

TILA TEQUILA'S KRISTY MORGAN NUDE

# PLAYBOY BOY

ENTERTAINMENT

www.playboy.com • OCTOBER 2008

# 20<sup>Q</sup>

KEVIN  
CONNOLLY  
WITHOUT THE  
ENTOURAGE

COLLEGE GIRLS  
NUDE

THE  
BIG  
10

PLAYMATE  
KELLY  
CARRINGTON  
UNIVERSITY  
OF FLORIDA

PETE  
WENTZ  
INTERVIEW

OUTSPOKEN, OUTRAGEOUS

THE NEW CAMPUS  
DRUG BOOM

"I SEDUCED  
TILA TEQUILA"  
AN EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL





Temptation lurks behind every curve of the totally, completely, 100% new MAZDA6. 360° aerodynamic testing ensures all points lead to efficiency—right down to its keyholes. Under the hood, a feistier, more potent engine taunts and satisfies with 30 mpg highway\*. Indulge in first-in-class\*\* Bluetooth® Audio with MP3 player capability and a decadently appointed cabin—*roomier than Camry and Altima*. And, to ensure all this new goes uninterrupted, it comes with a class-exclusive radar-based Blind Spot Monitoring System! Newphomaniacs rejoice.

**Zoom-Zoom. Forever.**

[MazdaUSA.com](http://MazdaUSA.com)

Mazda6  
SATISFY YOUR "NEW" FETISH



Starting at \$19,220 MAZDA6S Grand Touring with Moonroof and Bose® Package as shown \$30,690. MSRP excludes tax, title and license fees. Actual dealer price may vary. See dealer for complete details. \*EPA estimated mileage MAZDA6i automatic. Actual results may vary. \*\*2007 Automotive News Standard Mid-range cars. †Always check your mirrors. Be aware of traffic around you. Optional equipment featured. ©2008 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.



WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT  
MAY CAUSE  
MOUTH CANCER



U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. ® Trademark of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2008 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.

 IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE

**@penhagen**<sup>®</sup>  
SNUFF • LONG CUT • POUCHES  
FRESHCOPE.COM  
SMOKELESS TOBACCO  
SINCE 1822

Website Access Limited to Age-verified Adults.



You hold in your hands the issue containing the fourth and final installment of National Book Award winner **Denis Johnson**'s serialized work of fiction *Nobody Move*. The gritty noir novel, written for us on deadline, will be published between book covers by Farrar, Straus and Giroux next spring. "I've never written anything this fast, in just a few months," says the author of *Tree of Smoke* and the short-story collection *Jesus' Son*. "I've had the basic concept in mind for quite a long time, but getting it on paper this quickly was something new for me." So what will the author, who divides his time between Idaho and Arizona with his wife, do now that the ride is over? "I'm going back to a couple of literary novellas I've been tinkering with for decades," he says. "I'll probably have to tinker with them for a few more."



For *The Adderall Effect*, journalist **Frank Owen** spent finals week on a college campus to report on the academic-performance-enhancing drug culture of the new millennium. Owen reveals that Generation Rx is bringing about a revival of the prescription-pill lifestyle. "Kids today can't afford to turn on, tune in and drop out," he says. "They need to drop in." Owen's book on meth, *No Speed Limit*, was just released in paperback.



"I'm fascinated by people who make their living outsmarting casinos," says **Stephan Talty**, author of *Shoot-Out in Vegas*. He rode into Sin City with the Five Horsemen, a group of high-rolling crapshooters who use a method called dice control to legally clean out casinos. "They're the last trace of the Old West in Vegas," Talty says. "If I couldn't make a living as a writer, I would definitely look at craps as a second career."



*Blender* music editor **Rob Tannenbaum** has interviewed a passel of artists for us, including 50 Cent, Chad Kroeger, Jay-Z, Kanye West, Lisa Marie Presley, Ludacris and Metallica. Now the *PLAYBOY* contributor sits down with Fall Out Boy's **Pete Wentz** for this month's *Playboy Interview*. "I asked him if he ever tried getting a real job," says Tannenbaum of the emo entrepreneur. "Wentz said, 'I don't think I've had a real job for more than two weeks.'"



**Gahan Wilson**'s cartoons have appeared in almost every issue of *PLAYBOY* since December 1957. In this month's *Haunted Classics* we revisit some of his most memorable work. The dark sense of humor the 78-year-old maestro of the macabre possesses and the gallery of monsters he has created have seeped into the imagination of millions, among them Guillermo del Toro, Neil Gaiman and Stephen Colbert, who have all spoken about Wilson's influence. No fan, however, is more enthusiastic than our own Editor-in-Chief, Hugh Hefner. Wilson recalls meeting Hef for the first time, more than 50 years ago in Chicago. "When I came into the office, there he was," says Wilson. "He smiled, stood up, reached out his hand and took mine and said, 'I've been waiting for you.'"

Dear Ketel One Drinker  
Spot the bottle.



# PLAYBOY

## contents

### features

- 50** **THE ADDERALL EFFECT**  
Second only to marijuana in popularity on college campuses, Adderall is frequently peddled by students who have been prescribed the speed-like drug to treat attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder. Investigative reporter **FRANK OWEN** embeds himself on campus at exam time to check out the impact of the Lamborghini of study aids.
- 60** **EVERYTHING WE NEED TO KNOW WE LEARNED IN COLLEGE**  
From avoiding premature ejaculation to cramming a semester's worth of studying into two weeks to identifying which drug your friend has taken, **JOEL JOHNSON** consults experts about meeting the perennial challenges of college life.
- 68** **SHOOT-OUT IN VEGAS**  
After studying the art of dice control with legendary teachers Dominic "the Dominator" LoRiggio and Frank Scoblete, **STEPHAN TALTY** rolls into Vegas with the Five Horsemen—the greatest crapshooters in the world.
- 86** **PLAYBOY'S 2008 NFL PREVIEW**  
Last season nobody but nobody believed the Giants had a shot until the final gun sounded in what is now widely called the greatest Super Bowl ever. Who will slip on Cinderella's cleats this year? In our annual pro pigskin preview we tackle who's up and who's down and enlist some Hall of Famers to read the tea leaves for the 2008–2009 campaign to predict who'll be polishing the Lombardi.
- 90** **HAUNTED CLASSICS BY GAHAN WILSON**  
His macabre illustrations and wicked sense of humor have made a lasting impression on PLAYBOY readers since December 1957. Just in time for Halloween we look back at **GAHAN WILSON**'s most delicious cartoons.

### fiction

- 96** **NOBODY MOVE, PART FOUR**  
In this final installment of **DENIS JOHNSON**'s gritty tale, hapless hero Jimmy Luntz prepares for his last stand against the gangsters closing in. Trusting no one, Luntz realizes he is quickly running out of options.

### the playboy forum

- 35** **THE NEW COLD WAR**  
Global warming is thawing the Arctic, opening vast oil and gas reserves for exploitation. Already governments are vying for control. Slovene sociologist **SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK** suggests that judging from past experiences, one reason governments haven't moved more boldly to head off environmental catastrophe is that powerful interests stand to profit from it.

### 20Q

- 64** **KEVIN CONNOLLY**  
He used to hang with Leonardo DiCaprio and Tobey Maguire when they were all struggling actors. Now *Entourage*'s star wingman hugs it out with **ASHLEY JUDE COLLIE** about how TV imitates life and where he and the guys are heading.

### interview

- 41** **PETE WENTZ**  
As the leader of Fall Out Boy, he's the emperor of emo, and as the husband of Ashlee Simpson, he's one of the luckiest men on earth. Perhaps all this good fortune explains why vast numbers of people love him and vast numbers of others don't. Wentz opens up to **ROB TANNENBAUM** about the public's divergent perceptions, life with Simpson, battling depression and why the losers have won.

72



96



### COVER STORY

Visit any locker room you like and you'd still be hard-pressed to find a sexier athlete than Miss October Kelly Carrington. "I've played sports my whole life," says the University of Florida coed, who cites football as her favorite sport to watch. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda hits pay dirt by making Kelly work up a sweat on the cover; our Rabbit discovers an ideal spot to lace up.



# PLAYBOY

contents continued



- 54** **HOLD THE TEQUILA**  
Passing on a shot at love with Tila Tequila, Kristy Morgan takes some sexy shots at the shore.
- 72** **PLAYMATE: KELLY CARRINGTON**  
Miss October is a gorgeous Gators fan, and even Seminoles and Hurricanes applaud.
- 100** **GIRLS OF THE BIG 10**  
Here are 48 reasons why the Big 10 rates an 11 on the wow scale.



- 9** **WORLD OF PLAYBOY**  
Hef hosts ESPN Fight Night at the Mansion; Holly, Bridget and Kendra face off against *The Sopranos'* Big Pussy and his posse on *Celebrity Family Feud*.
- 10** **HANGIN' WITH HEF**  
The Man bumps into Kanye West at the NBA finals, fetes *Juno* writer Diablo Cody at the Mansion on her birthday and talks to Dave Navarro for *Spread TV*.
- 123** **PLAYMATE NEWS**  
Carrie Stevens launches a green fashion magazine at [envi-image.com](http://envi-image.com); a look at Big 10 Playmates.



- 3** **PLAYBILL**
- 11** **DEAR PLAYBOY**
- 15** **AFTER HOURS**
- 20** **REVIEWS**
- 27** **MANTRACK**
- 31** **THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**

- 82** **PARTY JOKES**
- 119** **WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 130** **GRAPEVINE**

## fashion

- 92** **THROWBACK TO CAMPUS**  
No need to dress to impress a professor—sweats, scrubs and tees are fine. But when it comes to girls, making an effort pays off. Keep it simple with old-school outerwear and vintage prints.
- BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES**

## notes and news

this month on [playboy.com](http://playboy.com)

**MAGAZINE BLOG**  
News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY editors. [playboy.com/blog](http://playboy.com/blog)

**THE 21ST QUESTION**  
*Entourage* star Kevin Connolly offers one more wisecrack. [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q)

**SHE GOT GAME**  
Our sexy gamer next door, Cyber Girl of the Year Jo Garcia, brings more joy to the joystick with her reviews. [playboy.com/sexygamer](http://playboy.com/sexygamer)

**COLLEGE SPORTSWRITER POLL**  
Student pigskin experts pick their top 25 and give the inside scoop on their home teams. [playboy.com/studentpoll](http://playboy.com/studentpoll)

**GHOUL'S GOLD**  
Exclusive pictures, classic cartoons and documentary video of the morbidly amusing Gahan Wilson. [playboy.com/magazine](http://playboy.com/magazine)



GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: JULY 2008. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS BEN TAYLOR. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2008 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 119. DANBURY MINT INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. CAMEL SNUS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



GOLDEN GLOBE®  
WINNER  
DAVID DUCHOVNY

He's in way too deep.

# Californication

SEASON PREMIERE

**SUNDAY SEPT 28, 10PM<sup>ET</sup> PT**

Following the season premiere of **DEXTER**

**SHOWTIME**  
TV. AT ITS BEST.™

Order SHOWTIME now for \$7.99  
or less per month for a limited time\*.  
1-800-SHOWTIME



SEASON ONE NOW ON DVD.

\*Limited time offer ends 10/5/08. Offer good for new subscribers in participating systems only. Discounted service offer will be \$7.99 per month or less, for a period of at least 3 months. Call your service provider for details. After the promotional period, standard rates apply. Other restrictions may apply. May not be combined with any other Showtime rebate or promotion. ©2008 Showtime Networks Inc. All rights reserved. SHOWTIME and related marks are trademarks of Showtime Networks Inc. Golden Globe® is a registered trademark and service mark of the Hollywood Foreign Press Association.





Oris Divers GMT, Date  
Automatic Mechanical

Authorized Retailer: Diamond Hut Jewelers, Jersey City, NJ  
For an Authorized Retailer in your area please contact:  
1-866-242-3600 [ticktock1@orisusa.com](mailto:ticktock1@orisusa.com)  
[www.oriswatches.com](http://www.oriswatches.com)



**ORIS**  
Swiss Made Watches  
Since  1904

## PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER

*editor-in-chief*

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

*editorial director*

STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*

ROB WILSON *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

A.J. BAIME, LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *executive editors*

JAMIE MALANOWSKI *managing editor*

### EDITORIAL

FEATURES: AMY GRACE LOYD *literary editor*; CHIP ROWE *senior editor*

FASHION: JOSEPH DE ACETIS *director*; JENNIFER RYAN JONES *editor* FORUM: TIMOTHY MOHR *associate editor*

MODERN LIVING: SCOTT ALEXANDER *senior editor* STAFF: ROBERT B. DE SALVO, JOSH ROBERTSON  
*associate editors*; ROCKY RAKOVIC *assistant editor*; HEATHER HAEBE *senior editorial assistant*; VIVIAN COLON,

GILBERT MACIAS *editorial assistants* CARTOONS: JENNIFER THIELE (*new york*), AMANDA WARREN  
(*los angeles*) *editorial coordinators* COPY: WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief*; CAMILLE CAUTI *associate copy chief*;

DAVID DELP, ANTOINE DOZOIS, JOSEPH WESTERFIELD *copy editors* RESEARCH: DAVID COHEN  
*research director*; RON MOTTA *senior research editor*; BRYAN ABRAMS, CORINNE CUMMINGS,

SETH FIEGERMAN, MICHAEL MATASSA *research editors* EDITORIAL PRODUCTION: DAVID PFISTER  
*assistant managing editor*; VALERIE THOMAS *manager* CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

MARK BOAL (*writer at large*), KEVIN BUCKLEY, SIMON COOPER, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL,  
KEN GROSS, DAVID HOCHMAN, WARREN KALBACKER, ARTHUR KRETCHMER (*automotive*), JONATHAN LITTMAN,  
JOE MORGENSTERN, JAMES R. PETERSEN, STEPHEN REBELLO, DAVID RENSIN, JAMES ROSEN,  
DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STEVENS, ROB TANNENBAUM, JOHN D. THOMAS, ALICE K. TURNER, ROB WALTON

### ART

TOM STAEBLER *contributing art director*; SCOTT ANDERSON, BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI,  
LEN WILLIS *senior art directors*; PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant*;

CORTEZ WELLS *art services coordinator*; STEFANI COLE *senior art administrator*

### PHOTOGRAPHY

STEPHANIE MORRIS *west coast editor*; JIM LARSON *managing editor*; HOLLY MADISON  
*playmate editor*; PATTY BEAUDET-FRANÇÈS *senior editor-entertainment*; KEVIN KUSTER *senior editor*;

MATT STEIGBIGEL *associate editor*; RENAY LARSON *assistant editor*; ARNY FREYTAG, STEPHEN WAYDA  
*senior contributing photographers*; GEORGE GEORGIOU, MATT WAGEMANN *staff photographers*;  
JAMES IMBROGNO, RICHARD IZUI, MIZUNO, BYRON NEWMAN, GEN NISHINO, JARMO POHJANIEMI, DAVID RAMS,  
BILL WHITE *contributing photographers*; BONNIE JEAN KENNY *manager, photo archives*; KEVIN CRAIG  
*manager, imaging lab*; MARIA HAGEN *stylist*; PENNY EKKERT, KRISTLE JOHNSON,  
BARBARA LEIGH *production coordinators*

LOUIS R. MOHN *publisher*

### ADVERTISING

ROB EISENHARDT *associate publisher*; RON STERN *advertising director*; HELEN BIANCULLI  
*executive director, direct-response advertising*; MARIE FIRNENO *advertising operations director*  
NEW YORK: JESSIE CLARY *category sales manager-fashion*; SHERI WARNKE *southeast manager*;  
JODI WHITE *account manager* CHICAGO: LAUREN KINDER *midwest sales manager*  
LOS ANGELES: COREY SPIEGEL *west coast manager* DETROIT: STEVE ROUSSEAU *detroit manager*  
SAN FRANCISCO: ED MEAGHER *northwest manager*

### MARKETING

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

### PUBLIC RELATIONS

LAUREN MELONE *division senior vice president*; ROB HILBURGER *publicity director*

### PRODUCTION

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

### CIRCULATION

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

### ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

### INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING

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

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

BOB MEYERS *president, media group*

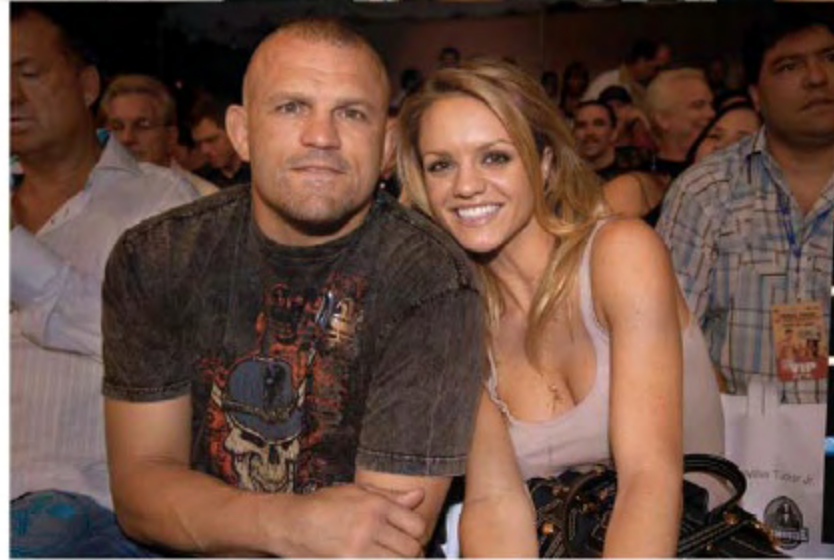
# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## FIGHT NIGHT AT THE MANSION

Hef and the Girls Next Door hosted an ESPN Fight Night with Holly and Bridget as ring girls. Below: The Man and WBC light-heavyweight champ Chad Dawson. The UFC's Iceman, Chuck Liddell (bottom left), was ringside for the main event (bottom right), featuring the unbeaten David Torres (in silver trunks) vs. former lightweight world champion Julio Diaz. The former champ won a TKO in the fifth. After the fight Diaz told local media, "I don't want to party. I want to go back to work. I ain't even going to celebrate." Then he remembered he was at PMW and added, "I mean, after tonight."



## GIRLS NEXT DOOR ON FAMILY FEUD

The Girls Next Door went toe-to-toe with *The Sopranos*' Vincent Pastore and his crew on Al Roker's *Celebrity Family Feud*. The girls were doing well until the category called for them to come up with words to describe a good-looking man. Kendra said "bootylicious," and the survey, unfortunately, said "X."



## MR. PLAYBOY'S BIG BLACK BOOK

Hef once told a group of Playmates, "If it weren't for you, I would just be the editor of a literary magazine." Mr. Playboy—here with Steven Watts, author of *Mr. Playboy: Hugh Hefner and the American Dream*, and sexpert Dr. Ruth—found himself surrounded by literary lights at BookExpo in L.A., where Hef autographed the biography he describes as "the most authoritative book ever written about me."

# HANGIN' WITH H&F



1



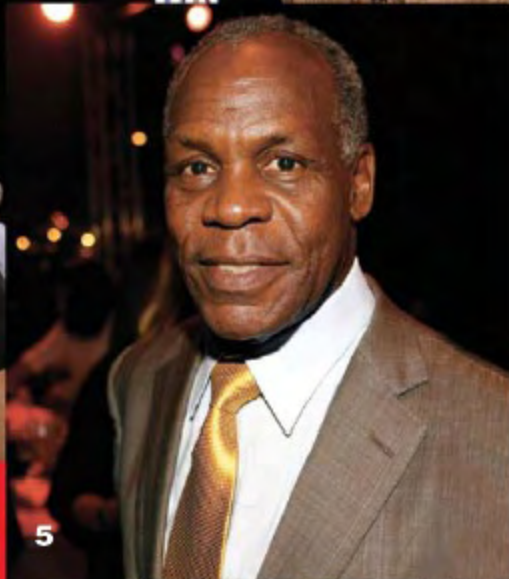
2



3



4



5



6

(1) Hef and the Girls Next Door celebrate Warren Beatty's AFI Life Achievement Award. (2) Kanye West, Hef and Kendra at the NBA Finals. (3) Tippi Hedren from Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* says hi to Hef at BookExpo. (4) The Man and Frank Stallone at Fight Night. (5) Danny Glover arrives at PMW for a Marijuana Policy Project party. (6) Hosts Rob Kampia (MPP's executive director), Perry Farrell and Adrienne Curry. (7) *L.A. Ink*'s Kat Von D with Miss April 2001 Katie Lohmann. (8) Bandleaders Kevin Eubanks of *The Tonight Show* and the legendary Ray Anthony at a Mansion fund-raiser. (9) *Juno* writer Diablo Cody celebrates her birthday at the Mansion with Kendra, Hef and Holly. (10) During the festivities Courtney Love cozies up to the Man. (11) The Girls Next Door with Bill Bellamy during a taping of *Last Comic Standing* for NBC. (12) When Dave Navarro interviewed Mr. Playboy for *Spread TV*, he told Hef he based the show on *Playboy After Dark*.



7



8



11



9



10



12

**CELEBRITY DOC**

I found your *Playboy Interview* with Dr. Drew Pinsky (July) to be entertaining, and many of his comments—especially about dating—are quite insightful. Further, his zero-tolerance position with his own kids is on the mark, based on evidence that suggests using drugs and alcohol before the frontal lobes are fully developed can have long-term effects. Pinsky hints at a growing view among



Dr. Drew: One celebrity helping others.

doctors that addiction isn't about drugs; it's about the brain. Except for the most addictive compounds—nicotine, methamphetamine and cocaine—only about 15 percent of people who use drugs and alcohol go on to develop a true addiction. We now know the brain of an addict differs from a nonaddict's, which implies a strong genetic influence. As Pinsky says, it's not about willpower. At times he slips into hyperbole, however, such as when he states that all addiction can be traced to physical or sexual abuse. Many addicts do not have these experiences, and such a history certainly isn't required for nicotine addiction. There are indications that the "wound" to our pleasure and reward centers caused by emotional trauma is similar to the damage in the brain of a person whose DNA makes him prone to addiction.

Dr. Michael Miller  
Madison, Wisconsin

*Miller is president of the American Society of Addiction Medicine.*

Speaking about anal sex, Pinsky says, "That part of the body wasn't made for doing that, and I dread to see what will happen to these women down the line. Once women hit their seventh and eighth

decades of life, a lot of anal pathology kicks in without having anal sex. So I mean, it won't be pretty." Bullshit! When done slowly and with plenty of lubrication, frequent anal penetration will not lead to a permanently gaping asshole, a loose sphincter muscle or loss of control over bowel movements. You are not stretching or tearing the sphincter muscle; you are relaxing it for comfortable penetration. The more you practice controlling this muscle, the more you are exercising and toning it, which can improve the health of your ass.

Tristan Taormino  
New York, New York

*Taormino is the author of The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women and creator of the Expert Guide sex-education DVD series.*

Pinsky should know better than to provide impromptu diagnoses of celebrities he has never treated. Psychiatrists have been discouraged from profiling public figures since 1964, when more than 1,100 psychiatrists deemed Barry Goldwater unfit to be president.

J. Green  
New York, New York

*Many people agreed, including, apparently, Tom Cruise. Pinsky's suggestion that Cruise is drawn to the "cultish" environment of Scientology because of a "deep emptiness" caused by childhood neglect drew a rebuke from the actor's lawyer, Bert Fields, who said, "The last time we heard garbage like this was from Joseph Goebbels," the Nazi propaganda chief. Pinsky apologized, saying he meant no harm, but took issue with the comparison.*

With all due respect to Pinsky's experience, I question his skepticism regarding parents letting their kids drink a bit at home. The common wisdom seems to be that education and controlled moderation make kids less likely to experiment with extremes. More egregious is Pinsky's double standard: He refuses to talk to his own kids about his past drug use, yet he justifies *Celebrity Rehab* by saying the participants give their consent, as if a porn star addicted to drugs is in the best frame of mind to make informed judgments about her dignity. Pinsky's priority should be his patients, not the viewing public. He reveals his true motives when he states real rehab is "boring" and doesn't "make good TV." Pinsky claims celebrities are prone to narcissism. I agree. Physician, get over thyself.

Luigi Novi  
Union City, New Jersey

**THE MARVELOUS MARGOLIS**

What's better than seeing Cindy Margolis in *PLAYBOY*? Seeing her again!

(*Cindy Steps Out*, July). Beauty, brains, body—and single?

Rick Schletty  
Afton, Minnesota

I don't know how Cindy's ex is surviving without her, but he is still one of the luckiest guys in the world: At least he has the memories.

Jim Russell  
Murrells Inlet, South Carolina

I notice you describe Cindy as "once" being the most downloaded woman. I assume that honor now belongs to Danni Ashe, who has been recognized by Guinness World Records.

Stephen Dingman  
Juneau, Alaska

*In 2000 Guinness created two categories, one for free downloads (awarded to Cindy) and one for paid downloads (awarded to Ashe). Ashe says that she deserves both titles but that Guinness has stopped accepting new claims. We always hoped this would be settled with bikinis and mud.*



Cindy Margolis and a lucky placeholder.

How does one get the job of the gentleman who appears with Cindy on page 107 (pictured above)? Are you hiring?

Jeremy Bowersox  
Waynesboro, Pennsylvania

*Oddly enough, he volunteered.*

**A STRANGE LIFE AND DEATH**

Like Robert Johnson at the crossroads, David Hans Schmidt (*The Shameless Life and Sensational Death of the Sleaziest Man in Hollywood*, July) thought he could strike a deal with the devil. They were both wrong.

Ken Sturn  
Phoenix, Arizona

**BRIDGESTONE**

Get up to  
**\$100\***

your favorite  
of **NFL GEAR**  
at **NFLSHOP.COM**

When you buy a set of four  
eligible **DUELER™ TIRES.**



\*Offer valid from August 30  
through September 27, 2008.

Mail-in rebate required. At participating  
Bridgestone and Firestone retailers. See retailer  
for complete details and eligible tires.

© 2008 NFL Properties LLC.

All NFL-related trademarks are trademarks  
of the National Football League.



#### WHAT MAHER BELIEVES

Many skeptics share Bill Maher's thoughts on the foibles of religion (*Religion 101*, July). But oddly, he doesn't address the authenticity of the major religion steeped in blood that has familiarized us with the words  *jihad*,  *infidel* and  *martyr*.

Aubrey Wassyng  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Maher responds: "The points made in my little article have to do with all religions, even though in the case of the Vatican and Salt Lake City the locales are associated with specific beliefs. But the themes—that religions involve mindless following of ancient traditions, that they become giant bureaucracies and that their holy books are anything but divinely rendered—are catholic with a small c."*

Thank "God" for Maher and his regular doses of common sense.

Toni Pezzuto  
South Haven, Michigan

The morning after reading Maher's gripe, as I walked in the mountains before sunrise, I was more certain of God's existence than Maher's certainty that there is no God. C'mon, Bill, get personal. What didn't God give you when you asked for it?

Alan Ludwig  
Helena, Montana

One wonders how Maher overlooks Hefnerism. Anyone doubting the legitimacy of this global religion need only view *The World of Playboy* to see hedonistic rituals at the cathedral, with libertine acolytes (including Maher) paying homage. If I weren't a devout agnostic, I would break my ass to be a member.

Lanny Middings  
San Ramon, California

Is Maher just now figuring out mankind is fucked up? Anyone with half a brain would find it absurd to take Maher seriously after studying the teachings of Christ. There is only one truth, and it's absolute.

Nelson Garner  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Maher has never heard of religious people "putting the brakes on violence"? How about Martin Luther King Jr., Gandhi or the millions of Americans who fought the Nazis?

Matt Ruane  
Richland, Washington

While hilarious as always, Maher presents as restricted a view as that of the people he criticizes. Christianity can be reduced to a straw man by focusing on a narrow obsession with "moral values," an uncritical belief in the unbelievable and a narcissistic obsession with personal salvation. Although it's not as funny, the

Christianity I endorse promotes equality and a tolerance for others' beliefs.

Jeremy Yunt  
Santa Barbara, California

I suspect Maher is secretly envious of what he considers the unearned, irrational happiness of those who have received the gift of faith.

Dan Hanneman  
Maplewood, Minnesota

The editors appear to have let Maher, who revels in being unholy than thou,



Maher: "See our real live freaks of faith!"

overwhelm their judgment. I will continue to subscribe for the photos.

Clay Granacki  
Tucson, Arizona

#### WOMEN ALWAYS WRITE

Thank you for featuring Eddie Izzard (*Nice Guy Eddie*, July), a remarkable man who is so funny he can make you forget he's in drag.

Sarah Cox  
Toledo, Ohio

It's not hard to see why Marilyn Monroe remains a global sex symbol (*Monroe & Moran*, July). Today's starlets should be taught the difference between sexy and vulgar. The sidewalk scene in *The Seven Year Itch* is sexy; flashing your privates when getting out of a car is not.

Laura Vona  
Randolph, Massachusetts

Bill Maher, Lewis Black (*20Q*), Drew Pinsky and Eddie Izzard, all in the same issue? Mash the four together and you have the perfect man.

Michelle Pohl  
Nutley, New Jersey

Read more feedback at [playboy.com/blog](http://playboy.com/blog).



**BRIDGESTONE**



*For drivers who want to get the most out of their cars,*

**IT'S BRIDGESTONE  
OR NOTHING.**

As off-road tough as you  
need, as new-pavement  
smooth as you like, Dueler™  
tires merge sophisticated  
style with raw power  
to handle any terrain.

**DUELER**



[bridgestonetire.com](http://bridgestonetire.com)  
1-800-807-9555  
[tiresafety.com](http://tiresafety.com)

**PASSION**  
for EXCELLENCE

## THANK YOU TO THE WINNING WAGERS

For rewarding our grasp on random trivia with a Negra Modelo. Sure, knowing who had the highest on base percentage in 1983 was enough glory to bask in for years. But our thrill of victory truly became one for the ages when your prize turned out to be such a remarkably drinkable dark beer. So, losing friend, at least you can take pride in one thing. You were right about Negra Modelo.



NEGRA MODELO.  
IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW IT GOT TO YOU.  
JUST GIVE THANKS IT DID.

SHARE THE MYSTERY



# P L A Y B O Y

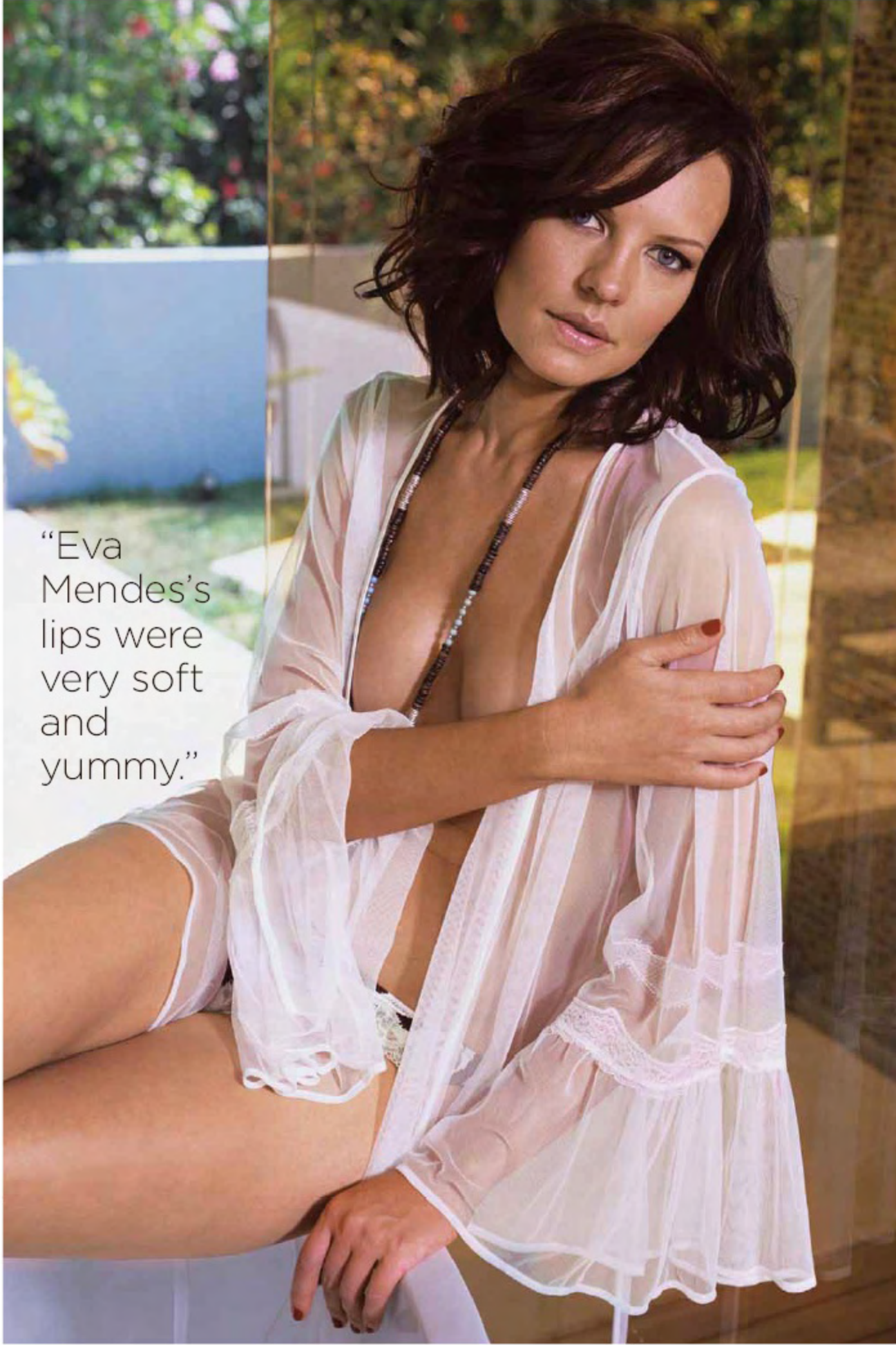
## a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

### Natasha Alam

ARE YOU FROG ENOUGH FOR THIS PRINCESS?

It's not every day we meet a real princess, much less one who has locked lips with Eva Mendes. Yet those are just two bullet points for Uzbekistan-born Natasha Alam. The kiss happens in the film *The Women*, in which Natasha plays what she calls "a lesbian supermodel with anger-management issues." A former model herself, Natasha knows from beautiful. "Eva is one of the sexiest girls around," she says. "Her lips were very soft and yummy. I also got to grab her booty when we were making out." And the princess thing: Natasha was married to the grandson of the former shah of Iran, and though they've split, she gets to keep the princess title. Model, princess, actress—we'd roll our eyes a bit if not for the "crazy times" of Natasha's youth. Long story short, she's here today despite the malicious efforts of racist Uzbek thugs and the Russian Mafia, and she deserves the tiara. More and different crazy times ensued during her modeling career—research, perhaps, for her role opposite Mendes. "I did have a girlfriend once," she recalls. "She was a total lesbian, a real tomboy, but tall and beautiful. We had the same modeling agency, and she moved in with my boyfriend and me for a while. It was weird, but that goes with the territory." Natasha doesn't play for the other team; she's just open-minded. "You can fall in love with anybody," she says. "As long as you kiss him with your inner self, it doesn't matter if he looks like a frog." What is it they say down at the pond? *Rabbit*.



"Eva Mendes's lips were very soft and yummy."



employee of the month

## In Good Hands

**PRAY THAT LIFE INSURANCE CASE PROCESSOR AMANDA POGRELL GETS ON YOURS**

**PLAYBOY:** You've told us you're a new-business manager for a financial firm. What does that mean?

**AMANDA:** I process all the new large—\$3 million or higher—life insurance cases for my company. It's a lot of back-and-forth between clients and insurance companies and medical underwriters. I examine more than 50 cases a day.

**PLAYBOY:** You must really whip through them. If we were to have a business meeting with you, we'd try to prolong it.

**AMANDA:** That happens from time to time. When I dress for work, I try to hide some parts more than I normally would, but I don't cover up that much. Obviously, I'm not wearing a bikini top, but I think they seat me out front for a reason.

**PLAYBOY:** Which part of you receives the most compliments?

**AMANDA:** At work I'd say my eyes. Altogether I normally hear either "Your eyes are gorgeous" or "You have a great ass."

**PLAYBOY:** So if we were to approach you, that would work?

**AMANDA:** Sure, but I'm not often approached. I've been told I have that "bitchy" look.

**PLAYBOY:** We disagree with that characterization.

**AMANDA:** Me too. Once people get to know me they say I'm really nice and actually goofy. I'm not a stuck-up princess. I used to be a wild child, partying like crazy every weekend—but now it's more like every other weekend.

Want to be the next Employee of the Month? Learn how to apply at [playboy.com/pose](http://playboy.com/pose).

theater buzz

## The Fly in the Opera

**DAVID CRONENBERG PIONEERS THE SINGING SCI-FI GENRE**

The story of a man who gradually turns into an insect is a science-fiction classic—but does it make good opera? That's the question director David Cronenberg seeks to answer with his musical rendition of *The Fly*, now playing at the L.A. Opera. Cronenberg directed the 1986 film version, which was based on a story by George Langelaan that ran in the June 1957 issue of *PLAYBOY*. The librettist for the new work is David Henry Hwang, of *M. Butterfly* fame, and the composer is Howard Shore, who scored Cronenberg's film. Yet the director does not consider this a remake. "I wanted to direct the libretto, not replicate my movie or the 1950s movie," Cronenberg says. "I did ask David to set the opera in the 1950s, though, because I feel we're reliving that decade. There is a fear of science today that makes this story relevant again. The science we feared then was the atomic bomb; now it's ecology." So it goes in sci-fi opera—it's not over till the slimy Brundlefly monstrosity croaks.



hit the links

## Tailgate Like a Badger

Our *Girls of the Big 10* pictorial has us craving bratwurst, that classic Midwestern pregame fare. The gourmets at [bratwurstpages.com](http://bratwurstpages.com) have two rules: Eat the sausages on Sheboygan hard rolls and never, ever defile them with yellow mustard. So what *is* acceptable? Savory beer sauce—here's the recipe (covers 10 brats):

2 14.5 oz. cans stewed tomatoes  
2 12 oz. beers  
1 large onion, chopped  
1 green pepper, chopped  
1 tablespoon brown sugar

Mix ingredients and bring to a simmer. Keep grilled brats in sauce until ready to eat. Do not let sauce boil.



new

get the  
**pleasure**  
without the smoke.



MANUFACTURER COUPON      EXPIRES 12/31/08

Buy any tobacco product get a  
**FREE TIN**  
of Camel SNUS

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST.  
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.

RETAILER: YOU MUST FILL IN NORMAL RETAIL  
PRICE (INCLUDING APPLICABLE SALES TAX)

©2008 RJRTC

WARNING:  
THIS PRODUCT IS NOT A SAFE  
ALTERNATIVE TO  
CIGARETTES

take this coupon to your local retailer.

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT  
IS NOT A SAFE  
ALTERNATIVE TO  
CIGARETTES

vino, verily



## Fine Wine, Dirt Cheap

Accidents happen, even to good wine. If one bottle in a case of 12 breaks, wine stores and restaurants are reluctant to take the other 11 because they don't want to display or sell bottles that have less than pristine labels. Enter the Accidental Wine Company ([accidentalwine.com](http://accidentalwine.com)). The online shop buys unwanted bottles of perfectly good wine (often with perfectly good labels), groups them according to relative quality and ships them to adventurous oenophiles at extremely reasonable prices. Cheers to that.

perrier jay

## A Little Mohr Than You Really Need to Know

**GARY UNMARRIED STAR JAY MOHR BOUGHT A BLUE MUSTANG BUT STILL DRIVES A GREEN MACHINE**



Jay Mohr has been to the top of the TV mountain. Seriously, once you've impersonated Christopher Walken on *Saturday Night Live*, done Joe Pesci on *Family Guy*, played opposite Jennifer Love Hewitt's cleavage on *Ghost Whisperer* and married *Las Vegas*'s Nikki Cox, you might as well retire. But when CBS gives you the starring role on a new sitcom (*Gary Unmarried*) with an Emmy-winning lead-in (*The New Adventures of Old Christine*), you don't turn it down. *What's your favorite meal?* My wife makes a Spencer's steak covered in blue cheese and vegetables and quickly panfried with sea salt. *Are you a wine, beer or hard-stuff man?* I'm a Perrier man. *Describe your approach to fashion.* Stealthy. *What was the last good concert you saw?* Keaton Simons at the Hotel Cafe in Hollywood. *What do you drive?* A Green Machine. *I like doing skids at the bottom of my street.* *What's the best present you ever gave a woman?* The engagement ring I got for my wife. Well, that or the Hermès Birkin bag. *What was your last major purchase?* The vacation I'm supposed to be on right now as we're doing this interview. *What was the first thing you bought when you started making real money?* A gold Rolex and a blue Mustang. You can take the boy out of Jersey....

best ever

## How to Get Yourself Into Guinness World Records

In the book *Getting Into Guinness* Larry Olmsted documents his attempts to achieve immortality. As he explains, few people can hope to top mainstream records (face it, reader, you'll never beat Robert Wadlow's height of eight feet 11.1 inches), so setting a new record based on an existing one can be a cheaper ticket to fame. Here's Olmsted's advice:

1. Throwing, pulling or lifting new things has worked many, many times.
2. Bricks, beer kegs, other people and cars are popular things to put on your head. If you find a record someone has set and think you could do the same with an object on your head, give it a shot.
3. Try group activities. The book gives a lot of latitude to mass-participation records, from people drinking tea together to group head shavings to bra chains.
4. Do it for charity. This is especially true of group records.
5. Read the most recent edition and note records accompanied by a red star. These are new entries, probably devised by enterprising attention seekers like yourself, and may be easy to break.

meow fix

## To Julie Newmar, Thanks for Everything

Chalk up Batman's current popularity to Frank Miller, Tim Burton and Christopher Nolan, but let's not write off the campy 1960s TV show. Doing so would risk writing off our dear friend Julie Newmar, the original Catwoman. She recently reminded us of an unpublished pictorial she posed for in the early 1970s. We should have peeked under that catsuit years ago.



spice of life

## Genius in a Bottle

COTY'S PLAYBOY FRAGRANCES ARE SEXY IN FOUR CITIES

Picking a fragrance is no easy task for a man. You want a scent less brawny than lumberjack but ballsier than Bangkok ladyboy. In the end it gets down to whom you trust—and we all know the answer to that question. Just as there's no one sort of man who reads *PLAYBOY*, there's no single Playboy fragrance. The Coty perfume house has created four, each inspired by a place with style and attitude (sorry, Boise). Hollywood is about star quality, Vegas is for high rollers, Malibu is an ocean breeze, and Miami sizzles at night. With one or all, you can't go wrong. For more information on Playboy fragrances visit [playboy.com/fragrances](http://playboy.com/fragrances).

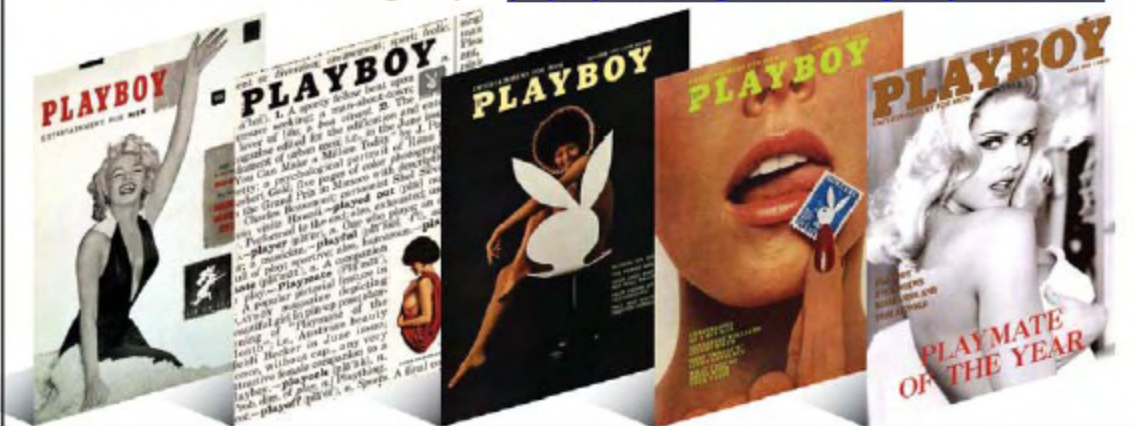


the way we were

## Every Cover Ever

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS (AND COUNTING) OF PLAYBOY FRONTS

Starting with the waving Marilyn Monroe on our first issue's cover, *PLAYBOY* has provided newsstands with some of the most iconic images in magazine history. Each mixes sex appeal, sophistication and (excepting that first issue) a Playboy Rabbit. Peruse them all at our new gallery at [playboy.com/magazine/cover-gallery/index.html](http://playboy.com/magazine/cover-gallery/index.html).



school's in

## Extra Credit

Two items of note for collegians:  
 • *Playboy* is accepting more campus reps than ever before, in five concentrations: **Playboy Style** for the fashion-conscious, **Playboy U** for social networkers, **Playboy Mobile** for gadget geeks, **Rock the Rabbit** for music lovers and the original *Playboy Magazine* for those interested in the periodical you're reading right now. Sign up at [playboyu.com](http://playboyu.com).  
 • Aspiring Updikes should enter *PLAYBOY*'s 24th Annual College Fiction Contest. The winning story will be published in *PLAYBOY*—details at [playboy.com/cfc](http://playboy.com/cfc).

just add water

## Jazz Greats Set Sail

THERE'S NO COOLER EVENT THAN THE PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL, EXCEPT PERHAPS THE PLAYBOY JAZZ CRUISE

This summer the Playboy Jazz Festival celebrated its 30th anniversary, and what better way to mark the milestone than a trip to exotic ports of call? In a sense, the festival will do that with the inaugural Playboy Jazz Cruise. The cruise alone is an extravaganza: The *Westerdam* (passenger capacity of 1,848, crew of 800) sets sail from Fort Lauderdale on January 25 for a weeklong Caribbean tour that includes stops at San Juan, St. Barts, Nevis and the private island of Half Moon Cay. Afternoons and evenings will feature performances by jazz masters, with special guest Herbie Hancock perched atop a bill that includes bassist (and cruise host) Marcus Miller, vocalist Dianne Reeves, guitarist Keb' Mo' and saxophonist James Moody. For music lovers it's the ultimate romantic getaway.


To book a spot call 866-923-7269 or visit [playboyjazzcruise.com](http://playboyjazzcruise.com).



PLAY HARD.  
PLAY HARD.

PRESS TO PLAY



VEGAS PLAYBOY  A NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

movie of the month

## Body of Lies

TRUST NO ONE IN RIDLEY SCOTT'S LATEST

By Stephen Rebell

The new thriller *Body of Lies* stars Russell Crowe as a seasoned CIA boss who teams with journalist turned operative Leonardo DiCaprio to hunt down a terrorist kingpin. But don't mention the CIA around the film's director, Ridley Scott. "Those three letters are such a cliché, aren't they?" says the director of *Blade Runner* and *Alien*. "This movie is based on a fascinating book by David Ignatius, whose 30-year passion has been the Middle East, and it's a book of unusual density and knowledge of how things function at that level of the undercover world. It would be too pat to see the relationship between Russell's and Leonardo's characters as simply that of an older functionary and a younger operator. Instead of a buddy thing, we did it as a film that says, 'Trust no one, not even your best friend. If you do, you'll get dangled, get your ass kicked, become bait and not even know it—or die.'" Scott acknowledges the potential intensity of his directing Crowe for the fourth time and DiCaprio for the first. "After our baptism of fire with *Gladiator*, Russell and I have cut away all the crap," says Scott. "We're past the waltzing around, and now we get straight to it. Working with Leo was one of the better experiences I've had. He's fun, smart, ready and a very talented actor. We forget that, by start-



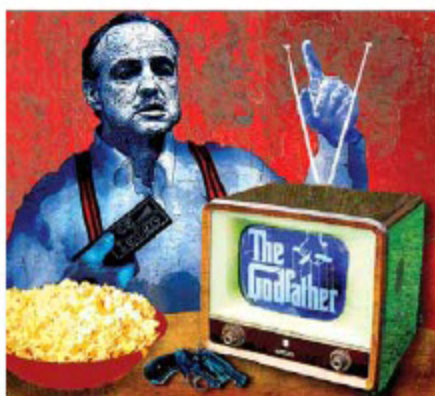
ing his career when he was a child, he has been in the business almost as long as I have." As for the cinematic ride that Scott, DiCaprio and Crowe have in store for audiences this time, the director says, "It's frenetic. Although Russell's character is benign, he's probably killing you gently as he turns the other cheek."

dvd of the month

## The Godfather: The Coppola Restoration

THE CORLEONES GET READY FOR THEIR HIGH-DEF CLOSE-UP

First released on DVD in a slick 2001 collection, Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather* trilogy became one of the format's early must-have boxed sets. As the technology advanced in the following years, however, many fans grew disappointed with the muddy look of the films after enjoying so many remastered classics on DVD and, more recently, Blu-ray. Now *The Coppola Restoration* (also on Blu-ray), Paramount's lustrous repackaging of the three *Godfather* films, features full restorations of *The Godfather* and *The Godfather Part II*, as well as a remastered *Godfather Part III*. "Emulsional Rescue: Revealing *The Godfather*," one of the new documentaries included in the set, shows how archivists converted elements from the best prints into extremely high-resolution digital images in a frame-by-frame restoration. The golden hues, the low-lit

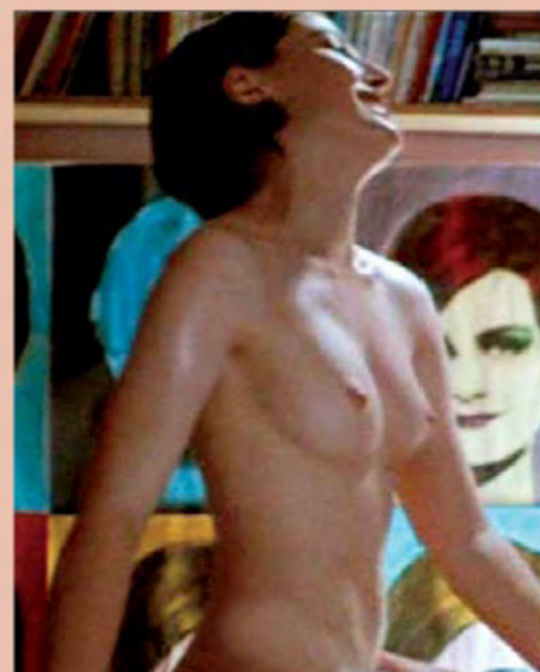


interiors that ground the family life at the saga's core, the cars, the clothes and even De Niro's mole are all clean, consistent and, as Coppola himself says in the documentary, "much more beautiful than I ever remembered."

In addition to "Emulsional Rescue," the package contains several other superbly produced featurettes plus all the excellent special features from the 2001 discs. An impressive parade of filmmakers—including Steven Spielberg, George Lucas, Trey Parker, Kimberly Peirce and Guillermo del Toro—explains why these three movies remain significant cultural landmarks. *The Godfather: The Coppola Restoration* faces little competition for 2008's best overall DVD release and promises to be a revelatory experience in high definition on Blu-ray. ★★★★★ —Greg Fagan

Now showing: Oliver Stone targets George Bush in *W.*; Simon Pegg learns *How to Lose Friends & Alienate People*; Bill Maher gets *Religulous*. Read more at [playboy.com](http://playboy.com).

tease frame



Kelly Macdonald plays an underage seductress who gets her fix atop Ewan McGregor in *Trainspotting* (pictured). Catch her next in the movie adaptation of Chuck Palahniuk's novel *Choke*.



**CHRIS**

**ROCK**



AN HBO® COMEDY EVENT

**KILL THE MESSENGER**

SOUTH AFRICA, LONDON, NEW YORK...HBO

**SAT, SEPT 27**  
**9PM ET / 10PM PT**



©2009 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO® is a service mark of Home Box Office, Inc.



body movin'

## Gym Class Heroes

**SAMPLE-HAPPY SPORTS GET REAL ON NEW LP**

On 2006's *As Cruel As School Children*, the group borrowed liberally from such iconic and ironic treasures as Jermaine Stewart's "We Don't Have to Take Our Clothes Off" and Supertramp's "Breakfast in America." The album became one of the biggest of the year but also took heat from music-nerd blogs. The follow-up, *The Quilt*, featuring everyone from Daryl Hall to Busta Rhymes, ditches all the samples in favor of live instrumentation and puts frontman Travis McCoy's lyricism at the fore. McCoy checked in with us between Warped Tour sets.

**Q:** Have you felt underappreciated in the hip-hop community?

**A:** People just heard "Cupid's Chokehold" and said, "That's that band that sings old 1980s songs." I don't think people took me seriously as a rapper. On this album we made for damn sure people would know I'm a force to be reckoned with when it comes to lyricism.

**Q:** Was there a hip-hop scene in upstate New York, where you grew up?

**A:** No. There was just the hardcore scene in Syracuse. All of us were big hardcore fans, and here I was, this six-foot-five black kid smoking blunts before shows, with all these straight-edge kids. I was looking at them like, "Say something. I dare you."

**Q:** Who parties more, Daryl Hall or Busta Rhymes?

**A:** I would go with Busta, but I respect Daryl Hall's gangsta ways more. He parties in a nonchalant and chill way because he's a wine drinker. But putting Busta Rhymes and Daryl Hall in the same sentence is already weird. —Jason Newman

"A lot of indie music looks inward, but we try to look right at the audience. It's our hearts to their hearts and our groins to their groins."—Paul Banwatt of electro duo Woodhands, whose debut LP, *Heart Attack*, comes out this month



game of the month

## A Force Play at Home

**THE BEST STAR WARS PREQUEL IS...A GAME?**

The Jedi are gifted with overwhelming power but forbidden from using its most destructive aspects. Because this key restriction animates much of the drama in the *Star Wars* universe, the catharsis in seeing a Force user go on a wanton killing spree is considerable—like watching a concert pianist slam out a note-perfect rendition of "Purple Haze" and then set the keys ablaze. Such are the pleasures of *Star Wars: The Force Unleashed* (360, PC, PS2, PS3, Wii), in which the House That George Built kicks out its most compelling storytelling since *The Empire Strikes Back* while also delivering a brutally thrilling combat system that shows just what kind of havoc a thoroughly trained Sith can muster. Lucas's sure-footed instinct for scenario and plot has too often been undermined by tin-ear dialogue and the shortcomings of his lead actors (e.g., Tatooine beats Mark Hamill). Using a game to tell this story is genius, allowing us to experience its setting and events the way we were always meant to—without Hayden Christensen getting in the way. Every inch of *The Force Unleashed* feels alive, from the halls of its star destroyers to the fungi-filled fields of Felucia. Being evil has never been so good. ★★★ —Scott Alexander



VISIT PLAYBOY'S expanded games universe at [playboy.com/games](http://playboy.com/games), featuring additional reviews of paint-splattered platformer *De Blob* (Wii), the tiny adventures of *Lego Batman* (all platforms) and off-road racer *Pure* (360, PC, PS3).

**SPORE** (Mac, PC) Evolve a life-form from the ocean onto land, into tribes, across a planet and into outer space, all in about 12 hours. An impish and blazingly intelligent masterpiece. ★★★ —S.A.

**MERCENARIES 2: WORLD IN FLAMES** (360, PC, PS3) An over-the-top delight that rewards creativity. If you can see it, you can steal it, bounty-hunt it or blow it up. ★★★½ —Chris Hudak

**FACEBREAKER** (360, PS3) We dig arcade-style boxing but ethnic stereotypes...not so much. When creepy Latin lovers battle dreadlocked voodoo practitioners, everybody loses. ★★ —Scott Jones

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

## THE ONLY CORNERS WE CUT ARE ON THE PACK

There's no real pleasure in taking shortcuts. For Davidoff, our uncompromising attitude starts from the ground up in the fertile soils of the world, where carefully selected tobacco plants flourish under meticulous care. Only the highest grade leaves are chosen for a deeply rich and consistently satisfying blend. Superior papers are selected for a smoother, more even burn. Our filter is more luxurious in feel, while our world-renowned beveled-edge pack is made to protect the uniquely crafted cigarettes inside. Some might say this is pure indulgence.

We say that's exactly the point.

FOR A CLOSER LOOK, VISIT [WWW.DAVIDOFFCIGARETTESUSA.COM/WELCOME](http://WWW.DAVIDOFFCIGARETTESUSA.COM/WELCOME)

LIFE IS RICH

*Davidoff*  
CIGARETTES



# R A W D A T A

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### what they're thinking



**88%** of American women say they would be more attracted to a man who has a hot new fuel-efficient car than a hot new sports car.

### Generation Huh?

In 1966 **60%** of college freshmen said it was important to be informed about politics. In 2005 **36%** did.



### Hugs, Not Glugs

According to the University of Minnesota, nearly **78%** of the state's college students are sexually active, yet only **71%** drink alcohol.

### Bigger MOCs

**39%** of collegians are considered clinically overweight.



### Hot Sex

To help them cope with the polar winter's total darkness (or at least stay warm at night), the skeleton crew of **125** at the McMurdo research base in Antarctica receives an annual supply of **16,500** condoms, or **132** for each resident.



### Crashers

London's *Daily Mail* reported a survey of Heathrow Airport that found **111** homeless people living full-time in the terminal.

### Sharp Turns

Since UPS began mapping routes to maximize right and minimize left turns, it has cut the time trucks spend idling and saved more than **3.3 million** gallons of gas.



### Barreling On

Number of active rotary oil rigs drilling for crude in the U.S.:

1988: **554** 1999: **128** 2007: **297**

### Buicks, Guns and Money

Max Motors in Butler, Missouri offered car buyers a choice of incentives: **\$250** in gas money or a gift certificate for a handgun. **80%** of buyers took the gun.



### Window Pain

Talk about bad luck. Ornithologists estimate that in the United States at least **100 million** birds are killed each year by colliding with windows and glass doors. The poor bastards never see it coming.



### Which of You A-holes Stole My F'ing Cheese?

When *TheLadders.com* asked business executives to name the worst fireable offenses in the workplace, **35%** said drinking on the job, **38%** cited cursing and other lewd behavior, and **28%** said making too many personal calls. **98%** of nonexecutives consider stealing from the office refrigerator to be among the worst office sins.



### Victory Cigars

Despite the U.S. embargo on all products made in Cuba, the island nation managed to export **\$402 million** worth of cigars last year.

### price check

## \$1,200,000

The winning bid on the original artwork for a 1932 *Tintin* comic-book cover, a new record for original comic-book art.



Available at Fine Department Stores

# DAVIDOFF ADVENTURE

FEATURING  
EWAN MCGREGOR



[www.adventure-parfums.com](http://www.adventure-parfums.com)

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

# INTRODUCING TURBOHD™ by DISH NETWORK

The Only 100% HD Service



Television Sold Separately

### TurboHD exclusive feature set:

- All channels delivered in HD
- 1080p VOD – same resolution as Blu-Ray® Disc
- Best picture for any TV
- Multi-room DVR capability

Best HD DVR Available – Better than TiVo®  
(cnet.com review 2/19/08)



Over 100 HD Channels Available  
Up to 150 by end of the year

1.888.347.4733  
dishnetwork.com/turbohd



HD programming requires an HD receiver and HD television (sold separately). HD programming will be converted to standard definition when viewed on non-HD TVs. Local channels and Regional Sports Networks (in standard and high definition) available in select markets, and subject to additional monthly charges. Movies on Demand require additional fees to view.

All prices, packages and programming subject to change without notice. Local and state sales taxes may apply. Hardware and programming sold separately. All DISH Network programming, and any other services that are provided, are subject to the terms and conditions of the promotional agreement and Residential Customer Agreement, available at [www.dishnetwork.com](http://www.dishnetwork.com) or upon request. Local channels packages by satellite are only available to customers who reside in the specified local Designated Market Area (DMA). Local channels may require an additional dish antenna from DISH Network, installed free of any charges with subscription to local channels at time of initial installation. Significant restrictions apply to DISH Network hardware and programming availability, and for all offers. A \$5.96 per month DISH Network DVR Service fee will be charged for each DVR receiver. Customer must subscribe to qualifying HD programming or a \$7.00/mo. HD Enabling fee will apply. Social Security Numbers are used to obtain credit scores and will not be released to third parties except for verification and collection purposes only or if required by governmental authorities. ESPN and ESPN2 programming subject to change and blackout restrictions, and is licensed separately for residential and commercial use. Some games telecast locally may also be included in ESPN packages. FOX Sports Networks programming subject to blackout restrictions and licensed for residential use only. See your DISH Network Retailer, DISH Network product literature or the DISH Network website at [www.dishnetwork.com](http://www.dishnetwork.com) for complete details and restrictions. All service marks and trademarks belong to their respective owners. © 2008, DISH Network L.L.C. All rights reserved. HBO®, HBO HD™, HBO2™, HBO Zone®, HBO Signature®, HBO Family®, HBO Latino®, HBO Comedy® and Cinemax HD™ are service marks of Home Box Office, Inc. Showtime and related marks are registered trademarks of Showtime Networks Inc. Starz and related channels and service marks are the property of Starz Entertainment, L.L.C.



## Rockin' Rolls

The new ride from the ultimate name in bespoke automobiles

WHEN WE TOOK a spin in the new Rolls-Royce, the Phantom Coupe, from its works (Britspeak for factory) in Goodwood to the English Channel, then dashed across France through the Jura Mountains to Geneva, suffice it to say we were bloody impressed. Despite its nearly three tons of bulk, the car is agile and swift, moving like a big blitzing linebacker wearing a Savile Row suit. When you're cruising at 100 miles per hour, a power-reserve meter (there's no tachometer) advises you that 90 percent of the whisper-quiet 48-valve V12's 453 bhp awaits your command should you choose to whisk past lesser mortals. From a standstill you'll hit 60 mph in 5.7 seconds and carry on until the rev limiter spoils the fun at 149 mph. Charge into a bend and there's a smidge of body roll, a mild tire protest. The car grips the tarmac and carries on. Today's thoroughly modern Rolls shares selected bits with the BMW 7 Series (BMW now owns Rolls-Royce), including Dynamic Stability Control, Dynamic Traction Control and six air bags. Should you choose to buy one, you can pick from 44,000 colors, knowing that, prior to delivery, the car will be polished by hand for five hours. In other words, the new Rolls is exactly what you'd expect from the long-revered British automaker. The Phantom Coupe is on sale starting at about \$400,000—though bear in mind this hand-built car requires a four-month wait. For more of our test-drive and photos, see [playboy.com/cars](http://playboy.com/cars).

## Shameless Plug

LET'S BE CLEAR: We welcome the proliferation of gadgets in our lives. What we do not welcome is the proliferation of charging cables that seems to attend them, not to mention their ensuing tangles. Thankfully, help is available in the form of Bluelounge's Sanctuary (\$130, [bluelounge.com](http://bluelounge.com)), a wee box with built-in chargers for most phones and small gadgets (plus a vanilla USB charging slot). Just plug it into the wall, thread the cords you need up through the base, find your electronic happy place and breathe.



## About Time

NOSTALGIA IS THE natural enemy of novelty. Sure, wearing Grandpa's Rolex feels good, but it can also make you look like a bit of a relic yourself. Bellum ([bellumconcepts.net](http://bellumconcepts.net)) lets you have it both ways. The company specializes in updating vintage watches with modern accoutrements, from laser etching to stingray-skin bands. Finished watches run anywhere from \$4,000 to \$20,000, and you can send in your own vintage timepiece for a 21st century update. Pictured here is a 1990s Bellum Classic Tag Heuer with a custom laser-etched band for \$5,700.



**Let George Do It**

THERE ARE NOW 17 hojillion iPod-dock stereo systems on the market. This is the one to get. It's from Chestnut Hill, so impeccable sound is a given. But the George system (\$500, [chillsound.com](http://chillsound.com)) is far more than a set of speakers. Its primary control panel is a remote (the middle piece is removable) that gives you total iPod mastery (not just back, forward, play and pause) wherever you roam. That the remote doubles as an alarm clock is icing on the cake. Miles Davis in the morning will change your whole day.



**Shoot 'Em Up**

OVER THE PAST few years a new category of cameras has emerged on the market. You can call them souped-up point-and-shoots or stripped-down SLRs, but at the end of the day classification is superfluous—the point is they offer a unique blend of features, convenience and price. Take Olympus's 10-megapixel SP-565 UZ (\$400, [olympus.com](http://olympus.com)), which has a fixed lens but all the manual control of an SLR, plus a 20X optical zoom. Most surprising of all, when its lens is retracted, it will fit in your pocket without making you look like Quasimodo.

**Desktop Hardware**

ONCE IN A while you find something you didn't know you wanted all your life until you learned it existed. So it was when we stumbled on Dale Mathis's Executive Desk (\$20,000, [theartofdalemathis.com](http://theartofdalemathis.com)), which marries the gears and rotors of a 19th century factory with Dalí-esque 20th century baroque surrealism to give you a space on which to do your 21st century business. Inspired by hot rods, cranes, Edison and Freud, Mathis, a self-taught Las Vegas-based sculptor, hand makes all his pieces, sometimes hand carving individual gears. And yes, when you turn it on, it all moves.





# SONY

Sony® recommends Windows Vista® Home Premium



## Watch computer.

The Sony VAIO® LT PC/HDTV with Intel® Core™ 2 Duo processor.  
Born out of Sony HD technology. Learn more at [sony.com/hdna](http://sony.com/hdna)



© 2008 Sony Electronics Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. Sony, VAIO and the Sony, VAIO and HDNA logos are trademarks of Sony. Features and specifications are subject to change. Screen image simulated. © 2008 Sony Pictures Television Inc. All rights reserved. Windows Vista is a trademark of the Microsoft Corporation. Intel, the Intel logo, Intel Core, and Core Inside are trademarks of Intel Corporation in the U.S. and other countries.



## THE WORLD'S ONLY PLAYBOY CLUB.

Located at the Palms Casino Resort in Las Vegas – 8pm – Nightly.  
Features blackjack, roulette, dancing, the world famous Playboy Bunnies,  
and the most incredible views of the Las Vegas Strip.

[www.playboyclublasvegas.com](http://www.playboyclublasvegas.com) | 702.942.6832

**PALMS**  
[www.palms.com](http://www.palms.com)

# The Playboy Advisor

I went clubbing this past weekend with my best friend and her boyfriend. After the club closed we went back to her place. She was totally wasted and started to blow her boyfriend in the kitchen. I felt frisky and started touching myself as I watched. Finally, I squatted next to her, and we took turns sucking on him. Despite my asking him not to come in my mouth—and his promise that he wouldn't—he did. I didn't mean to swallow, but my reflex took over. I know he is clean, so I won't get some nasty disease, but I still tried to puke when I got home. I'm feeling tremendous guilt about swallowing his load. A part of me wants to tell my boyfriend, but the other part tells me it was a fluke that will never happen again. Should I tell my boyfriend, who is the jealous type, or just forget about it?—T.C., Medina, Ohio

*Are we behind the times? It's okay to blow another guy if you don't swallow? We would not mention the sucking or your swallow "reflex" to your boyfriend, although that's no guarantee he won't find out. Stay in the good graces of your friend and her boyfriend and hope she doesn't dump him. Most guys would have a hard time keeping this to themselves under the best of circumstances.*

After a long period of being single I find myself with strong feelings for two women. I am more physically attracted to the first woman; we share the same sense of humor and both enjoy music and sports. She is social and articulate—the kind of woman you love to take to dinner parties. Unfortunately, we also argue and have contrasting views on some big issues, such as religion and politics. The second woman is not as graceful, but we are more connected when it comes to our views. She doesn't turn me off physically but doesn't really turn me on. However, she would likely be a more trustworthy and loyal partner. I could see myself marrying either of these women and am struggling with which one to let go. Any advice on how to make the best possible decision?—M.E., Detroit, Michigan

*You're overlooking a third option: Neither woman is right for you. Both relationships are teaching you valuable lessons about what you're looking for in a partner, and you may yet meet someone who combines their best qualities.*

Do some cheeses go better with wine than others?—B.L., Portersville, Pennsylvania

*Many people believe cheese enhances wine; Homer describes the ancient Greeks grating goat cheese directly into their goblets. In fact, it appears cheese dulls the flavor of red wine, which can be a godsend if you're serving plonk. "Fine cheese, with its unique, creamy mouthfeel and salty, savory character, can transform even a simple workaday wine into a celestial beverage," says Willie Gluckstern, author of *The Wine**



*Avenger. In 2005 enologists at the University of California, Davis confirmed this perception in an experiment with 11 tasters who found that every one of eight cheeses muted a sample of eight reds, possibly by coating the palate with fat and salt. Gluckstern notes that whites and sparkling wines, which have more acidity and less alcohol, are often better suited for cheese. Some suggestions for balancing salt and sweet from the folks at [Artisanal Premium Cheese \(artisanalcheese.com\)](http://Artisanal Premium Cheese (artisanalcheese.com)): goat cheese with light-bodied whites; sheep cheese, Parmigiano-Reggiano and Gouda with any number of reds; triple-crèmes with sparkling wines, pinot noir or chardonnay; coated-rind cheeses such as Brie with light to medium reds; washed-rind types like Muenster with Riesling or Alsatian gewürztraminer; cheddar with medium- to full-bodied whites; and blue cheese with sweet wines, such as Stilton paired with a tawny port or Roquefort with Sauternes.*

I'm dating a woman who becomes sexually aroused when I rub her eyeballs. She'll grab my finger and press it to the surface of her eye and rub it back and forth. She has climaxed a couple of times from this. Have you ever heard of an "eyegasm"?—J.B., Houston, Texas

*We were introduced to this possibility by the 1978 film *An Unmarried Woman*: "There ain't nothin' wrong with a good old-fashioned eyeball orgasm." Frankly, we are never surprised anymore by what can make a woman come. But we are curious: How did your lover discover this was a turn-on? And is it masturbating if she rubs her own eyes?*

In July you answered a question about infidelity, telling a reader who was cheating on his wife, "You made a commitment. If you can't keep your end of the bargain, leave." But doesn't the commitment go both ways?

In other words, is it fair for one spouse to decide neither partner is going to have sex? If talking and encouraging your spouse do no good, what are the options? I'm not saying infidelity is good or right, but I believe for many of us the choices are a marriage without sex, a marriage with infidelity or divorce.—D.D., Lacey, Washington

*No, it's not fair. What often happens is the spouse with the higher sex drive begins to resent his or her spouse but also feels bad about any desire to leave based "solely" on the lack of physical intimacy. In her book *The Sex-Starved Marriage*, therapist Michele Weiner-Davis sends this message to the spouse with the lower libido: "I urge you to consider the unfairness of the tacit agreement you have had with your spouse so clearly pointed out in Pat Love's excellent book *The Truth About Love*. It goes something like this: 'I know you're sexually unhappy. Although I don't plan on doing anything about it, I still expect you to remain faithful.' Can you see what's wrong with this picture?" Weiner-Davis suggests the hornier spouse should first consider that his or her ideas about why a partner doesn't want sex are likely "inaccurate and destructive." Her book examines some of the many reasons a person may lose interest. However, its subtitle is *A Couple's Guide to Boosting Their Marriage Libido*—i.e., it's a team effort. If your spouse isn't willing to negotiate or even discuss this problem, as you would with any other conflict, there are likely other serious fissures in the relationship.*

Which is true: Beautiful women don't get asked out often because most men are too intimidated, or beautiful women get approached often, as claimed by the pickup artist who wrote *The Mystery Method*?—D.C., Edmonton, Alberta

*Beautiful women get hit on all the time, but some are more perceptive than others.*

I married a woman with two great kids, ages nine and 12. We want to start saving for college and have looked at 529 plans. Which do you recommend? Should we even be saving at all? We've heard saving for retirement is more important.—B.S., Fort Worth, Texas

*Most advisors recommend you first maximize contributions to your retirement funds because employers typically match them and you can always borrow money to pay for college. Once you're on the right course for retirement, evaluate the various state 529 plans, which are named after the section of the Internal Revenue Code that created them. A great place to start is [Savingforcollege.com](http://Savingforcollege.com), which rates plans by performance and fees. In most cases you don't have to live in a state to invest in its plan, although you won't benefit from any income-tax break provided to residents. Once invested, contributions grow tax-free. Because withdrawals for educational expenses are also tax-free, they are considered parental assets rather than income when*



## Separation

applying for federal financial aid, which works in your favor. However, 529 savings may reduce aid that comes directly from the school.

**A** reader in July asked for the best comeback to someone who says, "I fucked (or used to fuck) your girlfriend." You said you weren't sure because "the conversation would be over." I have a better response: "Really? She feels great once I get past the part you were using." That will shut him up. I would hope the female in question would appreciate that you have a quick wit and had put her ex in his place.—A.L., St. Paul, Minnesota

*Perhaps she would, if you had said something witty. The only reason a guy would make a crack about his ex in the first place is to provoke you, so no retort will "shut him up." Instead, you'll end up in a game of "Your mother is so ugly..." This will demonstrate to your girlfriend not only that you, like her ex, consider her a fuck toy but that she continues to have poor taste in men.*

**Y**our nonanswer demeans the memory of Edmond Rostand's great character Cyrano de Bergerac. Like me, De Bergerac would use wit before the rapier. Advisor, why not admit you're clueless, loosen your shorts and ask what readers think? We may have a few Solomon-like qualities.—R.L. San Francisco, California

*We have great faith in our readers but remain confident about our nonresponse response.*

**W**hat is the etiquette if you see a fight? I feel bad if I see someone getting beaten up, but I'm not sure it's my duty to break up the fight.—D.T., Columbus, Ohio

*Don't risk injury to stop two strangers. If you jump in, they won't know your intentions, so you're likely to be the first one punched. If a friend is confronted, you can attempt to break it up but may not be doing him any favors. David Kaufman of the Martial Arts Law Center ([karatelaw.com](http://karatelaw.com)) points out that many people will grab a friend around the body or by the arm, rendering him defenseless and perhaps giving him the impression he's being attacked from behind. You also don't want to grab the other guy, because that makes it two on one, and you may be held accountable for his injuries. A better move is to face your friend while getting between him and the person he is fighting, says Kaufman, an attorney and black belt who has testified as an expert witness at trials over fights that got out of hand. "Don't forget to hunch your head and back, because you will get hit by the other person" and perhaps by your friend, if he's throwing a punch. But this move is safer for your friend. Alternatively, follow the lead of UFC and boxing referees, who quickly jump between combatants while using their forearms to push them in opposite directions. This works only for fistfights; never leap into the fray if weapons are involved.*

**I**n an age of cell phones and Google why do men continue to deny they're cheating? In the past couple of months two of my girlfriends have discovered their mate's infidelities via phone records. In one case a wife was using her husband's phone and noticed an unfamiliar name. Suspicions aroused, she found her husband proudly listed on the woman's Facebook page as her "boyfriend." Her husband, despite this evidence, denied it. Just today a friend who has been going through a breakup learned the name of the woman her ex is seeing—a name she had spotted on his phone months ago—yet he still denies he was seeing the other woman before their relationship ended. My husband says most men believe the way to react when confronted is to deny, deny, deny. But when the evidence is incontrovertible, why don't they man up and admit they are guilty as charged? It would seem to defuse a lot of fury in the long run.—E.A., Chicago, Illinois

*When a man is that sloppy, we wonder if he wants his wife to know but doesn't have the courage to tell her directly. However, the man in the second case you describe may well have not started dating the woman until after the breakup—he kept her on hold. It's also easier for many men to deny an affair than explain why they had it or face the fact that their dalliance may cost them more than they expected.*

**I**n July, while discussing a reader's "aversion" to big breasts, you wrote that people "don't typically have the opportunity to observe great numbers of human beings naked and to see firsthand that

most are not toned and perfectly lit." As longtime nudists, my wife and I are among the exceptions; we even lived for several months in a New Hampshire nudist colony with 1,000 other people. If you hang around nudists long enough, you learn to recognize them from the rear by their body shape. However, the vast majority of people aren't attractive in the nude.—R.M., Washington, Utah

*True, although love can make anyone sexy.*

**M**y friends and I have been invited to a party the host says will be casual chic. What does that mean exactly? I'm thinking about wearing a black suit without a tie.—T.W., Cleveland, Ohio

*A suit is too much, even without a tie. An example of casual chic, also known as business casual or country club, is a nice pair of pants or jeans (dark in spring and fall, lighter in summer) with a solid-color button-down shirt, sports jacket and black or brown shoes (no pointed toes and no sneakers, although sandals are okay). Keep in mind that your socks should match your pants, not your shoes. In the summer or in temperate climates, try a seersucker or linen jacket. Younger guys typically can do without the jacket, but for anyone older than about 35, it gives you some form and hides any softening in the middle. Not wearing a jacket may also give off the vibe that you should have made more of an effort. Finally, our Fashion Director, Joseph de Acetis, strongly suggests a pocket square to add a touch of color and flair.*

**I**n June you listed a number of online dating services but failed to mention social-networking sites such as MySpace and Facebook. I joined MySpace as a lark after growing tired of the big dating sites, which either had too many women who sounded desperate to meet someone or provided no good matches. I also heard rumors that some sites hire attractive women to show just enough interest to keep guys renewing their monthly membership. With the social-networking sites, you make friends first. It worked out beautifully for me: Last year I connected with a woman who is now my fiancée.—J.V., Jefferson, Georgia

*A good suggestion. Large dating sites also tend to have a lot of turnover because members keep seeing the same faces after a few months, especially if they're searching only for locals.*

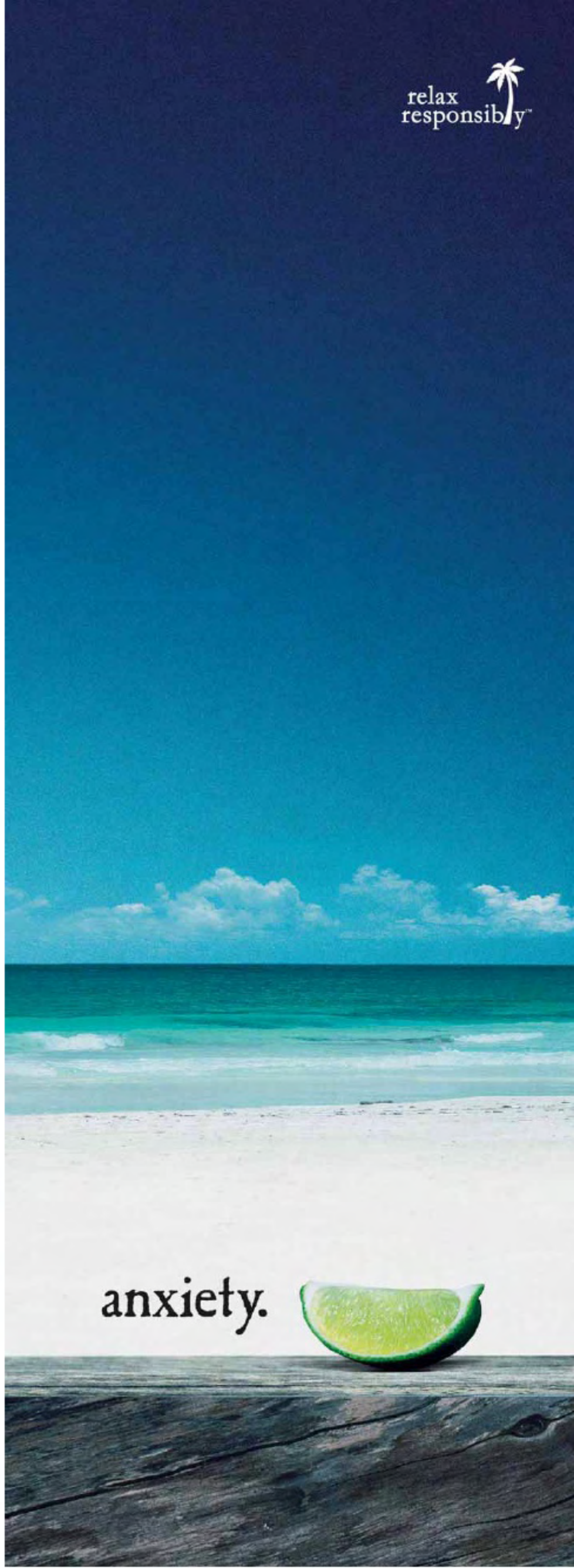
**A** reader wrote in July because the love of his life is not a fan of ass hair. He did not want to wax, but you said it was the quickest and safest option. I don't like my own ass hair, and I have found the simplest method is to apply Nair for Men to my undercarriage. It gives me a smooth behind and coin purse to boot.—J.M., Burbank, California

*Thank you for that image. It's never wise to use a depilatory on the testicles, perineum, anus, nipples or other sensitive areas because of the potential for chemical burns, especially if it's left on for longer than a few minutes. However, we suppose it could remedy a hairy butt.*

**I**'m 46, and my boyfriend is 54. I'm an ex-nympho, and he's an ex-player since having his prostate removed due to cancer. I have no sex drive, and his is very low. When I ask him if we can do better, he says it doesn't bother him. Do relationships like this work? I've never known a man who didn't want sex. Please don't tell me to take hormones, as I'm not interested in going back to my old life. We like and respect each other, and our relationship is quite normal in every other way.—R.W., Sarasota, Florida

*Apparently, they do work. However, we recommend you set aside time each week to get naked together under the sheets. You never know what might develop, and touching and being touched is just a hell of a lot of fun.*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereotypes 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](http://playboyadvisor.com). Our greatest-hits collection, Dear Playboy Advisor, is available in bookstores and online.*



anxiety.



# YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL



30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

## WHICH DECADE IS YOUR FAVORITE? CHECK OUT EVERY PAGE OF EVERY PLAYBOY MAGAZINE FROM 1953 THROUGH 2009 ON FULLY SEARCHABLE DVD-ROMS



For the first time, every single issue in one searchable digital archive! Don't miss your chance to own these collector's-edition box sets—one for each decade. With every issue of *Playboy* ever published—all the stories and interviews and of course, every beautiful photo, in one complete collection. Each collector's box set also comes with a 200-page coffee-table book edited by *Playboy's* founder. Sign up now to be the first to get the *Cover to Cover* box sets for every decade. Includes the powerful Mac- and PC-compatible Bondi Reader, which allows you to search and view every page quickly and easily.

**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE: \$19.95** (plus \$8.95 shipping and handling). Save more than \$50 off the list price of \$100 on your first volume ★ Receive every issue published in the 1950s ★ Full-color coffee-table book ★ Reissue of first edition featuring Marilyn Monroe (a \$25 value).

Review the introductory collector's box set for 30 days. If you're not satisfied, return the set with no further obligation. If you keep it, you'll receive a new *Playboy Cover to Cover* box set approximately every six months for \$69.95 for each volume plus \$8.95 shipping and handling per shipment. There's no minimum to buy. You may cancel future shipments at anytime by calling customer service.

**OWN IT NOW! CALL 800-577-7600 OR GO TO [WWW.PLAYBOYARCHIVE.COM](http://WWW.PLAYBOYARCHIVE.COM)**  
FOR MINIMUM SYSTEMS REQUIREMENTS, GO TO [WWW.PLAYBOYARCHIVE.COM](http://WWW.PLAYBOYARCHIVE.COM)



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

## THE NEW COLD WAR

AS A RESULT OF GLOBAL WARMING, THE CONTOURS OF THE NEXT BIG INTERNATIONAL DISPUTE ARE ALREADY ON THE HORIZON

BY SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK

**O**n July 2, 2008 the National Snow and Ice Data Center in Boulder, Colorado reported that Arctic sea ice is melting much faster than predicted. In fact, the North Pole may briefly be ice-free by this fall.

Until recently the predominant reaction to such news was an ominous call for emergency measures, citing the approach of an unthinkable catastrophe and intimating the time to act is quickly running out. Lately, though, we hear more voices enjoining us to warm to global warming. The pessimistic predictions, we are told, should be put into a balanced context. True, climate change will bring increased resource

competition, coastal flooding, infrastructure damage from melting permafrost and stresses on animal species and the indigenous cultures of the region (all accompanied by ethnic violence, civil disorder and local gang rule). However, we should bear in mind that the hitherto hidden treasures of a new continent will be disclosed, its resources will become accessible, and its land will become suitable for human habitation. In about a year cargo ships will

be able to take a direct northern route, cutting the consumption of fuel and reducing carbon emissions. Big business and state powers are already searching for new economic opportunities, which do not concern only or even primarily “green industry” but which much more simply and directly concern the exploitation of nature opened up by climatic changes.

The contours of a new Cold War are thus appearing on the horizon, and this time it will be a conflict fought in (literally) very cold conditions. On August 2, 2007 a team of Russian explorers planted a titanium capsule with its country’s flag under the ice cap of the North Pole. The Russian claim to the Arctic region is neither for scientific reasons nor an act of propagandistic bravado; rather, its true goal is to secure for Russia the vast energy riches of the Arctic. Indeed, according

to today’s estimates, up to one quarter of the world’s untapped oil and gas may lie under the Arctic Ocean. Russia’s claims are, predictably, opposed by the four other countries whose territory borders the Arctic region: the U.S., Canada, Norway and Denmark (through its sovereignty over Greenland).

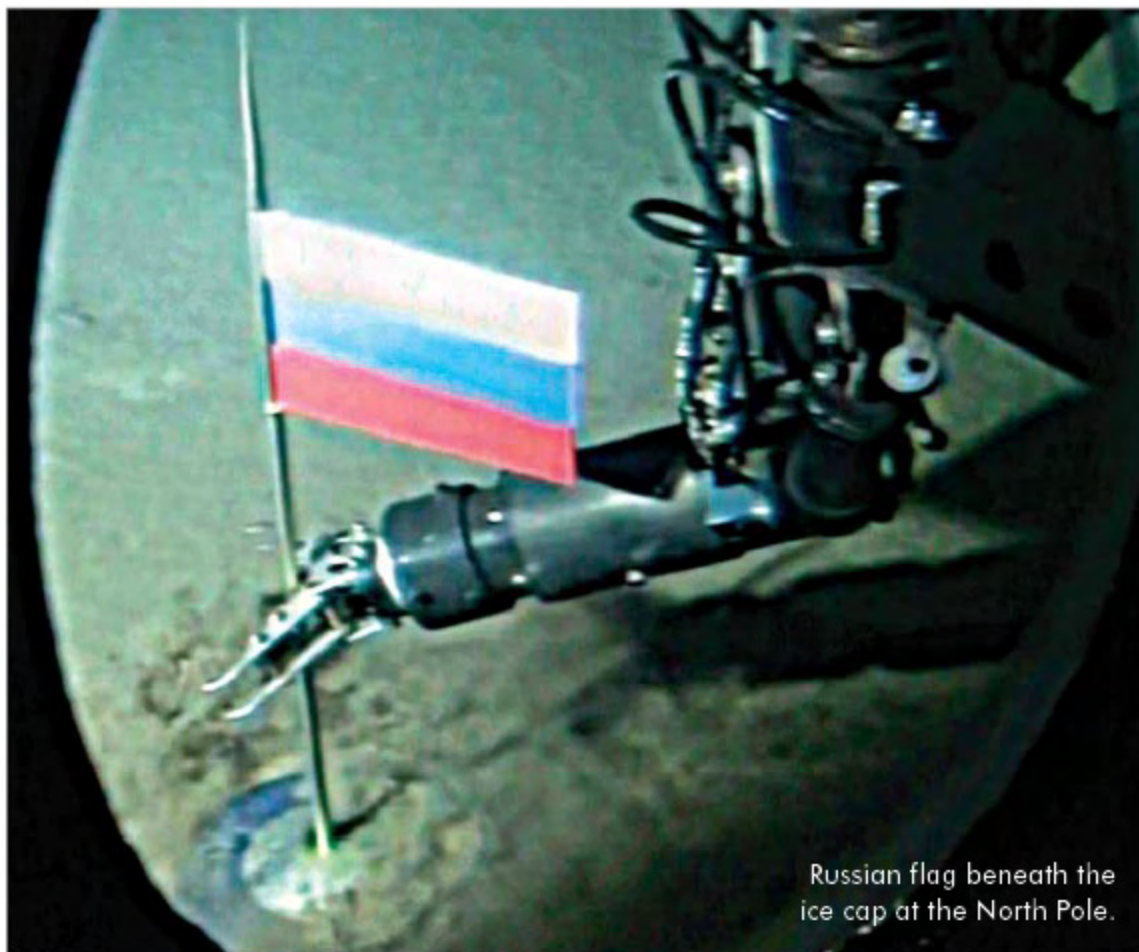
While it is difficult to determine the soundness of these predictions, it is clear an extraordinary social and psychological change is taking place right before our eyes, a change described a century ago by the French philosopher Henri Bergson before the outbreak of World War I. Prior to August 1914 everyone knew war was probable. For decades ominous signs were everywhere, yet

no one really believed it would happen. The day after the war began, people all over Europe accepted it with no fuss as *something that had long been expected*. When a catastrophe occurs, it is “renormalized” and then perceived as part of the normal run of things. An event is experienced as possible only once it really happens. The gap that allows such a paradox is the one between knowledge and belief: We know

the catastrophe (ecological, in our case) is possible, even probable, yet we do not believe it will really happen.

Is this not happening today? A decade ago the use of torture by the U.S. and the participation of neofascist parties in a Western European democratic government were dismissed as ethical catastrophes that were impossible; however, when the impossible happened, we immediately became accustomed to it and accepted it as obvious.

This same direct passage from impossibility to normalization is discernible in how state powers and big capital relate to ecological threats like the meltdown of polar ice. The same politicians and managers who until recently dismissed global warming as the apocalyptic scaremongering of ex-communists—or at least as a premature conclusion based



Russian flag beneath the ice cap at the North Pole.

## TRUTHINESS

IN A POST-FACT SOCIETY, TRUTH IS JUST A BELIEF

By Farhad Manjoo

on insufficient evidence, thus assuring us there is no reason for panic, that basically things will go on as usual—are now suddenly treating global warming as a simple fact, as part of things going on “as usual.” In October 2007 the *International Herald Tribune* published an article about the greening of Greenland, celebrating the new opportunities the melting ice offers to Greenlanders. (They can already grow vegetables on the open land, for instance.) The obscurity of this report was not only its focus on the minor benefit of a global catastrophe; adding insult to injury, it played on the double meaning of “green” in our public speech (“green” for vegetation; “green” for ecological concerns): The fact that more vegetation can grow in Greenland’s soil because of global warming is associated with the rise of ecological awareness.

Such phenomena are another example of how right Naomi Klein is in *The Shock Doctrine*, in which she describes the way global capitalism exploits catastrophes (wars, political crises, natural disasters) to get rid of “old” social constraints and then imposes its agenda on a now clean slate. Perhaps the forthcoming ecological disasters, far from undermining capitalism, will serve as its greatest boost.

What gets lost in this shift is the proper sense of what is actually going on, with all the unexpected traps the catastrophe hides. For example, one of the unpleasant paradoxes of our predicament is that the very attempts to counteract other ecological threats may contribute to the warming at the poles: The ozone hole helps shield the interior of the Antarctic from global warming, so if it were to be healed, the Antarctic could quickly catch up with the warming of the rest of the earth.

One thing at least is sure: While it used to be fashionable to talk about the dominant role of intellectual labor in our postindustrial societies, now materiality is reasserting itself with a vengeance in all its aspects, from the forthcoming struggle for scarce resources (food, water, energy, minerals) to environmental pollution. We should definitely exploit the opportunities opened up by global warming, but we should never forget we are dealing with a tremendous social and natural catastrophe—and that these opportunities are by-products of this catastrophe, which we should fight with all our means. In adopting a so-called balanced view, we act like those who plead for a balanced view of Hitler. True, he killed millions in the camps, but he also abolished unemployment and inflation, built highways and made the trains run on time.

*Slavoj Žižek is author of Violence: Six Sideways Reflections and In Defense of Lost Causes.*

In late February Republican presidential candidate John McCain was at a town hall meeting in Texas when the mother of an autistic child asked him an easy question: Did he believe there was a link between her son’s condition and childhood vaccines?

This was an easy question because science has given us a definitive answer: There is no link. For the bet-

most comprehensive study, published in 2007 in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, concluded there is no “causal association between early exposure to mercury from thimerosal-containing vaccines... and deficits in neuropsychological functioning” in young children.

But in his response to the mother in Texas McCain painted a different



If you ignore the facts, the plane that hit the Pentagon on 9/11 was a missile.

ter part of a decade vocal advocacy groups, many founded by aggrieved parents of autistic children, have pushed the notion that the neurological disorder may be caused by thimerosal, a mercury-based preservative used in vaccines in the United States between the 1930s and the late 1990s. Their claims have taken hold; online, in books and magazines, and on TV, including *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, parents of autistic children have called on Americans to refrain from vaccinating their newborns. A cottage industry of autism treatments has grown around these claims, with herbalists and natural healers advocating sometimes-dangerous “mercury leaching” remedies for children who suffer from the disorder.

Several scientific investigations have found no evidence to support the vaccine theory of autism. The

picture of the science behind vaccines and autism. There is “strong evidence that indicates that it’s got to do with a preservative in vaccines,” McCain said. The Arizona senator is not the only presidential contender who adopts a view disproved by scientists. Barack Obama has called research into the autism-vaccine link “inconclusive,” and former candidate Hillary Clinton says she supports more research on the matter—despite the fact that, to the medical community, the question is considered answered.

Welcome to the “post-fact” society. The claim that autism is caused by vaccines is just one of a number of unproven, unsupported ideas that have lately garnered a significant following across the land. Online, various ad hoc groups also push the notions that HIV is not the cause of



AIDS, the 9/11 attacks were carried out by the government, Republicans stole the 2004 election and there really were weapons of mass destruction in Iraq in 2003. Have you heard the one about how Obama is secretly a Muslim?

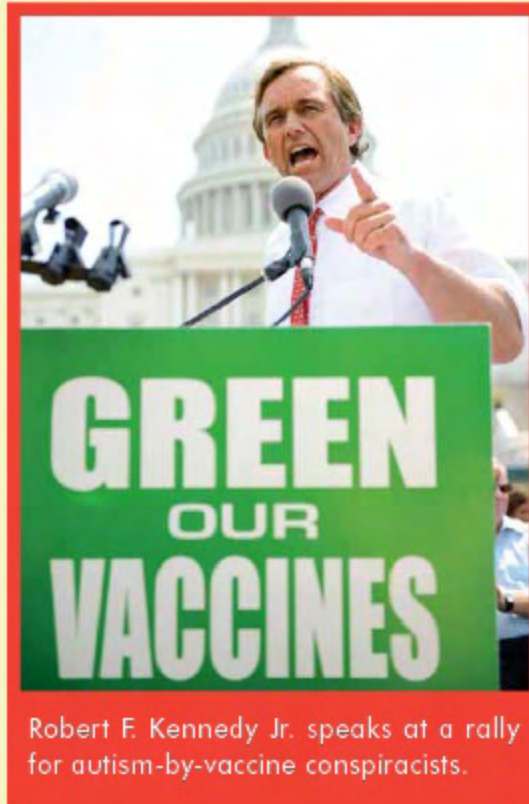
Each of these claims has been definitively struck down, debunked by scientific research and exhaustive investigation, but the rumors and pseudo-facts persist thanks to the digital revolution, which has given us more information—and more choice over how we navigate that information—than ever. Today on the web, television and radio, you can watch, listen to and read what you want whenever you want. You can seek out and discuss the news that pleases you, dismissing the rest. And you can indulge your political, social or scientific theories, however baseless, with people who think exactly the same way.

As a result, on many of our most contentious national issues—the Iraq war and global warming, for instance—society has splintered. We no longer merely hold opinions different from one another; we also hold different facts.

The problem is not only technological but fueled by human nature. Consider an experiment researchers Timothy Brock and Joe Balloun conducted in the late 1960s. They asked undergraduate students to listen to a series of prerecorded speeches covering a range of topics. The test subjects were told that each of the speeches had been recorded on a cheap tape recorder and were thus marred by static, but the students could reduce the interference for a few seconds by pressing a button in the testing room.

Brock and Balloun monitored when people pressed this button to get a closer listen and when they

left it alone, preferring to ignore the audio recordings. The results were remarkable: When the speaker argued there was a link between cancer and cigarette smoke, undergraduates who didn't smoke were eager to press the button to hear more clearly, but the smokers didn't touch the but-



Robert F. Kennedy Jr. speaks at a rally for autism-by-vaccine conspiracists.

ton, instead choosing static. Yet when researchers played a recording that challenged claims of a link between smoking and cancer, it was the non-smokers who preferred static. Smokers, meanwhile, pressed the button to listen to a speech that comforted them about their habit.

Brock and Balloun's study was one of the first to show that people tend to seek out information confirming their beliefs and avoid information they find unpleasant, an idea psychologists call selective exposure.

The theory goes far in explaining why, when you're online, you often find yourself reading stuff that seems to reinforce what you have long suspected was correct.

Search engines can fuel selective exposure. Type "Pentagon 9/11" into Google, for instance, and you're presented with links pointing to two divergent stories about the terrorist attack: either the official narrative (a Boeing 757 struck the Pentagon) or the unofficial story (it was a missile, not a plane). You're free to jump down either rabbit hole. Like the smokers in Brock and Balloun's study, you can decide, based on your worldview, what version of "truth" you'd like to consume. Whichever you choose, the story will seem true. You'll find photos, eyewitness accounts, expert testimony and all manner of other supporting documents purporting to prove what really happened that day. In time you'll come to conclude that folks who believe otherwise are hopelessly misinformed.

This is how a society splinters. In surveys, a significant minority of Americans say they suspect the U.S. government might have had a hand in the 9/11 attacks, many parents now believe vaccinations may induce autism, and some people on the right believe global warming is a myth manufactured to destroy the economy.

Technology evangelists have long argued that the Internet would liberate us from lies and myths propagated by powerful media organizations. Increasingly, however, it seems as if digital technology is helping us all live in online echo chambers built wholly of our own facts.

*Farhad Manjoo is author of True Enough: Learning to Live in a Post-Fact Society.*

## SCIENCE OVER SOUND BITE: AMANDA PEET STICKS TO HER GUNS

It's refreshing to see a celebrity stand her ground on a science question—particularly when so many politicians and public intellectuals seem to be running scared on such issues. In an interview in *Cookie* magazine, Amanda Peet, who stars in *The Whole Nine Yards* and *Syriana* and plays an FBI agent in this past summer's *X-Files* movie, criticized parents who refuse to vaccinate their kids. A predictable uproar followed. Peet, whose sister and brother-in-law are doctors, stuck to her guns in a statement reacting to critics. While apologizing for her harsh language ("Frankly, I feel that parents who don't vaccinate their children are parasites"), she said, "I still believe the decision not to vaccinate our children bodes for a dangerous future. Vast reductions in immunization will lead to a resurgence of deadly viruses. This is as indisputable as global warming. I know a lot of parents who secretly use as a justification 'Well, enough people are

vaccinating, so therefore we don't have to.' In this era of cynicism it's hard to believe that any corporation, medical or otherwise, has our best interests at heart. But it's irresponsible to suggest that virtually the entire medical community, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and the American Academy of Pediatrics are behind a massive cover-up about vaccine safety. Fourteen studies have been conducted, both in the U.S. and abroad, and these tests are reproducible; no matter where they are administered or who is funding them, the conclusion is the same: There is no association between autism and vaccines. The real question is why the media and journalists are still presenting vaccine safety as a controversy. There are still some fringe scientists who claim HIV is a government conspiracy, but these people do not get a lot of media coverage, as it's accepted that this theory has no medical or biological plausibility."



# READER RESPONSE

## TO CHOOSE OR NOT TO CHOOSE

Randall Terry and pro-life groups such as Operation Rescue fail to understand that abortion isn't always



Protesters mark 35 years of *Roe v. Wade*.

about an unplanned pregnancy ("Will *Roe v. Wade* Continue to Stand?" July). In the interview Terry says his goal is to reach the people who are going to "be tempted to abort their child." However, many women are forced to end the pregnancy of a very wanted baby. The three most terrifying words a woman can hear during a pregnancy are *incompatible with life*. Since abortion is sometimes a medical necessity, it is imperative that it be legal. It never ceases to amaze me that in all the pro-life arguments this angle of the story never comes up.

Adrienne Ratzel  
Little Valley, New York

Terry's statement that "if there is no God, there is no such thing as right and wrong, good and evil" is laughable. How many humans throughout history have been killed in the name of God? I dare say such killings continue to this day. Terry also states that his goal is to make abortion illegal in all 50 states; perhaps he should concentrate his efforts on preventing unplanned or unwanted pregnancies, since doing so would reduce the number of potential abortions. Many in the antiabortion movement also oppose birth control and the teaching of medically accurate sex education in schools. Denying people access to birth control and sex education will result only in more unplanned pregnancies and thus more people seeking abortions. That doesn't seem very logical to me. Terry wants to make abortion illegal again in this country

and take away the right of all women to decide for themselves whether or not to carry a pregnancy to term. He must feel that he, rather than women themselves, knows what is best for them. Spare me, please. Stop trying to stick your nose where it doesn't belong, Mr. Terry.

Ann Moriarity  
Gerald, Missouri

First I would like to commend you for presenting a different point of view in your interview with Terry. It's only by hearing both sides of a story that we can make educated decisions. While Terry means well, making abortion illegal will cause more problems than it solves. Who is going to pay for that child? Most people who get abortions are not financially or mentally ready for the responsibility of raising a child, and Republicans don't like welfare. This planet is stressed enough with its current population. How are we going to feed these extra children when food prices are going up and there are food shortages around the world? How much would gas be if we had millions more drivers on the road? How many wars will we have to fight to get enough oil? People like Terry fail to look at the issue in the context of the big picture. They don't take into account the toll these added children will take on their parents, society and the planet.

Rick Garcia  
Los Gatos, California

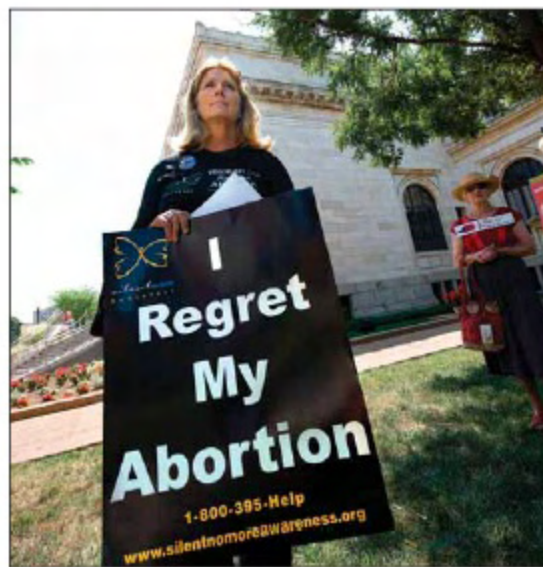
I was horrified after reading Terry's statements. He is trying to tell every woman what her choice should be with



Readers take issue with Randall Terry.

her pregnancy, yet he cannot possibly understand the emotional ramifications of pregnancy, especially in cases involving rape. In addition, he attacks anyone who has a faith different from

his own, saying that only through belief in his god are people and society able to know right from wrong. He seems to believe that those without his religion aren't capable of choosing for themselves what is right and so wishes to choose for everyone. Terry seems to spout his religious beliefs as integral to our nation despite the fact that the nation as a whole is made up of a great number of faiths and beliefs. Morals are not made by faith; they are just reinforced by faith. Overturning *Roe v. Wade* would be detrimental to society and would promote unsafe black-market abortions just as Prohibition



Why do activists often decry birth control?

led to deadly bathtub gin. Perhaps Terry should think beyond himself and his god when trying to save the world.

Ashley Bruels  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Terry's ability to hang his cause on tired Christian values is astoundingly fundamentalist. I found him more incendiary for his chorus of sexist remarks than for his crusade to emotionally bludgeon those who desecrate "the wonder of human life." For example, to make the gross generalization that "most women are law-abiding" as a means to rationalize a lower incidence of back-alley abortions is insulting. He says he has a "far higher view of women than the rhetoric of the pro-abortion movement shows," but he insists on using the same old gender-specific stereotypes.

Tara Stillions  
Los Angeles, California

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

## NEWSFRONT

**Sex as Sickness**

NEW YORK—Acrimonious celebrity divorce cases come and go. But the recent legal wrangling between 1980s supermodel Christie Brinkley and her fourth ex-husband, Peter Cook, left a bad taste in our mouth. It had nothing to do with the particulars of the case but with an expert witness who used several innocuous facts—Cook has slept with 35 partners and likes to view Internet porn—to pathologize sex and desire. Dr. Stephen Herman, a psychiatrist, described Cook using terminology one might expect in a depiction of mental illness—“impulsive, self-destructive, possibly compulsive”—and seemed to suggest he was an unfit father. Herman would do well to check out another recent case, an obscenity trial in Florida in which defense lawyer Lawrence Walters is using Google data to try to establish a more honest community standard, the very flexible legal yardstick used to define obscenity. Walters has shown that in the region where the trial is taking place, Google searches for “orgy” outnumber those for “apple pie” and “watermelon,” among other terms. Using the Google data, he hopes to show “how people really think and feel and act in their own homes.” We’re betting they act about like Peter Cook.

**Flight Fright**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Homeland Security official has expressed interest in a new technology for airline travel: a bracelet that can be used in lieu of a boarding pass. Each electronic ID bracelet would contain personal data about the traveler wearing it and would also enable airline staff to remotely incapacitate passengers, using electro-muscular disruption—the same technology used in Tasers.



Paul Ruwaldt, a DHS official in the Science and Technology Directorate, wrote to the manufacturer, Lamperd Less Lethal, “To make it clear, we [the federal government] are interested in...the immobilizing security bracelet and look forward to receiving a written proposal.”

**Nice Suit**

CINCINNATI—Two recent lawsuits highlight attempts by ordinary citizens to avoid the effects of creeping conservatism. One, brought by the manager of an adult-oriented boutique in Cincinnati, targets a new Ohio law that forces anyone convicted of distributing obscene material—whether porn videos or even the magazine now in

your hands, depending on the leanings of the local district attorney—to register as a sex offender for 15 years. The other lawsuit was brought by Jeremy Hall, a soldier who served two tours of duty in Iraq. During his time there Hall rejected his Baptist upbringing and decided he was an atheist, refusing to join other troops in group prayers during, for instance, an official Thanksgiving dinner. Hall, who is not seeking money but rather assurance of religious freedom, says his career was torpedoed because of his lack of faith. He claims he was denied promotions, among other things, and thinks the military has been unconstitutionally hijacked by religious zealots. Here’s wishing both plaintiffs luck.

**Pay to Play**

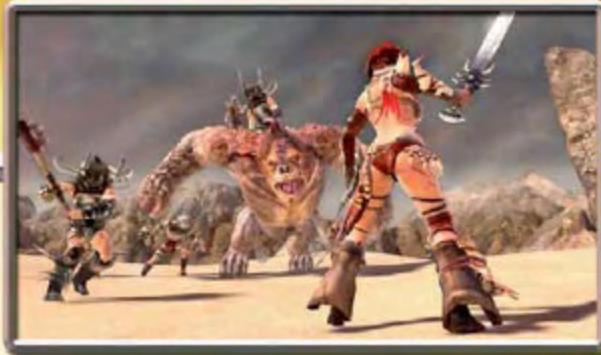
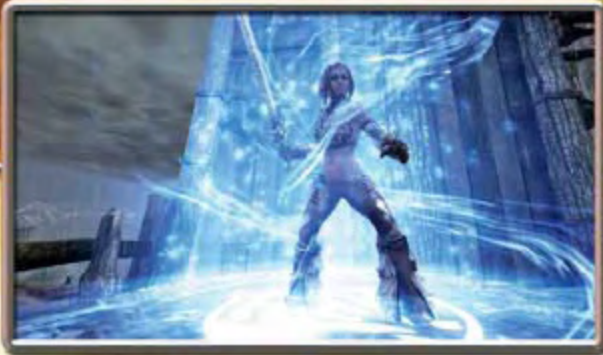
OTTAWA—An intellectual-property lawyer in Canada has questioned whether the U.S. military owes royalties to songwriters such as David Gray, whose “Babylon” is said to be commonly used in Guantánamo and elsewhere to break interrogation subjects. The lawyer, Howard Knopf, says U.S. copyright holders such as BMI and ASCAP pursue similar gray-area royalties by trying to get

hospitals, nursing homes and prisons to pay for public-performance licenses. So why not the Pentagon?

**Stealing With Impunity**

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, TEXAS—It has become routine for police authorities to seize cash and other assets from suspected drug traffickers and money launderers without establishing guilt or tying the money to the suspected crimes. The policy—obviously wrong from the start—is lately attracting attention after a series of scandals prompted inquiries into where the assets end up. While federal seizures are put into a specific fund, state laws vary. In Texas it has emerged that in one Montgomery County case the money went to pay for a margarita machine (which in 2005 was used by the district attorney to win a margarita-making contest at the county fair). Another Texas DA paid for reelection ads; yet another took his department to a training session—in Hawaii.





**DESTROY  
AN ANCIENT EVIL  
WITH BEASTS,  
BLADES AND MAGIC**

# GOLDEN AXE™ BEAST RIDER

[WWW.GOLDENAXETHEGAME.COM](http://WWW.GOLDENAXETHEGAME.COM)



Blood and Gore  
Language  
Partial Nudity  
Violence



PLAYSTATION 3



XBOX 360 LIVE



© SEGA. SEGA is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. SEGA, the SEGA logo and GOLDEN AXE BEAST RIDER are either registered trademarks or trademarks of SEGA Corporation. All rights reserved. SECRET LEVEL is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. SECRET LEVEL and the SECRET LEVEL logo are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Secret Level, Inc. "PlayStation", "PLAYSTATION" and "PS" Family logo are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. Microsoft, Xbox, Xbox 360, Xbox LIVE, and the Xbox logos are trademarks of the Microsoft group of companies and are used under license from Microsoft. The ratings icon is a registered trademark of the Entertainment Software Association. All other trademarks are owned by their respective owners.

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETE WENTZ

*A candid conversation with rock's emo poster boy about marrying Ashlee Simpson, appearing nude on the web and why so many people hate his guts*

"To some," a magazine recently declared, he "is the Antichrist; to others, he's a savior."

Who is this controversial and divisive figure? A politician—Kim Jong Il or Hugo Chavez? Could it be Charles Manson? Maybe L. Ron Hubbard? Rupert Murdoch? No, the polarizing potentate is the bassist and lyricist of the rock band Fall Out Boy.

Actually, that's an inadequate description. Pete Wentz's mightiest instrument is the Internet, and his true job is provocateur. Black-haired and five-foot-seven, usually photographed wearing eyeliner, he is the first web 2.0 rock star: A constant presence online, he has created an interactive relationship with fans enthralled by word-mad songs that sob or elate and comment constantly on their own emotionalism. Self-portraits of Wentz naked with cock in hand dominated the Internet in March 2006 and generated suspicion that he had issued them himself to create buzz. Wentz, 29, even met his wife, 24-year-old pop starlet Ashlee Simpson, via e-mail.

Androgyny has always inflamed fans' hormones ("I'm pretty much half gay," Wentz once said), but eyeliner alone isn't the basis of Wentz's stature. Fall Out Boy's style of music, emo, has surged into the mainstream in the past several years because an entire generation hears its own experiences described in the genre's diaristic lyrics about

tortured romances and crippling self-doubt, and it prizes these scars like priceless jewels. Emo bands don't merely wear their heart on their sleeve—they lift up their sleeve to show the bloody wounds underneath.

The oldest of three kids, Peter Lewis Kingston Wentz III grew up in Wilmette, Illinois, a prosperous Chicago suburb. He seems to have had a typical suburban childhood: He was a talented soccer player, lost his driver's license for repeatedly speeding and enrolled at DePaul University while living at home. Like most suburban tales, Wentz's involves hedge-hidden troubles: a variety of mental-illness diagnoses, a forced stint in boot camp and a medicine cabinet full of prescribed uppers and downers.

After time in several hardcore punk bands, Wentz formed Fall Out Boy—a fan suggested the name, which comes from a passing joke in an episode of *The Simpsons*—with singer-guitarist Patrick Stump, guitarist Joe Trohman and drummer Andy Hurley. They put out their first album in 2003 (Wentz now calls it "embarrassing") and followed it with *Take This to Your Grave*. Island Records noticed their underground following and, coincidentally, had a deal with the band's label, Fueled By Ramen. Their two most recent albums, *From Under the Cork Tree* (2005) and *Infinity on High* (2007), have sold six million copies.

While Fall Out Boy was recording its fifth album, PLAYBOY sent contributing editor Rob Tannenbaum to Wentz's L.A. house for an interview.

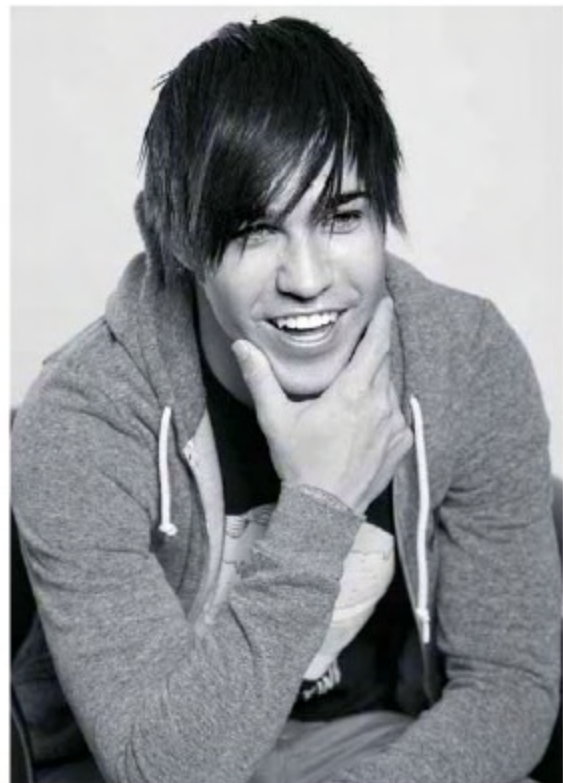
"Wentz has created his own suburban idyll in Beverly Hills. His wife, Ashlee Simpson, copiously pregnant in her second trimester, walked around the house doing arts-and-crafts projects with a friend to pass the time.

"The first day we talked for five hours, sitting in matching armchairs overlooking the hills. When it was over Simpson said to her husband, 'I don't think I'd be able to talk to you for that long.' The next day we had another five-hour talk in the same spot. 'You guys have to be best friends by now, right?' she asked me.

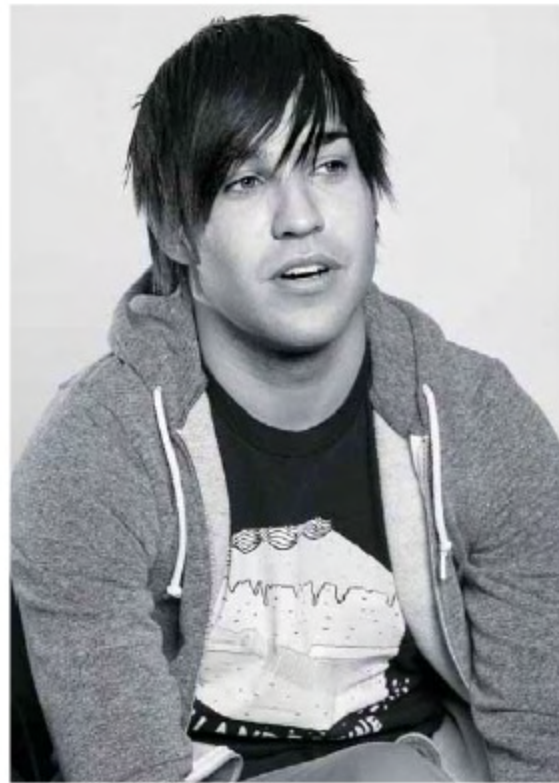
"She also periodically texted him from the kitchen. 'Let me see if I'm in trouble,' he said, checking for a message. Even though the couple try to keep their careers separate—"We don't do too many interviews together," he warned—Simpson gave up her crafts project long enough to talk about what she craves during pregnancy and why she made Wentz chase her so relentlessly."

**PLAYBOY:** Googling you is a fascinating experience. There are so many people who love you and so many who hate you.

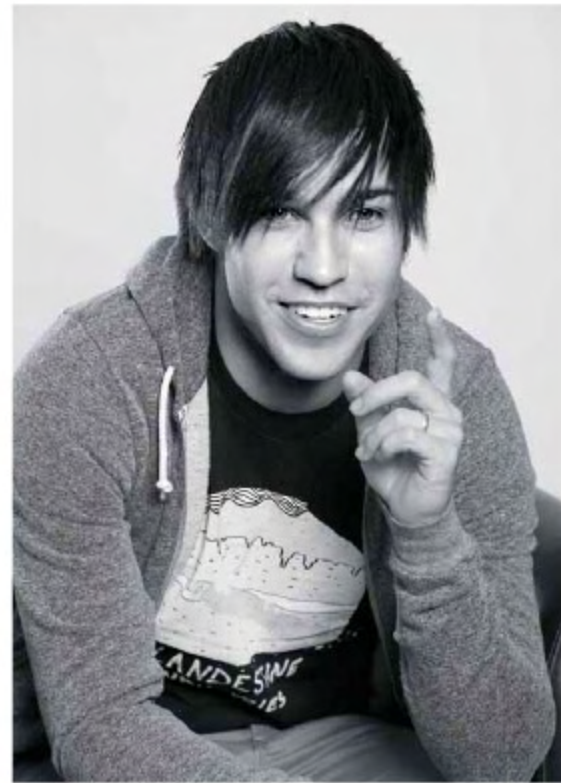
**WENTZ:** I can definitely admit to the



"Life as a famous person in rock is vastly different now in the camera-phone culture. There was no camera phone watching the guys in Led Zeppelin. There's something about the MySpace-Facebook culture that makes me seem more accessible."



"I pulled a trigger on a gun aimed at myself, yes. My friend and I did one pull each. We'd been drinking and had taken Ambien. I feel stupid even talking about it. It's one of the reasons I've never owned a gun—I'm too impulsive."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Ashlee and Jessica are both like Dennis Rodman—they're rebounders. They get back up again. Jessica is America's sweetheart; she's the girl next door but hotter. Ashlee marches to the beat of her own drummer."

different things people like and don't like about me. I'm probably the most outspoken rock musician of my generation. I pretty much say what I'm thinking. And people come up and tell me what they don't like about me.

**PLAYBOY:** Really? We can't imagine Mick Jagger and Bruce Springsteen having the same problem.

**WENTZ:** Life as a famous person in rock is vastly different now in the camera-phone culture. You know, there was no camera phone watching the guys in Led Zeppelin. There's something about the MySpace-Facebook culture that makes me seem more accessible and easier to talk to.

**PLAYBOY:** So when people say what they don't like about you, it's as if they're posting on your MySpace page. What's the connection between Fall Out Boy and MySpace?

**WENTZ:** The biggest connection is that we came up around the same time. We embraced MySpace early on. We were definitely the first band to reach a million friends. We've had astounding successes based on MySpace and Facebook.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think MySpace has enabled a generation of exhibitionists?

**WENTZ:** Everybody wants to be MySpace famous, to have more friends than other people, to have that angle that makes you look hot. It's so out of hand and ridiculous, and I'm sure we contributed to this culture. I have to point a finger at myself for being one of the people who sat there with the building blocks of it. Backstage at shows, fans are far more interested in getting a photo with us than in having a conversation. We live in a Photobucket-Flickr culture where people are constantly documenting their experiences. I'm acutely aware of cameras now, to the point of paranoia. Do you see that big house across the hills from us? I swear I can see a telephoto lens in the window. That's how crazy I am.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't sound enthusiastic about a camera-phone culture.

**WENTZ:** Ten years from now we'll know what it did to a generation. Like when our country was Ritalin-obsessed and then 10 years later decided, "Oh, Ritalin's pretty much like speed. That might not have been a good idea for everyone to be prescribed Ritalin."

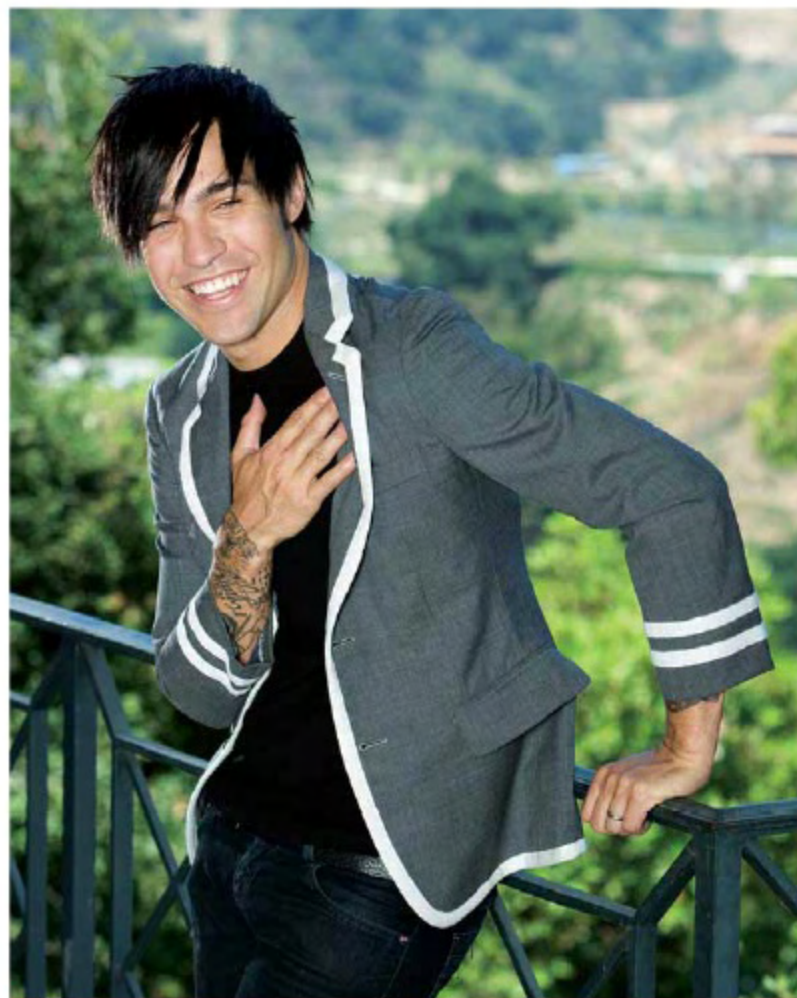
**PLAYBOY:** But you're as much of an exhibitionist as anyone.

**WENTZ:** I have four blogs. Sometimes I update them five times a day; sometimes I don't update them for a month. I try to present myself as an open book.

That's the great thing about the Internet—it has leveled the playing field. So if some tabloid writes that Ashlee and I have broken up, I can take a picture of us hanging out and post it online. Or if I read something online, I can respond to it in my blog.

**PLAYBOY:** That's the great part of the Internet. What's the terrible part?

**WENTZ:** The terrible thing is that someone can sit there and write whatever they want. A lot of bloggers aren't that funny, and the comments are pretty vapid. They're just "This dude's fugly." The guy who wrote that is probably posting while picking all the marshmallows out of his Lucky Charms.



I was pretty outcast, but a lot of it was by choice. I was kind of a geek. It wasn't much fun.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you have four blogs, but there are lots of bloggers who claim to be Pete Wentz.

**WENTZ:** There are just insane levels of impersonation. Some of the sites will let a Pete Wentz impostor go, and people will talk to him. These guys should probably be on *To Catch a Predator*. Anyone can go online and be like, "It's Pete Wentz. You should send me naked pictures."

**PLAYBOY:** So if our readers get an IM from "Pete Wentz" asking for naked photos—

**WENTZ:** Do not send the pictures!

**PLAYBOY:** One distinctive thing about Fall Out Boy is that the music is part of a larger cultural identity. It goes with a style of dressing, a way of viewing the world.

**WENTZ:** It is a culture or a movement. It's a giant pop-culture idea, but it's still weird and different. That's what the culture of Fall Out Boy has always meant to me.

**PLAYBOY:** What do emo bands and fans have in common? What are the connecting traits?

**WENTZ:** You get the trait of this swoosh haircut over one eye and eyeliner on guys and tight jeans and 18 million blogs. The music has emotionally honest writing and lyrics that are pretty narcissistic and this idea of opening oneself up and pouring it out, which people then take further to suicidal cultures.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you happy to be so closely identified with emo?

**WENTZ:** All these magazines call us "the kings of emo." I happen to like the way my eyes look when I wear eyeliner. We made fun of the idea of emo in so many ways on our last album, but people didn't really catch on.

**PLAYBOY:** You make fun of it, but you've also devoted years to it.

**WENTZ:** I'm happy to be part of a culture where the guys who were made fun of in high school are now the ones the jocks go to see onstage. I like the idea that everyone can get depressed and that there is a way to get through it. Depression and misery are this great little house to live in by yourself. You know where everything is, and no one comes and bothers you.

**PLAYBOY:** But emo is more about community than about solitude. Blogs and concerts are ways of making connections.

**WENTZ:** People miss that idea. There is a community. I guess it's a giant version of us versus them but in a more empowering way.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a student of depression. How did that start?

**WENTZ:** As a kid I always went to therapists; the first time

was when my parents separated on my sixth birthday, then on and off since then. I was diagnosed with ADD—see also: raised on sugary cereals and cartoons—and manic depression. So I was prescribed Ritalin for the ADD, and for the manic imbalances I was prescribed mostly benzodiazepines, which I loved, and antidepressants. The list of drugs I've been prescribed would read like a grocery list, everything from Klonopin to Prozac.

**PLAYBOY:** What medications are you on now?

**WENTZ:** Xanax, which I use to go to sleep and when I'm anxious.

**PLAYBOY:** When are you anxious?

**WENTZ:** Anytime attention is on me but

I'm not in control of the situation. If I'm at someone else's concert, that freaks me out really bad. If I have to meet a group of people, if I'm at a party, if I'm at an airport.

**PLAYBOY:** Is going through an airport a two-Xanax moment? A three-Xanax moment?

**WENTZ:** You wouldn't want to know what my Xanax tolerance is. It's very, very, very high.

**PLAYBOY:** In February 2005, the night before Fall Out Boy was supposed to leave for a European tour, you took an overdose of Ativan while sitting in your car. Why?

**WENTZ:** It had more to do with being depressed. I wasn't thinking of killing myself. I've never really called it a suicide attempt. I just wanted my head to be completely turned off. I took a handful of Ativan.

**PLAYBOY:** How many?

**WENTZ:** Ahh, fuck. Probably 10. Enough that I was slurring my words, but I didn't die in the car. I called my manager, then he called my mom, and she came and got me and took me to the hospital.

**PLAYBOY:** The official explanation was that you had missed the tour because of food poisoning.

**WENTZ:** Some members of the band didn't even know what was going on, because I wasn't talking to anybody. I was really, really, really weird. I was obsessed with death. I would lie with a blanket over my head and kind of just imagine what it was like to be dead.

**PLAYBOY:** Why weren't you talking to your friends about how bad you felt?

**WENTZ:** I can't be talked off a ledge. "Everything's going to be fine" is one of the most annoying parts of Americana. Let me feel shitty. That's the thing—we don't let people feel shitty.

**PLAYBOY:** So what happened after the overdose?

**WENTZ:** I was like, "I'm going to quit the band." I just wanted to sit in my room. I remember flying to New York, and my dad had to fly with me to get me on the plane.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you need an escort?

**WENTZ:** There was a time when I couldn't fly. I wouldn't get on a plane. If I saw a plane crash on the news, it meant my flight would crash the next day. If there were babies on the plane, it meant the plane wouldn't crash. If I was on the same flight as the rest of the band, it meant the plane would crash.

**PLAYBOY:** That's pretty obsessive.

**WENTZ:** If I saw people who were flying without a lot of luggage, I would decide they were terrorists. And—this is crazy; I've never told anybody about this before—I'd walk over and say, "Hey, did we go to high school together?" to try to get them to tell me what they were doing. Anxiety generalizes really fast, and soon after that I couldn't ride

in the tour bus, couldn't go on elevators. It was heading toward agoraphobia.

**PLAYBOY:** You've seen a few therapists. Why do you think you became obsessed with death?

**WENTZ:** Fall Out Boy was on the precipice of this thing that could be giant or could be a flop. I couldn't micro-manage everything in my life anymore. Also, I just thought I wasn't a good person, so it wouldn't matter if the plane crashed, because God wouldn't care. I would think, If the plane lands, I'll become a good person and I'll never be in a plane crash. And trust me, my belief in God was strictly airline-related. [laughs] It's a wonder to me that I came out the other side of those years. I was having depression and manic episodes, plus I had a very short fuse with people. A doctor prescribed me Klonopin and Xanax, and I was abusing prescription drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your temper ever get you into real trouble? Have you ever been arrested?

**WENTZ:** I was arrested the day before our first trip to the Video Music Awards, in September 2005. I hit a cop. I had come downtown to the Wicker Park area of Chicago, when I realized that the girl I was dating was cheating on me. I got into my car to leave her, and I smashed it into two other cars. It was like bumper cars. I wasn't in my right head; this was pure anger and frustration. Then I got out and started punching out car windows. That's when the police pulled up. I punched the side mirror off a car, and an officer grabbed me. I made an attempt to punch him as well. It was pretty pathetic. He handcuffed me and put me in the back of a car. By that point it had become a total *Cops* moment. The neighbors were outside, and the girl was crying. I had to call my manager from jail and say, "I don't think I'm going to the VMAs."

**PLAYBOY:** How did your relationship with Ashlee start?

**WENTZ:** I thought she was cute, and I had our management contact her management to get her e-mail address. I invited her to see Fall Out Boy play in L.A., and I knew she was the one when we first hung out. I chased her everywhere on the planet. I was like a caveman—I'd try to club her and drag her back to my cave. She hates when I bring this up, but we were both dating other people, and there was a long time when we were just buddies. I had to prove to her that I was ready to stop being wild.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you prove that?

**WENTZ:** It was a war of attrition. I'd call her, write e-mails, write letters. I'd send her CDs and flowers.

**PLAYBOY:** Can we get Ashlee in here so she can tell her side? [Wentz leaves the room and returns with Simpson.]

**PLAYBOY:** Ashlee, why did you make Pete work so hard?

# POLISHED PRECISION



TECH GEAR



Tech Gear excels in technology and endurance. Full-featured. Full-powered. The perfect balance of precision and sophistication.

Featured model \$299.

## PULSAR

Where substance meets style

[PulsarWatches.com](http://PulsarWatches.com)

By Seiko Watch Corporation

**SIMPSON:** I kind of have an issue with trust. But he chased me down for about a year. When I was in London to do *Chicago*, he would send me the best gifts and cards. My mom was like, "What are you thinking? Go."

**PLAYBOY:** Was there a specific moment when Pete finally won you over?

**SIMPSON:** We were kind of seeing each other, and we planned a trip to Cabo. The day before, I called him and said, "Don't come." I kind of freaked out. So I called him that night and said, "Please come." That's when I fell in love with him. When he had to leave Cabo to go on tour, I cried.

**PLAYBOY:** Your mom liked him right away, but what about your dad, Joe? How did he feel about your dating a guy who wore eyeliner and had nude photos on the Internet?

**SIMPSON:** My dad knows that if he did say something to me, I'd say, "I'm not talking to you." [laughs] It works a little opposite with me than with Jessica. I'm like, "Don't tell me what to do."

**WENTZ:** The first thing Joe ever said to me was "We saw a little too much of you on the Internet last year, Pete." It was a funny way to break the ice.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you nervous when you met Ashlee's parents?

**WENTZ:** Joe gets himself a bad rap in the press all the time, but they're easy to get along with. I know everyone's like, "He's being told to say that by the Simpsons." It's really not that way. No one tells me what to do, I'll tell you that.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you had any cravings during the pregnancy?

**WENTZ:** She craves pickles and pizza and Popsicles. And green olives go on almost everything.

**SIMPSON:** Yeah, I'm into olives. Well, you guys get back to it. I'll go back to my dogs. [She leaves.]

**PLAYBOY:** What's the toughest part of Ashlee's pregnancy for you?

**WENTZ:** She goes to bed at eight, and I have one of the worst cases of insomnia on the planet, so it's just me and the dogs, hanging out. You don't even know the transcendent conversations we have.

**PLAYBOY:** How bad is your insomnia?

**WENTZ:** If I don't take an Ambien, I'll sleep for an hour. With Ambien, I'll sleep from two A.M. until seven. But if you don't fall asleep, Ambien makes you hallucinate. About four months ago I took Ambien and almost set the house on fire.

**PLAYBOY:** Is insomnia the key to being in a band, running a record label, having a clothing line and maintaining four blogs?

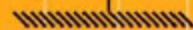
**WENTZ:** Fortunately, I have a bit of a Reagan administration, where you just surround yourself with brilliant people and then they credit you with all the ideas, when there's really someone else a lot smarter doing the job better than you could.

# Fall Out Boy Wonder

Wentz is more than just an emo-band member. Behind the eyeliner he's a real mogul



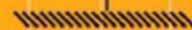
Wentz started Cladestine Industries to outfit guy-liner wearers in T-shirts and hoodies. It became so marketable that DKNY partnered on a line "inspired by Wentz's music, dog, look and rock and roll." His tattoo adorns a few pieces, and of course his dog's face is on a T-shirt.



Unable to find clubs he felt comfortable in, Wentz opened his own in New York and Chicago, his hometown. He describes Angels & Kings as "a bar for all the rejects." On the menu is a Fall Out Bomb: Grey Goose Orange dropped into Venom Energy and Sprite.



Making a smooth transition to TV, Wentz has played himself (a bassist) as a high-schooler's romantic interest on *One Tree Hill*, shot a cameo for the first episode of *Californication*'s second season on Showtime and selected music for *The Hills*, the MTV show and music-career catalyst.



Wentz has a golden ear. His record imprint, Decaydance, under the Fueled By Ramen label, is a logo that college-age listeners look for. He has signed diverse (and, thanks to him, successful) acts such as Panic at the Disco (pictured), Lifetime, Gym Class Heroes and Cobra Starship.



The songwriter switched to print for *The Boy With the Thorn in His Side*. The children's book (whose title is from a song on the Smiths' *The Queen Is Dead* album) is based on recurring nightmares Wentz had as a tyke. He is working on his next book, *Rainy Day Kids*.  
—Rocky Rakovic

**PLAYBOY:** You're likening yourself to Ronald Reagan?

**WENTZ:** [Laughs] That's great. I'm sure that will get me in plenty of trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** So you like prescription pills. How much experience have you had with illegal drugs?

**WENTZ:** I don't know if I want my mom to read this. Let's just say I haven't tried anything you have to stick into your veins. I'll tell you my ecstasy experience: I was 13 or 14 and did ecstasy and acid at the same time. It's called candy flipping. Terrible. I was puking, and then the puke would wash off me because I was hallucinating, and the clock was moving backward. Everyone else was like, "Let's smoke menthol cigarettes and give massages." I learned quickly that I don't like drugs that make me hallucinate.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were 14 you were sent to a boot camp. Were you a bad kid?

**WENTZ:** No, I was just directionless. I didn't want to go to school—I'd skip and go skateboarding. So I had to see a counselor, and she strongly suggested I go to this boot camp in New Hampshire. The place later burned down, and the counselor who sent me there broke her neck and passed away, which is crazy.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you needed to go?

**WENTZ:** No. If anything, it caused essential changes in my personality that were

not good. I was on the phone with my parents every day, asking them to take me home, because the place was filled with all kinds of maniacs. They didn't believe me.

**PLAYBOY:** So how did that change you?

**WENTZ:** I've never met anyone who is less in touch with his emotions than I am. People make all kinds of confessions to me, and I have zero emotional reaction. The only two times I can remember crying are during *Click*, the Adam Sandler movie. I can communicate only by writing to someone or writing a song. In a one-on-one relationship I'm an android, like Data from *Star Trek*.

**PLAYBOY:** Has therapy helped?

**WENTZ:** I have a tendency to lie to therapists. In our song "Thriller" the line "Fix me in 45" isn't a reference to a 45 rpm record; it's a reference to a psychiatrist's hour, which is 45 minutes. I don't think I can be fixed. I see it like the Liberty Bell. Are you supposed to fix that crack? Then it's not as interesting. I'm drawn to imperfections. All my heroes are tragic.

**PLAYBOY:** So what's imperfect about Ashlee?

**WENTZ:** In Ashlee's world, the world of Hollywood, she is the black sheep.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Fall Out Boy fans feel about your dating a singer who had been caught lip-synching on *Saturday Night Live*?



# 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 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY.  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY VINCENT DIXON | ABSOLUT.COM

ENJOY WITH ABSOLUT RESPONSIBILITY.®



**WENTZ:** At first they were not super-stoked. They said, “She’s fake. She’s Hollywood. She’s ugly. She’s a typical fake whore.” For a second she was getting the Yoko Ono rap, which couldn’t be further from the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you see the *SNL* episode with her as the musical guest?

**WENTZ:** I saw it after it was broadcast. I think it’s funny how some people are singled out when it’s obvious a lot of people use backing tracks. The only thing I took away from it is that she’s the kind of person who always gets up after being knocked down. People won’t ever see Ashlee the way I do. I feel like a guy who found the end of the rainbow and has the leprechaun tied up in the corner.

**PLAYBOY:** Does Ashlee make good music?

**WENTZ:** Ashlee makes awesome music. I love “Little Miss Obsessive,” and I love “Boys,” which is a total gay anthem, by the way. I liked her music before I even met her.

**PLAYBOY:** How are Ashlee and Jessica alike?

**WENTZ:** Ashlee and Jessica are both like Dennis Rodman—they’re rebounders. They get back up again. Jessica is America’s sweetheart; she’s the girl next door but hotter. She has a big, forgiving heart. Ashlee marches to the beat of her own drummer.

**PLAYBOY:** Could you see doing a Sonny and Cher or Ike and Tina type of record with Ashlee?

**WENTZ:** Hopefully not Ike and Tina. [laughs] No, not right now. Our tastes are so different. We would have to be in the poorhouse to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** So after boot camp, how was high school?

**WENTZ:** I was pretty outcast, but a lot of it was by choice. I was kind of a geek. It wasn’t much fun.

**PLAYBOY:** You were a star on the soccer team. Jocks aren’t usually outcasts.

**WENTZ:** Yeah, but soccer’s a little fruity, and I looked weird. I would have been a giant Proactiv commercial.

**PLAYBOY:** There must have been quite a contrast between your affluent Wilmette home and life on the road in a rock band.

**WENTZ:** We went to Madison, Wisconsin to record *Take This to Your Grave*, slept on some girl’s floor and completely ran out of money. Every week, the recording studio would give us a case of Coke and a case of Sprite. So we asked if we could trade the Sprite for some bread and peanut butter. I ran out of deodorant, and they had orange-scented air-freshener spray in the studio bathroom. I used that as deodorant and ended up with these crazy hives on my arms. It felt as if I had taken razor blades and tried to slit my armpits.

**PLAYBOY:** We’re used to hearing stories about bidding wars for young bands, but no one wanted to sign Fall Out Boy.

**WENTZ:** Not at all. We sent our demos to everyone, and no one cared. The rejection letters were brutal. A lot of interns at Island Records were really into Fall Out Boy right after we’d gotten upstreamed, and the Island executives were like, “We should sign that band!” And everybody said, “You have the rights to that band.” We were completely ignored by all the right people and completely obsessed over by this other group of people.

**PLAYBOY:** Who were the obsessives?

**WENTZ:** They were in dorm rooms and on their parents’ computer. We were completely a viral band. You could get tons of downloads online. And not even legal downloads—we were a peer-to-peer band. That’s what made our band: illegal file sharing.

**PLAYBOY:** Even after your success you still lived with your parents, until two years ago. Why?

**WENTZ:** I was a loser. My room at my parents’ house is exactly the same as it was when I was six: the fliers on the wall, the posters, all my toys. When Ashlee and I visit, we sleep in twin

---

*I was a loser. My room at my parents’ house is exactly the same as it was when I was six: the posters, all my toys. When Ashlee and I visit, we sleep in twin beds.*

---

beds. I still have the letters I wrote to my parents when I was 10, after I got grounded or spanked: “I hate you. I’m moving out. I’m running away.”

**PLAYBOY:** You were a very emo kid.

**WENTZ:** Totally. I was a solitary guy. I was definitely into invisible friends and making up stories.

**PLAYBOY:** What was so special about being six years old?

**WENTZ:** It was the last time I was truly happy, when every moment of my life was happy from waking up to bedtime.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still feel like a loser?

**WENTZ:** I’ve never been able to see myself in any way other than I did when I was 14 years old. I’m always sure the band’s success is about to end.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you finally leave Chicago, at the age of 27?

**WENTZ:** I left because I hated a bunch of people in my life. I moved to California and went out seven nights a week. Out here I was just a nobody. I couldn’t get in anywhere. I had to be part of someone else’s entourage. I wanted to go everywhere and do everything, and I met everyone. That’s

interesting for about two weeks.

**PLAYBOY:** It was more than two weeks. You dated Lindsay Lohan and Michelle Trachtenberg.

**WENTZ:** I was always pretty monogamous, outside of when I first got to L.A. The number of people I’ve slept with is under 15. I could name them all.

**PLAYBOY:** How many people have you made out with?

**WENTZ:** Fuck, I couldn’t count. I would guess I’ve kissed fewer than 100 girls. My wife will go apeshit if this makes it into the story, but I’ve made out with people whose last name I didn’t know. And this was long before I was a celebrity.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds like you weren’t enjoying L.A.

**WENTZ:** I was lonely all the time. I was drinking by myself and taking pills at the same time. It made me crazy. Dude, I’ve punched out so many TVs, it’s unbelievable. My friend had a gun, and we used to play around with that.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying you played Russian roulette?

**WENTZ:** I pulled a trigger on a gun aimed at myself, yes. My friend and I did one pull each. We’d been drinking and had taken Ambien. I feel stupid even talking about it. It’s one of the reasons I’ve never owned a gun—I’m too impulsive. I’d probably get mad and shoot someone over a part in a song or something.

**PLAYBOY:** You’re worried you would shoot one of your bandmates?

**WENTZ:** “Patrick, you motherfucker!” [laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** You’re a manic-depressive who likes to take prescription pills and has suicidal impulses when drunk. Do you still drink alcohol?

**WENTZ:** I don’t. At my wedding I didn’t even drink any champagne. At the same time, there’s a part of me in the past three years that would kill to steal a prescription pad and get some happy pills.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you and Ashlee have a wedding registry?

**WENTZ:** No. We asked people to give donations to a group called Invisible Children. We decided that would be better than asking for gifts. I was like, “We don’t need a new coffeemaker.” Then I was sitting around the house, and I realized we did need a new coffeemaker. [laughs]

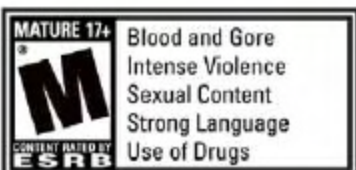
**PLAYBOY:** Not very long ago you said, “My biggest dream is to move to Nebraska and marry someone super-regular.”

**WENTZ:** Obviously, the exact opposite happened. Ashlee is far more famous than I am or will ever be. But part of me still wakes up every day and wants to break up Fall Out Boy and move to South America. We have a lyric on the new record, “I just want to go out and preach on Manic Street.” It’s a reference to the Manic Street Preachers, whose



# Saints Row 2

**EAST SIDE. WEST SIDE. YOUR SIDE.**  
[WWW.SAINTSROW.COM](http://WWW.SAINTSROW.COM)



© 2006 THQ Inc. GameSpy and the "Powered by GameSpy" design are trademarks of GameSpy Industries, Inc. All rights reserved. Developed by Volition, Inc. Saints Row 2, Volition, Inc., THQ and their respective logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of THQ Inc. All Rights Reserved. "PlayStation", "PLAYSTATION" and "PS" Family logo are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. Microsoft, Xbox, Xbox 360, Xbox LIVE, and the Xbox logos are trademarks of the Microsoft group of companies and are used under license from Microsoft. ©2006 Sprint. All rights reserved. Additional charges apply; coverage not available everywhere. The ratings icon is a registered trademark of the Entertainment Software Association. All other trademarks, logos and copyrights are property of their respective owners.



**WIN A DAY  
AT THE PLAYBOY  
MANSION,  
A TRUE AMERICAN  
EXPERIENCE.**

**Log on to  
[RedMan.com/playboy](http://RedMan.com/playboy)**



**NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN.** Subject to Official Rules, available at [www.redman.com](http://www.redman.com) Sweepstakes starts 10/1/08 12:01 a.m. ET, ends 12/31/08 11:59 p.m. ET. An American Experience Sweepstakes is open to legal U.S. residents (excl. AK, HI, MA, MI, VA, Puerto Rico & other U.S. territories and possessions & where prohibited. Sponsor: Pinkerton Tobacco Company, LP. PLAYBOY is not a sponsor of this sweepstakes. PLAYBOY AND Rabbit Head Design are marks of PLAYBOY and used with permission by RED MAN Moist Snuff.

guitarist disappeared, just left, at the peak of the game.

**PLAYBOY:** How can you tell Ashlee is more famous than you are?

**WENTZ:** When we're on a red carpet together, photographers sometimes don't even want me to stand next to her.

**PLAYBOY:** Photographers actually tell you to get out of the way?

**WENTZ:** They're like, "Oh, solo shot." That's a nice way of saying, "You shouldn't be in the picture." It's a great ego check for me.

**PLAYBOY:** What if we were to do a pie chart of your fame? How much of it comes from being with Ashlee?

**WENTZ:** Okay, let's see. Fifty percent is from being married to Ashlee Simpson. Twenty percent is from being in Fall Out Boy. Seven percent is from being related to Jessica Simpson. Six percent is from having penis pictures on the Internet. Where are we now? I'd say five percent is from "Pete Wentz Industries"—the bar, the clothing line, being connected to Panic at the Disco and Gym Class Heroes. Another five percent is for hosting *FNMTV*. Let's say six percent from my gay quotes. And let's add one percent for being in a video with Tyga, the rapper. On a couple of occasions people have said, "You're the guy from Tyga's video!" I loved that.

**PLAYBOY:** That makes 100 percent.

**WENTZ:** I'll be honest; that's very depressing because it's only 20 percent Fall Out Boy, and I actually do Fall Out Boy 100 percent of the time. It's the thing I work hardest at. It hurts because I don't want to be the guy who drives to Ralph's and pushes the grocery cart behind his wife.

**PLAYBOY:** Like Kevin Federline?

**WENTZ:** Exactly! I do work hard.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you're married will Fall Out Boy songs be less angry and morose?

**WENTZ:** I think everyone expects this to be a happy record. I don't know that it is, because a lot of the lyrics are from before I met Ashlee. The celebrity blogs will assume every song is about her. But usually when people think I'm writing about a girl, I'm writing about something else.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your pet names for each other?

**WENTZ:** She calls me Petenut Butter, and I call her Kit Kat because when she was in London that's what she liked to eat.

**PLAYBOY:** Very cute. You also said you two have different musical tastes. Are there any songs she won't let you play in the house?

**WENTZ:** Lil Wayne has this song "Sky's the Limit" where he says, "When I was five my favorite movie was the *Gremlins*." That ain't got shit to do with this." Ashlee couldn't listen to it anymore. She said, "The words don't make sense!" That was banned.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you and Ashlee sign a prenup?

**WENTZ:** We did one after the wedding. I think Jessica might not have had one, and that made her whole divorce pretty messy. A prenup is about the most unromantic thing you can do around your wedding, but there were no disagreements. What you bring into a marriage is yours, and what you make together is something you divide.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you and Ashlee having a boy or a girl?

**WENTZ:** We know with 90 percent accuracy that it's a boy, and our due date is around Thanksgiving. We don't have any names yet. My friend Andrew said, "Your kid has to have a name that would fit either a rock star or a senator."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know where and when the baby was conceived?

**WENTZ:** Ashlee claims to know a specific night when we were in New York. She was off her pill for two or three days before it happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Wow. You're firing howitzers.

**WENTZ:** I've got to say, my dudes were working great! Tony Romo said to me, "I did not know you had it in you."

**PLAYBOY:** It's difficult to imagine you hanging out with the Dallas Cowboys quarterback.

**WENTZ:** I like Tony a lot. He's a rad dude, and we're both into Guns N' Roses. Magazines always like to use pictures of us together: "Tony wears Nikes, but Pete's checking out Balenciaga bags."

**PLAYBOY:** That's a clever way for them to allude to the Pete-is-gay rumors.

**WENTZ:** Because I was on the cover of *Out* people love to be like, "Oh, that means he's gay." I'm all for gay marriage, but that doesn't really make me gay either. If I were, getting married and having a kid is, like, the world's craziest beard. I don't think it would hurt me if I were gay, to be honest. I don't think I'd lose fans. At this point it would be easier for me to be gay, you know?

**PLAYBOY:** Are you done kissing guys?

**WENTZ:** Yeah, thank God. I'm done kissing everybody but my wife.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite all the attention you get from the paparazzi, you shot the most famous photos of you—with your dick in your hand and a Morrissey album in the background.

**WENTZ:** The day those photos came out they were Googled more than the war in Iraq, which is fucking crazy. Had I known that was going to happen, I would have manscaped a little bit.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it a favorable photo?

**WENTZ:** Does it show off the gear? [laughs] I guess so. I could have worse equipment; I could have better. When we go on tour, we take gang showers because that's usually what they have backstage in an arena. The great thing is, now I'm not scared to go in the shower or walk around naked in front of people. And Ashlee knew what the equipment looked like before she got involved with it.

(concluded on page 126)

Discover The Taste

# RED MAN<sup>®</sup>

MOIST SNUFF



WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT IS NOT A SAFE ALTERNATIVE TO CIGARETTES

Introducing  
*Red Man Premium Moist Snuff*

[REDMAN.COM](http://REDMAN.COM)

AN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE<sup>™</sup>

UNDER AGE

OUR  
POLICY.  
OUR  
PRACTICE<sup>™</sup>

NO TOBACCO

©2008 Pinkerton Tobacco Co. LP



ON COLLEGE CAMPUSES  
TODAY THE MAJOR SUPPLY  
OF IN-VOGUE DRUGS ISN'T  
COMING FROM STREET

# THE ADDERALL EFFECT

DEALERS—IT'S COMING FROM  
THE WHITE COATS OF THE  
MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT

**BY FRANK OWEN**

**B**aby-faced Joe is a student at an elite East Coast university who deals drugs on the side to make a bit of spare cash. It's not a major operation: a little weed here, a little acid there. But the most sought-after item on his menu is Adderall, the popular prescription drug that family doctors and psychiatrists give to kids as young as six to treat attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder.

It's finals time, and Joe, a skinny teenager with a mop of curly hair, sits in his crowded dorm room, listening to the Velvet Underground's paean to amphetamine psychosis "White Light/White Heat." He and his three roommates are readying for another all-night studying session on Adderall. A book about macroeconomics sits on his desk, awaiting his attention. Joe's cell phone buzzes. His friends have been text-messaging him all day: NEED 3 ADDY. R U AROUND. Joe texts back: COME OVER 15 MIN.

Joe (not his real name) grabs a plastic medicine container with a HIGH ABUSE POTENTIAL label on it and pours pills onto his bedspread. He separates and counts them: There are the 20-milligram standard-release tablets, which go for up to \$5 each and can be crushed into a fine powder, making them popular with students who like to snort the drug to quicken its onset. Better yet, there are the orange-colored 20-milligram extended-release Adderall XRs, which also sell for \$5 a pop and last up to 12 hours. Adderall XR is the Lamborghini of study drugs, the version students take when they need to drive themselves faster, longer and harder than the competition.

At 16 Joe was diagnosed as having ADHD by a psychiatrist

and prescribed Adderall. Joe doubts he has a condition, certainly not one that requires a big pharmaceutical dose (60 milligrams) on a daily basis. His schoolwork noticeably improved while he was taking Adderall, but he felt hyped up all the time, like an energized zombie, as if some person other than himself were operating his body. He feared he would become dependent on the drug, and without telling his psychiatrist he stopped taking his meds. But he retained his prescription so he could sell the pills to his friends.

"My three-month prescription, if I were to sell it all, would be worth \$1,500, which is a lot of money to me," says Joe, who still takes Adderall at exam time. "I have the ideal situation for selling Adderall: I live in a dormitory with 800 other students. All my neighbors are potential buyers."

Twenty milligrams is enough to give the user what seems like superhuman powers of concentration; it banishes distractibility and delays sleep. It can turn tedious work into fascinating material; a boring textbook can become a riveting page-turner.

"I feel like the drier the subject is, the more effective Adderall is," says Joe. "Little details I have to go over six times when I'm straight, on Adderall they stick in my brain right away."

Joe worries the Adderall craze on campus is getting out of control. A third of his friends use the drug. Two of his roommates also have prescriptions, one from a doctor father who knows full well his son doesn't have ADHD yet gives it to him anyway.

"Colleges are increasingly competitive," Joe says. "There's an ever-increasing desire among young people to make money



and become successful because that is what's being promoted by their parents, by the university and by the culture at large. In that sense Adderall is the perfect drug for the times. I think it embodies and defines what this culture of medicating kids is all about." He pauses. "It's the drug of conformity. Adderall is the drug your parents want you to take."

Drug use on college campuses in America has always served as a barometer of what's going on in the culture at large. In the 1960s drugs were about the counterculture and rebellion. In the 1970s and 1980s they were about partying, sex and excess. Students in the 1990s rediscovered drugs as a source of illumination, becoming foot soldiers in the rave and neo-hippie movements. In the new millennium, however, Adderall is threatening to surpass marijuana as the most common illicit substance on some campuses. Students use it not so much to get high as for a rather prosaic purpose: to get better grades.

According to recent research done by the University of Michigan's Sean Esteban McCabe, up to 25 percent of students at high-powered universities have used prescription stimulants like Adderall. According to the numerous interviews I conducted with students, professors and scientists for this story, use of the drug shows no sign of declining.

Adderall is a mixture of amphetamine and dextroamphetamine. It's speed. From the 1930s to the 1970s doctor-prescribed amphetamine was a socially acceptable mainstream medicine. Every segment of American society—students, housewives, soldiers, doctors, factory workers, politicians—consumed massive amounts of amphetamine to get an extra boost for what had become known as the rat race. In the "Just Say No" era, doctor-prescribed amphetamine disappeared from college campuses. Two decades later it's back with a vengeance.

How ironic that methamphetamine continues to be demonized by the media and law enforcement as the most frightening substance since crack cocaine, while amphetamine and dextroamphetamine—different versions of the same basic drug—have once again become an intrinsic part of campus life. The major supply of speed on college campuses today comes not from scabby street chemists but from the freshly scrubbed men and women in white coats who belong to the medical establishment. Many parents who would be horrified if their children were using crystal meth are happy to see them dosed up on what is essentially the same drug, as long as it comes from a pharmaceutical company and little Jimmy or Jenny gets good grades.

Few who pop these pills have any idea of Adderall's strange history. The drug was invented as a diet pill called Obetrol in the 1960s. It crept into the counterculture as well, including into Andy Warhol's crowd. (Warhol had just picked up a prescription for it the day Valerie Solanas shot him at his Union Square studio.)

Obetrol's selling point was its smooth onset. It was said to be less harsh than the more popular weight-loss pills of the time—like Desoxyn (pure methamphetamine) and Dexedrine (pure dextroamphetamine)—because of its mixture of amphetamine and dextroamphetamine salts. In the 1970s the Food and Drug Administration cracked down on doctors who prescribed amphetamine pills for weight loss. Obetrol was withdrawn from the market.

Enter Shire Pharmaceuticals, a British company at the time known less for inventing new medicines than for taking existing ones and rebranding them. Shire bought the company that owned the rights to Obetrol—as well as the factory that

produced it—in 1997 and then began promoting the drug as a treatment for attention-deficit disorder.

It was a case of being in the right place at the right time. The number of kids prescribed drugs to treat ADD and ADHD in the late 1990s skyrocketed. Ritalin—which is methylphenidate, a nonamphetamine stimulant that acts in the brain like cocaine—was the most popular treatment for ADD. But after newspaper articles, and Scientologists, raised concerns about the safety of prescribing such a powerful drug to children, Adderall was aggressively marketed to physicians as a safe and longer-lasting alternative to Ritalin. By the end of 1999 Adderall had boosted Shire's revenue to more than \$400 million a year.

The moral debate over dosing children with powerful drugs continues to rage. "I don't think there's any question doctors overprescribe these drugs," says William Frankenger, a psychology professor at the University of Wisconsin at Eau

Claire who has spent the past decade studying the effects of stimulant medications on academic performance. "There was a huge increase in the 1990s, thousands of percent, of children being diagnosed with ADHD and being treated with stimulant medication. Those children are now in college."

Adderall's popularity as a study aid really took off in 2001, when Shire introduced Adderall XR, the extended-release version of the drug. XR is a capsule containing two types of time-release beads, half of which dissolve immediately, the other half four hours later. Sales of Adderall XR grew on average 20 percent a year, and it quickly became the most widely prescribed ADHD drug in America, generating \$1 billion of Shire's \$2.4 billion in revenue last year.

Although small doses used occasionally don't result in much of a hangover, slightly higher doses extended over time can result in a harsh comedown: sweaty palms, blotchy skin, heart palpitations, strawlike hair, insomnia and limp-dick episodes. Cardiologists worry about the effects daily doses may have on the heart. In February 2005 Canadian authorities temporarily banned XR after reports of 20 deaths linked to the drug. In this country the FDA looked at the same data but concluded that the rate of fatal heart attacks among kids on Adderall was little different

from the rate among those who didn't take stimulant drugs. The feds allowed doctors to continue to prescribe it.

"Because it comes from a doctor, students don't think it's that risky," says Dr. Lawrence Diller, author of *Running on Ritalin* and a frequent critic of doctors who overprescribe stimulant drugs to kids. "For most of them who take it occasionally in small doses, it isn't. But a small group will overuse and get into trouble."

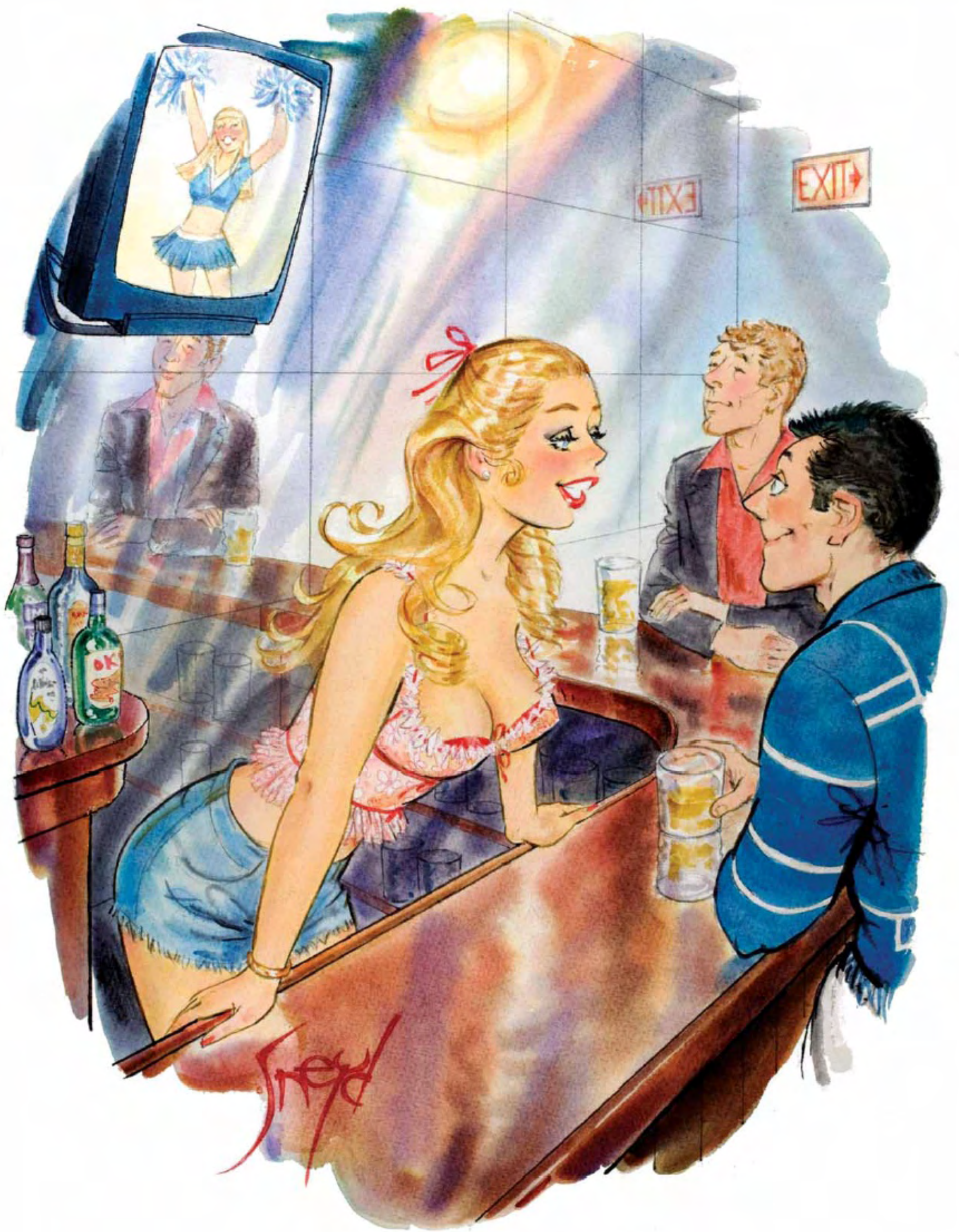
Beyond the question of physical effects, what does the current campus Adderall craze say about kids these days? About the marketing power of pharmaceutical companies reaping huge profits? And the medical community, which stands between the two?

David (not his real name) is sitting in an exam hall, and he's losing his mind. He thinks he's having a panic attack. The 19-year-old economics major now realizes that washing down 75 milligrams of Adderall with eight cans of Red Bull wasn't the best study plan he ever had. His hands shake, his mind races in a hundred different directions, and his heart feels as if it's about to burst out of his chest. He's pouring with sweat, and he can barely breathe. Holding up his hand, he leaves his seat and stumbles into the hallway, where after 10 minutes of drinking cup after cup of water and taking (continued on page 128)



**ADDERALL, A DRUG WITH A CHEMICAL COMPOUND SIMILAR TO CRYSTAL METH, WAS ORIGINALLY LAUNCHED AS A WEIGHT-LOSS PILL IN THE 1960S. TODAY SHIRE PHARMACEUTICALS MARKETS IT AS A DRUG FOR ADHD. THE COMPANY SOLD MORE THAN \$1 BILLION WORTH OF ADDERALL OVER THE PAST YEAR.**





*"You won't find this kind of reality on TV."*



Kristy Morgan  
takes a shot at stardom

# HOLD THE *TEQUILA*



"People ask, 'Why did you wait until the last minute?' Kristy says of her controversial decision. "I didn't get to know Tila until the end. I kept losing challenges, and I had the fewest dates. The night before the finale I tried to tell her I was unsure, but she picked me anyway."

If Kristy Morgan learned anything from her adventure this summer on *A Shot at Love II With Tila Tequila*, it's that hell hath no fury like a reality-TV diva scorned. The show was a typical *Bachelor*-style exercise in romantic Darwinism but with a twist: Object of desire Tila Tequila (pictured above), a bisexual, had men and women compete for her affection. When the dust settled, Kristy had outlasted 29 other contestants. Tila was hers—yet she turned down the star of the show. Tila didn't take the news well; after telling Kristy she felt humiliated she walked off the set. Both ladies came to the reunion show with axes to grind, and their confrontation ended with an exchange of expletives and Tila reprising her stormy exit. "The reality of love is that it's confusing," Kristy explains. Although the show has helped elevate her profile and made her the subject of watercooler conversations, she isn't eager to repeat the experience. "I'd never do another reality dating show," she says emphatically, but she doesn't rule out a return to TV. "I would love to host or do something funny. Just because I'm a blonde with big boobs doesn't mean I don't have a personality."





See more of Kristy at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).





*I*t takes a strong person to say no. Honesty is the number one thing in a relationship."

EVERYTHING  
\*  
WE NEED  
TO KNOW

WE  
LEARNED  
\* IN \*  
FOCUS

BY  
JOEL  
JOHNSON

College is a time for learning, but the important stuff doesn't come from classes. Here's what four years of experiments and mistakes taught us about living well



HOW TO  
STREAK  
WITHOUT  
GETTING  
CAUGHT

**Rule one:** Mobility is your friend. Ride a bike. Put a Ziploc bag over the seat. **Rule two:** No need to be a purist—wear shoes. **Rule three:** Plan your route with two things in mind: maximum exposure and multiple exit strategies. **Rule four:** Take your time. After your initial naive restlessness settles down you'll find the breeze quite delightful.

HOW TO  
MAKE  
BEER

Andrew Tveekrem, Dogfish Head's brewmaster, says if you want to make home brew that rivals the pros', you should: (1) Buy local. "Local home-brew supply stores are great sources of advice." (2) Read a book, specifically *The New Complete Joy of Homebrewing* by Charlie Papazian. (3) Boil your water. "Most beginning brewers add cold water from the tap. Boiling drives off the chlorine and makes a big difference." (4) Use fresh yeast. "Yeast provides most of your beer's flavors. Dried yeast doesn't cut it. Get fresh yeast from a home-brew shop or brewery." (5) Practice. "Repeat the same recipe multiple times. You'll learn a lot."

HOW TO  
REMEMBER  
HER NAME

To remember names, Melina Uncapher of the Stanford Memory Laboratory advises you to associate them with a multisensory mental picture. So if you're trying to remember Vanessa's name, imagine her at the wheel of an airbrushed "van" resplendent with unicorns playing guitars that shoot lightning bolts that spell out "Vanessa" while her stereo blares "Van" Halen's 1984. If you can't remember her name after cementing that image in your mind, you're just not trying. Don't be surprised if the next time you see a van, you're reminded that Vanessa hasn't called you back yet.



## HOW TO CHILL A SIX-PACK QUICKLY

You need a frosty one right now, but everything the store has is warm. Your fridge is useless for this one. Physics prof J.H. Page of the University of Manitoba tells us to fill a bucket with ice and water, salt liberally, toss in your beers and stir. The salt speeds up melting and lets water stay liquid below its freezing point. Of course, if you have any liquid nitrogen, that will do the trick too. Just don't accidentally freeze any of your body parts and then smash them into shards in a panic. Been there. Bad scene.

## HOW TO LOVE IN PARALLEL

So you've started dating not one but two hot, smart women and are besotted with both. This is what we call a healthy learning experience. Some tips: Most relationships end; the girls you're captivated by today may bore you tomorrow. So stop worrying about where things are going and enjoy the ride(s). If one starts to thrill while the other annoys, your life just gets simpler. Tired of them both? Suggest a three-way; you have nothing to lose. We asked our friend Alex, a world-class lady juggler, how he handles getting caught up with two girls at once. "Easy," he said without a smile. "Start dating a third."

## HOW TO BUY A USED CAR

We all want the Bimmer, but sometimes we need to be practical. As when drinking tequila with marines, the main trick is knowing your limits.

**1. STICK TO YOUR BUDGET.** The car salesman's job is to push you above it. Your job is to tell him no. He seems like a nice guy. But he also wants your money.

**2. DON'T FINANCE ON THE LOT.** When he asks what monthly payment you can afford,

it's code for "We would like to set up a loan your grandchildren will end up paying off." If you need to finance, head to your local bank or credit union and get preapproved. That will get you a better rate than any car dealer.

**3. DO THE RESEARCH.** Hit the lots, take some notes, then browse eBay and *Blue Book* to see how much the same cars have been selling for in the rest of the country.

**4. DO MORE RESEARCH.** Test-drive your top two or three. Turn off the radio to listen to the

Okay, you spent the past five weeks building a motorized couch (see next page), and now you're up to your eyeballs in actual work. Hey, a man's got to have priorities. Keeping your brain functioning well during an all-nighter is all about pacing yourself: (1) Take catnaps. Sleeping 90 minutes or less every four to five hours will help reset your brain. Just be careful you don't crash out entirely. Sleeping on your back on a hard floor will all but guarantee that you wake up naturally. (2) To maximize productivity, avoid distractions—even unconscious ones such as a TV in the background or music with lyrics. They can dramatically impair the brain's ability to form new memories. (3) Stick to a schedule. Use a timer to keep yourself regimented. Work for 45 minutes, take a 15-minute break, then get back to it. Keeping a rhythm is more important than long, uninterrupted sessions. (4) Use caffeine but in moderation. It's a great tool for keeping you awake, but it can make you so wired you can't think straight. Caffeine's half-life is roughly three to seven hours, so don't dose again any sooner than that. The longer you wait, the more effective it is when you take it. (5) If you can find it, Modafinil (a.k.a. Provigil, a prescription drug) is pretty impressive stuff. Unlike upper drugs, Modafinil doesn't make you wired; rather, it extends even-keeled wakefulness far past the point when your brain normally shuts down. Better procrastinating through chemistry!

engine and any wind noise that may indicate shoddy repairs. Once you find a winner, sleep on it, then run the VIN through Carfax, which will list any accidents the car has been in. The few bucks you toss a mechanic to take a look under the hood are more than worth it.

**5. BE PATIENT.** Make an offer and stand firm. If the dealer won't budge, walk away. Taking a friend with you will help keep you sane. Buying a used car smartly takes a while. Don't be rushed by anyone (including yourself).

## HOW TO TELL WHAT DRUG YOUR FRIEND IS ON

Your friend says:

1. Do you think I should punch that cop? I think I should punch that cop.
2. Are you going to eat the rest of those Fruity Pebbles?
3. How did the Beatles get into my fingers?
4. I just feel like these ideas are so good, why haven't other people thought of them? It's ridiculous. Is everyone stupid, or am I just really smart?
5. Spare some change?
6. I just love that we're all just so capable of love.

He is on:

- A. Pot
- B. Heroin
- C. Ecstasy
- D. Acid
- E. Crystal meth
- F. Cocaine

1-E • 2-A • 3-D • 4-F • 5-B • 6-C

## HOW TO WIN A BAR FIGHT

Fighting is a loser's game, but it's occasionally unavoidable. When it is, don't be afraid to fight dirty. You're a big man now, and big men get the job done. Go for the one-punch finish: the nose, the jaw or the nuts. If you don't think you can drop the guy in one punch, maybe reconsider fighting in the first place. Using a chair is a good idea only in pro wrestling and the movies. When you smash someone across the head with a bar stool, he gets a concussion and you get a weapons charge. The sharp, unexpected head butt to the bridge of his nose is usually all you need. Under no circumstances should you perform that pansy-ass dance-and-bob as if you know what you're doing. Hit him hard, lay the prick out, then get the hell out of Dodge—no matter how many triumphant slaps on the back you receive. The only thing worse than a sore loser is a sore loser who comes back with the cops.



## HOW TO MAKE KILLER PUNCH

Cocktail master Dale DeGroff, whose book *The Essential Cocktail* comes out this month, tells us to tailor our party drinks to the time of year. For the fall, he recommends his harvest moon punch. Combine a gallon of apple cider, six cinnamon sticks, six cloves, six star anises and an orange peel in a stainless-steel pot and let simmer for one hour (do not let it boil). Strain, add a quart of bourbon and serve warm.

## 10 QUICK ONES

Fast times require fast knowledge. Take these

and run with them.

### 1 SPLIT ANYTHING.

King Solomon figured this out 3,000 years ago. Have one guy make the split; have the other guy pick his portion. Works especially well with babies.

### 2 BUY USED TEXT-BOOKS.

The college textbook game is rigged to support publishers and professors with inflated egos. Plus, buying used is good for the environment, and the books come already highlighted.

### 3 GET MORE GIRLS.

Meeting women is like running from a bear: You don't have to beat the bear, just the people you're with. Be the best-put-together guy in your group and you'll be fine.

### 4 GET TO THE BEER WITHOUT AN OPENER.

Grip the neck of the bottle with your hand. Wedge the butt of a lighter between your top finger and the cap and crank that lever.

### 5 DEFEAT A HANG-OVER.

The night before, chug as much water as you can get into your stomach, along with a couple of aspirins or ibu-

profen. On waking up, the drill goes like this: Mainline some coffee, take a plunge into ice-cold water, then down a bloody mary.

### 6 GET HER NUMBER.

If she's playing coy, start by asking for her e-mail address instead. And if you're interested, don't hem and haw. Ask for her info, then beat feet. The longer you talk, the less interested she'll be.

### 7 PRE-TIP YOUR BARTENDER.

A \$10 investment on your first drink will pay major dividends over the next two hours.

### 8 MAKE THE PERFECT MORNING-AFTER BREAKFAST.

The trick is, you can serve just about anything as long as you make good coffee. Keep it simple: eggs, toast, jam and a giant erection. Speaking of which...

### 9 LEARN TO CRACK EGGS ONE-HANDED.

It's actually quite easy once you practice a few times, and it makes you look like a complete griddle ninja.

### 10 CAMPING WORKS EVERY TIME.

Show her you know your way around a tent and a camp stove and she'll melt. You may not get any on the trip itself, but your return to civilization will be spectacular.



## HOW TO TALK TO THE COPS WHO BUST YOUR PARTY

**1. BE POLITE.** Smile. Call them officer. Don't get short.

### 2. ANSWER THE DOOR YOURSELF.

Don't send your drunken buddies. As soon as you see it's the police, step outside and close the door behind you. They now have no right to open it without a warrant. Your buddies have their own job to do, i.e., hiding things.

**3. DON'T BE A JERKASS.** If the cops are just asking you to turn down the music, say, "Yes, sir" and go do it.

**4. GIVE NO INFORMATION.** You have everything to lose and nothing

to gain by talking. Be sweet but firm. If you don't know how to answer, simply ask, "Am I free to go?"

### 5. DON'T LET THEM INSIDE.

They'll ask to do a "routine inspection." They'll say they smell something. Expressly tell them you do not consent to their entering.

**6. STAY POLITE.** If you're off balance, they have the advantage. You may be two fifths into a rage, but shut your mouth, smile and ask if you're free to go. Avoid being clever, even when they ask if you think you're smart.

## HOW TO BUILD A MOTORIZED COUCH

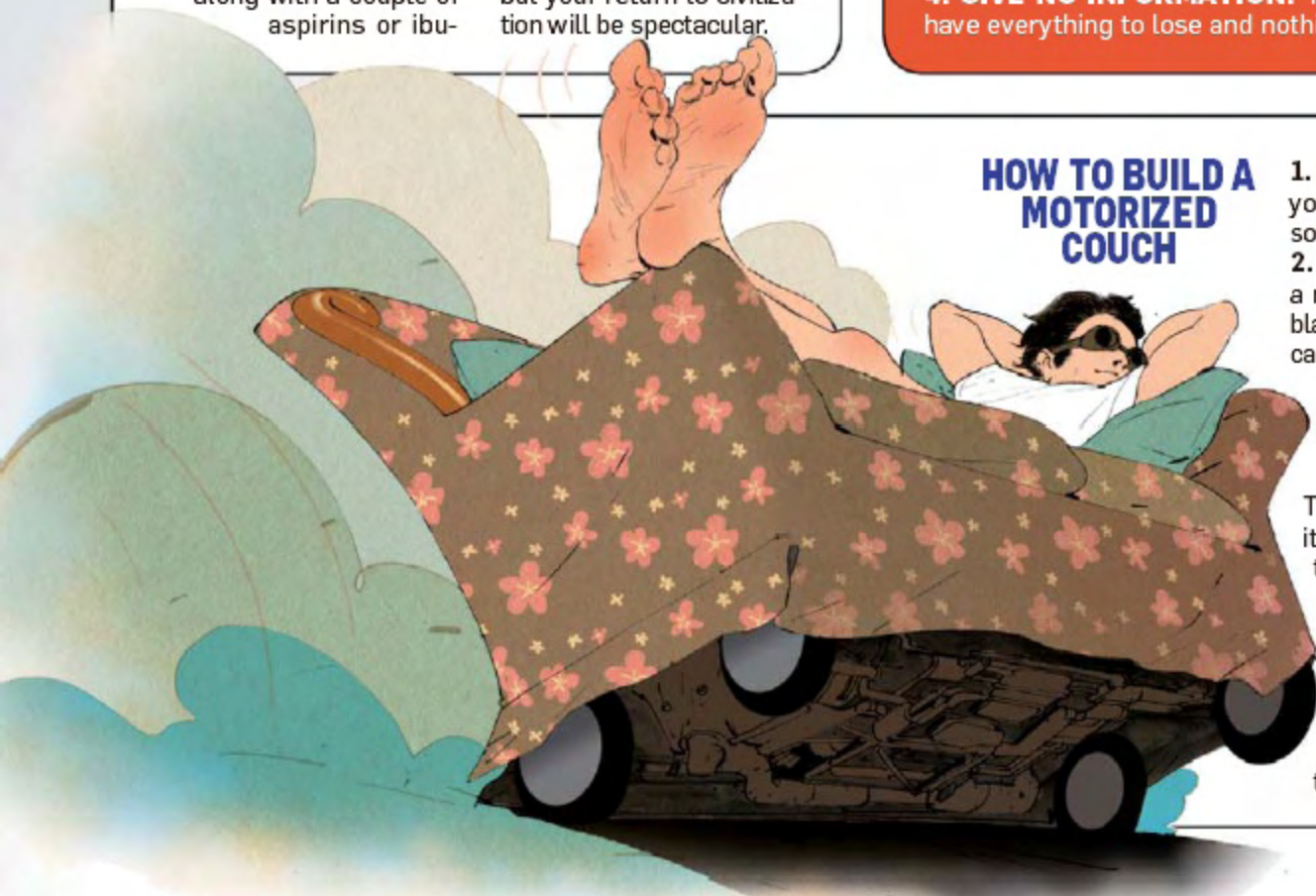
**1. FIND A COUCH.** Think thrift store, or maybe your neighbor's couch needs an upgrade. For sofa beds, rip out their dead-weight guts.

**2. PICK A SET OF WHEELS.** Do you build on a riding mower? (Don't forget to remove the blades.) Or do you remove the cockpit from a golf cart and start there? Factor in how long you'll want to sit on top of a two-stroke engine.

**3. BUILD A PLATFORM.** Your couch needs a stable perch to attach to the wheels and engine below. This is not about finesse. The stronger your platform, the better. Build it from a light, sturdy metal like steel welded together as needed. Wood can also work and has the bonus of being able to bond to a wooden couch with hammer and nails.

**4. TEST-DRIVE OUTSIDE.** Trust us.

**5. ADD CREATURE COMFORTS.** Your absurd vehicle should at least be comfortable. Think drinks cooler, think sound system. Think space for shapely passengers.



## HOW TO AVOID PREMATURE EJACULATION

Rule one: Don't freak out. The Playboy Advisor tells us, "It happens to almost every man at some point. The big danger is getting upset. That can make you self-conscious next time and create the same problem again. Relax. You're still in bed with a naked woman; I'm sure you can find something to do. The best remedy is to remind yourself, as things heat up, to slow down and focus on giving her pleasure. If you go too soon, she probably won't care too much as long as you get her off afterward. And doing that may get you ready to go for round two, now that the 'easy one' is out of the way."

## HOW TO BUY A CHEAP LAPTOP

If you have the money to spend, it's a moot issue: Get a Mac. Apple's laptops are powerful, offer good value for the money and run the best desktop operating system around (in a pinch they can even run Windows). Factor in iTunes and Front Row and you can actually think about using one to replace your stereo and TV. But they start at more than \$1,000, so if you'll pardon the expression, fuck 'em. The PC route is where you start to find bargains. With a little patience you can probably pick up a thoroughly modern laptop for less than \$400. These days all you need is a machine that can run a web browser and you've got access to great free web-based applications like Google Docs and the image editors [a.viary.com](http://a.viary.com) and [picnik.com](http://picnik.com). You can do full-featured online video editing at [fektor.com](http://fektor.com). Throw in enough RAM and even a five-year-old computer is up to the task. An entry-level Dell, HP, Sony or Asus will do you fine as long as you get at least two gigabytes of RAM and a decent hard drive. Check [dealnews.com](http://dealnews.com) to see who's currently discounting. If you're really strapped for cash, consider one of the new netbook-class machines, tiny laptops that are surprisingly capable for their price. The MSI Wind and Dell E can be had for as little as \$300 and work well for writing, browsing the web, watching movies and listening to music. Bear in mind that some users find the smaller-than-typical keyboards difficult, so make sure you test-type before you buy.

## HOW TO GET LIQUOR INTO A FOOTBALL GAME

If the stadium allows sealed bottles, you can pull a Sleazy Jesus (a.k.a. Sleazus) and turn water into gin. Make a small clean hole near the ridge underneath an intact water bottle, then use a syringe to draw out the water and replace it with Bombay Sapphire. Bear in mind that most security guards will miss a flask stashed in your crotch, but your friends may be reluctant to join your revels. And never underestimate the power of a pretty lady. A small flask in a purse will either go unnoticed or be ignored if the charm factor is high enough. Of course, if your lady friend is up for it, the Wine-rack (\$30, [thebeerbelly.com](http://thebeerbelly.com)) is hard to beat. It's a bra with built-in rubber flasks, and it holds a full fifth of Maker's, which can be dispensed via a handy hose. The only downside: Her rack decreases in size as the game goes on. However, we've found if you drink enough, it all evens out.



## HOW TO TAKE NUDE PHOTOS OF YOUR GIRLFRIEND

Jim Larson, one of PLAYBOY's resident photo gurus, tells us presentation is everything. He's talking about you, not your photos, of course: "If she thinks you're a pro with a lens, you stand a much better chance of her saying yes when the subject arises. Carrying an impressive-looking piece of gear helps too, and you should know your way around it without fumbling. If you have a tripod or other equipment handy, that will increase her comfort level, even if you don't use it. Lighting often separates good photography from bad. You probably don't have

a fancy setup, so try to shoot during the day, using window light. If it's too bright, hang a piece of gauze over the window. Anything in a photo that takes attention away from the girl is a negative, so get rid of clutter by shooting in front of a hanging bedsheet. The more the shot focuses on her, the more pleased she'll be with the results. You don't need to get her entire body in, so don't be afraid to shoot close; it's another way of focusing the viewer's attention. Oh, and don't forget to Photoshop your shots before you let her see them. That's key."

## HOW TO MAKE GOOD FOOD IN A MICROWAVE

Barbara Kafka wrote the classic *Microwave Gourmet* back when the strange humming boxes were regarded with distrust. They've lost their stigma now, and you can get great food out of them with a minimum of effort. "Vegetables work wonderfully, as does bacon cooked between stacks of paper towels," says Kafka. She gave us some guidance as we planned this three-course meal. **ARTICHOKES:** Wash and trim the chokes, then cut off the bottom half inch of stalk and the top bit of cone. Fill a high-sided dish with half an inch of water, then place them stem down in the dish. Cover the container with plastic wrap and nuke for

eight to 12 minutes, depending on your microwave's power. Let stand for a minute or two before testing doneness, then serve with a dip of olive oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper. **CHICKEN À LA GEIGER:** Rinse raw chicken breasts in the sink, rub with oil or butter and sprinkle with dried rosemary and a little salt and pepper. Place on a plate or shallow bowl and microwave on high for two to three minutes. Let the chicken rest for one minute, then flip and nuke two to three more minutes. Let rest again, then cut to the center to make sure the juices run clear. Dig in. **CHOCOLATE CAKE:** Seriously. Whisk four tablespoons of sugar, four tablespoons of cake flour, two tablespoons of cocoa, one egg, three tablespoons of milk and three tablespoons of oil in a mug and nuke for around three minutes.



## • KEVIN CONNOLLY •

**ENTOURAGE'S SAVVY WINGMAN LIVES THE ULTIMATE HOLLYWOOD LIFE. WHO ELSE HANGS OUT WITH LEONARDO DICAPRIO AND TOBEY MAGUIRE, DATED NICKY HILTON AND DIRECTED ROBERT DOWNEY JR.? IT SOUNDS LIKE A CERTAIN TV SHOW, DOESN'T IT?**

### Q1

PLAYBOY: The TV graveyard is full of canceled series about the inner workings of show business, yet *Entourage* thrives. *The Washington Post* called you and the other boys from Queens "deplorable, unpardonable, shameful—and why can't you and I be just like them?" What makes this show work when others have failed?

CONNOLLY: It's the friendship thing between guys. People across the country may not get Hollywood's inner workings, but they do understand how guys relate to one another. Often some dude on the street will shout out that his buddies call him the Drama or E of their group. *Entourage* can be a guilty pleasure; it's easy to watch.

### Q2

PLAYBOY: If viewers like the characters, would they also like the guys who play them? How much is TV imitating life?

CONNOLLY: There's a lot of ballbusting. Fuhgedaboutit. We all dish it out. In real life Jeremy Piven is that fast-talking guy—get into a verbal battle with him and you'll go down in flames, guaranteed. That whole life-imitating-art thing is trickiest for Adrian Grenier. He's an actor playing an actor, so people often want him to be Vince, but he's not. He's Adrian. Kevin Dillon's a sick lunatic

for golf, always talking smack and practicing his swings. Jerry Ferrara is the least like his character—he's a supersmart dude who is not a stoner slacker. Personally, I wouldn't stand for some of the abuse E, my character, takes from Ari, played by Jeremy. We're all slightly darker versions of our characters.

### Q3

PLAYBOY: You're Vince's wingman on the show, and you're really good at it. What about off camera?

CONNOLLY: Adrian and I are good wingmen for each other. When we were shooting the Cannes episode, we wrapped work one day and just took off in our wardrobe. We knew we would be in shit if anything happened to the clothes, because we had to wear them for the next day's shoot. We took off anyway: It was Cannes, and guys got to do what guys got to do. We had to monitor each other's drinks and make sure no one spilled any red wine, or worse.

### Q4

PLAYBOY: What makes a good wingman?

CONNOLLY: Every single guy needs an ace wingman. He's indispensable and independent, somebody you can trust to go with to a bar or club. He's got to be on equal ground

with you in a social situation, carry his own weight, talk to girls and be able to look after himself. I also have myself covered with bicoastal wingmen.

### Q5

PLAYBOY: If we're to believe TMZ, you're out on the town every night. What is your typical evening like?

CONNOLLY: Cocktails and dinner first, then I'm like everyone else: I go to clubs and chase girls. The best thing about L.A. is they throw you out at two A.M., so you can wake up the next day, feel like a human being and get to work with less damage. Back East, you're out having a good time, you blink, and it's four in the morning. No good comes between two and four.

### Q6

PLAYBOY: For a long time you and Nicky Hilton were a couple. What happens when you see her now?

CONNOLLY: Here's what I always respected about Nicky: Before *Entourage* I was living in a one-bedroom apartment—a broke kid from Long Island—and we got together when I had nothing to offer her. We're still friends, and we still hang in the same circles. But the paparazzi aren't hanging out in front of my house anymore. When I was dating Nicky one

thing I said was, “Nothing’s worse than being chased by paparazzi who aren’t trying to take a picture of you.”

### Q7

**PLAYBOY:** Does a hit TV show make your dating life easier?

**CONNOLLY:** It can be both easier and more complicated. I met an attorney, about my age, and I was thinking, Okay, this girl is hot. We were out for dinner, and almost the first words out of her mouth were “I haven’t seen your show. I hope that’s not a problem.” Then over dinner she called me Eric three times. The first time I thought I was hearing things. The second time she definitely called me Eric. The third time I had to set her straight: “Oh, by the way, my name’s Kevin.” I showed her my license. “So you’ve never seen the show? I play a character named Eric on *Entourage*, which is an odd coincidence.” It was a weird way for her to start a date. It was a disaster.

### Q8

**PLAYBOY:** You’re using your *Entourage* cash to create the perfect bachelor pad. If MTV’s *Cribs* dropped by, what would we see?

**CONNOLLY:** My father would be turning over in his grave if he saw me obsessing over fabrics. But it’s my first place, and I love being involved. First, I’m a big sports guy, so I’ve got the big couch, and nothing makes me happier than to come home, plop myself down and watch the Yankees on the biggest HDTV I can get on that wall. Then I have a nice little bar, classy, with high stools, so I’ve got the guy hangout done right.

### Q9

**PLAYBOY:** We’re guessing your life has changed since your childhood on Long Island.

**CONNOLLY:** I had a painfully normal life. My mother was a waitress, and my father was a truck driver. He was an iron man who never called in sick and gave me my work ethic. My brother, Tim, a local detective who has done tons of suspect interrogations, told me he learned you get more with honey than you do with vinegar. I try to apply that in Hollywood. Swearing and screaming may work for Ari Gold, but it doesn’t always work for others.

### Q10

**PLAYBOY:** *Rocky V*, your first movie, was nominated for a Razzie Award for worst picture in 1991. Do you have any regrets about appearing in a famous flop?

**CONNOLLY:** When I was growing up, *Rocky* movies were it, and when I got that role it was the greatest day of my young life. I was doing scenes with

Rocky, the ultimate working-class hero. Sly was a big star by then, our great action hero, and even though people may diss the movie, it left one special impression on me. Hey, we weren’t running to art-house theaters to see indie movies out in Medford. You went to see *Rocky*, *Rambo* and *Die Hard*.

### Q11

**PLAYBOY:** You’ve directed a short film, *Whatever We Do*, that stars such heavyweights as Robert Downey Jr. and Tim Roth. Was it scary to work with actors of that caliber?

**CONNOLLY:** They made me want to quit acting. I’m serious. With Tim and Robert I was rendered speechless by how talented they were. It just came out of them naturally. I went home depressed, thinking, Wow, maybe I should just throw in the towel.

### Q12

**PLAYBOY:** You skipped college, moved to L.A. and lived with a bunch of underemployed actors. But not all of them were underemployed for long.

**CONNOLLY:** We had our own fraternity, doing our fair share of a whole lot of nothing, hanging in our actors’ flophouse in the Valley with the same actor guys I hang with now: Tobey Maguire, Leonardo DiCaprio, Lukas Haas and Ethan Suplee. We lived on cheap pizza and pasta—a house of out-of-work actors trying to take care of one another. Leo was the first in our group to pop—more like explode—with an Oscar nomination at 19. Just when I thought life couldn’t get any weirder, I walked into Tobey’s trailer and he was wearing the Spidey suit.

### Q13

**PLAYBOY:** Was it discouraging when they made it and you didn’t?

**CONNOLLY:** Everybody here is chasing the same nickel. My career wasn’t so fast-rising—I’m 34, and I’ve been acting for 28 years. The thing is, you get to a point where you don’t know how to do anything else. But every time I was getting to the end of my rope, I got a little taste to keep me going. When the *Entourage* pilot happened, you would never have anticipated in a billion years it would become what it has. So it was like, Okay, cool, it keeps the ball rolling, and you make a little money to carry you through till the next job.

### Q14

**PLAYBOY:** Rejection can’t be fun. How did you deal with it?

**CONNOLLY:** Rejection was my middle name for many years. It still is. Unless you’re Brad Pitt or Matt Damon they always want somebody else. Even those

guys will tell you they’ve been through it. It’s humbling. Some people get lucky. I know a million great actors—guys who are 10 times the actor I am—who just don’t get breaks.

### Q15

**PLAYBOY:** No one on TV endures more short jokes than you. Just how tall are you?

**CONNOLLY:** For the record, five-foot-seven. Piven isn’t much taller than I am. *Entourage*’s creator, Doug Ellin, loves the banter between Ari and E, and he said, “I need to abuse your character.” So there have been get-me’s from Ari about E’s height. Doug knows I don’t care. Just take us to the promised land, dude.

### Q16

**PLAYBOY:** The Ari Gold character has some great lines, like “Tell Drama he’s on the top of my list of things to do today, along with inserting needles in my cock.” Why do people love to hate Ari?

**CONNOLLY:** He reflects our inner Ari. People like to think they have that somewhere inside—a bite-your-head-off kind of thing they can release at any point. That’s what I feel about the big producers like Ron Meyer, Jerry Bruckheimer and Brian Grazer, guys who can do a movie about whatever they want. Awesome. I’d love to release my inner big-shot producer, wield that power one day, play with the cinematic big toys and blow something up.

### Q17

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us the truth: How often do you guys clash on the set?

**CONNOLLY:** We spend massive amounts of time together during the season. Sometimes it’s 10 hours a day in a car—Adrian and Jerry in the front, Kevin and I in the backseat—staring at one another while being driven around L.A. on a flatbed. Like brothers, you sometimes get pissed. When someone’s having a bad day, you just back the fuck off. But when the show’s over, we all go do our thing. Kevin is married with a baby and has a house in Malibu. Jerry goes back to New York. I dream about chasing that hundred-million-dollar movie to direct.

### Q18

**PLAYBOY:** Nonactor A-list celebrities have been guests on the show. How well do they act?

**CONNOLLY:** Kanye West is a massive personality, but there he was hanging out, soft-spoken, down-to-earth. I was impressed to see Kanye step out of his comfort zone, work on his lines and act. It’s amazing to see big names—like James Cameron, who directed the biggest movie ever—come on because they’re fans of  
*(concluded on page 125)*



*"So you say you can't decide between that costume and the gorilla suit, and you'd like my opinion? Hmmm...."*





# SHOOT OUT IN VEGAS

**AFTER STUDYING THE  
ART OF DICE  
CONTROL, WE HIT  
VEGAS WITH THE FIVE  
HORSEMEN—  
THE GREATEST  
CRAPSHOOTERS IN  
THE WORLD**

I'm shooting craps in a suburban basement somewhere in a Midwestern city that will remain unnamed, as my hosts, Frank and the Dominator, have enemies. Or at least fans so crazy they may as well be enemies.

The guys study my dice throw as if I'm cutting a diamond.

"All wrong," says the Dominator. "Your backswing is too long."

Frank agrees. "You're throwing like a spastic. I know because we've taught spastics."

I'm here to learn dice control, the black art of manipulating the game of craps. It involves physics and something called yaw and having guns stuck in your back by casino muscle. But mainly it's about doing what George Clooney did in *Ocean's Eleven*: beating the casinos. But more often, and legally.

To learn the technique, I've been throwing a pair of casino dice on a craps table while my legendary teachers, Dominic "the Dominator" LoRiggio and Frank Scoblete, critique my every move. I throw the red plastic cubes again and again, every 15 seconds or so. I need the dice to move in perfect backward spirals, locked in tight, identical axes, and then to land softly. This is called controlled shooting. It decreases my chances of rolling a seven and losing my bet, and it increases my chances of winning obscene amounts of American currency.

But mastering dice control, I'm learning, is like mastering the Japanese gyoball. Tricky. If your mind isn't completely focused, or if you move your right knee a quarter of an inch on your release, or if your index finger is misplaced by a fraction of that.... My first throw, in fact, sails completely over the table's back wall.

"What the fuck was that?" says Dom. Dom is Sicilian.

It's cool and dry in the basement, but I'm sweating slightly. I've got one month to learn the technique before I meet up in Vegas with the Five Horsemen, the best crapshooters in the world, for three days of high-stakes gambling.

**BY STEPHAN TALTY**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

We take a break. Frank, who looks like an English professor with his silver beard and glasses, collapses on a couch, and I join him. Dom is pacing in front of us, smacking a fist into an open palm. Frank has told me stories about Dom's temper—he's well-known in Vegas for kicking slot machines and getting in the face of pit bosses. There are certain casinos in Mississippi where he will be arrested for trespassing if he walks through the door, mainly because he has won too much money but also because of his attitude. Instead of avoiding these spots, he puts on a biker disguise and plays craps anyway.

Dom stops in his tracks to lock eyes with me. In his monogrammed shirt and cream-colored leather jacket he looks like a middle-echelon gangster. "The casinos can't stop us," he says. "We're the Rolling Stones of gambling. We're not only going to win, we are going to kick their fucking faces in. Okay?"

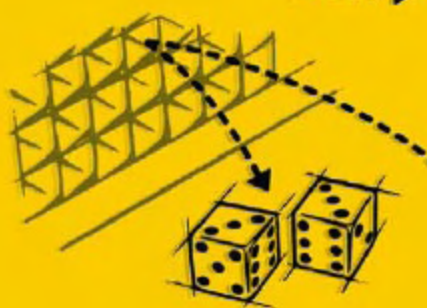
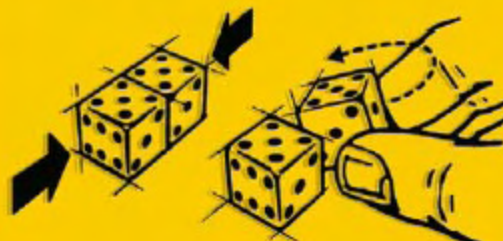
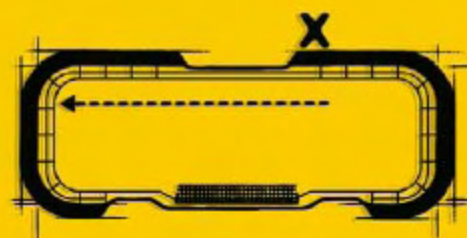
Yes. That is okay.

The Dominator, a businessman who started out as a casual gambler, and Frank, a former owner of a theater touring company from Brooklyn who paid for his kid's college tuition at the blackjack tables, met in Las Vegas in 2000. Frank had already learned dice control from a man named the Captain, head of an Atlantic City crew that, legend has it, took the casinos for millions in the 1970s and 1980s after developing the technique. Dom and Frank hit it off and joined forces.

They've had some rough moments. They're banned from many casinos. Dom has been stalked. Frank had a security guard stick a gun in his back at a downtown Las Vegas casino, and both were followed in Mississippi by casino operatives after slamming the house for tens of thousands. They could actually see the thugs taking down their license-plate numbers, which in Mississippi is not to be taken lightly.

But together the pair have built a mini empire with their company, Golden Touch. They hold controlled-shooting classes in Mississippi, Atlantic City, Chicago and Vegas. CEOs of Fortune 500 companies have flown in on private jets for tutorials (\$8,000 for two days). Rock stars have studied under them. Frank has become the country's leading author on dice control and craps strategy.

The system they teach involves two basic strategies: gripping and throwing the dice so as to hit or avoid certain numbers, and smart betting. As for the latter, they have thought through every mathematical contingency. The other part is physical: throwing the dice. This is the Dominator's forte. He sets the dice in a V, with the



## DICE CONTROL

A CLIFFS NOTES VERSION OF THE GOLDEN TOUCH TECHNIQUE

### STEP ONE: WHERE TO STAND

The shorter the distance the dice have to travel, the less likely they will spin out of control. Throw from the stick one position, next to the stickman.

### STEP TWO: THE HARDWAY SET

Place the dice so they touch each other, with a one and a six facing outward. The twos, threes, fours and fives will pair next to one another.

### STEP THREE: THE THREE-FINGERED GRIP

Hold the dice in place with the middle finger and thumb where the dice touch. The ring and index fingers should sit lightly, acting "like wings of a plane to guide the dice down the table evenly," as Golden Touch puts it.

### STEP FOUR: DELIVERY

Square the dice with the table, aim and then gently bring your arm back. Move in a pendulum swing and release so the dice travel upward at a 45-degree angle. Let the dice come out on their own; there will be an easy backspin. They should fly together like mirror images.

### STEP FIVE: CONTROLLING THE BOUNCE

You want as much surface area of the dice hitting the felt as possible, to dissipate energy. In one bounce they should hit the back wall where it's straight, not curved, and then come to a standstill as softly as they can.

threes on each die next to each other (see sidebar, above). His manicured fingers grip using the middle digit and thumb, with the index and ring fingers resting lightly on the dice (which will give them added stability in flight). He has a genetic advantage—his fingers are oddly squared off at the tops, allowing the dice to roll off them with baffling smoothness.

Leaning over the rail, the Dominator picks a spot on the felt, fixes on it with his brown eyes and swings his arm gently back and then forward. The dice release from his hand and rotate backward in the air like two acrobats from a trapeze, locked in perfect sync. They spin through the air, mirror images of each other, smack the felt lightly, bounce off the back wall and stop. Dom can do this again and again. The man is a complete freak.

Frank Scoblete and Dominic "the Dominator" LoRiggio head up the Five Horsemen. Says LoRiggio, "We're the Rolling Stones of gambling. We're not only going to win, we are going to kick their fucking faces in."

If one of the dice rolls exactly two positions away from the other when you throw, you'll end up with a four-three or a five-two, the dreaded seven that ends your turn. But by throwing the dice in a tight spiral and having them land softly, you can avoid the seven. You can gain an advantage over the casino and turn the odds in your favor.

After our two-day session my mentors send me home with a practice setup: a sawed-off version of a craps table, with throwing and receiving stations. I put it in my attic, and every day I climb the stairs for four 15-minute sessions, leaving the world behind as I concentrate on shooting. *(continued on page 84)*





*"I can't believe I've been taking the stairs all this time!"*



# GATOR MAID

Miss October scores with her winning spirit

**S**omething special is happening in Florida: Flip through your *PLAYBOY* issues of the past few years and you'll notice a surprising number of Sunshine Staters appearing as the Centerfold. The latest is Kelly Carrington, who was born in New York and spent a couple of years in Sweden before putting down roots in the small seaside town of Stuart, Florida. (Also known as—anyone? Anyone? The Sailfish Capital of the World.) "Everyone there is passionate about the ocean, whether it's deep-sea fishing, water sports or just congregating on sandbars and islands," says Kelly. "Every weekend I was out on my dad's boat, or in high school I'd go out on my friends' boats." On dry land the 22-year-old studies public relations at the University of Florida and gives it up big-time for the Gators. "The best thing about my college is football season," she says. "People get dolled up for the games and decked out in orange and blue. Everyone tailgates. It's the thing to do here." Though she loves being in the stands on game day, Kelly isn't afraid to step into the arena: She's an accomplished athlete who played lacrosse and volleyball competitively. "In eighth grade I won a four-foot trophy as female athlete of the year," she recalls. "It's my most prized possession."

Kelly's latest accomplishment is becoming Miss October, an honor she may never have earned if not for *E!*'s *The Girls Next Door*. "That show changed my whole perception of *PLAYBOY*," she says. "I was conservative when it came to my



University of Florida student Kelly Carrington never misses a Gators game, but don't call her a tomboy. "I can hang out with guys and be that girl who can chill and watch sports with them, but I am definitely a girly girl," she says. "I love doing my hair and makeup, and my favorite color is still pink."





body and how it related to who I was as a person. I felt the series portrayed PLAYBOY in a really girly, fun, all-American way. I was watching the show with a male friend who said I was just as hot as the Playmates on it. He sent in some pictures of me, and PLAYBOY called me for a test shoot. When I got to the studio, I was so excited to meet the photographer and see those life-size pictures of all the Centerfolds. I was pretty nervous, but everyone made me feel really comfortable. The rest—meeting Hef and the Girls Next Door and staying at the Mansion—has been just dreamy.”

Currently taking a break from her studies, Miss October is living at the Playmate House in Holmby Hills and sampling the left-coast lifestyle—to an extent. “I’m not here to party,” she says. “I’m focusing on work and setting up meetings. I’ve always been interested in acting.” Yet Kelly isn’t dead set on Hollywood by any stretch. She has numerous creative impulses to follow. “I like making clothes,” she says. “I’ve made curtains, too. I go to thrift stores to find old shabby-chic furniture. I make homemade cards, and I paint. I especially love photography. That’s something I would like to do more with. [Editor’s note: Being a Playmate counts as “doing more with” photography, wethinks.] Basically, I should have gone to art school.”

Just when we have Kelly pegged as the typical model-actress-painter-photographer-fashionista-upholsterer, she hints she could be happy with domestic bliss in Stuart. “I’m an aspiring housewife,” she says, laughing. “I never got to see my parents together or in love, and being in love is something I want more than anything. In high school I dated all different kinds of people: a redneck, an emo, a band guy. They were all little experiments because I don’t have a type. I like a gentleman who has goals and is driven, family-oriented and romantic.”

Until she finds the right guy, she’s happy to chill with her girls. “We like going to jazz clubs or a martini bar,” she says. “But I also entertain at home. I love to hold wine tastings. I’ll have five or six girlfriends over, and each of us will bring a different type of wine. I find it a lot more interesting than going to some thumping hip-hop club.”

Speaking of nightlife, as the October Playmate, Kelly will need a dynamite costume for the Mansion’s Halloween party—and she’s a bit stumped. “I was a bumblebee three years in a row,” she recalls, “and then last year I was a ballerina princess—a ballerina with a tiara. I feel pressure to have a really good costume because the party is at the Playboy Mansion. I have a lot of brainstorming to do.”





See more of Miss October at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).





MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





*Kelly Kingston*

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Kelly Carrington*

## PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kelly CarringtonBUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 115BIRTH DATE: 6/24/86 BIRTHPLACE: White Plains, NYAMBITIONS: To have a thriving career, travel the world and, most important, find true love and have a family.TURN-ONS: Fresh flowers, chivalry, back rubs, romance, style, creativity, ambition, success and fast cars.TURNOFFS: Arguing, ignorance, poor hygiene, negativity, rudeness, pretentiousness and closed-mindedness.MY FAVORITE SPORTS TEAM: The Florida GATORS!SOMEONE I LOOK UP TO AND WHY: My grandmother for her unconditional love, autonomy and sweet-natured personality.SUSHI I ALWAYS EAT: Shrimp tempura roll with spicy tuna.MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE: Find something you love to do and you'll never have to work a day in your life. :)THINGS THAT MAKE ME FEEL SEXY: Satin sheets, lingerie and high heels.

On my ninth birthday ♡



Picture day for my high school volleyball team.



As a college freshman, I "buzzed" my way around all Halloween night!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**H**earing suggestive noises coming from a freshman's dorm room, the resident advisor knocked on the door and asked the student if he was entertaining a lady.

"I don't know," the kid replied. "Let me ask her."

**W**hat have you been doing?" a blonde asked an old high school boyfriend she met on the street.

"I've been away at college taking medicine," he replied.

"Oh," she said with a look of concern. "Are you well now?"



**T**wo men went into a bar. After a few drinks one said to the other, "Since you went off to college I've been fucking your mother's brains out!"

The second one responded, "I think you've had enough to drink, Dad."

**A**n old professor got up one morning feeling like a 20-year-old student, but he couldn't find one on campus who was awake that early.

**S**ome frat boys let three goats loose on the grounds of their college. Before they let the animals go they painted numbers on their sides: 1, 2 and 4.

The next morning the campus police were still searching for number three.

**A** student who had recently been diagnosed with multiple personality disorder went to the campus medical center. "Doc," he said, "I think one of my personalities may be gay."

"And this is causing you discomfort?" the doctor asked.

"Yeah," the student replied. "It's kind of a pain in the ass."

**W**hat did the blonde sorority girl say after having multiple orgasms?

"So do you all play for the same team?"

**A** fraternity brother confronted a junior member, telling him, "A sorority girl is running around campus telling people you have a small dick."

"Yeah?" the junior member replied. "Well, she has a big mouth."

**A** father was entertaining a boy his daughter had brought home from college. "I realize it's only a formality," the young man said, "but I want to ask for your daughter's hand."

"And where did you get the idea that this is just a formality?" the father asked.

The boyfriend replied, "From our Lamaze instructor."

**H**ow is Madonna different from A-Rod?

She had a couple of hits last October.

**A** blonde, bosomy cheerleader confessed to her priest that she often had sex with her boyfriend in the front seat of his car.

"Now, my daughter," consoled the priest, "I'm sure if you think about it, you'll know you've been doing something wrong."

"Yeah, I guess you are right," replied the cheerleader. "Maybe it would be more comfortable in the backseat."

**W**hile discussing the Kinsey Reports in a human-sexuality course, the class gasped as the instructor read that one woman had several hundred orgasms in a single sexual session.

"Wow," a male student said, "who was she?"

A female student responded, "The hell with her. Who was he?"



**T**wo sweethearts wanted to fly United on the way back to campus after spring break, but the flight attendant wouldn't let them.

**A**t Christmas break a freshman brought a semester's worth of dirty laundry home to wash. Soon after stepping into the laundry room, he shouted to his mom, "What setting do I use on the washing machine?"

"It depends," she replied. "What does it say on your shirt?"

He yelled back, "University of Illinois."

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](http://jokes.playboy.com). PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



F. THORNE

*"Oh, great! No instructions."*

# VEGAS

(continued from page 70)

My fingers feel huge and clumsy on the glassy dice. After three weeks I'm able to get my grip without looking. It's like learning braille; the tips of your fingers, instead of your eyes, "see" the dice.

The more I throw, the more I marvel at how good Dom and Frank are. When I shoot, the dice separate and bounce to the felt a foot apart. Or one shoots higher than the other. Or each rotates on a different axis, wobbling through the air like a wounded bird. It seems impossible to me that anyone can make these slippery pieces of molded plastic, weighing only four tenths of an ounce each, move as one.

Frank and Dom have come to know these cubes of cellulose acetate the same way Tiger Woods knows his irons. They prefer new dice, whose sharp edges "bite" into the felt of the table and stick, as opposed to well-used dice, whose edges have become microscopically dulled from play. They know casino dice are machines designed to foil any attempts to win consistently: three quarters of an inch on each face, the cubes are handmade, each side perfectly identical to within 0.0005 of an inch, eliminating the chance that they will favor any one number. Even the dots (called pips) are drilled out of the dice and then filled with material that weighs exactly the same as the stuff that has been removed. The casinos have eliminated every possible advantage—unless you can control the flight of the dice.

For centuries rollers have been trying to figure out how to turn the odds in their favor. Players have engineered cubes with small centers made of special waxes with low melting points—the dice act normally until a thrower holds them tightly in his hand, melting the wax, which flows toward one side of the dice, giving the shooter an edge. Past-posters, con men who place their bets after the dice have stopped rolling, can still be found working the casino floors in Vegas.

But dice control is no scam. It's a skill. After a month of constant practice I can shoot only two or three tight shots in a row. Dom and Frank advise their students to practice for six months before hitting the tables. I begin to think this experiment is moving way too fast.

The day arrives. I fly out to Vegas and meet the Five Horsemen at a high-end casino where they are all fully comped. Besides Dom and Frank, there's the Mathematician, a shy, overweight guy in glasses with degrees in math and physics, who is the most aggressive bettor in the group, often putting thousands down on a single throw. The Mathematician once ran the IT department of a major New York corporation, supervising 350 programmers and pulling in a substantial salary. He gave it up to concentrate on craps.

There is the Arm, a lanky Tennessean who has, I soon discover, the most beautiful throw of anyone I've ever seen. If you could engineer a human being to be a controlled shooter, you would design the Arm.

The last member is the Dentist, who flew in from Texas. Craps for him is an escape from the hassles of dealing with his patients, such as the asshole who forbids him from using his first name and demands to be called the Colonel. The Dentist lost at craps for years before finding dice control. "I used to be the worst player who ever walked up to a table," he tells me. "And then I met these guys."

We head for the \$25-minimum tables. There are 12 to 16 positions at each; I take stick left, right next to the stickman, who retrieves the dice with a curved wooden wand. The table is staffed by a stickman, two dealers (who handle the chips) and the box man, who directs the action.

We cash in, and I place my chips in the rack, with the dollar chips at both ends and the black \$100 markers in the middle. This is to protect against grifters who sidle up and try to steal chips from the end of your row. High-end games attract the most talented thieves in Vegas.

Dom takes the dice. He looks good, the dice passing just below my chin in perfect unison. But after only six rolls he sevens out and the dice pass clockwise to the Mathematician.

Controlled shooters measure a good turn at the dice by how long you last before throwing a seven. Single digits are bad. A 15-hand roll is respectable. A 25 is a moneymaker, and anything over 30 is a killer roll. When you hit 50, you are shooting a monster. The Five Horsemen often bet as a team. The longer you roll, the more they will press, or increase their bets on you. Extended rolls are where the money is made.

The Mathematician sevens out after a 12 roll, and the dice pass to me. The Horsemen clap and call my name. But it's as if I've stepped into a soundproof booth; I'm concentrating so hard, it sounds as though the boys are yelling at me from 50 feet away. The stickman brings five dice over to me. I choose two and turn them until the threes are facing up and the twos are facing me. That's my "set." I take a deep breath, swing my hand back, let it come forward and release.

One die lands in the Dentist's chip rack, and the other goes hurtling over the back wall. Dom, his face stricken, turns to chase it. The stickman calls "No roll" and tries not to look at me.

I cannot believe what just happened. This is exactly what I'd feared. I'm pumped so full of adrenaline I can barely keep the dice on the table. But my next roll is decent; I begin to settle down. I manage eight before I'm out.

As the dice go around the table, the stickman calls out each number like a circus barker. A 12 is "midnight." A two, three, 11 or 12 is a "horn," and he

shouts, "See a horn, bet a horn." It's like the patois of a secret society. Then there are the superstitions: A female "virgin" (first-time roller) is lucky. Never bet on a roller who's wearing sunglasses. And if the stickman pushes the dice to you with a seven showing, don't pick them up—he has just cursed you.

Next up is the Arm. He unfurls the dice slowly, the elbow opening and then the wrist rolling forward. His arm is so long it seems he covers a third of the table before the dice release from his fingertips and revolve backward as if glued together.

It's hypnotizing. He's flawless, maybe more of a natural than Dom.

But everyone is ice-cold, and our first session is a bust. I'm down a few hundred, and the Horsemen's losses are in the thousands. Craps is a physical game—jet lag and nerves can affect your performance, so the first session of the week is often a bust. No one's worried.

We head to Frank's room, a \$1,600-a-night suite with three bathrooms. It has the most spectacular view of the Strip I've ever seen.

"This," I say, "is America."

"This is America," he says. "And you know what the beautiful part is? It's all free."

It's free because the casino is betting we'll lose.

Sipping chilled Belvedere, we talk about the game. "Most people create their own losses," says the Mathematician. "When you have the edge on the casinos, you have to bet into it. When I'm at the table, I don't look at it as money. I look at it as probabilities."

The Mathematician and the Arm have run computer simulations mapping out the house odds of every possible situation with every kind of shooter. The Mathematician carries these in his head. During the three days I'll sometimes look over and point to a bet. He'll rattle off a number, say, 1.843. Those are the exact house odds for this particular situation.

It's like gambling with Einstein.

The Arm then gives me a seminar on the physics of craps. The dice are subject to the "six degrees of freedom": yaw, pitch and roll, as well as horizontal, vertical and forward movement. I stare at him, my eyes glazing from the Belvedere.

We pile into a limo and head to Fiamma at the MGM, where we proceed to carouse for a few hours and run up a four-figure bill, which is, of course, comped. Then it's back to the tables.

As we walk up, it's clear there's a show going on. Two hundred people are gathered around a \$100 table, gawking at a Japanese guy who's shooting at the far end. I stare in disbelief at his rack: It's crammed with bright white \$1,000 chips. He must have \$250,000 in front of him.

"Who is he?" I ask a gawker.

"Japanese rock star."

(continued on page 126)





Get up to **\$100\*** of <sup>your favorite</sup> NFL® GEAR at [NFLSHOP.COM](http://NFLSHOP.COM)  
 when you buy a set of four eligible DUELER™ TIRES.

AUGUST 30 through SEPTEMBER 27, 2008.



**BRIDGESTONE**

Official Tire of the NFL



\*Offer valid August 30-September 27, 2008. Mail-in form required. At participating Bridgestone and Firestone retailers. See retailer for complete details and eligible tires. ©2008 NFL Properties LLC. Team names/logos are trademarks of the teams indicated. All other NFL-related trademarks are trademarks of the National Football League. Credit toward purchase at [NFLShop.com](http://NFLShop.com). Not all products depicted are available on NFLShop.com. All items subject to availability. Not redeemable for cash.

PLAYBOY'S

# 2008 NFL PREVIEW

NOBODY HAS A GAME MORE RIVETING THAN THE NFL



**B**efore the 2007 season had even started, Giants fans couldn't believe coach Tom Coughlin still had his job. The team underperformed. Brother Eli didn't have the Manning mojo. The best Giant running back of all time, Tiki Barber, had retired with a caveat: If Coughlin weren't the coach, Barber would come back for another season. A thick, stinking miasma hung over the Meadowlands when September rolled around. What did the Giants do? They opened the season 0-2. Their campaign teetered on the brink of disaster all year long. They took a 41-17 bludgeoning at home against Minnesota in week 12, with Manning hurling four interceptions. Oops. With two weeks left the Giants were clawing for a wild-card spot.

We know how the story ends—with a victory in what many have called the greatest Super Bowl of all time.

There are lessons to be learned here. First, never count a team out until the math insists on it. Second, nothing is more thrilling than watching an underdog come out of nowhere to battle Goliath with history on the line. If the Giants pulled

## PLAYBOY'S PICKS

### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

EAST: → NEW ENGLAND

NORTH: → CLEVELAND

SOUTH: → JACKSONVILLE

WEST: → SAN DIEGO

WILD CARDS: → INDIANAPOLIS, PITTSBURGH

CHAMPION: → NEW ENGLAND

### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

EAST: → DALLAS

NORTH: → MINNESOTA

SOUTH: → NEW ORLEANS

WEST: → SEATTLE

WILD CARDS: → ARIZONA, NEW YORK

CHAMPION: → DALLAS

**SUPER BOWL → NEW ENGLAND OVER DALLAS**



off the big one last year, who's to say the Browns won't slip on Cinderella shoes this go-round? Or the Vikings? The Jets?

We enlisted a few former stars turned analysts to pick this season's surprise team. NBC's *Football Night in America* host Tiki Barber: "The New Orleans Saints. The key will be their defense. It was awful last year. They have addressed many problems, and their offense is as good as any in the league. Tom Brady and Peyton Manning are in a class of their own, but Drew Brees leads the next batch of QBs who are just a step below." ESPN's *Sunday NFL Countdown* analyst Keyshawn Johnson: "The Philadelphia Eagles—if they have a healthy Donovan McNabb and a healthy Brian Westbrook." ESPN analyst Cris Carter: "The Seattle Seahawks. They have a lethal combination—an experienced coach and quarterback, both more than capable."

As for us, we think last year's embarrassment was too much for Bill Belichick to endure. Only one thing will erase that horrific memory from his genius football brain: a Super Bowl win. We're going with Brady and the Pats. Again.

# PLAYBOY'S 2008 NFL PREVIEW



## WHO'S UP

THE TEAMS TO WATCH ON THE ROAD TO SUPER BOWL XLIII

### ARIZONA

The Cardinals fielded the youngest starting lineup in the NFC in 2007 and came up just short of a wild-card spot. A little seasoning should serve them well. Matt Leinart, Anquan Boldin and Larry Fitzgerald give Arizona one of the league's best passing attacks.

### BUFFALO

Last season no team was bitten by the injury bug more than the Bills, yet Buffalo chased a playoff berth into December. The young team gets fiercer in 2008 with the addition of defenders Marcus Stroud, Kawika Mitchell and Leodis McKelvin.

### CLEVELAND

The inability to stop the run cost the Browns a playoff spot despite a 10-6 record. So Cleveland acquired almost 700 pounds of athleticism for the middle of its defensive line in Corey Williams and veteran Pro Bowler Shaun Rogers.

### DALLAS

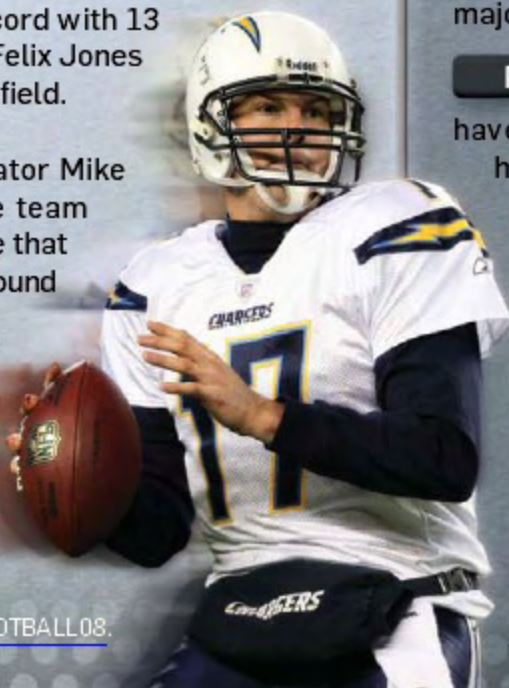
The Cowboys tied a franchise record with 13 victories and set an NFL record with 13 Pro Bowlers in 2007. First-round draft pick Felix Jones gives the club breakaway speed in the backfield.

### DETROIT

Offensive coordinator Mike Martz is gone. The Lions can become the team coach Rod Marinelli has wanted to build, one that relies on running the ball and defense. First-round pick Gosder Cherilus at OT is a monster.

### HOUSTON

In WR Andre Johnson, DE Mario Williams and LB DeMeco Ryans, the Texans have some of the finest players in the NFL. We predict 2008 will be the club's first winning season.



### JACKSONVILLE

The Jags need to dial up the pass rush to compete in a division with Peyton Manning and Vince Young. So they drafted elite pass rushers Derrick Harvey and Quentin Groves.

### MIAMI

Bill Parcells has gutted the worst team in the NFL. He has also rebuilt the offensive line, drafting OT Jake Long (the number one pick overall) and signing free-agent guard Justin Smiley. You win up front.

### MINNESOTA

There's no dominant QB in the NFC North anymore. The Vikings see the door ajar. They traded for NFL sack leader Jared Allen and signed Chicago's lead receiver, Bernard Berrian, in free agency.

### NEW ENGLAND

The Pats won't go near 16-0, but that doesn't mean there's a better team out there. The big guns are back in Tom Brady and Randy Moss, and new additions include badly needed youth at linebacker—first-round pick Jerod Mayo and third-round pick Shawn Crable.

### NEW ORLEANS

With Drew Brees, Deuce McAllister, Reggie Bush and newly acquired TE Jeremy Shockey, this offense will score points. The defense improves with first-round draft pick Sedrick Ellis at tackle and free agent Bobby McCray at end.

### NEW YORK JETS

Coach Mangini pulled in some major talent this off-season: blockers Alan Faneca and Damien Woody and linebacker Calvin Pace. Oh yeah, and Brett Favre. Jets fans, prepare for takeoff.

### OAKLAND

The Raiders cashed in their fourth overall draft pick on Playboy All America RB Darren McFadden. He and QB JaMarcus Russell, the first overall pick in 2007, could form a lethal backfield combination.

### PHILADELPHIA

The Eagles were one of four teams to rank in the NFL's top 10 in both offense and defense last season. The addition of Pro Bowl CB Asante Samuel shores up the major weakness: pass defense.

### PITTSBURGH

The Steelers already have the NFL's best defense. They drafted help on offense in RB Rashard Mendenhall and WR Limas Sweed.

### SAN DIEGO

Philip Rivers took a giant step at QB with playoff victories at home (Tennessee) and on the road (Indianapolis). Having WR Chris Chambers for a full season will make Rivers an even better quarterback. The defense is Super Bowl-ready.

—Rick Gosselin

For the third straight year, Philip Rivers and the Chargers enter the season with Super Bowl buzz.

## WHO'S DOWN

IF YOUR TEAM IS ON THIS LIST, WE FEEL YOUR PAIN

### ATLANTA

Mike Vick in the clink? We still can't believe it. Boston College slinger Matt Ryan and new offensive coordinator Mike Mularkey have their work cut out for them.

### BALTIMORE

Quarterback Steve McNair and Pro Bowl OT Jonathan Ogden have retired, and coach Brian Billick has been fired.

### CAROLINA

QB Jake Delhomme is a year older (33) and coming off major arm surgery. Two veteran Pro Bowlers have left the defensive line. The Panthers cut their leading rusher, DeShaun Foster.

### CHICAGO

Quarterback remains a huge question mark. The departure of wide receivers Bernard Berrian and Muhsin Muhammad curbs any optimism for a turnaround.

### CINCINNATI

First-round pick LB Keith Rivers is a huge upgrade for a defense desperate for talent. The Bengals lost their leading tackler, Landon Johnson, and weak-side pass rusher, Justin Smith.

### DENVER

The Broncos allowed more than 400 points last year for the first time since their AFL days. Yet coach Mike Shanahan used the team's first three draft picks on offensive players. Is the Shanahan era in Denver nearing its end?

### GREEN BAY

With all the controversy (read: distraction) in the off-season, the Pack won't have its act together in time to compete.

### INDIANAPOLIS

Peyton Manning had minor knee surgery in July, and stars Marvin Harrison, Dwight Freeney and Tony Ugo are all recov-



ering from injuries. Don't get us wrong: Indy will still win at least 11 games.

### KANSAS CITY

As many as four draft picks could be opening-day starters in K.C.: DT Glenn Dorsey, OT Branden Albert, CB Brandon Flowers and OT Barry Richardson. Count on this team to contend in 2011.

### NEW YORK GIANTS

Defense was the key to the Giants' success last year. Four of those starters are gone.

### ST. LOUIS

After finishing 3-13 in 2007, the Rams drew a schedule that includes the NFL champion Giants and AFC champion Pats, plus playoff teams Dallas, Seattle and Washington.

### SAN FRANCISCO

The 49ers were hoping they'd snared the next Steve Young when they selected Alex Smith with the first overall pick of the 2005 draft. Smith has instead turned out to be the new Tim Couch.

### SEATTLE

The Seahawks have won four consecutive division titles because they've been uncontested in the West. Here comes Arizona. Seattle will win the division again—barely.

### TAMPA BAY

The attack will feature a 38-year-old quarterback (Jeff Garcia), a 36-year-old speed receiver (Joey Galloway) and a 33-year-old running back (Warrick Dunn).

### TENNESSEE

The Titans won 10 games with the youngest starting lineup in the NFL. But they're still waiting for Vince Young to blossom, and the division schedule is brutal.

### WASHINGTON

The Redskins relied on Joe Gibbs, offensive coordinator Al Saunders and defensive coordinator Gregg Williams to steal a wild-card berth in 2007. All are gone, and the team has a rookie coach in Jim Zorn. The addition of defensive star Jason Taylor won't be enough. —R.G.

Denver coach Mike Shanahan faces early-season tests against the Chargers and Saints.

# QUICK HITS

✕ Odds the Patriots will go undefeated this year, according to BetUS: 15 to 1. They have the weakest schedule, facing teams with an average .387 winning percentage last year. The Steelers have the toughest schedule, facing opponents with an average .598 winning percentage.

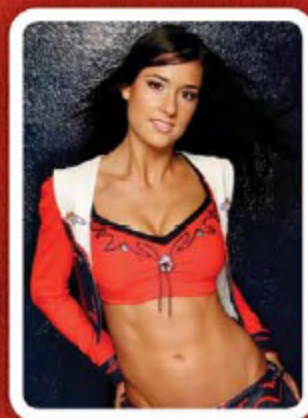
✕ Bill Parcells and the Dolphins selected offensive tackle Jake Long with the first pick in the draft. Long signed a \$57.75 million five-year contract, making the rookie the highest-paid offensive lineman in the history of the league.

✕ Commish Roger Goodell is on the lookout for gang signs on the field this year.

✕ Only one coach will wear a slick Joseph Abboud Reebok suit this season: 49ers honcho Mike Nolan. Our sources tell us Bill Belichick considered donning a suit, but the Patriots Pro Shop makes so much coin off his eponymous hoodie (\$74.95) that he decided to keep the street-vendor look.

✕ The Cowboys signed bad boy Tank Johnson last year, and this season they are letting madman Adam "Pacman" Jones into their locker room. We bet these Boys will get along great with T.O.

✕ The hottest cheerleader in the NFL, according to [armchairgm.com](http://armchairgm.com): **ROMI BEAN** (right), with Denver. She looks like a cross between Danica Patrick and Carmella DeCesare.



✕ Peyton and company will open the season in this year's only new digs: Indy's \$625 million Lucas Oil Stadium, with 63,000 seats. Super Bowl XLVI will be played there in 2012.

✕ Don't make any plans for Sunday, December 28. The last week of the season could decide three divisions: the AFC North (Pittsburgh hosts Cleveland), NFC West (Seattle at Arizona) and NFC East (Philadelphia hosts Dallas). —Rocky Rakovic

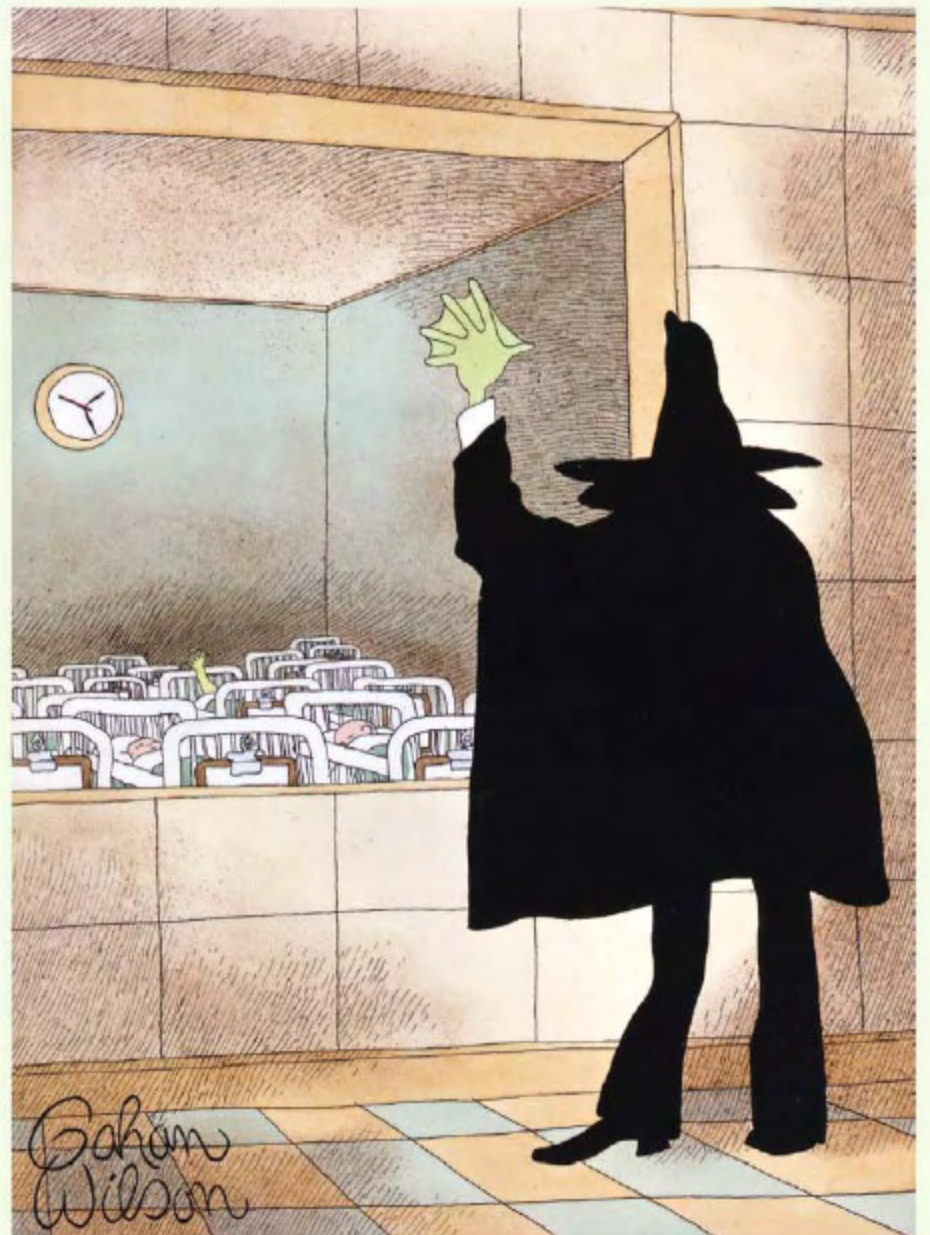


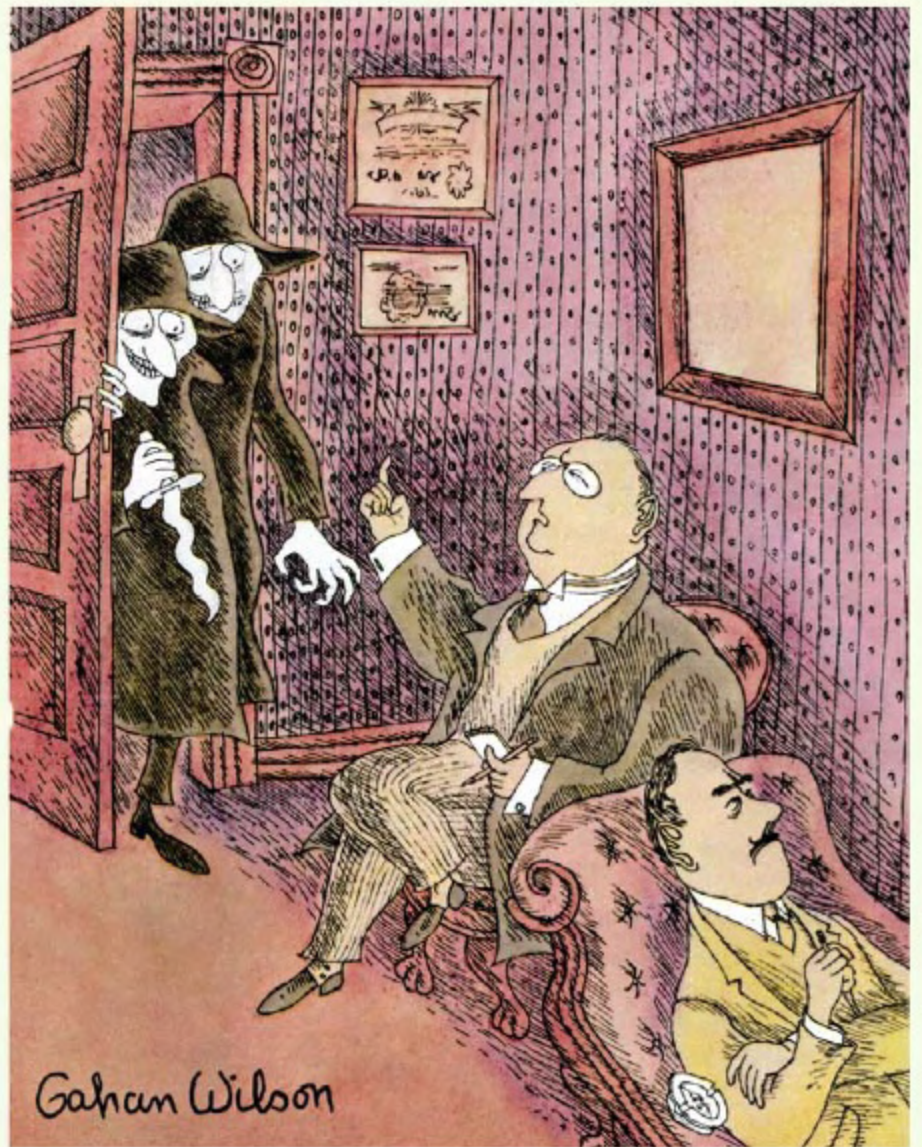


# HAUNTED CLASSICS BY GAHAN WILSON

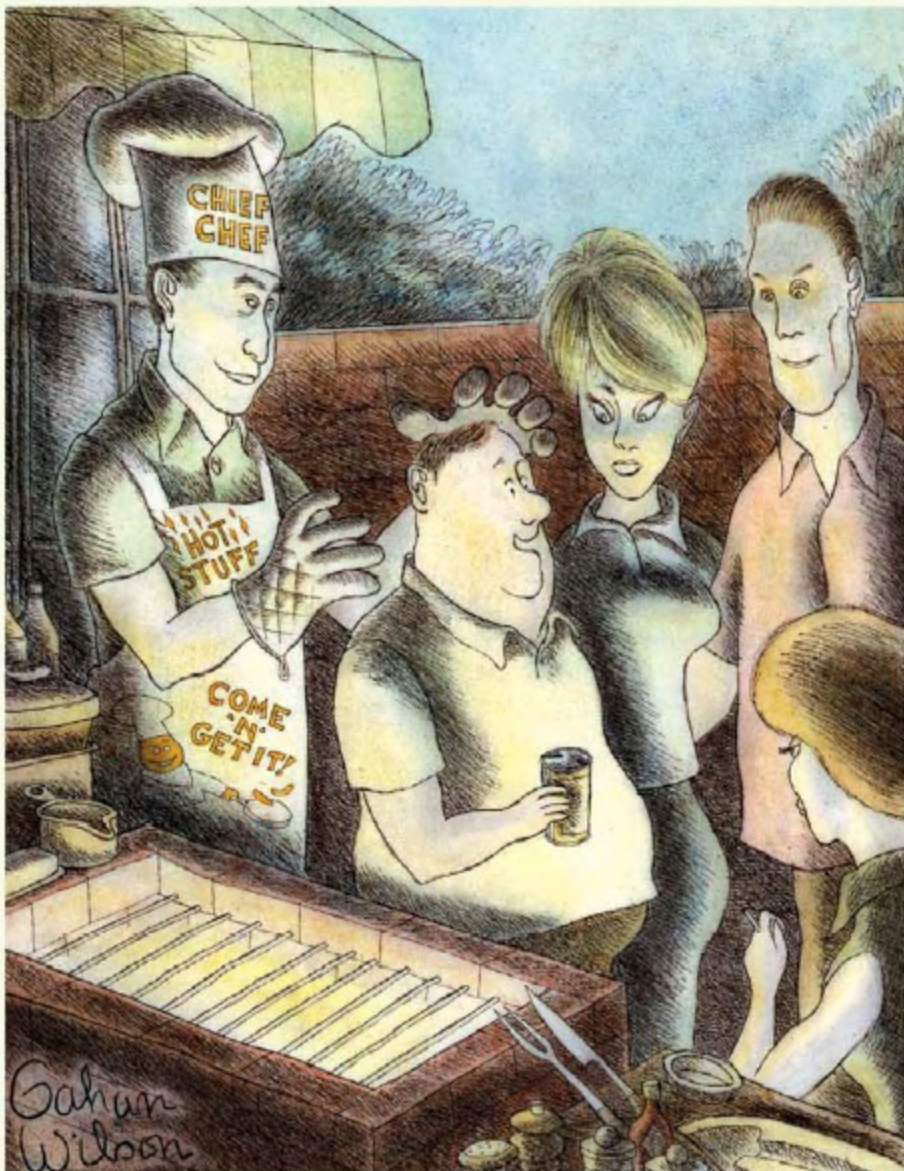
FOR FIVE DECADES THE MASTER  
OF THE MACABRE HAS SHOWN THE  
LIGHTER SIDE OF THE DARK SIDE

Find much more on Gahan Wilson at [playboy.com/magazine](http://playboy.com/magazine).





*"When did you first become aware of this imagined 'plot to get you,' Mr. Potter?"*



*"Well—what's for barbecue...?"*



*"Surprised?"*



DRESSING WELL IN A COLLEGE SETTING CAN BE AS HARD AS GETTING TO THAT EIGHT A.M. CLASS AFTER A NIGHT OF "SOCIALIZING." MAKE THINGS EASIER ON YOURSELF THIS SEMESTER BY LETTING THE PAST BE YOUR GUIDE. OLD-SCHOOL OUTERWEAR AND VINTAGE PRINTS MAKE FOR AN UNDERSTATED SENSE OF STYLE. ONE THING'S FOR SURE: YOU'LL EARN MORE ADORING LOOKS FROM THE COEDS IN THESE THREADS THAN IN SWEATS AND A HAWAIIAN SHIRT.

FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS



Hospital scrubs and that XL T-shirt you won on trivia night may work when you're watching Sunday afternoon football, but since you never know who's going to walk through your door, a wool sweater and slim trousers are a safer bet—and still comfortable.

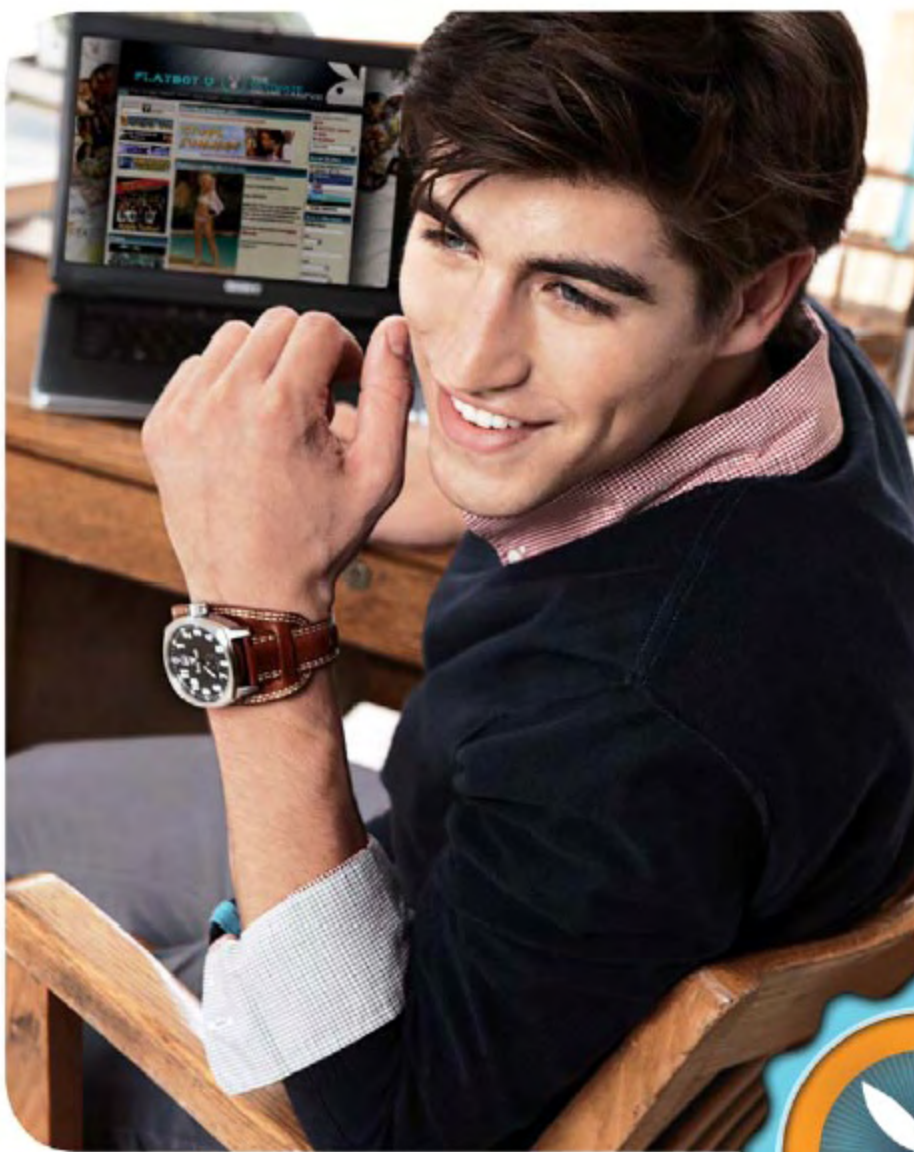
From left: Her jacket and skirt are MISS SIXTY. Her shirt is BEN SHERMAN. → His sweater (\$350) and shirt (\$195) are BENJAMIN BIXBY. His jeans (\$88) are EXPRESS. His belt (\$80) is LEATHER ISLAND BY BILL LAVIN. → His sweater (\$161) and pants (\$266) are RARE MAN. His shirt (\$15) is MERONA. His watch (\$165) is TIMBERLAND. His lacrosse stick (\$200) is WARRIOR. → Her sweater-vest, shirt, pants and tie are BEN SHERMAN. → His jacket (\$345) and pants (\$165) are CPT BY COCKPIT USA. His shirt (\$34) is AMERICAN APPAREL. His belt (\$20) is MOSSIMO.





Don't let appearances fool you. These seemingly simple pieces of sportswear have enough technology woven into them to rival Christian Bale's bat suit. Athletic powerhouses such as Nike and Under Armour are just a couple of the companies making your workout at the gym or on the intramural field a little more agreeable. The lightweight tech fabrics wick sweat away from the body to speed evaporation and cool you down. And if the game goes into double overtime and you need to stick around, you're a little bit fresher than your buddy in the plain cotton tee.

From left: His shirt (\$30) and shorts (\$45) are UNDER ARMOUR. His lacrosse stick (\$70) is WARRIOR. → His jacket (\$42) is NIKE SPORTSWEAR. His shirt (\$18) is C9 BY CHAMPION. His shorts (\$30) are UNDER ARMOUR. → Her shirt and shorts are AMERICAN APPAREL.



Distinguish yourself from the other guys in the room: a blazer instead of a hoodie. A nice watch. You get the idea.

Top left: His sweater (\$298), shirt (\$198) and pants (\$228) are DDCLAB. His watch (\$115) is TIMBERLAND. The laptop (\$1,250) is SONY VAIO. Top right: Her jacket is EXPRESS. Her hat is BEN SHERMAN. → His jacket (\$495) and tie (\$98) are CANTERBURY OF NEW ZEALAND. His shirt (\$25) is MERONA. Bottom, from left: His jacket (\$295), shirt (\$149) and jeans (\$167) are 7 FOR ALL MANKIND. His tie (\$18) is TARGET. His belt (\$60) is LEATHER ISLAND BY BILL LAVIN. → Her dress is MISS SIXTY. → His vest (\$109) is VINTAGE RED. His shirt (\$145) is RARE MAN. His jeans (\$198) are 7 FOR ALL MANKIND. His scarf (\$95) is CONVERSE BY JOHN VARVATOS. His watch (\$115) is TIMBERLAND. → His jacket (\$175), shirt (\$68) and jeans (\$68) are MARC ECKO CUT & SEW. → Her dress is CUSTO BARCELONA.



Don't wait for your first big paycheck to start wearing high-end labels. John Varvatos recently teamed with Converse for a hip line at an attainable price. Another tip: Layering with a cardigan or jacket is an easy way to dress up a T-shirt or polo.

Above left: His jacket (\$640), shirt (\$70) and jeans (\$270) are DIESEL. → Her top is BEN SHERMAN. Her skirt is GUESS BY MARCIANO. Top right: His flannel shirt (\$20) is MOSSIMO. His T-shirt (\$19) is AMERICAN APPAREL. His pants (\$155) are 7 FOR ALL MANKIND. His hat (\$20) is TARGET. His watch (\$115) is TIMBERLAND. → Her sweater is MISS SIXTY. Her shirt is SISLEY. Her skirt is GUESS BY MARCIANO. Her boots are UGG AUSTRALIA. Bottom right: Her cardigan is GUESS BY MARCIANO. → His cardigan (\$165) and shirt (\$75) are CONVERSE BY JOHN VARVATOS. His belt (\$20) is MOSSIMO.





THE RACE IS ON TO GET THE GUY,  
THE GIRL AND THE DOUGH,  
AND GET AWAY.  
BUT NO ONE MAY WIN AND SOMEBODY  
IS DEFINITELY GOING TO LOSE

IN THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF

# NOBODY MOVE

## PART FOUR

**J**immy steered the pickup left-handed, his right arm crossing his chest and the right hand dangling out the window. "Did you kill him?"

Anita lifted the bottle from her lap and made sure it was perfectly empty. She wondered how Jimmy had hurt his hand.

"Did you kill your old man?" Now his right hand hopped back and forth between the gearshift and the radio knobs. "It said so on *this* radio, right *here*. Henry Desilvera. Shot to death in his home."

"God rest his soul." She closed her eyes and curled her toes around the barrel of the shotgun at her bare feet.

"I don't know what to say."

"Why don't you say 'Wow'?"

He found something and turned it up, a trio of women singing—

*Tubular and tasty*

*Wanazee, Wanazee*

*Tubular and tasty*

—and Jimmy said, "What?" and Anita said, "Wanazee," because it sounded magical, and Jimmy spun the knob. "Goddamn hillbilly mugwump *shit*."

Jimmy pulled the truck over and nearly ran down a fence post and braked hard and killed the engine. In the pasture before them stood horses switching their tails,

BY DENIS JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY SMITH



## SOMETHING MOVED IN HER BELLY LIKE A CHILD, AND THE CHILD WAS JIMMY. SHE COULD FEEL HIM DRAWING STRENGTH FROM HER BLOOD.

lifting their heads up and down. "Let me see your gun."

"I'm not showing anybody my gun."

"I want to see if it's been fired."

"How would you know if it's been fired?"

"Let's have it." He took the revolver from her purse and shoved it under his seat. "Where are your shoes?" He gripped her knee with one hand and took the shotgun from under her feet with the other and dropped the weapon behind his seat back. "No more guns." He reached toward the breast pocket of his too-large flannel shirt and came up empty and felt around the dash and got his cigarette pack, which was flat. He balled it up and threw it at the windshield in front of him and turned the key and floored the pedal, and this time he hit the fence post.

Anita stayed quiet and let him think, if that's what he was doing. He looked across the quiet farmland in front of them as if he might climb the fence and walk out into the fields and lose himself.

"I don't know what the setup is," he said. "But I know you set me up."

He reversed and got on the road and floored it again.

They sailed into Madrona, where the demands of sparse traffic seemed to help him focus. He shut up and drove halfway through town without a destination before pulling into the Arctic Burger's parking lot. He turned off the engine and gazed at the polar bear holding up a gigantic bun at the curbside.

Anita said, "I want my gun."  
"No more guns."

"I'll need it when we talk to the judge."

"You set me up."

"I brought you in. You're just right. The judge has been in court. He's seen bad people."

"I'm not a thug."  
"You don't know what you

are. He'll know. And he's a sick old man. He's just a sack of cancer."

"Wow. You're meaner than I thought. And deeper down."

"My people are of the earth. We know who the devils are. But we love the devil. We love the devil."

He stared hard at her. Something moved in her belly like a child, and the child was Jimmy. She shut her ears to its crying, and she could feel him drawing strength from her blood. Jimmy dropped his gaze. He turned and put both hands on the wheel. He raised the left one to consult his smashed wristwatch. "How long till dark?"

"I don't know."

"We should go after dark. Does this judge have his own computer?"

"Maybe. I guess so."

"What about somebody taking care of him? Are there other people in the house?"

"I don't know."

"Then we'll scope the place right now. You know where he lives, right?"

"Yes."

"Fine. I said we had ten percent of a plan. It's more like two percent. I gotta get some smokes."

While Jimmy was gone she shut her eyes and dozed until he ruined the moment by jerking open his door, blowing tobacco smoke and saying, "Red alert. I just saw Juarez. Or his Caddy. Or it was Gambol's Caddy. Those fuckers have identical cars." He slammed the door, it didn't catch, he slammed it again and got the truck going, looking everywhere at once like a juggler watching airborne objects. "Yeah, Gambol went and got his Caddy. Or it's Juarez. They're like high school chicks—twin Cadillacs." He drove fast, watching only the rearview mirror. "They weren't following us. They don't know this truck. Except Gambol saw it last night. But I mean—a million pickups. Unless Sally told them. Fuck-

ing Sally. Fuck. We get this done and get the fuck out. Get the fuck out and...." Anita sat with her eyes closed, humming "Wanazee, wanazee" and feeling the sensations of a cliff diver in a night sky while Jimmy tore through the streets and never stopped his mouth.

Gambol sat at the table in the breakfast nook, close to the window. Half an hour ago he'd claimed he wasn't hungry, but now that his breakfast was cold, he wanted it.

Mary put both their plates in the microwave and said, "Zapped steaks and eggs—not real good." She held up the Mumm's and tapped it with a fingernail. "What about this champagne?"

"None for me."

They heard a car outside, and Gambol watched through the window a moment and looked away again.

"How long till he comes?"

"Once you're on the Five," Gambol said, "it's a straight shot up."

"Is the Tall Man really with him?"

"I said he was."

"How did that guy get a face like that?"

"Nobody knows," Gambol said. "It's his whole head, really." Mary shuddered, and he added, "He's not so bad."

Mary said, "Look good, okay? Walk tall. I want Juarez to pay me off for resurrecting your leg. Twenty grand. This time I'll get to Montana."

"This time?"

"I've done stuff for him before. He helped me with my last big move."

"From where?"

"From here."

"You're still here."

"I didn't think big enough. I made some money but only enough for a car."

"What did you do for him?"

"Sold him a gross of Dilaudid."

"I remember. That was you?"  
(continued on page 110)



Olivia

*"Okay, Dr. Frankenstein, bring on your monster...!"*



Kelly Kae, Lauren Brooks and Adelaide Miller—INDIANA







# GIRLS

of the

# BIG 10

Meet the heartthrobs of the heartland

**B**ig East, Big 8, Big Sky—yes, you're big, but let's face it: Nothing says big like the Big 10. The Big 10 is so big it has 11 football teams, a feat of engineering that requires balls as big as Red Grange's shoulders (or brains as small as Nigel Tufnel's). Of course the girls of the Big 10 warrant an 11 themselves, based on their big hearts, big dreams and manifestly big sex appeal. Until recently it was said the secret of the Big 10 girls' beauty was that they were corn-fed, but with so much corn going into ethanol, that can no longer be the case. Perhaps they've been motivated by the Beach Boys, who sang, "Midwest farmers' daughters really make you feel all right." All right? Talk about damning with faint praise. Check out these beauties. If their aim is to reinvent math, they sure have the figures to prove it.



Mallory Adams—IOWA



From far left: Kelly is strictly business—in her major and in finding a guy who knows what he wants. Lauren, on the other hand, isn't looking to be tied down (by a relationship, that is). For the time being she's focused on playing the field. Adelaide grew up on a 160-acre horse farm; if you want to get this sporty girl's attention, you'd better bring your A game. Above: Mallory is a small-town girl with a big family and a big heart. "I've always been very grounded," she says. "I know you need to work hard to get what you want."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIU, MIZUNO AND DAVID RAMS



Maxine Christine—**NORTHWESTERN**



Chelsie Rae, Abby Leigh, Austin Thompson and Lisa Marie—**MINNESOTA**



This page, clockwise from left: Globe-trotter Maxine, who has visited Europe and Asia, considers herself a humanitarian. Clearly, she's a benefit to all mankind. Be careful where you leave fingerprints around Kelsey; she hopes to become a private investigator. Gopher group shot: Chelsie is a kinesiology major. We'd love to study the way her body moves. Abby is an actuarial-science major but dreams of becoming an NFL placekicker. Austin had planned to study dentistry until she realized it involves chemistry, but she still brushes after every meal. Lisa prefers bartending to office work—more opportunities to stir things up. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Fitness buff Marie would love to get into real estate one day. Mariela aspires to be a television anchor—and why not? The camera loves her. Leave your day planner at home when you see Michelle: She's into spontaneity and living without regrets. For Vanessa, an annual trip to the Indy 500 with her dad and his old frat brothers is a sacred tradition. Kickboxer Nina isn't shy about her skills: "I would definitely beat any guy in the ring!" she says. German-born Sophia is a self-proclaimed goofball who shamelessly sings karaoke with strangers.



Kelsey Evans—**OHIO STATE**



Marie Morgan—OHIO STATE



Mariela Henderson, Michelle Reid and  
Vanessa Carrera—PURDUE



Sophia Adams—PENN STATE



Nina Reyes—ILLINOIS



Lindsey Elizabeth—IOWA

Clockwise from above: Lindsey loves biker bars and calls herself a metalhead, but scoring a date with her may be tough: You'll have to play nice with her dad, a former NFL lineman. As a spokesmodel for *Car Craft* magazine and the Bikini Ice Fishing Team, Missy is always flashing her headlights. So far skydiving enthusiast Andrea has jumped only solo, but she'd be willing to go tandem with the right guy. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, hire Lynn to be your guide—she plans to open a five-star bakery. Ryan got it from her mama: The horseshoe tattoo on her lower back was inked by her mother. No playbook necessary for Taylor; the football savant can school you on everything from formations to tailgating techniques. Renée loves anything with an engine (well, maybe not lawn mowers). She lives for working on her car and riding motorcycles. Bobbie is accustomed to the limelight; the competitive cheerleader has been featured on ESPN. Victoria devotes much energy to philanthropic projects but still finds time to indulge her rebellious side.



Missy Tarrington—MINNESOTA





Andrea Bach  
**WISCONSIN**



Lynn Wisper and Ryan Lovette  
**MICHIGAN STATE**



Taylor Loftlyn—**INDIANA**



Victoria Walker—**INDIANA**



Renée Alison and Bobbie Korina—**MICHIGAN**



Brianna Leigh, Nicole Marie, Crystal Elise, Kimberlee Ann and Shannon Elizabeth—**PENN STATE**



Clockwise from far left: Tour guide Brianna will have you hitting all the right spots (on campus, that is). Nicole hates exercising but loves sports. Sex is more sport than exercise, no? A native of Puerto Rico, Crystal has been surfing since childhood; she'll gladly give you lessons in any of the five languages in which she's fluent. So in love with nightlife is Kimberlee that she intends to become a Las Vegas event planner. Humor is the way to Shannon's heart—and as you know, if you can get a girl to laugh, you can get her to, well, do stuff that's even more fun. Sisters Hayley and Kelly like to go against the grain: Kelly's career path includes nude tourism, while Hayley aspires to be a sex therapist. Oh, the places they'll go! A cowgirl at heart, Shavon drives tractors and bales hay. Farm living is clearly not without its appeal.



Shavon Presely—**PURDUE**



Hayley and Kelly Foxx—**INDIANA**

Clockwise from right: Monica pokes fun at the one large dimple on her cheek: "It's a running joke with my friends, but I like it and think it sets me apart." Perhaps, but it wasn't the first thing that caught our eye. After Ann completes her degree she hopes to work in Chicago (hey, we know some folks in publishing there who might need some help). A video-game aficionado, Elle has been featured in *Calendars on Campus* but now finally reveals what's under that bikini. Open the door, pull out the chair, buy her a beer and say please and thank you: Alyse loves a man with manners. Engineering major and Tae Bo devotee Nicole kicks ass in both the gym and the classroom. Katie's favorite meal is breakfast in bed, but you don't have to be a Top Chef to satisfy her tastes: She's happy with buttered toast. A native of Ukraine, Julianna is a Russian major who loves exotic dancing. "I feel sexiest when I'm naked, of course," she says. Of course. What's surprising is that eating borscht while reading Turgenev finished second.



Monica Walker, Ann Morgan, Elle Stamos, Alyse Sutton and Nicole Kennedy—**MICHIGAN STATE**



Julianna Reed—**IOWA**



Katie Marie—**WISCONSIN**



Chloe Allen—MINNESOTA



Kimberly Mueller and Kellie Anne—IOWA



Caitlin Shannon—MICHIGAN

This page, clockwise from top left: After nine years at an all-girls school Chloe is loving life as a wet and wild coed. Kimberly feels sexiest in a sports bra after she's hit the gym. After working up an appetite, this amateur chef whips up her speciality, chicken marsala. Kellie's birthday is a global holiday: She was born on New Year's Day. Sorority girl Caitlin loves Ben & Jerry's Oatmeal Cookie Chunk. Sweet! Opposite page, clockwise from bottom left: Julia has modeling in her DNA: Her grandmother was the Miller High Life cowgirl and encouraged Julia to pose for PLAYBOY "and follow in Grandma's footsteps." Journalism major Maria is a skiing enthusiast. Surely there's no cuter snow bunny on the slopes. Nikki is a saxophonist who wears stilettos while riding her Suzuki GSX-R1000. Does this make her a saxocyclist? Jamie is a marketing major and a devoted Ohio State football fan; don't diss Woody Hayes or she'll punch you.







Nikki Christine—PURDUE



Maria Vargas  
NORTHWESTERN



Julia Francis—ILLINOIS



See more girls of the Big  
10 at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com)

Jamie Graham—OHIO STATE

## NOBODY MOVE

*(continued from page 98)*

"I mean a solid gross. I snatched it three days before my discharge. He made a bundle, huh?"

"Yeah."

"I didn't. I made a bunch but less than a bundle. Was it over a hundred thousand?"

"I don't count his winnings."

"He paid me fifteen."

"You could've gotten more."

"From who? You think I know a lot of crooks?"

Gambol put his fingers on the windowsill. Another car out in the street. Mary said, "Is Juarez big in the drug trade?"

"No."

"But not entirely no. Sometimes yes."

"No, he's just—if there's a nickel to be made, he's usually the one who makes it. He's quick like that."

The microwave rang. No reaction from Gambol. By the way he fixed his attention out the window, Mary figured she'd better go get a longer robe on.

When she came out of the bedroom, Gambol was eating, and Juarez sat across the table. "This is torture," Juarez said. He looked plumper these days and pouchy around the eyes, and he seemed excited, sitting with his ankle on his knee, leaning forward, patting his fingers on the toe of his boot. He still wore those little ankle-high fruit boots and also, this morning, a box-cut silk shirt like spun platinum with faint designs along the buttons. "I haven't had one bite since yesterday." The hem of his shirt had slipped upward over the butt of a small automatic in a clip-on holster.

Mary popped the champagne and said, "In honor of—fuck, you name it," and the cork shot out of the kitchen and landed God knows where.

She didn't go after it, because the Tall Man lay on the living room couch with his shoes on the fabric and his hat over his face.

"I'm not celebrating yet. I'm hungry." Juarez pointed to the steak on the plate before him. "What about this one?"

Gambol said, "That's hers."

"Then after you eat," Juarez said, "you can watch me. We'll drive around. We'll find some breakfast. Especially we'll drive around because I think we saw our friend—Mr. Jimmy. Ten minutes ago."

Gambol said, "Yeah?"

"A blue pickup? Ford? Real beater? But we couldn't see the license."

"The license?"

"Our other friend, he got in touch and gave me some numbers. Missy Sally."

Gambol said, "Oh."

"Yeah, Sally's still dirtying up our planet. So, you know, that other party you mentioned, the unknown person that you ran into—it's a collateral thing. Bad luck came in on a wind."

Gambol finished his steak and sopped the eggs with his toast while Juarez observed and Mary drank Mumm's from the bottle. Gambol pointed with his fork.

"Your steak's getting cold."

"Go ahead," Mary told him.

Gambol exchanged his plate with hers, and Juarez sighed and said, "Mr. Gambol is a talented person. I'm glad we're associated. Proud." He turned his chair a bit and looked Mary up and down. "The Army didn't turn you into a dyke."

"Don't ask, don't tell." She took a slug of champagne.

"You put on a little weight?"

The bubbles jammed her sinuses, and she choked and whispered, "Don't ask, don't tell."

"You look good." Juarez got up and went to the living room and spoke to the Tall Man and came back holding a bulging letter-size envelope. "Gambol also looks good. You fixed him. Look at that appetite." Even in his boots, Juarez was a bit shorter than Mary in heels. He bowed slightly, envelope extended.

She pried open the fold and thumbed through the packets. Ten of them, each wrapper marked \$2,000. "Paid in full."

Juarez took her hand, but he didn't shake it. He just held it. To Gambol he said, "Don't say thanks."

"I didn't."

"I know. All right, Mary. We're done here. T-Man and I need a good breakfast. Can you recommend a place where we could also talk business?"

The Tall Man came into the kitchen now. He stood under the ceiling light with his hat tipped forward and his face in a shadow and a hooked pinkie traveling toward one of his nostrils, if he had nostrils.

Juarez said, "Mary?"

She turned and stood looking down into the sink.

"Where do we go for breakfast?"

"The mall. Downtown. Across from the mall."

"Is there really a downtown?"

Jesus Christ, she wanted to shout, get him out of my house.

Loose items scraped across the floorboard as Luntz took the first possible turn off the highway at the greatest possible speed. He tried to speak in a conversational tone. "Are they turning around?"

Anita righted herself and looked behind. "No. I mean yes. Now they are."

"It's them. They know the truck."

Anita grabbed his arm for stability as he took the next road coming. "I don't see them now."

"That Caddy will eat this thing." They passed between open pastures, completely exposed. "Watch behind. Hang on."

"Not this one." With her left hand she stopped the wheel. "Go two more."

He checked his mirror. "There they are. It doesn't matter where we turn."

"Next one. Next one. This one."

"Stay off my gearshift."

The pastureland ended. They sped through a tract of homes. He zigzagged among the blocks, feeling safer with

walls around him. He didn't see the Caddy. But it had to be near.

"Go faster."

Luntz went slower. "We have to ditch this truck." He watched for any kind of alley, an open garage door, any semi-enclosed space.

Anita leaned hard against him and grabbed and forced the wheel, saying, "Left, left, left," and would have steered them onto somebody's porch if he hadn't braked hard and cut the corner across a lawn and onto a perpendicular street.

"Jesus. Where are they?"

"No. No. See the house up there? We can go in."

"Here?"

"That one, that one." She was digging for something in her purse. "Not the driveway. Don't block the car. Park beside the house." She was opening her door as he floored it and whipped around a large sedan in the driveway and fishtailed around the side of the house and scraped against the neighboring fence and stopped, trapping his own door shut. He took hold of the shotgun and scrambled to follow her out the passenger door, hesitated two seconds and lay across the seat and felt for Anita's revolver on the floorboard.

She was already at the front door. He followed, concealing, he hoped, the shotgun between his arm and his ribs, its muzzle in his hand and the pistol grip in his armpit, meanwhile sticking the revolver in his waist and untucking his shirt to cover it. He joined her on the porch.

She held a set of keys. She was reading a red notice fixed to the door, its message printed in black capital letters. Across the door a stretch of yellow flagging—CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS.

She tore away the yellow flagging, and Luntz said, "Hey."

She unlocked the door and threw it wide and strode inside.

Luntz took two steps into the interior and was stopped by the silence it held—a sunken living room with a thick cream carpet and a wooden bar, a hallway beyond it prohibited by the same yellow flagging, and something in the hallway, maybe a lamp or a sculpture, shrouded with a black plastic bag.

He heard Anita in the kitchen, banging cabinets open and closed and saying, "Fucker. Fucker. Fucker."

He stepped down into the living room and crossed the carpet and broke the yellow banner and traveled the hallway to the open door at its end. A king-size bed, mussed bedclothes, a wine-red hardwood floor, not much blood on it—maybe half a cup of coagulated jelly around the left armpit of a white outline with up-flung arms and very short legs. For some seconds Luntz couldn't take his eyes from it. The chalk person had no legs below the knees.

Outside the bedroom lay a garden. Large leaves and large dark blossoms nodded at



*"This is my kind of costume party—just hats."*

the window. Luntz wiped at his mouth with a fist and felt his lips moving. He edged sideways out the door, and halfway down the hall he turned and hurried to the kitchen.

Anita stood at the counter, unscrewing the lid of a cookie jar. "Come on." Car keys.

"Get me out of here," he said. She turned the dead bolt, and he followed her out the kitchen door, saying, "This is destroying my nerves." She led him into the garden and around the side and then to the sedan out front. "I gotta say, you have a calm disposition." They got in the car, and she was out of there fast but quiet, not quite peeling rubber. "Yeah. A calm exterior." They were topping 75 on a suburban street. "You're efficient. That's what it is." He swiped his forearm across his sweaty face. Under his shirt the perspiration poured over his ribs. "Holy Toledo!" he said. "Don't you ever get nervous?"

Jimmy laid the shotgun between them on the seat. Anita covered it with her purse, as much of it as she could, and lowered the windows for air while Jimmy lit up and blew his smoke all over the place. "Damn," Jimmy said, "this is a Jaguar. This is yours?"

"Nothing's mine."

"This is real wood, isn't it?" He was touching things.

Suddenly they were downtown, and she felt stupid. "I went the wrong way. Everybody in town knows this Jag."

"Find a parking ramp."

"It's a hundred miles to a parking ramp."

The Madrona Mall consisted of the Rex Theater and the Osco Drug and half a dozen other storefronts, a couple of them empty, their plate glass faced with plywood. She drove behind the Rex and stopped in

the alley behind an orange backhoe and a pile of asphalt rubble.

Jimmy said, "Now what? How long till it's dark?"

"Quit asking. I'm not the sun."

He lifted his shirttail. "This weapon has to go."

"It's mine."

"It's trash. There's a body on it. All it is now," he said, "is evidence." He shoved her revolver under his seat.

She leaned across him and felt for it, but he kicked it back further out of reach.

"I want my gun."

Jimmy sat up and got quite still and said, "When you jerked the trigger, he fell straight back. He was on his knees."

The ashtray stank. She closed it.

"Yeah," he said, "Hank was on his knees." He settled back and shut his eyes.

She turned off the ignition and let her thoughts go away. Her head jerked up—she'd nodded off. Jimmy sat with his head back, his eyelids down, breathing loudly through his open mouth.

She felt the child moving inside her again, the child who was Jimmy. She shut it away, but its cries broke through.

"Jimmy. Jimmy."

"What?"

"We're two blocks from the cop shop. Less than two."

He rubbed his eyes and his face with both hands and lit a cigarette. "Two what?"

"Blocks. The police station. If you keep heading down the street we were on—there's a white globe out front."

"Well, Anita...I'm sure this is all true."

"What have you done that's so bad? They'll protect you."

"Who—the cops?"

"They'll keep you alive, at least."

"The cops? You want me to shit on this whole thing and go to the cops?"

"Are they any more horrible than these other people?"

"Jesus Christ—the cops? Yes. There's no comparison."

He smoked, looking at his cigarette.

She closed her eyes and slept.

To Gambol's thinking, the neighborhood seemed exactly like the one around Mary's place, a suburban tract staring at a mountain wilderness. He swept his gaze into wide plate-glass windows as Juarez took the Cadillac slowly along.

Plenty of pickup trucks, some of them blue, none of them Fords.

The Tall Man had the rear seat to himself. He shifted himself to its middle, and Juarez reached up and adjusted the mirror to eliminate him from the view.

Gambol heard the Tall Man's throat work. Maybe he was drinking a drink. His hand appeared on the back of Juarez's seat. You found yourself looking mostly at his hands.

The Tall Man said, "Up ahead."

"Oh my, too bad." Juarez took a left, following the general direction of two parallel gouges cutting the corner of a lawn. "Somebody's driving reckless."

At the next street, Juarez turned left once more and accelerated to the middle of the block. Gambol put his hand on the dash as he braked before a house whose front door lay wide open. To the side, between the house and the fence, sat the blue Ford.

Gambol shifted his cane and unlatched his door, and Juarez said, "Spare yourself. T-Man, will you go and poke your head in?"



The Tall Man stood about five feet eight inches. They watched him stride across the lawn. He wore a brown business suit and a 1950s fedora tipped far forward and yellow old-man shoes, but he moved like a man of about middle age.

Juarez laid his right arm across the seat back, and Gambol moved his own arm away and took the head of his cane and repositioned it pointlessly.

"This is a crime scene," Juarez said.

Gambol noticed the yellow streamer curled on the porch, a tattered end of it lifting and collapsing, readjusted by the breeze.

Juarez said, "What do you think?"

"They changed rides."

"The garage is right there," Juarez said. "Stupid, stupid. They should've stashed the truck. What do you think they took? I mean the car."

"Do I look psychic?"

"This is a nice neighborhood. They took a nice car."

The Tall Man returned and opened the Caddy's rear door. "Nobody home." He got in and shut the door and settled himself and said, "That's a crime scene in there."

"Keep alert." Juarez put it in gear. "We'll take a zigzag route. Watch out for a nice car driving stupid."

The Tall Man said, "Do we have a destination?"

"Breakfast. Downtown."

•

Jimmy Luntz woke with a spasm. He'd fallen asleep at the wheel. But there was no wheel. He was a passenger. As the day reassembled itself around him he wondered if something, maybe the backhoe in front of them, had fallen from the sky onto this beautiful Jaguar. But it appeared they'd been struck from behind.

Anita said, "Jimmy."

Juarez stood beside Luntz's window, signaling that it should be lowered.

Gambol flanked Anita's window. He slammed her door shut as she tried to open it. She turned the key in the ignition, but there was no place to go.

Luntz moved his hand along the armrest, thinking fast but producing no thoughts, and his window came down.

Juarez stooped to put his face in Luntz's. "We had a little crash, and I'm sorry. But everything's fine. We'll take you exactly where you're going."

•

Gambol opened the woman's door. She was looking at the shotgun beside her on the seat.

He watched her right hand. She hesitated, then placed her hand on the steering wheel and her foot on the pavement and got out of the car. Her feet were bare.

Luntz addressed Juarez: "Is that your Caddy or Gambol's?"

"This one's mine," Juarez said, crossing around behind the Caddy to open the back door. "Luntz first." Luntz got in the car, and Juarez said, "Our lady in back also." The woman obeyed.

The Tall Man sat at the wheel. By the tilt of his hat Gambol guessed he was studying the woman in his rearview mirror.

Gambol slapped at Luntz's window until the Tall Man lowered it. He rapped on the trunk lid with his cane until he heard its lock unlatch. He hung his cane on the sill and leaned down and put a forefinger hard against Luntz's left eyeball. "I want your shirt." Luntz worked at the buttons, and Gambol took his finger away and hauled the shirt from around Luntz and went to the Jaguar and wrapped the shotgun in it and put the bundle in the trunk.

Juarez had his hands on the Caddy's windowsill on the woman's side. He lowered himself to peer within. "Look at those dirty little feet."

Gambol returned to Luntz's window and extended the flat of his palm under Luntz's nose. "My wallet." Luntz shifted in his seat and dug at his pants and produced the wallet. Gambol gave him two across the face with it, back and forth, and then put it in his pocket without examination. Luntz sat there with his eyes watering, shirtless, chicken-chested. "Luntz. A twelve-gauge is not a magic wand. You don't wave it around and people just explode."

Luntz's woman laughed.

Gambol told her, "I don't like you."

"That's all right," Juarez said, reaching toward her lap to touch her hand, which was a fist, "everybody else in the world is very fond of her. And she's going to give you the keys to the Jaguar, right, Mr.

global warming.  
taxes. guns.  
immigration.  
iraq. energy.  
environment.  
economy.  
gay marriage.  
freedom  
of speech.  
freedom  
of choice.  
my rights.  
your rights.  
show up or  
shut up.

**VOTE**

**November 4, 2008**



*the people of santa fe natural  
tobacco company*

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

[www.sfntc.com](http://www.sfntc.com)

Natural American Spirit® is a registered trademark of  
Santa Fe Natural Tobacco Company. © SFNTC 4

G? And we'll follow you back to Mary's place. And you'll call Mary and tell her not to be home and leave the garage door open."

Luntz squeezed Anita's knee twice, signaling something, he didn't know what, while Juarez got into the backseat on Anita's other side and looked her up and down and said, "Boy."

The Tall Man drove, following the Jag along the avenues. Juarez watched Anita's face as much as the view ahead. Anita sat still. Juarez said, "She's slightly beyond you, Luntz. Another class of person."

Luntz said, "I know."

"What's her name?"

Luntz said, "Anita."

"What's her last name?"

"Desilvera."

They were on the highway for five minutes before turning into another of Madrona's subdivisions. The Tall Man drove slowly, his arm out the window and his hand urging the Jaguar to continue down the block. "The garage is still closed." At the end of the block the Tall Man stopped the car behind the Jag and put it in park.

Luntz said, "Fucking Sally. Sally the snitch." He hunched his bare shoulders and wrapped himself in his arms. "I should've beaten him to death with the shovel. Spade. The spade."

The Tall Man raised the windows and turned on the climate control.

Juarez said, "Anita."

"Yes."

"Your eyes are a little bit tightened up, and I'd like it better if you can relax."

"Okay."

"Nothing's going to happen to you. This isn't your day for that."

Anita was staring at the back of the Tall Man's hat. Luntz squeezed her thigh hard, but she didn't blink. She said, "Okay."

The Tall Man put the car in gear, saying, "There she goes," and executed a high-velocity U-turn and drove to the middle of the block and into a garage and parked beside the Jaguar.

Gambol got out of the Jag and hit a wall switch, and the garage door descended. When its rumbling ended, Gambol approached, shifted his cane to his left hand and pulled open Luntz's door.

Juarez said, "Anita. We're going inside here. You want to come inside with us?"

"No."

Juarez said, "Luntz is coming. Right, Luntz?" as Gambol took hold of Luntz's arm.

Juarez opened his door and said to the Tall Man, "Get her inside."

The Tall Man delayed. The others had moved into the house, but the collision point of certain energies remained here, in the car, with this woman.

"These others," he told her, "don't know what they are."

He turned the key to provide power to the windows and lowered them all and said, "I'll smoke."

He twisted toward her in his seat. For a few seconds he paused, letting the scent of the others leave the interior. He said, "You're beautiful."

"Thank you."

He raised his face as his lighter flamed so that its glow illuminated him under the hat brim. "It's a burden, isn't it?"

"Yes."

He held the flame for many seconds. She didn't look away. He'd been quite sure she wouldn't.

"These others," he told her once more, "don't know what they are." He trusted she'd understood him the first time, but it merited repeating.

"Will they let Jimmy live?"

"No. What about you? Do you smoke?"

She shook her head.

"I'm going in. Will you come along?"

"Okay."

"Sit." Juarez took Anita's arm gently, but she couldn't shake him off. "You don't like me touching you," he said. He moved the ottoman aside for her, and she sat on the

couch. He came in close. "It's not about you watching. You understand?"

"No."

"It's about him," Juarez said, "watching you watching."

Jimmy occupied a dining chair set in the middle of a spread of silvery plastic tarp. He wasn't watching her.

The person called the Tall Man set a similar chair in the corner across the living room. He sat down and turned on the lamp on the sideboard so that he occupied a shadow.

Gambol snapped his fingers in her face. "Give me your belt."

Anita took her belt off and handed it to him. He knelt and looped Jimmy's left ankle to a chair leg and ran the belt around the chair's opposite leg, taking up the slack, and buckled it, and Anita believed he said, "It's a tourniquet—ha-ha," but Anita couldn't hear because Jimmy himself was talking.

"—and this old guy moved in like three places down from us," he was saying. "It was a trailer park. I think I was twelve. Dude told me he'd pay me twenty dollars a day to clean up his trailer before he moved in. Trailer park. 'Clean up my trailer, twenty bucks per day.' Gave me disinfectant and a bucket and all that shit."

"Shut up," Gambol said. He stood. He handed Juarez a box cutter and said, "There's some bungees in the garage." He went out through the kitchen.

Holding the box cutter, Juarez put his hands in the pockets of his slacks, standing with the sharp toes of his boots at the outer edge of the tarpaulin, looking at Jimmy.

"Took me four and a half eight-hour days to get it clean. There was crap everywhere. There was dirt underneath the dirt. I washed the floors like three times, and after that I had to scrape with a putty knife. I really washed that place down. Got all the clutter out of the yard, raked up all the little sticks into a pile. Then I had to dig stuff out of the dirt with my fingers, broken bits of plastic, who knows what it was. Stuff gets broken. Plastic stuff. Got all of it in the back of his pickup, had a different brand of tire on every wheel. Hosed down the little strip of asphalt in the front. Scattered seed, man, for the lawn. Took me four and a half days to get it like new. Never worked that hard before or since. And at the end of this he explained the whole thing to me carefully."

Gambol came in through the kitchen and stood by the counter with a tangle of bungee cords dangling from his hand.

"This dude, I'd say he was sixty maybe. Drawing disability, periodic drunk, family gone, you know what I mean. He was just your typical solitary human wreck. And he says, 'I've got ninety dollars for you. You sure earned it, and I've got it. Or you can have this lottery ticket.' Out it comes. Yeah, big old card in the palm of his hand. 'This ticket,' he says, 'cost a dollar fifty. So if I pay you the ninety, you could find somebody to buy you sixty tickets just like it. Or you can take this one. Just this one.' Yeah. That's right. Yeah. So I took it."

Juarez said, "You think I don't know why you're telling me this?"

"I don't know. Maybe you do and maybe you don't."



"How about we close the curtains till the parade's over?"

# At-Home Fitness REDEFINED.



## INTRODUCING THE BOWFLEX REVOLUTION® HOME GYM

### Cutting Edge Design Delivers Incredible Results

You've never experienced a home strength machine like this!  
How is the Bowflex Revolution® Home Gym different?

Our smooth SpiraFlex® resistance feels just like traditional strength equipment, but packs it into revolutionary lightweight plates!

And, by using the adjustable Freedom Arms™ you can quickly change the angle of resistance, increasing exercise effectiveness.

Plus, with over 100 exercises available, the Bowflex Revolution® provides exceptional workout versatility.

The result? An easier AND more efficient workout that's GUARANTEED† to give you a better body in just 6 weeks.



Lightweight SpiraFlex® resistance plate



### Exceptional Standard Features Transform Your Body in Just 20 Minutes a Day, 3 Times a Week:

- Up to 220 lbs. of resistance (upgrades available!)
- Space-efficient fold-up design
- Leg extension/leg curl station
- Built-in rowing machine
- Preacher curl attachment
- Leg press plate
- 10-year limited warranty
- 100% Satisfaction Guarantee†



AS LOW AS  
**\$38/MONTH\***

Experience the Revolution!

**CALL (800) 863-3405**

**TO REQUEST A FREE DVD  
OR TO PLACE YOUR ORDER TODAY.**

[www.BowflexRevInfo.com](http://www.BowflexRevInfo.com)

 **BOWFLEX**  
**REVOLUTION.**

\* On approved Bowflex™ credit card purchases. The advertised payment is based on a promotional minimum payment of 1.5% of purchase price. The amount of your total Minimum Monthly Payment will depend on additional purchases and account balances. See Cardholder Agreement and Disclosure Statement for details. Call 1.888.367.4310 or review your cardholder agreement for information. Estimated monthly payments do not include taxes, and shipping and handling.

† 100% Satisfaction Guarantee includes full refund of purchase price, less shipping and handling. Call for details. If you decide to return your Bowflex Revolution™ machine, simply call (800) 605-3369 within 6 weeks to ask for a return authorization number. Machine and accessories must be returned in original condition and packaging, and postmarked no later than 2 weeks after date of return authorization.

© 2008 Nautilus, Inc. All rights reserved. Bowflex, the Bowflex logo, and Bowflex Revolution are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Nautilus, Inc. SpiraFlex is a registered trademark of SpiraFlex, Inc. (1008) P1008PLAYBREFE

Juarez ceased jiggling his hands in his pockets. "I don't have to ask if it hit."

Nothing from Jimmy.

"Fuck you. You lost."

Over in his corner, the Tall Man coughed. Or laughed.

It occurred to Luntz the era of Quiet Jimmy had ended. Words had worn his throat raw. "I just want you to know who you're killing."

"I didn't say I'm killing you," Juarez told him. "What's happening is I'm about to cut off your balls. If you die of it, that's your personal decision."

He dragged the ottoman to the tarp, lifting its legs a little to get it over the plastic's edge, and sat down facing Luntz, their knees nearly touching.

Gambol raised his bungees and began extricating a cord from the tangle.

"This is so depressing," Luntz said.

"Gambol, did you hear that? Luntz is getting depressed."

"I mean it. What's depressing is this two point five million dollars I'll never get to spend."

"Wolf tickets."

"Actually, it's not so depressing. Either way—I win."

"The fuck you do. Watching your balls get eaten isn't exactly winning. Very closely similar to losing, that's my opinion."

"Watching you fuck up a chance at millions of dollars makes it all okay," Luntz said.

"He's bullshit," Gambol said.

"Fine all around," Luntz said, unbuttoning his farmer denims. "Where's your knife and fork, asshole?" He opened his pants and pulled the elastic of his shorts under his testicles.

Juarez said, "Gambol, do you see this?"

"Yeah."

"He just got out his equipment."

"Let's eat," Gambol said.

Juarez drew his head back and regarded Luntz as if through a bad pair of glasses. "You're a poker player."

Luntz said, "Wait a minute."

Juarez leaned in close. "What just happened to your eyes?"

"I made a mistake. It's two point three. Not two point five. Two point three."

Juarez stared very carefully into Luntz's eyes. "I gotta admit," he said, but it took him a long minute to admit anything, "your pupils are normal."

"Two point three million dollars. That's what it's gonna cost you to—you know. Your famous act."

"I have to get your face away from me." Juarez rose and went to the kitchen and sat at the table by the window. Gambol and the Tall Man stayed quiet, and Luntz, so as not to look at Anita, closed his eyes and sat holding perhaps for the last time his manhood in one hand.

After two minutes Juarez stood, turned and resumed the ottoman facing Luntz. "Do you know why you're not dead?"

Luntz said nothing, because he didn't know the answer.

"Because you called me 'asshole.' That was the touch. That was the touch right there."

As Luntz made a slight motion, Juarez said, "But don't put your balls away yet. Somebody has to draw me a map to the treasure."

Luntz looked at Anita.

Her eyes raced around the room as if a mob were tearing her clothes off. "I still want my half."

Mary looked smart today—gray skirt, spiked heels, tight white blouse. Not, Gambol hoped, for the benefit of Juarez. You can't blame a woman for looking good.

She asked for a cell phone with a restricted ID. Juarez handed her his.

She signaled for silence, though the others were silent already—Gambol himself, Juarez standing over Luntz, Luntz's woman shrunk into the couch, the Tall Man against the wall.

She sat on the ottoman, put a cigarette in her lips, set her purse aside and crossed her legs. She punched the buttons while holding her lighter in her hand.

"This is Louise. I'm the sub today... No, Kilene can't make it. I just thought I'd check in with you. How's he doing?... Any special instructions? They said he doesn't need to be lifted—is that right?" She lit her cigarette and smoked awhile. "Okay, dumb question—when am I supposed to be there?... Damn"—she leaned backward to see the kitchen's wall clock—"I'll be about fifteen minutes late. You go ahead and leave—he can go fifteen minutes on his own, right?" She took the phone to the kitchen counter. "Listen, I want to check in with the agency, but I'm in the car—have you got the number handy? And what's the patient's full name?"

She made a note on a pad on the counter and came back to the ottoman, punching buttons.

"This is Eloise Tanneau. I'm Judge Tanneau's niece. I'm looking after him tonight, so can we skip the night nurse? And he may be coming home with me a few days.... Probably next Wednesday. I'll call first thing tomorrow and let you know for sure."

She closed the phone and put out her



"Wow! I didn't even know there was a wicked witch of West 69th Street."



# WATCH AS 12 REAL COUPLES DEMONSTRATE REAL SEX TECHNIQUES!

Get the *Better Sex Tool Kit* --  
**FREE!**



Get **THE Better Sex TOOLKIT™** **FREE!** a \$70 Value!

The **Better Sex Tool Kit** gives you everything you need to pleasure your girl... and satisfy yourself! These four "*best sex ever*" videos and toys are **GUARANTEED** to provide you mind blowing sex... and they're **FREE** with your order!

- 1. Art of Oral Sex:** 45 minutes of real couples demonstrating **REAL ORAL SEX** techniques - you get tips & secrets to giving - and receiving - perfect oral sex.
- 2. Better Sex Lube:** Friction is good, but a smooth ride is what women want. She'll get more enjoyment & you'll stay harder longer.
- 3. Adult Movie:** We'll send you a full-length feature adult movie. Perfect for setting the mood, exploring fantasies and pushing sexual boundaries.
- 4. Screaming "O" Vibrating Ring:** The name says it all! This tight fitting, high powered gel ring helps achieve **INCREDIBLE, INTENSE ORGASMS** - for both you and her. You'll scream with excitement. **ORDER NOW!**

**WARNING:** Couples Who Watch These Uncensored Videos Together May Become Highly Aroused.

*Must be 18+ to order.*

### America's Best-selling Sex-Ed Videos.

The **Better Sex Video Series** visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Linda Banner, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of uncensored sexual practices including techniques for the most enjoyable foreplay and intercourse.

### There's No Such Thing as a "Born Lover"!

Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover, you can benefit from **The Better Sex Video Series**. It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love. Order today and take the first step to more sexual enjoyment!

Order the *Better Sex Video Series* today and get the *Better Sex Tool Kit* -- **FREE!**



**100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!**

order online at: [BetterSex.com](http://BetterSex.com)™/ad  
use source code: 8PB195 at checkout to receive your **FREE TOOLKIT!**

For fastest service with credit cards or for a **FREE** catalog call: **1.800.955.0888** ext.8PB195

Or mail to: Sinclair Institute, ext.8PB195  
PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Check desired format:		ITEM NO.	TOTAL
<input type="checkbox"/> VHS or <input type="checkbox"/> DVD			
<b>The Better Sex Tool Kit</b> (Free with purchase)	<input type="checkbox"/> Bank Money Order <input type="checkbox"/> Check <input type="checkbox"/> VISA <input type="checkbox"/> MC	#3823	<b>FREE</b>
Vol. 1: <i>Advanced Sexual Techniques &amp; Positions</i>	<input type="checkbox"/> AMEX <input type="checkbox"/> Discover	#3501	24.95
Vol. 2: <i>22 Sex Secrets, Tips &amp; Turn Ons</i>		#3502	24.95
Vol. 3: <i>Erotic Sex Play &amp; Beyond</i>		#3504	24.95
<b>Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save \$45!</b>		#3506	<b>29.85</b>
		P & H	5.00
		<b>TOTAL</b>	

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature\* \_\_\_\_\_

(\*I certify that I am over age 18.)

NC orders please add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. \$6 shipping.  
Sorry - No Cash or C.O.D. 8PB195 ©2008 Sinclair Institute.



cigarette and crossed her legs and clasped both hands around her knee, leaning forward. "Phew!"

Juarez said, "I should've never divorced you."

"Yeah? I divorced you."

Gambol watched all this.

Juarez went into a corner with the Tall Man and spoke to him, looking only at the Tall Man's yellow shoes. Gambol heard him say, "Jag-you-are."

He came back to Gambol and said, "I want the Jag," and Gambol turned over the keys.

Juarez pointed to the Tall Man, pointed to Luntz's woman. "Take him. Take her. Mary goes to the movies." He lifted the sharp toe of his boot and rested it on the chair between Luntz's legs. "Leave this customer with me."

Mary said, "I just saw the fucking movie. Twice."

Juarez said, "Stay away for one hour. Keep your phone on."

Mary touched the back of Gambol's hand with all four fingers. "See you later."

Juarez observed the gesture. "See," Juarez said angrily, "this is what I like about people. People surprise you."

Luntz counted himself still in the game—his pants still open but his balls back inside his

shorts. But alone with Juarez, and Juarez holding an automatic pistol.

"Gambol won't like it if you're the one who smokes me."

"I'll like it."

"I'm just saying—you know. Friends like to do things together."

"I want his Cadillac. It isn't your property. Give me the keys."

"The keys are in it. Sort of. More like sitting on the roof of it."

"Where's it parked?"

"About three miles off the main highway. Then way up there. Up the Feather River."

"You piece of shit. Let's go."

"Now?"

Juarez sighed.

"Unbuckle my leg."

"Unbuckle your own leg."

Luntz managed the belt, but he didn't feel capable of standing. "What are we doing?"

"We'll drive there, and we'll get his car."

"And then what?"

"Then I'll present it to him. When he gets back from what he's doing."

"And your car's gonna be—where? Where his car is now?"

"Yeah."

"I don't understand."

"That's because you exist," Juarez said, "at the level of a lizard. Gambol will understand the gesture."

They stood side by side as the door thundered and the last of the day's light filled the garage. Juarez nudged him into the passenger's side with the point of his gun. "Ladies first." He lifted his shirt and holstered the pistol. "Remember who has the power."

While Juarez moved to the driver's side and opened the door, Luntz felt around beneath the seat. Juarez got in, saying, "This is a test-drive. I'm considering a Jag-you-are." As he reached his hand toward the ignition, Luntz put Anita's gun to his neck.

The Tall Man removed his hat and set it beside him and turned almost fully toward Anita in the backseat. He counted four seconds before she looked away. He said, "What? I thought you said something," because he wanted her to.

"Excuse me?"

"What sort of car does this judge drive?"

"It's in the garage."

"I realize. But what kind is it?"

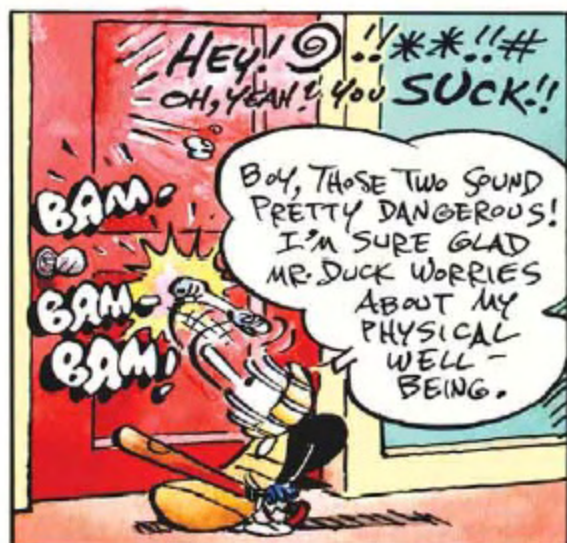
"A Cadillac."

"Like this one."

"But it's black."

The house belonged in New England—stone walls and dark vines of ivy, a big entry with stained glass on either side of the door. Gambol had been standing at the door a long time.

# Dirty Duck<sup>®</sup> by Bobby London



"This man is very slow answering. You said he's in a wheelchair, correct?"

"I didn't say that."

"No. You're right. Mary said it."

The day was warm, and they had the Cadillac running and the windows closed for the air conditioner, but the sound from the house was audible to them as Gambol broke a pane of leaded glass with the butt of his revolver. They watched his shoulders rock slightly as he scoured the jagged edges of the pane with the gun's barrel, and then he turned sideways and slipped his arm up to its elbow into the interior.

Anita said, "What?"

"I said—are you worried about Luntz?"

"Yes."

"And you're sure this man has a computer on the premises?"

"What? Yes. I mean, I think so."

"Luntz is dead by now."

"Oh."

He breathed the syllable in. He tasted heartbreak. "His last moments were impressive. Do you think he kept his balls?"

"Oh.... His balls?"

He inhaled deeply. The cell phone hummed twice in his hand. He checked the ID. "That's Gambol." He shut off the car's engine. He replaced his hat and pulled the brim down as far as visibility permitted and headed for the house without looking to see if she followed.

Inside, he left the front door open behind him and waited for her. By the front door, a hat tree. On the hat tree a dark suit coat on a hanger. He ran a finger down its empty sleeve. Italian silk. Gambol stood in the kitchen, mistreating the jacket's owner. Above them and around them, tinted skylights and green potted plants gave the kitchen and dining areas a cool, pleasant feeling.

Even in his wheelchair the man gave an impression of height, some of it established by his coiffure—brilliant, silver-white, layered like a toupee, which plainly it wasn't, as Gambol had his fingers tangled in it, pulling the man's head backward in his wheelchair to prevent him fixing the buttons of his shirt. When the man let his hands down, Gambol let go of his hair.

"I found him in the bathroom."

Except for the omission of his suit coat, the man had dressed for business, his slacks perfectly creased, shoes a brilliant black on the wheelchair's metal footpads, but beneath the knot of his crimson tie his shirt was unbuttoned and its tails untucked, and a colostomy bag jutted from under his left armpit.

The door slammed behind the Tall Man, and Anita strode past him toward the kitchen. In her lumberjack costume, in her bare feet, still this female knew how to walk—head up, shoulders back—away from a flaming wreck. She bore down on the man, saying, "I'm guilty, Judge."

The judge possessed a histrionic flair. At the sight of Anita his chin went up and his eyes grew shiny.

"I killed Hank." Now Anita stood before the wheelchair. With both her hands she grasped the bag under his armpit and jerked it free and struck him across the face with it, putting half a pirouette behind

the blow, and Gambol leapt aside as feces erupted down the man's neck and chest and behind his back, so that he was wearing it and sitting in it.

The judge raised his hand to wipe at his face but seemed to think better of it. He tilted his head, probably to direct the flow, and breathed through his open mouth.

Gambol said something too softly to be heard, and the Tall Man said, "Shut up. We're out of our depth."

Juarez drove right-handed, the heel of his left hand stanching the flow of blood from his forehead. "I love getting pistol-whipped. It means I'm dealing with a *puto*. He can't pull the trigger."

"Get to the highway." Luntz switched the gun from his right hand to his left, keeping the weapon pressed against Juarez's kidney, and sat back in a posture he believed more natural-looking for a passenger and added, "Shut up."

"I wasn't talking."

"You were before."

"Where to?"

"Shut up."

"Where are we going, Luntz?"

"Turn left up here. Left. What do you smoke?" As they accelerated onto the highway, he reached into Juarez's shirt pocket.

"Lites. Crap."

"No, they're good. Really."

"Low tar. Silk shirt. Hey. Got any money?"

"Money?" Juarez lowered his window and the hot breeze thudded around their heads.

"Give it here."

Leaning forward and squirming in his seat, Juarez got his money clip from the pocket of his slacks and threw it out the window.

"You fucking *fuck*." Luntz put the muzzle under Juarez's jaw and pressed until Juarez craned his neck and grimaced. At the sight of oncoming cars, Luntz lowered it to the area of Juarez's ribs.

Juarez wiped the blood out of his eye and then onto the seat, between his legs. "What's your next move? Go to this judge's house and waste everybody? Run off with the girl over your shoulder?"

Luntz ignored him and made use of the Jag's cigarette lighter.

"What a hero. You never even thought about Anita. You don't deserve her."

"What's the address?"

"I don't know, Luntz. Don't you know?"

A sports convertible pulled around on their left. Juarez said, "Look—those girls are laughing at your chest."

"Let them pass. Asshole."

Juarez accelerated gently, keeping abreast of it. "You're an embarrassment. If Anita's your woman, then save her."

"She's not my woman," Luntz said. "And nobody can save her."

Juarez clenched the wheel, working his thumbs. "You're an embarrassment from the beginning." He turned to face Luntz. He was red-eyed, almost tearful. "When you pull a gun, you know what's the next thing to do? *Shoot* the gun. *Shoot* somebody." The Jaguar lurched into passing gear.

## WHERE & HOW TO BUY



Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 92–95, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

### THROWBACK TO CAMPUS

Pages 92–95: *American Apparel*, [americanapparelstore.com](http://americanapparelstore.com). *Ben Sherman*, [benshermanusa.com](http://benshermanusa.com). *Benjamin Bixby*, available at Barneys New York and Neiman Marcus. *Canterbury of New Zealand*, [canterburynzusa.com](http://canterburynzusa.com). *C9 by Champion*, [target.com](http://target.com). *Converse by John Varvatos*, available at Service Menswear in Austin, Texas. *CPT by Cockpit USA*, [cockpitusa.com](http://cockpitusa.com). *Custo Barcelona*, [custo-barcelona.com](http://custo-barcelona.com). *DDCLAB*, [ddclab.com](http://ddclab.com). *Diesel*, [diesel.com](http://diesel.com). *Express*, [express.com](http://express.com). *Guess by Marciano*, 800-39-GUESS. *Leather Island* by Bill Lavin, available at Mario's in Portland, Oregon. *Marc Ecko Cut & Sew*, available at Macy's stores nationwide. *Merona*, [target.com](http://target.com). *Miss Sixty*, [misssixty.com](http://misssixty.com). *Mossimo*, [target.com](http://target.com). *Nike Sportswear*, [nikesportswear.com](http://nikesportswear.com). *Rare Man*, available at Funkshion Clothing in Chicago. *7 for All Mankind*, [7forallmankind.com](http://7forallmankind.com). *Sisley*, 800-535-4491. *Sony*, [sonystyle.com](http://sonystyle.com). *Target*, [target.com](http://target.com). *Timberland*, [timberland.com](http://timberland.com). *UGG Australia*, [uggaustralia.com](http://uggaustralia.com). *Under Armour*, [underarmour.com](http://underarmour.com). *Vintage Red*, [vintage-red.com](http://vintage-red.com). *Warrior*, [warriorlacrosse.com](http://warriorlacrosse.com).

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÉS, BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, CINDY LEE JOHNSON; P. 9 ELAYNE LODGE (5), NBC PHOTO/CHRIS HASTON; P. 10 MICHAEL BEZJIAN/WIREIMAGE.COM (3), RUTH CRUZ, ELAYNE LODGE (7), NOEL VASQUEZ/GETTY IMAGES; P. 16 NEWS.COM, JARMO POHJANIEMI (2); P. 17 CARLO ALLEGRI/GETTY IMAGES, NORMAN PARKINSON; P. 18 ©DAVID REDFERN/RETNA LTD.; P. 20 FRANCOIS DUHAMEL/WARNER BROS.; P. 22 GARY VENTURA; P. 24 CORBIS (2), COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC./DREAMWORKS, GETTY IMAGES (3), GEORGE PHILIPPO/PICDESK; P. 35 AP WIDE WORLD; P. 36 ©REUTERS/CORBIS; P. 37 ©COLUMBIA/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GETTY IMAGES; P. 38 GETTY IMAGES (3); P. 39 AP WIDE WORLD (2), GETTY IMAGES; P. 43 EUGENE GOLOGURSKY/WIREIMAGE.COM, ©RD/KABIK/RETNA DIGITAL; P. 52 CHRIS GALLAGHER/PHOTO RESEARCHERS; PP. 54–55 MTV NETWORKS (3); P. 55 DAVID RAMS; P. 68 GETTY IMAGES; P. 70 ALTENBURG STUDIO LAS VEGAS (2); PP. 86–87 TOM HAUCK/GETTY IMAGES; P. 88 GETTY IMAGES (4); P. 89 GETTY IMAGES (3); P. 123 COURTESY STEVEN JAMES MAY PHOTOGRAPHY/MAYPHOTOGRAPHY.COM, GILBERT FLORES/CELEBRITYPHOTO.COM (3), STEPHEN LOVEKIN/WIREIMAGE.COM, PALAIS PRINCIER MONACO POOL/WIREIMAGE.COM; P. 124 BARRY BRECHEISEN/WIREIMAGE.COM, COURTESY OF PALMS CASINO RESORT, ANGELA MELINI/MARQUIS MODELS.COM, LEISL SCHRADER/REMIX PHOTO; P. 132 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (2), ©GARY I. ROTHSTEIN/EPA/CORBIS. ILLUSTRATION BY: P. 3 GAHAN WILSON. P. 15 HAIR AND MAKEUP BY DEHX, STYLING BY TINA COTE-DOLAN; PP. 41–42 GROOMING BY JENNA GARAGIOLA; PP. 54–59 PHOTOGRAPHED AT HEDONISM III JAMAICA; P. 64 GROOMING BY JENN STREICHER FOR SOLOARTISTS.COM, PROP STYLING BY GILLE MILLS FOR THEWALL GROUP.COM, STYLING BY PENNY LOVELL FOR MARGARETMALDONADO.COM; P. 68 WATCH PROVIDED BY HOWARD FRUMJEWELERS, 5 S. WABASH, SUITE 814, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS; PP. 92–95 HAIR BY RICHARD KEOGH FOR PATRICK MELVILLE SALON @ RAYBROWNPRO.COM, MAKEUP BY ANTWAN JONES AT TIMOTHY PRIANO USING KEVYNAUCOIN.COM, PROP STYLING BY EYAL BARUCH, WOMEN'S STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT. COVER: MODEL: KELLY CARRINGTON, PHOTOGRAPHER: STEPHEN WAYDA, HAIR AND MAKEUP: SARA CRANHAM, WARDROBE STYLIST: REBECCA BROUGH, PRODUCED BY HOLLY MADISON.

"Slow down, Juarez."

"Let's put on a show."

"Slow down."

Juarez stomped and released the accelerator rhythmically and rocked the engine in and out of passing gear. "See up there, the overpass?"

"I'm serious, Juarez."

"What I'm going to do, I'm going to drive into the abutment."

Luntz stuck the gun barrel in Juarez's ear and was pressed back in his seat. The engine's noise rose steadily.

"Fuck you, Luntz. Put the gun down, or I swear to fuck." Juarez levitated in his seat as he locked his leg, holding the pedal to the floor. "We're gonna break one twenty." He was shouting above the engine's noise. "I die, you die. Come on, I been waiting for a reason to crash this piece-of-shit Jag. I'm gonna get a Lexus."

Thinking, What a good line, how cool is this guy Juarez, Luntz blew his head off. Juarez's window collapsed into rice grains while a two-inch-wide fissure opened above his ear. Luntz clutched the wheel with one hand and then with both hands, and the gun fell into Juarez's lap while Luntz nearly followed it, working his left leg over the console and kicking at Juarez's pointed boot on the accelerator. He found the brake with his foot and pulled the wheel to the right, and now they traveled backward and the view smeared itself across the windshield, and now they'd swapped ends again and were stopped diagonally on the gravel shoulder. The engine had quit. In the silence it ticked, and Luntz heard himself breathing hard and saying, "Juarez—I think I just shot you."

"We wrap a towel around here, just below the knee," Gambol explained to the judge, "and we go berserk with a tire iron. What the fuck is this?"

"My catheter bag."

"Jesus," Gambol said.

"Make him beg," Anita said.

"I'm seventy-six years of age. Do you understand? My bones won't heal."

The Tall Man suspected the judge's resistance had more to do with his shock at bad manners than with any worldly desire to keep his money. The man was very ill, with a jaundiced tint to his faded suntan and a papery, tentative quality to his flesh, to say nothing of his colostomy bag—and the catheter bag, too, peeking from the cuff of his slacks.

"Don't worry," Gambol told the judge, "you'll probably talk before the bone splits."

"I'll talk now," the judge said. "It won't help you, but I'm at your mercy."

"That's how it works," Gambol said.

"No. No," Anita said. "He's the father of lies."

"What the fuck," Gambol asked her, "is your name?"

"Anita."

"Shut up, Anita." With the corner of a dish towel, Gambol wiped shit from the judge's cheek. "The Tall Man's got some questions."

The judge took the dish towel in his fingers and rubbed his neck with it. "I'm sure I know what you want." He folded the cloth around the soiled portion and rubbed at his chin.

"You've hidden some funds," the Tall Man said. "We want account numbers, passwords, all of that."

"Look under the kitchen trash."

Gambol hauled a white plastic bucket from under the sink and set it by the wheelchair. "Go through your own trash."

"Under the bag. The steps are listed in order."

Gambol hoisted the trash bag and felt around beneath it and threw a notebook on the counter, beside the Tall Man's elbow.

"Something important now." The judge took a long breath. "I've given you what I can, but it's only half of what you want. There's an eight-digit password. When we chose it, I typed in four digits, and my partner typed in four. You understand? You've got half the password. My partner had the other half."

"Get him here."

"There I can't oblige you, either." The judge turned his eyes on Anita. "My partner's been killed."

Anita stood straight and silent. Gambol said, "Get her purse."

"There's nothing in my purse." As if probing for the limit of her physical freedom, Anita moved aside the trash bag and went to the kitchen sink and started the water and splashed her hands and face. The Tall Man watched for some explosive move. He believed in her.

She raised her flannel shirttails and wiped her face and said, "There's nothing written down. But as long as I get my half, we're fine."

"That," Gambol said, "is not how it works."

She stepped quickly toward the end of the kitchen and the door to the yard. Gambol came after just as quickly but stumbled on the trash bag and slipped on wet floor tiles and went down on one knee, and the Tall Man felt something flare in his own chest and might even, he believed, have said, "Go!" At the door she clutched the knob and worked at the chain lock. Gambol caught the waist of her pants and pulled her backward as he stood up. He grasped her left wrist and dragged her through the kitchen toward the hallway, twisting her arm behind her and shoving his fist in her mouth so one could hardly hear the noise she made when her shoulder dislocated. Convulsively she puked on his hand, and he took it away and flung the liquid at the floor, saying, "That's it—no mercy," and she said, "Good."

The judge's study was dark. As the Tall Man pressed the keys and woke the computer, the screen lit the backs of his hands at the keyboard.

He paused to button his suit jacket and place his hands over his lap and listen to the sounds from the neighboring room.

When the sounds had stopped, the Tall Man moved his fingers over the keys and opened communications with the bank.

The judge said, "Excuse me. I don't like to disturb you. But I have a question."

"Yes?"

"This situation. Is it going to be terminal? In your opinion."

"For Anita?"

"For anyone. For me."

There came a thump, just one. The Tall Man raised a finger for silence. No more sounds came. His fingers returned to the keyboard.

When he heard the door to the other room open and close, he raised his face to the wall before him. "In here."

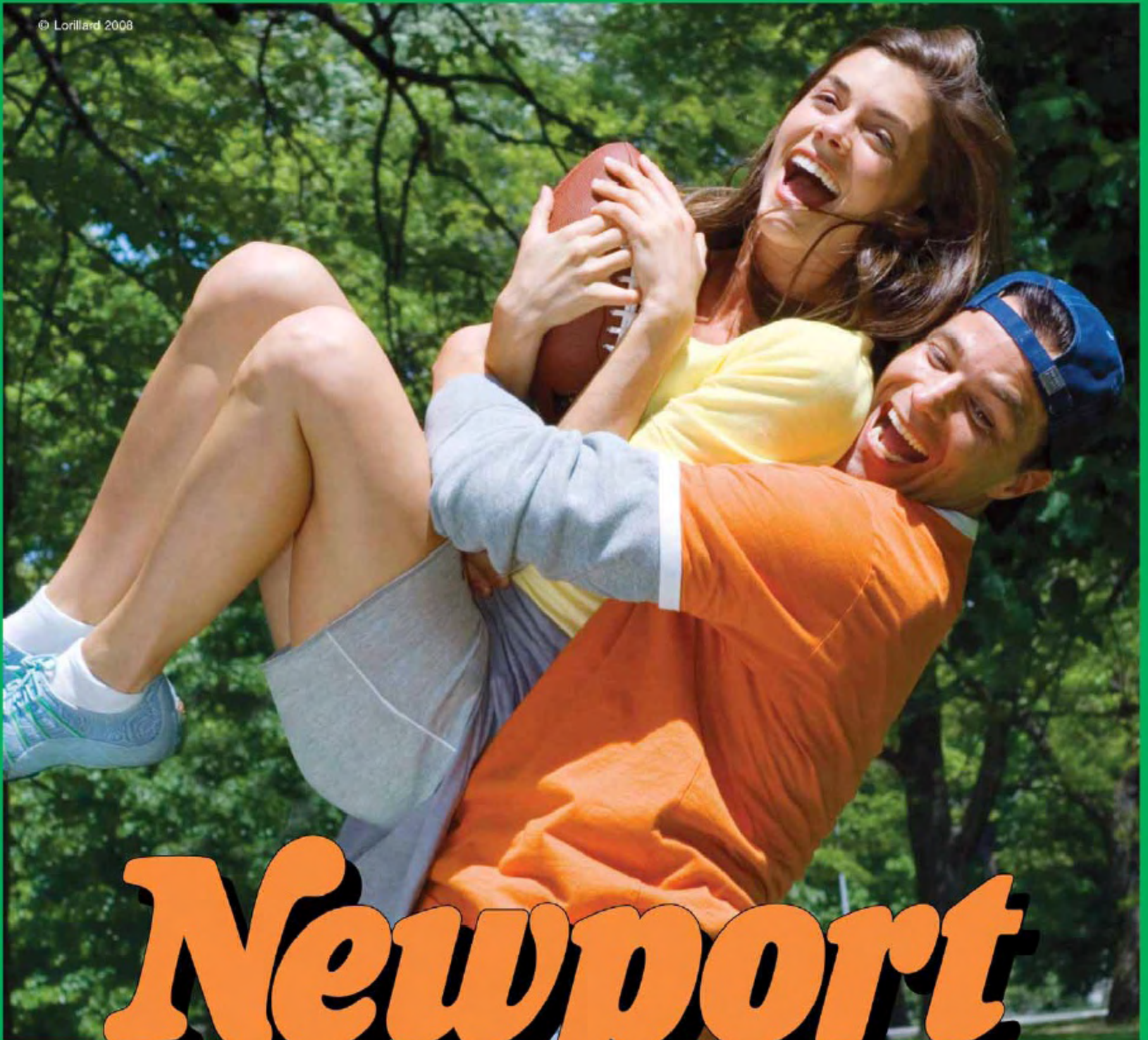
Gambol entered the study and shut the door, holding in his hand a small piece of paper. "Try this." A yellow Post-it note.

"The other hand."



*"From the moment I saw you bobbing for apples,  
I knew you were special."*

© Lorillard 2008



# Newport pleasure!

Newport, Newport Medium, Newport (package design), Newport Pleasure and Newport Spinnaker TM Lorillard Licensing Company LLC Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.  
Lights Box: 9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Medium Box: 12 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Box: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**



Visit us at [newport-pleasure.com](http://newport-pleasure.com)

Restricted to Adult Smokers 21 or Older.

Gambol transferred it to his bloody hand, and the Tall Man accepted it and fixed the paper next to the notebook open at his elbow.

"I don't push buttons on machines," Gambol told the judge, "just people. So I hope you know what happens if this password's bullshit."

"Quiet." The Tall Man pushed his chair back and stood up.

He went down the short hallway and stood for a moment outside the door. He put his hand on the doorknob and let it stay there. She was still making small sounds.

When Gambol coughed in the next room and the Tall Man felt he might be about to call out, he let go of the doorknob and let go of it all and returned to the judge's study.

He sat before the keyboard and entered the password and waited.

"How long does this shit take?" Gambol said, making it a question for their host rather than the Tall Man.

The judge gave no indication of having heard him.

"This one's working." The Tall Man rested his chin in his hand and awaited further prompts from the machine.

"Then I guess you transfer it to the Caymans. I wonder if that's the same bank as mine," Gambol said to no one.

The Tall Man tapped the keys and waited.

"How do you get the money out?" Gambol asked the judge.

The Tall Man said, "I log into the bank's site and then follow the prompts."

"How do you log into the bank?"

"First," the Tall Man said, "you learn about computers."

"You got a pen?" Gambol asked the judge.

The Tall Man said, "Yes, I do." Simultaneously he felt a gun nuzzling his collar.

In the many years of their association, Gambol had addressed the Tall Man perhaps half a dozen times directly. He did so now. "Write it all down."

At the intersection with the highway, Gambol stopped the Caddy. He reached crosswise with his left hand and levered the gearshift into park. The Tall Man faced straight ahead.

Gambol patted the pockets of the Tall Man's jacket and took away his cell phone and his notebook and laid them on the console and nudged the Tall Man's ribs with the gun.

The Tall Man opened his door and got out. Gambol shut it for him by accelerating away.

A quarter mile along the highway, Gambol took his foot off the accelerator and laid his wrists on the wheel and worked his shoulders. The traffic was bad. The problem was on the other side, in a northbound lane, but vehicles here in the southbound lane had slowed to a walking pace. At this speed, the Tall Man might beat him to Madrona.

He checked his mirror and saw the Tall Man ambling behind him toward town in the cool of the evening, his silhouette raised up and set aside by passing headlights.

The Tall Man handled numbers, taxes, accounts. He'd set up Gambol's own offshore tax dodge. Gambol liked him.

He dropped his hand and found the button and backed his seat out to the fullest extent and eased the angle of his right leg. He got Mary on the phone and said, "What do you know about computers?"

"I know they make me sick. The last few years in the service, I had to be online every day."

"I need you to jump on a computer for me."

"Whose phone are you using? I almost didn't answer."

"Compliments of a friend."

The vehicles around him flickered in a blue-and-white light. As he idled the Caddy past the scene of the trouble, he nearly stopped. Accidents were none of his business, gawking just another symptom of the human disease. But he thought he recognized the car.

She woke in a red darkness. The sound of the river lifted her to her feet and carried her down a tunnel that branched toward light and the noise of water.

In the brilliant chamber the judge sat stripped naked, leaning sideways in his wheelchair, wetting a white flag under a faucet. The judge pronounced her sentence: "You're alive."

Give me your car keys, she said, but it didn't sound like that because her jaw must be broken.

"I called to you many times. I thought they'd killed you." He made no attempt to cover himself.

Keys.

"Did you say keys?"

Car.

"Go lie down."

She ordered her hands to his throat. Only the right one obeyed.

"It's a 1951 Coupe deVille. I bought it secondhand the day I passed the bar. I won't let you wreck it."

She put the crook of her thumb and forefinger against his Adam's apple and felt for the arteries below either jaw.

He took her wrist in both his hands, and his eyes turned cold. "In the kitchen. On the bulletin board."

Her tendons burned where his fingernails gouged against the back of her hand. His face paled, and a faint blue light dawned beneath the skin. He lost consciousness within seconds, but still he breathed. She shifted her stance and tightened her grip on his larynx, and a wheezing began. She closed her eyes and directed all awareness into the effort of her right hand. No sight or sound reached her senses. She couldn't have said which one of them was dying.

With the washer's noise out in the utility room, Mary wasn't certain she'd heard a car. She hit the mute on the television and stood up as Gambol came through the front door.

He raised the end of his cane and pointed it at her and said, "Man, you look good today."

"I clean up pretty nice, huh?"

"Hey," he said, "let's take a ride."

She kicked at her pumps and slipped her feet into them and stooped to put out her cigarette. "I've got laundry in. Can I turn it off?"

"Leave it."

She looked toward the utility room where the machine chugged and gurgled. She reached for the remote and dropped it and knelt on the carpet, feeling for it under the coffee table.

"Leave it."

She stood up. "Ernest. I never saw you smile before."

"Is there fishing in Montana?"

"Every square inch." She drew her head back. "You've got nice teeth."

He dropped his cane and took her in his arms. "The Muslims lost one today."

"Yeah, baby," she said. "Nuke Mecca."

The right-hand tires bumped over onto the shoulder, she yanked the wheel straight, they very soon bumped over again. Did she need gas? That thought came in and went away. Was it really raining?—when the stars were shining? She found the button and lowered the window and stuck her head out for great breaths of chilly air, driving one-handed,

(concluded on page 125)



"Well, now we know why the chicken crossed the road."

# PLAYMATE NEWS



## GREEN WITH ENVI

Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens launched the online green fashion magazine Envi-Image ([envi-image.com](http://envi-image.com)) with a little help from her Playmate friends.

Its goal is to help people become more environmentally conscious about clothing and beauty products without looking like back-to-nature types. "We want to encourage people to make an effort to do more eco-



the online magazine. "He has two big events at school," Carrie says, "Earth Day and Career Day. I want to be a role model for him, and I didn't want to go into his class and have to explain to young children what a Playmate is. I was always environmentally conscious in my shopping, and I thought I could share with others that you don't have to look as if you eat granola to dress green."



These girls don't look crunchy: Carrie Stevens (above) dresses Playmates (from left) Nicole Narain, Rhonda Adams, Angel Boris and Spencer Scott for her green magazine.



friendly things in their lives," Carrie says. "We prefer to do it with grace and style. If you want to look sexy and feel sexy, then wear guilt-free clothing and makeup. You'll have no inhibitions."

Carrie's son provided the motivation to start

makeup. "Now when my son asks what I do for a living," Carrie says, "I joke with him, 'Mommy is saving the planet!'"



For the first issue, Carrie called on several Playmates to model environmentally aware attire and nontoxic

## 10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Miss October 1998 **Laura Cover** told us her ambition was to "marry the man of my dreams and have lots of babies." She's off to a good start. In November



2002 she wed baseball player Aaron Boone, now with the Washington Nationals. Several blogs have put her on their fantasy (baseball players' wives) team. And the couple has started its own squad with a beautiful son.

## LOOSE LIPS

When Howard Stern asked his guest Miss June 2008 **Juliette Fretté** if her breasts were real, she replied, "Yes, and I try to squeeze them into D cups."



## HOT PINK



Playmates look pretty in pink lately. From far left: Miss May 1996 Shauna Sand at the PMOY Luncheon at the Mansion; Miss January 2008 Sandra Nilsson on the red carpet at a gala screening of *Married Life*; PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvestedt, all rosy at the 2008 Monte Carlo Rose Ball Movidia; Miss April 2007 Giuliana Marino at the PMOY Luncheon; Miss February 2006 Cassandra Lynn, also celebrating Jayde Nicole's big day, in a shade of pink that surely qualifies as extra hot.



## HOT SHOT



COLLEEN MARIE

## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By **Joanna Angel**

—owner of [BurningAngel.com](http://BurningAngel.com)

"When I was in college, I worked at a family-owned restaurant, and the owner was really unpleasant. Miss February 2005 **Amber Campisi** said her ambition was to take over her family's restaurant. I imagine her presence as pleasant, homey and naked—a total turn-on."



## PERFECT (BIG) 10 ALUMS

You've seen what the Big 10 currently offers, but the powerhouse conference has long had a knack for turning out Playmates. Sally Sarell was born in Ashtabula, Ohio, spent some time in Finland and then attended OSU. Heidi Becker is another world traveler, born in Austria only to at-

tend Wisconsin. Pia Reyes played for Penn State's national-champion lacrosse team. Martha Smith went to Michigan State, but as Babs in *Animal House*, she attended Faber College. Imagine walking into class and seeing the Dahm Triplets; it happened to lucky guys at the University of Minnesota.



Miss March 1960  
Sally Sarell.



Miss June 1961  
Heidi Becker.



Miss November  
1988 Pia Reyes.



Miss July 1973  
Martha Smith.



Misses December  
1998 the Dahm  
triplets.

Here are some Playmates of the Big 10. The Dahm triplets hadn't actually considered modeling until Daddy Dahm suggested they try out for our *Girls of the Big 10* shoot, in 1997.

## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The first year is always the toughest for bars and eateries—26 percent of new restaurants close within the first 12 months—so the Pub at Gateway Village in Charlotte, North Carolina spared no expense when it celebrated its one-year anniversary. The establishment flew in PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** to bend an elbow with its faithful patrons. She also autographed head shots for the crowd. What is a Playmate most often asked to write when signing her photo? Her phone number. Nice try, guys.... For the Safer Sex in the City party in New York, we sent Miss November 2001 **Lindsey Vuolo** to Duvet (as the name hints, it's a nightclub full of beds). She worked the room, including interviewing adult-film star Savanna Samson, who revealed that she feels safer in her industry than in the dating world because actors must show a clean bill of health. The Playboy Foundation co-sponsored the annual fundraising party, hosted by the AIDS Service Center NYC, and we tip our hat to the concept behind the event: education on safer sex.... Real estate mogul in the making Miss May 1999 **Tishara Cousino** acquired her license in Nevada a few years ago. How good is she? Tishara bought a one-bedroom, one-bathroom condo at the Palms Place for \$485,980 on April 2 and flipped it for \$590,000 on April 18.

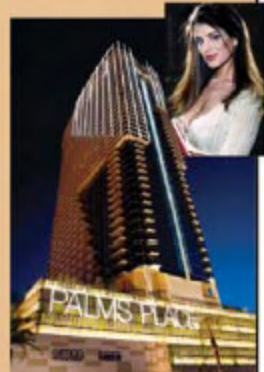


Here, sign this bar tab, please.



Safe sex is sexy with Lindsey Vuolo.

Tishara Cousino makes Palms Place one hot property.



## MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com) or download her to your phone at [playboymobile.com](http://playboymobile.com).



## NOBODY MOVE

(continued from page 122)

covering her shattered eye socket with the other hand to eliminate the duplicates in her field of vision.

The big black Cadillac divided the rain. She killed the headlamps. The downpour glittered in the starshine, in the moon glow, in the lightning. Sure was raining hard. Sure was looking bad. At this rate, she'd never make it to the river.

Jimmy Luntz walked the road, watching his feet by starlight. Along the pavement's edge, tufts of grass sprouted from the asphalt.

He came to a crossing—a gas station and convenience store—and went inside and said, "Nice night."

The gal behind the counter said, "No shirt, no shoes, no service."

"I have shoes on."

She said, "Sorry," and seemed sincere. She looked young, and possibly pregnant, or ready for a diet.

He checked his money clip.

"Kenny's in the back," she said.

"I wasn't looking for him."

"I know. But just so you know."

"Do I look like a robber?"

"You look like something. Not a robber. Just along those lines."

"How much are those T-shirts?"

"Whatever it says."

From the bin he picked one—light blue, size large, MORE BEER—and pulled it over his head.

"That one's funny," she said.

He counted his change. He craved a smoke, and he had just enough money for a pack, but he bought a lotto ticket for a dollar, and then he was too short for cigarettes. Scratched a loser. He had enough for a burger but went into that sum for another dollar.

As he touched the ticket, he could feel it in his fingers. He set his money clip on the counter and flattened it with the heel of his hand and slipped the ticket into it along with nothing but his driver's license.

Two bucks in his grip. He bought two tix. Scratched a loser, and the second one hit for 10. "There we go. See that?"

"You want it in tickets?"

"Just a pack of Camel straights. No. You got Luckies? It's Luckies from now on. And those Twinkies. And I'll get a can of Sprite or something. You got matches?"

"Now you're back to zero."

He cracked the deck and lit up and raised a hand in farewell.

"Are you walking?"

Luntz said, "I guess I'll hitchhike."

"You better clean up first."

"Yeah? Where's the washroom?"

She shook her head. "The whole back of your pants is like you been rolling in dirt. You better find some deep water."

"Where's the river?"

"Right over there a half a mile."

"Is it cold?"

"It's cold. But it won't kill you."



## KEVIN CONNOLLY

(continued from page 66)

the show. M. Night Shyamalan, one of the coolest directors around, was just excited to be there. It's funny: All the directors seem to be happy to be on a set and not directing.

Q19

PLAYBOY: How much of *Entourage* is based on real-life Hollywood stories?

CONNOLLY: A lot of plotlines are loosely based on Hollywood mythology you hear about. Martin Landau played a classic old-time producer, like Bob Evans, who is part of that mythology. Our producer had a film teacher who always said, "Is that something you might be interested in?" Landau said that, and it has become an oft-quoted line from *Entourage*. It's also interesting how the show has created this life off the set for us that is now feeding back into the show—like using two of my real-life pals,

Lukas and Ethan, guys I've worked with before who are now going to be my clients on *Entourage*.

Q20

PLAYBOY: At the end of last season the *Entourage* troupe is in the financial crapper, downgrading from a multimillion-dollar mansion to living out of Drama's condo. It's all good in this season, right?

CONNOLLY: We're back from Cannes, dealing with the *Medellin* movie being unsuccessful and how that impacts Vince's career and our lives. But then there's a switch: Vince is broke, but with E's expanding personal-management business the tide has turned. There's money coming in, and now I'm starting to write the checks. But the guys are sticking together, and Vince will be back.

Read the 21st question at [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q).



# PETE WENTZ

(continued from page 48)

**PLAYBOY:** Pink Is the New Blog wrote that Fall Out Boy wouldn't be as famous without the nude photos.

**WENTZ:** That's the first thing I would assume: That dude probably just wanted to be famous. The pictures were intended for a girl. I don't know how they got out, but I have no way of proving that. I'll tell you one thing: It's not worth it. I've always said I want Fall Out Boy to be the biggest band on the planet, but at the same time I wasn't looking to shop pictures of myself naked.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you wish you had Photoshopped the pictures to make the gear a little bigger?

**WENTZ:** My wife's happy with it, and that's all that matters. At the time I was just embarrassed. I thought, Did my mom see it?

**PLAYBOY:** Your mom was the first one to see your gear.

**WENTZ:** But it has changed since she last saw it, thank God. I just don't know that I need to have my mom see naked pictures of me hanging out in front of a Morrissey record. My mom's got a Google alert for me on her computer. Her only reaction was "Be more careful."

**PLAYBOY:** So what do the people who don't like you say about you?

**WENTZ:** "Oh, Pete's a fucking dick." I get called a sellout pretty often. But I don't do things just for the payday. I did a Gap ad. The clothes were things I was wearing at the time.

**PLAYBOY:** What did the Gap pay you?

**WENTZ:** Off the record?

**PLAYBOY:** On the record.

**WENTZ:** I get paid more to deejay for one night than the Gap paid me.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you already set for life?

**WENTZ:** I'm far from being secure. I worry about mortgage payments, I eat leftovers, I buy the generic versions of things at the supermarket, I buy certified pre-owned cars.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you clip coupons?

**WENTZ:** I would, but I don't think I get a newspaper.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned Fall Out Boy being called the kings of emo. Is that a title you like?

**WENTZ:** I'm not embracing it or rejecting it. I think about us as the Lemon Generation—like making lemonade out of lemons. We have safe lives, and we're not worried about the Cold War; a lot of us aren't worried about where our next meal is coming from. Our war is boredom. That doesn't mean you can't have mental illness or be upset that your parents are getting divorced or that the girl you love doesn't love you.

**PLAYBOY:** So even if the music sounds self-indulgent and whiny, it helps fans understand that other people share the same problems?

**WENTZ:** This counterculture allows you to figure out who you are. I don't see kids going right from high school to being married or going from college right into law school. Ninety-nine percent of my friends are still figuring out what they're doing. We've realized we don't have to become who we were supposed to be. That's what I mean by the Lemon Generation. The losers have made their own culture. The losers have won.



# VEGAS

(continued from page 84)

"No," someone in the crowd says. "He's a Japanese porn star. His name means 'John Holmes' in Japanese." But the box man later confirms that the high roller is indeed in the music business.

Japanese Rock Star is living the moment. He has a stunning Asian girl next to him, and sitting on a stool are two gorgeous brunettes in short skirts who are nibbling on each other's lips like playful kittens. "Pros," says Frank.

No one dares step up to roll with this whale. At \$100 minimum, you can lose \$10,000 in 15 minutes. Dom gathers the Horsemen.

"Fuck this guy," he says. "Let's do it."

We take our positions.

The problem, we soon realize, is that Japanese Rock Star is blind drunk, swigging champagne as he throws the dice and bellowing "Eight" the way kamikaze pilots yell "Banzai!" And inebriation is causing him to bet late. He'll drop a few white chips down at the last second. Craps requires a rhythm, and Japanese Rock Star is messing with ours.

In one way this is craps as it should be: with 200 rubes watching your every move, a fortune at stake and lesbians and high-end liquor flowing freely. But this drunk guy is sending us into a tailspin. Dom, the Arm, the Dentist and the Mathematician all flame out without hitting a 15 roll. I manage a 12, but the night is lost.

Finally, we leave Japanese Rock Star to his fans. He loses \$200,000 that night. We later hear he came back the following night and did it all over again.

The next day is worse. My bankroll is down by almost half. The Horsemen do these trips about six times a year and usually lose once, but on this trip they're losing at every single session.

"You know what?" says Frank, pointing at me as we sit in a VIP lounge. "It's got to be him. He's fucking cursed us."

The others laugh, but I know everyone's thinking the same thing. Craps is a game of precision, and being watched by a journalist could easily ruin your technique.

That night, in my hotel room, I stare at the ceiling. What if I am the curse? Or what if the Five Horsemen are frauds, con men who have developed a beautiful system for getting suckers to pay for a skill that sounds good but doesn't really work on the casino floor?

But I've seen them bet. The Mathematician has a huge bankroll built up over the past 10 years. And they're known around Vegas. When we first hit the casino, a former student ran up to Dom and said, "You changed my life." He quit his job to be a controlled shooter and made \$100,000 last year.

It has to be real. We have one day left to prove it.

On day three we meet for breakfast. The mood is tense, and we barely speak as we head for the tables.



*"Let's get dressed and then you can show me the good time you promised me."*

## ATHENA PHEROMONE 10x™



**Get more affection from women with Athena's 10X**

Developed by Dr. Winnifred Cutler, co-discoverer of human pheromones in 1986. Unscented fragrance additives for men and women.

*"I love the way my woman just has to get next to me when I have this stuff on!!!"* -Peter, PA

*"Stuff works...I'm exhausted"*  
-note on reorder form

Call 610-827-2200 or view the science and Order Online at [Athenainstitute.com](http://Athenainstitute.com)

### Playboy's Privacy Notice

We occasionally make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products or services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive these offers or information, please let us know by writing to us at:

Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.  
c/o CDS  
P.O. Box 2007  
Harlan, IA 51593-0222  
e-mail [PLYcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com](mailto:PLYcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com)  
tel 800.999.4438 or 515.243.1200

It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

*Playboy, date of production: August 2008. Custodian of Records is Ben Taylor. All records required by law to be maintained by publisher are located at 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

*Contents copyright © 2008 by Playboy.*

The stickman recognizes Dom. I ask him about the Horsemen. "Oh yeah, they've been coming here for years," he tells me. "And I've never seen them have a drought like this." Word has gotten around that Golden Touch is losing.

I take the dice. My throw looks good—for three or four turns. But real-life craps is harder than practicing up in my attic: Other players will set their chips down in your landing area, and if you hit them, the dice go bouncing off into the corners, ruining your controlled throw. I'm out after 13. Dom sevens out after his sixth roll. He takes his chips and slams them into the top of the table, shouting "Motherfucker!" I realize he's talking to himself. "Don't even think about it," he says, staring off into space and moving his wrist in what looks like some kind of tai chi maneuver. I'm afraid he's cracking up.

Our morning session is a bust.

I decide I can't play craps anymore. I can't think or talk about craps or look at casino dice for a second more. I go to the hotel pool, drink Gosling's rum and watch the sunlight ripple off the water.

We have one session left. I arrive on the casino floor before the others. An Indian guy with a gorgeous Chopard watch has taken over the \$100 table from Japanese Rock Star. "Poor guy," says the stickman. "We're kicking his brains out."

At least it's not just us.

The Horsemen arrive, and we cash in. Dom and the Mathematician have unspectacular rolls, and the dice come to me. I place a pass bet and put money on six and eight. Then I begin to throw.

And I do not stop. The dice are coming off my fingers flawlessly, tucking into lovely spins. I begin to hit the six, eight and 10, on which the team has its bets. I climb to 15 rolls, then 20. I'm establishing numbers and then hitting them.

The black \$100 chips land on the table, then the lavender \$500s. When I hit another six, Dom comes running over and grabs me in a bear hug.

"You're like my little baby!" he shouts.

When you are on a roll at craps, the quality of light around the table seems to change. Time slows down, and you see the smiling faces of your friends, the dealers and the other bettors as if in a Scorsese slo-mo. Your body becomes a simple fulcrum for delivering the dice to a certain spot on the table. You are unconscious of anything except the pleasure of winning.

When I hit another number, the crowd explodes. "He broke his cherry!" shouts Frank. There is probably \$15,000 on the table for each throw now. The betting escalates with every roll. I end up hitting 35 before I flame out with a four-three seven.

But behind me the team catches fire. In the next two hours Dom throws a 45, the Mathematician gets a high 20s roll, and the Arm reels off a monster 50 count. By the end of the magical session the team has made back most of its losses from the trip. And when you factor in the thousands upon thousands of

Only \$29!

Arrives with FREE matching G-string!



### Purple Plum Baby Doll

Sheer net baby doll with sequins, long front bow and ribboned hem. Plum, red, black. Only \$29!

Call to order

800-726-7035

[www.panties.com](http://www.panties.com)

**Liberator® Wedge and Ramp**  
nest together to form an angled pedestal upon which to make extraordinary love. Sessions last longer, orgasms have incredible intensity! A means to more foreplay, hotter positions and unlimited creativity. Explore new angles on oral sex too.

[liberator.com](http://liberator.com) 866.542.7283

dollars in comps the guys have raked in, they've actually made money.

Even when they're down, they're up. It's the beautiful logic of the skilled high roller. Betting much more conservatively than they are, I don't do nearly as well, but I'm in the black for the first session this trip.

Our rally complete, we float away from the table toward the cashiers. Dom comes up beside me and grabs my neck. "You know what this is like?" he says. "It's like when the Yankees are in the World Series and their star players can't get a hit. But then in the ninth inning

the rookie comes from nowhere and saves the team."

You know what? That is exactly what this is like.

I catch a plane out of Vegas the next morning. Do I leave as a convert to Frank and Dom's system? Their detractors would point out that I lost money on the trip. Their supporters would point to their record of winning over time.

On the way home I hold a pair of ruby-red dice in my right hand, practicing my grip. For hours.



## ADDERALL

(continued from page 52)

deep breaths, he's calm enough to reenter the hall and take the exam.

"I did better on that exam than on any exam I've ever taken," he later recalls. "I got a near-perfect score."

A slightly built youth with gelled brown hair and a casual half-hipster, half-preppie style, David is a fan of Adderall. He has been taking it for about a year on a fairly regular basis, and except for that time he nearly passed out in the exam room, it has been a cool ride. "It takes away your worries," he says of the drug. "Instead of freaking out and thinking, Oh man, I'm going to fail tomorrow, you take a pill and everything is fine."

When I meet David, he is in the middle of finals, and in four days he has slept only eight hours. He shows no signs of tiredness. In fact, he's feeling great thanks to the 60 milligrams of Adderall he has taken over the past 24 hours. He's from a well-to-do suburban family, and once finals are over he's headed to Europe for the summer and vows he won't touch the drug for months. He says he uses Adderall mainly as a study aid, but sometimes he uses it to socialize, too.

"Adderall has added a lot to my life," he says. "I owe a lot of my friendships to Adderall. Normally, I don't like talking to random people, but on Adderall you're really interested in people. It's the get-up-and-go drug. Instead of sitting on the couch, smoking pot and watching television, I want to go out and do things." (David has also discovered another useful role for the drug: "Jerking off on Adderall is an amazing experience.")

When asked if Adderall has improved his grades, David pauses. "Actually," he says, "now that I think about it, it doesn't. My first semester I had straight A's. The second term, when I started taking Adderall, I had straight Bs. I continued using it, and now I have an A-, B+ mix. So maybe the Adderall hasn't helped."

David underscores a seductive part of amphetamine's appeal that scientists have known for decades: The substance doesn't just give you extra energy; it makes you feel good about yourself. The drug releases in the brain high levels of the pleasure chemical dopamine, the same substance discharged while making love or smoking a cigarette. That's why amphetamine was America's first widely prescribed antidepressant, decades before Prozac.

A common complaint among today's students is the constant stress and mental exhaustion they feel competing in such an academically demanding environment. The pendulum has swung away from the slacker generation, so much so in fact that one could argue college students have never before found themselves under so much pressure to perform and excel—not just to get good grades but to outdo one another. It's not only harder to get into a good college these days (some Ivy League schools receive twice as many applications as they did a decade ago), but once you get there the pressure is unrelenting to maintain good grades so you can get a six-figure job upon graduation. The majority of students interviewed for this story expressed anxiety about disappointing their parents, some of



"Damn! I've struck oil."

whom are spending as much as \$200,000 for a four-year degree. Adderall boosts self-esteem. It's a drug that not only helps students manage a complex world but also makes them feel good about their place in it.

"When it costs my parents \$50,000 a year to put me through college, you can bet I'm going to be stressed about getting good grades," says David. "The reason I started taking Adderall in the first place was I thought I was going to get an F on a paper, and my father would have been pissed. My dad, who is a dentist, often says, 'Do you know how many teeth I have to pull to put you through college for a year?'"

Does Adderall raise academic performance over time? This much is certain: Amphetamine medications have been used for a brain boost since the Great Depression. As far back as 1937, at a Rhode Island mental hospital, psychiatrist Charles Bradley, widely credited with discovering ADHD, dosed 30 learning-disabled children with Benzedrine (the original brand name for amphetamine) and found half the children showed "a spectacular improvement" in school performance. Bradley had accidentally found that amphetamine has the paradoxical effect of calming hyperactive kids, enabling them to better concentrate on their class work.

Within a year student test subjects in psychological studies had spread the word to their friends about amphetamine's effectiveness as a study aid. *Time* magazine reported that "the use of a new powerful but poisonous brain stimulant called Benzedrine [had] college directors of health in dithers of worry." One British psychologist at the time claimed "students have come to cherish this drug as a gift of the gods."

"There's pretty much been a 70-year use of amphetamine to help children do better in school, to concentrate and control their behavior," says Diller. "Personally, I think Adderall has more of an effect on improving one's sense of self than improving one's performance."

"I've been studying this for years, and I'm still not sure there's an advantage for students taking tests on Adderall as opposed to students who study in the normal way," says Frankenberger. "There's good evidence that in the short term when children go on stimulant medications, the quantity and quality of their work increases. There's no debating that. But are they learning more in the long run? The answer seems to be no."

If it is a myth that Adderall and drugs like it are cognitive enhancers, it's one that many scientists and researchers have taken as truth. A recent survey by *Nature* magazine, whose main readership works in science and academia, found roughly one in five readers used prescription drugs—including Adderall, Ritalin and Provigil—to focus concentration and increase productivity. Pilots in the military have used these drugs to stay awake and concentrate for long periods. The Adderall-on-campus issue is, in effect, the same debate that's going on with steroids in professional sports. If the drug works, even in the short term, does taking it constitute cheating? Should all students be allowed to take it to level the playing field?

"Society is rife with hypocrisy," says Diller. "These kids are taking these drugs for the

for every occasion—OxyContin for when you want to get really zoned out, Xanax for anxiety, Valium for relaxation and Klonopin, a hypnotic drug used to treat seizures, for a pleasantly drowsy evening when there's nothing better to do. But the crown jewel is Adderall. The drug is particularly popular among female students because, while they believe it helps with their studies, it also suppresses their appetite and helps them lose weight. After all, it was originally created as Obetrol, the diet drug. (For the same reason, Adderall has been called "the miracle pill" for Hollywood celebrities trying to control their weight.)

"There's definitely a return to pill culture on campus," says Susan. "I don't know if it's that students are more scared today to experiment with street drugs than in the past, but part of the appeal of pill culture is the feeling that these drugs are safe and legal because they come from a doctor. There's still a lot of ecstasy and cocaine around, but increasingly, students prefer prescription drugs."

Susan estimates well over half her sorority sisters have taken Adderall at least once. All sorts of students take the drug, she says, from straight-edge types who would never dream of taking street drugs to slackers who think they can cram a term's worth of study into one week. On Susan's campus little or no social stigma is attached to the drug. It's such a normal part of campus life that students openly pop the candy-colored capsules in the library, even though Adderall is a Schedule II controlled substance, the possession of which without a prescription is technically punishable by jail time.

Says Susan, "It's not even considered a drug anymore."

But it is a drug, one that when taken in high doses can have some unhappy consequences. Fortunately, the students who take Adderall are usually sensible enough to take it only when they think it can help them and in small doses—usually 20 milligrams at a time, which falls well below the threshold that produces euphoria and is unlikely to cause harm.

Larger doses taken regularly over an extended time period—that's a different story. As the legendary underground chemist Uncle Fester, who wrote the meth cook's bible *Secrets of Methamphetamine Manufacture*, once told me, amphetamine "makes a great short-term friend but a lousy long-term companion."

## Sexy Girls Are Pure Perfection



ORDER THESE ISSUES INSTANTLY WITH THE DIGITAL EDITION

[www.playboy.com/lingerie](http://www.playboy.com/lingerie)

[www.playboy.com/nb](http://www.playboy.com/nb)

Order online at: [playboystore.com](http://playboystore.com)

Or send check or money order (do not send cash) to:  
Playboy Catalog c/o eFashion Solutions  
90 Enterprise Avenue South  
Secaucus, NJ 07094

Checks should be made payable to:

eFashion Solutions (U.S. dollars only)  
We accept most major credit cards  
Sales Tax: NJ (non-apparel) add 7%, IL add 8%

**BUY THESE ISSUES AT NEWSSTANDS NOW**

©2008 Playboy

same reason athletes are taking these drugs, the same reason their teachers are taking these drugs, the same reason businessmen are taking these drugs. It's for performance enhancement. We live in a competitive society that demands performance at all costs and equates material acquisition with emotional and spiritual contentment. This is a culture perfect for using performance enhancers. Whether they actually work or not is another question."

Susan (not her real name), 21, is a pretty blonde in a clingy black dress who goes to a well-regarded college in upstate New York. It's summertime, and we're sitting in a restaurant in midtown Manhattan. She describes her sorority life as being like *Valley of the Dolls* redux. These days there's a drug



T. HARTER

## Constanti-nipples

When traveling, KATE MOSS likes to wear sheer garments—that's her way to win over the menfolk. It's a fine idea unless you're visiting a land that's 99.8 percent Muslim, like, say, Turkey, which she was. Oops.



## We'd Always Have Karis

Watch Spike Lee's *Miracle at St. Anna* closely and you may catch a glimpse of model and actress KARIS LANE, who has a nonspeaking part as a refugee. Let's hope we hear from her soon.



## How Much for da Two a Yas?

Disgracing former New York governor Eliot Spitzer was no day at the beach for ASHLEY DUPRÉ (left). Nice to see her having fun in the Jersey sun with a fellow hottie—ASHLEY DUPRÉ'S MOM.



STYLIST: JAMES

### Abs of Steel

What topsy-turvy times these are! Men are having babies. America is torturing. Lance Bass is gay. And Heidi Montag may not be the best bikini stuffer on *The Hills*. Holy hardbody, AUDRINA PARTRIDGE!

### What's in the Bag?

We wonder what SIENNA MILLER orders at Poquito Más® (The Original Baja Taco Stand®). The Fresh Ahi Burrito by Chef Mas™, perhaps? Or does she go for the Shrimp Tacos San Felipe™? Either way, we reckon she gets the Show Us Your Nipples® discount.



NEWS INTERNATIONAL/GETTY IMAGES

### Orlando's Bloomin' Onion

Who's MIRANDA KERR? An Aussie Victoria's Secret gal dubbed "the next Elle Macpherson." Legolas hits it with a bow and arrow.



ADAM FRESH/STYLING: GRIFFIN ONLINE.COM

REUTERS



### Abbie, Queen of Scots

Meet five-foot-two Weedjie ABBIE MONTROSE, the tastiest wee dish this side of deep-fried haggis. Hmm, that didn't come out right.

# Next Month



UFC ALL ACCESS HOST RACHELLE LEAH IS A KNOCKOUT.



LICENSE TO THRILL: A REVEALING LOOK BACK AT BOND GIRLS.



HIS ENTHUSIASM IS CONTAGIOUS. A VOLUNTEER TELLS WHY.



JAMES BOND'S QUANTUM OF KICK-ASS.

**ULTIMATE FEMALE**—HOST OF *UFC ALL ACCESS* AND FORMER OCTAGON GIRL **RACHELLE LEAH** LOOKS FIERCE IN HER *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL. THE ONLY RULE IN OUR MATCH? NO CLOTHES.

**DANIEL CRAIG**—OVERCOMING SKEPTICISM ABOUT A BLOND BOND, CRAIG HAS CAPTURED THE FLAWED SIDE OF THE SECRET AGENT BETTER THAN ANY OTHER ACTOR IN THE 007 CLUB. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* CRAIG TALKS WITH **DAVID SHEFF** ABOUT LOSING PART OF HIS FINGER, PORTRAYING BOND AS IAN FLEMING INTENDED HIM AND TRYING NOT TO COME ACROSS LIKE AUSTIN POWERS IN *QUANTUM OF SOLACE*.

**FOR YOUR EYES ONLY**—A LOOK AT THE SEXIEST BOND GIRLS WHO HAVE TEMPTED 007, INCLUDING BARBARA BACH AND KIM BASINGER. **PLUS:** LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT OUR FAVORITE SPY.

**SHAWNE MERRIMAN**—IN *20Q* THE LINEBACKER NICKNAMED LIGHTS OUT TELLS **JASON BUHRMESTER** ABOUT RILING OPPONENTS, JUDGING THE MISS USA PAGEANT AND THE CONCUSSIONS AND REPERCUSSIONS OF HIS INFAMOUS HIT ON PRIEST HOLMES.

**INSIDE THE OBAMA PHENOMENON**—WRITER **WILL BLYTHE** INTRODUCES US TO LAMONT CAROLINA, A POOR BLACK 20-SOMETHING WITH AN ABSENT FATHER AND A MOTHER WHO DIDN'T EXACTLY PUSH HIM. HE WAS, BY HIS OWN ADMISSION, GOING NOWHERE—UNTIL HE HEARD BARACK OBAMA SPEAK. THAT TRAN-

SCENDENT MOMENT CHANGED THE WAY HE OPERATED IN THE WORLD: THANKS TO THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE, HE'S NOW A YOUNG CAMPAIGN WORKER FIRED UP ABOUT POLITICS.

**FALL VIDEO-GAME GUIDE**—OUR ANNUAL SURVEY REVEALS THAT PLAYERS HAVE UNPRECEDENTED CONTROL OVER THEIR EXPERIENCES—WHETHER COMPETING WITH ONE ANOTHER ON FACEBOOK, BUILDING WORLDS IN *LITTLEBIGPLANET*, EVOLVING A LIFE-FORM IN *SPORE* OR WRITING MUSIC IN *GUITAR HERO: WORLD TOUR*.

**THE SEXUAL MALE, PART FIVE**—IT HAS BEEN HANGING AROUND SINCE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, BUT HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR PENIS? IN PART FIVE OF HIS SERIES EXPLORING THE SCIENCE OF MALE SEXUAL DEVELOPMENT, THE *PLAYBOY* ADVISOR, **CHIP ROWE**, EXAMINES WHAT RESEARCHERS HAVE DISCOVERED ABOUT THIS FLEXIBLE, STRONG AND—YES, IT'S TRUE—SUPERSIZED ORGAN.

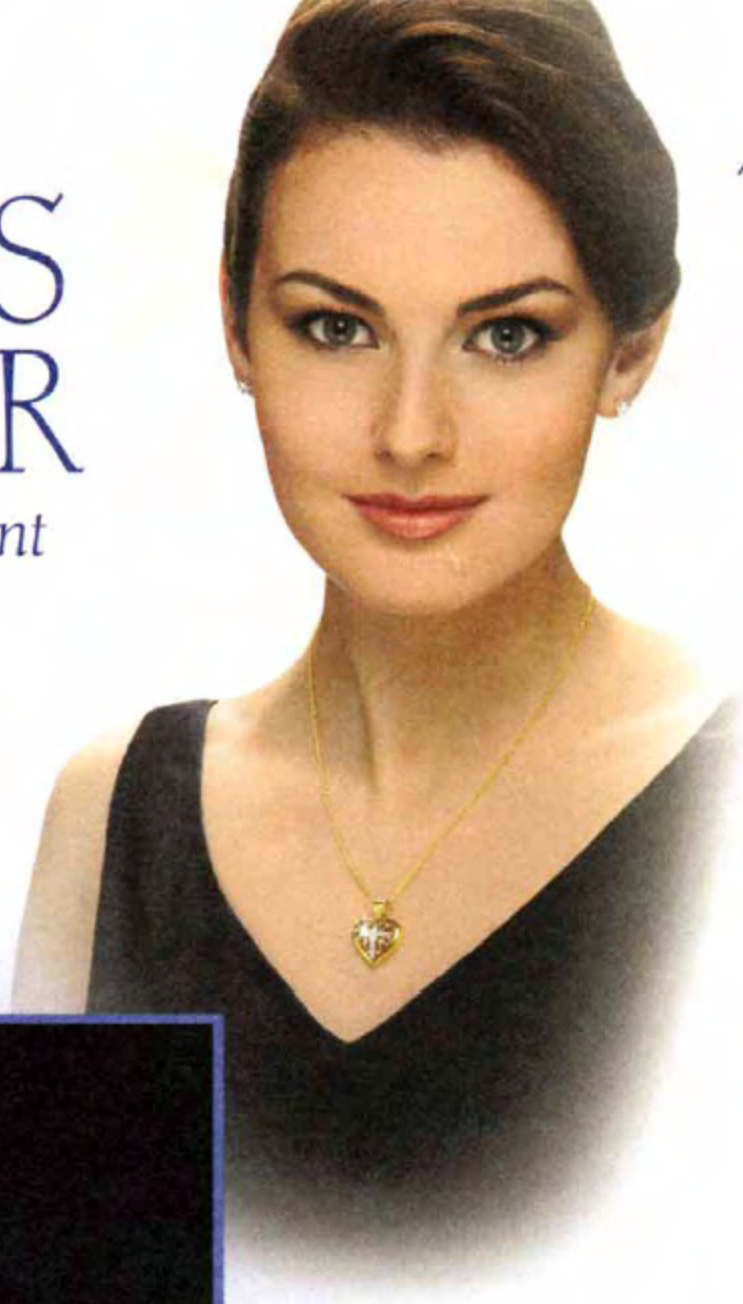
**THE WRAITH**—IN FICTION BY **J. ROBERT LENNON** THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION HAS BECOME TOO MUCH FOR ONE WOMAN TO HANDLE. SHE CASTS HER GLOOM INTO A SPECTER THAT ROAMS HER BEDROOM WHILE SHE IS AT WORK. CAN HER HUSBAND SATISFY THEM BOTH?

**PLUS: THE WHITE TIE AFFAIR** DRESSES UP, PLAYMATES PICK THE PRESIDENT, AND NOTHING IS SEXIER THAN A WOMAN WITH TWO FIRST NAMES: MEET MISS NOVEMBER **GRACE KIM**.



# THE LORD'S PRAYER

Diamond Pendant



*A dazzling diamond cross and an elegant 23kt gold-plated heart unite in a magnificent jewelry creation.*

*the Danbury Mint*

**For fastest delivery:**  
1-800-726-1184 • [www.danburymint.com](http://www.danburymint.com)

"Our father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name..." With just a few simple words, the beginning of The Lord's Prayer radiates comfort, faith and hope. Now, this cherished verse is part of a jewelry treasure guaranteed to uplift and inspire her forever. Presenting...  
*The Lord's Prayer Diamond Pendant,* available exclusively from the Danbury Mint.

**Superbly crafted; breathtaking design.**

An artistically detailed heart—crafted of gleaming 23kt gold-plated sterling silver—is a stunning base for a cross that's lavishly set with 12 glittering diamonds. Meticulously inscribed into the edge of the heart are the timeless words of The Lord's Prayer. An elegant 18-inch, 23kt gold-plated sterling silver chain is included.

Supplement to Playboy Magazine

© MBI

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint  
47 Richards Avenue  
Norwalk, CT 06857

Send  
no money  
now.

**Yes!** Reserve *The Lord's Prayer Diamond Pendant* as described in this announcement.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Please print clearly.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Orders subject to acceptance.

06880025V200

# GET YOUR SMOKEY ON

ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT WILDFIRES.

9 out of 10 wildfires are caused by humans.  
9 out of 10 wildfires can be prevented.



SMOKEYBEAR.COM



**BUSINESS REPLY MAIL**  
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 456 NORWALK CT

THE DANBURY MINT  
47 RICHARDS AVENUE  
PO BOX 5265  
NORWALK CT 06860-0105

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



NO POSTAGE  
NECESSARY  
IF MAILED  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES



Pendant shown actual size.

The Lord's Prayer Diamond Pendant arrives in an elegant presentation case—perfect for gift-giving, it's yours at no additional charge.

*(continued from other side)*

**Favorably priced; satisfaction guaranteed.**

This heirloom-quality pendant is an exceptional value at \$99 plus \$7.80 shipping and service, payable in three monthly installments of \$35.60. Satisfaction is guaranteed. If not thrilled, return the pendant within 90 days for replacement or refund. Don't delay—order today!

*the Danbury Mint*

FULL FLAVOR  
99 CALORIES

3.1g CARBS



THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE

Conventional wisdom says a full flavor beer can't be low in calories. Yet, Budweiser Select delivers the full-flavored taste you want in only 99 calories. Experience the exception to the rule. Budweiser Select.

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT  
MAY CAUSE  
MOUTH CANCER



**NEW STRAIGHT POUCHES.  
ONE PART EASY.  
TWO PARTS HELL-YEAH.**



### Introducing Straight Pouches

100% straight dip. Now in pouches.  
Everything our dippers expect from a straight pinch.  
Finally available in a pouch.

**SKOAL® Smokeless Tobacco** Learn more at [SkoalBrotherhood.com](http://SkoalBrotherhood.com)  
Website Access Limited To Age-Verified Adults

