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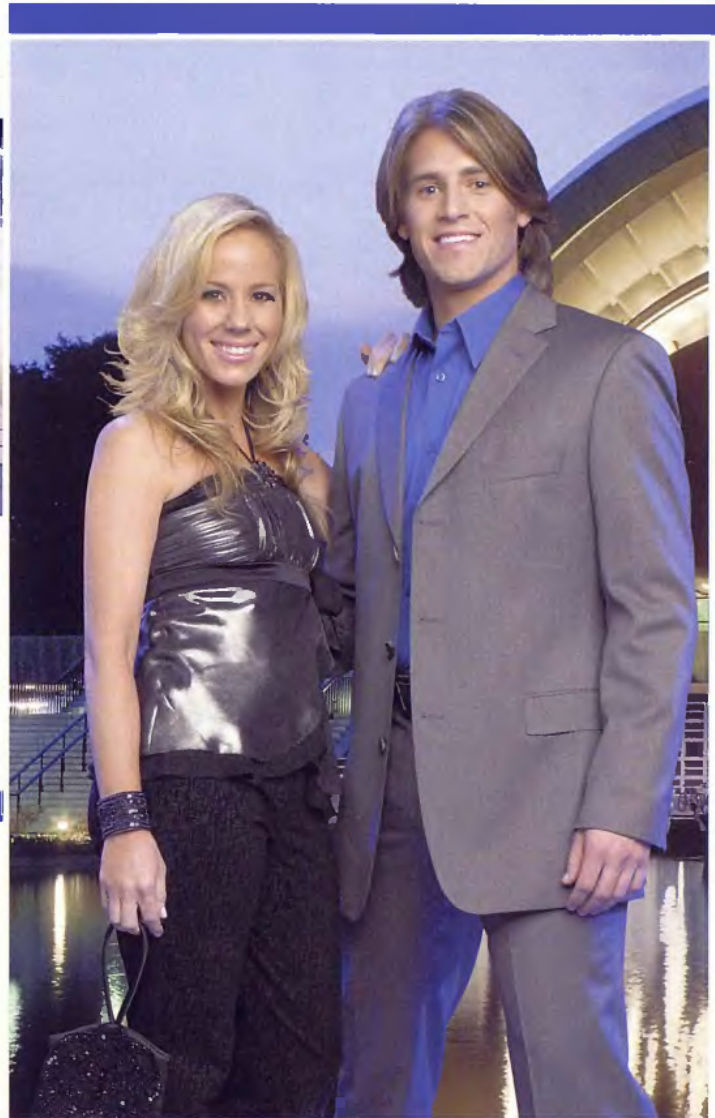
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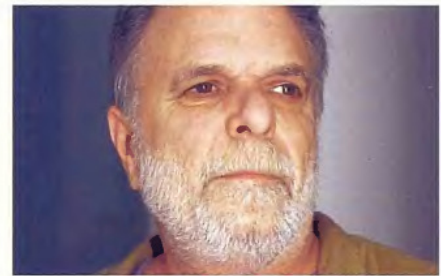
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In *The New Human*, **Joel Garreau**, author of *Radical Evolution*, provides a provocative look at the human being of tomorrow. Change, he argues, is happening fast. "The cultural evolution that was launched with the sharing of ideas and the invention of cities brought us from Rome to the industrial revolution in 1,800 years. The technological revolution that took us from the Wright brothers to walking on the moon required only 66 years. I believe that in 10 or 15 years, with advancements in genetics and technology, we will see a radical evolution, and two kinds of humans will walk the earth: natural and enhanced. You have to go back 50,000 years to the Neanderthal for the last time we've seen that. One thing we do know: When two species compete for the same niche, it ends badly for one."



After a 15-year hiatus from *PLAYBOY*, celebrated author **Margaret Atwood** returns to the magazine with two contributions. For *The New Human* she uses ancient myths to contemplate the future. "Myths," she says, "contain our wish list as a species. It hasn't changed much in 50,000 years." Her second offering, *The Bad News*, is fiction. Where did the piece originate? "The cupboard under the stairs—that's where I get all my stories."

In his illustration for *The New Human*, our collection of articles examining possibilities for the development of our species, **Matt Mahurin** draws inspiration from *Vitruvian Man*, Leonardo da Vinci's classic drawing that laid out the proportions of the human body. Beyond that disclosure, Mahurin prefers reticence. "I don't like to analyze my own pieces," he says. "As far as the message in the work, take from it what you will."

"When you first witness drifting, it's astounding," says **Craig Vetter** of the new extreme motor sport that recently immigrated to America from Japan. "The tires are squealing and smoking as cars skid sideways at 80 miles an hour." The author of *Drifting* is a bit in awe of the sport's young drivers. "These kids were always told that cars go only forward and backward, so they decided to push them sideways."



Between walking his dog and striking rigidly awkward poses, Briton **David Hughes** delivers a quirky and oddly haunting piece of artwork for this month's fiction, *The Bad News*. Integrating photographs with his drawing, he re-creates the dizzying feeling of coping with constant incipient danger. "Though I make my money as an illustrator, sometimes photographs can do the trick better than drawings," Hughes says. "I also like to use photos in my art because they add a great contrast to the lines of my pen. In this piece there are three photos: One is a picture of the story's author when she was younger; the two others are from the Kennedy assassination, the most traumatic event in America before 9/11. I thought I'd put in a picture of the autopsy."



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PLAYBOY

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What it means to be a human being is changing right before our eyes. With advancements in genetics, robotics and nanotechnology, we have started to alter our minds, memories, progeny and maybe even our souls. *Radical Evolution* author **JOEL GARREAU** details how the next scientific frontier will be inside us. Also, **MARGARET ATWOOD** ponders immortality, **RAY KURZWEIL** considers our singular future, and **MARY MIDGLEY** rationalizes why we can't live forever.
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the playboy forum

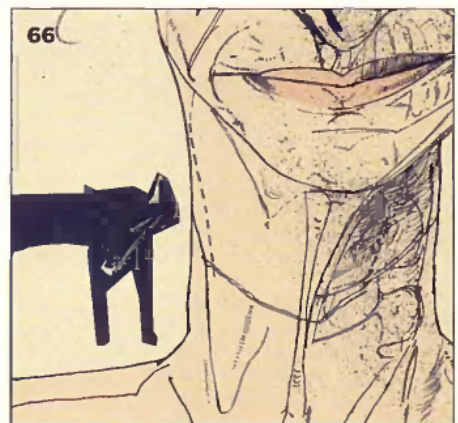
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COVER STORY

Named the most searched-for model on the web, voluptuous Vida Guerra traces her path from Cuba to the pages of PLAYBOY and chats candidly about her debut album, playing a virgin in her new movie and the attention-grabbing potential of her posterior. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda throws us some serious curves. Our Rabbit hugs one tight.



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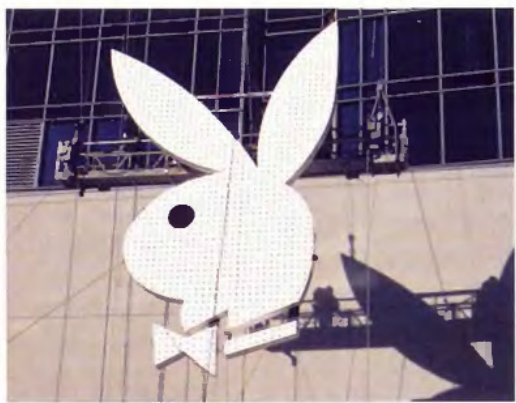
WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

So how many ways are there to stuff a wild bikini? Bridget, Holly and Kendra tackle the question for the 2007 *Girls Next Door* calendar, in which Mr. Playboy's sunny girlfriends appear in some truly stellar configurations.



FOUR STARS FOR THREE STARS

The *Girls Next Door* (Bridget, Kendra and Holly, above) made their big-screen debut in a cameo appearance with Charlie Sheen in *Scary Movie 4*. The film also features Carmen Electra, Shaquille O'Neal, Michael Madsen and Dr. Phil. It broke the record for Easter-weekend releases, grossing more than \$40 million.



BUNNY RISING

The raising of the world-famous Rabbit Head on the Fantasy Tower of Las Vegas's Palms Resort proclaims the imminent opening of a new Playboy Club Casino, which will also include a hot disco, Moon, and a Hugh Hefner Sky Villa. Luck, be a lady.



CENTERFOLDS GET SIRIUS

Listen up! Miss March 2005 Jillian Grace and Miss August 2004 Pilar Lastra can be heard co-hosting *The Playmate Hour* on Sirius's Playboy Radio station, where the darling duo discusses all things Playboy. In addition to airing *The Playmate Hour*, the station provides all-original programming that covers, among other topics, the Man, the Mansion and, of course, the mademoiselles.



PLAYBOY GOLF SCRAMBLE

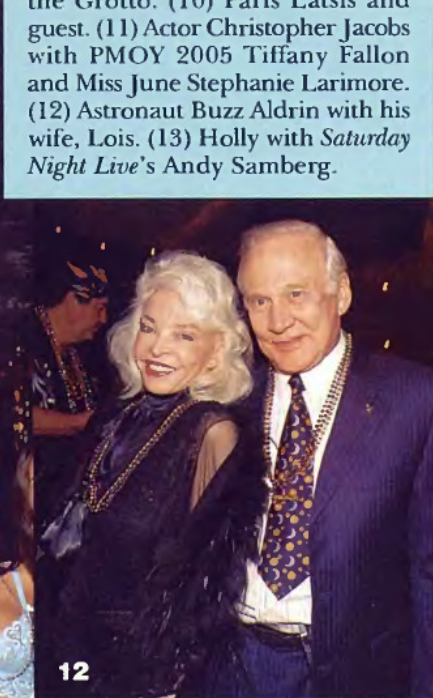
Celebrities and Centerfolds rubbed elbows with pros and dufers. The NFL's Ricky Manning Jr. and Jason Bell (left), actors Mark Moses (above) and Anthony Anderson and Giant Amani Toomer (right) took in the three-day gala on the links and at the Mansion.



**MARDI GRAS
MANSION
MADNESS**



The skinny on Fat Tuesday: Passionate Playmates, bountiful babes, raging rockers and celestial celebrities mixed it up in the Great Hall and the Grotto as the Mansion was transformed into a private Mardi Gras saturnalia of wine, women and song. (1) The Host with his best girls, Kendra, Holly and Bridget. (2) Actors Judd Nelson, Steve Valentine and guest are joining the masquerade. (3) Miss March 1995 Stacy Sanches and superdirector Michael Bay. (4) Kendra with funnyman Jon Lovitz. (5) Actors Aaron Stephens and Steve Wilder love the ladies. (6) Retired slugger Jose Canseco and Miss April 2001 Katie Lohmann. (7) Rockers Pete Wentz and Andrew Hurley of Fall Out Boy, with guest. (8) Owen Wilson and Miss May 1996 Shauna Sand. (9) Girls getting naked in the Grotto. (10) Paris Latsis and guest. (11) Actor Christopher Jacobs with PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon and Miss June Stephanie Larimore. (12) Astronaut Buzz Aldrin with his wife, Lois. (13) Holly with *Saturday Night Live*'s Andy Samberg.



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SCIENCE VS. RELIGION

The problem with teaching intelligent design in public schools is that it's not science (*Faith & Reason*, April). The hypothesis that "here a miracle occurs" isn't a scientific statement, so it can't be proved or disproved by the methods of science. ID compounds this problem by requiring a mind-boggling succession of miracles stretching across the four billion years of life on earth. In creating well over 100 million species (99 percent of them now extinct), the "intelligent



Is there much intelligence behind the design?

designer" must have been busy. Does the universality of extinction indicate that we are dealing with a not so intelligent designer? And what about life beyond earth? Some scientists estimate there could be as many as a billion living worlds within our galaxy alone; do they all have similar designers with similar failure rates?

David Morrison
Saratoga, California

Morrison, an astrobiologist, won the 2004 Carl Sagan Medal from the Division for Planetary Sciences.

Recruiting a comedian, a radical neo-Darwinist and a renowned atheistic pop philosopher to present the issues is hardly what I'd call a balanced perspective. As noble an enterprise as science is, it is eating its own tail in searching for the reasons such a perfectly designed universe exists.

Paul Bello
Clinton, New York

It's clear from both your excellent analysis and public-opinion polls that the resistance to evolution comes primarily from Christians and conservatives. Can one be a conservative Christian and a Darwinist? Yes, for several reasons: (1) Evolution fits with

good theology. What difference does it make when God created the universe or how God created life? Life's complexity elicits awe. Christians should embrace science for what it has done to reveal the magnificence of the divinity at a depth and in detail unmatched by ancient texts. (2) Evolution explains Christian morality. As social primates, we evolved morality to enhance the survival of both family and community; religions subsequently designed moral codes. Evolution also explains the Christian model of human nature. We are cooperative and competitive, altruistic and selfish, greedy and generous, peaceful and bellicose—in short, good and evil. Moral codes accentuate the positive and attenuate the negative sides of our evolved nature. (3) Evolution explains conservative free-market economics. Darwin showed how complex design and ecological balance were unintended consequences of individual competition among organisms. Adam Smith showed how national wealth and social harmony were unintended consequences of individual competition among people. The senseless conflict between science and religion in schools and courtrooms must end, or as Proverbs 11:29 warns, "He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind."

Michael Shermer
Altadena, California

Shermer is publisher of Skeptic magazine and author of Why Darwin Matters.

Many Christians believe in a link between science and faith. It is up to us to connect the dots. To authors like C.S. Lewis, one of the most dismaying misconceptions of logical positivists (or, as Michael Ruse would say, progressionists) is that they deny the existence of an a priori, inherent reason, which can come only from something greater than themselves.

Greg Shuck
Columbia, Missouri

I am ashamed to say in this day and age that I am living with people who still refute science at their convenience in favor of some unproven creation story. Facts are facts, and fossils will always provide the underlying evidence of how we came to be. Even though science cannot explain what is beyond the universe or what, if anything, "owns" the universe, science can refute any fairy tale man has

created to satisfy his ego. It seems people seek religion for security instead of looking to science for truth. That is a mistake and leads us to believe we are more than just an evolutionary hiccup in this unexplored universe we call home.

Tiernan James
Buenos Aires, Argentina

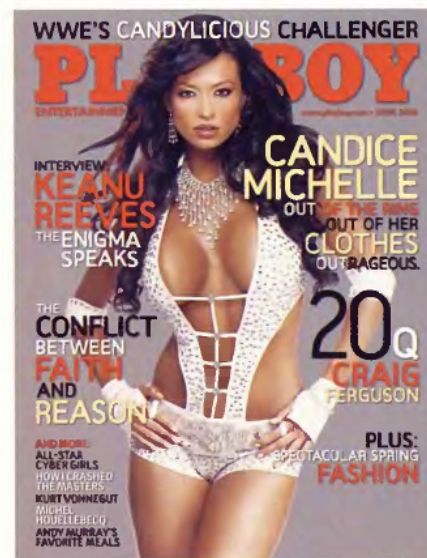
For more responses to Faith & Reason, see The Playboy Forum, page 44.

A GOOD MONTH

My husband and I read each issue of PLAYBOY together the day it arrives in the mail, but April's is especially thrilling. *Faith & Reason* is absorbing and informative, and *Of Maus and Supermen* made this comic-book geek giddy with joy. Then, to top it off, the extraordinarily beautiful Playmate Holley Ann Dorrough hails from Alabama!

Whitney Gallien-Hedges
Huntsville, Alabama

An article on hippies and hunters joining forces for ecological and environmental protection ("Greens With Guns," *The Playboy Forum*), a sweet and sexy Playmate and a four-



Everything goes well with Candice Michelle.

star review of the Hellcopters' *Rock & Roll Is Dead* (saw them in Philly, great show) demonstrate that you still publish the best and most important men's magazine.

Kris Norris
Emmaus, Pennsylvania

I grew up in a conservative household, attended Catholic schools and never heard a word about sexuality beyond my mother telling me I dressed like a slut. Not until I went

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to San Francisco State University and took human-sexuality classes in the science, history and psychology departments did I begin to open my mind. Now I am an avid supporter of real sex education. As a feminist, I want to say thank you to *PLAYBOY* for helping show that good girls can enjoy sex and be horny. I love the magazine and hope you continue to thrive.

Angela Romanini
Long Beach, California

As a "South Park conservative" it irritates me when liberals label me as part of the Jesus-freak fascist religious right, just as I'm sure it irritates them to be called tree-hugging, atheistic, unpatriotic socialists. The vast majority of us will always disagree on abortion, the limits of free speech and the logistics of the war on terror. But we must unite as Americans. Otherwise we are in danger of losing our culture and way of life. I believe *PLAYBOY* can bring us together.

Justin Tunnell
Houston, Texas

After spending \$200 on college textbooks full of gibberish, it is good to know that when I come home after class I have something to relieve my mind from all the institutionally structured literature that is shoved down my throat. I dig *The Playboy Forum*. Finally, a place where the truth is exposed.

Sean Connery
Missoula, Montana

COMIC ART

Many thanks to Robert Levine and Scott Alexander for their excellent article *Of Maus and Supermen* (April). My collaborators and I greatly appreciate their kind words for *Y: The Last Man*, *Ex Machina* and all the adult comics discussed in one of the best pieces about our medium ever written for a mainstream audience. Plus boobs.

Brian Vaughan
Los Angeles, California

Of Maus and Supermen is a nice piece of testosterone-dribbling superhero-action pap. Why doesn't it mention *Slow Death*, 1984, *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers* or other underground comics that have something besides disguises and *Übermenschen* for their characters and revenge as their plot? Jhonen Vasquez illustrates more visceral horror on a single page of *Johnny the Homicidal Maniac* than the entire *Maus* series.

Mike Ortloff
Seattle, Washington

FYI, you incorrectly identify the Engineer from *The Authority* as Shen,

a.k.a. Swift. In proper nerd fashion, you now owe me a Boba Fett statue.

Eric Haidys
Dearborn, Michigan

KEANU REEVES

Michael Fleming delivers the goods once again in the *Playboy Interview*. First he got Jamie Foxx (November) to give us the dish, and now he manages to present a candid Keanu Reeves (April). Is he slipping something into their drinks? I respect Reeves for realizing he can maintain his privacy while still giving fans a glimpse of who he really is.

Tyler Blue
Santa Barbara, California

How refreshing to read an interview in which the subject doesn't use the *F* word in every sentence. Reeves brings class and intelligence to the table.

Heather Williams
Lake Jackson, Texas

START YOUR ENGINES

Could you please tell me more about the Mustang pictured with Holley Ann



Stare long enough and you'll see the car.

Dorrough (*Holley Goes Lightly*, April)? I think it's a 1966 modified.

Michael Greenwood
Beloit, Wisconsin

You're right, except that, like Holley Ann, it hasn't been modified.

I already own a red Mustang (a 1969 Mach 1) but bought a yellow hose like the one Holley Ann is holding. Now I need a cute blonde. Can you help?

Rod Tocs
Tustin, California

No, but we'll sell you another hose.



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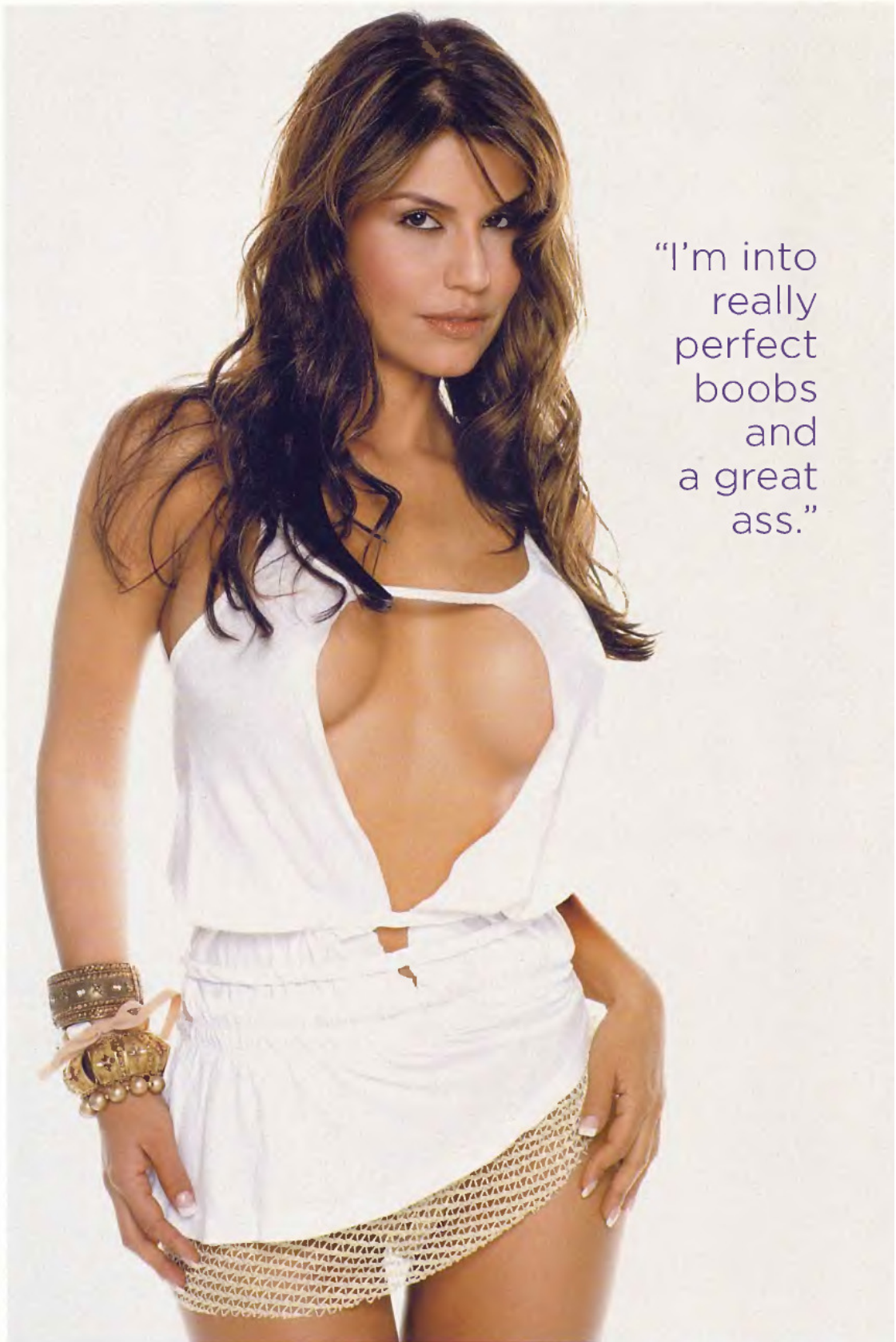
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babe of the month

Dazza Del Rio

HIGH TIMES WITH THE LOWRIDER ICON

Dazza Del Rio walks into the joint wearing oversized sunglasses, a denim miniskirt and a zip-up sweater unzipped *just so*. We're at Mardi Gras in Burbank, California, and she's a regular. "Hi, everybody," she says to everybody, then confides, "This is about the only restaurant I go to. I do my own cooking, and I'm great at it." All cleavage, ass and attitude, she's every inch the self-described icon of the car scene celebrated by *Lowrider*, a magazine she's been appearing in since she was a teen. Her roots extend much farther south of the border than those of her El Lay chicano fan base. Her Colombian dad, a master gunnery sergeant at Camp Pendleton, taught her about goals. "He was hard-core," she explains. "He would say, 'Don't be a pussy. You can do anything.'" From her Peruvian mom she got the cooking skills and the family jewels. Dazza has a thing about breasts; she thinks about them a lot in her new career as a video mogul. "I really want them to have great, great tits," she says of the models she casts for titles like *Latina Car Wash*. "I'm into really perfect boobs and a great ass. A lot of models come knocking on my door in just a bikini or topless under a trench coat." We grill Dazza on what else she likes, and she cops to crushes on Bono and Peruvian porn star Alexis Amore. If you're neither, she suggests you try a really cheesy line (and yes, she is single). "The cheesier, the better. 'Are those space pants? 'Cause your ass is out of this world!' I love that dorky shit."



"I'm into really perfect boobs and a great ass."

crime's a-changin'



Rhode to Perdition

GRITTY CABLE DRAMA TAKES I-95 NORTH—GET READY FOR CORRUPTION AND THUGGERY, OCEAN STATE-STYLE

Don't despair: HBO's *Sopranos* may be entering its twilight, but Showtime picks up the gauntlet this month with *Brotherhood*. Our handy key will help you manage the shift from Jersey Italians to Rhode Island Irish.

OUT IN

MAN JEWELRY

CHUNKY GOLD CHAIN CLADDAGH RING

VERBAL TIC

"NOT FOR NUTTIN'..." "WICKED RETAAADED"

IMPACTED DELICACY

STUFFED SHELLS STUFFED QUAHOG

HANGOUT

CHEESY STRIP CLUB DINGY YACHT CLUB

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE

RUFFINO CHIANTI NARRAGANSETT BEER

COFFEE-LIKE BEVERAGE

CAPPUCCINO COFFEE MILK

INFAMOUS STATE POLITICIAN

GOVERNOR WHO CAME MAYOR DOING TIME IN
OUT OF THE CLOSET THE BIG HOUSE

PAYING RESPECTS

OPEN-COFFIN FUNERAL WAKE AT A BAR

LAST THING YOU SEE

NASTY OLIVE- SKINNED WISEGUY
SWEATY, FRECKLY
REDHEADED THUG

MONEYMAKER

WASTE MANAGEMENT SNOWPLOW CONTRACTS

ADOPTED SPORTS LOYALTY

NEW YORK TEAMS BOSTON TEAMS

MISNOMER

NEW JERSEY NOT RHODE ISLAND NOT
REALLY A JERSEY REALLY AN ISLAND

SUGARY ANYTIME SNACK

HOMEMADE CANNOLI DUNKIN' DONUTS

TOAST

SALUTE! SLÁINTE!

ICONIC MARILYN MONROE PARAMOUR

FRANCIS ALBERT JFK

"I began to have doubts that LSD was going to be the answer to the problems of the world because I woke up early one morning and I came down to the kitchen and there was a gigantic pile of dishes.... Roaches were crawling all over them. Someone came in, and I said, 'Look at these roaches.' They said, 'Aren't they beautiful?' For some reason, I was able to see...they were not beautiful. Nobody was ever going to do the dishes."

—Charles Slack, from Robert Greenfield's *Timothy Leary: A Biography*

adult humor

Louis C.K. Bursts the Sitcom Bubble

SEX, DRUGS AND PROFANITY, WITH A LAUGH TRACK

You have a new HBO sitcom called Lucky Louie. Is it autobiographical?

I play the guy I would be if I hadn't found comedy. I would have had a pretty bleak life. I worked as a mechanic when I was 18. The shitty little apartment on the show is a combination of the many shitty apartments I've lived in. *We just watched the first four episodes, and we have to ask, Are you in therapy?* Yes, but I'm thinking of quitting. I'm sick of seeing this person and whining about how I want to rape my father. I'd rather just go and rape him already. *Is all of the show's male frontal nudity really necessary?* Absolutely. *Your TV wife, Kim, is a nurse. Do you have a nurse fetish?* I have a woman fetish. Nurses are fine. *Will Kim get naked on the show?* Never. Tits are not funny. Dicks, balls and a man's ass are all funny, but tits are very serious. *When will Louie's drug-dealing friend realize what he is doing is wrong?* Who says it's wrong? He sells drugs to high school kids. Who else are you going to sell them to? *Do you think Louie's mistreatment of his black neighbors is funny?* Mistreatment, no—but the faces they make when they realize they've been mistreated are hilarious. *Is the girl who plays your daughter allowed to watch the show?* I don't know. She's not my child, and I don't speak to her.

get your flax straight



Blonde Bombshell—Retracted!

If you, like our founding editor, were alarmed by a *New York Times* item claiming blonde hair is headed the way of the dodo, relax. Much to Hef's relief (and the *Times*'s chagrin), the "report," which predicted the last natural blonde would be born in 2202, is a hoax. Clairol was understandably irked when we canceled our rush order of 10 truckloads of Nice 'N Easy kits.

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WITHOUT WOMEN.

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OTHER WOMEN,
FOR EXAMPLE.



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GERARD DUBOIS

What Kind of Priest Reads *Iuvenis Voluptarius*?

NEW TOME BRINGS THE VATICAN INTO THE MID-20TH CENTURY

It's not easy preaching to the masses in a dead language, but that's the problem faced by the Vatican, where official proclamations are written in Latin. To keep pace with society (and sin), Pope Paul VI founded an institution in 1976 for promoting great Caesar's tongue. The new Latin

dictionary includes *brevissimae bracae femineae* (hot pants), *valida potio Slavica* (vodka), *thorax laneus manicatus* (golf) and *pomorum placenta* (er, strudel). No such list of the good, bad and tasty would be complete without *Iuvenis Voluptarius*—PLAYBOY to you. Take that, *Geus Quus*.

Tip Sheet

hedonic treadmill \hi-DĀ-nik TRED-mil\ *n*, the tendency for a person's economic expectations and desires to increase at the same rate as his or her income, resulting in no net gain in satisfaction or happiness.

implied knowledge

Things to Say About the World Cup

DON'T GET CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED AT THE WATERCOOLER—KEEP THESE NUGGETS HANDY AND PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE AN EXPERT

ABOUT THE U.S. TEAM "Our players *have* to cut the MLS cord. Why are McBride, Reyna and Keller so good? They play in Europe. *Duh.*"

ABOUT FREDDY ADU "He's terrific for a 17-year-old, but he belongs on the national team as much as I do."

ABOUT OUR HIGH WORLD RANKING "Oh please. FIFA's ranking system makes the BCS computers look good."

ABOUT OUR DRAW "We're in the group of death. If we lose to Italy, it's *arrivederci*.

And if we make it out of the group stage, it's *Olá, Brasil!*"

ABOUT BRAZIL "Ronaldo's *done*. He's distracted and chubbier than ever. Adriano [pictured center] is the striker to watch, and Ronaldinho is the best player in the world."

ABOUT PRESSURE "France barely qualified. The 1998 champions are a mess."

ABOUT UNDERDOGS "I like Australia. It's the Socceros' first World Cup in 32 years."

ABOUT STARS "Dutchman Ruud van Nistelrooy is



Man U's top gun but a 29-year-old World Cup virgin."

ABOUT AFRICA "Without powerhouses Cameroon and Nigeria in the field, I don't expect much from Africa."

ABOUT ANY SPECIFIC PLAY Smile, raise both hands and say, "*Gooooo!*"

shock and bra



Hottest. Ads. Ever.

THE FINE ART OF SELLING PANTIES IN FRANCE

You have to admit that what they say about the French is true: The bastards know sexy. For more than a decade lingerie company Aubade has beautified the billboards and bus shelters of Paris with its outrageously sultry "Lessons of Seduction" campaign. The black-and-white photos of flawless bodies poured into Aubade's high-end wares are paired with advice on maintaining that oh-so-French feminine mystique. For instance, the tips above translate as "Succumb to temptation" and "Irritate his female friends." But even if you don't speak the language, you'll still find the 73 (and counting) illustrated lessons enlightening. Most are archived at aubade.com.

Some men have a dream.
Louie has a family.

Lucky LouieSM

The end of the sitcom — as you know it.



SERIES PREMIERE SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 10:30PM/9:30C

HBO

Catch Louis CK on HBO's One Night Stand. Coming to DVD June 13.

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employee of the month

Holy Mackerel

BODY-SUSHI PLATTER TABITHA JUNEWAY KEEPS THE FISH FRESH AND THE SASHIMI STEAMY

PLAYBOY: Take us through your workday.

TABITHA: I'm not sure if you can call lying around *work*, but it does pay the bills. I lie there naked with banana leaves and sushi strategically placed on my body, and diners literally eat off me. It's a little hedonistic, but everybody likes a little debauchery now and again—even if they don't like sushi.

PLAYBOY: Is there a word for what you do?

TABITHA: *Nyotaimori*, but we call it body sushi because it's easier for people to remember when they make a reservation.

PLAYBOY: Any occupational hazards?

TABITHA: Wasabi. I learned the hard way that it can soak through a banana leaf and burn your skin. And I once caught fire. There are candles around me, and when I was getting cleaned off, I sat up and my hair caught fire. One of the people at the restaurant put it out and saved my life. It was pretty embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: Do you need special skills to be a sushi model?

TABITHA: You have to be able to lie perfectly still for an hour while sometimes being poked with chopsticks. It's as if I'm the guy in the game Operation. You also have to take shallow breaths or the sushi will fly off your breasts.

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.

drink of the month

Hello, Yellow

WHAT TO MAKE WHEN LIFE GIVES YOU LEMONS

For frostbite, try Siberia. For malaria, try Ghana. For lemony refreshment, try Capri. Just ask W. Park Kerr, author of *Viva Vodka*, who visits the Italian island every summer. He so loves the vodka-doused homemade *limone* granita served by the locals that he's turned it into a drink he modestly calls "the perfect summer cocktail."



Arrivederci, Capri

- 1 lemon wedge
- Superfine sugar
- 1½ oz. citron vodka
- 1 oz. imported southern Italian *limoncello* liqueur
- ½ oz. fresh lemon juice
- 1 thin lemon slice

Rub the lip of a chilled cocktail glass with the lemon wedge and rim with sugar. Shake the liquid ingredients vigorously with ice in a cocktail shaker. Strain carefully into the prepared glass. Float the lemon slice on top.

blog of the month



TOMER HANUKA

Swing Set

"He's Swedish and she's German and they're married and new to this.... I speak to the wife in her native tongue. Leslie, always more direct with women than I, employs her tongue in a more obvious fashion, and before I can process what's going on here, the German girl's lovely tits are out in the open. The guy grins broadly and grasps my shoulder, 'Don't be shy. Touch my wife. *Please.*' Even after all the time we've spent touring Swingerland, this still sounds weird to me."

—from hipster swinger diary Nakedloftparty.com

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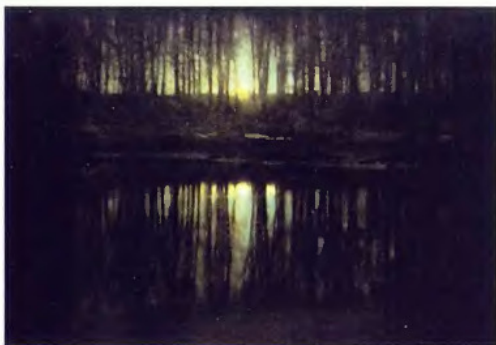
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A Break in the Action

British couples cause **\$612 million** in damage each year while having sex. During the act, **33%** of couples break something, and **10%** even file insurance claims, citing smashed lamps, ripped curtains and, of course, busted beds. It's not just objects taking the brunt of rambunctious sex: **41%** of couples report carpet burns, **33%** pulled backs and **12%** twisted ankles or wrists.

price check



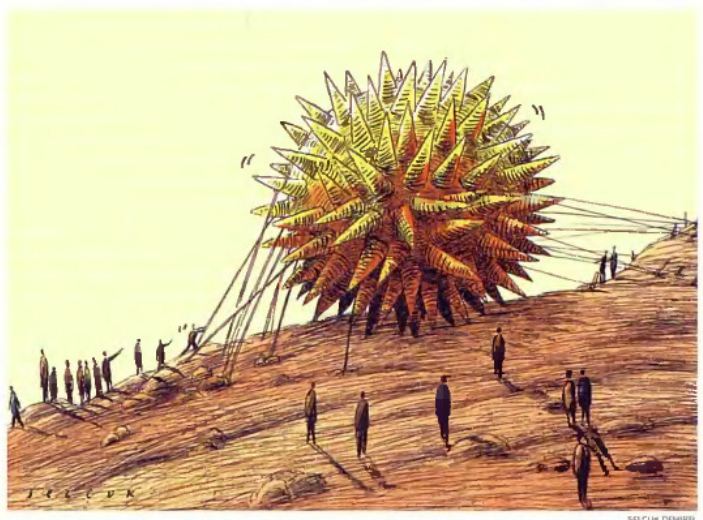
\$2.9 million

Paid at Sotheby's for *The Pond-Moonlight*, a photograph taken by Edward Steichen in 1904. It's the highest price ever fetched at auction for a photographic work.

book of pointless records

Largest Golf-Cart Parade

3,391 carts, driven in procession by residents of the Villages retirement community near Orlando, Florida.



Christian Doctorin'

Nearly **25%** of the grants handed out as part of the Bush administration's **\$15 billion** program to fight AIDS in Africa have gone to Christian groups, many of which oppose teaching the use of condoms.

Lucky US

52.8 million people, or one quarter of all American adults, set foot in a casino at least once last year.

Turn! Turn! Turn!

57% of Americans own up to not using turn signals while driving; of those, **7%** say it "adds excitement."

Right to...D'oh!

Of **1,000** Americans polled at random by the McCormick Tribune Freedom Museum, the number who could name the five freedoms guaranteed by the First Amendment: **1**. The number who could name all five of the Simpsons: **200**.

Must Love Dogs

34% of women who own canines agree with the statement "If my dog were a man, he'd be my boyfriend."



Office Space Out

A UC Irvine study found that on average a worker can focus for just **11** minutes at a time before being interrupted (by e-mail, a co-worker, etc.) and is unable to refocus for another **25** minutes.

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movie of the month

[SUPERMAN RETURNS]

Can the Man of Steel navigate a new world?

"The character of Superman is so much larger than any movie star," says Bryan Singer, director of the massive fantasy-action-adventure flick *Superman Returns*. No kidding. The granite-jawed guy with the alter ego of mild-mannered reporter Clark Kent has spent nearly seven decades as a pop icon in comics, movies and TV, right up to the WB series *Smallville*. Somehow finding new ore to be extracted from strip-mined material, Singer presents newcomer Brandon Routh as the Man of Steel, who returns from decimated planet Krypton determined to save the world from Lex Luthor (Kevin Spacey) and win back the affections of Lois Lane (Kate Bosworth). Says the director, best known for two *X-Men* smashes, "Superman comes back to a world that has moved on in his absence. I tried to devise an obstacle beyond kryptonite and realized that Lois having a fiancé and a child would be obstacles even for Superman." Singer also paid homage to the past by casting Jack Larson, who played Jimmy Olsen on TV in the 1950s, in the new film. "Jack arrived on the set to do his scene, and he suddenly got this look that told me he was extremely affected seeing Brandon in costume for the first time. He said with absolute sincerity, 'There he is.' Even Jack was stirred by seeing the Superman of today." —*Stephen Rebell*

"Superman comes back to a world that has moved on."

now showing

BUZZ

Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest

(Johnny Depp, Orlando Bloom, Keira Knightley) Depp storms the decks again as our favorite gonzo swashbuckler, crossing swords with phantom Davy Jones, who's out to collect a blood debt from Captain Jack. Depp's dilemma derails Knightley and Bloom's wedding, and they join forces with the pirate.

Our call: Depp's drunk and disorderly buccaneer was a surprise hit last time. Can he pull it off again, or will producer Jerry Bruckheimer's crash, bang and bombast steal the show?



A Scanner Darkly

(Keanu Reeves, Robert Downey Jr., Woody Harrelson, Winona Ryder) This futuristic mind bender is set in a paranoid America rife with neighbors spying on neighbors and a populace hooked on a powerful drug. Reeves chases his own tail, playing both a narc and the lowlife drug pusher he has been sent to bust.

Our call: Director Richard Linklater takes a second stab at animation (his first was *Waking Life*). Fans of Philip K. Dick's brilliantly paranoid novel won't be disappointed.



You, Me and Dupree

(Owen Wilson, Kate Hudson, Matt Dillon) In this comedy, newlywed Dillon invites best man Wilson to be his houseguest after the bachelor finds himself unemployed. Wilson's free-wheeling charm wins over everyone at first, but the welcome mat is frayed when he becomes the man who won't leave.

Our call: The basic setup has proved surefire in everything from *The Man Who Came to Dinner* to *What About Bob?* Expect Wilson to score big as the honeymoon crasher.



Pulse

(Kristen Bell, Ian Somerhalder, Christina Milian) In the latest American redo of a Japanese scare flick, college kids are lured by a website saturated with freaky images of the dead. What seems to be a slick marketing hoax turns out to be a wireless signal that lets an evil force cross over into our world.

Our call: We're starting to OD on survival-of-the-prettiest shockers. This one may supply a few jolts to die-hard horror junkies, but for the rest of us *Pulse* is strictly a flatliner.



dvd of the month

[DAVE CHAPPELLE'S BLOCK PARTY]

The conflicted comic gets the last laugh in this outrageous street bash

Would a lucrative contract to renew his Comedy Central show make it impossible for Dave Chappelle to keep it real? That unspoken question hangs over this documentary, filmed in 2004, less than a year before he abruptly abandoned his hit show. Chappelle wanted to throw an old-fashioned block party, so he called some of his buddies in the music biz (the Roots, Mos Def, Erykah Badu, Dead Prez, the Fugees and others) and asked them to do their thing. He also invited his Ohio neighbors to come see what a Brooklyn block party is all about. "I'm mediocre at both music and comedy yet have managed to talk my way into a fortune," Chappelle says. Even in rehearsal, tossing off old-time jokes while impersonating a bad stand-up ("Did you hear the one about the industrious prostitute? She had a vagina implanted on her hip so she could make money on the side"), Chappelle can't help making you laugh. **Extras:** Behind-the-scenes documentaries, extended rehearsal jam sessions. **☆☆** —Matt Steigbigel



comedy *A Slight Case of Murder* (1938). If the stories get sappy, count on brisk action and cool clothes in all these new-to-DVD gems. **Extras:** Vintage shorts, contemporary newsreels, classic cartoons and historian commentaries. **☆☆½**

—Buzz McClain



KISS KISS, BANG BANG (2005) Robert Downey Jr. plays a two-bit thief and would-be actor learning the PI trade from gay detective Val Kilmer, who pretty much hates him. It's a hilarious if complicated ode to Raymond Chandler, with Downey and Kilmer spitting out witty banter at a pleasingly frenetic pace.

Extras: Commentary with Kilmer, Downey and director Shane Black, plus a gag reel. **☆☆** —B.M.



THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.: SEASON ONE (1964) This hit 1960s secret-agent series walks a thin line between its 007 inspiration and camp. Robert Vaughn and David McCallum star as two agents of the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement who undermine the schemes of the sinister organization THRUSH while romancing a chorus line of curvaceous guest stars, including some Playmates. A great discovery for hip retro spy fans. **Extras:** Episode commentaries. **☆☆** —B.T.



THE HILLS HAVE EYES (2006) No one in this gruesome remake of Wes Craven's 1977 horror classic has seen *Deliverance* or its myriad clones. While the Carter family travels cross-country, its vehicles break down on a dusty desert shortcut suggested by a shifty hick. Before long a savage mutant gang is literally tearing the Carters and their pets apart. This gleefully sadistic bloodbath won't be a hit with PETA or *Bird Talk*, but adrenaline junkies will get high on its balls-to-the-wall brutality. **Extras:** The unrated disc has more squelch and splatter, as well as making-of featurettes. **☆☆**



—Robert B. DeSalvo

STRANGERS WITH CANDY: THE COMPLETE SERIES (1999–2000) Amy Sedaris stars as 46-year-old ex-con Jerri Blank, who tries to clean up her act by moving home and reenrolling at Flatpoint High. The only lesson learned in these demented spoofs of *After School Specials* is that comedy tastes best when served black as licorice. **Extras:** Commentaries by the creators, extensive bloopers reel. **☆☆½**



—Brian Thomas

WARNER BROS. PICTURES TOUGH GUYS COLLECTION Iconic gangster James Cagney plays a good guy driven to violence in three of these six time-tested favorites: a wronged newspaperman in *Each Dawn I Die* (1939, pictured), a vengeance-minded FBI agent in "G" Men (1935) and a reluctant boxer in *City for Conquest* (1940). Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson face off in *Bullets or Ballots* (1936), Bogie does time on a chain gang in *San Quentin* (1937), and Robinson submits to self-parody in the screwball

tease frame



Kate Beckinsale has delicate English-rose looks that belie a smart edginess lurking below the surface. She is willing to bare it all in movies such as the 1994 thriller *Uncovered* (pictured), in which she strips down as a mystery-solving art restorer. Just imagine how her weapons of mass seduction might have saved *Pearl Harbor* (2001) or *Van Helsing* (2004). Although we're hoping Adam Sandler charms her pants off in this month's *Click*, we'd rather see this Hades hottie in (and out of) her latex catsuit in *Underworld 3*. We should be so lucky.

east bay boom

[GO STUPID WITH HYPHY]

A new Bay Area beat will give your summer a bounce



Ever since hip-hop came out of the South Bronx in the 1970s, it has relied on regional variations for renewal. Compton gave us gangsta, New Orleans gave us bounce, and Atlanta gave us crunk. The latest thing, hyphy, is now breaking nationwide from the streets of East Oakland. The hyphy movement, a defiant mixture of dress, dance and slang, is about more than just music. Most of all, hyphy is an expression of an elaborate automobile culture, with vintage muscle cars leading the way. E-40 is the most prominent exponent of the genre. His newest CD, *My Ghetto Report Card*, is the first hyphy release to get national attention. But plenty of other regional stuff—like Keak Da Sneak's *That's My Word* and Droop-E & B-Slimm's *The Fedi Fetcher & the Money Stretcher*—should smoke up your block this summer.

THE BRONX • The Bronx

The Bronx has revitalized *Raw Power*-style punk in the short time since the band swaggered off the L.A. strip (and not in from the outer borough of New York, as the name would suggest). Its brand of scuzzy rock often seems to teeter on the verge of collapse, but the members always pull a melody together before landing facedown on the junkie-filled streets they scream about. They can express being pissed off in amazing and cool new ways. (Island) ★★★ —Jason Buhrmester



LORD JAMAR • The 5% Album

On his solo debut the acclaimed Brand Nubian lyricist intends to educate listeners, following artists such as Rakim, Busta Rhymes and Wu-Tang Clan in rhyming about Five Percent ideology. To Five Percenters, the black man is the original man, who they believe is God, while black women, the mothers of civilization, are called earths. Jamar gets his hands dirty on the production side, too, even making cool use of a sped-up Beatles cover on "The Sun." (Babygrande) ★★★ —Dean Gaskin



MOJAVE 3 • Puzzles Like You

Rising from the ashes of shoe-gazing icon Slowdive, Mojave 3 initially made a somnambulant version of Americana. With each release, though, the band has gained in confidence and creativity, transforming in the process from merely pleasant to sublime. This LP caps that run, coupling pretty vocal harmonies with lush arrangements. The desert still sets the mood, but as Wilco fans know, Americana works well when, as here, it aspires to Brian Wilson-like grandeur. (4AD) ★★★ —Tim Mohr



JOHNNY CASH • Personal File

Discovered in Cash's recording studio shortly after his death, in 2003, these intimate sessions—mostly from 1973—feature the man singing, talking and playing his acoustic guitar. The material, which ranges from old sacred tunes to John Prine covers, is not surprising. But Cash's pure ability to bring these songs to life makes this two-CD set unique. It's like sitting on a Tennessee back porch with an American legend. (Columbia-Legacy) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



star producers

[COOL N DRE]

These two beatmakers have become their own Miami sound machine, stringing together hit after hit while working with hip-hop's finest

After several years of chart success behind such artists as Fat Joe and Ja Rule, the studio wizards scored their first number one last year with the Game and 50 Cent's "Hate It or Love It." These days the hits are coming fast and furious: DJ Khaled's "Holla at Me," Juvenile's "Rodeo" and Christina Milian's "Say I" were all on the charts at the same time earlier this spring. Now solo albums are in the works too, with Dre's planned for a summer release.

PLAYBOY: What's the most important rule in producing hip-hop?

COOL: Get your drums down tight. When we did Fat Joe's "King of New York," that was the beginning of our sound. It was so street, but it was still radio. And those drums were banging. If you got some hot shit, people are going to fuck with it.



PLAYBOY: You're working on the new Jay-Z album. Is it going to be good?

COOL: It's ridiculous! I think once it comes out it's going to be one of those records that set a new trend, a new sound for hip-hop. Sometimes I think it takes a well-known artist to get on one of your records and really pop it off. The record we gave Jay-Z is futuristic. The beat is retarded.

PLAYBOY: What's it like working with him?

COOL: When we saw Jay, he was like, "I already recorded it. It's done. All I need is for you guys to add some shit to it with Pro Tools." And boom, that was it. If Jay-Z wants to record to one of your records, shit, you let him. No questions.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with so many artists. Who was the most difficult?

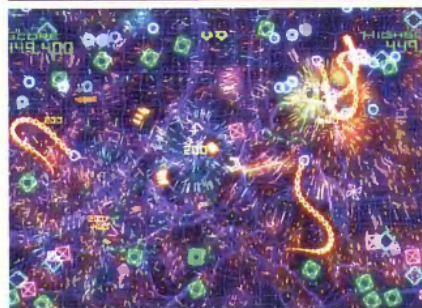
COOL: Diddy. He was like, "Nah, I need another beat, another beat." He had us in the lab, working. Sometimes an artist might pass up a beat that's a big record. We might give an artist a beat first, and that shit is a hit. But they're like, "I ain't fucking with it." Then it becomes someone else's hit, and they're like, "Damn, I passed that beat up!"

game scene

[ON THE DOWNLOAD]

Hate cruising the mall for video games? Help is on the way

First there's the elitist geek employees. Then there's the poor stocking choices that showcase what's popular at the expense of what's good. If we're looking for anything other than this week's big release, the thought of shouldering our way through a game



store's crowded labyrinth simply makes us shudder. Fortunately, game makers are getting sick of it too, and they're figuring out ways to keep us at home playing their products instead of dragging us out into the nightmare that is in-person retail.

Shockwave.com opened the floodgates in 2000 as one of the first major sites to aggregate a heap of small, cheap, addictive games and provide simple credit card processing for downloads. In a bold move in 2004, Valve (creator of the *Half-Life* series) decided to take matters into its own hands and started selling games directly to consumers via its online network, **Steam**.

Though created for Valve games, the service has also cut deals with other developers and publishers. You can pick up copies of full-blown PC games such as *Rag Doll Kung Fu* and *Darwinia* (pictured top left) for \$10 to \$40. But newer isn't always better. The **GameTap** service (middle left) provides unlimited access to more than 500 classic games for \$10 a month, with more games added each week. The most significant harbinger of doom for traditional retail, however, is the integration of **Xbox Live Arcade** into the 360.

Microsoft has brought digital distribution into the living room with a mix of classic arcade games and original titles sold for \$5 to \$15 a pop, each of which downloads directly to your 360's hard drive. A smashing success, it has proven that casual games such as *Crystal Quest* and *Geometry Wars* (bottom

left) can be huge on consoles. Unsurprisingly, both Sony and Nintendo have announced similar features for their next-gen consoles. We look forward to telling our children that, once, a long time ago, video games came in boxes. —Brian Crecente

2006 FIFA WORLD CUP (GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360) Play as one of 127 national teams gearing up for battle in Germany this month with EA Sports's *2006 FIFA World Cup*. This intuitive soccer sim has signature moves for more than 100 superstars. For replay value when the Cup ends, the game lets you try to re-create classic moments in FIFA World Cup history—like England's 1966 final, when the home country took West Germany 4–2 in extra time. ★★★



—Marc Saltzman

PLAYBOY: THE MANSION GOLD EDITION (PC) Last year's *Playboy: The Mansion* let gamers everywhere experience our founder's fabulous life. This pack features the *Private Party* expansion, which adds the Mansion's signature annual galas, such as the Halloween and Midsummer Night's Dream parties. Court celebrity guests, clothe Playmates in bikinis or body paint, and then watch as supermodels, judges and rock stars mix and mingle. Now that's our kind of party. ★★★



—Scott Steinberg

trend watch

[FEUDAL ATTEMPT]

Four new games prove there's much Edo about Nippon

Like on-screen enemies, games come in waves. Last year we saw a curious focus on hip-hop and the hood. Now apparently we all want to live in ancient Japan. Is this progress? Not exactly, but it is next. **Okami** (PS2) The next time somebody sniffs at the notion of video games as art, politely introduce them to *Okami*. Its graphics look like a living *sumi-e* painting, and your main tool is a "celestial brush" you can use to modify the game as an artist does a canvas. A stroke here slashes enemies; a brush there creates a bridge across a river. *Okami* may be the prettiest game ever made.



Odama (GameCube) Samurai-style combat, voice-controlled troop movements—and let's toss some pinball in there. *Odama* takes high-concept to a new level as enemies and allies alike face the force of a large rolling ball you propel with flippers while you bark orders for your troops to get out of the way. Delightful madness. **Samurai Champloo: Sidetracked** (PS2)



The Adult Swim TV show *Samurai Champloo* filters Edo-period Japan through a hip-hop aesthetic. *Sidetracked*, the game based on the show, is what you'd get if you asked a DJ to design a martial-arts fighting game. LPs you collect from in-game record stores provide both background music and new fighting moves, and success in battle can hinge on bringing the correct records along. **Samurai Warriors: State of War** (PSP) This strategy-and-combat title takes Koei's *Dynasty Warriors* on the road and plays like *Mortal Kombat* crossed with chess. A game-board grid is peppered with friendly forces and enemies. When they meet in a given square, it's time for a little hack-and-slash action. —Chris Hudak



Dynasty Warriors on the road and plays like *Mortal Kombat* crossed with chess. A game-board grid is peppered with friendly forces and enemies. When they meet in a given square, it's time for a little hack-and-slash action.

—Chris Hudak

thinker of the month

[Q&A WITH GARRY WILLS]

A historian looks at Jesus Christ the man

Q: Your recent book *What Jesus Meant* provides a startling corrective to the common view of the mild and merciful savior. Was Jesus a religious fanatic?

A: Jesus was a religious *anti*-fanatic. That is why he was killed by religious fanatics, both Roman (the imperial cult of divine Caesar) and Sadducee (the Temple cult). He opposed priests, sacrifice and public displays of religiosity. He preached a religion of the heart: "You, when you pray, go into your inner chamber and, locking the door, pray there in hiding to your Father, and your Father who sees you in hiding will reward you" (Matthew 6:6—a passage ignored by those calling for prayer in the public schools).

Q: You are a preeminent scholar of both American history and religion. Where do the two intersect?

A: Religion has had an always shifting but always present relationship to American history, sometimes blighting, sometimes blessing, as all religions do. Religion is dangerous, like love.

Q: Should citizens worry that the United States is becoming an evangelical theocracy?

A: No. Fundamentalism has led to flare-ups of anti-intellectualism in America, but these have usually been disturbances at the edges, not the core. The majority of Americans are opposed to religious groups setting the agenda for politics. It is the unnatural power of certain minorities that makes the present government (for the moment) unduly responsive to matters such as the hysteria over Terri Schiavo.

Q: You're a Catholic. How have you not been excommunicated? And would you be upset if you were?

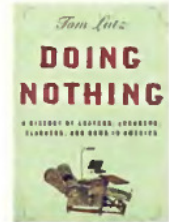
A: Can the pope excommunicate most American Catholics? The people of God are the church, not the pope, and most agree with me on the limits of his authority to dictate on matters like contraception. More people than I would be disturbed if the pope excommunicated most American Catholics.



DOING NOTHING • Tom Lutz

Ever wonder why you feel guilty if you're not working yourself to the point of collapse? Lutz explains it all for you in this authoritative, hilarious treatise on the American work ethic and its discontents. Offering pointers along the way are such celebrated slackers as Henry David Thoreau and Benjamin Franklin, who relied on doing nothing as a rich resource of pleasure and inspiration. ★★★

—Kristine McKenna

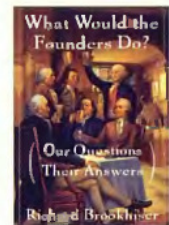


WHAT WOULD THE FOUNDERS DO?

Richard Brookhiser

Pundits often cite the founding fathers to justify positions on controversial issues. How would Washington or Jefferson handle terrorism or civil rights? Brookhiser's answers edify but also betray how extrapolating often conflicting 18th century notions for today is like using the Bible to tell time. ★★★

—J. David Slocum



WHERE MEN HIDE • James B. Twitchell

For advertisers, the American male can be an elusive—even unreachable—target. The author, a professor of English and advertising, here researches the lairs where men take refuge, from barbershops and hidey-holes to strip clubs and hunting camps. Overall, American men prefer dark, cluttered spaces. When it comes to hiding, it is consoling to find we are not alone. ★★★

—Leopold Froehlich



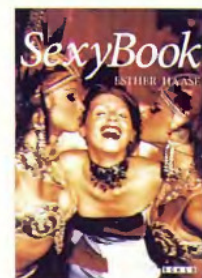
the erotic eye



SEXY BOOK • Esther Haase

One of the most striking aspects of this small but sassy book of erotica is the number of photographs in which people are smiling, even laughing. From women who would flatter any runway to generous portions of generously proportioned beauties, Haase's panoply of subjects and scenarios reminds us in just whose eye beauty lies. She explores how truly subjective the erotic can be, delivering images that feel unabashedly joyful, refreshingly varied—and real. ★★★

—Jamie Reynolds



CHALLENGE *your* *flip-flops.*



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Please drink responsibly.



Lady in Red

The new Ferrari 599 GTB Fiorano—smoking hot and fast on her feet

WHEN YOUR NAME is Ferrari, your quest is constant: to create something faster, more glamorous, more beautiful. The all-new 599 GTB Fiorano, named for Ferrari's famous test track, is the most powerful car of its type ever from Maranello. The greatest road-racing Ferraris were always GTBs—the legendary 275 GTB, the 365 GTB/4 Daytona. Those initials signify Gran Turismo Berlinetta, a fast little coupe especially suited for high-speed touring. Set to reach the U.S. this fall, the front-mid-engined Fiorano has an ultralightweight aluminum frame, a sleek alloy Pininfarina-designed body and a luscious Italian-leather interior laced with carbon-fiber appointments. Under the hood: a six-liter V12 with variable valve timing derived from Ferrari's limited-production top-of-the-range Enzo model. It pumps out 620 hp at an operatic 7,600 rpm. Zero to 60 zips by in 3.7 seconds, with a top speed of 206 miles an hour. *Bellissima*. The electronics are mind-boggling, putting stability, suspension and traction-control options at your fingertips. You can adjust for snowy or icy roads, or choose between sport or race settings for ultrafast motoring or track work. As for the gearbox, you can opt for a six-speed manual or a new-generation F1 sequential manual, which allows you to shift as fast as Michael Schumacher. Ferrari is pricing the Fiorano near \$250,000. Nothing this good is ever cheap.



Bow Wow Unleashed

CAR ADDICT AND rapper Bow Wow, who appears in this month's *The Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift*, knows a few things about motoring. Current ride: "My daily car is a Range Rover, but when the weather's nice I take out the Lamborghini Gal-

laro. I also have a Bentley Continental GT coupe." First car: "I got a Nissan 350Z when it first came out—when it was real hot and everybody wanted one. It was a Christmas gift to myself." Dream car: "I'm looking at the Ferrari F430 in red. If not that, then a Rolls-Royce Phantom." Favorite drive: "The Georgia 400, the expressway near where I live. At two A.M. you can just open that bad boy up. I've easily gone over 120 miles an hour in the Lambo."

Play Time

A STRANGE THING happened a few years ago. The urban scruff set started appearing everywhere decked out in 1950s-style Penguin golf shirts while chocking down cans of PBR. Hip again, Original Penguin has a clever new line of ridiculously affordable watches (\$95 to \$400, original penguin.com) in unexpected colors and styles suited to both Eisenhower-era pro shops and postmillennial indie clubs.



Power Vacuum

WITH ITS VACUUM TUBES, genuine Bakelite box and dimmer switch fashioned from the knob of a Fender Telecaster, this decidedly unconventional way to light your living room has a serious musical pedigree. A tribute to high-end tube amplifiers, it was created by Nik Willmore, a chemistry Ph.D. turned lighting designer. He calls it the Tube Lamp (\$195, uncommongoods.com). We call it a great way to get in touch with that mad-professor vibe that's so hot with the kids these days.



The Shape of Things

IF, AS EUCLID TAUGHT US, "the laws of nature are but the mathematical thoughts of God," then Ligne Roset's Yang sofa (\$2,660 to \$2,975 apiece, ligne-roset-usa.com) is surely heaven-sent. Individually these are lovely pieces of furniture, but taken together they form a tessellation—which, as you know, is a seamless whole made of several identical irregular shapes. One piece makes a love seat, two make a sofa, and three a cozy booth. With all four pieces in place, however, you'll notice it becomes difficult to escape. We suggest you choose your seatmate(s) carefully and lay in provisions (the kind that have CHÂTEAU LAFITE on the label). The couch's legs are matte chromed steel, and the fabric is available in a variety of colors.



Southern Exposure

BUZZ IS SUCH a precious commodity in South Beach that even sophisticated luxury hotels like the Setai must kneel at its altar. Hence last year's Diddy-hosted penthouse dinner there. Hence Lenny Kravitz's eighth-floor recording studio. But the Setai's true mission is to impart instant euphoria: Your every worry vanishes the moment you enter this haven's striking lobby. Start your stay with some bubbly and a summer black-truffle bruschetta in the Champagne, Crustacean and Caviar Bar. Tranquility reigns in the Restaurant, where chefs from Thailand and India present your palate with paradise on a plate. Studio suites offer "rainfall" showers, Lavazza espresso machines and fine Irish linens (\$900 to \$6,000 a night, setai.com). The hotel's most eye-popping feature, however, is its environs. A serene courtyard, a constellation of pools, a stretch of private beach. And the delicious eye candy? That's on the house.

PINK SAPPHIRE SPLENDOR



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Refresher Course

EVERY ART FORM has its classics. In modern fiction, there's *The Great Gatsby*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *Lolita*. In film, *Taxi Driver*, *The Godfather*, *Jaws*. When it comes to mixed drinks, the same principle applies: Some concoctions never go out of style. The manhattan (near right) started appearing in cocktail books in the late 19th century. It's as decadent as the island itself. The updated recipe: Shake two ounces rye, one ounce sweet vermouth and a dash of Angostura bitters with ice. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass and garnish with a cherry. The Moscow mule (center) introduced vodka to America. A man named John Martin purchased the Smirnoff brand for \$14,000; in 1946 he created the mule. It caught on, and the rest is history. The mix: two ounces vodka over ice in a rocks glass, topped with ginger beer and a lime wedge. Come gin season, we love a Tom Collins (far right). Shake two ounces gin, one ounce lemon juice and one teaspoon fine sugar with ice. Strain over ice in a tall glass, then top with club soda and a lemon or orange wedge.



Red Rover

THE SWISS ARMY knife is the ultimate utilitarian invention, and Victorinox's Infantry signature red garment bag (\$160, swissarmy.com) is as sharp, durable, useful and easy to spot as its forebear. With zippered interior compartments, including a tricot-lined tie-and-accessory pocket, it's ideal for, say, an over-nighter in Vegas when all you need is a fresh suit, a high limit and a sense of invincibility.

Blade Runners

IT TAKES MORE than 800 steps to create a William Henry knife. The result, says one knife collector, is like "putting a Ferrari in your pocket." WH's latest, the BIS-CTD (top, \$700, williamhenryknives.com), has a three-and-a-quarter-inch supertough steel-core blade covered in 44 layers of Damascus steel, plus a titanium handle, a sapphire-inset thumb stud and a sterling lanyard bail. The B07-IZD (\$580) has a three-inch blade of the same material, desert ironwood scales and inset citrines.





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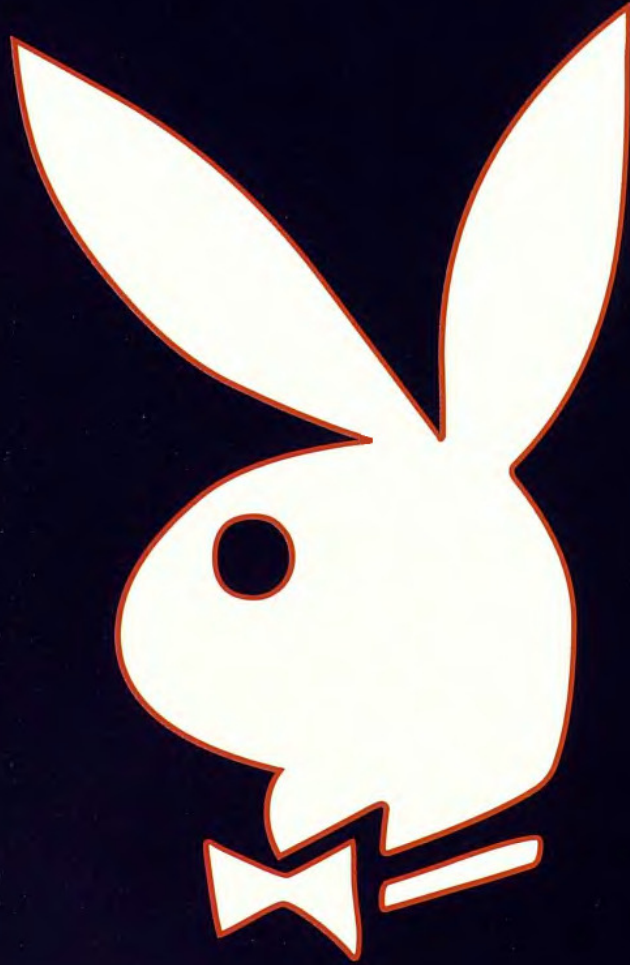
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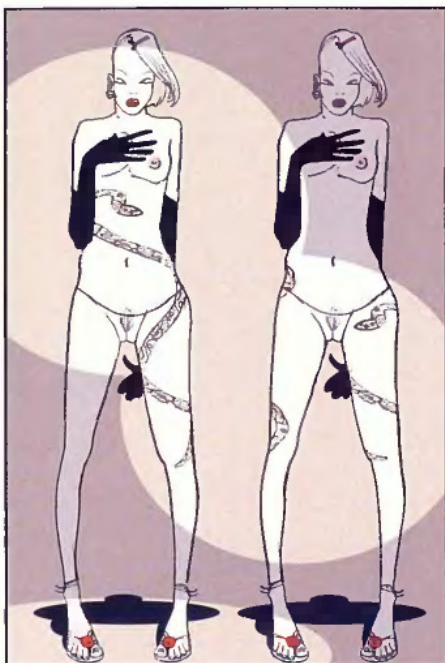
The Playboy Advisor

The other night, while we were having anal sex in the doggy position, my wife began thrashing around. I thought she was uncomfortable, but she screamed for me not to stop. The next thing I knew, she gushed fluid and almost passed out. There was no stimulation of her clitoris. How is this reaction possible?—L.B., Fort Wayne, Indiana

Many women climax during anal sex. The anus and vagina share major nerves, and your thrusting may have provided enough indirect pressure to stimulate her G-spot, a.k.a. the female prostate gland, which surrounds her urethra and can be felt through the front wall of the vagina. The fluid you saw is produced by this gland; the equivalent gland in men contributes to semen. As you may have noticed, female ejaculate resembles watery milk, and it has been found to contain prostate-specific antigen, which is not present in urine. Research suggests that most and perhaps all women ejaculate but that most produce so little of the fluid that it is not noticed or it is expelled when they later urinate. If your wife uses her well-lubed finger to stimulate your prostate as you come, you can get an idea of what she's feeling.

What documents are required for an American to visit Cuba?—S.C., Greensboro, North Carolina

Unless you are a full-time journalist, on official government business or attending an approved professional or academic conference, you will need a special license from the Department of the Treasury. These licenses were much easier to get prior to 2004, when the White House eliminated a popular exemption and put restrictions on others. As a result, the number of Americans who visit the island nation has dwindled from the 210,000 who went in 2003 to fewer than 40,000 this year. (By contrast, more than 600,000 Canadians are expected.) Many Americans once traveled to Cuba as part of educational tours organized by museums or alumni associations, but that is no longer allowed. The Bush administration has also limited Cuban Americans to one visit to the island every three years to see family members; previously they could make annual trips. About the only remaining method to see the country is through religious exchanges, such as when an entire congregation visits a Cuban church. Many more Americans used to go illegally; Cuban border officials are known not to stamp American passports. But using post-9/11 security laws, U.S. agents in Canada, Mexico and the Caribbean now check flights arriving from Havana, looking for U.S. citizens. The typical fine is a few thousand dollars. Even if you can afford that, says Bob Guild of Marazul Charters (800-223-5334; marazul.com), which sends a twice-weekly charter from Miami to Havana (it recently canceled its New York service), it's a felony not to reveal



your visit when you return to the States. Global Exchange (800-497-1994; globalexchange.org), which organizes research delegations for professionals such as lawyers, doctors and teachers that leave from Cancún, had 2,500 clients in 2003. Last year it sent 60.

I have been dating a girl for a month. I enjoy her company but also feel bad for not feeling the way I think I should be feeling. I don't want to sleep with her because I don't want her to get attached. She makes it worse by telling people she has a boyfriend. With no warning, she introduced me to her parents last week when they visited her on campus. On the bright side, I have noticed that more girls seem to be attracted to me because they see me with her. Honestly, I have no clue what to do. I used to bitch about being alone, but now that I have someone it's not what I want. Am I one of those guys who are afraid of commitment and end up alone forever?—O.G., Las Cruces, New Mexico

You're wasting your time and hers. Call it off. She'll survive, and you probably won't be single for long. Even if you are, it's better to be passionately alone.

You've said that 20 is too young to get married. I'm 28. Is that old enough?—M.M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Most guys seem to think so. The average age at which Americans first marry is rising, with men waiting until 27 and women until 25, up from 23 and 20 in the 1950s. But given the number of marriages that end within 10 years, perhaps people need to wait even longer. Although Hef is once again a committed bachelor, he has strong views on this topic. "Most often, settling down at an

earlier age is a mistake," he writes in his *Little Black Book*. "You don't really know who you are until your 30s. Ideally, young men and women ought to have some significant time away from home, living on their own as a single person to find out who they are and what they really want out of life. If you put off making a commitment, you are more likely to stay committed longer." The only logical reason to get married at any age, he says, is to have children. A "less logical motivation" is for the emotional security or because you don't feel you will be able to hold on to the relationship otherwise. "Or you believe," he says, "that marriage will somehow improve the relationship, which can also be a false premise. The reason a lot of them don't improve is that people tend to get lazy." Marriage would be simple if the newlywed man stayed 27 and his wife stayed 25, but everyone grows older and wiser.

Have you heard of mistelles? A friend in Europe recommended them, but I haven't been able to find them anywhere.—H.M., Omaha, Nebraska

Mistelles are virtually unknown outside France. They're closely related to fortified wines (such as port and sherry). Bob Emmons, the author of a forthcoming book on brandy, is a fan. "There are three types," he explains. "The best known is Pineau des Charentes, which is produced in the Cognac region of France and made by adding enough cognac to grape juice to prevent it from fermenting. This will normally be between 17 percent and 22 percent alcohol by volume. The second best known is Floc de Gascogne, made in the Gascony region, using Armagnac. Number three is Pommeau, which is made in the provinces of Maine, Brittany and Normandy by adding calvados to unfermented apple juice. You can find all three in the U.S., but it can be difficult." That's all the challenge we need.

My friends and I sometimes share porn clips by e-mail and joke about masturbation. Everyone has a good laugh. But once in a while we get together to drink, and the host will put a porno in the DVD player. That's when the awkwardness begins, because as the film goes on everyone gets horny and is dying to jerk off. The last time it happened I tried to end the silent tension by suggesting a circle jerk. Everyone called me a pervert. What do you recommend in this situation?—J.R., Boston, Massachusetts

Calling it a night.

My boyfriend and I sometimes use Astroglide during sex but find it too slippery. I'm also not crazy about the texture. Are there other options? I'd like a lube that's more like my natural fluids. I'm on the pill and we're not using condoms, so we

don't need to worry about avoiding oil-based lubes that break down latex.—E.W., Santa Barbara, California

Many people prefer oil-based lubes because they stay wet longer than water-based products. But even if you aren't using condoms, there is another reason to avoid oil for intercourse—if it gets inside your vagina, it can contribute to yeast infections. The same is true of vegetable oil, baby oil and Vaseline. Rachel Venning, co-author of *Sex Toys 101*, suggests experimenting with *Liquid Silk*, which seems to stay wet longer and doesn't evaporate as quickly as other water-based products. For anal sex, use a thicker product such as *Probe* or the silicone-based *Eros Gel*, which feels like oil but works with condoms. *Babeland*, the sex-toy shop Venning co-founded in 1993, offers a lubricant sampler pack for \$5 (800-658-9119; babeland.com). *Goodvibes.com* sells one for \$6 (800-289-8423).

I often see advice, in the Advisor and elsewhere, on strategies for specific games such as poker, blackjack or baccarat. But are there any rules that apply to gambling in general? Any great philosophy?—P.R., Chicago, Illinois

We couldn't get Kenny Rogers on the phone, so we turned to Michael "the Wizard of Odds" Shackelford, who claims in his book *Gambling 102* to have received these 10 commandments of gaming from the God of Averages: (1) Thou shalt honor thy debts; (2) thou shalt expect to lose ("The Strip was not built by winners"); (3) thou shalt trust the odds, not hunches; (4) thou shalt not bet more than thou can afford to lose; (5) thou shalt not believe in betting systems; (6) thou shalt not hedge thy bets ("For example, never take insurance on blackjack, and never bet the 'any craps' or 'any seven' in craps"); (7) thou shalt search for the most generous casino rules (e.g., blackjack dealers who must stand on soft 17s); (8) thou shalt not make side bets, which are for suckers; (9) thou shalt have good etiquette (e.g., don't critique other players, don't get obnoxiously drunk); and (10) thou shalt tip.

I have been using the withdrawal method to keep from getting my girlfriend pregnant. That is, I come on her stomach. She takes a shower after sex, and I'm wondering if the water can carry the sperm into her vagina. Have you ever heard of that happening?—V.T., Lansing, Michigan

No. Even with the best of intentions, it's much more likely you'll get her pregnant before she hits the shower. *Coitus interruptus* is better than nothing, but that's about the only good thing we can say about it. The technique's failure rate is estimated to be about four percent with perfect use, meaning that over a year's time, four of 100 women using it will get pregnant. However, given that highly aroused men are involved, a 19 percent failure rate is thought to be more realistic. About the only birth-control methods more risky are the rhythm method and crossing your fingers. For many years researchers thought the high

failure rate could be attributed to pre-come, which is produced by the Cowper's gland and emerges during foreplay in quantities ranging from a few drops to a teaspoon, probably to lubricate the urethra and head of the penis. However, several small studies have found no sperm or only immobile sperm in the fluid, so human error remains the chief culprit. If you don't want to see something else being pulled from your girlfriend's vagina, we suggest using a more reliable contraceptive, such as the pill or a condom. The pill has a failure rate of less than one percent with perfect use, while the condom's is two percent. A word of caution about condoms: With improper use, the failure rate can soar to 15 percent. One common error is to pull the latex too tight over your erection, which makes the condom more likely to break during intercourse. Instead, you should leave a little space at the tip.

I've heard that pouring cheap vodka through a water-filtering pitcher will make it taste like a premium brand. Any truth to that?—C.R., Denver, Colorado

Sure, if you're drinking moonshine. One product we've seen online claims to transform cheap vodka, whiskey, rum, gin and tequila. This is fun as an icebreaker at a frat party but sends the wrong message to your top-shelf friends and dates if it's visible in your liquor cabinet. Rather than wasting time with filtered swill, buy a bottle of Smirnoff, Ballantine's, Jim Beam or Gilbey's. They're not expensive, but they taste fine to us.

I have been dating the same woman for 10 years. We live in different states but see each other as often as we can. The other night I called her at 12:15 A.M., but she didn't answer. The next morning she told me she had gone to a neighbor's pool party and gotten home at midnight. I investigated and heard from one of her female neighbors that my girlfriend had sex with the host and his brother next to the pool. In fact, this neighbor had filmed the whole thing from her window and sent me the tape. When I confronted my girlfriend, she played dumb, saying she remembered the neighbor hitting on her but nothing else. We even went to a hypnotist, but he couldn't help. Should I believe her?—G.A., Warren, Michigan

It hardly matters. The relationship is over. And where was it going anyway?

My new employer doesn't require me to wear a suit. I have a ton of shirts with French cuffs, but I'm not sure if it's fashionable to wear them now. I've asked at several men's stores and received different responses. What does the Advisor think?—M.D., Alameda, California

Traditionally a gentleman wouldn't wear French cuffs without a jacket, but many younger designers are of the mind that there are no rules anymore. So if you are young and sleek and have the physique, you can get away with it. Designers such as Ted Baker and Robert Graham make weightier shirts that are comfortable

and look okay without a jacket. Regardless of your hipster quotient, always wear a jacket when attending a business meeting or having lunch at a high-end restaurant.

Why do you keep perpetuating the fallacy that a blow job is something a woman does for a man? Is it taboo for me to admit that I climax while giving head? My husband recently had five orgasms in 30 minutes while I was enjoying myself. Women who want to be good cocksuckers should be selfish and focus on their own pleasure. Our lips and tongue are incredibly sensual, and the head of the penis is the softest skin on his body. Don't bother with deep throating to make your mouth feel like a pussy; your mouth can do things no vagina can. When it's time to pick up the intensity, go deeper but focus on the rhythm. Move from random kissing and licking to fast, repetitive motion. Tease him by giving five to 10 beats and backing off. Once he thinks that's all he's going to get, go crazy. It doesn't matter what the motion is, as long as you like doing it and it's fast. Please help bring blow jobs out of the dark ages.—B.R., St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

We love your enthusiasm, although we still believe that for most people the best part of giving head is the reaction they get. Keep in mind that while this technique works for your husband, every man and woman has his or her own tastes. The fastest way out of the dark is to turn on the light and take requests.

This morning I was looking through my boyfriend's PLAYBOY while he got ready for work. He saw the cover and said, "Jessica Alba is hot." I said, "I'd like to be that skinny." Him: "Why?" Me: "So you'll think I'm hot, too." Him: "You're hot in your own way." After I gave him a look, he said, "Come on, hon, you're not even in the same class as she is." So my question is, am I overreacting by having hurt feelings?—A.K., Chicago, Illinois

Ouch. Reality and fantasy collide. In your boyfriend's defense, your assumption that he can't think a carefully lit, primed and posed model is attractive without thinking you less attractive is unfair. However, we hope he understands how badly he played this. It's okay to think Jessica Alba is hot (who doesn't?), but unless Mr. Smooth makes amends, he may soon be not having sex with either of you.

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

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

WHEN IT COMES TO THE CONFLICT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION, WHY ARE WE SO QUICK TO PANDER?

BY SAM HARRIS

Only 12 percent of Americans believe life on earth evolved naturally, without a deity's interference, according to a recent Gallup poll. Thirty-one percent believe God has guided evolution. If our worldview were put to a vote, the pseudoscience of intelligent design would defeat the science of biology by nearly three to one. This is troubling, since nature offers no compelling evidence for a designer and countless examples of "unintelligent" design.

But the current controversy over intelligent design should not blind us to the true scope of our religious bewilderment at the dawn of the 21st century. The same Gallup poll revealed that 53 percent of Americans are creationists. Despite a full century of scientific insights attesting to the antiquity of life and the greater antiquity of the earth, more than half our neighbors believe the cosmos was created 6,000 years ago. This is, incidentally, about a thousand years after the Sumerians are believed to have invented glue. Those with the power to elect our presidents and representatives—and many who themselves get elected—believe that light from distant stars was created in transit toward the earth, that dinosaurs lived two by two on Noah's ark and that an almighty god fashioned the first humans out of dirt in a garden with a talking snake.

Among developed nations, the United States stands alone in these convictions. Indeed, this country now appears, as at no other time in its history, to be a lumbering, bellicose, dim-witted giant. Anyone who cares about the fate of civilization would do well to realize that the combination of great power and great stupidity is simply terrifying, even to one's friends. Of course, many of us may not care about the fate of civilization. In fact, 44 percent of Americans believe Jesus will return to earth to judge the living and the dead sometime in their lifetime. Obviously this belief will hardly inspire us to create a durable future for ourselves economically, environmentally and geopolitically. That nearly half of us subscribe to this

belief purely on the basis of religious dogma should be considered a moral and intellectual emergency.

Yet despite religious unreason's ascendancy in our country, even the National Academy of Sciences (our most esteemed scientific organization) has declared there is actually no conflict between religion and science. "At the root of the apparent conflict between some religions and evolution," the group contests, "is a misunderstanding of the critical difference between religious and scientific ways of knowing. Religions and science answer different questions about the world. Whether there is a purpose to the universe or a purpose for human existence are not questions for science. Religious and scientific ways of knowing have played and will continue to play significant roles in human history. Science is a way of knowing about the natural world. It is limited to explaining the natural world through natural causes. Science can say nothing about the supernatural. Whether God exists or not is a question about which science is neutral."

This statement is amazing for its lack of candor. As an expression of raw terror of the taxpaying mob, perhaps such pandering is excusable. It is, needless to say, politically inconvenient to speak plainly about the conflict between faith and reason in a country where 66 percent of the inhabitants believe Jesus literally rose from the dead. But it is now a moral necessity for scientists to speak honestly about these matters. The truth is this: There is a conflict between religion and science, and it is zero-sum.

In the broadest sense, science (from the Latin *scire*, "to know") represents our best efforts to know what is true about our world. We need not distinguish between hard and soft science here, or between science and a branch of the humanities, such as history. If it is a historical fact that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, this fact forms part of the worldview of scientific rationality. Given the evidence that attests to this fact, anyone believing it was really the Egyptians



who dropped those bombs will have a lot of explaining to do. The core of science is not controlled experiments or mathematical modeling; it is intellectual honesty. When considering the truth of a proposition, one is either engaged in a dispassionate weighing of evidence and logical arguments or one isn't. Religion is the one area of our lives in which people imagine some other standard of basic human sanity applies.

Either people have good reasons for what they believe or they do not. Faith is simply the license people give one another to maintain their beliefs about God on the basis of bad reasons—or no reasons. While believing strongly and without evidence is considered a mark of madness or stupidity in any other area of our lives, faith in God still holds immense prestige in our society, even in the ivory tower. Religion is the one area of our discourse in which it is considered noble to pretend to be certain about things no human being could possibly be certain about. Tellingly, this aura of nobility extends only to those faiths with many subscribers. Anyone caught worshipping Poseidon, even at sea, will be branded an idiot.

Our religions do not simply talk about the "purpose of human existence." Every religion makes specific claims about the way the world is. These claims purport to be facts—the creator disapproves of homosexuality, the soul enters the zygote at the moment of conception, those who believe the wrong things about God will suffer terribly after death—and thus intrinsically conflict with the claims of science because they are claims made with insufficient evidence.

There is, of course, more to life than simply understanding the structure and contents of the universe. But this does not make egregiously unjustified (and unjustifiable) claims about its structure and contents any more respectable. There are good reasons to believe people like Jesus and the Buddha weren't talking nonsense when they spoke about our capacity as human beings to transform our lives in rare and beautiful ways. But any genuine exploration of ethics or the contemplative life demands the same standards of reasonableness and self-criticism that animate all real science. We need to learn to talk about our deepest personal concerns in ways that are not flagrantly irrational. We need—desperately—a public discourse that systematically encourages critical thinking and intellectual honesty. We do not need more scientists willing to deny the conflict between reason and faith in deference to the willful ignorance of their neighbors.

THE LATEST WAR ON SEX

BANNING ABORTION IS JUST THE OPENING SALVO



By Tim Mohr

In her book *How the Pro-Choice Movement Saved America*, Cristina Page argues that pro-life and pro-choice positions have ramifications far beyond *Roe v. Wade*.

PLAYBOY: You suggest the pro-life movement is just the leading edge of a more comprehensive attack on sex. How so?

PAGE: The pro-life movement is deeply offended by the way the vast majority of Americans live their lives. The average American has sex once a week. This has made us happier, healthier people. The notion that sex should be for satisfaction, for pleasure, conflicts with pro-lifers' religious views. They think sex is sinful. They believe the sex act is for procreation only.

PLAYBOY: How has this become part of the pro-life agenda?

PAGE: The tools that allow us to live the way we want—methods of contraception—are being stripped from us. Not one pro-life organization in the United States supports the use of contraception. We're seeing increasing activism from national and state groups to oppose efforts to make family planning available. The pro-life movement welcomes pharmacists who refuse to fill doctor-written prescriptions for birth control and drafts legislation to defend them—so-called conscience laws. Today there are more

pieces of this legislation proposed and passed than there are actual pharmacists who want to obstruct women.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't such activism risk causing more abortions?

PAGE: Yes, it is leading to higher abortion rates. When Bill Clinton enacted policies to bring greater contraceptive coverage, we saw the most dramatic reduction in abortion rates our country has ever recorded. This is true across the globe. Countries with strict pro-life laws—abortion outlawed, contraception hard to come by—have the highest abortion rates in the world, such as in Latin America. Conversely, countries with pro-choice laws—Sweden, the Netherlands, Italy—have low abortion rates. We know what works, and the right-to-life movement opposes what works.

PLAYBOY: And what about late-term abortions?

PAGE: The legalization of abortion cut this nation's late-term abortion rate in half. Now studies are showing that when states enact pro-life policies, they lead to a dramatic increase in the number of late-term abortions. By placing hurdles in women's way, you delay their opportunity to seek care early. In the year after Mississippi enacted a mandatory delay law, which forces women to wait 24 hours

after receiving counseling before they can have a procedure done, the second-term abortion rate increased by 53 percent.

PLAYBOY: Why would pro-lifers oppose contraception, given this evidence?

PAGE: The right-to-life movement's opposition to contraception doesn't make sense if you think its aim is to end abortion. But when you understand that the aim is to change the way the family is structured, it all begins to make sense. The birth control pill is really a college-entry pill, a marriage-delay pill. It allows women to pursue their own sexual fulfillment and to be much more intellectually engaging. The right-to-life movement cannot make its argument to the American people honestly; it is unable to make what are

really religious arguments about why people shouldn't have sex with the frequency they do. Instead of saying, "Don't use birth control; let God determine the number of children you have," pro-lifers suggest that the birth control

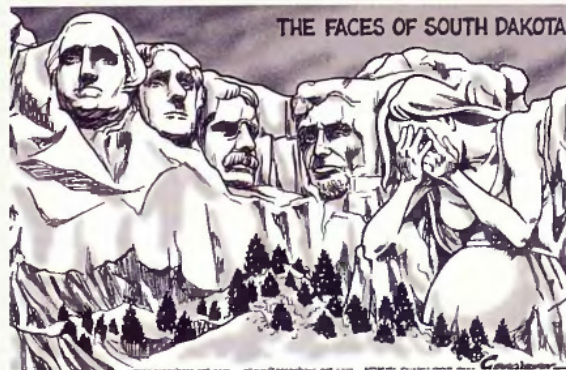
pill, the IUD, the shot and the patch are all abortifacients. There is no scientific basis for this argument. It's completely false. But to win their ideological campaign, they must convince the American

public that contraception is something it is not. They redefine birth control as abortion.

PLAYBOY: Why has the pro-life movement opposed the vaccine for HPV, a medical breakthrough that would, in essence, eliminate cervical cancer?

PAGE: When pro-lifers attack

condoms, they talk a lot about how using them can't block the virus, even though condoms dramatically reduce the incidence of cancer from HPV, which is all that matters. But their rhetoric about condoms being dangerous because they can't prevent HPV transmission will fall on its face if we find a cure for HPV and they oppose it. They believe the vaccine will facilitate safer sex, and safe sex is a danger to their broader agenda.



PLAYBOY: What do you think of South Dakota's new abortion law?

PAGE: What's interesting is how it was written. Not only does it bar abortion even in cases of rape or incest, it redefines pregnancy. It lists pregnancy as the moment of fertilization. This is very purposeful. It's a first step. There's no test to know if an egg has been fertilized; it's an unknowable moment, which is part of the reason the federal government and the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists lists pregnancy as the moment of implantation. But the South Dakota legislature, enacting the pro-life movement's wishes, has redefined pregnancy at an unknowable moment so pro-lifers can then make the case that the most common forms of birth control act to

prevent the fertilized egg from implanting in the womb and thus constitute abortion. There is, incidentally, no scientific evidence to suggest this is the case.

PLAYBOY: If the South Dakota law leads to a revisit of *Roe v. Wade*, could the implications extend beyond abortion rights?

PAGE: It's a potential trifecta for the pro-life movement. Not only are important gay rights built on *Roe v. Wade*, but the root of *Roe*—*Griswold v. Connecticut*, a ruling that allowed

married couples the right to use contraception—could get poisoned too. Those challenging *Roe v. Wade* say there's no interpretation of the Constitution that allows this form of privacy. If it doesn't exist for *Roe*, it doesn't exist for *Griswold*, either. The outcome of this attack on pri-

vacancy will determine whether our sex lives remain ours or are open for investigation.

PLAYBOY: Where are the defenders of our sexual privacy?

PAGE: This attack on sex is far out of step with how we live and who we are. Still, many old-guard feminists have not yet recognized the importance of the changes afoot. I hope the majority of Americans will awaken from their postcoital slumber and fight this. Our very happiness hangs in the balance.

MARGINALIA



FROM COMMENTS BY

Karen Mazurkiewicz, a spokesperson for the western New York district of the U.S. Postal Service, responding to a *Buffalo News* reporter who was trying to determine why National Guard sergeant Jason Lyon, deemed combat-ready after recovering from a 2004 ankle injury sustained in Iraq, was turned down for a mail carrier job on the grounds that he had a physical impairment: "We have a rich history of hiring veterans, but we have to look at each candidate and make an assessment of how they would handle the physical requirements of the job. There is a lot of bending, twisting, lifting and walking on uneven surfaces for a mail carrier. It is a very strenuous job."



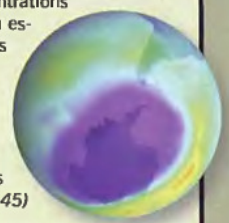
FROM AN ORDER placed by George Washington on August 7, 1776 as he was preparing to defend New York from British attack: "1 box Claret, 1 cag Brandy, 1 box Muscat wine, 1 basket Cordials, 1 box Ratafia, 2 cheeses—old—58 pounds." (Experts from Mount Vernon believe a box denoted a case, and a cag a then-standard 31-gallon keg. Ratafia was a fortified wine flavored with fruit or almonds.)

FROM AN ANNOUNCEMENT by Jim Rinck, a member of the Grand Rapids, Michigan school board, that he plans to run for the U.S.

House seat held for the past 12 years by Vern Ehlers: "Our congressman is the smartest person in the district, and we might be the only place in the country that can say that. But he falls somewhat short on the charisma meter. And it might take a somewhat less intelligent—although much noisier—person to get some things done for this district."



FROM THE WEBSITE of BP, an oil company: "Without greenhouse gases the world would be about 33°C colder, so in this sense GHGs are life-supporting. The issue is not their presence but the concentrations at which they occur. As concentrations increase, the earth's surface temperature may rise, leading to global warming. The likely effects of global warming include a greater frequency of extreme weather conditions: droughts, heat waves and floods caused by rising sea levels. Carbon dioxide concentrations have risen from an estimated 280 parts per million (ppm) before the industrial revolution to 370 ppm today. During the last century, the earth's



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READER RESPONSE

DARWIN'S DETRACTORS

In his essay in *Faith & Reason* (April) Michael Ruse loyally defends Charles Darwin. He declares that all decent scientists oppose the malignant intelligent-design nonsense, yet he doesn't manage to address how random mutation and natural selection could actually produce the amazing complexity of life. The big story Ruse leaves unmentioned is that in the past 40 years science has unexpectedly discovered that the foundation of life, the cell, is run by machines—machines made of molecules. Cells contain intricate molecular outboard motors that propel them through water, elegant molecular trucks that ferry supplies throughout the cell along molecular highways marked by molecular road signs, and much more. In comparison with the elegance of life's molecular foundation, Ruse's shopworn examples of the paltry modifications that Darwinian processes can manage—changes in finch beaks or antibiotic resistance in bacteria—are truly pathetic. Geneticist Sean Carroll tries gamely to bolster Ruse. He writes that, ever since Darwin, scientists of course were certain natural selection could do the trick of building life; they just didn't know how. But now, thanks to Carroll's own idea, rolled out in his brand-new book, everything has become clear. The secret? Why, animals just reuse old genes to invent new structures! But how exactly do they make those new structures? Carroll can't say. His book is one of a handful by mainstream scientists in recent years that declares that Darwin missed a large piece of the puzzle, which they all now propose to fill. Yet not one of the new ideas has caught on. So Darwin is still missing a large piece of the puzzle. That's where intelligent design comes in. Despite hysterical reactions, ID doesn't mean that the Flintstones lived with dinosaurs, that Billy Graham will be installed as president for life or that we all have to vote Republican. Intelligent design simply and straightforwardly proposes that perhaps the elegant machinery of life looks purposely designed because it was indeed purposely designed.

Michael Behe
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Behe, a professor of biochemistry at Lehigh University, is one of the leading proponents of intelligent design.

Having been told that Darwin's theory of evolution is a great good thing, the American people have affirmed that they do not believe a word of it. Their doubts have persuaded Ruse that the end of the Enlightenment is at hand. In academic circles this event looms as large as the Rapture and has come to be anticipated with the same degree of morbid satisfaction. Ranging no further than the trifles of antibiotic resistance and finch-beak variation, Ruse's defense of Darwin's theory is, I must say, notably lacking in vigor. Is there anything else? Despite Lewis Black's affirmation that he thinks for himself—one is grateful that he thinks for no one else—the fossil record is hardly an unambiguous triumph for Darwin's theory, the dead tending to stack themselves up in a sawtooth pattern suggesting anything but a continuous distribution of animal forms. And what of the 561 scientists (so far) who



Recently discovered 375-million-year-old fossils provide hord evidence of o missing evolutionary link: fish with footlike fins.

have signed the Discovery Institute's "Scientific Dissent From Darwinism"? They have imprudently deprived themselves of fellowship in what Ruse calls the scientific establishment. For this reason it is apparently appropriate to ignore their arguments: Some men prefer not to shoot at targets that can shoot back. After publishing those absurd pieces *PLAYBOY* may consider doing something serious next time around. Just why, for example, are Americans so profoundly skeptical of their own scientific establishment? Is it just a matter of religion coming into conflict with the reality principle? Or is it perhaps the other way around, with various scientific theories becoming ever less persuasive even as they are ever more strenuously advanced? In any event, the scientific establishment's contempt

for the people who make the establishment possible has always struck me as a phenomenon requiring more analysis than it has so far received.

David Berlinski
Paris, France

Berlinski, a senior fellow with the Discovery Institute, is author of Infinite Ascent: A Short History of Mathematics. Like Behe, he is a leading proponent of intelligent design.

Michael Ruse responds: "Those poor finches of the Galapagos. There must be days when they wish they had been born without beaks. Behe and Berlinski are being unfair here or, worse, unbelievably naive about science and its support. No one thinks finch beaks or antibiotic resistance is an evolutionary event of the magnitude of, let's say, dinosaur-into-bird transitions, although whether these are paltry or trifling I will leave for readers to assess—especially when they next have an infection and are offered antibiotics designed 50 years ago for the diseases of 50 years ago. The point is that we cannot see dinosaurs change into birds (human life spans are too short), but we can see what we would expect to see, namely microchanges like the beaks. I suspect Behe and Berlinski would be the first to complain if not even microchanges were observed. For the conviction that major evolutionary changes occur, we have to rely on indirect evidence: the fossil record (a lot better than Berlinski allows), the patterns of organic geographical distribution, embryology and more. Behe mentions Carroll. His and others' work, showing that there are similarities in the DNA patterns of organisms as different as fruit flies

and humans, is massive evidence for evolution. Berlinski in particular seems to have a quite different, and quite incredible, understanding of the workings of science. It is not a democracy. For example, I don't care if the whole of America, from the president down, declares that the theory of relativity is wrong. Einstein still got it right."

I would like to see the debate move away from "Where did man come from?" to the more germane question of "Where did this god come from?" The theists should ponder that and leave the rest of us alone.

Walt Mandell
Sky Valley, California

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

NEWSFRONT



Burned in Efficacy

CHICAGO—Prayer failed to help heart patients, according to a new study of 1,800 people recovering from bypass surgery at six U.S. hospitals. Published in *The American Heart Journal*, the study assigned patients to three groups: Members of the first group knew people were praying for them, those in another were prayed for after being told they might be, and the third group was not prayed for after being told it might be. The group conscious of being prayed for initially fared the worst, having the highest rate of postsurgery complications. After 30 days the rates of fatalities and major complications had leveled between all three groups. "Our study was never intended to address the existence of God," said Father Dean Marek, director of chaplains at the Mayo Clinic and a co-author of the study.

Cheers, Mate

EDINBURGH—David Baird, a University of Edinburgh professor, announced plans to develop a new contraceptive pill he claims will not increase the risk of breast cancer, an issue associated with current birth control pills. Rather than flooding the body with estrogen (which is thought to induce the growth of breast cancer cells) and progesterone, the new pill is based on mifepristone, the drug in the RU-486 "morning after" pill. It will block progesterone, thereby preventing the monthly menstrual cycle. Though the new pill must undergo further testing, Baird suggested it may be ready within five years.

Business-Class Citizens

NEW YORK—The Transportation Security Administration will spend \$560,000 annually to install and operate an airport security screening point at a Wall Street helipad. US Helicopter, a private shuttle service, will fly corporate travelers from there to JFK airport and back, for \$139 each way. The government subsidy means the company's customers can skip security at the airport and go directly to their gate. US Helicopter plans to airlift 150,000 passengers a year.

Snooper Troopers

BETHESDA, MARYLAND—Two Homeland Security officers entered Montgomery County's Little Falls public library branch on February 9 and demanded that three adult patrons stop viewing what the officers called pornography on library computers. Officer Ralph Gerharz, part of a county security force incorporated into Homeland Security in July 2005, asked one of the patrons to step

outside, at which point the library branch manager intervened and told the officer his actions were inappropriate. "He was being very authoritarian, throwing his weight around," reported Asher Hyatt, who was volunteering at the library at the time. Police soon arrived, and the DHS duo, wearing Homeland Security baseball caps, departed. According to local officials, the county neither filters nor regulates Internet use on library computers, and that policy remains unchanged. The county is considering suspending Gerharz for three days without pay. County executive Douglas Duncan wants to increase the DHS unit's budget, but others are now questioning his proposal.



As county council president George Leventhal says, "I'd probably advise the next county executive not to have a Department of Homeland Security. We don't want them swaggering around trying to figure out whether Osama is in the house at the Little Falls library."

Fetus Envy

LONDON—The latest pro-life activists in Britain represent a new trend: Largely secular, they are drawn from the 45,000 couples a year who seek fertility treatment. According to an editorial in the *Guardian* newspaper, the impetus for their stance would seem to be frustration at their own expensive travails in attempting to conceive, rather than a belief that abortion is sinful.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 43)

surface temperature rose by about 0.6°C. The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change estimates that it could rise by between 1.4 and 5.8°C by the end of this century."

FROM AN ADDRESS by retired Supreme Court justice Sandra Day O'Connor to corporate lawyers assembled at Georgetown University: "We must be ever vigilant against those who would strong-arm the judiciary. It takes a lot of degeneration before a country falls into dictatorship, but we should avoid these ends by avoiding these beginnings. I want you to tune your ears to these attacks.... You have an obligation to speak up. Statutes and constitutions do not protect judicial independence. People do."



FROM THE BOOK *Is the American Dream Killing You?* by Paul Stiles: "In the past half century, a hypermarket has driven the breakdown of the American family. Increasing competitive pressures, increasing time demands and increasing social pressures have taken a tremendous toll on the American psyche. Human bonds, whether marital or parental, have frayed and broken. Women have been alternatively pulled and pushed into the workplace, triggering the collapse of the family structure. The result has been social fragmentation and decline. All of this has occurred for a single reason. The Market hammers organizations of all kinds upon a single template, the family included. It seeks to atomize us all into particles of pure self-interest, turning society into a huge pinball game, to break down allegiances to anything higher than the self, be it the company or the team or the family. Productivity is maximized when every individual is a free agent struggling to survive on his own, with the Market's ax dangling over his neck."

FROM AN INTERVIEW last year with former *Washington Post* reporter Douglas Farah in *The New Republic*, discussing Charles Taylor, former head of Liberia, who was set to face charges of crimes against humanity in late March: "Taylor was a paid informant of the U.S. Defense Department intelligence service and reported regularly on his trips to Libya from at least 1992 to 1995. Debriefings took place in Ouagadougou. They delivered attaché cases of cash to Taylor in return. It was clearly a paid relationship. This was the period when the worst abuses were being committed by Taylor's child soldiers in the war in Liberia."



BEYOND THE DA VINCI CODE

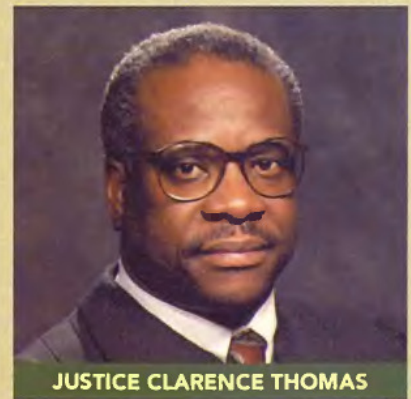
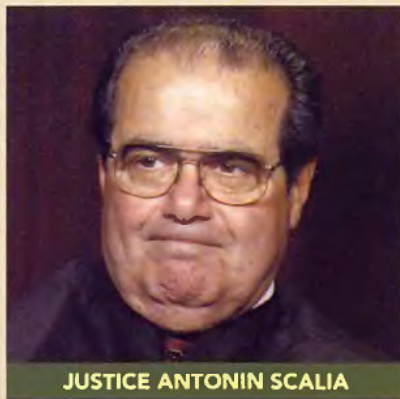
FIVE OF NINE SUPREME COURT JUSTICES ARE ROMAN CATHOLICS.
HERE COME THE CONSPIRACY THEORISTS



Conspiracy theorists are already having a field day. With the additions of Chief Justice John Roberts and Justice Samuel Alito, the Supreme Court has a majority of Catholics for the first time in history. Whenever a Catholic gains political office, whispers about pernicious influence and subordination to ecclesiastical authority are never far behind. Rumors such as those cited in the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek* claim justices Alito, Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas belong to the ultraconservative Opus Dei, founded in 1928 by the secretive and fascistic Saint Josemaría Escrivá (left). Opus Dei does not list its members, but a spokesman for the prelature has denied the Supreme Court rumors. Don't be surprised if you see a new crop of novels about papist control of the federal government.



As the above Thomas Nast cartoons show, Catholics have long aroused suspicion among American protestants.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JERRY BRUCKHEIMER

A candid conversation with Hollywood's hottest producer about the secrets of hit movies and TV shows, plus why he hates critics but loves George W. Bush

Jerry Bruckheimer's work is inescapable. Try watching network TV almost any weeknight without catching the lightning-flash logo that reads "Jerry Bruckheimer Television" at the tail end of *CSI*, *CSI: Miami*, *CSI: NY*, *Without a Trace* and *Cold Case*—critically acclaimed, top-20 most-watched shows—as well as other favorites such as *E-Ring*, *Close to Home* and *The Amazing Race*. With Bruckheimer as executive producer of seven series currently running on one network alone, no wonder Leslie Moonves, the president and CEO of CBS Corporation, says, "I sometimes think the 'B' in CBS means Bruckheimer." You can hardly ignore the producer's presence on syndicated TV, either, where several seasons' worth of *CSI* and *The Amazing Race* play in heavy rerun rotation to big audiences.

On movie screens Bruckheimer's mark is even more indelible. His films have grossed well in excess of \$13 billion worldwide, making him the most successful producer in history. This month brings the release of his *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*, starring Johnny Depp. It's a sequel to 2003's *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl*, which grabbed more than \$654 million at theaters worldwide and \$360 million in DVD sales. Arriving later this year will be the Bruckheimer crime thriller *Déjà Vu*, starring Denzel Washington and directed by Tony Scott. Those are just the latest in a more than 25-year-long

string of Bruckheimer juggernauts that began with the high-concept 1980s smashes *Flashdance*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, *Beverly Hills Cop II* and *Top Gun*, and continued with *Bad Boys*, *Crimson Tide* and *The Rock*, all co-produced with brash, hard-partying bad boy Don Simpson, co-founder, in 1982, of Don Simpson/Jerry Bruckheimer Productions.

Simpson's freewheeling and at times self-destructive behavior prompted Bruckheimer to sever their partnership at the end of 1995. Less than a month later Simpson was dead at the age of 52, reportedly from natural causes. Without his more colorful, talented partner Bruckheimer was widely considered over and done with, but he has since flown even higher with hits like *Armageddon*, *Remember the Titans*, *Black Hawk Down* and *National Treasure*—movies notable for their big budgets, high testosterone counts, explosions, rock anthems and stars such as Tom Cruise, Will Smith and Nicolas Cage. Even disappointments on the big screen (*Kangaroo Jack*, *King Arthur*) and the small (*Skin*, *Fearless*) haven't dented Bruckheimer's hit rate. With 15 Oscar nominations, two Oscars for best song, four Grammys and three Golden Globes, he ranked higher on *Premiere* magazine's most recent power list than Cruise, Tom Hanks, George Lucas and Adam Sandler.

Bruckheimer's fingerprints are all over pop culture, but little is known about him person-

ally. Jerome Bruckheimer was born in 1945 in Detroit, Michigan to German immigrant parents; his father was a clothing retailer, his mother a bookkeeper and housewife. An indifferent student, he graduated with a psychology degree from the University of Arizona. Actualizing a lifelong talent for photography, he landed work with a Detroit advertising agency, where he began producing award-winning commercials. A bigger ad agency lured him to New York when he was 23. He produced commercials there for four years before moving to Hollywood, where he scored a stylish hit in 1980 with *American Gigolo* and again, two years later, with *Cat People*. But Bruckheimer and Simpson's unlikely pairing defined 1980s Hollywood excess and success. Neither Hollywood nor pop culture has been the same since.

PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor **Stephen Rebello**, who most recently interviewed Pierce Brosnan for the magazine, to meet with the producer. "Despite the explosive movies he's best known for," Rebello reports, "Jerry Bruckheimer is smart, restrained, tightly coiled and meticulously groomed and dresses in gray, black and brown—the antithesis of the clichéd, showy Hollywood producer. In the brick-and-exposed-beam office of his Santa Monica-based production company, even the napkins that accompany the glass beverage tumblers—no cans or bottles allowed—are black. He smiles sparingly, speaks



"When I told the studio, 'I want Nic Cage for *The Rock*,' they looked at me like I was on acid. *The Rock* was a big hit. They looked at me like I was on acid again when I wanted Nic for *National Treasure*."



"Look at what Winston Churchill went through, yet he became a hero during World War II and kept his country together. It's just part of political life. I admire Bush and his administration for sticking to their guns."



"My wife has this theory that a classical-music critic reviews opera, not Eminem, and she feels that if you're a movie critic and you love artistic films, that's what you should review, not big action movies you don't like anyway."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

so softly you have to lean forward to hear him and can be cagey about divulging personal information. But when he showed scenes from his upcoming *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*, he beamed when I laughed out loud at Johnny Depp's performance, as if he were already anticipating the ticket sales."

PLAYBOY: Audiences and critics describe such movies of yours as *Top Gun*, *Con Air*, *Bad Boys* and *Armageddon* as adrenaline rushes. When was your last adrenaline rush?

BRUCKHEIMER: Last night when I played hockey. I've been playing here in Los Angeles for 12 years and do so a couple of times a week whenever I'm in town. Hockey is violent, graceful and very trying physically, and it takes enormous coordination to be good at it. There are brilliant athletes in all sports, of course, but hockey players aren't even on their own feet. They're on quarter-inch blades. So for me, seeing someone able to skate and have that energy, high skill and athleticism is phenomenal. When you're not a gifted athlete—which I'm not, but I'm a really good player—and you've got these guys coming at you on the ice who are incredible, you just try to stay out of their way and survive. I can't think about anything else but pure survival and making it off the ice without breaking something or getting killed.

PLAYBOY: Famous guys have played hockey with you—Kiefer Sutherland, Cuba Gooding Jr. and Tom Cruise, for instance.

BRUCKHEIMER: The guys I play with are all from different parts of Los Angeles. They don't care that I'm a producer. Some are in the music or entertainment business—like Cuba Gooding Jr.—but one guy rents motorcycles, one guy is a club promoter. I want to organize things. I organized a baseball team when I was seven or eight. I was never good enough to play on someone else's team, so I put one together and got to play on it. For the same reason, when I was 11 or 12, I got a bunch of neighborhood kids together to make a hockey team. The wonderful thing about hockey or baseball is the locker room. You talk there; you get to know each other. So over the years I've been playing hockey here, we've all become friends.

PLAYBOY: Compare your style as a producer with the style of a well-known hockey player.

BRUCKHEIMER: In the old days Alex Delvecchio played for the Detroit Red Wings and was phenomenal, but he was a very quiet, workmanlike, terrific player who didn't beat his chest, and he was in service to Gordie Howe, one of the

greatest players ever. That's the analogy. **PLAYBOY:** Do your hockey pals cross the line and try to slip you scripts?

BRUCKHEIMER: My friends, the group we hang with, are fine, but it happens all the time outside of that. I'll be going through the gym and people are waiting to hand me scripts. I was in a restaurant the other day, and a guy said, "I have my script in the car. Can I go get it?" I understand, of course, but I can't accept unsolicited material, because the world is so litigious now.

PLAYBOY: You're famous around Hollywood for being one of George W. Bush's biggest supporters. Do you ever feel like the odd man out?

BRUCKHEIMER: Look at what Winston



The blockbuster will still be around.
With 35,000 screens, you
have to fill them with something.

Churchill went through, yet he became a hero during World War II and kept his country together. The peaks and valleys are just part of political life. I admire Bush and his administration for sticking to their guns. Anybody else would have run for the hills and Iraq would have turned bad. They went in for obvious reasons, and they're there to do a job. You had a government that kept thumbing its nose at the rest of the world. The UN was a joke and never did anything about it. You and I don't know everything about all the reasons for going into Iraq, but I've talked to individuals in the government who told me they watched through satellites as the Iraqis took weapons out the back door while

UN inspectors were coming in. I think the U.S. government knows the weapons were just moved out of the country. So ridding the Middle East of this individual makes us a little safer, I hope.

PLAYBOY: You were of draft age during the Vietnam war. Were you called for service?

BRUCKHEIMER: I was, but I was 1-Y because a disc in my back is pushed forward, so they didn't take me. It was an unfortunate thing. I could have been a liability to them. They didn't want to have to pay me for the rest of my life. Today when I play hockey I'm just sort of stiff and sore in the morning.

PLAYBOY: I understand you were invited to the White House to show Bush your movie about the Texas Western basketball team, *Glory Road*, which, like your inspirational football movie, *Remember the Titans*, has the cleanest PG-rated language imaginable for a sports film.

BRUCKHEIMER: When we went to the White House a couple of weeks ago and screened it for him, he was very moved by it, especially being a Texan. We wanted to make the language truer to the language of the times in *Remember the Titans*, which was set in the 1970s, but nobody wanted to make that movie. With both movies, telling that story to the audience that should see it was more important to me than the language.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that, because you prefer actors with big white smiles, you paid for expensive cosmetic dentistry for the young Tom Cruise and, more recently, Ben Affleck in *Pearl Harbor*?

BRUCKHEIMER: I'll tell you never with Tom, but I won't comment on Ben. Look, film is a visual medium. Those choices depend on the role, the character, and the request usually comes from the actor, not from me.

PLAYBOY: The movies you and Cruise have made together—the massive 1986 hit *Top Gun* and 1990's *Days of Thunder*—

helped create his cocky, macho image. Recently, though, he's become known for bouncing on Oprah Winfrey's couch, declaring his love for Katie Holmes, promoting Scientology and calling psychiatry a pseudoscience on the *Today* show. Has he damaged his public image?

BRUCKHEIMER: I doubt it. I'll take the grosses of *War of the Worlds* anytime. Put him in a good movie and people are going to be there. Tom's an enthusiastic guy; you just haven't seen that side of him. I don't think enthusiasm is aberrant behavior. You don't want everybody to be like me—laid-back and easygoing. You want people around you to actually get excited. Tom gets excited.

PLAYBOY: Having retooled the screen

image of a number of young actors over the years, turning Nicolas Cage into an action star with *The Rock*, *Con Air* and *National Treasure* and doing the same with Affleck in *Armageddon* and *Pearl Harbor*, what would you do with Jennifer Lopez? Brad Pitt? Jennifer Garner? George Clooney? Or to reinvent Affleck?

BRUCKHEIMER: I never want to see an actor acting. The greatest actors are the ones you watch and think you're seeing a real person. Jennifer Lopez is a gifted singer, dancer and comedian. I'd love to make a musical with her. I'd cast Brad Pitt as an architect because he's so passionate about architecture; I'd like to take what he has in real life and put it on the screen. I'd put Jennifer Garner in a very serious role because I don't think she's been asked to show she has that ability. After *Syriana*, *Ocean's Eleven* and *Good Night, and Good Luck*, it's hard to say what to do with George Clooney because he is already doing it all. Ben is very smart, a good actor and a wonderful writer. He's going to come back as big as ever because he's talented. It all comes down to choices in roles and luck, but luck is when opportunity meets preparation. We had Eric Bana—I love this—in *Black Hawk Down*, but he's a phenomenal comedian who had his own successful comedy show for years in Australia, and I'd love to put him in a real comedy. I've got to stop talking about it, though,

because these are good ideas other people are going to steal.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't Affleck star in *Glory Road* as real-life coach Don Haskins, who in 1966 led the first college team with an all-black starting lineup to make it to the NCAA tournament?

BRUCKHEIMER: There was a discrepancy between what he felt his fee should be and what Disney felt his fee should be, so it didn't happen.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Affleck, Cruise, Cage, Johnny Depp and Will Smith have worked with you repeatedly and harmoniously?

BRUCKHEIMER: I just want to get the most talented people I can get together on the ship, guide them to the shore and make sure the ship is in great shape when we get there. Part of my job is protecting actors from all the outside negativity that comes with the work we do and just allow them to create wonderful films. We treat actors well. We pay them well. If there's a problem, you have to see both sides. There's always a solution.

PLAYBOY: Are critics accurate when they say the big action movies Cage has done with you have made him more famous and commercially bankable but less respected as a serious actor?

BRUCKHEIMER: I think that criticism is kind of misguided. Nic is a wonderful actor who knows how to balance the commercial movies he does with us with

things he has enormous passion for but doesn't get paid much for at all. You've got to commend him for that. I mean, look at Clint Eastwood, who is a prime example—somebody who can go off and do *Dirty Harry* but can also win Oscars for *Million Dollar Baby*. I'm sure critics have gone after Eastwood, too, but I don't know and wouldn't say, because I haven't read all his reviews. But he's a revered actor, so I think if he can do it, Cage can do it.

PLAYBOY: Your new movie is *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*. Have you ever ridden the Pirates of the Caribbean ride in Disneyland?

BRUCKHEIMER: Oh, many times. I love it. For the first movie and this new one, too, we talked about how many little things we could steal from the ride and work into the movie for people who are into the ride. With the first *Pirates*, the first question everyone asked was, "Jerry, you have all this success. Why would you make a movie out of a Disney ride?"

PLAYBOY: Didn't you initially resist the idea?

BRUCKHEIMER: Of course I did. Dick Cook, the chairman of Walt Disney Studios, called and said, "We've got this *Pirates of the Caribbean* project," and the script was by the numbers: a good pirate movie, but that's it. Screenwriters Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio, who did *Shrek* and are so clever and smart, came

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Jerry's Kids

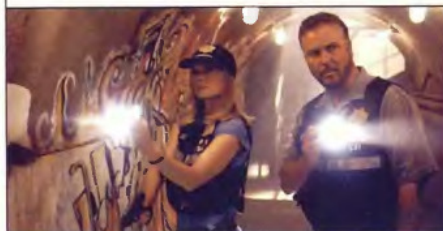
Even Bruckheimer has had his share of embarrassments



His hits...



Top Gun (1986) Bruckheimer and partner Don Simpson roared into the box-office stratosphere with this Reagan-era recruitment poster set among competitive, macho flyboys at the Navy's elite flight school. Up-and-camer Tom Cruise earned his star wings for looking cool.



CSI: Crime Scene Investigation (2000) Before nighttime TV became littered with bizarrely mutilated corpses and unsolved murders, Bruckheimer introduced this ratings grabber. Six seasons after its debut it remains the quirkiest and most compelling show of the CSI franchise.



Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl (2003) Casting wild card Johnny Depp bucked conventional wisdom. Even though studio execs freaked over Depp's dreadlocks, eye shadow and boozy swagger, the actor's gonza charisma earned him an Oscar nomination.



The Amazing Race (2001) TV's best reality show sends 11 two-member teams scrambling all over creation to skydive, rappel, kayak, argue, cheat and strategize their way to winning a million bucks. The show has survived ratings ups and downs through nine amazing seasons.



...and misses



Pearl Harbor (2001) Never a critics' favorite, Bruckheimer was shut down with this Oscar-baiting epic starring Ben Affleck. For all its scope, ambition and relentless flag-waving, this flick is too cardboard-thin to touch the classic on the same subject, *Fram Here to Eternity*.



Fearless (2004) Bruckheimer's teen-targeted series about a pretty, young FBI agent born without the fear gene proved that even the man with the golden gut could go horribly wrong. *Fearless* was so miscast, snoozy and unfocused, no wonder it was gone in 60 seconds.



King Arthur (2004) Director Antoine Fuqua gleefully stripped this epic of all that airy-fairy Camelot crap, like the Lady in the Lake, the sword in the stone and Merlin as a magical old duffer. Instead we got chaotically staged battle scenes and dialogue so serious it sparked belly laughs.



Skin (2003) Deep-sixed by Fox after only three too-tame episodes and a major promotional push, this nighttime soap had loomed as a Sopranas set in the porn industry, but it ended up playing like *Rameo and Juliet* meets *The O.C.*, with less sex appeal. —Stephen Rebello

to me and said, "What if we turn them into pirates who are trying to return, rather than steal, a treasure and are revealed as skeletons by moonlight?" I love going to movies, and I see myself as just another guy with his hand in the popcorn, so I said, "Now, that's a movie I'd go to see." I called Dick and said, "Here's what we'd like to do with it," and he said, "Go do it."

PLAYBOY: Is it true Disney would have felt more confident with, say, Jim Carrey or Matthew McConaughey rather than Depp, a great, idiosyncratic actor who hadn't been in huge box-office hits?

BRUCKHEIMER: Disney reached a point where it couldn't make a deal with Johnny—or felt it couldn't—and that's when other names were thrown around. When I said, "I won't make this movie without Johnny," and the director, Gore Verbinski, felt the same way, it kind of forced everybody to make a deal. I went to France a couple of times to try to coerce Johnny into doing it because I just wanted that edge he has.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the first footage of Depp's gold teeth, dreadlocks, eye shadow and flamboyant rock-star moves panic Disney's brass enough for them to consider replacing him?

BRUCKHEIMER: That's true. Dailies are very deceptive because you see little pieces of a performance over and over again. I knew we were in good shape, but a young studio executive looks at that performance and says, "Oh my God. This is too big. It's too crazy." He's scared to death because it's not normal and Johnny isn't a normal performer. Anything outside the norm will worry a young executive because he thinks he's going to lose his job. You have to call the young executive and say, "Look, this is a wonderful character, and when we cut the scene together it's going to be much different. It will be toned down a bit from what you saw in the dailies."

PLAYBOY: So studio people continue to try to second-guess the most successful producer in the business?

BRUCKHEIMER: Always. You still have to try to sway people. We're standing on a lot of success, and that's a nice way to go into these things, but there's always somebody who knows more than I do or has different taste. When I told them, "I want Nic Cage for *The Rock*," they looked at me like I was on acid. *The Rock* was a big hit. They looked at me like I was on acid again when I wanted Nic for *National Treasure*. Later those same people will say, "Oh yeah, I always loved that performance." Or "It wasn't me who had a problem with it; it was my boss."

PLAYBOY: You're known for having a keen sense of how to fix an ailing movie. For example, when your 1995 film *Dangerous Minds*—with Michelle Pfeiffer as an

(continued on page 138)

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THE NEW HUMAN

THE NEXT 20 YEARS WILL
CHANGE OUR IDEA OF WHAT
IT MEANS TO BE HUMAN

BY JOEL GARREAU

Are you old enough to remember when computer screens came only in black and white? Do you own the kind of truck that guys at the hardware store always try to buy from you—a truck so old it not only sports just an AM radio but has no software in it at all? Can you remember when music players were composed of several fairly heavy boxes covered with laminated walnut and had to be wrestled up onto a high shelf? Are you old enough to remember the smell of mimeograph machine fluid?

If so, you have lived through the extraordinary changes of the last few decades of the 20th century. But this will be nothing compared with the changes through which your second-grade daughter is living. Imagine her a decade and a half from now, home for the holidays. You were so proud of her when she not only put herself through Ohio State but graduated summa cum laude. Now she has taken on her most formidable challenge yet: competing with her generation's elite in her new law school. "What are your classmates like?" you ask.

"They're all really, really smart," she says. She thinks of the stars in her contracts class. How does she explain to you

what these people are like? Her classmates have amazing thinking abilities. They're not just faster and more creative than anybody your daughter has ever met but faster and more creative than anybody she has ever imagined. They have photographic memories and total recall. They devour books in minutes. They talk casually about living a very long time, perhaps being immortal. They're always discussing their next lives. One fellow mentions how, after he makes his pile as a lawyer, he plans to be a glassblower, after which he wants to become a nanosurgeon. One of her new friends fell while jogging, opening a gash on her knee. Your daughter freaked, ready to take her to the hospital. But her friend stared at the wound, focusing her mind on it. Within minutes the bleeding stopped. This same friend has also been vaccinated against physical suffering. She never feels acute pain for long.

Your daughter's new friends are polite to her when she can't keep up with their conversations, as if she were handicapped. They can't help but condescend, however, when she protests that imbedded technology is not natural for humans.

Nanobots like the tiny robot pictured at right will soon be able to perform medical procedures inside the body.

That's what they call her—Natural. In fact, that's what they call all those who could augment themselves but choose not to, the way vegetarians choose to abstain from meat. They call themselves Enhanced. What about people who have neither the education nor the money to even consider keeping up with enhancement technology? Those they dismiss as simply the Rest. They just keep falling further behind.

Your daughter and her classmates take it as a matter of course that the law they are studying is changing to match the new realities. It will be upgraded, the Enhanced believe, just as they have new physical and mental upgrades installed when they go home.

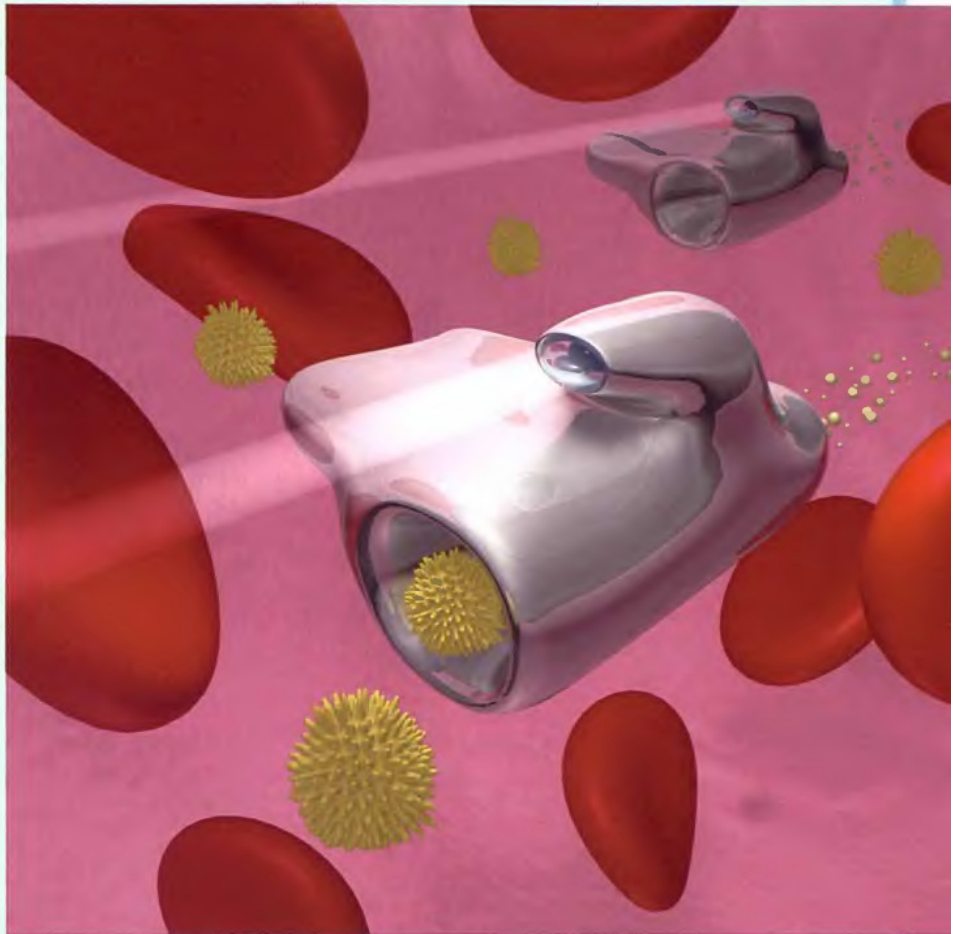
This scenario is not a prediction. I have no crystal ball, alas. But it is grounded in hard facts. These technologies are being developed today in labs, hospitals and universities worldwide—much of it funded by the U.S. military. It is a faithful rendition of what life will be like in our lifetime—on our watch—if some of that engineering turns out to work.

We are at a turning point in history. For all previous millennia, we aimed our technologies outward, toward controlling our environment. Starting with fire and clothes, we looked for ways to ward off the elements. With the development of agriculture we controlled our food supply. In cities we sought safety. Telephones and airplanes collapsed distance. Antibiotics kept microbes at bay. Now, however, we are aiming our technologies inward. We have started to alter our mind, our memories, our metabolism, our personality, our progeny and perhaps our soul. The shift is so profound that serious people call it radical evolution. Says Gregory Stock, director of the Program on Medicine, Technology and Society at the UCLA School of Public Health, "The next frontier is our own selves."

This isn't fiction. You can see it taking shape in the headlines. In 2003 President Bush signed a \$3.7 billion bill funding research at the molecular level that could lead to medical robots traveling the human bloodstream to fight cancer or fat cells.

At the University of Pennsylvania male mouse cells are being transformed into egg cells. If this science works in humans—as research at the University of Sheffield in the U.K. suggests—it would open the way for two men to make a baby, with each contributing 50 percent of his genetic material. It would redefine parenthood.

Similar work has questioned the biological relevance of males. For decades the (continued on page 124)



AN OLD STORY

Margaret Atwood is author of *The Handmaid's Tale*, the classic 1985 novel about a dystopian world in which certain women are forced to produce babies for elite couples. Her latest book is *The Tent*.

Immortality has been at the top of the human wish list for all our known history. As Bill McKibben says in his 2003 book *Enough*, "Eternal life has only been humanity's great dream since the moment we became conscious." One of the earliest recorded poems, the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, takes it as the central focus. Gilgamesh, after the frightening death of his best friend, goes on a quest for the secret of immortality. He finds it—it's a plant—but on the way back he loses it through carelessness, and that's why we don't live forever.

In the biblical version, Adam and Eve get chucked out of Eden not just because they ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil and had sex with their eyes open and invented designer outfits but because God is afraid they'll eat from the tree of life as well and "become like one of Us...and live forever." The ancient Greek version of mortality is more like the one in *The Lord of the Rings*: Human beings are "mortal men, doomed to die" because that is their nature.

All animal forms with more than rudimentary complexity must die, though they don't seem to spend a lot of time thinking about it in advance. We, on the other hand, find the idea of dying an affront and feel we're somehow entitled to an exemption. Perhaps that's because we invented human language, which includes not only the past tense—implying the question "Where did we come from?"—but the future tense, too, which leads inevitably to "Where are we going?" We're also intensely fond of the personal pronoun *I*, a word that makes it almost impossible for us to think of ourselves as not existing. Even in the sentence "I will be dead," the ego is in some way still present. We can't, in thought, erase ourselves completely, and over time we've provided many tracts of virtual real estate for our future but no longer embodied selves—heavens and hells and purgatories and fields of asphodel and paradises and limbos in bewildering variety.

The Sibyl of Cumae and the once handsome Tithonus both have very long life granted to them by gods but forget to ask for (concluded on page 136)

OUR SINGULAR FUTURE

Ray Kurzweil, author of *The Singularity Is Near: When Humans Transcend Biology*, was inducted in 2002 into the National Inventors Hall of Fame.

In the mid-1980s inventor Ray Kurzweil predicted that a few interconnected computers used by scientists would serve as the basis for a worldwide communications network. At the time it seemed far-fetched, but Arpanet evolved into the Internet. Kurzweil subsequently postulated the law of accelerating returns, which holds that information technology increases exponentially, doubling every year. He later predicted that computers would exceed human intelligence, eventually reaching a point—the singularity—at which civilization would fundamentally be transformed. In his new book, *The Singularity Is Near*, Kurzweil explores the implications of that change. He believes our bodies will evolve as much as our machines. In fact, he predicts a clear separation will no longer exist between the two. “If you describe what human beings enhanced with this technology will be capable of some decades hence,” Kurzweil says, “they would appear like gods to us today.”

PLAYBOY: What is the singularity?

KURZWEIL: It's a metaphor borrowed from physics, which in turn had borrowed it from mathematics. In physics it's a point of profound transformation, a rupture in space-time. There's an event horizon around it that's hard to see into. But the historical singularity is an event that will occur, in my estimation, in about 49 years. It will be a profound transformation of human civilization caused by the emergence of nonbiological intelligence billions of times more powerful than unenhanced biological intelligence.

Underlying all this is the observation that information technology grows exponentially. Bandwidth, the price-performance ratio of computers and the size of the Internet all double every year. That's true of all kinds of information. For example, the amount of DNA sequencing we're doing doubles every year. The resolution of brain scanning doubles every year.

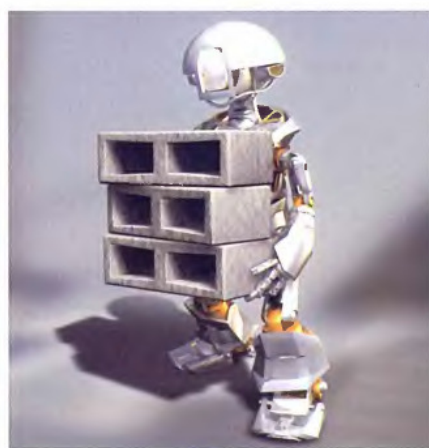
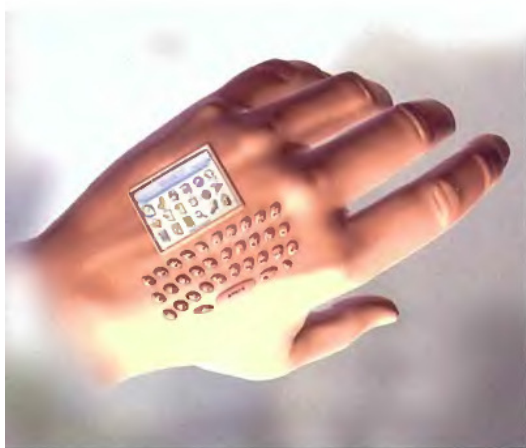


PLAYBOY: What if there's a limit to Moore's law, which says computing power doubles every 18 months?

KURZWEIL: Certain things follow predictable trends. Moore's law will reach a limit, it's estimated, in 2020. But every time we've come to the end of one paradigm, we reach another. Moore's law was the fifth paradigm. The third was vacuum tubes; the fourth was transistors. The sixth will be three-dimensional molecular circuits. One cubic inch of nanotube circuitry, for example, would be 100 million times more powerful than the human brain.

PLAYBOY: But will it be better than the human brain?

KURZWEIL: We'll take the power of human intelligence—our ability to recognize (concluded on page 134)



MIRCO ILIC

FUTURE SHOCK

“Prediction is very difficult,” said physicist Niels Bohr, “especially of the future.” But according to futurists, we are on the verge of astonishing developments. Here are four innovations we should see in the next decade.

ENHANCED EYES Some time after 2010 active contact lenses will be used to produce computer-generated overlays on what we see in the real world. “Even if your partner's physical appearance is not quite up to your hopes,” writes Ian Pearson, futurist for British Telecom, “it could be digitally enhanced with something closer to your dreams.”

MY ROBOT By 2010 all-purpose robots should be available for common household tasks. Carmakers (Honda, Toyota) will lead the way. Hans Moravec of Carnegie Mellon predicts that by 2025 the robot market will be larger than the market for automobiles.

DIGITALIZATION OF PHYSICAL OBJECTS Not only will information be convertible to digital codes, but atoms will be as well. This process may take a few years, but it will allow three-dimensional printers to use organic inks to create logic circuits or spray down individual atoms. “An example would

be 3-D printing of organic tissue,” says futurist Jeff Harrow. “The day will come when you can replicate on a printer a new liver that won't be rejected.”

ACTIVE SKIN According to Pearson, by the end of this decade we will be able to build ID and memory chips, sensors and short-range communications devices smaller than human skin cells. These will be printed on or blasted into the upper layers of the skin and arranged into circuits so that electronic devices such as cell phones, keyboards and MP3 players can be embedded into your forearm, the back of your hand or your wrist.

WHY IT WON'T WORK

Mary Midgley, author of 1979's *Beast and Man*, is a retired professor of philosophy at the University of Newcastle Upon Tyne. Her most recent work is *The Owl of Minerva: A Memoir*.

PLAYBOY: Immortality presents problems for us. For example, do some humans have a right to immortality if it isn't available to all?

MIDGLEY: These questions arise only because ludicrous projects such as human immortality and human control over the details of inheritance are being treated as workable. Those projects are impossible, not due to some accidental obstacle but because of our basic unalterable biology. Asking ethical questions about impossible predicaments is not just futile but corrupting. It readily suggests that our current values and standards must be mistaken if they cannot be applied to unreal situations. But in unreal situations, nothing makes sense anyway.

The habit of treating such fantasies as plausible has grown up lately because of a convergence between ambitious researchers, who exaggerate their powers in order to get funds, and mediocre science-fiction writers, who ham up their plots because they lack the imagination to see what makes sense and what does not.

Good science-fiction writers, such as H.G. Wells in *The First Men in the Moon*, don't pretend to ask ethical questions about how we could live in the strange, nonhuman societies they portray. Often, like Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World* or Terry Pratchett, they slightly exaggerate what is humanly possible in order to throw light on human predicaments. But they know they are writing fiction. They don't

claim to suggest how we should actually live with these exaggerations. Nor do they mess around with radical impossibilities like human immortality. Bad science-fiction writers, however, sometimes do, and the muddles that result are instructive. Is death, we ask, to be abolished altogether? If so, what institutions will replace popular customs such as murder, war and suicide? Has disease also been abolished? If not, how will there be enough hospitals for an endlessly increasing crowd of invalids? How will the world's resources contrive to supply a population exponentially expanding to infinity? And in individual life what will happen to intergenerational conflict, now indefinitely multiplied? What will individual plans and hopes look like when placed against an infinite perspective?

These are discouraging thoughts. More probably, however, the proposal is to remove death selectively, by letting just those who can afford it live longer. This seems to be the idea animating those old gentlemen who hopefully get themselves frozen on the chance of a future cure. According to our current standards, that selectivity would, as you point out, create monstrous social injustice. But this is nothing new. It is only a further installment of something we have already: The rich already

live a good deal longer than the poor, as well as having a much nicer life, and the gap is increasing worldwide. Any extra element technology may add to this inequality, whether before or after birth, would merely increase the existing injustice. Far from providing a rationale that may justify it, the change would simply make the injustice more inexcusable.

PLAYBOY: In *Our Posthuman Future* Francis Fukuyama asks, "What will happen to political rights once we are able to, in effect, breed some people with saddles on their backs and others with boots and spurs?" Can the Enlightenment notion that all men are created equal endure in an era when some people are biologically superior to others?

MIDGLEY: It is bizarre to suggest that this new situation would be morally different, that it could be sanitized and justified by simply ruling that "the Enlightenment notion that all men are created equal" no longer applies "in an era when some people are biologically superior to others." What does "biologically superior" mean? Just luckier? The notion that we are all equal has never meant that we were all biologically similar or equally capable or equally lucky. It simply means, as Kant



Leonardo da Vinci looked at man in new ways (above). Science now forces us to reconsider the meaning of our species.

said, that each of us—equally—must be treated as *an end in himself*, not just as a means to the ends of others. Similarly, it is grotesque to suggest that if some people were "bred with saddles on their backs" and thus turned into natural slaves, presumably by genetic engineering, this would transform their moral situation by making it all right to exploit them. If it were indeed actually possible to do this, the doing of it would obviously be a grave crime against those people. Anyone who doubts this might like to consider how they would feel if told a child related to them had been given this treatment.

Again, however, this would not be an interesting new crime, merely an extension of existing social injustice by high-tech means. As things are, the poor and unfortunate are indeed often in a position in which they have little choice but to live out their lives in what is effectively slavery, and they may be unaware any other choice is possible. But it should not be (concluded on page 135)

“Forecasters have generally failed dismally to foresee the drastic changes brought about by completely unpredictable discoveries.”

Martin Rees,
Our Final Hour



"That's intelligent design if I ever saw it."



PLAYBOY'S WORLD SOCCER TEAM

The world is going soccer-crazy. Come along



This June, while many Americans are worrying about the life in pitchers' arms, most of the planet will be thinking about feet, especially those attached to players on the 32 teams competing in Germany for the World Cup. Sadly, this fascination with worldwide *fútbol* is lost on many Americans; if only they would try to wrap their heads around the beauty of a truly global excuse to yell, drink beer and watch sports over breakfast, during work and into the wee hours, maybe they would overcome their reluctance and embrace an idea of universal partying held by everyone from Brazilian samba dancers to Iraqi insurgents to Keira Knightley. The only sporting term that is exactly the same in any language? "Gooooooaaaaa!"

Perhaps the only other global phenomenon as universally appreciated is *PLAYBOY*. Thus it was a stroke of inspiration when, at a convocation in Malta of the top editors of *PLAYBOY*'s 21 international editions, the idea was hatched for the magazine to salute the World Cup by assembling its own team of all-star beauties. So it happened that 14 stunners who represent *Playboy*—some hailing from such pillars of the soccer world as Brazil, Germany and the Netherlands, and others from such far-flung outposts of soccermania as Japan, Russia and, yes, the USA—gathered for a week of fun and photos at the Mansion. Think of them as *PLAYBOY*'s World Soccer Team. Admit it: You like this sport more already.

Even the goalkeeper on the squad at left (and clearly Hef is the goalie—otherwise he wouldn't be touching the ball with his hands, would he?) knows the World Cup is earth's biggest sporting event. Above, Hungary's Hajnalka Hornyák tells the other girls that many soccer players have colorful nicknames. Hers is Dundika, which we think means "perky playmaker."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



Many soccer players call their uniforms kits. Above center, Romania's Oana Bercaru demonstrates the kit in the on position, while above right, the kit is off. Following clockwise with their own interpretations are Olga Urashova of the Netherlands, Maja Herdoman of Croatia, Japan's Christina Linehan and, once again, Dundika, which we now believe means "striking striker." Postmatch analysis is important in soccer. On the opposite page, Dundika (center) and Maja (back) join Brazil's Estela Pereira (left) and Germany's Janine Habeck (right) for recaps and nightcaps.









Opposite page, top: France's Ophelie Marie joins Oana in warming the bench, while Dundika (which we now think means "the blonde with the shifty moves") teaches hip checking to Russia's Anna Star. Bottom from left: Back on the pitch, Ophelie, Anna and Maja bend it better than Beckham. This page: With Germany hosting this year's tournament, fans should look for Janine, no sour Kraut, who says, "Wie findest du meine Weltmeisterpokale?" as she shows off her home-field advantages. Overleaf: Look at this team picture in the Grotto and see why soccer is called the beautiful game.







See more of these soccer babes at cyber.playboy.com.

Threats of
terror are hard
to swallow
before
breakfast

the Bad News

Fiction by
Margaret Atwood

It's morning. Night is over. It's time for the bad news. I think of the bad news as a huge bird, with the wings of a crow and the face of my fourth-grade schoolteacher, sparse bun, rancid teeth, wrinkly frown, pursed mouth and all, sailing around the world under cover of darkness, pleased to be the bearer of ill tidings, carrying a basket of rotten eggs and knowing—as the sun comes up—exactly where to drop them. On me, for one.

At our place, the bad news arrives in the form of the bad-news paper. Tig carries it up the stairs. Tig's real name is Gilbert. It's impossible to explain nicknames to speakers of foreign languages, not that I have to do this much.

"They just killed the leader of the interim governing council," Tig announces. It's not that he's impervious to bad news: on the contrary. He's angular, he has less body fat than I do and therefore less capacity to absorb, to cushion, to turn the calories of bad news—and it does have calories; it raises your blood pressure—into the substance of his own body. I can do that, he can't. He wants to pass the bad news on as soon as possible—get it off his hands, like a hot potato. Bad news burns him.

I'm still in bed. I'm not really awake. I was doing a little wallowing. I was enjoying this morning until now. "Not

before breakfast," I say. I do not add, "You know I can't handle it this early in the day." I've added that before; it's had only an intermittent effect. After this long together, both our heads are filled with such minor admonitions, helpful hints about the other person—likes and dislikes, preferences and taboos. Don't come up behind me like that when I'm reading. Don't use my kitchen knives. Don't just *strew* things. Each believes the other should respect this frequently reiterated set of how-to instructions, but they cancel each other out: If Tig must respect my need to wallow mindlessly, free of bad news, before the first cup of coffee, shouldn't I respect his need to spew out catastrophe so he himself will be rid of it?

"Oh. Sorry," he says. He shoots me a reproachful look. Why must I disappoint him like this? Don't I know that if he can't tell the bad news, to me, right now, some bilious green bad-news gland or bladder inside him will burst and he'll get peritonitis of the soul? Then I'll be sorry.

He's right. I would be sorry. I'd have no one left whose mind I can read.

"I'm getting up now," I say, hoping I sound comforting. "I'll be right down."

"Now" and "right down" don't have the same meaning they used to. Everything takes longer than it did back

AUTOMOBILES

ON

FIRE



TIG-
RIS:



then. But I can still get through the routine, out of the nightdress, into the day dress, the doing-up of the shoes, the lubrication of the face, the selection of the vitamin pills. The leader, I think. The interim governing council. Killed by them. A year from now I won't remember which leader, which interim governing council, which them. But such items multiply. Everything is interim, no one can govern anymore, and there are lots of them, of them. They always want to kill the leaders. With the best of intentions, or so they claim. The leaders have the best of intentions as well. The leaders stand in the spotlight, and the killers aim from the dark; it's easy to score.

As for the other leaders, the leaders of the leading countries, as they're called, those aren't really leading anymore, they're flailing around, you can see it in their eyes, white-rimmed like the eyes of panic-stricken cattle. You can't lead if no one will follow. People throw up their hands, then sit on them. They just want to get on with their lives. The leaders keep saying, "We need strong leadership," then they sneak off to peek at their poll ratings. It's the bad news. There's too much of it: They can't take it.

But there's been bad news before, and we got through it. That's what people say about things that happened before they were born or while they were still thumb sucking. I love this formulation: *We got through it*. It means dick shit when it's about any event you personally weren't there for, as if you'd joined some *We* club, pinned on some tacky plastic *We* badge, to qualify. Still, *We got through it*—that's bracing. It conjures up a march or a procession, horses prancing, costumes tattered and muddied because of the siege or battle or enemy occupation or butchering of dragons or 40-year trek through the wilderness. There'd be a bearded leader hoisting his standard and pointing forward. The leader would have got the bad news early. He'd got it, he'd understood it, he'd known what to do. Attack from the flank! Go for the throat! Get the hell out of Egypt! That sort of thing.

"Where are you?" Tig calls up the stairs. "Coffee's ready."

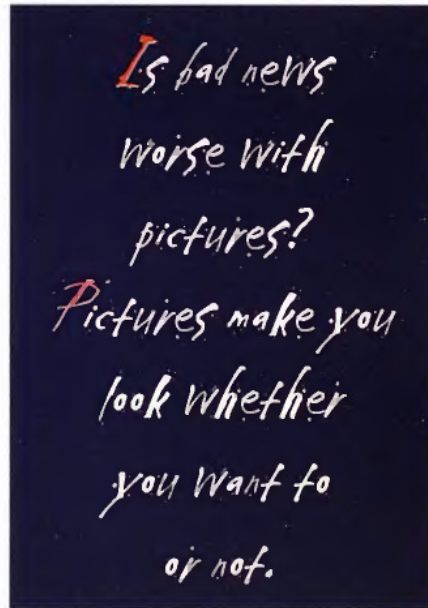
"I'm here," I call back down. We use this a lot, this walkie-talkie of air. Communication hasn't failed us, not yet. (*Not yet* is unspirited, like the *h* in *honor*. It's the silent *not yet*. We don't say it out loud.)

These are the tenses that define us now: past tense, *back then*; future tense, *not yet*. We live in the small window between them, the space we've only recently come to think of as *still*, and really it's no smaller than anyone else's window. True, there are little things going wrong with us—a knee here, an eye there—but so far just little things. We can still have a good time,

as long as we focus on doing one item at a time. I can remember when I used to tease our daughter, back then, when she was an adolescent. I'd do it by pretending to be old. I'd bump into walls, drop cutlery, fake memory loss. Then we'd both laugh. It's no longer such a joke.

Our now-dead cat, Drumlin, developed cat senility when she was 17. Drumlin—why did we call her that? The other cat, the one that died first, was Moraine. Once we thought it was amusing to name our cats after glacial-dump geological features, though the point of it escapes me now. Tig said Drumlin ought to have been named Landfill Site, but he was the one whose job it was to empty her litter box.

It's not likely we will have another



cat. I used to think—I thought this quite calmly—that after Tig was gone (for men die first, don't they?) I might get a cat again, for company. I no longer consider this an option. I'll surely be half blind by then, and a cat might run between my legs, and I'd trip over it and break my neck.

Poor Drumlin used to prowl the house at night, yowling in an unearthly fashion. Nothing gave her solace: She was looking for something she'd lost, though she didn't know what it was (her mind, in point of fact, if cats can be said to have minds). In the mornings we'd find small bites taken out of tomatoes, of pears: She'd forgotten she was a carnivore; she'd forgotten what it was she was supposed to eat. This has become my picture of my future self: wandering the house in the darkness, in my white nightdress, howling for what I can't quite remember I've lost. It's unbearable. I wake up in the night and reach out to make sure Tig is still there, still breathing. So far, so good.

The kitchen, when I get to it, smells

like toast and coffee: not surprising, because that's what Tig has been making. The smell wraps around me like a blanket, stays there while I eat the actual toast and drink the actual coffee. There, on the table, is the bad news.

"The refrigerator's been making a noise," I say. We don't pay enough attention to our appliances. Neither of us does. Stuck onto the refrigerator is a photo of our daughter, taken several years ago; it beams down on us like the light from a receding star. She's busy with her own life, elsewhere.

"Look at the paper," says Tig.

There are pictures. Is bad news worse with pictures? I think so. Pictures make you look, whether you want to or not. There's the burned-out car, one of a series by now, with its skeletal frame of twisted metal. A charred shadow crouches inside. In pictures like these there are always empty shoes. It's the shoes that get to me. Sad, that innocent daily task—putting your shoes on your feet in the firm belief that you'll be going somewhere.

We don't like bad news, but we need it. We need to know about it in case it's coming our way. Herd of deer in the meadow, heads down grazing peacefully. Then *woof woof*—wild dogs in the woods. Heads up, ears forward. Prepare to flee! Or the musk-ox defense: *Wolves approaching* is the news. Quick—into a circle! Females and young to the center! Snort and paw the ground! Prepare to horn the enemy!

"They won't stop," says Tig.

"It's a mess," I say. "I wonder where the security was?" When God was handing out the brains, they used to say back then, some folks we could name were last in line.

"If someone really wants to kill you, they'll kill you," Tig says. He's a fatalist that way. I disagree, and we spend a pleasant quarter of an hour calling up our dead witnesses. He submits Archduke Ferdinand and John Kennedy; I offer Queen Victoria (eight failed attempts) and Joseph Stalin, who managed to avoid assassination by doing it wholesale himself. Once this might have been an argument. Now it's a pastime, like gin rummy.

"We're lucky," says Tig. I know what he means. He means the two of us, sitting here in the kitchen, still. Neither of us gone. Not yet.

"Yes, we are," I say. "Watch the toast—it's burning."

There. We've dealt with the bad news, we've faced it head-on, and we're all right. We have no wounds, no blood pours out of us, we aren't scorched. We have all of our shoes. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, there's no reason not to feel pretty good. The bad news comes from so far away, most of the time—the explosions, the oil spills, the genocides, the famines, all of that. There (concluded on page 137)



Olivia 

"Can you keep this under your hat...?"

NOT YOUR FATHER'S HI-FI

Although it could be. This Father's Day, teach the old dog new tricks with one of these next-generation players. Even if he doesn't know a megabyte from a jalapeño popper, he'll be amazed at what he can put in his pocket these days



Forgive us for getting nostalgic, but Father's Day has us thinking back to the granddaddy of today's MP3 players, the Diamond Rio PMP300. This 32-megabyte marvel held about half an hour of music and in 1998 went for \$200.

Today Coby's MPC-827 player holds four times as much. It costs \$20. This means that for the price of a lap dance you can now haul Dad into the digital age. (Hey, taking him to a strip club would have been awkward anyway.) More important, this technology is not only affordable enough to give as a gift, it's finally easy enough for him to figure out. Make sure you pick something up for yourself as well, because some truly astounding things are happening in digital media right now. Players have massive capacity, many show video, and subscription services let you put any of more than a million songs on them for \$10 a month. Audio and video podcasts are blossoming like Scarlett Johansson, with offerings from talented nobodies and forward-thinking big-media properties alike. You can download *The Daily Show* and *Lost* for \$2 an episode, and earlier this year Jack Black did a video podcast from the set of *Nacho Libre*. Apple is of course to blame for much of this joy. Although it didn't invent the technology, Apple did perform amazing feats of design and marketing. Still, though the iPod is gorgeous, iconic and in possession of 76 percent of today's MP3 market, it's a little fragile for our taste. Take the Creative gizmo pictured at left. On a recent jog during testing, we accidentally dropped this player hard on one end. It bounced several times and ended up submerged in a muddy puddle—and never stopped playing our Arctic Monkeys track. Now, we'll take a hot chick who likes to go camping over a diva who needs to be talked off the ledge if she breaks a nail—but we're not everybody. Which is why we've gathered the best and brightest so you can make your own choice. Somewhere in here is a companion with your ideal combination of brains and looks.

By Scott Alexander



MOVIE STARS These players let your photos and videos ride shotgun with your music. From top: **Apple fifth-generation iPod** (30 gigabytes, \$300; 60 gigabytes, \$400; apple.com) We'll admit it's a little kinky to put something as messy as rock and roll on a design this clean. This iPod is easy to use and has a beautiful screen, but on the downside it has mediocre battery life and scratches easily. **Samsung YM-P1** (\$400, samsung.com) Though a bit chunky, this handsome 20-gigabyte player can handle six hours of video on one charge and has a four-inch screen and built-in speaker. **Archos AV 700** (\$600, archos.com) This behemoth is big where it counts (seven-inch screen, 100-gigabyte hard drive) and can record from your TV, but it gets dinged for the oddly low resolution of its video output and its slightly clunky interface. **Toshiba Gigabeat S** (\$400, toshiba.com) An official Portable Media Center, the Gigabeat S will play nice with your Media Center PC. It also sports a 60-gigabyte hard drive and a 2.4-inch screen. Opposite: **Creative Zen Vision:M** (\$300, creative.com) Our 30-gigabyte sweetheart is available in a host of colors, is built like a tank and comes packed with great little features such as FM radio, voice recording and the ability to set your photos as wallpaper.

SOUND INVESTMENTS Music, like so many things in life, is greatly enhanced by a nice set of cans. Clockwise from top: **Ultrason e PRDline 750** (\$400, ultrason eusa.com) They're big. They're spendy. But if you're looking for transparent sound that isn't harsh or overbright, goodness gracious, you've found it. **Ultrason e iCans** (\$130, ultrason eusa.com) Light, compact and designed for portable players, the iCans deliver expansive sound for a very reasonable price. **Ultimate Ears Super.fi 5 Pro** (\$250, ultimate ears.com) The company made its name on high-end custom-molded pro earphones, and the dual-driver design in these universal-fit bad boys lives up to its reputation. **Etymotic ER-4P** (\$300, etymotic.com) Hand built and featuring Etymotic's effective triple-flange noise-isolating tips, these are manna for audiophiles who like to exercise. Both of you. **Shure E500** (\$500, shure.com) Only Shure could cram a tweeter and two woofers into each of your ears and have you like it. **Sennheiser HD 650** (\$550, sennheiserusa.com) Though the 650s don't quite achieve the soundstage imaging of the Ultrason e PROline 750s, they're tougher and supercomfy.





UNREPENTANT FLASHERS Because these players have flash memory instead of a hard drive for storage, they're small and tough. Clockwise from top: **MobiBlu B153** (\$90 to \$130, mobilbluamerica.com) An unremarkable player, but when you get more than 150 hours on a charge, you don't need to be fancy. **Sony Walkman Bean** (\$110 to \$140, sonystyle.com) This player's whimsical shape and integrated pop-out USB port are wins. Its abstruse user interface and the software required to sync it to your computer are not. **Samsung YP-D1** (price not set, samsung.com) This holds just about everything you could imagine in its sleek, solid physique, including video playback and a two-megapixel camera. If only it came with more than two gigabytes of memory. **iRiver U10** (\$200 to \$250, iriveramerica.com) This tiny rectangle does everything—video, audio, games, voice recording, radio—and its unique rocker screen lets it do all that without buttons. Pure elegance. **Apple iPod Nano** (\$150 to \$250, apple.com) We heart the Nano big-time. It feels tougher than the video iPod (just don't sit on it), and for many users, four gigabytes' worth of music is all they need. Plus its iTunes integration makes it near perfect as a dedicated podcast-playback machine.

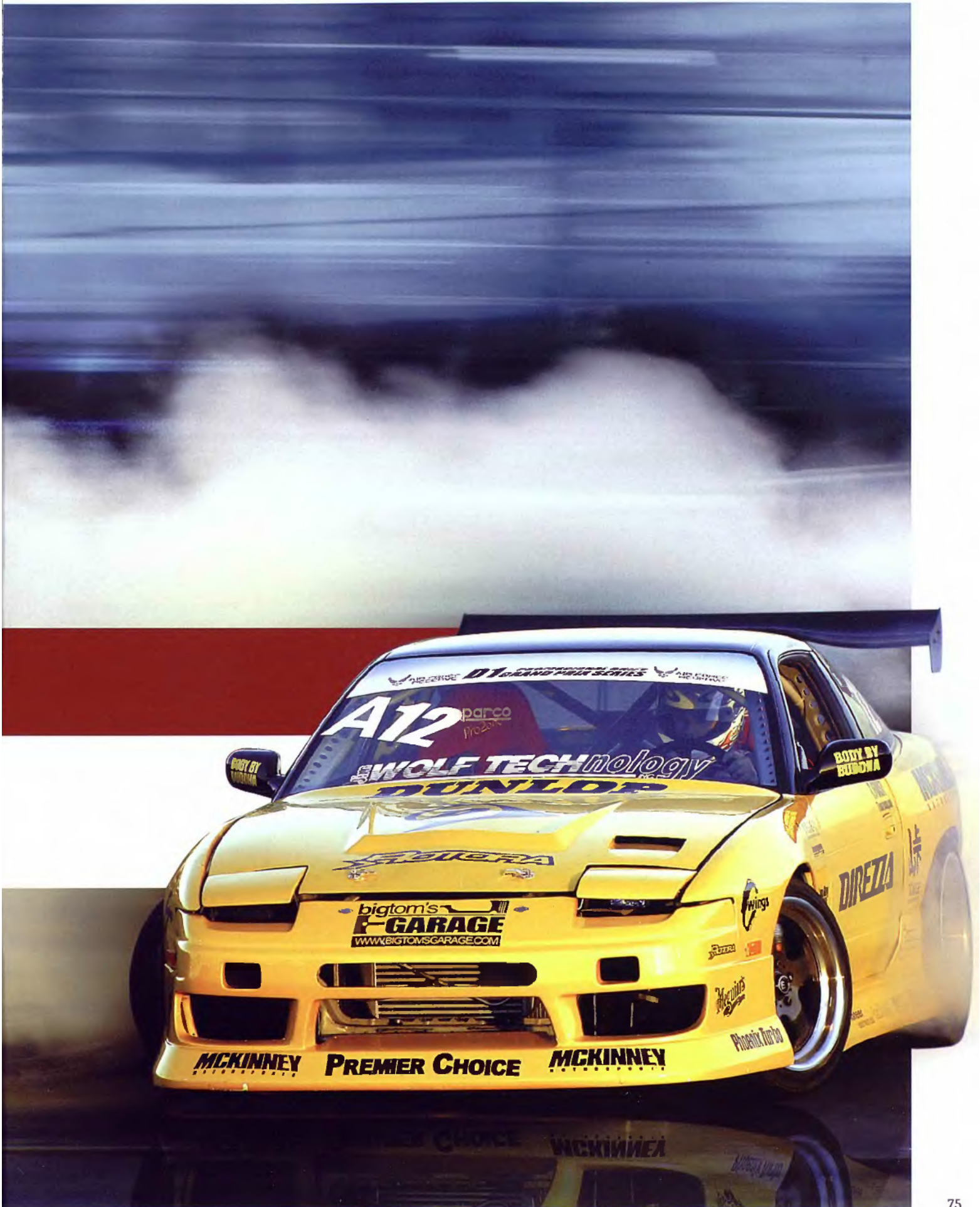


**IN THE COOLEST SPORTS IMPORT FROM
JAPAN, IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT GOING
FAST—IT'S ABOUT GOING SIDEWAYS**

DRIPTING

On a cool December night at the California Speedway in Fontana, 15,000 fans watch as two turbocharged cars—one with an American driver, the other a Japanese—roll alongside each other and gun their engines to a full growl over a quarter-mile straightaway in what could be a drag race but soon takes on the look and sound of something that usually ends in a gathering of police cars, ambulances and maybe the Jaws of Life. At 100 miles an hour at the end of the straight, both drivers pull their emergency brake to loosen their rear wheels, then crank their machines side by side into a right-hand skid, throwing up great screeching plumes of tire smoke. Seconds later they reverse the turn at full

BY CRAIG VETTER





DRIFT KING KEIICHI TSUCHIYA (TOP) POPULARIZED THE SPORT IN JAPAN, BUT AMERICANS LIKE ROSS PETTY AND RHYS MILLEN (ABOVE RIGHT) ARE MAKING INROADS IN COMPETITION. TO BOOST ATTENDANCE, SPONSORS HIRE MODELS (ABOVE) WHO ADD SEX APPEAL TO THE RACES.



power into a screaming 90-mile-an-hour fender-to-fender left-hand slide, fighting to stay sideways without crashing into each other or the wall. Then it's right again, still skidding, still close enough to spit on each other, heading through a wild final turn and ending sidelong across the finish line. While a double snake of pure white smoke floats the taste of rubber over the wildly yelling crowd, three judges pick a winner, their decision based not on who crossed the line first but on how elegantly and powerfully the car was charged through the course entirely sideways.

They call it drifting, a far too gentle name for a rubber-eating dance that distills the most dramatic situations of rally, drag and NASCAR racing into a few hairy moments. They've been doing it for more than 35 years in Japan, where drifting began on twisting mountain roads and in recent years evolved into a hugely popular track sport. Drifting has been performed in the U.S. for only a couple of years, and American drivers are scrambling to catch up with the breakaway skills and banzai daring of the Japanese pros. This Fontana contest is only the second Japanese-versus-American championship. The previous Saturday, in Irwindale, California, the green American drifters worked to hone their technique in order to qualify for the big go-sideways-or-go-home event.

This afternoon in 2004, under a hot, dry southern California winter sun, only a couple hundred people are in the stands as 40 drivers vie for a spot at Fontana. In the pit area, four- and five-man crews prep the sponsor-stickered high-gloss machines for their runs around an oval

track that portable concrete barriers and orange highway cones have reconfigured into a series of brutally tight turns. Most drifting cars are hopped-up rear-wheel-drive Japanese models (Nissans, Toyotas, Mazdas, etc.) that give racers the power and control to get sideways and stay that way. The Irwindale track was designed to allow drivers to start on the backstretch of the half-mile oval, gain speed around a long south turn and then whip hard into a high-speed right-left-right-left skid combination that includes a hairpin. A clean run with no spinouts or wall kisses should take less than 30 seconds, with some variations, depending on the track layout.

Only 16 Irwindale drivers will qualify for next week's DIGP All-Star Exhibition, which will feature side-by-side tandem races. Today's trials will be individual runs scored for speed, control and showmanship by three judges, including the Drift King, Keiichi Tsuchiya, who, until his retirement, dominated the sport in Japan.

Drifting began sometime in the mid-1960s, as Tsuchiya, who was an accomplished driver in GT, rally and Le Mans racing, began running mist-covered, snowy mountain roads in Japan by sliding his car through tight corners at ever-higher speeds. To this day, hundreds of amateurs still go weekend drifting on the mountain passes near Tokyo and Osaka, where the sport is called *touge*—and it's purely illegal. Tsuchiya, in fact, lost his driver's license for his well-documented outlaw driving, at the same time spawning a legend as a rebel and the father of what would become a celebrated legitimate track sport in Japan. By the time he retired, in 2004, the then 48-year-old Tsuchiya was the uncontested champion of the professional D1 drifting circuit. His instructional vid-

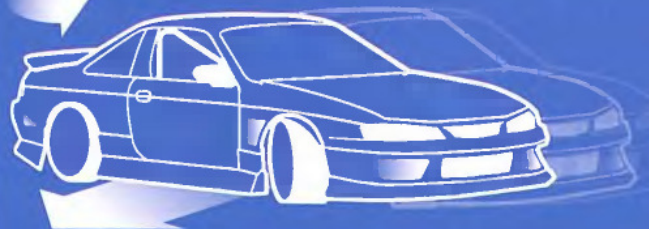
eos, *Drift Bible* and *Drifting 101*, illustrate his most famous quote: "I drift not because it is a quicker way around a corner but because it is the most exciting way."

On this day at Irwindale the smiling, affable Drift King watches as, one after another, American drivers fill the track with smoke and screech. Many oversteer into 360-degree spinouts; others tick or smash the wall in attempts to maintain their speed. I wince as racers trying to hold the sidelong edge lose to spinning chaos. Unlike stock-car racing or Indy sleds going round and round with dramatic moments here and there, drifting is furious business. Disaster threatens at every second as drivers try to avoid losing points by preventing their car from going straight ahead—the way more than 100 years of engineering has designed it to go.

"It's hard on these cars," says Lane Zemba, one of the pit crew for the team sponsored by Rotor, a high-performance-brake manufacturer. "Cars are not designed to go sideways. The chassis is (continued on page 118)

DRIFTING MADE EASY

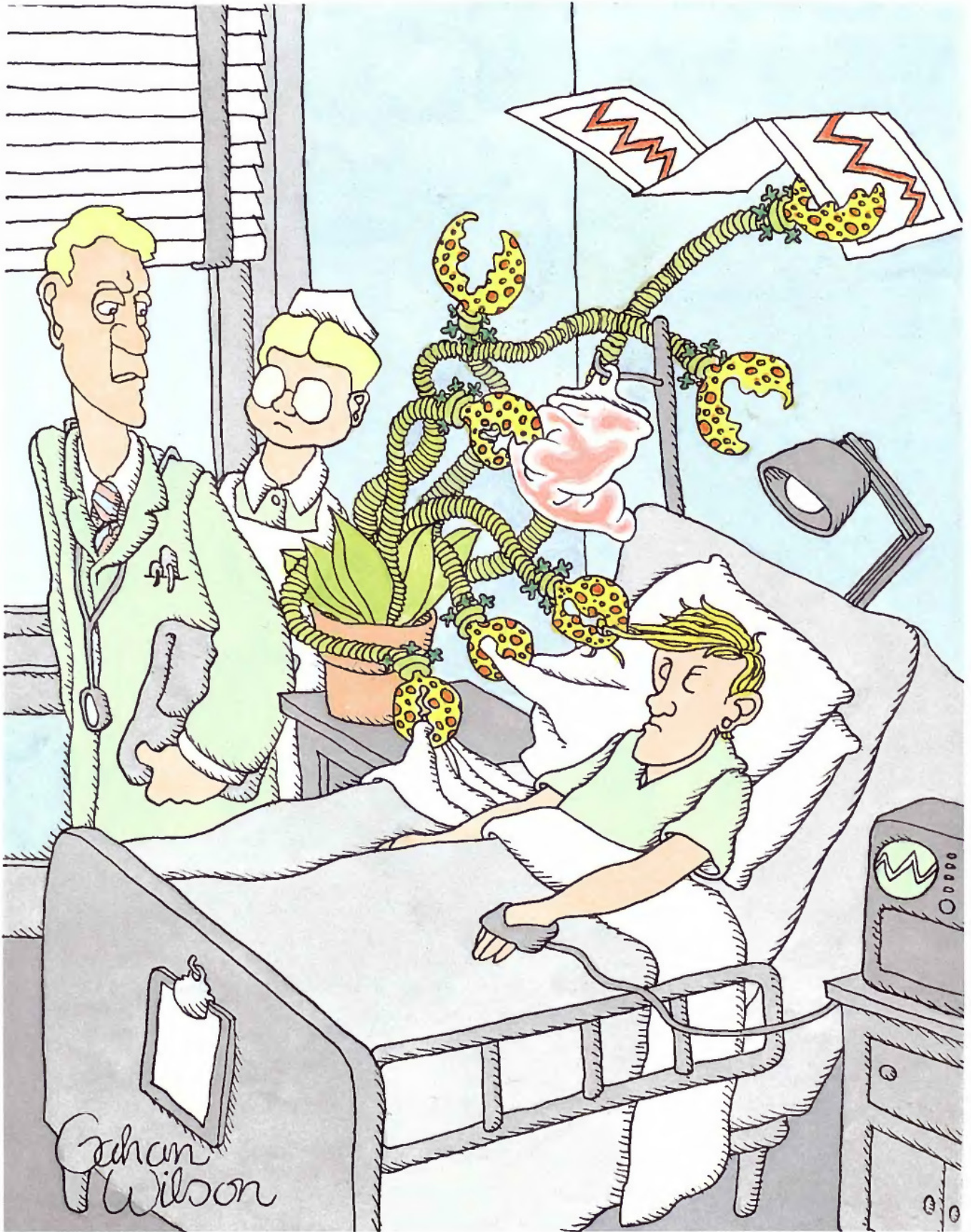
① DRIFTING IS CONTROLLED FISHTAILING. THE IDEA IS TO LOSE REAR-WHEEL TRACTION AND MAKE THE CAR GO SIDWAYS, WITH THE DRIVER STILL IN COMMAND.



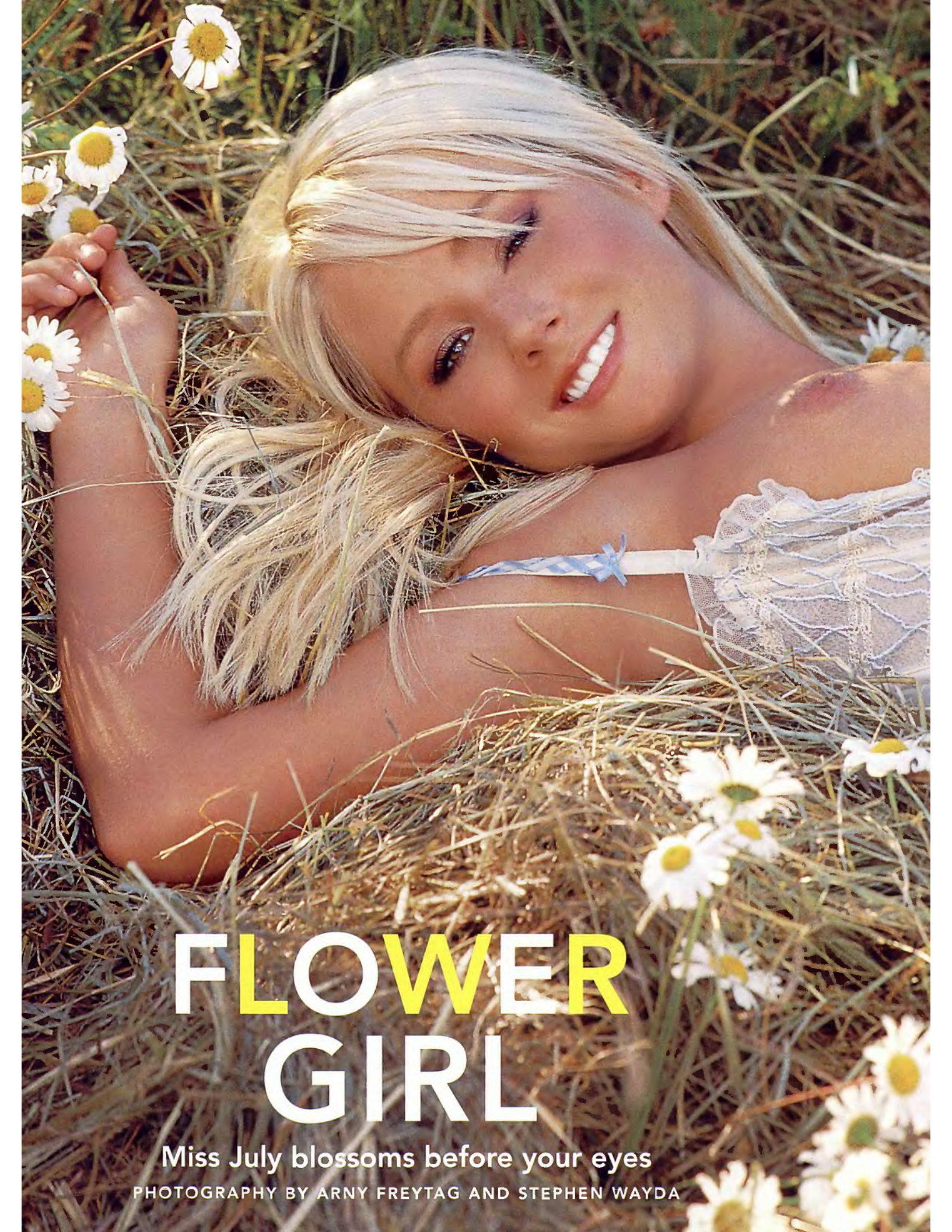
② TO START A DRIFT, PUNCH THE BRAKES OR POP THE CLUTCH AS YOU ENTER A TURN. REAPPLY THE THROTTLE AND TURN THE WHEEL. THE REAR TIRES SHOULD SPIN.

③ ANOTHER TRICK: PULL THE PARKING BRAKE AT FULL SPEED WHILE TURNING THE WHEEL.

④ ONCE YOU START TO DRIFT, KEEP YOUR FOOT ON THE THROTTLE. STEER INTO THE DIRECTION YOU'RE SLIDING.



"Oh, and get rid of the plant!"



FLOWER GIRL

Miss July blossoms before your eyes

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA





While being photographed along an old country road, Sara found three kittens in need of a home. "They were the biggest blessing for our family," she says. "If it weren't for PLAYBOY, these amazing creatures would have starved. We named one Lucky, one Chance and the other Tapper."



Avid PLAYBOY readers already know what Sara Jean Underwood did last summer: The angel-faced 22-year-old posed for the October 2005 issue's Girls of the Pac 10 cover. What the native of Scappoose, Oregon didn't anticipate was the reaction at her college, Oregon State University. "Maybe it's because I wear a baseball cap and sweatpants to class, but I didn't know other students knew I existed," she says. "Now they come up and hug me and ask me to sign the magazine."

After she graduates this year, with a degree in business marketing, Sara and her best friend plan to celebrate by backpacking through Europe. "I'm a spontaneous, outdoorsy type who has traveled a lot, but Oregon is the perfect place to live," she says. "I love its greenness, fresh air and beauty. I like to ride my horse up a trail to this beautiful spot where you can see four mountains on a clear day. I go there when I'm stressed out or sad—as long as it's not hunting season."

Most refreshing about Miss July is her utter lack of artifice. When you look into the warm hazel eyes of this sweet-natured girl next door, you find no pretense, cynicism or delusions. "My happiness comes from being at home, whether it's with my mom and dad or, I hope, with a romantic interest later in life," she says. A sensitive manly man who loves the outdoors is the fella apt to win her heart. "I like the genuineness of shy guys," she says. "Girls can shave their legs and spend time thinking about what looks good, but I want a guy to just grab the first clothes he sees in the morning and be natural." Like most prizes, Sara can be won only with some effort. "I find peace and solitude in being alone. It's when I'm at bars or clubs that I get bored," she says. "Is there something wrong with me?" We can't think of a single thing.









See more of Miss July at cyber.playboy.com.



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Sara Jean Underwood

BUST: 32B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 31

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 103 lbs

BIRTH DATE: 3/26/84 BIRTHPLACE: Portland, Oregon

AMBITIONS: To be a fabulous mother and loving wife and to discover a career I am truly passionate about.

TURN-ONS: Shyness, facial hair and a guy who likes to get dirty and work with his hands.

TURNOFFS: Show-offs, waxed/shaved chests and guys who say what they think I want to hear.

FAVORITE WATER ACTIVITIES: Wakeboarding & tubing.

MY FAVORITE BOOK AND WHY: The Horse Whisperer. It is an inspiring story about falling down & getting back up.

MY FIRST JOB: Assisting in the sales of heavy construction equipment. I had no idea what a backhoe was, but I sure pretended I did!

FIVE PEOPLE I ADMIRE: Garth Brooks, Benjamin Franklin, Cinderella, Lance Armstrong & Susan B. Anthony.



Glamour shots,
5th grade.



Middle school
volleyball, 13 years.



High school,
17 years.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Did you hear about the gay midget?
He just came out of the cupboard.

Two kids at school were arguing about whose parents are better. "My dad is stronger than yours," said the first.

"No, my dad is stronger," said the second.

"My dad can lift his truck," replied the first.

"Well, my dad can lift my house," the second retorted.

"Well, my mom is better than yours," the first said.

The second replied, "Yeah, that's what my dad says, too."



A man walked into a pharmacy and asked for some condoms with insecticide. "I think you mean spermicide," said the cashier.

"No," he said, "I need condoms with insecticide. My wife has a bug up her ass, and I'm going in after it."

When a woman's husband died, she learned he had left \$30,000 to be used for an elaborate funeral. After everything was done at the funeral home and cemetery, she told her closest friend that there was absolutely nothing left of the money.

"How can that be?" the friend asked.

The widow replied, "Well, the funeral cost \$6,500, I made a donation to the church of \$500, and I spent another \$500 for the wake. The rest went for the memorial stone."

"The memorial stone cost \$22,500?" the friend said. "My God, how big is it?"

The widow replied, "Four and a half carats."

A man and his wife were sitting in their living room one evening when he said, "Just so you know, I never want to live in a vegetative state, dependent on some machine and fluids from a bottle. If that ever happens, just pull the plug."

His wife got up, poured out all his beer and unplugged the TV.

What do Jessica Simpson and President George W. Bush have in common?

They're both from Texas, they're both under constant press scrutiny, and they both have no clue about what's going on in Iraq.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Social Security sex* as getting a little every month but not enough to live on.

Why did cavemen drag women by the hair on their head?

If you drag them by their feet, they fill up with mud.

A ventriloquist was visiting an Indian reservation and decided to have a little fun with the chief.

"Hey, there," he said. "I bet I can make your horse talk."

"Horse no talk," said the chief.

"We'll see," said the ventriloquist. He turned to the horse and asked, "So how does your master treat you?"

"Pretty well," said the horse. "He gives me plenty of oats, and he lets me run all over."

"I bet I can make the dog talk, too," said the ventriloquist.

"Dog no talk," said the chief.

"How about you?" the ventriloquist asked the dog. "Is he good to you, too?"

"Yup," said the dog. "We play fetch."

"Let's see what the sheep has to say," said the ventriloquist.

"Wait!" yelled the chief. "Sheep lie! Sheep lie!"

Why did the loose cowgirl get fired?
She couldn't keep her calves together.



Doctor, doctor, please kiss me," said the patient.

"No, I'm sorry. That would be against the code of ethics," replied the doctor.

Ten minutes later the patient said, "Doctor, please. Kiss me just once."

"No, I'm sorry. It would be inappropriate," he said.

Five minutes later, she asked again, "Please, please kiss me!"

"Look," said the doctor, "it's out of the question. In fact, I probably shouldn't even be fucking you."

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.





[54] HYDRO-THERAPEUTIC STIMULATOR

[76] Inventor: Penn Jillette, Higgs & Rudy, 355 Reno, Suite 1a Las Vegas, Nev. 89101

[21] Appl. No. 09/005,258

[22] Filed: Jan. 9, 1998

[51] Int. Cl.

[52] U.S. Cl. 541, 541.3, 541.7

[58] Field of Search

[56] References Cited

U.S. PATENT

THE MASTER ILLUSIONIST IS THE KING OF HOT-TUB PLEASURE. DON'T BELIEVE IT? CHECK OUT HIS PATENT

BY PENN JILLETTE

UNITED STATES PATENT NO. 5,920,923
INVENTOR: Jillette, Penn
FILED: January 9, 1998

See that? Think I'm fucking with you? I fuck with people, I do. Think I'm fucking with you about having a patent? How much you want to bet? I'll take any bet. Get your money out.... Now Google it, motherfucker! Yup, sometimes I fuck with you by not fucking with you. I really do have a patent. And it's a patent for a sex device! I could have gotten more money out of you.

I've always wanted a patent, and now I have one. One of my best friends holds the patent on asynchronous windows on computers. (Yeah, that's pretty much the patent on the idea of windows on a computer.) I have another friend who has a patent on some bullshit liver thing-amajig that has saved a zillion lives. But I have a patent on a female-masturbation device. It no longer matters what the Vegas showgirls rumor mill says; the U.S. government now knows I care deeply about women having orgasms.

I originally called my invention the ClitJet, but my attorney (we inventor guys have attorneys) suggested we change the name to JillJet. The government has never been comfortable with friendly terms for

female body parts. JillJet is fine. It's the first half of my last name, and *jill off* is cool-chick slang for female masturbation (jack and jill off). But it ended up being called the hydrotherapeutic stimulator.

Here's how the government abstracts a genius device that makes a woman come as if she's pulling six g's while straddling a rock-hard naked Blue Angel in a fireman's hat: "A spa of a type including a tub for holding water and a user, in particular, a female user. The spa has a seat for supporting the female user in a seated position, a circulation pump having an inlet connected to the tub for drawing water from the tub, and an outlet connected to the tub for discharging the drawn water back to the tub. A discharge nozzle is located within the tub and connected to the outlet, mounted to the seat so that the discharged water from the circulation pump automatically aligns with and is directed to stimulation points (e.g., the clitoris) of the female user when the female user sits in the seat."

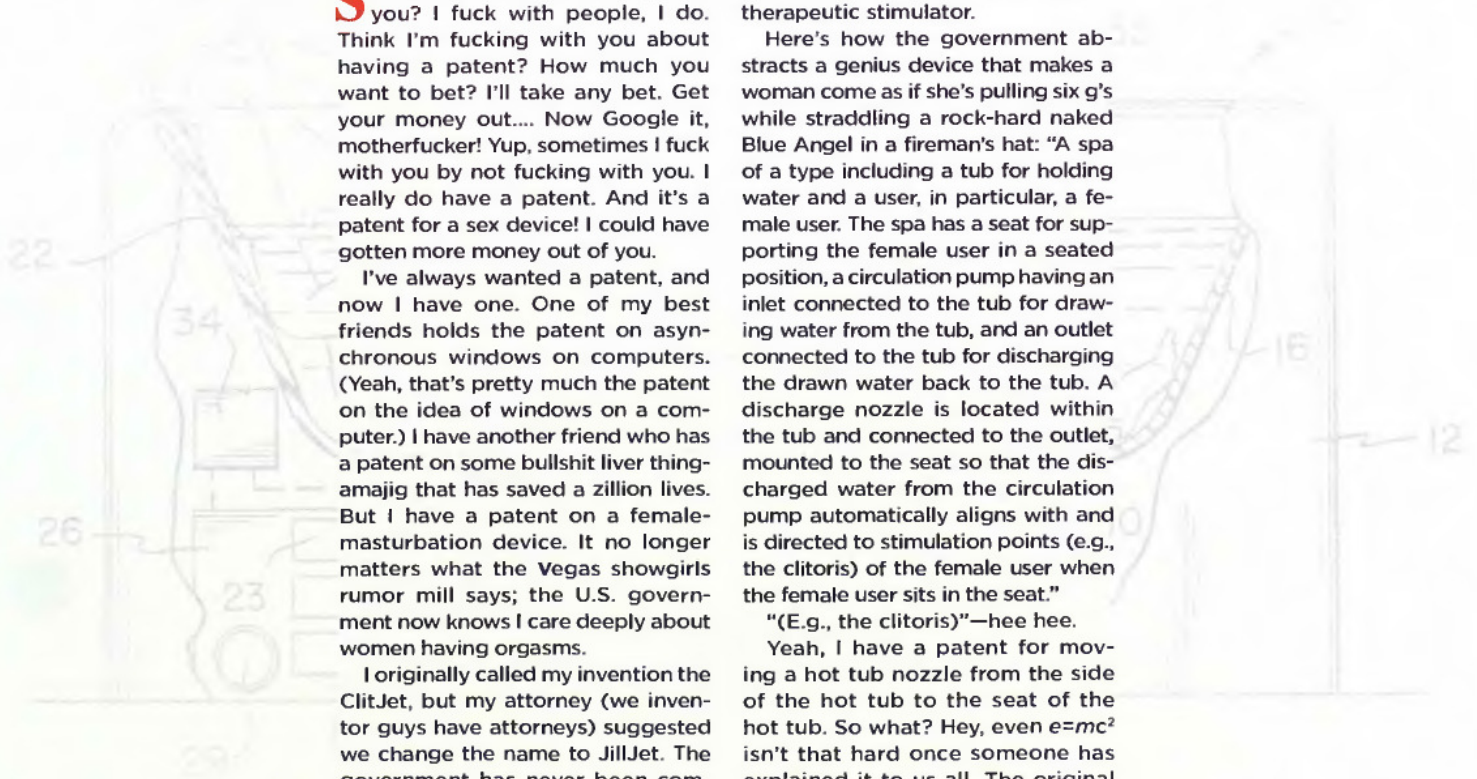
"(E.g., the clitoris)"—hee hee.

Yeah, I have a patent for moving a hot tub nozzle from the side of the hot tub to the seat of the hot tub. So what? Hey, even $e=mc^2$ isn't that hard once someone has explained it to us all. The original idea is what gets the patent.

My Love Machine

ABSTRACT

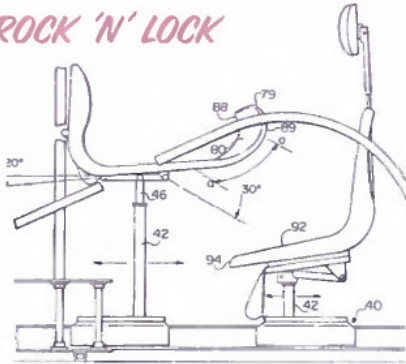
including a tub for holding water and a user, in particular, a female user. The spa has a seat for supporting the female user in a seated position, a circulation pump having an inlet connected to the tub for drawing water from the tub, and an outlet connected to the tub for discharging the drawn water back to the tub. A discharge nozzle is located within the tub and connected to the outlet, mounted to the seat so that the discharged water from the circulation pump automatically aligns with and is directed to stimulation points (e.g., the clitoris) of the female user when the female user sits in the seat.



MODERN SEX TOYS

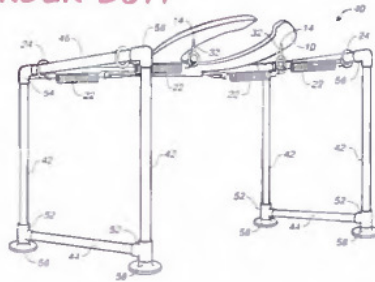
WE SCoured THE U.S. PATENT AND TRADEMARK OFFICE DATABASE IN SEARCH OF AMERICAN ORIGINALS. HERE ARE SOME FAVORITES

ROCK 'N' LOCK



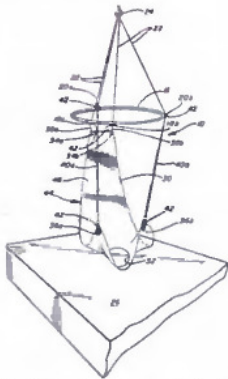
This "arcuately reciprocating human sexual fitness machine," patented in 1999 by Andrew and Roxanne Fuhrman of Edgewater, Maryland, allows a couple to have sex while seated. The woman's seat (left) tilts forward, and the man's seat tilts back.

UNDER BUTT



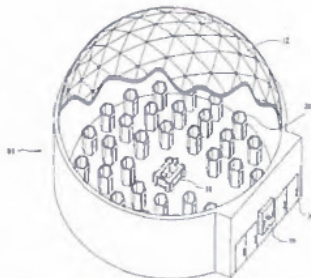
Patented in 2000 by Kirk Essler of Richmond, California, the rim chair is basically a toilet seat on springs, designed "to permit access to a seated person's genitals or anus." Sold as the JoyRider, the device is available for \$384 at stockroom.com.

DANGLING PUSSY

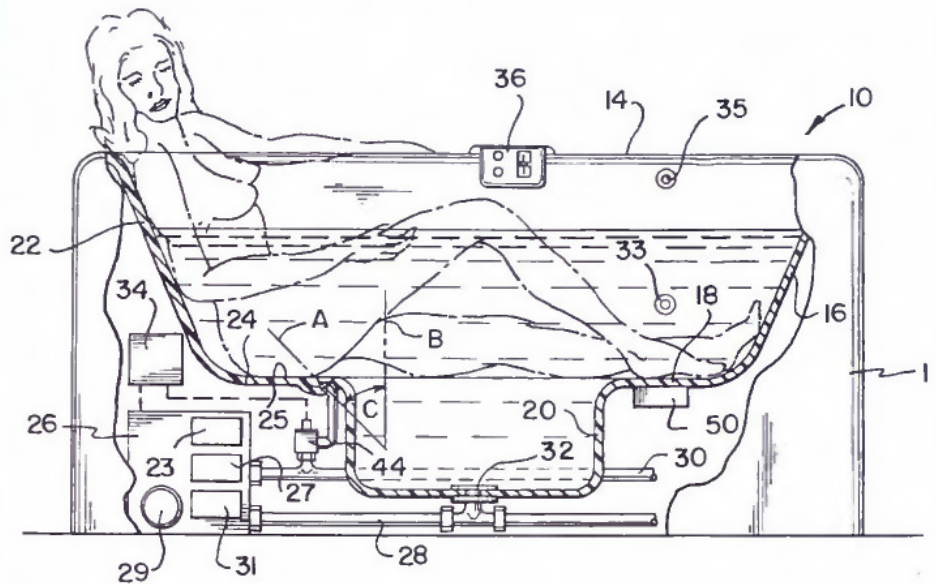


This intercourse-aiding apparatus, patented in 1989 by Ken Kundson of Northbrook, Illinois, hangs from a circular frame over a bed. The woman sits in the cloth, exposing her vulva in its hole. The man lies underneath. During sex, only their genitals touch.

MOAN DOME



Vince and Liz Bugliosi received a patent in 2004 for a "method of shared erotic experience"—pods with saunas, sex toys and pam that allow visitors to hear each other get off. One blogger notes that this already exists; it's called a fraternity house.



This is one of two drawings Jillette submitted to the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office with his application for the hydro-therapeutic stimulator. He argued that his invention was unique because unlike, say, a handheld showerhead, it is designed solely to provide sexual pleasure. This explains why its seat is molded to ensure that the woman's butt is "snugly received" and her legs spread.

I'm here to help. I'll tell you how I got the idea. It may help you to think outside the box—very, very close to that tight little magic box but still just barely outside it.

I've been on TV. Some people use fame's faux power to get into trendy bars without waiting in line or to score enough drugs to be dead before that fame evaporates. I don't do drugs, I don't drink, and...well, I don't even really go out. I don't think I've ever used the word *party* in its verb form. The last time I used the word *party*, it was an adjective followed by the noun *hat*.

I use what little fame I can squeeze out of fickle America to do cool things. (People who get into trendy bars don't ever use the word *cool*; that's a geek thing.) I've played Texas Hold 'Em with Andy Bloch, Paul Phillips and Howard Lederer. I've been weightless in the astronaut-training "vomit comet" with Billy Gibbons. I've played bass with Lou Reed. But one of the coolest things I've ever done is go to a space shuttle launch. Lots of us guys with patents go to NASA launches.

I've been to more than one launch, and one time I invited a very sexy female rock-star friend. She was kind enough to pretend my cool connections, not her superstar status, had gotten us our VIP seating, and we saw and had quite a blast. We were staying at a little pastel-and-shell motel in central Florida, with a pool and a hot-tub spa in the public area. The day before the launch we were there with time to kill. I was reading in the room, and my space date went out to the pool. (A lesser man would have put down the book and followed the sexy woman.) She came back about an hour later, and she was very upset. She was ranting like Dennis Miller, except with really nice tits.

"Fucking motherfucking stupid fucking men! They build these fucking

Jacuzzis with the fucking jets on the fucking side. All women want to fucking jill off on these fucking things, and we have to get in a very unladylike position to do that. It's not that easy to fucking come. So I'm fucking out there in the fucking public spa, and I want to come. So I've got my bathing suit pulled to one side, my legs over the edge, and I'm trying to get the jet to hit my cunt just the way I like it when this fucking little fucking kid walks by. So now I have to fucking throw my legs all over the place so as not to embarrass him and me, right? Like it's my fucking fault. And the kid showed up at exactly the fucking wrong fucking time. I'm the one who didn't get to fucking finish, and I've totally fucking lost the fucking mood. Assholes."

What she said was pretty close to that.

Now a lesser man would have said, "Sorry, baby. Come right in here and maybe I can help you get off." But we Wile E. Coyote supergenius types use wasted opportunity as the mother of invention. A couple of years later I said to my architect, Colin, that I wanted a spa in the courtyard with a ClitJet. I told my rock-star story, and he passed the intellectual idea on to the spa builder to realize. He explained to the guy who would be doing the real work, "Mr. Jillette would like a jet in the seat that will point to the clitoris of a woman sitting in that seat."

"So you're thinking about a nozzle about halfway back on the seat pointing straight up?" the pool guy asked.

There was a very long pause. Colin looked into the eyes of the pool guy. "Well...." Colin paused and tried to be polite. Pool guys in Vegas are all on the verge of snapping like a punji stick. "Well...we were thinking of having it indented at (concluded on page 123)



"Yes, miss, I'm sure it does cool you off.... Trouble is, you're raising the temperature of the rest of the neighborhood!"

Suit Up

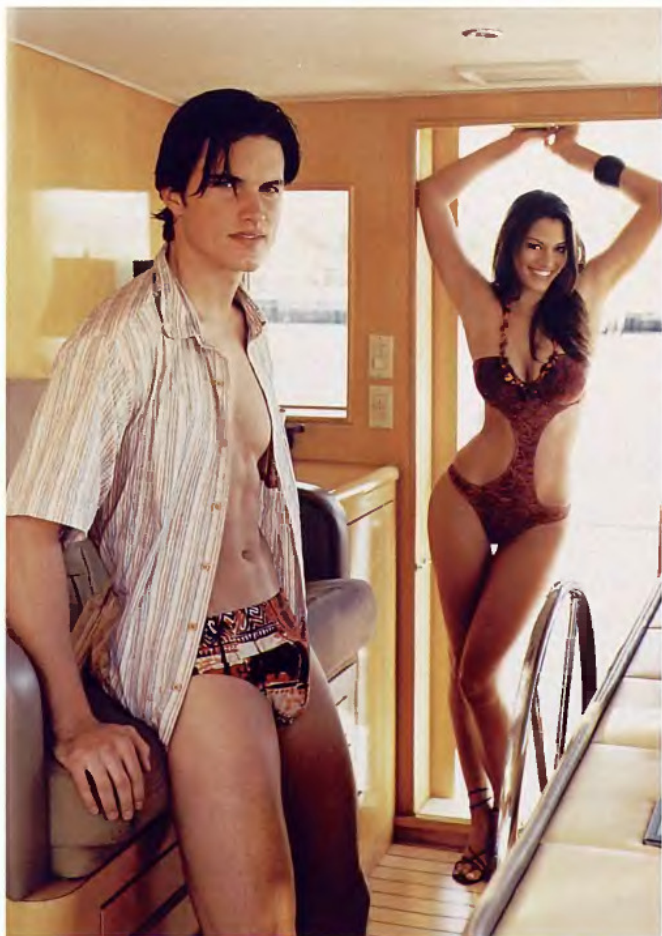
SUN-AND-SCREEN
SIREN MICHELLE
LOMBARDO
ADDS SIZZLE
TO SUMMER
STYLE

fashion
by
**joseph
de acetis**

HIS TANK TOP (\$195)
IS BY JEAN PAUL
GAULTIER. HIS
SWIMSUIT (\$95)
IS BY MOSCHINO
MARE UOMO. HIS
PANTS (\$480) ARE
BY RICHMOND X
UOMO. MICHELLE'S
ONE-PIECE (\$170)
IS BY L-SPACE.
HER SHOES (\$225)
ARE BY STUART
WEITZMAN. HER
NECKLACE (\$414) IS
BY LAURA GOULAS.



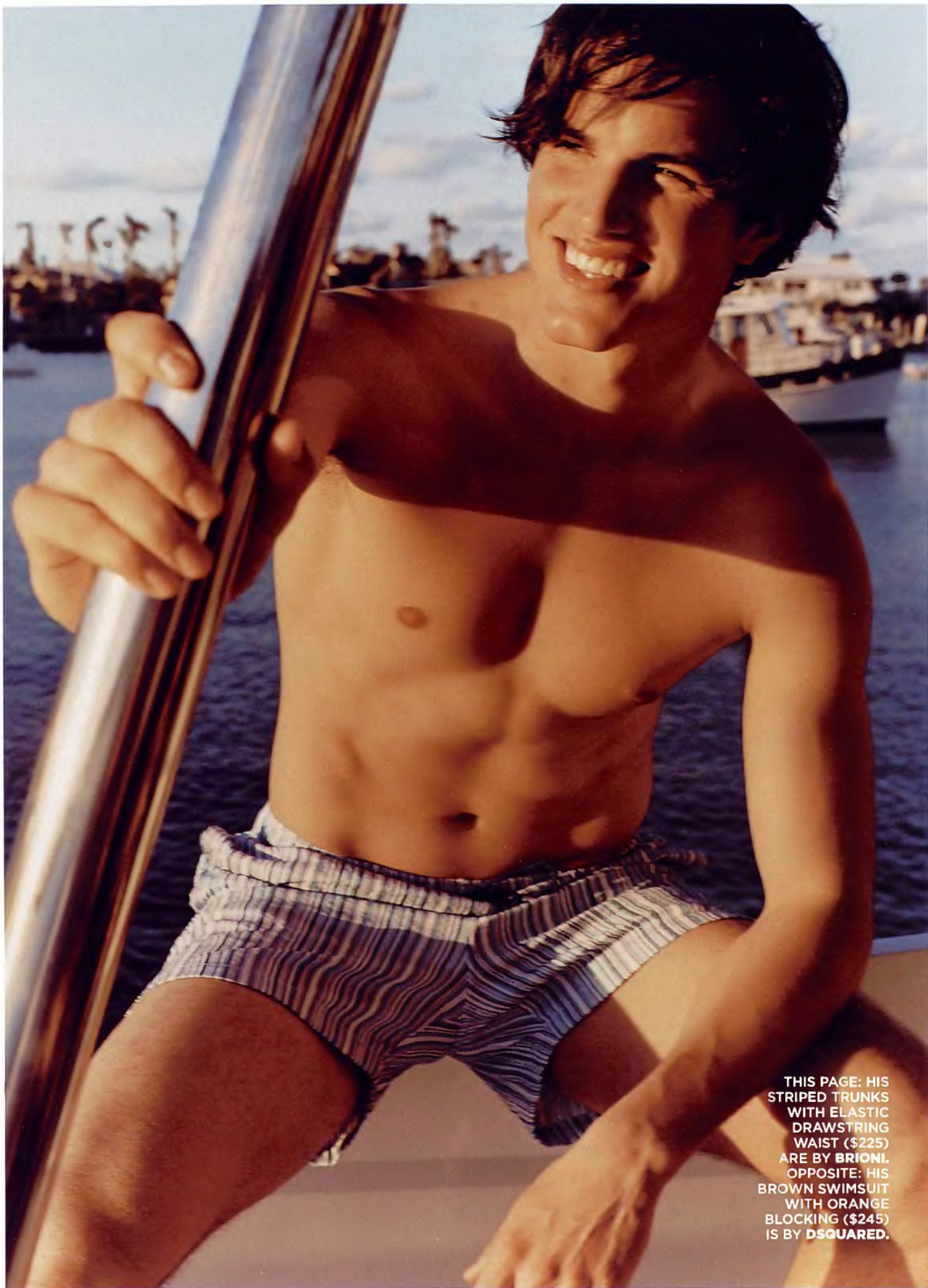
HIS TRIMMED-COLLAR NAVY POLO SHIRT (\$235) IS BY BRIONI. HIS BLUE-AND-WHITE COTTON SEER-SUCKER SHORTS (\$48) ARE BY J. CREW. HIS BROWN LEATHER BELT WITH WOODEN BUCKLE (\$27) IS BY QUIKSILVER. MICHELLE'S BUTTERFLY-CUT BIKINI WITH RINGS (\$105) IS BY L-SPACE.




ABOVE LEFT: HIS LIGHTWEIGHT MUSTARD V-NECK SWEATER (\$365) AND FLORAL-PRINT TRUNKS (\$225) ARE BY **BRIONI**. HIS GOLD WATCH (\$285) IS BY **SEIKO**. HIS STRAW HAT (\$62) IS BY **BAILEY HATS**. MICHELLE'S PLUNGING COPPER ONE-PIECE (\$184) IS BY **SAUVAGE SWIMWEAR** BY **ELIZABETH SOUTHWOOD**, AND HER BRACELET (\$3,295) IS BY **FORTUNOFF**. ABOVE: HIS EMBROIDERED PINK SHIRT (\$320) IS BY **MOSCHINO UOMO**. HIS WHITE BOARD SHORTS (\$135) ARE BY **VILEBREQUIN**, AND HIS BROWN LEATHER SANDALS (\$80) ARE BY **JOHNSTON & MURPHY**. MICHELLE'S CUTOUT BATHING SUIT WITH BUCKLE (\$750) IS BY **ANNA BOGREN**. HER PEARL EARRINGS (\$720) ARE BY **TEN THOUSAND THINGS**, AND HER SHOES (\$215) ARE BY **STUART WEITZMAN**. LEFT: HIS STRIPED SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT (\$60) IS BY **QUIKSILVER EDITION**. HIS BATIK-PRINT SWIMSUIT (\$235) IS BY **JEAN PAUL GAULTIER**. MICHELLE'S MULTICOLOR ONE-PIECE (\$110) IS BY **BECCA**. HER SHOES (\$225) ARE BY **STUART WEITZMAN**. HER RESIN BRACELET (\$550) IS BY **CARA CRONINGER**. OPPOSITE: HIS LIGHT-BLUE LINEN SHIRT (\$98) IS BY **JOSEPH ABOUD**. HIS AQUA SWIMSUIT (\$80) IS BY **MOSCHINO MARE UOMO**. HIS GOLD-COIN NECKLACE IS BY **TAT2 DESIGNS**. MICHELLE'S OLIVE BIKINI (\$300) IS BY **JOHN RICHMOND BEACHWEAR DONNA**. HER SUNGLASSES (\$395) ARE BY **CHRISTIAN ROTH**.

THREE YEARS AGO MICHELLE LOMBARDO WAS LIVING IN A SMALL CONNECTICUT TOWN AND WORKING IN SALES WHEN SHE CAUGHT *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'S EYE. A FEW SWIMSUIT SHOOTS LATER, ALL EYES WILL TURN TO HER IN THIS SUMMER'S FLICK *CLICK*. SHE PLAYS THE SECRETARY AND LUST INTEREST OF BOTH DAVID HASSELHOFF AND ADAM SANDLER—EXCELLENT CASTING. MICHELLE WILL SOON HANG UP HER SWIMSUIT TO FOCUS ON ACTING, BUT SHE WAS PLEASED TO FILL OUT A BIKINI ONE LAST TIME FOR US. "PLAYBOY HAS ALWAYS BEEN VERY CLASSY AND ARTISTIC, SO I WAS EXCITED TO DO THIS," SHE SAYS. "THE ENTIRE EXPERIENCE BLEW ME AWAY."





THIS PAGE: HIS STRIPED TRUNKS WITH ELASTIC DRAWSTRING WAIST (\$225) ARE BY BRIONI. OPPOSITE: HIS BROWN SWIMSUIT WITH ORANGE BLOCKING (\$245) IS BY DSQUARED.



HIS SHIRT (\$78) IS BY QUIKSILVER EDITION. HIS PANTS (\$600) ARE BY RICHMOND DENIM UOMO. HER BIKINI (\$470) IS BY ANNA BOGREN. HER CHAIN (\$300) AND EARRINGS (\$325) ARE BY FORTUNOFF.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 121.



"All our guests get a mint on their pillow. Big tippers get a little something more."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

Amber Campisi



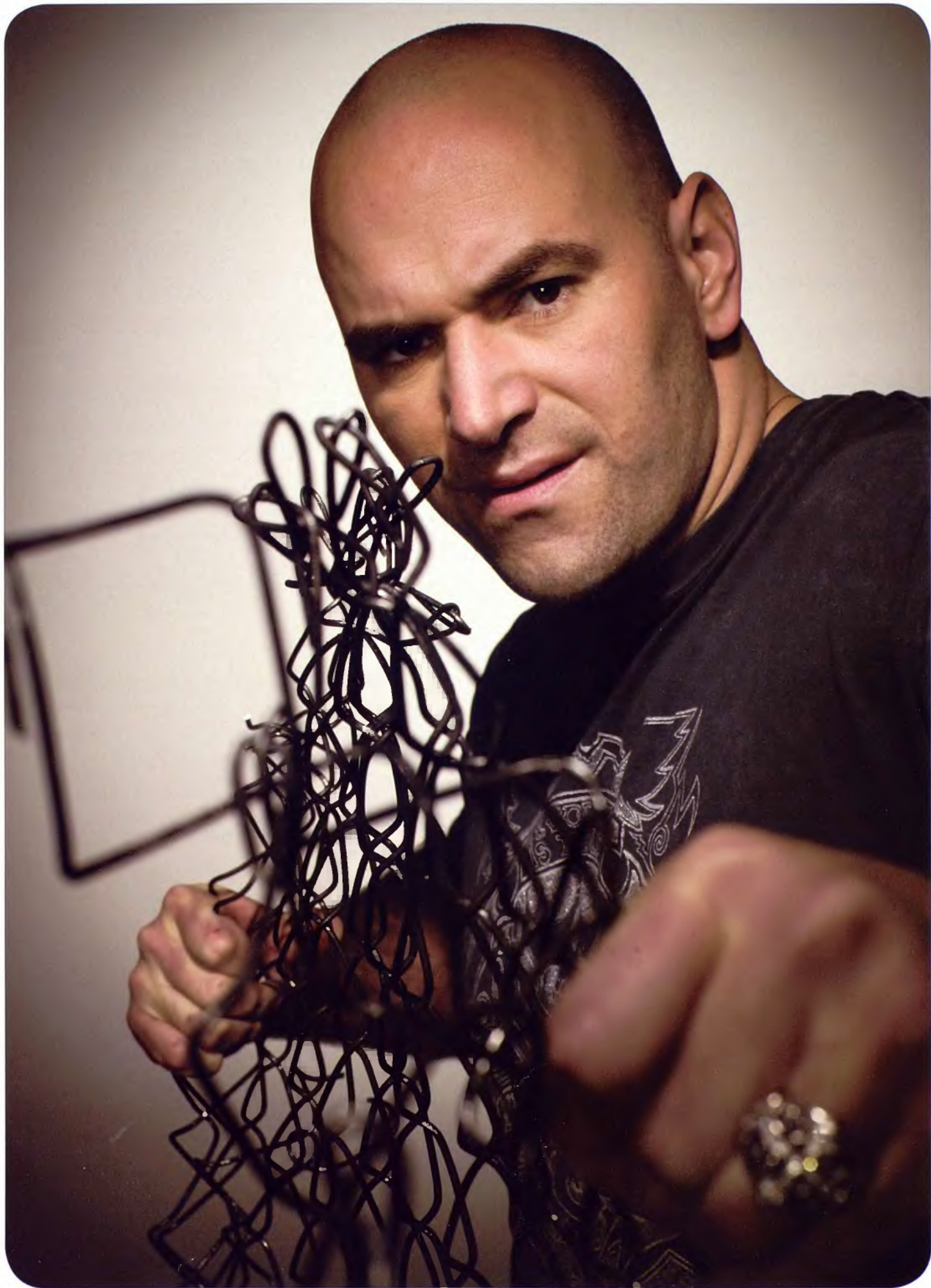
THE WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART

My favorite date is to have dinner out, eating and drinking leisurely. Food and wine—that works for me. Like sex, eating and drinking are so sensual. I'm a big eater. The last guy I dated was in the restaurant business, and we both loved food. He taught me about wine. I read all of *Wine for Dummies* while we were on a vacation, and then I got completely obsessed. We ended up going to pretty much every single restaurant in Dallas for tastings and multiple-course dinners with wine pairings. Those are fantastic drawn-out four-hour seductions, the perfect setup for taking me home. Then the next morning I love breakfast in bed. Another guy I used to date took me to a bar in Dallas that has the best chocolate martinis, with Godiva liqueur and chocolate shavings around the glass. He licked the shavings off the rim and made out with me.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

I'm really into kissing. I always get compliments from people for it. But I hate it if you have stubble when we kiss, and I will tell you when you need to shave. Take signs from me. Notice whether I'm giving gentle kisses or shoving my tongue down your throat. I love being kissed on the neck. It's so hot. I love when I'm kissed in different places—on my collarbone, the crease of my leg, my hip bone. It's like ordering dinner; I don't want the same thing every night.





DANA WHITE

**THE MAN BEHIND THE ULTIMATE FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP
TALKS ABOUT BROKEN ARMS, THE KILLER INSTINCT AND WHY HE
DOESN'T WANT HIS KIDS TO BE FIGHTERS**

Q1

PLAYBOY: Nine years ago the Ultimate Fighting Championship was blacklisted from television. Now your reality show, *The Ultimate Fighter*, is wrapping up its third season on Spike. How did you turn it around?

WHITE: We always knew we needed to get on television, but television wasn't ready for the UFC. *The Ultimate Fighter* was our Trojan horse. We got on TV and suddenly people were watching mixed martial arts without realizing they were watching it, because they got caught up in the story lines. You also get to learn about the characters and see that these guys aren't a bunch of fucking gorillas who just rolled in off a bar stool. You can see how hard they train and that they have real lives and families.

Q2

PLAYBOY: The 16 contestants on *The Ultimate Fighter* live together and aren't allowed to read, watch TV or listen to music. Why?

WHITE: It's not good television. You don't want to tune in and see these idiots sitting around watching TV for eight

hours or reading books. It's not easy. It starts to drive them crazy. Imagine me and you in a house together every day, training against each other and knowing that eventually we have to fight each other. These guys start to get on one another's fucking nerves. They've got 15 roommates, and the house is a mess because no one does the dishes. All these things build up.

Q3

PLAYBOY: If you were a UFC fighter, what would you use for your intro music?

WHITE: That's a tough one. I live vicariously through these guys because I pick all the intro music. There's a couple I would use. "For Those About to Rock" by AC/DC. We've been playing around with it and the lights. And DMX is perfect to walk out to. Mike Tyson has walked out to that. That's one of the beautiful things Tyson brought to boxing. There was nothing like sitting there waiting for Tyson to walk out. We would say, "Can you imagine being that fucking guy in the ring right now, waiting for Tyson to come out and knock his fucking head into the ninth row?"

Q4

PLAYBOY: How would Mike Tyson do in a UFC fight?

WHITE: He would get destroyed. I know it. He's been getting destroyed in boxing lately. I'm not trying to slam Mike Tyson, because I'm still a huge fan. I like real fighters. Guys who are real fighters are born with something other people don't have. You either have it or you don't. It's that ability to cash in all your chips. You put them all on the table and say, "This thing is either going to work for me or not," and you go at it and you're aggressive. It's all you do and all you fucking think about.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You were an amateur boxer. Why didn't you turn pro?

WHITE: I found out early in my career that I didn't have it. I was about 26 or 27 when the window started closing. For a long time it really messed with me that I hadn't fought a pro fight. But to fight pro is a lot of work, a lot of money and a lot of sacrifice. I didn't take that step. I've always felt I didn't have the balls to turn

pro. It wasn't that I was afraid to fight. Fighting is what I loved more than anything. But I used to see guys at the gym who were 35 or 36 years old who hadn't made it. I would look around and think, Fuck, I don't want to be that guy.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Before you took over the UFC, you managed two UFC fighters, Chuck Liddell and Tito Ortiz. How did you become involved with them?

WHITE: One night my partners, Frank and Lorenzo Fertitta, and I were at the Hard Rock in Las Vegas. We all boxed and had been involved with boxing for a long time. Frank said, "There's one of those Ultimate Fighter guys." It was John Lewis. We were saying how we wanted to learn submission fighting. I went over because I knew him, and I told him we wanted to hook up with him to learn. So we made an appointment and we all got together and started doing submissions. We got completely addicted to it. We were training three or four days a week, ripping each other's arms off and doing all kinds of crazy shit. That's how we got into the sport and started to love it. Through that I met Liddell and Ortiz. That's how I started managing them.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Frank and Lorenzo Fertitta are childhood friends of yours from Las Vegas. In 2001 the three of you teamed up to buy the UFC. What was the first thing you wanted to change when you took over?

WHITE: Before we bought the UFC we went to a fight in New Orleans and sat in the crowd. The old owner didn't care about the in-house show. All he cared about was the pay-television event. He didn't care about selling tickets and building up the in-house show and making it exciting. Lorenzo and I sat there, saying, "What if we dim the lights when they walk in, play some cool music and get the light shows going?" We knew the first thing we needed to do was make the in-house show cool. We believed a lot of revenue could be made from ticket sales, which the old owner didn't care about because he was more focused on the pay-per-view. We figured we'd start to build the business from the live show. It ended up being the perfect plan for us. In the early days, when we were just getting this thing off the ground, ticket sales saved our ass.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You worked with regulators to legitimize the UFC, adding weight classes, instituting drug testing and

banning things such as head butting and biting. Did you resist any of the regulators' new rules?

WHITE: No. Regulators from different states used to tell the old owner that he needed to be regulated and sanctioned, and he would say, "Fuck you. You aren't going to tell me what to do with my business." So he'd go to Alabama or Puerto Rico. We took a different approach and ran toward regulation. We asked what we could do to make this thing safe and comfortable for the regulators. It was really just an education process. In the 13-year history of the UFC there's never been a death or serious injury. Even back in the crazy days when there was head butting and all that shit, there was never a death or serious injury. So it was just an education process.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Has it been hard to convince people that the UFC has changed?

WHITE: There are people who like football and people who like hockey. I happen to fucking hate golf. Golf is the most useless fucking sport of all time. It's a waste of fucking time. It's a waste of fucking land. It's a waste of everything. Homeless people are sleeping in the streets, and these rich dicks are out there golfing. Give me a fucking break. They ought to build houses for the homeless on all the golf courses. But that's my opinion. Some guys feel that way about ultimate fighting, and you're never going to convert them. No one is ever going to convince me that guys who play golf are athletes and that golf is a fantastic sport. You're never going to convert me, and some people feel that way about the UFC.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Dr. Peter Carmel, a neurosurgeon and a member of the American Medical Association's board of trustees, has said UFC fights are "as close to murder as you can get." How do you respond to a critic like that?

WHITE: He's the ultimate rent-a-doctor. He's a jackass. He doesn't believe in any contact sports. At the end of the day you're either a fight fan or you're not. I'm never going to convert a guy who isn't a fight fan. I would never try. But he is so wrong. These guys are well-conditioned athletes who train and go out there and compete against each other, just like football players, who Dr. Carmel doesn't believe in either. You're never going to get a guy like that to look at this thing objectively and see it as a sport. I'm not sitting here telling you the UFC is safe. When two men go out there and fight, there are risks. The good thing about this country is that we get to choose what we do with our lives.

If I want to fight or if I want to play football or golf, I can do whatever the hell I want to do. If Carmel doesn't like Ultimate Fighting, he doesn't have to fucking watch it.

Q11

PLAYBOY: One of the UFC's biggest opponents has been Senator John McCain, an admitted boxing fan, who in the late 1990s wrote letters to all 50 governors asking them to ban what he called "human cockfighting." What didn't Senator McCain understand about the UFC?

WHITE: I'll tell you what about Senator John McCain. He's a boxing fanatic and he went after the UFC, and thank God he did. I credit Senator McCain with our having this sport today. The bottom line is this sport needs to be regulated. The regulators make sure the fighters go through the proper medical testing, physicals and drug tests. They make sure these guys are healthy; you never know from one fight to another or from training if someone has something wrong with his head or his heart. Then, on the day of the fight, regulators make sure doctors and ambulances are on-site. If it weren't for McCain, we wouldn't be where we are today.

Q12

PLAYBOY: What's the most vicious thing you've ever seen during a UFC fight?

WHITE: Nothing really makes me cringe. I love fighting. But when Frank Mir broke Tim Sylvia's arm with that arm bar, it was pretty crazy. Hell, we have four fucking DVDs of *Ultimate Knockouts*, so there have been some awesome knockouts.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Is it inevitable that someone will be killed or seriously injured during a UFC fight?

WHITE: I fear it. I really do. To be honest, I don't know how I would deal with something serious happening to one of these guys I fucking love and care about. Take a fight like Chuck Liddell vs. Randy Couture. I love Chuck Liddell and consider him part of my family, and I've become very close to Randy Couture. He's become a good friend of mine. So when they fought, two of my friends were fighting. You'd be surprised how many times my emotions get caught up in this stuff and I get freaked out by it.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You have several college-educated UFC fighters. Middle-weight champion Rich Franklin is a former high school teacher. What
(concluded on page 142)

The Ice Cream Parlor

THIS HASN'T CHANGED MUCH SINCE LAST YEAR! I SEE THAT LAURA, "THE WORLD'S SEXIEST WAITRESS," ISN'T HERE ANYMORE.



AH, LAURA. HOW SHE LOVED MAKING OUT IN THE SEA...



...ON DESERTED BEACHES...



...IN MY APARTMENT...



...BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON...



SHAME SHE'S NOT HERE. WELL, ANYWAY, I FANCY A STRAWBERRY SUNDAE WITH DOUBLE CHOCOLATE SAUCE.



I FANCY A STRAWBERRY SUNDAE WITH DOUBLE CHOCOLATE SAUCE TOO, BUT IT'S NOT PERMITTED...



...IN THE BANK. YOU KNOW, MAYBE YOU SHOULD STAY OUT OF THE SUN MORE...



JUAN ARAZU • JORGE G

VIVA VIDA

The dangerous curves of Latin lovely Vida Guerra

BY STEVE POND

It's a rainy afternoon when she walks into a casual bistro in the Miracle Mile section of Los Angeles. Even when she's dressed down—jeans, hair pulled back, next to no makeup—Vida Guerra turns heads. Underneath a creamy leather jacket, her white tank top hugs her curves with a vengeance, while her blue jeans stretch tautly across the most famous rear end this side of a certain singer-actress (the one formerly known as J. Lo).

The fact sheet at Vida's website, Vidasworld.com, supplies the raw data: brown eyes, brown hair, caramel skin, Cuban nationality, five-foot-three, 115 pounds, 34C-25-37, shoe size six. But the stats—and the photos and the videos and the fact that she's been named the number one most searched-for model on the web—leave out some important info about this Latin charmer. For example, that she has a disarming down-to-earth demeanor. Or that after six months in L.A. she still doesn't know her way around and that she apologizes for it. And then there's the slightly crooked smile that keeps crossing her face as she considers her path from Cuba to New Jersey to the pages of *PLAYBOY*.

Over lunch Vida seems less like a bombshell than a small-town beauty, one who prefers bowling to clubbing

and who, after surveying the eclectic menu including fontina-stuffed ravioli and whitefish in yellow curry, is confident enough to say, "You can't go wrong with a burger."

And so it happens that before long Vida is digging into her avocado cheeseburger. Outside, rain streaks the restaurant windows, leaving SoCal drivers struggling to deal with the confusing sight of water falling from the sky, as Vida laughs about how she loves Los Angeles because of...the weather.

"New Jersey's kinda gray," she says. "I like sun. I like colors. Jersey's cool because the people are real. I'm glad I grew up there, but you have to move on."

And so she does—quickly, much as she always has. A couple dozen years ago her family fled Cuba when its government tried to force her father to depart the country but leave his wife and children behind. Vida left when she was five, turned six in Costa Rica and was in the United States a month later—first in Miami, then in the Garden State, where her parents had relatives. Growing up in Perth Amboy, she harbored ambitions to model, sing and act, but her parents encouraged more sensible pursuits, and Vida complied. "I'm very intuitive, and I always knew there was something bigger and better out there for me," she says. "But getting there was the big question."



Vida Guerra has been called the most searched-for model on the web. She was always reluctant to pose in the nude—until now.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA





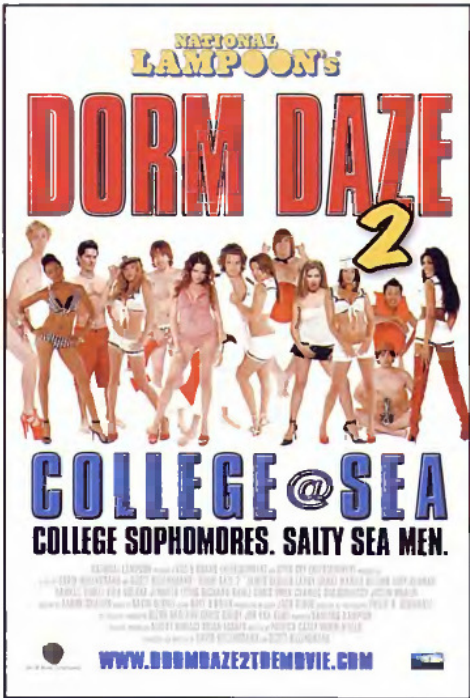
She was working for a bank, writing mortgages, when a boyfriend sent her photo to a magazine. The publication ran a single shot of her and the reader response was instantaneous and enormous—the biggest response that magazine had ever seen. It didn't hurt that in a group shot of five women, Vida was the only one with her back to the camera.

"I knew that picture was going to get a lot of attention," she says, smiling. "Ever since I was a little kid my butt has always drawn attention. From first grade on, the boys were always trying to grab it. When I was in fourth grade I was passing out tests when the teacher stepped out of the classroom. I saw this one guy reach out to squeeze my butt."

Big mistake.

"I grabbed him and threw him," Vida says, "and he hit his head on the corner of the table and needed nine stitches." She shrugs. "I was only nine or 10, but I was already tired of guys grabbing my butt."

In her teens Vida went so far as to hide her (text concluded on page 124)



This summer, in the comedy *National Lampoon's Dorm Daze 2*, Vida Guerra plays a sizzling virgin trying to decide whether to go all the way. Will she do it? Will she not? "You'll have to see the movie to find out what happens," she teases. If the shot of Vida's rear end (above, lower right) doesn't get you to the theater, nothing will. Speaking of her world-famous behind, Vida says, "Ever since I was a little kid my butt has always drawn a lot of attention. When I was younger I didn't understand it, so the attention bothered me. Now I embrace it."















See more of Vida at cyber.playboy.com.

DRIFTING (continued from page 76)

I am surprised at how close the g-forces feel to a dragster's drive-the-blood-out-of-your eyes acceleration.

always tweaked. You have to constantly adjust the suspension and constantly tune the motor because the RPMs are run so high."

And of course you have to change tires. On a hot day, five runs is about as long as a \$400 set of widetracks can last. Unsurprisingly, tire companies are heavily represented among the sponsors. Rotor's car is a 1991 Nissan 180SX with custom bodywork and a powerful SR20DET engine modified to deliver more than 450 horsepower. "It was a rust bucket when we bought it for about \$5,000," says Loren Ho, Rotor's 33-year-old vice president of sales and marketing. "We redid pretty much everything and have about \$65,000 in it, not counting labor."

Atypical for most motor sports, buying and rebuilding a rust bucket is common in drifting because older, out-of-production rear-wheel-drive Japanese models like the Nissan 240SX and Toyota Corolla GTS have the balance and handling qualities crucial for high-speed tail sliding. Prices on these used cars continue to escalate, and the supply is dwindling. Ho estimates that if his team had bought their rust bucket today, the car would have cost from 50 to 200 percent more than they paid in January 2004.

Rotor's driver, Ernie Fixmer, started drifting pretty much the way the Drift King and most other Japanese and American drifters did: illegally. He was in the Marines, stationed on the Japanese island of Okinawa, spending his time off clubbing. One night he was riding with a friend who owned a Nissan Skyliner that he had begun drifting.

"I'd seen him working on his car and heard him talk about drifting. I was riding with him and asked, 'What's up with this stuff, anyway?' The next thing I knew we were sideways on the street," remembers the shy, serious driver, 29 years old, who has a leather-neck haircut and carries himself as if a sergeant might be watching. "That was all I needed. After that I started asking what kind of car I should get."

Fixmer had to extend his Okinawa tour by a year to get a Japanese driver's permit. He then bought a Toyota Corolla for about \$2,000, put in a new clutch and headed for the narrow mountain roads on the north end of the island. "It was safe up there, and there were no cops. After a while I was out three or four nights a week, four hours a night. I was in a drifting trance," he says.

Back in the U.S. Fixmer took a full-time job as an electrician, rebuilt a Nissan 240SX hatchback and began competing in amateur drifting contests in southern California. Team Rotor took him on as its number one driver in 2003.

As Fixmer and I talk between runs, the only female driver in the event comes into the first turn; she spins wildly and ends against the concrete wall. The sound of the crash is awful, but thanks to reinforced roll cages, most track-competition drifting collisions leave drivers with minor bruises or less. A fatality has never occurred in a drifting event. Verena Mei is unhurt and smiling when I talk to her later in the afternoon.

"I'm fine, but I'm a little worried about my car," says the petite 24-year-old Asian American. She grew up in Hawaii, and her modeling career was her entry into racing. "I was the Toyo Tires model for three years, going to all the races, signing posters, getting to know all the drivers. When I said I wanted to learn to race, most of the guys said I'd never make it. Bobby Unser Jr. recommended me for the Motion Picture Stunt Driving Clinic, and one of the things I learned there was how to drift." Mei, who is also a National Hot Rod Association-licensed graduate of the Frank Hawley Drag Racing School, is one of very few women—including a group called Drifting Pretty—who compete with the boys. The Irwindale event is only her third drifting contest. Because of her crashed car, she doesn't qualify today; she is, however, already ahead of the young men in chasing the sponsorships that help pay for track time and equipment.

"Because of the media attention I had around racing, a lot of industry people knew me, so I was able to attract sponsors and build a project car, work on it, drive it and learn how it handles," she says, flashing the smile that put her onto thousands of tire-company posters. And in the unlikely event that her modeling, stunt-driving, drag-racing or drifting careers stall, the relentlessly spirited Mei has yet another option: She went to improv-comedy school.

Despite kissing the wall on his second-to-last run, Fixmer qualifies for the D1 event, and he agrees to take me on a ride-along during the run-up to the Fontana competition.

Fontana's California Speedway contains a two-mile oval with a 92,100-seat

grandstand surrounding garages, offices and several infield raceways that can be set up in various configurations. The drifting competition has been piggy-backed onto the premiere U.S. running of the All-Japan Grand Touring Championship. The JGTC, which attracts huge crowds at home, features production-based Toyotas, Hondas, Porsches, BMWs, Ferraris and other cars specially modified and tuned at costs of up to a million and a half dollars each. The centerpiece of GT Live, as the weekend is billed, is a 200-mile race featuring 25 of Japan's hottest teams.

On Wednesday 70-mile-an-hour Santa Ana winds ravage Fontana's desert neighborhood. Six big rigs are blown onto their sides on the highways. American flags the size of movie screens are shredded. I meet the Rotor team in the drifters' garage, where they are tinkering with an engine that has been suffering small fainting spells at times when quick power is needed. They have decided to change the computer unit that controls and balances many of the car's systems. Fixmer isn't feeling well either. He is fighting flu symptoms that have made him sullen as I am strapped into the seat next to him.

Putting on a fireproof suit and helmet and then clicking into racing safety belts gets my adrenaline up before the car even moves an inch. My longest experience with this ritual was at drag-racing school years ago, when I learned to control something that sounded like a bomb and took off like shrapnel when I put the gas pedal to the floor.

When Fixmer punches it I am surprised at how close the g-forces feel to a dragster's drive-the-blood-out-of-your-eyes acceleration. These hot little cars deliver explosive power through each gear. By the time we make the sweeping run into the first of four turns, it feels as if we're doing between 60 and 70 miles an hour. I find my focus tunneling through the windshield into the first turn, which comes up way too fast. From the moment Fixmer cranks us hard sideways, it is all smoke being sucked into the car, along with a blood-curdling tire squeal and the high, roaring pitch of engine. Fixmer uses a combination of clutch, gears, brakes and accelerator to swing furiously from a right- to a left-hand skid with a force that wants to pitch me out of the window and into the upper rows of the empty grandstand. The one breath I take tastes of burning rubber, and the fright and thrill wash over me in the same kind of blood rush I've ridden in years past, when I've ice climbed, skydived, ski jumped, wing walked, bungeed and paraglided in a series of articles for this magazine. Feeling, not



"Whaddya mean, 'what's your motivation'? You want to get laid!"

thought, is what runs the ship in this weather. I don't need a speedometer to know I am riding the screaming edge between *Wow* and *Ooooh, shit!* I love it.

"Put another quarter in," I say as we park.

"I didn't get it near sideways enough," Fixmer says in a dour tone, which seems to suggest that both he and the car will have to get well before the weekend.

By midweek most of the Japanese racers have yet to arrive, but the U.S. drivers and crews are there, tuning their own cars. The American drivers are a disparate bunch, most in their early or mid-20s, but Ken "the Gush" Gushi is 18 on this day in Fontana. Although most fans and aspiring racers are introduced to the sport through online video games like *Initial D* and *Need for Speed Underground*, the Gush started behind a real steering wheel when his feet barely reached the pedals.

"I started driving when I was nine," says the five-foot-10 kid, who wears a small gold earring in his left ear. "My dad started drifting in Okinawa, then moved the family here when I was a year old. When I was 13 he took me out on one of the dry lakes to teach me to drift in a 1986 Corolla. From there I started going to local drifting events."

At the age of 17 Gushi won the richest-ever American drifting prize, \$10,000 at the Laguna Seca Shoot-Out. Despite his young start behind the wheel and his drifting stardom, he has never had a driver's license. "That's because I was caught street drifting in the City of Industry when I was 15, then again at 16. So now I'm suspended from getting a license till I'm 21," he says. "It's a drag."

Gushi works on anti-street-drifting campaigns promoted by various drift organizations trying to turn the sport's image away from the illegal origins that bred many of its best American drivers.

"I started messing around on mountain roads in Hawaii, then in Marin County, California," says 30-year-old Alex Pfeiffer when we talk in the Fontana garage. "Drifting was new enough that the cops in Marin weren't even sure what it was. They didn't actually catch us doing it, but they saw all these tire marks through the hairpin corners. This one cop came up to me and said, 'I don't know what the hell you guys are doing, but I know it's not safe.'"

Pfeiffer showed himself just how unsafe it could be during one of his night outings on a two-lane road through the Marin redwoods. "I hit a mountainside at about 110 miles an hour, totaled the

car and got a nice DUI out of it. Cost me about \$15,000."

According to southern California police, street racing (especially drag racing) and its accompanying injuries and fatalities have risen sharply since the release of *The Fast and the Furious* and its sequel *2 Fast 2 Furious*. It's no surprise that the series's latest incarnation is called *The Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift*. Street drifting, especially on mountain roads like Mulholland Drive and Topanga Canyon Road, as well as in some industrial districts, has become prevalent enough that police have begun to look out for the Japanese cars that are drifter favorites. When refitted with high-horsepower Japanese engines, those vehicles are not street legal, because they can't pass pollution-control tests. While learning to spot the difference, cops carried photos of the outlaw engines to compare with what they saw under the hood. If the engine matched the photo, they would impound the car.

Not all the American drivers came into the sport with street racing on their record. Several, including Tanner Foust, moved into drifting from other motor sports. Foust has eight years' experience as a rally and formula racer and teaches ice driving to police, Navy Seals and Secret Service agents part-time.

"Drifting and ice driving are similar," he says, "because you're always at the grip limit or beyond it. The unique thing about drifting is that it's so visceral. You see these cars get sideways at 100 miles an hour, you hear the tires scream, see fire shoot out of the exhaust and watch the smoke fill the inside of the car and roll up over the fences. It's very intense, primal stuff. Whether you like it or hate it, you can't take your eyes off it."

As we talk, the sound of squealing tires followed by a hideous crash comes from somewhere on Foust's body. "That's my cell phone," he says, taking it from his pocket. "It makes people's heads snap around. Sometimes when I'm driving it even makes my heart jump."

We talk about drifting's young fan base. "I'm 31 trying to pass for 23," Foust says, laughing. "Fifteen-to-20-year-olds are the core of it. And the amazing thing is how Internet savvy they are and what that means to the sport. You could go online right now and there'd be chat about the practice session that happened 20 minutes ago. Pictures and everything. And because the information disseminates so fast, manufacturers and sponsors get instant gratification from the audience they're aiming for."

The script lettering painted across the rear of Foust's car reads BLOOD, SWEAT AND TIRES.



"How about a nice strap-on? I mean a slip-on! With a nice strap! You know what I mean!"

When the gates are opened on Saturday morning for the dual event, drift fans arrive by the thousands. They wander

into a theme park set up by manufacturers and sponsors for a new generation of car crazies called tuners. These are the grandchildren of the custom-car hot-rodders who lowered, chopped, channeled, pinstriped and otherwise modified their Fords and Chevys 50 years ago. The tuners who gather around drifting use sport compacts—Hondas, Nissans, Acuras, Mazdas—to express their independent spirit with technical and cosmetic touches from bumper to bumper. The results are quirky—even cartoonish in the case of the Scion xB, a squat, square buggy that has the profile of a midget milk truck.

The 40 or 50 infield booths offer accessories that tuners save their money for: custom wheels, radiators, pistons, exhaust manifolds, handmade seats, brakes, neon-color shock absorbers, magazines, videos, video games and die-cast replicas of cars like theirs. The Drift King sits smiling, signing posters for the long line at his table, where shirts, videos and other Drift King merchandise are sold as well. There is even a small track layout where half a dozen people at a time can race remote-control drift cars that are also for sale. Race queens—Japanese girls in Naugahyde boots and shorts or miniskirts—sign posters and pose for photos alongside tire-company big rigs.

On Saturday afternoon Formula D, a new alliance of American drifters that held its first four meets in 2004, gathers its 16 drivers to give a drift demonstration on the course set between the bleachers at the south end of the infield. While the JGTC cars scream round the long oval, about 6,000 spectators watch as the American drivers, one at a time, slide and spin and fill the air with the taste of rubber. The show ends with all the cars doing doughnuts, swarming like bees around each other.

On Sunday morning in the pit garage, Japanese drivers and crews work on their cars; just a short wall separates them from the Americans. The rivalry between the Americans and Japanese is important to both. All are trying to grow the sport in this country, and the friendship between the two teams is warm and open. The main event is scheduled for seven o'clock that night. Engine roar means that all conversation has to be yelled. Fixmer is feeling better. As he listens to the revs, he thinks a last-minute computer-board switch-out has the Rotor car hot and ready.

Down the line, Rhys Millen and his crew are making final tweaks on the only American muscle car in the field, a Pontiac GTO. Millen, who has just arrived from his film stunt-driving job—behind the wheel of the *General Lee* in the *Dukes of Hazzard* movie—rebuilt the car in his own shop and is hoping for the kind of showing that would encourage more American auto manufacturers to build and sponsor drift cars. His record as a drifter is impressive and includes a

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 30, 33-36, 70-73, 96-101 and 150-151, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



Ears, ultimateears.com.
Ultrasone, ultrasoneusa.com.

SUIT UP

Pages 96-101: *Anna Bogren*, 323-931-9300. *Bailey Hats*, baileyhats.com. *Becca*, everythingbutwater.com. *Briomi*, available at Neiman Marcus. *Cara Croninger*, 212-352-1333. *Christian Roth*, available at Artisan Eyewear in New York City. *Disquared*, available at Avance in Miami Beach. *Fortunoff*, fortunoff.com. *J. Crew*, jcrew.com. *Jean Paul Gaultier*, avail-

GAMES

Page 30: *GameTap*, gametap.com. *Odama*, nintendo.com. *Okami*, capcom.com. *Playboy: The Mansion Gold Edition*, groovegames.com. *Samurai Champloo: Sidetracked*, bandai.com. *Samurai Warriors: State of War*, koei.com. *Shockwave.com*, shockwave.com. *Steam*, steampowered.com. *2006 FIFA World Cup*, ea.com. *Xbox Live Arcade*, xbox.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 33-36: *Classic liquors*, available at liquor stores nationwide. *Ferrari*, available at Ferrari dealerships nationwide. *Ligne Roset*, ligne-rosset-usa.com. *Original Penguin*, originalpenguin.com. *Setai*, setai.com. *Tube Lamp*, uncommongoods.com. *Victorinox*, swissarmy.com. *William Henry*, williamhenryknives.com.

NOT YOUR FATHER'S HI-FI

Pages 70-73: *Apple*, apple.com. *Archos*, archos.com. *Creative Labs*, creative.com. *Etymotic*, etymotic.com. *iRiver*, iriveramerica.com. *MobiBlu*, mobiluamerica.com. *Samsung*, samsung.com. *Sennheiser*, sennheiserusa.com. *Shure*, shure.com. *Sony*, sonystyle.com. *Toshiba*, toshiba.com. *Ultimate*

able at Galleria in Miami. *John Richmond Beachwear Donna*, available at Ambience in North Shelby, Michigan. *Johnston & Murphy*, johnstonmurphy.com. *Joseph Abboud*, 212-586-9140. *Laura Goulas*, twistonline.com. *L-Space*, lspace.com. *Moschino*, available at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Quiksilver*, quiksilver.com. *Richmond*, available at David Lawrence in Seattle. *Sauvage Swimwear* by *Elizabeth Southwood*, sauvagewear.com. *Seiko*, seikousa.com. *Stuart Weitzman*, 310-860-9600. *Tat2 Designs*, 310-291-1824. *Ten Thousand Things*, 212-352-1333. *Vilebrequin*, 888-458-0051.

POTPOURRI

Pages 150-151: *Drink Caddie*, drinkcaddie.com. *Gorillapod*, gorillapod.com. *Green Glass Tumblers*, elsewares.com. *Marilyn Monroe DVDs*, foxstore.com. *Perplex City*, perplexcity.com. *The Playboy Interviews*, playboy.com. *Remote Controlled Robotic Shark*, hammacher.com. *Thomas Pink*, thomaspink.com. *Turtle Wax*, turtlewax.com.

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decent showing in the only previous U.S. meet, in Irwindale in 2003, when Japanese D1 pros skated away with the competition. Tenuous hopes are that at least one of the green Americans can make it past the first round tonight.

There is a chill in the air by the time the practice and qualifying rounds begin under the lights flooding three nasty turns on a portion of the track. Fifteen thousand spectators fill the nearby grandstands and line the fences along the course. The drivers start at the head of a quarter-mile straightaway, which should allow them to gather screaming speed by the time they have reached the white cone marking the first clipping point, where they will have to crank into a viciously tight right turn. Sideways now, at speeds clocked at 100 miles an hour for some of the Japanese drivers, they have a fraction of a second to get sideways on their left in front of the three judges and then head into a gentler right to conclude the course. The qualifying runs, done solo and judged for speed, power, drift angle, line and style, will pare the field to eight Japanese and eight Americans, who will be matched head-to-head for the tandem runs. Judging in both solo and tandem events focuses on speed into the first turn, sideways drift angle and style. Ultimately the call is as subjective as in Olympic ice dancing, and the decisions are sometimes controversial.

The Japanese begin the qualifying races. From the first, you can feel the 400-plus horsepower of the attack, which sounds as if the cars are chewing the pavement by the first turn. From there on, some drivers spin out or off the course, and the best of them connect the alternating slides with a rhythm and grace that can be traced in the air on a smoke trail. In their qualifying runs, the Americans answer with an energy I

haven't seen from them before, particularly Rhys Millen, Ernie Fixmer, Chris Forsberg and Alex Pfeiffer.

The qualifiers are announced and matched; each pair will make two runs, alternating the lead and follow positions, one driver following the other's line as closely as possible. Tactics for the outside-lane drivers are to try to block the inside car and make it lose speed. The inside driver should try to pass below the outside car or perhaps force it to spin out.

In the first set of tandem runs, Pfeiffer and Ken Maeda stay so close to each other that the audience takes its drift-event prerogative by chanting "One more time," thus bringing about a sudden-death third run. It is a close one, a high-speed auto tango, and when they finish, the two drivers roll to a stop, side by side in front of the judges, to wait like gladiators for an emperor's decision on who will survive into the second round: Maeda. A disappointed noise rises from the crowd.

Chris Forsberg, in a front-bumperless Nissan Z33, is the first American to advance. Young Ken Gushi slides hard off course in both of his first runs and is eliminated.

As I watch, it occurs to me that the shorthand coaching advice for drifters could be simply "You're crashing. Don't crash."

Fixmer, matched against Kazuya "Chunky" Bai, a portly former outlaw drifter from Osaka, comes in hard on the follow and loses it to a 360 in his first run. In the second, with Fixmer on the outside, Bai cuts it too close at the first clipping point and slams loudly and violently into Fixmer's blue Nissan 180SX, sending it spinning off the course. The standing crowd cheers loudly through the drifting smoke at the crash and its result. Under D1 rules, Bai is disquali-

fied, and Fixmer, whose car is not badly damaged, advances.

The most ferocious battle of the first round is between Massao Suenaga and Rhys Millen. With Millen following, the two come into the first turn carrying huge speed, looking like horses in a brace. Millen keeps his loud yellow GTO V8 tightly under Suenaga's Mazda FD3S RX-7, and the pair squirrels through the turns, staying with each other at full power past the last cone. The advantage goes to Millen, who spins out in a furious second round, provoking the crowd to chant again for "one more time." On the third run, Millen holds his sideways line better than Suenaga, and the judges give him the win, which, to the crowd's loud delight, puts a third American in the second round.

Two of the U.S. drivers are eliminated in that second round. Nobuteru Taniguchi runs away from Forsberg; then bracket placement cruelly pits the other two Americans, Fixmer and Millen, against each other. Their first run is the best of the night for speed, smooth side-to-side transitions and an almost magnetic fender-to-door proximity throughout. The GTO has the best roar and was tuned for exactly that. "The judges like to hear the engines at high RPM through the run. We emphasized that sound," Millen tells me later.

Millen leads the second run, which is almost as hard-charging as the first, except that he ticks a cone, which should give Fixmer the win. It doesn't. The judges either didn't see or ignored the foul and give the win to Millen over heavy crowd booing.

In the semifinal, Millen lines up against Youichi Imamura, who has easily dominated his opponents all night. This is it: two cars—one American, the other Japanese—rolling next to each other through a quarter-mile straight. Into the first turn, at speed, the two stick to each other like paint to a wall and fill the air with a thick smoke curl that looks as if it's coming from one car. The second run produces the same loud, tight fender dance; when this ends, the win could go to either man. It goes to Imamura. He loses in a less dramatic final to Nobushige Kumakubo, who takes the champagne and the \$5,000 first prize.

As the fans make their way to the parking lots, slapping at the rubber specks that cling to their jackets and hats, their mood is high. There is proud jabber about Millen's third-place finish and Fixmer's gritty runs. Internet chat rooms no doubt report that the Americans surprised everyone with their strong and much improved showing in a sport they should be good at. Drifting combines things Americans believe in: a little art, a lot of flash and everything your father told you not to do in a car.



Love Machine (continued from page 94)

The showgirl lowered her naked body into the seat. Ten, nine, eight, seven—liftoff. Man, did she come.

the front of the seat and at about a 45-degree angle." Colin checked the pool guy for fast blinking and twitching. "That's what we were thinking," Colin said gently and pointed on his jeans to where his clit would be if he had a clit, which he says he doesn't and I take him at his word.

"Okay, cool," the pool guy answered without incident. Colin figured we should get a nice fruit basket from the pool guy's wife. He's right; we had done a nice thing for her, but we're still waiting.

Colin wanted the ClitJet to be perfect, so he took some important measurements. He measured some showgirls' asses so that the indented seat would be just right. The water jet would be thick enough (oh, baby) that we didn't really have to check out pussy-clit-leg-ass placement, but we still checked out a few. We're perfectionists. We designed a place to stand on either side of the indented ClitJet seat. We set up our foot places so that if a five-foot-10 woman with a normal-size torso (and who wants that?) were sitting on the JillJet, a six-foot-six man standing in that place would have his erect penis right at her mouth level. Yes, I'm six-foot-six. I've read enough Ayn Rand to know that pure altruism is evil.

That was all we did. The newly anatomy-savvy pool guy did all the real building. When it was finally finished and filled with water, I invited a showgirl friend over to be the Alan Shepard of our *Mercury 3* JillJet. She put her long, lean, sexy naked body into the tub and made sure she was doing everything right. "I sit right here?" she asked demurely.

"Yup, just settle in while I turn it on."

Ten, nine, eight, seven—we had ignition and a fuck of a liftoff. Man, did she come. I didn't even have a chance to get my feet in the right place.

Word spreads in Vegas. Soon I had showgirls running amok. I was the Louis Pasteur of pussy. When female friends of mine came to visit, it often seemed they were visiting to come. One friend would fly in from Texas with her husband, and she would rush to the tub while he and I made plans for dinner. She was a very proper woman with a nursing degree and shit like that, and she would come into the house all flushed and say to her husband, "Fuck, honey, we need one of those at home." Her husband is also an inventor. We inventor guys stick together. He makes a shitload of money in the computer field, and that's all I'm saying. You have "Texas" and "computers." If you want to find out who he is badly enough, do some homework.

Over dinner during one visit, while his wife was all squeaky clean and a little lost in her thoughts, he asked me why I didn't patent my ClitJet. "Don't fuck with me," I said. "I can't get a patent for that. It's just jet placement."

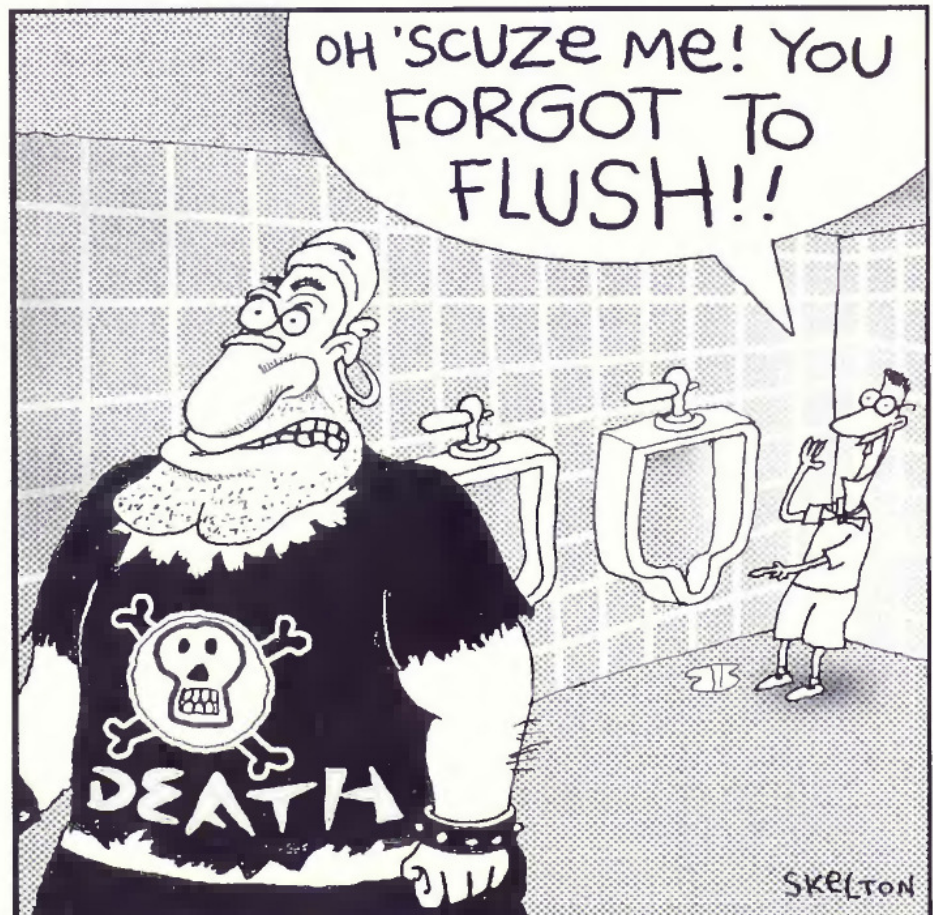
"I bet you can."

I have another friend who does patent searches; he says patent attorneys are dream busters. People pay money to find out that their million-dollar idea is someone else's \$10,000 idea. I called him and said I had an idea for a patent. Before I told him the idea, he said he was going to break my heart and was going to enjoy it. I told him about the ClitJet, and he paused. "Fuck, you might have a chance with this." He thought some more. "You really might." He did a pretty thorough search for "previous art" and told me I should hire a lawyer.

I hired a patent lawyer and paid him to draw official pictures of a hose

squirting up a cooch, and the G went for it. Man, sometimes life is perfect. He found a zillion patents for cleaning genitals but relatively few for pleasuring. God bless America. Find a need and fill it; that's the way we inventors work. A quick thumb through *American Sex Machines: The Hidden History of Sex at the U.S. Patent Office* by Hoag Levins reveals that there have been as many chastity belts invented as there have been pulsating plastic pussies, and that doesn't make for a healthy society. If there were a god, there would be a hard limit of one weapon patent for every 100,000 sexual-aid patents.

Does sex need improving? To use George Carlin's words, isn't "good old American man-on-top, get-it-over-with-quick" sex good enough? Don't get me wrong. I've been known to order vanilla even though there are way more than 31 flavors. But we can dream, can't we? We have to keep pushing the limits. Build a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door. Build a machine that makes women come in seven seconds and you'll have time to watch *Law & Order* before you go to sleep.



Larry tips the scales in the delicate Balance of Nature.

Vida Guerra

(continued from page 110)

curves beneath baggy clothes. By the time she was 17, though, she'd come to terms with her body and all that attention. "Now," she says proudly, "I embrace it." But despite her success with print modeling, her appearances in videos such as the one for the Nelly, P. Diddy and Murphy Lee hit "Shake Ya Tailfeather" and a stint on Comedy Central's *Chappelle's Show* (she was a dancer in a skit about R. Kelly that is arguably the most hilarious Dave Chappelle bit ever), Vida's PLAYBOY photos mark the first time she has ever displayed herself in all her glory. (She doesn't count those grainy photos that were splashed across the Internet after someone hacked into her cell phone; the most revealing ones, she says, weren't even of her.)

"At first my dad was very upset by my modeling. I was in lingerie and showing my body. But when he saw that it was starting to turn into something, he was supportive. Now he's one of my biggest fans," she says. "When I told him about PLAYBOY, he was like, 'Do it. Do it.' If he had said no, I wouldn't have done it. I remember the first day we shot for the cover, I was in a bikini. On the second day, I was like, 'Whoa! But by the end of that day it was fine. I like these photos better than the other pictures of me with my clothes on.'"

These days Vida's career is taking off in new directions as well. This summer she'll appear in the big-screen comedy *National Lampoon's Dorm Daze 2*, in which she plays a tantalizing virgin trying to decide whether to go all the way with her boyfriend. ("You'll have to see the movie to find out what happens," she teases.) She's about to make another film, in which she plays a singer, and she's finishing an album, *Theme Park*, that will come out later this summer. Vida says the movie roles, the modeling and her album are just a start. Even though she loves the quiet life—spending time curled up in sweatpants, going to the movies, staying home to cook—she also has plans. Big ones.

"My ultimate goal is to do three movies a year," she says. "I want to make three albums total. I want to start my own clothing company. I want to design clothes, beginning with bikinis and lingerie, and I want to have my own perfume line. I want to do it all. I even want the Vida Barbie doll, the Cuban Barbie doll."

She breaks into that grin of hers, just lopsided enough to be completely charming, and shrugs as she considers dreams that would once have seemed ridiculous but now don't sound so crazy at all.

"I want to be the Cuban Oprah," Vida Guerra says. "You gotta think big."



"Oh, yes! You're so huge! Oh, yes!
Omigod, you're enormous! Yes! Yes!!! Yes!!!!... Okay, now read
that back to me."

NEW HUMAN

(continued from page 54)

only mouse cells scientists could not grow from embryonic stem cells were sperm and eggs. That changed with the creation of the Penn eggs, as well as follicular cells that help young egg cells mature. Making sperm from stem cells is more complicated than making eggs, but if it can be done, then lesbian couples could create a baby with no help at all from the opposite sex, because they can gestate the baby themselves.

In 2005 technology debuted that may offer women unprecedented flexibility in the timing of motherhood. While women are young and fertile, pieces of their ovaries can be surgically removed and frozen. This enables them to have full careers without fretting about the biological clock. Decades later they can have the fragments transplanted back into their bodies, holding out the promise that they could bear children in their 60s, 70s or 80s. Evidence that the technology works came with the birth of a daughter, Sienna, to Ann Dauer of Canton, Ohio last September. Dauer was only 33 but had previously undergone the equivalent of menopause as a result of chemotherapy for Hodgkin's lymphoma. Implanting slices of her thawed ovarian tissue restarted her menstrual cycle and reversed her sterility. She then conceived naturally.

Matthew Nagle, in 2004, became the first human to send e-mail using only his thoughts. This 26-year-old former high school football star had his spinal cord severed in a stabbing incident, leaving him paralyzed from the neck down. Scientists with a Foxborough, Massachusetts firm called Cyberkinetics implanted a computer chip the size of a baby aspirin on the surface of Nagle's motor cortex, the part of the brain that controls movement. Extending from the chip were 100 superfine sensor wires that read individual neurons as they fired. This device was hooked up to a titanium jack coming out of the right side of his skull, which in turn was connected to a computer that read the patterns Nagle's firing neurons made when he concentrated on moving an object. Not only could he control a computer cursor with his mind, he could control a robotic hand. When he thought about moving his hand, the artificial thumb and forefinger opened and closed. Researchers hope this technology will allow the wheelchair-bound to walk. The military hopes it will allow pilots to fly jets with their synapses.

If ongoing human clinical trials continue successfully, memory-enhancement drugs should be on the market within three to five years. They promise to banish baby boomers' senior moments. But memory is also at the core of education. Think what such enhancers could do to language learning alone. They could also allow

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parents to buy improvements of 200 points or more to their kids' SAT scores. Memory enhancement could prove to be a greater marketing blockbuster than Viagra. Keep a close eye on clinical trials conducted by such companies as Cortex Pharmaceuticals, Helicon Therapeutics, Memory Pharmaceuticals and Saegis Pharmaceuticals.

Such advances in our strictly biological human qualities don't include the capabilities of the clever machines with which we increasingly merge in order to project our powers over vast distances. In the last week of the first Gulf war, five Iraqi soldiers waved white flags at a U.S. Pioneer unmanned air vehicle—the first time in history somebody tried to surrender to a robot. When another unmanned air vehicle, a U.S. Predator, successfully fired a Hellfire missile at an Al Qaeda leader's SUV in Yemen in 2002, it became arguably the first robot to incinerate a human being.

You'll see a lot more headlines like these in the next few years. Four intertwining processes—call them the GRIN technologies, for genetic, robotic, information and nano processes—are advancing at exponential rates, regularly doubling and redoubling in power. By that arithmetic, the amount of change we have experienced in the past 20 years will be compressed into the next eight; the amount of change in the past 50 years will be accomplished in the next 14.

Many of the GRIN breakthroughs come from corporations that are household names, such as Intel and Genentech. Sober mainstream government institutions like the National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation are funding others. Enhanced people already walk among us.

The sports world provides many examples. "The current doping agony," says

John Hoberman, a University of Texas authority on performance drugs, "is a kind of very confused referendum on the future of human enhancement." The mix of extreme pharmacology and sport did not begin or end with East Germany. Competitive bodybuilding is already divided into tested shows (drug-free) and untested shows (anything goes). Should Barry Bonds go around for the rest of his life with an asterisk on his forehead because the steroid scandal suggests he was not the same kind of human as those whose baseball records he broke?

That's merely the beginning. Scientists at the University of Pennsylvania who created genetically modified "mighty mice" have been deluged with calls from athletes and coaches who crave this technology. These mice are shockingly large and muscular. They have haunches like a steer's and a neck wider than their head. Labs around the world have come up with a variety of ways to increase muscle mass in mice by as much as 60 percent—permanently, with no exercise, no apparent side effects and no obvious way to test for such "gene doping." H. Lee Sweeney, chairman of Penn's department of physiology, injects into the muscles of his mice a virus spliced with the gene that boosts insulin-like growth factor I, which promotes cell growth. The technology isn't all that complicated. "Oh yeah, it's easy," Sweeney said recently. "Anyone who can clone a gene and work with cells could do it. It's not a mystery. You could change the endurance of the muscle or modulate the speed—all the performance characteristics. All the biology is there. If someone said, 'Here's \$10 million; I want you to do everything you can think of in terms of sports,' you could get pretty imaginative."

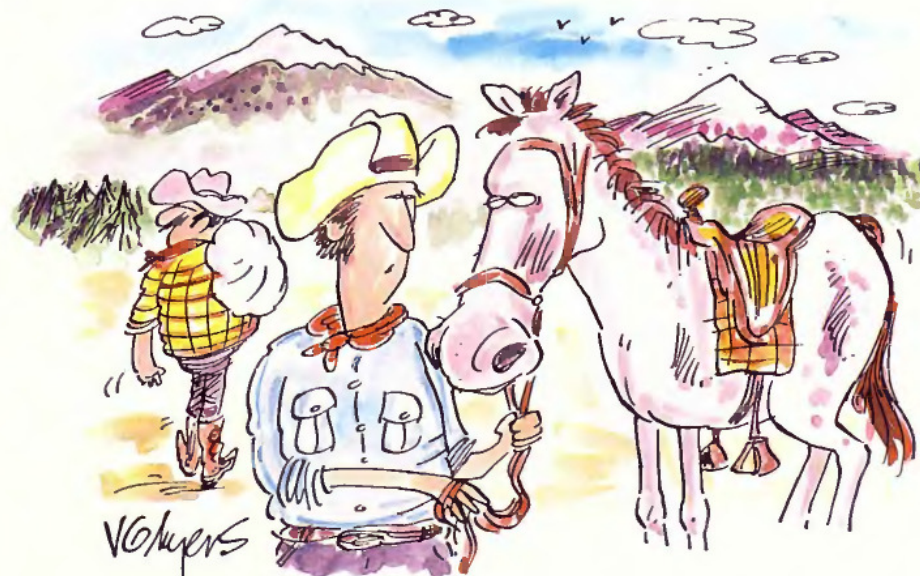
Licensed therapeutic use of genetic modification in humans to address muscle-wasting diseases such as muscular dystrophy may be 10 years down the road. As to when illicit gene doping will break out—assuming it hasn't already—the only question most scientists have is whether we'll see this *Sputnik* moment in the 2008 Olympics or the 2012.

The transformation of what it means to be human is happening right now, not in the distant future. This is why it is critical for us all to engage in the debate. In the halls of elite technological institutions you hear three scenarios for the future of human nature: Heaven, Hell and Prevail. According to the Heaven scenario, we will soon vanquish pain, suffering, disease, stupidity, ignorance, ugliness and even death. Constant advances will conquer many of the evils that have plagued mankind since the first ape came out of the trees. At an increasingly rapid rate, headlines will feature miracles even more jaw-dropping than what stem cells offer. Looking back at today's world 20 years from now, we will be astounded at how far we've come. Our newfound capabilities will redefine what it means to be human.

That's one possibility. In the Hell scenario, however, the powers unleashed by this curve of exponential innovation fall into the hands of psychopaths or bumbling who—intentionally or unintentionally—unleash supreme evil in the next 25 years. Our existence as a species will become threatened. And that's the optimistic version. In the pessimistic version of the Hell scenario, all life on earth is wiped out.

The Prevail scenario, meanwhile, is not some middle ground between Heaven and Hell. It is in an entirely different territory. It sees Heaven and Hell as technodeterminist—that is, scenarios described by people who think technology will inevitably determine our history. The Prevail scenario, by contrast, bets on human cussedness. It is a hunch that human nature will continue to feature a capacity to surprise. Think of the British "nation of shopkeepers" that prevailed over Napoleon when few believed it possible. The measure of success in the Prevail scenario is not how many transistors talk to each other. In the midst of an engineered evolution that we humans direct, the triumph of the Prevail scenario would be measured by the richness, depth and variety of the most important connections, the ones among unpredictably clever humans like ourselves. For none of us is as smart as all of us.

All three of these scenarios are credible. Each must be taken seriously.



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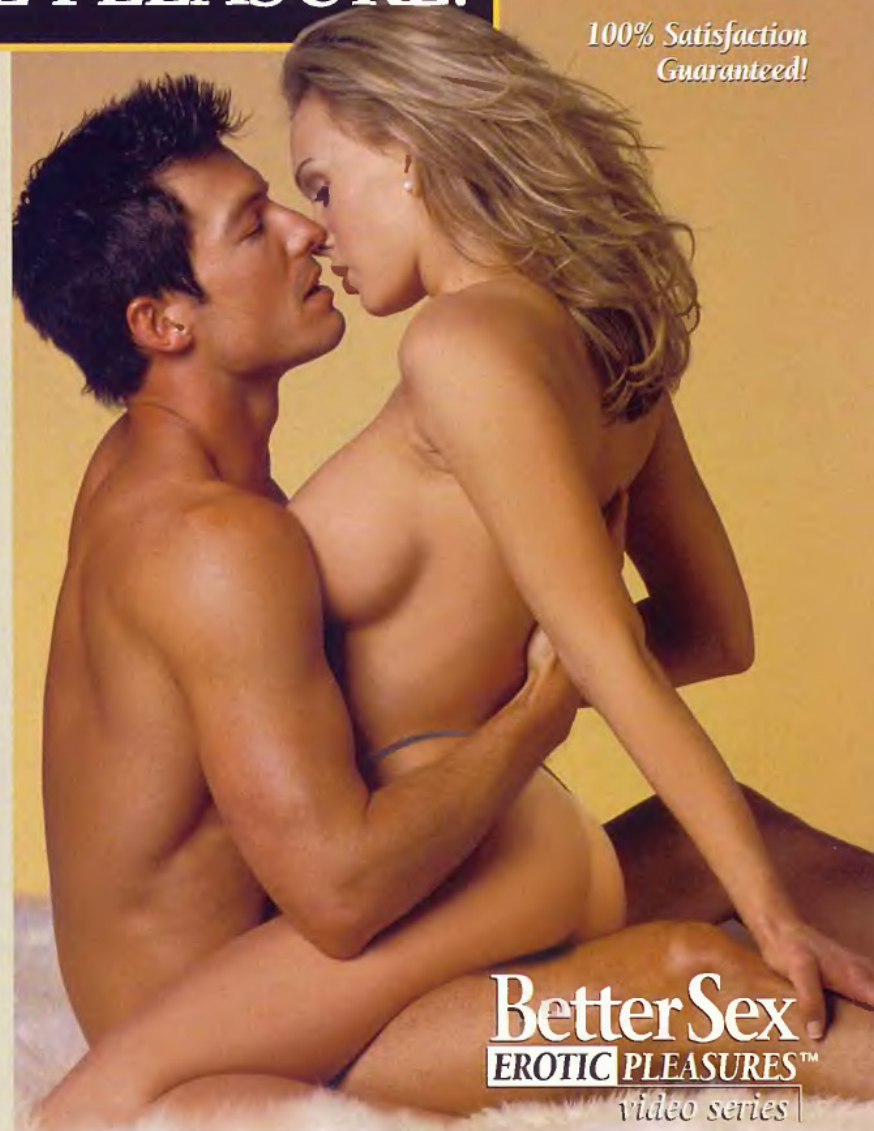
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competition. That's why it's no surprise that the group most aggressively pursuing human enhancement is DARPA, the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency. Few organizations in the world have a record of looking as far into the future as DARPA. It has been known to think 20 to 40 years ahead and invest its research dollars accordingly. President Eisenhower created DARPA after the shock of *Sputnik* in 1957. According to its strategic plan, the agency's purpose is to "accelerate the future into being."

DARPA invests 90 percent of its yearly \$3 billion official budget outside the government, mainly funding university and industry researchers. By the time a technology is far enough along to attract venture capitalists, DARPA is usually long gone. Its program managers—it has about 140, mostly M.D.s and Ph.D.s—seek problems they call DARPAesque or DARPA-hard. Those are challenges verging on the impossible. "We try not to violate any of the laws of physics," says Steve Wax, an agency official. "Or at least not knowingly," adds Michael Goldblatt, his former boss. "Or at least not more than one per program."

DARPA has indeed helped fund the creation of the computer mouse, the computer-graphics industry, very-large-scale integrated circuits, computers that recognize human speech and translate languages, the computer workstation and head-mounted displays. It was a key player in the creation of the global positioning satellite system, the cell phone, night-vision sensors, weather satellites, spy satellites and the Saturn V rocket, which took men to the moon. It has also helped create advanced fuel cells and telesurgery. All the military's airplanes, missiles, ships and vehicles, including the materials, processes and armor that went into them—especially everything with the word *stealth* as part of its name—have DARPA inside.

Today DARPA is in the business of creating enhanced soldiers. "Soldiers having no physical, physiological or cognitive limitations will be key to survival and operational dominance in the future," Goldblatt once told a gathering of prospective researchers. Until recently he was head of the Defense Sciences Office, the DARPA branch most focused on human biology. "Imagine if soldiers could communicate by thought alone," he went on. "And contemplate a world in which learning is as easy as eating, and the replacement of damaged body parts is as convenient as a fast-food drive-through. As impossible as these visions sound, we are talking about science action, not science fiction."

DARPA first popped up on my radar when I wrote a series of stories on human enhancement for *The Washington Post*. The articles reported how all the powers of 1930s and 1940s comic-book superheroes were either in existence or under

development in the laboratory—technologies that shut off the human trigger to sleep, "cures" for aging and much more. Browsing the agency's website (darpa.mil), I could see DARPA was funding a wealth of human-enhancement projects. Yet the brass ignored my requests for interviews, along with everybody else's. It took almost a year of persistence before Goldblatt agreed to have lunch with me, and several months more after that before he agreed to give me unprecedented access. I spent nearly a year with the program managers and principal investigators who pursue the creation of better soldiers—guys like Joe Bielitzki. "We want every war fighter to look like Lance Armstrong," he says, "with strength and endurance that don't quit. The Energizer Bunny in fatigues kind of does it: keeps going and going."

A proud son of St. Sylvester's parish on Chicago's Near Northwest Side, Bielitzki has the broad shoulders of someone who does triathlons—endurance events that combine swimming, bicycling and running for people who think marathons are for sissies. Though

"We want every war fighter to look like Lance Armstrong, with strength and endurance that don't quit," says Bielitzki. "The Energizer Bunny in fatigues."

in his 50s, he still competes. He managed the agency's Peak Soldier Performance program until he recently rotated out of DARPA after the typical four-year tour for program managers.

Bielitzki jokes that the phrase "metabolically dominant soldier" makes it sound as if he was trying to create Spider-Man. Not exactly, he explains, but the aim was high: to crank up every soldier's metabolism to the level of an Olympic endurance athlete.

Changing muscle cells offers a promising solution, DARPA's researchers believe. One avenue of inquiry focuses on cells' mitochondria—inner parts that convert nutrients into chemical energy to power the cell. When you exercise enough to cause your muscles to demand more energy than their cells were previously set to produce, the nucleus in each cell sends out signaling molecules to the mitochondria that tell them to produce more energy and to create more mitochondria. DARPA's hope is to produce a pill that provides more of these signaling molecules than the nucleus normally puts out.

The result would be more strength, achieved faster than by exercise alone. The military hopes to take individuals now formidably trained to perform 80 pull-ups before exhaustion and render them capable of 300 through processes both safe and reversible, in case soldiers don't want to spend the rest of their life in Arnold Schwarzenegger's body. Will such work have an effect on civilian life? "Probably," Bielitzki answers. "My measure of success is that the International Olympic Committee bans everything we do."

Alan Rudolph, another ex-program manager, focused on boosting combat performance by fusing humans and machines. An owner of patents in biological self-assembly, biomaterials, tissue engineering and neuroscience, Rudolph has a Ph.D. in cell biology along with an MBA and likes to describe himself as a combat zoologist. When he ran DARPA's Human Assisted Neural Devices program, he jockeyed dozens of principal investigators who were focused on increasing "the number of interconnects between living systems and the nonliving world."

The DARPA-hard challenge is to wire brains directly to machines, bypassing control panels and displays.

For example, at the University of California at Berkeley, DARPA-funded researchers have prototype exoskeletons that enable people to carry 180 pounds as if it were only four pounds. Think of an exoskeleton as a wearable robot suit. It works by sensing in which direction a wearer is moving her muscles—stooping, running, whatever—and echoing them with small, powerful motors so that the lifting stress is borne by the suit rather than her bones and joints. It's a small miracle of increasingly sophisticated sensors, embedded computer intelligence, lighter and stronger materials, rapid computer-aided design and more efficient storage and use of electrical power. Homayoon "Hami" Kazerooni, the principal investigator on the project, expects to see it in civilian use within two years wherever heavy lifting is required—from delivery services like UPS to warehouse operations to automobile manufacturing. He can even imagine it replacing crutches for people with broken bones.

But that's not the breakthrough.

"Suppose," Rudolph says, "the exoskeleton is responding not to your muscle movements but directly to your brain. We've got our team of 70 crazed academics charging this dream." He can easily envision chips like the one in Matthew Nagle's head evolving to allow mental control of machines as complicated as an F22 jet fighter, which is a tough aircraft to fly with a joystick. The question is how you would experience melding with such a plane via the human central nervous system. How would you take everything

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the machine can sense—from airspeed to g-forces to upcoming terrain to radar images of enemy aircraft—and port it back directly into your skull? “The same chip will close the loop and allow you to experience whatever—visual, mechanical, force dynamics—as other sensory input,” he says. In other words, you should be able to pipe any sense from any sensor anywhere directly into your brain. “Can I alter what you see so that you see what my camera sees?” he asks. For example, “I want to see over the hill, so I send a micro air vehicle or a robot over. Now I’m experiencing the visual image from the robot. I see what it sees.” A camera on your helmet aimed behind you could allow you to feel as if you have eyes in the back of your head. And there’s no reason such inputs have to be confined to the visible spectrum. If you want to see in the dark with infrared or ultraviolet or whatever else a machine can sense, then patch them right into your visual cortex.

Closing the loop—allowing the human brain to receive signals directly, not just send them—opens the door to telepathy. At Vanderbilt University, neuroscientist Jon Kaas has used

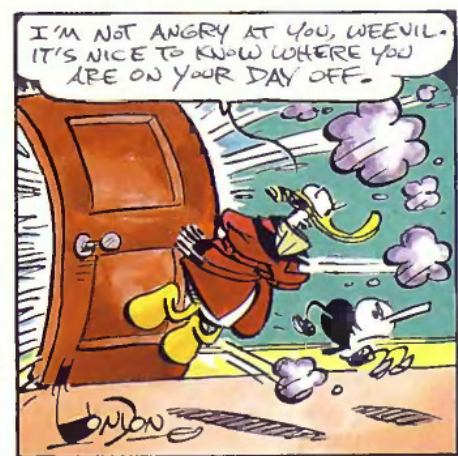
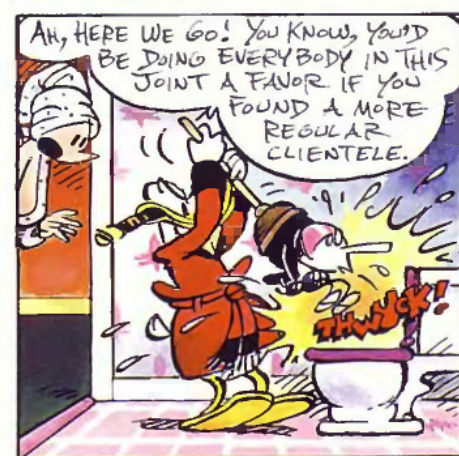
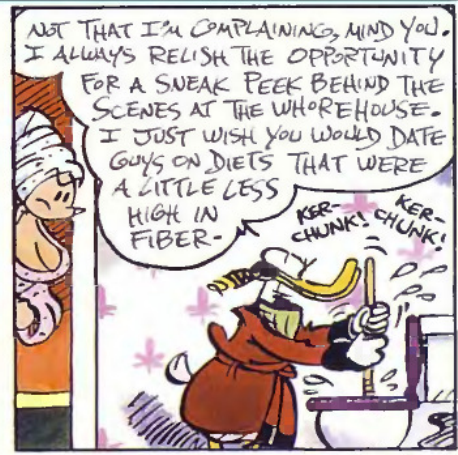
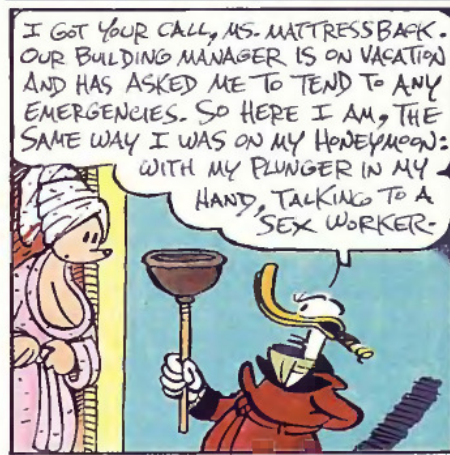
DARPA funds to imbed chips in marmosets, small New World monkeys, in an effort to get them to communicate brain to brain. “Marmosets have distinctive calls associated with fear and threat, food and familial identification,” Rudolph explains. Kaas’s plan is to have two marmosets wired together but out of earshot of each other. When one monkey makes a call, researchers will monitor the second one to see if it responds as though it has heard. Then they will look for the second marmoset to issue a response and will check that it has been received and understood by the first monkey. “Then the question is, well, what if the monkey says, ‘Fuck you’—you know what I mean? We’re going to face a number of issues and challenges with this,” says Rudolph.

What you don’t get at DARPA is much introspection. The program managers may see the technological steps it would take to achieve, say, telepathy, but they don’t talk much about what a world full of telepaths might be like. When I point out that technology has a history of biting back—delivering unintended consequences—and ask whether this worries the agency, Goldblatt says, “Yes, of

course. It’s our job. We even have a bio-ethicist on staff. But you can’t let fear of the future inhibit exploring the future.”

The genetic, robotic and nano technologies are now accelerating as quickly as information technology has for the past four decades. The rapid developments in all these fields are intertwined. In 1965 Gordon Moore, then director of Fairchild’s Research and Development Laboratories (and, later, co-founder of Intel), noted in an article for the 35th-anniversary issue of *Electronics* magazine that the complexity of minimum-cost semiconductor components had been doubling every year since the first prototype microchip was produced six years before. He predicted this doubling would continue every year for the next 10 years. Carver Mead, a professor at the California Institute of Technology, came to christen this claim Moore’s law. Over time Moore’s law has been modified. As the core faith of the entire global computer industry, it has come to be stated this way: The power of information technology will double every 18 months, for as far into the future as we can

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



imagine—even after two-dimensional silicon is replaced by something else.

Sure enough, in 2002 the 27th doubling occurred right on schedule, with a one-billion-transistor chip. We are now approaching the 30th doubling. A doubling is an amazing thing. It means the next step is as great as all the previous steps put together. Thirty consecutive doublings of anything man-made (an increase of well over 500 million times), especially in so short a period, is unprecedented in human history.

This is exponential change. It's a curve that goes straight up.

Today the practical effects of exponential technological change surround us. IBM in 2004 fired up a machine called Blue Gene/L. It is expected ultimately to be 1,000 times as powerful as Deep Blue, the machine that beat world chess champion Garry Kasparov in 1997. "If this computer unlocks the mystery of how proteins fold, it will be an important milestone in the future of medicine and health care," said Paul Horn, senior vice president of IBM Research, when the project was announced.

In 1985 the human genome was thought to be a code that would take until 2010 or 2020 to crack and only then at astonishing cost. The feat was accomplished in 2001 at a fraction of the estimated price because technology, as the curve suggests, rapidly yielded computers far more powerful and plentiful than those of 1985. It was no more surprising than was the cascade of cloned mice, cats, rabbits, pigs, horses and cows that followed the first cloned sheep. Who hasn't braced himself for the first renegade human clone?

The next challenge is minutely modeling proteins, which control all cellular processes in the body. They fold into highly complex three-dimensional shapes that determine their function. Even the slightest change in the folding process can turn a desirable protein into an agent of disease. Like the machines that conquered the human genome, only more spectacular, Blue Gene/L is intended to investigate this process. Thus, breakthroughs in computers today create breakthroughs in biology. Thanks to protein analysis, Horn explained, "one day you'll be able to walk into a doctor's office and have a computer analyze a tissue sample, identify the pathogen that ails you and then instantly prescribe the treatment best suited to your specific illness and individual genetic makeup."

What's remarkable, then, is not merely computer speed but our ability to use it to open new vistas in entirely different fields—in this case, the ability to change how our bodies work at the most basic level. This is possible because, at a thousand trillion operations a second, this computer may have something approaching the raw processing power of the human brain.

Nathan Myhrvold, former technology chief of Microsoft, points out that it cost about \$3 billion to sequence the first human genome. You'll soon be able to get your own done for \$10, he expects.

If an implant in a paralyzed man's head can read his thoughts, if genes can be manipulated into better versions of themselves and if the exponential curve suggests that the volume of change of the past 50 years will be compressed into the next 14, then the line between what's engineered and what's inborn will begin to blur. Questions about the future of human nature arise.

As we assume control of our own evolution, the inventory of projects to work on will lengthen, according to Gregory Pence of the University of Alabama's philosophy department. He starts with pain, infirmity, mental illness, overpopulation, involuntary death, stupidity, cowardice, biological cravings no longer good for us (such as those for burgers and fries), diseases that kill children and progressive diseases such as Alzheimer's. What we could use, Pence says, is more memory, better immune systems, cells that do not age, stronger skeletons with more muscle mass, more talent in the visual and performing arts as well as a better sense of humor, an increased ability to process vast amounts of information quickly, an increased ability to do advanced math and speak many languages, an absence of genetic disease and a greater sense of wonder and curiosity. All these we can soon achieve with the GRIN technologies, Pence believes.

Nor is that the end of it. The ambition of Aubrey David Nicholas Jasper de Grey of Britain's University of Cambridge is even more striking than his looks. His russet beard falls to his sternum. His mustache—as long as a hand—would have been the envy of Salvador Dalí. His research area is strategies for engineering negligible senescence, or SENS. In other words, he seeks to cure aging. The well-named De Grey thinks—as do some researchers at the National Institute on Aging of the National Institutes of Health—that the first person who will gracefully live to the age of 150 is already alive today. He thinks scientists will soon triple the remaining life span of late-middle-age mice. The day this announcement is made, he believes, the news will hit people like a brick as they realize that their cells could be next. In response to the looming prospect of exceedingly long life—as long as 5,000 years—he speculates that people will start abandoning risky jobs such as police officer or soldier. He thinks people will start putting more of a premium on health than wealth. Twirling the ends of his mustache back behind his ears, he says slyly, "So many women, so much time."

Can we screw this up? Can we, by our well-meaning attempts to reduce suffering and increase opportunity, reduce



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human character? Without a doubt. Just ask bioconservative Leon Kass, the chairman of the President's Council on Bioethics and a leading proponent of the Hell scenario. He even makes the case for why we should continue to experience anguish, decrepitude and death. "A flourishing human life is not a life lived with an ageless body or an untroubled soul," he writes, "but rather a life lived in rhythmized time, mindful of time's limits, appreciative of each season and filled first of all with those intimate human relations that are ours only because we are born, age, replace ourselves, decline and die—and know it."

Advocates of the Heaven scenario reject such limitations. "We humans lack the capacity to form a realistic, intuitive understanding of what it would be like to be posthuman," says Nick Bostrom of Oxford University. "Chimpanzees can't imagine the ambitions we humans have, our philosophies, the complexities of our society or the depth of the relationships we can have with one another." Similarly Bostrom believes our present modes of being are but a slice of what is permitted by the laws of physics and biology.

The hard question, then, is this: What if Kass is right to worry and our evolution continues anyway, as seems likely, at our own direction? Right now the argument is usually conducted rather fruitlessly between the advocates of the Hell and Heaven scenarios. One side sees the dangers and wants everything stopped. The other side sees the promise and serves as cheerleaders. They talk past each other.

For the Prevail scenario to prevail—for us to be the masters of change and not its pawns—we have to recognize the dangers as we accept that transformation is coming and figure out how to make our solutions accelerate at the same pace

as our challenges. Figuring out how to expedite the response of our culture and values could help us learn what these tests of our humanity tell us about human nature.

For example:

- At the turn of this century a little boy was born in Germany. His doctors immediately noticed he had unusually large muscles bulging from his tiny arms and legs. By the time he was four and a half it was clear he was extraordinarily strong. Most children that age can lift about one pound with each arm; he could hold a seven-pound dumbbell aloft with each outstretched hand. He is the first human confirmed to have a genetic variation that builds such impressive muscles. If the effect can be duplicated, it could treat or cure muscle-wasting diseases. Wyeth Pharmaceuticals is testing a drug designed to do just that as a treatment for the most common form of muscular dystrophy. But what happens when such a drug moves from the sick with an urgent need to the rest of us, who work out only sporadically and with mixed results? Will abdominal six-packs be just a pill away? What happens when brain-enhancement procedures are developed to fight Alzheimer's? Will they also be embraced by the ambitious?

- In the early 21st century gay marriage, an issue once far on the fringes of public discussion, has moved swiftly to the center ring. We have begun a societal conversation about human nature, signaled by the decision of the Vatican to weigh in on this debate. Suppose two people of the same sex want state recognition of their committed union. Is that just another wrinkle in evolution? Or is it an abomination? Is gay marriage just the first of many significant future legal and political controversies about what

constitutes genuinely human behavior? If bonds between people of the same gender are beyond the pale, how will we feel when people start having relationships with digital companions?

- What happens when your kid comes home crying after failing once again to compete against bigger, faster, stronger, smarter, more talented, cuter, better-behaved kids whose rich parents have given them big tweaks? What will be your gut reaction to those kids' ability to succeed in ways your kid can't? Do you say, "Don't worry, dear. We love you just the way you are, and besides, just because other parents are willing to take risks with their children's bodies and minds doesn't mean we have to"? Do you remortgage the house to try to catch up? Or do you try to get the tweaked kids exiled from your school?

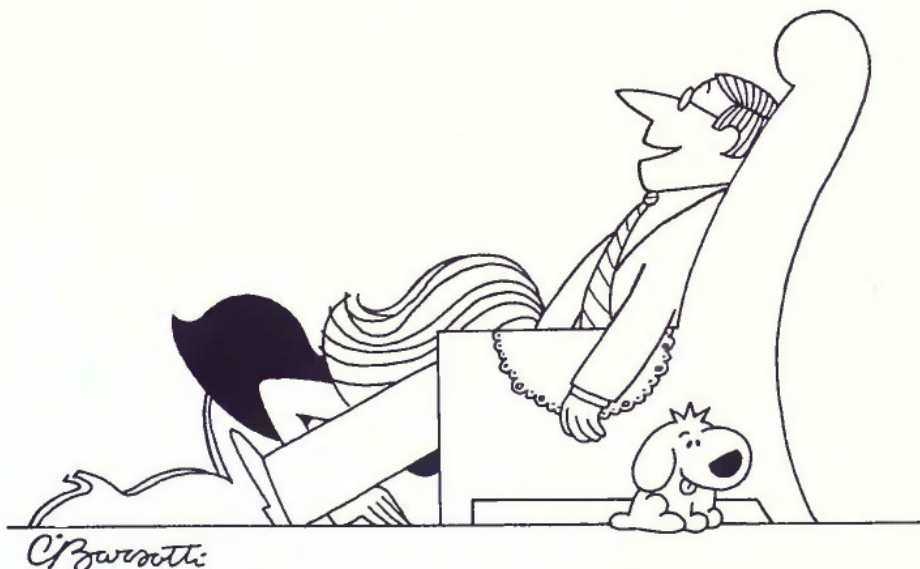
- What about living a very long and robust life? I talk about this with a neighbor celebrating her 62nd birthday. She doesn't see "retirement age" as a time to start winding down. She sees it as the opening of brand-new chapters. I tease her that she has 40 exciting years to go. "Yes, I know," she replies, looking me straight in the eye. "You can do anything you want in all that time. Anything at all. That's why I threw out my husband."

The question is whether GRIN technologies will alter the basic human condition. Can we imagine them changing the way we shape truth, beauty, love or happiness? Can we imagine altering the seven deadly sins of pride, envy, gluttony, lust, anger, greed and sloth? Or the virtues of faith, hope, charity, fortitude, justice, temperance and prudence?

As James Watson, co-recipient of the Nobel Prize for discovering the structure of DNA, said, "No one really has the guts to say it, but if we could make better human beings by knowing how to add genes, why shouldn't we?"

The very idea of aspiring to such god-like powers is blasphemous to some. "Genetic engineering," writes Michael Sandel, a professor of political philosophy at Harvard, is "the ultimate expression of our resolve to see ourselves astride the world, the masters of our nature. But the promise of mastery is flawed. It threatens to banish our appreciation of life as a gift and to leave us with nothing to affirm or behold outside our own will."

He could be right. Nonetheless, Rodney Brooks, director of the Artificial Intelligence Laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, believes that "in just 20 years the boundary between fantasy and reality will be rent asunder. Just five years from now that boundary will be breached in ways as unimaginable to most people today as daily use of the World Wide Web was a few decades ago."



"OK, we'll keep him and name him B.J."





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

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People from 40 to 80, maybe a little older, can extend their longevity by hanging in there for a little longer.

patterns—and combine it with the ways machines are already superior. They can remember billions of things and share information at high speeds. So nonhuman intelligence will ultimately be able to read all human literature and learn all science and technology. Plus it will examine its own source code and redesign itself, which is something we as humans aren't able to do.

PLAYBOY: In *Singularity* you write, "Our technology will match and then exceed the refinement and suppleness of what we regard as the best of human traits." So you're not talking about just calculations per second?

KURZWEIL: Our emotional intelligence is the cutting edge of human intelligence. Humor and love are complicated behaviors. Understanding them requires a very high level of intelligence.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying love can be reduced to calculations? If you're right, how will that change the way we look at what it means to be human?

KURZWEIL: That's precisely why this is called the singularity—because it's so hard to wrap our mind around. We take for granted certain characteristics of software that are actually advantages we don't have as human beings. If you change computers, you don't throw all your files away; you just port them over to the new hardware. The information has a longevity that transcends the hardware it's on. But that's not the case with another important file, the mind. We take for granted that when our hardware crashes, the software is gone with it. There's no reason to imagine the mind can't transcend the hardware it runs on.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you say that in 25 years we'll be "more nonbiological than biological"?

KURZWEIL: Computers used to be remote; now they're in our pockets. They'll make their way into our clothing. They'll make their way into our body and brain. You can't point to a single organ for which we haven't made enhancements or started work on them. Some Parkinson's patients have an FDA-approved neural implant. The latest generation of it allows you to upload software from outside the patient. If we follow this trend—the exponential shrinking of technology—we'll be able to send intelligent nanobots the size of blood cells into our brain. Neural implants introduced noninvasively will be able to extend our intelligence or provide virtual reality by replacing the input from our senses so it feels as if we're in a different environment.

PLAYBOY: What if people don't want to become more nonbiological? What if they can't afford it?

KURZWEIL: There are always early and late adopters, but I think it's going to be a slippery slope. Some conservative applications will be about just keeping you healthy and doing routine things like expanding your memory. Very few people will eschew those enhancements. How many people won't use eyeglasses? When technology is introduced, only the wealthy can afford it and it doesn't work well. A few years go by, and it's expensive and works a bit better. Eventually it's not that expensive and works well. Not so long ago, if someone took out a mobile phone, it meant he was a member of the power elite.

PLAYBOY: And you think all this technology will radically extend human life?

KURZWEIL: In the book I wrote with Terry Grossman, *Fantastic Voyage: Live Long Enough to Live Forever*, we talk about bridges to radical life extension. Bridge one is what we can do today. I think people from 40 to 80, maybe a little older, can extend their longevity by hanging in there for a little longer. The point of bridge one is to be in good shape for 10 or 15 years, when bridge two comes along.

PLAYBOY: How do you do that?

KURZWEIL: Aging is not one thing; it's a number of processes. We have strategies for slowing down each of the dozen aging processes. The program we prescribe depends on which health issues you have. Disease doesn't come out of the blue. You can catch it. Find out where you are in certain measurements of health before you get cancer or a heart attack, a third of which are fatal.

PLAYBOY: What happens if you make it to bridge two?

KURZWEIL: Bridge two will be the mastery of our biology, being able to turn genes on and off. One of those genes, the fat-insulin receptor gene, says, "Hold on to every calorie because the next hunting season may not turn out so well." We'd like to turn that off. That technology will reach maturity in 10 to 15 years. This will bring us to the third bridge, which is nanotech, with which we can not just refine and reprogram biology but go beyond it altogether. One killer app is nanobots, blood-cell-size devices that can go inside our body and brain and keep us healthy. We have already put microscopic machines into animals. If you apply these exponential trends, which I maintain are quite predictable, we'll be able to have sophisticated computerized devices in our bloodstream, performing very sophisticated functions.

PLAYBOY: But the notion that life is limited has always been one of the principles that define what it means to be human.

KURZWEIL: I don't think we need death to give life meaning. There are different concepts of what it means to be human. My concept is different: We're a species that goes beyond our limitations. We didn't stay on the ground, we didn't stay on the planet, and we didn't stay within the limitations of our biology. Extending human longevity is not a new story. Human life expectancy was 37 in 1800. Sanitation and antibiotics brought it into the 60s and now it's in the 80s. We'll have another major jump in longevity when we reprogram our genes, turning off genes with RNA interference, turning on genes with gene therapy, turning enzymes on and off—things I believe we'll master in 15 years.

PLAYBOY: Will this make us happier?

KURZWEIL: I'm not confident we will overcome human conflict. Some people think that because I talk about this technology's problem-solving ability, it is a utopian vision. But I think we will introduce new problems along the way. Also, I don't think that just being happy is the right goal. A salamander may be happy, but its life is not very interesting compared with our life. Would you rather be a happy salamander or have a dynamic life of accomplishment and challenge? The meaningful thing in life is creating knowledge. I don't just mean random bits of data but knowledge—like art, music, poetry, literature or even our relationships and the way we express ourselves.

PLAYBOY: What will sex be like in 20 or 25 years?

KURZWEIL: These technologies will have a profound impact because sex and intimacy involve all five senses. By 2020 we'll have perfected virtual reality that can be delivered from outside the body. We'll have images written to our retinas, and we'll be able to enter a full-immersion virtual-reality environment. So you could be with someone else from a sensory perspective. You'll feel as though you're really with that person. You could take a walk on a virtual beach. The whole idea of what it means to have a sexual relationship will be different. It will certainly change the whole idea of sex workers. But what's really interesting is that we'll eventually have virtual reality from inside the nervous system. We'll have nanobots that go inside the brain, shut down signals coming from your senses and replace them with the signals your brain would be receiving if you were in a virtual environment. And you could go to this environment with one other person and have a sensual encounter involving all five senses. You could be someone else. A couple could turn themselves into each other. Ultimately it will be highly realistic and competitive with reality.

—ROBERT LEVINE

We are not beings capable of impersonating gods, either by avoiding death or transforming other people.

necessary to say this unawareness is itself an extra misfortune, not something that justifies others exploiting them.

What, however, about the further idea that the select few might actually live forever? Here we must notice the embarrassing fact that individual death is not just an unlucky accident that happens at present to afflict our species. It is an evolutionary necessity—an inseparable accompaniment of any fairly rich life, such as those of plants and animals. Immortality of a kind does indeed exist at more modest levels, where beings like the amoeba can go on subdividing themselves indefinitely without change. But the enormous alterations needed to produce more complex creatures like ourselves can be made only by species that consist of many separate, varied, transitory individuals, each of which adds its own peculiar contribution to the development and then passes on.

That is the long and agonizing process that has formed the splendid inheritance we have received. And those are the only terms on which it can now be enjoyed. It is no use for us to tell ourselves that we are the end, that evolution is finished now, so we can sit back and enjoy its fruits. We are not stationary beings. At every level, physically and mentally, we are shaped by and adapted to the transient way of life we share with our ancestors. Uncomfortable though we sometimes find our mortal state, that scene supplies the only air we can breathe, the only food that will nourish us. We are not beings capable of impersonating gods, either by avoiding death or by transforming other people through genetic engineering.

It is important to notice that this last ambition—the attempt to avoid being confronted by the brute otherness of others—is also not just odious but unworkable. We do not have the faintest grasp of the complexities of the human personality, which we would have to alter if we wanted to breed people with saddles on their backs and the like. Projects of this sort are still pure pipe dreams.

PLAYBOY: Can the flesh be rejected? We are told machines will soon match the intelligence of the human brain. Could such machines be considered to be alive?

MIDGLEY: So far, indeed, these plans seem to center largely on the slightly more modest notion of increasing capacities such as intelligence. But even if intelligence, in the narrow sense of a calculating capacity, turned out to be governed by particular genes, nothing much would be achieved by enhancing it. Plenty of calculating prodigies—and indeed calculating machines—exist already. Intelligence, in

any sense in which it can be considered important, means something much larger, a whole attitude toward life, a form of wisdom. This is something for which nobody is going to find genes. Similarly, the idea that “machines will soon match the intelligence of the human brain” and that they might then be considered alive rests merely on a confusion between calculating power and real intelligence. Computers and their programs are remarkably complex tools, but only the romantic anthropomorphism to which our mythmakers have always been prone generates the idea of treating them as living subjects.

PLAYBOY: Can anyone appropriately offer a definition—essential or otherwise—of what it means to be human? We have a hard enough time defining these subjects now. As it becomes more difficult to do so, will it even be possible for us to assign definitions to what is human?

MIDGLEY: New definitions are not useful in themselves; they matter only if you know what you want them for. The point of redefining the word *human* here is apparently to allow for the division of our species into several distinct subspecies or varieties. Now, it is true that in recent times a number of writers—including some who certainly ought to have known better—have indeed proposed that this is possible or perhaps inevitable. But I have to say, to the contrary, that it is surely evident nonsense. Human society is far too disorganized ever to make any such long-term, widespread, complete caste segregation possible, and human reproductive behavior in particular notoriously laughs at all attempts to impose it. Why, then, has this fantasy caught on? I suggest there are two reasons, both bad. First, there is a fascination with the details of a few melodramatic and sensational but quite limited experiments. But second, more seriously, there is also the thought that, if the unfortunate of the world who live in subhuman conditions actually were subhuman, then we should no longer have any duties to them and could dismiss them from our mind.

When Wells invented the subhuman Morlocks in *The Time Machine*, he was of course exposing and dramatizing this fantasy. But he did not flatter it by pretending his myth was science. His readers fully understood he was not actually talking about a speculative future but directly about the existing class system of the day. It is absolutely necessary to be clear about points like this—to avoid mixing up imaginative versions with scientific fact.



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Although we think dying is a fine thing for other people to do, we tend to draw the line at ourselves.

youth. As they slowly wrinkle up and shrivel away, they regret the length of their lives. Jonathan Swift's wizened and witless Struldbrugs in *Gulliver's Travels* suffer a similar fate. Vampires achieve eternal life of a sort but only by becoming fanged undead nasties who suck the blood of the living and spend their days in coffins.

But suppose we could somehow have extremely long lives and youth and beauty, too. Would it make us better people? Or would it make us immoral monsters, like Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray—he whose portrait does his aging for him—or wise but ruthless, like H. Rider Haggard's 2,000-year-old woman in *She*? Would we become wicked out of sheer boredom? Would endlessness equal pointlessness? Is the fore-

knowledge of death the salt that gives the savor to life? Perhaps we might use our extra span of years (and years and years) to set up vile tyrannies or corner the stock market or turn the whole planet into a giant golf course. Such musings were once merely speculative. But if any item appears so intensely desirable to us, chances are we'll work tirelessly to get it. Immortality, once a property of gods alone, now appears to hover just out of reach. With new research on telomeres and mitochondria, on the selecting out of diseases in embryo, on stem-cell therapy, on gene-spliced viruses that target cancer cells, the list of life-prolonging discoveries is expanding daily.

Of course we realize that endless life plus unchecked reproduction would

soon put an end to the food supply. However, although we think death is a rational solution to the problem of overpopulation and dying is a fine thing for other people to do, we tend to draw the line at ourselves. Just one more day is all we ask. And then another and another. We're not good at handing the breathing space over to someone else; as a rule we'll clutch the oxygen supply as long as we can. As the great but no longer living Achilles says to Odysseus, "Better one day on earth as the most miserable serf than king of the lifeless dead."

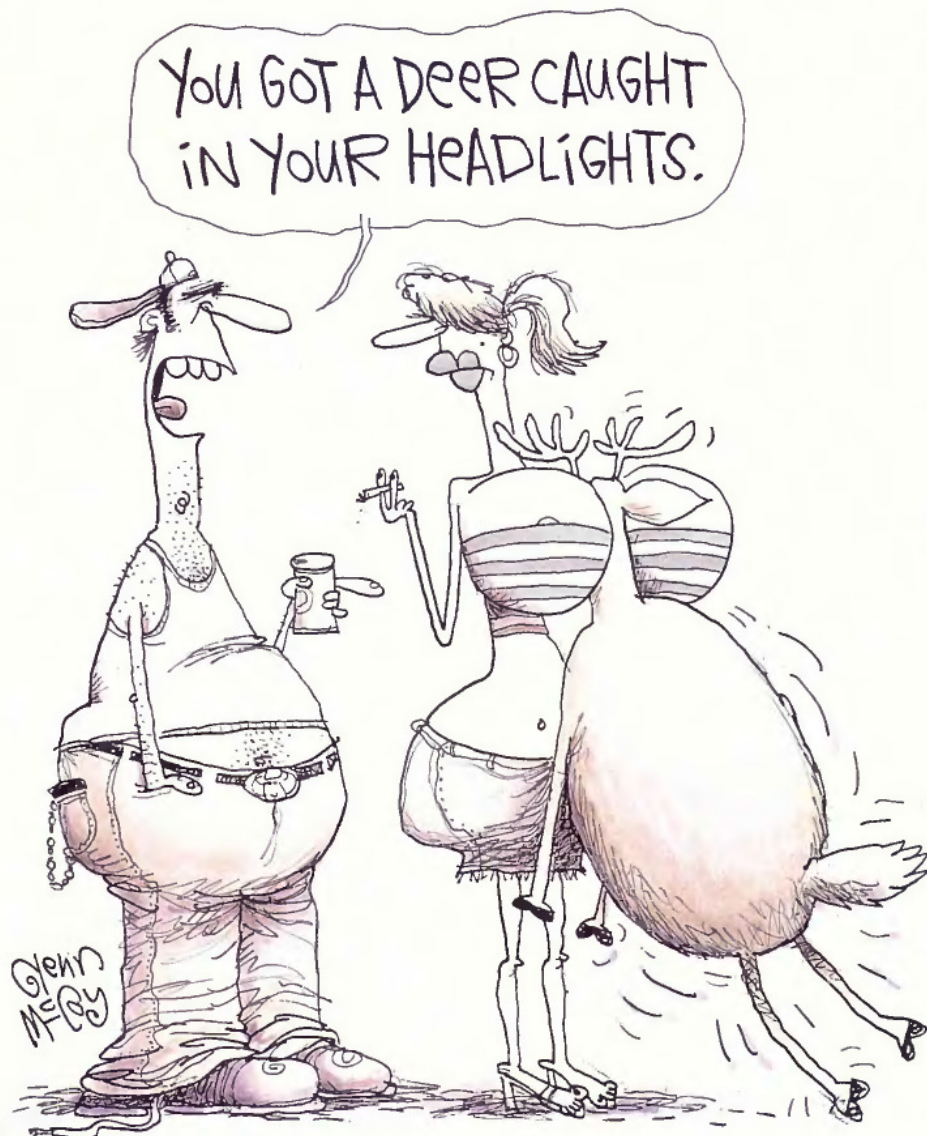
But again, suppose we were able to achieve it. Would overexposure and repetition cause us to lose interest in our friends, our romantic partners, our children? Do we need a little threat and danger in our lives to keep us on our toes? In ceasing to be subject to age and death, would we cease to be human?

Whatever else, we would probably worry because, although we may have fortified ourselves against death from within, death from without—bullets, explosions, runaway cars, unexpected diseases—could still strike down our beautified, perpetuated bodies. Would we be afraid to leave the house lest some accident or germ destroy us, or forgo baths lest we slip in the tub?

Needless to say, longevity would come with a price—a price only some would be able to afford. The thought of a billionaire great-great-granddad living on and on would not necessarily be a comfort to his potential heirs. Expect a few more wealthy corpses at the bottom of staircases and—possibly—a few more uprisings, this time by the mere peasant-grade mortals against the aristocratic more-than-mortals who have bought their youth and beauty along with everything else.

But maybe we've been looking in the wrong place all along. What if "immortality" isn't an endless extension but a deeper present? What if the more-abundant life is the one we already have, seen differently? What if this world already is a paradise—one whose point we've missed and one we carelessly destroy because we think a better one is surely about to come, provided by God or science or aliens or some as yet unnamed though benign Santa figure?

Living longer and living more fully are not the same thing. That's what the old stories tell us. We'll grab the fountain of youth if we can; we'll guzzle down the water of life and pay a high premium to do it. Or some of us will. Others will side with William Blake, who looked into and through time rather than ahead along its endless trajectory, and whose wish was not to continue without end but to hold infinity in the palm of his hand and eternity in an hour.



Bad News

(continued from page 68)

will be other news, later. There always is. We'll worry about it when it comes.

Some years ago—when?—Tig and I were in the south of France, at a place called Glanum. We were on a vacation of sorts. What we really wanted to see was the asylum where Van Gogh painted the irises, and we did see that. Glanum was a side trip. I haven't thought about it in years, but I find myself there now, back then, in Glanum, before it was destroyed in the third century, before it was only a few ruins you pay to get into.

There are spacious villas in Glanum; there are public baths, amphitheaters, temples, the kinds of buildings the Romans put up wherever they went so they could feel civilized and at home. Glanum is very pleasant; a lot of upper-level army men retire here. It's quite multicultural, quite diverse: We're fond of novelty, of the exotic, though not so much as they are in Rome. We're a bit provincial here. Still, we have gods from everywhere, in addition to the official gods, of course. For instance, we have a little temple to Cybele, decorated with two ears in token of the body part you might wish to cut off in her honor. The men make jokes about that: You're lucky to get away with just the ears, they say. Better an earless man than no man at all.

There are older Greek houses mixed in with the Roman ones, and a few Greek ways linger still. Celts come to town; some of them wear tunics and cloaks like ours and speak decent Latin. Our relations with them are friendly enough, now that they've renounced their head-hunting ways. At our villa I once entertained a leading Celt to dinner. His hair was odd—reddish and curly—and he was wearing his ceremonial bronze torque, but he was no more ferocious than some other men I could mention, though he did have an eerie politeness.

I'm eating my breakfast in the morning room with the mural of Pompona and the Zephyrs. The painter was not first-rate—Pompona is slightly cross-eyed, and her breasts are enormous—but you can't always get first-rate here. What would I be having? Bread, honey, dried figs. Fresh fruit isn't in season yet. No coffee, worse luck; I don't think it's been invented yet. I'm drinking some fermented mare's milk, as an aid to digestion. A faithful slave has brought the breakfast in on a silver tray. They're good at slavery on this estate, they do it well: They're silent, discreet, efficient. They don't want to be sold, naturally: Being a house slave is better than working in the quarry.

Tig comes in with a scroll. Tig is short for Tigris; it's a nickname bestowed on him by his erstwhile troops. Only a few intimates call him Tig. He's frowning.

"Bad news?" I ask.

"The barbarians are invading," he says. "They've crossed the Rhine."

"Not before breakfast," I say. He knows

I can't discuss weighty matters right after getting up. But I've been too abrupt: I see his stricken look, and I relent. "They're always crossing the Rhine. You'd think they'd get tired of it. Our legions will defeat them. They always have before."

"I don't know," says Tig. "We shouldn't have let so many barbarians into the army. You can't depend on them." He used to be in the army himself, so his worry means something. On the other hand, it's his general view that Rome is going to hell in a handcart, and I've noticed that most retired men feel like that: The world simply cannot function minus their services. It's not that they feel useless; they feel unused.

"Please, sit down," I say. "I'll order you a nice piece of bread and honey, with figs." Tig sits down. I don't proffer the mare's milk, though it would do him good. He knows I know he doesn't like it. He hates being nagged about his health, which has been giving him some problems. *Oh, make things stay the way they are.* I pray to him silently.

"Did you hear?" I say. "They found a freshly cut-off head, hung up beside the old Celtic votive well." Some escaped quarry worker who ran off into the woods, which they've been warned against, heaven knows. "Do you think they're reverting to savagery? The Celts?"

"They hate us, really," says Tig. "That memorial arch doesn't help. It's hardly tactful—Celts being defeated, Roman feet on their heads. Haven't you caught them staring at our necks? They'd love to stick the knife in. But they're soft now, they're used to luxuries. Not like the northern barbarians. The Celts know that if we go under, they'll go under too."

He takes only one bite of the lovely bread. Then he stands up, paces around the room. He looks flushed. "I'm going to the baths," he says. "For the news."

Gossip and rumor, I think. Portents, forebodings; birds in flight, sheep's entrails. You never know if the news is true until it pounces. Until it's right on top of you. Until you reach out in the night and there's no more breathing. Until you're howling in darkness, wandering the empty rooms in your white dress.

"We'll get through it," I say. Tig says nothing.

It's such a beautiful day. The air smells of thyme; the fruit trees are in flower. But this means little to the barbarians; in fact they prefer to invade on beautiful days. It provides more visibility for their lootings and massacres. These are the same barbarians who—I've heard—fill wicker cages with victims and set them on fire as a sacrifice to their gods. Still, they're very far away. Even if they manage to cross the Rhine, even if they aren't slain in thousands, even if the river fails to run red with their blood, they won't get here for a long time. Not in our lifetime, perhaps. Glanum is in no danger, not yet.



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BRUCKHEIMER *(continued from page 50)*

I'm slightly dyslexic. Teachers just thought I wasn't very bright because I had such a hard time.

ex-Marine and new high school teacher trying to motivate black and Latino students—wasn't previewing well, you added Coolio's "Gangsta's Paradise" to the soundtrack, which made a huge difference in test screenings.

BRUCKHEIMER: When we previewed the movie, maybe three people were left in the theater at the end. I may exaggerate, but there were a lot of walkouts. When you watch a movie with an audience, they tell you what they like and don't like. You feel it, you sense it. When they start twitching, you know something's wrong, but it's usually not wrong at that exact moment. Usually something has already gone wrong. So you have to try to have clarity, to make sure people understand what's going on. The first *Pirates of the Caribbean* is a good example. We had a shot of a monkey shrieking in one sequence, and everybody said, "You've got to take it out. It'll disturb kids and everybody else." Instead we put it at the end of the movie, and kids kept going back to the theaters just to see the monkey because they missed it the first time.

PLAYBOY: Did the success of the first *Pirates* make things any easier for *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*?

BRUCKHEIMER: Quite the opposite. It was difficult. In this one Captain Jack Sparrow owes Davy Jones his soul. They made a deal that if Jack got the ship *The Black Pearl*, he'd have to pay Jones back, which he doesn't want to do. It's very intricate and unique, and it has an interesting ending that leads to another adventure. It's a big, ambitious movie with a lot of pirates, huge sets, part-human sea creatures and much commotion. The more wheels you have, the more a little spoke can come loose. Also, I approached it as if we were doing a trilogy, making a second and third *Pirates* together. We've got the majority of the third movie finished—most of the big stuff—and we're going back to complete it in August.

PLAYBOY: Depp's performance in the first *Pirates* earned him an Oscar nomination. Is his performance in the new one any different?

BRUCKHEIMER: He's just a great actor and always finds something interesting and different to do. He doesn't deviate from the character you see in the first film, but there's more depth here. You find out more about him. He's placed in more difficult situations than in the first movie, and he has to finesse his way out of them.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of George Lucas's recent quote that the blockbuster is dead and that the average movie budget will be only \$15 million by 2025?

BRUCKHEIMER: It would be great for the studios if that were true. I'm sure they'd love that. Not to disagree with someone as incredibly smart and talented as George, but I think the blockbuster will still be around. After all, with 35,000 screens in North America, you have to fill them with something. Budgets are going up rather than down.

PLAYBOY: It's become a hot Hollywood trend for producers and others to wager big money in Vegas on how huge an opening weekend their movies will have and how much money they'll eventually gross. Are you betting on *Pirates*?

BRUCKHEIMER: I don't bet on things. It's boring to me. I have to go to Las Vegas about once a year, but other than that, it's not for me.

PLAYBOY: Michael Bay, who directed *Armageddon* and *Pearl Harbor*, compared your producing style to water torture. Are you a my-way-or-the-highway type?

BRUCKHEIMER: Never, never, never. I'm persistent. With Michael or any director, we sit down and talk about things, and if I can convince him I'm right, I'm fine. But really, the best argument wins.

PLAYBOY: Will you admit to having any professional regrets or making any miscalculations? Do you have pangs about having passed on producing *The Silence of the Lambs*, for instance?

BRUCKHEIMER: Well, when we were offered it, for a moment, but I wasn't eager to live with that story for a year or more. I don't remember what else I made around that time that was very dark, but that film is a very dark tale, and I know what it's like to live that life.

PLAYBOY: What was it like for you growing up? Was it dark?

BRUCKHEIMER: I lived on the outskirts of Detroit in a nice two-bedroom brick house. If you saw *8 Mile*, I lived three blocks from Eight Mile, inside the city. Both my parents were from Germany. There was never a radio on. TV maybe at night. It was very quiet. I was the only child. My mother waited a long time to have a child—she must have been in her 40s—and that decision was based on finances. She was so penurious, she thought they didn't have enough money to have more children. She said my dad never made any money, so she saved every nickel and gave him a dollar a week to buy cigars. My mother, who is still alive, is a great conversationalist. So was my dad. He'd come home and read the newspaper; they'd talk about his day at work, current affairs, politics, family. I would say we were lower-middle-class. My dad for many years was a manager of a very exclu-

sive clothing store in downtown Detroit.

PLAYBOY: Did your father suit up the notorious killers known as the Purple Gang, who were so tough they basically warned Al Capone, "Hands off Detroit"?

BRUCKHEIMER: They would come into the store, and my father was the salesman who took care of their needs in suits and hats, working with the tailor. It's been written over the years that he was a tailor, but that isn't true. He was fairly well-known by many of the more elegant gentlemen of Detroit. Later he sold more working-class kinds of clothing.

PLAYBOY: Who were you in school, the brain, the science guy, the all-rounder or a variation?

BRUCKHEIMER: I always had a good clique of friends who used to come to my house and hang out. Though I wasn't a good athlete, I was into athletics, and we'd play basketball or hockey. Reading for me was very difficult because I'm slightly dyslexic. I was always in the slowest reading group. Even in second- or third-grade reading groups, it was very difficult for me. In those days dyslexia was unknown, so teachers just thought I wasn't very bright because I had such a hard time. It was always painful for me to read in public. Reading was never something I gravitated toward until much later.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to deal with your dyslexia?

BRUCKHEIMER: The brain overcomes some of its deficiencies. I observed. I was always a good listener. I'm a student of human behavior. I was never very outgoing, never someone who was at ease in conversation—which you're finding out right now. I had an uncle, this wonderful, gruff, tough, take-no-prisoners kind of businessman who was fairly wealthy, and he would give me his hand-me-down cameras from the time I was five or six. I was always taking snapshots, and later, when I was in the ninth or 10th grade, I started printing my own pictures, which I entered into photo shows and won a number of awards from Kodak and National Scholastics. I had a great visual sense. I saw the world differently than other people.

PLAYBOY: What did your practical-minded parents make of your talent?

BRUCKHEIMER: The way they were brought up, unless you were a doctor or lawyer, a real professional, you were a failure. When I went to Los Angeles to be part of the movie business, they couldn't figure out what I was doing. To them it was a disaster, and not until I was a success did it make an impact on them. My father died before my biggest hits came out.

PLAYBOY: So your father didn't get to see you become who you are today.

BRUCKHEIMER: I always was who I am today. I just hadn't reached the heights of what little notoriety I now have.

PLAYBOY: How did your father or mother explain the facts of life to you?

BRUCKHEIMER: My parents? Are you kidding me? Not a chance. Germans? Come

on. They were too repressed. I learned through friends. Buddies would talk about it. I mean, you're 13, 12, and you're having a sexual awakening, but I heard about those experiences only through my friends or their brothers or sisters, and of course, they relayed them with embellishments.

PLAYBOY: You went from being an award-winning high school photographer to graduating from the University of Arizona. Why did you go there?

BRUCKHEIMER: It took me. My grades weren't exactly stellar. I was a C student. You know, I had to be professional, and since I was never going to be a lawyer or doctor, I started in dentistry. My mother would have been thrilled if I'd had a Dr.

in front of my name, but then I got into organic chemistry and said, "What am I doing? This doesn't interest me. I'm not good at this." I moved into psychology. I enjoyed learning about myself and other people's behaviors. I felt anytime I can improve myself, I should try to do that. But I didn't want to go beyond that and get a master's or a doctorate.

PLAYBOY: What was your first job out of college?

BRUCKHEIMER: At 21 I worked in the mail room at an advertising agency in Chicago. Half the kids there had dropped out of high school. When a woman who worked in the television department told me her boss had gone to Hollywood and made a movie, suddenly a lightbulb went on.

Remember, I came from a very quiet home. I didn't realize that someone who came from our world, meaning Detroit, could go out and make it in Hollywood. My main purpose was survival—making a living—because I couldn't fall back on a trust fund or money in the bank. I couldn't call home and say, "Look, send me \$500." None of those things were there, so I had to sink or swim. The dream of everybody in advertising is to do movies.

PLAYBOY: How did you survive in L.A. when you went out there to live the dream?

BRUCKHEIMER: I was married to my first wife, and she worked for Columbia Pictures as an assistant, a secretary. I lived

in Laurel Canyon, across the street from Alice Cooper. It was the beginning of the 1970s, and there was a lot of denim and long hair in those days, sort of the end of the Haight-Ashbury era, so it was a little psychedelic.

PLAYBOY: If you wanted to be in then, you probably should have been a little psychedelic yourself.

BRUCKHEIMER: No, no. I wasn't part of that ever.

PLAYBOY: Come on. You've never even smoked a joint?

BRUCKHEIMER: I wouldn't say that. But I wouldn't say anything on the record. I don't like to lose control. You'll never see me stumbling drunk.

PLAYBOY: In 1975 you worked your way

because it was really important to him. **PLAYBOY:** *American Gigolo*, which you produced in 1980, put you on the map. Despite its hero—an upwardly mobile paid escort to rich older women—it, like most of your movies, isn't very erotic.

BRUCKHEIMER: I haven't done that kind of movie. It's just about choices, and that hasn't presented itself. If Americans want eroticism, they can log on to an adult site on their computer. One click and a credit card number and they can get all the eroticism they want. It's different with feature films. We're doing a picture right now, *Déjà Vu*, starring Denzel Washington with Tony Scott directing; it's a love story—a partial love story—and there's a very beautiful young woman in it named Paula

Patton, who has never been in a big movie before. Tony saw a lot of actresses and narrowed them down to four or five women he thought were right for the part, and I particularly sparked to this one girl for the role. But there's no passionate love scene in the film.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about meeting your producing partner Don Simpson, who, before his death, in January 1996, was as notorious for his excesses with partying, drugs and women as he was respected for being a shrewd idea man and dealmaker.

BRUCKHEIMER: It was 1973. Don and I met at a screening of *The Harder They Come* at Warner Bros., where he had been working. When I got divorced and had no place to live, he had a six-bedroom

house in Laurel Canyon, and I moved in. We were acquaintances. We liked each other, liked a lot of the same things in movies. With him I didn't have to talk much, which was a good thing. He was just a very entertaining personality—vivacious, funny, a great storyteller.

PLAYBOY: With his being so out there and your being so quiet, did you ever resent all the energy and attention going his way?

BRUCKHEIMER: That was okay too. I'm comfortable with who I am, what I do, the knowledge I have. In Hollywood there are people who can talk the talk but can't walk the walk. I walk the walk.

PLAYBOY: You and Simpson hired a publicist in the 1980s to get your

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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inside enough to become a producer on *Farewell, My Lovely*, starring the great tough-guy actor Robert Mitchum. Any tales to tell?

BRUCKHEIMER: God, he was a real character. He told the greatest stories. There was this one about working on a picture with a really tough director. Mitchum was talking on the phone and stayed on the phone even though they kept calling for him to shoot a scene. Finally Mitchum hung up, walked off the stage and didn't come back for two hours. When they asked what was going on and where he'd been, he explained that he had found out on the phone that he had the clap and wanted to see the doctor right away

names out to the public. Was that wise?
BRUCKHEIMER: Don didn't tell anybody this, but before he became an executive at Paramount, he was a publicist hawking movies in San Francisco and then was hired by the Warner Bros. publicity department. Later, as an executive at Paramount, he heard things like, "We don't want the filmmakers getting credit for what they do, because they'll become famous and demand more money. Paramount makes those movies, they don't." Don said to me, "If I'm going to win, I'm going to let people know who's doing the work. And we're going to be doing the work." When we had a new movie, we would force the studio to take us on tour with the actors. That was unheard of. Producers never went out to publicize their movies.

PLAYBOY: In the 1980s people wrote constantly about your enormous ego. How intense is your need for attention and acclaim?

BRUCKHEIMER: Do I come across like that?

PLAYBOY: Not really. But shrinking violets don't usually build movie-and-TV empires and make a reported \$5 million a movie as you do. Is it true that today, contractually, your name must be mentioned a specific number of times in TV commercials for your products?

BRUCKHEIMER: Yeah, sure. We did the work; we want to have the imprint of our company on that work. Sometimes it's not appropriate, and my name is not there. It's about the work.

PLAYBOY: The media flayed you and Simpson for having a massive custom-made desk at which you both sat, for living in matching architecturally edgy houses, for driving twin sports cars and wearing Armani clothes, not to mention

Simpson's habit of throwing away his jeans as soon as they needed laundering. Or was that you?

BRUCKHEIMER: That was Don. I'm a poor kid from Detroit. I never throw anything away. My wife says, "You've got to clean out your closet. You've got stuff jammed back here from the 1980s." Journalists would tell us they were writing a story about these yuppies who had made it, and we believed them. We were naive. The press's agenda was "Kill these guys," not "Make them look good." We were eviscerated.

PLAYBOY: Even today, stories about you persist. Some say you have a special arrangement that gives you access anywhere in the world to a Range Rover, the engine of which must be running 24-7.

BRUCKHEIMER: Not true. They rented a Range Rover for me when I was in Ireland, doing either *Veronica Guerin* or *King Arthur*, but that's really it. I don't have one wherever I go.

PLAYBOY: But you have a pool table covered in Armani-esque gray felt?

BRUCKHEIMER: That's true. No Range Rover, but the pool table, that's true.

PLAYBOY: You had severed your business partnership with Don Simpson less than a month before he died. Any feelings about that 10 years later?

BRUCKHEIMER: It's the same as it was then. It's like losing a brother. Time heals a lot. He'll never get old. He'll always be what he was then. Whatever his last picture was, that's how he'll always be remembered. Many people warned Don about where he was going. I talked with doctors and told him that when this was over, when he got his life back together, we could talk about getting back together. Doctors say that's the best thing you can do. But all of us

feel we can live forever. He didn't think he was going to die. I felt I did what I could do. Whether it's Don or my father, I know they're out there somewhere. They're a part of me. There's a spirit out there, an energy. Oh, there's a sense of guilt that you didn't do enough—I'm talking about my father now—because you realize life is finite, that you should do what you can for someone while he's around. I talk with my mother every day, do whatever I can to make her life comfortable. I love to make people feel good. That's what I've always loved about making movies. I go to the theater after our movies are out and watch people react. You'll see me standing by the aisle in the back in the first couple of weeks. I get a glow from it.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you directed a movie or TV series?

BRUCKHEIMER: I never say never, but I don't know if I could sit there and watch take after take. I can't survive unless I multitask. When I'm riding the exercise bike in the morning, I'm reading a script or watching one of our TV shows, so I'm always trying to do a couple of things at once. If I directed, the project would have to be something I felt I could do a better job on than somebody else—which is rare, because all the directors I work with are brilliant and see things much differently and better than I do.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to run a studio or TV network?

BRUCKHEIMER: I've had fliers about movie studios but never a TV network. I wouldn't know what to do. Having been friendly with Don when he ran Paramount, although he wasn't the top guy, I could see it's probably not for me. I'd rather work with talented actors, directors, editors and musicians, be a part of that. It's still a blast.

PLAYBOY: Recent unrated, extended DVD editions are out for *Con Air* and *Enemy of the State*. Do you want to fine-tune your movies once they're in theaters?

BRUCKHEIMER: Always. So much so that, once they're out of release, I don't see them. I can't change them. I can't really change them once they're in theaters, but at least then I can enjoy them. I look at them later and say, "Oh, why did we make that decision?" Silly. People like these DVDs, though, because they're fascinated by things that were cut out of the movie. People at Disney were telling me that in markets where they released the PG-13 version of *King Arthur* that had run in theaters, the DVDs sat on the shelves. But where they also released an unrated version, that one went through the roof. The public loves it when you let your pants down and show it all.

PLAYBOY: What aspect of producing grinds you down the most?

BRUCKHEIMER: The deal process. It's so time-consuming and sometimes ridiculous because you know where you're going to end up, you know what the studio's willing to pay and how far you can draw the line. You're fighting over \$500 or \$1,000



"What's the big deal with 72 virgins? I'd rather have one experienced babe who knows what she's doing."

for a hotel room or an airline flight for an assistant. The business in general certainly wears you down. You go through periods of enormous stress. You certainly lose a lot of brain cells when you sit in some of these script meetings, trying to figure out how to make scripts work. If you do make them work, it looks so easy and simple. It's like, "Why couldn't we think of that before?"

PLAYBOY: How do things work between you and Leslie Moonves, the head of CBS, where you have three *CSIs*, *Without a Trace*, *Cold Case*, *Close to Home* and *The Amazing Race*? That's seven hours on just one network.

BRUCKHEIMER: I thrive in environments where I'm surrounded by talented people. I know that adds to my success. It's easy with Les, who is enormously gifted. He used to be an actor, and he's incredible with casting. I'll go to a reading or look at a piece of film and think someone is pretty gifted, but Les will look at actors and have them do something, then say later, "You can see they don't have it." Again, he sees things differently than the rest of the world. He takes those chances. My success at CBS is really due to him, because he is so good at what he does.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the FCC slapping a \$3.6 million indecency fine on CBS because of a 2004 episode of your missing-persons show, *Without a Trace*, showing teens in orgy-style high jinks?

BRUCKHEIMER: I hope CBS will fight it and show that it's not any different from a lot of other things on television. We have a conservative administration, which I'm a fan of, and that's just the way the country is leaning. These things come in cycles. We get too liberal, and then we kind of drift the other way. I hope we'll drift into the center.

PLAYBOY: Are you expressing a personal preference by using cool, sharp, blonde leading ladies like Kathryn Morris on *Cold Case*, Poppy Montgomery on *Without a Trace* and Jennifer Finnigan on *Close to Home*? The Bruckheimer blondes?

BRUCKHEIMER: I love it. I was totally unaware of it until an L.A. journalist put that together. He's right, but it wasn't intentional. Sometimes an actor will come in with red or brown hair and you want to change the look, or some actors just walk in with blonde hair already, or we feel that the mix on the show would be better with a blonde. It just happened.

PLAYBOY: Your short-lived 2004 series *Fearless* featured Rachael Leigh Cook as a federal agent born without the fear gene. What frightens you?

BRUCKHEIMER: Failure frightens me. I don't know about everybody else, but it certainly drives me. Failure doesn't feel good. Nobody wants to get up in the morning and say to himself, "Gee, you just failed again." It's like getting an F on your exam at school, which I did. You don't go home and say, "Ma, look at this!" We did a pilot for *Fearless* and pulled the show off the air because we didn't feel it was up to our

expectations, and we told the network we didn't want to produce it. We've done that with a couple of other scripts, too, even though the networks were willing to go ahead and shoot them.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to the criticism that some of the movies you've made, like *Bad Boys*, *Con Air*, *Gone in Sixty Seconds* and *Pearl Harbor*, have dumbed down moviemaking?

BRUCKHEIMER: The journalists say that. The millions of people who see the movies don't say that. They pay a lot of money to see our movies, but I think we may offend a few people who have the power of the pen, so that's why that message gets passed along. I don't read reviews. The good ones are never good enough, and the bad ones are too much, so why bother? I made a decision a long time ago to believe not in the reviews but in the box office.

PLAYBOY: Your wife, Linda—a former *Mirabella* editor, a best-selling novelist and an antiques dealer, whom you've been with for nearly 30 years—writes some fairly strong letters to critics of your movies.

BRUCKHEIMER: My wife has this theory that a classical-music critic reviews opera, not Eminem, and she feels that if you're a movie critic and you love artistic films, that's what you should review, not big action movies you don't like anyway. She hasn't written any letters like that recently, but she can write a good one, let me tell you.

PLAYBOY: You're a producer; your wife is a novelist. How well do those two lifestyles mesh?

BRUCKHEIMER: My wife is my best friend, and it's great to have a best friend as part of your life for almost 30 years. She is very committed to her writing. I'll come home at 11, 12 o'clock, and when most wives would be saying, "When can we turn the lights off? I've got to get up in the morning?" she wants to keep writing and asks, "Why are you home so early?" If I had a wife who wanted me home at five and we had to take care of kids, it would be different. But we both love our work.

PLAYBOY: How do you two relax?

BRUCKHEIMER: We have a farm in Kentucky. I built a little hockey rink there, so I'm happy. I don't ride horses, but we have ATVs, and I have a great time with those. Our daughter is a perfumer, with her own company that's doing very well; all her ingredients are organic, and she's really into that kind of lifestyle. We have five golden retrievers, three here in Los Angeles and two in Kentucky, and a German shepherd here.

PLAYBOY: You are arguably one of the most successful—and richest—producers in Hollywood history. What would you like the Bruckheimer legacy to be?

BRUCKHEIMER: That we were good entertainers. That our company constantly made entertaining movies and television shows. And that we let the work speak for itself.



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DANA WHITE

(continued from page 106)

I think the WWE is fantastic. But when you hit 16 or 17, you want to see something real.

makes a guy like that want to become a UFC fighter?

WHITE: It's the competition. These guys are real athletes and real fighters. It doesn't matter if they used to be schoolteachers or accountants. They love to compete. It's great when you're part of a team and you run out onto the field and the crowd is cheering. But when you walk into a fucking arena with 17,000 people and your music is playing and everybody is looking at you and going crazy, it's an amazing feeling. It's a high you can't even imagine. Having fought myself, I know it's something guys dream about. You can't wait for the day.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Does this sport require a life of martial-arts training, or is it possible for some badass to walk in off the street and be successful?

WHITE: Some guy walking in off the street would get killed. But if somebody walked in off the street and wanted to train in the sport, how long it would take depends on the individual. Some guys take five or six years before they're ready to compete. For some guys it could take two. It depends on the type of athlete you are and how quickly you pick it up. It's all about talent, and the training has really changed. Early guys like Chuck Liddell came from kickboxing and learned everything else. Randy Couture and Matt Hughes came from wrestling and learned everything else. Now, guys like Georges St. Pierre and B.J. Penn are mixed martial artists.

They are well-rounded and take a bit of everything. I think this is the most exciting combat sport in the world right now. No doubt about it. And it's only going to get more exciting as the level of athleticism continues to step up another notch.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Is the UFC any better than the WWE?

WHITE: Yes, because it's real. I think the WWE is fantastic. It's amazing when you're 12 to 15 years old. But when you hit 16 or 17, you realize it's fake, and you want to see something real. I was a huge WWE fan as a kid. I got to an age when I got tired of the shit. It was just acting. Then I got into boxing.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You grew up in Las Vegas and live there now. Do you gamble?

WHITE: Like a motherfucker. I went gambling last night. I also get this crazy urge to gamble on Christmas Eve. Two years ago I went out and lost \$25,000. That was a fun Christmas. That night I thought, Why did I do this to myself? You're supposed to wake up and be happy on Christmas, but I can't get any fucking Christmas presents today that will bring back that \$25,000 and make me feel better. Why did I do this to myself? I started with blackjack and got my ass kicked. Then I went to craps and got my ass kicked. Jumped over to roulette and got my ass kicked. I think I must have hit every table in the place that night. Finally I just tapped out. I drove

home at 2:30 A.M., and my wife was wrapping presents. I walked in feeling like a dickhead. The whole family was there, and I'd just lost \$25,000. Christmas was going to suck.

Q18

PLAYBOY: There have been rumors of a fight between Joe Rogan, the comedian who does color commentary for all UFC pay-per-views, and actor Wesley Snipes. When will that happen?

WHITE: The rumors were all buzzing, and I know some guys were trying to put the fight together. Apparently Snipes is balking at it.

Q19

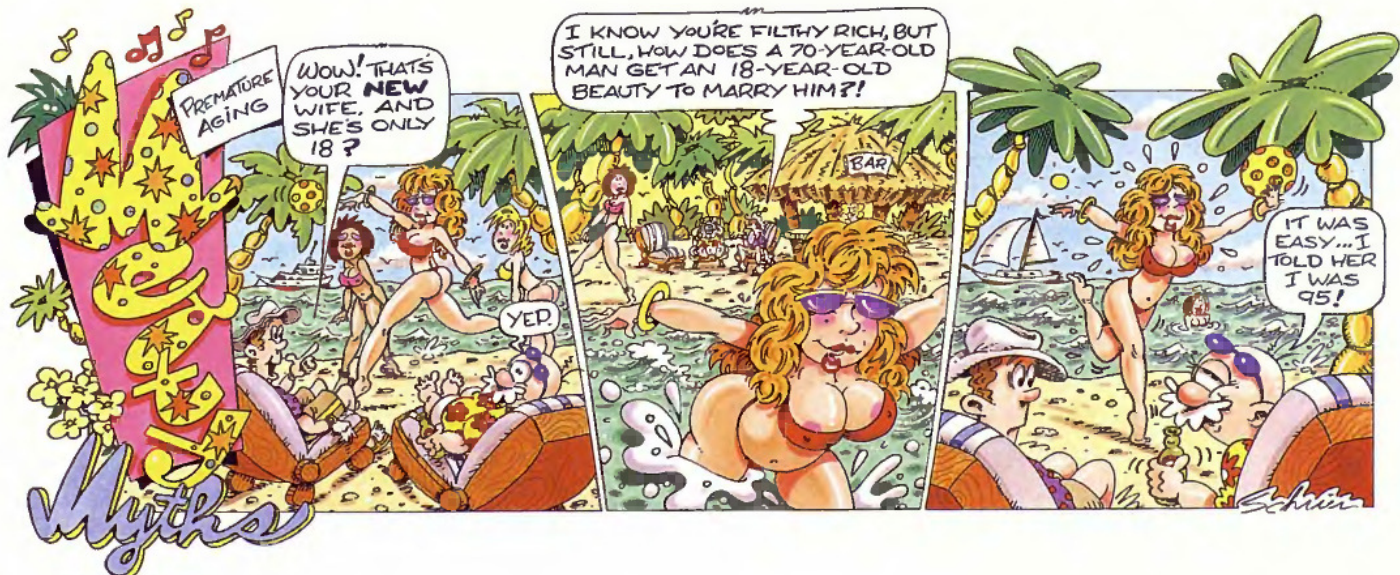
PLAYBOY: Whom should we bet on?

WHITE: You should bet on Rogan. He's a bad motherfucker.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You have two sons, ages three and four. What if one of them wants to become a UFC fighter?

WHITE: I love my kids so much. Do I want them to be fighters? No way. But I don't want them to be football players, either. And I don't want them to stub their toes. I don't want them to get hurt at all. This is how fucked up I am, that I sit around and think about this, but I dread the day when they get into a fight at school. I have two boys, so it's inevitable, but I dread that day. I remember what fights were like in school. It's traumatizing. I love my kids more than anything and I don't want that to happen, but that's reality. So if the day comes when my kid wants to do motocross or wants to fight, I would never hold him back. The worst thing would be for my kid to come to me and say he wants to be a dancer. But if he wants to be a dancer, I guess I have to support him.



PLAYMATE NEWS



MS. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

When PMOY 1993 Anna Nicole Smith walked into the Supreme Court dressed in a demure black overcoat and dress on a clear, cold February morning, it marked the beginning of the final chapter of a 10-year legal fight that has taken her through four trials. In what



Anna spices up the Supreme Court.

seemed like an episode of *Dynasty* or *Dallas* come vividly to life in the hushed halls of the high court, Smith was battling her stepson, 67-year-old E. Pierce Marshall, for a portion of her deceased husband J. Howard Marshall's \$1.6 billion estate. Though the nine justices remained decorous throughout the hour-long proceeding, they were clearly aware this wasn't just another day at the office. The air inside the solemn room crackled with electricity as reporters bobbed like jacks-in-the-press-box,



...pursue a stronger legal argument. After the hearing, reporters thronged outside the court as Anna and her team pushed toward an SUV while police tried to keep the scene under control. "It went as well as we could have hoped for," counselor Richland said on behalf of the silent Smith, leaving political pundits in the aftermath to crack wise along with the Lenos and Lettermans. In fact, most legal commentators felt Anna had the better argument. The court is expected to rule any day.

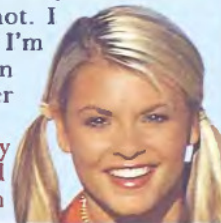
10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Miss July 1996 Angel Boris was turning heads as a Hawaiian Tropic model when PLAYBOY cast her for a pictorial featuring the leading ladies of lotion. A beauty among beauties, the red-haired Floridian was clearly Centerfold-worthy and attained that status a year later. Angel is among our most recognizable Playmates, with appearances at Glamourcon conventions, in movies and on television.



LOOSE LIPS

"I'm a psychology major, and I know that people always think the grass is greener on the other side, but I know that it's not. I know that I'm already on the greener side."
—Courtney Rachel Culkin



24-HOUR PARTY PLAYMATES

VIP nightspots, exclusive garden parties, swanky awards shows. Style-savvy Playmates are always at the center of the action. From left: **Teri Harrison** at Hollywood & Highland in Los Angeles; **Deanna Brooks** makes a move at the Mansion; **Tina Jordan** at Tao in Las Vegas; **Brande Roderick** at Fox's Television Critics Association Winter Party at Citizen Smith in Hollywood; **Kelly Monaco** at the World Music Awards at the Kodak Theatre in Hollywood.



HOT SHOT



LAUREN ANDERSON

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Justin Berfield

of *Malcolm in the Middle*
How can a guy pick just one Playmate? That's absurd!

But if I had to, I would have to say my



favorite Playmate is Miss January 2006 **Athena Lundberg**. She is naturally beautiful. Where was she when I visited the Grotto at the Mansion? Hef, can you help me with this?

POP QUESTIONS: JILLIAN GRACE

Q: It has been a little over a year since you posed. What's the most unexpected thing about being a Playmate?

A: It's funny: Of all things, the Bunny costume was my initial attraction to *PLAYBOY*, and I imagined that when I became a Playmate, I would instantly receive one. Unfortunately I had to wait on that, but I just found out I will finally be getting my ears.

Q: What kind of reaction do you get when you go back to your small hometown in Missouri?

A: One time in particular was a reality check. An acquaintance from high school told me he was glad I had

become a Centerfold. He went on to say he would have paid anything to see me nude, but it turned out it cost him only \$5.50. I just smiled because he meant it as a compliment, and I took it that way.

Q: What things do you miss most about home when you're in L.A.?

A: Of course my friends, my family and my dog. At home there's no traffic, the post office is a few blocks from my house, I can get to Wal-Mart in five minutes, I never have to pay to park, and I have Patke's chocolate milk. But in L.A. I have Hef, parties at the Mansion and career opportunities.



HEADLIGHTS & TAILPIPES



Martin & Lewis and chocolate and peanut butter are terrific, but the pairing of hot women and hot cars is among the 20th century's most electrifying. To give that comba the appreciation it deserves, Miss December 1992 Barbara Maore (pictured left) and Miss July 2002 Lauren Anderson are headlining the sexy Las Vegas review *Headlights & Tailpipes* at the Stardust. Imagine the Pussycat Dolls geared to motorheads: Bikes and hot rods from the 1960s through today share the stage with two of *PLAYBOY*'s racier Playmates. *Headlights & Tailpipes* will be the final production to grace the Stardust's lustrous stage. The landmark casino is expected to close its doors later this year.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Even after receiving three Razzies for her movie *Dirty Love*, Miss October 1993 Jenny McCarthy continues to take on multiple Tinseltown projects. In theaters, she stars in this summer's *John Tucker Must Die*. Then, on television, in addition to her upcoming movie *Mary Christmas*, Jenny will co-star with Patricia Heaton and Justine Bateman in a yet-to-be-titled ABC comedy pilot.... Miss April 2005 Courtney Rachel Culkin and Miss March 2006 Monica Leigh (below), both Long Island natives and steadfast New York



UPHOTO.COM



Knicks fans Courtney and Monica.

Knicks fans, were spotted cheering their team on at Madison Square Garden in what was surely an uplifting moment in the beleaguered Knicks' season.... Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson hosted the Juno Awards, the Canadian equivalent of the Grammys. The event, which featured performances by Coldplay, Nickelback and the Black Eyed Peas, was held in Halifax, Nova Scotia and aired on Canadian television.... CBS stacked its lineup of the Year when Tiffany Fallon and Kara Monaco appeared together on an episode of *CSI: Miami*.... Another Victoria's secret was revealed when Miss December 1996 Victoria Silvstedt (above) debuted her own signature lingerie line, Very Victoria Silvstedt, in London.



Supersxy Victoria Silvstedt has her own frilly secret.

MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com, or download her to your phone at playboymobile.com.

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A close-up photograph of a woman with dark, wet hair and skin, looking directly at the camera. She is standing under a shower of water, which is captured as a bright, cascading stream of droplets. The background is a clear blue sky.

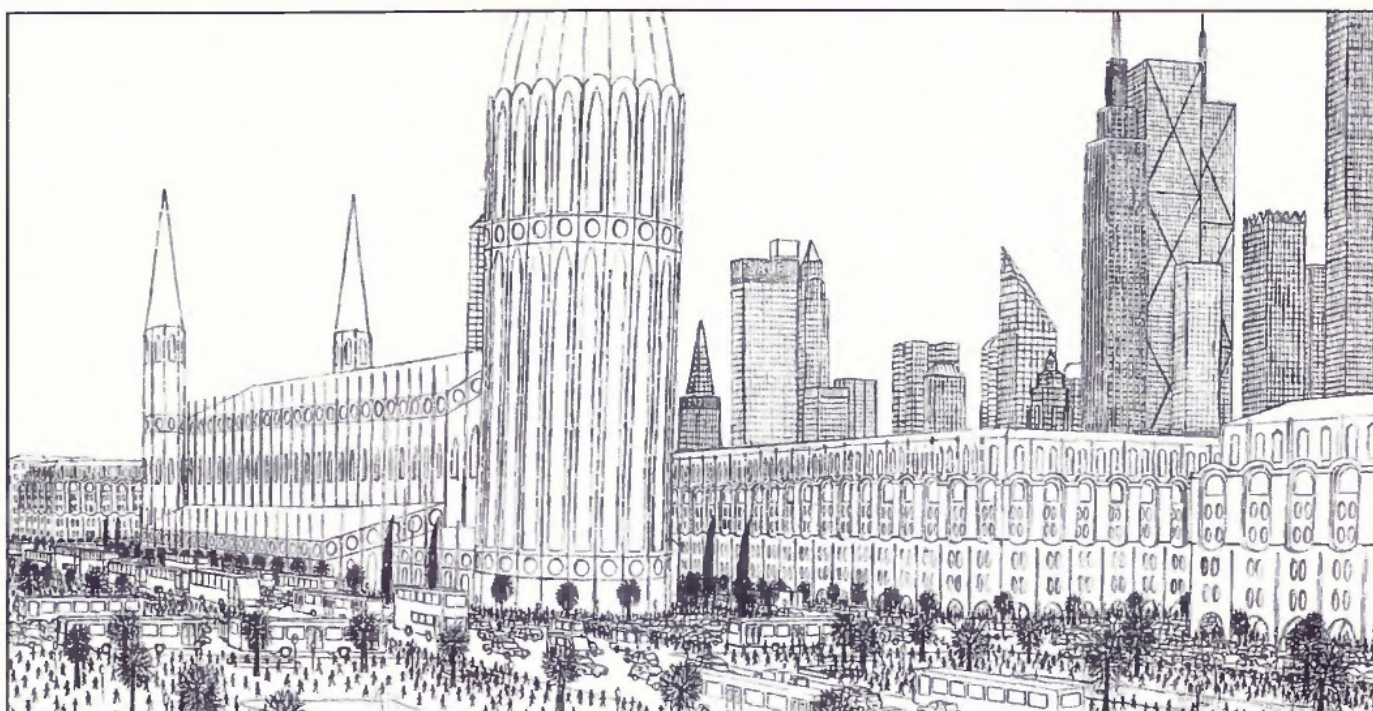
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Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



City of Dreams

France's bustling burg of Urville has 12 million inhabitants, thousands of buildings—and is entirely imaginary

Urville is blessed. Blessed with a great location (you can't beat the south of France), blessed with being host to its country's stock exchange and blessed with delightful architecture that fuses the modern and the classical. It is also fictional. Urville was conceived and meticulously cataloged over the course of two decades by Gilles Tréhin, a 34-year-old autistic man from Cagnes-sur-Mer, France. Tréhin's fantasy metropolis took shape through hundreds of intricate drawings and is mapped out in dizzy-

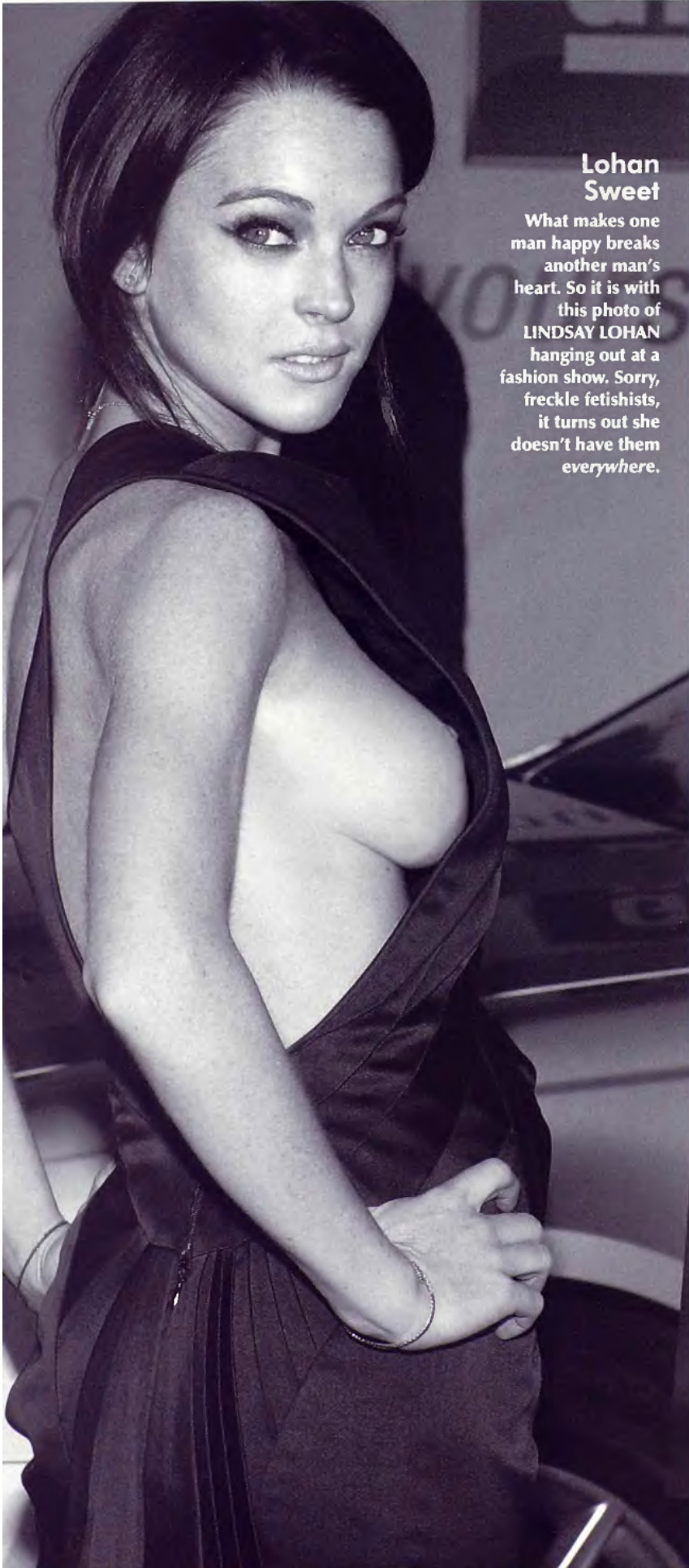
ing detail in a new book, *Urville* (\$25, jkp.com), which documents the city's history, economy and architecture, as well as the day-to-day life of its citizens. Tréhin's vision is staggering in its specificity. Spend some time in Urville and you'll soon see that our internal worlds are every bit as large and complex as our external one. Yet for all its fantasy, Urville is rooted in reality, surrounded by actual rural areas. "It's not a paradise," says Tréhin. "Just as in other big cities, some people have to get out of town on weekends to relax."



Just Say Yes

Amy Sedaris take our favorite reformed prostitute back to school on the big screen

Dropped in 2000 after a 30-episode run, Comedy Central's *Strangers With Candy* is among the funniest and most twisted TV shows ever made. The premise: 46-year-old ex-con-junkie-hooker Jerri Blank, played by Amy Sedaris, enrolls as a freshman at Flatpoint High School. "We tried to follow the formula of the after-school special," Sedaris says, "but Jerri always learns the wrong lesson, like 'Selling drugs is a good way to make friends.'" This month Sedaris's alter ego (pictured here prior to her decline) taints select silver screens in the *Strangers With Candy* movie, a project that reunites the comedienne with co-writers and co-stars Stephen Colbert and Paul Dinello. "We do the same thing in the movie as in the show," Sedaris says, "but instead of one terrible misguided lesson, Jerri learns many." So where does Sedaris end and Jerri begin? "I like living vicariously through her, but I'm not Jerri. I've never done heroin. I don't sleep around. I didn't have a hooker period. I'm not saying I won't, but I haven't tried it yet." 147



Lohan Sweet

What makes one man happy breaks another man's heart. So it is with this photo of **LINDSAY LOHAN** hanging out at a fashion show. Sorry, freckle fetishists, it turns out she doesn't have them *everywhere*.



RUSSELL ENGELBERG/GETTY IMAGES

Thank You for Continuing to Smoke

So what if *Basic Instinct 2* was a bust. We still love **SHARON STONE**. Closer to 50 than 40, she dares you to tell her she's not sexy anymore.



Hi, Lois

Kryptonite renders Superman powerless, but the cool stare of **KATE BOSWORTH**, the Lois Lane of *Superman Returns*, can stop any man cold.

GETTY IMAGES/EVERETT COLLECTION

World Cup Scouting Report: Italy

Fans call soccer the beautiful game, detractors call it boring, but we can all agree on this: Italian *calciatori* date hot babes. Consider MANUELA ARCURI (left), the model slide-tackled by defender Francesco Coco, a reserve on Italy's dismal 2002 squad. Christian Vieri led the team in scoring, but he whiffed when he dumped ELISABETTA CANALIS (right) for making a nude calendar. Defender Lorenzo Amoruso will never make the national team, but he did net GIULIA MONTANARINI (below).



Persian Missile

You saw her here first. Former belly-dancing instructor **MARAL REZAEI** is holed up in L.A., plotting world domination. We're sworn to secrecy about her music and film projects; all we can say is she fills a teeny bikini well. But you knew that.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY HARRIS



Meet the New Boss?

Two years ago **GINA GERSHON** said she'd like to run *PLAYBOY* magazine. We can't vouch for her editorial prowess, but we almost gave her the job anyway: If this is how she dresses for the red carpet, just imagine casual Fridays.

GET THE PICTURE?

Your digital camera may be as cute as a little monkey, but it can't hang from the trees without some help from its friends. That's when you call in the Gorillapod (\$25, gorillapod.com). This tiny lightweight tripod has three adjustable legs that not only let it stand on uneven surfaces but let it cling to the nearest tree branch (or bedpost). Bear in mind that this baby is meant for cameras weighing a pound or less (i.e., digital point-and-shoots). Your SLR will have to wait for the as yet mythical Kongpod.



BODY OF WORK

She's the face—and the figure—that launched this magazine, and since that historic 1953 cover, people haven't been able to get enough of her. To honor Marilyn Monroe's 80th birthday on June 1, Fox has released a DVD boxed set (\$50, foxstore.com) that samples the consummate blonde's career with five of her 30 films: *Niagara*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *River of No Return*, *The Seven Year Itch* and *Let's Make Love*, all with playful extras such as *Movietone News* segments, theatrical trailers and deleted scenes.



FOR SWINGERS

The foursome up ahead is ambling like a brood of smacked-out koalas, but you don't care. In your bag you have a golf club that dispenses whiskey sours. Have you died and gone to Rodney Dangerfield heaven? No, you're using the Drink Caddy (\$100, drinkcaddy.com), a device that instantly delivers drinks from a 54-ounce cooler in your bag through a tap that looks like a driver. The way we see it, every hole should be the 19th.



WAXING THICK

In the 1950s a Chicago grocer named Ben Hirsch began mixing car polish in his bathtub. Hirsch would go to ball games at Wrigley Field and polish car fenders in the lot. When the game was over, Cubs fans would walk out and find their fenders as good as new and a strange man standing there, peddling his product. Back then it cost a few cents. Today the multibillion-dollar brand Hirsch founded—Turtle Wax—is the biggest in the biz. The company's latest: Turtle Wax Ice (\$17, turtlewax.com). It's a clear polish fit for any exterior surface—metal, rubber, plastic—and it's as slick as baby oil. As for the hot girl, we suspect you've already got that covered.

TIE ONE ON

MP3 players are small enough to wear around your neck—which looks great if you're a Tokyo teen with orange hair. Personally, we're fans of Thomas Pink's Commuter Tie (\$95, thomaspink.com), the most understated piece of tech gear ever. Anything Nano-size or smaller will work, and the cord runs up under your collar for the ultimate in stealth punk.



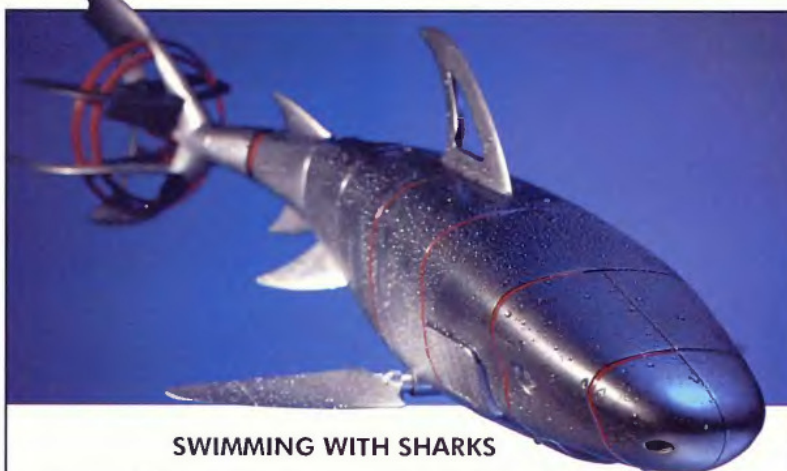
FUZZY LOGIC

It seems sane enough to pour beer into a glass made from a beer bottle, but pouring anything else into it, like orange juice for breakfast, arouses enough cognitive dissonance to strike a man dumb. Of course that's what makes these tumblers (\$25 for four, elsewares.com) from Green Glass interesting. So if you're willing to endure a little confusion, which we are, shut up and drink.



BIRTH OF A LEGEND

In September 1962 we published a conversation with Miles Davis that changed the face of journalism. Four decades later *The Playboy Interview* remains the gold standard for long-form Q&As. This month M Press will begin publishing *The Playboy Interviews*, a 14-volume hardcover series of these intriguing and often controversial exchanges, grouped by subject. The first installment, *They Played the Game* (\$23, playboy.com), contains 19 interviews with some of the most interesting figures in sports, including O.J. Simpson, Mike Tyson and Barry Bonds.



SWIMMING WITH SHARKS

Nothing's better than lounging in a pool. And nothing's worse than your nephew deciding to play "let's splash Uncle Steve." Cure him with a dose of abject terror. The Remote Controlled Robotic Shark (\$100, hammacher.com) is a two-foot-long plastic predator that can patrol the chlorinated depths for 15 minutes at a time. If the kids still aren't crying, you can reenact the last scene of *Open Water* with the waterproof remote.

A PUZZLING DEVELOPMENT

Listen closely; we're only going through this once. Perplex City is a puzzle game you buy in packs, like baseball cards (\$5, perplexcity.com). Each collectible card is a self-contained puzzle rated for its difficulty—the harder it is, the scarcer. Taken together, the entire set contains clues that lead to a real-world object, the Receda Cube, which is hidden somewhere on our home planet of Earth. If you can find the cube, you win the overall contest and collect a cool \$200,000 guaranteed to soothe your aching brain. It may not be as simple as Lotto, but at least the odds are stacked toward smart people.



Next Month



DENIS LEARY ON FIRE IN THE INTERVIEW.



ALTA MODA IN MILAN.



FICTION GOES BEYOND NEIGHBORLY.



THE REAL O.C.

WHY WE FIGHT—ACCLAIMED DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKER **EUGENE JARECKI** EXAMINES THE MOST PRESSING QUESTION OF THE DAY IN PROVOCATIVE INTERVIEWS WITH THOUGHTFUL AMERICANS, INCLUDING **JOHN MCCAIN**, **ETHAN HAWKE**, **TONY KUSHNER** AND OTHERS.

DENIS LEARY—WE LOVE HIM IN *RESCUE ME*, BUT WE TRULY MISS THE RANTS FROM HIS STAND-UP ACT. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*, **STEPHEN REBELLO** TOSSES UP TOPICS, AND LEARY TEES OFF ON THEM. AND YEAH, HE'S AN ASSHOLE.

CUL-DE-SAC—WELCOME TO WOODLAND TERRACE, WHERE NEIGHBORS OFTEN SLEEP IN ONE ANOTHER'S BEDS. WHEN A MAN DIES, HIS WIDOW CONSIDERS BREAKING HER SILENCE AND REVEALING THE SECRET. FICTION BY **J. ROBERT LENNON**

REAL WOMEN OF THE O.C.—THE STEAMY SITSOAP PURPORTS THAT THIS MAGICAL PLACE CALLED ORANGE COUNTY IS HOTTER THAN ANY OTHER AREA IN THE COUNTRY. IT MAY WELL BE. WE SENT PHOTOGRAPHERS TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TO CAPTURE LOCAL BEACH BEAUTIES IN THEIR NATURAL HABITAT.

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW—THE DRAFT ANSWERED SOME QUESTIONS, BUT AS TRAINING CAMPS OPEN WE POSE 25 MORE PUZZLERS TO ASSORTED MASTERMINDS, STRATEGISTS AND TACTICIANS OF THE GRIDIRON. AND HAVE NO DOUBT—

OUR FEARLESS PROGNOSTICATORS AGAIN PREDICT WHICH TEAM WILL REIGN SUPREME. HINT: IT'S NOT THE NINERS.

60TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIKINI—THE INVENTOR OF THE MODERN TWO-PIECE NAMED IT AFTER THE BIKINI ATOLL, A NUCLEAR-TEST SITE IN THE PACIFIC. THREESCORE YEARS LATER WE HAPPILY LOOK BACK AT FASHION'S MOST EXPLOSIVE GARMENT.

LUKE WILSON—THE STAR OF *IDIOCRACY* AND *MY SUPER EX-GIRLFRIEND* TALKS ABOUT NEVER WANTING TO MOVE OUT OF HIS BROTHER'S PLACE AND WHY HE WON'T TURN DOWN ROLES, EVEN AFTER *ALEX & EMMA*. 20Q BY **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

FASHION MILANESE—PHOTOGRAPHIC VIRTUOSO **HARRY BENSON** TAKES HIS LENS BACKSTAGE AT MILAN'S RUNWAY EXHIBITIONS TO REVEAL THE REAL SHOW: ARTISTS FROM VERSACE, VALENTINO, ARMANI AND OTHER STYLE HOUSES AT WORK.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO BRAZIL—AFTER A LIFETIME OF PRIMPING OTHER PARTS OF HER BODY, **SLOANE CROSELY** GOES DOWN THERE WITH MUCH TREPIDATION FOR A FIRST-PERSON REPORT ON WHY WOMEN WAX.

PLUS: CLEAR SPIRITS FOR SMOOTH SUMMER SIPPING, BEACH-BLANKET LINGO WITH **CHRISTINE SMITH**, AND FOR THE HOTTEST MONTH OF THE YEAR, MISS AUGUST **NICOLE VOSS**.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual amount may vary depending on how you smoke. For T&N info, visit www.rjrttarnic.com.

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Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

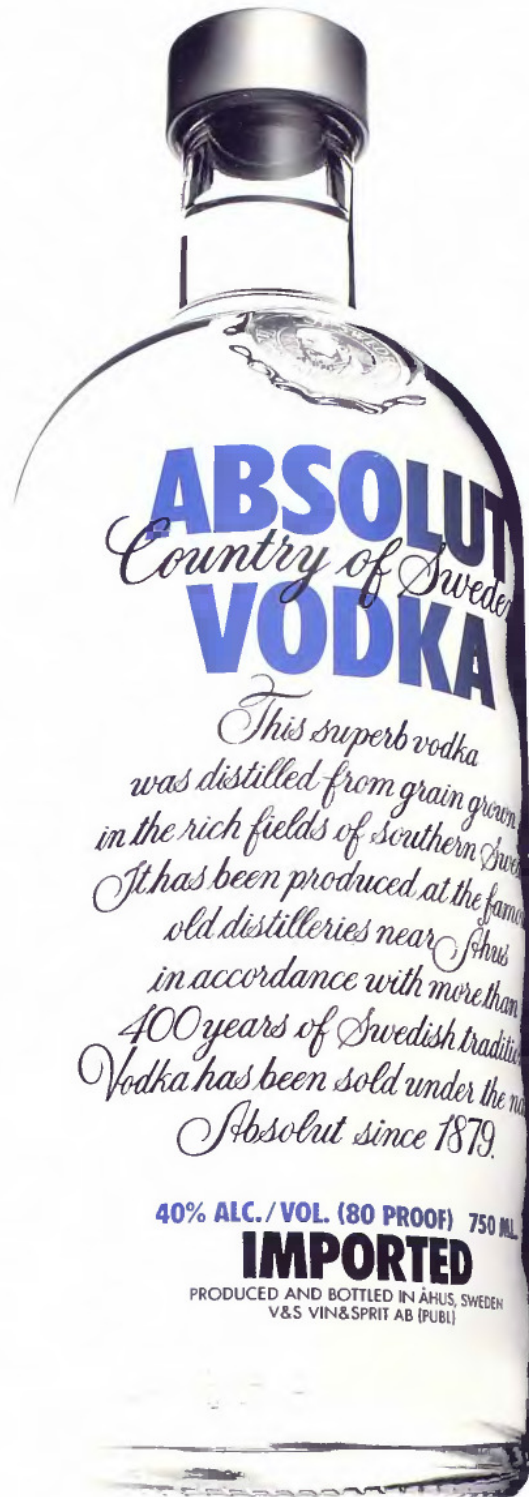
BE PASSIONATE.

NEW
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LIGHTS
BOX



KOOL
BE TRUE.

THE



ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
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*This superb vodka
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in accordance with more than
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Vodka has been sold under the name
Absolut since 1879.*

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