies
- B. Northland College LumberJills
- C. Oberlin College Yeowomen
- D. Central Missouri State University Jennies

BY ROCKY RAKOVIC

BASEMENT (continued from page 60)

Matt and Mike were caught up in the pledge tradition: calisthenics, beer runs, cleaning the house.

but notice that his roommate, a "chubby guy with a beard," was suddenly going to cocktail parties in a three-piece suit, "all these hot girls hanging off him."

Ken offered his friend an elaborate Chi Tau history: Founded in 1939, the frat became affiliated with Delta Sigma Phi in 1956, and all the famous Chico guys were Delta Sigma. Except Fernandez knew his pal was laying it on thick. Chi Tau lost its national charter because of what Ken termed a "bad rap around school," and Fernandez was dubious of his friend's claim that we "can go back to Delta Sig anytime we want." Fernandez made the dean's list and was surprised to meet guys like himself, who were "really into school, focused." The closer—what pushed him to pledge—was the Chi Tau rush party in February 2004. They called it the Snow Social and carted in bales of hay and truckloads of snow from nearby Butte Meadows. They built a ramp and slid down it on snowboards and toboggans. "Just ridiculous," said Fernandez of the blowout, during which he snuggled up to more than a few coeds. "The girl-to-guy ratio was three or four to one."

Finally, there was Gabe Maestretti—Gabby, as his brothers affectionately called him—sumo-wrestler wide, topping 300 pounds, with a bowling-ball head. Gabe had wrestled in high school and played football till he blew out his knee. No dumb jock, he had acted in *Twelfth Night* and *Macbeth*. At Chico he played the part of the fun-loving pledge favorite, the jolly Falstaff. He majored in psychology, but partying took its toll. For two straight semesters he couldn't pull off Cs, and in late 2004 Gabe flunked out, reduced to working as a bouncer down the street at the raucous Madison Bear Garden.

Matt Carrington's first choice of schools was UC Santa Barbara, but when his Chico acceptance letter arrived in the summer of 2004 and there was no word from Santa Barbara, he headed north. By August he'd moved to Chico. Then, out of the blue, his Santa Barbara acceptance letter arrived, delayed by a computer error. Matt took it in stride, telling his mother he'd already begun preparing for the start of school, saying, "It's just meant to be."

The antithesis of the stereotypical frat boy, Matt was a polite, well-mannered young man, adored by his

mother and extended family. He'd been taking psychology courses for fun but was good at math and well organized, and hoped to become an accountant. For the past two years he'd shared an apartment with his father, rekindling a lost bond. Rangy, with a long, earnest face and jet-black hair, Matt was athletic though never the sort to join school teams. He was shy, and perhaps that was why a close family friend suggested he take her room in a little house in Chico after she'd graduated. Matt's two female roommates found him achingly sweet and soon drew him out for living-room study sessions lightened by episodes of *Friends*.

Through this family connection, Mike Quintana and Matt Carrington became pals. Matt's friend had asked Mike to look out for him. Whereas Matt was a bit awkward around girls, Mike had looks on his side: an easy, drowsy expression to match his tousled brown hair. He liked to party, and Matt couldn't believe the way he'd walk right up to some guy at a frat house, start talking to him and the next thing you knew he was in and chatting up the chicks. Just like that he dragged Matt around to a bunch of frats, decided Chi Tau was the one and invited his new friend along for the ride.

Matt said he was too busy, but Mike talked him into it, and soon the two were caught up in the fall pledge tradition: endless calisthenics, late-night runs to buy beer or pizza for the brothers, raising and lowering the flag in front of the frat, cleaning house, various and sundry humiliations. In late September they dipped down to southern California for the obligatory road trip with three fellow pledges. Mike's toughest task was to walk into a store in boxers, grab a beer out of the fridge, open it and ask, "Where's the Vaseline?" Matt had to swap shirts with a homeless man and make an appearance as a hooker in a miniskirt and heels on a crowded Los Angeles corner. As winter approached, the number of pledges dwindled. One quit, another was tossed for fighting, and a third left school. Attrition brought the fall class of 2004 down to just Matt and Mike. Quick-witted and good-natured, Matt earned the moniker Super Pledge, but he confessed to his mom that he was exhausted and just wanted it to be over. As the holidays neared, word came down that

their pledge class was being held over. They'd have to wait until after winter break for Hell Week.

•

Joseph Web smacked two freshmen in 1684 to become the first Harvard man expelled for hazing. The practice traces its origins to ancient Greece, where young scholars were often bloodied by wild pranks. In the Middle Ages what was called pennialism involved beatings with books or frying pans, the forced drinking of urine and public humiliation. University students had to suffer the abuse if they wanted to become professors or doctors, and Martin Luther famously advised, "You'll be subjected to hazing all your life."

Throughout the 19th century freshmen at major universities were forced to run errands for upperclassmen and serve as the butt of harsh practical jokes. "Fagging" was firmly ensconced at English public schools, with domination the rule; a younger student was a senior's fag—meaning he fetched food and drink—valet and whipping boy in one. Hazing gradually became more dangerous. One night in 1873 a Cornell pledge abandoned in the countryside plunged to his death in a gorge.

More than two students a year have died in hazing incidents over the past three decades. Highly publicized deaths and injuries have led more than 44 states to pass statutes to criminalize hazing. Although most fatalities have occurred with college fraternities and involved alcohol, hazing has become endemic on high school and college sports teams as well, and a flurry of illicit photos recently posted on badjocks.com has spawned investigations at several universities. A recent NCAA survey of more than 325,000 college athletes reported that the majority had been hazed and that 20 percent of those had been subjected to ritualized beatings, kidnapping and/or abandonment.

Is this hazing, brutal punishment or torture? Many assume torture requires interrogation, but that changed with the photos from Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq. There was a weird familiarity to those disturbing pictures. Except for their setting, a military prison, the images looked straight out of a fraternity, with the sadistic emphasis on nudity and sexual humiliation. Abuse rarely falls within neatly prescribed bounds. The incidents at Abu Ghraib resembled hazing, punishment and torture all at once. The abuses and gross humiliations carried out there and at Guantánamo drove home an old truth: Men have been torturing and committing

(continued on page 142)



OLIVIA

BRIDGET

"We promise to show you a purrfect evening...!"



To win a woman's heart,

play with her tongue.

Food 911's host shows us how

My Place at Eight?

Outside of sex, eating is the most primal and sensual act a human being can perform. That means good food isn't just like foreplay, it *is* foreplay. Once you've taken a girl out once or twice and met her friends, your next stop on the dating train *needs* to be dinner at your apartment, and it needs to be cooked by you. With the right recipes on your side and a few tricks from yours truly, you can come off like a master chef even if the closest you ever got to culinary school was the sloppy-joe bar in your eighth-grade cafeteria. Knowing how to cook a great meal is akin to having a well-tailored suit in your closet—it makes you look like a million bucks with a minimal amount of effort. The three dates' worth of dishes we present here were specifically chosen to look tantalizing while being nearly impossible to screw up. This will leave your mind free to focus on other important things, such as, say, making conversation and not getting caught staring at her legs. They're also designed to slowly turn up the heat, from the simple elegance of berries and crème fraîche on the first date to oysters, crab and filet mignon on the third. But don't worry—even when the food is extravagant it's still a cinch to make. And bear in mind that all three of these desserts double as fabulous breakfasts should the need arise. To maximize your food's impact, keep a few things in mind as you go. First, women eat with their eyes as much as their mouth. That means presentation counts for half, if not more. Don't skip subtle touches like sprigs of fresh basil or a curl of Parmesan shaved with a carrot peeler. Attention to detail is as important to cooking as it is to sex. Figure out who in your town sells the best vegetables, the best herbs, the best seafood and the best cuts of beef. Buy food in season. Find a wine-store employee who will make you look smart for your \$15 purchase. Pick the lady up in the morning with coffee in hand and take her food shopping to five different places; then cook the afternoon away over a blazing Syrah. She'll be asking to keep a toothbrush at your place in no time.

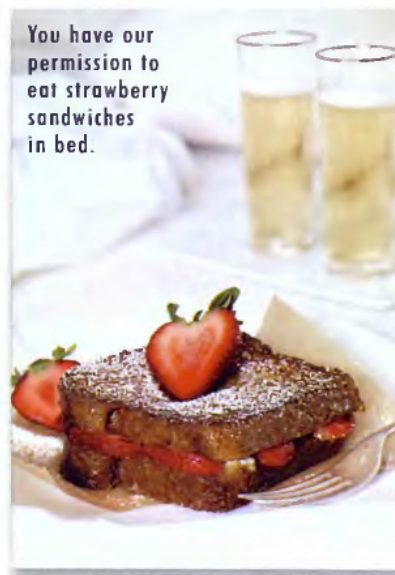
First Date: Effortless Elegance

Appetizer: Watermelon Gazpacho With Chilies and Feta

6 large tomatoes, pureed	2 tbs. minced red onion
1 serrano chili, pureed	1 cucumber, seeded and minced
8 oz. fresh watermelon, pureed	2 tbs. minced fresh dill
2 tbs. red wine vinegar	Salt and freshly ground black pepper
¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil	¼ cup crumbled feta cheese

Toss the tomatoes, chili, watermelon, red wine vinegar and olive oil into a blender and pulse. Fold in the onion, cucumber, dill and a little salt and pepper, and you're done. Serve at room temperature. Sprinkle on a little more dill and the feta before serving, to amp up the effect. This one's so easy, it's almost a crime.

You have our permission to eat strawberry sandwiches in bed.



By Tyler Florence

CLOTHES BY JOHN VARVATOS

Crispy Sesame Chicken Salad.



Entrée: Crispy Sesame Chicken Salad

2 boneless, skinless chicken breasts, cut crosswise into 1-inch-wide finger strips

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup panko bread crumbs

$\frac{1}{8}$ cup sesame seeds

Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup extra-virgin olive oil

Couple of large handfuls stemmed spinach leaves (about four cups)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cucumber, peeled and cut into thin strips

1 tbs. sesame seeds, toasted in a dry skillet

Vinaigrette:

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup soy sauce

Juice of half a lemon

1 tbs. rice wine vinegar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup extra-virgin olive oil

1-inch knob fresh ginger, peeled and chopped

1 tsp. sugar

In a bowl, whisk together the vinaigrette ingredients. Rinse the chicken strips and pat them dry with paper towels. Place them in a large bowl and pour in half the vinaigrette, then toss. Cover and let marinate in the fridge for 15 minutes to two hours. When ready to cook, put the bread crumbs and the sesame seeds in a shallow platter and season with salt and pepper. Roll the chicken pieces in the bread crumb mixture, patting gently, until they're well coated. Heat the olive oil in a large skillet on medium-high heat. Add the chicken pieces and cook two to three minutes on each side, until golden brown and crispy. Set them aside on paper towels to absorb any grease. Put the spinach and cucumber strips in a bowl, add the rest of the vinaigrette, season with salt and pepper, and toss. Divide the chicken between two plates, top with dressed spinach and cucumber, and shower with toasted sesame seeds and cracked black pepper.

Dessert: Fresh Strawberries With Crème Fraîche and Brown Sugar

1 cup fresh strawberries

1 cup crème fraîche

Squeeze of lemon juice

4 tbs. brown sugar

Clean the strawberries and place them on a platter. Add lemon juice to the crème fraîche and mix. Serve this mixture and the sugar in separate dipping bowls. Dip the strawberries into each and watch her light up.

Second Date: Now She's Hooked

Appetizer: Bruschetta With Garden Puree and Truffled Pecorino

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar snap peas, trimmed

1 lb. English peas, shelled

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. asparagus tips

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tender green beans, ends trimmed

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup whole-milk ricotta cheese

3 green onions, green parts only, roughly chopped

Extra-virgin olive oil

Kosher salt and freshly ground black peppers

1 baguette, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch-thick slices

2 cloves garlic, peeled

Truffled pecorino cheese shavings

Bring a pot of salted water to boil. Add peas, asparagus and beans. Cook for three minutes and drain. Transfer to a bowl of salted ice water to stop the cooking, and drain again. Set aside an eighth of the vegetable mix for garnish; toss the rest into a food processor with ricotta, onion greens, a drizzle of oil, and salt and pepper to taste, then buzz to a puree. Lay baguette slices on a cookie sheet. Drizzle them with olive oil and bake at 350 degrees until golden brown. While they're still warm, rub the toasted pieces with garlic. Spoon on the puree and top with some unpureed vegetable mixture and a shaving of pecorino.



Entrée: Spaghetti With Oven-Baked Clams, Pancetta, Cherry Tomatoes and Pesto

Pesto:

2 cups fresh basil

1 cup fresh Italian parsley

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Parmesan or Romano cheese

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted pine nuts

4 garlic cloves, roughly chopped

$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup extra-virgin olive oil

Clams:

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup extra-virgin olive oil

10 garlic cloves, smashed

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. pancetta, diced

2 dried red chilies, chopped

Handful of fresh basil leaves

40 littleneck clams, scrubbed

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine

2 pints vine cherry tomatoes, stems still on

Freshly ground black pepper to taste

1 lb. spaghetti

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Place all the pesto ingredients in a food processor, and puree. Bring a large pot of

salted water to a boil and put a medium roasting pan over two stove burners on medium heat. Add the olive oil, garlic, pancetta, chilies and basil and cook three to four minutes, until the pancetta renders. Add the clams, wine, tomatoes and a good amount of pepper and toss it all together. Place the pan in the oven until the clams open (about 10 minutes). Meanwhile, cook the pasta in the boiling water for seven to eight minutes and drain. If timed right, the pasta and clams will be ready at the same time. Pour the pasta into a serving bowl and toss it with the pesto. Pour the clam mixture over top.

Dessert: Strawberry Sandwiches With Brioche and Brie

2 slices brioche-style bread

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsalted butter, softened, plus 2 tbs. for browning

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

1 jar good-quality strawberry jam

1 pint strawberries, cored and sliced

6 oz. sliced Brie, at room temperature

Confectioners' sugar, for dusting

Butter the brioche slices on both sides. Sprinkle one side of each with regular sugar and turn the slices sugared-side down. Spread each slice with jam and cover with a layer of sliced strawberries, then a layer of Brie slices. Cap with the other piece of brioche (sugared side out), and press down gently. Heat one tablespoon of butter in a cast-iron skillet over a burner set to medium-low. Put the sandwich in the dry skillet and cook two to three minutes, until the sugar caramelizes, the bread turns golden and the cheese begins to melt. Flip and cook until the second side is golden. Remove from the pan, dust with confectioners' sugar, and cut into four pieces. Once cooled, the outside of the sandwich should snap like a crème brûlée. Serve warm with glasses of cold prosecco.

Third Date: First Class All the Way

Appetizer: Oysters With Caviar and Cantaloupe

1 dozen fresh oysters

1 large package sea salt

Seaweed pieces

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced cantaloupe

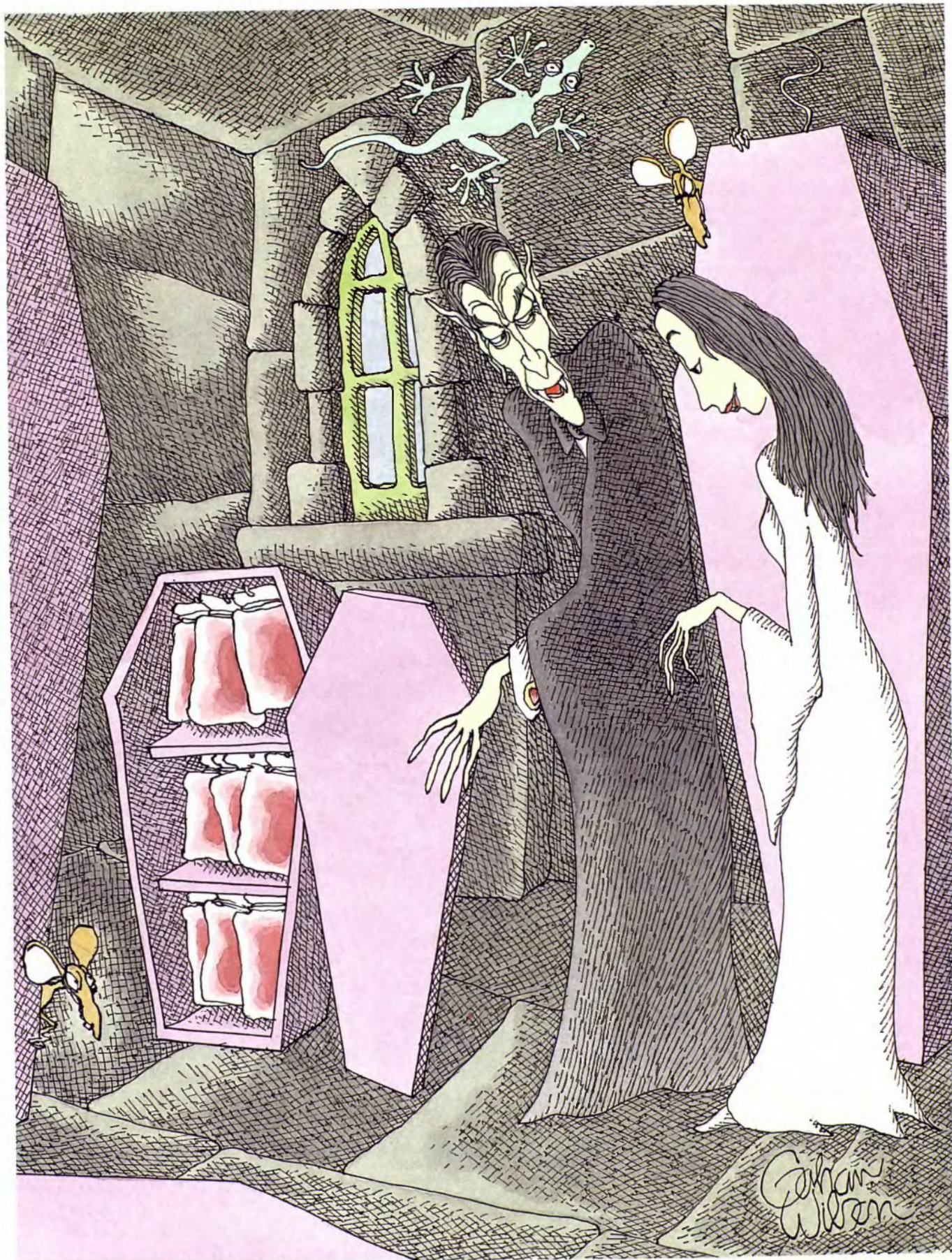
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup crème fraîche

2 lbs. good caviar

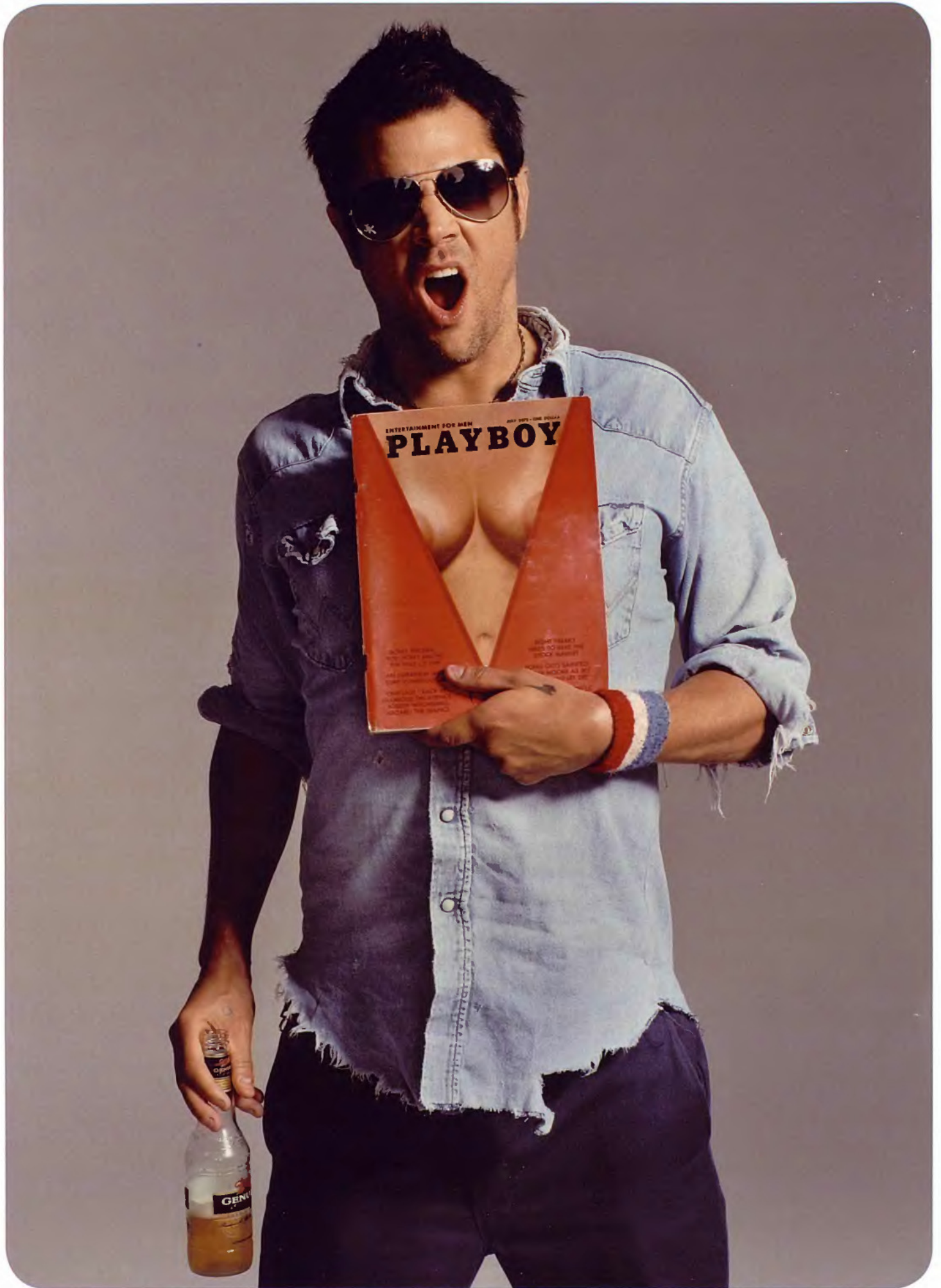
Shuck the oysters and arrange them on the half shell on a serving platter covered with sea salt and a little
(text concluded on page 132)

Oysters With Caviar and Cantaloupe.





"...And here is the snack bar."



2Q

BY JASON
BUHRMESTER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATT JONES



Johnny Knoxville

THE JACKASS IN CHIEF SOUNDS OFF ABOUT HIS NEW MOVIE, STEVE-O'S HEART (AND BRAINS), BAR FIGHTS, JESSICA SIMPSON AND BLOWING OFF *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*

Q1

PLAYBOY: Did you have to be convinced to do another *Jackass* movie?

KNOXVILLE: We thought the first movie was our last. Then I went to Russia while I was traveling with *Wildboyz*, and we got a lot of great stuff over there. I was really excited about it. *Jackass: The Movie* director Jeff Tremaine pulled me aside when we got back and said, "If you're going to go that big for TV, why don't we do another movie?" And I said, "Nah." I know *Jackass* is pretty silly stuff, but it means a lot to us. We thought it came off pretty well, and we didn't want to come out with something that would damage the first one. But we talked about it and sat down with our partner Spike Jonze. I thought Spike wouldn't be up for it. Once he was, I called the boys and said, "We're putting the band back together."

Q2

PLAYBOY: You put the faces of Tremaine and *Jackass* cinematographer Dimitry Elyashkevich on a billboard in L.A. advertising a fictional gay cruise line. How did they like it?

KNOXVILLE: I told them we were going to talk to the Los Angeles police to get permission for a bit that the cops

were mad about. When we got to the intersection where the billboard was I said, "Wow, what's that up there?" Jeff looked at it for a second, and then a huge smile came across his face. Dimitry said, "Wow. That really looks like me." Then a full three seconds went by—one one thousand...two one thousand...three one thousand—and he said, "That is me!" Then he started laughing. He was touched by it all. He kept saying, "You would do that for me? How much did that cost?" It was up for only a month, but everyone loved it so much and people were writing about it, so I asked them to put it up again. The guys couldn't have been more psyched. I thought about doing it to other members of the cast. It would make their day.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Do you try to pair people with stunts you know they're completely uncomfortable with?

KNOXVILLE: Oh yeah. We didn't know until we were making this film that Preston Lacy is completely terrified of heights. There's a stunt where he has to fall off something five feet high, and he just fucking shakes like Joe Cocker. When we find out someone has that gift,

we try to utilize it and get it on film. I don't like water, and I'm terrified of the cold. Ryan Dunn doesn't like water. Bam Margera doesn't like snakes. Steve-O is terrified of bulls. Oh, and condoms.

Q4

PLAYBOY: What are *Jackass* writers meetings like?

KNOXVILLE: Everyone is usually gassed on something. There's always a lot of booze. Everyone used to come over to my place, and for 45 minutes we'd get, like, three great ideas. Then we'd all get exhausted and take a break, but no one would ever get back to writing. So now we just try to get three ideas per meeting. Bam faxes his ideas, since he's in Pennsylvania. He draws a picture of what he wants to do, and he has a hilarious way of drawing—as soon as you see the drawing, you're on board. When we hear the fax machine, we know Bam is sending another idea.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Quentin Tarantino executive produced two movies you appear in, *Daltry Calhoun* and the upcoming *Killshot*. How does he fit in with the *Jackass* crowd?

KNOXVILLE: He's a Knoxville boy. I love that guy. He's (continued on page 131)

PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST
WINNER

IS THERE ANYTHING
MORE DANGEROUS
THAN A BORED
TEENAGE GIRL?

OZARK LAKE

FICTION
BY NICK CONNELL

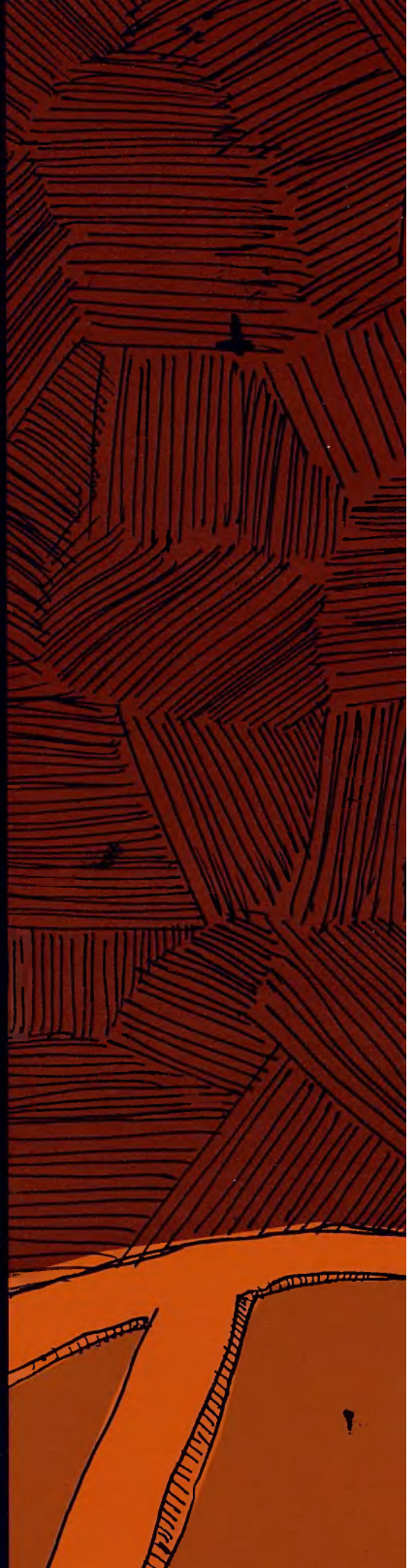
The girl was 15. It was summer, and she lived with her family in their summer home, in a patch of woods on a lake. Because she found nothing much to do at home, and because she did not have a car, she became used to walking a two-mile road to her best friend's house. It was a gravel road, winding and forested. On rare occasions, the girl's mother offered to drive—when she had planned a trip into town already for groceries or book club. She never offered otherwise.

"What has she got to do that's so important?" the girl always complained to anyone who'd listen.

The mother spent most of her time on the phone or in town, with other mothers. When the mother spoke the girl rolled her eyes. She was a gossip, and it made the girl mad. The mother complained all the time. The girl had a nice life. She lived in a beautiful house. All she did was mope. She had nice clothes. The mother had had crummy clothes when she was a girl. What was she so depressed about?

The girl's best friend was Connie, and she lived in a house just like the girl's, at the north tip of the woods. When the girl asked to walk there the mother would put down the polish for her nails and raise her eyebrows. She spoke of trucks filled with farm boys and highwaymen. It annoyed the girl, and she paid little attention. "Don't be dramatic,"

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC CLINTON ANDERSON







she would say, drawing out the words. She would tell her mother to stop being clever. She knew if she pleaded enough, she would be allowed to leave, so long as she came back before dark.

For the girl, life in summertime was mere existence. Her younger brother had been sent away to camp. She knew a few girls from school, but they lived on the other side of the lake, so she really only spent time with Connie. At times she thought she should get a job as a waitress because it would be something to do, but the nearest restaurant was 10 miles—too far to ride her bike. She watched television late into the night. In the morning she slept until her room was too hot for sleeping. She ate oranges or toast for breakfast and drank milk when she was thirsty. Most days she lay in a hammock her father had strung up for her, hoping to catch a spot of sunlight, and if it was the right time of day, she could. Her skin browned easily, and she was careful to avoid browning too much. Her mother had warned her against it.

The girl and her family lived in a large, square, blue-and-white bungalow, built into the side of a wooded mountain, by the shore of a lake. The mountain was small, like a bluff; a round top rolling out of the side of a slightly larger jagged mountain to the east. The mountains did not have names, at least not that the girl was aware of, but the lake at their base was called the Little Niangua, a branch of the larger, more crowded Lake of the Ozarks. The lakes had originally been a system of rivers and creeks that were dammed long ago, creating a series of connected waterways, deep enough and wide enough for motorboats. From above, the Little Niangua was shaped like a feather—the girl had seen it on maps—a narrow streak of dark water edged by wisps of cove that reached into the cracks between mountains. From the ground it was winding and unpredictable, surrounded by steep slopes of wooded land. Boaters flew through the channels and tipped to their sides around sharp bends, skimming the surface and leaving giant wakes that pleased swimming children near the shore and angered fishermen. The girl had never heard of two boats crashing, but she waited to hear of it.

On the weekends teenagers piled into boats and drove to a cove they all knew of, where they anchored and tethered together. There were at least 100 of them. They blasted the music on their radios and climbed into one another's boats. Occasionally the girl was invited to go with her friends from the other side of the lake. It made her angry to have to say no. She had been allowed to go once, and (continued on page 122)

For the past 20 years PLAYBOY has given the students in Marshall Arisman's illustration class at New York's School of Visual Arts the opportunity to show off their artistic range in a competition to produce the perfect complement to our winning piece of college fiction. This year Eric Clinton Anderson's work proved the most vivid interpretation of the dark tensions described in Nick Connell's *Ozark Lake*. Anderson moved from Missouri last year to attend SVA. He received his BFA in photography and graphic design from Drury University and is spending the summer interning at Mirko Ilic Corp., a design firm. Honorable mention goes to the six runners-up, whose provocative work is pictured above. Clockwise from top left, the artists are Owen Brozman, Kripa Joshi, Mu Pan, Anka Pinczer, Daniel Hyun Lim and Rachel Burgess.



CLASS

Miss October is quite
the college sweetheart



MATE



There must be something in the corn in Nebraska. The state of pure plains and classic triple-option football produces a bounty of natural beauties, though perhaps none finer than Jordan Monroe.

When this Cornhusker junior first walks into a classroom, you notice, well.... "Honestly, I know it's my boobs," she says. "It's okay, though, because they are real. They actually just developed a couple of years ago into these 34DDs, so I am still getting used to the attention." Then you spot those flowing brown locks. "I dyed my hair blonde once, but I didn't like the way it made me feel," she says. "I prefer to stay all natural." And then there are those warm eyes and the comely smile that enchants as Jordan

demurely mentions that her shoot for this layout brought her to the City of Angels for the first time. "I was awestruck by all the traffic, people and stores in Los Angeles," she says. "I think we have only two malls back home."

Jordan grew up an hour away from the University of Nebraska and stuck close to home, staying in state for college. "I am a Nebraska girl," she says. "I think I could handle L.A., but all my family and friends are in Nebraska. I'd also miss going crazy with Husker Nation during the football season." A life in the heartland with a steady guy and lots of gal pals seems like a great vision for Jordan's future. But we don't know—something tells us this dashing beauty is going places.













MIS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Johnson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jordan Monroe
BUST: 34DD WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 130
BIRTH DATE: 4-14-86 BIRTHPLACE: Denison, Iowa
AMBITION: To make a difference in the world.
TURN-ONS: Intelligence, humor, a great body, a cute smile and all-around genuine guys.
TURNOFFS: Selfishness, rudeness and cockiness.
FAMILY: I have a crazy Polish family that loves to try to get me to polka at weddings.
FIVE MOVIES I'VE SEEN SEVERAL TIMES: The Notebook, King Kong, Mean Girls, Man on Fire and My Best Friend's Wedding.
FAVORITE SPORT TO PLAY: Volleyball.
BEST EATS NEAR MY CAMPUS: Lazlo's!
PEOPLE TELL ME I LOOK LIKE: Cindy Crawford.
MY GOALS FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS: Graduate college, buy a house and travel the world to see what's out there.



My first soccer game.



Go, class of 2004!



My 17th birthday.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A strict teacher was lecturing his students on the importance of being wide awake. "I've found the most effective way to start a day," he said, "is to take a cold shower. Then I feel rosy all over."

A bored voice from the back of the class interjected, "Tell us more about Rosie."

Darling," a young woman whispered to her fiancé after they had finished making love, "will you still make love to me like that after we're married?"

He paused and then replied, "I think so. I've always been fond of married women."



A physics professor was explaining a particularly complicated concept to his class when a premed student interrupted him.

"Why do we have to learn this stuff?" the young man blurted out.

"To save lives," the professor replied.

"How does physics save lives?" asked the smartass student.

"Physics saves lives," the professor said, "because it keeps certain people out of medical school."

An angry wife met her husband at the door. He smelled of booze and perfume.

"I assume," she snarled, "that there's a very good reason for your waltzing in here at six o'clock in the morning with liquor on your breath and lipstick on your collar?"

"There is," he replied. "I'd like breakfast."

When is a man considered mature?

When dating a woman half his age is no longer illegal.

It's certainly going to be a beautiful day," the boss told his secretary.

"I don't think so," replied the secretary. "The weather forecast is for horrible rain."

"I'd put money on it that today will be bright and sunny," said the boss. "I'll even lay you 12 to one."

"I'd rather not," she remarked. "That's my lunch hour."

What do you call a gnome with its head up a woman's dress?

A goblin.

A college student climbed into the back of a taxi and asked the cabbie, "Do you have enough room up there for a pizza and a six-pack of beer?"

"Sure," said the cabbie.

So the kid leaned forward and threw up.

After viciously chewing out one of his cadets, the drill sergeant said, "I guess when I die you'll come and dance on my grave."

"Not me, Sarge," the cadet replied. "No, sir. I promised myself that when I got out of the Army, I'd never stand in another line."

It's not you. It's me," Dr. Frankenstein's girlfriend said. "No matter how hard I try, I can't help but think you only want me for my body."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a fanny fetish as an assfixiation.

And what is the reason you are seeking a divorce?" a family court judge asked a man standing before him.

"Because," the man said, "I live in a two-story house."

"What's the big deal about a two-story house?" the judge asked.

"Well," the man answered, "one story is 'I have a headache,' and the other story is 'It's that time of the month.'"



A rancher and his bitchy wife were seated in a fancy restaurant while on vacation in Paris. When the waiter arrived, the rancher said, "I'll have a big juicy porterhouse steak."

"*Oui, monsieur,*" the waiter replied, "but what about *ze mad cow?*"

"Hell," said the rancher, "just bring her a salad."

Why do waitresses give bad head?

They're interested only in the tip.

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. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"It works for them. How about we go out and ring doorbells some night?"

THE FORMER SEX PISTOL HAS SURVIVED FAME, ADDICTION
AND IRRELEVANCE. GET READY FOR HIS ENCORE

JONESY

BY DAN HALPERN

Steve Jones and John Lydon are talking. It's a Friday in March, a cool L.A. midafternoon; they're sitting in a small, dark studio at Indie 103.1, the Los Angeles-Orange County FM station where Jones has done his two-hour show, *Jonesy's Jukebox*, five days a week since 2004. Jones is wearing a yellow T-shirt that says I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT MY RADIO and a pair of thick-framed horn-rims; Lydon's got a purple sweatshirt and spiky hair the color of dirty brass, and they've just discovered that the pro-choice movement has missed its chance to elect them its musical spokesmen.

Specifically, they're talking about "Bodies," the second track on *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*, the album they released in 1977, when Lydon was still rampaging the

countryside as Johnny Rotten and Jones was working his guitar like a howitzer. "Bodies" follows a girl who has a backroom abortion:

*Dragged on a table in a factory
Illegitimate place to be
In a packet in a lavatory
Die little baby screaming
Body screaming
fucking bloody mess
Not an animal
It's an abortion
Body! I'm not an animal
Mommy! I'm an abortion*

"But what do you think? Do you think abortions should be, er, up to you...up to you, the woman?" Jones asks.

"I've always thought it's up to the woman," Lydon says. "You know, though, the 'Bodies' song, I mean now that's from all sides of the border,



right? But leave it open to the listener.”

“Yeah,” says Jones.

“Right? I’m not pro-abortion or anti, I’m pro the choice of the woman,” Lydon says.

“Actually, that should be their theme song, shouldn’t it?” says Jones.

“It should be.”

“‘Bodies.’”

“It should be,” Lydon says, “because it comes at it from a real commonsense point of view. You can’t just willy-nilly go out and have an abortion. You got to know that it is a screaming bloody mess you’re leaving on the table. A potential future human being. But that’s a lot

moonlight after midnight, maybe, but as it turns out, there might be a few delights left in the darkness. Or even a new morning.

“I think we’re going to aggravate the fuck out of everyone with this,” Jones is saying. “I’m sure I aggravate the fuck out of some people.” Today he’s got on a T-shirt that says *THE PROFESSION OF VIOLENCE*; his west London accent offers no concession to the quarter century or so he’s lived in California. “Well, they can call the bleeding station and complain. Complain! You idiots! You fools! You Jacobites!” he says, and breaks

into the microphone; today it’s the Who’s “I’m a Boy”), improvise a song on the air while accompanying himself on the guitar (in keeping with the theme, this impromptu performance has to do with boys—boys with toys, the joys of boys; also boys on steroids, Siegfried & Roy and hemorrhoids belonging to boys) and play with a loopy floral designer from Munich on the phone (using any opportunity to get the words *concentration* and *camp* into the conversation).

A colleague of Johnny Carson’s once said that, on TV, the *Tonight Show* host was “the visible eighth



The many faces [and phases] of Steve Jones. From left: partying with obliging roadies in an elevator during the *Anarchy* tour (1976); buckling down backstage with Sid Vicious and a friend before a 1977 gig in Uxbridge on the *Never Mind the Bollocks* tour; playing the L.A. DJ at the Indie 103.1 studio in 2005.

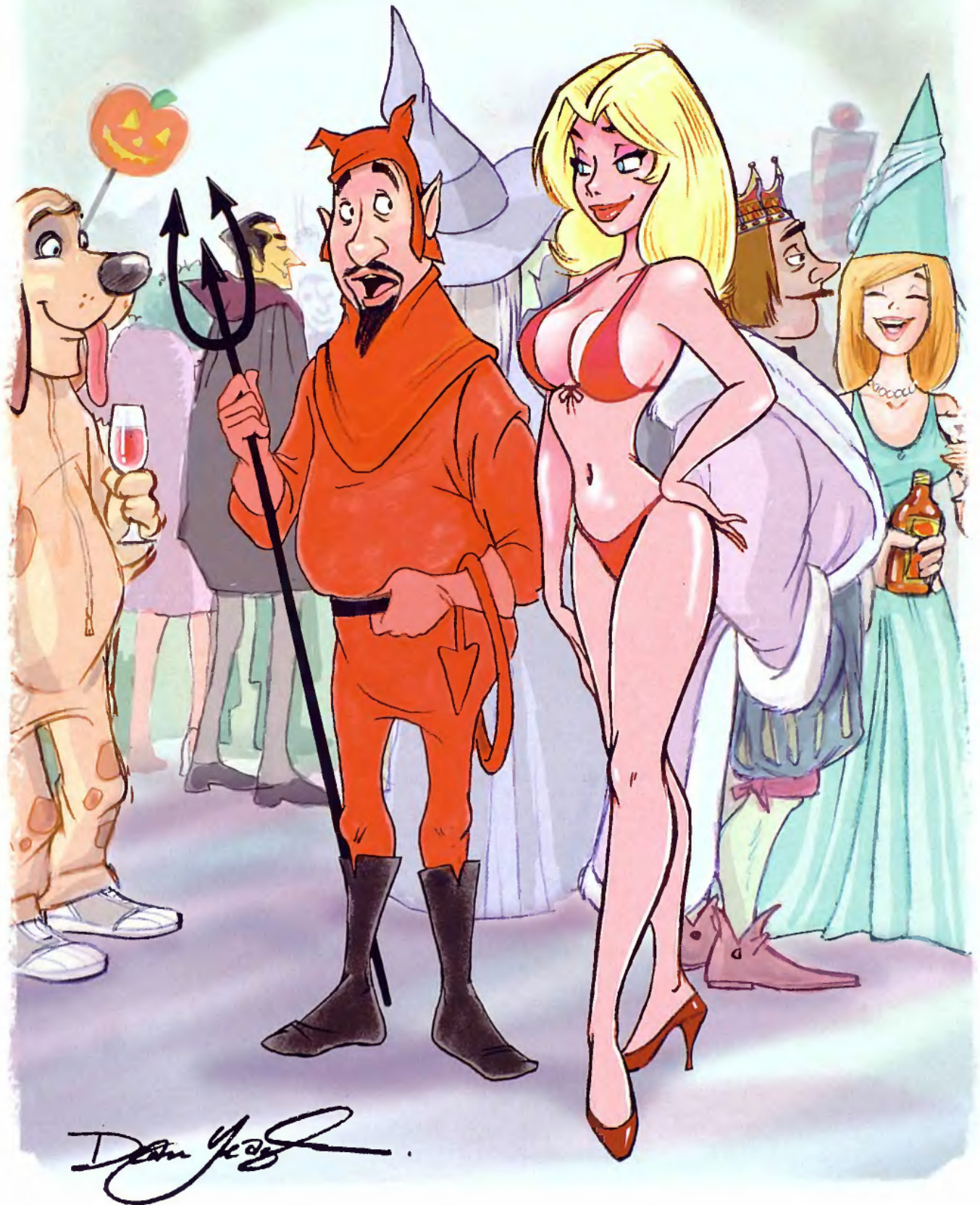
better than raising a child that’s unwanted, right? And I ain’t seen much good come out of orphanages and foster homes. I ain’t. I’ve seen wounded people....”

A few days later, over breakfast, telling me about trying to quit drugs and alcohol some two decades ago, Jones says, “Relapsing, coming back, relapsing. I didn’t understand, I was so damaged. I didn’t understand what all 12 steps meant. I shagged every bird in the meetings. That was my 12 steps—12 birds at a time! Somehow it worked. I’ve always been a damaged person, really, and that wasn’t a good time. But it worked.”

The wounds are still visible; he makes no attempt to hide them. But all the same, it’s rare to find a man who has found his sort of similarly visible, successful repair. At the very least he has the ease of someone who has discovered some answer to the question of what you do with the rest of your days if, by age 22, you had already lived the two years of your life that were all but surely to define you for the rest of it. There ain’t no

into giggles. We’re at the Indie 103.1 studio, on Wilshire Boulevard. It’s a Wednesday, two days after the New York awards ceremony for new inductees to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. (The Sex Pistols were one of the five acts inducted this year, but they declined to show up to pick up their awards; on Lydon’s website they published a handwritten note that read, in part, “Next to the Sex Pistols rock and roll and that hall of fame is a piss stain. Your museum. Urine in wine. Were [sic] not coming.”) Today it’s occurred to Jones to fill up the two hours of his show entirely with songs that have *boys* in the title—this is what he thinks will irritate his listeners—and he’s brought 20 or 30 CDs from home that he gathered that morning for the show. Over the next two hours he’ll play Dave Edmunds (“Me and the Boys”), David Bowie (“Boys Keep Swinging”) and so on, as well as give away tickets to a gig by a reconstructed version of the Cars (the contest, as always, is to call in with the name of the song Jones plays on his guitar and whistles

of an iceberg called Johnny Carson.” On the radio, Jones sometimes seems as if he’s about nine eighths of an iceberg called Steve Jones. He babbles and cackles, mocks himself, recounts his weekends, spills secrets, ruminates on his own victories and defeats; and pronounces himself the man who invented punk, the man who invented music. “I am the Man Who Can,” he likes to say, or sometimes sing: “For two hours a day, do what he wants.... I am the Pontiff of Pop, the Sire of Wilshire...the Licker of Liechtenstein...the Sheriff of Rockingham.” He’ll make himself laugh, let the air go entirely dead when he has nothing particular to say, banter with his producer, Mark Sovel (whom Jones calls Mr. Shovel), answer his cell phone (“I’m on the air, you idiot”), grouse at considerable length about having gotten fat or the onset of a head cold or just having woken up in general grumpiness, slip into vaguely surrealist associative word and memory chains. The music he plays is from his own (continued on page 134)



"I've gotta say, that's one hell of a terrific costume, Ralph!"



**the
doctor**

Benjamin Massing
UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL FLORIDA

Dress for the job you want—even when you haven't taken a single course to prepare for the career. Sophomore BENJAMIN plans on becoming a doctor in a decade or however long it takes him. Though the youngest of our snappy six, he is wise beyond his years in style. "You have to look professional so people will take you seriously," he says. "Professors and peers will respect what you have to say if you show you care about your appearance. And it also helps with the ladies." His jacket (\$900), vest (\$330) and trousers (\$330) are all by RICHMOND X UOMO. His shirt (\$280) is by RICHMOND DENIM UOMO. His pocket square (\$75) is from BEST OF CLASS BY ROBERT TALBOTT. The shoes (\$375) are by J. LINDBERG. HER: The blouse (\$565) is by BARBARA BUI, and the miniskirt (\$430) is by BARBARA BUI INITIALS.

BEST DRESSED MAN ON CAMPUS

AFTER A NATIONWIDE
SEARCH FOR DAPPER
COLLEGE MEN, THE WINNERS
DON THEIR FAVORITE STYLES

The sartorial standards of students are shoddy at best. (Popped collars?) To restore faith in the future of American style, we sought out the sharpest students in the country. From thousands of applicants, we chose six guys with six different personalities and looks to showcase the best in class.



**the
preppy**


Travis Shumake
NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY

Preppy once meant stodgy, rich New Englanders in pale-red pants. Now, on campuses across the country, those who like preppy style don't need a trust fund to be a fashion elitist. TRAVIS has earned entrée to the beau monde. Even while pursuing two majors, he is at the top of his class. After graduation he plans to work in local Arizona politics. Picture John McCain with panache. His sweater (\$100) and oxford shirt (\$100) are by GANT. His cargo pants (\$110) are by TEDDY SMITH. HER: The dress (\$480) is by REPLAY. Her necklace (\$20) and bracelet (\$20) are by LAILA ROWE.

PLAYBOY
FASHION

FASHION BY
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SERGIO KURHAJEC
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES
WOMEN'S STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT



When the dot-com bubble burst, the awful hipster looks of nerd chic went with it. But dressing smart is back. **SHAUN** is a good student who likes computers, documentaries, museums and fashion. "My style is influenced by everything around me—books, TV, my peers," he says. "This is a time of experimentation for me. I read whatever I can get my hands on, and in the same respect, I try to keep my wardrobe eclectic, too." Shaun wants to help children when he gets settled after college. "I grew up in a one-parent household, and though I didn't have a bad childhood I could see how hard it can be for kids. I know for some it feels like the cards are stacked against them, but I want to reassure them that if they stay positive, they can follow their dreams." Shaun's dream is to become an entertainer. His sweater (\$84) and shirt (\$78) are by **BUFFALO DAVID BRITTON**. His khakis (\$58) are by **COMPANY 81**. His bow tie (\$85) is from **BEST OF CLASS** BY **ROBERT TALBOTT**. His shoes (\$398) are by **EMPORIO ARMANI**. **HER**: The cardigan (\$437) is by **BARBARA BUI**. Her halter (\$115) and pants (\$215) are by **BOSS ORANGE**.

the intellectual

Shaun Lassiter
HAMPTON UNIVERSITY, VIRGINIA

the rocker

Grant Whitney Harvey
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, RENO



An English major, GRANT uses both the pen and his threads to express himself. He calls his writing gonzo (fear and loathing in Lake Tahoe), and his look is modern glam rock (the Killers). His jacket (\$550) and trousers (\$185) are by J. LINDBERG. His T-shirt (\$50) is by HAUSE OF HOWE. His thermal shirt (\$49) is by GUESS. His studded (\$250) and canvas (\$250) belts are by JOHN RICHMOND ACCESSORIES. His bandanna (\$85) is from BEST OF CLASS by ROBERT TALBOTT. His sneakers (\$49) are by DRAVEN. HER: The vest (\$235), tank top (\$175) and shorts (\$320) are all by REPLAY. Her leather (\$55) and barbell (\$115) wristbands are by JUTTA NEUMANN. The watch (\$4,595) is by GUCCI. Her shoes (\$500) are by VANESSA NOEL.



The majority of male students skulking around campus in sweatpants are not athletes. They're just lazy. Although we're not calling for an NBA-style dress code, we think you should put some thought into your appearance. Dress to be the person you are: For a student athlete like JEREMY, a football player and track star, activewear is practical. He can run from class to practice to class to the weight room and still look good en route. His track jacket (\$78) and pants (\$80) are by SEAN JOHN. HER: The jacket (\$95) is by FRED PERRY. Her jumpsuit (\$70) is by BABY PHAT BY KIMORA LEE SIMMONS.

**the
athlete**

Jeremy Mulkey
CAPITAL UNIVERSITY, OHIO



**the
idealist**

Warner Washington
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Retro goes back further than the 1980s; try the 1880s, for example. **WARNER**'s look is timeless, which is good because his eye is on the future. "I want to start a foundation to better the situation for Detroit's public schools," he says. "Children are our future." As his duds and words suggest, Warner is quite the old soul. His jacket (\$1,895), shirt (\$195) and trousers (\$1,395) are by **ARMANI COLLEZIONI**. His vest (\$348) is by **EMPORIO ARMANI**. His belt (\$145) is by **BEST OF CLASS BY ROBERT TALBOTT**. His tie (\$135) is by **GIORGIO ARMANI**. **HER**: The dress (\$129) is by **SISLEY**. Her cap (\$25) is by **NEW YORK HAT & CAP CO.**

SEE MORE OF THE BEST-DRESSED MEN ON CAMPUS AT PLAYBOY.COM.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 143.



"I hope you're not one of those vampires who just sucks blood."

centerfolds on SEX



Christina Santiago

PHOTOS BY ARNY FREYTAG

READY, WILLING AND ABLE

I'm always ready for sex. I've had sex on the first date a lot, and I've had many relationships that were only about sex. When you first start seeing a guy, you're not comfortable enough to be forward. You think, Okay, I want to have sex now, but I don't really know him. Do I just attack him? Now I have a boyfriend, and we live together. When I see him I want to lick him and swallow him, and when I want it I'm taking it. If he's too tired, damn it, he'll just have to find the energy. We recently had sex four times nonstop. He's the only guy I've ever done that with, and I said, "You can't do this to me," because now I want that all the time. If it's good sex, I'm loud. I moan and talk dirty. I love it when he's expressive during sex too. Make-up sex is great because there's a lot of anger and you can say, "Yeah, you sexy bitch, take that." I want him to smack my ass. I beg him, "Baby, please, just hit it." Then I'll say, "Oh yeah. You like that, right?"



GO TO THE VIDEOTAPE

My boyfriend is the first guy I've watched porn with. It never did anything for me before, but now I watch it with him and I'm like, "Okay, I want to do that next." We're all over the place. I mean, we're always in all kinds of positions. It's like, "Missionary? What's that?" I'll wear sexy underwear—a baby-doll top or little butt shorts—but he just rips it all off anyway. He's like, "Come on, take it off." A lot of people think you should leave something to the imagination. But why?



SEXUAL PENSÉES

It's a wise man who knows how to play the game of love

Despondent after two nights of degradation in a brothel in Milan, he was consoled by another patron. "Do not despair," said the man. "This is the first step on the road back to God." He did not believe this for a moment—but decided it was as good a place to start as any.

In his youth it had taken him some time to locate, much less comprehend, the function of the clitoris. A bit of finesse along these lines would have saved him—not to speak of the women in his life—a great deal of inconvenience.

His first wife left him for another man. His second for a woman. He considered this to be progress.

BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ BARBE



Only once had he been able to ejaculate repeatedly over the course of an evening. He'd met the woman at a crowded bistro. She stumbled—he ran to assist her. They returned to his flat and made love, again and again, throughout the night. No sooner had he come than he would be erect again. How was this possible? Was it her eyes, which were a striking color of blue? Her lean model's body? Or his awareness that she was scheduled to leave for Italy in the morning? And that it was unlikely he would ever see her again?

Remarks that had been made to him—over the course of a lifetime—that continued to burn in his brain: "If you need someone to sleep with you, call me, any hour of the day or night." "Of course I'd like to fuck. What else is there to do?" "You poor darling, you haven't had your morning blow job."

Only once had she won substantially at blackjack. It was early evening. She sat alone in a San Juan casino, playing three hands to amuse herself. She could tell the dealer admired her; in the most subtle manner, he indicated when it was wise for her to draw, when it was not. In a brief period of time, she won a great deal of money. But when her lover appeared, the dealer's face fell, and she felt that she had betrayed him. Not, of course, to the extent of returning the money.

The size of his penis had never concerned him. It was bigger than his business partner's. That was enough.

Overheard at a hotel bar in Miami Beach: "I can understand him sleeping with my wife—but my mother?"

She excused herself to take a call from her lover, a utility infielder for a major league baseball team. Had the man been in the starting line-up, he might, respectfully, have gotten to his feet and lit a cigarette. As it was, he continued, snobbishly, to lick her vagina.

A friend complained that although he asked an escort service to send only blue-eyed blondes to his apartment, they repeatedly ignored his instructions. Instead they dispatched a series of tall black transvestites. When asked if he sent them back, he refused to comment.

She'd had a brief affair with a professor. Each night she would arrive at his flat, fully dressed for dinner. After a civilized interval, she would cross the room in silence, lift her skirt, straddle him—and he would enter her. Only in this manner did they make love. But it was enough.

She was seated beside a socialite who was said to be a descendant of the early settlers at Plymouth Rock. "What do you do in life?" he asked. As a lark, she replied, "I'm a retired porno star." He turned away frostily and said no more to her throughout the dinner. But as she got up from the table, he asked if she was involved with anyone at the moment.

Though she knew better—and there was evidence to the contrary—she continued to believe that she could seduce the occasional gay man who attracted her.

She was one of the first applicants for a job as a waitress in a new Manhattan restaurant. In order to be hired, she was told, she would have to give oral sex to the owner. She declined—and was disturbed by the experience. Even more so when she noted how quickly the restaurant had become fully staffed.





It was her feeling that men from the South were more ebullient and demonstrative about sex. "Great God in heaven and hallelujah," she recalled a man from Mississippi crying out, "you are removing your panties."

The model he dated took pride in being well-read, a variety, she claimed, in her profession. Nonetheless, he began to take notice of other models who worked for the agency. "You wouldn't like them," she said. "They're all stupid. They do nothing but lie around and have their legs waxed." It was one of the great mistakes of his life that he believed her.



She could not derive pleasure from the sex scenes in a novel (no matter how skillfully rendered) if the author's dust jacket photograph did not appeal to her.

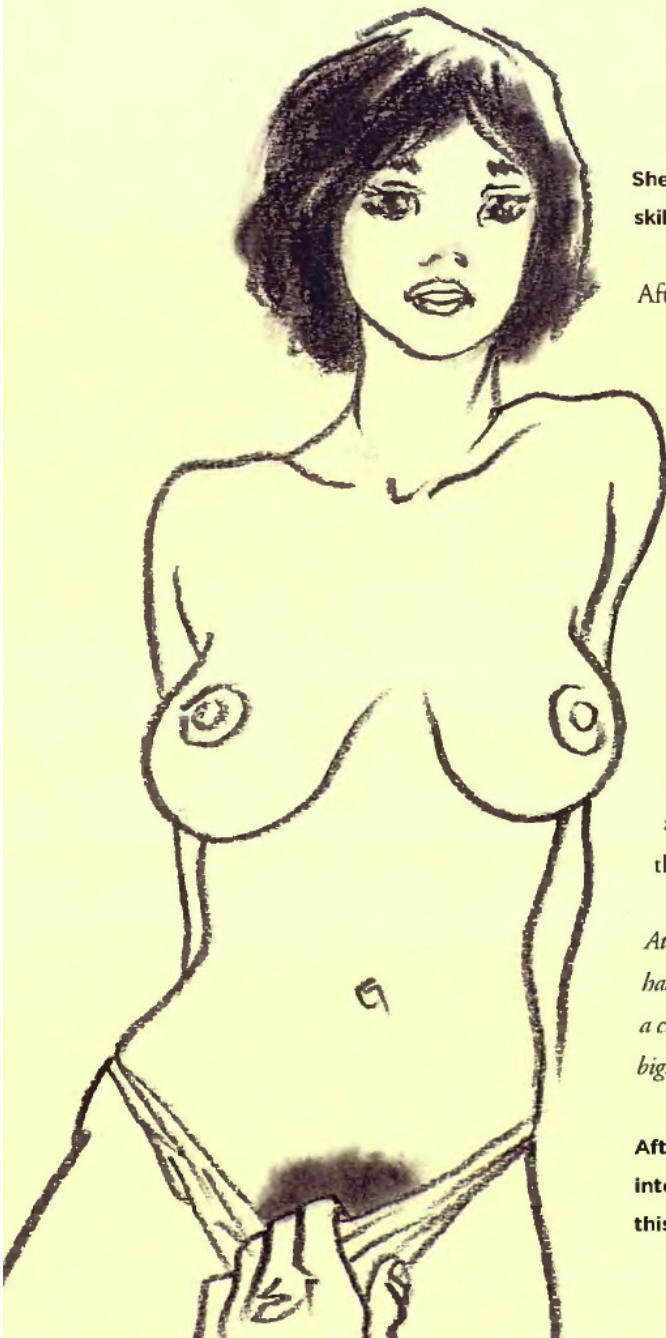
After they had spent the night in her apartment—making love—they spoke about buying a house and spending their lives together. They would be inseparable. They were quiet for a moment. She asked then if she could hold his supply of cocaine until their next meeting. He refused, feeling that such an arrangement was too great a commitment.

She decided not to hire a Hollywood agent whose proposal had been as follows: "Let me represent you and I'll spread your name across this town like manure."

He presented his theory to a woman he had just met in a cocktail lounge. "Sex is simply one more arena of behavior. What happens between a man and a woman in bed proceeds naturally with what's come before. There are no surprises." The woman looked at him in astonishment. Everything that had ever happened to her in bed had come as a surprise.

At Morton's restaurant in Los Angeles she had lunch with a director whose recent film had been a box office disappointment. After drinks, he sat back expansively and formed a circle with his arms, as if to describe a tree trunk. "I feel," he said, "as if my cock is this big." She wondered how big his cock would have felt if his film had been successful.

After they had known each other for a year, she began silently—during sexual intercourse—to compose Academy Award acceptance speeches. She took this as a sign that their affair was losing its intensity.





They were leaving her small apartment in Manhattan when he suddenly became crazed by the look of her. For the first time in their affair, he tore off her clothing and penetrated her anally. Thinking he had violated her, he was appalled by his behavior. Unperturbed, she had pulled up her blue jeans and said, "Thanks. I needed that." At that moment he predicted—correctly as it turned out—that she would become a major force in Hollywood.

He was dogged in his pursuit of women—and frustrated that he could not bring the same intensity to his tennis game.

The starlet told her agent she refused to do full-frontal nudity. "However," she added, "my tush is negotiable."

She extricated herself from a tight situation (a producer had cornered her in his Beverly Hills hotel suite) by warning him that she had been trained by the Mossad. "My 'kill time,'" she said, "has been certified at eight seconds." Upon hearing this, he backed off and asked if she would like to have some dinner.

In Malibu one summer, he thought he had found the ultimate starlet: yellow hair, green eyes, freckles, all of it. But when she asked him to post bond for her teenage brothers who were under indictment for armed robbery, he decided to end their brief affair.

She had some difficulty with the actor Paul Newman's response to an interviewer's question about marital infidelity. "Why eat hamburger when you've got steak at home?" Undeniably, the sentiment was commendable. But wasn't it unfair to those who prefer hamburger?

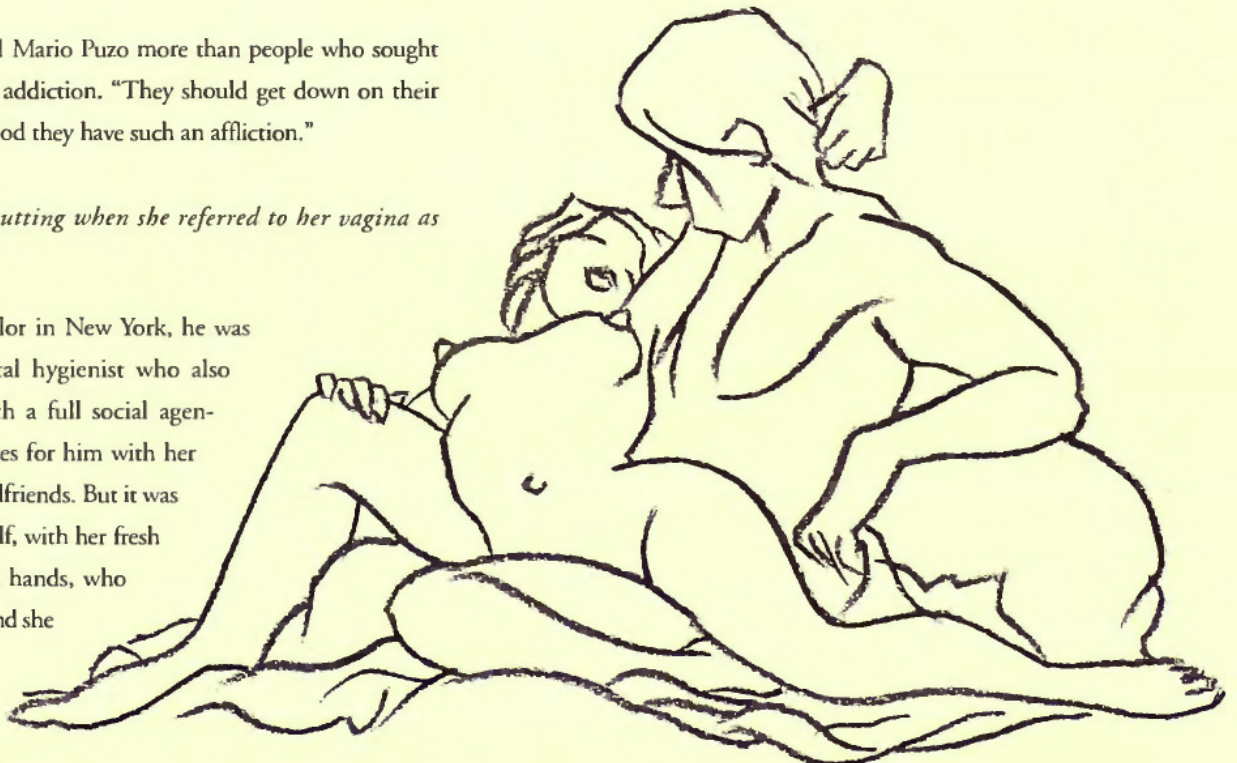
On a busy street in Manhattan, he noticed a film star he knew slightly, soliciting women as they left a popular department store. This surprised him. The man was known to have had affairs with some of the most beautiful women in the world—and presumably could have had his pick of others. "The way I look at it," the star explained, "if I can score one out of eight, I'm ahead of the game."

She was familiar with the observation of philosophers: Consummation of the sex act is not half so pleasurable as the lustful anticipation of it. But her experience did not bear this out.

Nothing infuriated Mario Puzo more than people who sought counseling for sex addiction. "They should get down on their knees and thank God they have such an affliction."

He found it off-putting when she referred to her vagina as a "knish."

As a young bachelor in New York, he was treated by a dental hygienist who also provided him with a full social agenda—arranging dates for him with her many attractive girlfriends. But it was the hygienist herself, with her fresh smile and magical hands, who interested him—and she was unavailable.



GIRLS of the BIG 12



Jocelyn Brandy, Allison Ann, Kate Thompson, Kelly Marie, Alexis Hale and Lacy Lynn

It's that time of year again. Tweedy professors are blowing the dust off their syllabi. Fraternity pledges are gritting their teeth and taking it like men. ("Thank you, sir, may I have another?") The NCAA football season is under way, the stadiums packed on Saturdays with rabid fans clutching cups of cold beer and urging the Fighting Whatever's on to victory. Fall is here, and school is in session. In accord with age-old tradition, we're throwing our own back-to-school party by featuring some of the world's most beautiful coeds in a student-body pictorial. You won't find many teams of near-nude women playing tug-of-war on most campuses, but you'll find one here.

This year, PLAYBOY's team of photographers explored America's heartland to bring you this, the girls of the Big 12. You'll find Sooners, Wildcats, Tigers and Cornhuskers. We photographed Jayhawks, Buffaloes and Longhorns. You'll meet the beautiful and sharp-minded Allie Love of Kansas, who likes to hit the books in the library—in panties, kneesocks and nothing else. And Susana Rose, a gorgeous Texas native we photographed sitting atop a John Deere tractor, nude except for a pair of cowboy boots. One feeling we get when we look at these photographs: School spirit in this country is alive and flourishing.

Meet some of
this year's hottest
student bodies



—KANSAS

Talk about pulling chicks. Playing tug-of-war are, from left, Jocelyn Brandy, who's studying broadcast journalism; Allison Ann, who went to high school in Egypt; Kate Thompson, a psych major and beach volleyball fan; Kelly Marle, who plans on traveling the world after graduation; Alexis Hale, a modern dancer; and Lacy Lynn, a Jayhawks cheerleader and Fruit Roll-Ups fiend. Right: Oklahoma State's Taylor Alessandra, a stunning future stockbroker.



Taylor Alessandra—OKLAHOMA STATE



Alexandra Hill—OKLAHOMA STATE



Clockwise from left: In 2005 Oklahoma State's leading rusher reached the end zone only once in 193 carries, but at least the Cowboys have an all-star in Alexandra Hill. University of Kansas undergraduates are looking much better than they did when Bob Dole attended 400 years ago; for proof here's the lovely Lonnie Ann, naked as a Jayhawk. Thankfully Nikki England has a whole lotta love to give Led Zeppelin fan Stephanie Marie, considering how cold it can be for a couple of bare-breasted babes in Boulder. Oklahoma Sooner psychology major Courtney Tyler serves up a little breakfast in bed—by the look of things, a guy would be lucky to be invited. Nebraska bikini team member Amanda Adams takes a day off from sporting her swimsuit.



Amanda Adams
NEBRASKA



Lonnie Ann—KANSAS



Nikki England and Stephanie Marie
COLORADO



Courtney Tyler—OKLAHOMA



Whitney Lane and Susana Rose—TEXAS TECH



Allie Love—KANSAS



Nia Ryder, Mandy Troost and Jaclyn Valdez
OKLAHOMA

Clockwise from bottom left: Nia Ryder, Mandy Troost and Jaclyn Valdez are three ambitious Sooners. Nia wants to be a model and TV host, Mandy's got her eye on law and MBA degrees, and Jaclyn plans on joining the FBI. Whitney Lane and Susana Rose are a couple of home-grown Texas Lone (but not lonely) Stars who like to party. Hazel-eyed beauty Allie Love is a design major; whoever designed her deserves an A-plus. Jessica Lorin says she's a "total tomboy." She digs snowboarding, backpacking and motorcycling, and she's planning to get a Ph.D. in molecular genetics. She sure makes our electrons spln. Courtney Storm of Kansas State is quite a little Wildcat. She likes "old rock and a good bourbon." What doesn't she like? "I hate feet." Okay, then. Savannah Taylor, a California transplant, loves hot Missouri nights, wine, kittens, fast food and horror flicks—all at the same time, preferably.



Jessica Lorin—COLORADO



Courtney Storm—KANSAS STATE



Savannah Taylor—MISSOURI



Hana Samon—KANSAS



Sophia Garcia—COLORADO



Jordan Monroe—NEBRASKA



Clockwise from far left bottom: Colorado gymnast Sophia Garcia is the perfect date for those on a college budget; a dinner-and-movie kind of girl, she says her favorite dish is mac and cheese. Hana Samon was teased in high school, but college is where people grow into themselves. Nobody's teasing Hana now. Once Hef saw Jordan Monroe's photo for this spread he immediately named her Miss October. (See page 82 for more candid of this comely coed.) If we had to choose one person to be stuck with when a cyclone blew through, Cady Thomas would top the list. Jenna Lea Deforke likes football, drinking and sex; she sounds like one of the guys, but she's clearly quite the woman. Glad we caught Oklahoman Ashley Thompson sooner rather than later, when she would have been out of the shower.



Cady Thomas—IOWA STATE



Ashley Thompson
OKLAHOMA



Jenna Lea Deforke—TEXAS



Delaine Barnes—KANSAS STATE



Tasia Bauman—TEXAS A&M



Marin Noble—TEXAS TECH

No wonder Big 12 schools won four national championships this past season. They have the best recruiting tool: breathtaking campuses. Clockwise from top left: Kansas State is Electric Ladyland; just check out Wildcat Delaine Barnes. After graduation Tasia Bauman hopes to join the rodeo. To boost ratings we suggest the PRCA allow her to wear this getup. Oklahoma State's Kelli Gallo is already a senior. Fear not, young Cowboys; she's planning on grad school. Finance major Reagan Yun must like numbers; when we see her 34Ds, we do too. Texas Tech communications major Marlin Noble is one ravishing Red Raider.



Reagan Yun—MISSOURI



COWBOYS™

TEXAS A&M
UNIVERSITY

OKLAHOMA
STATE

Kelli Gallo—OKLAHOMA STATE

See more girls of the Big 12 at cyber.playboy.com.

OZARK LAKE (continued from page 80)

Young girls should stay at home and, when they had to be in public, not wear makeup or skimpy clothes.

she remembered it to be sublime. The boys had been familiar. They were older but not much older—17 and 18. They offered to take the girls for rides on their Jet Skis, but the girls never went. Connie said they were dangerous, and the girl listened because she trusted her. Connie would shake her head and mention a name, like Allison Webster or Marybeth Peters, at which all the girls would scowl, checking one another's faces to make sure they all felt the same way. "I know," Connie would say. One had let her boyfriend pee in her mouth, and the other had been with two boys in a pool at the same time.

"She got infected," Connie said. "They had to pump the water out of her."

The girl hated her father, a lawyer who worked in a town an hour's drive from the lake, but he was rarely around. She figured he didn't notice when she took \$20s from his wallet or when she wore tight skirts. But she had overheard him ask her mother if he should take the girl shopping for new clothes. Once he had left a note on her bed, a promise to build her a hammock, and it had made her sad. But then he had.

The hammock hung from a pair of oaks, a mess of twisted limbs covered in vines. The vines caused rashes if they were touched. He chopped them down and they grew back, so the girl learned to avoid them. She bought a radio. It was decent, but the hammock was in a low part of the woods, and the radio only picked up nearby signals, so she listened to news programs mostly. In June a local girl went missing. She had been a rich girl, apparently, pretty and smart. It was a tragedy. Her name had been Sharon O'Hara. The police never found her, and listeners called in to the radio station to help out. Some said she was in the lake. Others said they spotted her alive in a truck, looking scared and beaten. Nothing came through. Another girl went missing. The announcer on the radio urged vacationers to be vigilant. Young girls should stay at home and, when they had to be in public, not wear makeup or skimpy clothes. The girl thought it was silly, but she also wished she had been the girl to go missing. The mother didn't listen to the radio, and the girl kept the stories to herself, but it wasn't long before the mother heard of them from another mother at the supermar-

ket. She told the girl to forget about walking to Connie's.

"They could be anywhere," she said. "It could be anyone."

It was July—in the morning. The girl was lounging, and then she remembered the lakeshore foot trail she had used as a child. It ran through the woods to a hidden cove, then along a rock wall that at its peak fell 20 feet, straight down, to the water below. She found the trail, a line of worn, packed earth, a few branches and things stuck in the path. On the way she stumbled over roots and scraped her legs on thorns. Gnats swarmed in black clouds at her face. Her shirt tore, and she stripped to her bathing suit. Before long she was halfway to Connie's.

At a ledge of rock she stopped to look and to rest. A boy drove past in a red motorboat, hollering and leaving behind a frothy wake. It was hot, and the trees did nothing to block out the sun. She figured he meant to annoy her, because he circled and boated back. She wanted to hold up her middle finger, and in the moment, the sun beating down, she felt a sudden pang of sick excitement, as if she had been dared, and her heart began to pound.

The boy slowed the boat and waved. He called out. She started walking but turned her head, looking with contempt. She made sure to toss her hair over her shoulder and crane her neck. He looked older than the boys she knew, wearing sunglasses and a white polo, which he wore unbuttoned and probably untucked—she couldn't see his bottom half. His hair was messy but shiny and cool, like guys she saw in the magazines, not dirty and unkempt like the local boys'. In the sunlight she saw the grooved muscles of his forearms and that his cheeks were flush.

"Whatcha doing?" he asked, cupping his hands around his mouth. His voice held a self-assured, conceited quality, high-pitched and loud. She didn't answer. He asked where she was going and she said, as if it was his business, she was going nowhere. He laughed.

"It's too hot to be out here for no reason."

"Sure," she said. She said it slowly.

"Sure."

He smiled, wiped his brow with the back of his hand and then covered his eyes, squinting. His lips curled

back, and he put a hand to his hip. He looked expectant. "Why don't you get in?" he asked. She shrugged her shoulders. She thought he was pretty. Her mother always said she could tell a person by his looks.

"Where would you take me?" she asked.

"Nowhere," he said.

"Nowhere?"

"That's where you're going, right?"

"You're a smartass."

"Come on. I'll surprise you."

"Do you think I'm stupid?"

"I think you want to have fun."

"I don't even know your name."

All she wanted was to get in the boat and go. It didn't matter where. If her mother found her missing, she would be upset. She would call Connie, sure. Everyone would know she was gone. It made her feel cruel, to think of her mother worried. She was surprised to feel that way. Worse, her father would punish her.

"Come on," the boy said. She couldn't tell if he was grinning or annoyed.

"How do you expect me to get in the boat?"

The trail was 10 feet above the water. She had gone diving from the rocks years before, with Connie, until their parents discovered them and told them to stop. They had obeyed at the time.

She disappeared behind the edge of the cliff, and he called out. It was quiet. Water lapped at the boat. A blackbird drifted overhead. Suddenly the girl appeared over the cliff, darting into the sky. She dove into the water with a muted splash. The boy whooped, punching his fist into the air. Seconds later she broke above the surface, smoothing the hair from her face. He threw out an inner tube on a rope.

"I don't even know your name," she said.

"I don't know yours," he said.

He offered a hand.

"I need a towel."

He opened a compartment and pulled out a blue towel. She climbed in, and he wrapped it around her shoulders, placing a hand on her back. She shivered. He said she was pretty, and her cheeks warmed. She stepped forward, out of his reach, crossing her arms in front of her chest.

She pointed to the dashboard. "How fast can this thing go?"

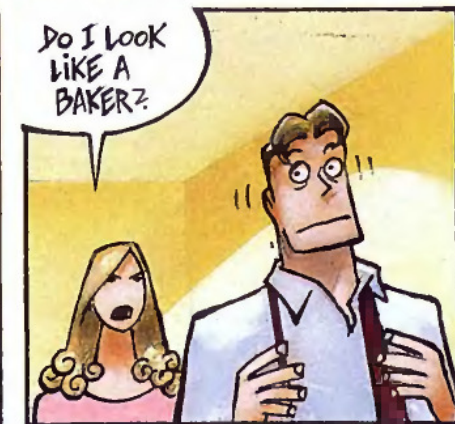
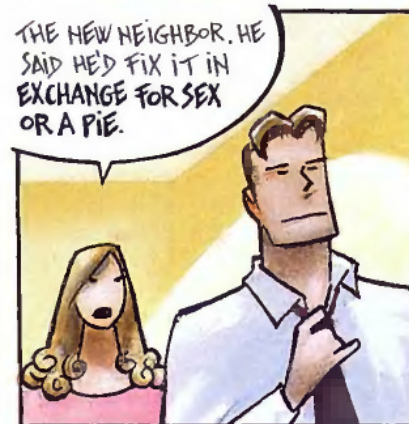
"You wanna see?"

"Yeah. Show me."

"You better sit down. Sit here."

He motioned to a seat beside him. She moved to the front, stripping off the towel to her bathing suit. She laid the towel across a bench and spread herself upon it, laying down, gripping the metal railing. "You'd better hang on," the boy said, and then he laughed

Appearances



and revved the motor, cruising out of the cove into open water. He was a smooth driver, she thought. The air blew over in bursts, then in a steady, heavy flow. She couldn't see land drifting away, but she saw the blue of the sky open above and heard the water rushing by, and when he tipped the boat to turn she reached her hand into the water. He asked her if she liked it, and she told him she did.

She asked where they were going. There was an ice cream shop she liked. It floated on the water. Did he know it? They should go there. She thought her friends might be there. It was a nice feeling to imagine them seeing her with him.

"I'm thirsty," she said. "I want a malt."

"I know another place," he said.

"Do they have malts?"

"Yeah. I think so."

They drove further, past beaches and shops and marinas. White sails drifted on the water like clouds. A red parachute soared overhead like a hawk. The lake forked, and they turned into a narrow arm. A two-story building stood at the shore; with a sloped roof and wood slats for sides. Three stacked decks wrapped around the outside. At the third tier were picnic tables, circles topped by yellow umbrellas.

He parked the boat and took her to the top. They sat in a corner, in the shade. A waitress in a bikini walked by, smiling at the boy as if she knew him.

"Hideous," he said when the waitress had gone. "Isn't she?"

The waitress came back with a pad and pencil. The girl opened her mouth to order.

"Can I get a malt? Strawberry?"

"We don't have malts."

"What do you have?"

The waitress sounded annoyed. "We've got sodas. Lemonade."

The boy spoke, a drink the girl didn't know, and the waitress nodded. The girl told him it sounded delicious. The waitress brought a large round misted-over glass of red slush. Two straws. They both leaned in to drink, their faces nearly touching. She noticed lines in the corners of his eyes. She coughed.

"You like it?"

She had never tasted alcohol.

"Yeah. It's good."

She had liked the smell, ripe and sharp, but was relieved when it was gone. She had only pretended to slurp through the straw, sucking but never into her mouth. He didn't seem to notice; he drank it all. They talked about music and films. At one point the girl noticed the dark-red hair of a girl she recognized, an older girl from school. She was gorgeous and popular and hung out with older boys. It was rumored she was pregnant. She wore a bikini top and tight jean shorts. A guy with a receding hairline was with her. She had looked in the girl's direction

once, and the girl felt nervous, like she might throw up. But the red-haired girl didn't recognize her, and she was disappointed.

"How old are you?" he asked at one point.

"Seventeen," she said.

He smiled. She asked.

"Twenty-eight."

Something turned in her stomach.

She felt as if he had pulled something over her. But she hadn't asked him before, and he had had no reason to tell. She didn't know what someone his age should look like. He looked young.

"That's old," she said.

"Not old enough to be your dad," he said. His head bobbed and his lips parted, as if he were laughing. Grunting *uh-uh-uh* sounds came out of his throat.

He left money for the waitress, and they walked down the stairs, to the dock. The boy's steps were steady, assured, and he took the girl's hand. People watched and she liked it. At the foot of the stairs she saw a woman, wrinkled and smoking, staring, not like the others, but with her lips closed, hard with contempt. The girl thought of her mother.

He told her he would take her for a ride. She thought she should go home, but it was pleasing to be on the lake, in the boat, feeling the breeze and the sun. She lay down on the bench at the front, on her back, but pushed herself up to her elbows as they left to see where they were and recognized the homes. There were large cabins, white- and green- and brown-sided with tiny red-roofed docks. Of course they all looked similar from the back, heavily windowed and square-framed, but she was familiar with them and could tell them apart. She asked the boy where he lived.

"You wouldn't know the name of it," he said. "It's far."

"Where?" she asked. She said it casually.

He named something she had never heard of. She was unfamiliar with most of the lake. She could only ever tell if she was at home, or Connie's. Everywhere else was foreign because she never paid attention to where she was going.

He asked for her name. It made her uneasy. She pretended not to hear. He asked again, louder.

"My name is Sharon," she said.

"That's pretty."

He said his name was Kurt, and she said it was a cute name. He laughed, jerking his head backward. Brown curls fell over his eyes. She lay back down on the bench, feeling the hot sun. They cruised the lake at low speed, over the water. It relaxed her, and she nearly fell asleep. When she came to, the boy was still behind the wheel, driving. She could feel the wind rushing by, more intense than before, and she sat up. She didn't recognize the homes now. He was driving fast. It was late afternoon. There were people tubing and skiing. The boy saw she was



"Stop procrastinating. We have to decide on our Halloween costumes."

It's Halloween. Come as you are, but be sure to bring The Captain.



Drink Responsibly—
Captain's Orders!®

CAPTAIN MORGAN Original Spiced Rum, Pearls Rican Rum With Spices And Other Natural Flavors. 35% Alc/Vol. ©2006 Captain Morgan Rum Co., Norwalk, CT. "The Girls Next Door" is a trademark of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.

The Captain presents a
special commercial-free episode
THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR
SUNDAY, OCT. 15 @ 10/9c



©2006. E! Entertainment Television, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

awake. He was smirking, confident, like he'd remembered some secret joke. He winked at her, and she looked away.

"You bored?" he asked.

She yawned and stretched her arms above her head, shaking her hair loose to dry. Before she could speak, he knocked the lever forward, and they sped through a narrow channel filled with boats. He snaked through, nearly skimming pontoons and rafts and people. They honked their horns and the girl screamed.

"What the hell are you doing?" she asked.

She got up and moved to the driver's seat. She reached for the lever and pulled it back. The boat slowed. She was afraid he was upset, but when he spoke he sounded amused, only slightly disappointed. He asked her what the big idea was.

She thought of something to say. Other boats drifted by. Some were anchored. They were near a beach. Young people listened to radios in their boats, dancing and drinking from glass bottles. A group of girls drove by. They looked like her friends, but she could tell they weren't. They lowered their sunglasses and stared at her, then at Kurt. She scoffed.

"I want to learn," she told him. "Teach me how to drive."

He pursed his lips, and the red parts of his cheeks firmed. His eyes squinted as if smirking.

"This is great," he said.

"Show me."

He told her to stand in front of him, and he said he would put her hands where they needed to go. She did so and he did so. Bumps broke across her skin. He pressed himself tight against

her. She thought she heard him mutter something like "Oh God," and she felt the short blast of breath on her neck.

"Simple," he said.

She took hold of the wheel and turned the ignition. There was a clock in glowing green figures. It was five P.M. Had they been out that long? She cursed under her breath.

"Which way back to my place?" she asked, taking the boat into gear.

"What?"

"I need to get home soon," she said. "Or my mother will know I've been gone."

"Let's go get some food."

"I'm not hungry."

"I'll buy you another drink."

"I'm not thirsty."

He laughed. It sounded forced. He pulled a beer from a cooler under the passenger seat and twisted the cap off, throwing it into the water. His lips met the bottle with a loud smack. He tilted his neck back when he drank. She watched the muscle where it moved, swallowing, and she wanted to touch it, or maybe put her lips to it. He offered the bottle to her. When she pretended not to notice, he held it in front of her face.

"Taste it," he said, and she shook her head. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Which way takes me home?" she asked.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Little Niangua."

"I don't know where that is."

"What do you mean you don't know where it is?"

"I just know Ozark Lake."

She couldn't see his face; it was turned away. He was spread across a seat, his feet propped on the dashboard, head tilted backward. He took another drink. She asked him how the hell he had gotten there in the first place, to her house. Her voice was shaky. She tried to sound confident. She didn't know if she was angry or scared or both. Everything was mixed up. It wasn't even called Ozark Lake. What the hell had she been doing? Her head was filled, warm with blood. Her skin was hot when she touched it. She felt sick.

"I was just screwing around," he said. "I just drove there."

"You don't remember how you got there?"

"No."

A family in a boat—father, mother and two girls—drove by. She thought of talking to them, to ask directions. They were eating sandwiches. The mother wore a broad-rimmed hat with feathers, as if she didn't know this was a lake and she was in a boat. The girls scowled, hunched over in their seats. When they passed they glanced at the girl, and she noticed them. They stared at Kurt, their mouths open. They looked stupid, and jealous.

"We're lost," the girl told him.

"You're kidding," he said.

"I'm not."

PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST



First Prize: \$3,000

and publication in
the October 2007 issue


Second Prize: \$500

and a year's subscription

Third Prize: \$200

and a year's subscription

The Rules:

1. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy and their families, its agents and affiliates are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3" x 5" card listing name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019. All entries must be previously unpublished original works of fiction and must be postmarked between September 1, 2006 and February 15, 2007. 3. Decisions of the judges are final. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standard of publication. 4. Winners will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. By acceptance of their prizes, winners consent to the use of their names, photographs and other likenesses for purposes of advertising, trade and promotion on behalf of Playboy without further compensation to the winners, unless prohibited by law. 5. Playboy reserves the right to edit the first prize-winning story for publication. 6. Playboy reserves the right to publish winning entries in U.S. and foreign editions of PLAYBOY and to reprint or incorporate them in any electronic or print English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of PLAYBOY material without further compensation to the winners. 7. Void where prohibited by law. 8. All manuscripts become the property of Playboy and will not be returned. 9. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winners. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019. 

"That's fucking crazy." He sounded amused.

"What are we going to do?"

"We need gas. It's low." He pointed to the gauge. She hadn't noticed the gauge before. It made her feel worse.

"Do you know where there's a station?"

"Yeah. I know one."

He told her where to go. She drove at top speed, following the setting sun, because that was where he had said she should go, and that was all she knew of her home, that Little Niangua was in the west. She'd heard her mother say it once. They were on a remote section of the lake. Houses were tiny and few, gold specks hidden in thick, blackening forests.

He said she was going fast. Even he wouldn't take the boat that fast. Officials might pull him over. She acted as if she were listening. He kept talking. The high parts of his cheeks were red, and his lips seemed fuller. He was licking them. She didn't know how many beers he had drunk, because he threw the bottles into the water when they were empty. Once, he asked her if she had a boyfriend. She said no. He'd made a face like he was incredulous.

"You ever fallen for anyone?" he asked.

"I don't fall for people," she said.

"Well I have."

"How'd it turn out?"

"Not so hot, but I got a feeling things are changing. Things are turning in my favor."

She said nothing.

"You got a crush on anyone?" he asked.

"No."

"I do," and he paused for what seemed like a long moment. "She's gorgeous."

She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and opened her mouth as if to speak and closed it back.

"Thinks she's smart, too."

"Who is she?"

She held the hair off her face. The sun made her skin freckle across her nose. For the first time she realized how he was looking at her, how he had looked at her all day, not like other boys, who were grinning and rowdy—pleading at best. His eyes were dark, shadowed

beneath his brow. The red lips were pressed together, turned at the corners. He looked hungry. She told him she didn't know any girls around here.

"You just know Connie?" he asked.

She felt her heart pounding. She could hear it in her ears, too, thumping like the music on the radios. Had she mentioned Connie?

"You know Connie?" she asked.

"Yeah," he said.

"How?"

"Just do," he said. "We have fun together, me and Connie."

She had questions. She could have asked him where he had met her, when and what they had done or if they were friends. Did he even know her? Or just of

things she'd done weren't spontaneous; she'd done them to make her feel interesting, like she had felt when she jumped off the cliff, or at the restaurant, or even on the boat, at first. Now she wondered what had made her do it. She wanted to blame her mother. She thought of her searching, upset. It felt good to do so, but she also knew it was unfair.

For a while she drove. As long as she could do that she thought, Okay, I can handle this. He said nothing. She thought he was asleep but didn't turn to check. Her eyes were fixed away. The mountains, at first blue, turned to black in the darkening light. They were alone on the water, the lake left still and shimmering. They came upon a beach of rocks, and the water shallowed.

Thin flags of smoke wafted from the shores. Three fires blazed like stars. Someone was burning leaves, or trash. The red flames spat upward, squelched at the tips in the black night air. The girl knew they were illegal, and she felt comforted that they had been placed there. She didn't know why.

Her heart quickened when she saw a red sign appear above the line of trees on the right-hand shore. She heard him move. He was awake. The sign read GAS and listed prices. He pointed. Below the prices were other signs, nailed crookedly down a rusted post. They read things like BAIT, BEER and CIGS. She told him she wanted cigarettes.

"And I have to pee," she said.

She pulled the boat into a stall, alongside a gas pump.

"You gonna help me tie it off?" he asked, grabbing the wheel, but she pretended not to hear, stepping out of the boat, onto the dock and inside a wooden shack, through a door where a neon OPEN sign hung. Inside the shack it smelled of rotten dead fish and gasoline. The girl asked a balding, greasy man behind the counter for a phone.

"What you need it for," he said.

"I need to make a call."

"You one of Rob's girls?"

"You got a phone or what?"

"I don't got a phone."

"You got a map?"



HEF'S FAVORITES

TOP-SHELF TRACKS

Playboy Jazz proudly presents this special 12-song CD collection of cool and sophisticated tracks personally selected by Hef himself. Boasting just the right mix of swing, smolder and romance, these classic performances by Tony Bennett, June Christy, Johnny Mercer, Jackie Gleason, Jo Stafford, Mel Tormé and more are sure to become your favorites as well.

10455 Hef's Favorites CD \$19.99

Enter, mention or include source code MG664 during payment! Standard shipping & handling charges apply.

visit playboystore.com, call 800-423-9494, or send check/money order to: PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809

On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%. (**NY assesses sales tax on shipping and handling charges as well.) (Canadian orders accepted.) Call the toll-free number to request a Playboy catalog. We accept most major credit cards.

©2006 Playboy

her? Connie didn't keep secrets; she would have told her of him. Why hadn't she?

"Then it's her," she said. "I really only know Connie, and if it isn't her, I don't know."

"I'm pretty sure you know," he said.

She didn't want to say anything. She felt if she could only keep quiet, then he would be quiet. Lines were drawn in her mind. He could be the one; he could hurt her. The day seemed planned. Everything she had felt was something else entirely. When he touched her it had been possessive—he had grabbed her hand hard or planted his fingers into the skin on her back. In the moment she hadn't noticed; it felt protective, maybe, but they were around other people. The

He gave her a creased brochure from a broken display case. "Two-fifty," he said. She didn't have \$2.50. She spotted a set of knives behind the counter and asked if she could see one.

"Which one."

"The big one."

He laid it on the counter. She grabbed it by the handle and told him the boy coming in to pay for gas would cover it and the map. She tried to walk out casual, but her legs felt wobbly and she thought the man might stop her. He said something behind her and she kept going. A door on the side of the store pointed to restrooms. She followed it outside. The boy wasn't by the boat, filling the tank. She peered around the edge of the shack and saw him enter. When he went inside she got into the boat. She cut through the ropes with the knife and pushed from the dock. The boat floated backward into the water. She turned on the engine, crashing into a buoy. She didn't even see the boy running out of the shack, onto the dock, but she heard him shouting. When she reached the middle of the lake, she turned and saw his figure on the edge of the dock, a thrashing shadow.

She opened the map. It confirmed she should go west, but she was at least 20 miles from home, and the tank was still low. She felt as though her heart had stopped. Never had she been so desperate. Her eyes were stinging. The wind had run her hair ragged. The air was getting cold, and she wished she

had clothes to wear. She had no idea what she would tell her mother.

The boat ran despite the needle hovering below the empty line. Black mounds of land rolled past. Dark flecks of fish broke the surface as if breaching. A single white crane swooped downward to the waves. The girl feared getting stuck in a cove, or on a sandbar. Snakes hid in the weeds, and mosquitoes hovered like a fog. When the engine spluttered and the boat stopped, floating at a standstill, the girl waited. The lights of houses were on, a few hundred feet from shore. She was unsure where exactly she was trapped, but she guessed from the map and the way in which the lake split into three channels that she was floating near home.

The lake was deserted. Nobody was outside. She checked for paddles in a side compartment, to row ashore, but there were none. She spotted a crumbling concrete stairway and thought of swimming to it, but the water was dark and still and deep. She could yell for help, but who would hear her?

When she heard the distant sound of water crashing on the surface and spotted the speck of a Jet Ski in the distance, she didn't know how to react. It would be another stranger. Someone worse. Or a policeman. But there was no flashing light or horn. At one point she thought she should duck and hide, but she thought of her mother and felt

determined. Hoping someone would see, she waved her hands in the air, despite the fact that the boat was cast in shadow; it had floated to the southwest shore. She yelled.

The Jet Ski moved closer. A thin streak of silver shone on the dash. The girl realized the knife was still out. She moved to hide it. The glove compartment was locked. She picked it. The door popped. Something glinted inside. An object was half hidden beneath a green notepad: a shiny metal gun. The girl stared, her breath drained, choking. She lunged over the side of the boat and vomited into the water, the yellow foam glazing the surface, then drifting.

She felt weak and her limbs were shaky. Looking up, she could make out the form of the stranger on the Jet Ski, the boy or man who apparently had pursued her to this point—because that was what it had become, a pursuit. It made her feel smart to have made it that way, and the sudden feeling made her stronger.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked.

She didn't answer. He gripped the handlebar and stood up. The Jet Ski made a rattled sound. He looked taller.

"God. I didn't think I'd find you." He said it half smiling, head tilted back.

"You don't know what I had to do to get this," he said.

She moved to the glove compartment and slid her hand inside. Her palm met the hard rubber grip of the handle. She had never used a gun, and she didn't think she could use one now. She didn't want to. It could be a toy, a water gun. She couldn't see enough to tell. But it didn't feel like plastic. If it were real, she thought, it might not be loaded. She breathed in. It didn't matter.

"I don't think I want to know," she said.

"Don't you?" he asked.

For a moment he was silent, moving carefully closer.

"I thought we were having fun," he said. "I thought you were having fun."

And then his arms were open, as if to show her he held nothing, like he couldn't possibly hurt her—and why would he want to? She was sure this was false.

"That's all I meant to do," he said. "Have a good time with a pretty girl. Now what am I supposed to do?"

He floated, feet away from the boat. The girl moved to the back, near the motor. She pointed the gun toward him. The barrel shook.

At first he looked surprised. His arms were back up in the air, and his face lost the hard look it had had before. His mouth hung open.

"What're you going to do with that?" he asked.

He laughed. It sounded forced.

"That's not even loaded," he said.

"Like I'd believe that," she said.



"Do it with your eyes open. You'll love it!"



Steffanie Seaver, researcher and columnist, focuses on health and sexuality issues affecting today's men and women.

TRY VIVAXA FREE TODAY!

**see details below*

Penalty for Early Withdrawal?

Can this "Secret Formula" Really Improve Your Stamina and Sexual Performance?

Ask Steffanie:

Hey fellas – if YOUR lack of endurance is keeping HER from scoring the Big O – then read this letter that reveals the sexual stamina secret that keeps you out of the penalty box and in the pleasure zone!

Dear Steffanie,

I know a lot of men read your column and could really benefit from this important stamina secret my boyfriend and I recently discovered.

As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's sexual performance is less than adequate when it comes to "endurance". He tries hard to please me and I can tell that he believes he's doing a great job, which is why it was so difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our sexual reality.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated - he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine".

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock," he was pulling a "full shift." Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his stamina and sexual performance really could use some improvement.

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and spoke to a doctor friend of his. His friend told him about a number of cheap desensitizing creams on the market that might help him last a little longer but were known to possibly hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb a woman - which as far as I'm concerned, defeats the whole purpose! Great - so now he'd be able to last longer but I'd be numb too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

His doctor friend also told him that if he really wanted to improve climax control and still maintain maximum firmness, he should try a new product called **Vivaxa™ from the makers of Maxoderm™ (the #1 topical male performance product that instantly improves erection quality). The ingredients in this new "stamina secret" make it different from other climax control products because it contains a clinically tested ingredient that is unlike anything else on the planet! It actually HELPS erection quality and firmness. And best of all, the formula absorbs super fast upon application so it won't numb a woman! Improved erection quality AND increase in stamina, it seemed too good to be true!**

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, he felt more firm and full than ever before and let's just say that by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. Let's just say his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

So Steffanie, please print this letter - I'm sure there's a ton of women out there wishing their men used Vivaxa, a quality Climax Control product that lets him put in the extra time without numbing her! I know their still offering a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** if you call **1-800-644-7413** or visit their website www.vivaxa.com. Tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called.

Pamela B., Nashville, TN

Dear Readers,

FROM THE MAKERS OF



I did some research on Vivaxa and here's what I found: Vivaxa uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology that's been in research and development for over 10 years. It's the first (and only) stamina and sexual performance enhancer on the market to utilize Calmosensine, along with Peptide 171. This helps men to significantly enhance their stamina and sexual performance without desensitizing female partners. You can check out Vivaxa by calling 1-800-644-7413 or by visiting www.vivaxa.com and **FOR A LIMITED TIME**, you can receive a **FREE tube** with your order. Don't let her question your staying power anymore. Call Today! - **GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

PLAYBOY1006



“I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why.”



It didn't come out right, and she thought she sounded stupid. She tried to calm the shaking through her arm. It shook worse.

"That's a flare gun," he said. "Can't you even tell that?"

He'd seemed to slow, and that was all she wanted. More time. Time to think. She didn't believe him, but she also didn't want to hold the gun, or whatever it was, anymore. She set it down, softly, on the floor. When she looked up he was inches from the boat.

"What should I do?" he asked.

The voice was ragged, despairing, like he hadn't swallowed. She noticed the pathetic quality. He hadn't planned it this way, she thought. She thought, I've got the upper hand. Of all the girls he'd been with, none had given him this trouble. Or had they? Had there even been any? She was sorry for him but didn't know why. He grabbed the edge of the boat with both hands, as if to launch himself inside.

"This could have been fun," he said.

He lumbered. His hands grasped the smooth white of the boat. She knew the moment was important. But all she could think of was the lake. She was soothed, stupefied. Water rippled, seamless, behind a dark silhouette of

the boy as he swung a leg over the edge. Houses on the southern shore were lit, window lights flickering like fire on the waves. Families were sitting down to dinner. Boats were raised on stilts, or tethered to the docks.

She thought of the people who didn't live near the lake and how they spoke of the beauty of it. She disagreed with them. The water was green and stank, and there were bugs, but she hadn't ever cared enough to tell them so. She had never cared about much. She didn't tell them what she thought, and how she knew, because she lived there, that the water was only beautiful from a distance, when a low rising or setting sun cast the deep middle of the lake in a rich blue. It looked different now. All this land, rising, these mountains, and the rippling water; she had never noticed before.

Her hands were behind her, holding to the slick edge of the boat. For a moment she felt relief. Her breath softened. A breeze blew across the water, lifting the hair from her face. It felt weird to notice it. He looked at her. His eyes flicked upward, then downward, like water gliders.

It happened suddenly and silently. Like a fish she allowed herself to slip backward, into the water. It hadn't called

for force. The movement was smooth and easy as a dream. Water filled her nostrils. A swell of warmth spread from her chest, like fear. She fell deeply. Her body rolled, and then she reached her arms to the surface. When her head broke above the water she didn't look backward.

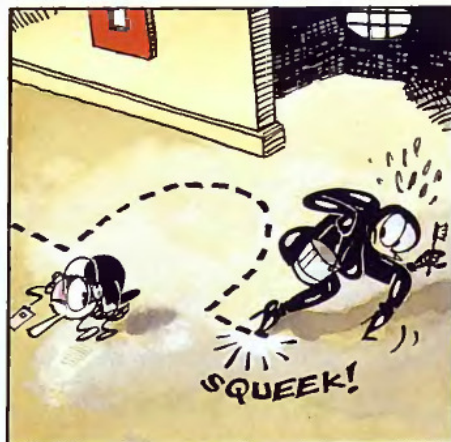
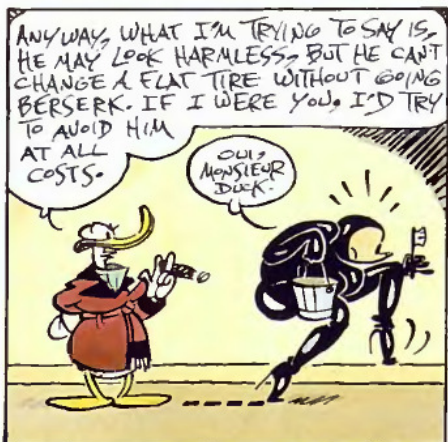
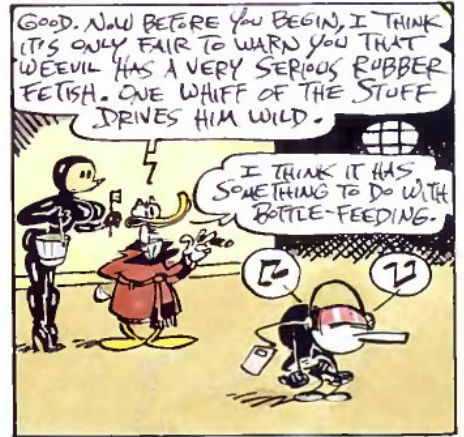
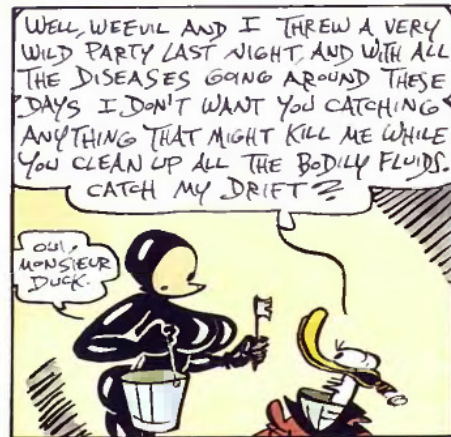
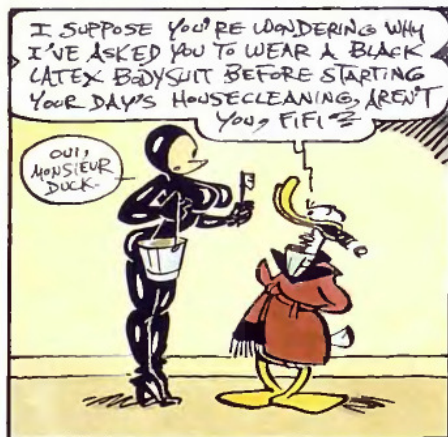
The boy, or man, called out. The girl kicked her legs. Her mouth opened for air and she tasted sweet mud and fish. A loud pop sounded, like snapping tinder from a fire. All she felt was the chill of the water, moving to the edges of a black, rippling plane, and all she saw was the black expanse of land before her, and above her, and then there was what she could not see, but what she knew was there. And she thought, at long last, that she was prepared, and she swam to it.

Second prize in this year's competition goes to Mark Baumgartner, 29, a Ph.D. student at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, for "Like Gods of the Sun." The two third-place winners are "Donkey Hammer" by Rose M. Bunch, 38, an MFA student at the University of Montana, and "Seed" by Katherine E. Standefer, 20, an undergraduate at Colorado College.



Dirty Duck

by Bobby London



KNOXVILLE

(continued from page 77)

a sharp motherfucker. He really loves that moonshine, I tell you. We filmed down in Tennessee, and I gave him a quart of moonshine that was about three-quarters full. And I'll be damned if he didn't tear into it like a freight train and drink that whole three quarters. A quarter of it will put you on the floor. He drank three quarters and was laid up for a couple of days. He talks about it openly. He claims he had a two-day-long religious experience. He's a spirited young man, and a damn fine man to share a drink with.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Does Willie Nelson have the best weed?

KNOXVILLE: I'm not a weed person, but when Willie Nelson passes you a joint, you don't say no. That's like Angie Dickinson passing you her pussy and you saying, "No, no, no. That makes me crazy. No telling what I might do!" I saw Willie in Austin not that long ago. Willie loves to smoke people out. I thought I was on fucking acid for six hours. And I had to do interviews that day. I called him later to say, "Thanks a lot, Willie. I was on fucking Mars for six hours." Nothing could have made him any happier. He just laughed. It's like he got the best news when he heard he just completely ruined me all day. He's the sweetest guy.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Who would you rather have as a Trivial Pursuit partner: Steve-O or Jessica Simpson?

KNOXVILLE: That's a shitty question. You're trying to set me up to insult somebody. Steve-O's fucking smart. He's far from stupid. He just prefers to act in the manner he does. I get some of the greatest e-mails from Steve-O. And Jessica is a good girl. She's sharp too.

Q8

PLAYBOY: After high school you moved from Tennessee to California to attend the American Academy of Dramatic Arts on a scholarship but dropped out. Why?

KNOXVILLE: I was 18 and had just gotten to L.A. It seemed like there were too many frustrated actors teaching you. And they didn't want you to audition while you were there. Plus, it interfered with my drinking schedule. I lasted for two and a half weeks of a six-week program, if I remember right. And that may be off by a week or two. I stayed drunk after that until my girlfriend got pregnant.

Q9

PLAYBOY: During this time you appeared in commercials for Mountain Dew, Coors Light and Taco Bell. Were commercials a grind?

KNOXVILLE: When my girlfriend got pregnant I figured I had to do something. So I got an agent and started doing commercials and writing for magazines. Commercials are okay. You show up for two days, and you get residuals for a long time for a national spot. It's a good deal of money.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You and your wife eloped to Las Vegas, but you blew all your money. What happened?

KNOXVILLE: I blew most of it. We ended up getting married in not the best chapel. We wanted to get married in the Elvis chapel but got married in this little chapel next to the courthouse instead. I don't even have a gambling problem. I was just drunk. I'd rather pay for a huge bar tab than gamble all night.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Before the *Jackass* TV show, you were offered a weekly spot on *Saturday Night Live* but turned it down. Why?

KNOXVILLE: I like *SNL*, but the offer came late in the game. We were doing videos on the West Coast and Bam was doing his stuff on the East Coast, and we were going to join forces. So it meant choosing between working with all my friends, where we had all the control, and going to an institution where I would get five minutes a week and have no control. I just felt we had something. I love *SNL* and have hosted it since then and had a ball. Lorne Michaels is really good to me. I guess I kind of gambled on myself and my friends on that one. I would have felt pretty shitty if I hadn't stuck with my friends. You can't ditch out.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Because of your reputation for stunts, do people mess with you in public?

KNOXVILLE: People challenge me. Verbal stuff I'll just walk by, but if people come up and hit me, I have no control at that point. You hit me and it's on. And I don't want to fight. I'm not challenging anybody. Bam is one of my best friends, and he was drunk and slapped me in the face the other night. Before I knew it, I had punched him off his bar stool. I was like, "Shit, man, I'm so sorry. Just don't do that." I felt so bad. I got depressed and left the bar. I never meant to hit Bam. He got up laughing, but I felt shitty.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You were stabbed in a bar fight once. What happened?

KNOXVILLE: It was right before we started *Jackass*. I got in a fight with three guys. I'm not a great fighter. I'm barely a good fighter. I'm fair at best. But I detest it when guys think you're going to back down if you're outnumbered. I hate bullies. These three guys surrounded me, so I hit the first two

guys and it was on. They ended up stabbing me. I got it in the hand and the back. I didn't realize it until I got around the corner and noticed my hand was all sliced up and my back was wet. The guy had a penknife between his knuckles. Bunch of sissies bringing a penknife when they got me outnumbered. It took all the fun out of it. So I went back to the bar and had a shot of tequila with my friends. We were five minutes away from the hospital, but we were so drunk that Jeff passed out because it took us so long to get there.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Steve-O recently announced he has been diagnosed with cardiomyopathy, a heart disease, and told he may have only 10 years to live. Has it slowed him down?

KNOXVILLE: He was actually misdiagnosed. One doctor said he had 10 years to live, and another doctor said he was fine. When he was first diagnosed he slowed down to just smoking weed. It really slowed him down for a second. When you get news like that it has to shake you up. He was shit-housed on his birthday, though, so he fell right back into step.

Q15

PLAYBOY: In *The Ringer* you play a guy who pretends to be mentally handicapped in order to rig the Special Olympics. Are you still in contact with any of the mentally handicapped actors you worked with?

KNOXVILLE: Hell, yeah. I think Eddie Barbanell is coming to town soon, and John Taylor and I go out record shopping. You can ask him about any song and he knows it. Whenever I get stuck on a song and need to know who sings it, I call him. He knows a lot of other stuff, too. I'm not a goddamn role model, obviously, but if you spend some time with the mentally challenged, it will change you real quick.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You hired an acting coach after seeing yourself in *Grand Theft Parsons*. What didn't you like about your performance?

KNOXVILLE: About most everything. It was just inconsistent, a bad performance. I thought, If I'm going to do this, I should find myself a coach. I got this coach, Cameron Thor, who is the best in town. He's fucking immensely talented. It's good to have someone to bounce stuff off. I think I've definitely improved since I've been with him. Hopefully, I'll continue to.

Q17

PLAYBOY: How does your wife put up with your shenanigans?

KNOXVILLE: She's got a pretty good right and an even better left. And a frying pan

the size of Oklahoma. *Bam!* She's tiny. I don't even know how she lifts the goddamn thing. She's like Mickey Mantle. She can hit from both sides of the plate with power. She's pretty even-tempered unless I drive the poor thing over the edge. She's got a good sense of humor.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You have a 10-year-old daughter, Madison. Do you see any of your sense of humor in her?

KNOXVILLE: Oh yeah. The guys are at the house all the time, and we show affection by insulting one another. She and Jeff are at war right now. They've always argued. We were at Supply Sergeant on Hollywood Boulevard one day. She saw an air horn behind the counter and said, "That would be good to wake up Jeff with." I thought, Aw, my little sweetheart just wrote her first bit. I practically had a tear rolling out of my eye. I called Jeff and told him. That night everyone was at the house, and Madison, the poor little thing, was trying to stay up as late as she could. She didn't want to fall asleep. She finally went upstairs to sleep, and Jeff saw the air horn. I thought, Oh shit. But it was kind of funny, so I sort of walked him up the steps. Poor little Chicken Butt was in bed asleep. Jeff let it blow, and she woke up and pulled the covers over her head. We thought, Oh no, we might have scared her. I pulled the covers off her head, and she started yelling, "You meanies!" Then it was hilarious. She got him back, but I think Jeff may be in the lead again right now. I don't want to mess with her. She's really sharp.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You've hung out with Hunter S. Thompson. He must be a patron saint to the *Jackass* crew.

KNOXVILLE: I loved Hunter. He's one of my heroes. I was lucky enough to hang out with him before he passed away. I met him once at the Viper Room in West Hollywood, and I was a little off my tit. I think I annoyed him more than anything. I had a Joe Frazier doll, a dildo and a stun gun in my pocket, and he was like, "Great. Can you get this guy out of here?" Then smash cut to when we were in Louisiana and I got to spend some time with him. I had a great phone call from him. He was in New Orleans, and I was in Baton Rouge. He said, "Johnny, I was talking about you the other night, and I started talking about my wants and my needs. And what I want is a 40,000-candlepower illumination grenade. A big bright fucker." Then he talked about how he saw someone use one once and nearly blow his finger off. Then he said, "I may be coming to Baton Rouge in a couple of days. And if I do come, I will be looking for a little fun, which, as you know, means violence." I started trying to find that 40,000-candlepower illumination grenade, but you can only get them through the military. I've been looking since he passed away, and I think I finally found a way to get one just a few days ago. So, Hunter, I got your 40,000-candlepower illumination grenade, my man. It took me a while, but I'm going to set it off for you.

Q20

PLAYBOY: What are you going to do with it?

KNOXVILLE: I don't know. Maybe I'll let my daughter throw it at Jeff.

Go to playboy.com to read the 21st question.



My Place

(continued from page 74)

seaweed (from whoever sells you oysters). Put out the cantaloupe, crème fraîche and caviar in small bowls with serving spoons. Make her one by spooning a little cantaloupe onto the oyster, followed by crème fraîche and caviar.

Entrée: Grilled Filet Mignon With Spicy Crab Salad
Extra-virgin olive oil

2 premium filets mignon
Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper

1 pint yellow cherry or grape tomatoes
1 bunch arugula, trimmed

Crab Salad:

1 pint lump crabmeat

¼ cup mayonnaise

1 tbs. chili paste

2 tbs. chopped fresh cilantro

Juice of ½ lime

Preheat oven to 400 degrees and put a cast-iron pan over a medium-high burner. Drizzle in a little oil. Season filets all over with salt and pepper and sear for seven to eight minutes until well browned on one side. Turn the meat, place the pan on the middle oven rack, and cook about 20 minutes. While the beef cooks, put the tomatoes on a baking sheet and sprinkle with olive oil, salt and pepper. Place the sheet on the bottom oven rack and roast until the tomatoes burst (seven to 10 minutes). Dump the tomatoes into a bowl and drizzle with oil, then let cool. When the beef is done, put it on a platter and cover loosely with foil to keep warm. Mix all the crab-salad ingredients in a bowl and season with salt and pepper. To serve, cut the filets into slices and arrange on a plate. Top with crab salad, then tomatoes and arugula.

Dessert: Cracked Chocolate Earth With Whipped Cream

1 lb. bittersweet chocolate, chopped

1 cup unsalted butter

9 large eggs, yolks and whites separated

¾ cup granulated sugar, plus 1 tbs.

Confectioners' sugar, for dusting

1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Preheat oven to 350 degrees and butter a nine-inch springform pan. Heat the chocolate and butter in a metal bowl over, but not touching, an inch of simmering water until chocolate melts. Whisk the egg yolks and sugar in a mixing bowl. Whisk a tenth or so of the warm chocolate into the egg-yolk mixture to temper it, then whisk in the rest. In a mixing bowl, beat the egg whites until stiff peaks form, then fold into chocolate mixture and pour that into the buttered pan. Bake until a toothpick inserted into the cake comes out with moist crumbs clinging to it (20 to 25 minutes). Let stand 10 minutes, then unspiring the pan. You can either slice it like a cake or scoop it out of the middle into two bowls. Dust with confectioners' sugar. Serve at room temperature with unsweetened whipped cream and a cup of coffee. Don't forget to save a little for breakfast.



My Introductory Offer to New Cigar Customers

All this for **ONLY**

\$29⁹⁵
An \$80 combined retail value



©2006 Thompson Cigar Co.

It's the complete package for the smoker: twenty-five Thompson handmade, imported cigars, a dependable windproof lighter (may vary), and a solidly constructed cedar-lined divided humidor whose quadrant hinges, humidification system and hygrometer make it a veritable vault to protect your puros. This exquisitely fashioned humidor is handsome enough to grace any smoker's desk.

At the low, low price of \$29.95 for a regular \$79 value, this really is quite an offer. I'm making it to introduce new customers to Thompson & Co., America's oldest mail-order cigar company.



If your taste runs to **Super Premiums** you may prefer a **Dynamite Dominican Sampler** of 6 Macanudo and 6 Partagas (humidor and lighter not included), yours for \$39 + \$4.95 shipping (#955203). As an added incentive, should you order both offers, save with just one low shipping charge of \$4.95.



America's Oldest Mail Order Cigar Company, Est 1915

P.O. Box 31274
Tampa, FL 33631-3274
Fax: 813-882-4605

Dept. T6941
Product #926858
Limit Two Per Customer

Get your Classic Combo 25 now! 25 top-notch handmade cigars, cedar-lined humidor and windproof lighter for ONLY \$29.95 + \$4.95 shipping (#926858). Not available for personalization. (All shipments to AK, HI, Guam, Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico must go priority mail - add an additional \$10.00. Florida residents add 6% sales tax + appropriate county tax.) Cannot ship tobacco products to Maine. Outside the state of Florida, the purchaser is responsible for remitting any additional taxes to the appropriate taxing authority. In the event we are out of a Thompson Premium brand, Thompson reserves the right to substitute another premium brand cigar, of equal or greater value, in it's place.

1-800-462-9843

www.classiccombo.com/T6941

(You must enter complete web address for special offer)

OFFER EXPIRES 12/31/06 - NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS and GOOD ONLY IN THE US A

INTRODUCING! FREE Cigar Personalization



FREE Personalized Cigar Box and Bands For Your Custom Made Long Filler Dominican Cigars

We also offer cigars with your name or your company's name on them. Simply go to our website listed above and click on the "Personalized Cigars" link in the left menu bar.



JONESY

(continued from page 98)

collection, never programmed and usually not particularly planned; he often chooses which song to play next a few seconds before the previous one ends. Much of it is old stuff, like the Damned or the Buzzcocks or Sham 69, Cliff Richard to the Stooges, the Faces to T. Rex. But on occasion he also plays new bands he has come across. Or he'll devote a day's show entirely to reggae songs. Or anything from Curtis Mayfield to Philip Glass. He usually improvises his own song at the beginning of the show, about how he ate sausages that morning and his general thoughts on breakfast meats, or about how he is going to establish a religion with him as its god that will rid the world of all spastics, mongrels and imperfect physical specimens.

And he hosts what are possibly the weirdest, most wonderful guest spots this side of *The Dean Martin Show*. Sometimes he lets his guests talk and talk. Sometimes he's in the mood to tell them about himself. (Often the guests end up more interested in talking about Jones's life than their own.) Each of them, by the end of the show, is officially his new best friend.

Here is April 5, 2005, with Lisa Marie Presley:

"Now, you—you're what? You're not a Mormon. What are you?"

"I'm not really anything. I was never baptized, or anything."

"You do that other thing, though, what is it?"

"Scientology."

"What's that like?"

"It helps me."

"It's not a religion, is it?"

"Well, technically you can call it a religion, but it's not something you have to believe in—"

"I knew a girl who went there once. She wanted to meet a rich bloke. Is there people like that there?"

And September 6, 2005, talking about women with Paul Anka:

"I don't discriminate on age," says Anka.

"Oh, I do!" Jones says. "They've got to be bouncy."

"What, like in a diaper?"

"Anywhere from 29 to 30 is good for me. Have you tried the old magic pill?"

"Yeah, I tried it once. I don't need it yet, thank God."

"I've tried it once, Viagra, but you know, headaches. The big head started throbbing."

And with Stewart Copeland of the Police, April 4, 2006, about a party Copeland had three decades earlier:

"You and your mate Paul Cook stole a hat from my house," Copeland says.

"It must have been Cookie."

"Oh, was he sort of a kleptomaniac?"

"No, that was me."

134 Ten minutes or so later, Copeland

tells him he feels the Sex Pistols started it all, burned down the walls of the record industry for a whole new generation of music.

"I'm here to thank you, Mr. Jones, for opening the door," he says.

"I'll buy you a hat."

"I actually get envious of youth," Jones says. We're sitting in the restaurant where he eats breakfast three or four times a week, an unassuming place on Santa Monica Boulevard with no hint of any sort of Los Angeles celebrity scene. Jones is having an oatmeal frittata with a side order of bacon. He is 50 years old. "I wish I was that age again, but I wish I had my head, my knowledge that I have now, then. If I did, I probably wouldn't do half the things I done, though. So who knows. But you fuckers who are still young—it's that innocence I resent now. And that fearlessness. I don't even like flying now. I get fucking panic attacks. I get fucking panic attacks, what is that?"

He used to give other people panic attacks. It's been a little more than 30 years since, as teenagers, he and Paul Cook founded the U.K.'s most prominent enemies of the state, the reigning bad gods of punk rock, the Sex Pistols, to be joined by Lydon in his brief incarnation as Johnny Rotten, Glen Matlock and, later on, Sid Vicious. Any revolution needs a set of villains who might be heroes and heroes who might be villains, and the Pistols were a furious open wound onstage, absolute insolence, a welter of confusion and rage and miserable comedy. "The Sex Pistols were 100 times more of a kick in the ass of a sagging culture than the Beatles," Lester Bangs wrote, and even Bangs—who is still, almost 25 years after his death, the underground king of rock critics, a man who was comfortable provoking a drug-addled Lou Reed to anger or making Holocaust jokes or claiming in print that his hero was Idi Amin—admitted that the Pistols made him uneasy ("Bodies" particularly made him squirm). The Pistols were surely discomfiting; indeed, part of what made them so brilliant was a hysterical admixture of offensiveness and vulnerability, defensiveness and attack: Rotten hanging onto the microphone as if it were the only thing supporting him, gibbering and screaming, his thin voice full of deep mutilation and twitchy fury coming on top of the carpet-bombing arrogance, the unfailing assault, of Jones's guitar.

They lasted about two years, coughed out fewer than 20 songs and probably pissed more people off than any other band in history. It's hard to overstate the terror they struck in the hearts of the U.K.'s variable voices of authority and public morality. They were banned and beaten up, an elected official called for

their deaths, and they were dropped by one label and then another. A 12-day tour of the U.S. ended them. Greil Marcus, writing in 1978 about the Pistols' final show, in San Francisco, was fascinated by Rotten's crooked brilliance—"We will see nothing like him again"—and he noted Vicious's poses dutifully. But concerning the actual music, he was most interested in the drummer and the guitarist: "It was drummer Paul Cook and Steve Jones—somehow revitalizing every stance in the English book while sounding as if he were playing a guitar factory instead of a guitar—who made the noise," he wrote, "and together they were likely the only great two-man band in the history of rock and roll."

The Pistols began with Jones and Cook, boyhood friends who grew up in west London, with Jones as the vocalist. (Another guitarist, Warwick Nightingale, was dropped before they went public.) Jones was the only child of a hairdresser and a boxer; his father left the family when Jones was two, and his mother remarried a man with little interest in becoming a father, though Jones didn't know the man wasn't his real father for years. "He was like most guys," Jones says. "They want the woman, but they don't want the baggage. I was the baggage. And I was a pain in the ass." The baggage, already well on his way, grew into a proper delinquent. "Mostly theft and stupidity," he tells me. "Most of it was petty. Juvenile things. I got arrested 14 times. Eventually I was sent to a home in Banstead, for a year and a half. I actually enjoyed it. Then my parents moved to Battersea—before that we was just living in some basement in Shepherd's Bush, 13 Benbow Road. The three of us in one room, my mother and my stepfather and me. My bed was at the foot of their bed. It was one of them camp beds, and we had an outside toilet, we'd bathe in a tin bath and all use the same water. It was brutal. Like fucking Dickens or something. I didn't know any better. I just kept thinking, Why don't we ever get a place? Why doesn't anything good ever happen for us?"

He left home at 15, in 1970, moved in with a friend and then with Cook's family and quit school. "I went to school, but I didn't learn," he says. "I had no interest. It didn't make sense to me. I sat in the back with the black kids, and the stupid kids, and I'd just daydream and make noises in my head like music. Basically when I left school I couldn't read or write. It was terrible. I was embarrassed. If I ever had to sign anything, I was so embarrassed. Only up until 10 years ago, when I had some lessons. This girl would come over to teach me how to read and write. Before, if I had to go to a bank and sign a check, I'd be fucking shaking like I was doing something fucking dodgy, I'd be so embarrassed. Yeah, maybe Rotten tried to teach me or something, but I never learned properly. I only really learned when I had these

lessons with this woman. Yeah. But I did it. Not bad for someone who's damaged."

Jones and Cook started getting a band together in 1972, and Jones began to outfit them with the necessities. That is, he stole everything. He picked up most of a drum kit from a BBC studio in Shepherd's Bush, a bass from somebody's parked van and two guitars from Rod Stewart's house. (Just for fun he also broke into Ronnie Wood's home and stole a fur coat, and he took a TV from Keith Richards's place.) "But maybe if I didn't have that drama, that horrible stepfather, I'd have ended up a bank clerk," he tells me, then thinks about it a moment and adds, "No. Thieving. A life of thieving, from cars to houses to banks.

Robbing banks, whatever. And to prison. That's where I was headed." His crowning theft came from the stage of the Hammersmith Odeon, where he swiped every single microphone from a set being used to record a live show by David Bowie and his Spiders From Mars. (Mostly he stole from bands he admired, but on the radio show, talking about Genesis, he said, "I saw them once, at this place called the Surrey Rooms, in London, when I was like 15, and I had an opportunity to steal all of their guitars. And I thought, No, I'll watch them first, 'cause I might like them. If I steal their guitars, they won't be able to perform.... I regret not stealing their guitars.")

The full band came together in Sex, a clothing shop on the King's Road, run by Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood. McLaren signed on to manage them, and they soon picked up Matlock, to play bass, and a young green-haired Lydon, who auditioned by singing along to Alice Cooper on the jukebox. (Westwood had told McLaren to go get "that John" for a lead singer; after he found Lydon, she told him she'd meant John Simon Ritchie, later to be known as Sid Vicious. But it was too late, because McLaren knew he'd found something in his Rotten. Ritchie came by three weeks later, hoping to join the band. According to McLaren, he said by way of advertisement, "I can play the saxophone." It was

only much later that they brought him on to play bass, which he couldn't play at all.)

McLaren went on to create his own myth of having manufactured a great con, proclaiming himself the architect of the Sex Pistols' every move: He insisted he had simply used his four young puppets to create a movement that was nothing more than his own little plaything. "I have brought you many things in my time," he says in the post-Rotten Pistols movie *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, "but the most successful of all was an invention of mine they called punk rock." It was a lie, but still a brilliant one.

"Everyone knows Malcolm's full of shit," Jones has said any number of times, and he's the one who likes him. But casual

John Cale's girlfriend down in Brighton, that you needed a singer."

That is, McLaren was there almost from the outset, but where the music went had little to do with him. "You were coming in with a whole 'nother angle—far, far more, I suppose, cutting-edge," he added. "Far more to do with creating—less a pop sound but rather something that was actually going to create something completely new. A sound that would really hurt people, that would annoy people, that would be stripped of all its slickness."

"Was you disappointed that we actually learned how to play after a while?" Jones asked. (He'd taken up the guitar only three months before the Pistols' first gig.)

"No, I always thought you could play. It just didn't seem as good a way of selling the idea. I never thought the industry should ever be sold a group that could play, because that would make you fit in too well. The whole point always was to not fit in with anyone."

"It didn't."

"And it didn't. And that, initially and ultimately, was its greatest success; it's because you didn't fit in—how you related to a legion of disaffected youth who equally didn't feel like they fit in."

For Jones, the early years after the Pistols broke up were mostly made up of the pursuit of sex and heroin—which he'd begun shooting after the breakup of the band, miserable that it was

over and looking for something to fill the emptiness—in addition to session work with other musicians and a number of short-lived bands. He played with Johnny Thunders, the Clash and Joan Jett, before he and Cook formed a new band, the Professionals, in 1980. But by the summer of 1982 the Professionals were dead, and Jones stumbled on his own into another short-lived group, made up mostly of former members of Blondie. He was by then a full-fledged heroin addict. "I was out in L.A. after living in New York for a year," he says. "That whole Alphabet City thing, hustling. I drifted out here with this band Chequered Past two or three weeks

explore more
sparks

Liberator® Wedge/Ramp™
Combo shown.

liberator.com
1.866.542.7283
Visit the sparks lab.
Free awesome poster offer.

TROJAN®
Free gift from TROJAN®
See website for details.

TROJAN® Vibrating Ring is not available or for sale in AL, CO, GA, KS, LA, MS, TX, or VA.

LIBERATOR®
BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR

before I was introduced to AA. I was staying with the singer of Chequered Past. And he actually kicked me out. I stole all his leather jackets and all his wife's bleeding stuff to get dope, so I couldn't go back there. I was basically sleeping on people's couches, trading Sex Pistols stories for it and stealing their TVs for a bag of dope. Homeless, no passport, no possessions, nothing but one pair of dirty old Levi's."

We're back in the same joint; today for breakfast Jones is having eggs Blackstone with an extra hamburger patty. He's been telling me about what he uses instead of drugs or alcohol, beginning with his losing his virginity at 13 at a gypsy fair and continuing with his lifelong pursuit of a version of the same high ever since. "I've backed up a little now that I'm 50," he says, "but I've spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on prostitutes, fucked thousands of birds—oh, look at that...she's a piece of ass...no, no, I've seen her before, she's something—well, yeah, fucked some stunners, fucked some monsters, some degraded-looking things, almost bag ladies, out of desperation. And I can finally say that that bondage, that obsession, has been lifted. I still

like it, but I'm not on that quest to put my cock in a hole like I did. Thank God. Look, she's sitting this way so she can look at me. There you go! She made out she don't care. I'm not imagining this, am I? Her boyfriend knows who I am, I've seen him talking about me. I'm not delusional, am I? You get some people who think everyone must acknowledge them. I'm not one of those, am I?"

He's not. He likes to play at arrogance ("I am a higher being!") but mostly to mock himself, to mock rock stars turned into caricatures of the breed. Sex is, however, surely one of his favorite topics. He speaks on the air unabashedly about his preferences ("bubble butts"), discusses his own desires without hesitation (and sometimes almost without end). Here he is on March 6, 2006, talking to Rosanna Arquette, who spends most of the interview encouraging him to consider trying a real relationship:

"I did therapy for six years. You think I need more, though, don't you?" Jones says.

"Well, you're not in a relationship, and you said you get to a certain point and then you stop," says Arquette.

"Yeah, the beginning," says Jones.

And then, as they discuss a music documentary Arquette directed, Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders comes up:

"She's in my documentary, and as you know, she's one of my best friends in the world——"

"Do you know I had sex with Chrissie Hynde?"

"Oh, I'm—I did know that. But I wasn't going to tell everyone on the radio."

"Did she say I was good?"

"Uh—she loves you, Steve."

"Okay.... Do you know who else I had sex with?"

"I bet many."

"This is a shocker, though. Joan Jett."

"Wow.... Does she know that?"

"How dare you?" They begin laughing. "I think so. She was a big fan. And ever since she's only been with ladies."

"Maybe you broke her heart."

"Yeah, that's what happened."

Later, reading a list of people in her movies, Jones asks Arquette about musicians she didn't like; she says she liked everyone.

"Joni Mitchell was pretty amazing," she says.

"Joni Mitchell? What's her big hit? What's her song?"

Arquette offers some songs.

"What's she look like? Joni Mitchell. Blonde-headed bird.... She's blonde, right?"

"Yeah," says Arquette, laughing, "Joni Mitchell's blonde. You'd like her."

"I had it off with her, too," says Jones. "She had a nice big mouth."

"Oh my God——"

"She's not a lesbian now, is she?"

And then on March 22, 2006, with Chrissie Hynde, talking about her former husbands, her longtime vegetarianism and other topics:

"They all want me back, of course," Hynde says.

"Right," says Jones. "So when——"

"As you can well, I'm sure, vouch for that."

"Yes. So when we had sex, many years ago—we did, right?"

"Well——"

"I remember——"

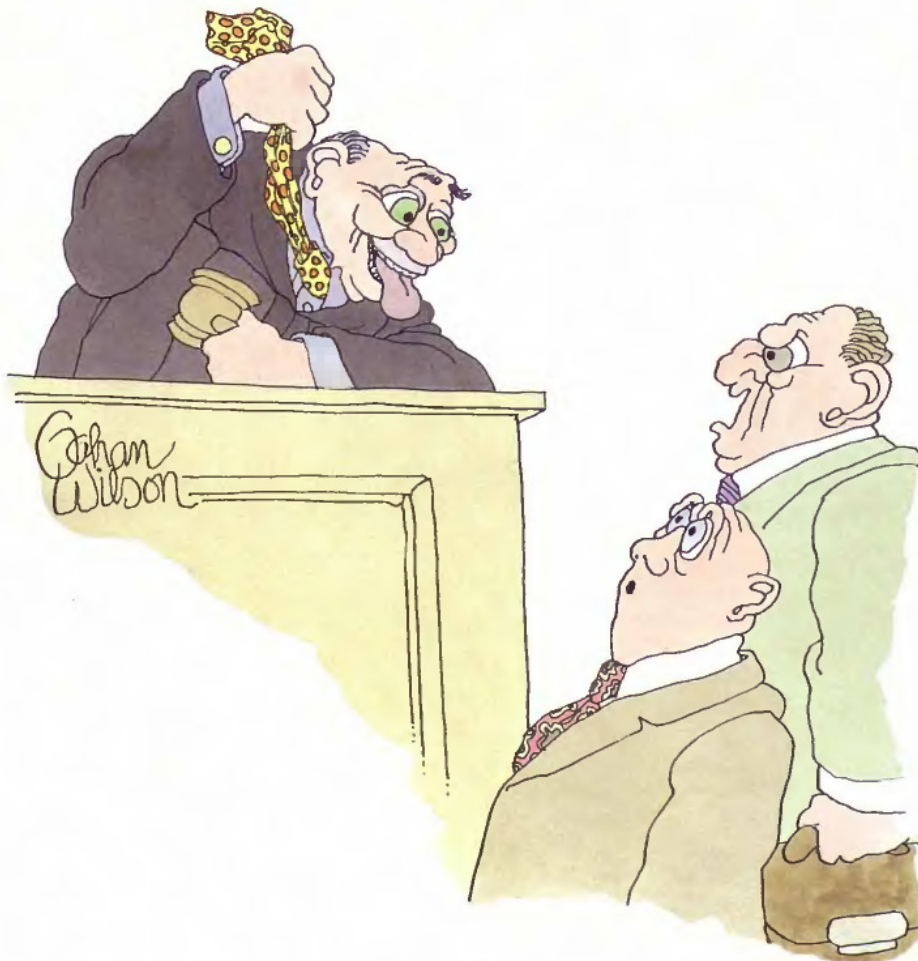
"I think when I didn't have a place to live and I used to come around to the studio on Denmark, I think you used to give me one," says Hynde.

"Yeah, but I remember another spot as well. It was at a party in the bathroom. I remember that, too. What, I was that good, you don't remember?"

"It was that good?"

"Even I remember," says Jones.

"Do you know what I remember about that party?" says Hynde. "There was a—like a turkey or a chicken, and I ate a piece of it. I still remember that 'cause of course, you know, it was a huge violation for me, but I was so hungry, and after what I'd just been up to in the bathroom with you, I thought, you know, I was already working with the Man Downstairs, and I thought, Fuck the chicken." She remembers she's on live radio. "Sorry!"



"Really, your Honor!"

Here's Hynde a little later on, as Jones extends the discussion:

"Bloody hell...if I'd known before I came in...you dirty—"

They play a Pretenders song together and then the Stooges' "I Wanna Be Your Dog," dispose of a suggestion by Arquette, who has joined the interview midway, that they ought to fall in love with each other, and eventually go back to talking about music.

"Well," Hynde says, "then when that punk thing happened, I knew I could get in there without it being too much of a novelty, being a chick. Of course it served me well. I've never—it made it easier being a girl because guys would carry my guitars, tune them and stuff."

"I never carried your guitar."

"I'll bet you did."

"I'll bet I didn't. I'd carry it now, though."

He probably wouldn't—or at least he wouldn't do it hoping for anything in return. ("Twenty to 30—no birds over 30," he tells me; Hynde says on the air that they are too old for each other.)

Talking about refusing to go to the Hall of Fame ceremony in March, Jones says, "If they'd offered you medical or something, I could understand, but otherwise, fuck it." But old rock stars don't get offered health insurance. What they do get offered, as if this is any surprise, are the favors of all sorts of women. Within an hour of meeting Jones for the first time, I watch a waitress stumble through trying to offer him a blow job ("For free," she says, a little confused. "Not interested," he says after she's gone). The offers keep coming all week. "That shallow, meaningless sex, I enjoy that. I still enjoy that, that's the worst. Sex addiction—well, that don't work anymore. That obsessiveness, needing it every night, that's not true anymore." At which point the restaurant's pretty hostess comes over to flirt a bit, and we forget what we're talking about entirely.

"When I got out here," he says once we've figured it out again, "it was the big-hair bands, and I'd go out on the Sunset Strip. I'd just park outside the Rainbow on my motorbike, and I used to just get birds on the back of my bike and bring 'em back up to my place and then right back. There was so much pussy. I didn't get off the bike. I just sat there. I didn't even have to speak most of the time. I looked the part, anyway. That weren't really me, that long-hair thing, but I was so into pussy that I'd do anything to get my needs met."

This is his usual question for me at breakfast—"Did you get your needs met last night?"—and Jones has little trouble achieving it himself. "Well, I've quit everything else," he says. "That and food keep me going."

Yes, that and food. But also, to be honest, the show. Before Indie 103.1 came along, Jones had put out two solo albums, spent some time producing bands and playing with other groups and solo artists—Iggy

Pop, Bob Dylan and members of Guns n' Roses, not to speak of Don Johnson and Johnny Depp—as well as doing two Sex Pistols reunion tours, in 1996 and 2003. But none of it particularly seemed to lead him to feel that the great part of his life hadn't essentially ended in 1979.

That lasted until 2004, when a friend called to ask if he wanted to be involved with a new radio station. "I said, 'I want to be a DJ,'" he says. "Out of the blue. Never thought about it before. Never crossed my mind." He was very clear about his rules from the outset, however: "I said, 'This is what I want to do. I want to play songs I want to play. I want to say what I want to say. You let me do that, we can be in business.' I said, 'Even if the show does well or the station does well, no one comes to me a year later to give me Limp Bizkit songs to play or whatever.' And they said, 'Okay, deal.'"

The deal has worked out well for Indie 103.1: Jones is its franchise player without question, its superstar and a growing favorite in the town. He's regularly on all the L.A. media's best-of lists; every kid with an indie-rock band in the city (and in L.A., as many kids have bands as hope to be movie stars) seems to be dreaming of his or her guest spot on the show. His fans seem terrified of missing a single show—they might miss a bit of his life. "It's the weirdest thing," he says. "Cops, taxi drivers, limo drivers. Regular joes. You got it all—and yeah, a lot of hipsters. But I knew I was onto a good thing when a mate of mine came to L.A. and got in a cab, and the cabdriver was listening to it. He says, 'I love this Jonesy guy, this Jonesy,' he says! I love that, this guy who never heard of the Sex Pistols. It's amazing for me to get a second shot at something. And it's me own, too. I'm not on the coattails of anyone."

That the show is his own thing makes Jones particularly happy. The Sex Pistols myth is, to be sure, hardly his sole property. "Well, I mean, it's always a picture of John and Sid, even though I started the band," he says. "Which is cool. I don't want to be it. I have no resentments. That's what we did together, and we needed all of us." But this is the way he does it on his own, which, for one of the accidental founders of a movement, is the essence of that movement. "Jerry Lee Lewis—he was punk. Beethoven was punk," Jones says after breakfast, somewhere in rural Beverly Hills. We've ended up taking a hike through one of the canyons, which perhaps doesn't seem very punk rock. But it's what he wanted to do, and that's the point. "They did something new, or at least something that was theirs, and no one told them how to do it. Punk to me was just doing your own thing, not doing what anyone else told you to. Just doing it the way you—you yourself—thought was right and good."



Ask for a
FREE
Great Sex
7 Days a
Week DVD
with order!

Thong

Ravishing Silk
2-piece lingerie set

See-through silk chiffon tailored shirt has solid silk cuffs, collar and button-down front. Item 332: Black or lilac. S, M, L, XL. \$39. Matching thong \$15.

Call to order
800-726-7035
www.panties.com

MEN: BE TALLER!!

TIRED OF BEING SHORT? TRY OUR HEIGHT INCREASING SHOES FOR MEN. UP TO 3" TALLER. OVER 100 STYLES. HIDDEN HEIGHT INCREASER. IN BUSINESS SINCE 1939. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. CALL OR WRITE TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG.



www.elevatorshoes.com/4.htm

ELEVATORS®

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY DEPT. PB60
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705

1-800-343-3810

Authentic Dali
Bronze Sculpture
Limited Edition

"Space Venus"

Cast 1977, edition size 350 + 35 EA

Call or visit our website
for full details...



The
Salvador Dali GALLERY
Inc.

The world's only gallery dealing exclusively
in authentic Salvador Dali fine art.
Now in our 20th year.

1-800-275-3254

Phone: 949-373-2440 Fax: 949-373-2446
Ask for Dept. P.B.

www.DaliGallery.com

31103 Rancho Viejo Rd., #2-193, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675

LUDACRIS (continued from page 56)

I've been a victim of roundabout paying for sex, you could say. And I'm just being completely honest.

LUDACRIS: [Laughs] That's not an exaggeration, man. If you're proud of yourself, you've broken out a ruler and measured yourself. All I can say is I'm extremely proud of myself. And it took me a while to realize because it's not like I go around peeping at other men. It's something I've been told by many women. I'm exceptional—very much, I was told. Women, watch out for us medium-built guys.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is sexy?

LUDACRIS: Halle Berry is really sexy. But we all think Halle Berry is sexy. I've met so many different people, but I've never met her.

PLAYBOY: Well, if she reads this interview—

LUDACRIS: If she reads this interview, she can call the William Morris Agency and get in touch with me.

PLAYBOY: How come we've read so little about the women you've dated?

LUDACRIS: I like to keep my personal life separate. I have definitely dated a lot of other celebrities, but it never gets blown out of proportion in the media. It's almost like a game I play, to keep something to myself and not have it be publicized.

PLAYBOY: So who have you dated?

LUDACRIS: [Laughs] I can't tell you that. That's the whole point.

PLAYBOY: If you were dating Halle Berry, you wouldn't be so private about it.

LUDACRIS: No, I would be private about it. I don't have to show her off. As long

as I know I'm the one, then I'm cool. All I want to do is respect what she wants. I just like pleasing the woman.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of which, you're one of the few guys who rap about going down on women. In some circles—not just hip-hop circles but black circles—men just don't do that.

LUDACRIS: Guys are lying. They say they don't do it, but whoever your main girl is, if you love her, you'll please her in any way.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever paid for sex?

LUDACRIS: Hell, yeah. Taking a woman to dinner and the movies may not be a direct way of paying for it, but I've been a victim of roundabout paying for sex, you could say. And I'm just being completely honest.

PLAYBOY: What was the freakiest night of your life?

LUDACRIS: Probably the night when I was a young rapper on tour in Dallas and had sex with four or five different women, not all in the same room. I had just gotten a little taste of fame. It was definitely a wild extravaganza, a night filled with freakiness. Safe freakiness. How many more sex questions do we have to cover?

PLAYBOY: With the number of sex songs you've done, now you're getting shy? You've got half a dozen songs just about your balls.

LUDACRIS: Grandmothers and aunties love to read the articles I'm in, but hopefully they won't read the *Playboy Interview*.

PLAYBOY: Then let's hope they don't listen to your records, either. Did you have to explain to your mom what tea bagging is?

LUDACRIS: My mom buys the clean versions. She doesn't ask me about stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: T.I. calls himself the king of the South. Are you ready to hand that crown to him?

LUDACRIS: Do we really have to talk about this? I don't want to shed light on other rappers in my interview.

PLAYBOY: Well, there is a new generation of rappers from Atlanta—T.I., Young Jeezy, Boyz N da Hood—and they all rap about crack: how they smoke crack, how they sold crack, how their music is like crack. Do you support them?

LUDACRIS: To each his own. I respect what anyone wants to do. If that's their reality, it's fine for them to rap about it, but I don't want to be like everyone else. Some of that may have been my reality, but I choose not to talk about the same things.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

LUDACRIS: I never resorted to selling crack, but I was there when it was happening.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever sell weed?

LUDACRIS: Man, who hasn't sold weed? [laughs] That doesn't really count. I did it on the sly, never really in bulk. Supply and demand is just something you learn in the street. I had a little extra supply; somebody else had a demand. That's the best way to put it.

PLAYBOY: On your album *The Red Light District*, you say you're "one of the few rappers responsible for changing the game." Can you justify that?

LUDACRIS: Honestly, I'm responsible for artists wanting to be more versatile, as opposed to saying the same things over and over. I can rap in any style, about any subject. That's my legacy. I wouldn't say I started the whole cameo thing, but I made it cool to rap on an R&B song, whether it was a Ciara song or a Jamie Foxx song. I'm the cameo king. I can rap as fast as Twista and as slow as somebody from Houston. I can rap with C-Murder, and I can rap with Usher. I changed the game because there's no limit to my range. Whatever's going on in music, I can make it my own. I satisfy all audiences. You can't put me in a category. I keep people guessing, and that whole mystery would make me a fan of myself.

PLAYBOY: Are you a fan of your own music? Do you turn up the radio if one of your songs comes on?

LUDACRIS: Hell, yeah. I feel like I'm the medium between God and the microphone. I don't even know where the raps come from. I listen back like, Damn, that's good!

PLAYBOY: You're especially proud of your lyrics.

LUDACRIS: Lyrics are my strongest point.



A lot of people say they can't understand other rappers but they understand me. They say, "I don't listen to a lot of rap, but I love your music."

PLAYBOY: When people talk about the greatest lyricists in rap, they name Jay-Z, Biggie, Tupac, Nas—but they don't name you.

LUDACRIS: My goal is to be in the top five very soon, if I'm not already there. That comes with time. People outside my own crew are starting to say, "Luda, you're in my top five."

PLAYBOY: Your label, Def Jam, has some older rappers whose careers are in trouble: LL Cool J, Ja Rule. What do you learn from looking at their problems?

LUDACRIS: Be consistent, don't take too much time off, and if you feel like you want to retire, don't say it. That's funny as hell, too. Too \$hort, Jay-Z, Andre 3000—they all say they're retiring, but they don't retire. [laughs] I'll shut the hell up. I just won't come out with an album. How about that?

PLAYBOY: You talked earlier about learning from your mistakes. Were you referring to some of the thug songs you did at the start of your career, like "Stick 'Em Up," "Cry Babies" and "Saturday"?

LUDACRIS: Those songs all stemmed from real-life situations, but I may have exaggerated a little. I do have a gun. I may not be the most violent dude in the world, but I will shoot somebody. [laughs] If you come to me in a violent way, I'm going to defend myself. "Cry Babies" has "I caught him with a blow to the chest. / I got a bulletproof vest." I do have a bulletproof vest. I was definitely influenced by N.W.A and other rappers I loved so much. If I hadn't been, maybe I would have been a little more careful with my lyrics. But I guess I have to go back on my word because I wouldn't really call those songs mistakes. I was just speaking about what was going on in my life at the time. I know I'm going back and forth—this is therapeutic, this interview. I'm learning a lot. When I said I made mistakes in the past, what the hell was I talking about? The only mistake I made was not realizing that my mind was being conditioned.

PLAYBOY: Well, it's a complex subject, talking about race and morality and responsibility.

LUDACRIS: It's extremely complex. It hurts me to say rap has a negative influence, because earlier I said you can't blame rap for things.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're more conscious, would you still do "Stick 'Em Up"?

LUDACRIS: Yeah, because it's still reality to me.

PLAYBOY: Why do you have a gun?

LUDACRIS: To protect myself. America has so many guns, which is why we're all killing each other, but if someone comes into your house, what the hell are you going to do? I have a gun to defend

myself, a gun in the car, a couple in the house, for sure.

PLAYBOY: You're one of the few rappers with a respected acting career. When you began, were there certain presumptions about how you would behave on the set?

LUDACRIS: There's a stereotype of rappers in Hollywood: We show up late, we come with an entourage, we smoke a lot of weed in the dressing room. That was the expectation. So I'm on time. I don't come with an entourage. And if I'm going to smoke weed, I do it on my own time.

PLAYBOY: Your first role was a one-minute cameo in *The Wash*, with Eminem, Snoop Dogg, Dr. Dre, Xzibit and Kurupt. Does that film prove the maxim that the more rappers a movie has, the worse it is?

LUDACRIS: You can't say that. I was in *The Wash* for all of five seconds. I don't feel it's worth talking about, honestly. I wouldn't even want to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: You had a key role as a car thief in *Crash*. One odd thing about that film is that it has a lot of really funny racist jokes.

LUDACRIS: How is it okay for people to praise *Crash* but criticize the hell out of rap music when basically the points are the same?

PLAYBOY: Is it hypocrisy?

LUDACRIS: Definitely. As real as *Crash* is, that's why people love it so much. And rap music is real—with a hint of exaggeration sometimes, which is also what movies do. The movie turns itself around and has a good ending, and not all rap albums end on a good note. Maybe that's why.

PLAYBOY: The man who wrote and directed *Crash* is white. Is America more willing to accept a story of racial struggle from white people than from black?

LUDACRIS: Absolutely. I don't even want to elaborate on that. The answer is yes. Where else can we go from there? Hell, yeah, man. Of course.

PLAYBOY: You played a rapper in *Hustle & Flow*, a film about a Memphis pimp trying to change his life. If a black director had made it, would more people have said it was glamorizing pimps?

LUDACRIS: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: One criticism of *Crash*: The ending is too pat. Are we supposed to believe all the racial struggle in Los Angeles can be reconciled in two hours?

LUDACRIS: To me, the big picture is that it got people talking again about what's going on in America. It opened up conversations and discussions. Once you get people to at least acknowledge that things are going on, that's the start of trying to solve the problem.

PLAYBOY: In that case *Crash* is like rap, which has done a lot to keep race in the public consciousness.

LUDACRIS: The only bad thing is that it mostly gets people talking negatively about race. If it involves black people,

PLAYBOY Digital

A whole
NEW way
to get
PLAYBOY
Magazine!



INSTANT ACCESS

ZOOM IN

QUICK LINKS

**Subscribe now
and get a
FREE GIFT!**

**Just go to
www.playboydigital.com**

the media doesn't want to look at the good in it. They just focus on the negative part.

PLAYBOY: The character you play in *Crash* is a black man who thinks rap music hurts the race. Early in the movie he has a great monolog: "Let's give the niggers this music by a bunch of mumbling idiots, and they'll all copy it, and sooner or later no one will be able to understand a fucking word they say."

LUDACRIS: That's not my perspective. We're not all mumbling idiots. Some are mumbling idiots, that's for sure. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: You said some rap songs degrade women. Does that include some of your songs?

LUDACRIS: Yes, but I make a point of saying that when I use the word *ho* or *bitch*, I desexualize it. In the song "Ho," I say, "Most of us guys are hos too." The definition of *ho* to me is someone who sleeps around. Rappers may degrade

women, but we degrade men, too, so that pretty much cancels itself out. We say, "Man, you a ho. Why you being a ho?" In that definition, we mean you're being sissy-like; you're not stepping up to your manhood. These words have many different connotations and can mean many different things. We know what we're talking about. People on the outside may not understand.

PLAYBOY: You've slept around, so you're a ho.

LUDACRIS: I've said that. How can you say I'm degrading women, when I call myself a ho? I'm degrading myself! Look at me. I'm rich and successful, and I'm degrading the hell out of myself. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to *Hustle & Flow*. Why is Skinny Black such an asshole?

LUDACRIS: He has a lot of built-up resentment. The music industry made him crazy, and he has trust issues with certain individuals, all the jealousy that comes

with being a superstar. That's why he's angry.

PLAYBOY: This is a role you didn't want to do, right?

LUDACRIS: I didn't want to play Skinny Black. I turned the part down three times. I didn't even read it. I was just like, "I don't want to play a rapper." John Singleton convinced me to do it. He said, "Read it. He's not just a rapper. His personality's different."

PLAYBOY: What do you recall about the scene in which Terrence Howard beats you up in the bathroom of a bar?

LUDACRIS: He was punching a bag when it seemed like he was punching me, and this syrup they were using for blood got all in my braids. That shit was irritating as hell. It got to a point where Terrence's hand was bleeding for real because he was punching that little bag so much, which shows how dedicated he was.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever come close to hitting you?

LUDACRIS: [Laughs] More in *Crash* than in *Hustle & Flow*. He was actually hitting me in *Crash*. It just so happened I had two parts where I had to catch it from him. I tell Terrence I'll have to do a video and whup his ass. But as funny as it seems, both characters I played deserve to get whatever happens to them.

PLAYBOY: One is a carjacker, and the other is an asshole rapper. Even on *Law & Order* you played a bad guy.

LUDACRIS: People label me as a funny rapper. I'm just showing my different sides. People would expect me to do a comedy, so I'll go ahead and do some of these roles first. [phone rings] Hold on a second. It's my agent. [to phone] Can I play anybody else besides that guy? I'm definitely not trying to get my balls cut off, man. So you're saying I'm going to completely ruin my relationship with these guys if I don't get my balls cut off in the movie? I do not want to get my balls cut off in the movie. Really bad. They don't show my balls getting cut off? They just insinuate that my balls are going to get cut off? All right, fax me the pages.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with getting your balls cut off in a movie?

LUDACRIS: Because they're my balls, man! I like them, on- and offscreen. I want to be able to show my balls to *Playgirl* one day.

PLAYBOY: You're the guy who rapped, "I pack more nuts than Delta Air Lines." Why are your balls such a theme in your life?

LUDACRIS: That's how you become successful if you weren't born into money: You put your balls on the line. If you fail, you just do it again. Which maybe goes into why I talk about my balls so much and why I don't want them to get cut off in a movie. Because all I have are my balls and my word.



"Er, trick or treat, honey?"



Better Sex Videos Guaranteed to Increase Your Lovemaking Pleasure.

ALL NEW!

Get the Best Sex of Your Life-- Now!



Times have changed and so has great sex. Loving couples are more willing than ever to "experiment" for a whole new level of sexual arousal and adventure. That's why we created our ALL NEW "Better Sex" Video Series. It's an updated, visually EXPLICIT "how to"

guide that will not only help you maximize the sexual satisfaction you now enjoy...but will also open your senses to a whole new world of erotic excitement!

Watch as 12 couples demonstrate the hottest techniques to spice up your sex life!

Each uncensored volume shows REAL couples (not actors) demonstrating REAL techniques that you and your lover will want to try out right away ...as you watch!

Vol.1 "Advanced Sexual Techniques & Positions":

As Seen On TV Learn more about sexual anatomy and where the "G" spot really is. See the best Kama Sutra and oral sex positions. Make foreplay more exciting. Achieve multiple orgasms. Discover the pleasures of erotic massage and "naughty" phone sex.

Vol.2 "22 Sex Secrets, Tips & Turn Ons":

Make your fantasies come true—from forbidden sex in public places to "3-ways" with blindfolds, erotic dance, sexual power play and mutual masturbation. Learn how erogenous zones can make ordinary sex play extraordinary.

Vol.3 "Erotic Sex Play & Beyond":

See how electrifying uninhibited sex can be. Includes adult toys, fantasy role playing, unedited films, "quickies" when and wherever the urge strikes, plus safe and erotic anal pleasures you both will enjoy!

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!



For fastest service with credit cards or for a FREE catalog call: **1.800.955.0888** ext.8PB166

Or mail to: Sinclair Institute, ext.8PB166
PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

2 FREE VIDEOS Plus, FREE Sensual Music CD!

Advanced Oral Sex Techniques is guaranteed to increase your lovemaking pleasure. **Great Sex 7 Days A Week** shows you even more creative ways to ignite intense sexual excitement. Get both videos **FREE** with your order! Plus, order within 10 days and receive a **FREE** sensual music CD.

WARNING: Couples who watch these explicit videos together may become highly aroused.

order online at:
BetterSex.com/ad
use ext. 8PB166



Check desired format: <input type="checkbox"/> VHS or <input type="checkbox"/> DVD	ITEM NO.	TOTAL
Advanced Oral Sex Techniques (Free with purchase)	#3047 VHS	FREE
Great Sex 7 Days A Week (Free with purchase)	#2870 DVD	FREE
Sensual music CD (Free with purchase)		FREE
Vol. 1: Advanced Sexual Techniques & Positions	#3501	24.95
Vol. 2: 22 Sex Secrets, Tips & Turn Ons	#3502	24.95
Vol. 3: Erotic Sex Play & Beyond	#3504	24.95
Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save \$35!	#3506	39.85
	P & H	5.00
	TOTAL	

Bank Money Order Check VISA MC
 AMEX Discover

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(*I certify that I am over age 18.)

NC orders please add 7% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. \$6 shipping.
Sorry - No Cash or C.D.D. 8PB166 ©2006 Sinclair Institute.



BASEMENT (continued from page 70)

It's really a mob scene, the cavernous underground room packed with abusive, screaming men.

sadistic acts since time immemorial.

Popular sociologists have recently reported on bullying by girls, labeling the perpetrators queen bees, with some researchers arguing the politically correct notion that violence is learned behavior. Girls, they say, can be just as nasty as boys. While it may be true that a handful of women helped humiliate prisoners at Abu Ghraib, throughout history the physical torture, beating and killing of prisoners is nearly always performed or directed by men. Violent-crime statistics worldwide belie the notion that, as a group, women are as brutal or antisocial as men. Whether in Detroit or a remote third world village, men perpetrate roughly 90 percent of violent acts. The interesting question is why some men and not others.

Late on the night of Sunday, January 30, 2005 Matt and Mike are taken down to the basement of the Chi Tau fraternity house, ankle-deep in the filthy stew. Graffiti is scrawled on the walls: the names and dates of pledge classes, phrases such as "Remember the slaves" and "It's only in the mind." The basement has a foul, musty stench.

Mike remembers how often he's seen members spit and piss here, but what he feels is the freezing cold, the winter air rushing in through the broken basement windows. General Lim's title would seem to put him in command, but it's really a mob scene, the cavernous underground room packed with abusive, screaming men. The night begins. The pair are made to get facedown in the water, forefingers and thumbs pressed together in a triangle for delta push-ups. Football burpees and up-downs. Wall-sits. Down onto their backs, into the murky water, legs and arms up in the air.

"I'm a little cockroach," they must sing, the filthy water splashed in their faces. It's cold, and they're exhausted and humiliated. Toward the end, after a couple of members have become ugly drunks, Mike realizes Jerry Lim may be pledge general, but he's also the only one protecting them from the dicks.

The night ends at five A.M. Jerry lets them change out of their soiled, wet clothes, and they crawl behind the washer and drier into sleeping bags in a cement cubby. It's the sort of nook a homeless person might call home. The tiny basement window is shattered, and their corner is no bigger than a crawl space, crowded with pipes and the drier duct. They close their eyes, but there's no sleep.

After a warning from a plumber that the pledges could get hepatitis from the filthy water, they are granted a basement reprieve. Pledge Olympics is Monday's theme, and the night begins with games in the living room. Foreheads against the handle of a baseball bat, the pledges spin until they can barely stand. They swing at a flattened beer can. They might as well try to hit a fly. Up the stairs they run—three flights, 10, 20 times. Again and again. It's exhausting, but there's no cold, no sewer water, only a few members screaming in their faces. Gradually the night morphs into an impromptu baseball game, the goal of exhausting and humiliating the pledges forgotten. Near dawn, Jerry, knowing his charges had a rough Sunday night, takes pity on them and lets the two clamber into his top bunk for a couple of hours of sleep.

General Lim orders the pledges down to the still-wet basement floor for delta push-ups. It's Tuesday night, 11 P.M. He shouts out a refrain, and they repeat, "I will never make Jerry Lim look bad again!"

"Pledge position number one!" Jerry yells.

They fall into the push-up position.

"Down!"

They drop.

"Up!"

They rise, shouting, "I!"

On they go, one push-up for each letter in the refrain, pressing out 34.

Jerry is good and pissed. They've fucked up raising the flags, neglected to wear plastic bags on their shoes and generally made him and the other junior actives look like pussies. The senior members have been giving Jerry grief all day, and he's had it. The pledge general is going to "wipe his hands clean" for the night. He's barely slept the past two nights and has class in the morning. He won't stay in charge for the entire night and won't hold back his fellow junior actives. Jerry Lim isn't going to be nice anymore.

"What's my delta alpha?"

"Sir, Long Duck Dong, sir."

Matt has memorized the Chi Tau blue book, the frat's bible, and snaps back correct answers, including the members' nicknames, or delta alphas, but Mike slips, and when he does, Jerry explodes. The pledges are ordered out of their shoes, socks and shirts, and stripped down to their blue jeans, the windchill from the fans making it feel barely above freezing. They are ordered to look only

at a smelly old shoe that hangs directly before them from the rafters.

Into the pledge positions they go—dozens of delta push-ups, plenty of burpees and thigh-shaking wall-sits. Hell Week embraces the interrogator's standard method of total mental and physical control. Pledges can eat only what they are given. The general hands the pledges an "apple" (an onion) to eat, chased down by a couple of "cookies" (two cloves of garlic).

It's nearing midnight. Across town in the university library Mike Fernandez is finishing up his calculus homework when he gets a message on his cell phone. Ken Dandy, the upbeat Chi Tau president, has a news bulletin: "I just want you to know that Hell Week has started and you have now gained your full rights as a member. I highly encourage you to come over and use them."

Ken is a friend, but the call unsettles Fernandez. He hated his own initiation, the members yelling and shouting at him, making him feel worthless. He wondered what was wrong with these guys. How could they take such pleasure in these sadistic rites? He had promised himself that after he got through it he would not be like them.

The week of push-ups, shivering in pools of ice water, sleep deprivation—it all made Fernandez so ill that when it was finished he checked himself into the university clinic. The nurse returned with a policeman. Fernandez wouldn't talk. He might have wrestled for Chico State, but he knew if he ratted out his brothers half a dozen of them would beat the shit out of him.

Exactly why young men in groups bully others is something of a mystery. Jane Ireland, a forensic psychologist at the University of Central Lancashire, has investigated the phenomenon in dozens of U.K. prisons and thinks she has the answer. In a recent study of 1,253 inmates from 11 prisons, Ireland made the remarkable discovery that 71 percent of the so-called bullies were also victims.

The finding challenges current thinking about bullying in prisons and schools. The surprising conclusion of Ireland and fellow researcher John Archer: The majority of bullies are victims who bully for protection or status. Contrary to previous theories, the findings suggest victim-bullies do not display any unique personality or type, says Ireland. Instead, bullying is largely a function of survival. There is a Darwinian element to it, and in prison victims must bully or be doomed to spiraling abuse. "You can start as a victim and make your way up to a bully-victim," she says. "By bullying someone you make yourself a little less vulnerable."

The harsh prison environment starkly

illuminates the social forces that transform a victim into a bully. At the bottom in the bullying hierarchy are the so-called lambs, the victims subjected to the most abuse. It is no coincidence that researchers label them with a term reflecting feminine vulnerability. The group Ireland terms reinforcers, "the men who often clap and cheer and encourage the action," stands in the middle.

Henchmen align themselves with "a bully with a lot of status, someone very aggressive," says Ireland. Interestingly, henchmen "more or less do the bullying." Indeed, one of the ironies of bullying is that the wolf, or pure bully, need not always directly bully. Henchmen carry out his orders.

A strong offense, it seems, is the best defense. "Aggression is a valuable behavior among younger male groups," says Ireland. "If you're quite aggressive, it actually protects you." At many fraternities—Chi Tau included—rites of initiation ensure that new recruits, not unlike new prisoners at a jail, are abused and victimized. By giving recently victimized pledges the title of junior actives and granting them unchallenged authority to harass the next pledge class, fraternities ritualize and encourage the transformation of victims into bullies. "The fraternity initiation highlights the dynamic nature of bullying," says Ireland. "It's not about a person's characteristics. It's the environment that drives the bullying. It's where you are."

That Tuesday, movie night as they call it, Mike Fernandez arrives in the basement just after 12. Rex Garnett, a Chi Tau brother, carries down an old TV, his Xbox and some poker chips. He brings three electric fans, too. Trent Stiefvater, a junior active, joins him on the couch and starts counting out the chips. Fernandez throws his arm around Matt. "You all right, buddy? You wanna quit? Don't worry," he says.

"Sir, no, sir," Matt says.

"Knock that shit off," Fernandez says. "You don't have to call me sir."

"Yes you do!" shouts Jerry, who then heads up to the kitchen.

Fernandez glances at his cell phone. It's 12:50. Jerry returns with a full five-gallon jug of Alhambra water.

"Water makes pledges grow!" he growls.

Jerry hands the pledges the bottle and recites the drill: Balance on the bench with one leg raised, head between the rafters and no touching the house, and drink till you can't drink anymore. Then pass the bottle to your pledge brother.

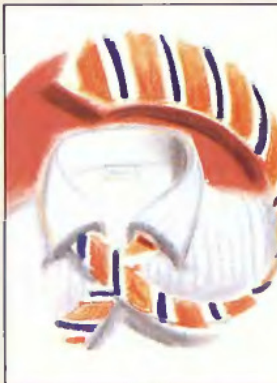
"All right," Jerry says. "You have 10 minutes to finish this jug."

The poker table faces the pledges; the players are Rex Garnett and junior actives Jerry Lim, Trent Stiefvater and Richard Hirth. John Paul Fickes and Mike Fernandez watch the game

WHERE

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 32, 35-38, 100-105 and 158-159, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 32: *Joytech*, joytech.net. *Lego Star Wars II*, lucasarts.com. *Loco Roco*, playstation.com. *Prey*, 2kgames.com. *Saints Row*, thq.com. *Spy Hunter: Nowhere to Run*, midway.com. *Test Drive Unlimited*, atari.com. *Yakuza*, sega.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 35-38: *Bentley*, bentleymotors.com. *Fireorb*, fireorb.net. *Fujitsu*, fujitsu.com. *Helio*, helio.com. *Kobold*, koboldwatch.com. *Motorola*, motorola.com. *Nokia*, nokia.com. *Ritz-Carlton*, ritzcarlton.com. *SpeckTone*, speckproducts.com. *T-Mobile*, sidekick.com. *Whiskeys*, available at liquor stores nationwide.

BEST DRESSED MAN ON CAMPUS

Pages 100-105: *Armani Collezioni*, available at Saks Fifth Avenue boutiques nationwide. *Baby Phat by Kimora Lee Simmons*, babyphat.com. *Barbara Bui*, 212-625-1938. *Best of Class by Robert Talbott*, roberttalbott.com. *BOSS Orange*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. *Buffalo David Bitton*, buffalojeans.com. *Company 81*, company81.com. *Draven*, draven.com. *Emporio Armani*, emporioarmani.com. *Fred Perry*, www.fredperry.com. *Gant*, 888-645-GANT. *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com.

Gucci, gucci.com. *Guess*, guess.com. *House of Howe*, houseofhowe.com. *J. Lindeberg*, jlindeberg.com. *John Richmond Accessories*, available at David Lawrence in Seattle. *Jutta Neumann*, juttaneumann-newyork.com. *Laila Rowe*, lailarowe.com. *New York Hat & Cap Co.*, hatsinthebelfry.com. *Replay*, 888-REPLAY8. *Richmond Denim Uomo*, available at Chasalla in Chicago. *Richmond X Uomo*, available at David Lawrence in Seattle. *Sean John*, available at Macy's stores nationwide. *Sisley*, sisley.com. *Teddy Smith*, agentredintl.com. *Vanessa Noel*, 212-906-0055.

POTPOURRI

Pages 158-159: *Colognes*, available at department stores nationwide. *Creative Labs*, creative.com. *Fretlight*, fretlight.com. *Grilliput*, grilliput.com. *Hourglass Desk Clock*, modernclocks.net. *Modern Vixens*, goliathbooks.com. *Scene It?*, sceneit.com. *Trunk Ltd.*, trunkltd.com. *Turbo Charge*, turbocellcharge.com.

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE

TRIVIA QUIZ

Pages 68-69: Want bonus questions? Send the word TRIVIA to 96262 to play the Playboy College Trivia Challenge. There is no charge to play the Playboy College Trivia Challenge, although standard text-messaging rates from your carrier may apply. You must have a text-enabled phone with compatible carrier and plan. Not available on all carriers or in all areas.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 EMMANUEL BARBE, BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, KELLY CLARK, JAMES IMBROGNO, SERGIO KURHAJEC; P. 5 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 6 ARNY FREYTAG, JAMES IMBROGNO, DAVID RAMS; P. 9 JORDIE FILCH, KENNETH JOHANSSON, ELAYNE LODGE (2), PATRICK MCGHEE, GEORGE PIMENTEL (2), MATT WAGEMANN; P. 10 JAMES TREVENEN (14); P. 13 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 14 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 20 GEORGE GEORGIU, SHOWTIME/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 22 JAMES IMBROGNO (2), MIZUNO (2); P. 25 COLUMBIA/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., CORBIS (2), COURTESY MACOVICH COLLECTION, ARNY FREYTAG, DAVID MACH/CASS SCULPTURE FOUNDATION; P. 27 JAAP BUITENDIJK/UNIVERSAL/UP/THE KOBAL COLLECTION, PARAMOUNT PICTURES, VAN REDIN/NEW LINE/THE KOBAL COLLECTION, WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., WEINSTEIN COMPANY; P. 28 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (2), 2005 DIFC FILMS/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., TM AND COPYRIGHT ©20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 2006 TM AND COPYRIGHT ©20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., MICHAEL YARISH/CBS/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 33 AP WIDE WORLD; P. 35 GEORGE GEORGIU; P. 36 WILLIAM VALCENTI; P. 38 CORBIS, GEORGE GEORGIU (5); P. 46 GETTY IMAGES (3); P. 47 GETTY IMAGES (2); P. 48 CORBIS, GRANGER COLLECTION, PHOTO RESEARCHERS; P. 49 AP WIDE WORLD (2), GETTY IMAGES; P. 50 CORBIS, GETTY IMAGES (2), SIPA PRESS (2); P. 52 DAVID ROSE; P. 53 NORMAN NG/CELEBRITY PIX/CORBIS OUTLINE; P. 60 COURTESY OF BUTTE COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE (7), JASON HALLEY/CHICO ENTERPRISE-RECORD; P. 68 LESTER COHEN/WIREIMAGE.COM, STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM, DIMITRIOS KAMBOURIS/WIREIMAGE.COM, MARK SULLIVAN/WIREIMAGE.COM, STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 69 GETTY IMAGES; P. 97 ©DANA FRANK/RETNA LTD.; P. 98 ©DENNIS MORRIS/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD., ©JOE PUGLIESE/CORBIS OUTLINE, ©RAY STEVENSON/RETNA UK; P. 151 ARTHUR-JAMES, MICHAEL BUCKNER/GETTY IMAGES, JANET GOUGH/CELEBRITY PHOTO.COM, JESSE GRANT/WIREIMAGE.COM, ALBERT L. ORTEGA/WIREIMAGE.COM (2), PHOTOCALL IRELAND/WIREIMAGE.COM, JEFF VESPA/WIREIMAGE.COM, ASHANTI WALKER/CELEBRITYPHOTO.COM, STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 152 ANGELAMELINI.COM, ARTHUR-JAMES, KIMBERLY HOLLAND, KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE.COM, GEN NISHINO, DANNY PEREZ, JARMO POHJANIEMI; P. 155 MICK ROCK; P. 158 RICHARD (ZUI) (2), MATT WAGEMANN; P. 159 MATT WAGEMANN (3); P. 160 GUIDO ARGENTINI, ARNY FREYTAG, MIZUNO. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 5 BRENT ERIC ANDERSON; P. 45 BILL BENWAY. P. 17 HAIR BY JOHN BLAINE FOR ROUGE ARTISTS, MAKEUP BY DEHX, STYLING BY AMANDA FRIEDLAND FOR GSK; P. 72 MAKEUP BY AMY KOMOROWSKI FOR M.A.C. COSMETICS @ARTHOUSEMANAGEMENT.COM; P. 76 GROOMING BY AMY KOMOROWSKI FOR REDKEN/CELESTINEAGENCY .COM; PROP STYLING BY ANDY HARMAN FOR THE WALL GROUP; PP. 100-105 HAIR BY DAVID COTTEBLANCHE FOR RED MARKET, MAKEUP BY JANE CHOI FOR ARTWING, PROP STYLING BY EVAL BARUCH FOR ARTWING. COVER: MODEL: TAMARA WITMER, PHOTOGRAPHER: STEPHEN WAYDA, HAIR AND MAKEUP: KIKI HILL, STYLING: REBECCA BROUGH, PRODUCER: MARILYN GRABOWSKI, ARGYLE SWEATER BY CHRISTOPHER FISCHER.

and the slapstick Bernie Mac comedy *Mr. 3000* on the old TV. They sit on a lumpy couch and chairs, joined by a few older members and other brothers who come and go.

Bare foot up, leaning on his pledge brother, Matt starts to drink. And drink. He passes the jug to Mike.

"Take one for the homies!" yells a member.

Mike hoists the bottle over his head, the icy water splashing down, soaking his pants.

Mike has never felt anything like this before. It's cold like when you stick your arm in a bucket of ice water, cold long after it stings and goes numb. With half the bottle finished, Mike notices the room brighten. He feels tipsy. If he spills just a little, Jerry and the others shout abuse.

They yell at them to drink more. And they taunt, "You better not piss yourself! Don't piss yourself!"

Then there's Jerry coming in close, playing the good cop, whispering, "Go ahead. Everyone has done it. It's the best way to keep warm."

Mike fights the fullness in his bladder, but Matt keeps passing him the bottle. They've drunk or poured out nearly the entire thing, five full gallons.

Mike can't hold back anymore. "Sirs! Peeing! Sirs!"

In our modern civilized world will most men intentionally inflict pain on others? Isn't that the dark realm of criminals and sadists, society's fringe? In 1961 Stanley Milgram, a young psychologist, orches-

trated a series of experiments at Yale to find out. His newspaper advertisement for one of these said he was investigating memory and learning. Recruits, both men and women, were divided into teacher and learner roles. The teachers recited a list of two-word pairs, and then the learners, each strapped into a miniature electric chair with electrodes attached to their arms, were read a word and attempted to remember its mate. The teacher punished the learner for errors by flipping an electric switch. The first shocks to the learner were minor, less than 20 volts. As the number of errors increased, the shocks became far more powerful, the subjects crying out in pain and even fearing for their life.

The majority of the teachers kept flipping the switch—all the way up to 450-volt shocks. Twenty-five of the 40 subjects, Milgram wrote, "obeyed the orders of the experimenter to the end, punishing the victim until they reached the most potent shock available on the generator." Of course, the shocks were a fiction, the learners actors. But the teachers believed the elaborate electric panels, switches and electrodes were genuine. They thought the screams were real, and some believed the victims might even die by their hand. The fundamental lesson, wrote Milgram, was that "ordinary people, simply doing their jobs and without any particular hostility on their part, can become agents in a terrible, destructive process."

Mike figures the night must be nearly done. They can't possibly do this much longer. But Rich Hirth grabs the bottle, walks up to the kitchen, refills the container, carries it down and hands it back to the pledges.

"Water makes pledges grow!"

Mike can't imagine drinking another sip. But Matt keeps drinking, and so does Mike. One question wrong and they're paying the price, drinking for 15 minutes. Two bottles are downed, and Mike is ready to walk right out the door. He asks his friend if he wants to quit, and Matt says no.

Trent Stiefvater hears Jerry shout, "You're messing up! You're messing up!"

Trent is a hunter and scuba diver accustomed to cold. During his Hell Week he'd simply cupped a hand before his face and let the water run off, faking it. But Trent takes pride in the Chi Tau rituals. He has learned the bawdy songs. He cares. To his mind, his fakery proved his ingenuity, the power of his survival instinct. These pledges are simply messing up.

"Get your leg up!" he orders.

Mike raises his foot off the bench an inch.

Trent closes in on Mike's face. "That how far you think it should be?"

"Sir, yes, sir!"



The pledge lifts his leg higher and tumbles to the concrete.

This ritual has a dark undercurrent, something no one has dared to tell the pledges. Mike is the black sheep, and many members don't like him. They claim he has disrespected women at their parties. Fernandez went to the meetings and listened as the brothers spoke of their determination to get rid of this guy. Gabe, Mike's big brother, told Fernandez, "I fuckin' hate Mike. I want him out of this fraternity so bad." But it's not that simple. "The only way to really get rid of pledges," Fernandez said later, "is to weed them out through the hazing."

The ultimate answer to why men are prone to violence may lie in biology. Aggression gives males a rush. "It's not surprising that males like to engage in sex and win fights," says Ruth Wood, a neurobiologist at the University of Southern California. "When they do either of those things their testosterone levels go up significantly for a couple of hours." Wood has recently performed experiments demonstrating that hamsters will essentially self-administer massive doses of testosterone—not unlike a human steroid junkie.

If animals and men crave surges of testosterone, which helps to explain basic urges for aggression and sex, there's another factor. Sex is inexorable. In nature polygynous male animals—and yes, that's what a man is—fight their way to impregnating as many females as possible. "Overwhelmingly, the majority situation in mammals is one of polygyny, not monogamy," says David Barash, a biologist and professor of psychology at the University of Washington at Seattle. Antler-crowned male elk and massive male elephant seals strive to be the most vicious and promiscuous harem masters possible. It's brutal head-to-head competition with few winners—and lots of losers. "For every harem master who may succeed in impregnating as many as 30 elk," says Barash, "there are 29 angry, resentful and rather violent bachelors."

Which is why in nature—and in humanity—we find not only harem masters but dominance hierarchies. Baboons and macaque monkeys are rigidly hierarchical, like fraternity brothers. Are young college men that different from elk and elephant seals fighting to win females? Only those males tough enough to survive the fraternity initiation gain access to the hundreds of sorority girls. "If I were a biologist setting up a study that would be most likely to evoke strong patterns of violence in men, it would be similar to a fraternity," says Barash. "It's a situation of male-male interaction.

All these wannabe silverback male gorillas, and only a few of them will actually succeed."

The third bottle seems impossible; Mike's stomach feels bloated like a football. He takes a sip and suddenly turns to the trash can and spews a seemingly endless stream of water laced with the thin remains of the pledge apple. Five minutes later Matt too vomits up water.

Mike feels drunk and disoriented, but they have to keep drinking and answering the questions because they want to make it through the night.

When, around 1:30 A.M., Fernandez comes back down with his frat brother Corey Williams, the scene is surreal. John Paul, the gentle, quiet junior active, seems "so into the ritual," Fernandez has said. He's yelling, lecturing the pledges on house history, "determined," said Fernandez, "to make men out of these guys." The night has turned the former lamb into a henchman.

Fernandez approaches the pledges just as they finish the third bottle. "I'm going to give you one piece of advice," he whispers. "Don't drink all that water. Spill it behind your neck if you have to."

Then Fernandez gives a wink only they can see and says loudly, "Guys, don't piss yourselves!"

At that, Fernandez looks up and sees Gabe stumble down the stairs.

"Hey, Gabby, what you been up to?" says Trent as Gabe tumbles onto the couch.

"I'm so drunk, I just want to pass out."

Just like that his eyes shut, and he's fair game. Trent shoves the butterball Gabe, Fernandez tugs on the giant's chin hair, and Carlos Abrille, the house manager, joins in. Wrestling is a favorite house diversion, Gabe usually flattening his brothers until they cry uncle. That's how he got his delta alpha, his nickname: During his Hell Week they made him roll over the other pledges, nicknaming him after a monster truck called Grave Digger. Now, like a pinned tag-team wrestler, Gabe roars out of his slumber and cries for help. Trent reaches into Carlos's pants and gives him a wedgie. Five minutes of roughhousing later, Gabe has once again crashed.

Twenty minutes afterward Jerry loses a big hand in the poker game, throwing it in for the night. A little more water and the night will be done. Jerry announces that his first lieutenant, Gabe, is now in charge. But John Paul remarks that Gabe has passed out.

"You're in charge till Gabe wakes up," Jerry tells John Paul before leaving. "It's almost over."

So John Paul, a 19-year-old freshman who moved into the house two nights before, takes the helm. He orders the pledges to pour the water over their shivering bodies, figuring it's more painful to freeze.

Lose Weight and Get Back in the Game!

Eat pizza, pasta, burgers—and still lose weight. Choose from more than 120 great-tasting items!

ADRIANO LOST 62 lbs.

AMANDA LOST 35 lbs.

nutrisystem

ONE FREE WEEK!

Select the NEW 28-Day Program and get an additional **WEEK OF FOOD FOR FREE!**

Just call **1-888-608-BODY** or visit men.nutrisystem.com/ad to get started!

Please use promo code **PB406** to get this offer.

Limit one per customer. Offer good on first 28-Day program only. Cannot be combined with any other current or prior offers or discounts. © 2006 NutriSystem, Inc. All rights reserved.

*Results not typical. All other weight loss claims are based on an independent survey of NutriSystem clients who stayed on program for an average of 12 weeks. On NutriSystem, you add in fresh fruit, vegetables, salads and dairy items.

Try Connection™ **FREE TODAY!**

*see details below

The **SECRET** to Amazing **SEX!**

—a letter from T.J.

I had the most amazing experience with my boyfriend recently. We were dating for a wonderful 6 months when suddenly, he began having confidence issues in AND out of bed. I was concerned the relationship was about to end.

Then one day he completely surprised me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I felt sensations I never felt before, in places I forgot existed. Honestly, it was the **BEST SEX I'VE EVER HAD!**

His secret weapon ... a magical product called Connection™, a topical lotion that's applied to your "intimate" areas. The all-natural mix of herbs brings blood flow straight to the source. He achieves harder, stronger erections while MY orgasms go through the roof!

Anyone who wants mind-blowing intimacy **ALL THE TIME** needs to get Connection! Call **1-800-388-8613 Today** or visit www.maxoxt.com, to get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** with your Risk Free Trial.

T.J.



A \$60 Value FREE

The big guy stirs, hunched over on the couch, squinting and growling. "Why the fuck aren't the fans going? J.P., turn on the fan! Why the fuck aren't the flags up?" Gabe bellows. "Hell Week and you're just fucking us over."

A few minutes later Fernandez returns after hanging out upstairs. Gabe stretches out a hand holding the now empty water bottle. "Mike," he says.

Fernandez asks, "How many times has it been filled up?"

"Don't fuckin' worry about it."

"Aren't they done already?"

"Don't fuckin' worry about it!" Gabe thunders. "Just go!"

Fernandez starts to argue. Then Gabe pulls the junior-active trump card.

"Bump!"

Shit, Fernandez thinks as he takes the jug. You can't say anything back to *bump*.

Why water? Through the ages torturers have forced innumerable victims to drink water for the simple reason that it terrifies them with the overwhelming sense of drowning. During the Inquisition, torturers knew the amount should never exceed two gallons if the victim was to stay alive. Recently the CIA has reportedly held terrorist suspects underwater—a procedure euphemistically termed waterboarding. Less known are the Category III interro-

gation techniques outlined in a once secret U.S. Army memorandum written in October 2001 to the commander of the joint task force at Guantánamo Bay. They are extreme methods of torture that required the approval of the commanding general: "exposure to cold weather or water (with appropriate medical monitoring)" and another standby of the Inquisition, the "use of a wet towel and dripping water to induce the misperception of suffocation."

Now on their fifth bottle, Mike tells Matt to pour the water into his mouth and let it spill to the floor, not in order to stop drinking but because it's so heavy.

"Don't fucking spill the water on my house!" Gabe screams.

Mike Fernandez and Corey Williams have come and gone again. Both worry about the pledges' safety, but ultimately Fernandez goes home and Corey heads back to his room. It's after three. By now Mike and Matt have each peed themselves half a dozen times and vomited water twice.

Grave Digger has a new question: "Did you know you could die from drinking too much water?"

"Sir, yes, sir!"

He orders them down into their luke-warm excretions—slowly, till their arms shake. They slap to the concrete. He makes them start over. When they can't

do another push-up he orders them back up, making Mike hold the bottle while Matt drinks.

"You fuckups!" shouts Grave Digger.

Halfway through the fifth bottle, Corey returns. "Can I talk to them?" he asks.

Corey has Matt lower his leg and Mike put down the bottle. "The night's almost over," he says, telling them to just pour the water down their backs.

"Can I use the restroom?" asks Matt.

As Matt heads up the stairs, Gabe orders Mike to pick up the bottle. But as Corey tries to cool things down, the bottle slips from Mike's hands, smacks the bench and sprays Corey. Enraged, Gabe says they will pay for drenching a member, and a frustrated Corey leaves.

"You guys are doing push-ups!" shouts Gabe on Matt's return.

Grave Digger orders them down onto the concrete, taunting them. Matt is slow to get up, and John Paul notices he's pale.

Finally, the pledges nail four questions in a row. One more, John Paul says, and that's it for the night. Mike can end it right here.

"What was the date of Gabe's pledge class?" says John Paul.

"Spring 2002," offers Mike.

"You don't fucking know my pledge class!" Gabe hollers. "You're my little brother, and you don't fucking know my pledge class!"

Matt collapses after the first push-up, but the big man orders John Paul to hoist him up by his belt. With Grave Digger screaming, John Paul yanks Matt up by his britches. One more push-up, two more....

Down in the dark, cold basement for one more push-up, Matt collapses to the concrete in a seizure, flopping around like a fish, teeth clamped down like a bear trap. Mike sees his friend's eyes flash red and roll back in his head. A dazed John Paul watches Matt's hands curl up to his chest.

Gabe sits on the couch, staring in disbelief.

"Call an ambulance!" Mike yells. "He's having a seizure!"

Mike jams his fingers into his friend's mouth to stop him from biting his tongue, and screams. Gabe rolls off the couch, taking the fallen man's jaw in his great paws, prying it open just enough for Mike to extract his fingers. And just like that Matt's eyes shut as if someone is drawing the blinds. John Paul bolts up the stairs and pounds on Carlos's door, then remembers he left to get a burger. He shakes Jerry, but he won't wake up.

Downstairs Matt has gone limp and seems to be snoring, his head cradled in Gabe's lap.

Mike runs up to see if John Paul has called the ambulance. They meet on the first floor.

"What's going on?" John Paul asks.



"It's this damned antibiotic I've been taking. See? Side effects may include dizziness, confusion and adultery."

"Tired of Sex Pills That Don't Work?"

TRY IT
FREE
& SEE!



Say Goodbye to Painful Headaches, Worthless Herbal Pills, And All The Other Junk That Never Ever Works!

New Super Sex Pill From Europe
Works In 35 Minutes And Lasts Up To 24 Hours Now Available In America!

TRY IT FREE!

You can now try the all-natural super sex pill from Europe. It is safe, doctor approved, no prescription is required, it is unlike anything you have ever tried, and as it is introduced to America you can try it free! This new blockbuster sex pill is called **Zyrexin!** It works in less than one hour and it lasts a full 24 hours! It doesn't cause headaches, feels natural - NOT a "drug-like" artificial feeling! It works the very first time you use it. Just take two capsules and in about 35 minutes you will have the biggest, firmest, erection of your life! What it does to your Erectile Quality is amazing! You will be thrilled, and even stunned, with how well it works! Plus, it sky-rockets your stamina and "lasting-ability!"

Don't Be Fooled By Worthless Pills!

Are you sick of ads for herbal pills on TV and in magazines! Most of them are worthless. It's true. Just a bunch of lies, tricks, and junk science that never ever work. Do other pills work for you but give you a headache? Or have you tried popular American pills and they simply don't work for you? Don't worry. Relax and forget them all! Your sex life is about to change. It is going to be turbo-charged! Call and try **Zyrexin** free. You will know in one hour why it is the top rated sex pill in Europe, and why men of all ages are switching to **Zyrexin** every day! It is literally taking over the market!

Don't Take ANY Sex Pill Until You Try Zyrexin!

Imagine how great you will feel to know you can have sex "on-demand" without side-effects, without going to the drug store, with complete and total privacy. Imagine how thrilled your lover will be with the "new you." We could talk all day about why **Zyrexin** is the best in the world - but we would rather show you. We can tell you man-to-man, you will love it! You risk nothing! So don't miss out. See how it feels, how strong it is. Remember, **Zyrexin** was brought to America to make money and we would be foolish to give it away FREE if it didn't work right? Of course. But we know once you try it - you will buy it. So, we want you to try it FREE. You simply provide \$3.95 to help cover the cost of shipping & handling. Your sex life is too important to pass on this. So call now!

- Will Not Cause Headaches
- Will Not Cause Blue Vision
- Used By Millions With No Side Effects
- Not A Synthetic Drug
- No Prescription Required
- Rated The #1 Natural Sex Pill In The World!



Listen To What Men Are Saying About Zyrexin! Hear Real "No Bull" Audio Testimonials At Zyrexin.com

The One That Works
ZYREXIN™

GET ZYREXIN FREE! CALL NOW 1-800-301-4027
Or for more information visit us on the web at www.zyrexin.com
All Packages sent in a plain package to ensure your privacy. Limit one free per household.

These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Must be over the age 18.

The phone is in John Paul's hand. He has dialed 911. All he has to do is press the green button and help is on the way.

"Let's not jump," says Mike. "He passed out. He's snoring."

John Paul believes there's something seriously wrong, but it's four in the morning, and he doesn't want to believe the voice in the back of his head. He hits the red button, canceling the call.

Back down in the basement, Mike is crying, nearly hysterical as he sits by his unconscious pledge brother. Carlos returns from his burger run and coolly takes command. "Take some deep breaths," he orders. "Calm down."

Carlos starts talking about the EMTs in the frat who have handled similar crises. Mike listens to Carlos and Gabe. They're on top of it medically, in charge, as they've been in charge all night. Why would they lie? Carlos says they have to get Matt out of his wet clothes and rushes upstairs to get a blanket. John Paul looks dazed, and Mike throws himself down by Matt to help pull off his sodden pants. Matt has crapped himself, but Gabe isn't concerned, saying it's perfectly natural. Carlos returns with the blanket, and they wrap the fouled, naked pledge in it and a sleeping bag and carry him to the couch. Once they've got him settled, Mike runs upstairs to change into warm clothes.

Gabe asks John Paul if he's planning to go to class in the morning, and Matt blurts out, "Nooooo," his voice slurred, then lapses back into incoherent mumbling. He lifts himself slightly onto his side and vomits water.

As Mike returns, Gabe wraps a massive arm around him, sits him down on the stairs and hands him the sweatshirt off his back. He tells him he has to calm down. He won't let anything bad happen to Matt.

Mike returns to his friend's side, and Carlos says he's been talking, which makes Mike feel better. Everything, it seems, is

under control. A few minutes later Carlos goes upstairs to his room to turn on his TV and eat his double Western bacon cheeseburger with fries in bed.

Gabe and John Paul have been talking to Mike for the past hour about pledging, sharing amusing stories to pass the time. Mike is sitting by his friend's head to make sure he's okay, when suddenly he notices Matt has grown quiet. He puts his hand by Matt's mouth and feels the faintest of breaths. John Paul hears Matt hiccup once, twice. Mike puts his face by his lips.

"Oh my God," he says. "He's not breathing. Call an ambulance!"

John Paul powers on his phone, but he just hasn't got it in him to make the call. He runs upstairs and pounds on Carlos's door.

"Matt stopped breathing," he says, handing him the phone.

Carlos takes the phone and runs to the top of the basement stairs and looks down. He calls 911 at 5:02 A.M.

Mike tips Matt's head back on the couch, clears the phlegm from his mouth and blocks his nostrils. He can't get him flat enough, so he moves him to the concrete. Mouth to mouth, Mike gives his friend two breaths every 15 seconds.

He's given Matt four breaths when he sees it: foam bubbling out of Matt's mouth, not blood-red but lighter somehow, orange.

"Fuck!" Mike says, terrified. The orange foamy blood just won't stop. It starts coming out of Matt's nose.

Before Detective Greg Keeney of the Chico Police Department began down the steps to the basement, he felt the cold rushing up. At the bottom of the narrow concrete flight, a uniformed officer waved a flashlight beam, and Keeney's eyes slowly took in the graffiti scrawled on the walls, the names and dates of pledge classes. Into the maze of rooms Keeney walked, the concrete slab and

ripped Sheetrock walls spray painted with "Never give up" and "We own you." In one room the detective found a handmade coffin attached to a hoist so it could be lowered into a sunken pool of water. He thought the place looked like a dungeon, like something he'd seen in a movie. But it was the phrase written repeatedly in neat Gothic print that gave him pause: "In the basement nobody can hear you scream."

Just after seven A.M. Detective Sergeant Rob Merrifield and Keeney brought the half dozen frat brothers into the main room. Dangling from the ceiling were hundreds of wooden paddles—green with red lettering, each maybe a foot and a half long.

The first uniformed officers on the scene had collected the incident reports. "Tonight Matt and Mike where [sic] supposed to drink water in an uncomfortable position for several hours," read Jerry's brief statement. "They would be encouraged to urinate themselves, and the night would end with them taking a shower and going to sleep...." John Paul's account was more detailed and optimistic: "At approximately 3:45 Matt (a pledge) started going into convulsions.... He was warm to the touch. After about an hour on the couch Matt began puking up water. He became more and more coherent and at one time answered a question...." Carlos's statement never mentioned Matt's name: "At arrival heard that he was physically unable to stand. Picked him up from the ground and put him on couch. He was able to talk and was coherent. There was no alcohol involved. The person at hand did push ups [sic] and drank water, approx. three to four gallons...."

Standing before the anxious Chi Tau fraternity brothers, Merrifield didn't waste words. "I hate to be the one to have to tell you this," he said. "Matt didn't make it."

Gabe growled and slammed his fist into the wall. Mike began crying. Merrifield



waited for Gabe to stop punching the wall. "We need to find out what happened to him," he continued. "We need your cooperation. We ask that you come down to the police station."

Gabe told the cop who took his statement that he wasn't there when Matt collapsed. "I was talking to somebody," he said. "I went upstairs, and I came back down, and he was just on the ground and he was kind of freaking out a little bit."

"Whatever happened it looks like it's going, it's passing. And then I was talking to John Paul, I think, and all of a sudden he's not breathing. We looked down, and he's got his tongue out and he's biting and, like, he's just spitting up mucus. So we're like, What the hell? So I looked at J.P. and I'm all, 'Go upstairs. Get Carlos, and call an ambulance!'"

"I have my hand on his chest, and I'm all, 'Mike! You got to breathe for him. You've got to breathe for him, make sure he's breathing!'"

In another police interview room, Detective Keeney asked Mike if he was hungry and then went to see what he could scrounge up. A video camera was watching. Mike began absently biting his nails and then was struck by something he saw on his hands.

Keeney returned and slid over a doughnut on a napkin. Mike let out a long, anguished sigh, his eyes still on his nails and fists.

"His blood is still on my hands."

Dr. Thomas Resk, a forensic pathologist, unzipped the white body bag at Chico Funeral Home. Witnesses present for the autopsy included Detective Sergeant Merrifield and Detective Keeney. Resk logged the time as 9:05 A.M., February 3, and noted the subject's height and weight as 71 inches and 150 pounds, eyes brown. Time of death was 6:10 A.M. the previous day, the cause cardiac dysrhythmia, a fatal heart rhythm created by an electrolyte imbalance resulting from hyponatremia, or water intoxication. Resk opened the skull and found significant cerebral edema: Whereas a healthy brain has gyri, ridges of brain tissue, Resk noted a flattening of the cerebral gyri and a narrowing of the valleys between

them, the cerebral sulci. The water Matt drank had swelled his brain tissue until it expanded like a balloon ready to burst—tight against his inner skull.

The pathologist's other main findings were pulmonary edema and vascular congestion of the lungs. The capillaries lining the alveolar spaces had ruptured, bleeding into the lungs and forming a pink frothy fluid that flowed into the trachea and out of the mouth. Resk could only speculate how much water Matt had drunk of the roughly 27 gallons he and Mike went through in about four hours. Resk's review of the medical literature made clear a fact that, at the time, seemed counterintuitive to the police: Drinking too much water can kill

doing what he could to survive—urinating, defecating, vomiting. But his body couldn't possibly shed the excess water as fast as he was taking it in.

At 12:15 P.M. Resk completed his autopsy and shared his notes with Mike Ramsey, the district attorney. The prosecutor wanted to know whether Matt might have lived had his brothers called 911 at four A.M., when he went into the seizure. Acting within the first 60 minutes after a serious injury can save a life; experts call it the critical hour. Resk knew that from the second Matt collapsed, his time was running out. Once dragged to the couch, the pathologist speculated, Matt was likely in a stupor, the condition that often precedes a coma. The pathologist told Ramsey there was no doubt that every minute counted. "They needed to call 911," Resk said. "He was a young, healthy kid. He was still breathing. I suspect he would have lived."

The media descended on Chi Tau. TV trucks lined up, cameras pointed at the frat nearly the whole day, and the story quickly went national: the *Los Angeles Times*, *Date-line*, *Good Morning America*. The fraternity held a meeting, its 40 members jammed into an apartment, tempers flaring. "It turned into a lot of name-calling and blaming," said Jerry. "They called us stupid for talking to the police. A lot were blaming others

for not being there. It got ugly." Attorneys' numbers were handed out. As John Paul put it, "The older members told us to keep our mouths shut."

The Chico Police Department and the district attorney's office continued their investigation despite the wall of silence. They faced a strange paradox. Kill somebody when you're driving a car while drunk, and you face a heavy felony manslaughter charge with a sentence of four to 10 years. Torture a kid in a fraternity, and the law is on your side. Hazing is only a misdemeanor under the California Education Code, rarely resulting in sentences of more than 30 days.

Classy, Sassy & Oh So Sexy



ORDER THESE ISSUES INSTANTLY WITH THE DIGITAL EDITION

www.playboy.com/vix

www.playboy.com/lingerie

Send check or money order to:

Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809

To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only, enter, mention or include source code M6697 during payment! On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%. (**NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.)

CALL TOLL-FREE TO PLACE YOUR ORDER:

800-423-9494 or visit www.Playboystore.com

Most major credit cards accepted.

BUY THESE ISSUES AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

©2008 Playboy

you. Matt died because he was pushed to drink himself to death, just as another pledge may die of alcohol poisoning.

The medical literature cites examples of marathon runners who have died of water intoxication, drinking so much that they too decreased the concentrations of the electrolytes key to transmitting nerve impulses and contracting muscles. Indeed, at least one other pledge at another college had died from ingesting massive amounts of water. Drinking a large volume of water can dilute the levels of sodium and chloride in the body to the point at which the heart and brain can't function. Symptoms include vomiting, confusion and seizures. Matt was

But on March 3, 2005 Ramsey astutely married hazing with involuntary manslaughter to charge Carlos James DeVilla Abrille, John Paul Fickes, Jerry Lim and Gabe Maestretti with felonies that carried penalties of up to four years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Mike Fernandez, Rex Garnett, Richard Hirth and Trent Stiefvater were charged only with hazing, with a maximum penalty of one year in jail. "We need to understand hazing is about power and control," Ramsey said at a press conference jammed with national media and broadcast live on Sacramento television. "It's about victimization."

Rex Garnett was the first domino to fall, agreeing to give a voluntary statement to the DA on April 28. Within days Rex was harassed and threatened by other defendants. The pugnacious Ramsey warned the defense that things would "not go good" if the threats persisted. The prosecutor had lost a childhood friend to hazing, sucked away in a nearby river, and understood the open wound of Matt's death. In the weeks after the pledge died, detective Keeney had kept the victim's cell phone activated to preserve it as evidence and couldn't understand why it kept ringing, until he learned the sad truth: Matt's family was calling to hear his voice one more time.

When Ramsey learned Mike Quintana, his main witness, would soon be abroad, studying in France, he arranged for a conditional examination to get

Mike's testimony on videotape. Then the defense made a tactical error. It fought Ramsey's application of the Education Code, arguing that some of the defendants were not currently enrolled at the time of the incident, affording Ramsey an opportunity to submit a brief explaining how the hazing was not only dangerous to human life but essentially torture. "One might comment that whoever uttered the infamous statement that some of the atrocities alleged to have occurred in the Abu Ghraib prison were no more than 'fraternity pranks' may have had the Chi Tau fraternity and its brothers in mind," the brief read.

In August Judge Robert Glusman calmly noted in court that if he found Ramsey could not file under the Education Code, the prosecutor could probably bring torture charges. The sentence for a torture conviction is seven years to life. Gabe and his attorney appealed to the Carrington family for mercy. Fernandez decided to cooperate and got 30 days in county jail. Ramsey then pressed for guilty pleas with an unusual condition: The defendants had to recount their crimes to the media to publicize the dangers of hazing.

Late in the fall of 2005, at an emotional sentencing, the four main defendants entered felony manslaughter guilty pleas, and the punishment was meted out: one year for Gabe Maestretti, six months for John Paul Fickes and Jerry

Lim, 90 days for Carlos Abrille. Pleading to misdemeanor hazing, Richard Hirth got 45 days, Trent Stiefvater a month. Gabe Maestretti would have to serve all of his 365 days—not a second off for good behavior.

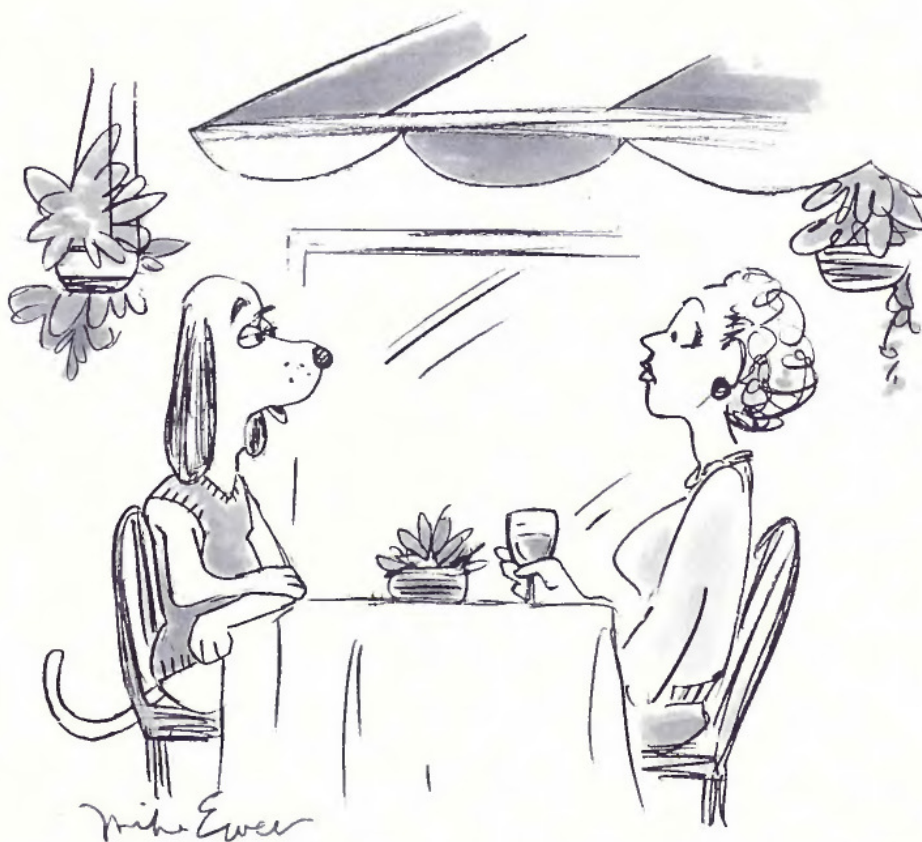
Jail sentences and court-ordered public apologies are not the only means to mark the passing of a life. Some of the men jailed for Matt's death were angry. A few weeks after entering their pleas, the defendants consented to interviews with this magazine and *Dateline*. His handcuffs temporarily removed, with a guard by the door, Jerry Lim wondered why Matt didn't simply say, "I've had enough." Carlos Abrille bemoaned his discovery that the courage and manhood he sought in his fraternity were an illusion. "We're supposed to be a brotherhood, in tough times be there for each other," he said. "Whereas in this case everyone pretty much turned tail and saved face and ran out."

But those in the basement that cold February night didn't get far. "I really wish I'd stuck around and made sure it didn't happen," said a remorseful Mike Fernandez. "I wish I'd fought, like, tooth and nail and made sure they were okay." Barely filling out his prison issue jumpsuit, eyes filled with tears, John Paul Fickes said his crime taught him never to doubt his gut. If only he'd believed in himself. "I went along with them," he admitted. "That's the thing that hurts the most—the sorrow—knowing what Matt's parents have gone through."

Gabe Maestretti received the most jail time of anyone in the group, and the former high school ham seemed to enjoy his notoriety, the press interviews and television appearances. He said he remembered almost nothing of his role in Matt's death, and he was persuasive as long as you didn't read the detailed account he gave to police.

The men in the basement are haunted by what they've done. Often before bed Gabe closes his eyes and sees visions of Matt. "It's always there if I don't clear my mind," he said just before the guards returned the handcuffs to his wrists and took him back to the Butte County jail. "I've got to focus on other things. Someone will say something and it will sound like him. I'll see him out of the corner of my eye."

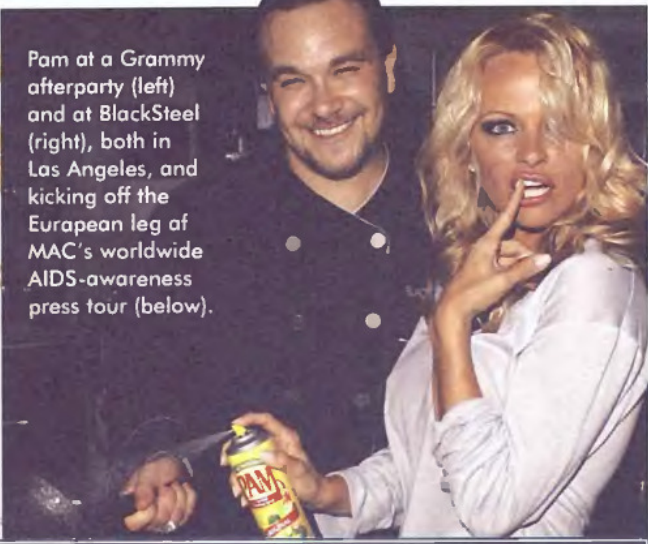
Even today you can see Matt. In the front window of his mother's home hangs a nearly life-size poster of him. He is sorely missed. The morning of Matt's death, after the horror of seeing his bloodied corpse at the hospital, his mother crawled back into his unmade bed, smelling her son in the clothes left in a heap on the floor. On the tidy desk lay a single printed page listing the New Year's resolutions Matthew Carrington will never get a chance to achieve.



"So what part of 'must love dogs' did you not understand?"



PLAYMATE NEWS



Pam at a Grammy afterparty (left) and at BlackSteel (right), both in Los Angeles, and kicking off the European leg of MAC's worldwide AIDS-awareness press tour (below).

MONDO PAM

If ever there was a Playmate who should be entitled to full membership in the jet set, it's Pamela Anderson. Among the places our favorite frequent flier has recently visited are Canada—where she led the Grey Cup parade for the Canadian Football League championship, hosted the Juno Awards (a.k.a. the Canadian Grammys) and attended her induction into Canada's Walk of Fame—and New York, where hers was the name to drop during February's Fashion Week. Back home in L.A. Miss February 1990 added sparkle to Tinseltown's most in-demand events, such as Kanye West's Grammy party and Elton John's Oscar party, and spiced up the open-



ing of BlackSteel, the latest eatery from Hollywood's leading vegetarian pan slinger, Chef J. Pam then hopped the pond to raise awareness of animal rights and AIDS. At Stella McCartney's London boutique the Playmate shed a sexy white dress to appear topless behind a sign reading, WE'D RATHER BARE SKIN THAN WEAR SKIN. While overseas she also led the MAC AIDS Fund awareness junket to Tokyo, Dublin, Athens and London, and attended an AIDS benefit in Windsor, U.K. So with all this travel, where does she go to unwind? St.-Tropez, where she wed on-and-off beau Kid Rock in July. What to get the couple? His and hers sleep masks, for starters.

50 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH
For her third pictorial, Miss October 1956 Janet Pilgrim boldly ventured to Dartmouth College, where faculty and students feted the Playmate. Capitalizing on her wildly popular July 1955 and December 1955 Centerfolds, Janet gave a lecture, was interviewed on the school's radio station and starred in the campus variety show. One fan, knowing that Janet preferred men's pajama tops to nightgowns, presented her with his own sleepwear. Ah, sweet dreams.



LOOSE LIPS
"I'm not a good fighter. I'm a lover."
—Christine Smith



WHO'S THAT GIRL?



To each his own. Los Angeles area residents love to ane-up one onather at sightng celebrities, but far our maney, we'd rather play Spot the Playmate. From far left: Colleen Shannon at Smashbox Studios in Culver City; Karen McDougal at the Music Box in Hollywood; Barbara Moore at the Beverly Hills Hotel; Daphnee Lynn Duplaix at the Mansion; Jennifer Walcott at Glamourcan at the LAX Radissan.



HOT SHOT



ANGELA MELINI

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Dane Cook

—comedian

My favorite Playmate is Miss June 2004 **Hiroimi Oshima** because her smile could destroy you.



POP QUESTIONS: MONICA LEIGH

Q: You're one of the few Cyber Girls to become a Playmate. How did that come about?

A: I started in Playboy Special Editions, then I became a Cyber Girl of the Week, then Cyber Girl of the Month and then Cyber Girl of the Year. Now I'm a Playmate.

Q: How do they compare?

A: It's more prestigious to be a Playmate. The shoot for the Centerfold is a lot longer and a lot more grueling. It's also different as a Playmate because you're working a lot of promotions and you're exposed to the public more. People are really excited when they see the Bunny costume.



Q: You're also one of the few New York-based Playmates. Do you plan on staying East or relocating out West?

A: I'm going to stay at the Mansion for a couple of months and take an acting course out there. If something exciting happens, I'll move to L.A., but I'll probably be back in New York in the end. Most of my family is there.

Q: Have you landed any outside projects since becoming a Playmate?

A: I'm keeping busy. I'm in an ad campaign that appears in *Elle*, *Self*, *Glamour* and *Jane*. I'm also an extra in *Spider-Man 3*, which was shot in New York. Hopefully more things will come.

PLAYMATE PROSE

For our July 1956 issue, Southern belle Alice Denham both posed for the Centerfold and wrote the lead piece of fiction, which helped launch a writing career that continues to this day. Her latest work, out this fall, is *Sleeping With Bad Boys*, a lusty memoir about her days in the literary demimonde of the 1950s, where she encountered such stellar figures as Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal and Mr. Playmate himself.



Sleeping with
BAD BOYS

ALICE DENHAM

A Cyber Playmate and Writer's Tribute with James Dean, Hugh Hefner, Norman Mailer and the Best Guys Who Shaped a Generation

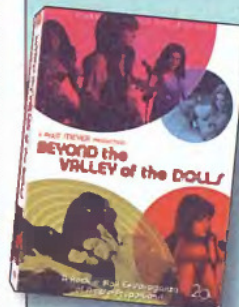
PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss May 1983 Susan Scott Kra-bacher was recently in Haiti to film a documentary about her vol-unteer relief work with or-phans in that beleaguered country, and a book about her experiences, tentatively titled *Angels of a Lower Flight*, is expected next year... Miss June Stephanie Larimore joined Cy-ber Girls to party down with rocker Sammy Hagar for the Playboy Fashion show held at his club in Cabo San Lucas, the Cabo Wabo Cantina... Af-ter much too long a wait, the DVD edition of the Russ Meyer classic *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, starring Miss May 1966 Dolly Read and Miss De-cember 1968 Cynthia Myers, was released this summer... Congratulations are in order for Miss November 1999 Cara Wake-lin, who mar-ried her fiancé, Patrick McCar-thy, in Toronto this September... Miss July 2003 Mar-keta Janska, Miss October 2004 Kimberly Holland, Miss May 2006



Stephanie and Cyber Girls rock out with Sammy in Cabo.

After much too long a wait, the DVD edition of the Russ Meyer classic *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, starring Miss May 1966 Dolly Read and Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers, was released this summer...



Cynthia Myers and Dolly Read go beyond the valley.

Congratulations are in order for Miss November 1999 Cara Wake-lin, who mar-ried her fiancé, Patrick McCar-thy, in Toronto this September... Miss July 2003 Mar-keta Janska, Miss October 2004 Kimberly Holland, Miss May 2006



Minty-fresh Playmates at the Palms.

Alison Waite and Playmate of the Year Kara Monaco adorned the Mint Lounge while attending a golf event at the Palms in Las Vegas.

MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club of cyber.playboy.com, or download her to your phone at playboymobile.com.

relax responsibly





Playboy.com is
looking for
**THE REAL GIRLS OF
VICTORIA'S SECRET**

It's no secret that Victoria's Secret models are stunning, but have you noticed how beautiful the women working in their stores are? We certainly have, and we're looking for the sexiest to pose.

If you'd like to make the jump from selling sexy lingerie to modeling it, get all the details at Playboy.com.

For
all
the
details,
go to

www.playboy.com

Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

Taxi!

Hailing the yellow cab of the future

The gas-powered New York City yellow cab—that great symbol of American urbanism—is about to turn 100 years old. To celebrate, the nonprofit Design Trust for Public Space assembled a massive group of graphic artists, industrial designers and city planners. The goal: to produce a prototype taxi in time for the centennial next year and display it at the New York International Auto Show. Of the submissions, our favorite concept is this beauty from Brooklyn-based Hybrid Product Design + Development. It has a clean-air engine, a wheelchair ramp, fishbowl-like windows for people watching and enough interior space for an orgy.



Power Play

Hip-hop's elite needed a place to move and shake. Rene McLean gave it to them

How would you like to kick it on the beach with Dr. Dre, Nas and OutKast? For one New York City entrepreneur, that's a typical October. Rene McLean created the Power Summit, an annual gathering of hip-hop's biggest wheelers, dealers and artists, and this month he convenes his ninth one, in the Dominican Republic. Originally, the summit's purpose was to bring new artists into contact with top street, club, mix-tape and radio DJs, the folks who ultimately choose what gets played and what doesn't. "I had been going to all these radio and music conventions," McLean says, "and every time I went, there was a void. They might have had one rap or hip-hop panel, but it was, like, at nine a.m. on a Sunday. I thought, Okay, we're not a priority here." His Power Summit was an instant hit and has since helped launch such artists as 50 Cent, Kanye West, the Game and Juvenile. Though fashion and marketing have been added to the mix, the Summit remains true to its roots—the music. One of the fixtures is the annual MC battle for a \$50,000 prize. "Every year," McLean says, "one act stands out, and everybody says, 'Hey, that's the new shit!'"

Coming-Out Party

With her single "Stars Are Blind," PARIS HILTON let it all hang out, baring her soul yet still managing to titillate. To top it off, her boob fell out while she was shooting the video.

She's So Money

Dyme is urban slang for a babe who rates a 10. KIA DRAYTON, who has beautified hip-hop videos and atlantadymes.com, is a shining example.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

Horshackulation
\hór-SHAK-ú-LĀ-shun\ *n*:
ululation meant to grab the attention of Mr. Kotter or caused by fantasizing about SANDRA OH.

LEO MARSHALL



GILBERT FLORES/CELEBRITYPHOTO.COM



Hard Out There at the Pump

Few sights make the heart race like a toned coed, fresh from step class at the gym, pumping her own gas. What? It's actually MENA SUVARI? Even better!



Sweden Bullets

As flashbulbs fired, PMOY 1997 VICTORIA SILVSTEDT carefully lowered herself into a waiting limousine. "Aha," said her left nipple, "now's my chance to slip out."



Heir Jordan?

Vying for the title of Ubiquitous U.K. Party Girl, reality-TV star turned model JODIE MARSH airs her qualifications on any red carpet that will have her. We wonder if she'll be walking down the aisle soon—seems she's already bought the veil.



Kangaroo Courtship

If we met Australian starlet EMILY SCOTT in a bar, we'd try this one: "Was your nation originally founded as a penal colony? Because you've just forcibly expatriated our heart."

11/10/04/11/04/04

SPURSE/PHILIP/STAC/COMBIA

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PUGH FOR VICE

Potpourri

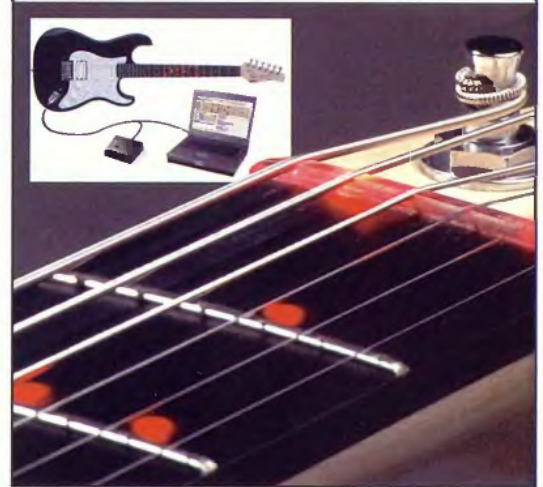


NOSTALGIA FACTORY

Trunk Ltd. specializes in reissued concert T-shirts with vintage washes and original officially licensed designs. Springsteen, Deep Purple, the Doobie Brothers, Motley Crue—they're all here. There's also a line of cool Harley shirts. We like this particular one (\$120, trunkltd.com) for two reasons. First, it marks the Rolling Stones' triumphant 1981 U.S. tour, which coincided with *Tattoo You*. (Let's face it, they should have hung up the hair products after that.) Second, it recalls a transcendently resplendent era when you used to steal away behind the strip mall with your girlfriend in your Camaro while wearing this exact design. Now you have reached a point in your life when you can consider spending \$120 on a re-creation of a T-shirt that originally cost about \$5. Congratulations.

STRINGING YOU ALONG

The guitar is a notoriously intimidating instrument for neophytes. Everyone gets the strumming part, but fretboard fingerings are harder to visualize than the linear layouts of the piano and some wind instruments. That's why we're fond of the Fretlight FG-421 electric guitar (\$499, fretlight.com). It has a light under each fret position (they're invisible when turned off) and, when hooked up to your computer, can illuminate chord, scale or solo fingerings.



LICENSE TO GRILL

You keep a jack, a spare and jumper cables in your car just in case you have a roadside emergency. We keep a Grilliput (\$30, grilliput.com) in ours in case we have a barbecue emergency. This stainless-steel marvel folds into a foot-long tube small enough to fit in your pants pocket (without the optional \$13 fire dish shown above). The tube has a cleaning groove so you can degunk the rods before you put them away (think of it as built-in grill floss), and you can fully sanitize your pyro-gustatory apparatus once you get home by tossing the whole thing into the dishwasher. We all know you don't need a sporting event to tailgate—now you don't even need a tailgate.

CHARGED UP

Bitter experience tells us that cell phone batteries have far less stamina than we do, and there's nothing worse after you've finally scored the digits from Tiffany on the seventh floor than having your phone crap out as the conversation is heating up. Lesser men might blow the moment, but all you have to do is plug in your Turbo Charge (\$30, turbocellcharge.com). This lip-balm-size charger takes a single AA battery and delivers enough juice for two hours of talk time—which, by our estimate, is just enough to convince Tiff to Vegas with you.

A WRINKLE IN TIME

We have a well-documented love for the hourglass figure. Now designer David Dear has turned our fascination into a practical instrument. The Hourglass Desk Clock (\$30, modernclocks.net) is an automated homage to one of mankind's oldest timekeeping devices. About six inches tall, it displays hours on the bottom and minutes on top, with a rotating seconds disc above. It may not be the most intuitive way to figure out when to knock off work, but it will start three to five conversations a day for you.



PLAYING SECRET AGENT

You may know your Lazenbys from your Daltons. You may know your Honey Ryders from your Plenty O'Tooles. But can you pull them from your subconscious in front of your friends? The latest Scene It? DVD-based board game is 007 Scene It? (\$50, sceneit.com), an edition focused entirely on James Bond and packed with classic clips from *Dr. No* to *Tomorrow Never Dies*. Exploding pen not included.



THAT NEW CAR SMELL

The latest in a trend of automotive-inspired fragrances are these colognes from Lotus (\$50, at department stores), the British sports-car maker, and Hummer (\$54, at department stores), the folks who produce street-legal military machines. (Pacific Blue is the second fragrance bearing the Hummer brand.) So how do you roll? Are you light and agile or unyielding and imperious? Either way, smell like you mean it.

SMALL WONDER

Creative Labs is the most prominent warrior in the MP3 iHegemony struggle. Its secret? Do what Apple does, then do more. The new Zen V Plus series (\$129 to \$229, creative.com) is half the height of the Nano (though a bit thicker) and has the same size screen. It fits into the change pocket of your jeans, has a bright OLED display, can play video and has built-in FM radio and voice recording. Available with one to four gigabytes, it comes in white or black and gives Steve Jobs the shakes.

THOROUGHLY MODERN, FRIGHTFULLY SEXY

Kitsch is often its own worst enemy. Calling attention to how cool it is that you're into something really uncool just isn't that cool. Unless you're very good at it. Like, say, photographer Octavio Arizala, whose book *Modern Vixens* (\$40, goliathbooks.com) takes a trip in the wayback machine to stunning effect. From spacewomen on rooftops to leopard-print stag-night pinups, these snaps prove the right clothing can be sexier than none at all.



Next Month



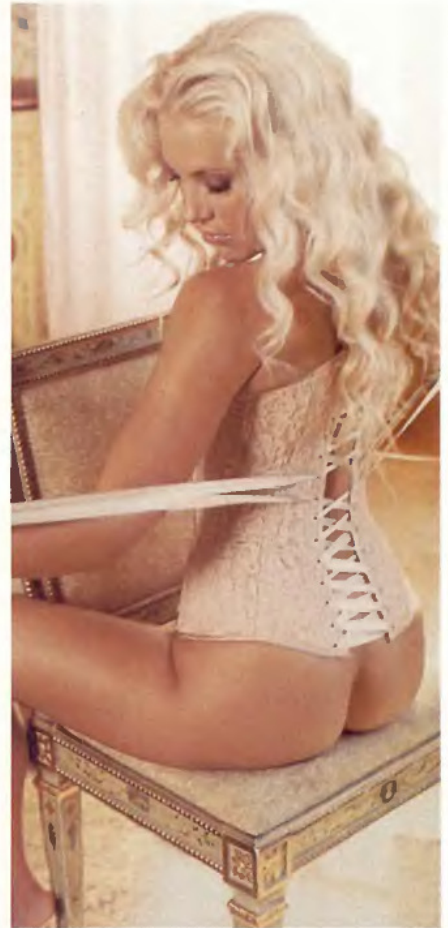
A TAN FOR ALL SEASONS.



PLAYERS' SUITE.



CELEBRITY-CITIZEN JOURNALIST.



MERCEDES MCNAB IN THE BUFFY.

THE GIRLS OF HAWAIIAN TROPIC—THE LOVELY LADIES OF THIS LUBRICIOUS LOTION LOOSEN THEIR BIKINIS FOR A SUN-KISSED PICTORIAL. GENTLEMEN PREFER BRONZE.

ARIANNA HUFFINGTON—THE EMPRESS OF THE BLOGOSPHERE HAS A KNACK FOR BRINGING THE HEAT. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* **DAVID RENSIN** GETS THE OUTSPOKEN PUNDIT TO OPEN UP ON SUBJECTS OUTSIDE HER COMFORT ZONE.

MERCEDES MCNAB—THE STARLET WHO BRIGHTENED TV'S *BUFFY* AND *ANGEL* AND ENLIVENS THE NEW SLASHER PIC *HATCHET* PLAYS COQUETTE IN A DECADENT BEAUX ARTS PICTORIAL. *MON DIEU!*

NEXT-GENERATION IMAMS—HOW DO YOU DEFEND AGAINST A SUICIDE BOMBER? AS THE MIDDLE EAST'S FUTURE RESTS WITH YOUNG FANATICAL MUSLIMS, A JORDANIAN PROGRAM SEEKS TO DEFUSE FUNDAMENTALISTS FROM INSIDE THE MOSQUES. **JOSEPH BRAUDE** LOOKS AT A FIGHT FOR THE SOUL OF ISLAM THAT MAY SAVE THE WORLD.

THE WISDOM OF THE DOULAS—MEET MITCH, A MALE NANNY WITH SOME SERIOUS MOMMY ISSUES. FICTION BY **SAM LIPSYTE**

MY CELEBRITY CRUSHES—CALL US OLD-FASHIONED, BUT LOVE LETTERS HAVE HELPED GUYS WOO WOMEN FOR MILLENNIA. SECRET ADMIRER (UNTIL NOW) **DAVE ITZKOFF** PICKS UP THE

PEN AND TURNS HIS AMOROUS ATTENTION TO THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN: SCARLETT, EVA, JESSICA THE BLONDE AND JESSICA THE BRUNETTE. WILL THEY RESPOND?

TENACIOUS D—THE SELF-PROCLAIMED GREATEST BAND IN THE WORLD, THE D (**JACK BLACK** AND **KYLE GASS**) WILL BLOW YOUR MIND WITH THE GREATEST 20Q EVER. BY **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

WILD GAME—WITH THE NEW GENERATION OF CONSOLES POISED FOR A THREE-WAY DEATH MATCH, **SCOTT ALEXANDER** CAPTURES A CRITICAL MOMENT IN THE HIGH-STAKES VIDEO GAME INDUSTRY. BONUS ROUND: DIGITAL DREAM GIRLS UNDRRESSED. ALAS, THEY ALL HAVE FAKE BREASTS.

PLAYBOY AT THE PALMS—AFTER A NEARLY 20-YEAR HIATUS THE PLAYBOY CLUB IS SWINGING AGAIN. WE TAKE YOU TO THE PARTY AND THEN TO THE HIPPEST AFTER-HOURS DIGS IN VEGAS, THE NEWLY OPENED HUGH HEFNER SKY VILLA.

BOOK-SMART FASHION—WE SLIP TODAY'S TOP LITERARY TALENTS INTO THE SEASON'S SMARTEST LOOKS. EAT YOUR HEART OUT, OSCAR WILDE. FASHION BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

PLUS: A BITCHIN' CAMARO, **STACY FUSON** SAYS A SHY GUY IS THE KIND OF GUY WHO WILL ALWAYS BE HERS, AND **SPENCER SCOTT** IS A MISS NOVEMBER TO REMEMBER.

Bourbon

IN A WHOLE NEW LIGHT.



HANDCRAFTED IN SMALL BATCHES.

WOODFORD RESERVE®

BOURBON HAS ARRIVED.

Enjoy your bourbon responsibly.

Woodford Reserve Distiller's Select Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 45.2% Alc. by Vol., The Woodford Reserve Distillery, Versailles, KY.

INTRODUCING NEW BANDITS[®]

SMOKELESS TOBACCO

THEY'LL CHANGE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT TOBACCO.

Refreshing, moist, flavorful tobacco satisfaction in a discreet pouch.



Get a closer look at  SkoalBandits.com

Look for them in Wintergreen and Mint.



U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.

Skoal and Bandits are registered trademarks of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2006 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.