

RED-HOT SUMMER ISSUE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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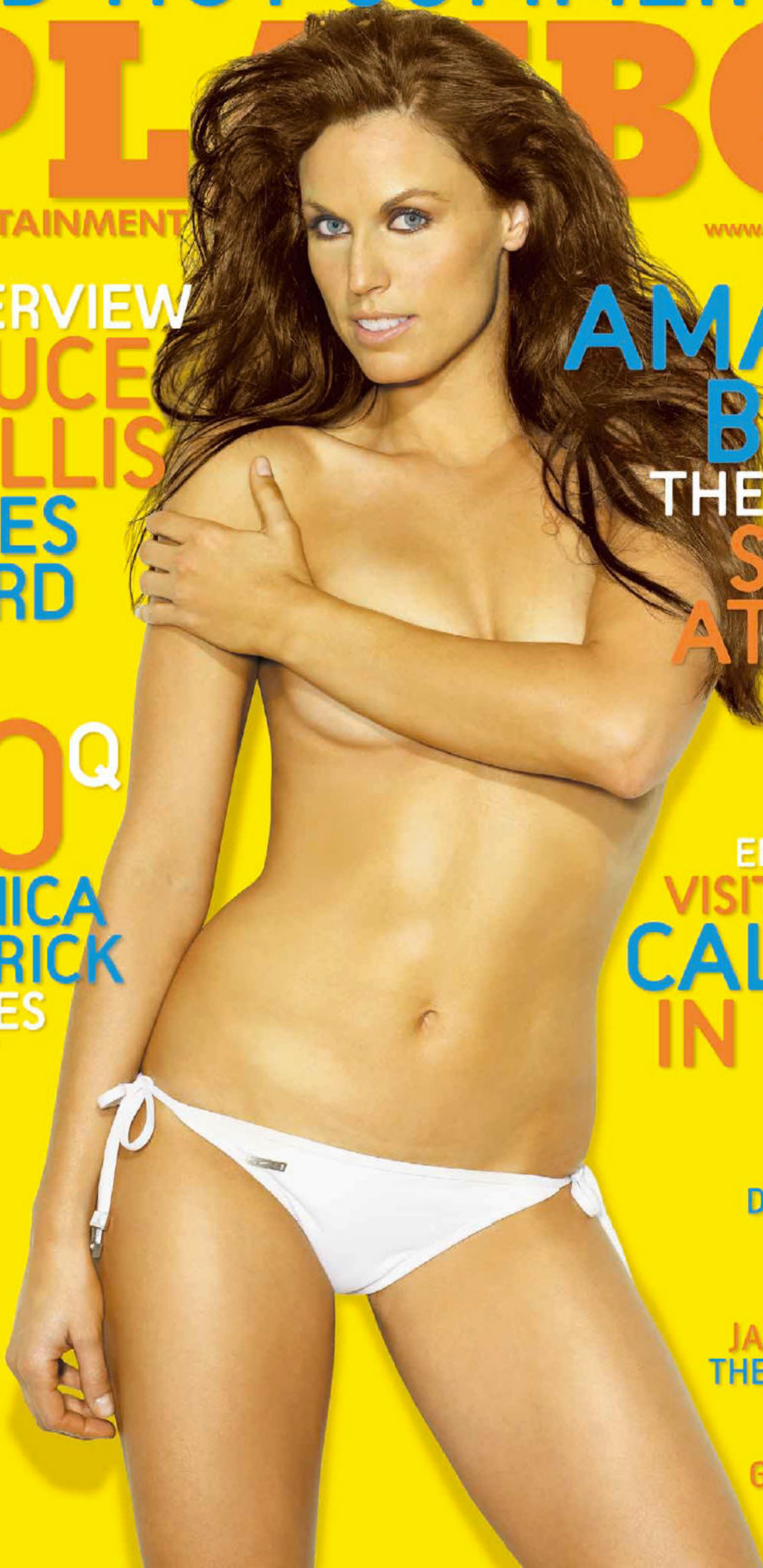
INTERVIEW
BRUCE
WILLIS
LIVES
HARD

AMANDA
BEARD
THE WORLD'S
SEXIEST
ATHLETE
NUDE

20^Q
DANICA
PATRICK
DRIVES
FAST

ERIK HEDEGAARD
VISITS THE BEST
CALL GIRL
IN VEGAS

MORE HEAT:
DRINKING, GRILLING
ROAD-TRIPPING
SKINNY-DIPPING
FICTION BY
JAMIE MALANOWSKI
THE SUMMER OF LOVE
AND THE RISE OF
CRYSTAL METH
GIRLS OF MONTAUK



Dear (circle one):

BMW,

Lexus,

Mercedes,

Other, Owner.

I am truly sorry for what happened on the road today. I did not see you next to me at that light. If I had I would have eased off the gas a little when the light changed. I did not mean to cause you any embarrassment in front of your (circle one): *Wife, Young Girlfriend, Secretary, Other.* I realize you spent a great deal of money on your car and the last thing you need is some guy in a VW Passat to leave you behind like that. If I see you again on the road I will be sure to let up on the gas and let you pass me.

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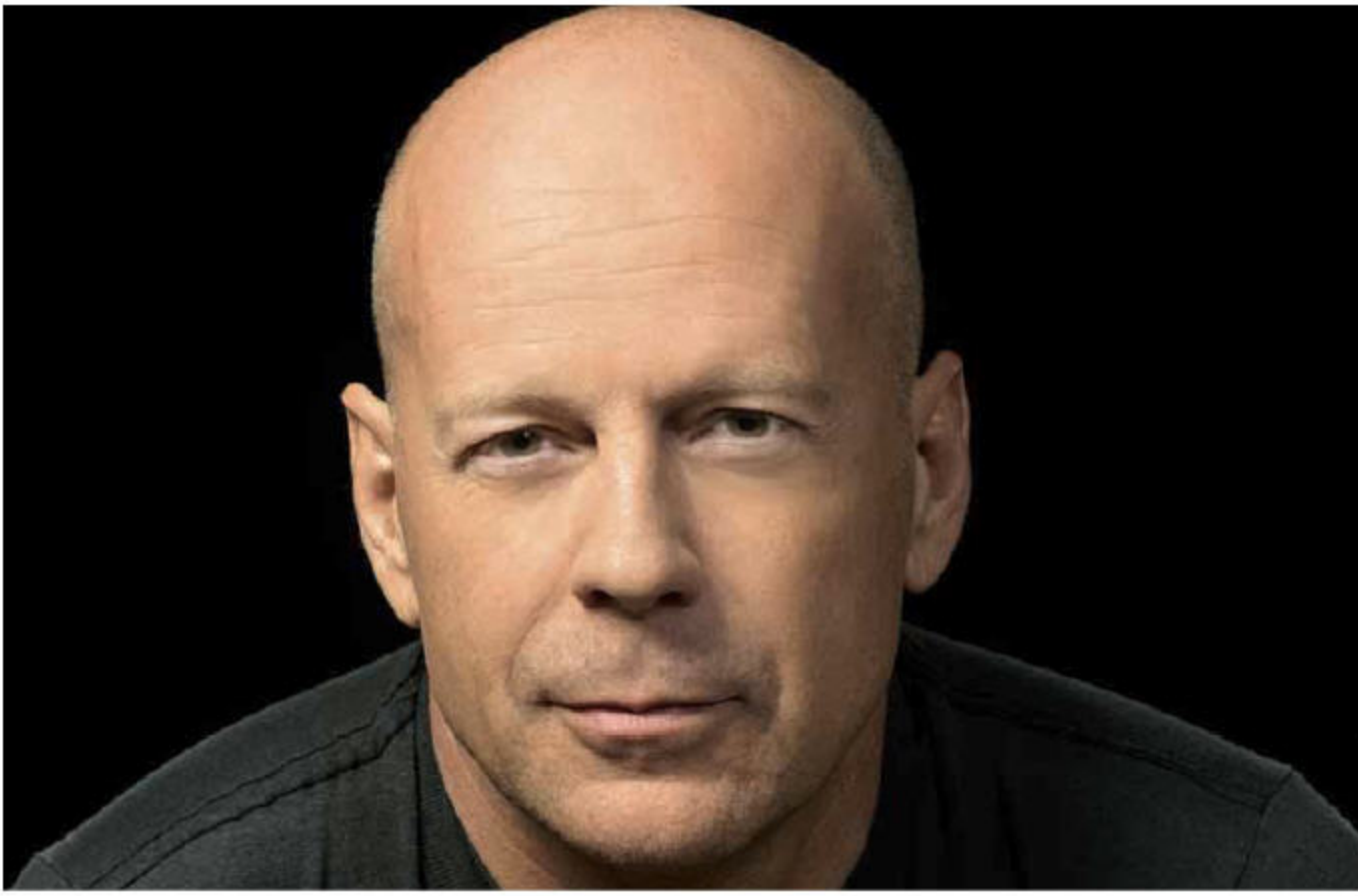
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Bruce Willis is tough, opinionated and one of the few Hollywood actors more comfortable in a local dive bar than at a place with a velvet rope. Willis has balls: After making it as a star, he still took small roles in unheralded projects, and he's secure enough to vacation with his ex-wife and her young new husband. (Plus, our female staffers say that Willis, like George Clooney, gets more handsome as he ages.) By sitting with **David Sheff** for this issue's *Playboy Interview*, Willis becomes our first three-time interview subject. Sheff found him older, balder and wiser. "Other than his hair, the biggest change is his politics," Sheff says. "He suggests he's interested in Barack Obama, which is shocking because Willis was a vocal Bush supporter. This marks the first time he discusses at length his reasons for leaving the Republican Party."



While working on his book *No Speed Limit: The Highs and Lows of Meth*, **Frank Owen** met Dr. David E. Smith, one of the few unimpaired witnesses to what happened in Haight-Ashbury. Smith's story became *The Dark Side of the Summer of Love*. "Most people think San Francisco in 1967 was all acid and pot, but it was also the first meth scene," Owen says. "The events of that summer set the stage for the meth problems we have now."



"We must stop living in a sci-fi world," demands **James Lovelock** in "Greens for Nukes" in this month's *Forum*. Father of the Gaia theory, Lovelock contends that nuclear energy is the best way to decrease CO₂ emissions. "The opposition to nuclear energy is based on irrational fear fed by Hollywood-style fiction, the green lobbies and the media," he says. "The fear is unfounded. Nuclear is the safest of all energy sources."



What would happen if the wrong man were elected president? All seriousness aside, **Jamie Malanowski** takes a light-hearted look at a vice president who is smarter, hungrier and more cunning than the commander in chief in *State of the Union*, an excerpt from his novel *The Coup* (Doubleday). "Our leaders are just people," Malanowski says. "They have great power, but like all of us, they have flaws. We should watch them constantly."



Adorable **Amanda Beard** was the phenom of the 1996 Summer Games (remember her teddy bear?), where she captured America's affection and the gold. Since Atlanta she has collected four more Olympic medals and grown into the sexiest athlete alive. Here she poses in and out of the water for the wet-and-wild pictorial *Adult Swim*. "I feel that an athletic body like mine is gorgeous," Beard says. "I take pride in my swimming and work hard to keep myself looking the way I do. I wanted beautiful PLAYBOY photography by **Daniela Federici** to showcase that." This is a big step for Beard. "I have done photo shoots in skimpy swimwear before but never buck naked—I have never shown my boobs and butt. As someone with a healthy lifestyle, I am trying to send a positive message that different body types are sexy."



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- 70 THE GIRLFRIEND EXPERIENCE**
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Summer is here and so is your license to grill. Follow our game plan to create the ultimate backyard barbecue, using Tom Colicchio's peerless prescription for a perfect porterhouse and recipes for elegant side dishes. It's all topped off by the best summer cocktails from past decades, plus a tequila-laden surprise that perfectly sums up summer 2007.
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Godwin Pope is the brilliant and arrogant vice president of the United States, who desperately wants to move up. In this excerpt from *The Coup*, the witty, cynical novel by our favorite satirist, we are introduced to Pope and learn how he came to play second fiddle to a president he despises. **BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

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- 43 GREENS FOR NUKES**
Environmental ideologues are afraid of using nuclear energy to combat global warming, but statistics show modern nuclear power is actually a sane alternative for our overpopulated, power-hungry world. **BY JAMES LOVELOCK**

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She broke two records for female race-car drivers in the 2005 Indianapolis 500. Now our favorite fast woman puts on the brakes long enough to talk to us about her go-kart days, proving herself on the track and what it would take for her to move to NASCAR. **BY JASON BUHRMESTER**

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His résumé is impressively stocked with starring roles in blockbuster hits and with chewy supporting parts in challenging indies that would turn any actor green with envy. As his harried hero John McClane returns to the big screen in *Live Free or Die Hard*, a calmer, wiser Willis talks candidly about doing action movies at the age of 52, the importance of being tight with ex-wife Demi Moore's husband, Ashton Kutcher, and why he is no longer a Republican. **BY DAVID SHEFF**



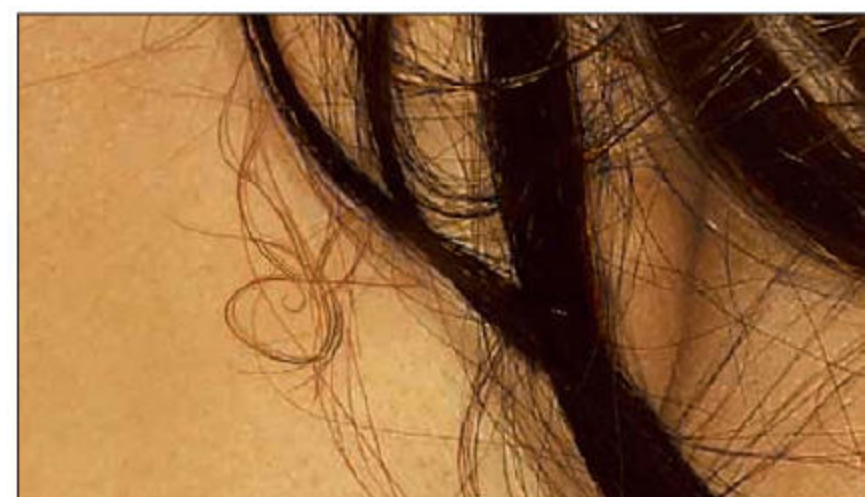
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COVER STORY

"If you want me to swim fast, you have to let me enjoy my life," says Olympic medal winner Amanda Beard. When she's not busy training for the 2008 Summer Games, the stunning breaststroker gets her kicks from motorcycle riding, surfing, snowboarding and race-car driving. Photographer Daniela Federici reveals the streamlined body beneath the swimsuit; our Rabbit is having a great hair day.



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BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

this month on playboy.com

THE A-LIST

Come on in: At the 10 best poolside bars, more than the water is fine.
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News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY editors. playboy.com/blog

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Go one more lap with driver Danica Patrick. playboy.com/21Q

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR

Make it a twofer: While Hef and his ladies heralded season three of *The Girls Next Door* with a party at the Mansion (left), *Paradise City* cast members Rick DeJesus, April Rawlings, Jenner Evans and Jack Laflaur (below) toasted their own new E! television show.



ROCK THE RABBIT

Hey, check out the hare! Fans spotted rock-and-roll revivalists Whitestarr, who autographed copies of *PLAYBOY*'s March music issue, as well as custom-designed Rock the Rabbit T-shirts at the Las Vegas Playboy Concept Boutique (right). The band joined 19 other cutting-edge artists to create the limited-edition styles for the issue's *Rock the Rabbit* fashion feature.



A TOUCHING DISPLAY

Proving that *PLAYBOY* is more than simply stunning photography, the Library of Congress has been publishing braille editions of the magazine since 1971. A reproduction of one issue (right) was displayed at New York's Whitney Museum when artist Taryn Simon featured her piece *Playboy, Braille Edition* as part of her recent show, *An American Index of the Hidden and Unfamiliar*.



FULL HOUSE

Playmates Stacy Fuson, Deanna Brooks, Alison Waite and Jillian Grace teamed with card sharks turned professors of poker Phil Laak, Ali Nejad and Antonio Esfandiari (above) for Playboy Poker Camp's closing-night blowout at the Mansion. As you can see, four 10s is tough to beat.



MOON AND STARS

To welcome the NBA All-Star Game to Vegas, Playmates helped George Maloof (above) host stars like BET's Terrence and comedian Katt Williams (left) at the Playboy Crown Royal party at the Palms' Moon lounge.

HANGIN' WITH H&F



(1) Hef, Bridget, Holly and Kendra transport the Big Easy to the Mansion for a zesty Mardi Gras bacchanal brimming with belles and beaus. (2) Newlyweds Joe Don Rooney and PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon indulge. (3) Centerfolds Pennelope Jimenez and Lauren Michelle Hill welcome star of *The O.C.* Adam Brody. (4) Snowboarding gold medalist Shaun White with the Fat Tuesday host. (5) Actor Stephen Dorff and PMOY Sara Jean Underwood. (6) Fashion designer Roberto Cavalli with Bridget, Hef and Holly. (7) NFL stars Adam Archuleta and Brian Jennings warm up with Playmate Jennifer Walcott. (8) Holly signs her lovely likeness at Playmate Victoria Fuller's gallery opening at Art Brilliant. (9) Playmate Shannon Tweed and Gene Simmons catch the Golden Globes at Hef's pad. (10) *American Idol*'s Ryan Seacrest, Simon Cowell and Randy Jackson attend the *Girls Next Door* season-three party at the Mansion. (11) In waltzes *Dancing With the Stars*' Joey Fatone. (12) Rebecca and Jackie take a break from Bravo's *Workout*. (13) *American Idol* runner-up Bo Bice rocks with Playmates Alison Waite and Sara Jean Underwood.



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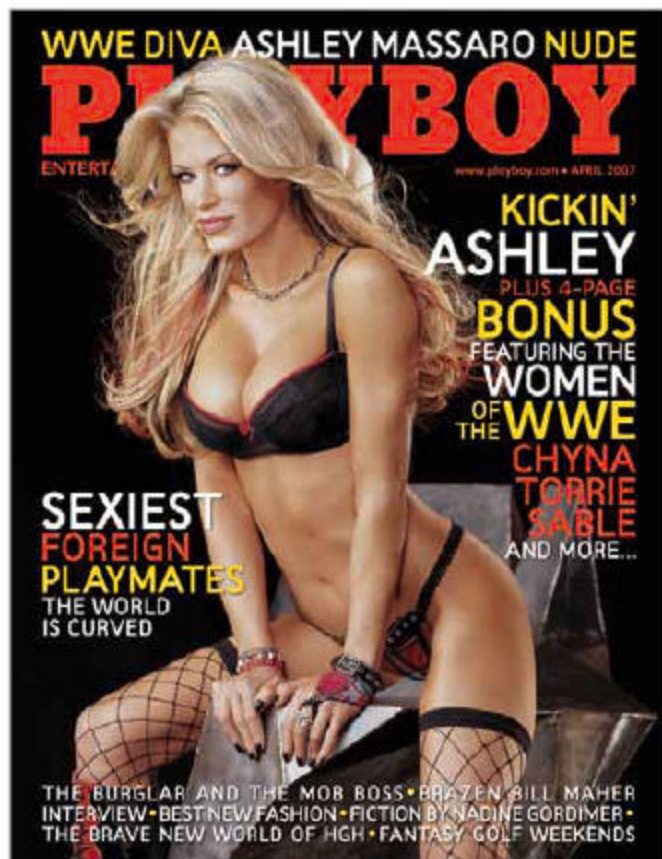
VOLUME



LIP SERVICE

Thank you so much for your pictorial of WWE diva Ashley Massaro (*Star Struck*, April). It's nice to see a fit, beautiful, alternative-looking girl on the cover. I'd love to see more tattooed and pierced women like myself. Thank you also for continuing to showcase the athletic babes of WWE.

Jen Savage
Moncton, New Brunswick



We've heard Ashley is a little wild.

Having passed midcentury a few years ago, I believe my tastes may not reflect the average reader's. I find Massaro's lip rings extremely unappealing. She looks like a vampire.

Ronald Solomon
State College, Pennsylvania

A gorgeous, nude vampire. That's key.

Now that you have photographed Ashley, how about setting your sights on WWE's Victoria or Mickie James?

Ardie Calampiano
Brooklyn, New York

MUCH MORE MAHER

The only thing better than having Bill Maher sit for the *Playboy Interview* (April) would be a monthly column. Thanks for an interesting and straightforward discussion.

Brent MacLean
Corner Brook, Newfoundland

In a world full of bullshit, it's nice to hear someone with common sense.

Toni Pezzuto
South Haven, Michigan

Maher is the only television personality who isn't afraid to tell it exactly like it is, although Keith Olbermann

also gets high marks. I'd cast my vote for that presidential ticket.

Dan Buchanan
Las Vegas, Nevada

Maher would make a great president, but he's too smart to take the job.

Charles Burton
Owings Mills, Maryland

Is Maher actually that smart, or do I think so only because I agree with nearly everything he says?

Oak Sawyer
Sebastopol, California

Maher notes the negative reaction he received when he dressed for Halloween as the late crocodile hunter Steve Irwin, complete with a stingray barb embedded in his chest. The costume was a low even for Maher. The bigger disappointment for me is that you chose to publish a photo of him wearing it (*Frisky Fright Night*, March).

Richard Bowles
Midlothian, Texas

Maher is brilliant, hilarious and absolutely fearless. The Steve Irwin thing was still tacky, though.

Amy Moshier
Plantation, Florida

At first I thought Maher was just another goofy, outspoken liberal. Then he made the comment "Steve Irwin loved animals the way child molesters love children." Now people can see Maher for what he really is: a human being who has lost touch with what is right and wrong. People like him are what's wrong with America today.

Erik Larson
Quartz Hill, California

Maher responded on his HBO program: "Stop hassling me about my Halloween costume. People who really love animals understand that if you get killed by one, chances are you were doing something to it you shouldn't have been." If you find that offensive, write Bill, not us.

I like Maher but believe he is incorrect to say the early Mormons sought to exterminate Native Americans. Brigham Young said it is better to feed the Indians than kill them. The idea that Young said black people will be slaves in heaven seems unlikely, as Mormons have always been antislavery, which is one of the reasons they were run out of Illinois and Missouri and eventually settled in Utah.

William Williams
Milwaukie, Oregon

Your Maher interview is one of the best yet, although he is incorrect on one point. He states that pre-World War II Japan was Buddhist yet still committed acts of war against China and Korea. Actually, Japan's main and official religion was Shinto, and that's what the military elite followed. Buddhism played only a minor role in Japan at that time.

Don White
Atlanta, Georgia

Maher is a sanctimonious ass, although I am aware this isn't a popular notion around Playboy, as he is a Mansion fixture. Politically, he jumps from issue to issue at his own caprice, seemingly without any integrated philosophy, much like his admired and fellow *Playboy Interview* subject Arianna Huffington. Say what you will about his self-proclaimed foils, at least they are consistent with whatever translation of whatever scripture they deem holier than thou. For someone who proclaims himself to be an indepen-



Maher strikes a presidential pose.

dent (or, at times, libertarian), Maher comes across as your average run-of-the-mill college Democrat. Why don't you interview Lewis Black? At least he's funny.

F.J. Verdi
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Angry, fed-up Americans desperately need a voice. Maher provides one.

Brad Becnel
Leonville, Louisiana

I am saddened by the Maher interview not because of what he says but because it made me wonder if we will

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Tell us how many Rabbits
are hidden on the next page



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ever have another Age of Enlightenment and if I will be around to enjoy it. We will likely perish well before that happens, following years of cranking up the air-conditioning in our SUVs on the way to church to pray that the heathens of the world will stop trying to muddle up our happy little existence with science. Here's to Maher for championing the ideas of free thought, free speech and science instead of superstition.

Kristi Wirz
Hollywood, California

HGH DOCS RESPOND

Pat Jordan's report on the antiaging medical industry, *Dr. T to the Rescue* (April), fails to make the most basic, honest and objective disclosures about our organization, the American Academy of Anti-Aging Medicine (A4M), which is the fastest-growing medical society in the world. He presents an ex-porn star and others of that ilk as typical attendees of our conferences; in fact, 95 percent of participants are health professionals or scientists. In another attempt to discredit A4M, Jordan notes that its certification program has not been approved by the American Board of Medical Specialties; however, the 35,000 doctors who each year receive A4M certification consider it the gold standard. Finally, Jordan claims we did not complete our medical educations until six years after we formed A4M; in fact, we were fully licensed physicians and surgeons for more than a decade before founding A4M.

Dr. Robert Goldman
Dr. Ronald Klatz
Chicago, Illinois

We believe Jordan's article is both fair and accurate. To clarify, at the time of A4M's founding, in 1992, Goldman and Klatz each held degrees in osteopathy (D.O., or doctor of osteopathy). They did not earn their M.D.s until 1998.

PARSING THE HUMOR

I enjoy PLAYBOY, especially the interviews and *Forum*. My problem is with *Party Jokes*. In the April issue a woman complains to a girlfriend that the guy next to her in the movie theater is masturbating, and when told to ignore him she says, "I can't. He's using my hand." That's not funny; using a woman's hand without her permission is a felony. These kinds of "jokes" only detract from the seriousness of sexual offenses.

Luna Laz
Charlotte, North Carolina

REMEMBER WHEN

It's hard for me to believe, but this month marks the 20th anniversary of my appearance as the first disabled woman to pose for PLAYBOY (*Meet Ellen Stohl*, July 1987). Three years after I became a

paraplegic in a car accident, I wrote a passionate letter to Hef to express my frustration that society saw my wheelchair before it saw me. He responded by asking me to pose. Today I feel I am more of a PLAYBOY woman than ever—that is, someone who is confident in her sexuality, her beliefs and her abilities. The pictorial was and is an amazing landmark in the quest to change attitudes about sexuality and disability.

Ellen Stohl
Northridge, California

Ellen, it's wonderful to hear from you. And thanks for the recent nude, which we've posted at blog.playboy.com under Letters.

INTERNATIONAL BEAUTIES

It's great to see PLAYBOY recruiting models from around the world. I certainly wouldn't mind seeing more



Giuliana, on her way to get you a towel.

imports like your April Playmate, the German-born, Italian-blooded Giuliana Marino (*Giuliana the Great*).

Edward Yan
El Monte, California

The April Centerfold is absolutely the greatest. The sharpness and the lack of airbrushing add to Giuliana's beauty; no human body is without imperfections. I fell instantly in love.

K. Scott
Tipton, Indiana

I have been subscribing for 36 years but, despite being wowed by hundreds of gorgeous women, never felt compelled to write until I saw Giuliana. Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Steve Scarborough
Grand Ledge, Michigan

Read more feedback at blog.playboy.com.



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P L A Y B O Y

a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

Christina DeRosa

BROADWAY'S LOSS IS OUR GAIN

Thank God for career-ending injuries. Christina DeRosa was studying musical theater at the Boston Conservatory when she literally broke a leg. They handed her the old “you’ll never dance again” bit, which turned out to be dead wrong. Still, the ordeal got her out of Beantown and eventually to Los Angeles, where she has appeared in a handful of films and recorded a pop album. In conversation Christina cuts to the chase—and tells a man what he wants to hear. Here’s her description of *Parental Guidance Suggested*, a comedy in which she plays a singing porn star: “I got to sing, got to dance, got to act, got to show off my natural twins—it was hot.” That’s a must-see in our book. She researched the part by attending Porn Star Karaoke at the Burbank spot Sardo’s. It’s just that: adult-film actors singing. Christina tried to blend in—by wearing a trashy outfit and bringing a male friend who pretended to be her “pimp guy”—but felt her lack of silicone would give her away. And suddenly we’re talking about the twins again. “I’m not going to get fake tits,” she asserts, not that we’d asked. “I’m happy with what I got.” Okay, we get it; they’re very nice. Let’s move on. What about her work in *Palo Alto*? “That was a lovely film,” she says, “a day in the life of these young guys from Palo Alto.” She pauses, then lets us have it. “I had a love scene with another girl—a little bisexual action in there.” Thank God for career-ending injuries.



“I got to show off my natural twins—it was hot.”

never throw anything away



Look What We Found

EIGHTEEN YEARS LATER, A MEMOIRIST FINALLY STRUTS HER STUFF IN *PLAYBOY*

In 1989 a 20-year-old looker named Stacey Grenrock, who hoped to become a Playmate, posed for a few hundred pictures shot by the late, legendary photographer Richard Fegley. On her Playmate Data Sheet, she listed her favorite cuisine as Mexican, her favorite musician as David Bowie and her pet peeve as rudeness. Despite beautiful photos like the one at left, Grenrock (later Stacey Grenrock Woods) wasn't selected. Instead she went on to become a *Daily Show* correspondent and sex columnist. This month she looks back in a memoir called *I, California: The Occasional History of a Childhood Actress/Tap Dancer/Record Store Clerk/Thai Waitress/Playboy Reject/Nightclub Booker/Daily Show Correspondent/Sex Columnist/Recurring Character/Etc.* She devotes one chapter to a cheeky yet fond account of her near-Playmate experience. Here's a sample:

"I reclined against the gleaming bed. I was still bottomless and shoeless, but now the tattered rag I wore on top was stretched tight and tied in front, as if I were a hausfrau in a *Benny Hill* sketch. It was during this stretch that I came closer to anything like a seductive pose: My gray-stockinged legs parted ever so slightly, my head cocked and my expression devious, as if to say, 'Guten Abend, gentlemen. Come inside. I am the ex-peasant girl here to entertain you high-ranking officers of the SS.'"

this justin



As Seen on TV

JUSTIN LONG, THE LOW-KEY MAC GUY, MAKES MOVIES WITH BRUCE AND BIGFOOT

PLAYBOY: What is a sheepish slacker doing with Bruce Willis in *Live Free or Die Hard*?

LONG: I play a hacker who ends up becoming the de facto damsel in distress. John McClane has to protect me because he needs my help to figure out a cyberterrorism plot. McClane is very old-school and doesn't know anything about these newfangled computers.

PLAYBOY: Again with the computers. Is Steve Jobs your dad or something?

LONG: It's strange. People come at me with passionate statements—"Macs are great, and I love you." I don't really know how to respond.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry that being the Mac Guy will hurt your career?

LONG: My friend said, "What are you hurting, *Herbie Fully Loaded*? You're not Johnny Depp." Were it not for the Mac campaign, I wouldn't have gotten *Die Hard*. I'm way beyond what I ever thought I'd be.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

LONG: I thought I'd do plays, do some commercials and once in a blue moon get a spot on *Law & Order*. That would've been a great career for me. This has all been gravy. And icing. On a cake. Gravy and icing together, which you normally don't want to do. I like to mix my metaphors.

PLAYBOY: What else will we be seeing you in?

LONG: *Strange Wilderness*, which is coming out in the fall, is a comedy with Steve Zahn and Jonah Hill about stoner idiots going in search of Bigfoot. I also did a movie called *The Sasquatch Dumpling Gang* with a couple of the guys who worked on *Napoleon Dynamite*. Oddly, it's another movie about Bigfoot in which I play an idiot—but a different breed of idiot.

over the river and through the woods

GMILF Revolution

WITH A GRANNY LIKE THIS, WHO NEEDS AN OEDIPUS COMPLEX?

They say 40 is the new 20, and indeed some of the world's great beauties—think Berry, Hayek and Hurley—are sultry quadragenarians. In Hollywood the MILFs grow on trees. What's next, hot grandmothers? Actually, yes. For actresses facing 50, playing an attractive granny is the latest way to prove they've still got it. Recent GMILFs include Angela Bassett, who was 47 when *Akeelah and the Bee* hit screens, and Catherine Keener, who at 46 played a nana in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*. The latest and best is 47-year-old Rebecca De Mornay, whose Cissy Yost is the hottest thing on-screen in HBO's weird and (we think) allegorical series *John From Cincinnati*. Watching her still-sharp cheekbones and familiar smolder, we can hardly believe it's been a quarter century since she seduced us as Lana the hooker in *Risky Business*. Then 13-year-old surfer Shaun Yost (played by Greyson Fletcher) enters the scene and says to her, "Hi, Gran," inducing cognitive dissonance that makes her *even hotter*. Who wants a cookie?



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animal lover



No matter where you stand on PETA (we're not fans of killing little critters, but we love a good cheeseburger), we can all agree it has kick-ass ad campaigns. Here, the boss's girlfriend takes her stand against fur.

early music

Artists Formerly Known As

Trevor Homer's *Book of Origins* contains a wealth of information on stuff as it was before it became what it is now. The following are early incarnations of musical acts that earned glory and gold records after ditching these less than excellent monikers. By what names are they better known?

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. The Blue Velvets | A. Black Sabbath |
| 2. Carl and the Passions | B. Simon & Garfunkel |
| 3. The Primettes | C. The Temptations |
| 4. Tom and Jerry | D. Sonny & Cher |
| 5. Caesar and Cleo | E. Blondie |
| 6. Polka Tulk | F. Creedence Clearwater Revival |
| 7. The New Journeymen | G. The Beatles |
| 8. The Elgins | H. The Supremes |
| 9. Johnny and the Moondogs | I. The Mamas & the Papas |
| 10. Angel and the Snake | J. The Beach Boys |

(Answers: 1-F; 2-J; 3-H; 4-B; 5-D; 6-A; 7-I; 8-C; 9-G; 10-E)

Go Ahead, Toot Your Own Horns

"There isn't a day that goes by that I don't feel my own boobs and think, God, these are great!"

—Miss March 2003 Pernellope Jimenez, in *The Bunny Book: How to Walk, Talk, Tease and Please Like a Playboy Bunny*



f-bombs away

Sanitized for Your Amusement

TV CENSORS' FUTILE EFFORTS TO KEEP THE BIG LEBOWSKI CLEAN

According to the FamilyMediaGuide.com, the Coen brothers' 1998 comedy *The Big Lebowski* is one of the most profane movies of all time, with 260 recorded uses of the word *fuck*. The potty-mouthed exchanges present a challenge to network censors, whose solutions are often bizarre. Here are some of the best (that is, worst) family-friendly overdubs:

Original line: They peed on my fucking rug.

TV version: They peed on my valued rug.

Original line: This is what happens when you fuck a stranger in the ass!

TV version: This is what happens when you find a stranger in the Alps and feed him scrambled eggs!

Original line: I'll suck your cock for a thousand dollars.

TV version: I'll slurp your Coke for a thousand dollars.



Original line: If you don't like my fucking music, get your own fucking cab.... Outta my fucking cab!

TV version: If you don't like my peaceful music, get your own cab.... Outta my peaceful cab!

Original line: Tomorrow we come back, and we cut off your johnson!

TV version: Tomorrow we come back, and we cut off your toes!

Original line: Are you ready to be fucked, man?

TV version: Are you ready to be plucked, man?

—from *I'm a Lebowski, You're a Lebowski: Life, The Big Lebowski and What-Have-You*



employee of the month

Tender Loving Care

LIE BACK AND LET NURSING ASSISTANT JOY GLASS SPONGE YOUR WORRIES AWAY

PLAYBOY: What do you do?

JOY: I'm a nursing assistant. I'm basically the eyes and ears for the nurses working with Alzheimer's patients. Day to day the patients may not recall who you are specifically, but they remember if they like you and smile when they see you.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example of one of your duties?

JOY: If a patient can't get to the shower, I'll give him or her a sponge bath. I was sponging one guy when his wife came in and jokingly said, "What are you doing, cheating on me?" He just looked at her and said, "First come, first served."

PLAYBOY: So you can't be put off by nudity.

JOY: I never have been. Maybe it's because my family is from Europe. We're all very comfortable with nudity. My mom is from Madrid, and Dad was in the Air Force—got himself a cute little Spanish wife, as I like to say.

PLAYBOY: Have you found a Dr. McDreamy?

JOY: I'm more of a *House* or *Scrubs* person. If a guy can make me laugh, he can have my heart.

PLAYBOY: Ever dressed up as a naughty nurse?

JOY: This past Halloween I wore one of those sexy little outfits you get at a costume store. But I didn't use the cheap stethoscope that came with it—I have my own.

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.

wild, wild west

The First Hollywood Blonde

A REVEALING SHOT OF MAE WEST SURFACES



Over the years, PLAYBOY readers have been treated to photos of many an undressed blonde, from Marilyn and Jayne to modern classics like Pamela. However, Mae West, who started it all, always remained elusive prey.

This photo, in which her feathered neckline has taken an unexpected plunge, displays more of her famous front than any shot we know of. That's not to say she didn't like to show off: West reportedly decorated her Hollywood pad with nude sculptures and a nude painting—of herself.

Hotchickswithdouchebags.com

Nothing ruins a photo of a beautiful girl like the presence of some loser male friend, a guy you just *know* you don't like. It's tragic. It's jealousy-inducing. It's a blog—and there but for the grace of God go we.

watch your step



Without a Net

A NEW TAKE ON THE OLD BACK-AND-FORTH

If you didn't know better, you'd think these guys were playing some tennis-like sport on rooftops high above the city. And they are—it's Speedminton, a game invented in Berlin that's not as goofy as badminton nor as pointless as Smashball. You score by landing the modified shuttlecock (which can travel more than 150 miles an hour) in your opponent's zone. This rooftop arrangement is intriguing, but we recommend the terrestrial version, played on a beach or field.

Dear Ketel One Drinker

Can you make one hundred words, of four letters or more, from the letters in Ketel One Vodka?

- | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|------|
| 1. | 31. | 61. | 91. |
| 2. | 32. | 62. | 92. |
| 3. | 33. | 63. | 93. |
| 4. | 34. | 64. | 94. |
| 5. | 35. | 65. | 95. |
| 6. | 36. | 66. | 96. |
| 7. | 37. | 67. | 97. |
| 8. | 38. | 68. | 98. |
| 9. | 39. | 69. | 99. |
| 10. | 40. | 70. | 100. |
| 11. | 41. | 71. | |
| 12. | 42. | 72. | |
| 13. | 43. | 73. | |
| 14. | 44. | 74. | |
| 15. | 45. | 75. | |
| 16. | 46. | 76. | |
| 17. | 47. | 77. | |
| 18. | 48. | 78. | |
| 19. | 49. | 79. | |
| 20. | 50. | 80. | |
| 21. | 51. | 81. | |
| 22. | 52. | 82. | |
| 23. | 53. | 83. | |
| 24. | 54. | 84. | |
| 25. | 55. | 85. | |
| 26. | 56. | 86. | |
| 27. | 57. | 87. | |
| 28. | 58. | 88. | |
| 29. | 59. | 89. | |
| 30. | 60. | 90. | |



Mouse Trap

In a recent 12-month period, Walt Disney World employees reported **773** injuries—enough to affect **40%** of the **1,900** actors who play costumed characters at the theme parks.

Catch and Release

An internal Department of Justice memo reports that the number of times a citizen of Mexico can illegally cross into Texas, be arrested and be returned to Mexico without being prosecuted is **6**.

High Up in the Mountains

Utah, which ranks **50th** among the states for alcohol consumption, ranks **1st** for the highest percentage of people abusing prescription pain relievers.



you bet



According to gambling site BetUS.com, the odds that Manhattan will be underwater before December 31, 2011 are **100 to 1**.



Secret Agency Man

Recent Bond films have been chock-full of product placements. *Casino Royale* showcased **25** brands, among them Ford. The most visible brand of 2006, Ford appeared in **41%** of the year's number one box office films.

Mondo Tithes

Annual amount of charity given to the education sector: **\$38.6 billion**. Total amount of money donated to religious organizations: **\$93.2 billion**.

price check

\$372,000

Price paid at auction for the skull of a large carnivorous dinosaur and the tusk of a shaggy-coated Ice Age mammoth.

Jesus Chop

According to its website, Karate for Christ International has saved **423,000** sinners.

Load of Bull

The charge for having your dry hair and split ends treated with genuine Angus bull semen at Hari's hair salon in London: **\$110**.



Urban Accrual

Every day approximately **200,000** people across the globe migrate to cities. This year, for the first time in history, more humans will reside in urban areas than rural ones.



Highway Robbery

Nationwide, the average markup on various items sold at combination gas stations—convenience stores: cigarettes **19%**, candy **43%**, sunglasses **100%**, ice **60%**, gasoline **7%**.

Ask her for directions anyway



Redefining Navigation

Our KD-NX5000 HDD Navigation/DVD/CD Receiver with 3.5" wide monitor is Bluetooth® and iPod® Ready and wrapped in a remarkably sleek, single DIN unit. With maps, music, and more, JVC Mobile has you covered wherever you want to go! But we understand if you feel the urge to ask for directions now and then...



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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD]

Bruce Willis's reluctant hero returns to take charge

"I found a lot of pills and heavy drinking helped," says director Len Wiseman about the challenge of tackling *Live Free or Die Hard*, the fourth installment of the mega-popular *Die Hard* action franchise. Bruce Willis is back as John McClane, along with newcomers Timothy Olyphant, Maggie Q and Jeffrey Wright. This time McClane tangles with Internet-based terrorists who, says the director of two *Underworld* flicks, "are out to cripple the U.S. infrastructure via technology. McClane is an old-school cop who doesn't know how to use a computer or get his e-mail. He becomes a hero because he's thrown into a situation he doesn't want to be in yet rises to the challenge. He's a bit of an asshole, crass and always bitching, but you root for him." Asked how he dealt with old pro Willis, the relative newbie director says, "At the start, it was like, 'Who's this kid?' But after he realized I had been kind of obsessed with *Die Hard* in high school, he started to respect my knowledge of the franchise. Once we got further along, it became a running joke for Willis to say, 'Okay, everybody, we're going to do the 1985 Wiseman backyard version now.'" Wiseman assures us his high-ticket backyard version is a huge action film. "You associate the *Die Hard* franchise with elevator shafts," he says, "and this one has an elevator sequence done in a very *Die Hard* fashion, with a new twist: McClane takes an SUV right down a shaft."

"He's crass and always bitching, but you root for him."

—Stephen Rebell

now showing

BUZZ

You Kill Me

(Ben Kingsley, Téa Leoni, Luke Wilson) In this offbeat dark comedy, Kingsley is a boozy Polish hit man whose Mob family orders him to get sober after he screws up a major assassination. Our hero begins working as a mortician and falls for a sharp-tongued dame (Leoni) with a twisted moral code.

Our call: Good actors sinking their teeth into a sly screenplay ought to be right up director John Dahl's dark alley, but somehow his latest movie just doesn't *kill*.



Hairspray

(John Travolta, Christopher Walken, Michelle Pfeiffer) Big 1960s hair and a big heart jazz up this screen version of the Broadway musical based on the John Waters flick. A pleasantly plump Baltimore teen defies her uptight mama (Travolta in fat-suit drag) by becoming a TV sensation and integrationist role model.

Our call: Travolta is certainly no Harvey Fierstein, but just about everything and everyone else make this a hip-shaking roof-raiser you'd have to work hard not to like.



Transformers

(Shia LaBeouf, Megan Fox, Josh Duhamel, Jon Voight) Based on the 1980s "robots in disguise" toys that morph into trains, planes and other cool vehicles, director Michael Bay's latest is a hyperkinetic blast of live-action sci-fi that pits the alien Autobots against the Decepticons in a battle for world domination.

Our call: There are breakneck thrills as actors try not to get crushed by all the groovy special effects. But unlike the old *Transformers* tagline, there isn't more than meets the eye.



I Now Pronounce You Chuck & Larry

(Adam Sandler, Kevin James, Jessica Biel, Steve Buscemi) Sandler and James play firefighter pals who pretend to be a gay couple to get domestic-partner benefits. Learning what it's like to face homophobia, the guys are represented by attorney Biel and spied on by Buscemi, the snitch sent to rat them out.

Our call: Despite its formulaic premise, this is a flick with some big politically incorrect laughs and even a few serious points to make about gay prejudice.



dvd of the month

[WORLD WAR II COLLECTION VOL. 2]
HEROES FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

This time capsule of wartime movies is worth fighting for

The six new-to-DVD classics from the Warner Bros. vaults deliver the dramatic goods in this boxed set. Best of the bunch is Sidney Lumet's *The Hill* (1965), featuring Sean Connery as an inmate in a British prison camp who bucks the sadistic warden's system. Clark Gable takes charge in *Command Decision* (1948), portraying a U.S. general who sends bombers on suicide missions to destroy Nazi factories. Nazi deception drives *36 Hours* (1965), starring James Garner. *Air Force* (1943) and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* (1944) are based on actual events, as is *Hell to Eternity* (1960), which stars Jeffrey Hunter as Guy Gabaldon, the U.S. marine who convinced roughly 1,000 Japanese soldiers to surrender at the battle for Saipan. **Best extra:** The Oscar-nominated short *Women at War* (1943). ★★★ —Greg Fagan



RENO 911!: MIAMI (2007) Even those who don't TiVo the Comedy Central series will giggle as these Nevada cops bumble through Miami during a police convention. Inventive sight gags and delayed punch lines add up to effective absurdity. **Best extra:** Deadpan PSAs. ★★★½ —Buzz McClain



SOUNDIES: A MUSICAL HISTORY The first music videos, soundies were played on Panoram jukeboxes in the 1940s. This restored collection has such commentators as Hugh Hefner reflecting on MTV's unlikely godparent. **Best extra:** A song by host Michael Feinstein. ★★★½ —Robert B. DeSalvo



THE SERGIO LEONE ANTHOLOGY Spaghetti Western maestro Leone finally gets his due in this feature-rich boxed set. Accompanying all-new, completely restored two-disc editions of *A Fistful of Dollars* (1964) and *For a Few Dollars More* (1965) is the DVD premiere of



the spectacular *A Fistful of Dynamite* (pictured, 1971), starring James Coburn. The already restored *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* (1966) rounds out this essential collection. **Best extras:** Numerous featurettes on *Dynamite* and *Leone*. ★★★★★ —Matt Steigbigel

DEADWOOD: THE COMPLETE THIRD SEASON (2006) HBO's profane and addictive Western series gets fresh guns and money vultures to keep the boomtown's frontier politics as engaging as ever. **Best extras:** A historical featurette and four commentaries led by series creator David Milch that cover more ground. ★★★ —G.F.



THE DEAN MARTIN & JERRY LEWIS COLLECTION: VOLUME 2 The mayhem continues in these five new-to-DVD flicks. In addition to *Living It Up* (1954), *Pardners* (1956) and *Artists and Models* (1955), the set has *You're Never Too Young* (pictured, 1955), in which Lewis impersonates a 12-year-old at Dino's all-girls school (look out for Lewis's wild dancing). The pair head west in *Hollywood or Bust* (1956), their last film together. **Best extra:** These discs are bare-bones. ★★★ —M.S.



SCANNER

BLACK SNAKE MOAN (2007) Samuel L. Jackson chains troubled nympho Christina Ricci to his radiator in this stirring meditation of self, soul and Delta blues. Also available on HD DVD and Blu-ray. ★★★

SHARK WEEK: 20TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION (2007) Discovery Channel celebrates its ratings magnet with programs ranging from fascinating (*Jaws of the Pacific*) to exploitative (*Anatomy of a Shark Bite*). ★★★½

NORBIT (2007) Eddie Murphy should have kept the fat suit in the closet and this movie off the screens despite its being a surprise box-office heavyweight. It's obnoxious, and Murphy—and the audience—deserves better. ✘

GHOST RIDER (2007) The demon-possessed antihero (Nicolas Cage) fires up the screen in this Marvel adaptation. As stunt biker Johnny Blaze, Cage channels Elvis...again. ✘

BREACH (2007) Director Billy Ray depicts the FBI's investigation of Russian mole Robert Hanssen and the young Fed (Ryan Phillippe) assigned to catch him. Chris Cooper's turn as the tightly wound Hanssen is brilliant. ★★★

★★★★ Don't miss ✘ Worth a look
★★★ Good show ✘ Forget it

tease frame



Maggie Q is making an impression on these shores after achieving superstardom in Asia. Born to a Polish and Irish American father and a Vietnamese mother, the actress heated up Hong Kong cinema by going topless in *Naked Weapon* (pictured). Now she gives good face in megabudget American sequels such as *Mission: Impossible III* and this month's *Live Free or Die Hard*.



ANESTHESIA



GOODWILL
GESTURE



ORAL
AGREEMENT



BACKBONE



PICK-ME-UP



ASPIRIN



AFTER-DINNER
DRINK



BEFORE-DINNER
DRINK



SORROW
DROWNER



PROSTITUTE BEAUTY
ENHANCER



PEACEKEEPER



SLEEP AID



BIRTHDAY
GIFT



ASSASSIN
DISTRACTOR



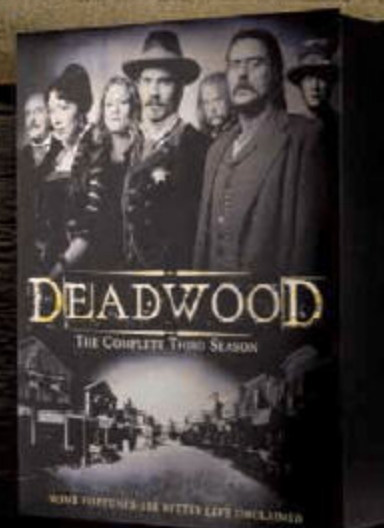
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après daft punk, le déluge

[ONE MORE TIME]

A second wave of French electronic music is blasting through clubland

Ten years ago Daft Punk's monster debut album, *Homework*, changed the balance of power in the geopolitics of music cool. By 1997, of course, early French house act Etienne de Crécy had already found success at the club level with "Prix Choc," Dimitri From Paris was a major DJ, and restless Parisian hip-hop producers Philippe Zdar and Boom Bass were transforming themselves from MC Solaar's beatmakers



into bona fide house stars. But with Daft Punk's screeching, filtered sounds and ridiculously simple robo-caveman beats that sounded more rock and roll than rock and roll, French music became the coolest thing on the planet. Tony Blair's election would soon render Britpop's rust-belt populism redundant, leaving French house—Cassius, Modjo, David Guetta and Daft Punk side project Stardust, as well as Daft Punk itself, especially with "One More Time" from its second LP—to become the jet-set soundtrack of the moment. But as with all such scenes, the tricks got old and the treats less sweet, and the luster faded. Until now. Daft Punk is suddenly serving as the inspiration for two new movements. One looks to the "daftendirekt"

Homework sound as the blueprint for a back-to-basics scene full of distorted, buzzing electronics and primitivist aesthetics. It centers on a label called Ed Banger, headed by longtime Daft Punk manager Pedro Winter (who records for the label as Busy P). Though this school eschews the discofied diva house that evolved out of the Respect Is Burning scene, its most charming face is a woman's: **UFFIE** (pictured above), an American-born, Paris-based vocalist generating worldwide buzz with her sexy but hard stylings and badass boasts. Check out her tracks on the two recent Ed Banger compilation albums. The scene's most brutally dissonant act—and the one most faithfully re-creating the *Homework* sound—is fellow Ed Banger artists **JUSTICE** (near right), whose LP drops this month in the U.S. via Vice Records. The other movement exists largely in reaction to Daft Punk



and its progeny; it is best embodied by **BLACK STROBE** (above right), whose dark, heavy *Burn Your Own Church*, just out on PlayLouder, owes as much to Fugazi as to house. "You have Ed Banger on one side, and we are something different," says frontman Arnaud Rebotini. "The rock influence is really important for both of us, but it is two different scenes. Our first 12-inch came out at the peak of the first wave of the French sound, and we have always been a bit of a reaction to what we saw as too much disco in French house music. Ed Banger acts are more influenced by it, especially by Daft Punk. They are the follow-up to the first wave."

killer comeback

[THE BRAVERY]

With *The Sun and the Moon*, the new-wave dance-rockers successfully broaden their sound

This New York five-piece's self-titled debut was one of the most anticipated releases of 2005 and hatched the hit "An Honest Mistake." We asked frontman Sam Endicott about the process of creating the just-released follow-up album.

PLAYBOY: You toured constantly as a result of your first record's success. Were you able to write new songs on tour?

ENDICOTT: The last thing we did was a three-month tour of Eastern Europe with Depeche Mode. That was good because a lot of the time we would be stranded for a few days in some stadium in the middle of Lithuania, in a blizzard. There wasn't much to do. We would hole up on the bus and write. We don't need a studio to record; we just record into a laptop.

PLAYBOY: How does that work?

ENDICOTT: We make rock and roll the way DJs make electronic music. We record everything into a computer and then totally fuck with it: cut it up, chop it, manipulate the



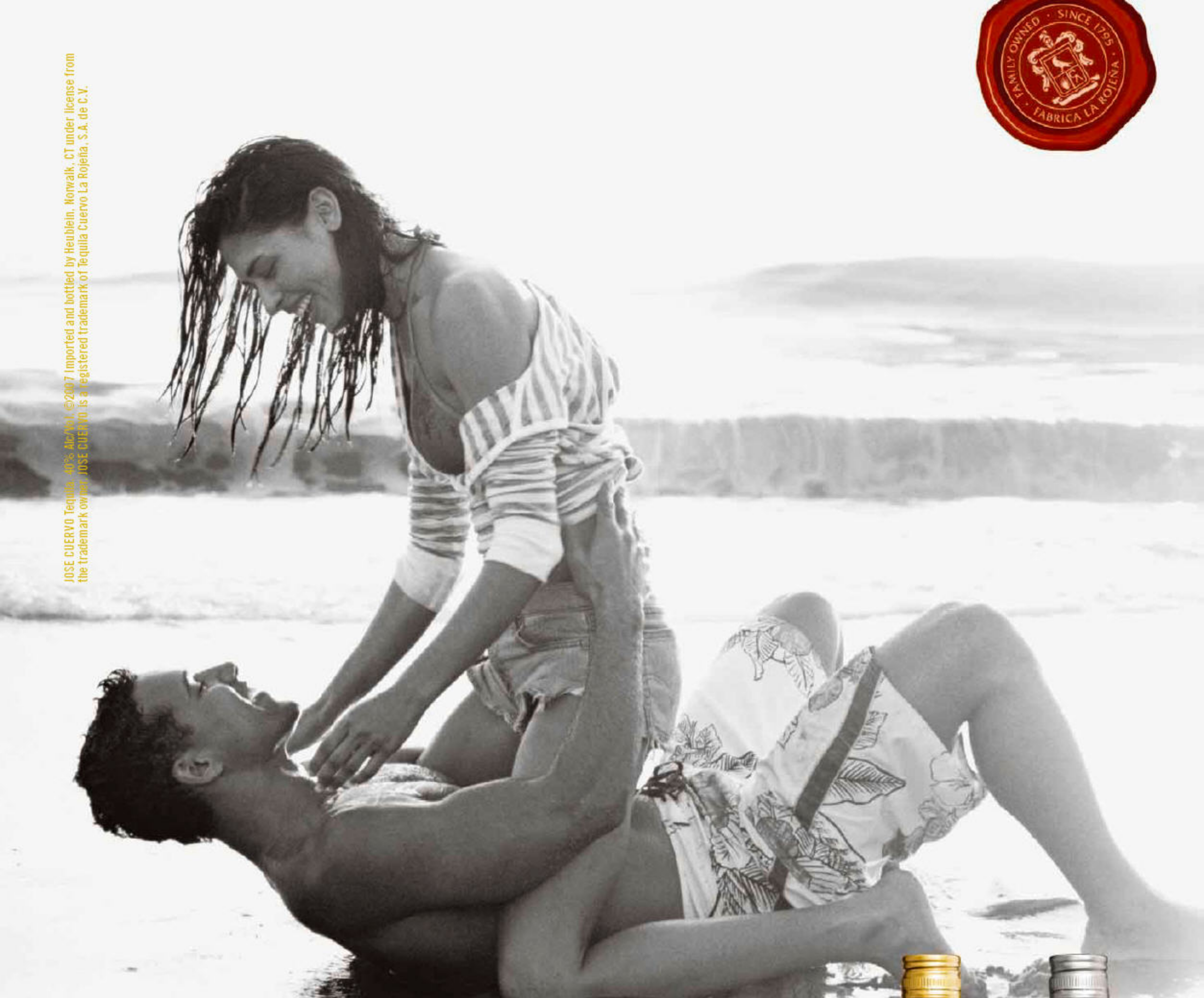
sounds. It's like remixing. It's the same way people make electronic music, but instead of sampling we're creating all the sounds ourselves. The trick is to know when to stop fucking around with a track. On a second album you can feel rushed. The danger is you haven't fucked around with songs enough or you haven't had time to simplify something. Mark Twain wrote in a letter to a friend, "Sorry this is so long. If I'd had more time it would have been much shorter." The first song any kid writes is 15 minutes long. As you get better, you simplify things. Often with second records things are too complicated because you don't have time to straighten them out.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever argue about specifics in that process?

ENDICOTT: Yes. We argued about a sitar. I love sitar. We had a song with a ripping sitar going through the whole thing, and I was like, "Yeah, sitar. Awesome." But everyone else was saying, "What is that weird-ass noise fucking up the song?" And I'm like, "No, dude, it's a sitar. It's great." But eventually I was like, "All right, we can cut out the sitar."



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game of the month

[AFRAID OF THE LIGHT]

A comic-book adaptation lets you unleash your inner demons

Take a made Mafia man, add demon-headed tentacles to his shoulders, give him some machine-gun-wielding imp sidekicks and let him loose in New York City to rid the world of scum. You just made *The Darkness* (PS3, 360), the latest graphic novel to make the jump into Gameland. You'll climb and butcher your way through a crime-ridden Manhattan and a demonic Otherworld on a grim revenge mission, staying out of the light as you go, lest it sap your evil energy. Cinematic horror ensues, and monologues during load screens

and a wicked opening-credits sequence create a big-screen feel. Gameplay itself is standard but satisfying action-horror. We did wish we had more direct control over our tentacles. On the plus side, they need to eat hearts to live. Human hearts. Have fun. **★★★** —Scott Stein



SHADOWRUN (PC, 360) Part cyberpunk, part Dungeons & Dragons, this first-person shooter arms you with technology and magic, then sends you out for multiplayer matchups (except for training, there's no solo mode). Using cash earned in the game, you'll equip your fighter with anything from gliders and rocket launchers to the ability to raise the dead or walk through walls. This is the first game to allow 360 players to face off against PC gamers. Could get ugly. **★★★**

—Brian Crecente



DIRT (PC, PS3, 360) Less arcade-y than *MotorStorm* but not as anal as *Gran Turismo*, this next-gen extension of the venerable Colin McRae franchise puts you behind the wheel of more than 45 officially licensed cars for frantic rally-racing action. *Dirt*'s authentic physics and amazing damage modeling are an absolute treat, as are real-world roads and tracks from the U.S., Europe and Asia. If the graphics don't hook you, the 100-player online modes will. **★★★½**

—Marc Saltzman



CRUSH (PSP) One of the oddest and most stylish puzzlers we've seen, *Crush* tells the story of a young man navigating his own fiendishly complex mind to find the root causes of his insomnia. The hook is that at any point he can "crush" the world down from 3-D to 2-D (or "inflate" from 2-D to 3-D), enabling him to continue his journey backward through his life and issues. Odd, endearing and pleasantly mind-scrambling, *Crush* is a must for puzzle and platform fans. **★★★½**

—Chris Hudak



HOUR OF VICTORY (360) Okay, okay, it's another World War II shooter, but this one has some good things going for it. Besides being pretty to look at, *Hour of Victory* lets you cut your own path through war-torn Europe as you switch between three unique soldiers—a sneaky Pete, a tough bastard and a sniper. That means you can go cowboy, spy or marksman, depending on your mood. Not that you needed a reason to fight the Big One one more time, right? **★★★**

—John Gaudiosi



justification station

[PLAY HEALTHY]

A head shot a day keeps the doctor away

For decades games have been blamed for all that's wrong with the world—racing games made reckless drivers; *DOOM* spawned Columbine; *Final Fantasy* turned grown men into anime zealots. But a growing number of studies prove what we've known in our hearts all along: Games are good for you. Here's your prescription:

Improve your eyesight: Playing action games helps "sharpen visual acuity," say researchers at the University of Rochester. Video games could even be used to help people who suffer from amblyopia (lazy eye).

Rx: one hour of *Half-Life 2* a day.

Stay young: Researchers at Ontario's McMaster University claim that people who play games for four or more hours a week possess a range of skills that nongamers don't, including quicker reaction times, improved spatial reasoning, a stronger awareness of their surroundings and better short-term memory. Improvement starts after only 10 hours of play and could prove especially beneficial to the elderly.

Rx: four hours of *God of War II* a week.

Lose weight: The International Sports Science Association already recognizes Nintendo's Wii console as a legit tool for getting yourself back into Speedo-wearing shape. The trend has been dubbed exergaming, a term that miraculously manages to be even more off-putting than *edutainment*.

Rx: 15 minutes of *Wii Sports* three times a week.

Recuperate: The University of Washington's Human Interface Technology Lab is using video games to assist burn victims in managing their pain. The thinking behind it: Distraction helps.

Rx: Ice that twisted ankle, elevate it and crank up *MotorStorm*.

Stimulate your brain: Watch VH1 reality shows and you'll end up losing your car keys every other day. Nintendo's *Brain Age* series, based on neurological research, will finally help you remember the names of your boss's kids.

Rx: 10 minutes a day of *Brain Age*.

—Scott Jones



not just for summer...

[DEADLY FUN]

Pulp series dignifies our need for noir

In the bright, guilty world we live in, it's good to have the publishing house of Hard Case Crime stocking the shelves with out-of-print and recent works (by Madison Smartt Bell and Stephen King) in the noir crime vein. Pocket-size with scorching retro covers painted by noted artists such as Robert McGinnis, the books unpack deliciously entertaining stories wrapped around pearls of bile. Out this summer are four crime tales so sharp they'll slice your finger as you flip the pages. Legendary scribe David Goodis depicts the disintegration of a marriage with all the care of an ace mortician in *The Wounded and the Slain*, back in print after 50 years. George Axelrod,

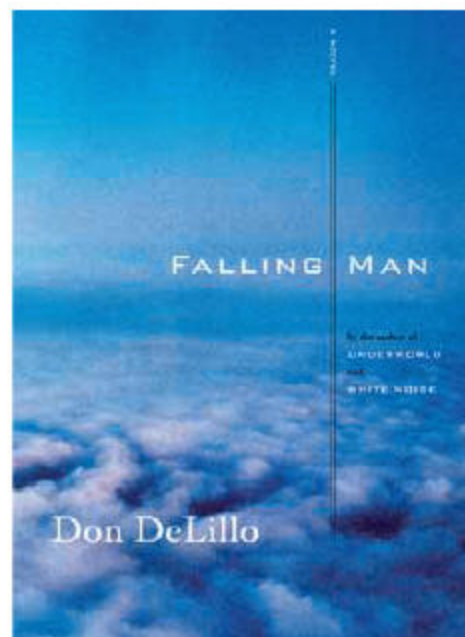


screenwriter of *The Manchurian Candidate*, dishes on the 1950s literary and Hollywood scene in *Blackmailer*, about the search for a Hemingway-like author's unpublished final manuscript. In the new *Songs of Innocence*, Richard Aleas (alias of publisher Charles Arday) follows up his Edgar-nominated *Little Girls Lost* with private dick John Blake unraveling the murder of a sexy NYC college girl who hides a dark secret. And in *Fright*, a period noir from master of paranoid terror Cornell Woolrich, a man flees 1915 New York after killing a fiendish whore out to derail his perfect wedding. Then he lets his guilt slowly drive him insane, as only a Woolrich man can. —Matt Steigbigel

[DEVASTATION DON]

Can DeLillo teach us anything new about September 11?

After Don DeLillo's middle masterpieces of terrorism (*Mao II*), anxiety (*White Noise*) and historical undertow (*Libra* and *Underworld*), a person could be forgiven for thinking the National Book Award-winning novelist has already written about 9/11. Or conjured it. This is his coda, then—this slender novel, a wrenching afterthought of unbearable weight and beauty. The falling man of the title is a performance artist who re-enacts the famous photo of a man plunging from the burning tower. The book begins on that day, with a bloodied Keith Neudecker stumbling home to his estranged wife after almost dying in the attacks. What follows is raw and familiar: the lurching attempt to resurface in the deep chop of fear, confusion and looming war. The world's early sympathy is so touching it



hurts when a European later observes, "There's an empty space where America used to be." Keith connects with another survivor and hides in poker rooms, his son scans the sky for more planes, and his wife works with Alzheimer's patients. But mostly they talk in classic lines of DeLillo-logue, non sequiturs about God and memory and art. If this is the cool, old DeLillo, *Falling Man* also finds him more sincere, less antic and stripped of all but the essential postmodern gadgetry. What's left is quiet, brilliant, true. Survivors suffer, the artist fails, and with terrifying inexorability we keep finding ourselves back on that day: zealots praying, planes carving the sky "silver crossing blue" and the rest of us waiting in massive, fragile towers for what must come next. ★★★ —Jess Walter

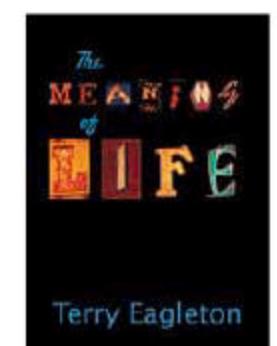
GUANTANAMO * Dorothea Dieckmann

This excellent new German novel follows the fate of a prisoner detained in Guantánamo. In a manner reminiscent of Jack London's *Star Rover*, Dieckmann tells her tale through the meditations of Rashid, a 20-year-old Hamburger who finds himself locked up in the gulag. Neither tendentious nor political, *Guantanamo* focuses instead on suffering and barbarity. ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



THE MEANING OF LIFE * Terry Eagleton

Following the unexpected success of Harry Frankfurt's *On Bullshit*, the book industry has become enamored of small books on large subjects. Eagleton's four-and-a-half-by-six-and-a-half-inch entry, written with his usual élan, may have been better served in a more conventional format. His witty eclecticism is perfect for such a lofty subject, but would it be inappropriate to ask for more? ★★★ —L.F.



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THE LEGEND REBORN



Icy Hot

Some northern highlights from the land of Björk and the midnight sun

LEGEND HAS IT that when the Vikings discovered Iceland, with its spectacular landscapes, temperate summers and stunning women, they cleverly misnamed it to discourage visitors from sharing in the bounty. The ruse worked for centuries, but no longer. Through July the days are flooded with about 20 hours of sunlight, with the early morning shrouded in a transcendent twilight. As a bonus, Reykjavík turns into quite the sophisticated party town during these weeks. Secure a room at the newly renovated Hótel Borg (from about \$350 a night, en.hotelborg.is) on Austurvollur Square and reserve a table at Apótek (veitingar.is), a fusion restaurant in a converted pharmacy featuring some of the North Atlantic's freshest fish and most succulent lamb. Later in the evening don't be surprised if a lissome university student beckons at Kaffi Brennslan (brennslan.is), a hip, bohemian stop, or if Miss Iceland herself dances up to you at the upscale schmoozefest that is Pravda (pravda.is). Soothe your hangover with an excursion to the nearby Blue Lagoon geothermal springs (pictured above) at Grindavík (bluelagoon.is), and if you can still see straight remember that Iceland is one of the few places on earth where you can play 18 holes of golf in the middle of the night. Book a flight now to catch the Arctic Open Golf Championship from June 20 to 23 at the Akureyri Golf Club (arcticopen.is), the northernmost course in the world.



Fly Right

WHEN YOU GO transatlantic you shouldn't have a screaming baby sitting behind you. Happily the recent trend toward luxury air travel continues apace. EOS (eosairlines.com) runs an all-first-class New York to London flight in 757s with just 48 seats, all of which fold down into flat beds. Maxjet (maxjet.com) and Silverjet (flysilverjet.com) also hop the pond with all-business-class seating. This spring L'Avion (lavion.com) joined the fun with an all-business New York to Paris service. Tickets run from around \$1,000 to \$2,700 each way.

Electric Slider

THE GAP BETWEEN the cell phone and the full-bore computer is shrinking by the second. Witness OQO's Model O2 (\$1,500 to \$1,850, oqo.com), a complete Windows Vista machine that weighs just a pound and fits in the palm of your hand. It sports a touch screen for easy navigation, has a slide-up screen that reveals a full QWERTY keypad and is available with up to a gigabyte of RAM and a 60-gigabyte hard drive. Wi-Fi and Bluetooth are standard, and you can opt for a built-in high-speed wireless module that will work with either Verizon's or Sprint's service.





Is It a Mod or a Rocker?

IT'S BOTH. One of three new single-cylinder bikes from BMW, the G 650 Xmoto (\$9,575, bmw.com) embodies the defiant attitude of the young sport of Supercross (the love child of motocross and road racing). The engine pumps out 53 hp at 7,000 rpm and 44 foot-pounds of torque at 5,250 rpm. You won't be late, wherever you're heading. Weighing in at 350 pounds with a full tank, this bike is a fling.

Enter the Ninja

WHEN YOUR MOTORCYCLE takes first and second at the Daytona 200, people tend to notice. Which makes Kawasaki's Ninja ZX-6R (\$9,000, kawasaki.com) this year's bike to beat in the hotly contested Supersport class. Following the success of last year's 636 engine, Team Green unveiled a new in-line four-cylinder 600 cc power plant. It has plenty of midrange muscle, a 16,500 rpm redline and 118 horsepower at 12,500 rpm.



Big Is Beautiful

AMERICA'S MOST REFINED cruiser just got an upgrade. The new twin-cam 96B engine on the Harley-Davidson Fat Boy (\$17,095, harley-davidson.com) puts out 81 horses at 2,990 rpm and 89.8 foot-pounds of torque at 2,750 rpm. As you'd expect, its six-speed Cruise Drive transmission defines smooth. Twist that throttle and you'll feel God's boot kicking you in the ass. Enjoy the ride.





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The Playboy Advisor

I find myself in a weird place, and I'm hoping you can help me clarify my thinking. Shortly after he got married, my son died in a car wreck. He was our only son. His wife was just 19. I'm 49. My wife is deeply religious, as is my son's widow. They got it into their heads that I am supposed to get my daughter-in-law pregnant to raise seed for my dead son. The Bible says if a man dies without children, his brother should go unto his wife. There's also a story about a woman who tricks her late husband's father into getting her pregnant by pretending to be a prostitute. When they presented me with this, I told them they were grieving and not in their right mind. I suggested they take a year to think about it. Well, it's been a year. My daughter-in-law, who happens to be gorgeous, has moved in with us. Now they're talking about having several children or at least continuing until she has a boy. I know what I would like to do, but I wonder if it's wise. I'm not asking for a green light, just your opinion.—J.W., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

You'll be surprised to know we answered this question once before—in the fifth century. The Bible can be used to justify anything, so all you're left with is a 49-year-old guy impregnating the 20-year-old widow of his recently deceased son. That's not going to get you invited to any parties. Putting aside your carnal interests, is this the best choice for your daughter-in-law? She deserves the chance to fall in love again and have a husband and father to her children, someone she isn't sharing with your wife. If you want to help her out, send her to college.

Like any man, I have a lot of sexual dreams. Ninety-five percent star my wife of 11 years. The other five percent typically feature the current Playmate. I find this odd because I work with a bunch of attractive women you'd think would show up once in a while, but they never do. Do most guys dream so often about their wife?—T.H., Alameda, California

No. One survey found that about half the average guy's fantasies involve his partner, with that percentage dropping the longer a couple is together. So you are unusual. Unlike most guys' fantasies, however, 95 percent of yours have a chance of coming true.

Is there a simple technique to remember a person's name? I have tried to just concentrate when I am introduced, but I usually forget to do that as well and get stuck.—H.N., San Antonio, Texas

Join the club, H. (or was it J.?). The skill of remembering names can pay huge dividends but is often neglected. "Men especially are so intent on making a good impression they don't do the one thing that will make a great impression," says Benjamin Levy, author of



Remember Every Name Every Time (available at amazon.com). "In Europe people don't care so much about your name upon first meeting you; they wait to see if you're worth knowing. But that's not how we do it here." Levy's book explains basic and advanced techniques, but the central idea is to "catch and match." Because each name will come at you like a fastball, you must learn to focus. "I always introduce myself first, getting myself out of the way so I can pay attention," Levy says. Second, to "wake up your brain," especially with common names, you need to associate the name with the person's appearance or mannerisms or create an exaggerated scene. For instance, you could visualize John's face as a toilet with a lid that opens when he talks (he won't know you've done this, only that you remembered his name). Bob is lying on a bobsled. Bill has a duck's bill, or something about him resembles Bill Clinton. Once you hear the name, you can also repeat it as a question to confirm it or ask for the spelling if it's unusual. Both responses show your interest. Then use the person's name once during the conversation and again as you bid adieu. If you go to a party or meeting and remember 10 or 20 people's names, you'll be a hit.

I have been a scuba diver for about 20 years and have noticed that after experiencing nitrogen absorption during long, deep dives, I have increased erectile function for around 20 hours. I had heard erections are a result of nitrogen compounds in the blood, but is it possible that breathing air at depth could cause this?—G.M., Somers Point, New Jersey

The compound you're thinking of is nitric oxide, which stimulates blood vessels in the penis. The deeper and longer the dive, the more nitrogen your body absorbs and the more

nitric oxide is formed. But this nitrogen must be released as you ascend or you will get the bends and, in some cases, a sustained and painful erection. Yet even if you maintain elevated but nontoxic levels of nitric oxide after surfacing, the compound isn't stable enough for any of its effects to last hours. All that said, you're not the only diver to have noticed this. In 2003 a Brazilian urologist asked other members of the International Society for Sexual Medicine about three of his patients who had mentioned they had more erections after diving. Hypotheses were offered and discussed until it was finally suggested that the condition is simply a pleasant side effect of an intense enjoyment of the sport, a.k.a. "diver's high." Two U.S. experts we consulted came to the same conclusion. Maybe we should go down more often.

I recently learned I am HIV positive. Does any law require me to disclose my condition? For example, I had an eye exam, and one of the questions on the form I had to fill out was whether I have HIV.—X.X., Scottsdale, Arizona

Although transgressions are rarely prosecuted, it is illegal in all 50 states for someone who knows they're HIV positive to have sex with a partner who isn't aware of the fact. Other than that, you have no legal obligation to inform anyone, including doctors, dentists and other health care providers; instead, it is their responsibility to take precautions. (You'll need to decide your moral obligations on your own.) You are also not required to tell employers or landlords. Scott Burris, a professor at Temple University who specializes in HIV law, says many newly diagnosed people feel a strong urge to share the news with friends and co-workers, but because of the potential for discrimination this early disclosure usually leads to trouble. You certainly don't need to inform the readers of PLAYBOY, which is why we have disguised your initials.

Can cologne go stale? I have several bottles that are at least 10 years old, and they smell different than I remember.—M.B., Bridgeport, West Virginia

*Your scents are spent. Once exposed to air, light and heat, most last only a few years. According to Chandler Burr, author of *The Emperor of Scent* and the perfume critic for *The New York Times*, the best thing for your fragrances is to keep them in the refrigerator. If you find that impractical or weird, at least store them at a constant temperature.*

A reader asked in March about how to choose an engagement ring while still surprising his girlfriend with it. You offered some strategies but didn't mention the simplest one: Buy a cheap band that looks real enough. I paid \$250 for one, then took her shopping. This also gives her a ring to wear when we go to a concert,

sailing, to the gym or anywhere else she might lose it. Two rings, two options, one wife.—J.D., San Diego, California

We received enough tips from readers on this topic to get married several times. But C.M. from Poughkeepsie, New York argues there is no substitute for having the right ring at the right time. To gather the necessary intelligence, she suggests you plan a shopping trip together, then get your girlfriend into a jewelry store without suspicion by telling her you need to have your watch battery replaced.

I've heard setting your cruise control on the highway increases fuel economy, but I've also heard it decreases fuel economy. Which is it?—J.R., Sandy, Utah

Setting the cruise control saves gas only if you're traveling on consistently flat terrain. If you're going up and down hills, it makes the vehicle accelerate to maintain speed, and accelerating on inclines is a huge fuel waster. In 2005 a team from Edmunds.com took a BMW and a Volvo into the high desert in California to test some common gas-saving tips. It found that using the cruise produced an average fuel savings of seven percent. By comparison, moderate driving (such as braking more slowly) saved an average of 31 percent, driving slower saved 12 percent and avoiding excessive idling saved up to 19 percent. The savings from rolling down the windows instead of turning on the air conditioning and from having the right tire pressure were negligible.

My wife wants me to masturbate for her and eat my own come. She says if it's good for her, it should be good for me. What's the best way to deal with this?—R.T., Nashville, Tennessee

Lift your hand to your mouth. As we like to say, what comes around, goes around.

A gentleman wrote in March with a wild tale about his girlfriend asking him to wear a bra and panties under his clothes. Maybe I can buy that detail, but his claim that she showed a tape of their having sex to two of her girlfriends and that their response was to suck him off is pure malarkey. I work in the adult industry, and this sounds like every other sissy-female *domme* fantasy I've ever heard. By printing his letter you allowed the reader to be humiliated in front of millions of people. It's nice of you to get him off, but it makes the column a little less enjoyable if we know you'll publish any old fantasy.—A.H., Las Vegas, Nevada

What can we say? It sounded good to us.

In response to the reader who couldn't find a bar that served a proper scotch on the rocks, you wrote, "Let this be a reminder of how good it feels to sit at home and have your drink the way you like it." Are you suggesting the Playboy man sits at home? It's always more fun to be out with friends, as long as you avoid lame bars. I own a bar, and unfortunately it has become more difficult to

find skilled bartenders. But some of the blame lies with customers. They are usually more interested in speed than quality and are forever chasing the flavor of the week. Younger bartenders seem more interested in going with the flow than trying to mix drinks the traditional way. Just try serving a snifter of sambuca with three coffee beans to anyone younger than 50, and you'll see what I mean.—Joe Grieger, Portside Tavern, Port Charlotte, Florida

The Playboy man has always preferred indoor leisure, i.e., hosting friends at home. To everyone under 50: A shot of sambuca is traditionally served with three coffee beans floating on its surface that are said to symbolize health, happiness and prosperity.

A man wrote in March asking how he could get his girlfriend to lactate. My husband has always been a breast man. We had a baby four months ago, and during my first week home my husband said he wanted to try latching on. I figured all fathers are curious about how the milk tastes, so I said okay. When he began to ask regularly, I again gave him the benefit of the doubt because I know many new fathers feel neglected. But I started feeling a little uncomfortable when he began latching on to one breast while the baby was on the other. I can produce only so much milk, so he's literally stealing food from the table. I'm embarrassed to talk to my girlfriends about this but wonder if this is a usual thing for a new father.—J.H., Los Angeles, California

Your husband is a nuisance. You are generous to indulge him but have every right to tell him happy hour is over.

I keep getting irritating e-mails from family members. My aunt sends judgmental political and religious rants, while an in-law bombs me with "If you don't send this to 10 people, you will die" chain letters. How do I politely tell them to knock it off?—L.S., Los Angeles, California

We suggest this: "I love hearing from you, but please do not forward messages to me. I get so much e-mail, I am afraid I will miss your personal notes." If this request is ignored, you may need to blacklist their addresses. It's disheartening when people you love become addicted to their FORWARD button, but they can always phone if they expect a response.

I have been following the discussion about whether a wife should have sex with her husband when she's not in the mood. In March a woman described the difference between making love, fucking and having sex, and you referred to the latter as a mercy fuck. Technically a mercy fuck is doing a guy because you don't think he would otherwise be able to get laid, i.e., he's too unattractive or dopey or whatever. Having sex with your husband doesn't qualify—that's simply a strategy to

prevent him from straying. My husband asks me for sex almost every day. When I'm not in the mood, it doesn't take long to satisfy him, and I feel more relaxed too. When I'm in the mood, the sex is fantastic because we take our time and enjoy each other.—N.M., Fresno, California

If it works for you, it works for us. Read on for another take.

If I don't feel like having sex, I'm not going to. Otherwise what's the point? Unless your husband is so selfish he doesn't give a damn that you're not into it, neither of you will enjoy the sex. If my husband will cheat because I won't have sex whenever he chooses, who needs him? Men may use sex to relax, but they can also use masturbation.—D.M., Kansas City, Missouri

And they do. And they will. Not to fan the flames, but some therapists argue that a woman who isn't in the mood when her partner comes calling should forge ahead because once she becomes aroused she will often find herself in the mood to continue. Women usually take more time to get warmed up, but once they have, look out.

You noted in March that a man should shake a woman's hand with the same force she applies. Right on. I'm a woman and a manager in a male-dominated field, so I shake a lot of hands. If a man gives me a dead-fish, limp-wristed shake, it tells me one of two things: He doesn't respect me, or he's afraid of me. Neither is acceptable. That goes for women, too.—G.D., Tallahassee, Florida

We respect anyone who has the right touch.

Quite a few of my co-workers leave the men's room without washing their hands, which makes me reluctant to shake hands with anyone. Are we forever stuck with this method of greeting, or will society move toward something more sanitary? Maybe we could bump fists.—R.L., Glens Falls, New York

When shaking a person's hand, we try not to think about where it has been (instead we focus on learning his or her name). It will reassure you to know that when researchers in 2005 observed 6,336 individuals leaving public restrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, New York and San Francisco, 75 percent of the men and 90 percent of the women washed.

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

GREENS FOR NUKES

BIOFUELS AND WIND FARMS ARE A JOKE. THE INVENTOR OF THE GAIA THEORY SAYS ONLY ONE THING CAN SAVE US

BY JAMES LOVELOCK

Why do oil companies advertise renewable energy? You find whole-page color advertisements showing biofuel fields or wind farms, while you hardly ever see an ad for gasoline or diesel fuel. The oil companies see themselves as the seven deadly sisters and fight like cats, but they band together as a family against a threat. So what scares them now? I think they see nuclear energy as their enemy. They know renewables will never produce more than a small percentage of the energy we need. They realize their profits will drop when we perceive that global warming is real and ask for cheap, safe nuclear electricity. Most of all, oil companies fear that our cars

and trucks will no longer use their fuels but instead run on batteries charged from the nuclear electricity supply.

If you think this is far-fetched, consider the experience my wife, Sandy, and I recently enjoyed in France. The train we would take to Avignon stood on track two at the Gare de Lyon. It seemed like any other train except that it was double-decked like a London bus. This train traveled from Paris to Avignon at 200 miles an hour in just over two hours; it was faster and more comfortable than the same journey by air. No wonder the French are building an even faster, 300 mph train track from Paris to Germany. Best of all, this form of intercity transport is the world's only wholly carbon-free, nonpolluting way to travel, because the trains are powered by nuclear electricity. We were not tourists; our journey was at the invitation of the French nuclear company AREVA, which with great openness let us see its plant that makes nuclear fuel from mixed plutonium and uranium oxides. This is how AREVA avoids the problem of storing plutonium—and



greatly improves the efficiency of its power production. In addition, it reduces the radioactivity of nuclear waste by 90 percent and offers a way to dispose of the world's huge stock of nuclear weapons by using them as fuel for power stations. We never expected to have the chance to stand safely beside a container-size crate that holds 330 pounds of plutonium. We touched one of the crate's 10 cylinders and felt its self-generated heat. AREVA told us that the small cylinder has the energy equivalent of 15,000 tons of oil.

Environmental ideologues want us to believe the perfect green way of living is through sustainable development using natural wind, water and solar energy, as well as self-denial. To judge from the response of poli-

ticians worldwide, the ideologues are succeeding. The Kyoto agreement could have been drafted from the website of a green lobby. Sadly, sustainable development and renewable energy are no more than romantic, impractical dreams. They have no value in our overpopulated world where 6.3 billion people and their livestock put 3 billion tons of CO₂ into the air each year just by breathing. When we were hunter-gatherers, the plants of the forest recycled the CO₂ we exhaled. But not anymore. We have taken 40 percent of the earth's best land to feed ourselves, and our effluent CO₂ adds to the pollution total. As for renewable energy, in Europe it is proving to be a costly mistake, and it produces intermittently only a small fraction of our needs. Moreover, industrial-scale wind and biofuel farms ruin the landscape and would never have been considered commercially viable if not for subsidies collected through taxation.

Why are we so blind? Mainly, I think, because of our justifiable fears of a major nuclear war last century.

ENVIRONMENTALISM'S NEW WORLD ORDER

A VISIONARY BIOLOGIST SEES CHANGES AHEAD

We have failed to realize that modern nuclear energy is not a source of weapons; it is the only safe way to rid the world of weapon stocks. If you take a public poll and ask for a list of energy sources in order of danger, nuclear will nearly always be considered the most dangerous. Surprisingly, it is the safest by a wide margin. In the past 50 years the use of nuclear energy worldwide has killed fewer than 100 people. Most of these, 56, died in the wholly unnecessary accident at Chernobyl in the Soviet Union. The World Health Organization estimates that in the same period 100 million people will have died from air pollution caused by combustion products. Would you have guessed that carbon fuels are a million times more dangerous than uranium? Poisoning from coal smoke killed 5,000 in London in 1952, and in five years European wind turbines have killed more than 200.

The survival of urban civilization will soon be dependent on a reliable electricity supply. We have to stop regarding nuclear energy as uniquely dangerous, much as we have stopped fearing our ancestors' witches and devils. It is extraordinary that if 100 coal miners die in a pit explosion in China, it rates no more than a column inch of news. But if a nuclear worker drops a wrench on his toe, the headline reads **SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT ATOMIC PLANT**.

Consider the Yucca Mountain nuclear-waste depository in Nevada: It cost a fortune to construct, and we need it about as much as we need a facility for imprisoning dangerous extraterrestrials. We must stop living in a sci-fi world. In the real world, high-level nuclear waste from 40 years of energy production in the U.K. and France is stored as chunks of glass packed in stainless steel containers and buried a few meters underground. Sandy and I stood on all the French high-level nuclear waste at La Hague in Normandy. The radiation level on my own monitor was only 0.25 microsieverts an hour, which is about 20 times less than you'd find in any long-distance passenger plane. Nuclear waste is astronomically less deadly than the CO₂ waste we all heedlessly put into the air. Each year our CO₂, if turned into a solid, would make a mountain one mile high and 16 miles in circumference, but it adds up year by year, invisible, odorless and deadly. And in the end, it will kill us all.



By Ashley Jude Collie

Stewart Brand is a biologist and the creator of *The Whole Earth Catalogue*, the legendary 1970s publication now considered a conceptual forerunner to the Internet. He's also a former Merry Prankster, an author, publisher, futurist and rabble-rouser. The 68-year-old believes the environmental movement will soon reverse course in four major areas: nuclear power, population growth, urbanization and genetically modified organisms.

PLAYBOY: Explain the two forces you say are driving the environmental movement.

BRAND: The two forces are romanticism and science; another interpretation is emotion and reason. The romantics identify with the natural places they love and care about and are angered when those areas turn into shopping malls. In their eyes you're paving over paradise. A feeling of oneness with nature is profound and engenders heartfelt emotion and action that has a quasi-religious quality to it. Romanticism gives the movement real energy and emotional intensity, much like other political movements in

which people feel emotionally invested, such as the abortion debate. The other force is environmental science, which is a fast-moving area. Just look at attitudes toward wildfire. It took a while to do the science, but fire went from being considered an implacable enemy to being seen as a natural thing that can be highly beneficial. This shows that reason is, in its own way, as strong a force



within the movement as emotion. These two forces are often at odds, but it's the conflict that makes the environmental movement so vital. And these reversals of attitude show a hidden strength in the movement.

PLAYBOY: Is there a hidden weakness as well?

BRAND: The major problem I see is that the environmental movement is not well geared for debate. It debates politically, but it doesn't typically debate scientifically. I think it needs to now because the stakes have gone up with climate change. Instead of saving just natural systems, environmentalists now have an obligation to save civilization. That upping of the ante is a game changer. With that increased

responsibility goes an increased responsibility to understand thoroughly and move quickly and realistically. All that requires paying closer attention to the science.

PLAYBOY: What could prompt romantics to reverse their positions?

BRAND: They'll probably never admit to mistakes, whereas the best scientists will—it's what science is. Still, in the environmental movement the list of what's crucial and not so crucial changes all the time. Or things that are regarded in an absolute way start to be regarded in a relative way.

Antinuclear or anti-genetic modification positions get posed in an absolute way, usually with the argument "This is not natural. We humans don't really know what we're doing, and we'll unleash forces that will surprise us in horrible ways." In the area of



genetically modified organisms, we're all in favor of renewable resources and biofuels of various sorts, so pragmatists have rightly started promoting GMOs in that arena. For example, with a little genetic engineering you can place some enzymes in switchgrass so it becomes relatively easy to convert to usable fuel. Environmentalists pursuing biofuels, who might be opposed to genetically modified food, find themselves thinking positively about genetically modified feedstock for fuels. Does that mean they have to rethink their position on food? Well, it may mean they'll be less absolutist about genetically modified food. Likewise with nuclear power: Climate change comes along and turns nuclear power from a total bad guy to a total good guy in terms of carbon-dioxide emissions. Environmentalists wind up going from absolute opposition to perhaps a relative position against it.

PLAYBOY: Is genetic engineering as important as nuclear power for the future of the environmental movement?

BRAND: They're in different categories. The category for nuclear power looks good. It's the ready-to-go, ready-to-expand,



mature technology that speaks directly to present climate-change issues. John Holdren has said we can stop climate change without nuclear power, but it would be easier with it. Nuclear power is perfectly capable of becoming obsolete at some point, but it's a present solution for a present problem. Genetic engineering is a whole domain of tools that is likely to grow in sophistication

and impact for a long time. Some of it will be problematic and some of it miraculous, and much like the Internet it will be taken for granted a week later. It is also like the Internet in the sense that it's a self-accelerating technology. The things you do with biotechnology improve the tools of biotechnology. That is not true of nuclear engineering. So it's a whole possibility domain that's at the heart of what people are calling the century of biology.

PLAYBOY: You suggest birthrates are in free fall. What effect will that have on the environmental movement?

BRAND: Population concerns will rapidly descend the list of priorities. It is still an immediate problem, especially in the developing world, but in the long term—which is ideally the environmental movement's perspective—we'll have a rapid leveling off of birthrates followed by a new kind of problem that's never been thought much about: depopulation. It could become an environmental problem in at least a second-order way, because environmentalism works best in a robust economy. It's not as immediate a problem as exponential population growth was, but any big, rapid change is almost always a problem.

PLAYBOY: You also feel environmentalists need to recognize the importance of urbanization in the population turnaround. Why do you see cities as good news for greens?

BRAND: Environmentalists deplore cities because of such things as the poverty they see there, and they still have romantic notions about the village. But in the developing world the village is pretty much bad news. Now people realize that a fairly intense, dense downtown is environmentally greener than having people scattered all over the landscape in suburban and exurban ways. So my expectation and prediction is that we will increasingly catch on that the emptying of the landscape, in

both the developed and developing world, is potentially very good news for environmental stability and even for restoration of the landscape. Environmentalists can help urbanization go forward in an even lower-impact way in terms of energy and water use. All the things that are in many respects improved by people moving to town could be made far better.

MARGINALIA



FROM A POWER-POINT presentation given at the 2003 International Abstinence Leadership Conference by Eric Keroack, President Bush's recently resigned chief of family-planning programs at the Department of Health and Human Services: "Premarital Sex Is Really Modern Germ Warfare."

FROM AN E-MAIL written by Marie Skoczylas of the Pittsburgh Organizing Group in response to questions about its protests of Carnegie Mellon University's National Robotics Engineering Center: "The relationship between CMU and the Department of Defense highlights an increasing militarization of academia. With the vast majority of funding for research in the sciences coming from the DOD and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, academics are essentially forced to work on weapons systems in order to get funding for research. This situation creates a dangerous cycle in which students are trained for and fun-



neled into those same weapons-systems research programs. Students and faculty are know-

ing, and often unknowing, cogs in an expanding and terrifying war machine."

FROM AN AUCTIONEER'S pitch during a sale of Detroit real estate at which many residential properties went for less than the \$29,000 price of the average new car: "Folks, the ground underneath the house goes with it. You do know that, right?"

FROM THE BLOG of Josh Wolf, a California-based freelance journalist and videographer imprisoned from August 2006 until April of this year for refusing to release video footage for use in a grand-jury trial against participants in an anti-G8 rally he taped in July 2005 (in January his "coercive custody" exceeded the previous U.S. record for a journalist of 160 days): "Many have asked me why I've chosen to sacrifice my personal freedom. Most pressing is the fact that a free press in a democracy cannot act as an extension of the Justice Department. This case is not about a videotape, and it's not about justice. This entire matter is about eroding rights of privacy and those of a free press. It is about identifying civil dissidents and using members of the media to actively assist in what is essentially an anarchist witch hunt. The role of the media is to ask questions, to point at those inconsistencies and to demand answers from the powers that be. This is why the media is under attack, and

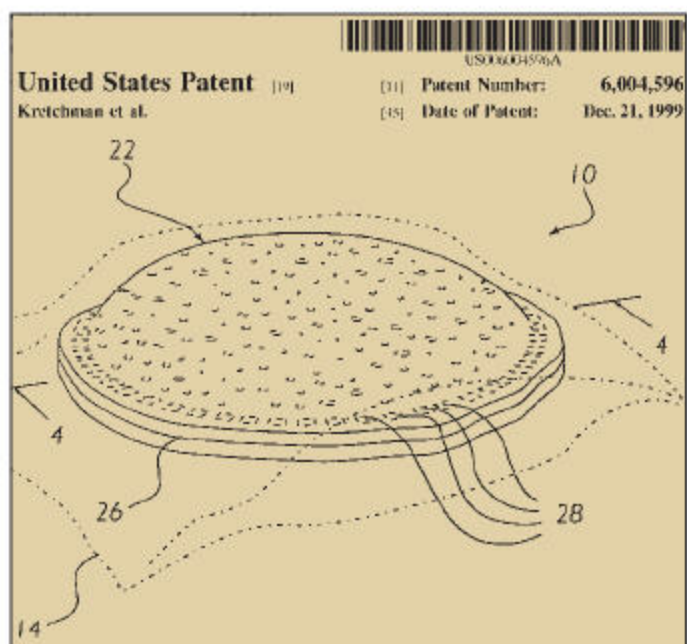


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READER RESPONSE

PATENTLY ABSURD

I'm a patent attorney with 16 years of experience, and "Breaking the Law," by Lori Andrews (April), is garbage. Even if several patents are issued on tax shelters, merely thinking of a tax shelter is not patent infringement. Even if you implement a tax shelter, you do not infringe a patent unless the particular type of tax shelter you implement is covered by at least one valid patent claim



that has not expired. With more than 7 million patents issued, it's not hard to find a few poster children for a system run amok. However, a handful of odd and/or unfortunate examples doesn't prove a systemic breakdown. I certainly don't want to be judged by the two or three worst days of my life; it should be no different for a 200-year-old institution that has maintained our country's position at the head of the class for innovation worldwide. But most important is the tone this article sets. While many people in the U.S. bemoan the loss of manufacturing jobs, the world is moving to an information-based economy. Yet I watch as people clamor to dismantle the incentive programs we have in place to help ensure that the U.S. remains a leader in global innovation.

James Ivey
Oakland, California

Lori Andrews replies: "The patent system has run amok, and the only beneficiaries are patent lawyers and patent-law firms, which are then quick to defend even the most ludicrous patents. Rather than being a rarity, improperly granted patents are growing in number and beginning to impede rather than enhance innovation. If Ivey is concerned about American competitiveness, he should be troubled by the effects of these spurious patents. Under the federal statute, patents are supposed to be granted for inventions that are novel, nonobvious and useful and

are not to be granted on mere ideas, products of nature or laws of nature. Yet tens of thousands of patents have been granted on products of nature, such as human genes. Since a patent holder has the right to prevent others from making, using or selling his or her invention, some gene-patent holders have actually stopped other scientists from doing research on 'their' genes, slowing down progress in the diagnosis and cure of genetic diseases. In one survey, 50 percent of genetics laboratories responded that they had stopped developing new tests because of concerns that they would infringe patents on human genes. The quest for intellectual-property rights for basic biological ideas and products of nature has altered the free flow of scientific information. University life scientists now withhold information from one another to protect their ability to file a patent. And the U.S. has no mechanism whereby the public can challenge patents on the grounds that they have been granted on ideas or on products of nature. This lack has led several federal legislators—representatives Lamar Smith (R-Texas) and Howard Berman (D-Calif.) and senators Patrick Leahy (D-Vt.) and Orrin Hatch (R-Utah)—to propose bills to create a public challenge procedure, which is already in place in Europe. And why should someone be able to patent a particular use of a tax law, which Ivey finds appropriate? Access to the law is every person's right. What if a prosecutor patented the use of a particular law for exonerating defendants and prohibited everyone else from using it? Judges (including several Supreme Court justices), business organizations and various national medical and scientific organizations (including the American Medical Association and the Association of American Medical Colleges) share my concerns. In fact, when an appeal was made to the Supreme Court in 2005, in a case holding that it was infringement of a patent for doctors to think about a biological fact, medical and scientific organizations, patients groups, the AARP and even the Computer & Communications Industry Association (which represents major patent holders such as Google and Microsoft) weighed in to say the patent claim should never have been granted. The groups arguing for upholding the patent were patent lawyers! Of course, they make money drafting the patents and even more money when faulty patents become the subject of litigation."

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

You point out that conservatives are usually hypocritical and that Clinton had admitted to infidelity before his

election ("Reader Response," May). I seem to remember somebody loudly claiming he did not have sexual relations with that woman. No hypocrisy?

Dave Marohl
Madison, Wisconsin

You are kind enough to define the word *hypocrisy* for us. In simple terms, it means someone who is a liar. While you defend Clinton as a nonhypocrite, a certain stain on a certain blue dress might argue differently. I would no more support the sex police breaking into my gay friends' houses to observe their sexual lives than I would support them entering my home for the same purpose. But let's just be clear about the true meaning of the word *hypocrisy*.

Doug Ennis
Salisbury, North Carolina

Indeed, let's: The reason we printed the definition was to clarify the difference between a hypocrite and a liar.

I loved the clarification of the word *hypocrisy*, but I don't appreciate the selective documentation of history. At the time of Monica Lewinsky's employment in the White House, the Clinton administration was imposing and enforcing a strict set of sexual-harassment rules governing the civil service and military workplace. Everyone from drill sergeants to admirals and pencil pushers to senior executives felt the wrath of prosecution. Many of these cases resulted in lost careers after



decades of otherwise distinguished public service. Yet their commander in chief could get away with using a subordinate employee as an office humidor.

Gene Phillip
Great Falls, Virginia

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

NEWSFRONT



Freedom on the March

JAKARTA—Erwin Arnada, the editor in chief of PLAYBOY's Indonesian edition, was acquitted of indecency charges in early April, one year after publishing the magazine's first issue in the world's most populous Muslim country. Despite press-freedom laws passed in 1999 following the fall of President Suharto's authoritarian regime, Jakarta's police chiefs pressured Arnada after the magazine's launch, and prosecutors then threatened him with two years in jail. Fundamentalists stoned PLAYBOY's offices in Indonesia, prompting the magazine to move to Bali, a predominantly Hindu island. "Today's verdict," Arnada said, "proves press freedom is respected in this country." Muslim protesters, however, picketed the courthouse with signs reading EXTERMINATE PLAYBOY and HANG ERWIN.

Sunjay Bloody Sunjay

MUMBAI—Privacy advocates in India are outraged by new information being sought in mandatory annual health checks and appraisals of Indian civil servants. The new forms ask female employees for information about their menstrual cycles, requesting a "detailed menstrual history and history of last menstrual period, including date of last maternity leave." Government employees say they already have to file paperwork for maternity leave. Seema Vyas, the state of Maharashtra's joint secretary for general administration, explains, "Menstrual cycles are a natural phenomenon; they are not an aberration. One does not object to questions related to fitness levels; they are important, as they can affect work. But there is no need for these details, as they have no bearing on our work."

Afraid of Needles?

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA—A self-described Christian doctor refused to treat a sick child because the parents had tattoos. The doctor, Gary Alexander Merrill, said the child's parents were told about the office rules prior to arriving. "Our policies," he explained, "all reflect consideration for conservative clientele in a traditional atmosphere." The child's mother, Tasha Childress, considered the refusal discriminatory. "I have never heard of any doctors mixing their religion with their practice," she said. "It's legal, but it shouldn't be."

Green Legislation

DENVER—The state of Colorado adopted John Denver's "Rocky Mountain High" as its second

official song, 35 years after the federal government tried to ban the track for its supposed drug references. State senator Steve Ward said in response, "If I had any hair, I'd part it in the middle and say, 'Faaaar out.'"

Surveillance Operation

BENTONVILLE, ARKANSAS—It's one thing to tell employees they should have no expectation of privacy while on company computers and phones. It seems like another when a company infiltrates protest groups, develops technology to allow access to employee



Hotmail and Gmail accounts and makes unauthorized interceptions of pager transmissions. But that is exactly what Wal-Mart stands accused of after a series of revelations in recent months. According to former security worker Bruce Gabbard, Wal-Mart sent a long-haired employee wearing a wireless microphone to a meeting of a group that was planning to protest at last year's annual shareholders meeting. In addition, a leaked memo suggests Wal-Mart surveilled shareholders whom the company expected to submit proposals at the meeting. Using outside contractors, Wal-Mart also monitored its suppliers' use of its networks, as well as the Internet activities of McKinsey & Company consultants working with Wal-Mart. Robert West, of security research and consultation firm Echelon One, called Wal-Mart's activities "Orwellian."

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 45)

this is why it is so urgent that we continue to fight back—because without a free press we can never be free."

FROM A LIST

on fantasycongress.org, a site bringing the fantasy-baseball concept to politics, of the five most frequently drafted legislators: "Barack Obama (D-Ill.), Sheila Jackson-Lee (D-Texas), Barney Frank (D-Mass.), John Conyers (D-Mich.) and Russ Feingold (D-Wis.)."



FROM AN EDITORIAL

in the U.K.'s *Guardian* newspaper, written by Elton John for his 60th birthday: "For many, basic rights are still a matter of life and death. Individuals suffer because of their sexuality every day. Last year William Hernandez had a gun pressed against his neck as he stood in the street outside the El Salvador offices of his gay-rights organization, Entre Amigos. William and his colleagues speak out for gay rights in El Salvador



and had been protesting against political moves to amend the constitution to formally prevent gay marriage. 'We will kill you before you can get married,' said his attacker. The offices of Entre Amigos had been broken into and ransacked two nights before. Nothing of value had been stolen, but details of planned events were taken, and homophobic written threats were left in the offices. It was the seventh such break-in in five years. Homophobia impacts very badly on health education. Information that could help prevent the spread of HIV and AIDS is suppressed—or those providing it or seeking it out are persecuted. William and his colleagues are targeted partly because they provide sex education for gay people in El Salvador."

FROM A COMMENT by Steve Forbes, expressing his pleasure at the news that the number of billionaires in the world rose by 19 percent in 2006 and that their total net worth climbed 35 percent, to \$3.5 trillion: "This is the richest year ever in human history. Never in history has there been such a notable advance."



FROM A FATWA

issued by high-ranking Sunni sheik Ali Gomaa, the grand mufti of Egypt, asserting that a man has no right to demand proof of a woman's virginity prior to marriage: "It is not rational for us to think God has placed a sign to indicate the virginity of women without having a similar sign to indicate the virginity of men."

PUPPETRY OF THE POLIS

IN TODAY'S GLOBAL POLITICAL CULTURE, A PICTURE REALLY IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS. NO WONDER THE USE OF EFFIGIES IS THRIVING

News images travel the globe, while language breaks down even within small countries. (Switzerland has four official languages, for God's sake.) So when political activists wish to send a message widely, an anthropomorphic punching bag can be just the thing. Burning effigies—a favorite tactic, as you can see below—may go

back to celebrations in England of Guy Fawkes Night, which commemorates the foiling of the Catholic conspirator's 1605 Gunpowder Plot to blow up Westminster Palace and the Protestant King James I and members of Parliament with it. The inherent impotence of defacing a puppet has clearly not diminished the gesture's popularity.



The burning Bush: Indians react to W's visit last year.



So lonely: Kim Jong Il lampooned in South Korea.



Flaming bag of pope: Iraqis roast Benedict XVI in Basra.



Trial by fire: Philippine president Gloria Arroyo burns in 2004.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRUCE WILLIS

A candid conversation with the Die Hard hero about leaving the GOP, hanging out with Demi and Ashton and how he became a reformed asshole

Flashing his inimitable smirk and saving hostages from terrorists in an L.A. high-rise, Bruce Willis became a box-office sensation in 1988 playing John McClane, the bloodied yet unstoppable hero of *Die Hard*, often called one of the best action movies ever made. The pyrotechnics-heavy film and its two sequels—*Die Hard 2* (1990) and *Die Hard With a Vengeance* (1995)—have grossed close to a billion dollars. Fans of the original trilogy have waited 12 years for a new installment. Now the wait is over: *Live Free or Die Hard* opens on June 27. As Willis would say, uttering his famous taunt from the movies, “Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker.”

Though best known for the *Die Hard* movies, Willis has an impressive body of work, including an eclectic list of films such as *Armageddon*, *12 Monkeys*, *The Kid*, *The Jackal*, *The Fifth Element*, *Sin City*, *The Last Boy Scout* and *Grindhouse*. He was unforgettable as Butch, the boxer in Quentin Tarantino’s *Pulp Fiction*. And unlike most other action heroes, he has taken risks by signing on to play small supporting roles in independent movies like *Nobody’s Fool*, co-starring Paul Newman, last year’s *Fast Food Nation* and this year’s *Astronaut Farmer*. He has also been handsomely remunerated; as one of Hollywood’s most highly paid actors, he commands more than \$20 million a movie. He reportedly earned more than \$60 million in salary and points for his part in the sleeper hit *The Sixth Sense*.

Willis has frequently appeared in gossip col-

umns, especially when he married another of Hollywood’s biggest stars, Demi Moore. The pair had three daughters, Scout, Rumer and Tallulah, before divorcing in 2000. Moore remarried to Ashton Kutcher, star of *That ’70s Show*. Willis attended the wedding, and the three are surprisingly good friends. For his part, Willis has remained single.

He was born in Idar-Oberstein, West Germany on the military base where his father was stationed. His mother worked in a bank. When the elder Willis retired from the armed forces, he moved his family to Penns Grove, New Jersey and was employed as a welder and factory worker.

After graduating from high school (he was class president), Willis moved to New York City to act. He made a living by waiting tables and tending bar and getting bit parts in theater, commercials and television before landing the lead role in *Moonlighting* opposite Cybill Shepherd and becoming a major name. The series ran for five years in the latter half of the 1980s. In 1988 he set a record for an actor’s salary when he was paid \$5 million for the first *Die Hard* movie.

Willis is also known for his partying and his politics. He owns the Mint bar in Hailey, Idaho, the town where he and Moore raised their children. (He has homes in Hailey and Los Angeles.) It was not uncommon to run into him at the bar or on its stage; he performs as frontman and harp player for his band, the Accelerators. He has been an active supporter of a string of Republican presi-

dential candidates including George W. Bush. In addition, he has been one of the few Hollywood celebrities to publicly support the Iraq war. In this interview, however, Willis, 52, for the first time announces that his political views have evolved.

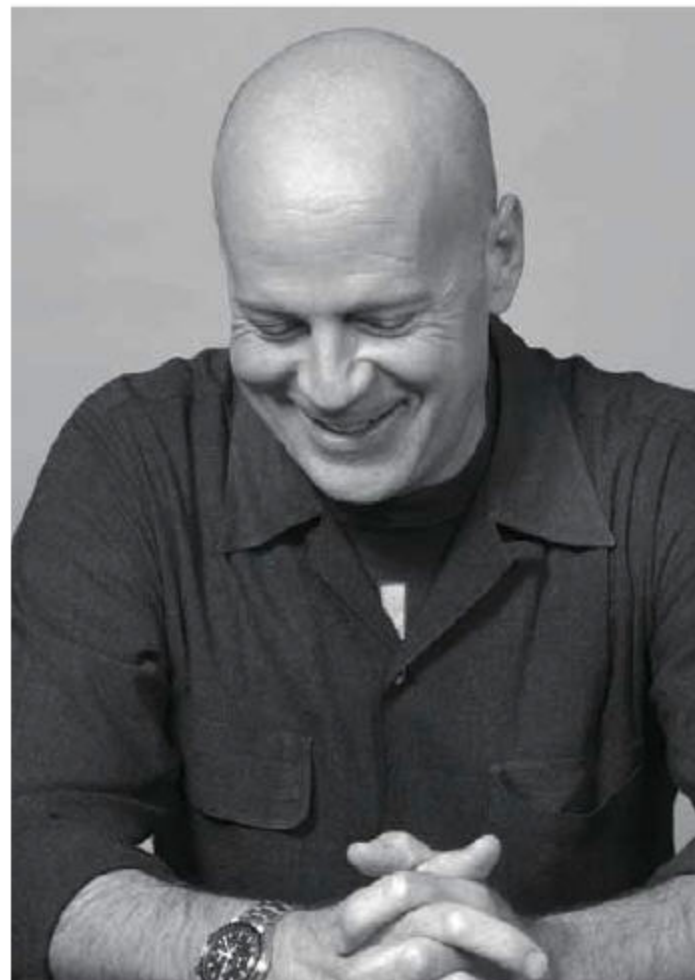
Contributing Editor David Sheff, who conducted last month’s interview with Matt Groening, creator of *The Simpsons*, met Willis in Los Angeles. “I last interviewed Willis in 1996,” Sheff reports. “He was married to Demi Moore and living most of the time in Hailey. Years later Willis seems no less devoted to his children, who are now teenagers, and no less irreverent and fun, yet he has more confidence and maturity. He’s still passionate but more thoughtful about politics. He has less hair, however—none, to be exact. His head was freshly shaved.”

PLAYBOY: A decade ago you said you were bored with *Die Hard*. What has changed since *Die Hard With a Vengeance*?

WILLIS: *With a Vengeance* just felt like the last squeak of a genre of movies about an ordinary guy in extraordinary circumstances, trying to save the day. I knew it was going to somehow reinvent itself, though. It just took a while. The new one satisfies the mythology of *Die Hard* but also brings a lot of new juice. It took a while for me to want to do it. *Live Free or Die Hard* was a huge risk for me. I was prepared to retire



“We’re heading into a very parochial time. It’s the opposite of the Roaring Twenties and the 1960s. The 1980s are looked at as pretty loose, but we’re now in a more conservative time. You have to go to rehab if you call somebody a name.”



“We’re the last generation that can actually say we didn’t know drugs were bad. I remember being in health class when they were teaching us about LSD and marijuana. They didn’t know a thing. No one knew, but now we do.”



“There were times when I was less than humble. I was moving fast and was unappreciative of the people around me. In Hollywood they say everybody gets two years to be an asshole. Sometimes it lasts a little longer.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS

undefeated. The first three films made almost a billion dollars. So why?

PLAYBOY: We're game. So why?

WILLIS: Enough time had passed that I wasn't bored with the idea any longer. Quite the contrary. I was psyched. I wanted to see what we could pull off. I waited for a great script, and we got one. Frankly, making it was a blast. But it was risky because the potential for failure is high. There's competition—this summer there's *Spider-Man 3*, *Shrek 3*, *Pirates 3* and a *Harry Potter*—and the marketplace is different now. People watch movies in different ways; they don't always go to the theater.

PLAYBOY: How do you minimize the risk?

WILLIS: There is no minimizing the risk. Ultimately, you just make a decision and go for broke. You hold on for the ride. This film is at least as good as the first one, probably better, and the first one was my favorite.

PLAYBOY: At the time of *Die Hard With a Vengeance* you said, "Pyrotechnics are no longer novel." Have you changed your mind?

WILLIS: The world of special effects changed that. You can now generate enough horsepower on computers so that effects are less cost-prohibitive. They have a much bigger bang now. They don't look like a big gas fireball, which is what they used to be.

PLAYBOY: Literally?

WILLIS: Yeah, they used to blow up big bags of gasoline. That was as far as they had gotten with the pyro effects. The new ones blow you away, make you stop breathing. We also pushed the stunts. I don't want to say it was a dangerous movie to make, because the safety consciousness of stunt people today is better than it has ever been. But I did stunts in *Live Free or Die Hard* that I probably shouldn't have.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

WILLIS: Jumping out of a car at 35 miles an hour. I probably shouldn't have done that.

PLAYBOY: Were you hurt?

WILLIS: Let's just say my chiropractor wasn't surprised to see me. It was a lot easier to do this kind of stuff 20 years ago. I didn't think twice about it. Now I do. And I feel it. Small stuff like getting knocked in the head while diving off the top of a banquette onto a concrete floor. Pads or no pads, it takes a toll. But once all the yelling and screaming and the gunfire is over, you forget about the blood on the floor. You forget about the fact that every day you wake up and you're banged up.

PLAYBOY: You're 52. Are you more careful now?

WILLIS: I don't know if kids play army anymore, but I did when I was a kid. I did stuff that would give most parents

heart attacks. It's hard to shake the little kid in me.

PLAYBOY: Did a stuntman teach you how to jump out of a moving car without hurting yourself?

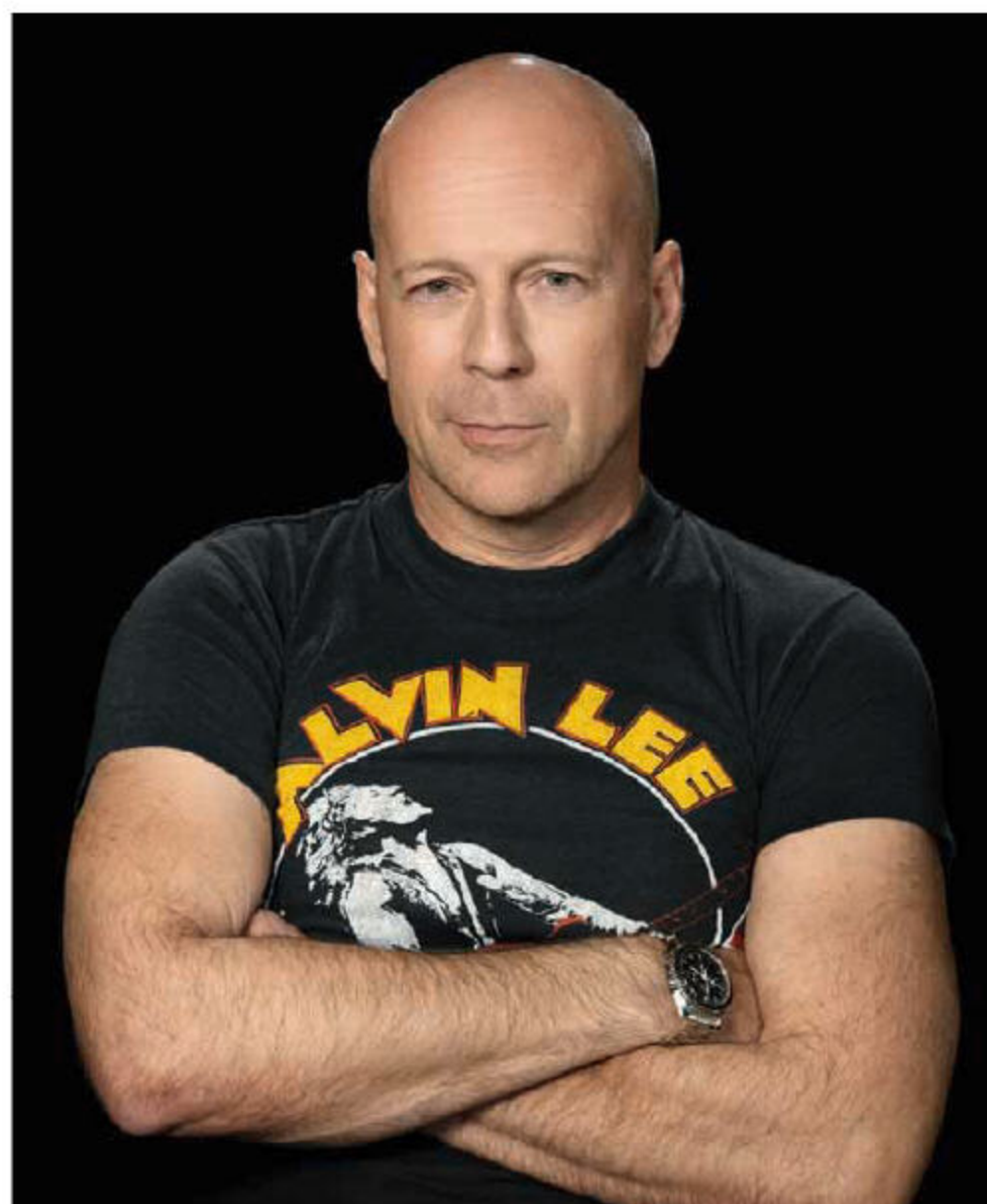
WILLIS: I don't know if anybody knows how to jump out of a car without getting hurt. You hope for the best.

PLAYBOY: In making *Live Free or Die Hard*, how much did you consider fans of the first three movies?

WILLIS: There was a lot of resistance from fans about our wanting *Live Free or Die Hard* to be PG-13. The fans wanted it to be R and thought we would tame it. We didn't.

PLAYBOY: Why make it PG-13?

WILLIS: It gives us a wider audience. It allows parents to take their kids.



I'm still here, motherfuckers. I'm still making movies, and I still get asked back. I'm extremely fortunate.

PLAYBOY: Is it therefore less violent than it might have been?

WILLIS: Actually, it's more smashmouth, back to the first film. Some of the fight scenes are as tough as anything I've ever seen.

PLAYBOY: Has what is acceptable for 13-year-old kids changed?

WILLIS: When *Jaws* came out, in the 1970s, it was rated PG. That's a scary, violent movie. A lot of what constitutes a PG-13 movie is how many times you can say the word *fuck*. It curtailed my ability to say "motherfucker." "Okay, we've said it once. Now we can say 'fuck' only one more time." We had to get creative.

PLAYBOY: Can you say "fuck" only twice in a PG-13 movie?

WILLIS: That's the rule. You can kill as

many bad guys as you want, however.

PLAYBOY: But aren't there also limitations on violence?

WILLIS: There are limits to that, too. There are "blood values."

PLAYBOY: What are blood values?

WILLIS: How much blood you can show, how realistic it is. It's down to a formula. I remember seeing *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Bullitt* when I was young. I remember going, "Whoa, my God!" But now you can't have blood bags blasting out at the camera. There's a curve. We've moved from a time when society was looser to one when it's more parochial. We're heading into a very parochial time. It's the opposite of the Roaring Twenties, the post-World War II baby boom years and the 1960s.

The 1980s are looked at as a pretty loose time too, but now we're in a more conservative time. You have to go to rehab if you call somebody a name.

PLAYBOY: If you can find an open bed. These days it seems as if half of Hollywood is in and out of rehab. In Britney Spears's case, in and out and in and out of rehab. Are you cynical about the trend?

WILLIS: Not at all. I'm cynical about the media's point of view that it's all entertainment, but anybody who makes a choice to go into rehab—or go in and out of rehab, if that's what it takes—is brave. You fall down, you've got to get up. Drugs and alcohol aren't bigger problems in Hollywood than anywhere else. They're everywhere. Also, one drug is still advertised everywhere you look—at every sporting event, in every magazine. More people are killed by drunk drivers every year than by anything else. The problem is largely ignored. The big problem is the reasons people have for wanting to anesthetize themselves. We fight it the wrong way. The war on drugs is a joke. If somebody weren't making money off cocaine traffic or drug traffic in general, it wouldn't exist.

PLAYBOY: You caused a stir when you suggested the U.S. government should fight the war on drugs by raiding Colombia. The president of that country called you ignorant and ungrateful.

WILLIS: I get passionate sometimes. I said Colombia because it was the first country to come to mind. The truth is that the drug problem has as much to do with what's going on in this country. If there weren't a demand, there wouldn't be a supply.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked about drugs with your children?

WILLIS: Demi and I both have. We have an ongoing conversation. They have the gene, and we warn them: "You have a predisposition to be an alcoholic." It's on her side of the family and mine. It's something to be aware of. My kids are strongly antidrug.

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PLAYBOY: Is it hypocritical to tell your children how bad drugs are even though you've done them?

WILLIS: We're the last generation that can actually say we didn't know drugs were bad. I remember being in health class when they were teaching us about LSD and marijuana. They didn't know a thing. We were of that experimental generation of the 1960s. No one knew, but now we do. We know, and yet look at the crack problem, look at the meth problem. Drugs are taking people down, ravaging lives. I know lots of people who went down because of drugs. Many people from our generation are gone.

PLAYBOY: Do you use any drugs? Do you drink?

WILLIS: I've gone full circle. I smoked weed, and my kids know that. I quit drinking for a chunk of time. I never drank when my kids were around. By now I've learned I can have a couple of drinks or some wine and then stop. I'll have a martini from time to time—vodka, ice-cold, straight up, bone-dry, twist. But especially when you're working, the recovery period is just too much. I go for months without drinking anything. This works for me, but I know people who have to maintain 24-hour vigilance. It's a dangerous thing to say, "Yes, I was in AA, and now I take a drink on occasion." Hardcore AA people will say that's a bad message. I'm just telling you my experience. As I said, though, I've lost people to drugs and alcohol—good friends. It has shown me how fragile life is and how quickly it can be taken away. There's a lot I don't know, but there's one thing I can say emphatically and with certainty: Do not waste your time before getting help. I hear people say, "I'll get to that when I'm in my 40s," "I'll do that when I'm in my 60s." I've got a lot of friends who didn't make it.

PLAYBOY: You're sounding more philosophical at 52 than when we spoke when you were 40.

WILLIS: Yeah, well, it's called maturing. Hopefully, we get a bit wiser. It's the benefit that comes with the aches and pains of being older. It's the booby prize.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between being an action hero at 52 rather than at 32, when you made *Die Hard*?

WILLIS: People have asked, "Aren't you too old?" Nobody ever feels their age. In my heart I'm still 25. But I get that little knock every once in a while that says, "You're not 25, kid." That little creak you get when you get out of bed in the morning if you sleep wrong.

PLAYBOY: Did you train in order to make the movie?

WILLIS: I was in a little better shape. I'm a little chunkier now. I had to get in shape because I knew six months of this film would kick my ass. And it did.

PLAYBOY: For what movie were you in the best shape? In *Pulp Fiction* you played a boxer. Did you train like one?

WILLIS: I was in great shape for *Pulp Fiction* but for cosmetic reasons more than anything else. I had to be naked in the film.

Any time you go through the script and it says "throws his shirt off," you're going to work out the next day. Nobody wants to see a fat, naked boxer. But I got in shape for the fourth *Die Hard* because I knew the stunts would be a lot harder to do 20 years later.

PLAYBOY: Why the shaved head?

WILLIS: John McClane's head is shaved in the movie because mine is. It also made sense. If you look at the first film, I have all my hair. It's a decline of hair, a process.

PLAYBOY: Have you had second thoughts about showing the decline?

WILLIS: No. I do movies that I wear wigs in. I wear hairpieces. I wear mustaches. I wear beards. I wear makeup. Some of the biggest movie stars who ever lived, going back to the 1940s, wore wigs and hairpieces. It's a convention of storytelling.

PLAYBOY: You've also worn padding rather than gain weight for roles. Robert De Niro famously gained more than 60 pounds to play Jake La Motta in *Raging Bull*. Would you ever gain weight for a role?

WILLIS: I was blown away when he did that, but I know how difficult it was for him to lose the weight. I was such a fan of that film and of him.

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"You're not 25, kid."

PLAYBOY: Is it intimidating to work with someone like De Niro, someone you admire?

WILLIS: I'm working with him now. I'm doing a small part in a movie Barry Levinson is directing called *What Just Happened?* I'm doing it because De Niro has always been a huge hero of mine. I get to work all my scenes in the film with him. What can I say? Working with De Niro is a thrill.

PLAYBOY: Before it became trendy, you were one of the first big-name actors who regularly took small roles in independent movies. Why?

WILLIS: They have given me the opportunity to keep challenging myself as an actor. The best parts aren't always the ones in which you star and are in every shot. I got to work with Paul Newman; I did *Nobody's Fool* because all my scenes were with him. I did *Death Becomes Her* because I wanted to work with Meryl Streep, Goldie Hawn and the director, Bob Zemeckis. I'm more proud of some of the small films than the big ones. *Mortal Thoughts*, *Nobody's Fool*, *Lucky Number Slevin*. When I started, taking supporting roles in other people's films was not the norm. You see it a lot more now. I think I was a forerunner. Now

it's considered cool. At the time, however, people predicted it would be the end of my career and affect my price. Those predictions were unfounded.

PLAYBOY: Indeed. You reportedly earned \$60 million for *The Sixth Sense*.

WILLIS: It was a big number, yeah. Nobody thought it was going to be a big, giant hit. Some people still don't understand the ending.

PLAYBOY: Terry Gilliam, who directed you in *12 Monkeys*, said, "There's great power in his stillness—not only when he's blowing things up."

WILLIS: It's a great compliment. I got some bizarre award in Europe for my opening shot in *Pulp Fiction*. It's just me watching Ving Rhames and listening to him talk. I worked on stillness and minimalism for a long time. I try to mix it up, though. I'm a tough critic on myself and push myself hard.

PLAYBOY: Are you tougher than your other critics?

WILLIS: There are tougher critics.

PLAYBOY: What would you say to the toughest ones?

WILLIS: I'm still here, motherfuckers. I'm still making movies, and I still get asked back. And for all I have and all the experiences I've had, I'm extremely fortunate, even though being famous can also be a fucked-up thing.

PLAYBOY: Fucked-up how?

WILLIS: It's bizarre. I'm still learning how to do it. In Hollywood they say everybody gets two years to be an asshole. Sometimes it lasts a little longer.

PLAYBOY: Did you put in your two years? Were you an asshole?

WILLIS: There were times when I was less than humble, yeah. There were times I was less than gracious. There were years when I worked the entire calendar year just going from film to film, and I was moving fast and was unappreciative of the people around me. My default mode now is to be gracious and appreciative that I'm here. But there were times when I wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Because of arrogance?

WILLIS: Maybe. Or defensiveness. You start to keep people at arm's length, and sometimes I kept people at far more than arm's length. Also, I was protected by a group of people who kept me walled in.

PLAYBOY: What changed?

WILLIS: I just didn't want to live like that anymore. The novelty of fame has worn off. There's nothing I don't know about it. I'm an expert on being famous.

PLAYBOY: When you read headlines about the troubles of celebrities—Paris Hilton's, Mel Gibson's—do you read them differently than the rest of us because you understand what it's like to be inside their skin?

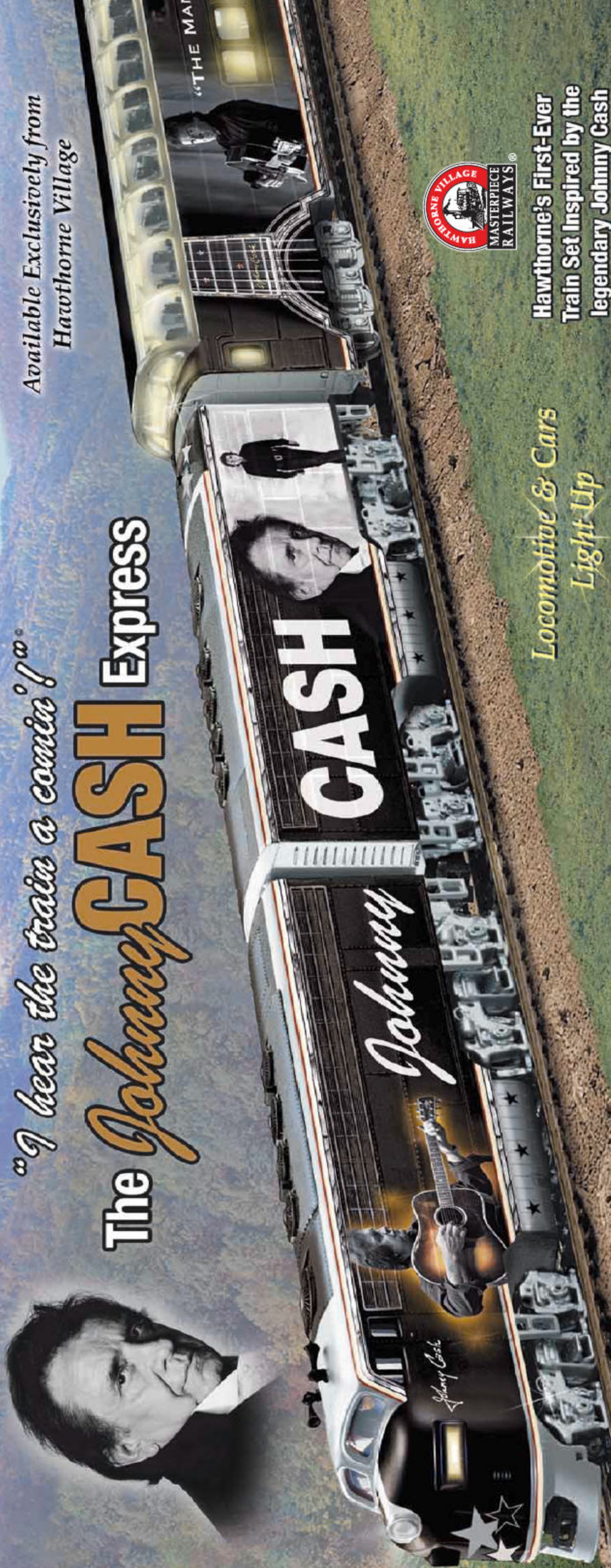
WILLIS: Sure. I know it's difficult to live life in the public eye. Some people don't handle it well. There's a whole new crew of people who actually seek out fame. Shows like *American Idol* hold out the promise that anybody can be famous.

PLAYBOY: Do you cringe as you watch the

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media and the public eat some newcomers alive?

WILLIS: Some of them are eaten; some fall by the wayside. Yeah, it can be brutal.

PLAYBOY: Yet you put yourself in the fray not only by acting but through your political involvement.

WILLIS: There are just a lot of issues that bug me. I have never been good at keeping my mouth shut.

PLAYBOY: What bugs you now?

WILLIS: My biggest problem with politics now is the same as it was 20 years ago: Until they get the lobbyists out of Washington, the perception of politicians as thieves won't change. The hard fact is that bags of cash arrive in Washington every day, and politicians carry them off. No wonder people are cynical. I'm concerned about that and another issue you don't hear a lot about. The United States was founded on taking a country away from Native Americans. You don't hear a lot about what happens on the reservations now. Life there is as bleak as ever. I'm concerned about other things, too. Racism is still rampant. There's prejudice against homosexuals. We have far to go on issues of inequality.

PLAYBOY: For one of Hollywood's most renowned Republicans, you're sounding awfully liberal.

WILLIS: The world has changed, and I've changed. In the past my conservative point of view came down to one thing: I wanted smaller government, less waste. But I've always thought the government should take care of the elderly and others who can't take care of themselves. The government should take care of kids. I'm involved in the National Foster Care program because the foster care system needs to be fixed, and it won't be fixed by the private sector. Schoolteachers shouldn't be getting \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year. Give them \$150,000. I want the government to take care of people who need help. Half a million kids are in orphanages right now. I want the elderly to get free medicine, whatever they need. Billions and billions of dollars are being wasted.

PLAYBOY: If you keep talking this way, you're going to be kicked out of the Republican Party.

WILLIS: I'm no longer a member of the Republican Party.

PLAYBOY: Since when?

WILLIS: For a while.

PLAYBOY: Are you now a Democrat?

WILLIS: If I had to describe myself as anything, I would say independent, but I didn't sign up for that party, either.

PLAYBOY: But you helped get George W. Bush elected.

WILLIS: You have to thank Bill Clinton for that.

PLAYBOY: What did Clinton do?

WILLIS: I was apolitical for a long time, but Clinton got me off my ass. I didn't like his ideas of change just for the sake of change. In two terms, what did he get done? But I'm appalled by what's going on now. Look at the returning vets. The Walter Reed

hospital scandal is just another example of how we treat them. I say give them all a million dollars. If you serve your country and get blown up and you're in a wheelchair for the rest of your life or you lose an arm, you should be taken care of. How about no more paying taxes for them? Politicians never have problems voting themselves raises. How about giving money to veterans and American Indians?

PLAYBOY: Will you support someone in the upcoming presidential election?

WILLIS: We'll see. I'm talking to candidates about these issues. I'll see what they have to say.

PLAYBOY: Since you helped elect Bush, do you feel any responsibility for the current state of affairs?

WILLIS: It's complicated, and things have changed and continue to change. I'm of two minds about so many things—especially politics. Anything you can ask me about politics, I can tell you yes, but I also feel the inverse of that, too.

PLAYBOY: Is this new for you?

WILLIS: I'm older. I have kids. Demi was pregnant with Rumer when I did the first *Die Hard*. There are things that fuck with

We can go to the newsstand right now, and I bet we'll find something being said about me. Gossip has become entertainment; it's part of a billion-dollar industry.

my mind about the shameful inequalities. More than anything else, the passage of time has gotten me to see both sides of almost any issue.

PLAYBOY: Yet you have gone on record as one of the few Hollywood figures who support the war.

WILLIS: It's complicated too. I'm of two minds about it. In some ways I could argue that Vietnam set the stage for the free market and relatively free society in that part of Asia. Yes, I wanted Hussein out. I can see things working out in the region in the long run because they took him out, but I can also see the disaster. It's not easy, and there's no easy answer.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you offered \$1 million to anyone who killed Osama bin Laden or other Al Qaeda leaders?

WILLIS: That was something I said to someone in private. The press picked it up and sensationalized it.

PLAYBOY: But you made the offer?

WILLIS: As I said, I was having a private conversation, and it was overheard by somebody in the press who made a big deal out of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret having said it?

WILLIS: Do I wish it hadn't been picked up? Yeah. It was taken out of context.

PLAYBOY: Do you stay on top of the news?

WILLIS: I do, but I don't read papers anymore. I get news on the Internet. I read a lot of what's out there.

PLAYBOY: Blogs?

WILLIS: I read Michael Yon's blog. It's pretty straight dope on what's happening in Iraq. I go to Yahoo for news, and I Google whatever I want more on.

PLAYBOY: In the blog era, everyone is an analyst and critic. Do you support the trend?

WILLIS: As Kurt Vonnegut said, "Writing an antiwar book is like writing an anti-glacier book." There's nothing you can do about it.

PLAYBOY: But now more people than ever have something to say about your movies and your personal life. It's the same for others in your position—Mel Gibson when he is stopped for DUI and makes anti-Semitic remarks or Tom Cruise jumping on Oprah's couch.

WILLIS: Who cares if Tom Cruise jumped on a couch? He was excited. He was in love. And with Gibson, I do not condone drunk driving. I warn my daughters about it all the time. I warn them about being on the road at two A.M. in L.A. when they're sober, because hundreds of thousands of drunk people are out there driving home every night. But everybody says things when they've been cocktailing that they wouldn't want put in print or on YouTube. Mel sold a lot of newspapers during that time. A lot of people were stopped after having a cocktail and driving that night, but he just happened to be the famous one. It's not an apology for any drunk driver, but I've done things when I've been drinking....

PLAYBOY: At this point are you unaffected by whatever is written about you?

WILLIS: I've had some of the worst shit said about me that's ever been said. At a certain point I stopped reading it. I don't let it into my house. I know it's out there, though. We can go to the newsstand right now, and I bet we'll find something being said about me. Gossip has become entertainment; it's a major part of a billion-dollar industry. Who's fucking who? I told an interviewer for *Vanity Fair*, "Look, you want to know who I'm fucking." He started laughing and said, "Yeah, that is what we want to know." I know that's what sells. I said, "I know it sells, but I'm not going to tell you, because it's not any of your business." I think actors should be left alone, which of course they never will be. But it's different for politicians. I expect a politician not to take a shit in the Oval Office for his four or eight years. That's not asking too much, is it?

PLAYBOY: You still don't forgive Clinton?

WILLIS: I do, and most people have, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: Do you hold her husband's behavior in office against Hillary Clinton?

WILLIS: No, I'm not judging her. It's him. And I know it's a high-pressure gig, but try to behave. I wouldn't want to be

(continued on page 145)

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the dark side of the summer of love

how meth and
madness destroyed
the hippie dream

Forty years ago this summer a sizable segment of the country's youth was gripped by a peculiar frenzy. Something was stealing away America's teenagers. In what seemed like nothing less than a replay of the Children's Crusade of the Middle Ages, normal kids from middle-class homes suddenly took to the road, often carrying little more than the clothes on their back. They came from far and wide, refugees from relative affluence, by car and by thumb, from the big cities and the Great Plains. They were headed to a New Jerusalem: a Gothic Victorian village on a hill in San Francisco called Haight-Ashbury.

ILLUSTRATION BY YUKO SHIMIZU



GET US
OUT OF
Viet Nam
LOVE

600
HRURY
1500
AIGHT

☺



Left: Dr. David E. Smith sitting in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, which he opened on June 7, 1967. It became a kind of barometer for what was happening out in the streets. Above: Allen Ginsberg (far left) and others at the Human Be-In.

Who needed money or possessions? Everything was free in the Haight. The Grateful Dead played for free in the park. The Diggers gave out free food. Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters supplied free acid to anyone who wanted it. People lived free in communes. Free love was common currency. It was one big countercultural utopia.

What could possibly go wrong?

Hippies young and old idealize what happened in Haight-Ashbury during the summer of 1967 as a dawning of a new age. In many ways it was a noble experiment. But behind the scenes a more sinister reality was already emerging as a new subculture took root in the shadow of the flower children, one devoted not to spiritual exploration but to madness and mayhem. A group whose signature drug wasn't LSD but a substance we know today as the favorite high of hillbillies, right-wing preachers and suburban moms: crystal methamphetamine. The tale of how this group and this drug came to tear Haight-Ashbury apart is one of the little-known stories of that summer. But it is as much a part of its legacy as long hair and tie-dyes.

The summer of 1967 began in effect on a January day. A free concert in Golden Gate Park called the Human Be-In drew some 20,000 people. Among the bells, beads and face paint that afternoon was a clean-cut man in a jacket and tie who stood out because of his ordinariness. He could have been an undercover narc or a reporter, but the way he wore his earnestness like an emblem marked him more as an academic type. He was Dr. David E. Smith, a 28-year-old toxicologist who worked up the hill from the Haight in a lab in the pharmacology department at the University of California, San Francisco. By day he injected mice

with LSD and methamphetamine and examined their behavior, but even that paled in comparison to what the fresh-faced doctor saw at the Be-In. From the stage, the poet Allen Ginsberg led the crowd in Buddhist chants, and acid guru Timothy Leary urged the audience to "turn on, tune in, drop out." The best of San Francisco's acid-rock scene performed: the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and Big Brother & the Holding Company. The real stars of the Be-In, Smith soon realized, were the hippies. As he recalls the event today, he was seeing something he could not believe. "Everybody was tripped out on acid," he says. "I remember one guy in the back was having a death-rebirth experience. I was like, 'Wow.'" Forget rodents. Here was a chance to study up close the effects on humans of the same drugs he was injecting into animals.

"In the beginning," Smith says, "my interest in the Haight was as a natural drug laboratory, a giant mouse cage."

After the Be-In not a single fight was reported. Even the Hell's Angels behaved. The Parks Department complimented the hippies for leaving the park in a pristine state. On that golden afternoon some attendees believed they were witnessing the birth of a religion. The Be-In catapulted San Francisco's flower children to national prominence. All the publicity lured more young people to sample this new lifestyle for themselves.

By February 1967 it was clear that the impending summer—when the high schools and universities let out—would welcome a huge wave of hippies-in-training. A group of politicians, artists and shop owners around Haight-Ashbury formed a coalition to welcome the teenage tenderfoots and act as a liaison with the community. They called themselves the Council for the Summer of Love.

It now had a name.

The council suggested that visitors be allowed to sleep in Golden Gate Park, an idea shot down by San Francisco police chief Tom Cahill. "Law and order will prevail," he said. "There will be no sleeping in the park. There are no sanitation facilities, and if we let them camp, there would be a tremendous health problem." He warned, "Nobody should let their children take part in this hippie thing." For the police it was too late. The hippies were already arriving.

As the Summer of Love approached, Smith, who held a second job at the Alcohol and Drug Abuse Screening Unit at San Francisco General Hospital, noticed more and more panicked young people being admitted with adverse reactions to psychedelic drugs. Prior to 1967 he dealt mainly with older alcoholics, heroin users from the ghetto and jittery methamphetamine addicts ("speed freaks") from the Tenderloin. But the Haight hippies didn't fit the drug-user stereotype. They were younger, better educated and almost exclusively white. They were also scared of emergency rooms, where they risked being forced into straitjackets until the drugs wore off. Such treatment, Smith believed, exacerbated the negative effects of LSD. He had the idea to open a special clinic to deal with this new drug-taking community, one that offered nonjudgmental advice and was free of charge.

Smith approached City Hall and warned officials about what he saw as a public-health crisis in the making. He was quickly rebuffed. If anything went wrong, acid casualties would have to use the existing facilities. "They said that

"it's like a speed-freak heaven," said dr. zoom,



Above: A bulletin board of missing persons at the Park Police Station in the Haight-Ashbury district, June 1967. The sign at the top reads *missing juveniles only*. Throughout the summer, teenage runaways continued to arrive, many with no money or even shoes.

if you set up special clinics, it would just bring more of them,” says Smith.

Outwardly, Smith was an odd advocate for hippie health. The ambitious son of a working-class family, whose grandparents had fled the Oklahoma dust bowl for a better life in California, he appeared more Doogie Howser than Jerry Garcia. “I was the least likely person to end up doing what I did,” says Smith. “My career plan was to do academic medicine, do research, be respected in the university, in the ivory tower. But I was learning more walking the streets of Haight-Ashbury in the evening than I was in my job.”

In May 1967 Smith had what he describes as a spiritual awakening: his first acid trip. In October 1966 LSD had become illegal in California, but Smith had access to it because of his work. He had never dosed himself before. Looking back, the famed and still controversial 68-year-old drug-treatment expert admits he was naive. “I romanticized psychedelics,” he says. “I had this view that there was a hard-drug subculture and there was a separate psychedelic culture. I’d convinced myself that psychedelics were the good drugs. At the time, I didn’t realize that the two worlds would soon morph into each other.”

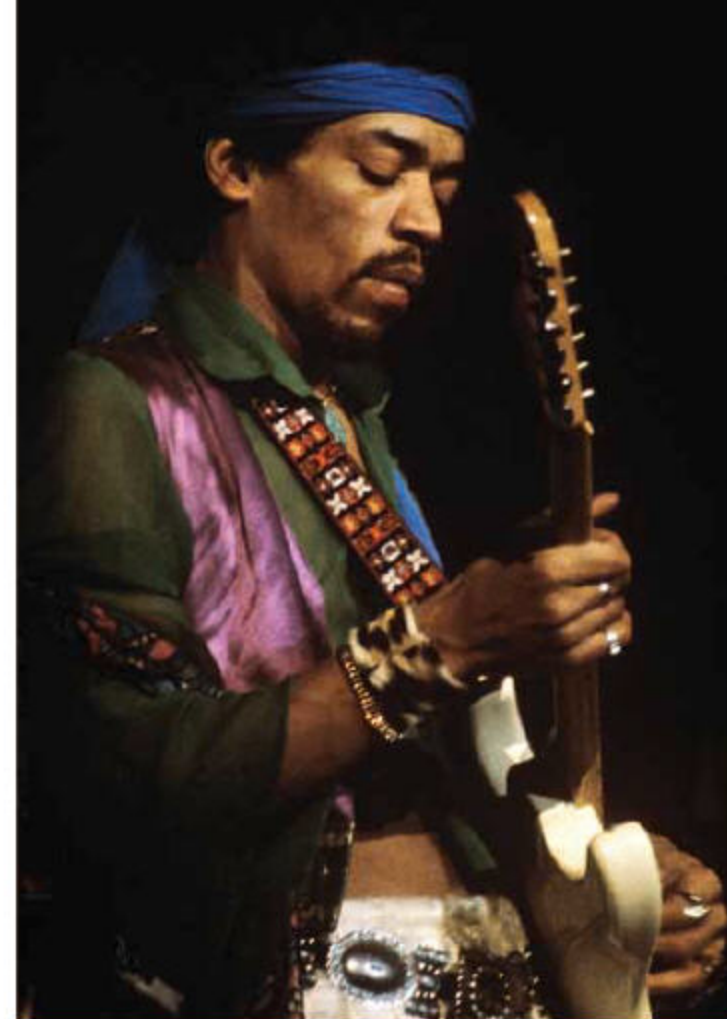
The acid trip energized Smith to take action. He rented a 14-room former dentist’s office on the second floor at 558 Clayton Street, just off Haight Street, for \$150 a month. The new facility was to be called the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, financed by private donations and staffed by volunteers from the medical community and local citizenry. It opened just as the summer arrived—on June 7, 1967. Its slogan, which was painted on a sign outside, summed up its mission: LOVE NEEDS CARE.

Within 24 hours, 250 patients came through the doors of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The shabby Italianate row house with overhanging eaves and wide bay windows had a line stretching around the corner. Patients entered through the door and climbed the dark stairwell. At the top a sign greeted them: NO DEALING. NO HOLDING. NO USING DOPE. NO PETS. ANY OF THESE CAN CLOSE THE CLINIC. WE LOVE YOU. Stoned teenage boys nodded out in the hallway. Young girls passed out flowers in the waiting room, the walls of which were decorated with psychedelic posters. The smell of marijuana and body odor wafted through the cramped warren of cubicles and side rooms. Among the cases treated that day were two bikers with second-degree burns, 12 patients with infectious hepatitis and 50 hippies who complained of bronchitis, a workload that would expand the next day to include cases of ringworm, asthma attacks, malnutrition, food poisoning and venereal diseases.

As Smith had anticipated, one of the major tasks in the beginning was calming down LSD trippers. At midnight a young woman clad only in a pink bedsheet turned up at the reception desk. She had been up for 10 days tripping. Two days later another hippie tried to throw herself through the walls of the clinic while freaking out on acid. In the first few days the clinic was seeing as many as a dozen adverse reactions to LSD every hour. In July alone 15 children, ranging in age from six months to five years, were treated for bad trips at the free clinic. They had been given the drug by their parents.

Only a small percentage of trips turned negative, but a bad trip was difficult to

“like a dope-fiend bowery.”



the hit parade

was 1967 pop music's greatest year?

JANUARY 4: *The Doors*, the eponymous debut album from a new L.A. band, lands in music stores. “The End” is a masterpiece. “Light My Fire” begins its 40-year run of radio overkill.

FEBRUARY: Jefferson Airplane’s *Surrealistic Pillow* opens America’s eyes to the acid-drenched San Francisco scene.

FEBRUARY 6: *Between the Buttons* includes the Rolling Stones’ hit “Let’s Spend the Night Together.” The band causes a stir when it performs the tune on *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

FEBRUARY 20: The Byrds’ *Younger Than Yesterday* features “So You Want to Be a Rock ‘n’ Roll Star” and “My Back Pages.”

MARCH: Donovan’s *Mellow Yellow* is mellow indeed.

MARCH 10: With *I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You*, Aretha Franklin wins herself plenty of r-e-s-p-e-c-t.

MARCH 12: Produced by Andy Warhol, *The Velvet Underground & Nico* establishes the art-rock genre.

MARCH 17: Jerry Garcia and the gang release their first studio record, *The Grateful Dead*.

MAY 12: Jimi Hendrix arrives with *Are You Experienced?* The all-time greatest debut album?

JUNE 2: *Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band* changes the music scene forever.

JULY 3: The Stones release *Flowers*.

AUGUST 5: The London quartet Pink Floyd releases its first album, *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*. Weird, man, weird.

OCTOBER 2: The Doors’ follow-up, *Strange Days*, includes “Love Me Two Times” and “Moonlight Drive.”

NOVEMBER 27: The Beatles’ *Magical Mystery Tour* features the hit single “Penny Lane.”

DECEMBER: Traffic releases *Mr. Fantasy*.

DECEMBER 8: The Stones come again with *Their Satanic Majesties Request*.

DECEMBER 15: *The Who Sell Out*.

DECEMBER 27: Following his near-deadly motorcycle crash, Bob Dylan returns with *John Wesley Harding*. “All Along the Watchtower” hits number four on the charts.

treat. A bad tripper experienced distilled fear, and it was timeless. It felt as if the experience was never going to end.

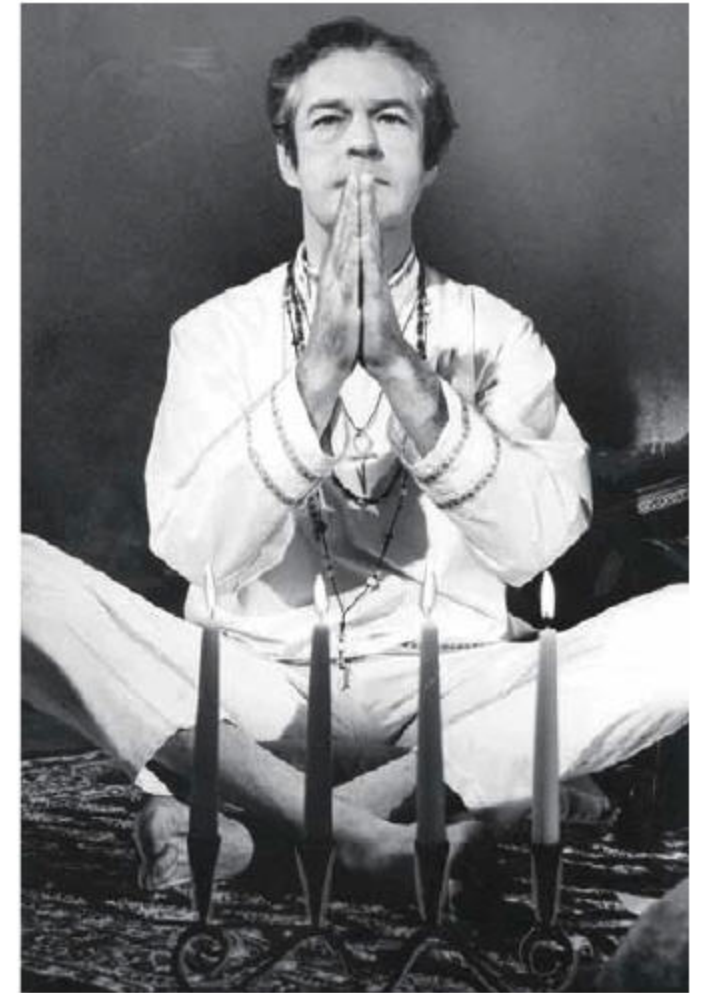
Smith set up a room called the calm center where volunteers talked down patients and dosed them with mild sedatives. Trippers were directed to stare into a candle while soothing words redirected their mind: "You're in a rowboat now. Just lift up the oars and let the boat take you downstream" was typical of the placid scenarios painted. One of the rumors sweeping the Haight blamed a rash of bad trips on a batch of low-quality acid that had hit the streets. Smith tested some of the "bad acid" in the laboratory and found it to be

The Haight was becoming a giant behavioral sink of human guinea pigs living on top of one another and dosing themselves with a bewildering array of chemicals. Not just acid but PCP, MDA, ketamine, nitrous oxide, amyl nitrate, cocaine and heroin, as well as prescription drugs like Symmetrel and Sansert.

But one drug stands out in Smith's mind as the most destructive, a drug that then, as now, had a reputation as one of the most socially corrosive. As the summer progressed, the clinic was feeling more and more of its paranoid presence.

Dr. Zoom hustled down Haight Street, pushing his way through the hippie hordes. A face bursting with acne peered out sullenly from behind a curtain of hair. Pinned to the lapel of his frayed peacoat for everyone to see was a hypodermic needle—a badge of his profession as the Haight's self-described king of the speed freaks. Underneath the coat, strapped to his hip, he carried a .22 automatic. Damn hippies, they were everywhere.

He had lived in the Haight since 1965, but he had never seen it this crowded. Dr. Zoom disliked hippies even though he was happy to sell them drugs. A deep cynicism marked his worldview. Flower children were half-hip fools who didn't understand the dog-eat-dog



From left: Sonny Barger (on bike), head of the Oakland chapter of the Hell's Angels, who enforced their own laws in San Francisco during the Summer of Love. Topless hippies stroll on campus at San Francisco State College. Timothy Leary, acid-head mystic, was a demigod in the Haight.

surprisingly pure. Bad acid wasn't causing the bum vibes; the problem was that the acid was so good.

As the Summer of Love progressed, Smith realized that the LSD saturating the Haight was just one element in a vast pharmacopoeia. Improbably, his clinic had quickly become a barometer, a filter of sorts, for what was going on in the streets. He knew the Haight was headed for trouble. Typical of his patients was Janis Joplin, queen of the Haight. The singer was both an early benefactor to the clinic and a client. Smith initially treated her for complications from an abortion she'd undergone in Mexico, after which he became intimately involved with trying to detoxify her: "She would get toxic on speed, so she'd switch to heroin. She'd get toxic on heroin and then switch to alcohol. She'd get toxic on alcohol and switch back to speed. She had no real interest in stopping using drugs. There was only an interest in not dying from them, which is what eventually happened."

reality of life on the streets. "All that peace-and-love crap," he liked to say. Screw the Summer of Love. The Haight was a mean place. You needed a gun just to survive.

Born in San Bernardino, California, Dr. Zoom had grown up in Stockton, about 50 miles east of San Francisco. His introduction to the drug world came at the age of 13 when he swallowed a handful of prescription amphetamine pills from his mother's bathroom cabinet. He left home a year later, and by the time he was 16 he was a heroin junkie living on New York's lower east side. After a short stint in the Navy, he moved to San Francisco's North Beach district, where he caught the tail end of the beatnik boom and followed the cool cats who became the core of the hippie scene when they moved to Haight-Ashbury. Not a lot was happening in the neighborhood except for the drug action. Then it started to fill up with artists, musicians and students. At 23 he was the voice of experience. "I've done more speed research in the past 10 years than anyone," he liked to boast to younger scene-makers.

Crystal meth was the best drug Dr. Zoom ever tried. Instant self-esteem. The most meth he ever shot up at one time was an eighth of an ounce, some sort of record for the Haight, he bragged. His longest run was 18 days sitting in a room, easing spike after spike into his veins. Acid just messed with his head. On meth he didn't have to think about food or sleep or even sex. In fact, Dr. Zoom couldn't remember the last time he had a hard-on. To him chemical sex—the rush he felt when he shot the drug into his veins—was better than genital sex any day of the week.

Dr. Zoom reveled in his status as an outsider. He took a perverse pride in being a needle freak. He knew that even in the Haight, with its almost unlimited tolerance for all types of chemicals, crystal-meth users were regarded with intense suspicion. Even heroin junkies looked down their noses at speed freaks.

It wasn't easy being a world-class meth addict. Every day there were hassles. Customers and rival speed dealers trying to burn you. Local cops (continued on page 122)



"Bubble gum...!"



MONTAUK SUMMER

A TOPLESS TRIP TO THE TIP OF THE AMERICAN RIVIERA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL DWECK





In 1975 Michael Dweck took a train from Manhattan to the village of Montauk at the tip of Long Island. He'd heard that the Rolling Stones were recording at Andy Warhol's house out there, so he went seeking Mick and the gang. Dweck never found the Stones. What he did find was Montauk—its beaches of blond sand and straw grass, its beckoning surf and its women. Thirty-plus years later the Stones' *Black and Blue* album is a classic and most of eastern Long Island is a zoo. But Montauk is still that sleepy enclave Dweck discovered in 1975. He fell in love, and the romance still blazes. Now an award-winning photographer, he has turned his lens on the beauty and beauties of this enchanting place. You can almost smell the sea.





There is something decidedly East Coast about this scenery and these women. Their natural beauty (yes to tan lines, no to enhancement) and the wind-sculpted sands of Montauk make for a perfect complement. Above: Sun-bronzed Carime and Camila are two Brazilian models who prefer the beach to the bustle of Manhattan in summer. Below, clockwise from left: Nicole is a Long Islander. The blonde also anchors the opening spread of this pictorial. Jamie is a local and has been at home on a longboard since she can remember. We love girls who aren't afraid to get wet. Reby's arching back mirrors the shape of a rising wave. Opposite page: Carime is looking very hot in hot pants.













See more girls of Montauk at cyber.playboy.com.



THE Girlfriend EXPERIENCE

Guys, let's say you've just arrived in Las Vegas, checked into the Palms and won huge at the craps tables. Probably the next thing you'll want to do is get a girl—a girl for hire, most likely, because time is short, your wad is big, and besides, they're everywhere: slinking around the Fremont Street Experience area, in bars all along the Strip, at legal brothels like the Chicken Ranch, about an hour's drive away. But of course you're a very special person, and you're thinking the girl has to be very special too—in fact, the best this glitz-monster town has to offer. Ah, well then, so sorry for you, because it's too late. You haven't done your homework. Her name is Nikki Avalon, and tonight she's taken. You haven't written her e-mails. You haven't sent her your references. You haven't even been to her website, nikkiavalon.com, to check out her rates (\$500 an hour, \$800 for two hours, with substantial discounts cheerfully given to educators and activists, left leaning and right). You have done nothing, so no Nikki Avalon for you.

Nikki Avalon (opposite page) wants to make you happy, and she's using the web and her entrepreneurial smarts to do it.



BY ERIK HEDEGAARD





THE LANGUAGE OF LOVEMAKING

A strange sexual slang can be found on the streets, in the bedroom and on Internet sites like The Erotic Review. Are you fluent? Can you identify the intimate initialisms mixed in with Instant Messaging jargon, distinguish innuendo from minor league baseball teams and discern sexual acts from wrestling moves? Break out your number two pencil.

Is the abbreviation used for normal conversation or cybersex? Choose **A: SEXUAL ACRONYM** or **B: INSTANT MESSAGING SHORTHAND**.

PART 1

1. TTYL

- A Travels to Your Location
 B Talk to You Later

2. BBL

- A Big Black Lady
 B Be Back Later

3. BJTC

- A Blow Job to Completion
 B Bad Joke to Crack

4. F2F

- A Fellatio to Fucking
 B Face to Face

5. MFF

- A Male, Female, Female
 B More Facts to Follow

6. DP

- A Double Penetration
 B Data Processed

7. IMHO

- A I'm a Ho
 B In My Humble Opinion

8. R&T

- A Rub and Tug
 B Reading and Thinking

9. ATM

- A Ass to Mouth
 B Ask the Moderator

10. NQNS

- A Non-Quitter Non-Spitter
 B Nice Questions

PART 2

Three of the following are sexual acts and three are names of minor league baseball teams. Can you tell the sexual euphemisms from the franchise monikers?

- A. Chicago Bow-Ties
B. Kansas City T-Bones
C. Portland Piledrivers
D. Princeton Rubs
E. Jersey City Skeeters
F. Lowell Spinners

PART 3

Is this a move in the bedroom or in the ring? Choose **1** or **2**.

A. CAMEL CLUTCH

- 1 Stimulating vagina with three fingers
 2 Sitting on opponent's back and applying rear chinlock

B. TEA BAG

- 1 Dipping scrotum into partner's mouth
 2 Forcing opponent to sniff own armpit while in half nelson

C. TOBLERONE DRIVER

- 1 Rubbing penis against area where thighs and vagina meet
 2 Lifting and then driving opponent from a sitting position

D. PEARL NECKLACE

- 1 Ejaculating around partner's neckline
 2 Scraping opponent's neck while holding him in headlock

E. FROG SPLASH

- 1 Penetrating partner while her legs are in lotus position
 2 Jumping onto opponent from top rope

F. ITALIAN CHANDELIER

- 1 Woman lying on top and pushing up and down with arms and legs
 2 Jumping off turnbuckle and striking opponent with chair

G. AROUND THE WORLD

- 1 Anilingus followed by fellatio
 2 Swinging opponent around ring by his arm

H. REAR ADMIRAL

- 1 Steering partner around room while having sex from behind
 2 Tossing blindfolded opponent into turnbuckle

I. BUCKING BRONCO

- 1 Whispering another woman's name, then trying to hold on
 2 Kicking legs out and falling backward onto opponent

J. GLIMMERING WARLOCK

- 1 Wiping off excess lube with partner's hair
 2 Flying kick to the back of opponent's head

ANSWER KEY

PART 1

1-B; 2-B; 3-A; 4-B; 5-A (threesome designation); 6-A; 7-B; 8-A (massage with a happy ending); 9-A; 10-A (woman who finishes a blow job to completion and swallows)

PART 2

Sex Acts: A: When a man ejaculates between a woman's breasts and the pool of semen spills down the side of her neck, creating a bow-tie effect. C: When a man enters a woman with her butt straight up in the

air and only the back of her head and neck touching the floor. D: When a man grinds his penis against a woman's stomach.

PART 3

A-2; B-1; C-2; D-1; E-2; F-1; G-1; H-1; I-1; J-2.

Quiz by Rocky Rakovic

Tragic. And to think that it didn't have to be this way. If only you had known about TheEroticReview.com, or TER, the world's largest Internet site devoted to reviewing the various attributes and abilities of "independent providers," as the girls like to call themselves—about 90,000 of them at last count, more than 2,000 in Vegas alone. All the reviews are written by guys known straight-facedly as "hobbyists," to whom the girls have personally provided. It's quite a community, with both providers and hobbyists gathering on the forums to wish one another happy birthday, set up bowling and pool parties and talk about what a rip-off escort agencies are. Ask and they're also happy to offer advice about who to see in any given town. In Vegas, according to hobbyists on the city's forum, Nikki is tops, with only a provider named L.J. Montana offering (distant) competition. Want to know more? Continue on to TER's reviews database and you'll first see that Nikki is thin and blonde ("with some curls"), has green eyes, is in her late 20s, stands five-foot-five, is partially shaved down there and has a B-cup bra size, no implants.

But really, those are details of a statistical nature and don't even begin to hint at her true virtues. For deeper insights you'll have to pony up \$20 a month to become a TER VIP member, and then you're off, reading full-length experiential narratives that, in Nikki's case, with more than 270 to her name, are nothing short of remarkable and hair-raising. She truly does give her job her all, with nerve, verve, skill (especially in the area of oral) and a blue vibrating butt plug nicknamed Gus (RIP). Bedroom theatrics aside, the most interesting information can be found in incidental bits strewn across her reviews. Her hobbyist clients are full of chatter about "genuine chemistry," "kissing, caressing [and] getting crazy like two long-lost lovers reuniting after 10 years," "cuddling [and lying] in each other's arms, gently kissing" and "[talking] about fantasies, films, politics, shoes and ships."

There's more, lots more, all of a similar unexpectedly warm nature, but what it basically boils down to is this: "Phenomenal!" "A must-see for any serious hobbyist!" "I still can't comprehend all that happened that night!" "Knowing her has made [the world] a little bit better for me!" "Do yourself a favor and see Nikki!" "Nikki has a way to make time stand still!" "Experience Nikki!"

She's some kind of girl, all right. And you'd be a fool if you didn't plan on getting to know her just a little bit better next time you're in town.

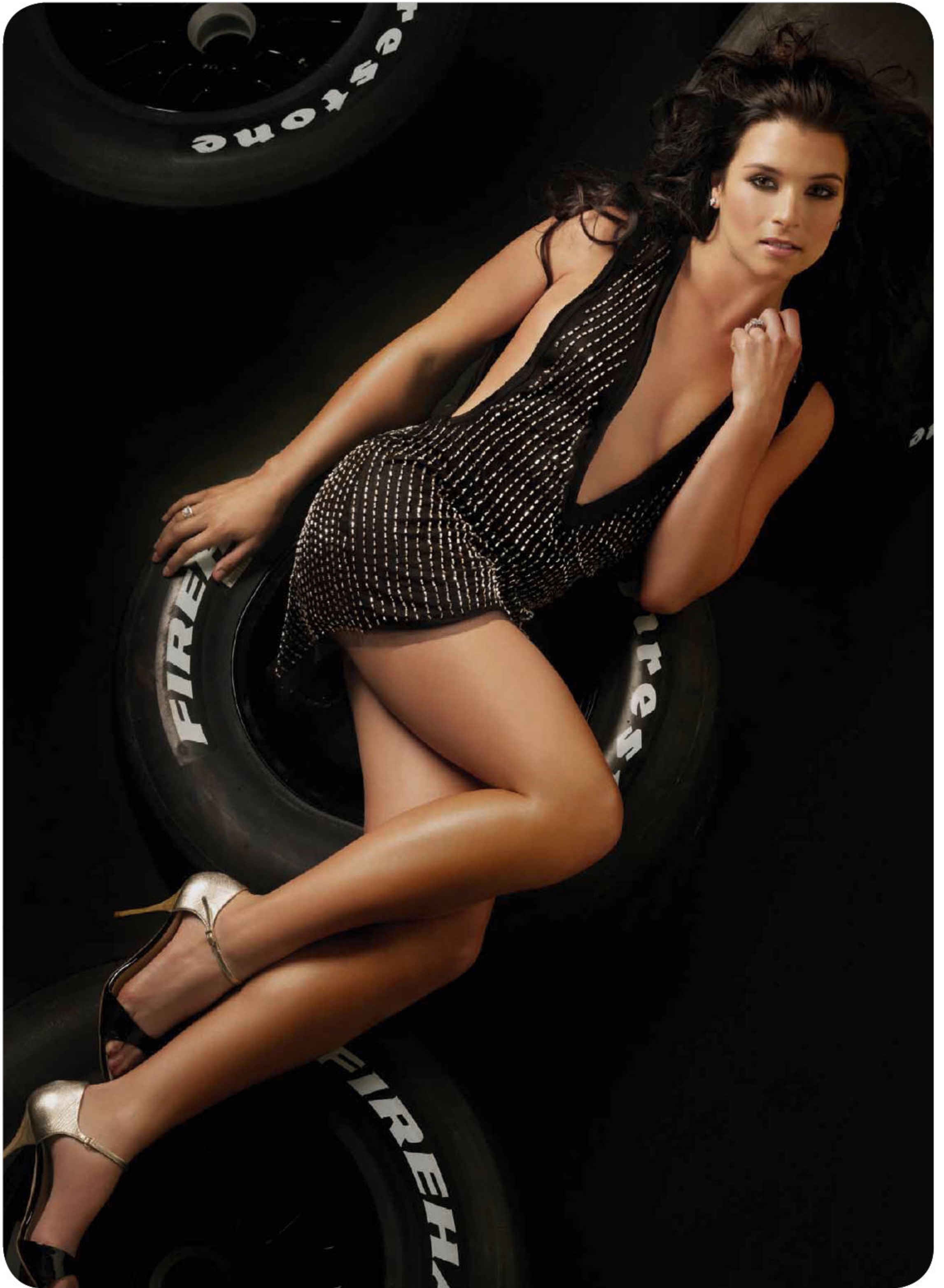
*

In many ways there has never been a better time to be an independent provider in Vegas or any other city. If a working girl has even a modicum of talent and ambition, all she has to do is put up a website, get herself linked to TER or one of the other, smaller review sites (bigdoggie.net, aspd.net, etc.) and urge some clients to write a critique. Overnight she can become sole proprietor of a home-based business like no other, with an average national wage of \$300 an hour—better than most shrinks' rates. In the old days a girl could rip off a client, either by stealing his money (and his watch and his clothes) or by offering poor service, and it wouldn't slow her down. Typically she could count on her pimp or escort agency to watch her back (and to walk away with most of her earnings). But now, because of TER, a girl who wants to make money has to live up to the highest ideals of the service economy. (continued on page 130)





"You did it.... She's opening her eyes...!"





BY JASON BUHRMESTER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ART STREIBER



OUR FAVORITE FAST WOMAN DEBATES BARBIES VERSUS HOT WHEELS, REMEMBERS THE GO-KART DAYS AND HAS A MESSAGE FOR THOSE OTHER INDY DRIVERS BRINGING UP HER REAR

Q1

PLAYBOY: When you were a little girl, which was your toy of choice, Barbie or Hot Wheels?

PATRICK: Well, it depends on what age we're talking about. I had a hundred Barbies, and I turned cardboard boxes on their sides and made them into Barbie houses. But I always liked Mr. T, too. That must have been the start of something masculine. And I did have the Barbie car.

Q2

PLAYBOY: What were the first vehicles you raced?

PATRICK: Little go-karts with small lawn-mower engines in them. They were five-horsepower engines that might have gone 40 or 45 miles an hour. I was 10 years old, and I caught on to it quickly. I almost won the championship the first year. I went back to Sugar River Raceway a few years ago and looked at all the files from the first year I drove. I could see the lap times, the qualifying positions and the results. You could see that midseason it clicked, and all of a sudden

I was two seconds quicker than anybody else. I started winning all the time.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Do you look back and realize how seriously you took racing?

PATRICK: Yeah, that's exactly right. When I was in high school, people would say to me, "Gosh, you're so dedicated." If I had a race the next weekend, I would go out with my friends and drive them around, and I wouldn't drink. I always lived for racing, and I sacrificed everything else. That's why when people ask, "How do I become a race-car driver? Tell us what it takes," I always say I don't think I can tell someone how to do it—either you have it in you or you don't. If you're asking the question, I would look at it twice, because you should be on the path already.

Q4

PLAYBOY: When you were 12 years old you crashed into Sam Hornish Jr. during a go-kart race. Now you both race Indy cars. Have you two ever talked about it?

PATRICK: As funny as it would be, we

haven't. I see him all the time. He's cool. He's a friend. We hang out since we race with each other now. It's funny how that came full circle. I remember he bumped my go-kart into the first turn with a lap or two to go. When we came to the last corner, I decided I wasn't going to let him get away with it and I drove over him. Come to think of it, he may have tried to brake-check me. I should ask him because I didn't make mistakes like that. I'll bet he brake-checked me.

Q5

PLAYBOY: What was your first car?

PATRICK: It was a Mustang Cobra, back when Mustangs were still pretty exclusive and cool. I was hard on it. I went through a brand-new set of brakes in a couple thousand miles. The car ended up with 8,000 miles on it when we sold it. I didn't have it that long, and I was on my third set of brakes.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Were you a street racer?

PATRICK: Heck no. My dad always told me not *(continued on page 120)*



IF THE YEAR WERE A MEAL, SUMMER WOULD BE DESSERT. IT'S THE SEASON FOR FRIENDS, FOR BEING OUTSIDE, FOR PLAY OF ALL KINDS, FOR STAYING UP LATE ONE NIGHT SHARING OLD

The Grills Next Door

MEMORIES, THEN STAYING UP LATE THE NEXT MAKING NEW ONES. SUMMER IS ALL ABOUT THE MAGICAL COMBINATION OF

FREEDOM AND INDULGENCE: TO PARE DOWN TO THE MOST MINIMAL CLOTHING POSSIBLE (IF ANY AT ALL) OR TO BELLY FLOP INTO THE POOL WEARING A SEERSUCKER SUIT

Summer, in short, gives you license to act like a kid again. Of course, this kid should know how to play with fire constructively and be old enough to mix a damn fine cocktail, which brings us to the matter at hand: food and booze built for the backyard. For one, you'll need to master fire, for the other, ice. One requires a firm hand with tongs, the other the ability to balance cooling and kick. Tom Colicchio of Craftsteak and *Top Chef* fame gets things started by telling us how to pull off the perfect porterhouse using a grill, as well as how to dress it up with stunning side dishes. To wash all that down, we then engage in some time travel and tour the past 100 years of summer cocktails, selecting one for each decade, including the drink we think fits summer 2007 like a wet T-shirt on your hot next-door neighbor. Hey, maybe she likes steak....

Picking and Grilling



The Perfect Steak



One of America's most accomplished chefs, **Tom Colicchio** is the founder of the much heralded Manhattan restaurant Craft. He recently opened Craft-steak restaurants in New York and Las Vegas, so we figure he's the perfect guy to tell us about the perfect steak.

Why I Like Porterhouse: Quality and variety. This steak offers you two cuts in one—the rich, chewy loin and the tender filet, bisected by a magnificent bone. That's the thing I love most about this piece of meat: Everything tastes better cooked on the bone.

Flawlessly executing the mighty porterhouse will score you massive points with the right woman, so make sure she's a steak-lovin' dame before you go all out. If she's just going to pick at it (or if, heaven forbid, she wants it cooked well-done), you're better off microwaving her some salmon and saving the porterhouse for a night with the guys.

By definition, a porterhouse is a splurge, so do it right and buy yourself prime meat. This is easier said than done—only two to four percent of all commercially sold meat in this country is graded as prime. (Most good restaurants serve choice, which is still head and shoulders above what you'll find at regular supermarkets.) To get genuine prime meat, you need to go to a butcher or a high-end grocery store with a dedicated butcher section and ask for it specifically.

Also make sure the meat you're buying has been aged for a minimum of 21 days. During its first 14 days of aging, a steak loses water to evaporation, which concentrates the fat and therefore the flavor. After two weeks the meat starts to undergo enzymatic change that tenderizes it. When I can, I buy meat that has been aged for 28 days. If your butcher's case isn't marked with aging info, be sure to ask.

At Craftsteak we worship at the shrine of artisanal growers; we get our porterhouse from Niman Ranch's small family farms and our Wagyu (a highly marbled Japanese breed) flown in from the island of Mishima in Japan. Even if you don't have access to a fancy producer, you'll do all right if you find a good butcher who will cut your meat to order. For two people, a two-inch-thick steak is ideal. If you're cooking for more than two, I recommend going with one three-inch porterhouse instead of two thinner ones. Thicker steaks take longer to cook, and longer cooking allows deeper flavors to develop.

Also make sure the loin extends at least an inch and a half from the bone. If it's any less than that, you just bought yourself a T-bone, buddy.

Cooking the Damn Thing Normally I'm a roasting man, but in the summertime I do most of my cooking outdoors, and that means charcoal grilling.

First you need to build a very hot flame. My trick is to make the pile uneven, with the coals much higher on one side, giving you two different heat zones on the grill. Allow your coals to get fully gray and glowing; you shouldn't see any black remaining. This will take at least 20 minutes, maybe more, depending on the size of your grill and the amount of charcoal you use. Rushing this step is the most common mistake people make. I know you're eager to get that steak going, but a very high temperature is key.

When the coals are ready, season the steak generously with salt and pepper, using more than you think you need. (Those of you skimping on salt for health reasons should probably reconsider the idea of a porterhouse in the first place.) Don't season the steak until your coals are ready, though. Salting too early will draw moisture to the surface, which will inhibit searing.


Start by laying the steak on the side of the grill with the high coals. If dripping fat causes the fire to flare up, move the steak to the other side of the grill (the flame will scorch the meat and make it bitter). As the fat melts off, you can move the steak back to the hotter part.

For a two-inch steak, cook the first side for about four to five minutes, then flip it over and cook for the same amount of time on the other side (moving it to the area with the lower coals as necessary). Now turn it back over to side one and cook for four to five minutes; repeat again on side two. Back to side one now, this time for only three to four minutes, then repeat on side two. During this step you can start checking for doneness with a simple press test—push your finger firmly against the center of the steak. When rare, the meat at the center will feel jelly-like under the surface. At medium rare, it will still have plenty of give and resilience. Medium will be firmer. Well-done meat will feel hard to the touch, but frankly, if you like your meat well-done, save some money and buy choice. There's no sense in spending extra for the tenderness of prime; even the best cut of meat toughens after medium.


Rest and Relaxation Once the steak is cooked to your liking—and I sincerely hope that liking is medium rare—pull it off the fire and let it rest for at least five minutes. Don't even *think* of cutting into it before then. Resting allows the meat's juices, which the heat has pushed to the center, to be reabsorbed throughout the steak. Cut early and the juices will just run out, creating the dreaded "bulls-eye" effect (red in the center with gray outer flesh). While the meat rests, grab a hunk of butter and spread it over the top (for health concerns, see my note on salt). After it has rested, pull the steak up on its end and slice the loin and filet away from the bone. Then slice each of those individually, in pieces about one quarter to one half inch wide. Sprinkle the slices with coarse sea salt and more fresh pepper, plate it with your selection of sides, mix a drink and chow down.

Sides Show

A perfect porterhouse may be the star, but it's nothing without a good backing band. Make your meal work in perfect harmony with our guide to side dishes




In a piece of music, the spaces between the notes are as important as the notes themselves. If we follow that example, the beefless bites of a steak meal are as important as the mouthfuls of medium rare. Choose two or three of the following to accompany your perfect porterhouse.



First off, get your potatoes going. These are astonishingly easy. Just grab a couple of handfuls of fingerling potatoes, throw them onto a big piece of foil, drizzle them with olive oil, sprinkle with salt and pepper, fold up the package and tuck it right down into the coals. You can do this while the coals are still mostly black (just wait for the lighter fluid to burn off). Once your steak is cooked, pull the pouch out, slice it open and voilà—perfectly roasted potatoes.

The same trick works well with baby artichokes. Prep them by peeling off the outer leaves, trimming the bottoms and scissoring off the tips. Then drizzle with olive oil, toss in some fresh herbs (I like thyme) and a squirt of lemon juice, wrap 'em up and toss 'em on the coals for 20 minutes.



Complete your coal-cooked trifecta with some roasted garlic. Again the keys are foil and oil. Take whole heads of garlic, chop off the tops to expose the cloves, then toss the heads in olive oil, salt, pepper and thyme. Now wrap them in foil and put them on the hot coals for about 30 minutes. The softened cloves can be squeezed out and spread on crusty bread.

In summer you can't go wrong with a salad packed with fresh seasonal ingredients. I like to serve thinly sliced fresh tomato with slivers of red onion over basil. For a dressing, use olive oil, balsamic vinegar, salt and pepper. Note: Go easy on the vinegar—tomatoes have plenty of acid. For best results you want a four-to-one oil-to-vinegar ratio.

Juicy portobello mushrooms fresh off the grill are another easy dish that stands up to steak. For killer shrooms every time, create a mixture of equal parts olive oil and melted butter; add salt, pepper, lemon juice and plenty of minced garlic. Wash the portobellos, chop off the stems and generously brush the caps with your mixture. Toss them on the grill, stem side down, for about eight minutes, then flip them onto their tops and cook for six to eight more minutes, until tender. Slice them into strips and serve warm.

Summer brings a bumper crop of giant purple eggplants. They're tasty and incredibly easy to grill. To cook for two, chop off the top of a medium eggplant, then cut it in half lengthwise. Make half a dozen or so half-inch-deep cuts across the face of each half (make sure you don't go through to the skin). Sprinkle the cut sides with salt, then drizzle with olive oil and place on the grill, curved side down, for eight minutes. Flip them onto their faces for eight more (or until tender all the way through). Serve warm with the skins on.

One of the easiest dishes to prepare is also one of the tastiest. Take a fistful of asparagus, chop off the fibrous ends and toss the spears in a bowl with olive oil, salt and pepper. Place them on the grill for five minutes or so, turning two to three times. If you're worried about their falling through the grill, pick up a grill-top screen.

Corn on the cob is a supereasy side dish that speaks to the season and adds both flavor and color to your meal. Soak fresh ears of corn (husks on) in water for a few minutes, then throw them on the hot grill (still with the husks on) for 15 minutes, turning halfway through. Serve with plenty of butter and salt and pepper.



A Century on Ice

It's time for an extended remix. Join us as we study up on 100 years of summer drinks

The winds of popular culture may blow this way and that, but it's nice to know that even your great-grandpa liked to get his drink on. His appetites may have differed from yours, but it's clear he was downing some tasty stuff back in 1907. Make him proud by boning up on your history. Truly, we stand on the shoulders of giants—somewhat sloshed giants but giants nonetheless.

1907–1916: Mamie Taylor

One of O. Henry's favorite libations, this wicked little cooler was named after an opera singer, and it goes down like a cool breeze on a hot day. Squeeze half a lime into a tall glass three quarters full of ice, drop in the lime shell, add two ounces of blended scotch and top off with chilled ginger ale. Stir briefly. Feel free to sing.

1917–1926: French 75

Aptly named after the potent 75-millimeter French cannon, this is essentially a tom collins supercharged with champagne instead of club soda. Squeeze half a lemon into a cocktail shaker, add a teaspoon of superfine sugar, stir briefly and add one and a half ounces of gin. Shake well with plenty of ice, strain into a tall glass three quarters full of cracked ice and top off with chilled champagne.

1927–1936: Tequila Sunrise

This iconic quaff was invented at the Agua Caliente resort in refreshingly Prohibition-free Tijuana. It was born to be served poolside. The original, OJ-free recipe says to fill a tall glass three quarters of the way with ice, squeeze half a lime into it, add two bar spoons of grenadine, one bar spoon of crème de cassis and two ounces of white 100 percent agave tequila. Top off with club soda.

1937–1946: Singapore Sling

Somerset Maugham and Noël Coward drank these where they were invented, at the Long Bar in Singapore's Raffles Hotel. After you've knocked back a few, you'll swear you were across town at the Boom Boom Room. (Look it up.) It may be a tad complicated, but a good sling is its own reward. Fill a tall glass three quarters of the way with ice, squeeze half a lime into it, add two ounces of gin, half an ounce of Benedictine and half an ounce of Cherry Heering. Top it off with chilled club soda, stir briefly and garnish with a maraschino cherry

pinned to a pineapple wedge hanging from the rim of the glass.

1947–1956: Salty Dog

Apparently invented by Marines stationed in China during World War II, this is one refreshing pooch. Rub a piece of lemon around the rim of a tall glass and dip it in kosher salt. Fill the glass three quarters of the way with ice, add two ounces of vodka and top it off with grapefruit juice (the yellow, sweeter kind, not the pink stuff).



1957–1966: Mai Tai

The Trojan horse of 1950s tiki culture, the mai tai may sound and taste tropical, but it was invented in California by Vic Bergeron (the famous Trader Vic). Squeeze a lime into a cocktail shaker and add one ounce of dark Jamaican rum, one ounce of aged rum from Martinique, half an ounce of orange curaçao and half an ounce of orgeat (almond) syrup. Fill the shaker with cracked ice, shake well and pour into a large rocks glass. Add one of the squeezed-out lime halves and a sprig of mint.

1967–1976: Harvey Wallbanger

Birthered in California surf culture and nurtured by the hard living of the late 1960s and early 1970s, the Wallbanger can be thought of as a vanilla screwdriver. Or, if you like, as a Creamsicle that gets you drunk. Fill a

tall glass three quarters of the way with ice, adding one and a half ounces of vodka and four ounces of chilled orange juice. Stir, then float one ounce of Galliano on top.

1977–1986: Miller Lite

Okay, so it's not exactly a cocktail and you don't serve it over ice, but if you were of age at a barbecue in 1978, you drank one. Lite was the first mainstream light beer, the product that took Miller to the clear number two position behind Anheuser-Busch. Miller made another mark on the pop-culture landscape with its advertising—from its pro-athlete spokesmen of the 1970s and "Tastes Great, Less Filling" in the 1980s, to the infamous catfight girls and today's Man Laws. Recipe: Open can (or, if feeling sophisticated, bottle). Drink.

1987–1996: Vodka Tonic

In the age of Michael Douglas and "greed is good," you couldn't turn around in a Manhattan nightclub without hitting one of these. As stripped-down as cocktails get, it tastes like soda, you can drink it all night long, and it goes great with cocaine. Fill a tall glass three quarters of the way with ice, add two ounces of vodka, fill with chilled tonic water and perch a lime wedge on the rim of the glass. Have fun at Betty Ford.

1997–2006: Mojito

We're not sure when it happened (or where all this mint is coming from), but by 2003 you could suddenly get a mojito everywhere. For the record, we're not complaining. Put one teaspoon of superfine sugar in the bottom of a tall glass. Add six to eight mint leaves, muddle lightly, squeeze in the juice of half a lime, add two ounces of white rum and stir. Add ice and top off with chilled club soda and a straw.

2007: Paloma

The perfect cocktail for the present day, it's exotic without trying too hard and shows you know a thing or two about tequila. Plus, it calls for grapefruit soda. We love a good grapefruit soda. PLAYBOY hereby names the paloma the drink of the summer for 2007. (Future generations, take note.) Squeeze half a lime into a tall glass full of ice and drop in the squeezed-out shell. Add two ounces of reposado tequila and a pinch of kosher salt. Fill with grapefruit soda, stir and add a straw. Ahhhh....



"Excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable."

BEACH BLONDE



YOU WON'T FIND TAN LINES ON MISS JULY

Tiffany Selby reclines by a palm tree, wearing naught but a hat and a strand of beads, a cool Corona chilling in her hand. She's blonde and sun-kissed, and being from Florida, she knows her way around a sandy shoreline. The 25-year-old model also knows the business end of a camera, having been crowned Miss Baby Jacksonville at the age of one. When asked if she gave a speech, Tiffany cackles. "I think I was afraid of the little prince who won with me," she says. "In the pictures I have this look on my face that says, 'Don't touch me!'"

Thankfully, Tiffany overcame her fear of both photos and fellas by the time she started modeling professionally at the age of 18. Now, as Miss July, she is in full blossom. Tiffany thanks 2006 Playmate of the Year Kara Monaco for bringing her to the magazine. The two met in Orlando and instantly clicked; now both beauties call Los Angeles home. As for her taste in romance, Tiffany says she likes

to take a walk on the wild side. "I just had my ears pierced," she says, "but I had my tongue, nipples and belly button pierced before. I don't wear the rings when I'm modeling. Basically I'm a rock kind of girl. My perfect guy has tattoos and definitely has to have a sense of humor. I've modeled with pretty boys, and I get bored with them. Trying to get a conversation going with them is like pulling teeth. I like guys who are cool, laid-back and don't act like they are trying to impress."

As for material matters, Tiffany confesses to one indulgence. "I'm a girlie girl," she says, "so I have a bad shopping habit. The jeans I like are sometimes more than \$300. I'd like to start my own jeans company for women someday." In the meantime she's busy acclimating to the left coast. "You need fun activities to counteract the stress from all the bad drivers," she says. "I like going bowling or swimming with friends. I'm having a blast getting a feel for this city. I'm a take-it-one-day-at-a-time kind of girl."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA















MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Siffany Selby

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Tiffany Selby

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 11/14/81 BIRTHPLACE: Jacksonville, FL

AMBITIONS: To pursue my modeling career and travel the world.

TURN-ONS: Tattoos, a nice butt, motivation, Mohawks, nice teeth, a sense of humor.

TURNOFFS: Bad manners, arrogance, ugly feet, pretty boys and bragging.

PREVIOUS MODELING EXPERIENCE: Flirt catalog, MPH magazine, 2006 Miller Lite calendar, Miss Hawaiian Tropic 2004, Bench Warmer trading cards, Boating magazine.

FIVE BANDS THAT MOVE ME: The Used, Rancid, Papa Roach, Mest, Green Day.

DEMOCRAT OR REPUBLICAN? Democrat.

MY BEST FEATURE: Stomach.

MY FAVORITE DRINK: Grey Goose & Tonic.



Ninth-grade class picture.



Getting ready to water-ski.



A real model's lunch. ☺

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What's the difference between cheating on your wife and cheating on your taxes?

If you tell the truth about your taxes, the IRS will still want to screw you.

A husband asked, "Would you like a quickie?" To which his wife replied, "Compared to what?"

Why is the space between a woman's breasts and hips called a waist?

Because you could put another pair of breasts there.



Have you heard about the new paint called Blonde?

It's not very bright, but it spreads real easy.

A young woman approached a salesman in a department store and said, "I need some batteries for my vibrator."

The salesman motioned with his finger and said, "Come this way."

"If I could come that way," she snapped, "I wouldn't need the damn vibrator."

A man came to work Monday morning with two black eyes. "Whoa," his co-worker said. "Where did you get those shiners?"

"My wife gave them to me," he replied.

"But I thought she was out of town this weekend," the co-worker said.

"So did I," the man replied.

I am going to make you the happiest woman in the world," a man said to his wife one night.

"Oh," she replied, "I'll miss you."

Late one night a police officer stopped by a used-car lot because he saw two old ladies suspiciously leaning against a sedan. "Now, you two aren't trying to steal this car, are you?" the cop asked.

"Heavens, no," one of them said. "We bought it, but we can't drive."

"Then why did you buy it?" the officer asked.

"We were told that if we bought a car here we'd get screwed," she said. "So we did, and now we're just waiting."

One night the Reverend Fred Fluff noticed a young woman from his congregation drinking alone in a bar. "This is no place for a lady," he said. "Why don't you let me take you home?"

"Sure," she slurred.

When she stood up, she began to weave back and forth. He reached out to help her and they both lost their balance and tumbled to the floor. Fluff wound up on top of the young lady, her skirt hiked up to her waist.

The bartender looked over and said, "Stop that! We won't have any of that carrying-on in this pub."

"But you don't understand," he replied. "I'm Pastor Fluff."

"Ah, well," the bartender nodded and said, "if you're already that far in, you may as well finish."

What has four arms and four legs and never works out?

Marriage.

A Polish immigrant went to the DMV to apply for a driver's license. After filling out his paperwork he had to take an eye exam. The clerk showed him a card with the letters CZWIXNOSTACZ.

"Can you read this?" the clerk asked.

"Read it?" the Polish man replied. "He's my uncle."



For the ladies:

What do you call a man with half a brain?

Gifted.

Why did God create men?

Because vibrators can't mow the lawn.

What does a man consider a seven-course meal?

A hot dog and a six-pack of beer.

What's a man's view of safe sex?

A padded headboard.

What did God say after creating man?

"I can do better."

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.



MARTY
MURPHY

"That looks like it might be a nice place."

The Open Road



Girl?

Check.

Map?

Check.

Sunglasses?

Check.

Let's roll

Everyone has a favorite road-trip story. This is ours: On a warm Sunday evening in San Francisco not long ago, we climbed into the cockpit of a black, 200-plus mph, \$140,000 supercar—a Ford GT (pictured). The engine put the power of 550 horses to the pavement. In the driver's seat, our spine felt like the stitches on a baseball clutched in Roger Clemens's hand. Next stop: New York. You don't need a reason to drive across the country, but we had one, albeit flimsy. Half a century has passed since President Eisenhower signed the Federal Highway Act, funding the greatest nexus of freeways in the world. Forty years have passed since A.J. Foyt and Dan Gurney's historic "all-American" Le Mans victory in a car called—you guessed it—the Ford GT. To celebrate both anniversaries, we decided to bomb across the country in a rubber-burning quest to snap the coast-to-coast record (32 hours, seven minutes, set by some nut in a Ferrari in 1983). Ignition. Once on the highway, we shifted into second gear at 60 mph. Into third at about 90. Fourth at 125. Only two more gears to go. The car turned a lot of heads, but suffice it to say we didn't break any records. There was this great cover band playing an outdoor show in Reno, see. And in the tiny desert enclave of Elko, Nevada we happened upon an amazing Basque restaurant whose next-door neighbor was a legal brothel. The girls were scary, but the beer was ice-cold. Somewhere in Nebraska we realized what makes road-tripping such a quintessential manly experience—speed, freedom, loud nights in cheap motels... No matter how old you are, you feel as if you're 17 again. Now enough about us. You have your own trip to plan.



ONLY IN AMERICA

25 reasons to put a few thousand miles on your odometer



21.



23.



4.



11.



7.



9.

1.

Bonneville Speed Week Every summer during Speed Week some 400 entrants “shoot the salt” at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. Watching men bust land-speed records on two and four wheels—at 500-plus mph in some cases—makes for heart-thumping theater. Bring sunscreen, earplugs and a defibrillator. August 11 to 17, info at scta-bni.org.

2. Tijuana Bullfights Matador and bull enter the ring. The crowd of sun-drenched drunks goes wild. Tijuana’s Bullring by the Sea, a stone’s throw from the border, is the real thing. Check the schedule at bullfights.org and plan accordingly—you’ll need the whole day. It starts with tequila and Cuban cigars with the señoritas in TJ’s bars. Bullfights start at four P.M. *Ay, caramba*. Be sure your Aston Martin has an alarm.

3. Timberline Ski Resort It’s July. Throw your skis in the car and head west. At Timberline, on Mount Hood’s Palmer Glacier in Oregon, you can ski all year round. Book a room at the Timberline Lodge, a freaky 1930s mansion on the edge of the glacier. You’ve seen this hotel in a little Jack Nicholson movie called *The Shining*. Rates from \$99, lift tickets \$45; timberlinelodge.com.

4. Del Mar Racetrack The ghosts of Dean Martin, Bing Crosby and Seabiscuit haunt this famous old horse track right on the California coast. Churchill Downs is about heritage; Del Mar is

simply cool. The season opens July 18. Info at dmtc.com.

5. Woodward Avenue Dream Cruise In the 1960s Detroit’s Woodward Avenue became the street-racing capital of America. Pontiac GTOs faced off against Shelby Mustangs and Hemi Cudas in the wildest nights in Motor City history. Today the street hosts the country’s largest car party. You’ve never seen so much vintage Detroit iron. August 8, woodwarddreamcruise.com.

6. Malibu Beach This sandy slice of southern California, just far enough north of Hollywood for our taste, gets the nod for the best beach in the lower 48. Great surf meets barely visible bikinis. Is that Pam Anderson over there? It just may be.

7. Lollapalooza The best Lollapalooza lineup ever? Set to appear at Grant Park in Chicago from August 3 to 5: Pearl Jam, Ben Harper, Iggy Pop, Patti Smith, Kings of Leon, Interpol... Tickets at lollapalooza.com.

8. Bandon Dunes Golf Resort In our July 2004 issue we named Bandon Dunes, on the craggy coast of Oregon, America’s top golf mecca. For our money it still is. The old-school links resort features three courses: Bandon Dunes (designed by David McLay Kidd), Pacific Dunes (Tom Doak) and Bandon Trails (Bill Coore and Ben Crenshaw). As one writer recently

raved, “Golf in heaven can’t compare.” See bandondunesgolf.com.

9. Sturgis This year marks the 67th annual Sturgis rally in South Dakota (August 6 to 12), the biggest, drunkiest biker event of the summer. A list of state ordinances and fines is posted on the rally’s official site, sturgis.com: indecent exposure, \$90; carrying a loaded gun, \$75. You’d better stop at an ATM on the way.

10. U.S. National Free-Dive Spearfishing Championship This may be the most extreme of all sports. Tankless divers hold their breath while they stalk, kill and wrestle sea monsters to the surface. The biggest fish ever pulled to shore? An 804-pound grouper in 1949. This year’s national tournament will be held at California’s Fort Bragg on August 9. Info at spearboard.com.

11. Big Sur A drive along California’s Highway 1 through Big Sur—that winding cliff-side way perched above the crashing Pacific—is a rite of passage. Cap off the drive with a night at the Post Ranch Inn, one of PLAYBOY’s top 10 most romantic spots on earth (February 2007 issue). Rates from \$550, postranchinn.com.

12. Allstate 400 at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway NASCAR arrives at America’s hallowed turf, the Brickyard. As good a reason as any to empty a cooler of beer. July 29, tickets at nascar.com.

this summer. Bikerfests, bullfights, the hottest bikini scene and more



5.



16.



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24.



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13. Chefs and Champagne At the James Beard Foundation's annual Hamptons summer fete, you'll taste the creations of world-class chefs in a beautiful environment with endless bottles of wine. This year's dinner will be July 21 at the Wölffer Estate Vineyard in Sagaponack, New York. The star of the show: master chef Charlie Trotter. Tickets at jamesbeard.org.



14. Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance Simply put, this is the greatest vintage-car event in the world. Don't even think of sneezing near that 1932 Bugatti. Keep the fingerprints off the Duesenbergs. Last year's best in show was a 1931 Daimler Double-Six 50 Corsica drophead coupe, but the 1960s-era Ferraris make us swoon. As *The New York Times* put it in 1965, "Just to sit in one feels dangerous." More info at pebblebeachconcours.com.



15. Bardstown, Kentucky Bardstown is a New Jerusalem for bourbon fans. The Jim Beam, Heaven Hill, Maker's Mark and Wild Turkey distilleries are here. Book a stay at the Jailer's Inn, a prison built in 1819. Yes, it's been renovated. Rates from \$80, jailersinn.com.



16. Mütter Museum This Philly institution opened in 1863 as a gallery of oddities to teach medical students how strange the human body can get. Is that the cancerous lesion removed from President Grover Cleveland's upper jaw in 1893? Yup—the one and only. This summer's special exhibit:

The Medical World of Benjamin Franklin. Info at www.collphyphil.org.



17. Playboy Jazz Fest Hef's annual summer bash at the Hollywood Bowl will feature Buddy Guy, Chris Botti, Isaac Delgado and more. June 16 to 17, tickets at playboy.com.



18. Christ of the Abyss Okay, it's underwater, so you can't drive there. This eight-and-a-half-foot, 20,000-pound Jesus statue 25 feet down off Florida's Key West is the work of Italian sculptor Guido Galletti. Sunk (on purpose) in 1965, it is said to have special healing powers. The Lord works in mysterious ways.



19. Missoula Testicle Festival What could top four days in Montana, munching on Rocky Mountain oysters? This festival celebrates its silver anniversary this summer. Some go for the rock bands and wet T-shirt contests. Others just enjoy the protein. August 1 to 5, testyfesty.com.



20. BMW Performance-Driving School Never mind the skills you'll gather: Opening up a BMW M6 without fear of Johnny Law is one of those do-before-you-die experiences. One- and two-day classes are available at BMW's Greer, South Carolina facility, but we recommend the two-day Advanced M School at Virginia International Raceway. (M is BMW-speak for *motorsport*, as in the Z4 M coupe, *PLAYBOY's* 2007 car of the year.) \$3,995, bmwusa.com.

21. UFO Festival in Roswell Sixty years have passed since the aliens landed in Roswell, New Mexico in early July. With art exhibits and notable speakers on UFOs, this festival is not exactly a babe magnet. But if you cross your fingers, maybe the aliens will return for another visit. July 5 to 8, info at roswellufofestival.com.



22. Austin Hot Sauce Festival Fifteen thousand people, more than 100 gallons of hot sauces and endless plates of Lone Star vittles. Now that's a recipe. August 26, austinchronicle.com.



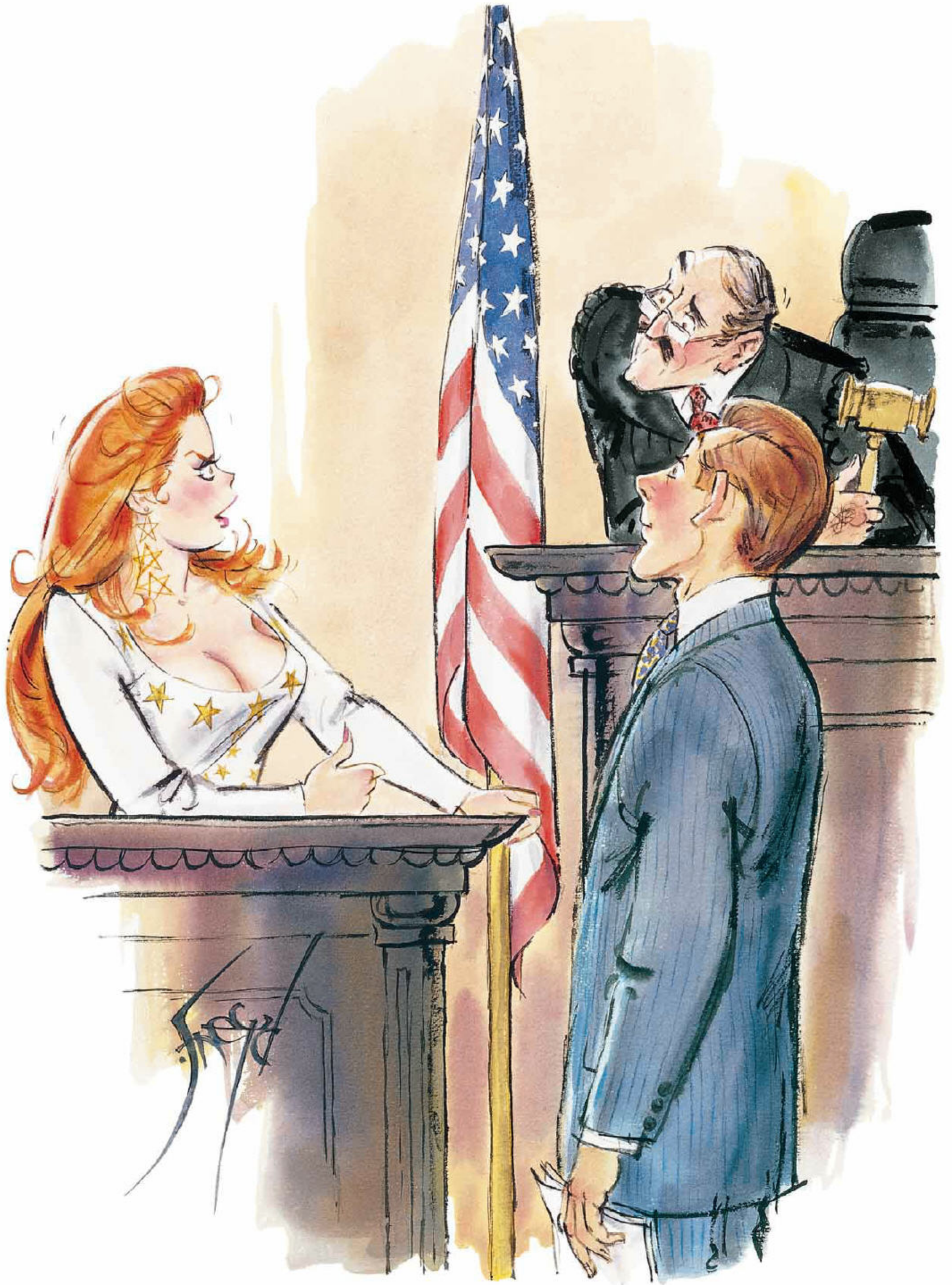
23. MotoGP Red Bull U.S. Grand Prix MotoGP is the Formula One of the motorcycle world. The most skilled riders, fastest bikes and twistiest tracks get rolled into one big triple-decker speed sandwich. *Bon appétit*. The U.S. Grand Prix is July 22 at California's Mazda Raceway at Laguna Seca. Tickets at motogp.com.



24. The Police Live at Churchill Downs What are Sting and the gang doing playing at the home of the Kentucky Derby? Beats us. July 14, tickets available at thepolicetour.com.



25. Vegas, Baby The ladies await you at the pool at the Palms. The air-conditioning in the Playboy Club is pumping, and the Nevada freeways are an unpoliced playground. Go as fast as you feel comfortable, then go faster. Getting there is more than half the fun.





THE GREAT INDOORS

I love to buy pretty bra-and-panty sets with garters. One of my favorite ways to surprise a man is to get dressed up in lingerie with thigh-high stockings and heels. I'll invite him over, then answer the door wearing only that. If he knows what I like, he'll shut the door, say something nice and then take it off right away. I'm not too into other accessories, like sex toys. I'd much rather stick with the real thing. My fantasy, though, is to go to a beautiful tropical beach resort for a long romantic weekend. We'd hike to the waterfalls and have sex there, then we'd hike back and have sex on the beach. That's the one dream date I haven't been on...yet.

ON THE TOWN

While people always say men stare at me, men rarely come up to me. Sometimes they think pretty women are unapproachable, but in fact the opposite is true. If you see a beautiful woman, take a chance. I like all types of guys, and everybody I've dated has looked very different—tall, short, muscular, slim. It's really about a man's personality, and here's my cardinal rule: Be a complete gentleman and be kind to everyone. A true sign of someone's character is how he treats waiters, bellboys and doormen. I do like a guy who is outgoing, because I'm very shy and reserved. I need someone to balance me out, yin and yang. I've had two amazing dates in my life. On one the guy held my hand and walked me across the street.

That's the sign of a true gentleman and someone worth spending time with. It showed he wasn't afraid of intimacy and wouldn't be afraid to let his guard down with me. On the other date, the guy and I went to a hockey game, and it was a blast. We ordered nachos and cotton candy, and the cameraman showed us on the JumboTron as we were stuffing our faces.





BACK TO THE
BEACH

➤ THIS SEASON, LOOK GOOD ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BOARDWALK



FASHION BY
joseph de acetis
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
antoine verglas
PRODUCED BY
jennifer ryan jones
WOMEN'S STYLING BY
kathy kalafut



His bathing suit (\$225) is by **Calvin Klein Collection**. His watch (\$3,300) is by **Montblanc**. Her bikini (\$125) is by **Exotica Swimwear**.

IN THE OCEAN OR ON THE ROCKS, A TRIM SUIT LIKE THIS JAMES BOND-STYLE NUMBER (À LA DANIEL CRAIG IN *CASINO ROYALE*) FROM CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION IS A BOLD MOVE THAT WILL FLAG YOUR FASHION SENSE FOR HER ATTENTION.



His jacket (\$1,450), shirt (\$295) and pants (\$475) are by **Valentino Uomo**. Her bikini (\$150) is by **Salinas**. Her sandals (\$533) are by **Barbara Bui**.





His trunks (\$157) are by **Belstaff**. Her bikini (\$88) is by **Guess Swimwear**.

IN COMFORTABLE COTTON OUTERWEAR (LEFT), YOU WON'T BREAK A SWEAT WALKING FROM THE BEACH TO THE BUNGALOW. BELSTAFF'S VINTAGE WAXED COTTON TRUNKS (ABOVE) REPEL WATER BUT DRAW HER EYE.



Left: His sweater (\$345), shirt (\$245) and trunks (\$180) are by **Canali**. His watch (\$895) is by **Locman**. His sandals (\$150) are by **Donald J Pliner**. Her bikini (\$95) is by **Salinas**. Her necklace (\$250) and pendant (\$175) are by **Alicia Shulman**. Her sandals (\$85) are by **Baby Phat by Kimora Lee Simmons**. Right: His trunks (\$65) are by **Modern Amusement**. His hat (\$150) is by **John Richmond Accessories**. His watch (\$165) is by **Timberland**.



Left: His shirt (\$78) is by **Persona.Non.Grata by Boris Diran**. His board shorts (\$46) are by **O'Neill**. Her bikini (\$90) is by **Playboy Swim**. Right: His sweater (\$250), shirt (\$165) and trunks (\$100) are by **Zegna Sport**. His espadrilles (\$285) are by **Salvatore Ferragamo**. His sunglasses (\$295) are by **Blinde**. Her bikini (\$115) is by **L Space**. Her necklace (\$130) and ring (\$50) are by **K Ritt**. Her sandals (\$85) are by **Baby Phat by Kimora Lee Simmons**.





FOR MORE GREAT SWIMWEAR LOOKS AND OUR GUIDE TO SUNSCREEN, GO TO PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE.
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 141



His sweater (\$295) is by **Stone Island**. His trunks (\$220) are by **Salvatore Ferragamo**. His watch (\$3,900) is by **Bell & Ross**.
His sandals (\$115) are by **Zegna Sport**. Her bathing suit (\$150) is by **Raynelda**. Her necklace (\$90) is by **K Ritt**.

STOP SWIMMING IN BAGGY BOARD SHORTS—SLEEK TRUNKS ARE BACK ON THE BEACH. HOT DAYS TURN INTO COOL NIGHTS:
AS THE SUN SETS ON THE SHORE, TOSS ON A FITTED SWEATER, GRAB YOUR BEACH BUNNY AND HIT THE SAND BARS.





STATE OF THE UNION

GODWIN POPE IS
VICE PRESIDENT.
HE HATES HIS JOB

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

Parked high in the vice president's usual spot behind and above the podium, Godwin Pope surveyed the House of Representatives chamber in the Capitol building. The panorama wasn't his uniquely, of course; on Godwin's left, Herman Vanick, the fleshy, cunning former gym teacher who had elbowed his way into the speakership of the House four years ago, had nearly the same perspective from his seat, though Godwin doubted the ass-patting towel-snapper saw what he did. Vanick looked at the room and saw pretty much what the president saw—a dunghill populated by ants who loved, hated, feared or owed him but who were basically merchants, here to buy and sell favors, markers, pork. Godwin looked at the room and saw history—John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay and Sam Rayburn, a beardless Lincoln and a callow Kennedy, measuring themselves within the room's quiet magnificence. Well, yes, okay, those men, along with an army of ambitious sharpies who had managed to maneuver their hands in the people's business—and in their pockets.

But that's civilization, right? The strong and smart and clever have always tried to get something out of the credulous and besotted—and not only get something out of them but make them think giving it up was the right thing to do. The divine right of kings, Godwin snickered to himself. Now there was a sell job.

Meanwhile, Godwin noted, the customary members of the tribe had assembled.

On the right, the guardians, our military chiefs, the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Not our most valiant warriors, mind you, but six professionally accomplished commanders who have learned through decades of bureaucratic maneuvers that the answer to every military question, whether it's about money, time, firepower or troops, is "We need more."

Next to them are our great justices, the members of the Supreme Court, resplendent in their robes. Nine judicial high priests with nary a shred of practical experience among them, who try like a fat woman with a pair of bicycle shorts to stretch an 18th century document around 21st century issues.

To their left sits the Cabinet—forgettable, interchangeable people

whose proudest accomplishment, now and always, will be to say, "I headed a government agency." Headed. Like Pelé.

And filling the room are the mighty solons of Congress, the 535 wise men and women of the Senate and House, the Jacks and Jills and Shaniquas and Billy Bobs, the ex-fraternity house presidents and prom committee chairgirls, the former school board members and state assemblymen who learned their trade debating liquor laws and zoning regulations and who now get to kick around questions of war and peace, poverty and abundance, enrichment and enslavement.

All waiting for...

The back doors of the Chamber opened, and a minuscule man called out to the throng. "Mister Speaker! Mister Speaker! The president of the United States!"

Look at him, thought Godwin. Good old Jack Mahone. Smilin' Jack. Happy Jack. Crafty Jack. President Jack. Big Jack Off. We rise and salute his arrival.

The president was a Louisiana man, Baton Rouge, 59 years old, ex-governor, ex-senator, passably handsome, garrulous, louche, a man who possessed a common touch, a man of the people. He won 36

GODWIN COULD SEE THE HEAVY-LIDDED BLONDE WHO WAS THE PRESIDENT'S OUT-OF-TOWN PAL.

states on Election Day, and 13 short, fast months later he's managed to plunge to the lowest favorability rating that any president ever had at the end of his freshman year.

Godwin kept applauding as he watched Jack run the gantlet of Cabinet cheerleaders, reach the dais, bound up the steps and grasp the speaker's outstretched arm. "Hey there, Herm. How they hangin'?" Jack fairly bellowed, loud enough that Godwin was afraid the whole room would hear. "Think you'll applaud anything I say tonight?"

"My guess is you'll say something I agree with, Mr. President," replied Herm, his professional bonhomie in perfect form.

"Hey, Godwin," Jack chimed, reaching for his vice president's hand.

"Good evening, Mr. President."

"Chet went over everything with you, right? When to applaud, when to lead a standing ovation—"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"And how to look. You have to look confident."

"I will."

"And proud."

"Yes, Chet and I went over this."

"And interested! For fuck's sake, look interested. No yawning in the background."

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Oh, and one more thing." Mahone motioned Godwin closer. On TV, commentators were remarking on this as a sign of the close collaboration the two men enjoyed. "Godwin," Jack was asking, "are you coming back to the residence after?"

"After the speech?" The question stunned Godwin. Mahone tended to reserve such invitations for his closest cronies, a small category of humanity to which Godwin neither belonged nor aspired. "I hadn't planned on it, sir. I don't think I was actually invited."

"Well, it would mean a lot to me if you came."

"Really?"

"Yes, really." A wide, warm smile lit Jack's face. "Isn't this the Mahone-Pope administration?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let's act like it."

"Yes, sir. And thank you, sir. I'll be there."

"All righty. Now, could you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, sir."

"A friend of mine came in from out of town unexpectedly—you see her? Up in the gallery? About four or five rows behind the first lady? And over—to the right?"

The two men looked into the gallery. The plump, extravagantly coiffed first lady smiled sweetly and waved, and the men waved back. Over and to the right, Godwin could see a heavy-lidded blonde whom he took to be the president's out-of-town pal. She had two large Tupperware bowl-shaped mounds of flesh prominently emerging from her low-for-the-occasion neckline, and she was using the long red fingernail on her left pinkie to daub at her mascara.

"The elegant blonde, Mr. President?"

"That's her. You didn't bring a date, did you?"

"To the State of the Union address? No, sir."

"So there'd be no problem if we said she was your date when we went back to the residence, would there?"

"None."

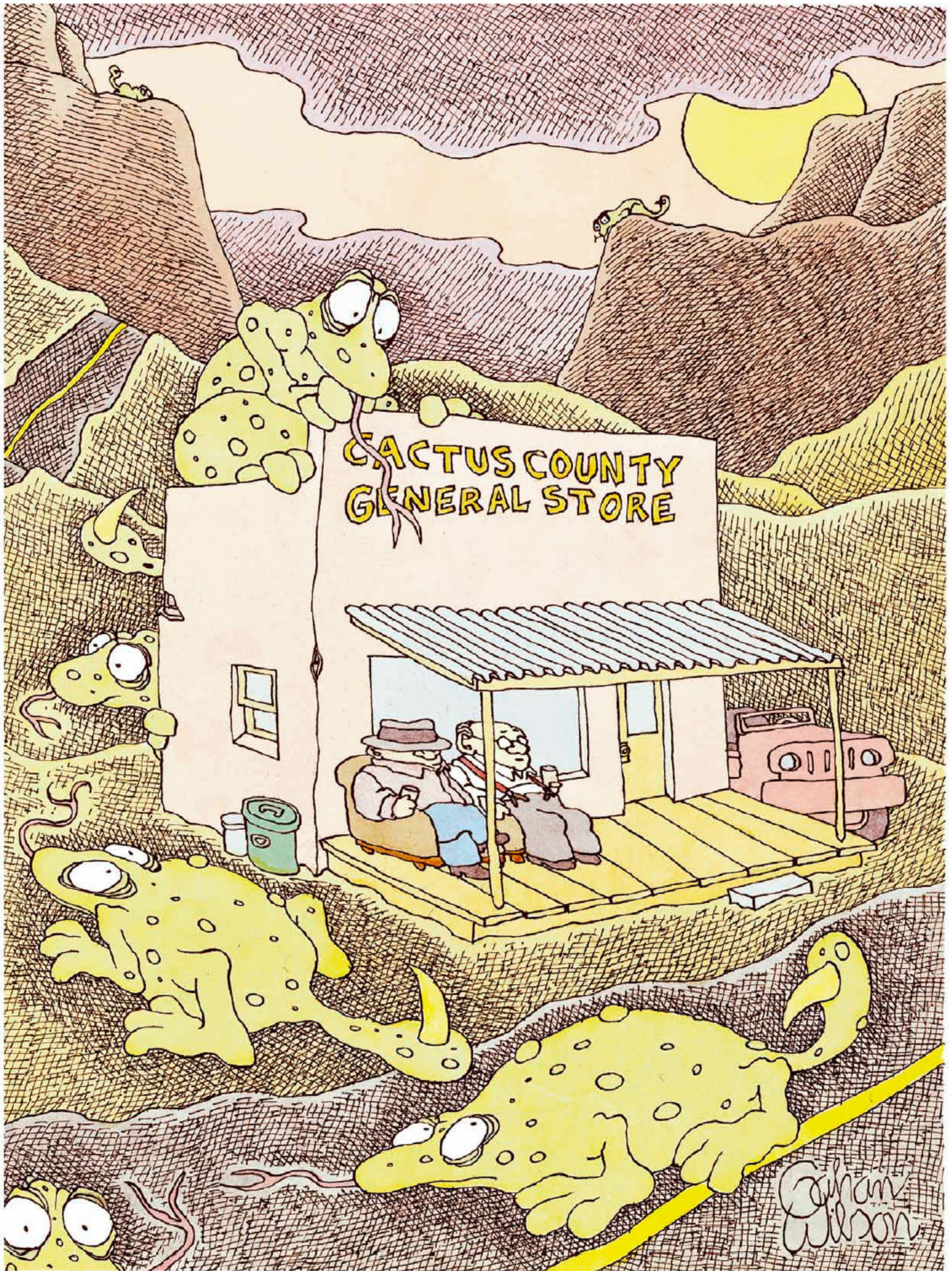
"And that's all you have to do. Bring her by, and then you can bug out if you want. Or stay. Whatever."

And with a wave of his hand Jack turned and faced the business at hand, namely, attempting to right his already perilously off-course administration, leaving Godwin to settle into his seat and, behind a good soldierly facade, slip into a sulk worthy of Achilles.

No one would ever have predicted that Godwin Pope would someday become vice president. His earliest progenitors on these shores were flinty, suspicious Yankees who possessed a certain ingenuity and clever heads for business. At one point the family controlled 87 percent of the pin-and-needle market in North America, and still great-great-grandfather Obediah undercut incipient competitors as ruthlessly as a Rockefeller. Over the years, the family fortune rose and fell, depending on whether it was one of the periods when the heirs boldly and successfully led National Metal Fasteners Inc. into paper clips or staples, or whether it was one of the periods when the heirs—different heirs, of course, wastrel heirs—threw chunks of the family fortune at a promoter of commercial seaweed farming or a maharishi from Philadelphia who preached the Tao of Free Love or one of about a hundred dealers of fine cocaine.

By the time Godwin enrolled in Princeton, National Metal Fasteners Inc. was owned by a midlevel Japanese copier company, and the family's riches had dwindled to the point at which Godwin still had enough money in the bank to be able to choose between one family tradition and the other. He had begun sizing up the cocaine dealers when fate interceded and assigned him Tom Ralston as his freshman-year roommate. Ralston was a precocious 14 years old, didn't much like to wash, paused in the middle of conversations to pick his nose and thought everyone else was stupider than he was. Which was largely true, and in the case of mathematics, incontestably correct. Tom Ralston could solve foot-long algorithms in his head in seconds.

With breathtaking ease Tom graduated two semesters early and joined IBM in Palo Alto, where Godwin visited him over spring break. They were both complaining. Godwin had been accepted to half a dozen law schools, none of which he had any interest in attending. And Tom found IBM distressingly boring. "They're so fucking slow!" Tom screamed. "You (continued on page 138)



"I understand they're pretty much extinct everywhere else."



Adult Swim

OLYMPIC SWIMMER AMANDA BEARD IS THE SEXIEST ATHLETE ALIVE

BY STEVE POND

She walks into the Santa Monica cafe with a shiny white motorcycle helmet under her arm, smiling as she peels off the white leathers, gloves and pads she donned to make the short trip from her house not far from the beach in Venice. “A little girl stopped me outside,” she says with a laugh, “and asked me if I was an astronaut.”

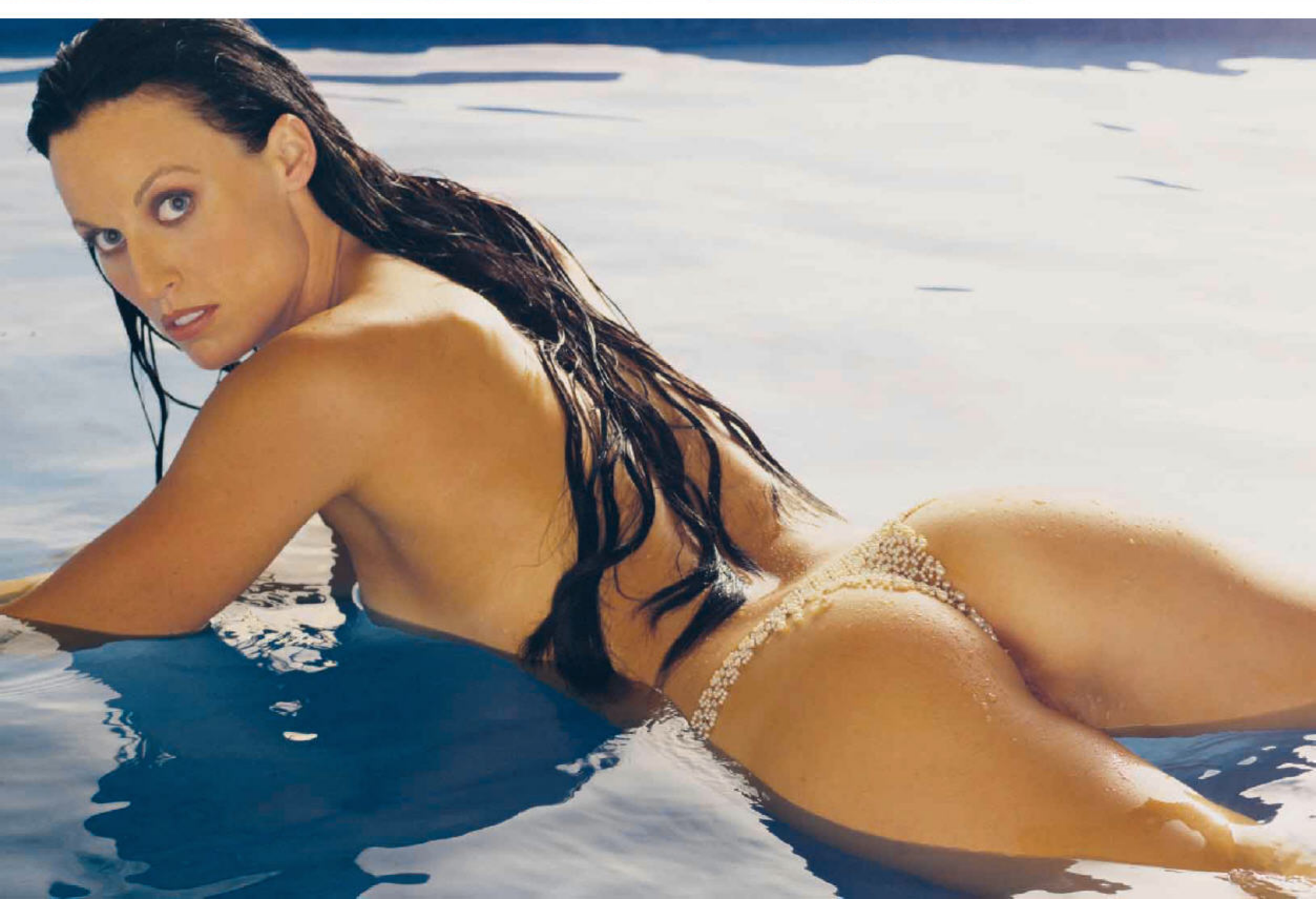
No, Amanda Beard hasn’t spent any time in outer space—not yet, anyway. She’s a fanatical motorcyclist, an aspiring surfer, a daredevil snowboarder, an occasional race-car driver, a demon paintball player—and, more to the point, a world-class swimmer who has won one bronze, four silver and two gold medals at the Olympics. At 25 she also happens to be a businesswoman, a spokesperson, a brand name and a mogul in the making. As of now she’s also a *PLAYBOY* model, a new gig that may come as a surprise to those who remember her as the skinny teenager who brought a favorite toy to the medal stand at the Atlanta Olympic Games in 1996.

“People remember me for being a scrawny 14-year-old carrying a teddy bear,” she says. “When they see me they’re either shocked that I’m not older or shocked that I’m not still 14. I get both



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI





ends of the spectrum, which is fun."

She likes fun, which for her means action, adrenaline, activity. With her eye on the 2008 Olympics, she's already dreading the time—it'll come this fall, she figures—when she has to lay off the motorcycles and throw herself into five hours a day at the pool. She'll do it willingly. After earning medals in 1996, 2000 and 2004, she wants a shot at her fourth Summer Games, in which she holds the Olympic record for the 200-meter breaststroke. But she'll miss driving fast and climbing high and all the rest. Hell, this is a woman who has already figured out the last possible moment she could break her arm and recover in time to make the Olympic team. (November, she reckons.)

"I know a lot of athletes who are like, 'Oh, I can't ride a motorcycle, I can't go skydiving, I can't do this and that because it's in my contract,'" she says, shaking her head. "I have nothing in my contract that says I can't do anything. These are things that give my life color and fun, and if I take them away, I'm not going to be happy. Everyone around me understands: If you want me to swim fast, you have to let me enjoy my life." She laughs. "I'm hard to control."

What she means, of course, is that she's the one in control. It wasn't always like that. Eleven years ago she came out of the D.C. a five-foot-two-inch, 100-pound swimming phenom who made the Olympic team, won two individual silver medals and swam on the gold-medal-winning 4x100 meter medley relay team, nearly oblivious to the import of the occasion.

And then everything changed. She grew six inches and gained 25 pounds, earthshaking alterations for an athlete attuned to propelling her small, girlish form through the water. "I was like, Wait a second. I have this new body—what do I do?" she says. "Who am I? I'm a woman? It took me a while to get used to that. I mean, I basically had a breakdown at 15 and had to rebuild myself through my teenage years, when it's already tough enough."

The rebuilding worked so well that she confounded expectations by winning a bronze medal in 2000, one of her proudest accomplishments. Four years later, in Athens, she won her first individual gold and two more silvers—whereupon the new body she'd learned to use helped her win the Hottest Female Athlete designation from ESPN.com.

She enjoyed the attention and liked modeling for Speedo and for the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. As for the next step...that one took a little thought.

"I'd always been asked whether I would do PLAYBOY, and I was unsure about it," she says. "I talked to my agent, I talked (text concluded on page 130)







“If you want me to swim fast, you have to let me enjoy my life.”





PATRICK (continued from page 75)

The hardest part was getting everyone to believe I could do it. Some people write you off as a fluke.

to race on the street. He had odd theories, like if your car was fast enough, it kept you out of trouble. He said, "I know you're going to try to pass semis on a two-lane road, and if you have a slow car, that other car will be coming at you too quickly." I loved his theory. It's a great outlook, don't you think?

Q7

PLAYBOY: Are you handy mechanically?
PATRICK: I've never claimed to be a handy person. Everybody asks if I know how to work on the car, and I play dumb. When we were go-karting I used to work on those a lot. I could change axles and gears. At one point I could even CC an engine, whatever that means. I don't know how to explain it, because I don't remember how to do it. I used to be able to do a lot of stuff. I'm sure I still could, but I play dumb and say I don't know how. It's easier when you don't have to do it.

Q8

PLAYBOY: When you were 16 you moved to the U.K. to race in the Formula Ford series. Was it hard to prove yourself there?

PATRICK: The hardest part was getting everyone to believe I could do it. I didn't have any help over there. I had no one to fight for me, to make sure I got the best equipment, the best treatment and the best help. I had managers, but they were in Texas and never came to England. Overall I found that proving yourself is proving yourself, but you tend to have to do it a couple of times to get the message across. Some people write you off as a fluke. You have to keep at it.

Q9

PLAYBOY: How did you prove yourself?
PATRICK: Not with a win. It was a second-place finish in the biggest race of the year, the Formula Ford Festival. All the Formula Ford racers from all over Europe and the U.K. come to a track called Brands Hatch for this race. There were more than 100 entries. You qualify, then you go into your heat races. It's cut all the way down until there are about 30 or 40 cars in the final. I finished second, the highest ever by an American. The best one before that was Danny Sullivan back in 1974, and he finished fourth. I don't

think my team owner liked me. We were testing during the winter in the off-season, and I was so much faster than everybody else. He said, "Come on. This frickin' girl is the quickest. Go faster!" It was so macho and chauvinistic. I don't think they were ready for a female to step in.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You left the Formula Ford series in 2001 and returned to the States but didn't race again until 2003. What happened?

PATRICK: I have a horrible memory of it. I was four or five races into the 2001 Formula Ford season. I wasn't getting the right treatment, so I talked to my manager. My managers finally called at midnight and told me not to go to the race the next day, that I should come back to the U.S. and they'd figure something else out. For the first time in my life I purposely skipped a race. That was a weird feeling. I came home a few weeks later, but nothing ever happened. My dad and I ended up taking it into our own hands. We started going to all the CART races and watching the Indy Lights and Champ Cars, just searching out a ride. We just hung around.

Q11

PLAYBOY: At any point did you think your racing career was over?

PATRICK: I didn't race a full season for two years after I turned 18, which is a crucial time. That was hard. I started feeling like a loser and wondered what I was doing with my life. But I stayed strong. In the back of my mind I always knew something good would happen. There was no way this was going to get away from me. I had too much to offer.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You've been racing since you were 10. Have you ever had a real job?

PATRICK: Sure. My mom and dad owned an oil exchange, so I worked there for a little bit. I guess that wasn't "real," because I was just working for my parents. I worked at a coffee shop, but that wasn't real either, because my mom owned it. I would come in 20 minutes late and not care. I would show up in pajama pants and a T-shirt and serve coffee. It was easy

and funny. I think the only real job I've ever had was at a Limited Too. I'm not a people person.

Q13

PLAYBOY: David Letterman co-owned your first Indy team. What's he like at the track?

PATRICK: He's so cool and relaxed on race weekends. He usually comes only to the Indy 500. He gets so much attention, it's hard for him to move around. He would come into the garage when it was cleared out and it was just the drivers throwing their suits on. He'd be wearing cargo shorts and a sweatshirt and hadn't shaved—just smoking a cigar and chilling out.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Your worst crash was in Homestead, Florida in 2005. What happened?

PATRICK: It was my very first race in an Indy car and my first exposure to racing at 215 miles an hour. It was during a restart, and a not-intelligent driver went high into turns one and two, spun around, came down and created a huge eight-car crash. I went low to go by this accident, and a car with a damaged wheel was coming slowly down the track. I thought I'd made it by, but he caught my right rear. I shot straight up into the wall, then slid down the track. The car was on fire. I don't remember anything, but I've seen footage of my stumbling around. I look drunk. I remember waking up in the medical center with a big bright light above me. I opened my eyes and thought I saw heaven. My mom was there, and I said, "What happened?" She said, "You had a little accident, and you'll be okay."

Q15

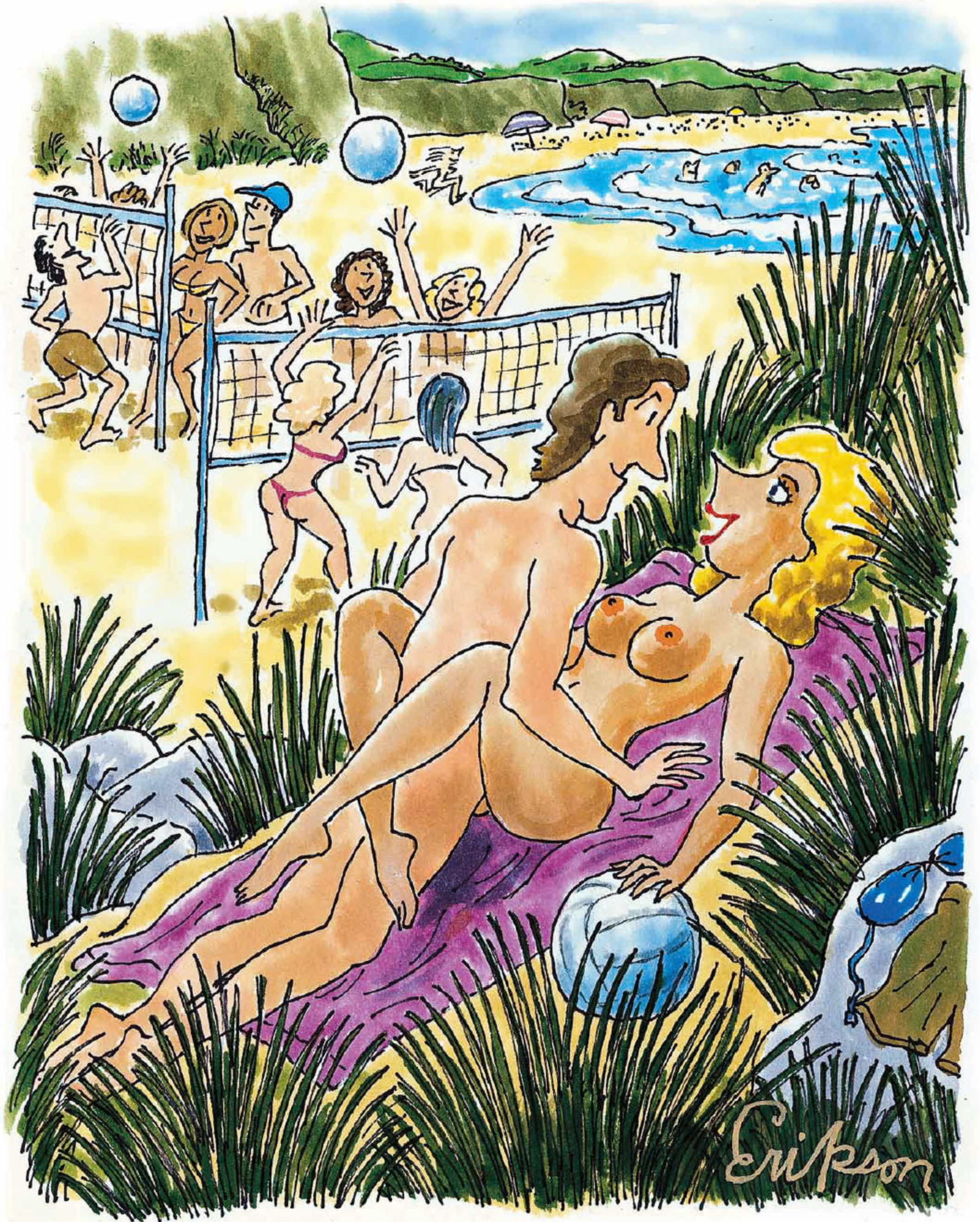
PLAYBOY: Your teammate Paul Dana was killed the next year at the same track. Do you worry about being hurt?

PATRICK: No, I'm not scared about getting hurt. I believe in fate. Just because you're a race-car driver doesn't mean you're *supposed* to get hurt. Obviously it's a dangerous sport, but you can also crash and walk away. If you drive scared, you'll think about the wrong thing and you won't be as good as you need to be.

Q16

PLAYBOY: In 2005 you became the fourth woman to race in the Indianapolis 500. You led for 19 laps and ultimately finished fourth—both records for a female driver. How conscious are you of reaching these milestones?

PATRICK: I never thought I needed to



"Is it just me or are the balls livelier this season?"

be the first girl to do this or that. Usually the only thing I think about is winning a race. That's a big deal. In the end, if you are the best, you're going to break a lot of female records. So I didn't ever really think about that. It was a little bitty piece of history, and it changed my life. Now I'm ready to blow that record out of the water with a win.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Former Indy driver Robby Gordon accused you of having an advantage because you weigh only 100 pounds, and he said he wouldn't race against you. Does that type of criticism frustrate or fuel you?

PATRICK: I didn't really have to say anything. I just laughed and let other people answer the question. Most people said he should start eating salads.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Rumors spread in the off-season that you were moving to NASCAR, and you even test-drove a Busch Series car. What would it take to get you to move to NASCAR?

PATRICK: It would take a seat on a team that wins races—that's most important. I don't want to start at the bottom when I'm at the top where I am now.

Q19

PLAYBOY: When asked about female drivers in NASCAR, Richard Petty said, "I just don't think it's a sport for women. It's good for them to come in. It gives us a lot of publicity; it gives them publicity. But as far as being a real, true racer, making a living out of it, it's kind of tough." Do you think NASCAR is less prepared for a female driver than Indy?

PATRICK: No. Since Juan Pablo Montoya started and since NASCAR is interested in recruiting minority groups, it would be more open than ever. It's trying to expand its fan base. It saw the kinds of things that happened with my being involved with Indy, so I'm sure NASCAR would like to see that happen to its series.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to be both sexy and a racer?

PATRICK: When I was younger I felt uncomfortable because I didn't want people to look at me and think, She's just some girl, and write me off before they gave me a chance. There's nothing I can't do in a race car because I'm a girl. These days I love being a girl.

Read the 21st question at playboy.com/21Q.



summer of love

(continued from page 60)

beating you down. But he liked the action. He liked the action so much he thought if it ever stopped, he would die. Selling drugs and taking drugs were the sum of his existence. His favorite book was the *Physicians' Desk Reference*. He dreamed of owning his own speed lab or inventing some new chemical compound that would make him rich.

The Haight was a crazy neighborhood, and these were crazy times. The place was turning into one big drug supermarket. Dr. Zoom couldn't help wondering how this was all going to end. "Terminal euphoria," he liked to call the new mood he detected creeping onto the street. "These kids out here think they're so cool, but they don't have a clue," he told anyone who would listen. "All those teenyboppers walking around, little 12-year-old kids out of their skulls, acting like they got more cool than anybody in the Haight. Well, I tell you, all they got is terminal euphoria. Hell, the whole place has got it."

As the summer moved along, more and more speed freaks wore syringes on their lapels, a sign that the mood in the Haight was about to change, and not for the better.

Drugs weren't the only thing causing health problems. In this small, tightly knit neighborhood, with its emphasis on sharing and its contempt for the laws of hygiene, communicable illnesses spread rapidly. They all filtered through the clinic. In July, Smith treated more than 100 people with measles. He was also infected, as were two dozen of his helpers. Mononucleosis swept through, followed by strep throat and tonsillitis. Flu was another common illness, as were pneumonia and pleurisy. Scabies. Trench mouth. Athlete's foot. Hemorrhoids. Even tooth discoloration from hippies scrubbing their teeth with clumps of grass. One of the most acute problems was the liver disease hepatitis, transmitted by shared needles used by heroin junkies and speed freaks. Close to a thousand new cases of hepatitis were reported in San Francisco during 1967, most of them from in or around the Haight.

Diseases that had largely been eradicated or were in steep decline abruptly experienced a resurgence. "Tuberculosis was almost extinct," says Smith. "Then suddenly you started to see it come back in the Haight." Doctors at the clinic came across exotic strains of sexually transmitted diseases such as gonorrheal prostatitis, a bacterial prostate infection that had previously been diagnosed among U.S. servicemen in Vietnam but before 1967 was unheard of among adolescents in America.

But in the end the clinic was a home for drug casualties. As the summer wore on, Smith began to come across substances he had never heard of—drugs like STP, a long-lasting hallucinogen touted as a legal alternative to LSD. The hippies called STP





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Serenity, Tranquility and Peace. (The cops called it Too Stupid to Puke.) The clinic saw its first case of an STP overdose two days after it opened. A 19-year-old man who had taken the drug 48 hours earlier was panicking because he thought he was never going to come down. At first this seemed like an isolated case. However, at the end of June, at the Summer Solstice Festival in Golden Gate Park, 5,000 hits of STP were distributed gratis to the crowd. The liberal dosing came courtesy of Owsley Stanley, the legendary underground chemist who, it was said, "did for LSD what Henry Ford did for the motorcar." Timothy Leary called him "God's secret agent." Owsley test-marketed the products of his clandestine laboratories by giving out free samples in the Haight.

Scores of young people suffered bad trips. Thirty-two of them ended up at the clinic, some suffering major breakdowns and complaining that their brains "were on fire." "We had to sit with them for two or three days until they came down," says pharmacolo-

gist Darryl Inaba, an early volunteer at the clinic who was christened Dr. Dope by the hippies and would later go on to co-write the popular drug guide *Uppers, Downers, All Arounders*. "It was very scary." Eventually the identity of the chemical was revealed: 2,5-dimethoxy-4-methylamphetamine, one of the dozens of compounds synthesized by Dow chemist Alex Shulgin, chemicals that were initially intended to be used in psychotherapy but had found their way into underground cookbooks. As Shulgin—the man who rediscovered ecstasy and would go on to become the patron saint of the rave generation—later wrote in his drug bible *PIHKAL* (Phenethylamines I Have Known and Loved): "Three milligrams [of STP] will produce a good high. Ten milligrams will allow you to take your brain out of your head and examine it."

The initial doses being distributed in the Haight contained twice that amount, some 20 milligrams.

Halfway through the Summer of Love a growing division had split the Haight's

leaders. Gurus like Timothy Leary touted psychedelics as the modern-day equivalent of the Holy Eucharist. Meanwhile doctors—Smith foremost among them—were left to clean up the mess. During the Summer of Love, Smith invited Leary to speak to fellow doctors at the University of California, San Francisco. After the lecture Leary and some of the doctors smoked pot and went down the hill to visit the Haight. Leary, who was riding a wave of popularity, was mobbed with devotees. Then a window opened in a second-floor apartment. Some people were suffering from bad trips, and their friends didn't want to take them to the emergency room. They begged Leary to come upstairs and help. Leary dutifully trudged up the steps, but when he entered the apartment he was appalled. "These people are not taking the drug in a proper religious context," he huffed. "You deal with it," he told Smith, who by now was as high as a kite on pot.

"Leary couldn't deal with the realities of the drug's downside," remembers Smith today. "He said, 'Turn on, tune in and drop out.' Well, some people turned on, tuned in and freaked out. When they freaked out, Leary wanted nothing to do with them."



"I wrote a letter to the Playboy Advisor about your sexual performance. However, they published it on the Party Jokes page."

In August 1967 the unraveling picked up speed. The grisly murders of two local drug dealers in the space of one week stunned the Haight. First was a 25-year-old speed dealer named John Kent Carter, who was found stabbed to death in his apartment in the Haight, his right arm severed at the elbow. The guilty man was apprehended outside San Francisco, driving the victim's car. Next to him on the passenger seat was damning evidence: Carter's arm wrapped in a suede bag. The killer, apparently on methamphetamine when he committed the crime, calmly explained to the police why he had chopped off his victim's limb. "The hand is a man's history," he said. "I'm a Cancer. I'm not a hard person, normally." A few days later William Thomas, a pot dealer known as Superspade, was found shot and stabbed to death, stuffed into a sleeping bag and left to dangle from the top of a Marin County cliff. The rumor was that Superspade avoided prison time by ratting out rival dealers; his murder was said to be payback.

Violence was inevitable. That summer a number of different subcultures were crystallizing at the same time. What was labeled "hippie" in the media was actually a collection of competing groups united by only a common interest in sex, drugs and rock and roll. There were the genuine hippies, true believers in the holy trinity of peace, love and cosmic consciousness, but as the Summer of Love progressed they were increasingly outnumbered by the oddest collection of moochers, burnouts, fake mystics and sociopaths this side of an asylum for the criminally insane.

Among the local fixtures on the street that summer were the Hell's Angels,

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Dear Steffanie,

I know a lot of men read your column and could really benefit from this important STAMINA secret my boyfriend and I recently discovered.

As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's sexual performance was less than adequate when it came to his "timing". He tried hard to please me and I can tell that he believed he was doing a great job, which is why it was difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our SEXUAL REALITY.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated - he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine."

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock", he was pulling a "full shift." Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his sexual stamina really could use some improvement.

"I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why."

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and spoke to a doctor friend of his. His friend told him about a number of cheap desensitizing lubricants on the market that might help his stamina and performance but were known to possibly hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb a woman - which as far as I'm concerned, defeats the whole purpose! Great, so now he'd be able to last longer but I'd be numb too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

His doctor friend told him that if he really wanted to improve his control and performance and still maintain maximum firmness, he should try a new product called **Vivaxa from the makers of Maxoderm (the top selling male enhancement product that's recommended by Leading Physician, Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S. for Instant Male Enhancement). The ingredients in this new "sex stamina secret" make it different from other products because it contains a clinically tested ingredient that is unlike anything else on the planet! Best of all, the formula absorbs super fast upon application so it**

won't numb a woman! And it actually HELPS erection quality and the feeling of firmness. Improved erection quality AND enhanced stamina - it seemed too good to be true!

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, he felt more firm and full than ever before - by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. And trust me, his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

So Steffanie, please print this letter - I'm sure there's a ton of women out there wishing their men used Vivaxa, a quality control and performance enhancing product that lets him put in the extra time without numbing her! I know they're still offering a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** if you call **1-800-920-6172** or visit their website at **www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com**. Tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called.

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whom the hippies looked up to as their protectors despite their reputation for violence and mayhem. The Angels frequently roared through the neighborhood on their polished choppers. Ken Kesey had introduced them to the scene during one of his famous Acid Test parties. "You break people's bones; I break people's heads," he reportedly told them. At one of these parties the Angels made contact with acid producer Owsley Stanley, who employed the group to distribute the various products of his underground laboratories.

The passing parade on Haight Street also included "plastic hippies" (harmless weekend adventurers), draft dodgers and what honky hipsters called street spades, nattily attired black men engaged in petty hustles. There was even a satanist contingent. In 1966 Anton LaVey founded the Church of Satan at his home on California Street, which attracted a steady stream of socialites and celebrities to campy black masses. Over at the Russian embassy on Fulton Street, Mick Jagger and underground filmmaker Kenneth Anger (*Lucifer Rising*) performed black-magic rituals in the wooden tower of the grand Gothic pile.

Teenage runaways arrived in waves all through the summer of 1967. They came with little or no money and expected the hippies to take care of them. "Some of them didn't even have shoes," recalls Smith. "I would get calls from desperate parents: 'My son left in a van from Des Moines and went up to the Haight.' And then I would talk to these kids. Some of them would say, 'My mom is an alcoholic' or 'My dad tried to rape me.' The big myth is that this problem was created in San Francisco. It wasn't. It was created in the heartland of America. I started to realize these kids had problems before they ever came to the Haight."

More troubling still were the crazies, people who suffered from mental illness and used drugs to medicate their condition or mask their madness. "There was this attitude on the street that the crazier you were, the groovier you were," says Smith. "Schizophrenics were very

much looked up to because they could hallucinate without drugs." The king of the crazies was Charles Manson, the Haight's very own Rasputin. Manson missed the Summer of Love but arrived soon after and lived in a house on the corner of Haight and Cole streets. He was an extreme example, but his basic hustle was a common one. Any would-be guru with the first month's rent and a security deposit could set up a commune in one of the ramshackle Victorian houses where he could play spiritual leader to his gullible followers. Drugs were no longer used to free people's minds but to control them.

The most reckless group to invade the Haight during the Summer of Love, however, didn't have a name until they were

everything from weight loss to curing hiccups. But in the early 1960s a new form of the drug appeared: powder cooked up in illegal labs. The hoodies were consuming this crystallized meth in the most direct way (by needle) and in massive doses.

Smith knew environmental factors could exacerbate a drug's toxicity. If the population density was high enough, a relatively small dose of methamphetamine could lead mice either to keel over dead or to start killing one another. Crammed together in dilapidated apartments all over this small urban neighborhood, the speed freaks began to act like the caged mice Smith used to inject. "The speed freaks were the worst," he says. "They were violent; they were paranoid." They preyed on the hippies, who were

easy targets. "Like a valley of thousands of plump white rabbits surrounded by wounded coyotes" is how writer Ed Sanders described the scene. The hoodies brought a new, nihilistic edge to drug taking in the Haight. The near-suicidal doses of meth these young people shot into their arms astonished Smith.

Injecting methamphetamine was not a new practice in San Francisco. Ever since the late 1950s, when local doctors began to prescribe liquid ampoules of Methedrine and Desoxyn (brand names for methamphetamine) to help heroin addicts, among them a number of Korean War veterans, kick their addiction, the city had played host to a substantial number of speed freaks. Many physicians believed a suitable

treatment for heroin dependency was to substitute the powerful depressant with a powerful stimulant. Just like LSD, liquid methamphetamine was introduced into the general population not by street dealers but by the men in white coats.

Other physicians were motivated more by money than medicine. For the price of a visit, unscrupulous doctors, called script writers, would make out prescriptions for methamphetamine to practically anybody who wandered in off the street. Typically, for less than \$10 the intravenous addict would receive a hundred Methedrine ampoules, plus hypodermic needles and sedatives to help with the comedown afterward. A single San

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Francisco doctor reportedly prescribed 24,000 ampoules of Methedrine to a hundred patients in one year.

Roger Smith (no relation to Dr. David E. Smith), who headed the Amphetamine Research Project at the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic and was Charles Manson's parole officer, conducted a May 1968 study among local intravenous meth users, titled "The Marketplace of Speed: Violence and Compulsive Methamphetamine Behavior." Roger Smith's study revealed for the first time the underground economy that had sprung up in San Francisco surrounding the Methedrine trade. Addicts who once made a living by burglary or credit-card scams could now support themselves solely by selling meth. They would get the drug from their doctor, keep half the meth for themselves, dilute the other half and sell it on the street.

As early as 1965 Allen Ginsberg had called methamphetamine "a plague on the whole dope industry" and complained that "all the nice, gentle dope people are getting screwed up by the real horror-monster Frankenstein speed freaks who are going around stealing and bad-mouthing everybody." As the summer entered August, meth freaks took the Haight into their grip. A famous flier had started to circulate in the community: "Pretty little 16-year-old middle-class chick comes to the Haight to see what it's all about & gets picked up by a 17-year-old street dealer who spends all day shooting her full of speed again & again, then feeds her 3,000 mikes & raffles off her temporarily unemployed body for the biggest Haight Street gang bang since the night before last. The politics & ethics of ecstasy. Rape is as common as bullshit on Haight Street."

By the end of the summer, David Smith believed meth users were responsible for a disproportionate number of neighborhood crimes. So-called crystal palaces—flophouses where speed freaks went to shoot up—began to replace the communes. Recipes for making meth circulated in the Haight. A gang called the Methedrine Marauders appeared on the streets, its sole purpose to stick up speed dealers. An upsurge in gang rapes, drug rip-offs and murders

was blamed on methamphetamine.

Smith admits the clinic was late to realize the extent of the crystal-meth problem in the Haight. Because of the clinic's association with acid heads, speed freaks shied away from it in the early days. But as the summer wound down, a young hoodie named Randy showed up in the waiting room. Randy was a walking epidemic. Among his many illnesses were abscesses the size of golf balls on his arms. He also suffered from a severe skin infection and had contracted hepatitis from sharing needles. When he came down from speed, he was given to bouts of chronic depression characterized by suicidal impulses.

Outside the clinic, people didn't call him Randy. They called him Dr. Zoom. He

Smith was accustomed to visiting. The communes could be crowded and unhygienic, but at least they had furniture, not just bare walls and dirty mattresses, and you didn't need a password to enter the premises.

Not long after Smith met Randy, he got a call from him one morning at seven o'clock. Randy was in a panic. The girl he was with had started to freak out. He was worried she would die. "We were having a shoot-out," he explained.

"What's a shoot-out?" asked Smith.

"It's a best-man-left-standing dope contest where one person shoots up speed, then another, then another to see who falls over first."

"That's insane," said Smith.

The doctor hung up the phone, grabbed his medical bag and headed over to Waller Street. When Smith got there, Randy was pacing around, and the girl was on the bed, shaking. She complained her head was pounding, and she thought she was having a heart attack. Her heart rate was 140. Her blood pressure was 180 over 120. Smith injected her with Thorazine and gave her oral phenobarbital; both her blood pressure and pulse dropped to normal levels.

Smith told Randy, "You can't keep doing this. You're going to kill somebody."

By October the whole scene had suffered a painful demise. A Death of Hippie ceremony, a mock funeral, was held in Golden Gate Park. Through the neighborhood, a group of longhairs carried a

coffin labeled SUMMER OF LOVE and stuffed with concert posters. To the sound of Hare Krishna chants and shouts of "Hippies are dead," the casket was set on fire and people tossed LSD tablets into the flames. After the ceremony, one of the participants scribbled a message on the steps of Smith's free clinic: "The Haight was love once. Now, where has all the love gone?"

After temporarily closing in the fall for lack of funds, the clinic's medical center resumed business. Its main task now was to treat methamphetamine casualties of one sort or another. During the winter after the Summer of Love, Smith had a run-in with a mysterious figure rumored to be the biggest crystal-meth dealer in the neighborhood.

Get to know Holly, Kendra and Bridget better in 2008. The sexy pictures in this 16-month calendar (September 2007 to December 2008) reveal much more than their bodily charms. Each pose presents one of the girls expressing something that has shaped her personality, accompanied by a charming comment from the heart that will make you love *The Girls Next Door* even more! No nudity. 15" x 15".
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quickly impressed the clinic's staff not only with the catalog of illnesses he managed to contract but also with his extensive knowledge of the local speed scene. He became in effect a freelance consultant to the medical facility, Smith's guide into the murky netherworld of the new meth subculture.

"He was our intelligence agent in the speed community," says Smith.

Dr. Zoom took Smith to see his first crystal palace, a rundown house on Waller Street where, inside, threatening faces peered out of the gloom and what looked like corpses were stretched out on a floor littered with rusty syringes. In the background a young woman was running around naked and screaming. This wasn't like the communes

Smith had noticed a shady-looking character called Papa Al hanging around the waiting room. He stood out because, in an environment where even some of the clinic staff went barefoot, he always wore a snappy business suit. He also carried a .38 revolver and was constantly accompanied by a husky hoodie named Teddybear.

Papa Al was hatching plans to take over the clinic and use it as a front for his meth-dealing operation. False rumors were circulating in the neighborhood that Papa Al was the free clinic's secret benefactor. The story reached Smith's ears: People were saying a portion of every crystal-meth deal that went down in the Haight went directly to the clinic. Smith approached Papa Al and told him he had to leave.

The next day Smith received word that Papa Al had put out a contract on his life. For \$100 worth of speed, Smith would be dead. The doctor went to the police station, but the cops said there was nothing they could do unless Papa Al acted first. "I went back to the clinic, and one of the Hell's Angels was hanging out there," says Smith. "He said, 'Call Sonny Barger [head of the Hell's Angels' Oakland chapter].' So he gives me his number, and I dial up. I said, 'This is Dr. David Smith from the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic.'" Smith explained the situation. He heard back six words.

"We will take care of this."

The next day Barger sent two Angels to Papa Al's place. The Angels told him, "You are Smith's insurance policy. If Smith is hurt crossing the street, you're dead."

Papa Al showed up at the clinic to apologize, pleading for forgiveness.

"Okay," Smith said. "Just don't come around here anymore."

The next day Papa Al disappeared. As Smith puts it today, "He's probably part of a freeway somewhere."

In late 1968, two days after Christmas, a horrific crime occurred that summed up all that had gone wrong with the Haight. Nineteen-year-old Ann Jiminez, who had traveled from Washington state over Thanksgiving to be part of the hippie scene, was raped and murdered in a crystal palace on Waller Street—the same place where Dr. Zoom once lived—by a group of biker speed freaks. Jiminez, a patient at the free clinic's annex on 409 Clayton Street, had found that life in the Haight was not what she'd expected. She had lost 25 pounds in the first three weeks after she arrived. She was on her way to the clinic when she ended up four blocks away at the crystal palace. Accused of stealing a pair of boots, she was beaten, forced to have anal sex with six bikers while their girlfriends looked on, had her hair clipped and her body shaved and then was left to die with obscenities scrawled on her body in lipstick. Six bikers and three of their girlfriends were arrested and charged with murder.

A girl who knew Jiminez told *The San Francisco Examiner*, "She wanted to swing with the crowd, but she didn't know how."

That winter—barely a year after the Summer of Love had ended—Smith surveyed his neighborhood, and what he saw chilled him. The dream had turned into a nightmare. "Nothing left but freaks and

gangsters today," Dr. Zoom told Smith. "It's like a speed-freak heaven, like a dope-fiend bowery." Randy's condition mirrored that of his neighborhood: Dr. Zoom would soon be dead of an overdose.

Looking back over his 40-year career, Smith now compares himself to the Wolf, the Harvey Keitel character in *Pulp Fiction*. "People think I'm friendly with a lot of musicians," he says, "but I would get called in to clean up the blood and brains—the overdoses, the detoxes. They didn't invite me backstage when things were good. They invited me backstage when things went bad."

After the Summer of Love ended, America's first speed scene spilled out of San Francisco into the rest of the country. It moved on steel wheels thanks to the Hell's Angels. The Angels were initially employed as delivery boys but soon came to dominate the drug's production as well. The dangerous science of meth manufacturing spread to other chapters and to rival motorcycle gangs in cities and eventually rural areas, where meth labs are more difficult to detect. Today 10.4 million people have used crystal meth at least once in their life. There are an estimated 257,000 addicts. The meth problem that vexes society today—the exploding labs, the overdoses, the battles with law enforcement—has its roots in the Haight during that strange summer of 1967.

It is springtime 2007. Under a blue sky, Haight Street bustles with nostalgia and commerce. A rusty Volkswagen van painted with flowers puffs down a thoroughfare lined with boutiques, cafes and novelty stores. The shops are named Pipe Dreams, Coffee to the People, Positively Haight Street. The Red Victorian bed-and-breakfast offers individually decorated hippie-themed rooms.

The lineal descendents of the hoodies who flocked to the Haight during the Summer of Love still line the pavement, begging for change. These days they are called gutter punks, raggedly dressed homeless youths with their ever-present pit bulls. One of them holds a cardboard sign that reads TRYING TO GET DRUNK. An uneasy truce exists between the neighborhood's countercultural past and its over-the-counter present. You can still feel the tension between hippie idealism and the edge unique to drug neighborhoods. It is here on every street and in every alley.

As the light starts to fade, the gutter punks carry their bedrolls into the park, looking for a secluded spot in the woods to cook up their dope and bunk down for the night. The demand is great, and the best places go quickly. As surely as the sun will come up, tomorrow will bring new faces, more bodies coming in from the bus station. New hippies, new punks, the same old drugs. The weather is beginning to change. Summer is about to arrive.



"That's Raquel. She helps me think."



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AMANDA BEARD

(continued from page 115)

to my dad, I talked to my boyfriend, and finally it was like, You know what? It's flattering that they want me to be in such an iconic magazine. It's a huge honor, and I'm not going to have this body much longer. I'm just going to go for it."

Nervous when it came time to shoot the photos—"I'm used to being in not much clothing, but I'm always in some clothing"—she wound up having fun. And she can't wait for the shock that will go through her friends, her fans and especially her competitors when the photos hit.

"What will be most interesting is the reaction in the swimming community and of the people I swim against," she says with a grin. "The more I can distract them from my swimming, the better. Or maybe they won't see me as much of a threat, and then *bam*, out of nowhere...." She laughs sweetly. "Another little mind game to play with them."

Of course the time for those water-bound mind games hasn't arrived quite yet—it will come a little later, when she gears up for the 2008 Olympic trials and then the Beijing summer Olympics. She'll have plenty of time to get back into a world where the most competitive women have been known to hiss at one another, spit into a competitor's lane and do other things NBC never seems to mention in its "Olympic Moments." For now, though, swimming is pretty low-key (only, say, three hours a day), and the rest of her life is beckoning.

"When I'm at the pool I'm 100 percent into swimming and training hard," she says, "but when I come home, I'm hanging out with my boyfriend, playing with my dogs, going on motorcycle rides, trying to not even think about swimming. Swimming is my getaway from my life, and my life is my getaway from swimming. And for now, I just want to get my hands into as many cookie jars as possible."



GIRLFRIEND

(continued from page 72)

"My thinking was there's got to be some way to hold people accountable," says David Elms, a computer programmer and Los Angeles-based hobbyist who started TER after getting burned by lots of girls himself. "This not only holds the girls accountable, it also holds the guys accountable just by making everyone's actions known. Nothing is kept in the dark. It's information, and it brings a characteristically very secretive hobby into the light."

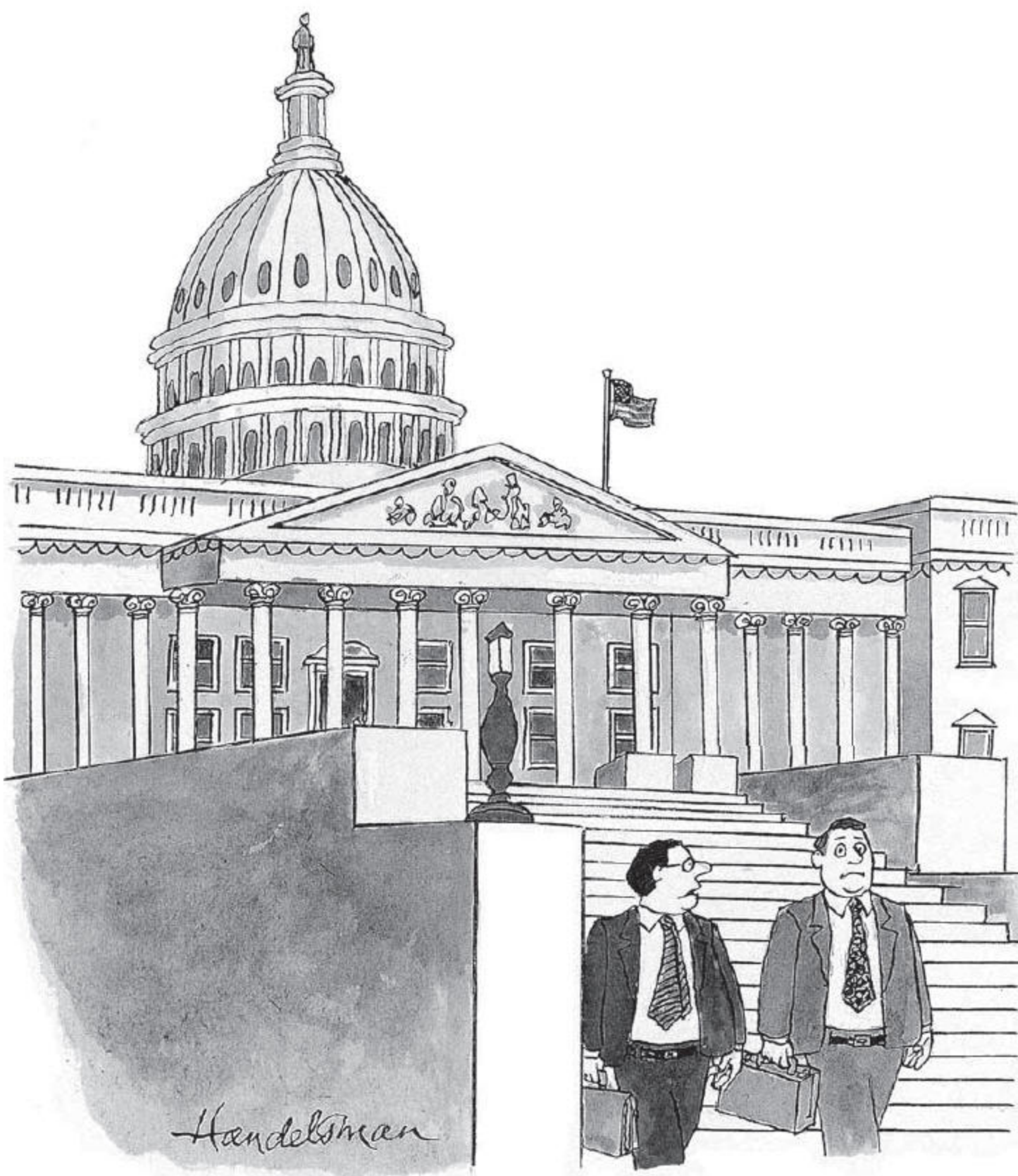
Las Vegas has always been known for its rather schizophrenic attitude toward prostitution. Some years the town tries to clean up and bill itself as a family-oriented destination; other years it throws up its hands and returns willy-nilly to its Sin City roots. Right now, sex—or the lure of sex—is probably as big a draw as gambling. And the easiest way to get sex is by taking advantage of the same technology that has changed the dynamics of so many other industries.

"The Internet has absolutely transformed how escorts work in this town," says Richard Abowitz, Las Vegas columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*. "Lots of people come here just for them. And for those people, the Internet has provided the golden key. Before, they were maybe something you hoped you could find but couldn't be sure to. The Internet fixes that issue. Now you can be pretty sure of it."

More than a million men are currently registered at TER. They tend to spend most of their time on the forums or plowing through the reviews, but users can also participate in the site's online polls ("Would you tell your friends you are in the hobby?" "How much did you spend on Christmas?"), head to one of the frequent live online chats (where "many special guests are featured...porn stars, famous—and infamous—providers, celebrities and more!") or write reviews of their own. "Be fair and honest," TER instructs its reviewers. "This is what the providers do for a living. Please be warned: We will not post any review that slams or denigrates a provider, nor will we post reviews that contain such derogatory terms as *cunt*, *bitch*, *slut* or any politically inappropriate wording that might hurt someone's feelings."

That noted, it's doubtful many of the guys know what they officially register for when joining TER. A bit of boilerplate explains it tersely: "These ladies are professionals. Any money paid to them is for time and companionship only. Anything else that occurs is a matter of choice between consenting adults.... It is illegal to sell or buy sexual services. You can give it away for free, but you can't sell it. Therefore, everything contained here is fiction and is for your entertainment and amusement only."

Of course, as one stymied law enforcement official recently put it, "Yeah, right."



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Wink, wink, nudge, nudge." And certainly any girl who shows up on TER exposes herself to at least the possibility of an undercover sting operation and other unfortunate legal entanglements. But so far Nikki and the others have managed to run their businesses without getting into trouble. Anyway, Nikki is adamant about what she does for a living. "I'm an entertainer!" is her opinion, which is also what she lists as her profession on her tax returns. Who's to say she isn't?

Right now Nikki is making steak teriyaki for supper. She's dressed casually in a white peasant blouse and jeans, no shoes, and bopping around happily. She has smoldering Angelina Jolie lips. She's sipping on a Canadian Club and water, with her rambunctious husky, Wizard, knocking about nearby. A Charmglow grill is warming up out back. She lives in a one-story stucco home in a Vegas suburb, in a neighborhood of many other one-story stucco homes. The interior is somewhat spare except for artwork that leans heavily on angel and fairy motifs. It's also not very neat, with yesterday's dishes still in the sink, probably because

she has better things to think about. On her fridge are a few magnets; one reads GO CONFIDENTLY IN THE DIRECTION OF YOUR DREAMS; another reads HAPPINESS IS A JOURNEY, NOT A DESTINATION, and a third says FUCK BUSH, FUCK WAR. She doesn't look or act like a hard-hearted girl you may find strutting around the class joints in Los Angeles, for instance; instead, there's something soft, open and easygoing about her.

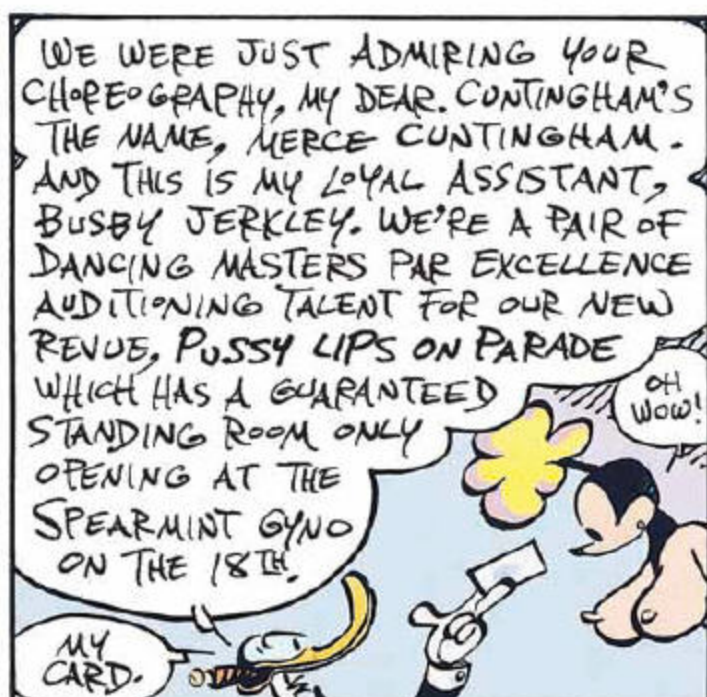
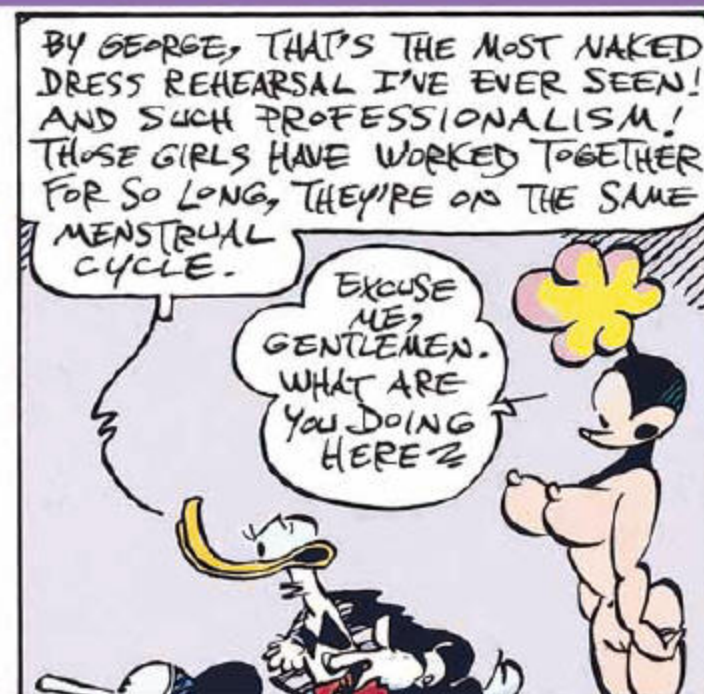
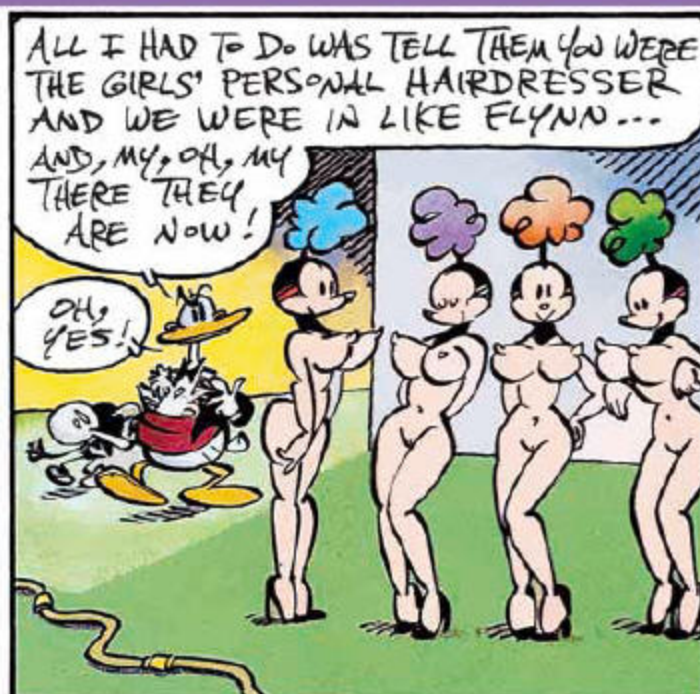
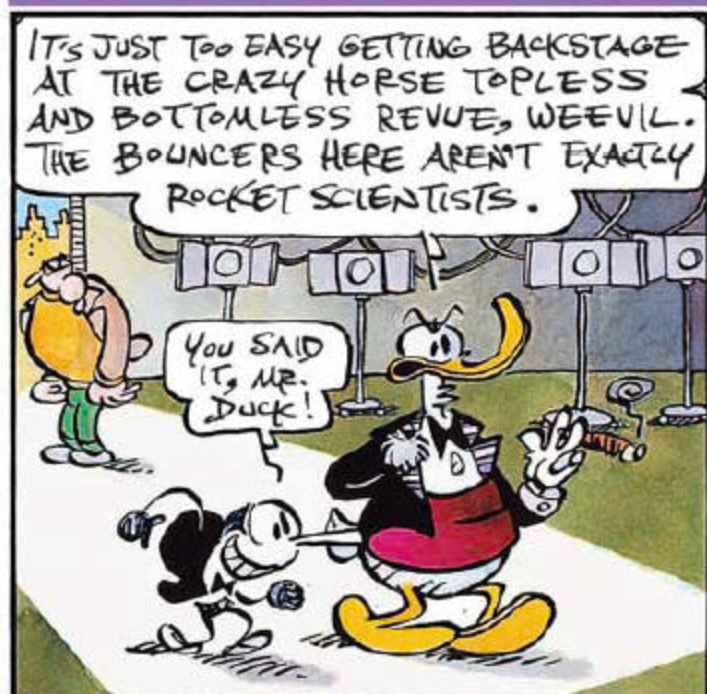
"I've been on a spiritual path consciously for quite a while, and I'm making major headway learning Reiki therapy. I've just gone through my 21-day attunement, and someday I want to open a healing-and-spirituality retreat," she says. Then she starts talking about how her business works. The first thing a guy does is go to the appointments page of her website and fill it out (with his full name, cell-phone number, work phone, desired length of appointment, special requests, TER handle if a member and names and contact info of other providers recently seen, if applicable). After that, if everything checks out to Nikki's satisfaction, she responds by e-mail to solidify the date, time and place. Money is never discussed. She wants that \$500-plus

(depending) left in the meeting room, in an envelope in plain sight. Lots of guys think she could charge more, maybe even twice as much, but she's happy right where she is. She makes enough money to allow her to travel whenever she wants and to continue her Reiki lessons. But that's not her only reason for keeping the rates reasonable.

"I don't want the kind of client you get at the high, high end," she says breezily. "They'd probably be all coked out and hire me just because of the price. Right now I'm affordable to regular people and not just rich brats. Actually I word my website to attract the kinds of people I want to spend time with. On the site, under stats, along with my measurements I also list my IQ, 125. The point is, you want to know my tit size? You want to know my ass size? Well, here's my IQ, too. It'll scare away guys looking for bimbos. And you know how on my rates page I say I give \$100 discounts to activists? I don't even care if they're activists for the Republican Party, as long as they're involved and awake. Because that's my job anyway, to be working on those fuckers. So bring me the Republicans. I'll change their mind. And I'm

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telling you, guys really do tend to have more of an open mind when you have their cock in your mouth—ha-ha.”

Just then, a hobbyist who goes by the online name of Lvtoday stops by just to hang out for a while, and pretty soon he and Nikki are talking about what she does that sets her apart. For one thing, you'd be hard-pressed to find another provider on the Vegas board who would write, "I doubt that a person's political view has much to do with their participation in the hobby. It's more likely to be an issue of personal morality, religious philosophy or legality. I've actually found that most of my clients are conservative Republicans who embrace the economic but not the moral traditionalism. I, on the other hand, am a sex-addicted, peace-loving, left-leaning political activist who often wonders how many pages of our Constitution need to be shredded for us to appreciate the value of the document. Which party do I belong to? The first person to answer correctly will receive a \$300 discount from my regular rate. :-)"

She's fun like that. And amusing. On another occasion she wrote, "Race isn't an issue with me; otherwise I wouldn't be a member of ANSWER (Act Now to Stop War and End Racism). However, when it comes to alien races, I prefer humanoids. The Grays don't have any parts to play with, and the Reptilians scare me."

But more to the point, says Lvtoday, she knows how to give today's provider-seeking guys what they want most: the girlfriend experience, or GFE, as it's known, in which the girl you hire acts just as your girlfriend would at home, only better, with no inhibitions or restrictions. GFE blurs the distinction between love, sex and money. It takes what has traditionally been a cold-blooded commercial transaction and attempts to warm

it up by turning it into a kind of theater, with the girls doing their Method-acting best to convince guys that they truly like them and enjoy their company. In fact, both for presumed legal reasons and to heighten the appearance of intimacy, money is never mentioned and rarely seen during a GFE session; instead, the guy is supposed to leave his payment in an envelope, maybe on a bureau, for the girl to find as if by accident and casually pocket on her way out the door. As it happens, GFE can also, happily, be defined by what it isn't. According to one Internet description, it most decidedly "does not include trips to the parents' house and demands to lose weight, spend more money or time, or any of the trying aspects of having a girlfriend. It's just the gravy, just the frosting and just the satisfaction. None of the commitment."

Almost all the girls on TER offer GFE, but only Nikki has been exuberant enough to earn a special name for the way she does it. It's called NAE, the Nikki Avalon Experience. It involves a lot of oral, a lot of anal, a lot of kissing, a lot of cuddling, a lot of pillow talk and a lot of looking deep into your eyes, her own eyes filled with lust and love and tenderness; when it's all over, well, sure, maybe there's time for one more go-round. Sexually, Nikki gets a lot out of it too; she's multiorgasmic and once topped out at about 15 orgasms in a single session.

"My legs were like Jell-O," she says. "But basically, if somebody wants to make me come, it's not hard. It's just a matter of teaching them how. We're all different, you know?"

"You know what makes her the best?" says Lvtoday. "She makes everyone feel like they're this super-duper special person."

"Well, everyone is special in their own way," Nikki says. "I mean, not everyone;

some people are just assholes. But I think it's that I'm sincere. If somebody's faking it, even if she's doing an award-winning acting job, you're going to know it. That's a reason there are some things I won't do. The diaper fetish or dressing up like a cow—I love to fulfill fantasies as long as it's safe but not if it's something I'd laugh at if I looked in the mirror. That kind of breaks the mood. And it shows I'm not all there. But normally I can find the connection with another person that makes it sincere. To be able to do that, you have to be a loving person, and that's what I am."

She takes a sip of her drink, lights a cigarette and steps outside to check on the steak.

"That's my answer," she says on the way, "and I'm sticking to it."

TER can be a confusing place if you don't know what the insiders know—mainly all the acronyms, abbreviations and terms. They include CBJ (covered blow job), BBBJ (bareback blow job), BBBJTC (bareback blow job to completion), DATY (dining at the Y, which Lvtoday is no doubt fond of), LFK (light French kissing), DFK (deep French kissing), LE (law enforcement), Asian (anilingus), spinner (a thin or petite provider, from the 1970s toy Sit 'N Spin), CG (the cowgirl position), ATF (all-time favorite) and about 100 more.

Nikki's journey toward all this started in Maine, where her parents divorced when she was three, her mother remarried when Nikki was 10 and her stepfather was murdered when she was 12. After that her mom took her to Honolulu to live. In high school she excelled in English and history and messed up in math. ("Math sucks!" she says. "The key to the universe? Fuck that—ha-ha. And as you can see, I'm still working on integrating my left and right brain.") She modeled for a while, then began hanging out at revolutionary bookstores and developing an attitude. ("Do you know that revolutionary bookstores get bombed on a regular basis? And by who? Us! We don't want freethinkers here. We're Americans. No freethinking. Watch TV! Which I don't, incidentally. Drink beer! Be stupid!") Meanwhile, she was already pretty far along sexually.

"My mom likes to tell people I was orgasmic as a toddler, which I was, though I've convinced her not to say that anymore. I mean, come on!" she says, laughing. "But she's very open about sex. It was never a taboo subject. My grandparents' housekeeper taught me the most, though. I was around 11. She taught me about everything, from IUDs to 'It's not going to be pleasant the first time, so wait'—which it wasn't, at 14—to oral sex. I mean, it was more than I really wanted to know. I guess I got an education from my stepdad's porn magazines, too. He had three stacks of them three feet high, and I think I went through them all. The pictures weren't very good,



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but the stories were crazy: fetishes, water sports, everything. Pretty graphic. How old was I? Nine, probably."

For a while Nikki wanted to become a spy and do something about her stepfather's murder. Later she wanted to be a homeopathic doctor. Instead she fell in love with a real-estate developer and became a homemaker for five idyllic years, during which she took numerous interesting college courses in English lit, philosophy and science at the University of Hawaii. But when she and her boyfriend broke up, she had no good way to support herself. She was working for peanuts in a Japanese bar, where one day the mama-san told her a man wanted to see her for \$1,000. Nikki knew what that meant and said no. But the next time it happened, with an offer of \$2,500, she said yes and found the work agreed with her and her highly sexual nature.

To capitalize on the realization, she briefly joined an escort agency, then decided to go indie. She taught herself HTML, started her first website using the name Sexyblonde1 and advertised it in the local *PennySaver*. One of her new clients worked in the tech department at CompUSA and taught her how to build her own computer. Pretty soon she had her server up and running and was making plans to leave Hawaii for Las Vegas, "to be in the hub of the industry."

At the time, she'd never heard of TER. But TER had certainly heard of her. Unbidden reviews were being posted with links to her site. Upon settling in Vegas, Nikki was sure she'd made a huge mistake. The city's yellow pages were filled with escort ads, 160 pages' worth, and fliers littered the streets, offering gorgeous girls for \$75 a night. "There were so many of them, and I was like, What am I thinking? No way can I compete!"

She needn't have worried. Thanks to TER and her own enthusiasm for the job, she was soon in demand.

The guys at Radio Shack all know Nikki by sight. She comes in looking frisky-cute, starts poking around and walks out with a 1K ohm resistor, a 3.9K ohm resistor, a low-current red LED, a .0047 uF capacitor, a .01 uF capacitor, some alligator-clip leads, a 555 CMOS timer chip and a six-pin dip, among other things. The Shack workers want to know what she's up to, but she'll never say. At home she'll put on a pair of goggles, heat up her soldering iron, assiduously apply solder to a circuit board and make, from plans she found on the Internet, a device that is supposed to zap cancer. It sounds nutty, as though Nikki may be pretty far out there, but she swears it works. She's made a dozen of them and given them all away.

In addition, she takes all her TER reviews seriously, and when something needs fixing, she fixes it. A year ago, for instance, a guy wrote that despite her "sharp mind,"

"hot attitude" and shimmering green eyes that are "truly beautiful," "her body is not so tight." After reading that, Nikki says, "I cried for an hour. I'm sensitive. And he slammed me bad." But when the hour was up, she marched right out and joined a gym. "The guy who signed me up asked me what I do for cardio," she says, "and I told him I don't do cardio anymore, that my work is cardio enough. He asked what I do, so I told him I'm an escort, and he just kind of looked at me and asked if I was joking. 'No!'"

Her favorite book—she's given away 15 copies—is *The Power of Now: A Guide to Spiritual Enlightenment* by Eckhart Tolle. Other books on her shelves include *Behold a Pale Horse* by ufologist William Cooper, *The Changing Light at Sandover* by difficult poet James Merrill, *The Mummy: A Handbook of Egyptian Funerary Archaeology* by E.A. Wallis Budge, Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* and Max Ehrmann's *Desiderata*, in which he writes, "Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection./Neither be cynical about love./for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment,/it is as perennial as the grass."

Being herself and especially not having the ability to feign affection but only to express it sincerely, Nikki is well aware that providing the girlfriend experience to guys—to some guys repeatedly—carries its own set of complications.

"There's a lot of falling in love," she says simply, "and I've actually refused to see guys who get too close."

One night Nikki and Lvtodayt go to a birthday party for a girl named Webbie. Webbie isn't a provider; she's a web and graphic designer and a mousy, almost drab-looking woman who until a year ago, at the age of 35, was a near-recluse and totally without sexual experience. Webbie knew she was a lesbian, but she'd never acted on it. Then she found TER and became one of its most humorous and regular posters, after which, during another party, a few of the providers took her aside, laid her out on a pool table and had their way with her. She loves the girls for what happened, and the girls love her for just being Webbie. Tonight after dinner, she, they, Nikki, Lvtodayt and a few hobbyists end up at a strip club, where Webbie is treated to numerous birthday lap dances. At evening's end she and Nikki embrace and make out for a long, long time.

Then Nikki and Lvtodayt are in his car, and he is saying, "I don't think Nikki would be able to do the job without enjoying it in some fashion," and Nikki is saying, "As far as the sex goes, I'm so orgasmic, that's not a problem."

Lvtodayt owns a car-stereo installation business and looks not unlike Lou Diamond Phillips. He first stumbled onto TER two years ago. "I was like, Whoa, is this real? This has got to be bullshit.

It's too out in the open," he says. "Then I got out of control and spent a lot of money I shouldn't have."

"It can be financially devastating," says Nikki. "You think golfing's expensive? Try this hobby, buddy!"

"I wouldn't change anything," Lvtoday continues. "It's an experience. But then I found Nikki, and I felt different about her. So now I stick to what I like. I mean, sometimes I'd like to see other girls but only with her. I haven't really told her that. In a sense, I'm being faithful."

"Faithful?" Nikki explodes. "You're not my boyfriend!"

"Calm down," he says.

"Yetttttchhhh! Gaaaahhhhhh! I don't want you to be faithful. It's scary!"

"I know."

"I just don't want the landscape blurred, that's all. I don't want to cause any pain."

Looking at her, Lvtoday says, "I know she's not my girlfriend, and I know I'm not her boyfriend."

"I mean, I love a lot of my clients," Nikki rolls on. "Sincerely. And when I'm orgasming I'm totally in love. But I know where the line is, you know? I think most people feel they're not whole unless they have a mate. I don't have that need. The last time I had a boyfriend was eight years ago. I've found my happiness in spirituality. I have all the affection I want. I get flowers all the time, and that fulfills my need for romance. To me, it's like a honeymoon. Is it diminished by being part of a financial transaction? Well, I think it's a sweet gesture. I really do."

Usually Nikki sleeps until around noon. After rising, she makes coffee, enjoys a morning cigarette, checks her e-mail and then reads the Vegas board on TER, "my daily newspaper," as she calls it. After that comes breakfast, which is always the same: "Leftovers from dinner because I don't eat eggs, and Cheerios are disgusting." Occasionally she may step on an errant CMOS timer chip, drawing blood. Her phone rings all the time, but she doesn't like talking on the phone, so a lot of her conversations with hobbyists go something like this: "Hello? Yes. Good. Okay, can I call you back, or can you e-mail me? Okay. Thanks, honey." She's not very good about returning calls, either, or about answering e-mails. One plan she has is to hire Webbie as an assistant.

Nikki once had a feeling she was going to die behind the wheel of a car, so she has never driven; she takes taxis everywhere and is typically an hour or two late for all appointments. In their reviews the hobbyists complain about this endlessly, but usually all is forgiven once she shows up looking sexy and sophisticated in a black Fitelle business suit with black Ferragamo high heels. As she likes to say, "I'm only good in the field."

Today, though, while Lvtoday chauffeurs her around in his Honda Element,

she's pretty much on top of things and places a call to reschedule an appointment for later on. "Hi, R. It's Nikki," she says to a repeat client of hers. "Hon, can we make it 8:30 instead of eight, because I'm going to be in a Reiki healing circle for a while? Um, yeah, yup. At our usual place? Do you want to meet at the bar? All right. See you then."

Afterward she laughs and says, "Last time I got the feeling I was too much for him. Maybe he thinks he can handle it totally now."

"He liked it, he liked it," says Lvtoday, who is friends with R. "It was just a little porn star-ish to him. He had a good time."

They are headed to Transformations, a nearby spiritual-enlightenment center. "I plan on starting a retreat in a few years, with rebirthing and past-life regression," Nikki says. "It would take all my focus because you can't really do any business half-assed and expect it to be successful. But I would miss the excitement and fun of this job. I mean, it is fun. I see men at their best. I see men at their nicest. I see the most fun-loving part of their nature. That's what I see."

Inside Transformations, Nikki gives a big hug to her Reiki master, a luminous woman named Victoria, and joins a circle with a dozen other people.

Victoria talks about what to expect from the healing session. "You'll walk out of here perhaps feeling uplifted or walking on air or feeling lighter in every way," she says. "Flavors too become more pronounced, and some people report that their desire for junk food goes away."

Victoria continues, "Some people ask me, 'Are you psychic?' I get offended by that. I just happen to have the gift that I can see through my hands. I never knew I had it until my Reiki attunement. And pretty much anybody can be attuned. But I can't guarantee that you're going to have that gift. You might have your own gift. We're all different. We're so different. It's an amazing thing." She turns to a helper. "Joe, will you please lower the thermostat? It's getting warmer and warmer."

During a break Nikki tells Victoria she has to leave early.

"Oh, you're going to miss the healing circle!" Victoria exclaims, disappointed.

But it can't be helped. Nikki has a client to see, and she's already going to be late. Back on the road she calls him again. "Hi, R. It's Nikki. I think I'm not going to be there until nine. I'm sorry. I just got out of the healing circle, and I have to run home and change real fast, okay? Bye."

She may not be able to see through her hands like Victoria, but she has other gifts, and lots of people will tell you they hope those gifts remain in circulation for a long time—like love, as perennial as the grass.



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STATE of the UNION

(continued from page 110)

can't get approval for anything without 14 people signing off!"

"Approval for what?" Godwin asked.

"Like, to write programs."

"Television programs?"

"No, software. This personal-computer thing is going to take off. Any moron can see that. People are going to buy these fucking things."

"What the fuck for?"

"To do stuff—their taxes, to play games, to run small businesses. But to do any of that, they need programs."

"What makes you think you can write programs?" Godwin asked.

"They're just algorithms," Tom said, and showed him: There were algorithms for an address book and algorithms for an appointments calendar. There were dozens, dozens of algorithms that caused the computer to do things.

At that point Godwin made up his mind to leave Princeton and invest what was left of his share of the Pope fortune in Tom Ralston's ability to solve equations. He and Tom formed Zephyr Inc., which turned out to be a brilliant partnership. Tom, with his technical virtuosity and head for product, designed the programs; Godwin, with his taste for competition, ran the business. Seventeen years later, after Zephyr was swallowed whole by the Microsoft Corporation, Godwin and Tom each were worth \$1.63 billion dollars. Tom bought the Washington Redskins, and under his whiny, demanding, infantile, free-spending ownership, the team won two Super Bowls. Godwin wasn't so easily entertained. For years he had been the public face of the company, and he had come to enjoy being quoted and cited and pictured and courted in all the power centers of the globe. Suddenly he discovered he had nothing to do.

All that changed the night he allowed

Ralston to drag him along to a dinner party thrown by Shohreh Pashvalavoo, the voluptuous, raven-haired political pundit. A glamorous Iranian emigrant who had parlayed her beauty into three strategically placed marriages and three highly remunerative divorces, Shohreh took a particular interest in Godwin and, to the neglect of her other guests, spent the evening hanging on his every word. Later that night, straddling him in her bed, she asked if he would mind answering a question.

"No, of course not."

"Why are you wasting your life?"

Needless to say, he was caught off guard. "That's hardly the sort of question guaranteed to bring this evening to a happy climax," Godwin replied.

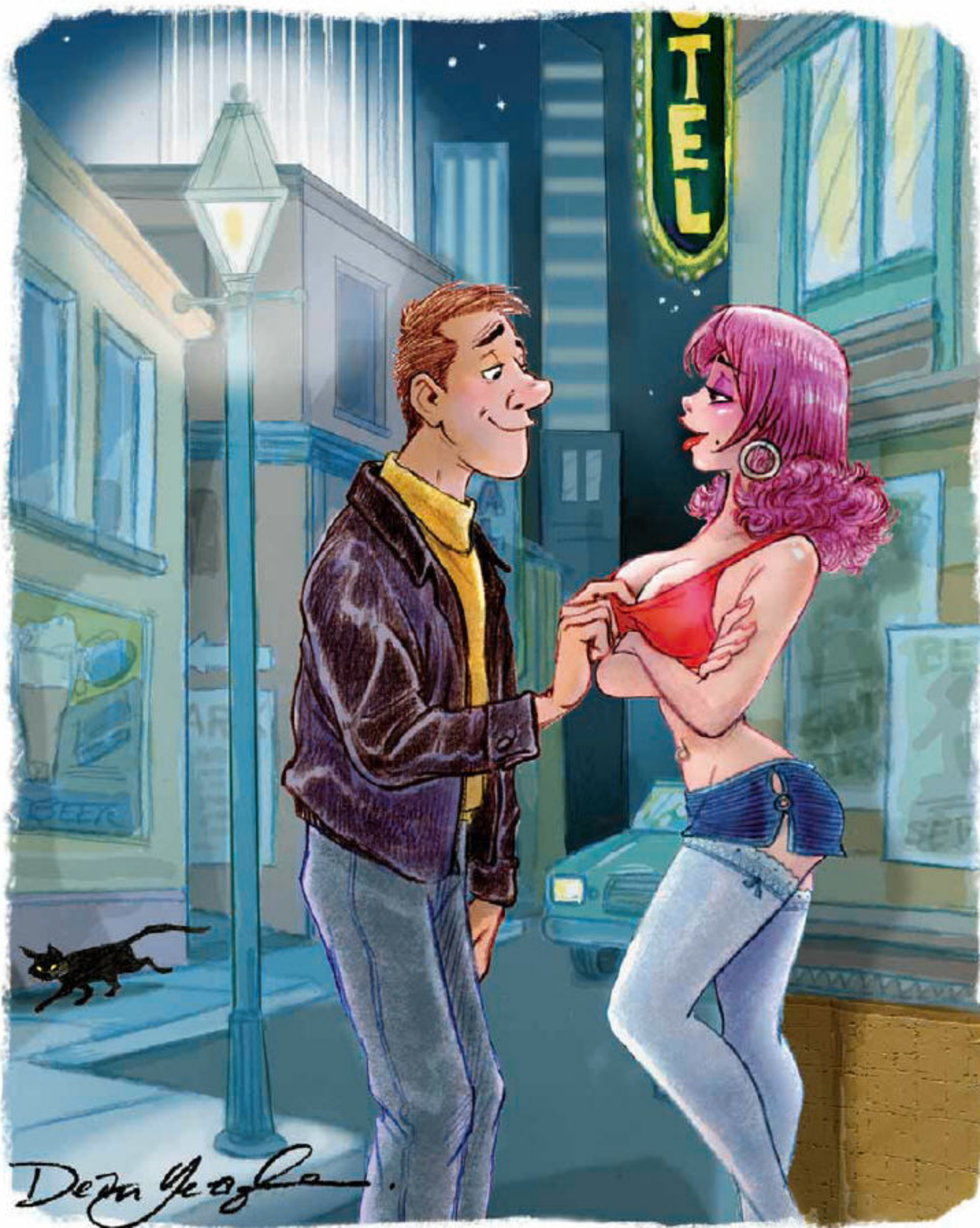
"Whatever reasons you come up with, they're all bullshit. You are rich, healthy, tremendously intelligent, enormously sophisticated, in the prime of your life and beholden to no one. You should run for public office. Every day the world is at a crossroads. I can think of no one I trust more to determine in which direction we should go."

Whether it was what she said or where she then put her mouth, either way he felt a dam burst of motivation. Hell yes, he thought, I could make a difference.

Eight brisk, busy, free-spending months later, Godwin got himself elected to the Senate. Four years after that, long after Shohreh left Washington to take up with her lesbian lover in Northampton, Massachusetts, Godwin glumly concluded she was wrong. He was making no difference whatsoever. That's when he decided to run for president.

At first he thought it was the most brilliant decision he had ever made, and he floated on an ebullience the likes of which he had never experienced. He found he liked campaigning, liked getting up in front of crowds and spouting off. What surprised him was that they listened. He refused to talk about flag burning or homosexual marriages, issues he disdainfully described as 20th century concerns. Let's move on, he said. Can't we establish a health insurance program that makes us more competitive? Can't we figure out a better way to pay for education? Promises, promises, his opponents chided and asked about the costs. "Tomorrow is right around the corner," Godwin replied. "Are you ready?"

Godwin's challenge caught something in the zeitgeist. His campaign almost overnight became a vehicle for a whole range of dissatisfactions with the incumbent administration. All of a sudden he became something larger than life, a champion, a man on horseback, the great hope. Donors gave him money, volunteers clogged his storefronts, surfers jammed his sites, the news networks assigned correspondents. Once he took the lead in the pre-primary polls in New Hampshire, the nabobs of the media came to him, tugging their forelocks, chuckling at his quips, solemnly digesting his views. They loved that he was different, that he had been



Devin Grayson

"A little peek at them isn't free, mister...I'm pay-per-view."



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a successful businessman, that he was a bachelor known to have dated some of the world's most desirable women and that he had new ideas. In his Silicon Valley days, he had had the experience, more than a few times, of appearing on the cover of a magazine, but now there were weeks when he was on the cover of six, eight, 10 of them at once, and newspaper front pages, too, and it was intoxicating.

Buoyed by this attention, Godwin won the Granite State primary, the Sunshine State primary and the Show Me State primary. Sadly, he didn't quite realize that he was in the Build 'Em Up phase of the American media's interest in a subject. The next phase, the Tear 'Em Down phase, would follow.

It began in an auditorium of Towson University, at the end of a routine debate a week before the Maryland primary. It was Godwin and Jack Mahone and a couple of insubstantial small-state pretenders on the stage. None had made any news in the discussion, which certainly worked to Godwin's advantage. No news, no switches in momentum, no more time on the clock for Mahone, no way to stop Godwin's nomination, no way for him to prevent Godwin from winning Maryland and rendering the rest of the primaries moot. Asked for closing remarks, Godwin, with professional polish, pushed through his final words to his usual vigorous finish.

"And that's how I plan to conduct my presidency," he said, "with an open heart, a determined will and one eye firmly planted on the horizon." The applause was on cue and just as fervent as expected.

Had the pattern of the previous four debates been followed, Jack Mahone would then have begun detailing the lessons of hard work and honesty he had learned working on the deck of his daddy's sun-baked shrimp boat on Lake Pontchartrain. Instead, new words spilled out of Jack's mouth, surprising the audience, surprising the media and surprising Godwin so much that seconds passed before Godwin realized Jack was actually speaking to him.

"Well, all I can say is, that sure sounds pretty. But gosh, almost everything Godwin Pope says sounds pretty. Let's move on, he says. Okay, sure, we all want to move on. But first I have one question: How come there ain't any almonds in my chocolate bar?"

The audience roared with laughter. Even Godwin's supporters roared with laughter. Even Godwin's highly paid handlers roared with laughter.

"Can you tell me that?" Jack insisted, extending his open palms toward Godwin in an invitation to respond. "How come there's no almonds in my chocolate bar?"

Godwin had spent hours preparing for every gambit he could imagine Jack trying to pull, but he had no idea what Jack was talking about, and his ignorance terrified him. A vague, pregnant *uum* escaped his lips.

"How come?" Jack sarcastically demanded. He sensed Godwin's confusion

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and realized there was a chance that panic was merely a prod away. "How come, Senator? How come there ain't no almonds in that chocolate bar you're trying to hand these good people. Yeah, I know why." Jack later said it was like when he played quarterback in high school in the big Thanksgiving Day game against the Renegades of Our Lady of Perpetual Peace and the coach called for a sneak; he hit the line hoping to get a yard and a safe landing, but following a bang and a bump he was still on his feet, and the next thing he knew he was facing 85 yards of green grass and a wide-open path to the end zone.

Minutes later the debate would end, and mere seconds after that Godwin would learn why the audience was laughing. Jack had been talking about a Hershey's commercial, a fucking candy-bar ad, in which the cutest four-year-old girl in America peers above a candy counter and asks a vinegary-looking proprietor, "How come there's no almonds in my chocolate bar?" In the days that followed, Godwin would see the ad maybe 500 times, would see the girl's picture, would see her in his dreams. But at the moment, Godwin had never seen the commercial, and the secret of her identity, let alone of her existence, might as well have been buried in a milk can under a rock in Tierra del Fuego.

"What are you saying, sir?" Godwin had finally sputtered. "I want to talk about the issues. Why do you want to talk about nuts?"

And the audience roared anew.

The Chocolate Bar Debate, as it was swiftly dubbed, was the turning point in

the campaign. Just like Ed Muskie after he cried or Howard Dean after he screamed, Godwin had become a zombie candidate, bravely campaigning on despite having been instantly and irrevocably killed. "Didja see the debate last night?" Jay Leno asked. "Jack Mahone asked Godwin Pope how come his candy bar didn't have any almonds. Pope said it was because he was planning to ask Mr. Peanut to be his running mate." Mahone's supporters showed up at every rally; Godwin couldn't get two words out before they began chanting "Where are the almonds? Where are the almonds?" Godwin tried to punch back. "I think my teacher-training program is a pretty big almond," he said on *Meet the Press*. "My investment tax credit for small businesses? You don't think that's an almond?" There was a lot voters liked about Godwin—no one doubted that he was smart—but deep down they had always feared that anyone who had been born rich and made himself richer just might not really know them. Now Jack had shown the voters that their fears were well-founded, that not only wasn't Godwin Pope a guy who ever had to worry about how many almonds were in his chocolate bar, but when he wasn't going to the opera and attending conferences about third-world development in Davos, Godwin Pope wasn't even a guy who ever watched television.

Godwin worked hard to regain his momentum, but to no avail. The energy faded, the crowds thinned, and his aides moped, wept, bickered and quit. Finally, after it became inevitable that Mahone would amass enough delegates to win,

Godwin withdrew. The big parade, the presidential campaign parade of which he was once the grand marshal, now moved on, pausing infrequently to see how the ex-candidate was doing.

God, how that annoyed Godwin. The ex-candidate, the ex-Silicon Valley tyro, the ex-important person. Always a man quick to scorn the moaners and whiners who forever lined the drainage ditches along the highways of his life, Godwin was now horrified to find himself dumped in their midst and often speaking their excuse-studded lingo. The realization disgusted him, and he began to think of doing something to break the mood. The thought of spending the summer looking at the leggy blondes of Iceland was beginning to appeal to him until he got a call from Tavis Whouley, the chipmunk-faced chairman of his party.

"Y'all will be coming to Miami, right?"

"For the coronation of Jack Mahone? He'll manage fine without me."

"Y'all do need to come to Miami, Godwin. All the losing candidates are, and y'all are gonna get seven to 10 minutes of prime time to talk about anything you want in regards to how bad those Republican bastards are and why we need to elect Jack Mahone."

"No doubt you think that's an unrejectable offer, Tavis, and I thank you. But nobody's going to watch a tableau of also-rans."

"Now, Godwin, that's precisely the kind of attitude we're trying to avoid. Now let me tell ya—y'all have been a pretty good sport up to this point about your recent disappointments, and surely that's no easy thing. But y'all are gonna have to do this one last duty because the money-grubbing networks have given me a shitty four hours over three nights to produce our party's big infomercial, and I'll be goddamned if I'm going to let y'all do anything that's going to let them hair-sprayed pretty-boy anchors spend even a minute of that time wondering why y'all are off somewhere moping. Look, Godwin, y'all are young. Couple years, you might think it's better to have friends helping everybody forget that unfortunate candy-bar incident than to have enemies who keep bringing it up, bringing it up, bringing it up every minute of the day. Do y'all get my drift?"

So Godwin came to Miami and was soon surprised to find he was enjoying himself. The delegates were friendly and the conch was good, and Godwin spent much of his first night there salsa dancing with an attractive state senator from Delray Beach named Joan or Joanne—Juanita!—a lovely woman, although he was a bit disappointed when he discovered that her breasts, which cantilevered so captivatingly above her belly in her silver cocktail dress, flapped like beagle ears as she flip-flopped around his bed. Still, it



was as fine an evening as he could have expected, and he was just about to turn out the lights when he got a phone call from Chet Wetzel, the manager of the Mahone campaign.

"Senator, please forgive my nosiness, but are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Governor Mahone is wondering if you could see him."

"I have nothing planned tomorrow."

"The governor was hoping you could see him now."

It was after 12, and Godwin was about to gripe about the hour when it dawned on him that there was something in the urgent understatement of Chet's voice that betrayed the very, very heartfelt hope that Godwin would agree. "I'll get dressed," he said.

"There's a Lincoln Navigator on the third level of the garage under your hotel. The driver will blink his lights twice when he sees you. We'd be grateful if you made sure nobody followed you out."

Godwin's driver drove in silence for 10 minutes, jumping on and off the freeway, crosshatching the nearly deserted downtown streets, all to thwart pursuers who gave no indication of existing. The car eventually came to rest on the top floor of the parking garage, next to another Navigator parked under a big neon T.G.I. Friday's sign. The driver jerked his head toward the other vehicle and Godwin left.

"Hello, Godwin. Nice of you to come. How are you enjoying the convention?"

"Pleasant. Tending toward boring."

"Yeah?" Jack said in a tone of genuine concern. "Have you been over to South Beach? Those thongs, man. I tell ya, it's like wall-to-wall ass. I'd give this up in a minute to be a cabana boy over there."

"Really? I don't think it's too late."

Jack's lip curled momentarily, and then he laughed. "Ha! Good one. You're a funny guy, Godwin. You should let that funny side out more."

Godwin didn't know if that constituted a compliment, but it was lame if it was and condescending if it wasn't, and he felt himself growing stony the way he always did in Jack's presence. A small silence blossomed and began to grow uncomfortable until Jack plunged in.

"Do you know why you're here?"

"No."

Godwin could see Jack pondering the likelihood of that being true. "Whatever," he said with a shrug. "You've seen the polls, haven't you?"

"Yes," Godwin said. "You're behind."

"Yeah, I'm behind. None of the metrics are working for me. Right track, wrong track, registration trends, what the public sees as my relative strengths and weaknesses. The money's getting iffy."

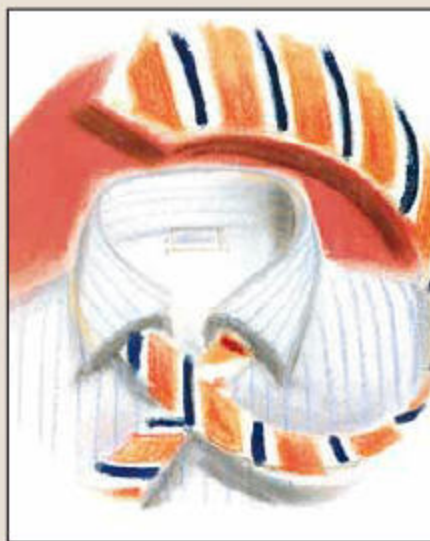
"Well, I hate to be the one to break it to you, Jack, but I never thought you could win this election."

"See, but I can. I can. I need to give the voters a new reason to look at me. If they could see me fresh for a minute,

WHERE

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Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 34, 37-38, 102-107 and 150-151, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 34: *Brain Age*, nintendo.com. *Crush*, sega.com. *The Darkness*, 2kgames.com. *Dirt*, code masters.com. *God of War II*, playstation.com. *Half-Life 2*, valvesoftware.com. *Hour of Victory*, midway.com. *MotorStorm*, playstation.com. *Shadowrun*, xbox.com. *Wii Sports*, nintendo.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 37-38: *Apótek*, veitingar.is. *Arctic Open Golf Championship*, arcticopen.is. *Blue Lagoon*, bluelagoon.is. *BMW*, bmw.com. *EOS*, eosairlines.com. *Harley-Davidson*, harley-davidson.com. *Hôtel Borg*, en.hotelborg.is. *Kaffi Brennslan*, brennslan.is. *Kawasaki*, kawasaki.com. *L'Avion*, lavion.com. *Maxjet*, maxjet.com. *OQO*, oqo.com. *Pravda*, pravda.is. *Silverjet*, flysilverjet.com.

BACK TO THE BEACH

Pages 102-107: *Alicia Shulman*, 212-922-0167. *Baby Phat* by *Kimora Lee Simmons*,

babyphat.com. *Barbara Bui*, 212-625-1938. *Bell & Ross*, bellross.com. *Belstaff*, available at Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue. *Blinde*, osainternational.com. *Calvin Klein Collection*, 877-256-7373. *Canali*, www.canali.it. *Donald J Pliner*, donaldjpliner.com. *Exotica Swimwear*, exotica swimwear.com. *Guess Swimwear*, available at

select Macy's stores. *John Richmond Accessories*, 323-936-1675. *K Ritt*, kritt jewelry.com. *Locman*, available at Neiman Marcus. *L Space*, lspace.com. *Modern Amusement*, modernamusement.com. *Montblanc*, 800-995-4810. *O'Neill*, oneill.com. *Persona.Non.Grata* by *Loris Diran*, 512-462-2066. *Playboy Swim*, shophethebunny.com. *Raynela*, plc designs.com. *Salinas*, salinasswimwear.com. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, 800-822-1956. *Stone Island*, 212-334-4744. *Timberland*, timberland.com. *Valentino Uomo*, 800-997-0140. *Zegna Sport*, zegna.com.

POTPOURRI

Pages 150-151: *Archos*, archos.com. *Cal Flame Sports Bar & Grill*, calspas.com. *Crosley*, crosleyradio.com. *Frisbee*, wham-o.com. *Mr. Pussy Foot*, mrpussyfoot.com. *Nabaztag Tag*, nabaztag.com. *Reef*, spydersurf.com. *Tascam*, tascam.com. *3G*, 3gbikes.com.

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then I'd have a chance. And there's just one way I can do that—by picking a good running mate. And in all our surveys, there's only one name that unites the party, that surprises people, that gives me some momentum."

Godwin was thunderstruck. "You cannot be serious. Do you remember the primaries? I do. I remember them as a time I was humiliated by a man I don't like very much."

"You don't like me?" Jack's face clouded over. "I like you."

"Please."

"Okay, you don't like me. You don't like some of the things I do, or some of the things I stand for, or some of the people who back me. You think we're all afraid of change, that instead of preparing for the future, we're afraid of it and are trying to resist it. And you think that's shortsighted and wrong."

"And dangerous."

"And dangerous. We sure don't want to forget dangerous. Well, let me tell you something I've never been able to tell you before. You're right, Godwin. Your ideas are right. Your vision of the future is right. And the things you want us to do are the right damn things to do. But not everybody gets that yet, see? Your Silicon Valley pals, your Ivy League pals, they get it. They understand why outsourcing the job of a tech-support worker in Wichita to some guy in a turban in Bangalore, India is a smart, competitive move, not just for the guy in India but for the guy in Wichita, because with a little training he can get into a new field that has a bigger upside. I see that. But the guy in Wichita don't see it, and his wife don't see it. They look at the mortgage bill and they look at the retraining program, and they wonder if she's gonna have to get a job to make ends meet until he's finished, and they wonder who's going to hire him and if they're going to have to move and who's going to watch the baby if he's in a program and she's at work, and who's going to take care of his mother when they relocate a thousand miles away. And when you, with all your wealth, stand

there and try to convince them that it's for the best, they don't like you for saying it. And you find that hurtful, don't you? Because here you are, with a real idea for how we should prepare for tomorrow, a real vision that's only going to give them more freedom and more choices and more money in their pockets, and they won't listen. Why? Because all their lives, smooth-talking men in fine suits have been telling them what's best for them, and whenever that happens they feel like they end up holding the shitty end of the stick. And you're being blamed for those lies. And that hurts you, doesn't it?"

In his whole life, no one had ever spoken to Godwin this way. He felt unsettled. This man whom he had never considered as anything but a rank buffoon was talking as if he really knew what Godwin thought and felt.

"They're like children, aren't they, Godwin? They don't know what's best for them or who's best for them. They can't recognize how a person's going to help them, because all they pay attention to is how he talks, his Armani suits, how low cut the ball gowns are on the movie stars he dated. They've decided very unfairly that there was something about you they just didn't like. That's why the almond trick worked. They already had it in their heads that for all your obvious abilities, there was just something about you they didn't like. All they needed me to do was give it a name."

"Right."

"Because they like me. That's the thing. They don't think I'm so brilliant, but they like me. They may not always know it when they meet me, but sooner or later they will like me."

Jack sat back and exhaled. There suddenly seemed to be a certain authenticity about Mahone. For months on the campaign trail, Godwin had seen nothing but a carnival huckster who was always selling. But now, here, on the roof of this garage, in this car, the real man was suddenly present.

"Sooner or later everybody likes me. Can't really say the same about you,

Godwin. Jesus knows, we admire you, we respect you, we're awestruck by your damn brilliance. But you're out of reach, babe. We can no more like you than we can like, I dunno, a Greek god!"

"Oh come on, I'm no god!"

"Me, on the other hand—I'm as human as can be. People think they could have a beer with me at a barbecue and talk about their dog or the new point guard at LSU. But soon they'd be talking about their kids and their schools and what they're hoping for and everything they're afraid of. And because they feel that connection, I can take them wherever they need to go—and that can be to where you know they need to go. But I can't do that without you, Godwin. I need you to show me that path."

His meaty paw grabbed Godwin's hand. "Will you do it, Godwin? Will you help me build a better world?"

The passage of 18 months had done nothing to dull Godwin's embarrassment. Mahone played me like a child, Godwin thought. The romance lasted through the election, which Jack—having correctly gauged the small but significant change in the election's momentum that Godwin's selection would cause—went on to win by a handsome margin. But after the inauguration Godwin was all but forgotten. Soon he realized he had become an unwanted man in an unnecessary job.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen," Godwin heard someone saying. "God bless you, and God bless America!"

That's the finish, thought Godwin, and he leapt to his feet, applauding heartily. Below him he could see all the Shaniquas and Billy Bobs applauding too, and Jack, smiling warmly, raising his hand in a final presidential benediction before the cameras cut away. Keep applauding, Godwin thought, keep applauding. Suddenly Jack turned around and shouted above the applause, "Don't forget the blonde!"

God, he thought as his stomach clenched, this so sucks.



PLAYMATE NEWS



ON THE CANVAS



Victoria Fuller is the belle of the ball at her opening at Art Brilliant gallery.

After her 1996 pictorial and her much ballyhooed stint on *The Amazing Race*, it's clear Victoria Fuller has an aptitude for attracting attention. Fittingly, the Playmate and artist roared up to the opening of her recent solo gallery show in a Ferrari emblazoned with her likeness on the hood. A sweet ride, for sure, but the real eye candy hung on the walls of Art Brilliant in Beverly Hills, which were bedecked with Fuller's frisky brand of Playboy-inspired pop art paintings and prints. In fact, Miss January is the



only visual artist licensed by Playboy. The opening drew a celebrity crowd that included Hef, Holly, Bridget and Kendra, assorted Playmates, and A-listers Will Smith and Terrence Howard.

Victoria credits Hef and her husband, Jonathan Baker, with nurturing her art career. "I could not have put this show on without Jonathan," she says. If all goes as planned, Beverly Hills will be just the first stop on an international tour. "We are hoping to move the show to Japan," she enthuses. "We could blow the doors off Tokyo."

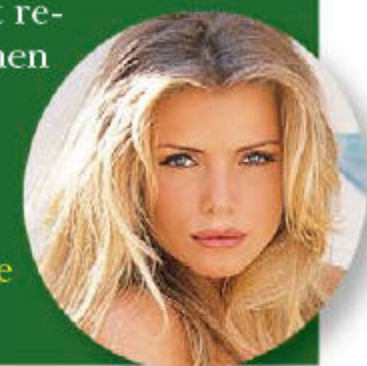
5 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Lauren Anderson was already a reality-television star by the time she made it into PLAYBOY. In 2002 the leggy student was cast for *Who Wants to Be a Playboy Centerfold*, on which she topped 10 other contestants, including eventual Playmates Christina Santiago and Shalan Meiers, to become Miss July 2002.



LOOSE LIPS

"I can't say in general what men don't know about foreplay, because I have been lucky in that regard. The men I have been with have all been generous."
—Anna-Marie Goddard



SET TO STUN



From far left: Miss December 2005 Christine Smith at Mood in Hollywood; Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco at the Leather and Laces party in Miami Beach; Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler at the World Poker Tour Celebrity Invitational party in Commerce, California; Miss August 2005 Tamara Witmer at Memphis restaurant in Hollywood; PMOY 2001 Brande Roderick, also at Leather and Laces.



HOT SHOT



JENNIFER WALCOTT

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Richard Roundtree

—star of *Shaft*



My favorite Playmate is Miss October 1969 **Jean Bell**. Besides the obvious, she had a smile that was just devastating. The first time I saw her was in *PLAYBOY*, and she was dazzling when I met her in person.

POP QUESTIONS: COURTNEY CULKIN

Q: What inspired you to take classes with the Upright Citizens Brigade improv troupe?

A: In real life I'm pretty much a ham, and comedy is very important to me. I've always wanted to be on *Saturday Night Live*, which I have watched since I was a child. In addition to *SNL*, *Curb Your Enthusiasm* is my favorite show on TV; I met Jeff Garlin from that show, who encouraged me to enroll with the UCB.

Q: What kinds of exercises do you perform in class?

A: I just started, so the exercises are pretty basic. It's mostly stuff to get you

to think on your feet. I'm not a shy girl, but when it comes to a classroom situation it takes me a while to come out of my shell. The classes have definitely helped me be more confident in front of my colleagues.

Q: Who are some comedians or comic actors you admire?

A: Of course Jeff Garlin and Larry David. Chris Farley has always been one of my favorites. Also Will Ferrell, Jim Carrey, Tina Fey and Molly Shannon. I

love Amy Poehler, who's a co-founder of the UCB, because she's funny and beautiful. She's definitely one of my faves, and I would love to meet her.



A CASE FOR HEALTHY LIVING



More than 30 years after her selection as PMOY, Lillian Müller is as sexy and dynamic as ever. The nine-time *PLAYBOY* cover girl currently attends the famed Actors Studio in Los Angeles and is studying with actor Martin Landau. In addition, Lillian lectures on health and nutrition, speaking most recently at the Conscious Living Fair in Pasadena. It stands to reason: Lillian credits her lasting beauty to eating well and a healthy lifestyle. A longtime vegetarian, she also steers clear of cigarettes and alcohol. Thwarting temptation has its rewards. "It's fun when people say you look 40 when you're 55," she says.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

On June 29 fans of Jayne Mansfield will mark the 40th anniversary of Miss February 1955's death.... Insomniacs and compulsive TV shoppers should look forward to finding Playmate of the Year Sara Jean Underwood modeling the Vibro-action fitness belt.... A foot fetishist's dream: As *Playboy's* de facto ambassador abroad, Miss November 2001 Lindsey Vuolo ran the *Playboy* Footwear booth at the MICAM shoe convention in Milan.... Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers reports she bumped into Miss August 1954 Arline Hunter, Miss August 1956 Jonnie Nicely and Miss March 1954 Dolores Del Monte at the Hollywood Collectors Autograph Show in Burbank, California.... Calling Professor Playmate: The State University of New York at New Paltz invited Miss July 1956 Alice Denham to read from her book *Sleeping With Bad Boys*, and Miss September 1986 Rebekka Armstrong lectured on safe sex to an audience of University of South Carolina students.... Centerfolds Miriam Gonzalez, Christine Smith, Amber Campisi, Tyran Richard,



Miss November 2001 displays a nice pair for convention-goers.



Playmate party at the Palms!

Monica Leigh and Christi Shake co-hosted a Team Red Bull NASCAR party at the Hugh M. Hefner Suite at the Palms.... Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough headlined a stand-up performance with Josh Wolf from *Last Comic Standing*.

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.

BRUCE WILLIS

(continued from page 54)

president. I can't imagine wanting to.

PLAYBOY: You once said you couldn't run for office unless they were grading on a curve.

WILLIS: That's still the same, but something has changed with this election, and it's really cool. When we were kids we said someday a black man will run for president of the United States. People said, "No way. It will never happen." We also said someday a woman will run for president. They said that would never happen either. Both are happening this time. People say things don't ever change. They do change. Another change is instant news. Now you couldn't keep what a Kennedy was doing in the White House quiet.

PLAYBOY: Or what you're doing. Does the scrutiny affect the way you live your life—how and whom you date?

WILLIS: You don't want to fly a waiver across the table—"Sign here"—but going out with somebody famous is a liability. It's pretty much inevitable that if you continue to date someone for a long period of time, you'll be in the papers.

PLAYBOY: On the other, darker hand, do you have to watch out for women who would love to be in the papers—and see you as a way to get there?

WILLIS: Sure. They're out there too.

PLAYBOY: Recently a kiss between you and Drew Barrymore was widely discussed online. Are you dating?

WILLIS: Drew and I are old friends. I hadn't seen her for a long time, and I gave her a kiss. There were other things going on in the room that night that weren't reported, things far racier than my giving Drew a kiss.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

WILLIS: Sorry, but if it's against the law to kiss a beautiful actress who is a friend of mine, then lock me up and take me to the gulag. I'm a single guy, and I'm having a hard enough time in the world of romance without somebody giving me shit for kissing Drew.

PLAYBOY: What gets your blood boiling more: critics, tabloids or paparazzi?

WILLIS: Fuck critics. Fuck tabloids. Fuck paparazzi. Paparazzi got Princess Diana

and Dodi killed. People don't talk much about that, but they killed her. I've been in that situation. Motorcycles are so close to the car. People get amped up and freaked out. I always said, "Someday somebody is going to get killed." Someone did.

PLAYBOY: Are you beyond confronting a paparazzo who gets too close?

WILLIS: I'm not beyond it. There are times when I don't want to be John McClane out in public at a restaurant. There are times when I'm with my kids. I'll say, "Hey, I'm with my kids. Please respect that."

PLAYBOY: Do they?

WILLIS: Sometimes. The foreign cats don't. They do whatever the fuck it takes to get the pictures. I guess I'm just lucky I don't have to knock out the rent by taking pic-

doesn't take interviews very seriously, and he's no stranger to a cocktail. He was just trying to wind me up.

PLAYBOY: The press has had a field day with your friendship with Ashton Kutcher, Demi Moore's husband. Many men don't want much to do with their ex-wife or their ex-wife's current husband. Not you?

WILLIS: No, I couldn't be happier for her, you know? I couldn't be happier that Demi, as the mother of my children, found such a great guy.

PLAYBOY: Did you know him before they were a couple?

WILLIS: I knew of him. In the luck of the draw I am fortunate to have Ashton in the family. It took a long time for people to wrap their minds around the fact that I

could be friends with my ex-wife's new husband, but we are friends. We all go on vacations together. We hang out.

PLAYBOY: Did it take time for you to get used to the idea of their relationship?

WILLIS: It was pretty good right away.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever jealous?

WILLIS: It's a hurdle, but I'm fortunate to be the father of three daughters. People want to hold on to resentment and anger and blame and judgment, but Demi and I don't because of the kids. I credit her, really. She has such a generous spirit about the whole thing. I also have to give credit to Will Smith.

PLAYBOY: What did he do?

WILLIS: During some very dark hours he talked to me about it. He said, "Dude, you've got to do whatever it takes to

get the kids and all the spouses or the girlfriend together. You've got to show your kids it's okay." It was like a light went on. *Ding*. So Will, thanks. And thanks for all those good movies you're making.

PLAYBOY: How much time do you spend with your children these days?

WILLIS: I see them every day.

PLAYBOY: Has it humbled you to raise three daughters?

WILLIS: I've learned more about women from having three daughters than from my experiences with women.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn?

WILLIS: To be perfectly honest, I admit I'm not that much further down the path of knowing how women think. At least I

SEXY GIRLS GET NUDE & NAUGHTY!



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tures of somebody famous, maybe getting lucky and catching somebody smooching or, best, catching somebody without her panties on.

PLAYBOY: In an interview, Colin Farrell said you showed up on the set of *Hart's War* without knowing your lines because you had been out partying. Did you?

WILLIS: No, it's not true. Colin also said I have a huge cock.

PLAYBOY: Also not true? Indeed, the clip of the interview in which he said that is on YouTube.

WILLIS: He's Irish, man.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

WILLIS: You've got to take what that kid says with a grain of salt. I love him. He

can admit I don't know. I'm a lot closer to being in touch with my emotions than I was 10 years ago. I'm less of a Neanderthal, hopefully.

PLAYBOY: As a former and possibly current male predator, how have you dealt with your daughters' suitors?

WILLIS: I certainly know what 16-year-old boys are thinking.

PLAYBOY: Were you an intimidating presence to guys who came to your house to pick up your daughters for dates?

WILLIS: There were a couple of years when the girls were giving me shit about it. I wouldn't do anything demonstrative. I would just say, "I want to meet them."

PLAYBOY: With a shotgun?

WILLIS: I don't need a shotgun. Just a look. My daughters will say, "Dad, you're scaring them." Me? Ashton has been a big help in this. He has a similar point of view.

PLAYBOY: So you and Ashton share parenting strategies?

WILLIS: Sure. Isn't that what the nuclear family is all about? We spent the holidays in Sun Valley. Ashton and Demi have a big pool in the backyard, so it's a good house to come over and bring people to. He and I just stand at the door and say, "How are you doing?" They're all very polite. Ashton took one of the kids aside, asked him his name and said, "Jimmy, you're in charge of all your friends. You're responsible for them." The kid goes, "What?" I say, "That's right. Anything happens to one of these girls, we're going to take you apart first." It was a joke, but he got the point. The other side of that is, in

five minutes, the kids want to know how *Pulp Fiction* got made. My daughters say, "They came over to see me, and they're out there talking to you for an hour!"

PLAYBOY: With your extended family, do you now have to bring potential girlfriends home for the approval of not only your three children but your ex-wife and her husband?

WILLIS: It seldom gets to the point where I would subject my kids to someone I'm dating; I'm reluctant to bring people around my kids. It doesn't happen often. I'm much more sanguine about dating these days, though. I don't make excuses about who I see or don't see. I've been scolded because I date 26-year-old girls. My feeling is that by the time you're 26 you have a right to choose who you want to see. If I acted old, they would choose not to be with me.

PLAYBOY: Would you date a woman your age?

WILLIS: Anything's possible. Yes, probably. Fifty-two? I don't know. I have nothing against women my age. I have friends from high school I still go out with. No matter what age they are, I'm always amazed when I hear my friends say, "Wow, I met this great girl. We've been going out for four months." How do they do it? Staying with somebody for four days is a task.

PLAYBOY: What have your daughters told you about women you were with? Did you listen?

WILLIS: Damn right, I listened. If there were somebody I just couldn't live without, I'd say, "Look, Daddy's in love, and you've got to cut me some slack on this

one." But yeah, I've gotten the thumbs-down from time to time.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to fall in love?

WILLIS: At the beginning of his *Fool for Love* script, Sam Shepard wrote, "The proper response to love is to accept it." For lack of a better one, it's a good theory.

PLAYBOY: You once said, "I don't believe in the general success of long-term fidelity or monogamy." Still?

WILLIS: I said that looking at the stats. The numbers speak for themselves. Chris Rock said, "A man is only as faithful as his options." He's got a point.

PLAYBOY: Is this your way of saying you're a confirmed bachelor?

WILLIS: Until proven otherwise. I'm open for a miracle, but I'm not holding my breath. I would like to have more kids. I'm a great dad; it's something I do well. The idea of having a boy is still in my mind.

PLAYBOY: Have you anticipated becoming a grandfather?

WILLIS: No, but I probably should. I'm getting there.

PLAYBOY: Are you still performing with your band?

WILLIS: I haven't in a while. Playing with my band is a way of expressing myself that is pure unadulterated fun. There's Frank Sinatra, there's Barbra Streisand, and then there's how I sing. I don't take it very seriously, but I don't have to.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to a lot of music?

WILLIS: Driving the kids to school at one point I realized they were getting a steady diet of *Grease 2*, so I started their education in classic rock—the Beatles, Stones, Who, Spencer Davis Group, Traffic. Scout just turned me on to this band called Beirut that's awesome. I turned my daughter on to Neil Young, Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd. She went berserk over Neil Young.

PLAYBOY: Being 52 years old is one thing, but do you imagine yourself at 70?

WILLIS: I try not to. I have good genes from my mom, the German genes. I drink a ton of water, and they say that's good for you. I look after my health as well as I can. I try to eat well.

PLAYBOY: Do you work out?

WILLIS: Yes, but I've been lazy lately because I worked out so much during the film. I was hiking yesterday. I just try to keep myself so I'm not aching.

PLAYBOY: Did any of your kids inherit your famous smirk?

WILLIS: Tallulah has it a little bit. She looks the most like me, only beautiful. All three have my sense of humor. It cracks me up.

PLAYBOY: When you're walking down the street, do people hit you with your famous lines?

WILLIS: Yeah. "I see dead people." "Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker." "Zed's dead, baby," from *Pulp Fiction*. Who knew? Are we done with the interview? I'll see you in 10 years.

PLAYBOY: For *Die Hard 6*?

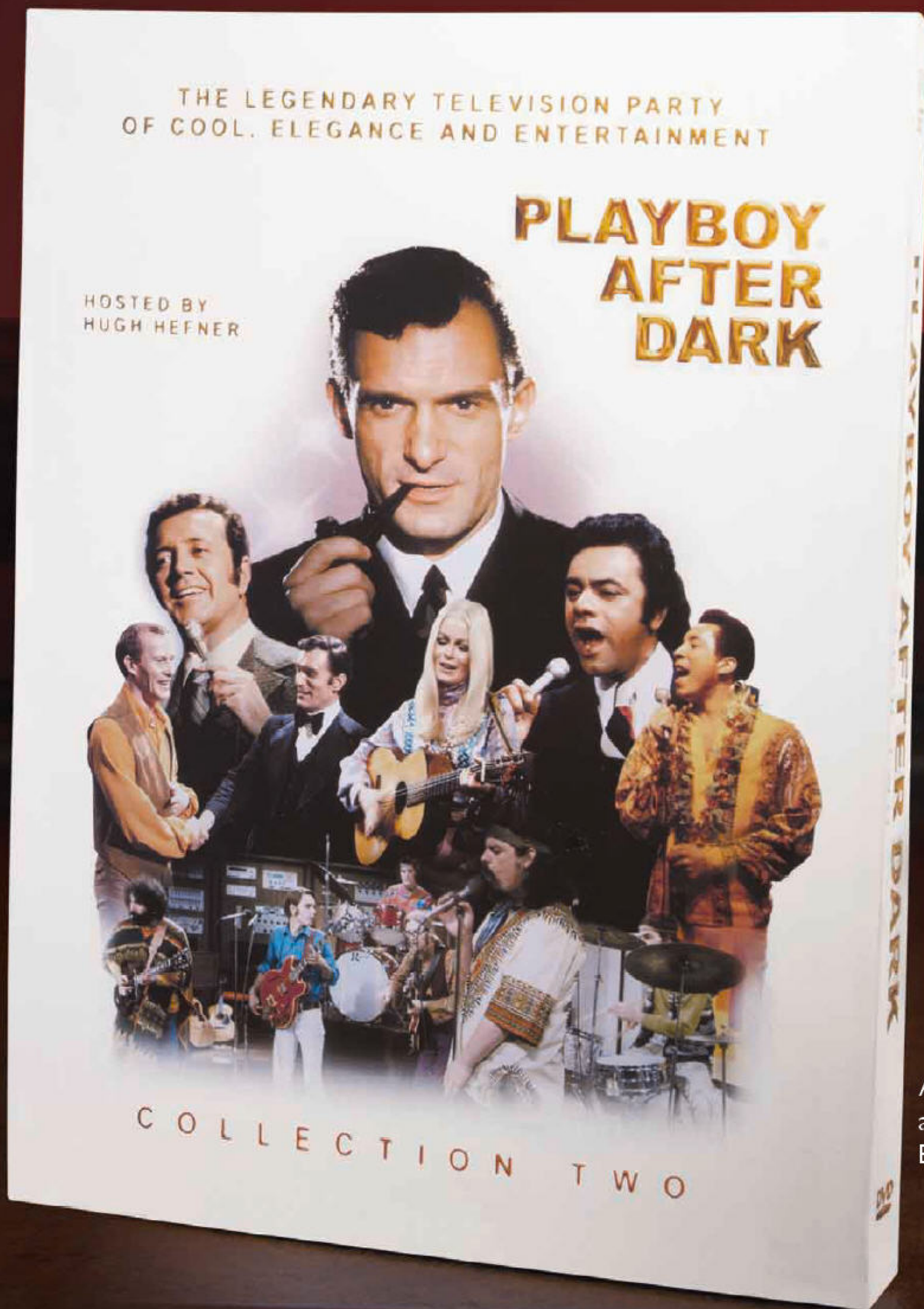
WILLIS: We'll cut right to *Die Hard 19*. It'll save me some wear and tear.



"Just how much Viagra are you taking?"



The Legendary Bash Continues



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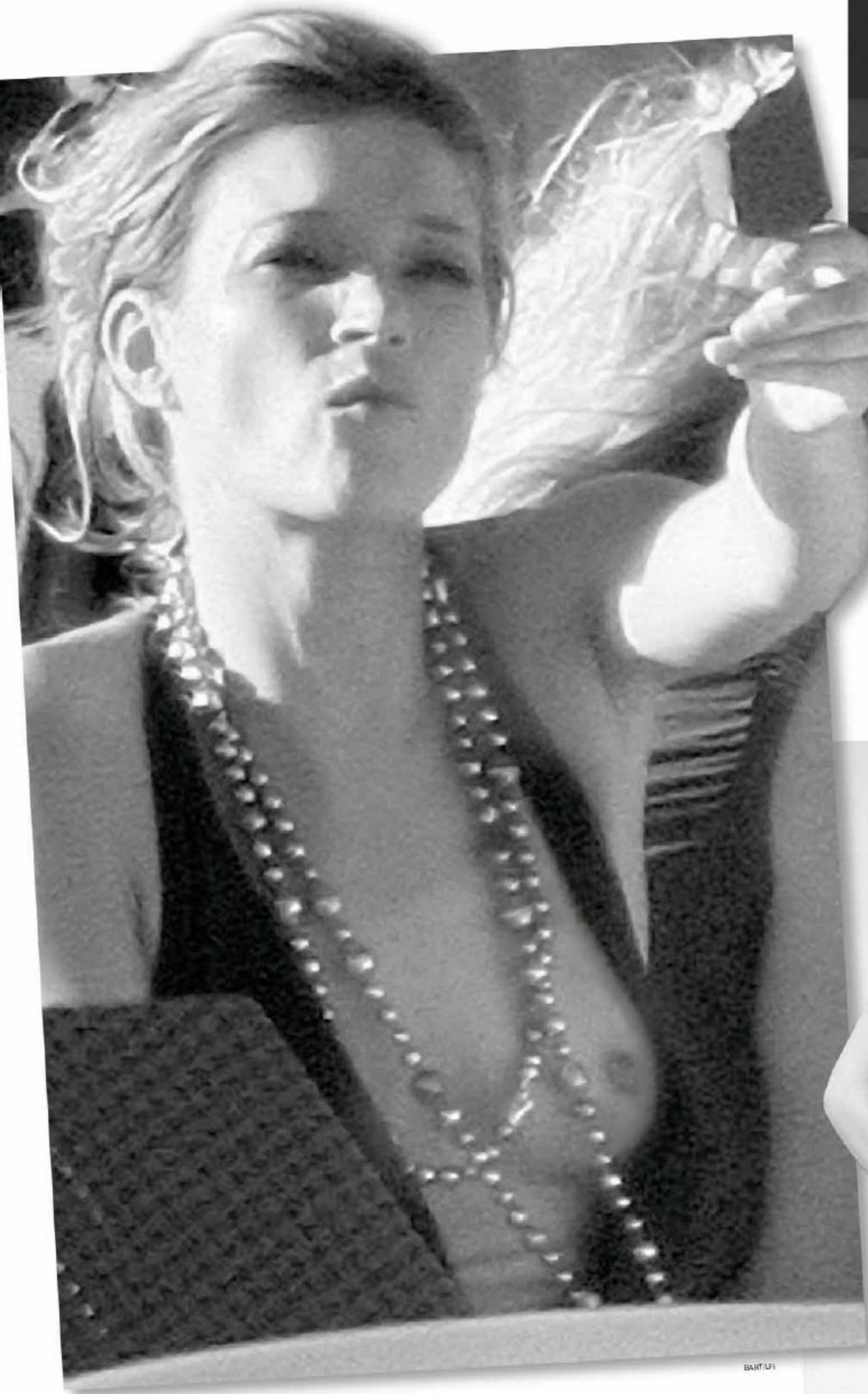
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Grapevine

Chillin' Out

Here's KATE MOSS having an ice-cream bar, trying to cool off on a warm day at the beach. For ladies who are still feeling a bit hot and bothered, Kate has another tip: Just leave your top open and let the wind caress your erect nipples.



BART/AFI

Mean Gene Okerlund, Eat Your Heart Out

For the pay-per-view special *Carmen Electra's Naked Women Wrestling League*, JOSIE LEE will handle ringside reporting duties. "I start out wearing a prim-and-proper suit," she tells us, "but by the end of the event, I'm nude."



JOHN SCIULLI/WIREIMAGE.COM

Aw, Shoot

Amputees were never our bag, and our girls-with-guns fetish is mild, but we love carbine-legged Cherry in *Grindhouse*. Perhaps because she's ROSE MCGOWAN.

JEFF HUI



Ready for Her Close-Up

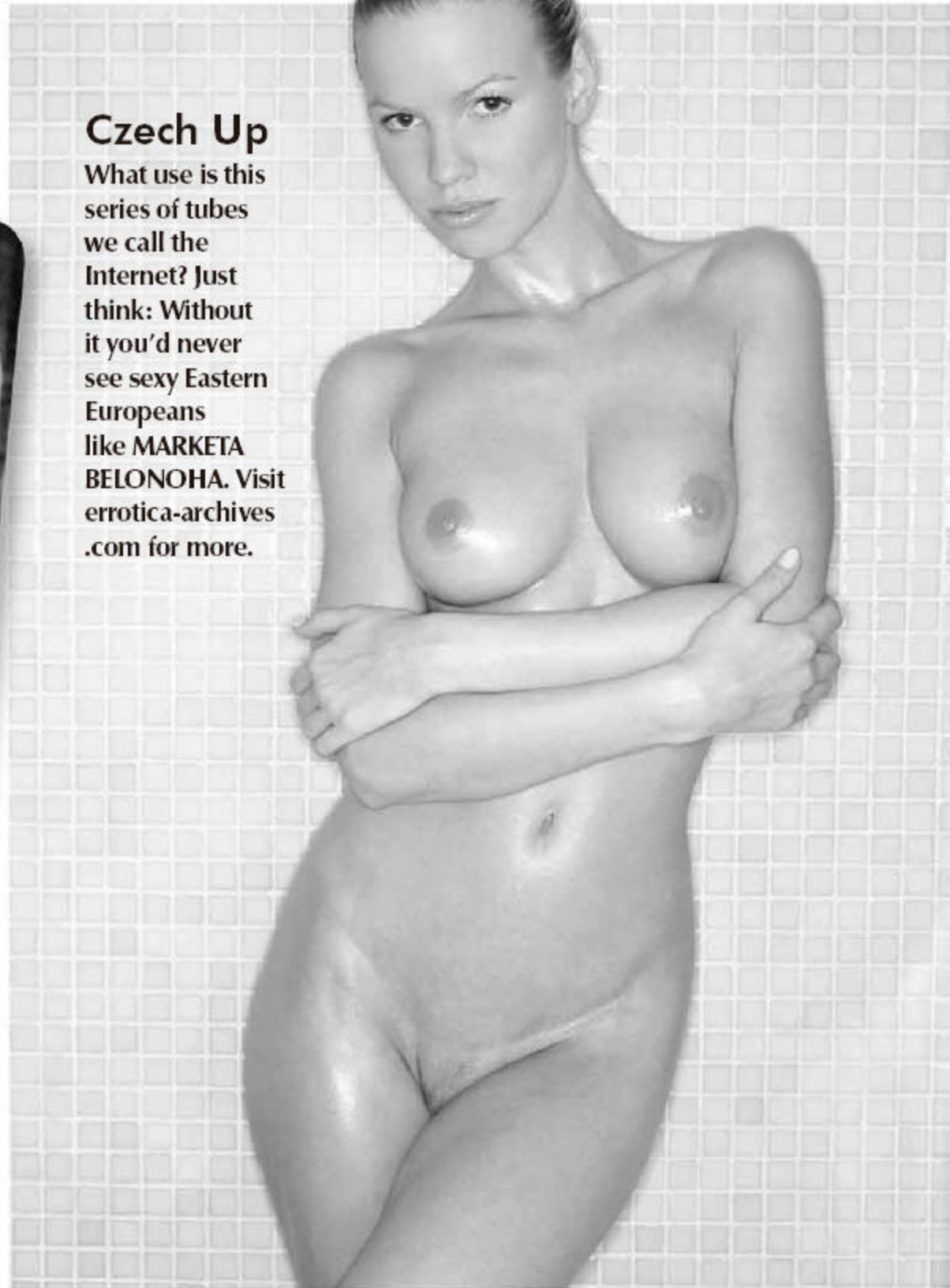
The average woman would rather have a root canal than have her ass photographed while she's bending over. But CARMEN ELECTRA is no average woman—nor is hers an average ass.



JORDAN STRAUSS/WIREIMAGE.COM

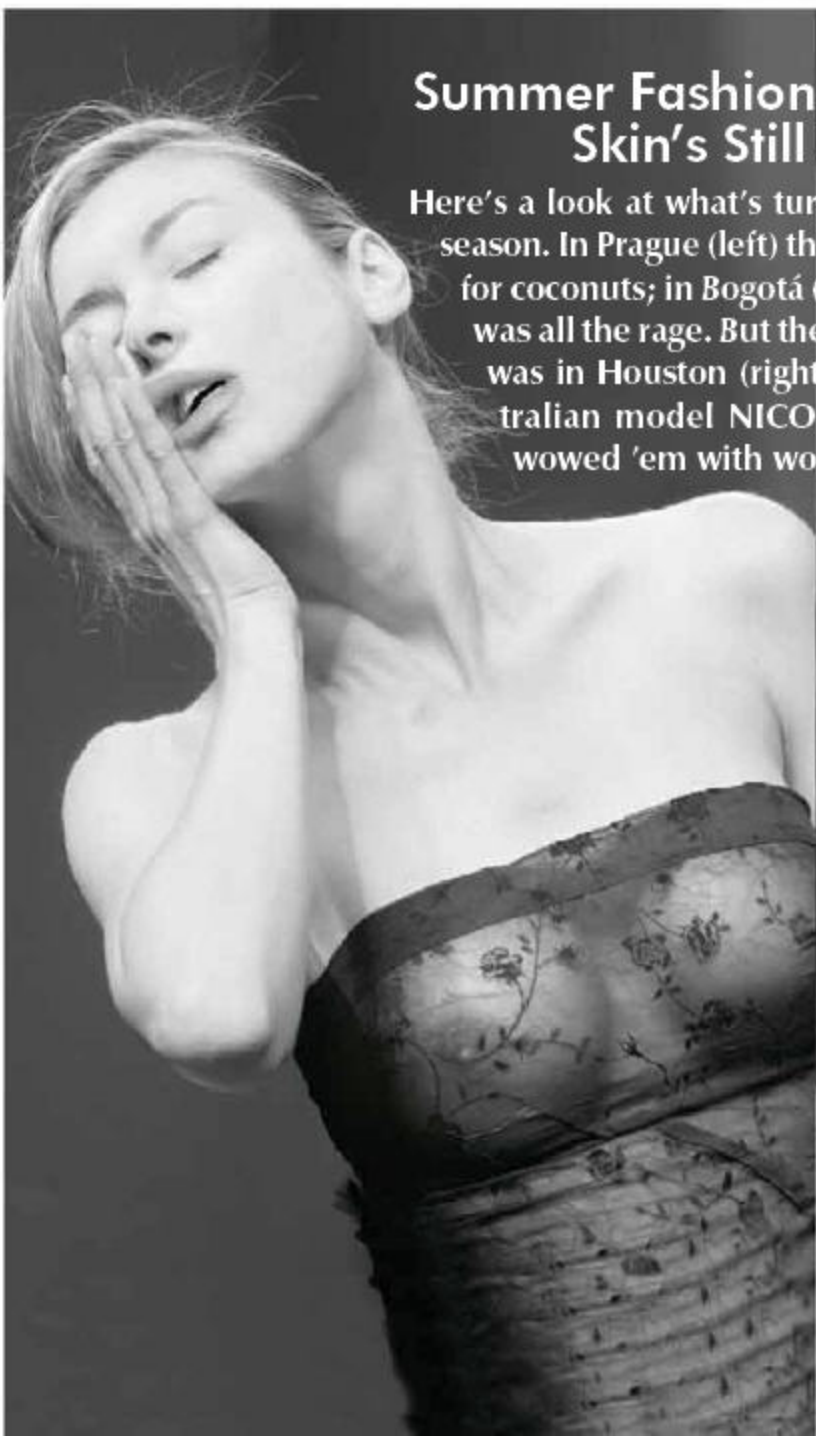
Czech Up

What use is this series of tubes we call the Internet? Just think: Without it you'd never see sexy Eastern Europeans like MARKETA BELONOHA. Visit errotica-archives.com for more.



Summer Fashion Report: Skin's Still In

Here's a look at what's turning heads this season. In Prague (left) they went cuckoo for coconuts; in Bogotá (far right) rump was all the rage. But the hottest action was in Houston (right), where Australian model NICOLE TRUNFIO wowed 'em with wool.



RADIM BEZDKOVIS/GETTY IMAGES



BILL OLIVE/POLARIS



FREDY ANARILES/REUTERS

JOHNNY WALKERS

Everyone knows you should never drink and drive, but no one said anything about walking. The Dram sandal from Reef (\$45, spydernsurf.com) has a three-ounce microflask in each heel, so you can pack your favorite hooch along wherever you roam, open-container laws and stadium pat-downs be damned. Mix with some cola and you'll hardly notice the taste of sidewalk detritus. Just don't tell the girl next to you at the show that she's drinking something that came out of your shoe.



SINGER SONGWRITER

If your vinyl collection has been looking a little lonely lately, we have the perfect playmate. Crosley's Songwriter (\$400, crosleyradio.com) has both a record player and a tape deck (sorry, no eight track), but what made us fall in love is the fact that its CD player is also a burner. That means you can toss your stacks of wax onto CDs as easily as dropping the needle on *Eat a Peach*. Your favorite mix tape from 1986? This will put it on your iPod. Be warned, though: You had some Mr. Mister on there.



THROWING, A PARTY

It's a scientific fact: Frisbee is the most fun you can have with your pants on (or your shirt off, demonstrated at left). The world's most entertaining hunk of plastic turns 50 this year (which, we should remind Wham-O, is the new 40). To celebrate, the company is releasing a three-disc set, so to speak, which includes a hefty 175-gram Ultimate disc, a sportier 140-gram All-Sport disc and a limited-edition gold-color remake of the original Pluto Platter (\$30, wham-o.com).



RAISING THE STEAKS

It's 80 degrees, sunny with low humidity, and bikini-clad mermaids are lined up poolside, beckoning for someone to apply the sunscreen. All in all, a beautiful July day. If only there were a way to grill up some T-bones, sling some suds and catch the game at the same time. Turns out you're in luck, Skippy. The Cal Flame Sports Bar & Grill (\$30,000, calspas.com) is a self-contained sports bar for your backyard; it features a five-burner stainless gas grill, stereo, three pop-up 23-inch flat-screen TVs and a beer tap or mini fridge. An overhang counter and seating for eight ensure maximum comfort. For foolproof grilling, try this:

1. Sear both sides of a one-and-a-half-inch-thick prime steak on high heat.
2. Remove to low heat.
3. Slather sunscreen on one lovely guest.
4. Return to the grill, then plate. A perfect medium rare every time.

WATCH OUT

Face the truth: Those tiny MP3-player screens suck for video. Step up to the big leagues (well, seven inches, anyway) with the Archos 704 WiFi's (\$550, archos.com) killer high-resolution visuals and touch-screen navigation. Built-in Wi-Fi makes it a portable Internet tablet that streams audio, video and pictures from your network, and when the device is docked, DVR software can record directly from your TV.



STEP ON IT

The 3G Stepper (\$650, 3gbikes.com) is what happens when a cruiser bike makes love to an elliptical trainer. A new concept in two-wheeled locomotion, this bad boy has no seat and is meant more for exercise than for long-haul transportation. Like all 3G bikes, it's built like a tank and is an absolute blast to ride.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 141.



WALK THIS WAY

Like all good trend spotters, we're going to issue a half-baked proclamation and demand that you take it seriously. Here goes: Sneakers are the new conversion vans. To wit, they are inherently lowbrow items that achieve an incandescent cool when emblazoned with a hot paint job. To get on the bandwagon, give Mr. Pussy Foot (mrpussyfoot.com) a ring. His customizing service will trick out your kicks, starting at \$200 a pair.

RABBITING ON

We're partial to bunnies around these parts, so when we heard someone had hooked one up to the Internet, our ears pricked up. This odd little gadget is a Nabaztag Tag (\$190, nabaztag.com). Put him in a Wi-Fi hot spot and he'll start talking every so often, delivering messages, playing Internet radio or reading websites to you. Push the button on his head and he can respond to your voice commands for weather reports and stock quotes. Think of him as an adorable harbinger of the coming age of frivolous electronics.



JUKEBOX HERO

Learning the guitar is something best done in private. Tascam's MP-GT1 MP3 player (\$269, tascam.com) provides a practice space inside your headphones. Expressly designed with apprentice guitar gods in mind, it has a built-in metronome and tuner; plus it lets you loop sections, adjust tempo and shift pitch. Plug in your ax and it'll even supply overdrive and other effects.

Next Month



GARCELLE BEAUVAIS-NILON ANSWERS YOUR PRAYERS.



HEARTBREAKING FICTION FROM JESS WALTER.



CHRIS TUCKER HAS 25 MILLION NEW REASONS TO SMILE.



THREE'S A CHARM.

CHRIS TUCKER—THE ELUSIVE COMEDIC ACTOR COMMANDS \$25 MILLION A FILM BUT TURNS DOWN NEARLY EVERY ROLE THAT CROSSES HIS DESK. IN THE AUGUST *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW **MICHAEL FLEMING** TALKS BUSINESS WITH THE *RUSH HOUR 3* STAR.

GARCELLE BEAUVAIS-NILON—AT LONG LEGGY LAST, THE STATUESQUE BEAUTY FROM *NYPD BLUE* TAKES IT ALL OFF IN A DELECTABLE CELEBRITY PICTORIAL.

BUILDING THE PERFECT PRESIDENT—LEADERSHIP, CHARISMA, KNOWING WHEN TO SAY WHEN: WITH THE ELECTION LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR AWAY, CBS POLITICAL ANALYST **JEFF GREENFIELD** CHERRY-PICKS ESSENTIAL TRAITS FOUND IN FORMER PRESIDENTS, CURRENT PUBLIC FIGURES AND EVEN A FICTIONAL HARD-BOILED DETECTIVE.

PAUL RUDD—IN ONE OF HIS UPCOMING MOVIES RUDD IS CAUGHT IN A LOVE TRIANGLE WITH JESSICA ALBA AND FAMKE JANSSEN; IN ANOTHER HE SEDUCES MICHELLE PFEIFFER. WHAT COULD HE POSSIBLY HAVE DONE TO DESERVE THIS? **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** GETS THE ANSWER IN A QUIP-SMART 20Q.

THE GREASECAR WAR—INSPIRED BY THE RECENT GAS CRUNCH, A RENEGADE GEARHEAD CONVERTS HIS MERCEDES DIESEL TO RUN ON USED FRY GREASE, BREAKING THE LAW

AND STICKING IT TO BIG OIL IN THE PROCESS. **SEAMUS MCGRAW** LETS YOU IN ON THE SLIPPERY LOGIC.

THE SATTERFIELD TRIPLETS—NO, YOU'RE NOT SEEING TRIPLE. THE SATTERFIELDS ARE THREE IDENTICAL BLONDE BEAUTIES, DISTINGUISHABLE ONLY BY THEIR BIRTHMARKS. WE GIVE YOU PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY TO TELL THEM APART.

NO FARE, NO WELL—IN A DYSFUNCTIONAL LOVE LETTER TO 1970S TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA, FAULKNER AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR **BARRY HANNAH** RETURNS TO THE SITE OF HIS MOST COLORFUL SELF-DESTRUCTION.

THE FUTURE OF MEDIA—*PLAYBOY* PREDICTS THE EVOLUTION OF WHIZ-BANG ELECTRONICS. BOTTOM LINE: THE NEXT 10 YEARS WILL MAKE YOUR PRECIOUS IPOD SEEM AS SLEEK AND TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED AS A VICTROLA.

WE LIVE IN WATER—A SON RETURNS TO HIS HOMETOWN TO INVESTIGATE HIS RECKLESS FATHER'S 1958 DISAPPEARANCE AT THE HANDS OF A SMALL-TIME CRIME BOSS. A MOVING PIECE OF FICTION BY **JESS WALTER**

PLUS: MISS AUGUST, DJ **TAMARA SKY**, MIXES IT UP; YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE **CASSANDRA LYNN** PURRS IN *CENTERFOLDS ON SEX*; AND WE HAVE FASHION'S LATEST MUST-HAVES.

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In conjunction with this historic coin series, a special set of Collector Panels is being issued by PCS (a private agency not affiliated with the U.S. Mint). The Panel for each state features a pair of brilliant, uncirculated State Quarters — one each from the Philadelphia and Denver Mints — protectively encased to preserve their pristine appearance. Expertly written narrative describes the state's unique coin design, as well as the history of each state.

(continued on inside)

IN AN ABSOLUT WORLD

ABSOLUT® VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. ABSOLUT ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ALL OTHER ABSOLUT TRADEMARKS ARE OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©2007 IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY. ©2007 ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION FOR THE VISUAL ARTS. ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK. THE GREEN CAP, ©ALEX KATZ/MAGA, NYC. ©2007 ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK. / VG BILDKUNST, BONN. IMAGES COURTESY OF ART RESOURCE. PHOTOGRAPHY BY VINCENT DIXON.



THE **ABSOLUT**
Country of Sweden
VODKA

This superb vodka was distilled from grain grown in the rich fields of southern Sweden. It has been produced at the famous old distilleries near Åhus in accordance with more than 100 years of Swedish tradition. It has been sold under the name Absolut since 1879.

40% ALC. / VOL. (80 PROOF) 1 LITER
IMPORTED

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