

SECRETS OF THE MALE SEX DRIVE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN playboy.com • FEBRUARY 2007

SPECIAL
LOVE ISSUE

COCKTAILS, CHEMISTRY,
CORSETS
AND THE ART OF
SEDUCTION

20^Q

BETTIE PAGE
THE WOMAN WE
LOVE TO LOVE

FAVORITE SHOW
FAMILY
GUY'S
SETH MACFARLANE

FAVORITE DESIGNER
OZWALD BOATENG

BATTLESTAR
GALACTICA'S
TRICIA
HELPER
SHEDS
HER
CYLON SUIT

HOOAH!
THE NAKED
DRILL SERGEANT

SIMON
COWELL
INTERVIEW
THE MAN WE LOVE
TO HATE

notemart
magazine

\$5.99
0 70992 35270 8 0 2 >





Bourbon lovers,

TIME TO RENEW YOUR VOWS.

LABROT & GRAHAM
WOODFORD RESERVE
DISTILLER'S SELECT

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLE NUMBER
123 09778
BOTTLED BY
Distilled by Labrot & Graham
Versailles, KY
50% ALC/VOL (100 PROOF)

HANDCRAFTED IN SMALL BATCHES.

WOODFORD RESERVE®

BOURBON HAS ARRIVED.

Commit to moderation. Drink responsibly.

Woodford Reserve Distiller's Select Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 45.2% Alc. by Vol., The Woodford Reserve Distillery, Versailles, KY. ©2007.



***This magazine was delivered as a
New Year gift from notemart@gmail.com,
a member from Vietnam, a lovely country.
If you have any nice magazine, plz send me.
Thanks in advance!***




INTRODUCING NEW BANDITS®

SMOKELESS TOBACCO

THEY'LL CHANGE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT TOBACCO.

Refreshing, moist, flavorful tobacco satisfaction in a discreet pouch.



Get a closer look at  SkoalBandits.com

Look for them in Wintergreen and Mint.



P l a y b o y i l l



Ladies and gentlemen, may we present Playboy's Designer of the Year, **Ozwald Boateng**. With his sleek and vibrant suits, the British creator of Bespoke Couture has already captured the adoration of the European fashion world, as well as the patronage of suave celebrities such as Jude Law and Jamie Foxx. This year he brings his smart designs and personal swagger to America. The bold trailblazer broke new ground stylistically, by uniting vivid modern fabrics and classic British tailoring, and socially, by being the first black designer to set up shop on Savile Row. Now the brash Boateng makes it clear he has set his sights on conquering the United States. "I wasn't formally trained, so I'm not limited by formality," he says. "I brought a very strong design philosophy to the Row. Now I am all about the American dream."



Nothing has a greater impact on your romantic history than your first breakup. "It is like the loss of innocence—it is the loss of innocence," says **Susan Minot**, who joins a quartet of other authors to consider romantic terminations in *Heartbreak*. For her part, the O. Henry Award winner examines the use of clichés when parting ways ("It's not you, it's me"). "It is easy to use clichés, though as one gets more intimate, one looks for the personal and particular," she says. "Every love is different, and every love is a cliché, which is probably a cliché in itself."



In October the world of visual humor lost a legendary figure, and we at Playboy lost a member of our family, when cancer claimed **Michelle Urry**, our longtime Cartoon Editor. "She brought a wicked sense of humor and an uncanny ability to nurture eccentric artists to her position," Douglas Martin wrote in *The New York Times*. "She had a spot-on sense of contemporary comedy," eulogized illustrator Harry Bliss, "and she was always successful in bringing the best out of the cartoonist." Her indispensable attribute, Urry once told *The National Observer*, was that she "brought an inordinately dirty mind" to her job. We will continue to publish the finest cartoons, but we will miss her always.



"Sex is a great science teacher because it covers so many areas, including biology, genetics and neurology," says the Playboy Advisor, Senior Editor **Chip Rowe**. His series on male sexual development begins this month with *The Flight of the Spermatozoon*. "I'm always digging up scientific research to answer letters to the Advisor and thought it would be interesting to bring it all together. You wouldn't believe how specialized knowledge can be. For instance, since 1988 three international conferences and tens of thousands of studies have been devoted just to the epididymis, the 20-foot-long tube near each testicle where sperm learn to swim."



In *The Starlight on Idaho*, **Denis Johnson** uses a series of letters to family, friends and foes to take us deep into the head of Mark Cassandra, who is grappling with substance abuse in a rehab center. "The Cassandras have been in three of my plays," Johnson says. "In one production some years ago, a character read one of Mark's letters. I returned to the theater for another of the plays a year later. As they were striking the set, they found the letter jammed into one of the boards. After rereading it, I wanted to hear more letters from this character and wrote this piece."

Don't forget to **KISS** your Valentine!



*Your free gift!**
Men's T for him. Baby Doll T for her.



NEW FRAGRANCES MADE FOR LOVIN' YOU!

Available at select fine department stores

*With any KISS fragrance purchase of \$49 or more. While supplies last.

PLAYBOY

contents

features

- 50 THE SEXUAL MALE, PART ONE: THE FLIGHT OF THE SPERMATOZOON**
After we track a sperm cell on its fantastic voyage to make a man, you may never look at your bits and pieces the same way again. Study up: This is the first chapter in a series of in-depth reports on the science of male sexuality. **BY CHIP ROWE**
- 66 ELEMENTS OF SEDUCTION**
Frigid, frightful February can become the hottest month on the calendar. Learn about intoxicating love potions, the 10 sexiest places in North America and sensual lingerie you'll want to buy now and peel off her later.
- 74 HEARTBREAK**
Five literary luminaries consider love's sour side by sharing their personal and sometimes painful relationship-ending experiences. **BY KEVIN CANTY, ALEKSANDAR HEMON, SUSAN MINOT, GARY SHTEYNGART and JEANETTE WINTERSON**
- 92 THE GUY BEHIND *FAMILY GUY***
Discover who puts the fun in *Family Guy's* dysfunctional Griffin clan by going behind the scenes with subversive Seth MacFarlane, creator of the most successful animated TV series since *The Simpsons*. **BY DAVE ITZKOFF**
- 102 ROMANCE 2007: THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE, SEX AND THE LAWS OF ATTRACTION**
As Valentine's Day approaches, now is the perfect time to brush up on what makes the world go round. Hear advice from scientists, foodies, troubadours and, perhaps most valuably, beautiful women who are learned in the ways of love.

fiction

- 62 THE STARLIGHT ON IDAHO**
In this dark and troubling tale from an American master, a man in rehab uses a series of letters written to friends and family members to reconstruct the chain of events that has brought him to rock bottom. **BY DENIS JOHNSON**

the playboy forum

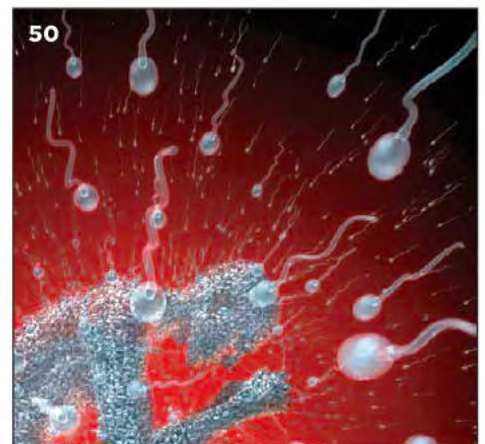
- 41 SERVING THE PUBLIC**
The titans atop the world's giant media companies seem willing to spend millions to lobby for greater consolidation. Why do such huge amounts of money seem inversely proportional to the quality of the radio, television and newspapers being acquired? **BY ERIC KLINENBERG**

20Q

- 72 BETTIE PAGE**
With her raven hair, beguiling smile and killer curves, she is one of the most enduring and popular sex symbols of the past 50 years. In a rare interview, the pinup icon and Playmate sets the record straight about a lifetime of lovers, her biggest regret and which of her former associates she would most like to knock on the head. **BY STEPHEN REBELLO**

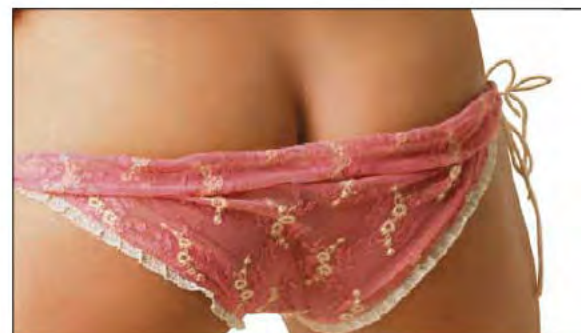
interview

- 47 SIMON COWELL**
Caught between a rock (Randy Jackson) and a soft-hearted place (Paula Abdul), the cantankerous *American Idol* judge (and co-creator) believes that when it comes to helping contestants face the music about their lack of talent, a spoonful of venom helps the medicine go down. Prime time's favorite critic sounds off about tone-deaf singers, cultural snobs and why he prefers Kelly Clarkson's music to Bob Dylan's. **BY ROB TANNENBAUM**



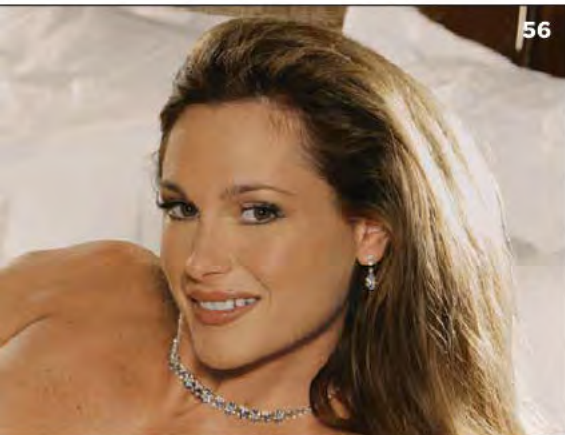
COVER STORY

As Cylon Number Six on *Battlestar Galactica*, Tricia Helfer is easily the sexiest robot in history. "She glides; she's a seductress," says Tricia of Number Six. But the talented model turned actress is more than a sexbot—she goes deep into the many variations of her conflicted character. This cover image by photographer Antoine Verglas reveals the sensual woman behind the machine. Our Rabbit is left tied in knots.



PLAYBOY

contents continued



- pictorials
- 56 TOUGH LOVE**
Work up a sweat with Air Force drill sergeant Michelle Manhart in this steamy layout.
 - 78 PLAYMATE: HEATHER RENE SMITH**
Though no longer a gymnast, the lissome Miss February still has all the right moves.
 - 110 OUT OF THIS WORLD**
Looking anything but robotic, *Battlestar Galactica*'s Tricia Helfer alights from the heavens for an exotic shoot.

- notes and news
- 9 THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY**
Las Vegas's Playboy Club opens with a real Bunny bash; celebrities help raise money for an animal sanctuary with the Mansion's Wildlife WayStation brunch.
 - 10 PLAYBOY AT THE PALMS**
Paris Hilton, Taye Diggs, Jamie Foxx and Tony Curtis were among the full house of celebrities Hef welcomed to opening night at the Playboy Club and casino.
 - 151 PLAYMATE NEWS**
Miss July 1997 Daphnee Duplax Samuel talks about her conniving alter ego on the soap *Passions*; 50th Anniversary Playmate Colleen Shannon broke hearts on British TV's *Love Island*.

- departments
- 3 PLAYBILL**
 - 11 DEAR PLAYBOY**
 - 15 AFTER HOURS**
 - 23 REVIEWS**
 - 33 MANTRACK**

- 39 THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**
- 90 PARTY JOKES**
- 147 WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 155 ON THE SCENE**
- 156 GRAPEVINE**
- 158 POTPOURRI**

- fashion
- 96 PLAYBOY'S DESIGNER OF THE YEAR**
Ozward Boateng won acclaim in the U.K. when he opened his flagship store on Savile Row. Now the innovative designer brings his flair for streamlined silhouettes and daring use of color to America.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

this month on playboy.com

THE PLAYBOY.COM A-LIST
Discover the true mixology masters as we name America's top 10 bartenders.

MAGAZINE BLOG
Go behind the scenes with PLAYBOY's editors, post your two cents and read more of our interview with Tricia Helfer.

THE 21ST QUESTION
Get the final word from pinup legend Bettie Page.

HOT TOPICS
Stay abreast of the most intimate headlines in our new daily sex-news feature.

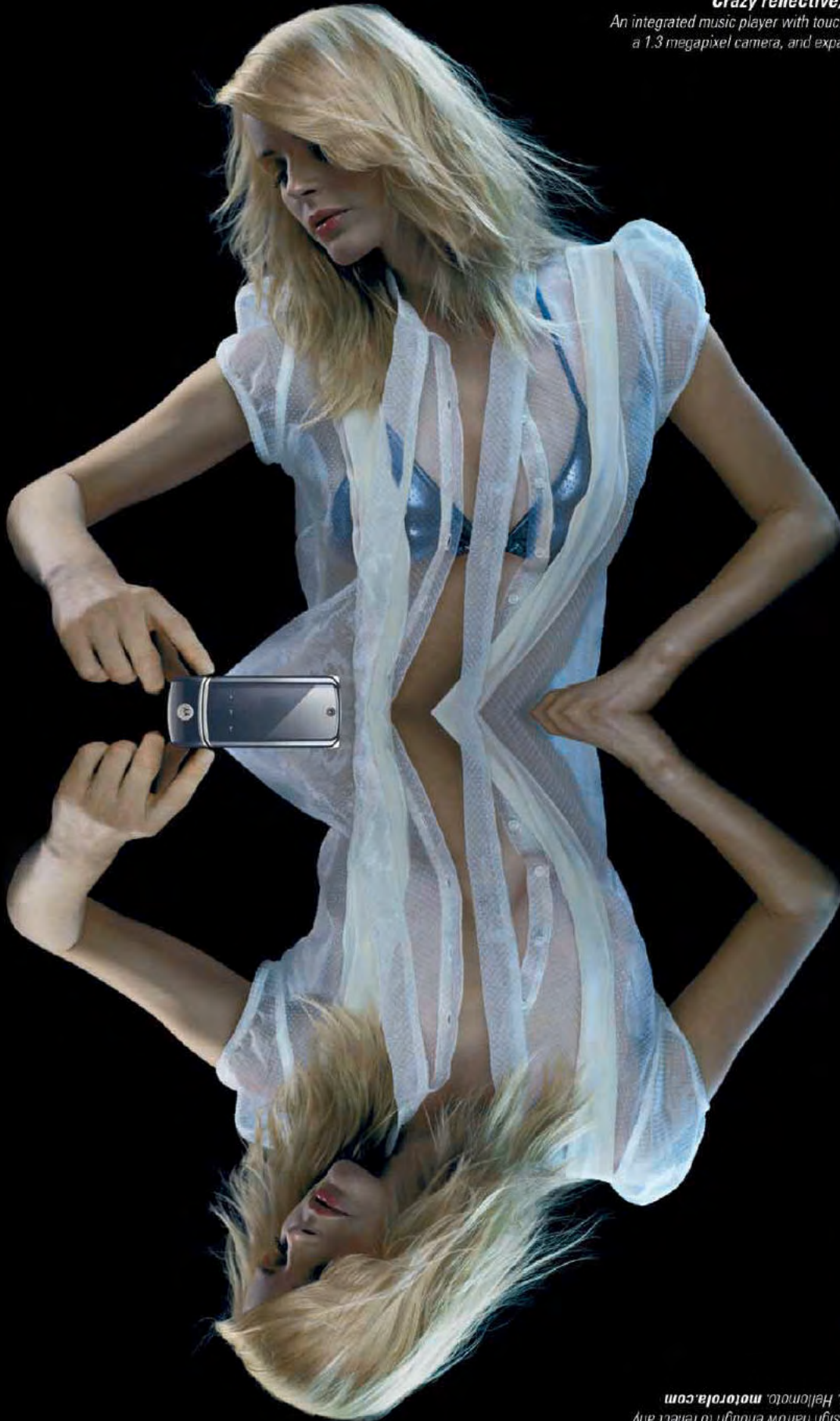
FASHION ARISTOCRACY
See video from our feature with PLAYBOY's Designer of the Year, Ozward Boateng.



GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: NOVEMBER 2006. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS DIANE GRIFFIN. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2007 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 147. DANBURY MINT INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. SANTA FE TOBACCO INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 AND BMG INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 40-41 IN DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. LENOX INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332900-102.

MOTOKRZR

Crazy reflective, crazy loaded.
An integrated music player with touch sensor controls,
a 1.3 megapixel camera, and expandable memory



all mirrored by a design narrow enough to reflect any
hand that holds it. Hellomoto. motorola.com

MOTOKRZR

MEET THE SIMPLY PERFECT BEAUTY SWEEPSTAKES.

PLAYBOY AND PATRÓN,
THE WORLD'S #1
ULTRA-PREMIUM TEQUILA.
WANT TO FLY YOU
AND A GUEST TO L.A. TO
HANG OUT AT THE
PLAYBOY MANSION AND
MEET THE NEW
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
AT HER CROWNING.

FOR A CHANCE TO WIN, VISIT
PLAYBOY.COM/SIMPLYPERFECT.



SIMPLY PERFECT.
simplyperfect.com

© 2007 The Patrón Spirits Company, Las Vegas, NV. 40% Alc./Vol.
The perfect way to enjoy Patrón is responsibly.

© 2007 PLAYBOY and PLAYBOY.COM are registered trademarks.
No purchase necessary. Eligibility limited to legal U.S. residents 21
or older. Sweepstakes ends 2/13/07. Subject to Official Rules,
available at www.playboy.com/simplyperfect.com. Void where prohibited.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER

editor-in-chief

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

editorial director

STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *executive editor*

ROBERT LOVE *editor at large*

JAMIE MALANOWSKI *managing editor*

EDITORIAL

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

ART

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

PHOTOGRAPHY

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

LOUIS R. MOHN *publisher*

ADVERTISING

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

MARKETING

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

PRODUCTION

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

CIRCULATION

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

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING

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

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

BOB MEYERS *president, media group*

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

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



THE BUNNY IS BACK!

When Hef and the Palms' George Maloof set alight the iconic Playboy Rabbit Head on the side of the new Palms Fantasy Tower, they announced the rebirth of the Playboy Club and with it a new era for Sin City. Inside, Bunnies slung cocktails and dealers dealt winning hands 52 floors above the desert, surrounded by a heady mix of modern luxury and Playboy memorabilia that included everything from historic *Playboy After Dark* videos to Centerfold chips.



BORN TO BE WILD

Every year, the Wildlife WayStation animal sanctuary holds a Safari Brunch Benefit and auction at the Mansion. Such stars as Grant Reynolds and Jillian Barberie (above), Quincy Jones (right) and Nicollette Sheridan (left, with founder Martine Colette) turn out to raise money for the foundation, which has been operating in southern California for 30 years.



PLAYBOY AT THE PALMS



Care for a drink? A dance? How about a game of roulette or blackjack? Packed wall to wall with Hollywood A-listers, the Playboy Club on opening night will surely hold a special place in the archives. (1) Holly Madison, Bridget Marquardt and Kendra Wilkinson with Hef at the new Las Vegas hot spot's opening. (2) Palms owner George Maloof with two of his Bunny staffers. (3) Rising star James Franco from the *Spider-Man* movies. (4) Red-hot Shannon Elizabeth. (5) Hef and Playboy CEO Christie Hefner place the club's first bets. (6) Illusionist Criss Angel of *Mindfreak* and actor Taye Diggs from *Day Break*. (7) A bunny-eared Paris Hilton with a winning hand. (8) Eric Balfour from *24*. (9) Bunny love! (10) Sportscaster and PLAYBOY cover girl Lisa Guerrero. (11) Actor Stephen Dorff with the death-defying David Blaine. (12) Tony Curtis, the legend. (13) Glutton for punishment Bam Margera with his lady, Missy Rothstein. (14) Oscar winner Jamie Foxx takes center stage.



D e a r P l a y b o y

MODERATE ISLAM

Though I appreciate Joseph Braude's analysis of the tensions between various Islamist trends and the Hashemite regime in Jordan (*Islam in the Crucible*, November), he overlooks a few critical factors. While the branches of the Muslim Brotherhood take their inspiration and name from the Egyptian group founded in 1928, they are



Will radicals hijack Islam? Or have they already?

more of a loose network than a unified movement. Braude also seems cautious about characterizing the Brotherhood as moderate, but it has long been more pragmatic than ideological: It backed the Jordanian monarchy against Palestinian militants in 1970 despite the fact that the Brotherhood's chief objective after the implementation of Islamic law is the liberation of Palestine. Brotherhood leaders told me in 2003 that they had been alarmed by the sudden popularity of figures such as Abu Musab al-Zarqawi and Osama bin Laden. Finally, Braude may fairly question how deep Sheikh Ahmad Nofal's moderate commitments run, but the broader challenge facing the monarchy is how to keep those like Nofal in the fray, where they can be constrained by the state's control over the appointments of imams. Alienating Nofal, and those far more radical than he, could expand opposition not only to the monarchy's policies but to its existence.

Jillian Schwedler
College Park, Maryland

Schwedler, a professor of government and politics at the University of Maryland, is the author of Faith in Moderation: Islamist Parties in Jordan and Yemen.

We must give up on the idea that Islam has been hijacked by radicals. The underlying philosophy of Islam is the Muslim belief in the faith's superiority. That's why we see large and often

violent protests against cartoons, comments by the pope and evil America. The silent majority among the world's 1.3 billion Muslims fall into three camps: those who secretly agree with the jihadists, those who disagree and those who haven't made up their mind. Braude's report shows how rare the call for peace is, even from Muslims under the guidance of a moderate king, leading me to believe the last group is the largest and may yet decide that jihad is the best strategy. That's scary.

Andy Jordan
Commerce City, Colorado

Islam in the Crucible is encouraging in its details of how the Jordanian government is trying to rein in jihad terrorism, but it still reveals the effort's difficulties and imperfections. For while, as Braude reports, "every mosque in the country is now legally subject, at least in theory, to the detailed religious rulings of the state," a jihadist like Nofal, as a professor of Islamic law, still retains his

position training clerics. If the state's detailed religious rulings don't curtail the operations of a Muslim teacher who advocates the rule of Islamic law that institutionalizes the oppression of women and religious minorities and denies freedom of conscience, one wonders how useful the rulings are. The almost insurmountable problem all reform efforts face, no matter how ruthless the muscle behind them, is that hard-liners like Nofal present their vision of Islam as pure, unadulterated by compromise and Western influence. They point to numerous verses of the Koran (notably 9:5 and 9:29, which mainstream commentators believe abrogate more tolerant verses revealed later in Muhammad's career), the hadith and rulings of Islamic law to justify this perspective. Moderate Muslims who speak out risk being condemned as heretics. If moderates cannot formulate a convincing theological response to jihadism, they will continue to be marginalized.

Robert Spencer
Washington, D.C.

Spencer is the director of Jihad Watch and author of The Truth About Muhammad.

It is jarring to read a PLAYBOY article that seems to support government control of religion, regardless of where it may occur. Braude writes of required worshipper ID cards in Tunisia that record in a government database each visit to a mosque, as well as of gov-

ernment control of sermon topics in Jordan. Most Americans would recoil if asked to register before entering a church. It is hard to imagine that people in the Middle East view the practice any more favorably.

Patrick Rodgers
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In the pages of the Koran Muhammad bitterly complains about Arab tribesmen who declare their allegiance to Allah but live only for themselves. Compassion, justice, mercy and honoring other "people of the book" (Jews and Christians) are what Muhammad and the Koran teach. Extremism comes from hatred, irrational religiosity and tribalism, not Islam.

Evan Dale Santos
Adelanto, California

QUEEN OF BLOGGERS

Arianna Huffington is the most politically savvy and articulate Democrat in years (*Playboy Interview*, Novem-



Huffington steps away from the keyboard.

ber). She's right when she says Hillary Clinton had her chance to show leadership and prove she could be a good president but wasted it. I also agree we are unlikely ever to see an atheist president. Spirituality is what makes us human, although too many people who accept Christ step into darkness instead of light, leaving behind their powers of reason.

Patrick Prescott
Albuquerque, New Mexico

A good walk spoiled. Huffington calls for George W. Bush's impeachment, then her interview is followed

PLAYBOY Digital

A whole
NEW way
to get
PLAYBOY
Magazine!



INSTANT ACCESS

ZOOM IN

QUICK LINKS

**Subscribe now
and get a
FREE GIFT!**

**Just go to
www.playboydigital.com**

in December by one with the Dixie Chicks. What's next, another interview with Jimmy Carter?

David Kerwin
Chicago, Illinois

Huffington makes her living bashing the political system, but it can't be as bad as she claims. And her solution is to endorse a leftover like Al Gore.

Gil Brill
Las Vegas, Nevada

Huffington must be the most conservative Democrat alive. She's even worse than Hillary Clinton, yet I agree with much of what she says, especially the idea that the media has attention-deficit disorder. The root of that problem is that most people—especially young people—just don't give a shit what the government does.

Steve Nash
Anaheim, California

You missed a golden opportunity. How about a pictorial? Smart is sexy.

Michael Thompson
Langley, Washington

THE FUTURE OF GAMING

You can have your teraflops, motion-sensor controllers and 1080p screens (*Welcome to the Next Level*, November); what will determine the winner in the video-game console war is software. *The Metal Gear Solids*, *Halos* and *Legend of Zeldas* will sell systems regardless of price. My money is with Sony.

Daniel Thielemier
Pueblo, Colorado

HELMET LAWS

Your report in November's *Raw Data* that the number of unhelmeted biker deaths in Florida has jumped from 22 to 250 a year since the state repealed its helmet law. What you don't say is whether more Floridians are riding motorcycles. You should do a little research before publishing misleading stats like that. Aren't we regulated enough? Besides, the real danger is yuppies who buy powerful bikes but never take a safety course.

Donald Lacey
Bedford, Texas

During the same period, motorcycle registrations in Florida jumped by 87 percent, a significant increase but not enough to account for the rise in fatalities. One study concluded that the helmet law's repeal led to at least a 20 percent increase in biker deaths the following year. Researchers have found similar trends in other states.

PLAYBOY RACERS

In the November *After Hours* you describe the Grand American circuit as a younger brother to NASCAR. Many of

us hold Grand-Am road racing in higher regard than NASCAR's nonstock stock cars, roundly round and hype.

Dean Thompson
Greeley, Colorado

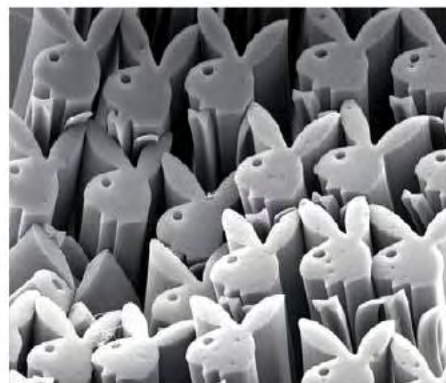
PENIS BREAK

I am sorry to read about Steve Mack's unfortunate penis accident (*The Worst Break of My Life*, November) but glad to know your readers are now aware this injury can occur. Each time I go to the operating room to repair a penis, at least one nurse will say, "I didn't know you could break that!"—and these are medical professionals. The hard inner shell of fibrous tissue that engorges with blood can rip just as a tire blows out. I've had patients with one side ruptured, both sides ruptured and even the urethra torn in half. Many men wait until it's too late and suffer a severe permanent bend or erectile problems. The sun should never set or rise on a potentially fractured penis.

Dr. Richard Santucci
Detroit Receiving Hospital
Detroit, Michigan

SPOT THE BUNNY

As a researcher at MIT I study nanostructures, particularly carbon nanotubes, which are grown by placing a silicon wafer in a high-temperature furnace containing a carbon gas. A



Swizzle sticks for your microscopic drink.

chemical reaction draws up millions of parallel nanotubes in any shape you specify. The hope is that scientists someday will be able to control this reaction to create lightweight cables that will have fantastic strength and electrical conductivity. As an experiment, I fashioned microscopic blocks of nanotubes in the shape of a famous icon—probably the tiniest version of the Rabbit Head ever created. Each is about a quarter millimeter wide. The bow ties are about the width of a human hair.

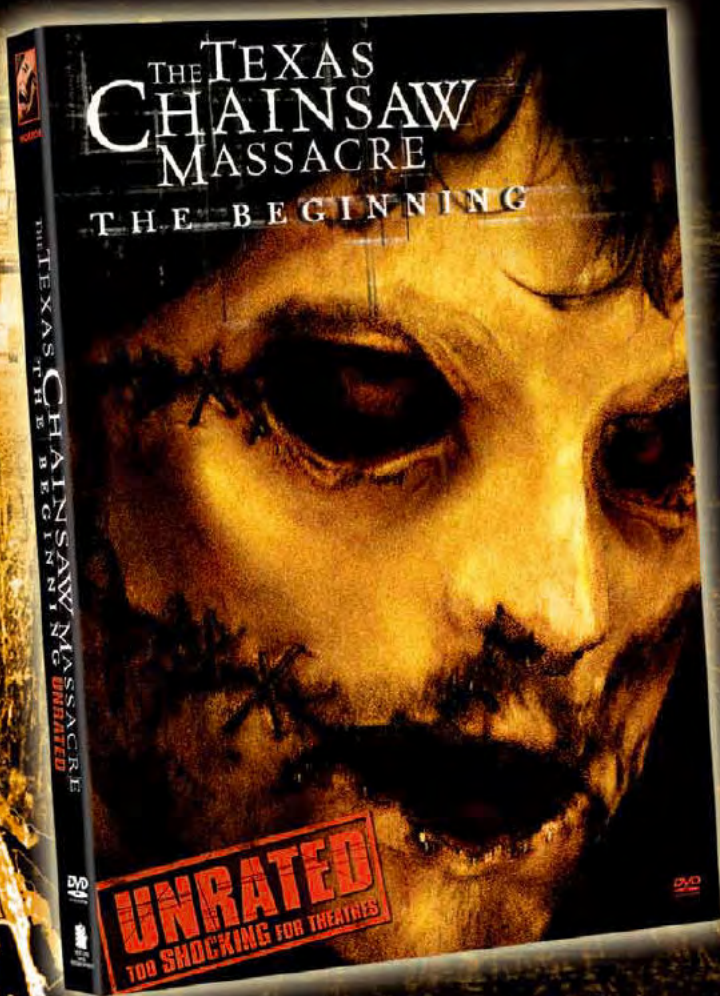
John Hart
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Read more feedback at blog.playboy.com.



**THE ONLY THING
MORE SHOCKING
THAN HOW IT ENDED...
IS HOW
IT ALL BEGAN.**

**OWN IT
ON DVD
JAN. 16**



NEW LINE CINEMA PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH MICHAEL BAY AND ATLANTA FILMS/NEXT ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION "THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE: THE BEGINNING"
STORY BY SHELTON TURNER AND DAVID J. SCHWAB SCREENPLAY BY SHELTON TURNER AND DAVID J. SCHWAB DIRECTED BY JONATHAN LIEBESMAN
CASTING BY JONATHAN LIEBESMAN COSTUME DESIGNER MARCO RUBEO EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOBY EMMERICH MARK OMBRESKY GUY STODEL JEFFREY ALLARD ROBERT J. KIRBY PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BAY MIKE FLEISS TOBE HOOPER KIM HENKEL ANDREW FORM BRAD FULLER
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOBY EMMERICH MARK OMBRESKY GUY STODEL JEFFREY ALLARD ROBERT J. KIRBY PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BAY MIKE FLEISS TOBE HOOPER KIM HENKEL ANDREW FORM BRAD FULLER
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY LUKAS ETTLIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOBY EMMERICH MARK OMBRESKY GUY STODEL JEFFREY ALLARD ROBERT J. KIRBY PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BAY MIKE FLEISS TOBE HOOPER KIM HENKEL ANDREW FORM BRAD FULLER
CASTING BY JONATHAN LIEBESMAN COSTUME DESIGNER MARCO RUBEO EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOBY EMMERICH MARK OMBRESKY GUY STODEL JEFFREY ALLARD ROBERT J. KIRBY PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BAY MIKE FLEISS TOBE HOOPER KIM HENKEL ANDREW FORM BRAD FULLER
MUSIC BY STEVE JABLONSKY EDITOR JONATHAN CHENALL PRODUCTION DESIGNER MARCO RUBEO
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOBY EMMERICH MARK OMBRESKY GUY STODEL JEFFREY ALLARD ROBERT J. KIRBY PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BAY MIKE FLEISS TOBE HOOPER KIM HENKEL ANDREW FORM BRAD FULLER
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY LUKAS ETTLIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOBY EMMERICH MARK OMBRESKY GUY STODEL JEFFREY ALLARD ROBERT J. KIRBY PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BAY MIKE FLEISS TOBE HOOPER KIM HENKEL ANDREW FORM BRAD FULLER
CASTING BY JONATHAN LIEBESMAN COSTUME DESIGNER MARCO RUBEO EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOBY EMMERICH MARK OMBRESKY GUY STODEL JEFFREY ALLARD ROBERT J. KIRBY PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BAY MIKE FLEISS TOBE HOOPER KIM HENKEL ANDREW FORM BRAD FULLER
MUSIC BY STEVE JABLONSKY EDITOR JONATHAN CHENALL PRODUCTION DESIGNER MARCO RUBEO

UNRATED



www.newline.com www.texaschainsawmovie.com



©MMVII New Line Home Entertainment, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Fantasy Becomes Reality

From Marilyn Monroe to Pamela Anderson, the world's most beautiful and alluring women have graced the pages of Playboy from its first issue in December 1953.

Now, the very best images from the Playboy archive, taken by legendary photographers from Pompeo Posar to David LaChapelle, have been hand-picked as a highly exclusive Limited Edition Collection – offered now for the first time to PLAYBOY readers and collectors worldwide.

As part of this exciting offering, International Images will host “Fantasy Becomes Reality”, a private party for buyers of the Gold Edition, at the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles in July 2007.



The Playboy Legacy Collection consists of forty-eight gallery quality, limited edition prints.
Only seventy-five complete editions will be available worldwide.



For more information, and to view the collection, visit: WWW.PLAYBOYLEGACYCOLLECTION.COM today.

P L A Y B O Y

a f t e r h o u r s

notemart
magazine

babe of the month

Olivia Munn

THE TECHTRESS LETS US INSPECT HER GADGETS

Get this straight: Olivia Munn is a nerd. There was some confusion on this point when she took over co-hosting duties on G4's *Attack of the Show!* in early 2006. The network's rough equivalent to *E! News*, *Attack of the Show!* covers entertainment for a mostly male and fairly geeky audience. "They were saying, 'Yeah, she's hot, but does she know anything about video games?'" Olivia recalls. "I have a complex about being pretty enough, so when I heard that, I was like, 'Thank you!'" She admits video games were her weak suit, but she holds firm on her tech acumen. When bored, she'll tweak her PC, which is easier than a Mac to "break apart and do a bunch of shit to. I'll put in more memory or a new fan." At this point in our chat she touted her new handheld thingy, then fretted over syncing it with her old whatsit. We just nodded and let her finish—she's a talker, this one. On her other G4 show, *Formula D*, she follows the pro drifting circuit. "I think I'm a great driver," she says, as if we assumed she isn't. "People in the car with me get scared, but I'm totally in control." She confesses that she recently got a speeding ticket but was more chafed by the cop's social skills than the fine. "He recognized me and asked me on a date. But he was giving me a ticket, so I said no. Then he gave me his business card and asked if I would hire him to be my bodyguard. How lame is that?"

"People in the car with me get scared, but I'm totally in control."



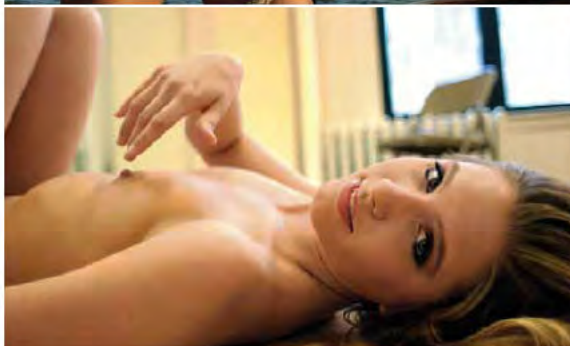
afterhours

indecent proposer

The Naked City

HITTING THE BRICKS WITH THE MAN WHO GETS NEW YORK GIRLS TO BARE IT ALL

When we met shutterbug Andrew Einhorn, we knew he was onto something. His shtick is simple: Approach women on the street and ask them to pose for nude photographs. While the maneuver may not play in Peoria, Einhorn's turf—downtown New York—teems with enough free spirits and rebels to fill a book or three. His first two collections, *Naked Happy Girls* (2003) and *Bubble Bath Girls* (2005), are 368-page tributes to the simple joy of stripping down and smiling for the camera. But the photos are only part of the story. Getting strange women to take their clothes off requires Einhorn to play both seducer and salesman. The series *Naked Happy Girls*, premiering January 13 on Playboy TV, follows him around town on his quest to compile a third book. Einhorn's brash optimism and unapologetic love of the female body are endearing and a little inspiring. But unless you're a glutton for rejection, we don't recommend trying this at home.



managing expectations

With This String...

TODAY'S CELEBRITY UNIONS HAVE BUILT-IN MARRIAGE PENALTIES

Nick and Jessica didn't sign one, but Britney and Kevin did. With the recent rash of celebrity splits, high-profile prenuptial agreements and their quirks are again in the news. We asked Los Angeles divorce lawyer Scott Weston (whose clients have included Barry Bonds, Snoop Dogg and Disney CEO Robert Iger) for some of the strange demands of prominent brides:



The wife of an NBA star mandated that he be present for her birthdays or face a \$500,000 fine.

A Hollywood actress required a \$100,000 bonus for each pregnancy, arguing that childbearing would ruin her figure and, by extension, her acting career.

An L.A. real estate developer's spouse negotiated a fine of \$100 for every minute he is late to a given commitment. He was

granted exceptions for emergencies, pending documentation.

A songwriter's bride stipulated that he never write negative lyrics about her, or he will face a \$150,000 fine for each offending line and forfeit all royalties from the work.

An oil tycoon's wife dictated that any affair committed aboard his multimillion-dollar yacht would result in the forfeiture of said yacht—to her.

drink of the month

They All Scream for Iced Cream

PLAY CUPID WITH A SEXY, SMOOTH CONCOCTION

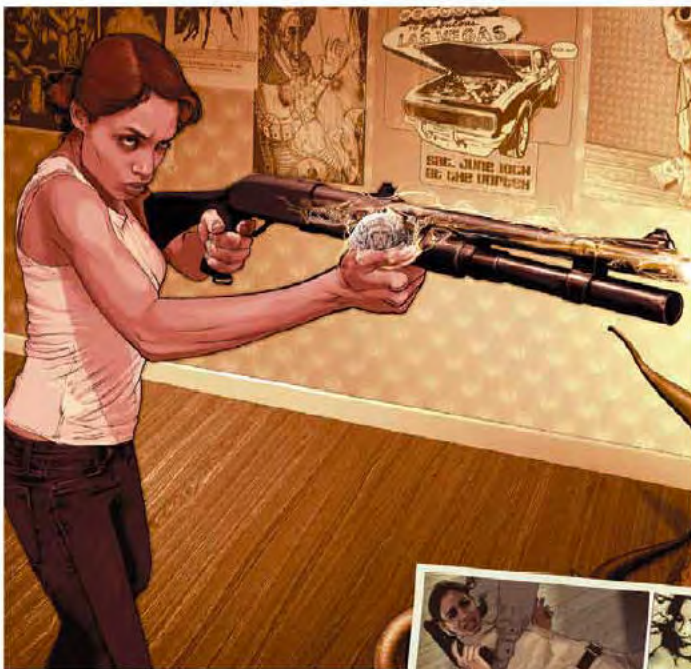
Chocolate is the handiest aphrodisiac, and if legend can be believed, a love-struck innkeeper invented amaretto as a gift for a famous painter. Love potions don't come more potent than this.



Elixir of Love

- ½ shot white rum
 - 1 shot Disaronno amaretto
 - 1 shot brown crème de cacao
 - 1 shot cream
- Shake all ingredients in a cocktail shaker and pour into a tumbler half filled with crushed ice. Garnish with chocolate shavings.

sounds a little sketchy



Pictures of Rosie

A COMIC-BOOK ARTIST GETS PAID TO OBSESS OVER A HOT ACTRESS

Illustrator Tony Shasteen's job has been unusual of late—even by comic-book standards. His most recent title, *Occult Crimes Taskforce*, was co-created by actress Rosario Dawson. She's also its star, in a way: Protagonist Sophia Ortiz is meticulously modeled after Dawson herself. To get Ortiz just right, Shasteen had to shoot photos of Dawson for reference—roughly 1,400 of them. He ended up drawing her as many as 50 times in each issue. "It was tough having to draw someone and get it right that many times," Shasteen says. "But it helps that it was Rosario. She makes the day go by a little easier."



the framing of the screw

Was It Love or Nothing at All?

ONE-NIGHT-STAND PRO CHELSEA HANDLER ON POSTCOITAL COURTING



Here's something people ask me a lot: "What do I do if I've had a one-night stand and now I'm worried about love?" I have four answers because it is such a vague question.

If you are a man and you think you're in love: Call her a lot, even if she doesn't return your calls. Quitters don't find love. Quitting when you know you should is the opposite of love. Go to her house and stare at her window. Knock on it. Gently put something through it, such as a rock. Make it a rule: Penetrate, then defenestrate.

If you are a man and you know you're not in love: Before you part company, tell her you have irritable bowel syndrome. Some illnesses, such as leukemia, can make a crazy girl love you more, but IBS isn't one of them.

If you are a woman and you know you're not in love: Tell him you're thrilled to be starting a family together, assuming the old hole-in-the-condom trick worked last night, and suggest he start looking for a second job because you've always dreamed of being a stay-at-home mom. He'll flee.

If you are a woman and you think you're in love: This just doesn't happen. Women who have one-night stands don't let them become relationships, because once you're in a relationship, you can't have one-night stands anymore. If I meet you and we do it that night, you won't be my boyfriend. But face it, you will never be my boyfriend anyway.

In fact, I have a boyfriend right now—and no, I didn't have sex with him the first night I met him. I held out for a couple of days, and then we took ecstasy in Vegas and fell in love. That's the lesson: If I can find love, anyone can. Ecstasy, however, is harder to come by.

Chelsea Handler stars on E!'s Chelsea Handler Show—duh.

explicit sexuality



Leaving Nothing to the Imagination

SELECTED PICTURES FROM A BOOK ABOUT SEX TERMS

The Contemporary Dictionary of Sexual Euphemisms, by Jordan Tate, explains such locker-room talk as *mustache ride* and *camel toe*. (If you don't know those, buy the book.) Our favorite part: the photos that illustrate (all too literally) some entries. Can you identify the ones above?

(ANSWERS: A. pearl necklace; B. hide the salami; C. money shot; D. muff diver; E. popping that (her) cherry.)

[afterhours



employee of the month

Construction Sight

PENNSYLVANIA HANDYWOMAN JACQUELYN JOHNSTON IS A TOOL-BELT DIVA

PLAYBOY: So what do you do?

JACQUELYN: I'm in construction. I do a lot of carpentry. I frame, hang drywall, plaster, paint—the works.

PLAYBOY: We don't come across too many construction workers who are women—let alone sexy.

JACQUELYN: Well, my sister actually works in construction too. And while I may be sexy, I should state that I am not girlie.

PLAYBOY: Sorry—just noticing your fingernails.

JACQUELYN: I wear nails on the job. Once I dropped a two-by-four on my hand and broke all of them. But I don't do my hair, which is good because most days I have to wear a hard hat.

PLAYBOY: What's more comfortable, worker's jeans or lingerie?

JACQUELYN: Oh, I'm very comfortable in my own skin. This shoot was great except I spotted a carpentry mistake in the set design.

PLAYBOY: Well, you're a pro. What's the best part of the job?

JACQUELYN: Definitely the demolition. I like nothing more than taking a sledgehammer or crowbar to a room. It relieves stress and is a great workout.

PLAYBOY: Wow. What do you do to unwind?

JACQUELYN: I like to grab a six-pack of beer and head to the lake to go night fishing. See? I told you I'm not girlie.

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.

whatta dame

Eloquent Ogling

HOW A LITERARY LION COUNTS THE WAYS

"Being indivisible was her prime constituent. Each action involved the whole of her. When she walked, everything swayed. When she laughed, everything shook. When she sneezed—you felt that absolutely anything might happen. And when she talked, when she argued and opposed, across a tabletop, she leaned into it and performed a sedentary belly dance of rebuttal. And naturally I wondered what else she did like that, with the whole of her body."

—from Martin Amis's new novel, *House of Meetings*

ancient chinese secrets



YUKO SHIMIZU

Are You Unbreakable?

THREE EASY STEPS TO SHAOLIN INVINCIBILITY

Shaolin monks have met pain and defeated it. Their "iron" kung fu disciplines—iron head, iron hand and, yes, iron crotch—allow them to take blows that put other tough guys down for the count. Matthew Polly, author of *American Shaolin*, breaks down the mad monks' method:

1. Use the force The Chinese believe in chi, a defensive energy shield that can be focused on specific body parts by using breathing exercises and traditional movements.

2. Beat yourself up An iron-hand trainee spends half an hour each day plunging his fists into rice, then sand, then—ouch—gravel. The iron-crotch student has it far worse: He starts out pounding his family jewels with his fist, then a wooden paddle and finally a metal plate.

3. Mystery meds The second day of training is like taking a hammer to a bruise. It's a world of pain that can be eased only by top-secret herbal medicine—a stewlike substance that yellows the skin and may contain rat flesh.

ABSOLUT- PEARS. PEAR FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ALL OTHER ABSOLUT TRADEMARKS ARE OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©2006 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPHY BY GUIDO MOCAPICO. WWW.ABSOLUT.COM. ENJOY WITH ABSOLUT RESPONSIBILITY.®



THE NEW TASTE OF TEMPTATION

ENTICINGLY MELLOW PEAR VODKA. ABSOLUT.COM

VALENTINE'S GIFT GUIDE

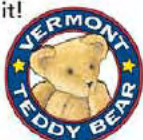
Get some ACTION!



STEAL HER HEART

Be original this year and send her a Bear-Gram gift this Valentine's Day! Over 100 Bears to choose from, each delivered with gourmet chocolate and a card with your personal message in our famous gift box. Vermont Teddy Bears work. We guarantee it!

(Shown: 15" Love Bandit Bear)



She'll Love It!

VermontTeddyBear.com
1.800.829.BEAR

SPOIL HER



Choose from hundreds of styles. Each Pajamagram comes with a lavender sachet, gift card and Do Not Disturb sign, delivered in a beautiful hatbox. **ALL FREE!**

(Shown: Ruby Velour Lounge Set)

It's a gift you'll BOTH love!

PajamaGram.com
1.800.GIVE.PJS

Send Her **100** Luxury Roses This Valentine's Day



WOW HER!

Yeah, you've sent her flowers before, but not like this. Make the **BIGGEST** impression and fill her office or home with the largest, most gorgeous roses ever. Her co-workers and friends will flip out, and you'll look like a hero. She'll be so impressed and will thank you over and over.

(Shown: 100 Roses, Champagne Cooler & Gourmet Truffles)

LuxuryRoses.com
1.800.800.7788

Valentine's Day Delivery Guaranteed. She'll Love You For It!

R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

price check



\$1,764,000

Price listed in the Neiman Marcus Christmas catalog for a flight into space for a party of six. The trip will take place aboard the *Virgin Galactic* spacecraft and includes medical prep, training and a postflight party at Virgin Group chairman Sir Richard Branson's private Caribbean island retreat.



Playing Devil's Advocate

Blogger Steve Wells has counted the number of people killed in the Bible. God takes the lives of **2,270,365** (not including the victims of Noah's flood, Sodom and Gomorrah, and the many plagues and famines, etc.). Satan is responsible for only **10** deaths, those of Job's seven sons and three daughters.

Questionable Characters

Of the 1.5 million students who took the SAT in 2006, just **15%** wrote the required essay in cursive script; the other **85%** printed it in block letters. Educators predict that, due to the ubiquity of computers, cursive's days are numbered.



Oh God, Oh God

According to a Beliefnet poll, **55%** of its respondents say sex is a part of their spirituality, **38%** have prayed either before or after sex, and **48%** define sex as a gift from God.

That's Not So Hot

As of December 2006, number of copies sold of Paris Hilton's CD: **103,000**. Copies sold of her sex tape: **750,000**.

They Do Less After Nine A.M.

The national unemployment rate: **4.4%**

The rate among nonveterans aged 20 to 24: **8.1%**

The rate among veterans aged 20 to 24: **11%**



A Bad Man Is Hard to Find

Bodog.com's odds on whose body will be found first: Jimmy Hoffa's, **15 to 4**; Osama Bin Laden's, **2 to 13**.

Cheese Burglars

In Italy **1** out of every **10** items shoplifted is Parmesan cheese.

State of Denial

According to a kids-versus-parents sexual-awareness poll in *New York* magazine, **55%** of its teenage respondents have had sex, but only **26%** of the parents think their child has had intercourse.

Fund-Raisers

87% of parents assume that scholarships and grants will help with college costs; almost **75%** think their child is special enough to warrant a scholarship.

what they're thinking

It's Not the Size of the Boat...

Only **4%** of female *Cosmopolitan* readers say penis size is the key to their sexual satisfaction. Thrusting technique came out on top, at **55%**.

T E S T - W I N N I N G P E R F O R M A N C E

"Ferocious performance"

- Speedzones.com

"A technical masterpiece"

- European Car

"The best ever made"

- Forbes.com

"Consistently ranked #1"

- Men's Journal

"The World's Best"

- Radartest.com

"The highest protection"

- Motor Trend

"The one to have"

- Sport Compact Car

"The only way to go"

- Backroads

"I want one"

- Vette Magazine

"State of the art"

- Popular Mechanics



And the winner is ...

When we introduced the Passport 8500 X50, it was instantly acclaimed "The World's Best". And, in more than one dozen independent tests, the experts agreed. The Passport 8500 X50 provides the longest range on every radar and laser signal, while virtually eliminating false alarms. It's unlike any detector ever made.

Take our "no risk" 30-day test drive. You'll agree with the experts that the Passport 8500 X50 is truly "The World's Best!"

Order yours today at www.EscortRadar.com

or call toll-free **1-800-637-0322**

Department 600727



ESCORT
FOLLOW NO ONE

R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[THE NUMBER 23]

Carrey plus Madsen makes for one sexy equation

In the offbeat thriller *The Number 23*, Jim Carrey plunges into madness after becoming obsessed with an obscure old novel full of weird parallels to his existence. The figure 23 continually surfaces in both the text and his life, and unfortunately for him, the book ends in a grisly murder. The Joel Schumacher-directed flick features Oscar nominee Virginia Madsen in dual roles as the wife trying to bring husband Carrey back from the brink of suicide and as a ferociously sexual mystery woman who drives men to their doom. "I hope people are scared shitless, because there was a really creepy vibe about making this movie," says Madsen. "We filmed in downtown L.A., where I always felt slightly in danger, where I got a horrible rash from doing scenes that involved rolling around on the dirty floor of a motel, and where I had an apartment with parking space number 23 that I'd come back to late at night. For me the movie was an especially big risk because of the simulated sex scenes. Everybody wants to be a little naughty on film, but it was still a moth-to-the-flame experience." Madsen credits Carrey for her enthusiasm. "Jim is the most exciting actor I've ever worked with—unpredictable in his performance but not in life. He's funny, sexy and a real actor. At some of our darkest moments he'd be doing impersonations or telling tales."

"Everybody wants to be a little naughty on film."

—Stephen Rebello

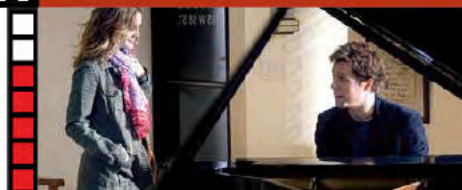
now showing

BUZZ

Music and Lyrics

(Hugh Grant, Drew Barrymore, Brad Garrett) Grant plays a has-been 1980s pop star frantic to write a song on which he can duet with a teen pop princess. Lyrically challenged, he hooks up with his kooky plant lady (Barrymore), and sparks fly as she helps him get his groove back.

Our call: Soft rock with more talk? These kinds of stories are all about harmony, so this romantic comedy will be pitch-perfect or go flat based on Grant and Barrymore's chemistry.



The Astronaut Farmer

(Billy Bob Thornton, Bruce Willis, Virginia Madsen) This quirky satire features space captain Thornton as a NASA man forced to retire to save the family farm. While his neighbors write him off as a nut ball and the government views him as a loose cannon, he builds a rocket to finally realize his dream of flying.

Our call: Don't go expecting a rip-roaring *Armageddon* reunion of Thornton and Willis, but enjoy the eccentric performances in *Northfork* director Michael Polish's folksy tale.



The Messengers

(Dylan McDermott, Penelope Ann Miller, John Corbett) Dark paranormal doings overtake a run-down sunflower farm in this horror thriller revolving around a drifter (Corbett) who befriends a fractured family. When the troubled teen daughter starts seeing ghosts, it's the beginning of bloody mayhem.

Our call: Directed by the Pang brothers, who helmed the creepy Asian horror flick *The Eye*, this teen-targeted English-language debut is unlikely to scare up the earlier film's success.



Hannibal Rising

(Gaspard Ulliel, Gong Li, Dominic West) In this prequel to *Red Dragon*, little Hannibal Lecter survives World War II and is left to die. Taken in by his mysterious, beautiful aunt (Li) years later, Hannibal blossoms into a teen medical prodigy and an artist who begins fulfilling his cannibalistic destiny.

Our call: Watching Hannibal's wonder years may seem like the film equivalent of a nice Chianti, but Anthony Hopkins's mature malevolence is sorely missed.



LEGENDS OF JACK DANIEL'S SHOT GLASS COLLECTION



Glasses at left, the 1913 Gold Medal Commemorative glass and the Old No.7 Black Label glass. Display shown smaller than actual size of 17" high by 14 1/2" wide.

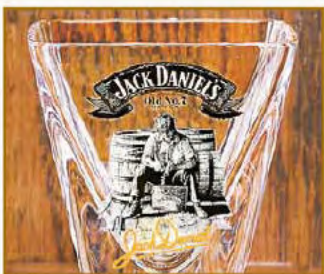
The inside story on Jack Daniel's® is on the outside of these fine glasses.

There's a bit of history in every sip of Jack Daniel's®. It's a history that goes back to 1866, when Jack Daniel first opened his distillery. A history that includes many famous whiskeys, and many famous whiskey bottles.

Friends of Mr. Jack can now enjoy his fine work in an equally fine collection of shot glasses inspired by these legendary bottles and decanters. There are 18 shot glasses in all, each with a style and a story all its own.

We think you'll enjoy these "inside stories" about Jack Daniel's. Almost as much as you'll enjoy wrapping your fingers around each historic glass. Some are pewter, some are glass, some are sparkling crystal. But they're all satisfying to hold in the hand.

To show off your collection of all 18 shot glasses, there's a handsome display. Our name is at the top, on wood from one of our very own whiskey barrels.



The "Whittling" glass is taken from a *Scenes from Lynchburg* bottle.

If you'd like to subscribe to the *Legends of Jack Daniel's Shot Glass Collection*, we'd be pleased to send you one imported glass a month. The price is just \$12.95 per glass, and the display is included at no added cost (shipping charges apply). To subscribe, fill out the coupon and mail it to us. We'll do the rest.

©2007 Jack Daniel's All rights reserved. Your Friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly. For ages 21 and up.



"ALL GOODS WORTH PRICE CHARGED"

Jack Daniel's Limited guarantees your complete satisfaction. If you are not satisfied with any purchase, for any reason, we will gladly return your money.

MAIL THIS FORM BY FEBRUARY 28, 2007

JACK DANIEL'S® LIMITED
P.O. Box 7777, Lynchburg TN 37352-7777

I do indeed wish to subscribe to the *Legends of Jack Daniel's Shot Glass Collection*, and receive my 18 shot glasses at the rate of one a month.

I understand that no payment is required now. Bill me just \$12.95* per glass and send the custom display at no added cost. I may cancel my subscription at any time.

* Plus \$4.25 per glass for shipping and processing (\$12.98 for the display). Orders subject to acceptance. Appropriate sales tax will be added.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TEL. _____

E-MAIL _____

S4189783

JACK DANIEL'S® OLD No. 7 COCKTAIL GLASSES



Glasses
and 7 3/4"
stirrers shown
smaller than
actual size.

Refreshment never looked so appealing.

There's no mistaking the smooth, mellow flavor of Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Tennessee Whiskey. Which is why Old No. 7 is the key ingredient in so many refreshing cocktails. Drinks that look especially tasty when served up in the *Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Cocktail Glasses*.

These four handsome glasses and distinctive glass stirrers would have made Mr. Jack proud. Each 12-ounce glass is decorated with the Jack Daniel's name and the Old No. 7 logo. And the back of each glass carries a popular Jack Daniel's drink recipe—Downhome Punch®, Jack Daniel's® Tennessee Tea, Lynchburg Lemonade®, and the Jackarita®.

The four glass stirrers in the set will also let folks know you're a friend of Mr. Jack. Because each stirrer is crowned with a replica of a Jack Daniel's bottle.

If you'd like to own the *Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Cocktail Glasses*, we'll gladly sell them to you. The set of four glasses and stirrers is just \$58.50. To order yours, fill out the Order Form attached and mail it to us. We'll do the rest.

A different Jack Daniel's
drink recipe on each glass



"ALL GOODS
WORTH
PRICE CHARGED"

Jack Daniel's Limited guarantees your complete satisfaction. If you are not satisfied with any purchase, for any reason, we will gladly return your money.

MAIL THIS FORM BY FEBRUARY 28, 2007

JACK DANIEL'S® LIMITED
P.O. BOX 7777, LYNCHBURG TN 37352-7777

I do indeed wish to order the *Jack Daniel's® Old No.7 Cocktail Glasses*, an imported set of four glasses and four glass stirrers.

I understand that no payment is required with my order, and that I will be billed for my glasses and stirrers in three monthly installments of \$19.50* each.

NAME _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____

E-MAIL _____

*Plus \$6.50 per set for shipping and processing. Orders subject to acceptance. Appropriate sales tax will be added.

S4179107

dvd of the month

[IDIOCRACY]

Mike Judge's underrated comedy gets the last laugh on DVD

You want the satire? You can't handle the satire. That line of thinking drove this brilliantly funny if uneven sci-fi comedy into the ground at Fox, where it unjustly sat on the shelf for a year, awaiting its tepid theatrical release this past Labor Day weekend. The premise of co-writer and director Mike Judge's latest has Luke Wilson—an Army private who was placed in a hibernation experiment and forgotten—awakening 500 years in the future, a bizarre dystopia in which he's the smartest guy alive. The film's charm lies in its nonstop riffs on contemporary pop culture gone berserk, from bad ideas like irrigating crops with an energy drink to good ideas like Starbucks adding hand jobs to its menu. **Best extra:** Five deleted scenes. **☆☆☆** —Greg Fagan



THE GUARDIAN (2006) Exciting sea rescues and heartfelt performances by Kevin Costner as a Coast Guard hero and Ashton Kutcher as a hotheaded recruit keep this action flick afloat. **Best extra:** A look at real Coast Guard heroes and their Hurricane Katrina rescues. **☆☆½** —Stacie Houglund



GRIDIRON GANG (2006) This gritty drama has coach Sean Porter (the Rock) using football as therapy at a juvenile prison. It's *The Bad News Bears* meets *The Longest Yard*—with drive-by shootings. **Best extra:** A reunion of the real-life gang. Also available on Blu-ray. **☆☆☆** —Buzz McClain



ROBERT MITCHUM: THE SIGNATURE COLLECTION Mitchum once said the only difference between him and other actors was time spent in jail. In these six new-to-DVD titles, he earns his bad-boy cred with *Angel Face* (pictured), *Macao*, *Home From the Hill* and



The Yakuza. He tries comedy in *The Good Guys and the Bad Guys*, but in the outback tale *The Sundowners* he really branches out by balancing butch with vulnerable. **Best extra:** Sydney Pollack shares his thoughts on *Yakuza*. **☆☆☆** —Brendán Cummings

EXTRAS: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (2005) Ricky Gervais portrays the Rodney Dangerfield of the extras world, while guest stars such as Kate Winslet (pictured) lampoon the entertainment biz. This un-PC sitcom will make you laugh and squirm in equal measure. **Best extra:** Outtakes with the guest stars. **☆☆☆☆** —Bryan Reesman



THEY ALL LAUGHED (1981) No one laughed when 1980 Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten didn't live to see the release of this, her final film. The pall her murder casts over Peter Bogdanovich's love letter to Manhattan erodes the joy of seeing her and Ben Gazzara, Audrey Hepburn and John Ritter discover romance. Still, Stratten's luminosity remains undiminished. **Best extra:** Wes Anderson and Bogdanovich talk about directing. **☆☆½** —B.M.



SCANNER

SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS

(2006) Billy Bob Thornton teaches nebbish Jon Heder how to be an assertive prick. Heder, who has a lock on the nerd niche, revolts when Thornton and he gun for the same girl. **☆☆**

COCAINE COWBOYS (2006)

This documentary traces the cocaine industry's explosive growth in Miami in the late 1970s and the 1980s. It eschews finger wagging in its blowcentric tales of big bucks and body counts. **☆☆☆**

THE WICKER MAN (2006)

The horror-remake cycle reaches its nadir as director Neil LaBute fails to convincingly reimagine this tale of a policeman (Nicolas Cage) lost in a menacing female-dominated culture. **☆☆½**

BAND OF ANGELS (1957)

A torrid romantic melodrama with icon Clark Gable as a Civil War-era plantation owner who falls hard for sexy Southern belle Yvonne De Carlo. **☆☆☆☆**

SNAKES ON A PLANE (2006)

Sam Jackson's venomous in-flight thriller didn't live up to the Internet-fueled hype, but it's still a slithery guilty pleasure you'll want to motherfucking watch with some rowdy motherfuckers. **☆☆☆**

☆☆☆☆ Don't miss **☆☆** Worth a look
☆☆☆ Good show **☆** Forget it

tease frame



Whether she's posing for *PLAYBOY* or running from her past—and her blouse—as in this scene from *Boys on the Side*, we salute **Drew Barrymore** for baring all.

JOSE CUERVO BLACK MEDALLION Tequila. 40% Alc/Vol. ©2007 Imported by Heublein, Norwalk, CT under license from the trademark owner. JOSE CUERVO and JOSE CUERVO BLACK MEDALLION are trademarks of Tequila Cuervo La Rojetera S.A de C.V



SAME THRILLS. DIFFERENT GLASS.

INTRODUCING NEW CUERVO BLACK.
A SIGNATURE BLEND OF OAK-AGED TEQUILA
WITH A SMOOTHER, MORE MATURE TASTE
THAT'S PERFECT WITH COLA.

DON'T LET GO. VIVE Cuervo



Visit CUERVO.COM Drink responsibly.

indie rockers we love

[SECRET CRUSHES]

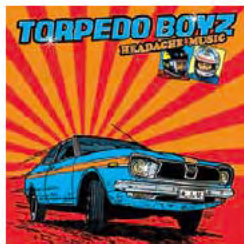
Moxie and integrity can make your pulse race as much as bare midriffs

In the early days of rock, women tended to show up as either packaged projects—think Nancy Sinatra and Phil Spector’s stable of girl groups—or pretty puppets, such as Michelle Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas. Rare were the Grace Slicks and Janis Joplin, musical forces and masters of their own destinies. That all changed with punk. (Thank you, Joan Jett.) At the close of the 1980s, Sonic Youth’s Kim Gordon (7) and the Pixies’ Kim Deal ushered in a new concept: the indie chick, artistically admirable and totally desirable. Harriet Wheeler of the Sundays (5), Mazzy

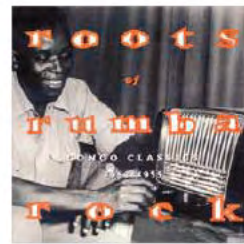
Star’s Hope Sandoval (15) and Juliana Hatfield (12) solidified the trend, and boy, has it had legs—check out Amanda Tannen of Stellastarr (8) for proof. These days Jenny Lewis of Rilo Kiley (1) is the queen of hearts, with Neko Case (6) also stoking alt-country fantasies. Other indie chicks with cool projects right now are Kate Jackson of the Long Blondes (2), Chan Marshall, a.k.a. Cat Power (3), Annalee Fery of Monsters Are Waiting (4), Trish Keenan of Broadcast (9), Sharin Foo of the Raveonettes (10), Keren Ann (11), the Pipettes (13) and club-popster Annie (14).



TORPEDO BOYZ * Headache Music
This is the U.S. release of a playful platter of Berlin club pop already filling European dance floors. It’s a grab bag of Latin-infused house, big beat and Pizzicato Five-like zaniness. Particularly fun are guest vocalist Jason Murtagh’s acerbic lines on “Gimme a Bassline.” (*Sounds From the Roof*) ★★★ —Tim Mohr



ROOTS OF RUMBA ROCK
There’s great music to be found in the collision of cultures. Congolese rumba grew out of the adaptation of Cuban *son montuno* by Kinshasa musicians in the early 1950s. This two-disc set captures the exhilaration of a music that conquered Africa. (*Crammed*) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



THE AFFAIR * Yes Yes to You
Don’t dismiss this as just another New York band. In creating its sassy lo-fi update of X-Ray Spex and early Blondie, this combo uses lots of toy-organ tones evocative of such deliciously amateurish protogarage acts as the Pop Tarts and Helen Love. Singer Kali Holloway is a star. (*Absolutely Kosher*) ★★★ —T.M.



THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE QUEEN
Following the success of his Gorillaz project, Blur frontman Damon Albarn has hatched another supergroup, this one with Fela Kuti’s drummer and members of the Clash and the Verve. Throwing woozy keyboards and circular guitar themes into Danger Mouse productions, this is mellow gold. (*Virgin*) ★★★ —T.M.



game of the month

[COLD COMFORT]

Guns, snow and gigantic bugs—sounds like a party to us

If the idea of *Starship Troopers* set on the planet Hoth is appealing, you'll be right at home with *Lost Planet: Extreme Condition* (360). This third-person shooter puts you in the snowshoes (and armored mech suits) of Wayne, a man out to kill as many oversize insect-like Akrids as he can. Frenetically paced and featuring some of the more breathtaking visuals yet seen on the Xbox 360, this sci-fi adventure tells a story straight out of Hollywood, involving interstellar exploration, warring snow pirates and the aforementioned aliens. The chilly setting isn't just window dressing: You'll struggle throughout the game to conserve your depleting thermal energy—freezing environments drain you faster than merely cold ones. Plus, 16-person multiplayer with assorted mech suits and giant guns keeps things going online. The weather outside may be frightful, but the action has never been hotter.

☆☆½ —John Gaudiosi



BATTLESTATIONS: MIDWAY (PC, 360) World War II games tend to be obsessed with the European theater, but with all that went on between Pearl Harbor and Okinawa, we're not sure why. This game's strength is its flexibility: Players can control naval and air units from an admiral's distant, on-high perspective, or they can zoom all the way in to command individual ships and planes. There are even challenge missions for the Imperial Japanese forces. ☆☆☆

—Chris Hudak



PHOENIX WRIGHT: JUSTICE FOR ALL (DS) The first Phoenix Wright anime courtroom game was a giant hit in Japan but a sleeper on these shores. (Chalk it up to our knowing more lawyers.) This second iteration expands on the formula of your investigating cases and then arguing them in court. You're aided this time around by a psychic assistant (always useful) as you defend clients ranging from dead nurses to ringmasters while rival lawyers try to bring you down. ☆☆☆ —J.G.



WARIOWARE: SMOOTH MOVES (Wii) As electronic drinking games go, this one's just fiendish. Invite some friends, fire up the Wii, crack open a case of your favorite brain fuzzer and let the sequel to the DS minigame masterpiece fire out more than 200 speed challenges for you to accomplish with the remote and what's left of your noggin. After two hours of this and eight shots in your belly, Zoom Schwartz Pafigliano will seem like a walk in the park. ☆☆☆

—Scott Stein



METAL GEAR SOLID: PORTABLE OPS (PSP) The transition of best-selling spy-thriller franchise *Metal Gear* to PSP should have been a no-brainer. Bizarrely, the nervy thrills of the series were replaced with a tepid card-based strategy—twice. Luckily, this big-budget, pocket-friendly follow-up adheres to the *Metal Gear* formula we know and love—a tense mix of shadow-hugging reconnaissance, sniper firefights and interrogation. A return to form, finally. ☆☆☆½

—Scott Steinberg



play trends

[SERIAL KILLERS]

Episodic games let you play and then get on with your life

Most video games cost \$50 to \$60 up front and require 20 to 60 hours to finish. Hence the three a.m. gaming sessions when you have to work the next day. But thanks to downloadable episodic titles that cost as little as \$9 and can be completed in four to six hours, we just may get our lives back.

SAM & MAX: SEASON 1

(PC, telltale games.com)

The 1993 classic has been resurrected as a three-dimensional puzzle-solving serial that pits an animated canine sleuth and his psychotic rabbit sidekick against a 1970s child star cum criminal mastermind. Goofy fun.

HALF-LIFE 2: EPISODES

(PC, PS3, 360; steam games.com)

Swat head crabs with crowbars and saw

shambling zom-

bies in half with your gravity gun, as the award-winning splatterhouse sci-fi saga of ass-whopping scientist Gordon Freeman continues. Disc-based versions are also available in stores. **SIN EPISODES**

(PC, ritual .com) Busty

villains, frothing

mutants, shit-talking

sidekicks: It's just another day at the office for

HardCorps commander John Blade. Deliver justice at gunpoint in this sequel to the 1998 cult fave and adolescent fantasy. **KUMA WAR**

(PC, kumagames.com) Play the headlines via this free

first-person tactical

shooter, which features real-world war zones in Iraq and is currently up to

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

78 trigger-happy missions and counting, including such feel-good assignments as bagging and tagging Uday and Qusay Hussein. —Scott Steinberg

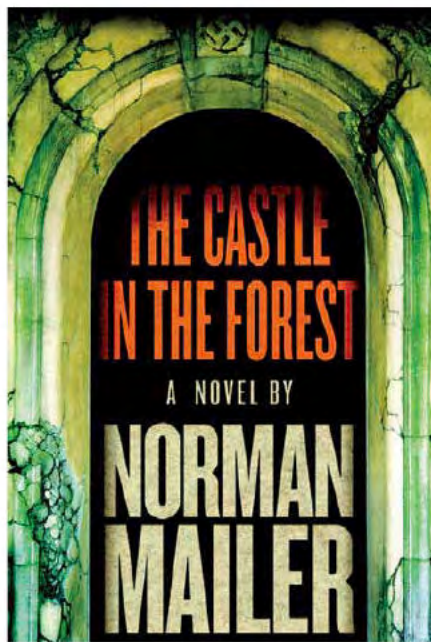


novel of the month

[SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL]

Norman Mailer's latest novel charts the rise of the Führer

The sheer audacity of the conceit is absolutely breathtaking: Write an ambitious multigenerational novel about the Schicklgruber-Hiedler-Hitler family that culminates in the birth, childhood and early adolescence of the future führer. Narrate the entire saga in the sly, insinuating voice of a disembodied devil—not *the* devil, who's referred to here as the Maestro, but a lesser midlevel functionary from hell's bureaucracy who has been specially assigned to watch over its budding "client." Only a writer of Norman Mailer's brio and go-for-broke talent would dare enter this rather forbidding territory. What he has produced in *The Castle in the Forest* is a rich, provocative work of exceeding strangeness highly resistant to critical pigeonholing. Don't be unduly troubled by the first 30 pages or so, which contain a relatively abstract meditation on Hitler's possible Jewishness and probable incestuous heredity. Once the narrative wheels begin to click into gear, you are embarked upon an outrageously entertaining literary ride embellished with memorable, wholly unexpected set pieces: the wild bedroom antics the night Adolf was



conceived, his toilet training and mother Klara's slavish devotion to the cleanliness of her young son's asshole, the father's frustrating adventures in beekeeping, the blow job administered to the older brother by a neighboring beekeeping expert, and many more. The central character, interestingly enough, is not the burgeoning dictator but his father, Alois, an angry, child-abusing drunk who is here given a surprisingly sympathetic and occasionally affecting portrait. At issue finally is the ailing bourgeois family itself, whose various heats, chills, convulsions and cramps are charted with a physician's accuracy. The theme of this tale, never overtly voiced, seems to be that given the orthodox totems the typical patriarchal unit huddles around (male supremacy, the strength of the will, adherence to vague, spectral notions of honor and glory, etc.), is it any wonder such a hothouse arrangement would eventually breed a worthy monster of predictable dimensions? The work of an expansive sensibility, this novel provides a welcome dose of imaginative oxygen to our present "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" cultural atmosphere. —Stephen Wright

conceived, his toilet training and mother Klara's slavish devotion to the cleanliness of her young son's asshole, the father's frustrating adventures in beekeeping, the blow job administered to the older brother by a neighboring beekeeping expert, and many more. The central character, interestingly enough, is not the burgeoning dictator but his father, Alois, an angry, child-abusing drunk who is here given a surprisingly sympathetic and occasionally affecting portrait. At issue finally is the ailing bourgeois family itself, whose various heats, chills, convulsions and cramps are charted with a physician's accuracy. The theme of this tale, never overtly voiced, seems to be that given the orthodox totems the typical patriarchal unit huddles around (male supremacy, the strength of the will, adherence to vague, spectral notions of honor and glory, etc.), is it any wonder such a hothouse arrangement would eventually breed a worthy monster of predictable dimensions? The work of an expansive sensibility, this novel provides a welcome dose of imaginative oxygen to our present "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" cultural atmosphere. —Stephen Wright

drawn-out tales

[GRAPHIC CONTENT]

The best of today's smart comics

We could tell you all comic books are intelligent and well produced, but we'd be lying. Most of what the industry turns out remains as recycled and one-dimensional as ever. The smart stuff, however, is very smart indeed. Here are the diamonds. Beware the rough.

After breaking everyone's brains with occult terrorists (*The Invisibles*) and transdimensional, schizophrenic cops (*The Filth*), Grant Morrison continues to burn across graphic fiction's skies with his frightfully ambitious *Seven Soldiers of Victory* (pictured near right). Composed of seven interrelated miniseries, each with a distinct art style and devoted to a different character, it is superheroes done with integrity and without gimmick, irony or deconstruction. Simon Oliver's *The Exterminators* (far right) is that rare horror story with a monster that might actually kill you one day. That's because the villains are mutated superbugs and the corporation that inadvertently created them. It's creepy the way only an army of mutated cockroaches can be.

Comics are at their best when used to tell stories that could not exist in any other medium. *Testament* is one of them. Novel-

ist and essayist Douglas Rushkoff retells the great stories of the Bible, then doubles the narratives in the present day as the same themes play out against a techno-shock backdrop. All the while, outside the comic's frames, the gods battle, affecting past and future alike. This ain't no Youth Evangelical Movement meeting: The biblical bits are packed with sex, violence and debauchery. Finally, Jason Aaron, one of graphic fiction's newest voices, muscles his way onto the scene with a pair of gritty books. *The Other Side* (center) is a five-issue miniseries, soon to be available in a single volume, that chronicles side by side the experiences of two soldiers in Vietnam: one U.S., one Vietcong.



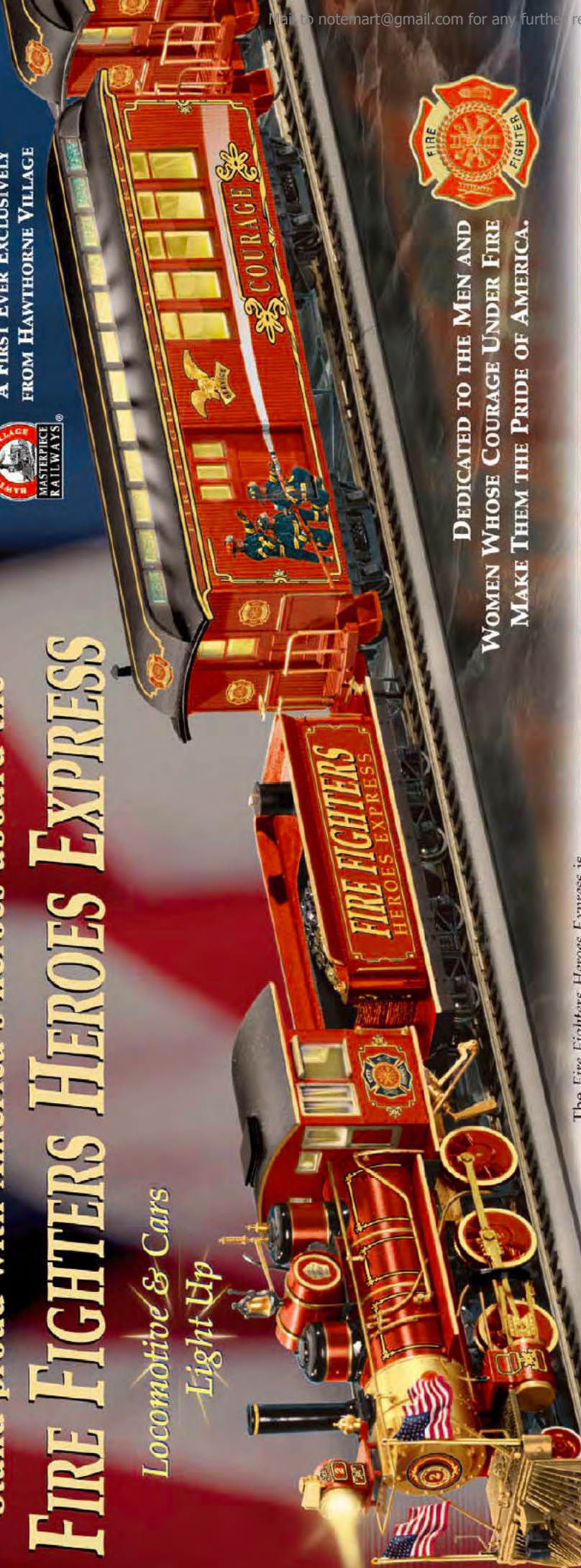
January sees the debut of Aaron's new long-run series, *Scalped*, which takes place on a present-day Indian reservation ("a third-world nation in the heart of America") replete with rough roadhouses and meth labs, ornery Indians and undercover FBI agents. Aaron's talent for dialogue is complemented spectacularly by R.M. Guéra's vivid pencil work. —Scott Alexander

Stand proud with America's heroes aboard the FIRE FIGHTERS HEROES EXPRESS

Locomotive & Cars
Light Up



A FIRST EVER EXCLUSIVELY
FROM HAWTHORNE VILLAGE



DEDICATED TO THE MEN AND
WOMEN WHOSE COURAGE UNDER FIRE
MAKE THEM THE PRIDE OF AMERICA.

The *Fire Fighters Heroes Express* is powering across our country in honor of those who selflessly put their lives on the line. This classic train is beautifully embellished with Fire Fighter's insignia, including their enduring symbol of honor—the legendary Maltese Cross. Proudly emblazoned with dramatic full-color artwork of Fire Fighter heroes, the *Fire Fighters Heroes Express* speaks to the heart of these everyday heroes. This impeccably authentic heirloom quality train is rich in meticulous details including a working headlight on the steam locomotive.

Begin with the Steam Locomotive and Coal Tender. The precision detailed locomotive and tender can be yours for three easy payments of just \$23.31*. You will be billed the first payment before it is shipped. Subsequent cars will be billed separately each at the same low price and sent about one every other month—including the **FREE** tracks and power-pack! You can cancel at any time simply by notifying us. Don't wait to order. *Send no money now*, just mail the coupon today.



A precision-detailed illuminated train set that's ablaze
with the heroic spirit of America's Fire Fighters.

collectiblestoday.com Home of Hawthorne Village and All Things Collectible

©2006 Hawthorne Village 78568-BV

FIRE FIGHTERS HEROES EXPRESS

- Yours at an exceptional low price, Hawthorne's exclusive illuminated electric steam train set is precision-scaled
- Richly decorated in Fire Fighter motifs it features dramatic full-color artwork of heroic Fire Fighters in action
- An heirloom quality On30 scale train: O scale train that runs on HO gauge track
- Power-pack and nickel-silver *E-Z Track*® elevated roadbed **FREE**—a \$70 value

FREE TRACKS & POWER-PACK—A \$70 VALUE



9210 N. MARYLAND STREET, NILES, IL 60714-1322
Limited Time Offer—Please Respond Promptly

Yes! Please enter my order for the *Fire Fighters Heroes Express* illuminated electric train set as described in this announcement, beginning with the Steam Locomotive and Tender. I need **SEND NO MONEY NOW**.

Signature _____
 Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____
 Name (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY) _____
 Address _____ Apt. No. _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 *Plus \$9.99 shipping and service. All sales subject to acceptance and product availability. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. 49213-E30201

PALMS
A MALOOF CASINO RESORT
WWW.PALMS.COM
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA



INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S ONLY PLAYBOY CLUB
AT THE PALMS LAS VEGAS. PALMS.COM



THE LEGEND REBORN



Pulling a Fast One

Classic luxury meets blazing performance in this heavy cruiser

WARNING/GUARANTEE: THE MERCEDES-BENZ CL63 AMG will make you want to break the law. We're glad we tested it in Germany because without the autobahn on our side, we would likely have spent most of our time behind bars rather than behind the walnut-inlaid wheel of this 6.3-liter, 507 bhp V8 monster. Like an NFL linebacker in a Hugo Boss suit, the CL63 is devastatingly quick, rocketing to 60 miles an hour in just 4.4 seconds. The throaty rumble from its quartet of oversize exhausts (unlike the usual Mercedes purr) insists there's something wicked under the hood, while the butter-smooth Speedshift 7G-Tronic gearbox lets you select among Comfort, Manual and the hyperquick Sport mode (our favorite). Every conceivable handling and stability aid comes standard, most notably improved active body control, which flawlessly collaborates with the AMG's supple yet firm sport suspension. Steering is precise and very consistent. Toss this car into a long sweeper (as we did on Bavarian back roads) and it'll grip with no Sturm, no Drang and no tread squeal from the huge 20-inch tires. The 465 foot-pounds of torque mean the CL63 doesn't much care which gear it's in; it'll boogie whenever you stomp on it. If you want to hunt Porsches, opt for the performance package (which has a 186 mph limit). On sale here in June for approximately \$125,000, not including legal fees. More info at mbusa.com.



Give and Take

When you give a woman a Valentine's Day gift, you communicate something. Here's a little help with your vocabulary: **I'M ALL CLASS** Pick up a dozen Tuxedo Berries (strawberries painted with white and dark chocolate so they look as if they're wearing little tuxes) at berries.com for \$60. **I'M AT LEAST SLIGHTLY THOUGHTFUL** loveisarose.com offers an 11-inch rose preserved in platinum for \$80. **LET'S NOT BEAT AROUND THE BUSH** Nothing says "I love you" like a Kama Sutra Love Essentials Weekender Kit (\$30, ftd.com)—lube, massage oil, feather tickler, etc. **MAYBE WE SHOULD BREAK UP** "It's Valentine's Day? Oops."

The Latest Dish

HOW'S THIS FOR a simple stroke of genius: the world's first waterproof cookbook. *Charlie Palmer's Practical Guide to the New American Kitchen* (\$35, melcher.com) is by the enviable chef and mogul behind Aureole, Métrazur, Dry Creek Kitchen et al. Slather the book in pulled pork (pictured) or any of its other artfully sturdy American fare and wipe it right up. Good clean living.



MANTRACK

m e d i a

c o m p u t i n g



Controlling Interest

BETWEEN TV, MOVIES, video games, music, photos and YouTube, today's entertainment options can boggle your mind, let alone your remote. Those who relish being in complete control will love Philips's Pronto TSU9600 (\$1,300, philips.com), the company's latest customizable clicker. A flush-mounted touch screen lets you easily control any device in your home, and built-in wi-fi lets you manage them all from multiple rooms. One-touch command sequences (e.g., turn on the amp, switch to DVD, turn on the TV) are a snap to program.

Pet Project

FOR \$1,600 YOU can get about 36 inches of flat screen or 52 inches of DLP. Put that money into a projection TV and you get an image 300 inches across. Epson's PowerLite Home Cinema 400 (\$1,600, epson.com) displays HD up to 720p, uses 3LCD chip technology for optimal color reproduction and avoids the beige-box design of so many of its competitors.



The Media Is the Message

ALIENWARE'S NEW DHSA is a media-center PC designed expressly for your audiovisual stack—or rather, it's made to replace it. With its built-in 5.1 surround-sound amp, DVD player and ability to record TV shows (in standard definition or HD), you could toss out your receiver, TiVo and disc players all at once. And while it does everything you expect a computer to do, it also handles composite, component and HDMI connectors to your TV. Because Alienware comes out of the high-end PC-gaming market, the word *value* isn't often associated with it. But with prices starting at \$1,000 (alienware.com) for these puppies, that's apparently changing.





THE FIGHT CONTINUES...

SOCOM
U.S. NAVY SEALS
COMBINED ASSAULT



Drug Reference
Violence



The Glass Half Full

YOU'RE RELAXING IN the bathtub with a beautiful woman, sipping a nutty, spicy 30-year-old tawny port. The sound of Ornette Coleman's sax fills the room. She says, "What is port, anyway?" You say, "It's wine from Portugal that's fortified with spirits and then aged in oak barrels." She says, "Is this stuff any good?" You say, "Excellent. It's from Taylor Fladgate, Portugal's leading producer of rare and vintage ports. This bottle is from the collection called A Century of Ports (\$300, parkaveliquor.com). You get four 375-milliliter bottles, a 10-, 20-, 30- and 40-year-old port, together in a handcrafted wooden box. Add up all those years and you get 100." She says, "Mmm, very smooth." You say, "Yes, I am, aren't I?"



Plane and Simple

IF SUPERMAN MADE paper airplanes, they'd look like this. The Jet Coffee Table (\$2,500, fiftyeightb.ie), brainchild of Irish designer Lorraine Brennan, is folded from two-millimeter-thick powder-coated steel. It's a scaled-up replica of the classic gliders of your youth, only at 44 pounds it's just a wee bit heavier. For optimum effect display it with books on the early days of aviation, the fighter pilots of World War II and plenty of A4 paper so your guests can make their own.

Turkish Delight

NOT UNTIL THE Four Seasons Istanbul opened its doors had anyone ever uttered, "Turkish prison? Let's go!" This century-old neoclassical building in the heart of the Sultanahmet neighborhood was once a hellhole echoing the one in *Midnight Express*. It has since gotten a face-lift: marble floors with detailed kilim rugs, modern Turkish paintings, original tapestries and replicas of antique bronze lamps. Intimate, with just 65 rooms, many of them spread around the former prison courtyard, the hotel is tucked among the Hagia Sophia and the Blue Mosque, both of which are in view from terraces adjoining the fourth-floor cells. Rooms start at \$420 (fourseasons.com), and while bribes are no longer accepted, tips are.





...SO FREEDOM CAN.

You're tasked with commanding the most feared fighting force on the planet. With 4-player co-op campaigns that reward teamwork, new weapons and an intense, relentless enemy that's smarter than ever before, you'll be challenged to the fullest at every turn. The battle awaits, the mission is clear. Now the only question is: have you got what it takes to stand alongside the best of the best?

www.us.playstation.com

www.seal.navy.mil

www.socomseals.com



SOCOM
U.S. NAVY SEALs
COMBINED ASSAULT

ZIPPER
INTERACTIVE

ONLINE
BETA BRAND ONLY

PlayStation 2

LIVE IN YOUR WORLD.
PLAY IN OURS.

SOCOM: U.S. Navy SEALs Combined Assault ©2006 Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. Developed by Zipper Interactive, Inc. "PlayStation" and the "PS" Family logo are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. "Live In Your World, Play In Ours" is a registered trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. Online play requires Internet connection, Network Adaptor (for PlayStation®2) or PlayStation®2 with Internet network connector and Memory Card (8MB) (for PlayStation®2) (each sold separately). Online icon is a trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. The U.S. Navy provided technical support, but does not officially endorse this product.

The longer you wait



...the better it gets.

Evan Williams.
Aged longer to taste smoother.

evanwilliams.com

The Playboy Advisor

My boyfriend is a pharmacist. He is 50 and in fantastic shape. We have a solid relationship and are completely monogamous. The problem is that women frequently hit on him at work. I am five-foot-one and weigh 97 pounds. The women who hit on him are twice my weight and not at all his type. What does a guy who receives unwanted advances do to remedy the situation besides going to management, which I don't think is the solution?—B.T., Peoria, Illinois

We're confused. Your boyfriend is complaining to you that women show too much interest in him? We don't buy it. We suspect he mentioned that customers and co-workers sometimes flirt with him, observed your reaction and knew enough to claim he doesn't find any of them attractive. As long as he doesn't respond to these invitations, we don't see a problem. And what else could be done, anyway? Post a sign that reads, DO NOT TEASE THE PHARMACIST? You have the misfortune of dating a desirable guy.

I often see simple syrup listed in drink recipes. Can I use Karo instead?—R.M., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

No need. Simple syrup is easy to make. The key, writes Darcy O'Neil, a bartender with a degree in chemistry who contributes to Mixologist: The Journal of the American Cocktail, is to know precisely how much sugar your syrup contains so you can create well-balanced, consistent drinks. To make syrup that has one tablespoon of sugar in each one-ounce shot, add two cups of water to a pan and bring it to a simmer between 122 and 140 degrees, the temperature at which, O'Neil notes, the water is just slightly too hot to keep your finger in for more than a few seconds. Add two cups of granulated table sugar and a quarter cup of corn syrup (which stabilizes the mixture) and continue to heat for 30 seconds. Then stir until all the sugar dissolves. After the mixture cools, fill a bottle to the 1,000-milliliter mark and shake. You can also accomplish this without heat; simply add the sugar, corn syrup and water to the bottle and shake. For more-concentrated syrup combine three and a half cups of sugar and half a cup of corn syrup with two cups of water. That will give you a teaspoon of sugar in each teaspoon of syrup.

Last week after a party at our house, I left my wife with a business associate and went to bed. We had all been drinking. I woke up two hours later, and they weren't there. We live on a golf course, and I found them on the nearest fairway. She was riding him and moaning and telling him how good his cock felt in her pussy. I blame him somewhat, but she is a hot blonde, so I understand the temptation. Plus, I am not married to him. When I asked my wife what had



happened, she said she got caught up in the moment. I am having a hard time with this. What are your thoughts? This is the second time she has done this, that I'm aware of.—B.D., Austin, Texas

You're very forgiving toward your colleague. But like your wife, he possesses the power of reason and could have avoided betraying your trust. Perhaps we are reading this wrong, but it sounds as if you are more upset about the deception than the details. How long did you watch before interrupting? This may sound radical, but tell your wife to ask you first the next time she is tempted. (We assume she has no feelings for your friend that extend beyond the tip of his penis.) You can then say no, which she should respect. But you may find you're more comfortable with the idea if you're informed and/or involved. This obviously doesn't work for everyone, but it's better than not having a conversation at all.

Almost since we began dating, four years ago, my girlfriend has used her vibrator before and during intercourse. For a long time I didn't say anything, but now I am fed up. I can easily make her come with my tongue, so this isn't a self-esteem problem on my part. I just feel it takes the spontaneity out of sex. Every time we start doing anything, she has to retrieve her toy. It would be like my needing to watch a porn tape to get aroused. What can be done? I feel if things continue this way, there won't be much life left in the relationship.—N.B., Chicago, Illinois

We would never discourage a woman from using a vibrator. If you're bored, why not hold it for her? Take control. Tease her. Ask her to caress your balls or anus with it—you may better understand its appeal. You could buy your own and have a duel—who can last the

longest buzzing the other? We can think of a hundred ways to turn you, her and her toy into a threesome. If you're bored with the relationship, that's a different question.

Where is the best place to put a radar detector? I have seen them on the dash and in the upper-left corner or center of the windshield.—L.R., Lawton, Oklahoma

The best spot is on the windshield, above the resting wipers and below the strip of tinted glass along the top. This gives the device a clear view of the road ahead and behind. The problem is that detectors are popular with thieves, who look for suction cups and cords when targeting vehicles. Carl Fors of Speed Measurement Laboratories says a detector can be effective on the dash as long as you're careful not to place it behind a wiper. You can also opt for a remote detector with the antenna mounted behind the grille and the controls under the dash. It's more expensive and has five to 10 percent less range but is virtually theft-proof.

My girlfriend and I use a lot of baby talk. I hear other couples using it also. Is there a reason we talk to each other like children?—D.C., Cleveland, Ohio

Psychologists believe that baby talk—using a higher pitch, speaking more slowly, slurring and combining words—is a linguistic method by which couples bond emotionally, not unlike a parent and an infant. It's a primitive way of reassuring a new lover that you're harmless. Notably, many people speak in the same manner to houseplants and pets. In a survey of 95 women and 31 men, two psychologists found that 68 percent used baby talk on a regular basis, including "I wuv you very, very, very, very much," "Me sawwwy" and "Kins I have a back rub, pweeze?" They concluded that the frequency of baby talk in a relationship correlates positively with commitment, satisfaction, feelings of love and sexual involvement. They also found that couples who use baby talk early in their relationship usually never stop completely, even after they've been together for years. What their research doesn't address is how to prevent sane adults who overhear baby talk from throwing up.

After reading *The Worst Break of My Life* (November), Steve Mack's account of injuring his penis during sex, I'd like to ask about my condition. I discovered years ago that I can pop my erection at the base. The cracking sound it makes during sex was a mystery until I took two hands and popped it myself. Some of my partners have also tugged it until it popped, which they found hilarious. Is this common? Is it harmful?—M.A., New York, New York

Dr. Hunter Wessells, a urologist at the University of Washington, says the pop may occur when pressure is put on the suspensory

ligament until it “twangs like a guitar string.” Unfortunately, popping your penis puts stress on the dense, spongelike sac inside, causing it to balloon. Over time this could lead to the curvature known as Peyronie’s disease, which, according to one hypothesis, occurs after repetitive injury to the penis causes scarring, thus tightening the ligament on one side. So don’t purposely repeat it.

I am a 24-year-old virgin and proud of it. I take a lot of criticism from friends and co-workers. It’s not the criticism that bothers me but the fact that they feel the need to criticize. I’m not Quasimodo, I’m not impotent, and I’m not a mama’s boy. When I meet a woman I want to sleep with, I’ll do it. I’ve had opportunities but turned them down because I didn’t want to have sex with those particular girls. When did it become a crime to be a virgin past the age of 16? Sex is a rite of passage, but it takes more than that to be a man.—D.R., Dover, New Jersey

Your friends and co-workers aren’t giving you a hard time because you’re a virgin but because you won’t shut up about it. What else is going on in your life?

This is a response to all the men who have written because they are frustrated that their wives don’t fulfill them sexually. The discussion always focuses on how men find it unacceptable to have a relationship with love and affection but no sex. Never mentioned, though, is that women find it unacceptable to have a marriage filled with sex but without love and affection and that we also feel compelled at times to have our needs fulfilled elsewhere. It’s not that we don’t like sex; I am as capable of getting horny now as I have ever been. In fact, last week my husband and I had incredibly hot sex; however, in my mind I was fucking the cute guy at work who flirts with me and tells me I’m beautiful and deserve better. It baffles me how a stranger is not only more capable of seducing me but more willing to as well. So I also feel as though I got conned. I propose a compromise: We promise to quit pulling away in disgust every time you touch us if you promise to occasionally touch us without its having to lead to more.—C.B., Gulfport, Mississippi

*Hold on a minute—who says men don’t want affection and love? We just don’t want sex to always be such a fucking drama. We’re told we should continue to court our wives, but most guys understand marriage as a contract that stipulates we don’t have to work as hard to convince our mate we’re worthy. In her book *The Female Brain*, Dr. Louann Brizendine points out that a man often interprets his wife’s lack of interest in sex as a signal that she doesn’t want him anymore. A woman gets the same message when her husband won’t engage in conversation. Men can always do better with that, and we’re constantly reminded. But when was the last time you heard Oprah say, “Ladies, fuck your husband twice a week for*

no reason!” Brizendine suggests wives may find it constructive to view sexual intimacy as “male communication.” The conflict we see in your letter and others like it—and we concede our bias—is that many women don’t appreciate the importance of regular sex to a man’s mental health. They believe sex shouldn’t mean so much to men and that unbridled male desire is crude and, as you say, disgusting.

You wrote in October that “the evidence for biology’s influence on male mating behavior is stronger than the evidence that suggests it’s socially constructed.” In fact, the evidence for biology’s influence is scant and circumstantial at best. Most of the research is based on studies of animals such as mice or even ants. This leads to a more significant error. You state, “To say socialization alone makes the genders act a certain way is to argue an infant girl can be raised as a boy or vice versa.” Viewing gender in the absence of the context of culture is meaningless. It is true that socialization cannot remove a penis, *sensu stricto*, but beyond that, a “boy” (and “natural” male behavior) can be anything a culture wants it to be. Human beings are much stranger animals than you may suspect.—T.M., New Orleans, Louisiana

No argument there; it’s confirmed every day when we open the mail. You can define “male” or “female” any way you wish, but the fact is there are differences between the biological templates that can’t be explained by how we’re raised. Thank God for that because we’d get bored otherwise (see previous letter).

Even though I brush and gargle, my mouth tastes terrible and probably smells worse. Are there any remedies? How about techniques for determining if you have bad breath besides exhaling into your hand? Whenever I do, my breath seems to smell okay.—E.W., Chicago, Illinois

You’re in luck. For eons men and women have suffered from halitosis that has prevented them from getting laid. But now dozens of scientists are hot on the trail of reliable treatments. Their research has revealed that 85 to 90 percent of cases begin in the mouth rather than the stomach and are the results of bacteria that feed on proteins and sugars, emitting chemicals such as hydrogen sulfide (rotten eggs), methyl mercaptan (feces), cadaverine (rotting corpses), putrescine (decaying meat) and isovaleric acid (smelly feet). Wanna French? According to microbiologist Mel Rosenberg, most cases of halitosis originate on the back of the tongue, where bacteria feast on postnasal drip. Because saliva usually washes away the source of odors, anything that dries out the mouth works against you. You will suffer more if you smoke, breathe through your mouth because of allergies, don’t eat breakfast, talk too much or are stressed. In about 10 percent of cases the odor comes from the nasal passages and in another three percent from putrid tonsils. More frequent brushing of the teeth and back of the tongue will resolve most problems, and gargling with mouthwash at night does wonders for morning breath.

The only surefire way to know if you have bad breath is to ask someone; in studies, people have not been able to judge their own.

For two years I have been messing around with this guy. When we are together he is so sweet. But other times I run into him and he treats me like a stranger. The last time we were together it felt different, and as I was leaving he asked me to dinner. He’s never done that before. Should I take it seriously? He has fed me BS before.—M.S., Fulton, Missouri

Accept his invitation and see what he has to say. We wouldn’t be surprised to learn he just split up with his wife.

I got an MP3 player as a gift but have to admit I’m not clear on the concept. I know you can download songs for a buck, but what about services with a monthly fee?—D.M., Raleigh, North Carolina

*There are three ways to add music to your player: (1) rip CDs to your computer and import the files to your player, (2) buy and download songs or albums to your computer and import the files to your player or (3) pay a monthly fee of \$5 to \$15 to rent songs or albums. Rental services typically have two tiers. The less expensive option allows you to stream music through your PC but not download it to your player. The more expensive option allows you to do both. If you stop paying the monthly fee, the files are disabled. Notably, these rental services don’t work with iPods or Macs, which is the major reason they aren’t more popular. “It’s also psychological,” says Paul Resnikoff, editor of *DigitalMusicNews.com*. “People want to own the music on their hard drives. I think that is changing, as more players have wireless connections and there are more wi-fi spots, so you can download music from just about anywhere.”*

I have been dating a woman for five weeks, and we have started referring to ourselves as girlfriend and boyfriend. But her MySpace profile still says she is single rather than in a relationship. Should I say something, change my own profile or leave it alone? I don’t want to creep her out.—T.Y., St. Louis, Missouri

Change your profile and let her discover it. But after five weeks we wouldn’t be concerned about this unless her profile says she’s married. The swinger option is also notable.

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 *Advisor’s* latest book, *Dear Playboy Advisor*, is available at bookstores, by phoning 800-423-9494 or online at playboystore.com.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

SERVING THE PUBLIC

AS A LAPDOG OF BIG MEDIA, THE FCC DOESN'T PROMOTE THE PUBLIC INTEREST

BY ERIC KLINENBERG

Congress and the Federal Communications Commission are drafting policies that will shape the future of American media, and the world's largest communications corporations have issued an extraordinary set of demands.

Telephone and cable companies want the right to control which websites work best on your computer so the companies can sell high-speed sites to deep-pocketed clients or preferred political groups while shunting everyone else into the slow lane. Newspaper chains want the right to "cross-own" eight radio stations, three television stations and every daily paper in a single market. Television networks want the right to own and operate local stations in more U.S. cities, and radio consolidators want the right to own more stations within each town.

This may seem brazen, but big media companies are accustomed to having their way with federal agencies meant to regulate them. Elected officials are reluctant to constrain powerful media corporations because they depend on them for attention (preferably not the critical kind), endorsements and airtime during elections. And in the past decade the industry spent nearly \$500 million on lobbying and political contributions, even giving FCC commissioners and staff nearly \$3 million for travel and entertainment in such media-policy hot spots as Paris, Rio and Las Vegas. The biggest return on this investment has been a transformation of the FCC's unstated mission: Today, as the Center for Public Integrity puts it, the agency is "in the grips of industry," and regulators act as though their goal is to help big business rather than promote the public interest.

When the federal government disregards its civic duties, the result is media policies that serve corporations at the expense of citizens and communities. The airwaves, after all, are national resources. Like parks and waterways, they belong to the American people. With the

Radio Act of 1912, which was passed in the aftermath of communications failures during the *Titanic's* sinking, the government agreed to manage the radio spectrum, allocating licenses based on needs, investments and potential contributions to "public interests." This arrangement delighted for-profit broadcasters, who gained monopoly control over designated frequencies and had their stations protected from interference in exchange for modest public-service obligations. But when, as today, the FCC abandons its commitment to the common good, it licenses media corporations to do the same.

Consider what's happened to radio. Until recently, federal policies prevented any broadcaster from owning more than four stations in a single market and 40 stations overall. This was meant to serve the public by promoting diverse and locally engaged content. But the Telecommunications Act of 1996, the product of a \$60 million lobbying effort by media and electronics corporations, eliminated national caps and raised local caps to eight in large markets. Companies that had complained the industry was collapsing changed their tune: Within two years 40 percent of the nation's radio stations had been bought or sold, putting many of them in the hands of a few consolidators who dominate the airwaves.

The change is audible everywhere. Local radio is an American tradition, renowned for broadcasting distinctive sounds that once made our hometowns feel like home. But by 2000, such corporations as Clear Channel, Cumulus and Infinity (now CBS Radio) had acquired hundreds of stations and replaced local talent with cookie-cutter

content from syndicated shows. Listeners grew tired of homogenized programming and eventually turned off the radio. Advertisers followed suit. Now Clear Channel leads a cadre of conglomerates trying to sell off stations at the same time as they try to win the right to buy more in profitable markets. (In November Clear Channel itself was sold for \$18.7 billion.)

It's hard to believe anyone other



FORUM

than large media companies benefits from their being allowed to buy more radio outlets. It's equally difficult to identify the public benefits of eliminating cross-ownership prohibitions, which help ensure diverse viewpoints in each city's newspapers and radio and television stations. The Tribune Company, Gannett and other newspaper chains have lobbied aggressively to repeal these prohibitions, claiming both that the restrictions prevent them from competing with cable companies such as Time Warner and Cox and that relaxed ownership regulations will help revive their slumping businesses.

It's true that newspaper stocks are down, paid circulation is falling and advertisers have found new ways to reach consumers. But the crisis of the newspaper business is greatly exaggerated, especially by media companies with a vested interest in winning the right to buy new properties. Consider the inconvenient truth that newspaper companies earn profit margins that dwarf those in other industries. While a typical Fortune 500 company operates with profit margins near six percent of revenue, top newspaper chains have margins around 30 percent. Even "struggling" newspaper companies have profit margins in the high teens.

We've all heard about the crisis at the *Los Angeles Times*, where Tribune fired so many journalists that the paper's own publisher and editor protested publicly and refused to cut more, only to be

forced out themselves. But we haven't heard that the *Times* continued to generate 20 percent profit margins during its so-called crisis. We haven't heard that newspapers have better brand recognition, more affluent customers and more popular (and potentially more lucrative) websites than their competi-



Chicago's Tribune Tower: media might.

tors in most local markets. We haven't heard that the newspaper industry generated nearly \$50 billion in revenue during 2005. And we haven't heard that when companies sell off newspapers, as Knight Ridder did last year, they go for billions of dollars. Kevin Martin, the current FCC chairman, has already said he intends to permit cross-ownership.

Taking a cue from media executives, Martin insists the restriction is unnecessary because the Internet gives consumers unlimited sources of news and information. There's no doubt we can read hundreds of foreign newspapers and millions of bloggers online, but the Internet can't guarantee original and enterprising journalism at the local level—beat reporting and investigative work that can check state and corporate power. As the U.S. Third Circuit Court of Appeals wrote when it denied the FCC's attempt to allow cross-ownership in 2003, the Internet "may be useful for finding restaurant reviews and concert schedules," but it doesn't offer "the type of news and public-affairs programming" public policies should promote.

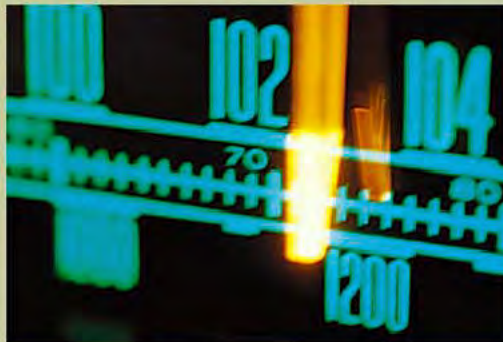
Sure, Americans disagree over whether the news from Fox or CNN is more accurate, and whether Bill O'Reilly and Tucker Carlson are more entertaining than Stephen Colbert and Jon Stewart. But who doesn't think what's available from local radio, television and newspapers is far worse today than before chains and conglomerates acquired them? As Free Press, the fast-growing organization leading a national bipartisan campaign for media reform, puts it, "Who, other than the bosses of giant communications companies, wants more consolidation?"

Klinenberg's latest book is Fighting for Air: The Battle to Control America's Media.

CHRISTIAN RADIO INVASION

While government and commercial entities battle over radio ownership, Christian broadcasters have quietly done an end around and set up national radio networks on their own. How? They have latched on to an FCC loophole that allows them to set up radio networks using small, cheap boxes known as FM translators, or repeaters, which are not subject to ownership limits. The devices receive a signal and then rebroadcast a boosted version; FM stations have historically used them to fill in their coverage in areas blocked by hills or other geographic features. But since the early 1990s the FCC has allowed noncommercial broadcasters to send signals to translators via satellite—and not just behind rural hills. "Satelliters," as some Christian broadcasters call them, are now being hoarded to form de facto national networks. The Idaho-based Calvary Satellite Network has more than 400 stations, for instance, and Don Wildmon's American Family Radio has more than 150. For Christian broadcasters it's a win-win

situation: unregulated national presence at a minuscule cost. A translator setup costs between \$4,000 and \$10,000, plus the fee to lease space on an antenna tower. (Translator licenses are granted for free, though speculators have begun to resell them for as much as \$50,000.) Take this



aw-shucks description of American Family Radio's proliferation, from the network's website: "Remarkably, with God's help, AFR has built more stations in a shorter period of time than any other broadcaster in the history of broadcasting. And here is some great news! By using the latest technology, the American Family Association has accomplished all of this at an amazingly low cost. Typically, a single commercial FM station in a large city will cost more than it cost AFR to construct those hundreds of stations across America." No wonder local radio advocates are up in arms about the FCC's failure to subject FM translator networks to normal ownership laws: The radio spectrum should serve the public, not legally savvy churches.

FORUM

WHY AMERICANS BELIEVE WEIRD THINGS

A SKEPTIC LOOKS AT OUR GULLIBLE NATURE

By Michael Shermer

I am not a psychic, but as a professional skeptic I sometimes play one on TV to expose the tricks used by peddlers of the paranormal to fleece the faithful. The most common ruse is known as cold reading, by which psychics reveal information about someone they have never met. It isn't difficult. Certain generalities apply to just about anyone (e.g., a scar on your knee, a white car in your past, a number two in your address). Combine a string of educated guesses with a friendly, confident patter, inquisitive looks and knowing nods—and no moral scruples—and you too can make a decent living as a psychic, astrologer, palm reader or tarot-card diviner.

Because so many people are ready and eager to believe in the supernatural, it's easy to find customers. According to a 2005 Gallup poll, three quarters of U.S. adults are convinced of at least one paranormal phenomenon, including 41 percent convinced of the reality of ESP, 32 percent of ghosts, 31 percent of mind reading, 26 percent of clairvoyance and 25 percent of astrology. Spend 10 minutes online and you can catalog many other highly questionable beliefs, such as that space aliens landed at Roswell, New Mexico, that the earth was created less than 10,000 years ago, that the Holocaust never occurred and that the U.S. government orchestrated 9/11 to galvanize the country for war.

Why do so many Americans believe such weird things?

First, all humans seek patterns. That's our nature. We are storytellers because it helps us find meaning in a chaotic world. We have evolved to find cause-and-effect relationships and weave plausible stories to explain them. Our ancestors who identified the pattern that links the seasons to animal migrations ate better and left behind more offspring than those who didn't. However, because it's not generally a fatal flaw to believe rain gods can be

appeared through ritual, we also inherited magical thinking.

Second, as for widespread American credulity, I am convinced our free market of beliefs plays a role. We are more religious than Europeans, for example, because the separation of church and state forces religions here to compete for customers through evangelism. In a free society, beliefs are subject to the economic forces of supply and demand, with competition ratcheting up the intensity of the come-on. Add to this the fact that we are the most scientifically advanced society in the world and you get such uniquely American movements as intelligent design, wherein the maker of heaven and earth and

of all things visible and invisible has been transmogrified into a genetic engineer. We have a remarkable ability to pigeonhole our beliefs into logic-tight compartments.

Another paradox in the American psyche is that our lust for status is balanced by an egalitarian streak. Our belief in equal opportunity translates into giving all ideas equal time. Weave in the deconstructionist obfuscations coming out of academe that hold there are no privileged

positions—no perspective superior to any other—and we are left conflating astronomy and astrology, chemistry and alchemy, physics and metaphysics, science and pseudoscience, and sense and nonsense.

Finally, there is the more quotidian factor of our dismal public-education system, most notably in math and science. Although Americans have nabbed nearly half of all the scientific Nobel Prizes, the populace remains steeped in medieval thinking. We need to give people not just scientific facts but the ability to ask penetrating questions. Skepticism is the art of questioning all claims, including skepticism, although you shouldn't take my word for it.

Shermer is the publisher of Skeptic magazine and the author of Why Darwin Matters and Why People Believe Weird Things.



MARGINALIA

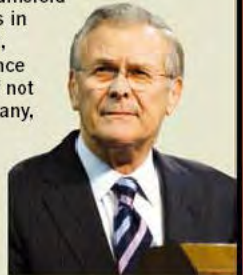
FROM AN EXPLANATION in the *Detroit Free Press* of why the Troy, Michigan city council denied a liquor license to a proposed Hooters: "The council shot down the transfer because, for some council members, the restaurant's image is not one they want to project along the Big Beaver corridor."



HOOTERS

FROM A COMPLAINT by Ronald S. Guralnick, a Florida lawyer who specializes in forfeiture, about the reinstatement of a Bradenton police policy that allows officers to seize money and property from suspects without judicial oversight and even if the person is not charged with a crime: "This is the problem with the police system: These people think they are Chuck Norris and can do whatever they want to do. They work for us. They should never forget that."

FROM A STATEMENT by Wolfgang Kaleck, the German lawyer enlisted by a coalition of human rights groups to sue Donald Rumsfeld for war crimes in German court, about his chance of success: "If not today in Germany, then Rumsfeld will get problems tomorrow in Spain or the next day in Sweden."



FROM A POSTING at the online Space Review by Laura Woodmansee, author of the book *Sex in Space*: "I am amazed how many people in the United States are so intimidated by the word sex and are unwilling to discuss its consequences. It's not just my opinion that the possibilities of sex in space need more attention. This is the recommendation of a 2005 report from the U.S. National Academy of Sciences. Yet I have encountered all sorts of bizarre problems when bringing up the topic. *Sex in Space* was sold at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory store for the first month after Apogee Books released the book. It was doing very well, so the store manager invited me to do a book signing. The trouble began as soon as a cheery book-signing announcement was e-mailed to all personnel at JPL. First, a liaison to the store e-mailed an announcement to all personnel—thousands of people at JPL—citing 'ethical reasons' for the cancellation of the signing. Second, those involved ordered my *Sex in Space* books pulled from the store. Unfortunately, my experience with JPL isn't unique. My publishers (continued on page 45)



FORUM

READER RESPONSE

TAKING ONE FOR THE TEAM

While reading the November issue, I came across Radley Balko's article about the rising use of SWAT teams across the country ("Unreasonable Searches and Seizures"). I would like to know how many search warrants Balko has served. I am assuming none. Police officers have to make life-and-death decisions in seconds, and yes, unfortunate accidents occur. Articles like Balko's just make Americans that much less trusting of the good men and women in law enforcement.

Douglas Carlson
Dixon, Illinois

As a SWAT sniper and PLAYBOY subscriber, I find the bullshit written by Balko interesting. I think he needs to get a grip on reality. We live in a society in which gangs and drugs have overrun our cities, and our moral decay is at its highest.

Jason Christensen
Rochester, Minnesota

Balko complains about the shooting of a man with a registered handgun and no violent past. Just because a person has no violent past doesn't mean he isn't up to no good. What about the dead police officer? What about his family?

Ty Vance
Niles, Michigan

I am in the police academy, and I don't think Balko's article gives all the facts. As with anything, mistakes will always be made. The point of these teams is to ensure the officers' safety while they serve warrants for various



Another unreasonable search?

offenses. These officers put their lives on the line to help keep all of us safe while we sleep at night. I think people should stop being so cynical about them.

Brandon M.
Longview, Texas

Brandon M. hits on one of the basic problems with the current mentality of law enforcement when he says "the point of these teams is to ensure the officers' safety." Police work is—or is supposed to be—about society's safety; the safety of officers must never come at the expense of this mission. By definition, public service often means subsuming one's



SWAT teams can make deadly errors.

own interests to those of society at large, and this attitude needs to be impressed with particular gravity upon public servants who carry a gun for a living. Inflicting violence on people accused of crimes is no less problematic than doing so to innocent citizens because of a botched address or some other act of negligence. The doctrine of innocent until proven guilty aside, the police do not decide on or dole out the punishment for crimes; we the people do through our courts of law.

Douglas Carlson's logic is flawed: We could just as easily use it to counter his own argument by asking how many members of his family have been shot and killed in their beds because a SWAT team stormed the wrong house. We are assuming none. But more to the point, such accidents are not "unfortunate," as Carlson would have it. They are unacceptable. Anyone society empowers to use deadly force must be held to a higher standard, one with no margin for error.

To Jason Christensen we would suggest that perhaps nothing is more emblematic of moral decay than our increasing willingness to use military tactics against members of our own society. Law enforcement's antagonistic view of the citizenry—and here we are thinking also of recent innovations in crowd control used against protesters—is disturbing.

We would like to remind Ty Vance that the officer he makes reference to would likely still be alive if his team had simply knocked on the door and identified themselves rather than storm that Prentiss, Mississippi home in the

middle of the night. Many law-abiding Americans would shoot first and ask questions later if their door were kicked in and their home stormed by unidentified marauders. The safety of officers, it would seem, is not necessarily better served by unannounced raids.

WAKE-UP CALL

According to your October report on PLAYBOY voters, two thirds of your readers oppose a ban on gay marriage ("The Playboy Voter: A Special Report, Part I"). I find this number disturbing. Am I to believe that only one third of your readers have a sense of social structure and family values?

Erik Pierce
Anchorage, Alaska

On the contrary, you are to recognize that a huge majority of our readers believes neither social structure nor family values are undermined by one's choices in the bedroom—a belief we strongly share.

I would suggest you expand the available responses to the November voter survey question "Of the following issues, which poses the greatest threat to America?" One of the choices should be "Lack of respect for the Constitution." To me, a general lack of respect for the Constitution poses the greatest threat to America. I see it among Republicans who apologize for torture and warrantless searches, and I also see



Hackable voting machines worry readers.

it among Democrats in my home state of Maryland who defend computerized and easily hackable voting machines. And of course both sides have voted to extend the Patriot Act.

Douglas Maurer
Washington, D.C.

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

FORUM

NEWSFRONT

**Cents and Sensibility**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The federal government has released revised 2007 guidelines for the use of its approximately \$50 million of abstinence-education funds. Shockingly, adults aged 19 to 29 are a new target group. “We wanted to remind states they could use these funds to target not only adolescents,” explains Wade Horn, an assistant secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services. “The message is ‘It’s better to wait until you’re married to bear or father children.’ The only 100 percent effective way of getting there is abstinence.” Sarah Brown, director of the National Campaign to Prevent Teen Pregnancy, disagrees. “The notion that the federal government is supporting millions of dollars’ worth of messages to people who are grown adults about how to conduct their sex life is a very divisive policy,” she says.

Dick!

BEAVER CREEK, COLORADO—Steven Howards was walking his son to a piano class in this resort community when he saw Dick Cheney shaking hands and posing for pictures in a town square. The vice president, it turned out, was in town for an economic summit. Howards walked up to Cheney and said, “Your policies in Iraq are reprehensible,” then walked on. Minutes later Secret Service agent Virgil Reichle Jr. approached Howards and handcuffed him, saying he was under arrest for assaulting the vice president. Though the charges were eventually reduced to harassment and then dropped, Howards is suing Reichle for violations of his First and Fourth Amendment rights in order to recoup his legal fees and loss of reputation, among other things. “This is such an egregious attempt to suppress freedom of speech,” says Howards.

Bear Market

WASHINGTON, D.C.—This past November the Army began a multimedia ad campaign to debut its new slogan, “Army Strong.” The rebranding effort is part of a new advertising push set to cost \$200 million in tax money. In similar news Congress set aside \$20 million in the 2007 Pentagon budget to allow the president to designate a day for the “commemoration of success” in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Fountain of Use

BRONSON, FLORIDA—Public libraries in Levy County are suddenly facing a severe shortage of volunteer workers after the system instituted mandatory drug testing. Of 55 volunteers—mostly retirees between the ages of 60 and 85—just two have

remained on the job since the county insisted library workers, like other county employees, urinate into a cup within hearing distance of a drug-testing official. “This is just a common-sense issue,” explained a volunteer. “Why are we spending tax money to test 75-year-old grandmothers for marijuana? We should be using that money to buy more books and computers.”

Jailhouse Rock

HOUSTON—The music scene here is abuzz about perceived unwarranted police violence during a concert by Two Gallants at Walter’s, a local venue. “Oh my God, what just happened? Why did that happen?” wrote a poster to the band’s message board shortly after the October 13 incident. Officer G.M. Rodriguez responded to a noise complaint; he claims he was assaulted. According to fans, Rodriguez unilaterally began physically intimidating the musicians and crowd. In the ensuing melee a 14-year-old was Tasered into convulsions, musical instruments were destroyed, many patrons were arrested, and a police helicopter was sent out to look for Two Gallants guitar player Adam Stephens, who had left the hall. Another poster wrote, “Mister brutality busted out the Taser, Tasering everyone in his short-armed range. I just moved to this town, but if this is what the HPD does for fun on a Friday night, I don’t feel safe at all.”

**MARGINALIA***(continued from page 43)*

told me that all the other NASA centers, as well as several space museums, are unwilling to carry *Sex in Space*. These are the same stores that stock and restock my other two books, which are aimed at young women (*Women Astronauts* and *Women of Space: Cool Careers on the Final Frontier*.)”

FROM COMMENTS BY Israeli prime minister Ehud Olmert: “We in the Middle East have followed the American policy in Iraq for a long time, and we are very much impressed and encouraged by the stability that the great operation of America in Iraq brought to the Middle East.”

**FROM A HOMILY**

given by Cardinal Francis George at Catholic Theological Union: “The world distrusts us not

because we are rich and free. Many of us are not rich and

some of us aren’t especially free. They distrust us because we are deaf and blind, because too often we don’t understand and make no effort to understand.”

FROM AN ARTICLE in *Computerworld* about the IT scandal enveloping health insurer Kaiser Permanente:

“Say you walk into work on Monday morning to find a lengthy e-mail message. It’s from a project supervisor. It’s addressed to everyone in the company. It says a hugely expensive, mission-critical application is a failure that won’t scale, is regularly down and is likely to cost lots of money and maybe even lives. And the message appears to back up those claims with financial, technical and historical detail. If you’re a CIO, it’s the sort of thing that probably gives you a sick feeling in the pit of your stomach. If you work at Kaiser Permanente, it’s what happened last week. And if you’re the CIO at the not-for-profit health care giant, as Clifford Dodd was last Monday, it’s the prelude to your departure—Dodd resigned the next day. Wait, it gets uglier. The Kaiser e-mail message didn’t just claim that Kaiser’s electronic medical-records system, HealthConnect, was a \$3 billion failure. It also claimed that Dodd was a director for the company that had collected a \$1 million consulting fee for recommending the product HealthConnect is based on.”

FROM A SUGGESTION by

Annemarie Jorritsma, mayor of Almere, a town in Holland, concerning Dutch troops serving in Iraq: “The army must consider ways its soldiers can let off steam. There was

once the suggestion that a few prostitutes should accompany troops on missions. I think that is something we should talk about.”



FORUM

SEXUAL HYPOCRISY

REPRESENTATIVE MARK FOLEY, CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN, HAS LOTS OF COMPANY

1954: STROM THURMOND is elected to the U.S. Senate as the antimiscegenation candidate. In 1957 he speaks against the Civil Rights Act for 24 hours straight. Only after his death is it confirmed that he fathered a daughter in 1925 with his black maid.

1980: ROBERT BAUMAN, a Republican congressman from Maryland and the original sponsor of a proposal to bar gays from holding teaching jobs or receiving public benefits, is charged with soliciting sex from a 16-year-old at a gay bar. "I understand human weakness now better than ever," he says while declining to discuss the "clinical details" of his "compulsion." The charge is dropped after Bauman agrees to be treated for alcoholism, but his wife leaves him.

1993: KEN CALVERT, a Republican congressman from California who boasts a 100 percent rating from the Christian Coalition, is caught by police receiving a blow job from a prostitute in a parked car. "I was feeling intensely lonely" is his explanation.

1996: BOB BARR, a Republican congressman from Georgia, sponsors the Defense of Marriage Act, declaring that "the flames of self-centered morality are licking at the very foundations of our society, the family unit." A few years later it is revealed that Barr has been sued by the second of his three wives for withholding child support. She also claims her militantly pro-life ex paid for her to have an abortion in 1983.

1998: House Judiciary Committee Chairman **HENRY HYDE** of Illinois, while vigorously pursuing the impeachment of Bill Clinton, is embarrassed by revelations of his own five-year affair with a married woman that led to her divorce. He dismisses this dalliance as a "youthful indiscretion" although he had been in his 40s.

1998: HELEN CHENOWETH, a Republican congresswoman from Idaho who also waxes indignant over Clinton's misbehavior, admits that she had a six-year affair with a married man. "I've asked for God's forgiveness, and I've received it," she says.

2004: A few days after introducing his Defense of Marriage Act in the Oklahoma state legislature, state representative **MIKE O'NEAL** is arrested

for felony sexual battery after drunkenly grabbing the ass of a woman in an Oklahoma City bar; he subsequently decides not to run for reelection and serves 30 days in jail.

2004: BILL O'REILLY, who once wrote that "healthy sex is a combination of sensible behavior and sincere affection," is sued for sexual harassment by



a former producer. She accuses him of making obscene phone calls during which he suggested she buy a vibrator and shared such sexual fantasies as "I'd be rubbing your big boobs and getting your nipples really hard...and then I would take the other hand with the falafel thing and I'd put it on your pussy." After learning she taped the calls, O'Reilly settles out of court.

2004: ED SCHROCK, a Republican congressman from Virginia who opposes gays serving in the military and being able to marry, is accused of homosexual activities by a website that claims to have tapes of his calling a gay dating hotline. Schrock abruptly announces his retirement without explanation.

2005: NEAL HORSLEY, an anti-abortion zealot whose website rails against "abominations" such as homosexuality and premarital sex, admits on a radio talk show that he had sex with animals as a boy, stating, "When you grow up on a farm in Georgia, your first girlfriend is a mule."

2005: A woman sues Republican congressman **DON SHERWOOD**, a darling of the religious right, for \$5.5 million, claiming he punched her repeatedly during their five-year relationship. In one incident, she says, she awoke in his bed when he began to pull her hair and choke her. The Pennsylvania congressman, who is married, met the woman at a Young Republican event. He admits to the affair but says he was always a gentleman.

2005: JIM WEST, the mayor of Spokane, Washington, who as a state senate leader supported bills banning gay marriage; barring homosexuals from working in schools, day care centers and other state agencies; and making "any touching of the sexual or other intimate parts of a person" between unmarried people under 19 a misdemeanor, is accused of sexually molesting two children when he was their Boy Scout leader (which he denies) and of having sex with men (which he admits). "My sexual orientation is nobody's business," he says.

2006: A gay man, Michael Forest Jones, accuses the president of the National Association of Evangelicals, **TED HAGGARD**, of hiring him for sex and buying crystal meth. Haggard, who is married with five children, has been a strong supporter of laws banning gay marriage. Haggard initially says he has never met Jones, then says a Denver hotel referred him to Jones for a massage, then concedes he bought the drugs but insists he threw them out, then admits "sexual immorality." Jones says he went public to expose Haggard as a hypocrite.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SIMON COWELL

A candid conversation with American Idol's most hated judge about tone-deaf singers, cultural snobs and what he really thinks of Ryan, Randy and Paula

Nasty, surly, bitchy, smarmy, loutish, imperious, vain, vicious, loathsome, arrogant, smug, snide, obnoxious, rude and mean. Those are only some of the adjectives that have been applied to Simon Cowell during his reign as executioner on *American Idol*, which on January 16 begins its sixth season on Fox.

Cowell, 47, is the grandest prime-time villain since J.R. Ewing, overshadowing fellow *Idol* judges Randy Jackson and Paula Abdul and host Ryan Seacrest. With a lordly flair and a stogy British accent, he dismisses aspiring singers with a roll of his eyes or a lash of his tongue.

He started his career in the mail room at EMI; his father, Eric, a prosperous executive, ran the company's property division. But the younger Cowell struggled in the music business and even went bankrupt. At the age of 30 he returned home to live with his father and mother, Julie, who remains very close to her son. Cowell made his breakthrough by signing a deal with Robson & Jerome, a pair of British actors who had sung the Righteous Brothers hit "Unchained Melody" on a TV show but weren't interested in recording. Cowell persisted, telephoning the pair repeatedly, and their record became the top-selling British single of 1995.

Soon he had cornered the market in shamelessness and attained a lucrative position releasing novelty records; he signed the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers and the World Wrestling Fed-

eration, including its most gruesome wrestler, the Undertaker. Most of his acts, including *Curiosity Killed the Cat*, *5ive* and *Sinitta*, had only flashy, fleeting success, though he also signed Westlife, an Irish boy band that now has more U.K. number one hits than anyone except Elvis Presley and the Beatles.

American Idol debuted inauspiciously in June 2002 as a summer replacement series on Fox, after the program had been rejected by ABC, NBC, CBS, the WB and UPN. The show was based on *Pop Idol*, which had premiered on TV in the U.K. the previous October. It was devised by Cowell—the only judge to appear on both programs—and Simon Fuller, a Brit who had managed the Spice Girls. By the time season one ended, with Kelly Clarkson's victory, *American Idol* had an audience of more than 26 million viewers.

The division of riches seemed tidy: Cowell released *Idol*-related records on his Sony BMG-distributed label, while Fuller owned part of the show and managed the *Idol* winners' careers. But in 2004 the two partners ended up in a legal battle after Cowell produced a new U.K. talent competition, *The X Factor*, and Fuller accused him of stealing the idea from *Pop Idol*. The lawsuit was settled, with Cowell agreeing to return to *Idol* for five more seasons. Recently he has become a reality-TV magnate, producing three other shows

(*American Inventor*, *America's Got Talent* and *Celebrity Duets*), with as many as 10 more programs going into production.

PLAYBOY Contributing Editor **Rob Tannenbaum** spent two afternoons with Cowell in his London office. "Simon's mouth is always in motion," he reports. "One minute he's eating fruit, drinking tea or taking drops to combat migraines. The next he's giving instructions to his assistant—whom he addresses as 'sweetheart,' as he does most women—or he's on the phone, giving typically strong opinions: 'It's stupid, stupid, stupid. It's just pathetic, in fact.'"

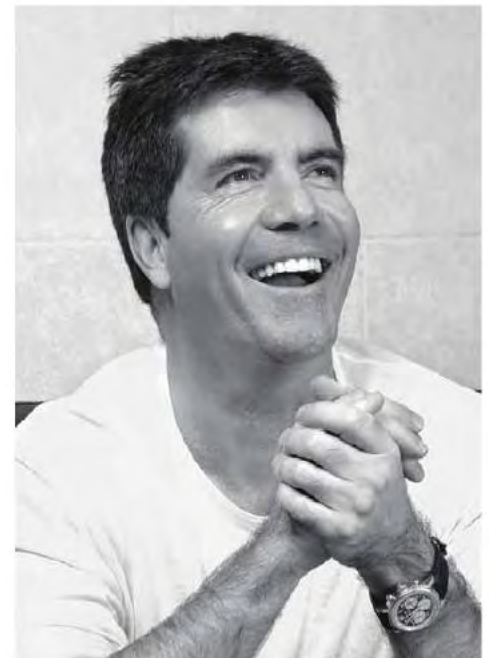
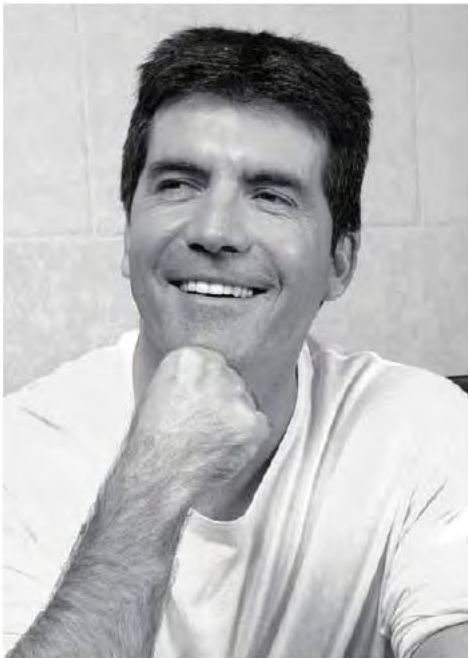
"He's too cheeky and mischievous to really be a tyrant, but it doesn't look fun to be on the receiving end of a Cowell insult. He told me he gets ornery only when bored, so I did my best not to bore him."

PLAYBOY: Let's get to the heart of the matter. Are you, Simon, an asshole?

COWELL: [Laughs] Well, I don't think I am. But based on public opinion, yeah, I am. If half the people think I'm an asshole, then I'm half an asshole.

PLAYBOY: What does the other half think?

COWELL: People say, "I like your honesty," or "I like the fact that you're not politically correct." To be truthful, I don't think I'm an asshole. To me, an asshole is someone



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAKE GAVIN

"People come up to me and sing, and I say, 'That was great. Thank you.' They're like, 'Well, aren't you going to be rude to me?' They expect me to be cruel to them—it's some sort of badge of honor. That's how crazy everything is."

"In TV, film and music there's a lot of snobbery, and I don't like it. I've never been a cultural snob. If I don't like French food, that doesn't make me a lesser person. I don't have sophisticated tastes. I have average tastes."

"Do I prefer Kelly Clarkson's music to Bob Dylan's? Yes. I don't believe the Dylans of this world would make *American Idol* a better show. That's no disrespect to Dylan. Good luck to you; you're very talented. Just not my thing."

who pretends to be nice in public but is a complete monster behind the scenes.

PLAYBOY: So you're no more of a monster in private than you are in public.

COWELL: Funny enough, I'm quite polite in real life. I don't tolerate rudeness to people like waiters or stewardesses.

PLAYBOY: You certainly don't seem polite on *American Idol*.

COWELL: Well, if I tape an 11-hour day, guess which 20 minutes end up on the air. Not the bits when I'm pleasant but the parts when I'm obnoxious.

PLAYBOY: When people see you in public, are they rude to you?

COWELL: Normally they want me to be rude to *them*. People come up to me and sing, and I say, "That was great. Thank you." And they're like, "Well, aren't you going to be rude to me?" No. "Well, can you be rude to me?" No! When I miss auditions, contestants get upset that I'm not there, because they expect me to be cruel to them—it's some sort of badge of honor. That's how crazy everything is.

PLAYBOY: Maybe later we'll sing for you, and you can tell us what you think.

COWELL: You really want to do that? You don't really want to do that.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

COWELL: Because I've spent so much of my life sitting in talent meetings, thinking, What the hell am I going to say at the end of this? You know, about 15 years ago I was going to work with Eddie Murphy. He was interested in making a record, so I flew to the East Coast, to his huge house, and I was very intimidated. I thought it would be just the two of us and a hi-fi. But I ended up in a recording studio with about 20 noddies; a noddy is somebody who gets paid to agree with the person paying him. Eddie started to play some songs, which I hated, and I just didn't know what to say. Now I'd find it a lot easier. I would just say, "I hate it."

PLAYBOY: How's your voice? Can you sing a little bit?

COWELL: Absolutely not a note, no. I'm what's called flat.

PLAYBOY: But your mother has said you have a great voice.

COWELL: [Laughs] She was being sarcastic. I mean, she knows I can't sing.

PLAYBOY: Is sarcasm a family trait?

COWELL: If I'm comfortable with somebody, I'm happy being sarcastic and poking fun. It's a sign of affection.

PLAYBOY: Okay, so you can't sing, and you don't produce records.

COWELL: No.

PLAYBOY: You don't play an instrument or write songs. Yet you've made a for-

tune in the music business. What's your specific talent?

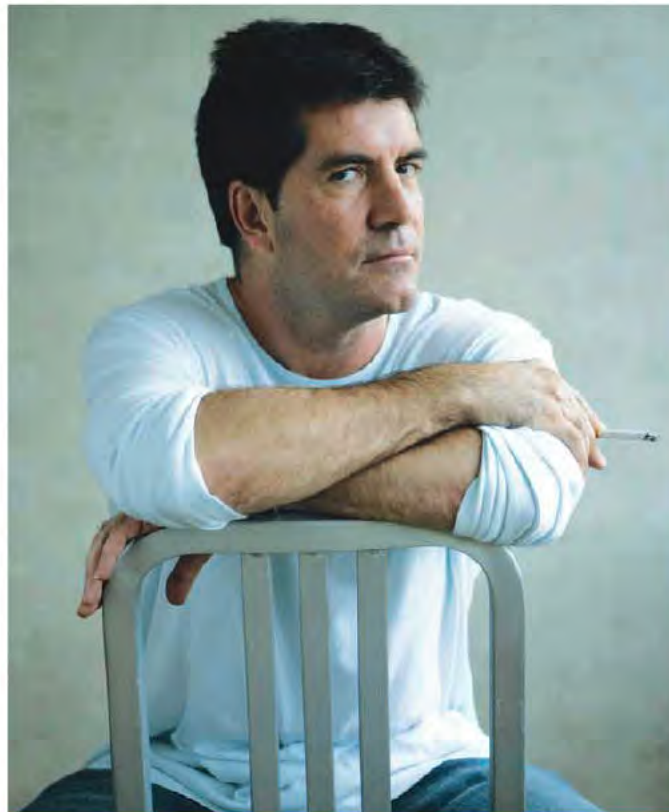
COWELL: That's a very good question, actually. My talent is for creating things the public will like. I'm an instigator. I come up with an idea, put it together and engineer the process creatively.

PLAYBOY: Most music executives do that. What sets you apart?

COWELL: An understanding of what a mass audience will enjoy. I get that. I would watch or listen to most of the things I create. I use my own taste as a benchmark.

PLAYBOY: Do you think other executives get caught up in chasing music that's cool or innovative?

COWELL: In TV, film and music there's a



Who wouldn't want to date a stripper? This is a girl who's comfortable taking her clothes off in public.

lot of snobbery, and I don't like it. If I don't like French food, that doesn't make me a lesser person.

PLAYBOY: So your taste is very mass-market.

COWELL: I think so, yes.

PLAYBOY: And that's not calculated. It's your natural taste.

COWELL: Yeah, it's my natural taste. I mean, look, I'm 47 years old. You can't pretend to like caviar if you hate the taste of it. It's the same with what you listen to and watch. But I'm lucky I have very broad taste.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us some examples?

COWELL: If you looked in my collection of DVDs, you'd see *Jaws* and *Star Wars*. In the book library you'd see John Grisham and Sidney Sheldon. And if you look in

my fridge, it's like children's food—chips, milk shakes, yogurt. I don't have sophisticated tastes. I have average tastes.

PLAYBOY: So this is your asset in looking for talent: You have average taste.

COWELL: I think so. I've never been a cultural snob. Like I said, if I went to a French restaurant—which I probably never will again—I would ask the chef to make a plate of chips. I look at those menus in utter horror. I find them appalling—pigeon, the insides of animals, all that weird stuff. I can't stand it.

PLAYBOY: You don't like to try new things, do you?

COWELL: I'm a big fan of most things retro. I like watching *Fantasy Island* and *The Jetsons*, stuff like that. If I were to buy three albums, they would probably be by Frank Sinatra, Bobby Darin and Tony Bennett. I work in a business in which you're supposed to create new things, but I have no problem saying I don't like much that is around me at the moment.

PLAYBOY: How much of the music on *Idol* do you like?

COWELL: Once a week I may enjoy one or two performances, at most. I'm not sitting there lapping it up like Paula Abdul. [Laughs] I'm not saying, "God, aren't I lucky to be paid for listening to these wonderful singers?"

PLAYBOY: In your autobiography you say, "I'm always right." So we'll remind you of a few times you were wrong. You said Clay Aiken would have the longest career of any *Idol* performer.

COWELL: That was when I knew a little less about Clay. What we saw on the show and what we see today are two slightly different people. I thought he could have had a career as long as Barry Manilow's.

PLAYBOY: What changed since you said that?

COWELL: Oh, there's been so much stuff in the tabloids about him.

PLAYBOY: You mean rumors about his being gay?

COWELL: Look, if someone's gay, who cares? I couldn't care less. The fact is, tabloid coverage affects a large chunk of his fan base. When he was on the show, he was a very clean-cut guy, an underdog. That will always work for the middle-American audience. Now when you mention Clay, all that other stuff comes out, and that will affect his popularity.

PLAYBOY: You also said that Tamyra Gray was a star.

COWELL: I still think she is.

PLAYBOY: Not as of today, she isn't.

COWELL: She's got an amazing voice. She put out a record that wasn't good enough. But if Tamyra had been given songs as good as Kelly Clarkson's, she'd be selling a lot of records. (continued on page 133)

U.S. Smokeless
TOBACCO CO.

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

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT
IS NOT A SAFE
ALTERNATIVE TO
CIGARETTES

DEPENDABLE



IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE

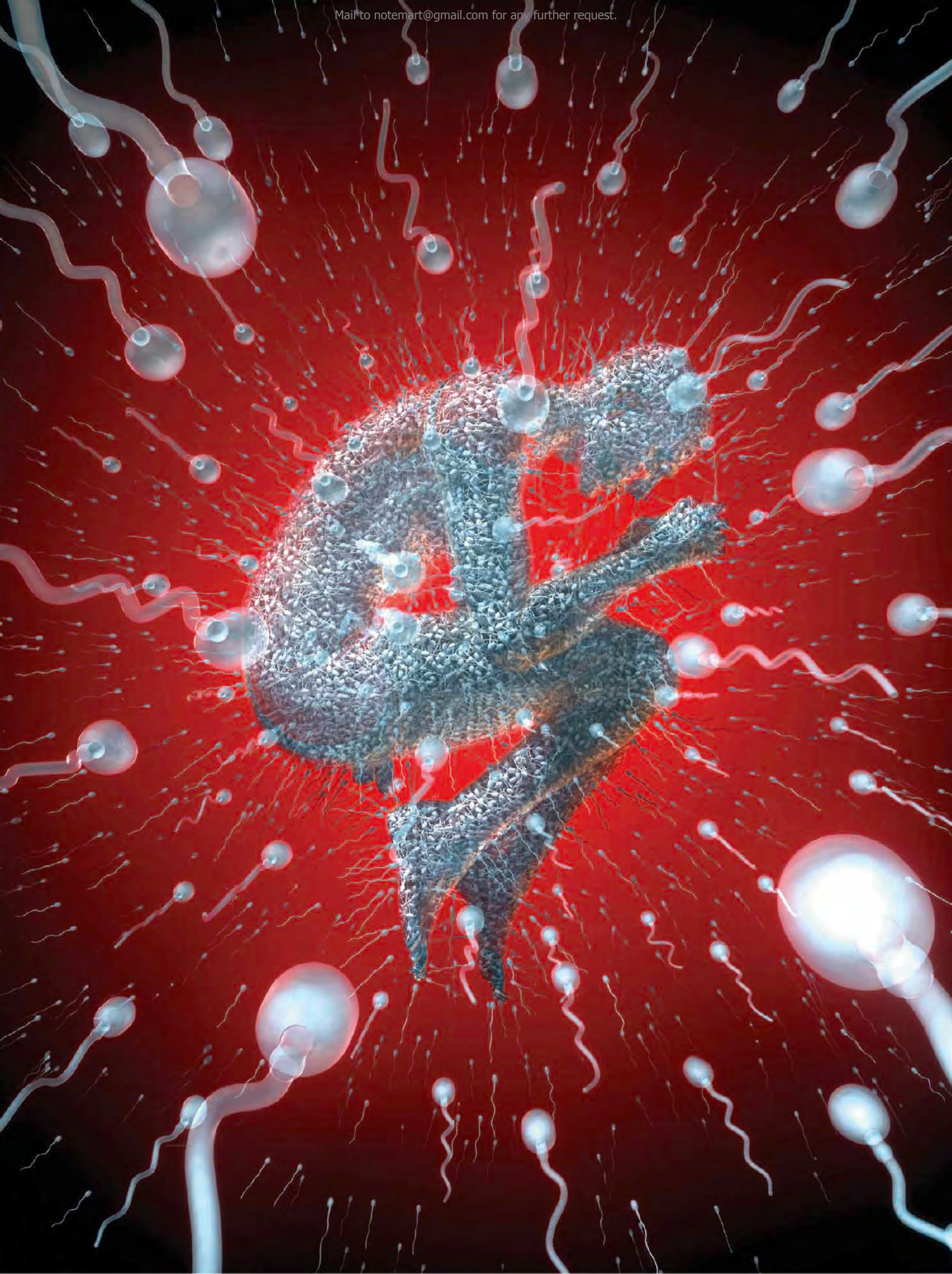
©Copenhagen and Cope are registered trademarks of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2006 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.

Copenhagen[®]

FRESHCOPE.COM

SMOKELESS TOBACCO
SINCE 1822

SNUFF ♦ LONG CUT ♦ POUCHES ♦ STRAIGHT



IN THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF IN-DEPTH REPORTS ON THE SCIENCE OF MALE SEXUALITY, WE TRACK A SPERM CELL AND ITS DELICATE PAYLOAD, THE UNDERRATED Y CHROMOSOME, ON THEIR FANTASTIC VOYAGE TO MAKE A MAN. YOU'LL NEVER LOOK AT YOUR BALLS THE SAME WAY AGAIN

THE SEXUAL MALE PART ONE

THE FLIGHT OF THE SPEAMATOZOON

BY CHIP ROWE

In the time it takes to read this sentence, your testicles will have produced 5,000 sperm. By the end of this page, another 100,000. A billion more wait in reserve. They hope to be released inside a vagina, but if no woman is available, they will find a way out. Your brain will help by providing a fantasy in which the female doesn't say no. Your brain is generous with these fantasies. You can't walk down a runway of breeders like Fifth Avenue in Manhattan without judging every woman in an instant as doable or, in more polite terms, as a means to push your genes into the next generation. If you could have a quickie with every five or better without expending any effort besides catching up with her, and she would bear your child without asking you to stick around (with the exception of a few playdates; you're not heartless) or pay for anything, how many kids would you create? Moulay Ismail the Bloodthirsty, ruler of Morocco from 1672 to 1727, is the official record holder, with

at least 867. Because with as much grief as men get for our seemingly boundless sexual appetites, it's not about getting off. We can do that on our own. At the most basic level it's about ego: There can never be too many versions of you.

That biological truth drives the conveyor belt in your testicles. It also drives this article, the first of a series that will examine what scientists know about male sexuality. The sperm factory is a natural place to start because the tenacity of a single spermatozoon produced by your father's factory is (along with his seduction skills) the reason you exist. A man's sperm factory operates 24 hours a day, seven days a week, from about the third grade to as long as 48 hours after death. The genetic material packed into the head of the first sperm to penetrate an egg—the lone survivor in a sprint that resembles either the Boston Marathon or *Death Race 2000*—determines whether an infant will be born with a penis or without (with a few notable and fascinating exceptions).

THE SEXUAL MALE

The spermatozoon that created you, the quadrillions you will produce and those made by your sons constitute a brotherhood. Each contains a nearly identical Y chromosome, the trigger that makes the man. We will ride these sperm for the first part of our journey. Saddle up.

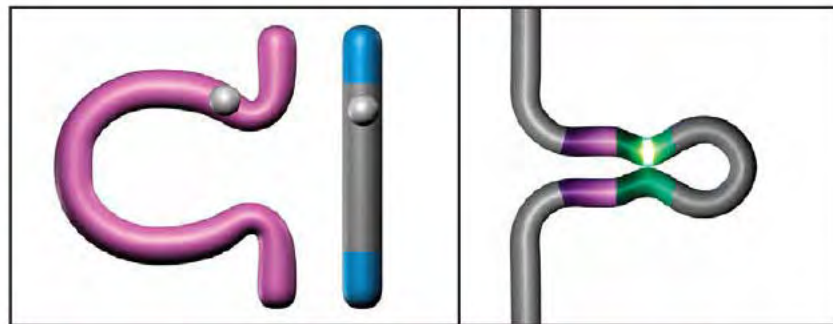
SPERM HUNTERS

Not until the 17th century did anyone realize there are critters swimming around in semen. According to one account, in 1677 a Dutch medical student named Johan Ham thought he had seen something in the discharge of a patient with gonorrhoea. He took a sample to Antoni van Leeuwenhoek, a businessman who spent much of his free time peering through microscopes he had built. Leeuwenhoek continued the investigation with semen from healthy males, including his own. In a report to the Royal Society of London, he is careful to note that he gathered these specimens not by “sinfully defiling myself” but from the “residue of conjugal coitus.” In 1679, after dissecting a hare, Leeuwenhoek concluded that sperm originate in the testicles.

Each sperm takes 10 weeks to make. The process starts with a group of stem cells created during the first few weeks of your existence. Numbering only in the tens of thousands—fewer than you’d find in a drop of blood—the cells march through your gut and pitch camp in your testes (which have yet to descend). These starter cells will always remain outsiders. If your body didn’t set up a barrier between your blood and sperm, white blood cells would attack them as they would a common infection. As scientists are discovering, sperm stem cells, also known as the germ line, have amazing properties. First, they are essentially ageless. When other cells divide, the chromosomes inside them that carry your DNA fray a little. But in the germ line, enzymes repair these wounds. Second, experiments with mice have found that when stem cells from the testicles are placed with cells from the heart, brain or skin, they grow to become matching cells. This suggests that doctors may someday be able to harvest your germ line to cure you of diabetes, spinal-cord injuries or any number of other maladies.

Your germ line divides about 30 times before you hit puberty, when the testicles begin to pump out so much sperm that the stem cells must split every 16 days to keep up. It’s a wonder smoke doesn’t rise from your shorts. By the time you hit the age of 30 your germ line has divided 380 times; by 50 it has divided 840 times. (By contrast, the germ line that creates a woman’s eggs divides only two dozen times, all before she is born.) The problem is, these hundreds of splits create more opportunities for mutations: At least 20 disorders, including dwarfism and schizophrenia, have been associated with older fathers, leading the American Society for Reproductive Medicine to recommend that anonymous sperm donors be younger than 40. Not that mutations are all bad. “Men are the source of most of the errors that provide the raw material of genetic change,” says biologist Steve Jones, author of *Y: The Descent of Men*. “Some are harmful, but others do good and are soon picked up by natural selection. A lot of evolution takes place in the male line.”

Before it is ready to be ejaculated, a sperm must go through a 12-day training camp. This occurs in the epididymis, a tightly coiled tube clumped along the back of each testicle. Stretched out, it can measure as long as 20 feet. Here the eager young bucks—hungry for adventure but so naive—learn to swim and are briefed on how to penetrate an egg. The assembly line continues outside the testes in the 16-inch-long vas deferens, which is more of a straightaway and is what a doctor snips if you have a vasectomy. It loops



Top: A human egg [colorized; they’re not purple], magnified 2,500 times, entices a few sperm. Above left: An illustration shows how the X [left] and Y chromosomes swap DNA only at their tips. The dot on the Y represents the SRY gene. Above right: The DNA inside the Y touches itself.

THE male PILL

IT’S ALWAYS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. WILL WE EVER BE ABLE TO STOP SPERM?

Researchers have long pursued a reliable method for temporarily shutting down sperm without too many nasty side effects. An approach that’s had some success is to give men excess testosterone, which fools the brain into thinking enough sperm are already being produced. Another technique, reversible inhibition of sperm under guidance, involves inserting a gel into the vas deferens that makes the heads of passing sperm rupture. Scientists are also seeking ways to bring methods that have worked in animals to humans, including disabling a protein that gives sperm the power to sway their tails [works in rams], using a drug called Adjudin to interfere with germ cells [works in rats] or injecting eppin, a protein found only in the testicles, into the blood to elicit an immune-system response that appears to keep sperm stuck inside the semen [works in monkeys].

SPERM WARS

DID YOU CHOOSE HER, OR DID SHE CHOOSE YOU?

over the bladder and continues as the ejaculatory duct, which empties onto the flight deck of the urethra.

As a guy becomes aroused, hundreds of millions of sperm are pushed through this double set of tubes. As they leave the vas deferens, the sperm are mixed with semen produced by the prostate gland and seminal vesicles. This versatile substance will carry them toward the light, keep them from being burned alive in vaginal acid and fit each with the equivalent of a hooded sweatshirt so they can slip past the woman's immune system. At the same time, glands release two or three drops of mucus that lubricate the inside of the urethra. Although this precome has been used to explain an untold number of pregnancies ("But I pulled out"), several studies suggest it doesn't contain sperm. The pressure builds to the point of what scientists call ejaculatory inevitability—the moment, often verbalized, when you know you're about to come. The mixture leaves at the speed of a city bus, propelled by what one study recorded as eight to 33 rapid-fire shivers, the pattern of which appears to be unique in every man—an orgasmic fingerprint. The amount of fluid ejaculated, on average, would fill most of a teaspoon, if you had that sort of aim. If not collected in a condom, the globs splat against the woman's cervix, then puddle on the floor of her vagina. Thanks to the adventurous producers of *The Human Animal*, a BBC series, this event has been videotaped—the most penetrating porno ever made. The Brits attached a flexible, pen-size camera to the underside of a man's erection before he had intercourse with his wife. The footage revealed that as a man thrusts, the cervix stretches so that it's in position to dip into the pool of semen. Biologist Robin Baker compares this to an elephant lowering its trunk into a watering hole. Once contact is made, the sperm swim into mucus channels toward the uterus, a rope climb that is taking place inside millions of women at this very moment. After a few minutes the cervix pulls up, leaving behind a pool that becomes part of what researchers refer to as flow back, a.k.a. the wet spot.

Those sperm that make it inside still face almost impossible odds, especially if the woman's reproductive tract isn't accepting visitors, which is most of the time. Yet the journey is essential; if you mix freshly ejaculated sperm with an egg, they will ignore each other. Those sperm that manage to negotiate the cervix and traverse the uterus arrive at one of the two oviducts, or fallopian tubes, where they receive a burst of energy and a

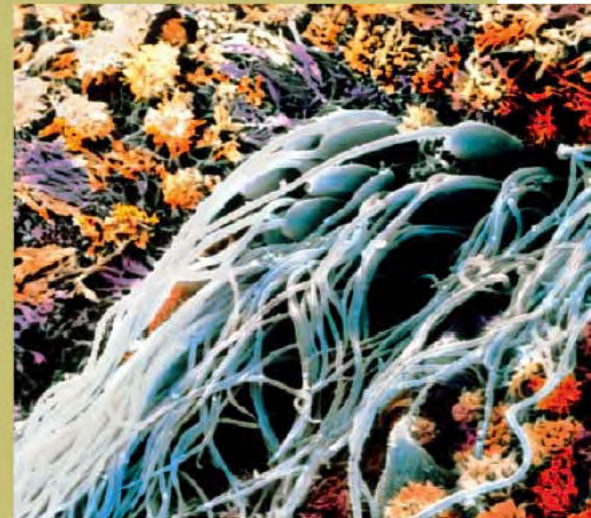
Most females are sluts. Biologists don't use that word—too judgmental—but studies of various species over the past few decades have put to rest the notion that females are passive creatures who wait to be impregnated by an aggressive male. By practicing polyandry ("many males") females are able to get the best possible genes for their offspring. Using paternity studies, biologists have documented sperm competition in insects, birds and, most recently, mammals. The second or third male to leave a deposit often becomes the father, a phenomenon known as "last in, first out."

To counter female promiscuity, a male has two choices: Deposit more and better sperm or stay close to his mate to discourage other males. In other words, males fuck as many females as they can while preventing the females from fucking other males, and females fuck as many males as they can while trying to convince each that he's the only one. Fulfilling your biological duty takes much less energy if you know exactly when your partner is fertile. When a chimp is in heat, for instance, her vulva swells and turns as red as a bull's-eye. But women provide no such clue, and their menstrual cycles vary, lasting anywhere from 21 to 42 days (the average is 28 days), making it hard for men even to guess.

Some scientists believe that men, as a countermeasure, subconsciously regulate the quantity and quality of their sperm with amazing precision, based on how long it has been since they last had sex with a specific partner and the chances that another suitor gained access. A 2005 study hints that we respond quickly to perceived competition. Australian scientists divided 52 young men into two groups: One was shown photos of a woman having sex with two men, and the other saw photos of three women having sex with one another. Each man was asked to masturbate into a cup while looking at the images. After controlling for lifestyle factors, the researchers found that participants who looked at the woman with two men produced stronger swimmers. Other regulation methods may include everything from changes in the number of ejaculatory spurts to masturbating frequently enough to keep younger, stronger sperm at the ready. Rats, dogs, mice, squirrels, porcupines, pigs, deer, whales, elephants and monkeys all shed sperm. Whether men need to isn't as well established, but it's as fine an excuse as any.

It's clear that the ejaculate of two or more men can survive at the same time inside a woman and that the man who thinks he is the father of a child isn't always responsible. DNA testing has made this more evident now than at any other time in history. In extreme cases fraternal twins have different dads. (This is most obvious when the men are of different races.) What's much less certain is whether sperm competition has had any effect on human evolution. Robin Baker is convinced it has. "This warfare between ejaculates, or the threat of it, has shaped the sexuality of every man and woman alive today," he asserts in his 1996 best-seller, *Sperm Wars*. Baker proposes that competition has even led sperm to develop a mean streak. After studying hundreds of semen samples, he and fellow biologist Mark Bellis concluded that the large majority of human sperm are kamikazes whose only function is to poison sperm deposited by other males. Another, smaller legion are blockers. They trail the elite egg getters, swim as far as they can and die, blocking the path for any man who comes later.

Critics practically foam at the mouth when dissecting Baker and Bellis's action-packed script. They note that the most promiscuous primates (chimps) have the most uniform sperm, though you would expect they would need more misshapen blockers and killers than gorillas or humans, who are more faithful to their mates. What Baker and Bellis see as specialized sperm may simply be the large percentage of rejects that results when you're making something as delicate as a DNA missile. Rather than a battle, it's more likely a simple race: The male who deposits the most sperm has the advantage, and the way you produce more sperm is to grow bigger balls. As testicles go, ours are relatively small, suggesting that we trend toward one mate at a time. In fact, humans are among the most inefficient sperm producers in the world. A man makes about the same amount of sperm as a hamster, whose testicles are 10 times smaller.



Sperm navigate the cervix, a journey that typically takes 10 minutes. Its cells produce an acidic mucus that picks off the weakest of the bunch.

THE SEXUAL MALE

stamp on the hand that allow them a shot at life. In 1963 scientists figured out how to mimic these chemical changes well enough to combine the egg and sperm of a hamster in a petri dish. This discovery led 15 years later to the first test-tube baby, Louise Brown, and since then more than 3 million children have been conceived through in vitro fertilization.

The success of IVF has had interesting consequences. One is the phenomenon of inherited infertility, in which a sterile man passes along his damaged Y chromosome to his sons, who are born sterile. Another is much older mothers. In 1996 scientists combined the sperm of a 57-year-old California man with a donor egg to impregnate his 63-year-old wife. In 2005 a 66-year-old Romanian woman, after nine years of hormone treatments, broke that record. However, both the sperm and egg came from anonymous donors, leading sticklers to consider her only the oldest surrogate. A more recent development in baby making without sex is intracytoplasmic sperm injection, in which scientists select a sperm from the testes and shoot it into the center of an egg. The technique has been controversial because no one knows if that particular sperm would have made it to the egg on its own. It may be the village idiot. But the oldest ICSI children are now 16, and so far scientists haven't found any mutants.

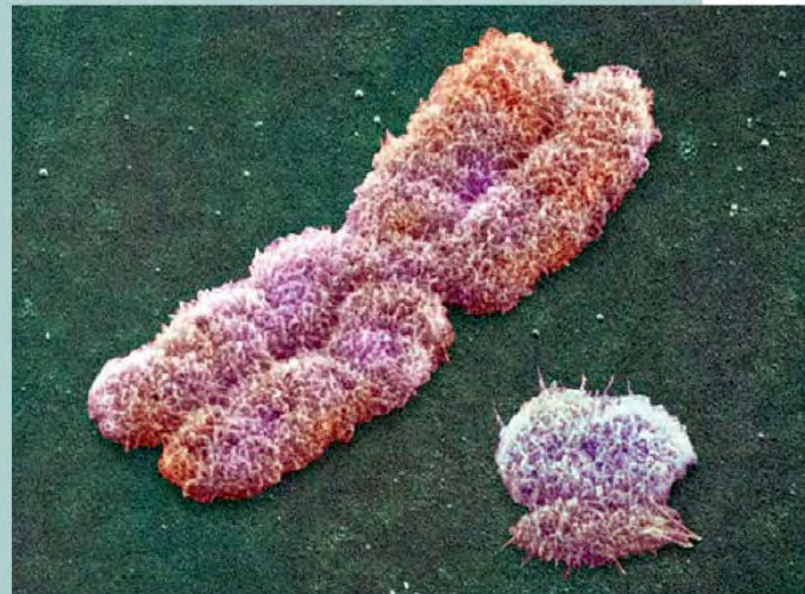
TAKING THE PLUNGE

Once the most robust sperm have gathered at the oviducts, they apparently wait to be called to the egg—or eggs, in the case of fraternal twins or triplets—which at a hulking .004 inches wide is the largest cell in the female body. Studies suggest that only a small percentage of the sperm are capable of receiving this beacon, which sends their tails into overdrive; one group is called forward, then the next, then the next, like a graduation ceremony. These overachievers surround the egg like a crowd of suitors on ladies' night, looking for an opening, while the egg asks a few basic questions, such as "Are you human?" If the egg arrives and no sperm are there, it sits tight for a day or so before disintegrating. But it's never happy about being made to wait. Research suggests that a woman is more likely to get pregnant if the sperm arrive first.

If the timing is right (or wrong, depending on your perspective), a single sperm breaks through the egg's membrane. Instantly the egg shuts down. Nature has no plans for a tie. The loser sperm continue to jockey for position, too drunk on egg juice to realize the party is over. Inside, the alpha male is having the best sex of its life, despite having had its tail snapped off (it can be seen floating around in the egg), its head melted and its tightly packed payload unraveled. This is necessary so the 23 chromosomes containing your father's genes can combine with the nucleus of the egg and its 23 chromosomes containing your mother's genes. The DNA provided by your parents differs by a tenth of a percent, which becomes the gap between you and any other human. At the moment they fuse, which occurs within about 20 hours after the sperm breaks through, the genetic data that make you the son of your parents—your height, skin, eye color, nose, personality, penis size and whether you will lose your hair—is set. You are now one cell old and unlike any other being who has ever existed or ever will.

THE WEIRD Y

The answer to the question of man is the Y. If the head of the first sperm to reach the egg contains a Y chromosome, it joins an X supplied by the mother to create a male: XY. If it has an X, the fetus will be *(continued on page 130)*



MAKING BOYS

PLAYING FAVORITES WITH THE WEAKER SEX

Boys are sensitive souls, especially when they're inside a woman. More males are conceived than females, but fewer survive, so the natural gender ratio at birth hovers around one to one. Scientists have long wondered what forces could cause that ratio to shift. Do women manipulate sperm or reject embryos to produce more sons in times of plenty and more daughters in times of want, since females are more likely to live past puberty and will have an easier time finding a mate? Evidence suggests that after traumatic events, fewer boys are born. A series of studies that looked at births in Kobe after the 1995 earthquake and in New York after the 9/11 attacks found the gender ratio skewed toward females. Trauma may prompt pregnant women to produce excess cortisol, which cripples the typically weaker male embryos.

Some biologists suspect a pitched battle of the sexes may even be playing out at the cellular level. Because females contribute the mitochondrial DNA that powers the tails of sperm, women seem to have the upper hand: When a mother transmits damaged mtDNA to a male child, it sabotages his ability to reproduce.

Since nature sometimes disappoints expectant parents, gaming the system has become a big business. Sperm carrying a Y chromosome are thought to be faster but less durable. That's why Dr. Landrum Shettles, co-author of *How to Choose the Sex of Your Baby*, suggests that a man who wants a son should deposit his sperm as close to the cervix as possible. Researchers have also attempted to spin sperm in centrifuges in hopes of separating Y sperm from the denser X sperm, which supposedly sink. For people who qualify for an ongoing clinical trial, the Genetics & IVF Institute in Fairfax, Virginia offers a \$4,000 separation technique it promotes as useful for "family balancing": A fluorescent dye makes Y sperm glow green, though three quarters of the institute's clients request the pink Xs to make girls. That is hardly the trend elsewhere in the world. Many Chinese parents, told they can have only one child, abort females; political scientists have warned of the possibility of a Chinese army of 30 million single men by 2020. In India one survey of clinics found that 7,997 of 8,000 aborted fetuses had been female. Researchers estimate that more than 10 million fetuses have been destroyed there in the past two decades because they weren't male.

Top right: It's easy to see how dinky the Y [right] is next to the X when the shaggy dogs are magnified 10,000 times.



"Watch it, men! This may be a trick!"

DON'T SAY "SIR" TO THIS DRILL INSTRUCTOR

TOUGH LOVE



Beautiful, sweet and bubbly as Michelle Manhart is, you really don't want to cross her. For one thing, she is skilled in the use of military-grade weaponry. (Those aren't toy props you see here.) For another, she yells at people for a living. And she is very good at her job. Incongruous as it seems, this 30-year-old California-bred stunner with a catwalk-worthy body is that most dreaded of uniform wearers: the military drill instructor. As an Air Force staff sergeant, she's charged with whipping our nation's recruits into peak mental and physical fighting shape. "We scream at them from the second reveille sounds until the moment they go to sleep," Michelle says of her recruits. "It's kind of like *Full Metal Jacket*. And by that I mean it's awesome!"

You're not likely to see many drill instructors this beautiful—or this nude. Does Michelle think her pictorial will land her in hot water with Uncle Sam? "I'm just so proud to serve my country," she says. "I served in the Middle East. I've been serving for 13 years, fighting for everyone's rights. Why wouldn't I be able to stand up for my own rights and participate in the freedoms that make this country what it is?"

You might say the military is a family tradition for Michelle. Her stepfather was a marine, and her husband and brother



"Since I was 12 years old I have dreamed of being in *PLAYBOY*," says California-born Michelle Manhart, an Air Force drill sergeant. We are more than happy to oblige.





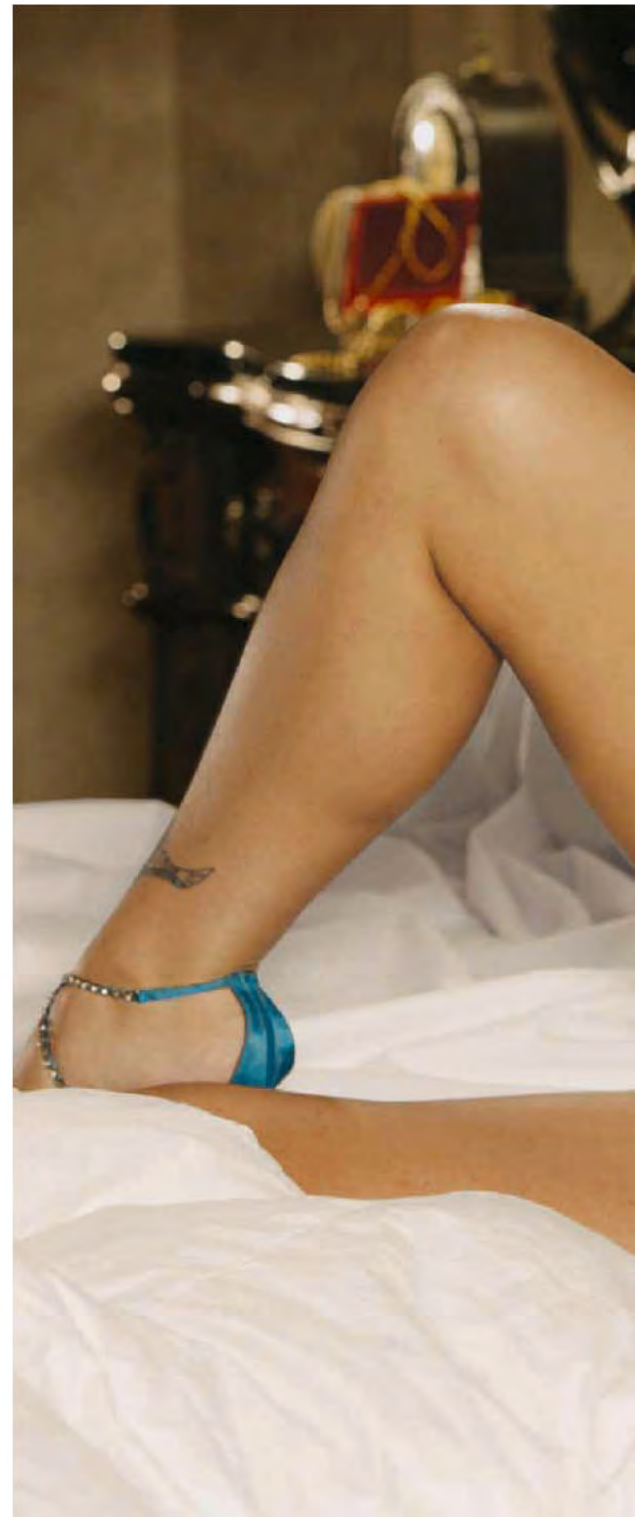




See more of Michelle at cyber.playboy.com.

are Air Force men. Currently assigned to Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, she is, for now, content with her job. But still, she envisions a future for herself outside the barracks. "My lifelong goal is to be in the entertainment industry," she tells us. Clearly she has the kind of assets Hollywood demands.

Rest assured, this vivacious beauty promises not to give you an earful if you meet her in a civilian setting. "I am a completely different person outside of work," she says, giggling. Having spent quality time with her, we'll attest to that. Michelle has a natural beauty and ease in front of the camera that is anything but rough-edged. "I've always felt comfortable in my skin," she says. "I think the female body is one of the most beautiful things in the world." We couldn't agree more.







the starlight on Idaho

FICTION
BY

**Denis
Johnson**

**CAN A MAN PLAGUED
BY DEMONS WRITE
HIS WAY OUT
OF HELL?**

Dear Jennifer Johnston, Well, to catch you up on things, the last four years have really kicked my ass. I try to get back to that point I was at in the fifth grade where you sent me a note with a heart on it that said, "Dear Mark I really like you" and I turned that note over and wrote on the back of it, "Do you like me or love me?" and you made me a new note with 20 hearts on it and sent it back down the aisles and it said, "I love you! I love you! I love you!" I would count there to be about 15 or 16 hooks in my belly with lines heading off into the hands of people I haven't seen since a long time back, and that's one of them. But just to catch you up. In the last five years I've been arrested about eight times, shot twice, not twice on one occasion but once on two different occasions, etc. etc. and I think I got run over once but I don't even remember it. I've loved a couple thousand women but I think you're number one on the list. That's all folks, over and out.

Cass (in fifth grade you used to call me Mark—full name Mark Cassandra)

P.S. Where, you might ask, am I? Funny that you

asked. After all those adventures I'm at an undisclosed location right back here once again in Ukiah, the Armpit of Northern California.

Cass

Dear old buddy and beloved sponsor Bob,

Now hear the latest from the Starlight Addiction Recovery Center on Idaho Avenue, in its glory days better known as the Starlight Motel. I believe you might have holed up here once or twice. Yes I believe you might have laid up drunk in room 8, this very one I'm sitting in at this desk writing this letter, which is one of the few I'll actually be mailing, because I need a few things that are in that box in your closet, anyway I hope they're still there. I think there's a pair of jeans and I think there's a few pairs of socks, and in fact if you would just bring the whole box. If you did that you would increase my holdings between 600 and 700 percent. I'm down to one of everything except for two of these socks, which are both white, but they're not the same brand. My good old boots collapsed but I have been given an excellent pair of secondhand running shoes here, but I am writing to tell you this—that I am not running anywhere, I am standing my ground,



in Göttingen.

I'm sitting here in this room writing letters to everybody I know. I've got about a dozen hooks in my heart, I'm following the lines back to where they go.

I intend to do the deal and here's why—because the last four years have positively kicked my ass. In the last four years I have been shot, jailed, declared insane, etc...and even though I'm just 32 years old I'm the only person I've ever met who's actually ever been in a coma. I have repeatedly been told by medical people who probably know what they're talking about, "You are lucky to be alive" and "Nobody around here has any idea why you aren't dead."

Wow, I think I just took a nap. They've got us on Antabuse here and sometimes, blip, you just fade out and dream. In a few days that's supposed to pass.

They won't let me call you but I'm pretty sure they'll let you come to Family Group, which is on Sunday, two to four. Before I mail this I will check if it's okay for you to come. I'd sure like it if you did. I wouldn't mind seeing a friendly face in the circle there.

I'm not the type to trudge along, I'm the type to come shooting off the block, get 20 yards ahead of everybody else and go stumbling and sprawling off onto the sidelines with a collapsed lung. And pretty soon I hear the others, here they come, I hear them trudging steadily along on their Road to Happy Destiny.

I've got to have somebody reminding me to stay in my lane and take it easy, that's where my buddy Bob C comes in, he's my sponsor in the AA, but the thing about your sponsor is you've got to call him. I don't like to call him. He's always got something wise and reasonable to say.

So if he turned up with my box of stuff and two cents of input for the Family Group discussion, what a relief.

Cass

Dear old Dad and dear Grandma,

I'm sitting here in this room at this desk at the Starlight Addiction Recovery Center writing letters to everybody I know. I've got about a dozen hooks in my heart, I'm following the lines back to where they go, I hope somebody up there knows I'm sincere about this, I could certainly use a little help, but I might as well announce right here that I'm not about to get on my knees, because I've never been that way, and if your pal Jesus is waiting around for somebody like me to do something like that before he comes down off the cross, I'd say he can quit waiting. Damn this place and everybody in it, I mean I have just about had it with rehabilitation, the thing is group therapy has just made the kinks in my mind all that tighter, it's basically a circle of terrified bullshitters kissing this guy's ass named Jerry, if you're late to a session they lock you out, late to a second session you're expelled back on the street, I mean let's all just step one step back and take a look at the fact that I was never in the Army because I cannot stand exactly that kind of discipline. Oh yeah. I am just pissed off, and that's about it. I have to spend two hours every single night in this room at this desk considering these hooks in my heart and writing down my life history, which we each go up at the two-week point and read to them, read to all the others, sit there in a chair, read your history of the downfall of your pitiful self to a circle of ghosts. I may or may not get around to doing it. Right now I'm just filling a notebook with jazz, waiting for my handwriting to improve itself. Like I say though—I am I am I am sincere. I am sincere. Here's some pretty good evidence—this is my third time in rehab but my

first time to make it past four days. I've got my legs locked and I am staying on this one for the entire ride, those who think otherwise are entitled to their mistaken opinions, fuckem all, I hope they put down money against me, because if so then somebody's walking home broke. Excuse the swearing, Grandma.

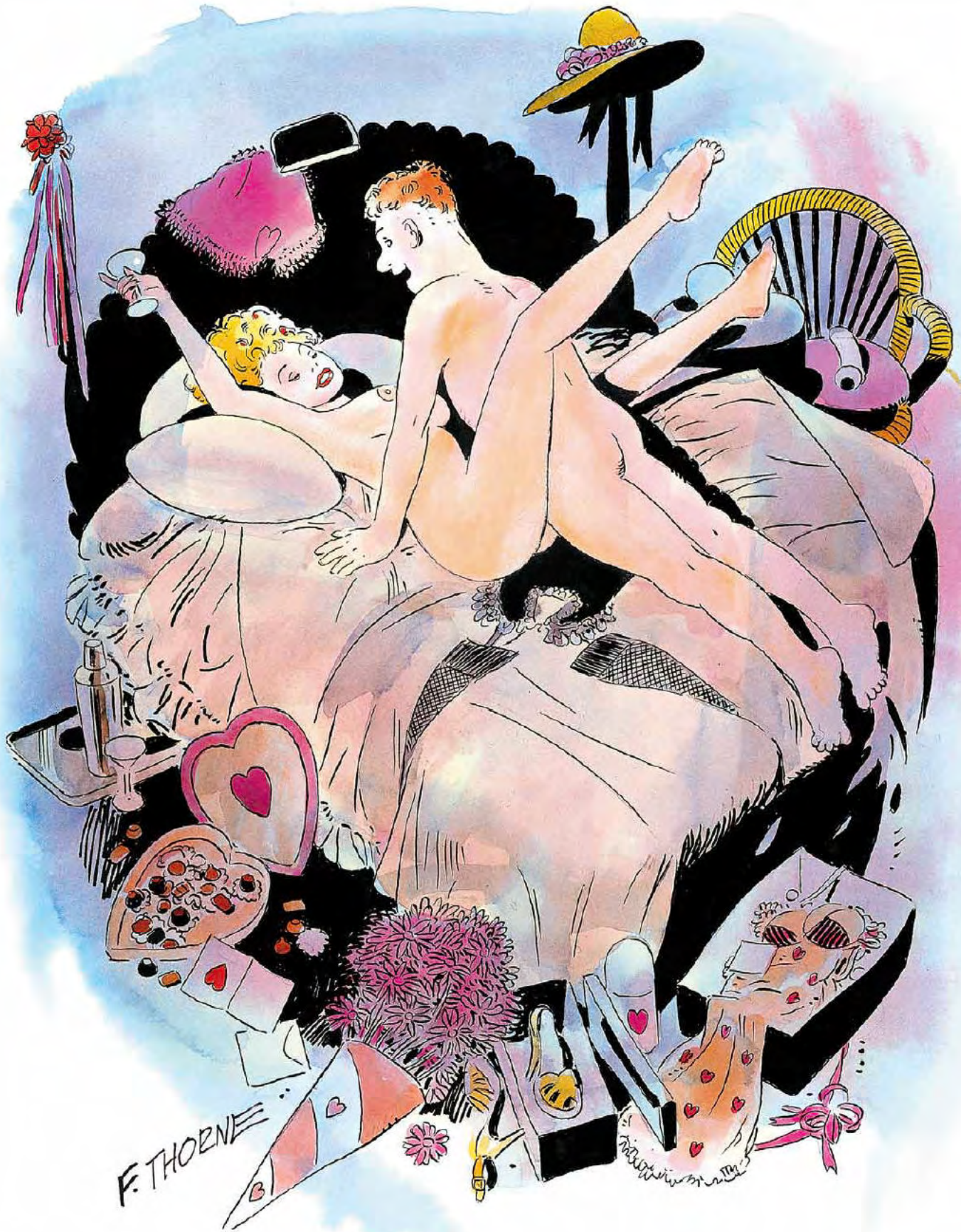
Well, Grandma, that was entertaining what you pulled in Family Group last Sunday but ridiculous. Come on back sometime but keep a lid on it, okay?

I'm through being the one to explain this family to each other. I know how in your eyes it's like every one of us is the runt from a litter of geniuses, we just need extra feeding and we'll sprout. But the total number of times it adds up to that the jail has clanged on us is pretty impressive, Grandma, those are the statistics, they speak for themselves. Whatever these people in this rehab are doing to help me I think we should pause and consider it. I'm shocked to hear myself say that, but the last four years my habits have dragged me behind them over some pretty rough ground and now I'm teachable. Let's set our ideas aside and just listen. I thought you were listening at the Family Day group session on Sunday but I'm sorry, it turned out you were more like laying in wait to pounce like a slobbering cougar on poor Jerry, who I happen to despise, but he's the one clean and sober three years while meanwhile I'm the one drunk not a week ago. I've just got nothing left to say. I get around a mirror and it isn't pretty.

I mean to say you can't just wipe at my snot and hand me a sno-cone. I don't need grandmotherly help, I need trained and certified counselors to point a few things out. And I can't have my grandma at Family Group red-dogging the whole discussion and preaching about Jesus Christ and Satan, or anyway the last 30 minutes of a two-hour group, that's how much time you took up jiving on heaven and hell, thanks a million. Luckily Jerry has a sense of humor. Thank you for representing the Cassandra family in a most stand-out way. I am not surrounded by demons here. These are trained and certified counselors.

I am through explaining this family to each other. It's g-damn ridiculous is what it is. I guess I can swear here as you won't be receiving this as I won't be sending it. Do you remember when the Starlight was a motel? I remember when it was a motel and whores used to sit out on the bench at the bus stop across the street, really miserable gals with blotchy skin and dents in their head who'd been run out of San Francisco, you have to be pretty down on your luck to get knocked off the market in the Tenderloin. I mean you wouldn't cross the street for them, but I guess once in a while some desperate character from one of these rooms in the Starlight would make the journey. Do you know what? I've had one or two minutes here when I might've done it myself. But no more whores, the bus-stop benches are empty. As far as I know the benches aren't even there anymore. I don't think the bus runs past here no more.

I mean this is not a family to get their coat of arms tattooed on your chest. Do you remember when Bro broke his girlfriend's nose in the living room and said, "There, I rest my case." Do you remember when Dad scooped his hand down in his soggy cereal and just sat there staring at nothing for about 22 minutes with a glop of it in his hand? Do you remember when John got his picture in the papers in Dallas being *(continued on page 120)*



"You didn't care much for my flowers, card and candy, so I'm glad I finally found something you like!"



E L E M E N T S O F



E D U C T I O N

Frigid February can be the hottest month of the year—if you know what you’re doing. Flowers, candy and a greeting card are not enough. Here’s our guide to making her smile

Seduction is not about candlelight and violins. Seduction is not about winning. And seduction has nothing at all to do with deception. Hell, when you get down to it, seduction really isn’t even about sex. It’s about creating the right mood, the right music, the right words, the right feelings, allowing the two (or three or four) of you to enjoy each other to the fullest, to be carried away, to feel truly, blazingly alive. It can involve Mozart, or it can involve the Ramones. It can take place on a Venetian gondola or in those awfully uncomfortable seats at a Timberwolves game. It can wear a cummerbund and bow tie, or it can show up in running shoes with paper cups of coffee. It

is in how you reveal yourself and how you seek her out. Above all else, true seduction is mutual—a shared experience of physical and mental pleasure. Over the next few pages you’ll find some time-tested, field-proven ways to create unforgettably romantic evenings, days or decades. We aim less to help you conquer in bars than we do to help you and the object of your affection heighten your finest moments. It starts with a cocktail to break the ice. Then she’ll slip into something more comfortable, with your help, naturally. Finally you’ll sweep her off her feet—to one of the most romantic places in the world. Let us know how it goes; you know where to find us.

←  →

P L A Y B O Y ’ S P O T I O N S O F L O V E



Sidecar

The sidecar made its American debut during Prohibition, when girls first shed their corsets and learned the advantages of a casual moral attitude. We believe there’s a connection. Shake well with plenty of cracked ice:

- 1½ oz. VSOP-grade cognac
- ¾ oz. Cointreau
- ½ to ¾ oz. freshly squeezed, strained lemon juice

Pour through a strainer into a chilled cocktail glass that has had its rim moistened with lemon juice and then dipped in sugar.



Florodora

Florodora was a Broadway musical famous less for its words and tunes than for the allure of its chorus girls, all six of whom, legend has it, went on to marry millionaires. A local bartender invented this potion for one of them after she said she would have a drink only if it was something new. Shake well with ice:

- 2 oz. gin
- ½ oz. lime juice
- ½ oz. raspberry syrup or Chambord

Pour unstrained into a tall glass and top off with cold ginger ale. Add a maraschino cherry, a paper umbrella and a straw. To ensure maximum mayhem, replace the ginger ale with chilled champagne.



Brandy Alexander

Many drinks are named after porn stars (or at least after their professional activities); this one has a porn star named after it. Shake well with cracked ice:

- 1 oz. VSOP-grade cognac
- 1 oz. brown crème de cacao
- 1 oz. heavy cream

Strain into a chilled cocktail glass and top with grated nutmeg.



Little Flame

Underneath the cool exterior of this tall and seductive beauty there burns a little flame—not much on its own, maybe, but enough to start the hottest fire. Shake well with cracked ice:

- 2 oz. white rum
- 1 oz. half-and-half
- ½ oz. freshly squeezed, strained lime juice
- 2 tsp. Monin almond syrup
- 1 tsp. imported peach liqueur

Strain into a tall chilled glass and top off with club soda; carefully pour in ½ oz. ruby port so it collects on the bottom; add a straw and do not stir.



Daisy Duke

The brunette one, not the blonde. Shake well with ice:

- ½ oz. good bourbon
- ½ oz. Grand Marnier
- 2 dashes Angostura bitters

Strain into a large chilled cocktail glass, top off with cold champagne and twist a thinly cut swatch of lemon peel over the top.

SWEET NOTHINGS



♥ If there's one gift that whispers intimacy, it's fine lingerie. Opposite page: Her waist cincher (\$155) is by Cadolle from Agent Provocateur, her cuffs (\$95) and choker (\$130) are by Myla, her stockings (\$30) are by Agent Provocateur, and her shoes (\$850) are by Vanessa Noel.



♥ Miss September 2006 Janine Habeck models these silky unmentionables. She wears them well, wouldn't you say? This page, clockwise from top left: bustier (\$140) and thong (\$40) by Elle Macpherson Intimates Boudoir; bustier (\$58) and panties (\$14) by Jezebel and blindfold (\$15) by Mary Green; bra (\$170) and blindfold (\$95) by Myla; thong (\$22) by Mary Green, thigh-high fishnets (\$42) by Wolford and shoes by Pierre Silber. The jewelry (\$4,500 to 5,700) is by Barry Brinker Fine Jewelry.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 147.

THE 10 EXIEST PLACES IN NORTH AMERICA



THE KILLER VIEW

Setting may be the most important element of seduction. The view from the Post Ranch Inn (above) in Big Sur, California speaks for itself. A night (or several) spent 1,200 feet above the crashing waves of the Pacific will unwind even the tightest of muscles. The infinity pool rivals any on earth for sheer wow factor. For the utmost privacy, book the detached Ocean House. (Ocean views, from \$985 a night; Ocean House, \$1,385 a night; postranchinn.com)

THE RIDE

Nothing is hotter than a woman who wants it *now*—in the car. Your place is too far away. *Pull over!* For backseats, our top pick goes to the Audi A8 L W12. Vast, swathed in your choice of luxurious trim (no pun intended), with a 14-speaker Bang & Olufsen system, a rear-seat fridge for the champagne and a sunroof to take in the moon.... High school was never like this. (From \$119,350, audi.com)

THE BED

Imagine the fun you can have in the totally private “floating bed” pictured



here, at the One & Only Palmilla resort in Los Cabos, Mexico. The mattress and pillows are suspended over water in a secluded cove. It's yours for the day; nothing will interrupt you but dolphins frolicking in the surf. The butler, reachable by cell phone, will fulfill any needs

you can't. (Beds, \$300 a day; ocean-front rooms from \$425 a night; oneandonlyresorts.com)

THE DANCE FLOOR

Sex aside, nothing demonstrates your in-bed abilities like dancing, and that goes double for salsa. Put your best foot forward at Santo, Miami Beach's hottest new spot. The house band throws down amazing sets three nights a week, and DJs take over from there. Thursday night is Latin night. Beautiful bodies shaking at breakneck speed—*¡ay caramba!* (430 Lincoln Road, santomiamibeach.com)

THE BAR UNDER THE STARS

At the Ghostbar on the 55th floor of the Palms in Vegas (pictured), you're



the tops, literally. You are standing on the roof of Sin City, looking down. What

THE FOOD

wouldn't feel the bud of romance blossom amid such opulence? (palms.com)

While the work of a great chef is an effective aphrodisiac, you and your lovely can't get naked in a four-star dining room. An alternative: Book a room at the Trump International Hotel & Tower off New York's Central Park and order room service. The food comes from the kitchen of Jean Georges, one of the world's most acclaimed eateries. Start with the bluefin tuna tartare, then try the steamed lobster with citrus emulsion (for her) and

the soy-garlic charred sirloin (for you). You can even have a chef do the serving. Don't worry—he'll know when to leave. (From \$725 a night, trumpintl.com)

THE PRIVATE ISLAND

Rent out Musha Cay in the Bahamas and you'll have your own 150-acre tropical island with 25 private sugar-white beaches. There are five luxury guesthouses, but who needs friends at a time like this? Think Eden without the snakes or apples. Take a look at mushacay.com and you'll get the picture. All you need is \$24,750 a night to pay the bill.

THE NICE LITTLE TOUCH

You arrive at the Bryant Park Hotel in New York with your date for the weekend and—surprise!—your swanky bed is covered in silk rose petals. The champagne is chilled. On the night table sits a “bedside box” with a pocket Kama Sutra guide, all manner of love oils, a satin blindfold, a rubber whip and Kimono condoms. If nakedness is not in your near future, you're with the wrong girl. Book the “naughty and nice” package at bryantparkhotel.com. (From \$479 a night)

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Conundrum Hot Springs waits at the end of a nine-mile hike through



the Rocky Mountains, outside Aspen, Colorado. Make your way by day, pitch a tent, then

step into the 100-degree pools at sunset with the girl of your dreams. Around you: 180,000 acres of wilderness. Above: stars spread out for eternity. Talk about a mile high club: You're sitting on the spine of the Rockies. Any trail map will get you there. You won't want to leave.

THE POOL

As Columbia Pictures founder Harry Cohn advised his fellow denizens of Los Angeles in 1939, “If you must get in trouble, do it at the Chateau Marmont.” Better yet, do it at the Chateau's pool. You won't find a more secluded spot in the middle of the world's glitziest city. There is something magical about this pool. You can be alone here in the heart of Hollywood. This is Sunset Boulevard; anything can happen. Should things go your way, retire to your room. The walls are soundproof. (From \$335 a night, chateaumarmont.com)



Olivia

“What else would you like for Valentine’s Day?”





BY STEPHEN
REBELLO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BUNNY YEAGER

Bettie Page

America's favorite pinup tells all about her troubled past, her relationships with men, her sexual highs and lows and what she really thinks about Gretchen Mol and that movie

Q1

PLAYBOY: You're more popular and fantasized about than ever, even though it's been more than 50 years since you became one of America's most photographed pinup girls. How do you explain the demand for Bettie Page books, websites, feature films, DVDs and other memorabilia?

PAGE: My recent popularity began in the 1980s, when Dave Stevens put out that comic-book series *The Rocketeer*, and I was the leading lady in it. That has never happened to any other model. It's grown since then. I have fan clubs and get letters all the time from young girls, saying that they look up to me, that I helped them lose their inhibitions by posing in the nude and that I helped them be themselves.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Of course men love you too.

PAGE: Musicians have even written songs about me. One of those songs is by BR549, from Nashville, where I was born, and it's about what this guy would have done if he had known Bettie Page and all kinds of crazy things like that. I wonder, Why me? People call me an icon. But thank God

for it because I get more money now with my new agent than I've ever had. When I turned my life over to the Lord Jesus, I was ashamed of having posed in the nude, but now most of the money I've got is because I posed in the nude. So I'm not ashamed of it now, but I still don't understand it.

Q3

PLAYBOY: It's easy for us to understand. You have an incredible face and figure and a playful girl-next-door innocence combined with assertive sexuality.

PAGE: I never thought I was incredibly attractive. I have large pores, and I had to wear a lot of Max Factor pancake makeup to make my skin look good. A lot of people claim they like my smile because I look happy when I'm posing. I was happy posing, especially when I was playing in the water. Nobody knew it, but sometimes I used to imagine the camera was my boyfriend and I was making love to him. I loved to pose anyway, just to see if I could think of different positions. That started in the orphanage.

Q4

PLAYBOY: In the early 1930s, during the Depression, your mother divorced

your father, a mechanic who hit a rocky financial patch and did jail time. Because she couldn't care for all six of her children on her own, she had to put you and your two sisters in an orphanage.

PAGE: Yes, I was there when I was 10, 11 years old. There were only girls there, and we used to play what we called Program. A bunch of us would sit in little chairs in a circle, and one person would get in the middle and a different girl would say, "I want you to dance the hula" or "I want you to sing." I've been a movie hound since I was 10 years old. I used to cut out pictures of movie stars from the front page of the Sunday newspaper in Nashville, and the girls would ask me to mimic the poses of the big stars. That's how I started learning to pose, mimicking pictures of movie stars. Bunny Yeager is a big liar when she claims she taught me to pose. I'd like to get her by the neck if I could get away with it.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Yeager was one of the first professionals to shoot you in the 1950s and the photographer who did your famous Playmate shot (*continued on page 108*)

HEARTBREAK

FIVE LITERARY LIGHTS—
KEVIN CANTY, ALEKSANDAR HEMON,
SUSAN MINOT, GARY SHTYNGART
AND JEANNETTE WINTERSON—
DISCUSS THE CASUALTIES OF LOVE

WHAT WE SAY IN BREAKUPS, OR DON'T

— BY SUSAN MINOT —

A man and woman are sitting in a cafe. The woman is leaning forward with a solicitous look on her face. The man's back is jammed up against his chair. As she talks, his face pales. Her hand reaches out to him. His arms remain crossed against his chest. She shakes her head and begins to cry. One doesn't need to hear what these two miserable people are saying to know a breakup is in progress.

The breakup takes place in a sort of bubble, oblivious to the rest of the world. This little hell in which we find ourselves often occurs outside the home, apart from where we live—in the cafe, on park benches, in hotel rooms, in an unfamiliar neighborhood as we walk aimlessly. Already the relationship is being nudged out of the normal frame of things. In the world of breakups the hours are long, pauses are vast, the pace is trying.

Breakups can be as devastating as death but with a mocking twist. A once beloved person is ripped out of our life and yet goes on to live somewhere else.

Without us. The person we were so close to is suddenly zapped away, out of reach, lost to us, indifferent. This sudden disappearance can be so painful it explains why lovers so often find themselves prolonging a breakup, putting off the inevitable.

The groundwork for the breakup is usually laid indirectly, with behavior indicating discontent—he'll work late, she'll sleep at the edge of the bed, they'll have a stupid spat about how to wash the frying pan. But the acknowledgment of misery will come, finally, through words. And there is one thing all breakups share, besides misery—a limited vocabulary.

You can be pretty sure the woman in the cafe has touched upon certain phrases such as "It's not you, it's me," or the reasonable but unconsoling "I just need to be on my own right now," or the female favorite, "This isn't going anywhere." Language in breakups seems particularly inadequate to express the complexity of one's feelings, the depth of one's anguish, the sorrow one feels. "I just need a change." "I don't think we're right for each other." "I can't



take this anymore." And these are the gentle phrases.

Then there are the sledgehammers: "I've met someone else." "I never really loved you." To explore this information further is to embark on a torturous journey. So of course we do it. For who has ever stood up from the breakup table with the dignity of acceptance? "Well, then, I guess that means we're finished." "So be it." "I wish you well." "Good-bye."

No, we crash on. Usually one person clings. The other tries to be patient as she extracts herself, longing to get away.

While the person instigating the break may not suffer from the blow of having to hear the words, that's not to say she may not end up being haunted by them. It is haunting to see the horror of disappointment on a once beloved face, haunting to see someone weep inconsolably on a park bench with the background sounds of children playing, hard to endure a person pleading with you at the window table in a cafe.

Of course there is an alternative: simply not to speak. This is the silent breakup, usually occurring in the early stages of a love affair and favored by the young. Victims of the silent breakup know how traumatic it can be. Being dumped is bad enough without the added insult of not having your affair sufficiently acknowledged. Males (I hesitate to say men) seem to practice the silent breakup more frequently than females. Genetically disinclined to chatter, the man may simply be following his nature, but in refusing to utter clichés, he instead becomes one—the callow man.

Is it lack of care, no longer needing to impress the other person, that allows us to sink lazily into the despair of worn-out phrases? No. More likely we are following the same impulse that finds us relying on clichés to express sympathy after a death. Great and complex emotion renders us stunned and

tongue-tied, and we flop back on familiar lines echoed so often over the years that they are there, available, enduring, waiting to express long-held emotions.

"This has nothing to do with you..." "I don't know how to say this..." the chilling "I really love you, but..." all may be overused, and yet being clichés, they do hit the nail on the head, so to speak. At least to a point.

The well-worn line is also a most effective armor to don for the difficult task of pulling the plug. What is said isn't the important thing, really; it is simply the means to an end. The lover who expects the dialogue of a breakup to illuminate the failings of a love affair is only setting himself up for further disappointment. The wise thing to do is to move on as quickly as possible and not look back.

For after all is said, and perhaps said again and a few times more, will the whole truth have really been revealed? If we are attempting to be kind, most likely there is an area of truth that will never be visited.

Will the woman at the cafe table really tell the man that she simply doesn't enjoy kissing him anymore? Will she say he doesn't earn enough money? Will she mention there's a man she met the other night who looked more interesting? Very likely, no. Breakups are usually filled with well-intentioned lies. Which is as it must be. There are some clichés we are better off not having to hear.

Having only clichés at our disposal as we wade through the mire of a breakup can be debilitating business. The particulars of our love affair may still be cherished despite its demise, and the lack of originality in its eulogy may feel like an affront to our individuality. But one may instead look at it as cause for comfort: Others have felt this way before, down to the last word.

TORE DOWN

BY KEVIN CANTY

How bad was it? Well, she slept with my best friend while I was in the hospital for four days for a hernia operation. That's what my friends told me, and I believed them, though she never confessed. And that was not the worst part.

The worst part came after, when we couldn't break things off. I was 19 and she was 17, and neither one of us had any idea what to do. I moved to Montana without her. She came out West to visit me, broke up with me again, reunited with me over the telephone, then moved permanently to Montana and broke up with me for a third time, after which we had a brief affair. In the days when long distance was a luxury, we would spend hours on the phone at a dollar a minute, just listening to each other breathe and trying to think of what to say, the magic words that would make it all better.

I was in love. It was not just wounded pride. Pride had gone out the window a while before, along with decency, reason and any sense of self-protection. I was just one giant wound, and she and I kept putting the bandage on, then ripping it off again, putting the bandage on and then ripping it off again. The pain was impressive. We couldn't seem to stop.

We never found the magic words, and nothing got better. The mathematics of the thing was simple and brutal: The woman I loved best in the world and, in spite of the evidence, trusted above all others, with whom I had spent the happiest moments of my life and with whom I had hoped to spend my future (she had sent a telegram once, proposing marriage) was

also the person who was torturing me to death. If I could stop loving her, I could stop the bleeding. But I could not stop loving her—I didn't want to. I wanted her to love me as I loved her.

She didn't.

This went on for a year at least.

She was right. We weren't that good together. We didn't actually have a future. We keep in touch all these years later, and we have led very different lives in pursuit of different ends. Maybe I even knew that at the time. But I was in love, and I couldn't help myself, the kind of love they write all the songs about: mad, passionate and blind.

Then it was over, and it was all gone. The pain had passed, but with it went the bright moments too, the skating party, the sunlit afternoons in the park, kissing in the grass.... The whole affair, start to finish, felt poisoned by the pain of its ending. All that suffering, and for nothing. What bothered me was the waste, the love and energy and innocence and allegiance we both had poured into each other, only to find out it was mistaken from the start. What had once seemed shining and beautiful now felt dull and gray and ugly, and for a long time I tried not to think about it.

I got it back, though.

It didn't come back for 10 or 15 years, and again it was in the middle of an emergency. I was under contract for my first novel, and it was going very badly—day after day of frustration, impatience, self-loathing, the usual writer's repertoire. My first story collection (continued on page 142)



"I'm so glad you suggested we insert his heart on Valentine's Day!"

LEGALLY BLONDE

A crime fighter and gymnast by day...



What do we look for in a girl? Well, start with a free spirit. After that, beauty, brains and a certain athleticism rank high on the list. Mix all that up in one girl and you've got a winner. Take Heather Rene Smith, for example, our delicious Miss February. We don't need to tell you she's radiant and beautiful—her pictures do the talking. As for brains, the 20-year-old California native is getting degrees in forensic psychology and criminology, and she dreams of outsmarting crooks by living out *CSI* episodes in real life. "I like thinking about what makes people tick and why they act the way they do," she says. As for athletic prowess, suffice it to say that Heather used to be a competitive gymnast; flips and upside-down splits are all in a day's fun. She explains, "I started when I was three because I had a lot of energy." (Note: Add that to the list—free spirit, beauty, brains, athletic prowess, lots of energy.) "By the time I was 14, I was in high-

level competitions. Gymnastics taught me how to react when put on the spot." Judges? A perfect 10!

When she's not studying or doing flips on a balance beam, Heather likes to tinker with old cars. She and her brother rebuilt a 1964 Chevy truck together, and now she's working on a vintage Camaro. "I know how to change the oil and different fluids," she says, "and basic tune-up things." (Free spirit, brains, beauty...you get the point.) She works as a waitress at Hooters, and she loves to hang out with her guy friends, preferably outdoors. Regarding relationships, "I haven't had a serious one in a long time," she says. "I need someone who likes to have fun and doesn't care about other people's opinions. I can be really loud and I talk a lot, so I may scare quiet guys away. I'm definitely not shy. I'm usually the one who approaches men." Advice for Mr. Right: "A concert is a good first date and a great way to get a feel for a person. I love rock, punk and country."





From top: Heather is getting degrees in criminology and forensic psychology; she used to be a competitive gymnast, so the usual laws of physics do not apply; when she's not hitting the books, this beautiful California blonde knows her way around a pool table. Right: Heather's floor exercise. Talk about talent.













PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Heather Rene Smith

BUST: 34 D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 1/8/87 BIRTHPLACE: Salinas, California

AMBITIONS: Finish my education + obtain my degrees in criminology + forensic psychology.

TURN-ONS: A man who takes care of himself, has a sense of humor, is ambitious + athletic + loves being outdoors.

TURNOFFS: No ambitions or goals, arrogance, a couch potato who hates to get dirty or go camping or four-wheeling + who takes longer than me to get ready!

MY FAVORITE ACTIVITIES: Gymnastics, snowboarding + wakeboarding.

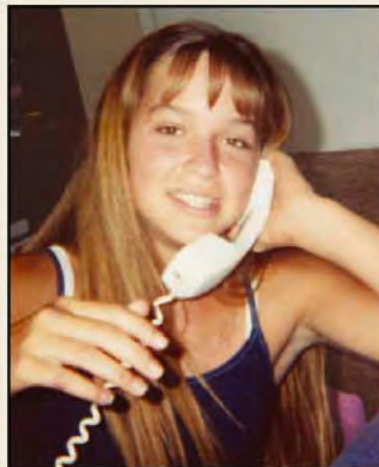
MY FAMILY IN A NUTSHELL: Full of love, caring + fun + extremely supportive of one another.

MY THREE GUILTIEST PLEASURES: Sneaking away for a weekend with someone special, Starbucks + my cell phone.

THE BEST CONCERT I EVER SAW: All concerts, especially rock+country.



Don't I look cute?



I would be lost without a phone.

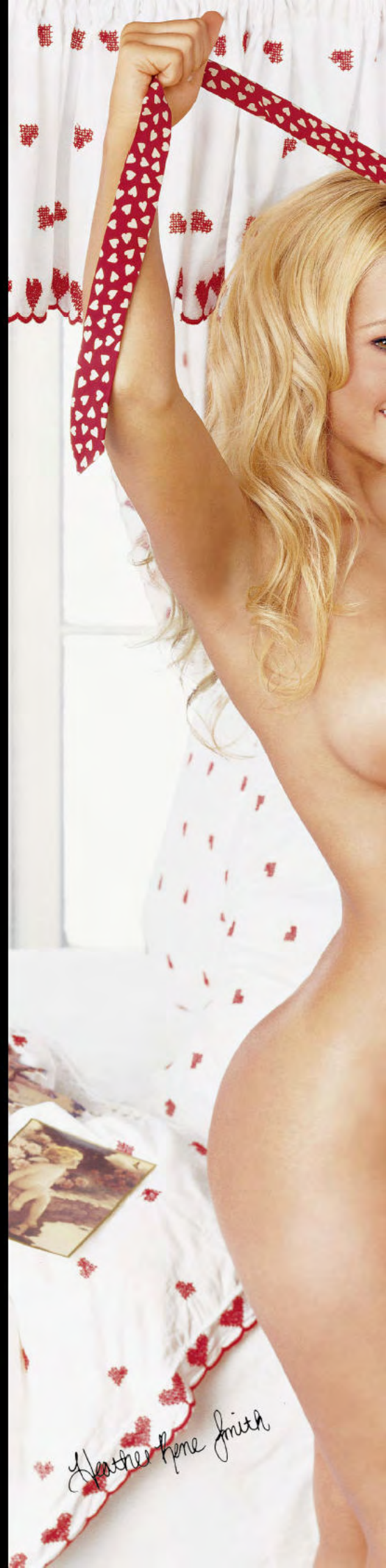


My first Mansion party, last March.





Hearts here girl



Hester Rene Smith

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On Valentine's Day a shy but drunk young man walked up to a beautiful young woman in a bar and said, "Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?"

"Yes, I do," she replied, "but go ahead, since I'm sure you're going to ask anyway."

"Okay," he said. "How many men have you slept with?"

"That's my business!" she snapped.

"Oh cool!" he said. "How much?"

A 97-year-old prostitute got herself listed in the yellow pages and now claims to be the oldest trick in the book.



Can I have five bucks to buy a guinea pig?" a boy asked his Irish grandfather.

"Here's a 10," said the grandfather. "Go get yourself a nice Irish girl instead."

What did George W. Bush get on his SATs?
Barbecue sauce.

What's the difference between the Library of Congress and the House of Representatives?

In the Library of Congress you are not allowed to lick the pages.

A machine operator came home from the factory and told his wife, "Honey, I've got some good news and some bad news. First, the good news: I got \$25,000 in severance pay!"

"You got \$25,000 in severance pay?" she said. "That's great! Now, what's the bad news?"

"Well," he replied, "wait till you hear what was severed."

A man went to a doctor and complained of insomnia. The doctor gave him a thorough examination and found nothing physically wrong with him.

"Listen," the doctor said, "if you expect to cure your insomnia, you just have to stop taking your troubles to bed with you."

"I know," said the man, "but my wife refuses to sleep alone."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines Xbox as your former girlfriend's pussy.

Can you explain to me how this lipstick got on your collar?" a suspicious wife asked her husband.

"No, I can't," the husband replied. "I distinctly remember taking my shirt off."

In life it's not who you know that's important; it's how your wife found out.

A pair of newlyweds were preparing for bed. As they were undressing, the husband, a big burly man, tossed his trousers to his new bride.

"Here, put these on," he said. She put them on, and the waist was twice the size of hers. "I can't wear your trousers," she said.

"That's right," said the husband, "and don't you ever forget it. I'm the one who wears the pants in this marriage."

With that, she flipped him her panties and said, "Try these on."

He tried them on and found he could get the underwear only as far as his kneecaps. "Hell," he said, "I can't get into your panties."

"That's right," she replied, "and that's the way it is going to stay until your attitude changes."

What do you call a dog with no legs?

It doesn't matter. He's not going to come anyway.



Competing for their mother's love, two brothers tried to outdo each other with Valentine's Day gifts for her. One bought his mother a Rolls-Royce. The other, trying to find something more imaginative, spent \$100,000 on a rare mynah bird that quoted Shakespeare and sang opera.

A week after Valentine's Day the sons called their mother and asked how she liked their gifts.

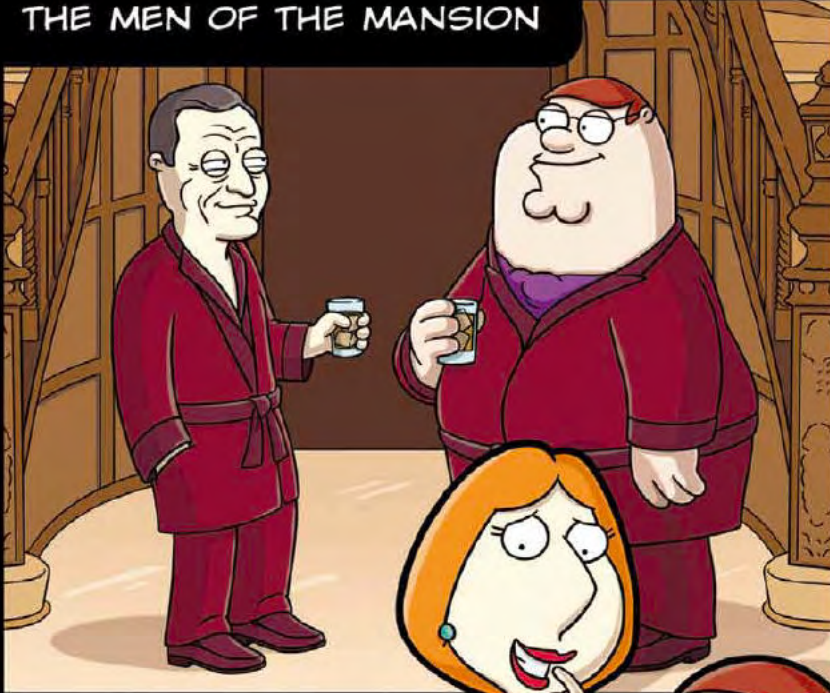
"The car is a dream," she said. "All my friends are extremely jealous. And the bird was nice too—just a little gamy."

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.



"Damn! I fell asleep! Call me a cab, mister!"

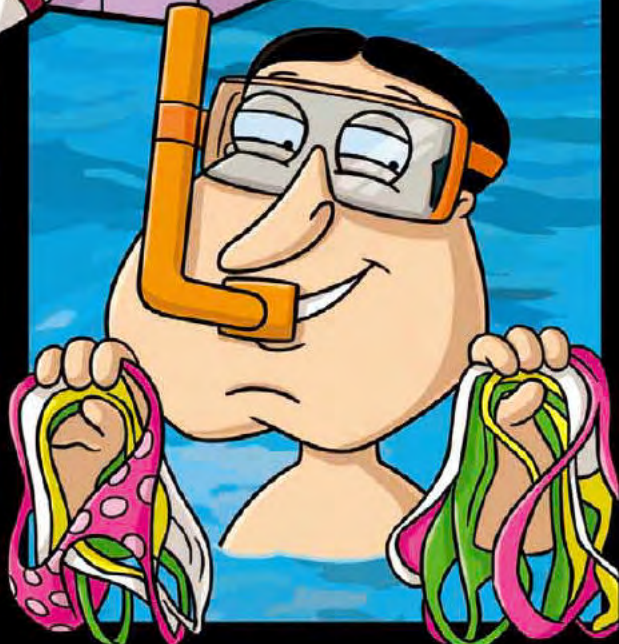
THE MEN OF THE MANSION



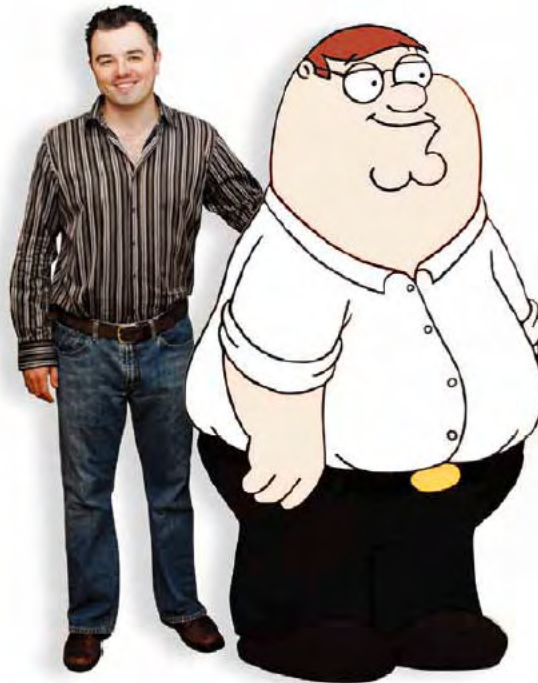
GIGGITY-GIGGITY
GLUB-GLUB



THE GROTTO OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS



the GUY behind FAMILY GUY



THE SUBVERSIVE SETH MACFARLANE FINALLY ENJOYS BEING A HERO

In the production offices of every television sitcom since time immemorial, there has always been a place where its writers gather to trade punch lines, craft jokes and flex their creative muscles. Here, free from distractions and protected from the poisonous doubt of terminally unfunny suits, they make the decisions that will determine whether their script will become a classic to rival *Seinfeld's* "The Contest" ("master of my domain") or pass as fleetingly as an episode of *According to Jim*. This hallowed chamber—so sacred that it is referred to in industry parlance only as the Room—is surprisingly indistinguishable from one show to the next: a bunch of ergonomic chairs around a long oak table, laptops lined up along its perimeter, maybe a few trophies or pieces of personal memorabilia scattered about.

Should you ever find yourself in such an inner sanctum, there are two easy ways to determine if you're in the company of *Family Guy* writers: (1) One of Jennifer Love Hewitt's bras is hanging on the wall, framed and signed by the fortuitously built actress herself, and (2) hardly any writing seems to be happening there.

On a late-summer afternoon a dozen or so men ranging in age from their late 20s to their late 40s struggle to pull a laugh from a single page of script. *Family Guy* centers on a lovable cartoon loudmouth and questionable role model named Peter Griffin, who in this particular scene has decided to display his patriotism by driving around in an SUV and letting it leak gasoline all over the road. If that gag didn't have you bursting at the seams, don't worry; it didn't light up the Room, either, and for several silent minutes the writers sit around fiddling with a replacement.

To prove how much Peter loves his country, one writer proposes, could he force his wife to dress like Betsy Ross? No laughs.

Could Peter don a red, white and blue Speedo, another writer suggests, and produce a majestic pyrotechnic display by farting out fireworks? A few laughs but still not enough.

The conversation veers off to gossip about a writer who is absent from the Room today (and whose name I will graciously omit), known for his excessive flatulence and for sitting on the same afghan at every meeting.

"I wouldn't smell that thing for \$50,000," says Kirker Butler, author of the script supposedly being rewritten on this day. Almost offhandedly, David Goodman, one of the show's executive producers, replies he would

BY DAVE ITZKOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY JULIUS PREITE

do it for a mere \$60. Within moments the other occupants of the Room circle around Goodman, watching closely as the man contractually responsible for administering the Room bends his head and takes two deep whiffs of the offending blanket. Mike Henry, a veteran producer and voice actor who has been with the show since its creation, records the moment with a small digital camera. The other writers cheer, and Butler hands Goodman his promised \$60.

"I think I'm dizzy," Goodman says to genuine laughs.

From a corner of the Room, I have been watching one writer in particular, a slightly bulky young man with squinty eyes, a wide grin, curly dark hair with a bit of gel to hold it in place and the faintest stubble outline of a goatee around his chin. He is dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt bearing the football-shaped head of the show's sinister baby, Stewie, captioned with one of the character's quaintly endearing slogans: GOOD NEWS—I'VE DECIDED NOT TO KILL YOU. Despite the T-shirt's message, there's nothing intimidating about the man wearing it, and he remains an innocent bystander as the afghan pile-on dissipates a few feet from where he sits (though he laughs loudly at the gross-out wager in a booming baritone game-show-host laugh). He reminds me of at least a dozen different people I knew in college, ordinary guys who kept their head down and quietly worked their ass off for years, later emerging into the sunlight as well-compensated aerospace engineers and government intelligence officers.

That's a fairly accurate summation of how life has worked out for Seth MacFarlane, the 33-year-old creator of *Family Guy* and the voice of the show—actually at least a dozen of the voices in this particular episode—as well as its chief writer and artist and its sharp, ironic soul. Like MacFarlane on first inspection, *Family Guy* is easy to underestimate. What debuted on the Fox network in the winter of 1999 as an animated send-up of the American nuclear family—blue-collar New England dad, stay-at-home mom, wisecracking kids, household pet that talks and drinks martinis—has since evolved gradually and stealthily into a satirical shooting gallery where every conceivable element of contemporary culture is used for target practice. If *Seinfeld* was about nothing, *Family Guy* is about everything—make that anything.

The episode MacFarlane and his staff are revising, "*Padre de Familia*," superficially tells the story of how Peter's brief, disastrous surge of patriotism leads him to discover he's actually an illegal immigrant from Mexico. But the plot is just a frame-

work for the show to mock everything from post-9/11 jingoism to the imagined contents of a Jewish porn movie, along with American immigration policy and the safe, feel-good hip-hop of Will Smith.

MacFarlane's creation similarly refused to follow a traditional path in its decade-long ascent. Rescued from cancellation by rabid fans and its committed creative team, the *Family Guy* franchise is now a comedy colossus. One of the brightest shows in Fox's prime-time schedule that doesn't involve ice-skating celebrities or Ryan Seacrest, it draws about 8.4 million viewers (nearly half of whom are those demographically desirable 18-to-49-year-olds) on Sunday night for its first-run episodes and trounces monolithic, oxygen-sucking series like *Desperate Housewives* during the summer repeat seasons. *Family Guy* reruns are the top-rated show on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim programming block, reeling in close to a million viewers a night. In May Fox will broadcast the show's 100th episode—a milestone signifying that there are enough *Family Guys* to sell the show into syndication, run it in perpetuity and nudge MacFarlane ever closer to Warren Buffett's tax bracket. All of which ain't bad for a TV program that was canceled on two previous occasions.

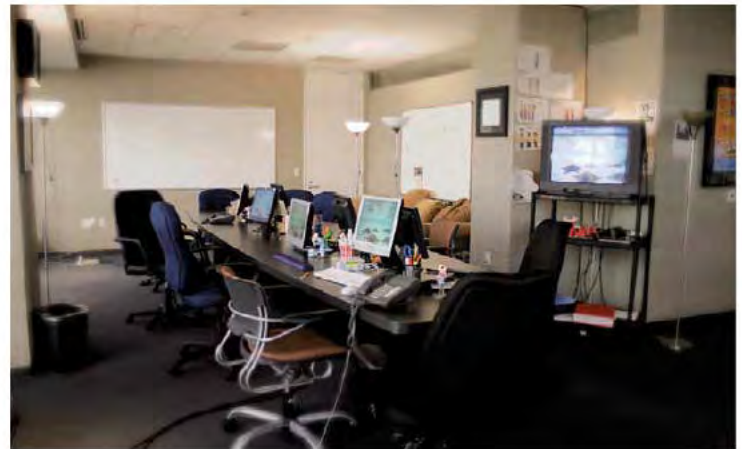
None of this would have been possible without MacFarlane—the quiet, unassuming least dynamic figure in the Room. Without his idiosyncratic spirit the series would never have been born, and without his continued willingness to defend it against creative rivals, overzealous censors and even the network that airs it, *Family Guy* would have vanished years ago. Since its revival MacFarlane has produced a second series, *American Dad*, an animated show about a flag-waving CIA agent and his dysfunctional family, and just launched a third, a live-action sitcom called *The Winner*, starring Rob Corddry, a former *Daily Show* correspondent.

"When I first met him," says Chris Sheridan, a longtime executive producer on *Family Guy*, "Seth was one of those guys who felt more comfortable hiding in a corner. Now he's trying to live up to expectations, and as anyone would, he's starting to enjoy the fact that he's a hero."

While MacFarlane's colleagues routinely regard him as Superman, my earliest

encounters with him suggested more of an introverted Clark Kent. On the first day of my visit to the *Family Guy* studio in Los Angeles, I was introduced to him at a morning table read—another television-industry ritual, in which the show's writers, producers and animators and anyone else blowing off more pressing work assemble for a live performance of a new script—that MacFarlane entered by unobtrusively navigating through the crowd, taking his customary seat near the head of a conference table and quietly nibbling on a cookie.

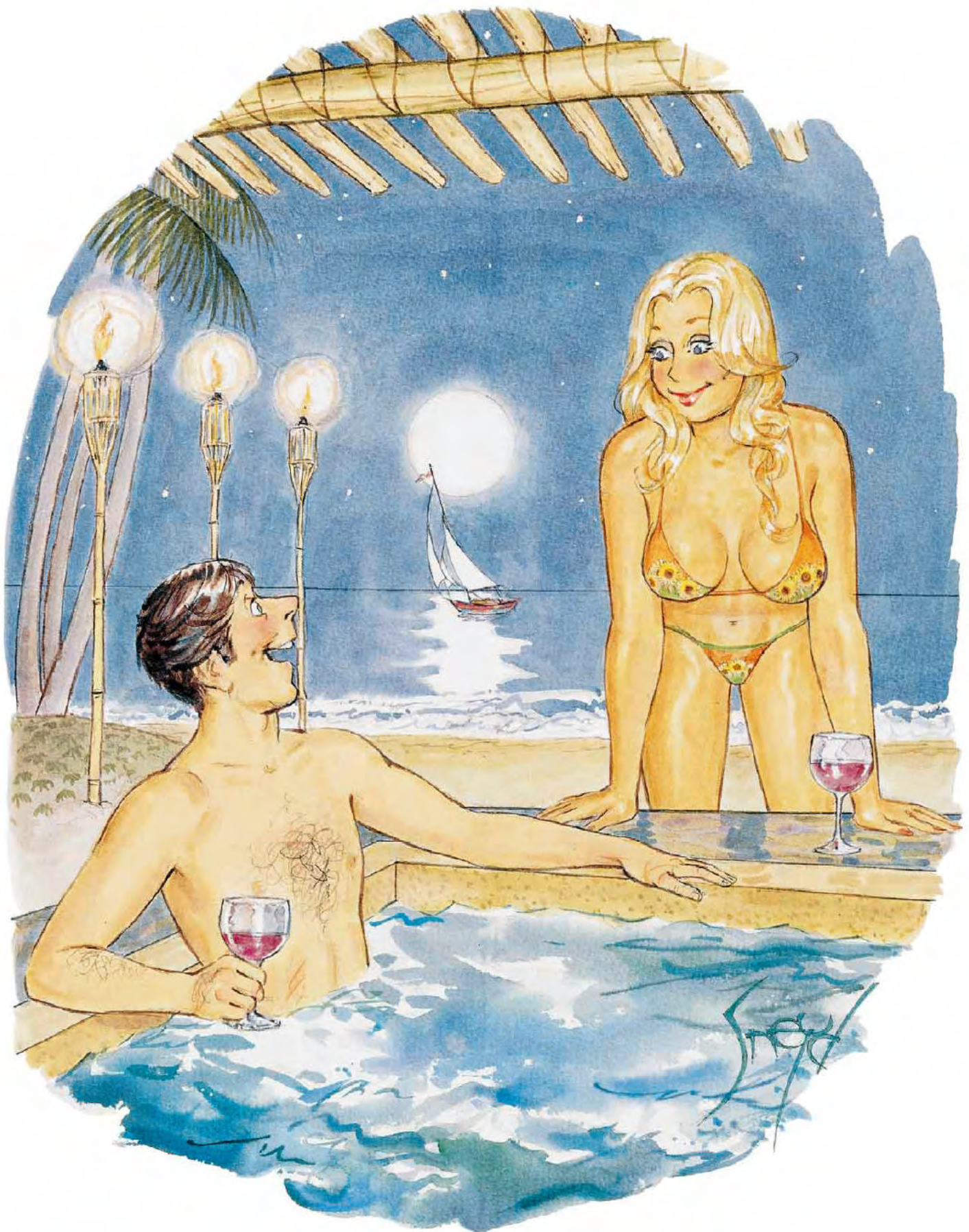
But as soon as the table read began, MacFarlane put on a virtuoso vocal display: In the span of half an hour, he effortlessly slipped from Peter's blustering New England accent (a voice he creates by puffing up his cheeks and talking entirely out of the left side of his mouth) to baby Stewie's



THE INNER SANCTUM: THE WRITERS' ROOM AT *FAMILY GUY*.

diabolical intonations (by leaning his head back and speaking as if an invisible clothespin were attached to his nose) and transformed himself from Brian, the Griffin family dog (whose mellifluous voice is identical to MacFarlane's own), into an unctuous TV newscaster, assorted Vietnam veterans, Christian missionaries and a talking, farting culture.

Two days later, when I sit down to speak with MacFarlane in his corner office, which is decorated with every manner of *Family Guy* paraphernalia imaginable, he seems to have retreated back into his shell. Whether we're making small talk about his distinctive middle name, Woodbury (the name of the beloved town drunk in Gardiner, Maine, where his mother's family was raised), or the childhood he spent in the affluent Connecticut suburb of Kent, taking piano and voice lessons and appearing in local musical theater productions (which may explain the framed *Sound of Music* poster hanging on his office wall), MacFarlane speaks hesitatingly and rarely in complete sentences. I learn he's single (but dating) and lives in a house that's at least big enough to (continued on page 146)



"I think you'll like my new girlfriend. I'll introduce you when she comes up for air."



PLAYBOY'S DESIGNER OF THE YEAR

OZWALD BOATENG

fashion by
joseph de acetis
photography by
harry benson
produced by
jennifer ryan jones

WE GIVE THE BESPOKE COUTURIER THE ROYAL TREATMENT

As dawn breaks on Savile Row, photographer Harry Benson focuses on four European blue bloods flanking the brilliant British tailor Ozwald Boateng—all five of them clad in the designer's suits. A celebrated figure in the U.K., Boateng has blazed his own path on the famed fashion street by enlivening the strict tenets of classic tailoring with his own flair for streamlined silhouettes and daring use of color. His influence on the world of men's fashion heralds a new day for the stodgy Row. After winning the business of hip Londoners and critical acclaim at the Paris and Milan fashion shows, Boateng has his sights set on the United States. That ambition and his sexy but masculine designs are why he has earned a new title to add to his growing list of awards: Playboy's Designer of the Year.

To crown the tailor properly, we tapped four sons of noble heritage—(from left) Polish prince Mikush Sapieha, the Honorable Harry

Gerald Orlando Bridgeman, the Honorable Jenico Preston and the Honorable William Preston, Lord of Muff—to model his clothes. No stranger to royals, Boateng was recently named an officer of the Order of the British Empire by Queen Elizabeth II. With his trademark cocksureness—he wore an electric-blue morning suit for the occasion—the outspoken tailor offered during the ceremony to whip up a couture outfit for Her Majesty.

He's adept at statements. "Savile Row has been about fit, and design hasn't been paramount," he says. "I married fit with design and showed the potential to be a couturier to men rather than just a tailor."

Boateng's suits will splash stateside this year when he opens his first shop in America (an effort documented on the Sundance Channel's *House of Boateng*). "To be truly successful, you have to make it in the U.S.," he says. Here's to Boateng's new British empire—one we're sure the sun will never set on.



Changing of the Guard



OPPOSITE PAGE: Boateng woke up stuffy Savile Row by incorporating new styles into traditional British cuts. **MIKUSH** is wearing a purple two-button jacket with a white-and-gray striped shirt. **HARRY** sports a black three-button suit over a lime shirt. **OZWALD** has on a one-button suit with a striped shirt and a skinny navy tie. **JENICO** wears a purple one-button suit with a black shirt. **WILLIAM's** dark purple two-button is complemented by a crisp white shirt and a skinny lime tie. **THIS PAGE:** This photo perhaps best exemplifies Boateng's look and feel: A hip young nobleman dressed in Ozwald Boateng stands in contrast to the changing of the Queen's Life Guard, who are adorned in their classic red coats. **WILLIAM** wears a maroon one-button suit paired with a mustard shirt and a turquoise tie.





London Is the Land of Oz



Boateng's threads reflect the culture of dashing, chic Londoners. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Outside the Royal Hospital Chelsea, **MIKUSH** listens to a military veteran tell war stories. The second-nicest cut in England is that of the grass on the pristine grounds of this retirement home for former servicemen. The first is that of a Boateng suit. **MIKUSH's** is a navy two-button he wears with a white French-cuff shirt, a white silk tie and silver cuff links. **THIS PAGE:** The fresh whites and blues of the aristocrats' outfits add some much needed color to the banks of the murky Thames and the overcast London cityscape. **MIKUSH** is in a herringbone striped jacket. **HARRY's** tuxedo with peaked lapels goes well with his purple shirt. **WILLIAM** has on a turquoise one-button sports jacket and a sea-foam green shirt.



A Day in the Life of a Prince



THIS PAGE: Harry Benson's career took off when he left the U.K. to photograph the Beatles on their first trip to America. With Boateng to follow in their footsteps this year, Benson wanted to draw a comparison to the supergroup that won over the U.S. more than 40 years ago, so he shot at the place immortalized in the song "A Day in the Life." We've no clue how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall, but we do know that three handsome young aristos in Ozwald Boateng can cause a scene on its steps. **WILLIAM** wears a white velvet dinner jacket over a white shirt. **JENICO**'s eggplant suit blends well with his lavender shirt. **HARRY** has on a blue-green iridescent suit and a black-and-white checked shirt. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Boateng's smart city style works even in the country—any country, including ours. **HARRY** sports a black wool one-button tuxedo with silk peaked lapels.





SEE MORE OF OZ WALD BOATENG AT PLAYBOY.COM.
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 147.

ROMANCE 2007

THE TRUTH ABOUT
LOVE, SEX AND THE
LAWS OF **ATTRACTION**

THERE COMES A MOMENT IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE SEEKS TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF LOVE.

Not the mysteries, those obscure whys and wherefores of its heights and depths, but love's secrets—the potions, concoctions, spells and divinations, the attitudes and behaviors that will increase a woman's ardor and help him draw that ardor his way. Well, when that day comes for you, bunky, hope and pray you have preserved this issue. On the pages that follow, we present many secrets: advice from women learned in the ways of love, tips from troubadours who know the sounds of love, intelligence on the chemistry of love

from scientists and, yes, gourmets, and even insights into what passes for love in the animal kingdom. We have words of love from memorable Hollywood characters and updates on love's changing etiquette in the present era of technologically enhanced relationships—we're thinking of calling it *techiquette* and seeing if any money can be made from trademarking the term. There are possibly more secrets here than any man has ever known. Don Juan and Casanova would have studied this article, but neither of them could read English. You, however, already possess that elusive attribute. Look how far ahead of the game you are already.

Q+A

CHEMICAL ROMANCE

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. HELEN FISHER, AUTHOR OF *WHY WE LOVE*

Q: Biochemically speaking, how does seduction work?

A: Sex drive is associated with testosterone in both men and women. Romantic love is associated with elevated activity of the dopamine system, which is like natural cocaine.

Q: So what's the best way to get the dopamine flowing?

A: First do something novel and spontaneous, like skinny-dipping after dark or taking a trip on the spur of the moment. This will trigger excitement and drive up dopamine levels in the brain. The excitement of the dopamine high triggers testosterone, which elevates sex drive.

Q: What if you're planning something less exotic, like just going out for dinner?

A: Sit at the table and stare at her. Talk to her. Women tend to experience intimacy from face-to-face talking. It's called the anchoring gaze. In the seduction

process, I would certainly recommend trying to tap into that female intimacy.

Q: What's the next step?

A: Any kind of touch or massage drives up the levels of oxytocin in the brain. Oxytocin is associated with feelings of attachment. These feelings will make her more comfortable in bed. What you really want her to do is relax, because that's the only way she's going to have an orgasm.

Q: What happens when she climaxes—other than the obvious?

A: Orgasm drives up oxytocin levels in the brain; again, that increases her feelings of attachment toward you. When a man has an orgasm, he deposits his testosterone, estrogen, dopamine, norepinephrine and oxytocin into the woman. All of that is in his seminal fluid, so when he ejaculates he's really injecting her with extremely powerful chemicals.

"WHAT YOU REALLY WANT A WOMAN TO DO IS RELAX, BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY SHE'S GOING TO HAVE AN ORGASM."

love letters and numbers

FAST FACTS AND STATISTICS ON ROMANCE

A MAN SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF \$210 A MONTH ON DATING.

THE AVERAGE CONSUMER SPENT **\$100.89** ON VALENTINE'S DAY LAST YEAR.

ACCORDING TO THE U.S. CENSUS, THERE ARE 120 SINGLE MEN IN THEIR 20s FOR EVERY 100 WOMEN OF THE SAME AGE.

A U.K. STUDY FOUND THAT INCREASING THE FREQUENCY OF SEX FROM ONCE A MONTH TO ONCE A WEEK CAUSED THE SAME AMOUNT OF HAPPINESS AS GETTING A \$50,000-A-YEAR PAY RAISE.

COUPLES WITH A TV IN THEIR BEDROOM HAVE SEX HALF AS OFTEN AS THOSE WITHOUT.

A GUINEA PIG NAMED SOOTY RECEIVED 206 VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS IN 2004 TO SET A GUINNESS WORLD RECORD.



I TALK THE LINE

What to say to seal the deal, Hollywood-style

"JUST THE TIP, JUST FOR A SECOND, JUST TO SEE HOW IT FEELS."—JEREMY GREY > **WEDDING CRASHERS**

"YOU SHOULD BE KISSED—AND OFTEN AND BY SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW."—RHETT BUTLER > **GONE WITH THE WIND**

"THE ONLY QUESTION I EVER ASK ANY WOMAN IS, 'WHAT TIME IS YOUR HUSBAND COMING HOME?'"—HUD BANNON > **HUD**

"GO GET THE BUTTER."—PAUL > **LAST TANGO IN PARIS**

"I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU ALREADY, BUT I'LL NAIL YOU ANYWAY."—NICK CURRAN > **BASIC INSTINCT**

BULL DURHAM

"WELL, I BELIEVE IN THE SOUL, THE COCK, THE PUSSY, THE SMALL OF A WOMAN'S BACK, THE HANGIN' CURVEBALL, HIGH FIBER, GOOD SCOTCH, THAT THE NOVELS OF SUSAN SONTAG ARE SELF-INDULGENT, OVERRATED CRAP... I BELIEVE IN THE SWEET SPOT, SOFT-CORE PORNOGRAPHY, OPENING YOUR PRESENTS CHRISTMAS MORNING RATHER THAN CHRISTMAS EVE, AND I BELIEVE IN LONG, SLOW, DEEP, SOFT, WET KISSES THAT LAST THREE DAYS."—CRASH DAVIS

"YOUR EYES ARE AMAZING, DO YOU KNOW THAT? YOU SHOULD NEVER SHUT THEM, NOT EVEN AT NIGHT."—PAUL MARTEL > **UNFAITHFUL**

"I WANT TO HAVE SEX AND THEN DO A HIT RIGHT AS WE'RE BOTH COMING."—SETH ABRAHMS > **TRAFFIC**

"YOU PLAY FAIR WITH ME, I'LL PLAY FAIR WITH YOU."—ALEX FORREST > **FATAL ATTRACTION**

"WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF THAT WET COAT AND INTO A DRY MARTINI?"—ALBERT OSBORNE > **THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR**

"PUT ME IN YOUR POCKET, MIKE!"—TRACY LORD > **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY**

"TAKE ME TO PLEASURE TOWN."—VERONICA CORNINGSTONE > **ANCHORMAN**

WHEN HARRY MET SALLY

"I LOVE THAT YOU GET COLD WHEN IT'S 72 DEGREES OUT. I LOVE THAT IT TAKES YOU AN HOUR AND A HALF TO ORDER A SANDWICH. I LOVE THAT YOU GET A LITTLE CRINKLE ABOVE YOUR NOSE WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING AT ME LIKE I'M NUTS. I LOVE THAT AFTER I SPEND THE DAY WITH YOU, I CAN STILL SMELL YOUR PERFUME ON MY CLOTHES. AND I LOVE THAT YOU ARE THE LAST PERSON I WANT TO TALK TO BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP AT NIGHT."—HARRY BURNS

LOST+ FOUND

WHY LOVE IS UNLIKE MEAT LOAF THE SECOND TIME AROUND

Fifteen years ago, after tracking down a college boyfriend and rekindling their romance, psychologist Nancy Kalish wondered if anyone had ever studied the experience of lost-and-found love. She has since collected more than 2,000 case histories, written two books on the subject and launched a website, lostlovers.com.

Q: Is there a typical lost-and-found-love story?

A: You can easily chart the typical experience. John and Jane meet at the age of 15, date for one to three years and then separate because one moves away, their parents disapprove or they are just too young. Decades pass, and they find each other. In some cases this occurs after both have divorced or been widowed. It's great when that happens, but usually one or both are still married. One will send a casual e-mail: "Hi, I saw your name online. Did you ever become a lawyer?"

Q: What happens next?

A: They talk on the phone, and just hearing each other's voice is an intense experience. After hanging up they go through withdrawal, which is painful. They interpret this to mean they should be together.

They meet and hug and touch, and soon they have a room.

Q: Do these rekindlings break up marriages?

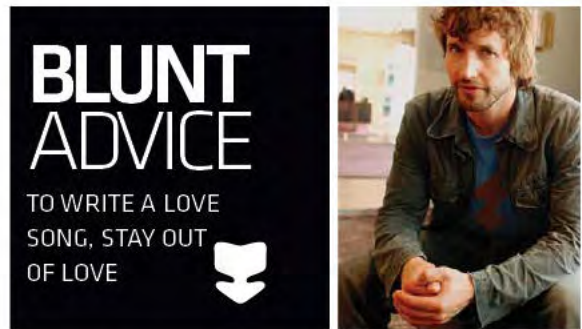
A: Many times, yes. A lot of women will leave their marriage even if their lost love doesn't. So you have a lot of men whose wives suddenly say, "I can't go on with this. I've always loved someone else." Some women tell me they no longer have sex with their husband because it feels as if they're cheating on their ex. They say things like "God put us back together," which is ridiculous.

Q: How has the Internet changed any of this?

A: It's not that it makes it easier to find people. It wasn't all that difficult before. The big effect is that it makes the initial contact more casual. Prior to e-mail, if you went to somebody's elderly father for his daughter's address, you had better be single. But if you're Googling, there's no one watching. You think, What's the harm? I'm just sending a quick note to an old friend. Everyone fools themselves about their motivation.

Q: What advice would you give to a guy who is tempted to contact a lost love?

A: Don't do it unless you are ready to leave your wife.



Platinum-selling U.K. crooner **JAMES BLUNT** discusses the art of the love song.

PLAYBOY: Do you start with music or lyrics?

BLUNT: The music doesn't come through any sort of rule or formula; it comes in different ways. Sometimes it can be just a snippet of melody or a handful of words or a few chords. They just need some nurturing or developing or growing, like a seed.

PLAYBOY: Do songs ever arrive complete?

BLUNT: At times. For instance, I wrote "You're Beautiful" in about two minutes, and it's a three-and-a-half-minute song. I was writing pretty fast. I was in a panic, thinking I was going to forget it.

PLAYBOY: Where were you?

BLUNT: In Switzerland, after skiing. I had just come from London, where I had seen my ex-girlfriend on the underground with her new man. She and I caught eyes and lived a lifetime in that moment. I left for Switzerland that evening, and the next day the song arrived.

PLAYBOY: Is it easier to write a love song when you're actually in love?

BLUNT: I don't know how to answer that because I've written only lost-love songs. And I've also written an oh-how-I-wish-I-had-a-love song. I don't think I've written a song while being in love.

PLAYBOY: Songs don't flow when you're in love?

BLUNT: No, because you're enjoying the moment. You're also not playing much guitar at that point, are you, now?

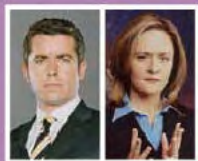
PLAYBOY: We hear you recorded "Goodbye My Lover" in a bathroom. True?

BLUNT: That's right. I was staying in an actress's house in Los Angeles, and she had a piano in the bathroom. We had this love song to do, but we'd run out of money and couldn't get into an expensive studio. So we had to start scrounging around. I already sing in the shower, so why couldn't we get the song done there? We spent an evening in the bathroom. It was great.

PLAYBOY: Why did she have a piano there?

BLUNT: I think they all do in Hollywood. That's been my experience.

love is a funny thing



Not only are **JASON JONES** and **SAMANTHA BEE** correspondents on *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*, they're also a happily married couple. After sequestering the Canadian comedians in separate isolation booths, we asked them about the intimate details of their successful union.

I KNEW I WAS IN LOVE WHEN...

JONES: She let me have sex with her ear.

BEE: He vomited on me while camping, and I did not leave.

THE SEXIEST PART OF MY PARTNER'S BODY IS...

JONES: The lubrication in her ears.

BEE: His dental guard.

THE INADVERTENTLY HILARIOUS THING MY PARTNER DID WHILE WE WERE DATING WAS...

JONES: Brag about the girth of my penis. To her mother.

BEE: Refer to question number one.

THE FUNNIEST THING MY PARTNER DOES WHEN HE OR SHE FEELS ROMANTIC IS...

JONES: Her impression of me, which is parading around in tighty whiteys and black nylon socks.

BEE: He just keeps bumping into me until I kind of get the hint.

MY PARTNER'S MOST SURPRISING COMIC INFLUENCE IS...

JONES: Carot Top. She loves prop comics.

BEE: Me, but it's not surprising.

CANADIANS MAKE THE BEST LOVERS BECAUSE...

JONES: We pour maple syrup on each other. If you've never had sex while sticky, you've just never had sex.

BEE: The winters are so long, and there's nothing else to do.

I CAN ALWAYS MAKE HIM OR HER LAUGH BY...

JONES: Showing her my penis.

BEE: Falling somewhere on the street and skinning both my knees.

THE ITEM FROM THE GROCERY STORE THAT BEST DESCRIBES MY PARTNER IS...

JONES: A can of tuna. Or any cold fish.

BEE: All-Bran.

INSTEAD OF "GOOD NIGHT, AND GOOD LUCK," MY PARTNER'S SIGN-OFF SHOULD BE "GOOD NIGHT, AND..."

JONES: "...you can't give me 30 seconds?"

BEE: "...wasn't I great?"

THE ONLY FAMOUS PERSON MY PARTNER IS ALLOWED TO CHEAT ON ME WITH IS...

JONES: Carot Top. No-brainer.

BEE: Kate Winslet. She's mine, too.

IF WE WERE TO MAKE WHOOPEE IN THE DAILY SHOW OFFICE, IT WOULD BE...

JONES: In her ear.

BEE: In the guests' greenroom while Kate Winslet watches.

centerfold secrets

PAY HEED TO THE PLAYMATE AUTHORS OF
THE BUNNY BOOK AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY FOREVER

In April Playmates Deanna Brooks, Penelope Jimenez and Serria Tawan will make their debut as authors with the publication of an etiquette guide for women titled *The Bunny Book: How to Walk, Talk, Tease and Please Like a Playboy Bunny*. What follows is for the guys.



Deanna Brooks

WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO COMPLIMENT A WOMAN?

DEANNA: Tell us how we look. Most often the reason we dress up is to attract you.

SERRIA: *Sexy* is the perfect adjective.

PENNELOPE: Compliment me, not my clothes. Don't tell me my dress looks sexy; tell me I look sexy in my dress.

HOW CAN WE TELL IF SHE'S INTERESTED?

PENNELOPE: Look at her eyes first. If you catch her gazing, it means she's into you.

DEANNA: If her body is open and her toe is pointed toward you, she's inviting you closer.

PENNELOPE: Slight touches on the arm or leg are signs that she's interested.

WHAT DOES A WOMAN WANT ON VALENTINE'S DAY?

PENNELOPE: Flowers and candy are classics for a reason.

DEANNA: But every girl expects them. Be creative.

PENNELOPE: Hide jewelry in the candy.



Serria Tawan

WHERE SHOULD WE GO ON A DATE?

SERRIA: A guy once took me to a restaurant, then surprised me by taking me roller-skating. We were both terrible, but his showing a little vulnerability went a long way.

DEANNA: When picking a restaurant, be sure the place serves food she likes. Exploring new things should come later, not at the meal.

WHAT SEX TIPS SHOULD GUYS KNOW?

DEANNA: Look into endurance through the Kama Sutra. It has stood the test of time, unlike many guys.

PENNELOPE: I like a little biting on the neck.

SERRIA: I don't know who sent the e-mail, but guys are not touching the vagina correctly. Some guys think tapping is acceptable, but vaginas cannot translate Morse code.



Penelope Jimenez

LOVE in the Time of MySpace

NEW TECHNOLOGIES MEAN
NEW RULES FOR ROMANCE

Modern love is an electronic battlefield. Here are the new rules of engagement.

1 //MYSFACE: A BENIGN BEGINNING

MySpace represents an incredible advance in the art of dating. It's much easier to ask a girl for her MySpace profile than her cell number. With the click of a mouse, crib notes on the girl will appear: what books she likes, who her friends are, what other guys are after her. Of course that means she's also checking out your profile, which forces you to agonize over selecting the right bands, books and pictures of yourself—preferably not ones with your ex cut out.

2 //E-FLIRTING

Assuming that her page isn't adorned with unicorns and rainbows, the next step is e-mail correspondence. Our forefathers wooed women through the mail for years, and none enjoyed a speedy delivery time or spell-check. Thankfully, sonnet writing is no longer necessary. With all the dynamic material shooting through the ether, you needn't even have a reason to type a quick electronic missive: Some witty lines and a link to a YouTube video or some corny Chuck Norris jokes can say more about a modern man's sentiments than any of the Bard's iambic pentameter.

3 //I THINK U R GR8

After she returns the e-mail, it's time for finger flirting through the rapid-fire dialogue of Instant Messenger. Mavis Beacon didn't teach 20-something men to type 70 words a minute: chatting online with chicks has made us all fit to be stenographers. IM is even more informal than e-mail, and its best use is sharing intimate (but not sexual) details of your day. Messages like "The guy in the next cubicle is eating some stank Indian food" or "It looks like my boss combed his hair with a pork chop" are fine fodder for IM. The language of IM love is also brief. So bring on rotflmao (rolling on the floor, laughing my ass off), gf/bf (girlfriend/boyfriend), jk (just kidding) and the ever useful ianwp (I am not wearing pants). Jk.

4 //LET'S HAVE TEXT

With face-to-face rejection off the table, IM offers the best stimulant to social lubrication since the invention of the daiquiri. "What's ur cellie? I'm going to grab a beer w/my boss. I'll let u know how the bartender reax to his bed head." Sure, it's a roundabout way to obtain her number, but the implication here is that you find her interesting enough to continue the conversation during your free time—without needing to have an actual conversation. If you keep the frequency of your text replies to a lag time of at least 10 minutes, she'll think you're making time for her whenever you decide to answer her texts.

5 //IT'S YOUR CALL

Eventually she'll break down and text. "Can u call me? texting is 2 time consuming." Ah, technology! Never again do we have to suffer the awkward tedium the dater of yore endured when he placed that first call to a girl. The information age has already allowed us to easily learn her likes, dislikes, turn-ons and turnoffs, how she feels about your boss's grooming and which Chuck Norris joke makes her lol. In no time she'll be your gf.



ANIMAL ATTRACTION

MATING TIPS FROM THE JUNGLE

Do animals fall in love? We asked evolutionary biologist Olivia Judson, author of *Dr. Tatiana's Sex Advice to All Creation*, if there's any evidence.

ARE HUMANS THE ONLY SPECIES THAT CAN FEEL LOVE? Charles Darwin believed, based on his observations of chimpanzees, that animals can love. "A strong desire to touch the beloved person is commonly felt," he wrote. "Love is expressed by this means more plainly than by any other." Many animals can develop attachments. Parrots, for example, are insanely jealous. If you date someone new, your parrot will often try to sabotage the relationship. But I don't think any creature takes this to the extremes of humans, who sometimes will kill themselves if spurned.

YES, BUT CAN THAT REALLY BE CALLED LOVE? I wouldn't be surprised if we someday learn animals experience love. We consistently underestimate them. Recently I saw a headline that read, *SHEEP LESS STUPID THAN THOUGHT*. It could easily have read, *UNIMAGINATIVE HUMANS AMAZED AGAIN*. The study found that sheep can recognize other sheep, as well as people, even after being separated from them for two years. So although we may think all sheep look the same, they don't think that about us. Incidentally, scientists have also found that male sheep raised by goats prefer goats as sex partners, while female sheep raised by goats still prefer sheep. That's not necessarily about love, but it's interesting.

PERHAPS WE'RE JUST CONFUSING LOVE AND THE NESTING INSTINCT. Species that remain together for a lifetime, such as the Bewick's swan, could be said to be in love. Although it's hard to say if they are sexually faithful, it can at least be said they don't divorce. There's also a small crowlike bird called the jackdaw that lives in colonies but stays with the same mate through at least a single breeding season. This may be an example of what I call the mutually assured destruction theory of monogamy. In some species it takes so much energy to raise offspring that any time wasted on something like cheating may mean your kids die and your genes aren't passed along. So true love works best when otherwise both of you would be destroyed.

ARE MALE-FEMALE RELATIONS AMONG ANIMALS MORE CONGENIAL THAN AMONG HUMANS? Not particularly. Females in more than 80 species have been caught eating their lover before, during or after sex. Tiny flies called midges dispatch their mate in a particularly horrible way. The female first captures him as she would any old prey, then plunges her proboscis into his head while they link genitalia. Her spittle turns his innards to soup, which she slurps up, drinking until he's sucked dry. Then she drops his empty case as casually as a child discards a dull toy. The only clue that he was ever there is his penis, which has broken off inside her.



DO CERTAIN FOODS REALLY ACT AS APHRODISIACS? ACCORDING TO EROTIC FOODIE AMY REILEY, AUTHOR OF *FORK ME, SPOON ME*, A LOT OF DISHES ARE. BUT THEY MAY NOT BE THE ONES YOU'D THINK OF FIRST.

CHEESE, PLEASE

Most people think of chocolate as a classic aphrodisiac, but cheese has 10 times more phenylethylamine, which is believed to release the same rush of hormones as sexual intercourse. According to Australian researcher Max Lake, if you eat enough cheese, you can get an orgasmic rush. He also found that certain cheeses, such as brie, contain a fatty acid that simulates vaginal pheromones; interestingly, these turn both men and women on. The same female pheromones are mimicked in *blanc de blanc* champagne. **Serving suggestion:** Goopy brie warmed to room temperature with a glass of *blanc de blanc*.



HAIL THE BIVALVES!

Everyone knows oysters are the quintessential aphrodisiac, but in March 2005, at the American Chemical Society Meeting in San Diego, a group of American and Italian scientists led by Raul Mirza presented a paper entitled "Do Marine Mollusks Possess Aphrodisiacal Properties?" They found that eating bivalve mollusks, a group that includes not only oysters but mussels and clams, raises testosterone and estrogen levels in men and women. It was the first time anyone had provided conclusive evidence. **Serving suggestion:** Oysters on the half shell.



LICORICE AND AROUSAL

Dr. Alan Hirsch of the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Chicago performed a series of experiments with scent and arousal. He hooked up a monitor to his subjects' genitalia. In both waking and sleeping states the women experienced vaginal blood flow increases of 13 percent when exposed to the combined scents of licorice and cucumber. **Serving suggestion:** A Pernod aperitif followed by cold cucumber soup.

LET US GIVE THANKS

According to the same Smell & Taste study, women found the scents of lavender and pumpkin pie nearly as arousing as those of licorice and cucumber. **Serving suggestion:** A slice of the Thanksgiving staple à la mode with lavender ice cream.



WHAT, NO "HIGHWAY TO HELL"?



NORWAY'S HIPSTER TROUBADOUR SONDRE LERCHE PICKS HIS TOP FIVE LOVE SONGS

- 1 "SOMETHING SO RIGHT" —PAUL SIMON
- 2 "WHEN YOU'RE NEAR ME I HAVE DIFFICULTY" —XTC
- 3 "NIGHT AND DAY" —COLE PORTER
- 4 "MAXINE" —DONALD FAGEN
- 5 "DEEP IN A DREAM" —CHET BAKER

HOT & WET vs. WARM & COZY

What sex columnists think when they think about love

For straight talk about amorous interplay, we put some questions to seven of our favorite female sex writers.



Tristan Taormino COLUMNIST, THE VILLAGE VOICE

WHAT'S YOUR DEFINITION OF LOVE?

ERIN BRADLEY (columnist, *Nerve.com*): Love is hot sex with someone you would have been friends with in high school. If you can set the sheets on fire, then stay up telling fart jokes for hours afterward, chances are it's something real.

BESSIE BARDOT (author, *Bessie's Guide for Girls Who Want More From Life*): Technically, love is a form of obsessive-compulsive disorder coupled with a chemical addiction. Real love is what's left after the hormones disperse.

DOES TRUE LOVE EXIST?

BELISA VRANICH (health and sex editor, *Men's Fitness*): People love absolutes. Using the words *true love* lets them feel they aren't missing out.

BRADLEY: True love exists but rarely with one person. Now it includes a series of people over a lifetime.

STACEY GRENROCK WOODS (author, *I, California*): We must



Erin Bradley COLUMNIST, NERVE.COM

assume there's always someone better we haven't met. And we must never stop looking.

HAVE YOU EVER FELT TRUE LOVE?

BRADLEY: I was engaged to an auto mechanic. I'd never felt anything so immediate, so complete. But our lifestyles were incompatible. I liked making money; he liked smoking pot.

WOODS: I have found true love with a celebrity who doesn't love me yet. My attorney has advised me not to discuss it.

TRISTAN TAORMINO (columnist, *The Village Voice*): I knew the moment I saw him I was in love. It hit me like lightning.

CAN YOU LOVE MORE THAN ONE PERSON AT THE SAME TIME?

WOODS: Yes, but it's better to stagger them every 15 minutes.

SARI LOCKER (author, *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Amazing Sex*): Two true loves won't exist at the same time if you are putting the required amount of energy into your one love.

BARDOT: It has been proven scientifically that the brain can feel extreme love for a variety of people at the same time. Think about it: No one says a parent can love only one child.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, IF ANY, BETWEEN GREAT SEX AND TRUE LOVE?

LOCKER: Great sex is hot and wet. True love is warm and cozy.

BRADLEY: Great sex makes you want to slap someone and pull their hair. True love can too, but for entirely different reasons.

TIFFANY GRANATH (host, *Playboy Radio's Afternoon Advice*): Great sex requires a beautiful penis. True love requires a dental plan and a 401(k).

DOES THE BEST SEX OF YOUR LIFE NEED TO COME FROM THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE?

WOODS: I'll never know. I'm not attracted to my dog that way.

VRANICH: I hope not. It helps if it's good, though.

GRANATH: Absolutely.

TAORMINO: Expecting one person to be the best of everything isn't reasonable.

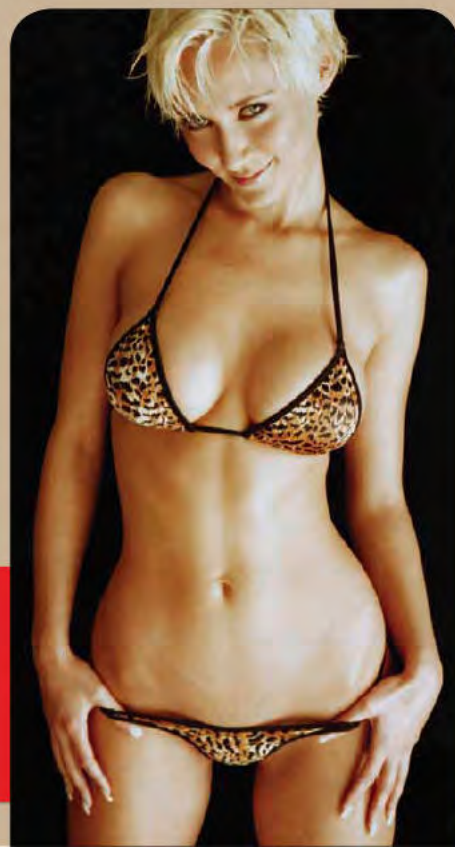
BRADLEY: No, but it's a close call. We're talking the difference between New York strip and filet mignon. I don't care how much you fight—if the sex is good, it'll get you through a lot of rough spots.

CAN TRUE LOVE BE DANGEROUS?

WOODS: Can it be? It is.

Bessie Bardot

AUTHOR, BESSIE'S GUIDE FOR GIRLS WHO WANT MORE FROM LIFE



Bettie Page (continued from page 73)

I had less sex during those seven years modeling in New York than at any time in the rest of my life.

for the January 1955 issue of PLAYBOY.

PAGE: I was going to blow the whistle on her. Nobody knows the truth about her, and it really ought to be told. In 1954 I would pose for that woman for nothing or for \$5 an hour, mostly in the nude out in the ocean or out in the woods. She said, "I will do right by you financially, Bettie, if the pictures sell." One of the first things she did was get me the Miss January 1955 spot in PLAYBOY. She got quite a bit of money for that. She never gave me a penny. The only thing she ever gave me was a \$5 makeup kit with a lid on it, but it didn't have any makeup in it. I didn't have anything in writing, though I signed a release allowing her to do what she wanted with the pictures, and she has been selling them all over the world ever since. She called me up one time to tell me she bought her home in North Miami with money she got from books that teach people how to draw nudes she had done of me. Two writers were going to put things right with my life-story book, and they interviewed me a lot. When they asked me to ask Bunny Yeager to please send photos to put in the book, I thought she'd give them to me for free, but she said, "Tell Bettie Page she'll have to pay just like anyone else. It'll cost her \$200 a photo." Talk about a cheapskate.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Who created those hot bikinis and the Jungle Bettie leopard-skin-patterned outfit you wore in your photo sessions with Yeager?

PAGE: Bunny Yeager claims she made my bikinis and that leopard-skin outfit, but she didn't even know what I was going to wear that morning. She never had anything to do with it. She never designed or made any of my bikinis. She used to make the bikinis for some of the other models, but she didn't even bother to hem them or anything. Mine looked like something you would get at a big department store, if I do say so. I made that leopard-skin outfit—designed it and everything—and I made a lot of my lingerie as well. She shoots like no other photographer. She doesn't wait until you get posed; she just shoots all the time—even if your neck is strained or your arm is not in the right position. She sold every picture she ever took of me, no matter what it looked like. I've got no use for Bunny Yeager whatsoever.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Would you say you have a history of being taken advantage of—by women and men?

PAGE: My father was a sex fiend. That's all he thought about from the time he got up until he went to bed. He started molesting me when I was 13, but I was already menstruating and he was afraid I might get pregnant, so he just rubbed himself on the outside, not in the vagina. I think my sister Goldie was never right in her head because she was out on the farm with him for one year by herself, with my brother Jimmie. After what my father did to her she kept to herself, but she walked with her head down and even had some mental problems later. He went to his deathbed lying about it. He said to me, right in front of my stepmother, "You and your sisters are lying about me. I never touched any of my daughters sexually."

Q8

PLAYBOY: By the time you first hit New York, in 1947 at the age of 24, you had earned a bachelor's degree, taught school, been unhappily married to and then divorced from Billy Neal, taken a modeling course and modeled furs in San Francisco and lived in Miami and Haiti. You were soon posing for amateur photo clubs, appearing on magazine covers and becoming a pinup icon.

PAGE: I had less sex during those seven years modeling in New York than at any time in the rest of my life put together. I went out with Marvin Greene, a good-looking blond fellow with wavy hair, one of the few blonds I ever dated. But we didn't have any sex at all. I just didn't have any desire to make love to him, and he never bothered me about it either. He was so ashamed of his height—he was about five-foot-four, and I'm about five-foot-five-and-a-half—that when we'd go to the beach at Coney Island he would always lie a foot below or above me on the sand so nobody would see he was shorter than I was. He was a dancer and singer in *Oklahoma!*, *My Fair Lady*, *Carousel* and a lot of those big musicals. We were like brother and sister when we took trips together in his old Chevrolet. Those were the most pleasant experiences in my entire life.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Weren't they pleasant enough to marry him despite the lack of sexual attraction?

PAGE: It's a shame it had to have a bad ending. In 1957, two weeks before Christmas, I told him I was leaving New York. I thought they had enough pictures of me. I was getting too old to model. I wanted to change. Marvin started crying and said, "Bettie, I want you to marry me. I love you. I'll never love anyone else." I said, "If I got married again, I'd want to have sex, and you know you never appealed to me in that way." When I knew Marvin, he wouldn't drink even a bottle of beer. I wouldn't date a man who drank, smoked, cursed or anything like that, but it seems Marvin started drinking after I left New York. I don't know if he's still alive or not.

Q10

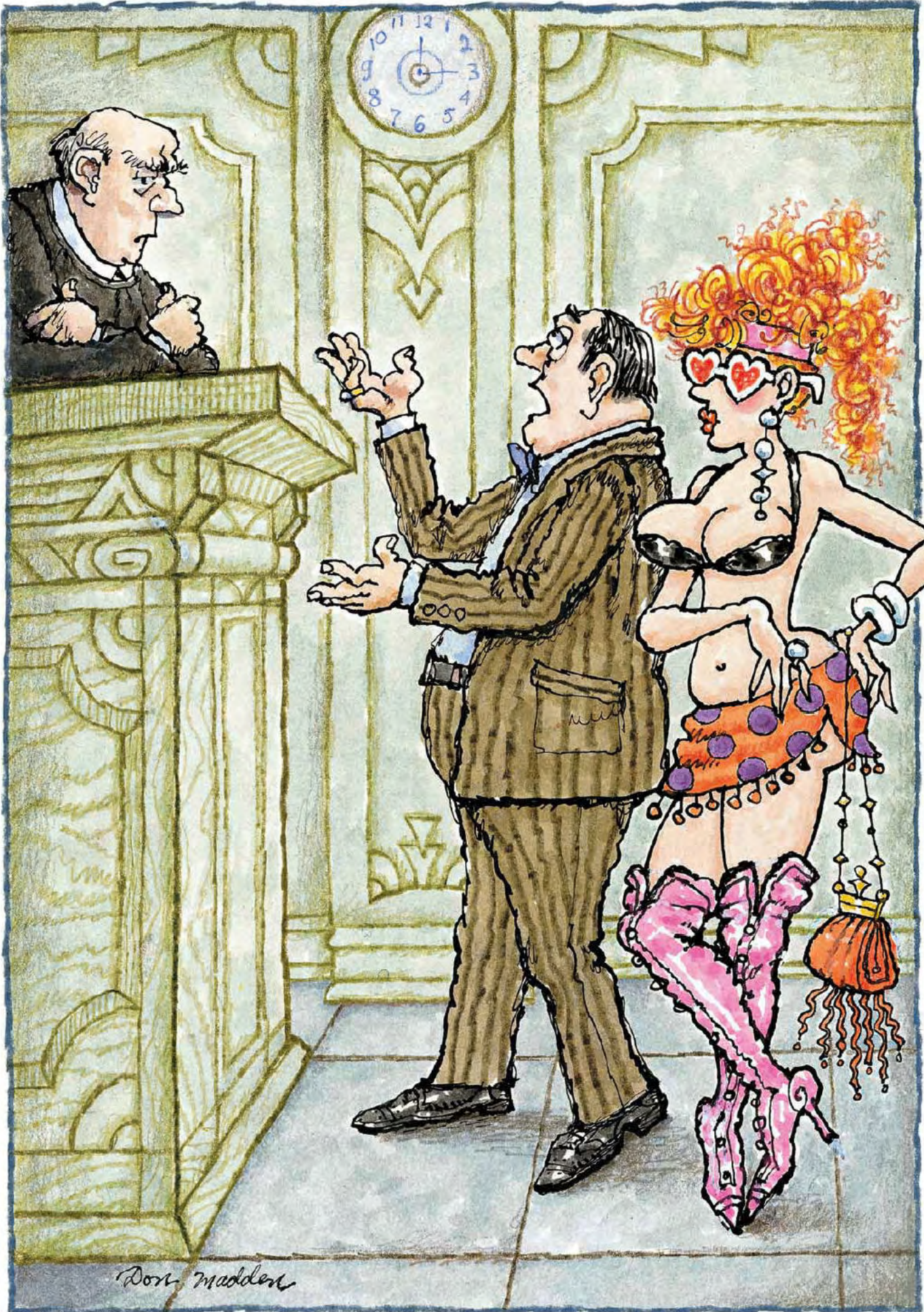
PLAYBOY: After you made such an impact as a model, you were served with a subpoena to appear before a congressional subcommittee making a big show of investigating the bondage suicide of a Florida Boy Scout. You were never called to testify, but afterward you completely vanished from the scene, and wild tales sprang up, about your being the victim of a Mob hit, your becoming a grandmother and your finding religion.

PAGE: You hear all kinds of lies about me. When I came to California in 1978, I think even my little cousin once said, "Bettie, are you still married to [famed photo agent] Irving Klaw?" I said, "What? Irving Klaw was never married to me. His wife was one of my best friends." I never even thought anything like that about him—he was a fat man, bald headed almost. Then there was the story that I was married to some kind of raja over in India somewhere, that I was living in a trailer in Kentucky or that I was dead. All kinds of crazy rumors went around. Do you know anything about this movie out on me?

Q11

PLAYBOY: *The Notorious Bettie Page*, starring Gretchen Mol?

PAGE: I thought she was real pretty, with those big eyes. She was good-looking, but the way she would screw up her face and all, I never did that. I didn't think her figure was too good. She was too tall, but she had a pretty face. That movie is full of lies. I was almost raped once by four creeps in a car in Queens, New York, and they had it in the movie that I was raped by five men out in the woods. They didn't rape me. The basic story is true, but the details are a lot of baloney—or most of them are. I saw the movie at Mr. Hefner's house, in his theater, a couple of weeks before it came out, and one of the female producers was sitting right behind me. I mean, they named it *The* (concluded on page 140)



"Your Honor, my client insists she was just selling valentines."

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Blasting off with *Battlestar Galactica's* Tricia Helfer



Above: No *Battlestar Galactica* cast member has gripped viewers' imaginations like Number Six, television's sexiest robot, played by Tricia Helfer, front right. Opposite: The sultry Canada native lets down her hair before our camera in sunny Acapulco.

Science fiction is about fantasy, about breaking the laws that govern the physical universe. Computers can have emotions, and swords can be made from shafts of light—by definition, none of the normal rules apply. Take, for example, the Sci-Fi Channel's *Battlestar Galactica*, the second coming of the classic 1970s TV show, now enjoying the third season of its new incarnation. On the show Cylons are human-created machines that have evolved and taken on humanoid form and are now hell-bent on mankind's destruction. Among them is Number Six, a character so sexy, it is impossible to think of her as anything but a woman with radiant human flesh. And yet she is a robot. More to the point, she is a robot with an uncanny power to seduce humans. Now, that is interesting. We felt the need to do some *Scanner Darkly*-type investigating.

When Tricia Helfer, the actress who plays Number Six, strides onto the patio at the Chateau Marmont in Los Angeles, heads swivel to track the statuesque beauty. She is wearing jeans, a tight T-shirt and a black blouse. Minimal makeup, if any. We reach out and touch her, a simple handshake. Indeed, she appears human. Then the voice: velvety and feminine. As Tricia begins to tell us her story—how a small-town girl from Canada became





the sexiest sci-fi thing on earth—we have already come to one important conclusion: The 32-year-old is even hotter in person than she is on TV.

"I grew up with three sisters on a farm in Alberta," Tricia says. "I hauled grain and cultivated the field. We didn't have a television, and I think the only movies we saw were *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*. I'm not a chick-flick kind of gal." Tricia intended to study animal psychology and play volleyball in college, but one fateful day, at the age of 17, she was spotted in a movie-ticket line by a scout. Soon after, she moved to New York and began a successful 10-year modeling career, during which time she studied acting. Her big TV break came with a role on *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation* as a body-dysmorphic model who tries to cut off her face with manicure tools. She has since starred in *Behind the Camera: The Unauthorized Story of Charlie's Angels* (she played Farrah Fawcett, naturally) and opposite Dennis Hopper in *Memory* on the big screen. The more success she has, the more she finds herself wondering how all this happened. "I never thought when I was a little farm girl in Canada that I'd be a model and an actor," she says. Not to mention a PLAYBOY cover girl.

As Number Six, Tricia has a tricky role. *Battlestar Galactica* chronicles the story of a group of refugees searching for the fabled lost world of Earth, following a war that pitted humans against the robotic Cylons. Number Six is not just one Cylon but a whole line of them, which means Tricia plays many characters. "I try to make all the Sixes a little different," she says. They all, however, have a certain sex appeal that is proving to be good for the show's ratings. The audience loves her. "I go to *Battlestar Galactica* conventions," Tricia says, "because I love to meet fans. They are really intelligent and passionate people, and I appreciate those qualities. I feel a sense of duty because they are looking for Number Six, so I can't just roll out of bed and show up. In real life I don't get noticed that much because I don't wear a blonde wig."

These days Tricia lives in Los Angeles and is married to an entertainment lawyer. The decision to pose nude in this steamy Acapulco shoot came down to gut instinct. "Nudity to me is not taboo," she explains. "I feel privileged to be one of this elite PLAYBOY group. Besides, we all have the same parts." Aha—proof! She is human after all. —Robert B. DeSalvo















starlight (continued from page 64)

I'm telling you I've been dealing with the devil and I could use some coaching. He really does talk to me.

arrested, and he sent it to us in the mail like it was really something to write home about? You know what I remember most about that picture? The borders were all ragged because he had to tear it out of the page with his fingers. My oldest brother is somebody who the state of Texas won't let him possess scissors. That's your litter of geniuses, jailhouse geniuses in orange jailhouse overalls, rammed full of sin and picking up trash by the road. Stuffing trash in white sacks along the interstate.

Incidentally, if this program works and if I get it together, if I reach a point of balance, I will enroll in college. That's not what I started out to say, but if I get so I can look people in the eye, get so I can make change and carry on conversations, I will get a part-time job and enroll in college. But as for my grandma, as for last Family Group day....

Dear Pope John Paul,

Do you have two first names, or is Paul your last name, like you're Mr. Paul?

And I know it's not just dumb luck, I know I ordered the circumstances.

At first I was interested in getting high, I liked the feeling, I liked to laugh at nothing and get my feet crossed and go down on my ass. Then later it wasn't fun, it was torture, but it was a button I could push to destroy the known world.

I mean it's like I get that glass as far as just touching against my lower lip, and next thing I know I'm on the ghost bus to Vegas, there's a certain power in that, you know, it's like if you don't like the movie you're in you just grab this jug going by and it takes you and flings you into a completely different story.

What do they feed you when you're the pope? Try the stuff around here sometime. For lunch they give you a marshmaller and a coffee bean. It's a salvage yard for people who totaled their souls called the Starlight Recovery Center in Ukiah, California, on Idaho Avenue. Ah hell what's wrong with me? I won't be sending no letter to the pope.

But I'm telling you I think I've been dealing with the devil and I could use some expert coaching. There really is a devil, he really does talk to me, and I think it might be coming from some Antabuse giving me side effects, but be that as it may I need to know the

rules. So far I think I've found out that I don't have to obey his orders, I can just ignore him, sort of, but if I keep pissing him off is he going to get after my people?

Mark Cassandra

Dear Satan,

Senor Mr. Business, you are one big fucking bubble and I'd hate to be there when you go POP because then I'd get a lot of really rank stuff on me.

I mean I'm here to change or die trying but all I can think about is if this was still the old Starlight, the Motel of Bad Dreams, I'd scrape together a couple hundred dollars and lay up here drunk until they smelled my corpse and broke the lock. But everything changes, and the Starlight's all different, and I'd better get there too, and find a different way of filling up than alcohol. I like the thing this guy Wendell was saying in group. He put out the idea of pouring in the right thoughts into our poison thinking—like pouring good water into a glass of dirty water—until I'm filling up and spilling over and just keep going like that till I'm running clean.

My grandma puts it that Cass if you keep drinking your babies will come out cross-eyed and you'll end up buried in a strange town with your name spelled wrong on your grave.

Dear Sis,

Here I am—yep—again—same old story—but this time I swear it's feeling different. You're the one person I've never jived, so that's as far as I'll go with that one. It's feeling different, that's as much as I'll swear to.

If you want to come to Family Group you can. I have had one Family Group but nobody came but dear old Grandma and that led to an incident. I realize you're stuck in Dallas but if you come home for a vacation, I wouldn't mind seeing a friendly face. And if it was my sister Marigold, I'd be smiling. Marigold, sister Marigold. My noble young petunia. It's every Sunday, two PM. You'll do better than Grandma I'd lay odds. She didn't have a word to say, not until about 3:15. Family Group goes for two hours—the wives, husbands, children, any close people, they all come for group therapy. Mostly sitting with rods up their butts and every face pulled tight, nobody knows if they're about to get ratted out, get their covers pulled. Playing it close,

in other words, as far as their twisted little games they play with their loved ones. Jerry asking, "What would you say to your loved one," and they say, "I don't know. I pass," like that. But this one guy Kevin who's been in these places plenty, he looks at his wife when it's their turn and just comes out with it—he looked at her—"I love you," he was looking straight at her and he was sniffing, crying. She looked at him and went "I—I—I—" she looked at him like he was trying to get her to jump from a high-rise fire to save herself, but she just couldn't quite say something real. "I don't care about these people," Kevin said, "I don't give a damn about anything except that I love you." "I love you too," she said, "Baby, I love you too!" and while we all watched, and I mean Grandma too, this couple was embracing and crying for about five minutes. I don't know how much long-run good it does to be doing that, but I tell you this, it certainly livens up the Family Day when you see that kind of thing happening, it just keeps the whole thing fascinating. So I was going to tell you about Grandma. Jerry there, they call him the counselor or facilitator, Jerry, at the start of the session, he comes out with a pretty harmless lecture about how the booze isn't anybody's fault, it might be in the genes, in the blood, inherited. Grandma's sitting there like Sunday school with her hands in her lap for I'd say one and one half hours, never a peep until I notice she's cutting her eyes at Jerry, I mean they're down to burning slits, man, and right in the middle of somebody else's stuff she just lays into him with something to the effect of "Jerry, if that's really your name, I think you'd climb a tree and tell a lie before you'd stand on the ground and tell the natural truth." Jerry's going wuh wuh wuh and she just draws up another lungful of this good old California air which she always claims is poison and says, "Do you mean to say you're going to pin all this on me his grandmother and on my ancestors too when we are good Nantahala Mountain people who never should've left North Carolina and my husband wrote speeches for the mayor of Odessa, Texas and our blood's as good as yours and you say it's passing down alcoholic generations like the sins of the fathers?" and rolls right along with a whole bitter lecture of her own about "you've got to stand on your own two feet and not blame your relatives for your own miserable mistakes" with her face three inches from Jerry's. He looked like he was ready to go out and hang himself. I enjoyed that.

Needless to say, the subject of Jesus came up in this discussion, right about 13 seconds into it. "The Alcoholics



“...And stay out!”

Anonymous is an arm of Satan, you might as well get that through your head, and shut your trap, and so on."

Like I say, they hold Family Group on Sundays at two P.M. Two to four P.M. And I'm required to be in attendance like I say, and if I don't have any family at Family Group, what's the point? I'm sort of pointlessly there. So you're invited. I mean if they ever let you out of Dallas.

Over and out. Over and out. They give us Antabuse in here, and it makes you sleepy. Over and out.

Dear Bro,

I got too near the edge of the ride and flew off.

I am done done done man. Yeah, get out your fork.

You know it will be my 33rd birthday next October but in just the last couple years I've had at least three of those experiences where afterward you wake up and remember nothing and some medical expert is attaching back on various parts of you and saying, "Son, you are lucky to be breathing."

Sitting on my bed hugging my own self, trapped in the arms of a moron, look, I know the one place I can't be hunting for solutions is in the mirror.

But did you ever think that maybe there actually is a devil and he actually does get his claws in certain people and they actually do get dragged through the garbage of an evil life on their way to actually going to hell?

Here's the thing, Luke. Last year I told you how I went to Texas. Houston, Dallas, Odessa, all of that. But I didn't tell you that since then, since the last time I saw you and you behaved like an atomic shitbomb in the harmless home of our

dear old dad and grandma, since that night when you broke your girlfriend's nose in the living room in front of the whole family and calmly said, "There, I rest my case," I went to the good old prison in good old Gatesville to see good old Mom.

Yeah. I went to see our mother.

She shrank to a dot right while I was looking at her.

She said,

I'd take a nap and at some point I'd wake up,

Because I'd hear a dog whimpering, and I'd wake up,

And the dog was inside me, a puppy Was crying to break its little heart inside me.

She said,

Your father rose a little bit above my origins

But I sank you all back down to my level.

"Fujijama Mama," that was her song. Remember?

I'm a Fujijama mama and I'm just about to blow my top.

And when I start erupting

I don't know when I'm ever gonna stop

Is that a real song, or did she make that up?

This is so fucked. So fucked. I'm full-up from my anus to my eyeballs. Excuse me, I have to burn this page and write a letter to God while it's on fire. Question is, God, where are you? What the fuck on earth do you think you're doing, man? We are in HELL down here, HELL down here, HELL. You know? Where's Superman?

When Grandma showed up here for a demented visit she took me aside and said, "You are surrounded by demons,

God has his hand around your guts and he is dragging you out of hell." Well, this is the longest ride out of hell I ever heard about, and if I'm out of hell, whose meat is that I smell frying? God has put his feet up and screwed the head off a Bud and has drifted off into a nap while I sit here burning and stinking on the barbecue.

Dear Melanie—you know, I'm glad I met you and heard the story from you in group about your daughter dying and your purse. It would have made me even sicker if it was just a story about some person I could only think about. Like somebody I could only imagine. But it isn't as hard since I got to really meet you. And hear about it in person. Because you have a sweet sincere quality, you're bouncy, smiley, young for 61 years, and no matter how hard you've been knocked around I saw you in a light, you're beautiful.

These last four years have chewed several giant holes right through me. I thought I was finished before. But that was minimum damage compared to this.

Your fellow inmate,

Mark Cassandra (Cass)

Dear Satan,

I did not enjoy it at your jamboree last night.

Dear Doctor,

I'm gonna roll a cigarette and I'd like to light it and get through the entire thing in a state of sanity.

I did see the devil one time.

Dear Doc,

To continue, this woman in group, Melanie, she's old enough to be an old lady but she's not, she's sweet, soft, very easy in her soul, it seems like. She starts off talking pretty matter of fact—then it's getting to be a regular thing, somebody who starts out like that suddenly breaks down, full of tragedy—she, Melanie, lost her daughter and two grandkids in a fire last year. "My daughter was a good Christian girl. Two fine good beautiful kids, she raised them right, raised them Christian." Lost them in an apartment fire. Now. Here's one for you Doctor—

While she, Melanie, slept in the waiting room at the burn unit and her daughter died, somebody snuck out their hand and stole her purse. Took the money out and threw the purse in the trash can. She found it in the trash can later, after they told her that her daughter and two grandkids were dead.

In group the other night a guy just like me said, "I woke up in Vegas sticky, broke and confused"—a perfect description of that place, I've never GONE there, just WOKE UP there. That guy was funny. Reminded me of Gary Cooper, a real cowpoke down on his luck



"This is all very romantic, but I'm not in heat."

MORE SEX!



Advanced Sexual Techniques 2 Video Series Arouses!

It's more than pictures and words on a page. More than a clinical approach to sex. *Advanced Sexual Techniques 2* is where adventuresome lovers turn to rev up their sexual power! Take your sex life to a whole new level. Every act and variation is demonstrated by real couples in uncensored, graphic detail to help you and your partner perfect your own lovemaking.

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed!

BETTER SEX!

Be the Best Lover She's Ever Had! Guaranteed. Here's how:

Vol. 1: Sexual Positions for Lovers shares positions that SIZZLE, plus stimulating variations of some positions you may already enjoy.

Vol. 2: G-Spot and Multiple Orgasms shows you how to score the Ultimate O- time and again- guaranteed!

Vol. 3: If you wonder, "Can I really do THAT?" **10 Secrets to Great Sex** answers affirmatively with 10 well-kept secrets for intense sexual pleasure.

Vol. 4: Sexual Power Play will take your sex life to the extreme. Thrill every inch of her for a "sex-plosion" of pleasure for both of you.

MORE OFTEN!



50% OFF 4 Better Sex™ Videos!

Plus 2 FREE VIDEOS!

Advanced Oral Sex Techniques Part 2, is guaranteed to increase your lovemaking pleasure. *Great Sex 7 Days A Week* shows you even more creative ways to ignite intense sexual excitement. Get both videos, a \$40 value, **FREE** when you order today!

Plus  **FREE Shipping!**

order online at:
BetterSex.com™/ad
use ext. 8PB170

mail to: Sinclair Institute, ext.8PB170, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

| Check desired format: | VHS/DVD | ITEM NO. | TOTAL |
|--|---------|----------|----------------------------|
| Advanced Oral Sex Techniques Part 2 (Free with purchase) | | #2307 | FREE |
| Great Sex 7 Days A Week (Free with purchase) | | | FREE |
| Vol. 1: Sexual Positions for Lovers | | #9383 | 19.95 |
| Vol. 2: Ultimate Orgasms: Multiples and G-Spots | | #1786 | 19.95 |
| Vol. 3: 10 Secrets to Great Sex | | #1964 | 19.95 |
| Vol. 4: Sexual Power Play: Enjoying Guilty Pleasures | | #1393 | 19.95 |
| Buy The 4-Volume Set at 1/2 Price! | | #2971 | 79.80 39.90 |
| | | | FREE SHIPPING! FREE |
| | | | TOTAL |

Bank Money Order Check VISA MC AMEX Discover

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Card No. _____ Exp. date _____

Signature _____

All orders shipped within 48 hours in plain packaging.

*FREE Shipping offer expires Feb. 15, 2007. Offer not valid on international orders, APO and FPO. NC orders please add 7% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. \$6 shipping. No cash or C.O.D. 8PB170 ©2005 Sinclair Institute

BetterSex™
ADVANCED TECHNIQUES **2**
video series

WARNING: The Better Sex Video Series: *Advanced Techniques 2* is highly explicit and is intended for adults over the age of 18 only.

For fastest service with credit cards or for a FREE catalog, call **1.800.955.0888** ext. 8PB170 24 hours/7days a week.

in the smelly cities that ate the prairie. How long was he around, two days? I heard he went to the Aces Motel two blocks east of here at the corner of Fourth, and he's shacking up with some Mexican kid, not a girl, a boy, I mean that's the trouble inside him, he's got two acts going at once, he's a rope-em ride-em cowboy and he's a happy little sodomizer, and it's shorting him out. That's what we gotta do is get down to just one story, the true person we are, and live it all the way out.

I'm getting depressed. Depressed. I think this Antabuse is going wrong on me. You said we'd feel run-down or sleepy two or three days to start with, but you forgot to say prepare to fall down through a trap door in the bottom of your soul. I mean when I lie on my bed in this room by myself I get dragged down to a black place. I've heard people talking right outside my window who aren't there when I go look. Around other folks, I mean real folks, folks who are really there, I feel absolutely fine. They talk, I talk, everything appears as normal. Get in this room and shut the door behind me and I'm alone with somebody who's not there. It's a feeling I don't like, as if somebody's lurking.

Dear Friends and Neighbors in the Universe

Dear Playboy magazine and TV Guide,

I think I need to tell you I am totally out of Kools. Some kind person has donated a whole can of Bugler that we can roll out of, but I tell you what, Bugler smoke burns like fire from your lips on down to the pit of your lungs. So—if you brought me a couple packs of my brand. Know what I mean? Kools.

I have written thousands upon thousands of these letters and the reason I don't run out of ink—I don't think I'm actually writing too many of them down. Or any of them. I think I'm just wandering hiking marching all around this room like it's a small tiny mental institution hallucinating. Writing letters on imaginary paper.

Don't tell me to tell them about it. Didn't you hear me telling them about it?

Shut up. I already told them. Hey about this Antabuse. I think I'm Christ. I hear the devil. And so, "Get back in your room." Stupidest thing I ever heard.

That is so Eddie.

That is so Eddie, man.

They are the Eddiest most ridiculous people that if you pull this letter up to

your ear you can hear me laughing at them like a cayoot.

They are a bunch of Eddies and so ridiculous.

Flat faces and flat minds.

Or as they say down over in along through Texas, Fuck all y'all.

These last four years. Sometimes I wonder if I didn't die. And I'm really dead and this is purgatory, heaven or hell. And it's up to me which one.

One thing is you don't get me to do things. I don't listen. Might as well shut up.

I am not a slave.

Where I just was...was the Road of Hell. Black boiling dirt and burning diesel smoke. Nothing burns hot as diesel. People by the side run-over squashed killed and dead. Devil laughing so close I saw the veins in his teeth. You don't get me. My ticket says to Texas. He rolled the stone aside and in the cave the mysteries flitted like bats and insects, here are the answers to everything, said the devil, like UFOs and life beyond the grave. Like what was Elvis thinking, what was Elvis thinking and feeling in those last dark days? Like just who masterminded JFK? And the cave was his mouth like a bathroom full of stunk and his tongue popped with cheap sweat. Yeah boy he dragged me down to his jamboree. Dragged me down through the toilet formerly known as my life. Down through this nest of talking spiders known as my head. Down through the bottom of my grave with my name spelled wrong on the stone. Standing on his stump shouting jive. Jest get a whiff of sulphur and wet fear!

Come breathe these rank aromas for the purposes of course of scientific inquiry alone! The mayor is inside already! Come! It's all respectable! Satan says The gamblers shake the dice and shake I the gamblers, snake eyes in Paradise! Satan shouts You know who Judas was? He worked for me I run the jamboree and Hollywood and Vegas and start all the wars, vampire breather of the baby's breath, I the worker of the strings to jerk the fools dancing at my hellhole hoedown jamboree, glue-huffers, jelly-rollers, paint-suckers, bikers, truckers, cowboys, teachers, preachers, about a million hipsters hooked on dope, shaky alkie with their nerves burned up, Hey God where is you you ain't nowhere, we search for some faint signal from your power... All that just now, right now, while I'm writing it down.

Not yer boy,

Cass

Dr so-and-so,

I forget your name. Listen to me. I can't get this across to anybody in this ridiculous pathetic excuse for a rehab but I have to tell you I think this Antabuse you gave us is backfiring with some serious side effects. I lie on that bed over there and my mood goes black and then I can feel my mind, my actual mind, pulling



itself in two. I hear the devil laughing, and I hear him ordering me to kill people. Don't worry, he's been running me all my life but he can't tell me straight-out what to do, there's no way I would ever take a direct order from anybody, that's why I never went into the military. But if you read the papers you see every day where somebody just jumps up and chops the baby's head off, and I have to tell you there's been some of that in my very own family. My mother when I was four years old went psycho herself and has been in prison for 28 years in Gatesville, Texas, and prison has not in any way reformed her. She should've gotten out by now, but she won't behave and they just keep adding on.

Last week here in number 8 I had a train-jumper wino roommate with slashed-up shoes and a tattoo on his arm said EAT FUCK KILL. That was his complete statement. Never said hello, never said good-bye. Never took off his shoes. Here two days and then up and gone. He was all hate. I've got to get sober or I'll get that way where every breath you breathe just stinks and it only takes one minute in a new town before you're mad enough to leave. Hang out one solitary day and then you're off again on a freight car waving your middle finger in the air. When the devil gets that last hook in your heart, then he starts yanking you town to town. My grandma tells the truth about

the devil. Well, all right, when she says "the devil's pulling on you" it sounds like somebody's grandma babbling, but when it's happening to you it's snakes crawling into every orifice and you can't move to stop them getting in.

My sponsor Bob Cornfield dropped around finally with a box of my stuff, not much, a small box and the contents inside still rattled. He gets his cigarette going standing here in this room, room 8, looking around like he invented the place. These AA guys are faking about 80 percent of it, but let's just hang on to the truth, they're clean and sober and I'm the one woke up moaning with his head in the toilet not two weeks back. I

think to see me here made him sad, but he won't show pity. Not allowed.

I told him I feel like I might be Jesus Christ and the devil is sending me messages, and he said, "You can't be the Second Coming, cause I am." I think it was a joke, but I've lost my talent for humor, it scared me when he said it, everything they say sounds very deep. Their voices sound like they're echoing out of eternity.

Let's just face the music and the facts. Somebody's going out of my mind.

Your patient at the Starlight,
Mark Cassandra (just call me Cass)

To dr in charge of Antabuse complaints: Meanwhile, all these people in

wore these middle-age-type big-enough shorts but these white little-girl patent leather shoes. Singing her song, "My husband left me in 1986 with a woman from the firm he worked for, just left me flat, and every morning for the last 15 years I wake up and think about those two and I get sick way way down inside my stomach. Every morning for 15 years. Most mornings, to tell you the truth, I have to vomit about it." Woman in charge, Linda, says, "You mean you feel angry." "No, I'm not angry, I'm just a little disgusted at the behavior." Every day Linda says, "You mean you feel angry." "But I'm not angry, Linda, and I don't believe you've heard me, for you keep on asking that question." Finally

she says, "Linda, I AM NOT ANGRY LINDA YOU FUCK-IN CUNT-FACE BITCH WHORE" and so on, screaming to bring back Elvis while ripping out of the room. Down the hall and clear across the courtyard screaming like an F-16. She's gone and we're all sitting there in that room shocked deaf dumb and blind like it was lined with foam rubber, it was that silent, I'm telling you, I mean we were as shocked as if she'd just blown herself to bits before our eyes. Well, I assumed we all assumed what I assumed, that she'd never be back, she'd keep marching through the gates and out to the first bus to come along or stick her thumb out, one of those, and be gone gone gone. Like my roommate EAT FUCK

KILL. But the very next morning here's Carolina sitting in her usual chair, acting oblivious, and I have to say, her eyes were so much light, like somebody's put two suction cups on the sockets and sucked out all the dark and sadness, she looked like a normal human. "Now to get to the truth," she said, "Hey everybody, I was a whore in Denver before I got married, at Madam Lafayette's, for almost six years, for five years and seven months, till technology and the Mob ruined the business with credit cards and massage parlors, and then I got married, and now I'm divorced, and I don't know what else to say. I didn't want to face how I felt about my husband and that bitch of his.

**HOT & SEXY GIRLS
TO ROCK YOUR WORLD**




ORDER THESE ISSUES INSTANTLY WITH THE DIGITAL EDITION

www.playboy.com/vix

www.playboy.com/lingerie

Send check or money order to:
Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809
 To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only, enter, mention or include source code MG703 during payment! On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%.
 (*NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.)

CALL TOLL-FREE TO PLACE YOUR ORDER:
800-423-9494 or visit
www.Playboystore.com
 Most major credit cards accepted.

BUY THESE ISSUES AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

©2007 Playboy

I feel a lot better now that I know I hate those two for running off and sticking me with the tab for the rent and phone and the whole middle-class life. I think they live in Mexico. I hope they get a few diseases that make them miserable." Big smile. Having fun. Ready to cut the cake. You just figure she's gonna do the deal and make the program and she's turned all around.

I mean that's how it is. Group therapy isn't some gigantic mystery. We alkies are just a tangle of lies like the insides of a golf ball. You start cutting into one little rubber band in that mess, like how do you really feel about your husband shafting you, and the whole ball starts unraveling and whizzing around the room.

Next thing you know, "I was a whore if you want the damn truth." Giving us the uncensored story without any masks. "I worked in madam so-and-so's establishment of sinful delights." She spent her whole 20s in this old-fashioned place in Denver with a piano and a madam strolling around joshing with the clients.

Now look look look look look. I know we're here to get honest. And I feel I've been doing it the last few months, even before I landed here again, but I still don't see Mr. AA Breakthrough in the mirror. I see something lurking over my shoulder. You know who it is. Devil been talking to me. Telling me to kill everybody in here. Laughing. I hear these things clearly but I still feel sane, sane. Do you get me? I AM SANE. OVER AND OUT. Like I know I shouldn't be hearing these things, so what is the cause?

Am I torching out on Antabuse? Why do I think I might be Jesus Christ and I'm supposed to come here and suffer, really suffer, suffer past your most excruciating fantasies of torment and why do I think everybody's looking at me because they know this about me? Why does the radio seem to know what I'm thinking and pick up the conversation right in the middle of my thoughts when I pass the window in Jerry's office and he's listening to the news? I say I'm not killing anybody, Satan, and the radio says, "The president's order has been disobeyed." If I am Jesus and I'm going to hell, then I want you to say so, you're the one I'm asking, Dr. Whatsyername, and if I'm not, then I want you to get me off these pills because they're obviously running me the wrong way. They're supposed to make me shy of alcohol, not completely unable to think.

I don't feel like Mr. AA Breakthrough. I don't feel like hey now give me a great big hug as we trudge that Road to Happy Destiny they talk about at the meetings.

But I do feel kind of pleasant contemplating that woman Carolina. I feel like my mind is quiet at least for a couple seconds, at least for the last few puffs off this roll-em. I'd like to get through a whole cigarette without thinking crazy. I don't remember my previous goals but the goal right now is to get through this cigarette, man, without starting up Satan's jamboree.

Still me, still in here, still your patient so what's the problem,

Mark Cassandra room 8

Dear Dr. Cusa,

Thanks for taking me off the Antabuse. Every hour I feel more down to the ground. I don't know why I didn't have the balls to just stop taking it without your say-so. It's like I know I don't know what's good for me. The last four years. Wow. Thanks for taking me off that stuff. The world has been saved.

Dear Satan,

You think I didn't recognize you that time?

It was outside of Harold's Tavern downtown about three four minutes ago. Come out onto the street right after Happy Hour exactly at the moment the sun descended.

There he is. Guy leaning up against the wall in an alley with his knee bent back, sole of his foot against the wall like we used to do, we kids who thought we were so tough.

What do you want? I said.

All of you is mine already, he said. So what difference does it make what I want?

I said, Are you a messenger of God?

Worse, he said.

I asked him, What could be worse than a messenger of God?

Basically the problem was I knew I had done things I would have to pay for. I felt I had done things I would have to pay for.

Then I went inside the monster hotel and the desk clerk was complaining to some people. He showed us the money that guy had just paid with. He'd pasted the corner of a 20 onto a \$1 bill. And Satan, that was you. I mean, that's who Satan is, you're a phony, can't even come up with 20 bucks for a box and a bunk at the Savoy.

Dear Satan,

Yeah, they took me off the Antabuse. That Antabuse was your last thing. Well, it didn't work. Everybody thinks you're just this amazingly cool cat in a striped suit in a ragtop Caddy suckin on a cell phone, licking fire from your fingers, plotting the downfall. Pulling on the strings. But you got no strings. Not one of these strings from my heart hooks leads off to your evil hands.

These hooks leading out from my heart to the hearts of people who you don't deserve to hear the mention of their names. Leading out from my heart to the hearts of people I love. So get outta my Caddy, Daddy. Ain't neither one of us driving this thing. Who's driving it is, and I feel like a genuine pussy saying it but, a Power Greater Than Myself.

Mark Cassandra, a more or less Christian

Dear Brother John,

John, I'm gonna come and see you—are you in a regular prison yet? Or do they have you drooling on a ward somewhere?



"I don't mind the extra security measures, but I wish they'd turn off the air-conditioning."

ADVERTISEMENT

“My Boyfriend’s **SECRET** ... for Amazing **SEX!**”

As a faithful reader of your magazine, I just had to tell your readers about a recent experience I had with my boyfriend.

First, let me just say he is a great guy. **But, after dating for six months, it seemed he was having confidence issues in AND out of bed.** It was having a real negative effect on his sexual prowess and let's face it, with any new relationship, it usually doesn't last very long without a real strong sexual connection. My dilemma was that I really liked the guy.

Thankfully, I didn't have to make a difficult decision because everything changed a few days ago. I came home from work and he basically tore my clothes off before I even made it through the door. Right there on the stairs he practically pounced on me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I definitely felt sensations I'd never felt before ... in places I forgot existed. We made love for what seemed like an eternity. I never knew what some of my friends meant when they said the earth moved from having sex – I do now. **I can honestly say it was the best sex I've ever had in my entire life!**

When I asked him what was going on – what brought about the change – he wouldn't answer me. So I did what any red-blooded American woman would do, I started snooping. It didn't take me long to figure out his secret. In his underwear drawer under the “men's magazines”, was a tube of **MAXODERM Connection**. After reading the fine print and finding the website, I went online to www.maxodermct.com to discover more about this magic in a tube.

MAXODERM Connection (of which I'm having my boyfriend buy a lifetime supply) is a lotion that is applied topically to the most “intimate areas”. **An all natural mix of herbs and who knows what, it helps improve stimulation directly at the source – that's when amazing things start to happen. He achieves harder, stronger erections and my orgasms go through the roof!** We aren't into taking pills of any kind – not even aspirin – so I was relieved to find he was using something topical without any systemic side effects. Unless you want to think of great sex as a side effect, because that's definitely what's going on at our place – ALL the time!

So ... please print this letter. Anyone who wants to experience mind-blowing intimacy has to try **MAXODERM Connection**. They need to tell their boyfriends, husbands or partners about this product. Or just “accidentally” leave a tube lying around for them to “accidentally” find. I really want to thank the woman who developed **MAXODERM Connection** – only a woman could design something that feels this good.

T.J.

Phoenix, AZ



“I felt sensations I'd never felt before ... in places I forgot existed.”



*P.S., Let your readers know I'm pretty sure they can still get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** of **MAXODERM Connection** with their order by calling **1-800-517-7915** or by visiting their website at www.maxodermct.com, and **FOR A LIMITED TIME**, you can still get **\$200 worth of FREE GIFTS** with your order that are yours to keep – no questions asked. Oh and even better, their product is backed by a **90 Day Full Money Back Guarantee**.

From the Makers of
MAXODERM
Male Enhancement Formula

Dear John the Strangest of All Us Cassandras,

And oh say there incidentally I do mean it—you're the strangest of all us Cassandras, more than Dad, more even than Mom in prison. More than me too don't matter how many times they shoot me. More than Bro, but just by a hair.

I'm writing letters to everybody I can think of. You and Bro are getting a little ink here. May the cops never catch him, and now that you're caught may they treat you gently and release you in the near future. I'm writing letters to each one of you lucky winners who has a hook in my heart and a string leading into yours. Every time your heart beats I can feel a little jerk, just a little something. Whether you like it or not, that's love. Love for the idiot grandma. Love for the medicated father. Love for the brother on the run and for the brother and the mother in prison in Gatsville and Huntsville. May the visions of your heart be blessed. That's what I heard a preacher say on TV the other day. May the blessings of the sun and the rain find us out.

Love for the sister who should divorce us all. Love for sister Marigold who should divorce us once and for all.

Not sitting down, not writing with paper and pen, just pacing back and forth like a wolf in a zoo, just writing with the fire in my mind.

Spent a while there thinking convinced believing that with the proper induction of chemicals I could be a cross between James Bond and Jesus Christ.

I believe you and Marigold were the two of us not to get mixed up seriously with substances. She's turned out so golden. Then you on the other hand. Well, it's not like the induction of chemicals is required. A few bad days on Planet E can warp you just fine. And Mom. Whew. She sucked in enough stuff to count for the whole family's warpage and plenty more. I was tiny but I remember. She used to sit there in her blue recliner, snorting glue or sucking Sterno through a sponge or whuffing spray paint through a sock. And failing to understand the television. And praying to strange hallucinations. And getting results. That's about all I remember. To me she wasn't so much of

a mother, really, John. More of a sort of a story or fairy tale. Kind of a legend. Mom in prison in Texas. Kind of a myth. Mom. Prison. Texas. Finally I went to see her. Had my birth certificate and everything—they couldn't keep me out. Guard takes me through to a room, says wait a while son, comes back in 20 minutes and he says, "Your mom's inside," and yeah, that's what brings me here today, to see the famous unremembered person face-to-face. Nothing happened. I didn't feel a thing. I got no relief. She's a flumpy Mexican gal in a white uniform looks like she cleans rooms. Gray hair with a couple black streaks. Medicated to keep her mind off suicide. It worked too well. She was deeply content. A freight train bearing down on her wouldn't get a response. Being around her relaxed me. Like resting in the shade by a wide, flat pond. She thought Dad was dead. What, no, Dad's not dead! He's not? No, Mom, he isn't dead, he's just upstairs. Mostly crying and watching television. She says, yeah he never was much good around the house. Which wouldna been so bad, I guess, except he never went anywhere else. Just hung around making up poems and never writing them down. What's California like?... Mysterious, Mom. All filled with shiny mist. And foggy sunshine.... God, that sounds nice, but oh well, I'll never get there. They say that heaven's a lot like California. What is the problem with you boys?... Problem? Maybe you notice I'm a walking talking piece of shit. She leaned close and looked at my face. You could see her mind wiggling right through her eyeballs. Then she had this flash of clear light. Said sorry doesn't get it, I realize that. I said that's what I come for.

Old Bro came back to Ukiah last summer sometime. Brother Luke hisself with his ass showing through the pockets of his jeans and still putting everybody else down. I wouldn't have recognized him on the street. I'd need a flashlight and a map to find Luke's eyes in that poor sick mean sad face. Came back to make trouble for his old girlfriend, did you ever know her? Susie? Bro says, "poking around in her stool for my broken heart." Lives in mud and gonna bring the whole world down to taste it. He wants the world to realize how for some this life comes hard, it's all uphill, they just get tired, they just get so weary, they just want the cops to carry them away to that sweet land called jail and tuck them into their trundle beds. What I wish is that he could come to a place like this and hear a couple people tell the truth. Once you hear the truth, you remember it was always there. It's inspiring, Brother John. It's fantastic how men and women come out from under these lifelong lies. Roll them off their backs and say phew, whoosh, long time carrying that mother. And the things they tell. The shit they've done. The blood they've swum through.



The fool moves, the lucky chances, the wins and losses, all the burned-down houses, all the children wailing in the storms, the lucky hit at the last minute, or turning their back on the hearts they broke over and over, or getting busted on their birthday, or thinking they're dead then waking up with the sun all warm on their face, and hitching home cross-country in the rain just in time to say that one important thing before their father takes his dying breath, or getting there too late and saying it to his grave instead.

This one speaker Howard had us all frozen up, we listened to him stock-still for 45 minutes. He started out simple, comes out of high school, tries the infantry, finds the service kind of boring without a war. Drinking on leave and weekends. Gets his discharge, goes to Santa Rosa Junior College. Going for a business degree. Drinking on weekends. Itchy and discontented. One night, he has this friend who's a cop in SR, guy says, ride along with us and get a taste. He says two hours into the ride I'm feeling like I never felt. These guys tell a citizen what to do, he better do it. They give orders and they're obeyed and I never knew how bad I wanted that. Zip into the Santa Rosa police training program, then I'm a cop, got three girlfriends, one black, one Asian, one white, cruising in a squad car all night long, kicking ass, busting heads, top of the world, man. One year in I've got a sweet little wife and a six-week baby daughter. Two years in they put me on narcotics and vice, undercover. My job is to hang out in bars and party like Nero. Can I do that? Hell, what do they think I've been doing every free minute anyhow? And will I buy drugs? Gee, okay, I'll give it a shot. And Howard, they say, listen, sometimes in the course of your duties you will have a line of coke laid out before you and in the course of your duties you'll just have to put your head down there and suck it up. It's part of the ride, okay, Howard? Yeah, I say, part of the ride, and inside of six months I'm the biggest cokehead, the biggest dealer and the crookedest cop in northern California. I did armed robberies on dealers and drugstores up and down Highway 101. I had seven girlfriends and I was pimping every one. My sweet little wife divorced me and took my daughter and I never even noticed. The force gave me \$1,000 a month to buy coke in little bags and turn them in, and I had \$30,000 under my bed in a shoebox next to three or four kilos of coke the force would never see. I'd wake up in the afternoon and fare forth and wreak havoc. I murdered three guys I still claim the world is better off without, but I'm not the judge though, am I? But I sure thought I was. I took the lives of other human beings. I thought I was God. I looked in the

mirror and said so—looked in the mirror and said, you are God. When God decided to prove me wrong, it all came down like a mountain of dogshit on my head. They rolled me up and socked me with so many charges, including at one point second-degree murder, that if they stacked them up and ran me through I'd be doing time a hundred years past my natural death. I'm lying in jail and that cell is sucking the drugs and the fight and the soul right out of me and giving it to God and God is squeezing it in his fingers, man, every last fiber of my soul in the almighty grip of the truth. And the truth is that everything I've done, every thought I've thought, every moment I've lived, is shit turned to dust and dust blown away. God, I said, fuck it, I'm not even gonna pray. Squeeze my guts till you get tired, that's all I want now, because at least it's real, it's true, it's got something to do with you. So then I think I died. I think I died in jail. My life itself just left me, and who you see before you now is someone else. So I wandered like a ghost through the court system and came out with a sentence of 10 years. Did seven, one day at a time. Prayed every day and every night but only one prayer: Squeeze till you get tired, Lord. Kill me, Lord, I don't care, as long as it's you who kills me. Just got out eight days ago, and rehab is part of my parole. And nothing to show for 36 years on this earth. Except that God is closer to me than my next breath. And that's all I'll ever need or want. If you think I'm bullshitting, kiss my ass. My story is the amazing truth.

And me too, me too, Brother John. My life is the amazing truth. Like Dad says, "I put down one foot on the road of regret and set out on my journey."

Just to sketch out the last four years—broke, lost, detox, homeless in Texas, shot in the ribs by a .38, mooching off the charity of Dad in Ukiah, detox again, run over (I think—I'm pretty sure—I can't remember), shot again, detox right now one more time again. Might've been one or two more detox trips and humiliating vacations at Dad's in there. Shot twice by the same guy, first he just grazed me when I was stealing his money and coke, second time he looked me up and got me in the shoulder with a .22 long rifle. Those .22s HURT. I pity the folks who get the experience of the bigger calibers. Guarantee you a .44 would take the arm right off a wiry sort of guy like me. More than once woke up with some medical professional saying, "You should be dead."

That's what it's gonna say on my gravestone—

"I Should Be Dead."

Your Brother in Christ,
Cass



panties.com

*Google's
#1 site
for panties!*

Silk Valentine Nightie

100% silk. Sexy pink nightie with hearts and "Love" printed in red. Sexy side slit.

S-XL Nightie: \$39 Robe: \$65 Thong: \$11

Ask for **FREE** Great Sex DVD with order!

800-726-7035

MEN: BE TALLER!!

TIRED OF BEING SHORT? TRY OUR HEIGHT INCREASING SHOES FOR MEN. UP TO 3" TALLER. OVER 100 STYLES. HIDDEN HEIGHT INCREASER. IN BUSINESS SINCE 1939. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. CALL OR WRITE TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG.

www.elevatorsshoes.com/4.htm

ELEVATORS®

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY DEPT. PB72
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705

1-800-343-3810

Playboy's Privacy Notice

We occasionally make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products or services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive these offers or information, please let us know by writing to us at:

Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.
c/o CDS
P.O. Box 2007
Harlan, IA 51593-0222
e-mail PLYcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com
tel 800.999.4438 or 515.243.1200

It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

SEXUAL MALE

(continued from page 54)

“My guess is the Y chromosome of most living men has spent at least one generation inside the testes of a warlord.”

female: XX. One of the scientists who discovered this simple mechanism, in 1905, was a Stanford grad named Nettie Maria Stevens, whom biologist Steve Jones calls “the Albert Einstein of manhood.” It would take another 85 years for scientists to nail down the specific part of the Y that makes the man, and they learned this (as they usually do) through mutations. In the mid-1960s scientists found two women who had, rather than a second X chromosome, a partial Y. Since the women did not have testicles, scientists could rule out a good portion of the Y as the source of genes that lead to maleness. Through a series of similar deletion mappings, including those from XXY men, a team of British geneticists pinpointed the male trigger, a gene they called SRY, for sex-determining region of the Y. The gene takes up just 3,000 spaces on a DNA string 55 million spaces long. To confirm the finding, they injected a female mouse embryo with a tiny sliver of Y that contained only the SRY gene. As expected, the embryo developed into an XXY male. The discovery was announced in *Nature*, which paid tribute by putting the big-balled rodent on its cover. By showing that only this tiny fragment is needed to make a male, scientists seemed to confirm a long-held belief that 95 percent of the Y is useless.

After nailing down SRY, scientists turned their attention to the rest of the chromosome. Beginning in 1999 a team of 40 geneticists spent five years analyzing a Y provided by an anonymous donor recruited through a classified ad in *The Buffalo News*. The good news is the team discovered many more genes than expected. The bad news is there are only about 76. The X, by comparison, has 1,098. What’s worse, the Y appears to have lost so much genetic material since its origin as a mutated X, about 300 million years ago, that tearjerkers such as *Adam’s Curse: A Future Without Men*, by geneticist Bryan Sykes, began appearing in bookstores. Given the apparent rate of decay, Sykes gave the Y as little as 125,000 years to live.

For some feminists, the idea that men may someday disappear has a certain romance. It has become a calling card for geneticist Jennifer A. Marshall Graves of Australian National University, who dismisses the Y as a wimp because most of its genes, including those responsible for sperm production, originate with the X. She has noted that several mammals, including the Armenian mole vole and the Scandinavian wood lemming, have shown a species can survive without a

male chromosome. “The rodents are leading us into the new era of Y-less existence,” Graves declares, and in fact a few fully functional men have been discovered who are XX with no apparent SRY. The notion that humankind can survive without the Y has also inspired columnist Maureen Dowd, who makes it the centerpiece of her book *Are Men Necessary?* “Now that we don’t need men to reproduce and refinance, the question is, Will we keep you around?” Dowd asked during an appearance on CNN. The answer is yes, she said, but “you’ll be more ornamental.”

Dr. David Page, a professor of genetics at MIT, has been studying the Y for more than 25 years. It has never been a popular area of genomics—decoding the repetitive DNA inside the chromosome is complicated and time-consuming. (Page likens the process to comparing two aerial views of Manhattan that vary only in the placement of a few fire hydrants and mailboxes.) A slim, gregarious 50-year-old, Page says he is at peace with the fact that his own Y will not survive—he has three teenage daughters—but admits he recently brought home a male puppy. Only later does one of the scientists in his lab at the Whitehead Institute for Biomedical Research reveal that the dog will be neutered the following week and that Page had assigned her to retrieve its testicles in the event he decides to decode the canine Y.

When Jennifer Graves’s name comes up in conversation, Page seems more bemused than impatient with her conviction that the Y is doomed, although in the past he has dismissed many of her assertions on the topic as “rhetoric and theory unburdened by experimental data.” To summarize her view that the Y began millions of years ago with as many genes as the X but will eventually die off, he draws a graph on the board in his office at Whitehead, with the line representing the Y continuing downward like a crippled fighter plane crashing into the sea. “But what if,” he asks, “the line goes this way”—he curves his marker gently to the right so the line levels out—“and stabilizes?” That is precisely what his research indicates is happening. After comparing Buffalo Man’s Y with that of a chimp, Page and his team found that four genes on the chimp Y have mutations that make them inactive, while the same genes in the human Y are going strong. This suggests that our Y has held steady for at least the past 6 million years, ever since chimp

and man diverged. In other words, Page says, the Y is not falling.

Even so, no one debates the fact that the chromosome has suffered a stunning decline. It has decayed so rapidly that big-screen televisions, football and cigars should probably not exist. Much of its shrinkage can be attributed to how the Y exchanges DNA with the X during the making of a sperm cell. In a complex process called meiosis, the 23 pairs of chromosomes inside each germ cell exchange DNA with their partners and then are rather violently separated, giving you a newly minted sperm carrying 23 individual chromosomes and a unique mix of paternal and maternal genes. The problem is that when the X and Y come together during their initial meetings, they can swap genes only at their tips. Otherwise the testicle-making SRY gene would jump to the X, making everyone male. (Fun for a weekend, yes, but we’d get lonely.) Over hundreds of millions of years, this limited exchange has caused most of the Y’s genes to disappear. So what has slowed the process? Faced with annihilation, the Y learned to fuck itself. Within each Y is a DNA strand that consists of eight palindromes—sequences that are identical whether read forward or backward. By folding into the shape of a hairpin, the strand can replace damaged genes in one section with healthy genes from another, without involving the X.

This clever adaptation has kept men around, but it hasn’t solved every problem. For instance, 60 genes that control sperm production are inconveniently located on the tips that recombine with the X, meaning they are sometimes lost, which is a major cause of male infertility. And the fact that the Y largely keeps to itself means it can’t serve as a backup. The only way a woman suffers an X-related genetic disorder is if she inherits the same bad gene from both parents. But if a gene on a man’s X is broken, he’s screwed. This is why more males suffer from such X-linked disorders as color blindness, hemophilia, Duchenne muscular dystrophy and fragile-X retardation. There are at least 307 X-linked disorders, and each occurs more often in men. On the bright side, the male X provides a gold mine of genetic data for researchers hoping to eradicate disease.

Men and women both inherit an X from their mother, the Y doesn’t do much besides make testicles, and women’s second X is thought to be largely inactive, so biologists have long insisted that the genders are not very different. However, in 2005 two scientists discovered as many as 300 active genes on the “dormant” female X. Combined with the fact that the Y has more genes than thought, this means men differ more from women genetically than humans do from chimps. It also means men and women are hundreds of times



Get a Real Bowflex® Body for Just \$20 a Month!*

Introducing the NEW Bowflex Xtreme® SE Home Gym

The new Bowflex Xtreme® SE home gym is built to provide fast and easy total body results right in your own home. Compact enough to fit any workout space, it performs over 65 gym-quality exercises – as many as an entire health club filled with machines. **All this for just \$20 a month*** – less than half the monthly dues of a typical gym membership!

BRING HOME REAL BOWFLEX® QUALITY

Over 1 million Bowflex® customers know that nothing else compares to Genuine Bowflex® Power Rod® Technology for professional-level performance and proven results.

Call (800) 952-7093 today!

LOOK AT ALL YOU GET:

- ALL NEW Advanced Ab Station with Built-In Lumbar Support for Increased Comfort
- Built-in Lat Tower and Squat Station
- Adjustable Upright Seating and Upper & Lower Pulleys
- 7-Year Limited Warranty
- No-Time-Limit Power Rod® Warranty
- 100% Satisfaction Guarantee†
- Leg Attachment Included



The Bowflex Xtreme® SE Home Gym with New Advanced Ab Station

RESULTS YOU CAN SEE IN JUST 6 WEEKS – GUARANTEED!†

Just 20 minutes a day, 3 days a week is all it takes to get a sculpted chest, chiseled abs, and powerful arms & legs...*in as little as 6 weeks*. Best of all, results are guaranteed – or your money back (less shipping and handling) – with our 100% Satisfaction Guarantee!†



Before
251 lbs.



After 6 weeks
210 lbs.

Alex Bejarano lost **41** pounds in just **6** weeks!†



BOWFLEX

Be Strong. Be Fit. Be Bowflex.

CALL 800.952.7093

www.BowflexWeb.com

ORDER NOW and pay just \$20/month! **PLUS** get a **FREE Machine Mat!** You save \$99!

Not ready to order? Request a **FREE** information-kit DVD today.



CALL 800.952.7093 or order online at www.BowflexWeb.com

*On approved Bowflex® credit card purchases. The advertised payment is based on a promotional minimum payment of 1.5% of purchase price. The amount of your total Minimum Monthly Payment will depend on additional purchases and account balances. See Cardholder Agreement and Disclosure Statement for details. †100% Satisfaction Guarantee includes full refund of purchase price, less shipping and handling. Call for complete details. ‡Individual results may vary. Participants' results based on using the Bowflex® home gym and the "Fast Fat Loss Now" program included in the owner's manual. ©2006 Nautilus, Inc. All rights reserved. Bowflex, the Bowflex logo, Bowflex Xtreme, and Power Rod are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Nautilus, Inc. BFXMG0565 0207PLAYBYPULLD

further apart than any two races. Thus a white man is closer genetically to a black man than to his wife. Finally, it suggests that gender differences thought to be hormonal—how we see the world, how we behave, how we look, our susceptibility to disease—may be influenced more by genetics.

TRACING THE Y

The fact that the Y chromosome remains largely unchanged when passed from father to son interests geneticists and genealogists. Doug Mumma, a retired physicist from Livermore, California, has traced his family tree the traditional way, by collecting names and dates, and, as a technological pioneer, by collecting cheek swabs from 76 men (so far) who share his surname. After having the samples analyzed, he was able to assign most of the

contributors to one of three immigrants who came to the U.S. between 1731 and 1748, and he also learned that these three were closely related but probably not brothers. This is an important discovery if you are a Mumma. In a more formal study, Oxford geneticist Bryan Sykes collected samples from 48 British men also named Sykes. Most shared his Y, revealing that the same man who had taken the name Sykes centuries before had begotten each of them. The variation in the rest of the samples derived from different Sykes ancestors or a known or unrealized adoption of another man's son, which Sykes estimates to occur in 1.3 percent of cases in each generation. Sykes has since repeated his experiment with hundreds of other British families and found that most men who share a surname also share a Y.

Scientists have mapped other, more notorious lineages. In 2002 geneticists completed a 10-year study that involved analyzing the Y chromosomes of 2,123 men from 16 diverse populations now living in the former stomping grounds of Genghis Khan. They concluded that about eight percent of the men in Asia—and a total of 16 million men worldwide—are likely descendents of the Khan, who lived in the 12th and 13th centuries and was known for conquering an area, killing the males and raping the most desirable females. Genghis Khan's eldest son had at least 40 sons of his own; a grandson in China (Kublai Khan) had at least 22. "My guess is the Y of most living men has spent at least one generation inside the testes of a warlord," says Sykes.

On a broader scale, a team led by Michael Hammer of the University of Arizona has organized the world's Ys into 18 types, known as haplogroups, based on mutations that have remained stable for tens of thousands of years. Theoretically, all these assorted Ys originate with a genetic Adam—not the first male but the one whose Y survived. Hammer believes that this Adam lived in Africa about 100,000 years ago and that his closest relations reside today in southern Africa, as well as Sudan and Ethiopia, suggesting the earliest humans moved north along the eastern rift of the continent.

Companies such as Family Tree DNA, where Hammer consults, and Oxford Ancestors, founded by Sykes, have made a business of mapping Ys for modern men. The test results, which reveal the haplogroup you belong to and document 10 to 67 more precise DNA markers, can be entered into online databases to locate cousins. Because relatively few Ys have been mapped, a match is a long shot unless others with your surname have started a DNA project. Nevertheless, in 2004 an American teenager used a genetic genealogy service and a bit of detective work to locate the anonymous sperm donor who became his father. The boy paid \$289 to have his Y mapped and entered into Family Tree DNA's database of the mapped Ys of 20,000 other men. Within nine months he was contacted by two men with Ys that closely matched his. The two men did not know each other, but their Ys suggested a 50 percent chance that they had a common father, grandfather or great-grandfather. More important, the men shared the same last name, with slightly different spellings. The boy also knew the donor's date and place of birth, so he used another database to get a list of every male born in the right place at the right time. Only one man on the list had the surname, and 10 days later the boy tracked him down.



"I'm looking for a gift that says, 'I love you and I'm ready for a threesome.'"



SIMON COWELL *(continued from page 48)*

That's the only thing we think about: Will it make money? And not just for us—for the artists as well.

PLAYBOY: Who is your favorite *American Idol* singer?

COWELL: Well, I love Fantasia. And I love Tamyra. In terms of pure quality I love Kelly. I said a few unkind things about her after she refused to allow her songs to be sung on *Idol*, and I stand by that. But Kelly's really one of the top five singers in the world today. This girl is a young Aretha Franklin.

PLAYBOY: Judging from what you said on the show, it's surprising you haven't mentioned Carrie Underwood, who won season four. You told her, "Not only will you win this competition, but you will sell more records than any previous *Idol* winner."

COWELL: I was looking at Carrie purely from a marketing perspective. We needed a nice, cute, blonde middle-American country crossover artist that year, and we got it.

PLAYBOY: So while you judge the contestants, you think about which one can most help the show.

COWELL: Of course. If they're not successful on the back end, there's no point in doing the show. I'm looking for the person who will sell a lot of records, because then the show will have more validity the following year.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean sometimes the best singer doesn't win?

COWELL: I think the American audience has pretty much gotten it right every year. Tamyra was the one instance when I felt disappointed. I would like to have seen her compete with Kelly in the final. It would have been well matched, whereas Kelly versus Justin Guarini was just a ridiculous mismatch.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the movie they did, *From Justin to Kelly*?

COWELL: No, I couldn't bring myself to watch it. I was dead against it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it was made just for money?

COWELL: Yeah, I mean, there was no other reason.

PLAYBOY: Have you been offered any film roles?

COWELL: I did a cameo in *Scary Movie 3* and realized I can't act. The money was good. Normally I'm very confident; I'm in my environment, looking at everybody, going, "Ha ha, you don't know what you're doing." Then I was the one who didn't know what he was doing, and it was just mind-blowingly embarrassing. Any role I'm offered now, forget it. Not interested.

PLAYBOY: You think Clarkson is fantastic, but in your autobiography you say Bob Dylan is earnest and boring. To you, is Clarkson better than Dylan?

COWELL: Do I prefer Kelly Clarkson's music to Bob Dylan's? Yes. I've never bought a Dylan record. A singing poet? It just bores me to tears. And I've got to tell you, if I had 10 Dylans in the final of *American Idol*, we would not be getting 30 million viewers a week.

PLAYBOY: But is the show only about getting 30 million viewers? Isn't there a point when you think, It would be great to discover the next Dylan?

COWELL: I don't believe the Bob Dylans of this world would make *American Idol* a better show—and that's no disrespect to Dylan. Good luck to you; you're very talented. Just not my thing.

PLAYBOY: If you went to a club tonight and saw the 21-year-old Dylan singing "Blowin' in the Wind," what would you do?

COWELL: I'd plug my ears and run in the other direction.

PLAYBOY: In 1995 Robson & Jerome, one of the first acts you signed, were a pair of actors who had sung the Righteous Brothers song "Unchained Melody" on a British TV series. You were just looking to cash in quickly on their fame.

COWELL: I knew thousands of people were trying to buy the record, so I put the record out. It was as simple as that. It made a lot of money, they made a lot of money, and we're still friends today. No, we didn't go into it with a 20-year plan.

PLAYBOY: Did you think the Undertaker was going to have a career as a singer when you signed him?

COWELL: Oh God, no. That was just my being a businessman. If you can sell 82,000 stadium seats, chances are you're going to sell a few hundred thousand records alongside that.

PLAYBOY: Lots of other executives would be embarrassed to sign a professional wrestler, the Teletubbies or TV actors. Why are you different?

COWELL: I'm interested only in making money, for myself and the people I work for. I mean, that's absolutely the only criterion I attach. That's it.

PLAYBOY: Your only interest is money?

COWELL: That's the *only* thing we think about: Will it make money? And not just for us—for the artists as well. Let me tell you, artists are as interested in making money as we are. They're not donating their money to charity, trust me.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with all your money?

COWELL: Mainly buy houses. I have four. I love houses.

PLAYBOY: Are you extravagant? Is that T-shirt particularly expensive?

COWELL: No, it was probably \$100. The jeans were probably \$200. My extrava-

gances in life are cars and houses. I take only one vacation a year.

PLAYBOY: Okay, we know a guy who's a murderer. And this murderer has a pretty decent singing voice....

COWELL: [Laughs] No!

PLAYBOY: But you thought about it for a second.

COWELL: No, I didn't! I was laughing at the question. No, I'm not interested in signing murderers. Other people sign murderers.

PLAYBOY: Who signs murderers?

COWELL: I think a lot of rap acts have murdered people.

PLAYBOY: What if a murderer could make you lots of money?

COWELL: Look, the truth is I don't need to do that.

PLAYBOY: Okay, today you're incredibly rich. But imagine this—

COWELL: You haven't forgotten about the murderer, have you? You're not going to let this one go.

PLAYBOY: It's 1994. You haven't had a hit record yet. You have the chance to sign a murderer with a nice voice. Do you sign him?

COWELL: Manslaughter I may consider. Murder I think I'd have to say no. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: What was your reputation in the mid-1990s, when you began having hits?

COWELL: People thought I was stupid for signing the music rights to the Power Rangers and the World Wrestling Federation. I was a laughingstock.

PLAYBOY: Did you mind that you were a laughingstock?

COWELL: Oh, I couldn't have cared less. I was learning the business. If I could put a Power Rangers record on the charts, I must have been good.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the history of *Idol*. You guys had a terrible time selling the show in the U.S., didn't you?

COWELL: We sold *Pop Idol* to the U.K. on one meeting, which is rare. The meeting lasted 20 or 30 minutes, and within two minutes we'd made the pitch and were told yes immediately. It was that easy. When the show was in production, we thought it was the right time to do the same thing in America. We flew to L.A. and had five or six meetings. I was expecting the same kind of reaction we'd had in the U.K.

PLAYBOY: "Simon, you're a genius!"

COWELL: Well, yes. It was a mistake to have those meetings before the U.K. ratings came in.

PLAYBOY: Even UPN passed on *American Idol*. What worse indignity is there?

COWELL: I thought the whole thing was quite amusing, to be honest with you. Because the meetings were *so* bad, I quite enjoyed the fact that everyone hated the idea so much. I was kind of laughing and sniggering and making the meetings last as long as possible before we'd actually get thrown out.

PLAYBOY: Most of us are hurt by rejection. It doesn't seem to bother you.

COWELL: I'd rather get a positive reaction than a rejection, but it happens. And you just think, Well, you don't know what you're talking about, and I'm right.

PLAYBOY: You've said *Idol* isn't really a music show; it's a soap opera.

COWELL: Yes. You identify with some people on the show, you hate some, and you like some.

PLAYBOY: Every soap opera needs a villain. Who's the villain on *Idol*?

COWELL: Sometimes me, sometimes Paula. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: But mostly...

COWELL: Mostly me. When people first tuned in, what I was saying probably seemed a bit harsh. Hopefully audiences have become more savvy in what they're listening to. I think we've made all of America into music critics. They know about bad pitch and singing sharp or flat. And I think that unless I'm just being gratuitously rude, which occasionally I am, then I'm making a point people agree with. The stats back me up. We've probably had half a million people apply for *American Idol*. And how many careers have we launched off the back of that, true careers? Not many.

PLAYBOY: How many?

COWELL: Two, three maybe. Even with that kind of mass exposure, it's still difficult. All I'm saying on the show is, look, it's really difficult if you're good. It's actually impossible if you're average. So let me allow you to do something with your life that you're good at, rather than give you a stupid comment like "With a few singing lessons everything will turn around." Well, it won't. So I think people understand that I'm sort of being *kind*, actually. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: A case of cruel to be kind?

COWELL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever said anything you regret?

COWELL: Yeah, many, many times. But having said that—

PLAYBOY: You'd do it again?

COWELL: [Laughs] You have to go into an audition room and say what's on your mind. Maybe when you watch it later you're in a good mood, but at the audition you were in a bad mood, so you go, "Oh God, I went a bit too far." Or the backstory comes into the equation, which you don't hear in the audition—the singer's dog died yesterday, he walks in and you're really dismissive.

PLAYBOY: Do you look at contestants and think, Oh, you poor shmuck?

COWELL: Yeah, I think that a lot. I mean, the odds are just appalling. I'm actually quite happy when a 17-year-old walks in and sings badly, I tell them they sing badly, and they go, "Thank you for saving me from a lifetime of pain." No problem—shake my hand! Enjoy your life.

PLAYBOY: Are you playing a character on the show?

COWELL: I wouldn't say that. If you ask my friends if the person on TV is who they know in real life, most would say I'm exactly like that.

PLAYBOY: So far you've been pretty nice to us. Where's the sarcasm?

COWELL: Well, you haven't asked me to judge you, really.

PLAYBOY: Okay, then, how are the questions so far?

COWELL: Interesting. And strange—not many people have asked me if I'd sign a murderer.

PLAYBOY: You realize the show's more interesting if you play the villain.

COWELL: On TV I feel a sense of freedom to be more unpleasant than I would be in a social environment. I can't bear political correctness. I absolutely loathe it. I sort of feel I'm in this brilliant PC-free

zone for a while, where I can be more real and say what people normally say. There's no script and no rehearsals; all I have to do is play it for real. And if occasionally I go, "I've got nothing to say," I'm still paid to say that.

PLAYBOY: You're known for wearing black T-shirts. Do you genuinely like them, or have they become a trademark?

COWELL: I think the black T-shirt thing has to go. I saw myself wearing a tight black T-shirt recently and thought I looked ridiculous. I'm too old for that.

PLAYBOY: *The New York Times* reported you earn more than \$30 million a year from Fox. Is that too high, too low or about right?

COWELL: I have a confidentiality agreement, so I cannot discuss that. Seriously, I would love to tell you, but I can't.

PLAYBOY: If it's more than \$30 million, tap your foot twice.

COWELL: I'm smiling. It was a good deal.

PLAYBOY: And you work on the show only for an hour and a half a week.

COWELL: Yes, when the show goes live, it's an hour and a half of screen time.

PLAYBOY: It's not an arduous job, is it?

COWELL: No, it's not.

PLAYBOY: The past season was pretty controversial. You made some comments about performers' weight and sexuality.

COWELL: Whose?

PLAYBOY: You don't remember saying about Mandisa, "Do we have a bigger stage?"

COWELL: Oh *that*. That was a bit controversial, yeah. I'm not excusing what I said, but she had left the room. I was being a smartass, and it was picked up on camera. Under normal circumstances that would not be in the show. I was uncomfortable about it.

PLAYBOY: How about the Charles Barry comment?

COWELL: Who's he?

PLAYBOY: The guy you said should shave his beard and wear a dress.

COWELL: Oh him. I thought that was a good comment.

PLAYBOY: You don't think you were baiting him and implying he was gay?

COWELL: No! Look, in my view, he was gay. Who cares? He would probably make more money singing in drag clubs than trying to be an R&B singer.

PLAYBOY: Ah, so you were suggesting a career path for him. You were being helpful yet again.

COWELL: Yes, I was. I thought so. He didn't. I don't think there was too much controversy about that. I know the Mandisa thing caused problems. Let's put it this way: I wouldn't have booked myself on *The View* the week after that.

PLAYBOY: What about the night you said Ryan Seacrest's favorite song is "It's Raining Men," implying he's gay?

COWELL: This is continual. We just wind each other up. He's one of my best friends.

PLAYBOY: Can you understand why some people were offended that you would call someone gay as a way of insulting him?



COWELL: Not really, no. It's more a personal thing with Ryan, rather than saying all gay people are bad. You know, most of my friends in the world are gay, and they certainly wouldn't have taken offense at that.

PLAYBOY: Most of your friends are gay?

COWELL: I work in music and TV. [laughs] One or two gay people work in these businesses.

PLAYBOY: Did the producers tell you to knock off the gay jokes this past season?

COWELL: No. In the first season I made a similar remark, and Ryan came back with a comment along the lines of "Yes, and your favorite club is the Manhole." That's when someone from Fox stepped in and said, "Okay, guys, enough. Calm it down a bit."

PLAYBOY: When did you last see Paula Abdul?

COWELL: Oh gosh. Two months ago? She guested on *The X Factor*.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised she agreed?

COWELL: A little bit, yeah.

PLAYBOY: When there is no business to conduct, do you speak to her?

COWELL: Not very often. I consider her a friend. I try to look out for her. She doesn't always think I do, but I do.

PLAYBOY: Why does she need looking after?

COWELL: Everyone needs looking after. I need looking after. Randy Jackson needs looking after. Ryan needs looking after.

PLAYBOY: That's a little bit of a dodge.

COWELL: Paula is a single girl, she's

an emotional girl, and things get to be too much sometimes. You need someone you can talk to.

PLAYBOY: Well, she has said of you, "He's a pussycat. We are great friends."

COWELL: I think it depends on when you ask her that question. I think in good times I am the nicest person in the world. In bad times I am the devil.

PLAYBOY: For instance, you've said, "I actually can't stand her."

COWELL: At times I can't. You're asking me on a good day. Maybe in three weeks it will be a bad day.

PLAYBOY: It's a good day because you haven't seen her in two months.

COWELL: Maybe, yeah. [laughs] We have

a very volatile relationship. I mean one minute we're like Siamese twins, and then we're Tom and Jerry.

PLAYBOY: Is it sexual chemistry?

COWELL: I don't think so, but maybe.

PLAYBOY: Are you attracted to her?

COWELL: Sometimes I am, yeah.

PLAYBOY: People say it's an act, you and Abdul.

COWELL: If you were observing us over a two-week period, you'd see it's certainly not an act. There's no premeditation in any part of this show.

PLAYBOY: One contestant, Corey Clark, claimed he had an affair with her. Do you think there's any validity to that?

COWELL: No, I'm 100 percent certain it's not true, because I would have

thought they were being obnoxious, trying to belittle me. I felt uncomfortable. It was like, "I don't need to listen to this. I'm bored of you two. If you guys have the answers, you judge the show without me." So I went home.

PLAYBOY: Was it a case of not liking a taste of your own medicine?

COWELL: No, if it had been more confrontational, I could have dealt with it. It was more like sniping.

PLAYBOY: Were they nicer the next day?

COWELL: I spoke to Randy that night, and it was fine. Randy and I are very good friends.

PLAYBOY: When you're taping, Seacrest, Jackson and you go out once a week.

COWELL: We've done that since we started. We enjoy one another's company. We'll go from a restaurant to a bar or club, whatever.

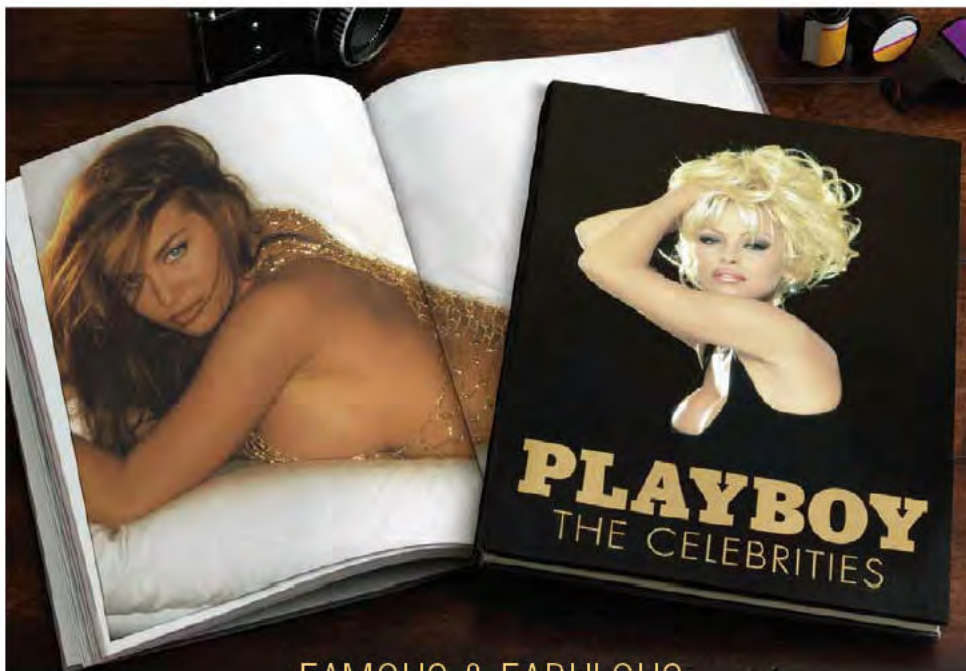
PLAYBOY: The kind of bar or club where women dance naked?

COWELL: [Laughs] We've done that once or twice.

PLAYBOY: Do you get good treatment at strip clubs now?

COWELL: Fantastic, brilliant. What sealed the friendship between the three of us was going to a Hugh Hefner party at the Playboy Mansion for the first time. It was incredible; it really was. The best parties in the world, bar none. They're every guy's fantasy: 1,500 girls in lingerie who like you. That's how life should be.

Sometimes you have to attend a party and you escape after an hour. With this one Randy, Ryan and I were like, "Two days to go!"



FAMOUS & FABULOUS

NEW! From Marilyn Monroe to Cindy Crawford, Linda Evans to Farrah Fawcett, PLAYBOY has celebrated the sensuality (and even launched a few careers) of celebrities for more than 50 years. Here, in all their glory, are more than 150 breathtaking photographs of the magazine's most famous heavenly bodies. Supermodels (Naomi Campbell, Stephanie Seymour), Playmates (Jenny McCarthy, Pamela Anderson), rockers (Debbie Harry) and many more reveal all, posing for equally renowned photographers such as Herb Ritts and David LaChapelle. Featuring an introduction by Hugh Hefner and an afterword by Gary Cole, PLAYBOY's Director of Photography for the past 30 years. Hardcover. 9" x 12", 176 pages. 12104 *Playboy: The Celebrities Book*. \$40

FREE standard shipping and handling on first U.S. order. Enter or mention source code MG676 during payment!

ORDER TODAY! Visit playboystore.com Call 800-423-9494

Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%. (*NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.)

Call the toll-free number to request a Playboy catalog. (Canadian orders accepted.) We accept most major credit cards.

©2007 Playboy

known about it. You can't keep that kind of thing a secret.

PLAYBOY: Are you a little bit of a sadist?

COWELL: A little, yeah. I find other people's misfortunes amusing, for sure; I'm not going to lie. When people come on my show and are absolutely dreadful and think they're fantastic, there's something interesting about the whole process.

PLAYBOY: That's slightly cruel.

COWELL: It is, yes, I know. But it completely fascinates me. Strange people fascinate me.

PLAYBOY: Why did you walk off the show this past season?

COWELL: I walked off an episode, yeah. I'd had enough of Paula and Randy. I

"One day to go!" "One hour to go!"

PLAYBOY: Why isn't Abdul invited on your nights out?

COWELL: It would be like your little sister wanting to come out when you're 17. She's not invited.

PLAYBOY: What if she wanted to get onstage and grab the pole?

COWELL: She'd be more than welcome. We'd even pay her.

PLAYBOY: We notice you don't have a computer in your office.

COWELL: I don't know how to work a computer, and I do not want to know. I wouldn't know how to work an MP3—what do you call them? An iPod. I wouldn't know how to work one.

PLAYBOY: It's shocking that you don't have an iPod. We assume people who don't have iPods don't love music.

COWELL: Maybe that's what it is.

PLAYBOY: You don't love music?

COWELL: I love it at times. But if you work at a fish-and-chips shop, it's unlikely you're going to eat fish and chips at night. The idea of sitting in an audition room for 14 hours, listening to people murder Stevie Wonder songs, and then putting on my iPod so I can listen to more music—it's like, No! I can't do it!

PLAYBOY: Could you go a month without listening to music?

COWELL: Easily. I go weeks and weeks without listening to music for pleasure. But I could go only two or three days without watching TV. Guys reach a point in our lives when we prefer TV to music. I have six TVs in my London house, including a little one in the bathroom. It's my favorite time for watching TV.

PLAYBOY: It's often written that your father was in the music business, but that's not actually true.

COWELL: Not really. He was on the board of directors at EMI, but the company had a record business, a publishing business, retail stores, cinemas and the property division. He ran the property division.

PLAYBOY: Would it be fair to say you grew up rich?

COWELL: Maybe at one point we would have been perceived as rich. I would describe it as comfortably well-off.

PLAYBOY: What sort of a man was your dad?

COWELL: I'd describe him as a realist. He didn't say a hell of a lot; he wasn't the biggest talker. Very good sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Are you like him?

COWELL: I definitely talk more than he does. I probably take after my mum more than my dad.

PLAYBOY: You have a photo of your mother on your desk, and you're still very close. She even helped you get your first job, in the mail room at EMI Publishing.

COWELL: Yes, she did. I was working in a film studio as a runner. When the contract came up she saw an advertisement for a job in the mail room. She filled in the application form.

PLAYBOY: Are you a bit of a mama's boy?

COWELL: I wouldn't describe myself as a mama's boy, but I have a more open mind about how you should include your parents in your social life. I think the best family occasions have grandchildren to grandparents and everyone in between, all in one place.

PLAYBOY: You went bankrupt when you

were 30 and moved back in with your parents. Were you embarrassed?

COWELL: No, I found the whole thing quite a relief. Everything went—my house, my Porsche, all the things I thought were important. I had nice food every night at home. I was quite happy, really. I didn't feel the slightest bit embarrassed that I was living with my parents, had no money and my car was worth £7,000. Couldn't have cared less.

PLAYBOY: You were just as confident.

COWELL: In a weird way, even more so because I thought, I've learned a lesson. It was my own fault; get on with it.

PLAYBOY: It seems you were a bit of a brat as a child.

COWELL: I was attracted to things I shouldn't have been attracted to—smoking, drinking, not going to school. I got bored very quickly. I didn't like the discipline, didn't like the rules.

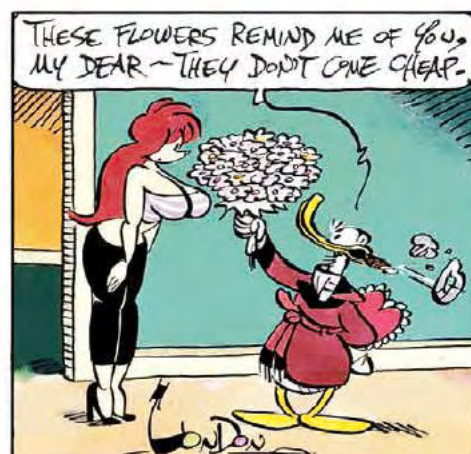
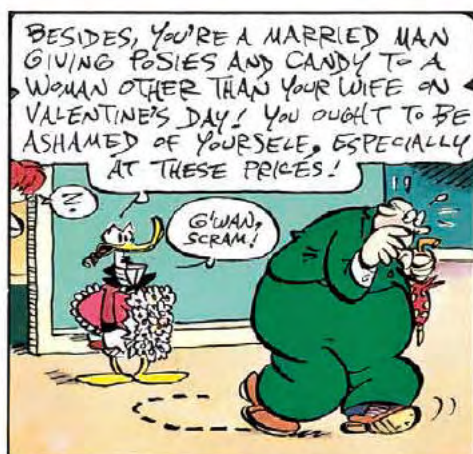
PLAYBOY: Have you changed much?

COWELL: A little. I understand about rules. I still don't like them.

PLAYBOY: Your personality has more American attributes than British ones: optimism, determination.

COWELL: Possibly. I've never been shy about saying why I do what I do: I do it for the money. Here in England they think that's crass or vulgar. But the truth

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



is, 99 out of 100 people do it for the same reason; they just don't admit it.

PLAYBOY: You're also confrontational, which isn't very British.

COWELL: I can't bear icy politeness. My only awkward business relationships are with people who don't express the anger they feel toward me or the resentment or jealousy. Even though it's difficult sometimes, it's better to be open and honest. You call someone an asshole, he calls you an asshole, whatever.

PLAYBOY: And if someone calls you an asshole, you're not bothered by it.

COWELL: I don't lose sleep over it. I'm not in the liking Simon business. It's not what I do.

PLAYBOY: Actually you may be in the disliking Simon business.

COWELL: I'm in the reality business. At this stage it's not important whether people like or dislike me. I'm more interested in whether they're listening to me.

PLAYBOY: You don't have a frail constitution or tender ego.

COWELL: I'm not fragile, no. Everyone thinks I must be very egotistical to do what I do, and maybe I am. But I'm quite happy for people to poke fun at me. Certainly in a lot of the shows I'm involved with I have the ability to stop myself from looking ridiculous, but if I think it's the right thing for the show, I'm happy to keep that in.

PLAYBOY: In 2004 you created a show called *The X Factor* in the U.K. Your *American Idol* partner, Simon Fuller, sued you, claiming the show was an imitation of *Pop Idol*. So here's a theory: You started *X Factor* in order to have more leverage in your negotiations with Fuller about *American Idol* income.

COWELL: It was a lot to do with that, yeah. There were reasons, which I won't go into, for which I did have to give myself more leverage. So I took a risk, which was, Can I make a show as successful as *Idol*? The downside was that if it failed, then I'd have had nothing to do with the success of *Idol*. The upside was that if I could make another show as successful as *Idol*, I'd be in quite a strong position.

PLAYBOY: Your contract to appear on *Idol* had expired, right?

COWELL: It was up. I didn't have the record rights beyond four years. I made it very clear that unless I have the record rights I'm not doing the show.

PLAYBOY: So you threatened Fuller a little.

COWELL: No, I didn't threaten him. I just thought, I've got to even things up. It wasn't a threat.

PLAYBOY: The lawsuit was settled out of court. What did you gain in the agreement?

COWELL: We both got disarmament, I guess. I got the record rights, going forward, and he got from me a commitment to continue to do *Idol* and not put *X Factor* on in America. So we both came out a bit happy.

PLAYBOY: Did a harsh word ever pass between the two of you?

COWELL: Not really.

PLAYBOY: "Not really" isn't quite the same thing as "no."

COWELL: I was a bit bothered when his lawsuit said I'd stolen, because I don't steal. Other than that I slept very well.

PLAYBOY: So if you didn't steal, what did you do? Borrow? Reinterpret?

COWELL: I just did my own version of a talent show, in the same way we did our version with *Idol*. No one can own talent shows.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're signed for another five years, make a prediction: How long will *American Idol* last?

COWELL: God, I wouldn't have a clue. If everyone continues to get on well, we could do it for another 10 years.

PLAYBOY: Will *Idol* outlive us all?

COWELL: A few years ago I said to Fox, "Because you've scheduled us only once a year, maybe you have the musical Super Bowl." It's a big annual event you look forward to for two to three months before its return. It's not on all the time, so people may not get bored with it.

PLAYBOY: You have several other shows that have been on the air in the U.S. recently: *Celebrity Duets*, *American Inventor* and *America's Got Talent*. Aren't all these shows just variations on *Idol*?

COWELL: Not really, no. I've been making TV shows for only three or four years. I'm still trying to learn the business.

PLAYBOY: Did you know you've been memorialized in the song "I Hate You Simon Cowell!" by Nonnie Thompson?

COWELL: I don't know if I've heard that.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to hear it?

COWELL: Oh my God, why not? [*listens to about 30 seconds of the song on his stereo*] It's the most boring song I've heard in my life. [*listens to another 20 seconds*] It's terrible. Can I take it off?

PLAYBOY: You're not curious to hear the rest?

COWELL: Absolutely not. Awful. Awful. Embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: Your girlfriend is Terri Seymour, a reporter on the TV show *Extra*. What attracted you to her?

COWELL: There's something I call the daytime test. If you take a girl out at night, it's a breeze. You can drink; it's dark. The daytime is a whole new area. She passed the daytime test.

PLAYBOY: How long have you been with her?

COWELL: Four years. It's my longest relationship, by a mile.

PLAYBOY: Usually people who come from a happy family want to get married and have kids. Why not you?

COWELL: I don't know, actually. It all feels a bit grown-up, doesn't it? I don't think I would be great marriage material. I don't think I'm that reliable.

PLAYBOY: Are you faithful? The British tabloids reported last summer that you were having an affair with a 21-year-old, who had been photographed leaving your house in the early morning hours.

COWELL: No, I don't want to discuss

Cupid's Adventure Gift Set



GIFT INCLUDES:

- Liberator® Wedge/Ramp™ Combo
 - Red Liberator® LoveBlind
 - Plur® Bodyglide (30 mL)
 - Gifts from TROJAN® and Elexa®
 - The Art of Lovemaking DVD
 - Heart-shaped pasties by Nipples®
 - 100-page position guide
 - Peppermint body scrub by LaLicious
 - Red satin toy case
- All gift-wrapped with romantic flair

from \$199

liberator.com
1.866.542.7283

LIBERATOR®
BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR

Aria Giovanni modeling
"Cherry Bomb" from our
new line of latex couture

TROJAN® Vibrating Ring
from the makers of
TROJAN® Brand condoms.

TROJAN® Vibrating Ring is not available for sale in AL, CO, GA, KS, LA, MS, TX, or VA.

that. I've never spoken about tabloid stories, all that kind of stuff. I don't want to go there.

PLAYBOY: Okay. Seymour has said, "Women are just desperate to get near him."

COWELL: Maybe one or two, not many.

PLAYBOY: In the course of the show, have you been propositioned?

COWELL: Probably, yes, while we're on the road, doing auditions. Funny enough, it's usually a mother rather than a contestant.

PLAYBOY: What does that prove?

COWELL: It proves I'm getting on a bit, that's what it proves. *[laughs]*

PLAYBOY: Don't pretend you don't recall the details. What happened?

COWELL: One mother from an early season made it quite clear what was on offer. I can't remember the city, but she collared me in the corridor and said, "I'd like to do this, this and this." And she was attractive.

PLAYBOY: Let's say you had a free pass to sleep with any contestant from the show. Who would it be?

COWELL: I don't think any of them have been that cute. The only one I had a crush on wasn't a contestant; she was a contestant's auntie. Which sounds odd, I know. But if you met the auntie, you'd understand. It was—Christ, what's her

name? Season one, dark hair, spoke back to me, wasn't that good a singer. Ryan Starr was her name. Anyway, her auntie turned up. "Who the hell is *that*?"

PLAYBOY: No sexual interest in Carrie Underwood?

COWELL: No.

PLAYBOY: Fantasia?

COWELL: No, no, no, no, no.

PLAYBOY: Clay Aiken?

COWELL: Give me a break. With one or two of them you think, You're cute. But I can't say any of them is my type. I like them older and a bit more vampy. If you saw Ryan Starr's auntie, that is much more my type.

PLAYBOY: Before Seymour you dated some strippers. What's the appeal?

COWELL: Well, who wouldn't want to date a stripper? I mean, this is a girl who's comfortable taking her clothes off in public. Fantastic.

PLAYBOY: There is the jealousy factor. While you're at a movie, she's dancing naked in front of a bunch of guys.

COWELL: Number one, it wouldn't bother me. Number two, I don't think I've had long relationships with strippers. I think we've had flings—that's probably a better way to describe them.

PLAYBOY: If we tested you, what drugs would we find?

COWELL: Imitrex, which I take for migraines.

PLAYBOY: That's it? You've never even smoked pot?

COWELL: Once at a party years ago, but I didn't like it. I don't drink a lot. I smoke too many cigarettes, but that's my one big vice. I like to be in control.

PLAYBOY: Any interest in giving up cigarettes?

COWELL: I am loving this right now. *[exhales smoke]* Loving it. By banning smoking, they've made it worse for everybody. Now when you fly you're in a sealed germ tube. They used to suck the smoke out and pump fresh air in.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a germ phobia?

COWELL: A little bit, yes. On a plane, you've got 300 people around you for 11 hours. It's like, Oh Christ, this is not good.

PLAYBOY: Would you wear a mask during a flight?

COWELL: I would be quite happy to wear a mask. In fact, I bought one once. Then I thought, I'm turning into Michael Jackson.

PLAYBOY: Where do the migraines come from?

COWELL: From stress, not eating or sleeping properly, those kinds of things.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible you have migraines for other reasons? Are there things in your life you're not happy about?

COWELL: I'm quite happy at the moment, but every hour I go through some sort of anguish. Usually over failure—things don't meet your expectations, they don't do as well as you want, other people do better than you. All that stuff bothers me.

PLAYBOY: Have you had plastic surgery?

COWELL: No.

PLAYBOY: That's an honest answer? You haven't done anything?

COWELL: I have veneers on my teeth. They were a godsend. I had Botox three years ago. Everyone tried it when it first came out. People ask if I dye my hair. No. Have I had plastic surgery? No.

PLAYBOY: In 2002 you were voted one of the sexiest men alive by *People* magazine.

COWELL: I wasn't.

PLAYBOY: You were. You got no enjoyment out of seeing yourself in the same pages as Brad Pitt?

COWELL: I got one major piece of enjoyment.

PLAYBOY: What was that?

COWELL: Ryan Seacrest wasn't chosen. *[laughs]* Which I loved. That gave me total pleasure.

PLAYBOY: How did you make sure he saw a copy of the magazine?

COWELL: Oh, there must have been at least 20 copies in my dressing room. And he was very quickly invited in. I had copies of the magazine everywhere.



"You surprise me, Doctor. I thought you were only an ear, nose and throat man."



EAT FREE FOR A WEEK!

That's **7** breakfasts,
7 lunches, **7** dinners,
and **7** desserts
ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Take the work out of weight loss with NutriSystem!

Forget the fad diets—you can eat carbs and lose weight! It's what people on NutriSystem are doing thanks to the new NutriSystem® Nourish™ weight loss program.

New scientific breakthrough!

The NutriSystem® Nourish™ program is based on the Glycemic Index. It's the incredible weight loss breakthrough that's low in fat and rich in "good carbs." NutriSystem foods help keep your blood sugar levels stable, so you can eat what you love and lose weight safely and sensibly.



"I'm a grandmother and I love the way I look."

- Cara **after**



CARA LOST 30 lbs.*

All this for about \$10 a day!

breakfast



You eat five times a day to help you feel full longer!

lunch



All meals are perfectly portioned—there's no counting!

snack



NutriSystem foods are rich in "good carbs" so you eat what you love and lose weight!

dinner



Everything is shipped right to your door, ready to heat, eat, and go. Meals prepare in minutes!

dessert



You get to enjoy chocolate, chips, and so many delicious treats!

JULIE LOST 22LBS.*

NACHOLE LOST 70LBS.*



ONE FREE WEEK!

Select the NEW 28-Day Program and get an additional **FREE WEEK OF FOOD!**

Just call **1-888-471-THIN** or visit nutrisystem.com/ad to get started today!

Please use promo code **PB107** to get this offer.

Limit one per customer. Offer good on first 28-Day program only. Cannot be combined with any other current or prior offers or discounts. ©2007 NutriSystem, Inc. All rights reserved.

nutrisystem®

*Results not typical. All other weight loss claims are based on an independent survey of NutriSystem clients who stayed on program for an average of 12 weeks. On NutriSystem, you add-in fresh fruit, vegetables, salads and dairy items.

Bettie Page

(continued from page 108)

Notorious Bettie Page, and the word *notorious* has a bad connotation, but here she was claiming that *notorious* can have a good connotation. I'd like to knock her on her head. I don't want to hear anything about it. I don't go to the movies nowadays. I think most of them are full of cuss words, filthy talk and sex, and I've hated cursing all my life, and God hates it too. I watch my good old movies on TV.

Q12

PLAYBOY: This wasn't your first unhappy experience with Hollywood. Weren't film-studio executives in the 1940s eager to get you on the proverbial casting couch?

PAGE: I resisted it all my life. In New York I got this call from a film producer and went over to his office. He wanted me to star in a Western, and he was telling me all about it. Then he said, "Of course, Bettie, there's one stipulation. You'll have to be nice to me in order to get the part." That's the way they used to put it. I wouldn't do it, but a lot of actresses did. I don't know if it's true or not, but I've heard that even Marilyn Monroe went to bed with one of them at 20th Century Fox in order to get into the movies. If I had wanted to do that, I might have been a movie star in the 1940s, but I didn't care that much about it. For the screen test at Fox, they tried to make me look like Joan Crawford. They didn't like my makeup, and they didn't like my Southern accent. They shaved my eyebrows, put a big wide mouth on me and stuck my hair out on the side. When I saw the screen test I hardly even recognized myself.

Q13

PLAYBOY: But you attracted the interest of other Hollywood studios, right?

PAGE: I went back to San Francisco, and I got a telegram from Warner Bros. asking me to come down for a screen test. They had seen the test from 20th Century Fox and told my agent, "Tell Bettie we'll leave her makeup as it was and we'll get rid of her Southern accent." But you know why I didn't go? It was around the time World War II was ending, and my husband Billy Neal was coming home from fighting the Japanese overseas, and I had to go back to Nashville with him. I didn't even answer the telegram from Warner Bros.

Q14

PLAYBOY: It's interesting to speculate about how differently things might have turned out if both you and Marilyn Monroe had been stars at 20th Century Fox. Did your paths ever cross?

PAGE: No, never, though she was studying at the Actors Studio in New York at the

time I was studying acting with Herbert Berghof just a few streets away. I wasn't trying to be an actress then; I just wanted to prove to myself whether or not I could really act. I used to love to watch Marilyn. I thought she was as cute as a bug's ear, especially in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and she was delightful in *The Seven Year Itch*. I don't think she killed herself at all. I think it was some of the henchmen of old Kennedy.

Q15

PLAYBOY: So many men over the years have gone crazy for you and still do. Have you ever gone crazy for anyone?

PAGE: The love of my life was Carlos Garcia Arrese, from Lima. I met him the second time I went to New York, in 1948. We started dating, and I fell in love with him. He taught me Latin dancing—the rumba, samba and mambo—and I had done only American dancing, like the foxtrot and the waltz. When I met him and we went to Club El Chico in Greenwich Village, a little nightclub he liked, he showed me a picture in his wallet of this pretty blonde and a little boy about a year old. He said they were his sister and her little boy. He had an apartment about 10 blocks from mine, and we started making love. One night, after I had been dating him for about four or five months, all of a sudden somebody knocked on the door. This voice said, "Open up, Carlos. I know she's in there." That wasn't his sister and his sister's little boy at all in the picture; it turned out to be his wife, and she was calling me a home wrecker. I felt like two cents as I was going down the steps, and I said, "He told me that was his sister and his sister's little boy in the picture he has in his wallet." She wasn't even listening to me, and she was about ready to beat me up. I suspect I loved him more than any other man, because I would never have sex with a man without being married to him. But I did with Carlos, and it took me years to get over him. I think I loved him more than the guys I married.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Did you two ever see each other again after that night?

PAGE: I saw him a couple of times, but I didn't feel the same toward him, because he had lied to me. His wife had been up in Albany with her parents and the little boy, and he'd been going up there on weekends. But when he started dating me, he didn't go up there. One night she heard him calling, "Bettina," in his sleep—that's my name in Spanish, you know—and she got suspicious.

Q17

PLAYBOY: As an object of desire for so many, have you had a satisfying sex life?

PAGE: Right now my love life is nil. *N-i-l*. I was married before I even saw a man's penis. I didn't even care about sex for a long time, I think, because of what my

father had done to me and my sisters. I've had an orgasm during intercourse only three times in my life. I used to put on a big act, pretending I was having an orgasm in order to make the man feel good. I didn't have them with Carlos, but I had orgasms with my third husband, Harry Lear, and with a man I had sex with when I went to Haiti in 1947. He was a good-looking guy who worked for Westinghouse. I really fell in love with him. This one time I had sex with him sitting on the floor with my legs spread, and I had an orgasm. I found out later he was married and his wife was getting ready to have a baby.

Q18

PLAYBOY: From the late 1970s to the early 1990s you suffered mental distress and underwent psychiatric treatment and hospitalization for acute schizophrenia after you had been accused of several stabbings. How are you doing these days?

PAGE: I had a nervous breakdown over Harry Lear's ex-wife and their three children, whom I was taking care of. She didn't want me to have them. I was taking tranquilizers back then, but that was some time ago. I think talking to the psychiatrist about all my problems helped a lot.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What are some of the bigger regrets of your life?

PAGE: My biggest regret is that I didn't answer that telegram to be a movie star at Warner Bros. My next-biggest regret is that I got talked into marrying my first husband, Billy Neal, in 1943. See, most Southern girls wanted to get married in a long white dress in a church wedding, and that's what I wanted. But on a Saturday morning—this tells you how much I really didn't want to marry him—I put on a black jersey dress, and you know what they say: "Marry in black, wish you were back." We got on the bus and went to a courthouse 30 miles away, and it was all over in five minutes. I sat there on that bus, thinking, What have I done? I think the devil was coming into my mind. I wasn't a born-again Christian then, hadn't received Christ as my savior way back then. I believed that Jesus had died on the cross and everything, but I didn't know you had to receive him personally as your savior in order to have your sins forgiven. That wedding day was the worst experience of my life.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Do you have anything to say to the men and women all over the world who write you letters, emulate you and buy Bettie Page books and memorabilia?

PAGE: I just don't understand why they look up to me. But I'm very grateful.

Read the 21st Question at playboy.com.



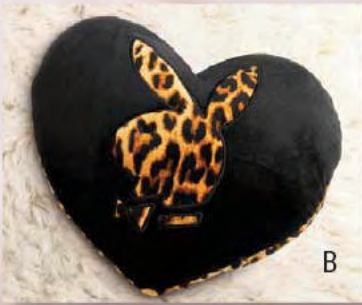
WILD THING

A. **NEW!** Animal attraction. This cami and thong with Rabbit Heads and leopard print are strictly for the wild at heart. S (2-4), M (6-8), L (10-12), XL (14).
 12515 Hot Pink Wild Cami \$32
 12516 Hot Pink Wild Thong \$18

A

B, C. **NEW!** Make any room just a little bit wilder by accessorizing with these leopard-print pieces. Rabbit Head pillow measures 15" x 23" x 4".
 12509 Leopard Heart Pillow \$24
 12510 Leopard Rabbit Head Pillow \$29

D. **NEW!** Sequin-outlined hearts with Rabbit Heads decorate the tops of these fuzzy slippers. S (5-6), M (7-8), L (9-10), XL (11-12).
 12507 Leopard Heart Slippers \$29



B



C



D



FREE standard shipping and handling on first U.S. order. Enter or mention source code **MG700** during payment!

visit playboystore.com • call 800-423-9494

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

PLAYBOYSTORE.COM 

HEARTBREAK

(continued from page 76)

had come out and done pretty well, and I felt an enormous pressure to live up to it. But what I wrote each day seemed to turn to shit overnight and leave me staring at a blank computer screen, wondering what I had gotten myself into. Days went by, and weeks and months, and still nothing broke.

Then one night, at three in the morning, I woke up out of a deep sleep and saw it: another novel, a short one, easy. I saw the whole landscape of the thing and knew how to get from beginning to end. It would be a novel about first love, and—if I didn't dawdle, tarry, screw around or subject myself to excess self-criticism—I could get the thing done and off my desk in nothing flat. I saw it. I knew it, with the kind of clarity that comes only when you're half dreaming.

I set to work the next morning. The rules were these: (a) put the writing first, (b) keep this project a secret, (c) no days off and (d) no revising and no going backward. In a panicky and joyful frenzy I charged forward, ignoring my children, my wife, my students and my pets. I lived with these characters, I dreamed about them, I drove around listening to Led Zeppelin, beating on the steering wheel. And I found her there, the girl, the one who had dumped me.

No, that's not her. No, that's not me. The characters are just characters, smarter in many ways, dumber in others, with different clothes and different ideas and different biographies and desires than we had. But in my relentless charge forward I didn't have time to invent anything except the necessary stuff—the lives of the central characters, the shape of their twining fates—so I borrowed the rest: this friend's car and this friend's basement and this friend's father. And from her, the girl in question, I borrowed a house, part of a mother and a dozen bright moments. Writing is in part remembering, trying to find the place in your own life where the emotion fits; in trying to re-create first love I ended up reliving my own first love.

And it was all there: the good parts and the painful parts, too—walled up in that corner of my brain where I had abandoned these feelings, everything unresolved. The lies and silences were jumbled together with kisses, with chocolate and red wine, with that feeling of walking down the street and having to stop and laugh because you are loved and you are beautiful and bulletproof. These things are mine again, the bright moments and the dark ones—without the suffering, I would never have tried to write this book, would never have tried so hard to understand. All these loose ends and wasted emotions came together in the novel, *Into the Great Wide*

of the time, my favorite. In the end, writing has given me a great gift, one I don't know how I would live without: Writing has given me a use for suffering.

IN THE DOGHOUSE
BY ALEKSANDAR IEMON

The end of a marriage always comes unexpectedly, even if it is a long way in coming. You don't see it coming because the pain and misery have become habitual, part of the grueling daily work of being adult and staying married, for which you foolishly expect to be rewarded. Periods of reasonable calm squeezed between destructive fights are taken to be happiness because you grow to accept not fighting as the goal and purpose of your marital union. You show and recognize love only in the form of trying hard to make up. All that you do is a gesture of either reconciliation or aggression—sometimes, confusingly, both. You never stop building your case against your spouse, ever waiting for an opportunity to lay out the irrefutable evidence that it was not your fault, that you were the one being hurt. It is a never-ending process, restarted and refueled by each furious fight. My marriage ended at the top of the umpteenth fight, unremarkable in and of itself in that it followed a recognizable, well-rehearsed pattern that inescapably ended in fireworks of screaming and smashing objects at hand. It would have been followed by at least a week of horrible guilt for doing everything possible to bereave yourself of love and hurting the other person in the process, but this time, in the middle of it all, I realized I couldn't go on. There was nothing I wanted to say or prove to my wife; nothing was worth a fight any longer; nothing was worth trying. As in a Zen parable, my bottom fell out and in an instant I was emptied of all the anger and love—it was over in less than a minute. That same night I drove my wife, through a torrent of tears, to her mother's and came back to my marriage-empty apartment.

Once marriage ends, what is left is dissolution. I decided to move out and let my ex-wife-to-be back into the apartment, so within a week I started looking for temporary furnished lodgings where I could stay until the mess was sorted out. I was eager to leave what used to be my home, for everything in it reminded me of the marital fiasco. My funds were limited, which meant the places I was hurriedly considering were rather dismal. Each of the dreadful furnished apartments was shown to me by a building manager who despised the people desperate enough to live in such places; each was a door opening directly into the world of thick, gloomy loneliness. One studio available in the fancy Chicago neighborhood known as the Gold Coast looked as though someone had just been brutally killed in it and the management

was considerate enough to whitewash the blood-splattered walls.

After a few days of looking I settled for a studio on the top floor of a three-story building on Chicago's Northwest Side. The landlady—let us call her Mary—lived on the second floor. She was an adoption lawyer; she showed me pictures of happy overlit couples, the babies bewildered by their new destiny in their mothers' adoptive laps. Mary seemed like a nice person, didn't ask too many questions and had no interest in my credit history, so I gallantly wrote her a check on the spot. Check in hand, she said she hoped I didn't mind dogs, for she kept several and was active at a dog shelter. *Oh, I love dogs*, I said. *I used to have a dog myself. I am a dog person*. Mary, I thought, was a generous, embrace woman, the kind who accepted derelicts canine and human. Her place seemed as good as any for my upcoming bouts of self-pity. I went back to my former home, packed a couple of suitcases, loaded them into my car along with my stereo and rode west into the sunset.

One of the few tapes in my car at the time was Hank Williams's *20 Greatest Hits*, and I listened to it almost all the time. The sense of entering a new life can make almost anything seem significant or prophetic, and I could not help imagining myself as a *ramblin' man*—the man old Hank had written the song about—as I drove to Mary's *mansion on the hill*.

The signification haze, however, somehow did not include the overwhelming stench I became aware of a couple of days after moving in. I tried to remember whether I had smelled anything when Mary showed me the studio, but I could recall nothing that had irked my nose, excited by the scent of new pastures. I spent a lot of time trying to parse the stench, as though understanding it would make it bearable. Besides the expectable dog shit and piss, I concluded, there were other ingredients: generic miasma, a touch of rank cat litter (Mary, it turned out, had a couple of cats as well), fetid coffee, a whiff of weak disinfectant. Most dominant was cheap dog food, somehow tucked inside the smell of Crisco, as though she fried it for her puppies.

I thought I could get used to the odor, but in fact it was getting worse by the day. At some point it was so intense that I went to a supermarket on the spur of a particularly stinking moment, willing to splurge on luxurious air fresheners. But I have always been cheap, and slouching toward a divorce made me even cheaper—Air Wicks were on sale, and I bought enough in green apple and honeysuckle to offset the reek of a houseful of rotting cadavers. For a while there was nothing but the sugary scent in my studio, but then the two smells merged. I had never before known anything like the olfactory concoction of the fried dog

food, green apple and honeysuckle, and I hope I never will again.

I met the dogs after a few days. As I was going down the back stairs to the laundry room on the ground floor, I was intercepted by three dogs, all mutts. Two were overweight, with wide hips and dull eyes; the third was small, skinny and manic and was quickly recognized as a humper—indeed he instantly tried to fuck my shin. Mary introduced them to me, and I am afraid I can remember only the name of the biggest one—he was Charlie. On my way back from the laundry room, they followed me, and the moment I stepped into my studio, before the door was even closed, Charlie pissed at my doorstep.

Almost every time I went down to the laundry room I had to slalom between shit piles and piss puddles, only to encounter the dogs. Sometimes the trio would be reinforced with a new mangy mutt Mary's neighbors had dropped off in her backyard, which appeared to serve as a make-shift dog shelter. New mutts came and went, but Charlie, Skinny Fuck (as I liked to call that adorable little creature) and the Third One were a steady lineup.

They, I learned, had distinct, well-defined personalities. Charlie was a leader, Skinny Fuck was a skinny fuck, and the Third One was slow and lazy. It was easy to recognize their individualities as I lay sleepless in bed and they went through their nightly repertoire of howling and barking, their voices commensurate with their temperaments. They would start their nightly recital with a choral piece, often set off by a passing late bus, but after midnight they usually performed solo, in sequence: The Third One kept me awake for a few hours after midnight with a steady, slothful yelp, Skinny Fuck was as enthusiastic about his excitement at two A.M. as he was at any other time, and Charlie covered the early-morning shift, his deep, lazy voice driving me crazy through the dawn, at which time I was prone to fantasizing about canine crucifixion, one at a time.

Charlie, my nemesis, was the reigning male of the house, which he liked to let me know by sniffing me authoritatively every time I walked past him or by defecating disdainfully at my door. Mary mentioned a husband every once in a while, but all the mail was addressed to her and I had never seen or heard any man on the premises. It was hard to imagine anybody—other than Mary and, with the dubious help of green apple and honeysuckle, me—putting up with the fetid air, but the husband was rhetorically and mysteriously present. I wondered about Mary's missing hubby the day I found the front door of her place wide open, Chief Charlie roaming the entrance hallway as though patrolling the borders of his territory. I had never seen the inside of her apartment. Whenever I knocked at her door to deliver the rent check or ask a question, she would just pull it ajar

because, she said, she didn't want to let the dogs out. I was on my way to put in a shift of writing at a fresh-smelling coffee shop, but the open door troubled me. I yelled, *Mary!* from the hallway, reluctant to step in lest Charlie tear at my throat, but there was no response. I could see Skinny Fuck stretching and yawning contentedly on top of a pile of laundry mounted on the sofa. *Mary!* I envisioned Mary's partially devoured body on the kitchen floor. Cautiously I went in, Charlie close at my heels. To the right, there was a bedroom, and from a pillow on the bed the mangy snout of an unknown mutt stared at me disinterestedly. All over the apartment, on every surface, including the floor, there were aged, unfolded laundry, old newspapers and coupons, food wrappings and stuff whose shape and purpose were indeterminable. There were mountains of stuff everywhere, all melted into a mess that would defy any attempt at cleaning. It looked like one of those places that would have to be razed upon the owner's death because they presented a health hazard and could never be cleaned. A body could be hidden anywhere in the apartment and safely rot away, the dogs preferring the fresh cadaver to the fried shit notwithstanding. I ventured deeper into the apartment, closely watched by the sovereign Charlie, who was untroubled by my presence, as if confident that I could easily be neutralized if I found anything compromising in his domain. A couple of cats sat high up on the cabinets, monitoring a cage with two birds. It occurred to me I was single in Noah's ark. The Third One lounged on the floor in the kitchen, where there was a lot more crap—unwashed dishes and Tupperware, more unfolded laun-

dry and things unknown, the stove buried under a heap of pans, the cat litter I could smell but not see. I was steadily retching by this point. I unearthed the mother lode of the stench, but there were no visible bodies, and I did not wish to investigate further. I left Mary's den and went on my way. If there were things to be sniffed out, I was going to let friends and neighbors and the police deal with it.

Driving to the coffee shop, I slid in the Hank Williams tape, and by typically significant coincidence, the song that started playing was "Move It On Over." I had become fully obsessed with the caninity of my new life. I would refer to my place of lodging as the kennel; I would embark upon ecstatic, baffling monologues describing my dog life to my friends, who often asked why I had not moved out—to which I had no answer and still don't. I would much too frequently use phrases like *dog days*, *dog's life*, *going to the dogs*, *doghouse*; I looked up the whole family of canine-related words: *canicide*, *caniculture*, *caninity*, *canivorous*, etc. I could hear a dog bark a mile away. I even found significance in the fact that there was a great hot dog place around the corner from the kennel. It was perfectly natural, then, that I could see myself in "Move It On Over," the song in which Hank comes home at half past 10 to find that his wife has locked him out:

*She changed the lock on my front door.
Now my key, it don't fit no more.*

So he goes to sleep in the doghouse and sings, *Move over, skinny dog, because a fat dog's moving in.* I had been a Hank-like man, fully identifiable in these lines:

*This doghouse here is mighty small,
But it's sure better than no house at all.*



*So ease it on over, drag it on over,
Move over, old dog, because a new dog's
moving in.*

Projecting yourself outward until everything is talking about you is, of course, a self-flattering form of self-pity, something that I had always been prone to and that had, overall, been making me feel better in this situation. I had been so lonesome I could cry; I had got the feeling called the blues; I was a rolling stone all alone and lost in love, just another guy on the lost highway—I had populated many of Hank's songs. I had also been the big, fat, new, mad, tall hot dog—I had felt I was becoming the boss of my life again, even if I was homeless. But the day I entered Mary's place and faced the nightmare of her life, I had an epiphany: I was a loser, a man who was beginning to convince himself that being unmarried, living out of suitcases and choking on green apple and honeysuckle were freedom. In a horrible flash I understood I was more likely to be identified with the other dog in Hank's song, the little, skinny, old, nice, short, good cold dog—in short, I was the bitch. When I returned to my doghouse after a bad day of bad writing, the door of Mary's apartment was closed. I heard her talking to Charlie and his friends as they merrily barked. There was a man's voice too, possibly the husband. Upstairs I clearly saw the negligent lonesomeness that had wreaked havoc upon my life. The filth of my new bachelorhood had accumulated all around the studio: piles of clothes, clusters of food containers, meaningless papers and dog-eared books, gaping suitcases and shaky CD towers; in the kitchen sink, dishes crusted with weeks-old grease; fat flies circling like buzzards over the table that was now home to a nascent ecosystem; in the bathroom, coils of pubic hair in the corners, the toilet bowl sporting a thick, grimy collar. It was clear I had touched the bottom.

Now whenever I listen to Hank Williams I remember my dog days. I lived at Mary's place for three long months, traveling as much as possible. I do not know why I stayed there for such a long time. Perhaps I was too stunted by the instant disintegration of my marriage. Maybe the indescribable combination of fried dog food, green apple and honeysuckle made me too stoned. It could be that I was unconsciously doing penance, expiating my marital sins. Or it was the writer in me who became exhilarated—a bad case of disaster euphoria—with living out a cliché worthy of a Hank Williams song. But perhaps it was because I knew that once you hit the bottom the only way is up. *Move over little dog, because a big dog's moving in.*

THE MEASURE OF LOVE
BY JEANETTE WINTERSON

Why is the measure of love loss?

Humans are measuring creatures. We like six-foot-tall models, hand-size kit-tens, outsize breasts, double helpings, wide roads, narrow escapes, channels,

conduits, skyscrapers, record-breaking biggest, smallest, giga, nano. Planet Earth weighs a yottagram.

Our nightmares are built on blurred-out-of-focus huge or tread-on-me-tiny trial size. We like stories of babies in acorns or giants who shadow the sun.

Love is light-years away, or too close to breathe comfortably. We are either so alone that the universe itself is a mighty stranger, or so near that our pants catch fire.

Like you, I've fallen in love truly madly deeply, and like you, I've woken up one morning not able to count the cost.

Like you, I know what it is like to be wet through with love. To be so soaked in love that no desert day, no solar wind, can dry the skin. After love is gone, there is always the mopping up and wringing out to be done. That's when we start counting: How many buckets? How many mops?

How many cars, bank accounts, school fees, maintenance years is what it often seems to come down to, but that is the kind of fingers-and-toes measure that hides the deeper complexity—perplexity, because it is perplexing to have loved someone so much that you wanted to spend the rest

*The writer in me became
exhilarated with living out
a cliché worthy of a Hank
Williams song. Because
I knew that once you hit
bottom, the only way is up.*

of your life with them, and now the rest of your life will be something else.

The loss is profound, existential. Even if you never want to see the bitch or the bastard again, even if you would rather roll with hyenas than kiss her. Even if you would rather clean out the cesspit than touch him. Even if... If you were in love at all, the thing has measured you as much as you have measured it.

And what is the answer? Bigger, better, stronger? Or weighed in the balance and found wanting?

All the psychobabble nowadays is about get through it, get over it, get on with your life, as though experience were a series of isolated events, connected, if at all, by the inconvenience of memory.

Forget her. Forget him. Forget it. But the deeper layers of the self are not amenable to the fashions of love and sex. The only way to get over someone you have loved is to forgive them.

Why?

When we forgive, all debts are canceled. There is no more to be paid. The maintenance years may go on, but the emotional debt is absolved. Rights and wrongs don't

stack up here. This can't be played as a win-or-lose game.

I know it is played just like that—but forgiveness breaks the rules. Forgiveness is anarchic; it's not some wishy-washy peacemaking. Nelson Mandela said you can forgive or you can forget, but you can't do both.

Forgetting is like getting drunk. Blot it out of the conscious mind and it sinks down where it can do more damage. Forgetting is a lie.

You can forget where you left your car keys, but you can't forget the person you drove home that night, the night you both decided to stay.

Our lives don't fragment in the handy postmodern way of zero responsibility. Life is not bits of colored glass, some dark, some bright. Life has continuity, and continuity brings responsibility. If we can't answer to ourselves, we have to answer to others.

There is always loss—achingly so, when the thing goes wrong—and what is lost for the individual can be returned only through active energy, not the passivity of "let's forget it."

Forgetting is a sleep-state, drug city. Forgiveness is waking up to the real possibilities of a new life—one that includes proper memory of the old life now gone, and one that seeks to repair harm done.

Meeting someone else is not the answer. When we bounce into the next relationship, the first thing we do is start measuring—"This is so much better" may sound like a compliment, but actually it keeps the dead relationship alive. Sooner or later, other comparisons and measurements will muscle in. The old, quaint marriage vow of for richer or poorer, sickness and health, better or worse was a guard against measurement.

"I have lost everything" is commonly heard, and it may be true, and it may be necessary. "Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you've got till it's gone?" Love's losses, like love's gains, are usually on a grand scale. The furniture and the house, yes, but also self-esteem and happiness, and on the reverse side, pain and misery. No one minds losing what they want no longer. The one who is jumping ship is too excited by a rising tide to worry about the cargo left behind.

But whether we go willingly or weeping, the consequences have to be faced. A huge shift has occurred, and no one simply escapes.

Five years ago I left a long relationship—I would call it a marriage—and although I do not regret the leaving, I have lived with the leaving one way or another every day of these past five years. The toy-town timescale of fashion-therapy treats us like clockwork soldiers who need a bit of mending before we get back in line. But in truth, we are slower and need our whole lives to understand anything worth understanding.

Loss in love is not loss as in the stock market. It cannot be calculated by simple numbers. Loss in love makes poor math but good poetry, if you can find it, and I don't mean only in books and plays; I mean in the heart of yourself. Loss is a prompt to find something more, not recouping what has been destroyed but reinventing yourself against the weight of it.

Such an effort, imaginative and sensitive, is what you might have wanted from love in the first place. I thought love might change my world, but I know now that it is better for me to manage that myself, so love can be itself.

TEXAS

BY GARY SHTEYNGART

My strange gentle giant. She was a head taller than me, a great big straw-covered head taller. I could spot her from a kilometer away—this long Texan gal dressed in a tight pink miniskirt and sweaty embroidered T-shirt, stepping off the train in Rome's central station, all around her little Italian men bobbing their heads upward, craning for a look at this impossible blonde in their midst, muttering "Madonna!" and whatnot. And there I was at the other end of the platform, her lover—a short, hairy, overly civilized hamster waiting for his monumental girlfriend to bend down and embrace him and smack him on the lips. After which she would start to cry.

She cried right after I met her, cried when I left her, cried when she stepped in dog shit, cried over the morning's cappuccino, cried over the evening's last espresso, cried, cried, cried. I never knew that a stunning 24-year-old American expatriate, who also happened to be the daughter of a former Miss Texas (or so she said), superbly educated and with several languages under her belt along with Daddy's credit card, could find the world so cruel and distressing a place. But she taught me that suffering came in at least two sizes, hers and mine. She

taught me there was pain even a selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor couldn't cure. A Texas-size pain, if you will.

We were introduced by mutual friends at a steak-and-bean place high in the hills over Florence. She was studying art history in Florence, and I was in Rome, trying to knock another novel into submission. We had 10 drinks the first night we met at a terrible bar near the Piazza Signoria, and she kissed me as a 24-year-old American girl kisses, that is to say slowly and without preconceptions. A short while later she was in Rome, perched over my windowsill, her miniskirt on the dusty marble floor, the Alban Hills shimmering in the distance.

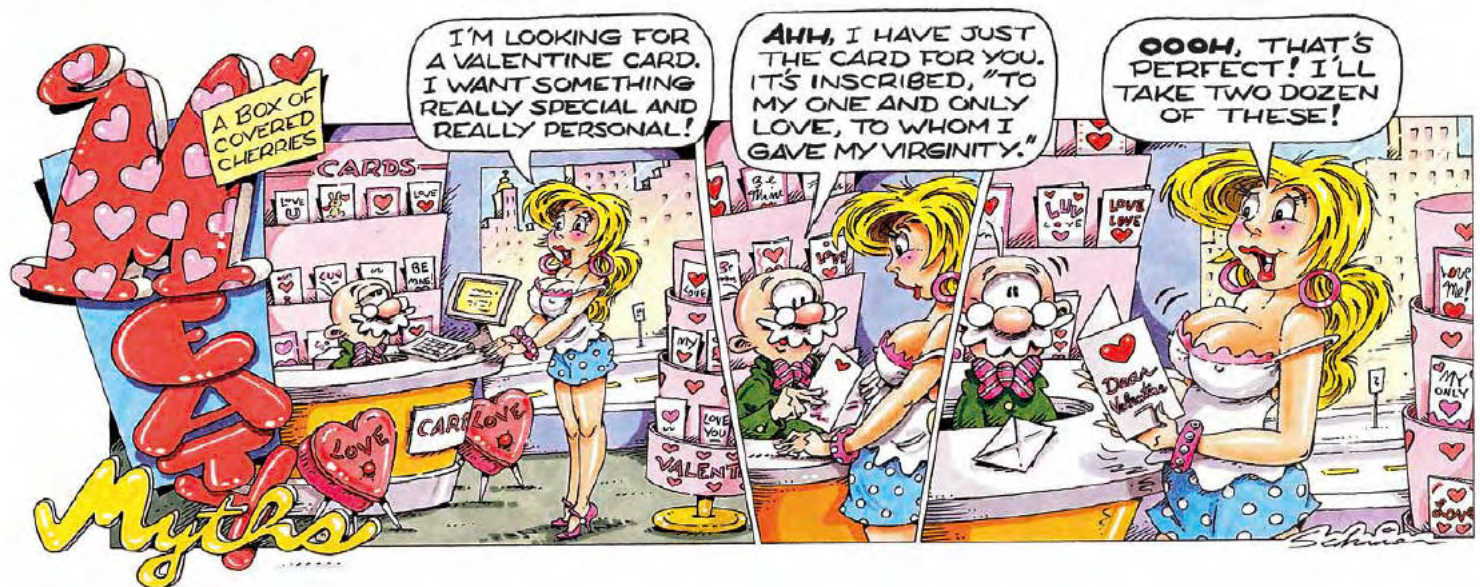
I loved her. It wasn't just that she looked like the cool, long blonde on the cover of my first novel, as someone pointed out. There was a sweetness to her, an ordinariness, a sense of place. "How's it running, Dad?" she'd say over the phone, referring to one of the cars in her Texan father's stable. She told me Gypsy women pinch each other's nipples in greeting. She knew where to find the "best fucking doughnut" in Florence. She quoted hours in military and "demilitarized" time. When we were apart, there were references to masturbating slowly with her cardigan unbuttoned. When we were together, there were the soft blue eyes looking down at me as she draped her elongated frame across my lesser one. I thought I had finally stepped into something good.

The frantic, tear-soaked phone calls started almost immediately. She would take the train down to Rome or I would take it up to Florence, and suddenly there would be this fierce, angelic head floating above me, sometimes smiling, often bawling, always hungry for what little affection I could muster under the circumstances. I began snapping photos of her after the waterworks. In one particular shot she looks as sad and innocent as a toddler who has misplaced her rattle; the mouth is twisted, but the eyes are

hopeful, needy, desperate for acceptance. She had a little attic apartment in Florence, so centrally located that the Duomo loomed through the dormer windows, fat Italian pigeons cooing and crapping all over the place. I would work on my book there, and she'd spend hours chatting away with her folks in San Antonio about dropping out of her prestigious art history program and becoming a doctor or a stockbroker. But mostly she just wanted to be my wife. *Sposata subita*, my Italian friends called her. A ready-made bride. *Be very, very careful*, they told me.

It took two cities for us to break up. I began the process during a visit to Naples, we took our plight onto the Eurostar train to Rome, and it ended there. Only it didn't. She left Florence and suddenly appeared in the Italian capital, where she left distressing voice messages about wanting, *needing*, to "hold my hand" in a way I'm sure the Beatles never intended. Once she invited me to dinner, where she undercooked a particularly bony fish and then catapulted her sturdy frame onto my lap. "You need to communicate better," she told me with a half smile. I nervously glanced at the door.

It wasn't all bad, of course. It never is. She knew more than most people about Pope Adrian IV and the status of women in 14th century marriages. She had Princess Superstar on the stereo and wore an unironic SOMEONE IN AUSTIN FUCKING HATES ME T-shirt. When my parents came to visit she listened very politely to my father's sonorous speeches about Pushkin, the mistreatment of Soviet Jews and the importance of filial piety. But in the end I couldn't make the tears stop. I couldn't pinpoint their source. I was like some hapless pith-helmeted explorer paddling the wrong way down a gushing South American river. The falls appeared quite suddenly, and then came the precipitous drop. Even the breakups are bigger in Texas.



PLAYBOY FAMILY GUY (continued from page 94)

"I was presented with an opportunity," MacFarlane says. "It's the best celibate six months I ever spent."

contain a piano, but otherwise he hews closely to the showbiz stereotype of the comedian who's more comfortable playing his characters than being himself. When the conversation shifts to the television show to which he has devoted the past decade of his life, however, he begins to open up.

"I was always fascinated by the TV animation process," he says. "When I was growing up, Fred Flintstone was my favorite character. Hence Peter Griffin." When Fox first approached MacFarlane, in 1997, about creating an animated series, he was an untested talent, a 24-year-old graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design who'd gone on to do solid if not outstanding work as a producer for Hanna-Barbera, the same cartoon studio that created *The Flintstones* in 1960. "The attitude there was, 'Well, this guy seems to be able to write funny jokes. He can't draw worth a damn,'" MacFarlane says. "By their standards, I think they were right."

MacFarlane's secret weapon was *The Life of Larry*, an animated film he'd written, directed, produced and voiced entirely by himself while a RISD student. Though *Larry*, a 10-minute short about a slovenly father and his wife, son and talking dog, owes an unmistakable creative debt to *All in the Family*—Larry is a two-dimensional dead ringer for Archie Bunker—it was teeming with

jokes that would form the basis of *Family Guy*, including frequent cutaways to random sight gags, an extended *Star Trek* parody and an unapologetically tasteless scene in which Larry, seated in a movie theater showing *Philadelphia*, fails to realize he isn't watching a comedy and bursts out laughing when Tom Hanks announces he has AIDS.

Even in the dark ages before YouTube, the widely circulated clip was nearly enough to convince Fox executives that MacFarlane might be able to run a television series of his own. Granted a minuscule budget by the studio, he once again went to work on his own, taking half a year to hand-draw the 10,000 frames of animation that would eventually become *Family Guy*'s rudimentary pilot episode. "I was presented with an opportunity," MacFarlane explains, "and I said, 'If it kills me, I've got to make it work because I may not get this chance again.' And it paid off. It's the best celibate six months I ever spent."

At 25 he had already achieved the dream of every schoolboy who ever filled notebooks with antisocial doodles, landing an animated show of his own creation on the network that gave the world *The Simpsons*. But some of his newly hired colleagues had no idea what to make of him. "He was just a little nerd with giant glasses," says Alex Borstein, who plays Peter's faithful wife, Lois. "He was doing his hair in a weird Caesar thing—

George Clooney had done it, so everyone was doing it. He knew exactly what he wanted with the show, but he was kind of unsure about the rest of the world." (Another *Family Guy* staffer alleges that MacFarlane, today a proud whiskey aficionado, didn't drink his first beer until he was 23.) Kara Vallow, a producer who has worked with MacFarlane since his days at Hanna-Barbera, acknowledges that even to those who know him intimately MacFarlane can come off as "abstracted." "He's one of those guys whose parents are sort of hippieish," she says, "and his way of rebelling against them was to become very square."

Family Guy didn't catch fire immediately. It was a totally unknown series—not to mention a cartoon in an environment dominated by live-action shows—and it had difficulty attracting experienced television writers to its creative team. ("We were the Bad News Bears of writing staffs," Sheridan says.) The working hours were excruciating, but the show found its subversive style remarkably fast, yielding story lines no traditional sitcom would dare attempt: Peter becomes jealous of his new neighbor, a paraplegic cop; Peter learns he is an expert piano player but only when he's drunk; Peter wrecks a local production of *The King and I* by turning it into a musical about futuristic robots. "We said, 'Screw it, we'll just write what makes us laugh,'" Sheridan recalls. "And that's what the first chunk of episodes was."

Back to the afghan incident: Everyone in the Room has recovered from the sight of a highly paid television producer sniffing a smelly blanket for \$60, and the *Family Guy* staff returns to the comedy-starved scene of Peter Griffin and his leaky SUV. To replace it, other writers begin pitching new jokes that would also illustrate Peter's revitalized love of the United States: Could he build his own museum of American history and curate an exhibit of old *TV Guide* issues? Could he write a fawning letter to George W. Bush? ("As a fellow retard, I understand....") Could he sacrifice a goat to country musician Toby Keith's "We'll Put a Boot in Your Ass" Keith?

MacFarlane, silent for much of the discussion, suddenly perks up. He dictates a sequence, affectionately ripped off from *Jurassic Park*, in which Peter and Lois tie a goat to a stake in their backyard, hear a terrible roar, realize their goat is missing and turn around in time to see Toby Keith's oversize cowboy hat receding into the bushes. With laughs and scattered applause the Room expresses its approval, and when Goodman declares, "Moving on," the scene officially becomes part of *Family Guy* history. (At least until the next rewrite.)



"That's fine, thank you."

Family Guy premiered in January 1999 in an enviable post-Super Bowl time slot, but it was all downhill from there.

Ratings dwindled, and over the next two seasons Fox would shuffle the series from Sunday to Thursday to Tuesday to Wednesday nights before finally canceling it. When the possibility of a writers' strike loomed over Hollywood in 2001, the network hurriedly ordered 13 episodes, but ratings didn't improve, the strike was averted, and *Family Guy* was dropped from the schedule—again.

"I always knew it was a possibility," says MacFarlane. He claims he took the second cancellation of the show—the show he had agonized over and struggled on in solitude—in stride, but some co-workers remember it differently. "I just thought it was a complete mind fuck," says Mike Barker, a former *Family Guy* producer. "You think you have a glimmer of hope, that they came to their senses and this is going to work. It seemed completely illogical that there was ever a shot at its coming back again." For the next several months, the ex-*Family Guy* staff drank a lot, hung out in karaoke bars and complained about the Bush administration. During one such postmortem binge, MacFarlane, Barker and a third writer, Matt Weitzman, hatched the idea for *American Dad* as a backdoor strategy for keeping some elements of *Family Guy* alive.

Meanwhile, a series of events were conspiring to raise the show from the dead. *Family Guy* was added to Cartoon Network's lineup, where it became a massive hit. A DVD set of the show's first two seasons sold more than 3 million copies, making it the most successful TV-to-DVD release to date (until *Chappelle's Show* came along, bitch). Then in spring 2004 MacFarlane got an unprecedented call from Fox: It wanted to put the show back into production.

"It took me totally by surprise," he says. "I thought maybe they wanted to do a special or a direct-to-DVD something or other. It just hadn't occurred to me that new episodes of the series would even be possible, because no one had done it before."

Voice actors Borstein, Mila Kunis and Seth Green all returned to the team, as did many of its writers. Chris Sheridan, who had moved on to writing for the painfully conventional CBS sitcom *Yes, Dear*, actually quit his job to come back as an executive producer on *Family Guy*. One night not long after he'd returned to the show, he was working at his computer on a *Family Guy* script, composing dialogue for an anthropomorphic scrotum he had named Detective Scrotes. "When I pressed the letter *D* to type in 'Detective Scrotes,'" Sheridan says, "I got a list of names from a previous script, and one of them was Decapitated Human Female Head. That's when I knew I was back on *Family Guy*."

Since its return to Fox in May 2005, *Family Guy* has shown an even greater confidence in its comedic voice, not only in the increasingly outrageous stories it

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 29, 33-36, 66-70, 96-101 and 158-159, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



Fladgate, parkaveliquor.com. Tuxedo Berries, berries.com.

ELEMENTS OF SEDUCTION

Pages 66-70: *Agent Provocateur, agentprovocateur.com. Barry Brinker Fine Jewelry, barrybrinker.com. Elle Macpherson Intimates Boudoir, neimanmarcus.com. Jezebel, macys.com. Mary Green, marygreen.com.*

GAMES

Page 29: *Battlestations: Midway, eidos.com. Half-Life 2: Episodes, steamgames.com. Kuma\War, kumagames.com. Lost Planet: Extreme Condition, capcom.com. Metal Gear Solid: Portable Ops, konami.com. Phoenix Wright: Justice for All, capcom.com. Sam & Max: Season 1, telltalegames.com. SiN Episodes, ritual.com. WarioWare: Smooth Moves, nintendo.com.*

Myla, myla.com. Pierre Silber, piersilber.com. Vanessa Noel, 212-906-0055. Wolford, wolford.com.

PLAYBOY'S DESIGNER OF THE YEAR

Pages 96-101: For more information about Oswald Boateng, visit www.ozwaldboateng.co.uk.

MANTRACK

Pages 33-36: *Alienware, alienware.com. Charlie Palmer's Practical Guide to the New American Kitchen, melcher.com. Epson, epson.com. Four Seasons Istanbul, fourseasons.com. Jet Coffee Table, fiftyeightb.ie. Kama Sutra Love Essentials Weekender Kit, fd.com. Mercedes-Benz, mbusa.com. Philips, philips.com. Platinum rose, loveisarose.com. Taylor*

POTPOURRI

Pages 158-159: *Bettie Page by Olivia, eolivia.com. Coffee, kickinghorsecoffee.com. HearMuff, hearmuff.com. Kombi, kombisports.com. Krups, krups.com. L.A. Pop Art, lapopart.com. Metal Desk Catapult, thinkgeek.com. Payard, payard.com. Studio MovieBox Plus, pinnaclesys.com. USBCell, usbcell.com. Wenger, wengerna.com.*

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, LORRAINE GODDARD, BRIAN D. HENNESSEY, CINDY LEE JOHNSON, SUSAN MINOT; P. 5 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 6 SANTE D'ORAZIO, MIZUNO, BUNNY YEAGER; P. 9 DEGUIRE/WIREIMAGE.COM, FRAZER HARRISON/GETTY IMAGES (2), ELAYNE LODGE (3), ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES, MATT WAGEMANN; P. 10 CHAD DOERING (2), CHRISTINA ELLIOTT/WIREIMAGE.COM (2), ELAYNE LODGE, JAMIE MCCARTHY/WIREIMAGE.COM (3), STEVE SPATAFORE/GETTY IMAGES (3), MATT WAGEMANN (3); P. 11 ©DAVID KEATON/CORBIS, MIZUNO; P. 16 COURTESY OF ANDREW EINHORN (4), JAMES IMBROGNO; P. 17 12 GAUGE COMICS, LLC (2), COURTESY OF JORDAN TATE/THE CONTEMPORARY DICTIONARY OF SEXUAL EUPHEMISMS/ST. MARTIN'S PRESS (5); P. 18 GEN NISHINO (2); P. 21 CORBIS, GETTY IMAGES, SCALA/ART RESOURCE; P. 23 2006 ©COLUMBIA PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., KEITH HAMPSHIRE/WEINSTEIN CO., NEW LINE, WARNER BROS., 2006 ©WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 26 2006 ©COLUMBIA PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., ©HBO/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., RKO/THE KOBAL COLLECTION, TIME LIFE/THE KOBAL COLLECTION, TOUCHSTONE/THE KOBAL COLLECTION, 20TH CENTURY FOX/THE KOBAL COLLECTION; P. 28 COURTESY OF DIANA GUALDA/COLOROCK.COM, KEVIN CUMMINS/RETNA UK, PETER DOHERTY/RETNA, PETER DOHERTY/RETNA UK, FTW/STARFACE/RETNA LTD., ROB GREIG/TIME OUT/RETNA LTD., JEFFREY KANE/RETNA LTD., JASON MCCORMACK/HEADPRESS/RETNA LTD., SPIROS POLITIS/RETNA PICTURE, MICK ROCK/RETNA LTD., ROBERT SPENCER/RETNA LTD.; P. 30 COURTESY OF DC COMICS (3); P. 34 MATT WAGEMANN (2); P. 36 MATT WAGEMANN (3); P. 41 GETTY IMAGES; P. 42 CORBIS (2); P. 43 CORBIS, COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GETTY IMAGES (2); P. 44 AP WIDE WORLD, GETTY IMAGES (2); P. 45 GETTY IMAGES (3); P. 46 AP WIDE WORLD (5), CORBIS, GETTY IMAGES, NEWS.COM; P. 48 JAKE GAVIN; P. 52 CORBIS, COURTESY ©2003 HOWARD HUGHES MEDICAL INSTITUTE; P. 53 PHOTO RESEARCHERS; P. 54 COURTESY OF HUNTINGTON F. WILLARD/C.NATURE 423, 810-813(6/19/93); P. 67 JAMES IMBROGNO (5); P. 75 WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 80 MARK EDWARD HARRIS (3); P. 93 GETTY IMAGES; P. 94 ALFRED BIE; P. 102 RICHARD FEGLEY; P. 104 CORBIS, COURTESY OF COMEDY CENTRAL; P. 105 ARNY FREYTAG (2), STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 106 GETTY IMAGES (2); P. 107 COURTESY OF CLAYTON JAMES CUBITT, COURTESY OF RICHARD MITCHELL, WAYNE DANIELS; P. 110 JUSTIN STEPHEN/©SCI-FI/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 151 MICHAEL BEZJIAN/WIREIMAGE.COM, ARNY FREYTAG, JESSE GRANT/WIREIMAGE.COM, MIKE GUASTELLA/WIREIMAGE.COM, BRIAN LOWE/JPISTUDIOS.COM (4), ALBERT L. ORTEGA/WIREIMAGE.COM, GEORGE PIMENTEL/WIREIMAGE.COM, POMPEO POSAR; P. 152 COURTESY OF STEPHANIE ADAMS, COURTESY OF NICOLE VOSS, ARNY FREYTAG, AMY TIERNEY/WIREIMAGE.COM, STEPHEN WAYDA (2), GEORGE WEINSTEIN; P. 155 STEPHANIE BERGER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX PICTURES; P. 158 GEORGE GEORGIU, MATT WAGEMANN (3); P. 159 MATT WAGEMANN (5); P. 160 PERIC CAHAN/CORBIS OUTLINE, CORBIS, MARK EDWARD HARRIS, JARMO POHJANIEMI. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 5 MIRKO ILIC; P. 6 DAVE MCKEAN; P. 15 HAIR BY CREIGHTON FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS, MAKEUP BY STEPHEN SOLLITTO FOR MAGNET, PROP/SET STYLING BY STILL SETS, STYLING BY APRIL STEINER FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; PP. 47-48 GROOMING BY JULIA CARTA AT CAROL HAYES MANAGEMENT, HAIR BY BUMBLE AND BUMBLE, MAKEUP FROM DERMALOGICA; PP. 96-101 GROOMING BY CHERYL PHELPS GARDINER @ AARTLONDON FOR CLINIQUE, HAIR BY MATHEW FOR PAUL MITCHELL. COVER: MODEL: TRICIA HELFER, PHOTOGRAPHER: ANTOINE VERGLAS/CORBIS OUTLINE.

tells—Peter starts his own religion based on the teachings of the Fonz from *Happy Days*; Peter returns from being stranded on a desert island to find his dog dating his wife—but in its willingness to take chances on elaborate, seemingly random jokes: a shot-for-shot re-creation of an action sequence from *Raiders of the Lost Ark* with Peter filling in for Indiana Jones, or an animated performance of the obscure musical number “Shipooopi,” from *The Music Man*.

Even if its anarchic pacing hasn't always made sense to the masses, *Family Guy* enjoys a large measure of creative independence because of its elaborate production schedule. Over a period of about nine months, an episode is written and rewritten, then turned into a rough black-and-white cartoon called an animatic (and rewritten again), then shipped off to South Korea and animated in color (and sometimes rewritten again). During this process the producers have many opportunities

to tinker with their show, but outside interlopers have few chances to screw it up. “There isn't any stage at which the powers that be can swoop in and make enormous changes,” says MacFarlane.

There's no denying that the program's newfound boldness also stems from the very public manner in which *Family Guy* returned to Fox's schedule—a revival that tacitly acknowledged its producers (and its fans) were right and the network was wrong. “The feeling we all had was we just missed one of the great opportunities as a television studio,” says Gary Newman, the president of 20th Century Fox Television, who had committed to putting *Family Guy* back into production even before the Fox network agreed to air the new episodes. “It just felt as if the show was hitting its creative stride, and you hate to see something that vital be put to bed before its time.”

For MacFarlane the renewal was a license for him and his writing staff to take the program in whatever off-the-

wall directions they wanted it to go. “If something scares us,” he says, “we've found it's usually a good idea to go ahead with it. Some of the ideas that made us sweat the most—the ones that made us wonder, Are we shooting ourselves in the foot?—have been some of the most memorable episodes.”

But the show's writers weren't the only ones second-guessing its increasingly daring content. The media environment *Family Guy* returned to in 2005 was a post-Janet Jackson Nipplegate world. Some episodes of the show open with a network-imposed parental advisory warning, and scenes depicting cartoon nudity—for example, baby Stewie running around without a diaper—are now inexplicably pixelated to cover up any potentially offensive cartoon flesh. One notorious episode, “When You Wish Upon a Weinstein,” in which Peter attempts to convert his son Chris to Judaism, was pulled in its entirety by Fox executives who feared it was potentially anti-Semitic. (The episode ultimately debuted on Cartoon Network and has since been rerun on Fox.)

Though MacFarlane clashed with Fox over these attempts at censorship, he says the network has little recourse to prevent them at a time when the Federal Communications Commission has so much power to influence television programming and has been levying fines in the millions of dollars. “The idea of the punishment fitting the crime is now gone. It's out the window,” he says. “We're now in a realm where there's a complete absence of rational thinking, a climate in which the networks are constantly being stared down by Washington and threatened with fines.”

MacFarlane's protests didn't stop with complaints to Fox. In an Emmy-nominated episode of *Family Guy* called “PTV,” he made Peter the head of his own television network, whose programming schedule—full of shows like *Dogs Humping* and *The Peter Griffin Side-Boob Hour* (“a wonderful look back on all the partial nudity network television used to offer”)—was deliberately designed to piss off the FCC. And in an original musical number, Peter, Brian and Stewie further extend their middle fingers to the reactionary federal agency in such verses as this: “So they sent this little warning,/They're prepared to do their worst,/And they stuck it in your mailbox,/Hoping you could be coerced./I could think of quite another place/They should have stuck it first./They may just be neurotic or possibly psychotic./They're the fellas at the freakin' FCC.”

Strangely enough, the fellas at the freakin' FCC later asked Fox to send them a copy of the “PTV” episode but only because they thought it was hilarious. “It shocked the hell out of me,” says MacFarlane, “but it also made me think, Well, okay, you guys obviously have a



“Hi! You have been preselected to pay us \$55 a month and get absolutely nothing in return.”

sense of humor down there. Why don't you back off some of this stuff? Let's all just admit we think shit jokes are funny." MacFarlane, however, isn't particularly jocular about the long-term future of network television if the major broadcasters don't grow a backbone soon. At some point, he says, "the networks are going to have to make a strong political case—stronger than they've made to date—for getting the FCC to back off. It's going to be a matter of standing up for the First Amendment. Sorry, but sometimes creativity involves swearing. It involves things that aren't comfortable for people, and cable gives writers that freedom. The networks do not."

A hit animated series on a TV network's prime-time schedule is a rare thing. *The Simpsons* debuted on Fox in 1989; eight years later *King of the Hill* began building an audience on the same network. Before that you'd have to go all the way back to *The Jetsons*, in 1962, and before that, *The Flintstones*. But all the success *Family Guy* and its self-effacing creator have enjoyed has been accompanied by a substantial amount of hostility from MacFarlane's industry peers. Over the years, the *Simpsons* writers have slipped several subtle (and not so subtle) jokes into their series, implying that *Family Guy* has ripped them off. In a scene from

one of the show's Halloween-themed "Treehouse of Horror" episodes, a camera pans across a field populated with Homer Simpson clones, one of whom is clearly Peter Griffin. And in an episode in which the Simpson family travels to Italy, Peter appears again in a book of criminal mug shots, charged with the local offense of "plagiarismo."

In April 2006 *South Park* ran a blistering two-part story line called "Cartoon Wars," which repeatedly lampoons *Family Guy* for its overreliance on cutaway gags and pop-culture references that have nothing to do with advancing a plot. In a passionate monologue, *South Park* mascot Eric Cartman seems to be speaking

for series creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone when he declares, "I am nothing like *Family Guy*! When I make jokes they are inherent to a story! Deep situational and emotional jokes based on what is relevant and has a point, not just one random interchangeable joke after another!" In Cartman's voice it is actually kind of funny—and mean. At the end of the story it is revealed to Cartman that the writers of *Family Guy* are nothing more than intelligent manatees who write their show by pushing colored balls representing random funny ideas into a script machine.

MacFarlane, who openly admits his debt to *The Simpsons*, says he isn't particularly bothered by the occasional razzing

ody of *Family Guy* may not reflect their true opinion of his show. "I know what their persona is," says MacFarlane, "and there's certainly a projected arrogance there, but I don't know how much of it is real." Given *Family Guy*'s own appetite for ruthless mockery, he says, it was only a matter of time before the show became the target of someone else's ridicule. "We shit on so many people and so many properties that we would be huge hypocrites if we had a problem with it," MacFarlane says. "I'm flattered that they felt the need to spend two entire episodes of their show talking about *Family Guy*. Unfortunately, we will probably not take two half hours of our airtime to talk about *South Park*." (Despite PLAYBOY'S

best efforts to add fuel to the fire, Parker and Stone declined to comment for this story.)

It is hard to believe the pointed barbs aimed at MacFarlane by two other cartoon series—shows equally as brilliant, willfully sophomoric and obsessed with musical theater as *Family Guy*—could fail to get under his skin even a little bit. But if his screw-it-all view of the world wasn't altered by the circumstances that befell him on September 11, 2001, then maybe nothing will.

On that morning MacFarlane, who had been a keynote speaker at a RISD graduation ceremony a few days earlier, was scheduled to fly back to Los Angeles from Boston's Logan Airport, but he overslept and missed his flight. Only while watching the news in an airport bar did he realize the plane he had failed to board was American Airlines flight 11, which crashed into the north tower of the World Trade Center.

For several agonizing minutes after the crash many of MacFarlane's co-workers believed he was dead. "I started frantically dialing him, even though I knew, I guess, that he was dead," says Vallow. When she wasn't able to reach him, she threw her phone against a wall and broke it in two, then reassembled it with duct tape in time to receive a call from MacFarlane letting her know he had gotten her messages and was alive. 149

The Legendary Bash Continues

Welcome back to Hef's pad! It's another 3-DVD collection containing six original, uncut episodes of the landmark TV show from the 1950s and 1960s, *Playboy After Dark*. Settle in and have some fun with an outstanding lineup of celebrity guests including musical stalwarts Tony Bennett, the Grateful Dead, Deep Purple and Johnny Mathis, plus Phyllis Diller, George Carlin, Don Adams, Tommy Smothers and more! Disc 1 includes Hef's 1962 documentary *The Most* as a bonus. Unrated. Total runtime 6 hrs.

12537 Playboy After Dark: The DVD Collection 2 \$39.98

Also Available:
12002 Playboy After Dark: The DVD Collection 1 \$39.98

visit playboystore.com call 800-423-9494 send check or money order to:
 PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809
 Enter, mention or include source code **MG701** during payment!

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

©2007 Playboy

from his bigger brothers at Fox. "Matt Groening is a wonderfully kind guy," says MacFarlane, "but everybody who works on his show just seems to hate our guts. I don't really know why."

Some *Family Guy* producers acknowledge that the attacks from *South Park* caught them off guard. "It was such a fucking left hook," says Sheridan. "It's such a shot in the gut. We felt we were all part of the same team. *South Park* clearly doesn't feel that way."

MacFarlane's own reaction to the "Cartoon Wars" episodes is strangely muted. He suggests that while *South Park*'s Parker and Stone enjoy playing the role of cynical bad boys in public, their savage par-

"The idea of anyone back in L.A. hearing about it and worrying about it didn't really occur to him," Vallow says. "At that point I don't think he had even called his parents to tell them he wasn't dead."

MacFarlane shrugs and says the experience has left him largely unchanged. "It's something that could have happened to anyone," he says. "I've missed so many flights for being late—this was yet another. That kind of stuff probably happens all the time and we just don't know it, those near misses. This one, obviously, I was aware of. It's just not something I will allow to affect my way of operating on a day-to-day basis." With a deep chuckle he adds, "I'm still a man of science, not God."

Some among his staff are concerned that MacFarlane is taking on workloads no mortal can handle. In addition to his *Family Guy* obligations he also provides voices for many of the characters on *American Dad* and consults on the show, though its executive producers try to rely on him as little as possible. "He's busier now than he's ever been in his entire life, and he's more stressed out than he's ever been in his entire life," says Barker. "He's a little harder to corner and talk to, but so much of that really could be that he doesn't want to talk to me."

Now MacFarlane has assumed the role of co-creator and executive producer of *The Winner*, on which Rob Corddry plays a down-on-his-luck bachelor who lives with his parents. And no one—not even the *Family Guy* producers in awe of his talents—are certain MacFarlane can juggle three shows at once. "He works every day, seven days a week, and I'm worried about him being spread too thin," says Goodman. "I've got kids I have to send to college. If something happens to him, I'm screwed."

In fairness to MacFarlane, *American Dad* and *The Winner* have their own

producing teams that don't require his constant supervision, and he'd probably let go of both shows in a heartbeat if he felt the quality of *Family Guy*, his first television child, was slipping. What concerns him more is that all his accomplishments in the television industry could disappear just as quickly as he's accumulated them—an irrational fear that, in four years' time, MacFarlane says, "I could be completely back where I was four years ago. I always take that view of things. Creative neuroses and crippling self-doubt are things that should never be abandoned."

It's hard for an outside observer to see how this insecurity impedes MacFarlane as he oversees every detail of *Family Guy*'s production process—from rewriting the scripts to redrawing the storyboards to directing the show's voice-recording sessions. He says he's careful to keep his personal demons hidden from his co-workers. "When it's late and I get harried and frazzled, it emerges a little bit," he says. "It's not something that is particularly productive to have out in the open." Of course, it's harder for people to notice these qualities when you never leave your office, but MacFarlane says he's doing much better at bringing his workaholicism under control. "I used to be a lot worse," he says. "Until four A.M. every night—including weekends—all I was doing was working. I'm not ready to do that again."

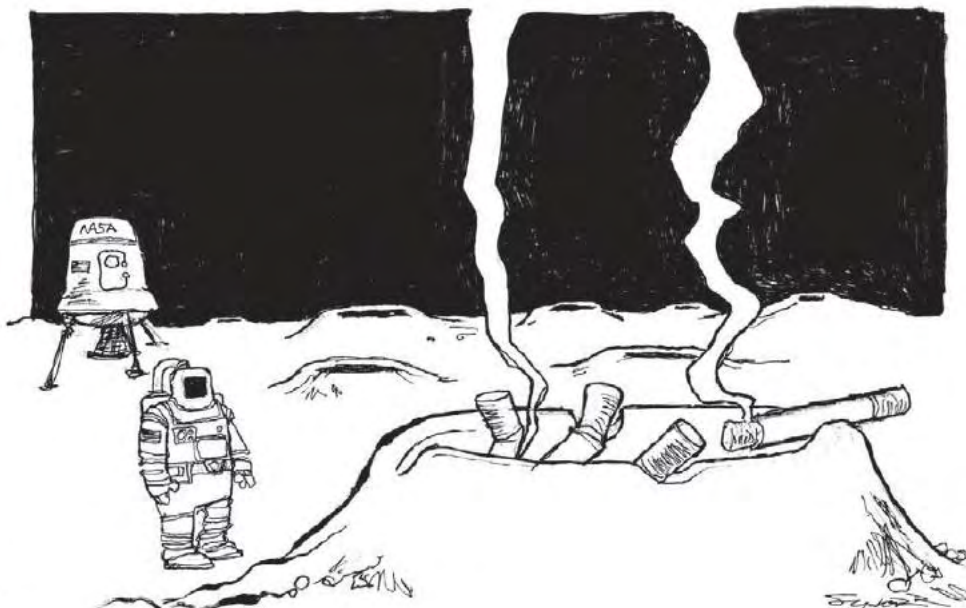
Hanging on a wall at the *Family Guy* offices, amid dozens of Polaroids of the current staff members, is a copy of one of MacFarlane's old childhood photos—a Dorian Gray portrait that is eerily identical to the way he looks today. Well, he has since grown several inches and gained a few pounds, and there may now be a couple of gray strands in his hair (and more gel), but he's still got the same guileless look in his eyes, the same earnest smile

and the same peculiar cultural tastes. The Seth MacFarlane of the present still laughs at fart jokes and still worships the hopelessly dorky *Star Trek* reruns he spent his adolescence obsessing over not just because they distracted him from the fact that he was a terrible athlete but because they taught him at a formative age how versatile and surprising a television program could be. "I have so much trouble with these cop shows and lawyer shows and medical shows where you basically know what you're going to see," he says. "With *Star Trek* I would never watch the previews, because I didn't even want to know. It could be a dramatic character story; it could be a science-fiction story; it could be a romantic story; it could be a political story. It always just surprised the hell out of me."

Most of the *Family Guy* staff members can barely summon a fraction of this enthusiasm for the current state of television programming, particularly when they talk about the slowly dying art form known as the half-hour sitcom. "It's scary," says Goodman, who got his start in the industry more than 15 years ago as a writer on *The Golden Girls*. "Twenty fewer comedies are on the air this year than last year. I think the networks recognize they've got to do something about developing comedy, but they don't know what's going on." But Goodman, like his colleagues, sees himself protected from this chaos as long as he remains with *Family Guy*. "I've been here for two years, and as the comedy town burns, I'm safe in this citadel."

MacFarlane somehow never lost his idealistic zeal for the genre. He may not be comfortable talking about himself, but get him started on the subject of TV comedy and he won't shut up. He remembers a night not that long ago when he was able to get home from work early enough to catch a rerun of *Seinfeld*, and he was suddenly reminded of why he got into the medium in the first place. "It had been a long time since I'd seen an episode of that show," he says, "and I was struck by how much I was laughing, genuinely laughing. I was sitting there by myself, and it was the same thing that used to happen when I would watch old episodes of *All in the Family*—I laughed out loud. That just doesn't happen with sitcoms anymore."

For a moment it sounds as if he's about to launch into another pessimistic tirade about the decline and fall of broadcast television. "The state of TV comedy now is just hideous," MacFarlane says, but then he laughs and corrects himself. "It's been pretty good to me. I think it's doing fine." If he can make it home in time tonight, there may just be a classic *Seinfeld* rerun and a glass of whiskey with his name on it and maybe even a talking cartoon dog to enjoy it with.



PLAYMATE NEWS



DAPHNEE DUPLAIX SAMUEL'S PASSION

Among the ranks of Homo sapiens, someone more congenial and easygoing than Daphnee Duplaix Samuel would be hard to find. So it's not entirely surprising to hear her speak positively about Valerie Davis, the scheming, conniving, catfighting character she plays on the daytime drama *Passions*. "Valerie has a good heart, even though she'll do anything to get what she wants," says Daphnee, who then adds hope-

though with a husband and twin boys and another child due soon, her hot-spot time is at a premium. As passionate as she is about *Passions*, Miss July 1997 is scanning the horizon for other opportunities.



fully, "But she hasn't shot anyone—yet." Daphnee began acting professionally when she arrived in Los Angeles in 1997 and had racked up more than 30 supporting appearances before landing the career-making role of Valerie. Now an established star, she has become a welcome guest at Hollywood hot spots,

As Valerie Davis on the daytime drama *Passions*, Daphnee Duplaix Samuel is frequently in trouble. It couldn't happen to a nicer girl.

"I'd love to be on prime time or get back into movies," says the native New Yorker, citing fellow Gothamite Spike Lee as a director with whom she'd like to work. "I like all his movies but especially *Do the Right Thing* and *Crooklyn*."

20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Readers first met **Julie Peterson** when she appeared in our *Women of Alaska* pictorial. Following the overwhelming response, we made Julie the Centerfold for February 1987. With brains as impressive as her bod, Julie became a card-carrying member of Mensa and earned a doctor's degree in chiropractic, forever dispelling canards about dumb you-know-whats.



LOOSE LIPS

"My boyfriend said, 'You're not very sexually active,' I said, 'Oh yes I am.'" —Christina Santiago



CENTERFOLDS BUST OUT

How many reasons are there to love each of our Playmates? Lots, but right now we seem to be fixated on two prominent ones in particular. When the entire billion-dollar fashion industry is conspiring to distract us, can we really be blamed? From left: **Brande Roderick** at the Sunset Tower Hotel in West Hollywood; **Christine Smith** at the Mansion; **Pilar Lastra** at the premiere of *Surf School* in Los Angeles; **Pam Anderson** at the Metro Toronto Convention Centre; **Tamara Witmer** at Les Deux in Hollywood.



HOT SHOT



STEPHANIE ADAMS

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATES

By Ben Stein

—actor

I've met a number of Playmates in real life, and I pretty much like them all. I'm a sucker for Irish girls like Miss December 1997 **Karen McDougal** and Miss January 1982 **Kimberly McArthur**. If



they look Irish, I'm pretty much guaranteed to like them.

POP QUESTIONS: TIFFANY FALLON

Q: As you look back, what was it like being the 2005 Playmate of the Year?

A: It went by so fast. It was an eye-opening experience traveling to Spain, Australia and England. People overseas are so captivated by what Playmates represent.

Q: Does one event particularly stand out for you?

A: The highlight was going to London for the Playboy Exposed photo exhibit. I met six international Playmates. One was Janine Habeck, and we instantly clicked. The exhibit itself was a thrilling place to view Playboy artwork from the very beginning to the present. That was breathtaking.



Q: And didn't you get married during your tenure?

A: I got married two weeks before the Playmate of the Year party. The timing was perfect. Right when we got back from our honeymoon, we went to the Playmate luncheon to turn the title over to Kara Monaco for 2006 and start a new adventure.

Q: Would you do it all again?

A: I realized I had done something very special with Playboy after Hef gave me a signed copy of *The Playmate Book* for Christmas that year. The first Playmate was Marilyn Monroe. The last one in the book is me. Of all the things I've experienced up to this point, that was the most special moment.

ISLANDERS LOVE COLLEEN

American beauty Colleen Shannon was a splash on U.K. television's *Love Island* (below right), breaking the hearts of various blokes before being voted off the show. She has since been spotted deejaying at top venues in England, Scotland and Ireland.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina** appears in the movie *Tripping Forward*, currently making the rounds on the festival circuit.... Miss February 1990 **Pam Anderson** recently wrapped up shooting on *Blonde and Blonder* with PLAYBOY cover girl **Denise Richards** in Vancouver.... Miss November 2004 **Cara Zavaleta** spoke



LEERY NEUMAN



to Bowling Green State University students about her experiences on reality TV.... Miss August 2001 **Jennifer Walcott** landed the cover of *A2Z Magazine*.... Miss May 2006 **Alison Waite** and Miss March 2006 **Monica Leigh** were profiled in the *Boston Herald* for the city's CollegeFest, where Miss July 2006 **Sara Jean Underwood** joined up

Jennifer, hotter than Arizona in July.

Sara Jean Underwood shows former apprentices some new tricks.



to trade insider secrets with a few contestants from *The Apprentice*.... In TV, Miss June 1997 **Carrie Stevens** appeared on an episode of the CBS hit *Two and a Half Men*, Miss October 1993 **Jenny McCarthy** showed up on *My Name Is Earl*, and Miss March 2005 **Jillian Grace** graced *CSI: Miami*....

PMOY 2006 **Kara Monaco**, Miss August 2006 **Nicole Voss** and Miss December 2005 **Christine Smith** took in the scene at Eden Nite Club in Colorado Springs.... Miss February 2003 **Charis Boyle** debuted her line of Swarovski-crystal belt buckles during L.A. Fashion Week (go to charisb.com).



Kara, Nicole and Christine return to Eden.

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.

A
Wall
Calendar



sexy2007
calendars

A, B. **NEW!** Make 2007 a very good year! Spend every month with a different Playmate! These stunning calendars feature 2006 Playmate of the Year and Playboy Catalog model Kara Monaco plus many more sexy Centerfolds! Nudity.

CC2007W 2007 Playmate Wall Calendar \$8.99

CC2007D 2007 Playmate Desk Calendar \$8.99

Buy both—SAVE \$3

11132 2007 Playmate Wall & Desk Calendar Set \$14.98

B
Desk
Calendar



C



D



E

C. **NEW!** Dressed to thrill. Every month in this sultry 12-month calendar brings you a new Playmate in the sexiest lingerie imaginable. Featuring Jillian Grace, Monica Leigh, Cassandra Lynn, Athena Lundberg, Vanessa Hoelsher, Raquel Gibson, Tamara Witmer, Jamie Westenhiser, Amanda Paige, Amber Campisi, Christine Smith and Qiana Chase. No nudity. 11" x 17".
11137 2007 Playboy Lingerie Wall Calendar \$14.99

D. **NEW!** Enjoy hot and sexy student bodies all year long. A total of 13 comely coeds from across the country take it all off in this incredible calendar packed with images from Playboy Special Editions' *College Girls* series that will make every day seem as exciting as the first day of school! Nudity. 11" x 17".
11133 2007 College Girls Wall Calendar \$8.99

E. **NEW!** From the land that gave us cover girl Tammy Plante—featured in the Cyber Club as a Sexy Girl Next Door and Coed of the Week—plus many more of the sexiest Centerfolds and Playboy models ever comes this collection of 12 world-class beauties fresh from Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg and Montreal! Nudity. 11" x 17".
11134 2007 Girls of Canada Calendar \$8.99

FREE SHIPPING!

To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only, enter, mention or include source code MG679 during payment!

visit playboystore.com

call 800-423-9494

order by mail

please send check or money order to: PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809

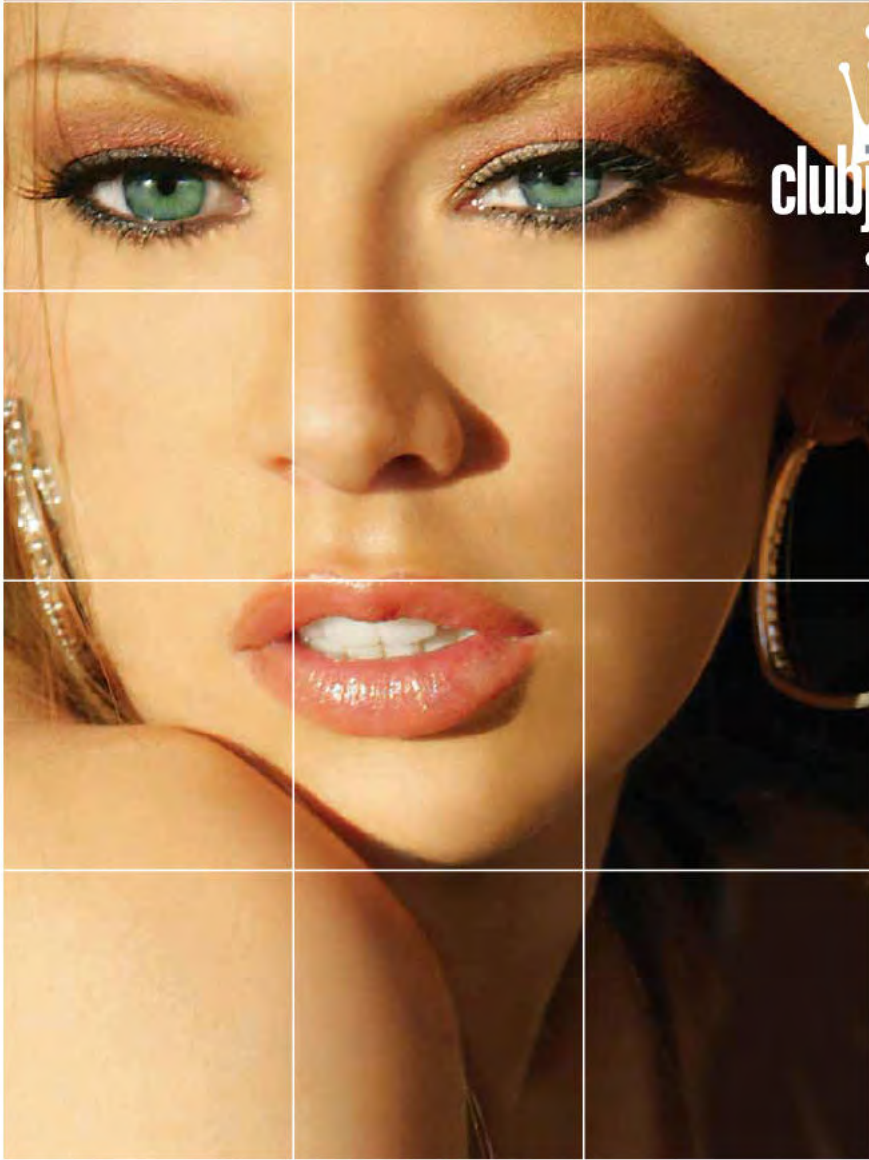
Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25% (NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.) Call the toll-free number to request a Playboy catalog. (Canadian orders accepted.)

We accept most major credit cards.



NUDE WITH ATTITUDE

Feast your eyes on Spice Digital Networks' outrageous new menu



clubjenna

fresh!

clubjenna

Our most popular dish, served piping hot: Jenna Jameson, ClubJenna girls, mouthwatering movies, world premieres and live events.

fresh!

Daily specials with tasty new talent and amateurs galore! Serving up first timers, casting calls, reality and auditions.

SPICE:XCESS

Hungry for more? More choices, flavors and variety, including ethnic beauties, gonzo, fetish and MILFs.

shorteez.

Bite-size entertainment! Fast-paced, action-focused star specials, casting calls and Internet features.

SPICE: XCESS

shorteez.

**CONTACT YOUR LOCAL
CABLE OR SATELLITE
PROVIDER TO ORDER TODAY!**

Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



Fast Asleep

The love child of a hotel and a sports car opens in San Diego

Placid San Diego seems an unlikely place to reinvent the humble hotel room. But the minds at Pininfarina—long known for designing Ferrari coupes—have chosen this city to do just that. Set in a century-old former office tower in the hip Gaslamp Quarter, the new Keating hotel marks the 76-year-old firm's first foray into the world of interiors. The 35 smallish rooms, equal parts Italian innovation and California cool, do away with the walls that traditionally

separate living areas from bathrooms. The loftlike results have Frette sheets on the beds, Bang & Olufsen audio and video systems, silver Lavazza espresso makers for your morning buzz and plenty of Ferrari's trademark blood-red color. The low-lit underground lounge features an elaborate menu of martinis—shaken (not stirred) at your table. Stay tuned for the glass-bottom pool big enough for you and all your new friends. More info at thekeating.com.



Sonny Disposition

Saxophone colossus Sonny Rollins plays to a new generation

I'm really a Luddite. I don't have a computer. I used to read Aldous Huxley, and I think he once said technology is a faster way of going backward." So says Sonny Rollins, the legendary tenor saxophonist, who at 76 threw caution to the wind and launched a successful website, at sonnyrollins.com, and his own label, Doxy Records. After nearly 35 years with Milestone he "had an opportunity to get in with the new wave of things," he says. Through Doxy he has just released *Sonny, Please*, his first studio album in five years. Available as a download via his site, it also comes out this month on CD from Universal. Rollins wanted to capture the spirit that infused his band during its last tour of Japan. For Rollins, nothing beats live performance. The give-and-take of "playing for people is an exhilarating experience," he says. "It's a wise atmosphere."

Grapevine

CHRIS WHITTLE/TOM VICKERS/SPLASH NEWS

Ingenue Provocateur

Just when ex-teen star LINDSAY LOHAN can't get any hotter, she does Halloween as the always welcome naughty-underwear girl. Trick or treat? Either works for us.



© WALTER MICERIDE/RETNA LTD.

Getting Too Big for Her Bodice

With roles in the star-studded *Bobby* and the star-studded but flawed *Mini's First Time*, gorgeous SVETLANA METKINA may be Hollywood's next bust-out starlet.

NORA LEZANO/SEBASTIAN ARPESELLA



Ace

To support her country's Davis Cup campaign, model and former tennis player VICTORIA VANUCCI stripped for our Argentine edition.



ADAMSON/LESLIE'S FLASH NEWS

Stephanie See More

Once a supermodel, always a supermodel—just ask STEPHANIE SEYMOUR. A PLAYBOY cover girl (twice) in the early 1990s, the rangy beauty has settled down but still sizzles.



©WWW.MODELFATS.COM

To Hell With Housework

MASHA KOZLOVA is one of the Russian babes living at modelfats.com. They pass the time by lounging nude (shown) and taking long showers.



RACHEL WORTHWENN

Double Your Pleasure

Skin-flick queen JENNA JAMESON continues to go where no porn star has gone before. At Madame Tussauds Las Vegas, her wax likeness now hobnobs with Liberace and George W. Bush.



JEFFREY HELLER/ZUMA PRESS

Special Screening

According to the New York *Daily News*, DIANE PASSAGE is a former Scores stripper (stage name: Chase) who is co-producing the film version of Larry McMurtry's showgirl novel *Desert Rose*. As we learn more about the mysterious Ms. P., we'll be sure to keep you abreast.

Potpourri



MOVING MOUNTAINS

To our knowledge there's never been a ski-themed superhero, but if there were, he'd wear Kombi's leather Captain Freedom gloves (\$70, kombi sports.com). This reissue from the 1970s would look great with just about any star-spangled jumpsuit and a pair of rocket skis. Of course every superhero needs theme music, too, and since it's prohibitively expensive to get lift tickets for a backing band, try a pair of HearMuffs (\$25, hearmuff.com). The ear warmers have built-in earphones to deliver tunes cheaply, loudly and comfortably as you cruise the slopes, foiling the plans of the diabolical Iceman. Zowie.

MOVIEMAKING MAGIC

Pinnacle Studio, one of the simplest video-editing packages on the market, has just gotten better. Studio MovieBox Plus (\$150, pinnaclesys.com) includes a breakout box for getting video into your computer, a professional-grade mike for adding audio and a green-screen backdrop that lets you lay in new scenery just as the pros do. Our call: Use backgrounds from *The Girls Next Door* and tell people you vacation at the Mansion.



PLEASING ALL THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME

Maybe you've asked yourself this after way too much time alone in the wilderness, before cutting your arm free from that damn boulder: What would happen if every conceivable Swiss Army gadget were crammed into a single Swiss Army knife? Question answered: The Wenger Giant Collector's Knife (\$1,200, wengerna.com) packs 85 tools, including seven blades and three types of pliers, into a cluster fuck of Swiss Army absurdity. More than eight inches across and weighing nearly three pounds, it's not really a pocketknife. But what other tool could—at least in theory—skin a deer, fix a bike chain, change a golf-shoe spike, crimp a wire, check your tire tread, align your gun sights and more? As for a kitchen sink, whittle one.

SWEET DREAMS

Alors, mes amis. We still remember when François Payard opened his patisserie and bistro on New York's upper east side. Just to look through the window at his creations was to learn the meaning of yearning. Whether you're a fan or you've never heard Payard's name, Valentine's Day is the perfect occasion to order his chocolates (if not uptown, then online). Request his Masterpiece I box (\$35, payard.com) for your valentine. Trust us: She'll melt in your mouth and your hand.



ESPRESS YOURSELF

We wouldn't make it through the day—let alone get this magazine out the door—without the caffeinated caress of a few finely drawn shots of espresso. The remarkably compact XP7230 (\$1,000, krups.com) is Krups's latest fully automatic machine. The thing runs like a Cadillac. Pop in some water and beans (we recommend kickinghorsecoffee.com), push a button and in a minute or so you're salivating over a far finer nectar than you'll ever receive from your local plastic megacorporation.



THIS MEANS WAR

We don't know if you've heard, but Victor from accounting is talking smack about you. A balled-up Post-it to the head should sort him out. Deliver one in medieval style with the Metal Desk Catapult (\$35, thinkgeek.com). Thanks to its all-metal construction, it is immune to counterattacks via flying phone book. Your immature revenge fantasies have never been so historically accurate.



PAGE ON PAGE

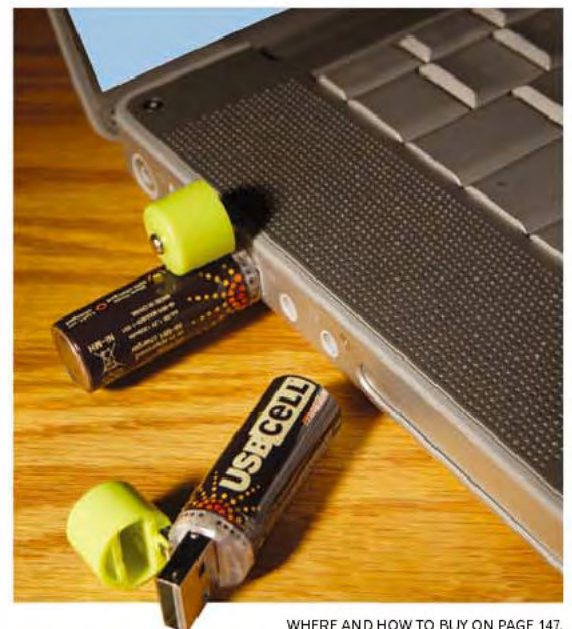
Any PLAYBOY fan knows the work of Olivia De Berardinis. Her glamour paintings of the inimitable 1950s pinup Betty Page and various Playmates have appeared in this magazine for years. Pick up just about any issue since 2003, and there's Olivia's work—playful, charming, incredibly sexy. The latest: her new coffee-table book, *Betty Page by Olivia* (\$30, \$75 for a copy signed by the author, \$250 signed by the author and Betty; eOlivia.com). Delicious.

POWER PLAY

It's bad enough that gadgets run down, but buying (and throwing away) a set of batteries after every few hours of use is sheer madness. Rechargeables are nice but require bulky charging stations. Which brings us to USBCell (usbcell.com), a battery that draws power directly from any USB socket and requires no additional hardware to use. Two AAs will run you just \$20, and the company has plans to bring out AAA and nine-volt versions in the near future. Sometimes the best ideas are the simplest.

SCAR F**KER

Oliver Stone's script for Brian De Palma's *Scarface* is one of the crowning achievements of American cinema. It's brutal, tragic and nihilistic—and we can probably recite half of it by heart. A new series of prints from L.A. Pop Art (\$14, lapopart.com) re-creates scenes from the movie, using the entire 300-page script to form the lines of the images themselves. Every word of dialogue is here, from "Nothing exceeds like excess" to "You wanna play rough," plus more than 200 F bombs.



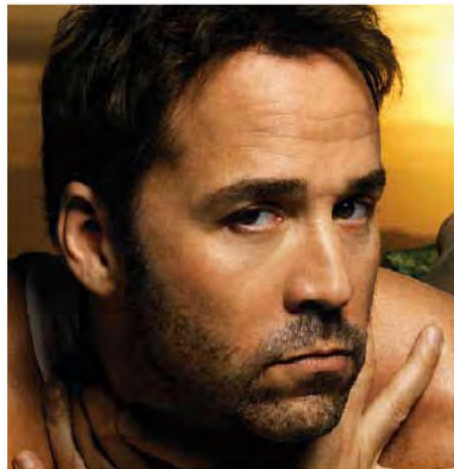
Next Month



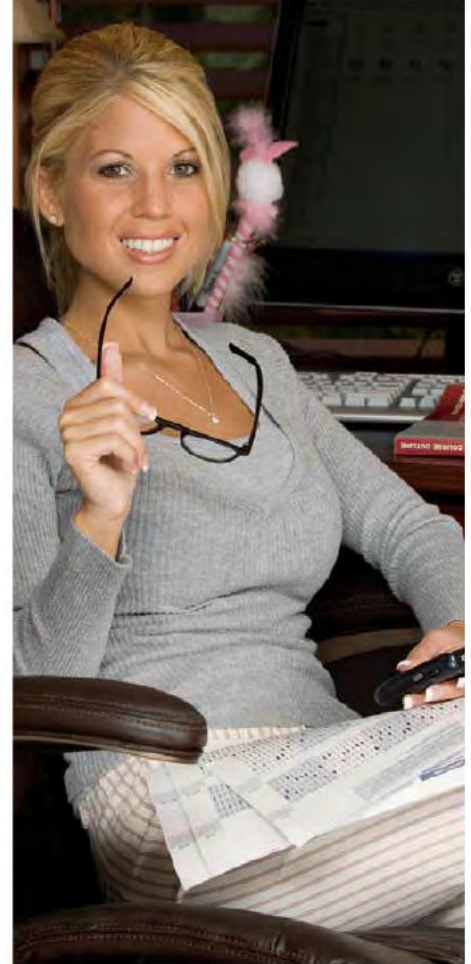
IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR—THE 25 SEXIEST CELEBS.



IRAQ VETS BETRAYED IN A TIME OF NEED.



LET'S HUG IT OUT, BITCH.



AH, TO BE A STUDENT AGAIN.

THE REAL COST OF WAR—AS OUR TROOPS RETURN FROM IRAQ, WASHINGTON IS WAGING A QUIET CAMPAIGN TO DISCREDIT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TOLL OF COMBAT, WITH POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER BEING INTENTIONALLY UNDER-DIAGNOSED BY THE MILITARY. **MARK BOAL** REVEALS THE APPALLING INJUSTICE COMMITTED AGAINST OUR VETERANS.

THE SEX AND MUSIC ISSUE—PLAYBOY DELIVERS ITS ANNUAL COMPENDIUM OF SENSUAL DELIGHTS, STARRING SLINKY SONG-STRESS **MARIAH CAREY** AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE.

JEREMY PIVEN—AFTER STRUGGLING AS A SUPPORTING PLAYER FOR YEARS, PIVEN FINALLY SEIZED THE SPOTLIGHT IN 2004 AS THE HILARIOUSLY SMARMY AGENT ARI GOLD ON *ENTOURAGE*. HE'S NOW ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S TOP LEADING MEN, WITH A STRING OF PROJECTS FOR 2007. BUT IS STARDOM ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE? *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* BY **DAVID RENSHIN**

ZOMBIE DAN—EVEN AFTER DOCTORS AT THE LOCAL HOSPITAL RESURRECT HIM, IT SEEMS EVERYONE WOULD PREFER DAN WERE RESTING IN PEACE. FICTION BY **J. ROBERT LENNON**

THE YEAR IN MUSIC 2007—OUR MUSIC ISSUE RETURNS TO FIND HIP-HOP TAKING A BACKSEAT TO A ROCK REVIVAL. FEATURING INTERVIEWS WITH METAL INTELLECTUALS TOOL, R&B STAR TYRESE, COUNTRY GIANTS BROOKS & DUNN AND MORE.

ALSO: THE RESULTS OF OUR ANNUAL MUSIC POLL, THE JAZZ ARTIST OF THE YEAR AND A NEW SET OF MUSICIANS REMEMBERING WHEN THEY KISSED VIRGINITY GOOD-BYE.

GET RICH! LIVE FOREVER!—XANGO, A VITAMIN-RICH FRUIT DRINK, MAKES NEAR-MIRACULOUS CLAIMS, INCLUDING THAT YOU CAN MAKE A FORTUNE UNLOADING IT ON YOUR FRIENDS. **JONATHAN BLACK** UNVEILS THE ABSURD SUBCULTURE SURROUNDING THE LATEST MULTILEVEL MARKETING SCHEME.

THE 25 SEXIEST CELEBRITIES—SO MANY HOTTIES, SO LITTLE TIME. SO CLEAR YOUR SCHEDULE.

ROCK THE RABBIT—MUSIC AND FASHION ARE A POTENT MIX, ESPECIALLY WHEN *PLAYBOY* PUTS CLASS ACTS LIKE THE FLAMING LIPS AND THIEVERY CORPORATION INTO THE SEASON'S MOST ROCKING THREADS. FASHION BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

BUSINESS CLASS—THE PLAYBOY MAN'S HEADQUARTERS IS A CAREFULLY DESIGNED MICROENVIRONMENT FROM WHICH HE CAN RULE THE WORLD WITH APLOMB. WHAT TOOLS DOES IT REQUIRE? A STEALTHY BAR GLOBE AND SLICK NEW PUTTER, FOR STARTERS.

PLUS: PLAYMATE **SHALLAN MEIERS** WANTS TO SHARE HER FANTASIES WITH YOU, A HOT-FOR-TEACHER PICTORIAL AND INTRODUCING MISS MARCH **TYRAN RICHARD**.

Mail to notemart@gmail.com for any further request.

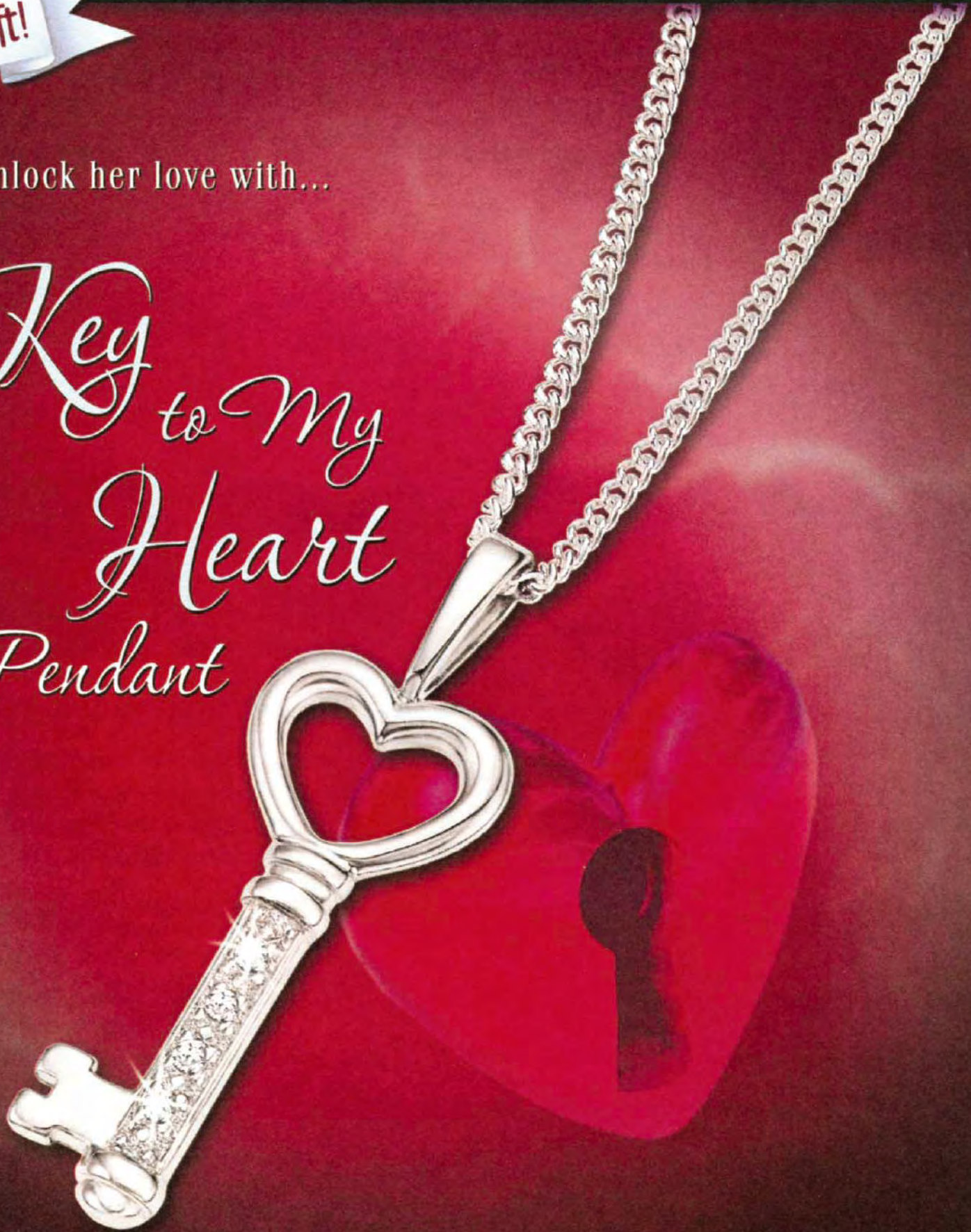
For guaranteed Valentine's Day delivery, call 1-800-726-1184.

www.danburymint.com/key

A Great Gift!

Unlock her love with...

The Key to My Heart
Pendant



the Danbury Mint

Exclusively from the Danbury Mint

Supplement to Playboy Magazine

"FOR TOO LONG OUR CULTURE HAS SAID, 'IF IT FEELS GOOD, DO IT.' NOW, WE WANT TO BE A NATION THAT SERVES GOALS LARGER THAN SELF. WE'VE BEEN OFFERED A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY, AND WE MUST NOT LET THIS MOMENT PASS. MY CALL IS FOR EVERY AMERICAN TO COMMIT TO THE SERVICE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND YOUR NATION. BY DOING THIS, WE SUSTAIN AND EXTEND THE BEST THAT HAS EMERGED IN AMERICA."

★ ★ **EVERYONE CAN DO SOMETHING.** ★ ★

Answer the President's Call to Service. When you volunteer to help your neighbors, you help your nation. Everyone can do something. To learn more, visit USAFREEDOMCORPS.GOV or call 1-877-USACORPS.



A magnificent sterling silver pe

There are few things in life as precious as love and soul. This Valentine's Day, present your undeniable proof that she holds the one-and-only *My Heart Pendant*, a sterling silver jewel

Charming design...four rhodium-p

Meticulously crafted of real sterling silver in the shape of a key, embellished with a romantic rhodium and glistens with the dazzling sparkle of a diamond pendant to perfection, a finely crafted sterling silver *The Key to My Heart Pendant* comes in a lovely gift giving. Both the chain and gift box are

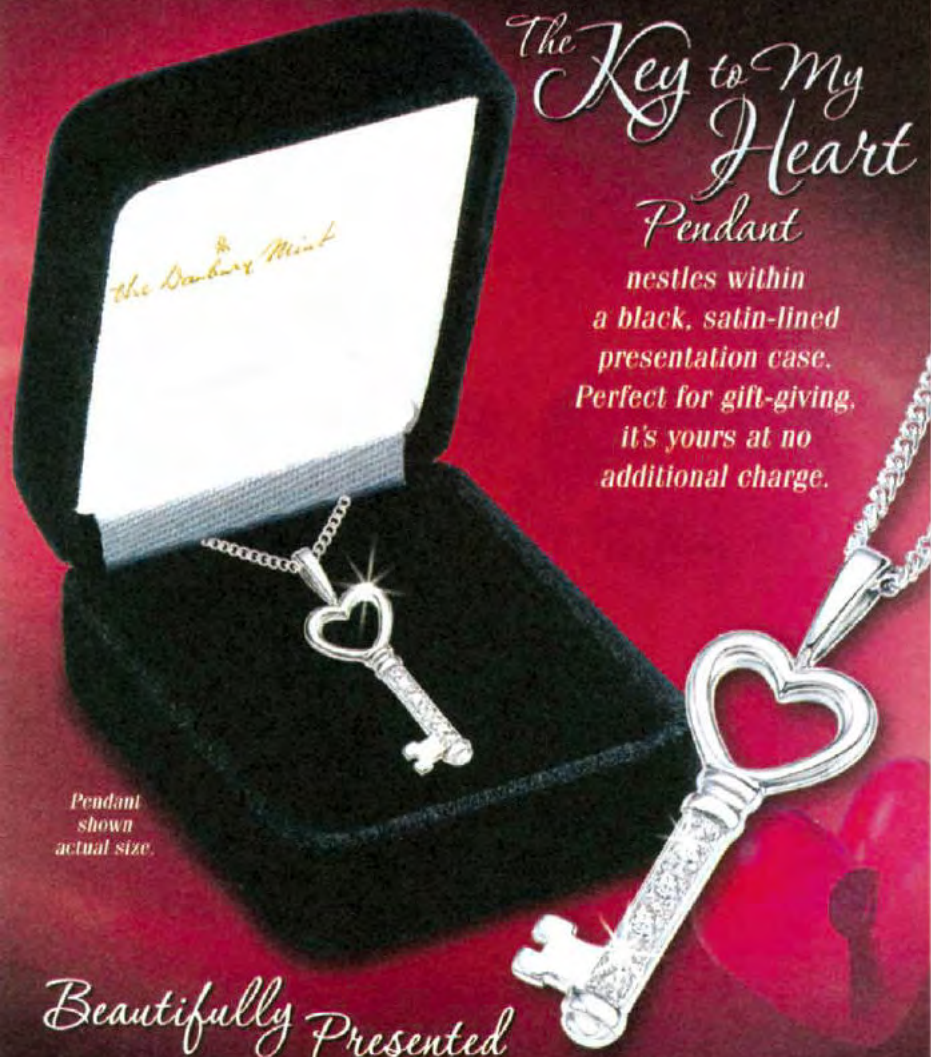
A superb value,

Available exclusively from the Danbury Mint for \$78, payable in two monthly installments of \$39. As your assurance of quality, a Certificate of Authenticity is included.

Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If you are not satisfied with the pendant within 90 days for replacement, simply return it and call 1-800-726-1184, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

The Key to My Heart Pendant

nestles within a black, satin-lined presentation case. Perfect for gift-giving, it's yours at no additional charge.



Pendant shown actual size.

Beautifully Presented

"FOR TOO LONG OUR CULTURE HAS SAID, 'IF IT FEELS GOOD, DO IT.' NOW, WE WANT TO BE A NATION THAT SERVES GOALS LARGER THAN SELF. WE'VE BEEN OFFERED A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY, AND WE MUST NOT LET THIS MOMENT PASS. MY CALL IS FOR EVERY AMERICAN TO COMMIT TO THE SERVICE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND YOUR NATION. BY DOING THIS, WE SUSTAIN AND EXTEND THE BEST THAT HAS EMERGED IN AMERICA."

★ ★ EVERYONE CAN DO SOMETHING. ★ ★

Answer the President's Call to Service. When you volunteer to help your neighbors, you help your nation. Everyone can do something. To learn more, visit USAFREEDOMCORPS.GOV or call 1-877-USACORPS.



Pendant, handset with genuine diamonds.

When that special woman gives you her heart, give your sweetheart with a lasting token of your love — a diamond-only key to your heart. Presenting...*The Key to My Heart* treasure aglow with sparkling diamonds.

With glittering diamonds in brilliant, rhodium-plated sterling silver.

This stylish pendant is exquisitely fashioned in the classic heart motif. The pendant is lavishly plated with the luster of four handset diamonds. To display your sparkling silver 18-inch chain is included. What's more, a luxurious satin-lined presentation case...perfect for yours at no additional charge.

100% satisfaction guaranteed.

Now, *The Key to My Heart Pendant* can be yours for just \$39 (plus \$7.80 total shipping and service). A Certificate of Authenticity will be included. If you or your gift recipient are not delighted, simply return it for a refund. **For guaranteed Valentine's Day delivery, order a week. Order today!**

RESERVATION APPLICATION

THE DANBURY MINT

47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

Yes! Reserve *The Key to My Heart Pendant* for me as described in this announcement.

Name _____
Please print clearly.

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
Orders subject to acceptance.

For guaranteed Valentine's Day delivery, call

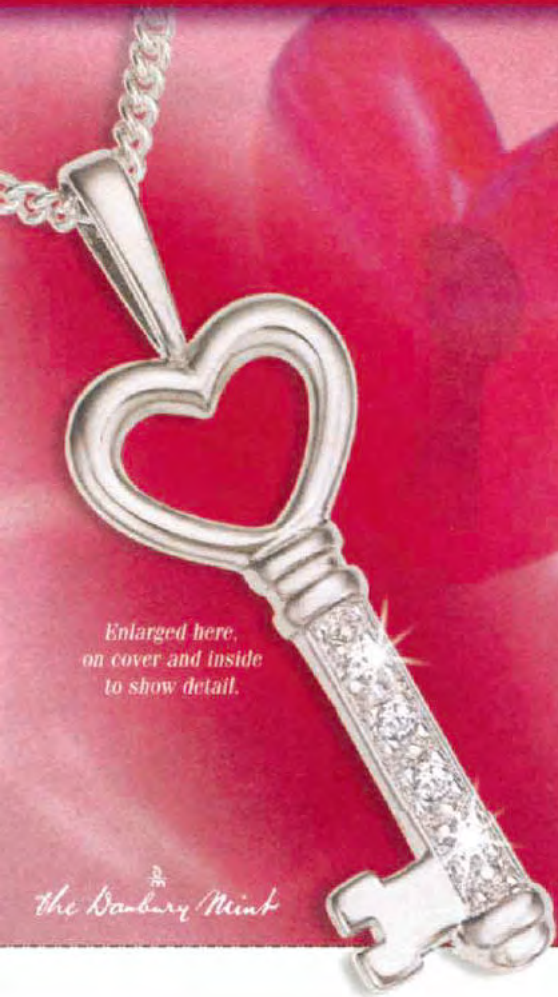
1-800-726-1184.

www.danburymint.com/key

Mail to notemart@gmail.com for any further request.

For guaranteed Valentine's Day delivery, call 1-800-726-1184.

www.danburymint.com/key



Enlarged here,
on cover and inside
to show detail.

the Danbury Mint



*The Key to My
Heart
Pendant*

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 456
NORWALK CT

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE DANBURY MINT
47 RICHARDS AVENUE
PO BOX 5265
NORWALK CT 06860-0105



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



Bourbon lovers,

TIME TO RENEW YOUR VOWS.

LABROT & GRAHAM
WOODFORD RESERVE
DISTILLER'S SELECT

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLE NUMBER
123 09778
BOTTLED BY
Distilled by Labrot & Graham
Versailles, KY
50 & 40 PROOF

HANDCRAFTED IN SMALL BATCHES.

WOODFORD RESERVE®

BOURBON HAS ARRIVED.

Commit to moderation. Drink responsibly.

Woodford Reserve Distiller's Select Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 45.2% Alc. by Vol., The Woodford Reserve Distillery, Versailles, KY. ©2007.

EAST MEETS WEST



Las Vegas
ALL STAR
2007



2007 NBA ALL-STAR GAME
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18 8PM ET