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# PLAYBOY

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VEGAS  
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RESPECT! **JAYDE  
NICOLE**  
IS PLAYMATE  
OF THE YEAR

**STEVE  
CARELL**  
GETS SMART  
IN A PLAYBOY  
INTERVIEW

THE **KKK**  
BLACK  
BY JASON  
WHITLOCK

PLUS: THE MASTERMIND  
BEHIND TMZ  
JANE SMILEY ON  
GREEN SEX  
THE PLAYBOY BAR:  
GREAT VODKAS  
THE DEATH OF THE NEWS?  
INCREDIBLE NEW  
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Rather than hire a ruggedly handsome male model for this month's fashion shoot, we elected to photograph a real guy. And when we looked around, no one looked more real than **Conor Hogan**, our very own junior staffer. After we dragged him from his cubicle and sharpened his sense of style we turned him over to photographer **Susan Anderson** for the appropriate finishing touches. Her most recent book, *Porn for New Moms*, collects images of (well-)dressed men caught acting courteously. "Women don't want naked men," Anderson says. "They want a sharp-looking, chivalrous guy. I'm old-fashioned in that I think every man should look like Cary Grant." As *Dressing Conor* shows, Anderson favors formality and classic style. "Dressing well and being considerate are things a man can do that will make women do anything for him."



If the print era is over, why are billionaires like Rupert Murdoch and Sam Zell buying dailies? **Eric Klinenberg**, author of *Fighting for Air*, poses that question in *The End of Newspapers*. "There are trees that wish print were dead," Klinenberg says. But would he buy a paper if he won the lottery? "It would have to be a hell of a lottery. The *Tribune* just sold for \$8 billion and Dow Jones for \$5 billion. I'd be happy to buy the Chicago Cubs, though."

For her novel *Ten Days in the Hills* Pulitzer Prize winner **Jane Smiley** says she strove to include "as much sex as possible and still have a plot." She continues in that vein with *Paradigm Shift*, which hints sex can save the planet. "Baby boomers exploited the environment, and they have to take responsibility," she says. But as her main character knows, getting people to go green takes persuasion. "You catch more flies with honey than vinegar."

Would you believe **Steve Carell**, star of *The Office* and *Get Smart*, thinks he has risen to the top by dumb luck? "He sincerely thinks he's surrounded by people more talented than he," says **Eric Spitznagel**, who sat with Carell for this month's interview. Well, would you believe he isn't worried about becoming too big and fizzling out? "I receive occasional residual checks for 47 cents when *Curly Sue* airs in Belgium," Carell says. "I think I'll be fine."



No writer in America tackles the subject of race more thoughtfully than **Jason Whitlock**. By trade Whitlock covers sports for *The Kansas City Star* and [Foxsports.com](http://Foxsports.com). When Washington Redskin Sean Taylor was killed last fall in an act of black-on-black violence, Whitlock wrote of the issue, "There's a reason I call them the Black KKK. The pain, the fear and the destruction are all the same. When the white KKK lynched, terrorized and intimidated black folks at a slower rate than its modern-day dark-skinned replacement, at least we had the good sense to be outraged." In *The Black KKK* Whitlock tells us where he believes the violence originates. "Brutal prisons create gangs. We need to end the drug war and make jailing less punitive and more rehabilitative. We can't save everybody, but gladiator-training prisons are creating better gladiators."



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# PLAYBOY

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### the playboy forum

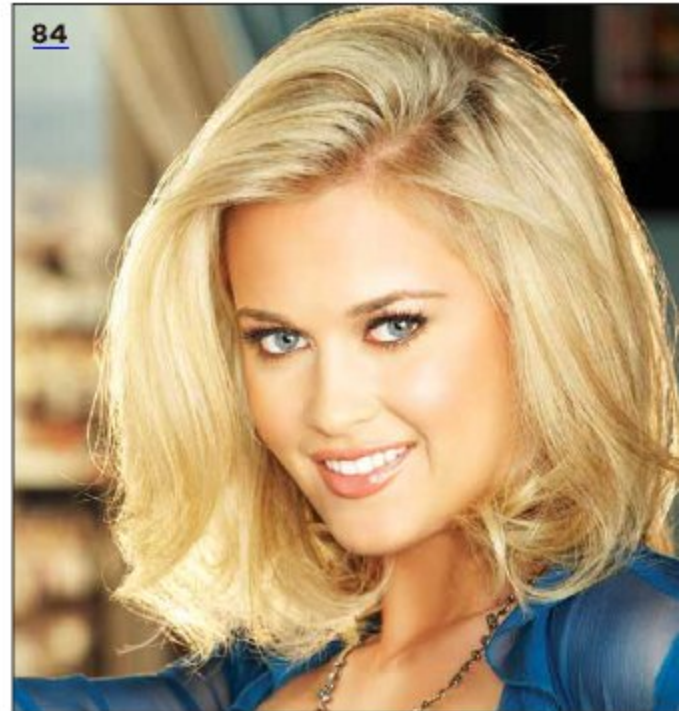
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Wise parental advice pushed Steve Carell into show business instead of a more practical law career. We've been laughing with the late-bloomer comic ever since, in hit movies like *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* and *Little Miss Sunshine* and on TV's *The Office*. The self-effacing actor chats candidly about his big-screen interpretation of *Get Smart*, along with the agony and humiliation of chest waxing. **BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL**



### COVER STORY

Unlike in some other elections, in which the people are divided, voters for Playmate of the Year strongly favored just one of the beautiful young candidates: Jayde Nicole. She becomes your 49th Playmate of the Year and the first Canadian PMOY since Shannon Tweed, in 1982. Senior Contributing Photographer Army Freytag gets wet and wild with Jayde on our cover; our Rabbit makes a splash.



# PLAYBOY

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

### MAGAZINE BLOG

Inside perspectives from PLAYBOY editors, plus a revealing talk with Miss June Juliette Frette about her plans and passions. [playboy.com/blog](http://playboy.com/blog)

### CLOTHES CALL

Spring's slickest threads. [playboy.com/style](http://playboy.com/style)

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Getting the utmost from your European vacation. [playboy.com/sex](http://playboy.com/sex)

### THE 21ST QUESTION

One more juicy tip from TMZ's Harvey Levin. [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q)

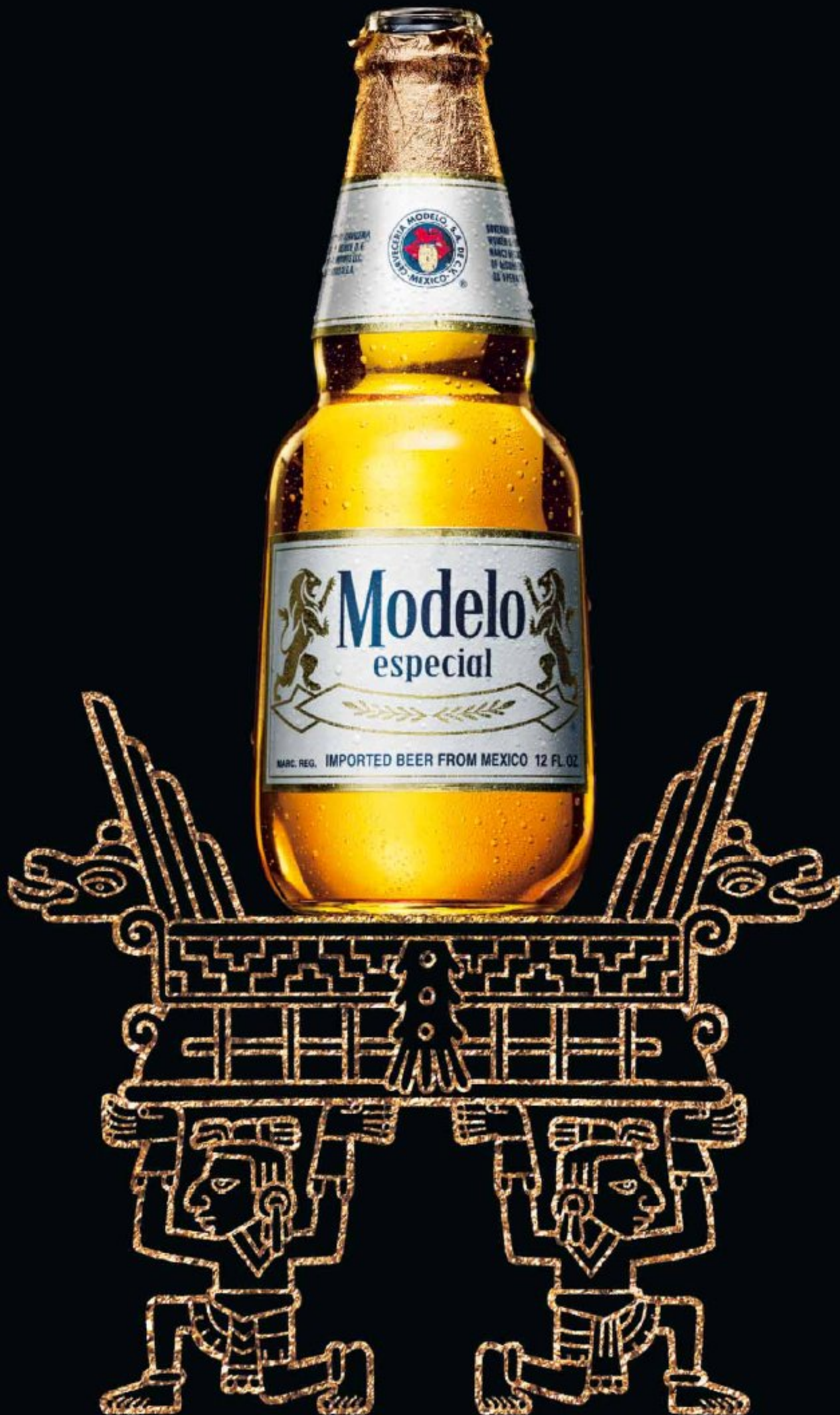
### PLAYMATE PARTY

The PMOY bash at the Mansion. [playboy.com/playmates](http://playboy.com/playmates)



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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## COOL JAZZ FOLKS

Herbie Hancock, Hef, Dee Dee Bridgewater and Bill Cosby laugh during the 30th Anniversary Playboy Jazz Festival press conference. Grammy winners all, Hancock and Bridgewater made music, and Cosby emceed.

## THIS SPORTING LIFE

These guys are players: Below right, six-foot-four senior Marston Hefner, center for the Wildwood Wolves, eyes the basket before taking a shot. In the last game of Ojai Valley's inaugural eight-man football season, junior Cooper Hefner (below) made an interception in the Spuds' win.



## CLEARED FOR TAKEOFF

The hottest native San Diegan, Kendra Wilkinson, congratulated Virgin America owner Richard Branson after his airline made its maiden voyage from San Francisco to San Diego.



## NICE CANS

Attendees of the *Nightclub & Bar Convention and Trade Show* in Las Vegas toasted Miss May 2006 Alison Waite (left) and Playmate of the Year 2007 Sara Jean Underwood as they unveiled our new Playboy Energy Drink. After taking her first sip of our version of lightning in a can, Sara Jean said, "It tastes like the good life!" The drink is available in regular or sugar-free.



## BUNNIES AND BALLERS

At the Playboy and Crown Royal party during NBA All-Star weekend, Dallas Cowboy Terrell Owens (left) chatted with Playmates. At the barbershop-themed event NBA analyst Kenny Smith (above) either reminded New York Giants James Butler (left) and Corey Webster how they ended the season or showed them how long his hair used to be.

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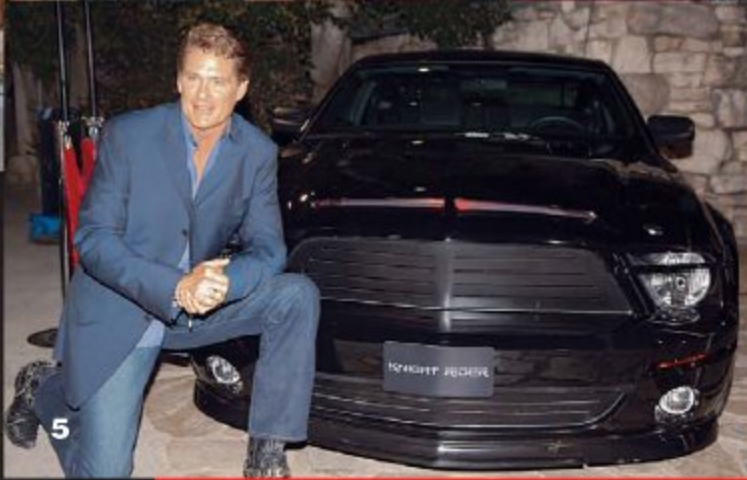
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(1) The average guy has one date on Valentine's Day. Hef, who is anything but average, took these six stunners out for dinner at Mastro's on the romantic holiday. (2) NBC tuned up the series *Knight Rider* (including a new KITT) and chose the Mansion to launch the show. Here to celebrate is Hef with radio host Adam Carolla, star of *The Hammer*. (3) The new *Knight Rider*, Justin Bruening. (4) Masi Oka of *Heroes*. (5) David Hasselhoff checks out the new model. (6) Hef puts the squeeze on two cover girls: WWE Divas Maria Kanellis and Ashley Massaro. (7) On Academy Awards night Scott Baio shows Hef his new daughter, Bailey DeLuca, with his wife, Renee Sloan, and her daughter Kalyn. (8) Gene Kelly's widow, Patricia, and Jon Lovitz also screened the Oscars at the Mansion. (9) At an E! party at Les Deux, Holly, Hef and Bridget with Ted Harbert, CEO of Comcast Entertainment. (10) The Girls host the 40th anniversary of the Hotel Byblos at PMW. (11) Matthew Modine of *Weeds* is all smiles. (12) Hef cracks up *American Idol*'s Ryan Seacrest, Simon Cowell and Randy Jackson.



7



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11



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10

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**WHITE KNIGHT**

Garry Kasparov (*Playboy Interview*, March) needs to know there is a presidential candidate bold enough to challenge Vladimir Putin. Like President Bush, John McCain looked into Putin's eyes. But instead of a soul, he saw three letters—KGB.

William Goff  
Belmar, New Jersey

By protesting corruption, Kasparov is giving Putin a taste of his own medicine. Somebody has finally had enough of the playground bully.

Evan Dale Santos  
Adelanto, California

What a fantastic interview. Kasparov is clear, direct and eloquent, and he represents an extremely important position for freedom, not just in Russia but the world. David Sheff did a great job. Kudos also to Frank Owen for *The Medical Marijuana Murder*



For Kasparov, the biggest game of his life.

(March), his enlightening examination of the "industry" (movement?) and its personalities. I will definitely renew my subscription. I haven't found such great writing anywhere else.

Ben Stone  
Dayton, Ohio

**HIGH ANXIETY**

*The Medical Marijuana Murder* covers important ground but also perpetuates unfortunate misconceptions. Peer-reviewed studies make clear that marijuana provides relief for some conditions for which conventional treatments regularly fail. While it is true that marijuana is not a proven

cure for any illness, data show that in some circumstances it can save lives: The toxic side effects of drugs used to fight HIV and hepatitis C, such as nausea and vomiting, are a major reason patients interrupt or stop treatment. Finally, whatever problems exist with distribution are not the result of "neglect" by legislators but of federal law that remains stuck in 1937. In the Netherlands doctors write prescriptions for pharmaceutical-grade cannabis, grown to government standards of potency and purity, that patients can fill at any pharmacy. If the feds don't want to regulate medical marijuana properly, they should stop undermining state efforts to do so.

Bruce Mirken  
Marijuana Policy Project  
San Francisco, California

*Owen responds: "I don't deny that marijuana has some medical utility, but it's not the wonder drug some pro-pot advocates claim. And you're right about the Netherlands. The current system in the U.S., whereby dealers with no training act as surrogate doctors, is crazy. The best argument for legalizing marijuana is not that it's a medicine but that it's a relatively harmless high that causes little of the sort of social disruption of other intoxicants."*

Owen quotes me in his piece about my friend Ken Gorman's murder, and not only did he nail the story, he is a better detective than the cops. With a few guys leaving the business, I expect things will change for the better, and I hope Owen can come back in a year and see how much we have accomplished with our safer environment. Now we just have to work on the hot-headed cops.

Diana McKindley  
Arvada, Colorado

Owen's claim that medical marijuana sells for \$800 an ounce is ridiculous. I've never seen a club charge more than \$480. Gorman was robbed and killed for the simple reason that he claimed to have lots of cash and pot; eventually the wrong person heard the boast.

Shaggy  
Denver, Colorado

*Owen responds: "I saw one dispensary in Denver selling marijuana for \$650 an ounce. California dispensaries sell high-grade Kush for \$800 an ounce. That does not mean you can't find cheaper strains."*

This situation illustrates that we're living under the same system the founding fathers fought to free us from: We change kings every four to eight years, but the dukes, lords and earls tend to

remain the same. By threatening to withhold highway funds from any legislature that legalizes medical marijuana, the feds have resorted to extortion to force states to fall in line.

Jay Runk  
West Middlesex, Pennsylvania

**THE JEWEL OF TANZANIA**

It seems as if somebody writes every month to say so-and-so is absolutely the hottest woman they have ever seen.



We found Ida working in a clothing shop.

Well, Playmate Ida Ljungqvist (*Sexy Shopgirl*, March) is absolutely the hottest woman I have ever seen. Plus, she's intelligent, well traveled and wants to take up golf—a perfect 10!

Brett Kenschaft  
Denver, Colorado

I can't wait to see Ida's Playmate of the Year pictorial.

Michael Kon  
Chicago, Illinois

I usually prefer blondes, but this Tanzanian beauty took my breath away.

Jonathan Calbetzor  
Summerfield, Florida

PLAYBOY has the unparalleled ability to find the most beautiful women in the world, and Ida is no exception.

Mike Craig  
Grand Junction, Colorado

**THE MOUTH THAT ROARED**

Your 20Q with Charles Barkley (March) is awesome. He has always been my favorite athlete for his no-bullshit approach. His only blemish was his bad aim when, as a 76er, he tried to spit on a



# TRIBUTE TO A LEGEND SINATRA



Playboy marks the 10<sup>TH</sup> anniversary of Frank Sinatra's passing with a shout out to the man who knew how to set the mood. In the words

of Hugh M. Hefner:

*"Frank Sinatra was the king of cool. He sang the songs that made the rest of us fall in love."*



## Hef's Favorite Frank Films:

- Pal Joey
- Robin and the Seven Hoods
- High Society
- From Here to Eternity
- The Manchurian Candidate



Celebrate Sinatra Movies with TCM every Sunday and Wednesday night during the month of May.

UNCUT AND COMMERCIAL FREE



TURNER CLASSIC MOVIES

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heckler but hit a little girl. Everything he told you is on-target. And even though I'm a fan of Lou Dobbs, I understand why Barkley disagrees with Dobbs's take on illegal immigrants.

Bill Gabrielson Jr.  
Lancaster, Ohio

Barkley, who hopes to be Alabama's governor, acts as if he's for the little guy, but he considers it "hating on illegal immigrants" if one points out that illegals drive down wages and take jobs from poor Americans. Then Barkley alienates more voters with his anti-rich rhetoric—this from a guy who loses "a couple of million dollars" in one night of gambling. His golf swing is starting to look better than his chances of getting elected.

William Barnes  
Cary, North Carolina

Barkley says we need to let black children know they can be intelligent and articulate. Given the crude language he uses to answer your questions, let's hope kids don't follow his example.

James Thompson  
Chico, California

### DID WE MISS A FEW?

It's great to see Jennifer Love Hewitt has finally, rightfully been included in *Playboy's 25 Sexiest Celebrities* (March) and Paris Hilton has not. You did well this year, though I would swap Britney for Lindsay Lohan.

Stephen Roldan  
Aiea, Hawaii

No Halle Berry? No Brooke Burke?

Joel Scudder  
Sierra Vista, Arizona

I understand the cult of celebrity, but how can you omit Dita Von Teese in favor of some of those one-hit wonders whose names I have already forgotten?

Amy Ho  
Akron, Ohio

Where are Katherine Heigl, Claire Danes and Natalie Portman?

Ronald Essenberg  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Any list without Adriana Lima is incomplete. Her Victoria's Secret ad melted my television screen.

Alex Vasquez  
Jersey City, New Jersey

I'm a huge fan of the magazine but found a small error. Rose McGowan does not have an AK-47 as one of her legs in *Grindhouse*; it is an AR-15 (M16) with an M203 grenade launcher. This may not seem like a big deal, but to an American military man like myself it's

like saying Pam Anderson is the same as Vida Guerra. They're both beautiful, but there's definitely a difference.

S/Sgt. John Kinsella  
Tucson, Arizona

### DEFENDING SARAH

You published a letter in March from a reader who feels there is hidden "dirt" regarding Sarah Silverman's success. My friends and I became fans of Silverman's offbeat comic sensibilities long before we heard of Jimmy Kimmel. Is it still news that a woman can be successful on her own merits? I can't wait to see what she does next.

Geoff Becker  
Austin, Texas

*We hear she's fucking Matt Damon. Search YouTube if you haven't seen her hilarious music video or Jimmy's response.*



Another sign of good things to come.

### SPOT THE BUNNY

I found this in a bag of Utz potato chips and thought Hef and the Playmates would get a laugh.

Chris Degroff  
Westminster, Maryland

*Thanks. James Curtis of Baton Rouge shared another all-natural Rabbit Head hiding in the marshes of Louisiana. Search at [wikimapia.org](http://wikimapia.org) for "Playboy Bunny life."*

### SEX, POLITICS AND PLAYBOY

I enjoyed the *Sex in America* survey (February), though I wasn't surprised to read on [Playboy.com](http://Playboy.com) that 57.3 percent of respondents thought Republicans pay for sex more often and 32.7 percent thought Democrats do. Republicans as a rule expect to pay someone to provide a service for them, while Democrats expect services to be free or subsidized. Why should sex be any different?

Joe Quinn  
North Andover, Massachusetts

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



# Mr. Punch on Playboy...



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# PLAYBOY

after hours

“My ideal date would be to go skydiving, but no dude will come with me.”



babe of the month

## Layla Kayleigh

A ONE-WOMAN ATTACK OF THE SHOWS. THREE OF THEM

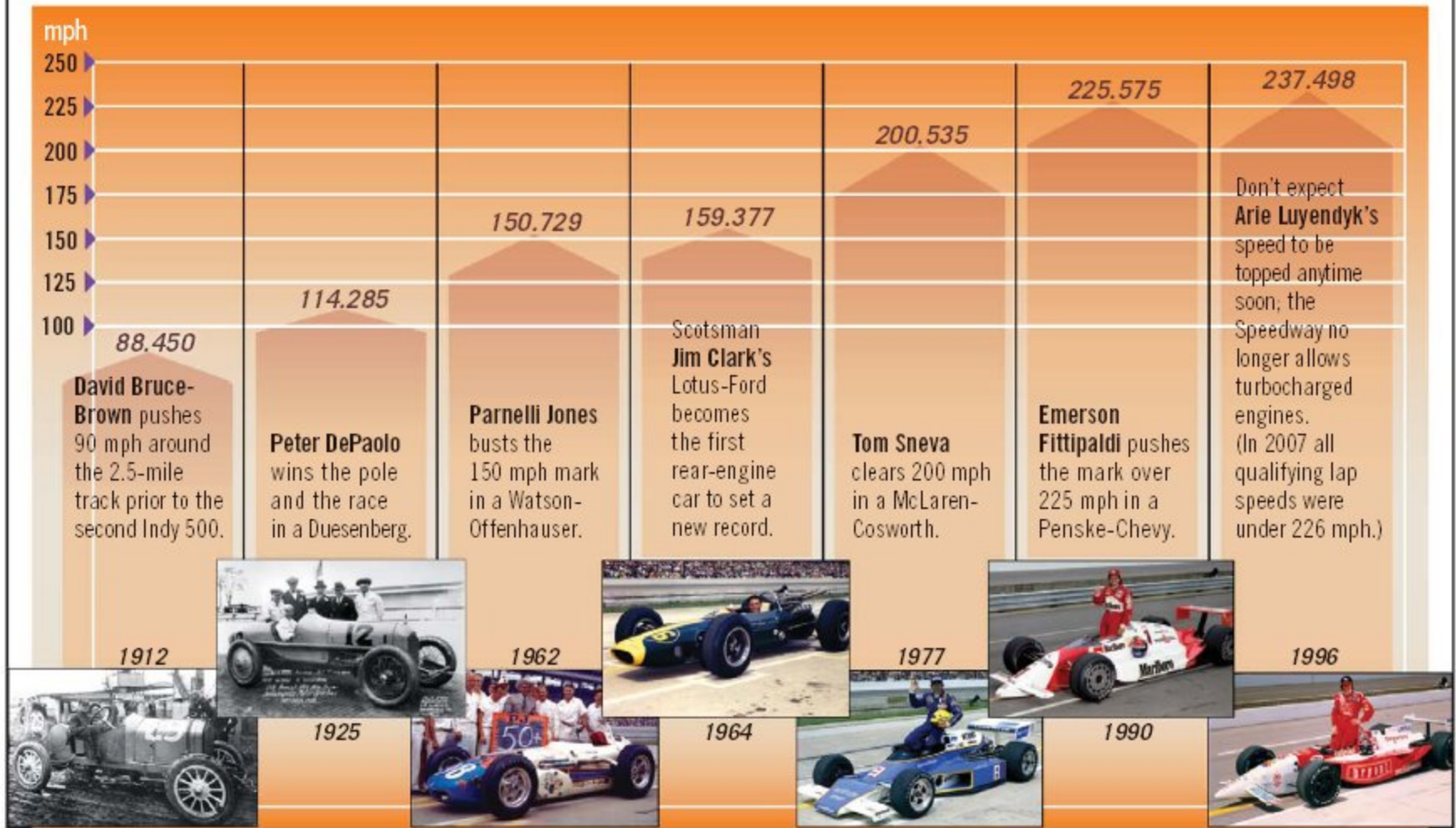
Call us sentimental, but we love an ugly-duckling story. Talk to Layla Kayleigh about beauty, sex appeal, fanboys and stuffing bikinis and inevitably she'll summon her unglamorous youth in London. “My mom shaved my head,” she explains. “I looked like a boy. I had braces for four years. Guys would ask me out as a joke, like, ‘Will you go out with me?’ I’d say yes, and they’d say, ‘Ha-ha, just kidding.’” The joke’s on them now—or would be, if they only knew what has become of the little girl they used to tease. A microphone slinger on three TV shows, *Attack of the Show* (on G4), *America’s Best Dance Crew* (MTV) and *World Poker Tour* (GSN), Layla is adored by an American fan base but remains relatively anonymous back home. “They have no sense that I’m on TV,” she says of the London blokes. “I’m still Layla from the block.” Her youthful uncoolness establishes common ground with the gamers and geeks for whom *Attack of the Show* is a must-see, but she does offer genuine dorkiness. “I read *The Economist*, I watch Bill Maher on Friday nights, I like to bowl,” she explains. “But I’m the unconventional nerd. My ideal date would be to go skydiving, but no dude will come with me.”



fast track

## Pedals to the Metal

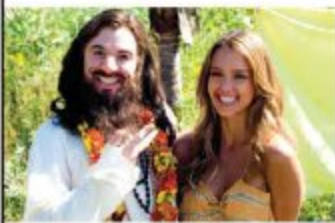
WHEN THE GREEN FLAG WAVES AT THE INDIANAPOLIS 500 ON MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND, FEARLESS DRIVERS WILL BE GUNNING FOR VICTORY AT UNGODLY SPEEDS. HERE'S A LOOK AT INDY'S QUALIFYING LAP RECORD THROUGH THE YEARS



queens of comedy

## Can a Pretty Girl Make a Movie Funnier?

Comedy will be king at the box office this summer, and in case you haven't noticed, America's leading funny men aren't getting any younger. Frankly, we didn't find most of them that sexy to begin with. June's big releases may need a lot of help from babes to overcome flimsy plots.



**The Love Guru** Premise: Indian-raised Caucasian mystic (45-year-old **Mike Myers**) tries to save a hockey player's troubled marriage and suffering career. Name-brand eye candy: **Jessica Alba, Meagan Good, Jessica Simpson.**

Verdict: This one's a dream. The dream is packed with sexy women. Mike Myers does a funny accent and rides an elephant, **Justin Timberlake** does a different funny accent and wears a black Speedo, and **Verne Troyer** is diminutive. Except for that last part, none of it makes any sense.



**You Don't Mess With the Zohan** Premise: Crackerjack Mossad agent (41-year-old **Adam Sandler**) moves to America and becomes a hairdresser. Name-brand eye candy: **Emmanuelle Chriqui.** Off-brand eye candy: Israeli model **Moran Atias.**

Verdict: Watchable, thanks to *Entourage*'s Chriqui, who is itching to be a sex symbol, plus the ultrafoxy Atias will knock your socks off. If you have Google handy, this would be a good time to use it. If you love Adam Sandler, you'll love this, though we feel slightly sorry for you.



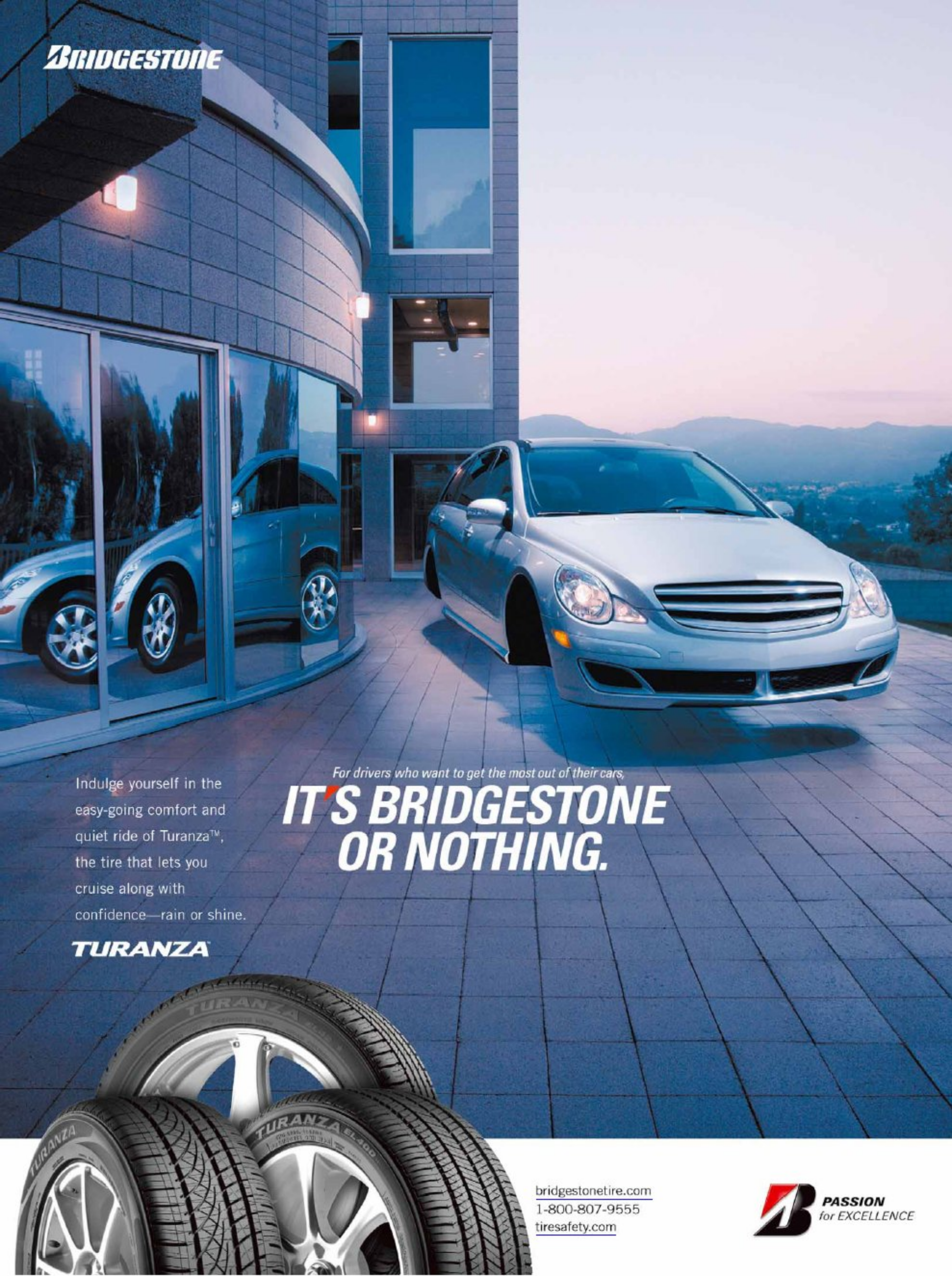
**Get Smart** Premise: Maxwell Smart (45-year-old **Steve Carell**) is a secret agent, his shoe has a phone in it, he gets his nose caught in a door, etc. You know you watched the show. Name-brand eye candy: **Anne Hathaway.**

Verdict: It won't get by on Hathaway's sex appeal; she's made too many chick flicks for us to see her as a vixen, and anyway Agent 99's shtick is that she's all business. This one will get by on Hathaway's genuine comedic talent and Carell's career momentum. Imagine that.

The 635-page *Complete Pirelli Calendars* book may be the second most impressive body of photography of the female form. Hats off to publisher Rizzoli—and Heidi Klum.



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employee of the month

## Pole Position

**STRIP-CLUB OWNER LOTTIE SELSOR TAKES IT OFF**

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do?

**LOTTIE:** I am a part owner, manager, bartender and all-around mom for my adult-entertainment business in Tulsa.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a crafty way to say "strip club." What does a job centered around nudity and sex do for your libido?

**LOTTIE:** Tension builds all day, and I explode when I get home.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you in charge of hiring?

**LOTTIE:** Yes. I have girls go onstage, pick a song and strip. We basically assess their body and personality. We can teach them how to dance if they don't know how.

**PLAYBOY:** Do they all audition to "Pour Some Sugar on Me"?

**LOTTIE:** Current R&B seems tailor-made for strip-club DJs. The song they most request is "I'm N Luv (Wit a Stripper)."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have to force your girls to stay in shape?

**LOTTIE:** Pole dancing is the best form of exercise. You can't imagine how many squats a dancer does in one evening.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever gone up on the pole?

**LOTTIE:** Sometimes I watch the girls up there and say, "Wow, that's really hot, but I bet I could do it a little better." Yet I have never been onstage. I do, however, tend bar without panties, so every once in a while when I reach down to grab a bottle a patron gets teased.

**PLAYBOY:** How often do you get hit on?

**LOTTIE:** If I had a dollar....

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to Playboy Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.

drink of the month

## The Salty Dog

For the dipsophile—the lover of drink—*Everyday Drinking: The Distilled Kingsley Amis* is highly recommended reading. A guide to beer, bitters and everything in between, it's crustily informative as only a late British novelist can be. Amis's frank instructions for making simple syrup, for example, begin, "Down a stiff drink and keep another by you to see you through the ordeal...." Many quaffs are more interesting in theory than in practice (and we're all out of ingredients like peach bitters and ginger wine), but the old boy is charming enough to make you think about trying them anyway.

Here is Amis's heavy-handed take on a forgotten (and not too eccentric) classic. "You either like it or not," he advises.

1 part gin  
Salt  
2 parts fresh grapefruit juice  
Ice cubes

Rim a glass with salt to a thickish coating about one-quarter-inch deep. Carefully add the gin and juice, stir, add ice, stir and drink through the band of salt.



just press play

## Perfect Party Discs

**THREE FLAVORS OF OLD SOUL FOR THREE KINDS OF SUMMER SOIREE**



**The beach party:** No dress code, no attitude, no agenda. Play something fun, then mingle. Our standby of late is *Work Your Soul: Jamaican 60s & Northern 1966-74*. It's not ska or reggae; it's legit Motown-esque soul from Kingston—danceable and familiar-seeming yet new to most partygoers.



**The deck party:** People are dressed up—no shorts, please—and you've hired a bartender who can mix a caipirinha. Brazilian is the way to go; *Samba Soul 70!*, a compilation of what happened when samba met funk, will heat things up a bit as the sun goes down.



**The barbecue:** It's unlike the deck party in that keg beer, box wine and Cheetos are all invited. Try Detroit's finest garage rockers, and we don't mean the White Stripes. The Dirtbombs' *Ultra-Glide in Black* is a scorching set of soul covers, the aural equivalent of a homemade burger with melted cheddar.



# Thanks Dad

Father's Day is Sunday, June 15th



Visit [www.omahasteaks.com/father](http://www.omahasteaks.com/father) for a delicious variety of Father's Day gifts.

the reds are coming



## Man Food Delivered to Your Door: Boiled Crawfish

**JUNE IS THE LAST MONTH OF CRAWFISH SEASON. GET 'EM BEFORE THEY'RE GONE**

"Party in a box" is a trite phrase, but we're hard-pressed to better describe mail-order boiled and seasoned crawfish. Do this: Order a bunch, gather friends, open the crate and pop the critters until they're gone. Don't stop at the tails. The claws hold meat, and zesty broth collects in the head. Yum. A number of outlets ship them; the pile above came from PLAYBOY favorite Big Al's in Houma, Louisiana (985-876-7942). If you prefer ordering from spiffy websites, [bayoubountystore.com](http://bayoubountystore.com) is one. Figure on five pounds of crawfish for each guest and beaucoup Abita Amber to wash it down.

¿qué pasa?

## Carlos Mencia Is Not Running for President

**BECAUSE IF HE WERE, HE COULDN'T SAY ANY OF THE FOLLOWING**



**PLAYBOY:** It's an election year. Where do you stand on the immigration issue?

**MENCIA:** You can't send them all home, because then who would do all the jobs white people won't do? I'd love to hire white people to do things around my house. I'd invite my friends over, and they'd go, "Holy shit, Carlos. You got a white gardener!"

**PLAYBOY:** Is America really a great place?

**MENCIA:** People are always whining "This is so messed up." But as long as illegal aliens want to come here, we must have it pretty good. I'll be worried the day people in Mexico start saying, "The U.S.? Fuck that. Have you seen the way things are over there?"

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think immigrants are treated unfairly?

**MENCIA:** America's like a frat house—you got to get hazed to get in. Nothing personal, but it's pledge week, my friend, and you got to walk around naked.

*Carlos Mencia's Mind of Mencia is currently in its fourth season on Comedy Central.*

below the belt

## Welcome Buck

To call bucks maligned would be harsh, so we'll euphemize by saying the quintessential college-preppy shoes are primed for a comeback. You may be surprised at how many shoe manufacturers are making bucks these days—like almost all of them. So don't call it a comeback. This is no time for excess; it's a time for belt-tightening and multitasking. That works for the buck and for the man who can't agonize over footwear: A pair of light-colored bucks will go with just about any trouser you wear from now until October.

White linen pants by Isaia, shoes by Orvis.



Jeans by Howe, shoes by Bass.



Khakis by American Living, shoes by Johnston & Murphy.



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## world conquest



## Got What It Takes to Snog This Bird?

PLAYBOY.COM HAS TIPS ON PICKING UP FOREIGN LADIES

How do you make it in Mexico? How do you score in Scandinavia? How do you hook up in Hungary? If you're going abroad this summer, visit [playboy.com/sex](http://playboy.com/sex) for "The Lay of the Land," tips on romancing the natives from international Playmates and other Playboy models. Here's a bit about plucking English roses from Cara Brett (above), a glamour girl who has appeared on Playboy TV:

- **I love the American accent.** If I hear that accent, I'll give you some time.
- If you're in a pub and you'd like to buy a girl a drink, be aware that we drink some things in Britain that you don't in the U.S. For instance, **I quite enjoy a shandy**, which is lager mixed with lemonade.
- **The pubs close at 11 o'clock**, so if you want to stay out later you have to go to a wine bar or a club.
- At a club, **you'll have to dance**. I've heard some American men claim they don't dance—well, that's not going to get you anywhere with us.
- Vocabulary lesson: A "snog" is just a bit of a kiss and a cuddle, and it doesn't go on for long. **A snog is not the same thing as a shag.**

## it gives you ears

In case you hadn't noticed, we're in the midst of an energy crisis. People are pooping out at parties—and someone's gotta do something about it. If you're not sure you'll last the night, down a Playboy Energy Drink for a boost. [playboyenergy.com](http://playboyenergy.com)



## strange bedfellows

## Ask Some Hookers

WHO AMONG OUR NATION'S GOVERNORS IS HOT? WHO'S NOT?

In the wake of New York governor Eliot Spitzer's prostitution scandal, Playboy Radio held a panel discussion with some high-priced Los Angeles call girls. We asked them to rate some notable govs (and ex-govs) on a scale of "doability." Here, from hottest to not-est, is their take on top bananas.

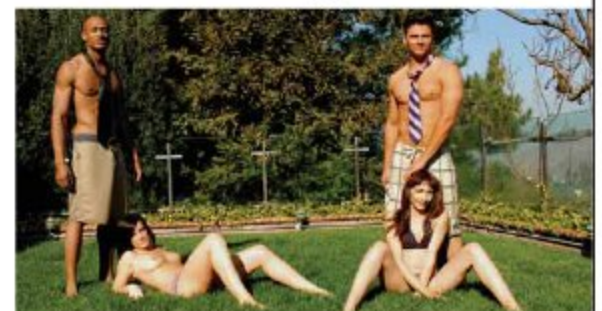
1. [Arnold Schwarzenegger \(California\)](#)
2. [Jeb Bush \(Florida\)](#)
3. [Jennifer Granholm \(Michigan\)](#)
4. [Chet Culver \(Iowa\)](#)
5. [Martin O'Malley \(Maryland\)](#)
6. [Deval Patrick \(Massachusetts\)](#)
7. [Ted Strickland \(Ohio\)](#)
8. [Sarah Palin \(Alaska\)](#)
9. [Bobby Jindal \(Louisiana\)](#)
10. [Mitch Daniels \(Indiana\)](#)
11. [Matt Blunt \(Missouri\)](#)
12. [John Hoeven \(North Dakota\)](#)
13. [Tim Kaine \(Virginia\)](#)
14. [Janet Napolitano \(Arizona\)](#)
15. [Jon Corzine \(New Jersey\)](#)
16. [Bill Richardson \(New Mexico\)](#)
17. [Mike Huckabee \(Arkansas\)](#)
18. [Eliot Spitzer \(New York\)](#)

## just the four of us

## Housemates

BOY MEETS GIRL MEETS BOY, ETC.

*Foursome*, one of Playboy TV's all-time most popular shows, returns in June with 12 new episodes. For those unfamiliar with the premise, here it is: Each episode we put two girls and two guys in an ultraswanky Hollywood mansion for a kind of extended blind double date. They get an abundance



of food, drink and (ahem) toys. Did we mention all four of them are beautiful, open-minded and extremely horny? Our cameras are there to capture whatever ensues—inevitably the best and most outrageous 24 hours of the housemates' lives.

For more information, clips and airtimes, visit [playboytv.com](http://playboytv.com).

# R A W D A T A

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### what they're thinking



A [DatingDirect.com](#) survey found that women think about sex **34** times in an average workday.

### Spinal Zap

The projected price of a new medical procedure to implant electrodes in a patient's spine to mechanically induce orgasm is **\$12,000**.



### Doubling Up

The rate of twins in all births has risen **70%** since 1980, due to the success of multiple in vitro fertilized eggs.

### Cruise Control

The number of licensed **16-year-old** drivers nationwide dropped to **30%** in **2006** from **44%** in **1998**, according to the Federal Highway Administration.

### Hello, World

On November 29, 2007 the number of cell phone accounts worldwide reached **3.3 billion**, or **1** for every **2** people alive.

### Green Arches

A Big Mac, fries and a coffee contain a total of about **20** different species of plant life.



### Dead Last

The rank of the United States among the leading **19** industrialized nations in preventing deaths with timely access to professional health care: **19th**.

### Serial Monogamy

**43%** of first marriages end in divorce.



**60%** of second marriages end in a breakup.

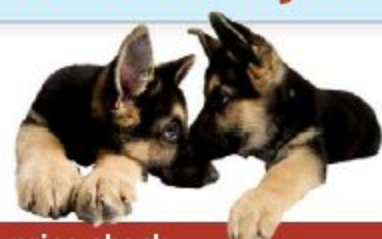


**75%** of third and later marriages do too.



### It's Actually Quite a Bit Unusual

Tom Jones has insured his chest hair for almost **\$7 million**.



### A Dog's Life

RNL Bio Company in Seoul, South Korea will clone your dog for **\$150,000**.

### price check

## \$101,575

The winning bid at auction for the original cover drawing of Robert Crumb's *Mr. Natural* #1, making it the first piece of underground comic art to sell for more than six figures.



### Left Behind

There are **2,387** juveniles in the U.S. serving life sentences with no parole. In Israel, the only other country that sentences juveniles to life terms, there are **7**.

### Elite Models

While only **8%** of American women have an hourglass figure—wherein the waist measures at least **9 inches** less than the bust—most new clothes are designed to fit that shape.



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# "IT'S JUNO FOR THE HORROR SET!"

— SpookyDan, BLOODY-DISGUSTING.COM



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Paul Christensen, MOVIEWEB.COM

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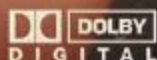
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# R E V I E W S

## m o v i e s



movie of the month

### INDIANA JONES AND THE KINGDOM OF THE CRYSTAL SKULL

The seminal swashbuckler finally returns

By Stephen Rebell

If your heart still hammers at the mere mention of a cracking bullwhip, beat-up fedora, leather jacket and rip-roaring adventure set to a booming heroic John Williams score, prepare to be spun into retro-movie nirvana when *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* hits theaters. It has been 19 years since everyone's favorite archaeologist-adventurer was on the big screen, and director Steven Spielberg and executive producer George Lucas have at last drafted Harrison Ford back into action as Indy. This sequel, set in 1957, reportedly involves dangerous Russians and space aliens. The strong cast includes Cate Blanchett, Shia LaBeouf, Ray Winstone, John Hurt and Karen Allen, who plays Indy's spunky old flame Marion Ravenwood from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

**"Making it felt as if we hadn't skipped a beat."**

"I expected they had written a wonderful little cameo for me in the new film, but they wrote me a nice, fat, juicy part," says Allen. Considering 27 years have passed since her and Ford's first screen go-round, did Spielberg make the action-packed stuff a little easier on them? Allen laughs heartily. "We had to do a very complicated scene involving a truck that banged us around," she says. "Harrison and I just looked at each other like, What are we doing here? But we had great fun together. Making it felt as if we hadn't skipped a beat."

now showing

BUZZ

#### Sex and the City

(Sarah Jessica Parker, Kim Cattrall, Cynthia Nixon, Kristin Davis) The long-running HBO series has been off the air since 2004, but now it's blown up for the big screen with its cast intact. The flick picks up the erotic crises of the four postfeminist Manhattan heroines a few years after the show's finale.

**Our call:** Don't sweat it if your girlfriend drags you along. We hear this reunion should go down as easily as a cosmo, with a strong shot of Jennifer Hudson—as Parker's assistant—on the side.



#### The Incredible Hulk

(Edward Norton, Liv Tyler, Tim Roth, William Hurt) This reboot of Marvel's superhero tale sends physicist Norton hunting for an antidote to the gamma radiation that has unleashed his inner angry monster. His ex (Tyler), a ruthless military man (Hurt) and a brilliant rival monster (Roth) pursue him with differing agendas.

**Our call:** It promises to be big and loud, and if you're eager to erase painful memories of Ang Lee's esoteric 2003 interpretation of the not so jolly green giant, you may like this one much better.



#### You Don't Mess With the Zohan

(Adam Sandler, Rob Schneider, Emmanuelle Chriqui) Sandler plays Israel's top Mossad agent, who, fed up with his violent life, fakes his death and heads to NYC. There our hero becomes a hairstylist famed for giving female clients a little extra something, until his enemies track him down and ruin the party.

**Our call:** You don't mess with the something-to-offend-everyone formula that *made* Sandler. Still, some studio insiders worry his comic shtick will be as bogus as his Israeli accent.



#### The Happening

(Mark Wahlberg, Zoey Deschanel, John Leguizamo) Things go bump in the night and in the daytime, too, in the latest scary addition to M. Night Shyamalan's oeuvre. Wahlberg plays a teacher who goes on the run with his family when an environmental disaster threatens to engulf—and possibly end—the world.

**Our call:** The title may sound like a 1960s flashback, but make no mistake: Shyamalan is said to be in twisted, nasty, go-for-the-jugular horror mode. Get ready for the inevitable twist ending.



dvd of the month

[ CALIFORNICATION ]

David Duchovny plays everyone's favorite sex addict

Hank Moody, the deeply blocked novelist portrayed by David Duchovny in Showtime's tartly funny *Californication*, cannot help himself—spiritually, that is. Because on the carnal level, Hank helps himself to a succession of willing L.A. beauties who can't resist his rakish

hangdog charm. Hank's circle includes Karen (Natascha McElhone), the ex-girlfriend he can't get over, and Becca (Madeleine Martin), the 12-year-old daughter they share. Karen's on course to marry a less complicated guy Hank dubs Lurch, while Becca's on the fast track to puberty. The secret ingredient, though, is Mia (Madeline Zima), Lurch's 16-year-old daughter, who beds Hank and really gets the pot boiling. **Extras:** Access to streams of episodes from *The Tudors* and *Dexter* feels more buy-us than bonus.

★★★★

—Greg Fagan



**I'M NOT THERE** Director Todd Haynes's postmodern biopic takes a kaleidoscopic look at the many personae of Bob Dylan. Most striking is Cate Blanchett's turn as the singer and court jester gone electric, sardonic and weird. **Best extra:** Deleted scenes with commentary. ★★★

—Matt Steigbigel



**SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE: SEASON THREE** This set boasts the show's prime time (1977) with the Coneheads, the Blues Brothers, et al. Hef hosts an episode and opens with a version of "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" that would make Maurice Chevalier proud. **Best extra:** The limited-edition collector's cards. ★★★★—G.F.



**THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE** This 1964 gem, which follows the same story as *Gladiator*, is one of the most satisfying of the great historical movie epics. Locked in brutal competition to succeed Emperor Marcus Aurelius (Alec Guinness) are his cruel and dis-



turbed son (Christopher Plummer) and his favorite general. Voluptuous Sophia Loren is the beauty caught between them. Director Anthony Mann's mastery of his craft is apparent in every restored frame. **Best extra:** A behind-the-scenes documentary. ★★★—M.S.

**RAMBO** Sly Stallone's Reagan-era action hero returns and ventures into war-torn Burma with some mercenaries to rescue aid workers from sadistic Burmese soldiers. Averaging a reported 2.59 kills a minute, this gory fourth installment is strictly for the bloodthirsty. **Best extra:** Featurette on the real-life struggle in Burma. (BD) ★★★

—Gilbert Macias



**CASSANDRA'S DREAM** It could be Woody Allen's worst nightmare: less than \$1 million in box office and little critical love. Still, this mash-up of Dostoyevskian guilt and Shakespearean familial devotion is perfect date bait, with Ewan McGregor and Colin Farrell as likable brothers who commit a despicable crime. After Allen's *Match Point*, however, you expect better than this predictable and dull affair. **Best extra:** None. That's how Woody rolls on DVD. ★★

—Buzz McClain



SCANNER

**GREG THE BUNNY: THE FILM PARODIES, VOL. 2** Puppets Greg, Warren, Count Blah and peeps mock David Lynch, Mel Gibson and more on their post-Fox series on IFC. The extras are often even funnier. ★★★½

**MEET THE SPARTANS** With 300 leaving the pop-culture aftershock that it did, you knew the spoof was coming. Half the jokes fall flat, but you can look at Carmen Electra while you wait. She's worth it. (BD) ★★★½

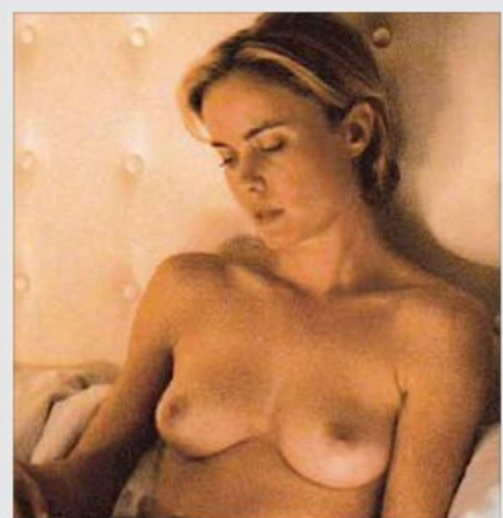
**BOARDING GATE** This Eurotrash thriller is light on plot but heavy on atmosphere (nighttime Paris and Hong Kong). Co-stars Michael Madsen and Asia Argento waste no time delivering their S&M scenes with gusto. ★★★½

**UNTRACEABLE** FBI agent Diane Lane tracks a serial killer who broadcasts his transgressions online. It has plenty of voyeurism and post-Saw grisliness but lacks character depth. (BD) ★★

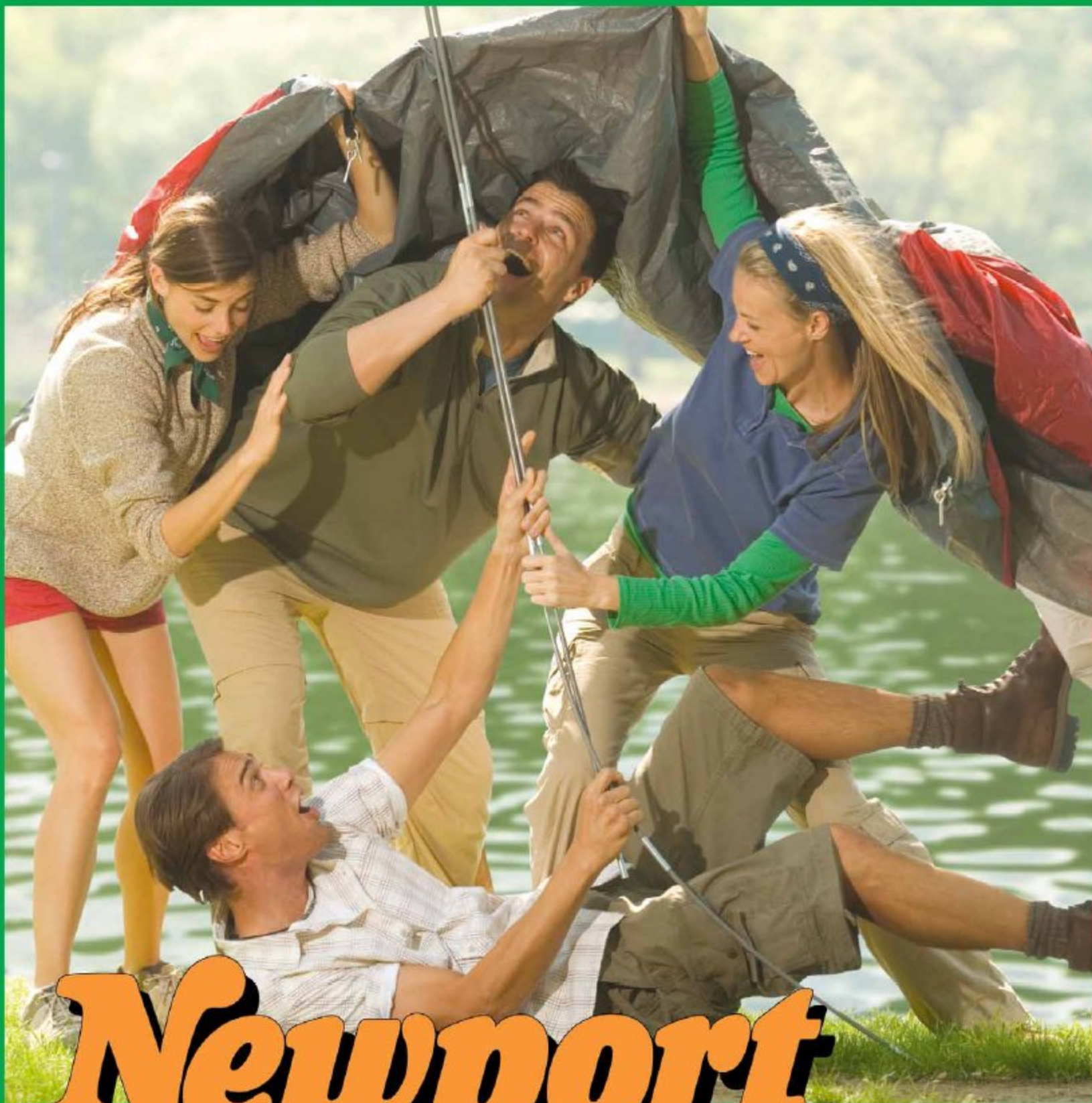
**THE INVADERS: THE FIRST SEASON** Roy Thinnes tries to prove aliens are among us in this 1967 series that turns Cold War angst into creeping paranoia. It's superb vintage TV. ★★★★★

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

tease frame



The more we see of **Radha Mitchell**, the more we want to. The underappreciated Aussie actress stands out in movies like *High Art*, *Silent Hill* and *Pitch Black*. As you can see in this picture from *Feast of Love*, Radha is a fulfilling main course. Catch her next as a nurse who saves orphans in the historical drama *The Children of Huang Shi*.



# Newport pleasure!

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game of the month

[ BRING THE HAMMER DOWN ]

You're a giant Viking. What are you going to do, *not* pillage?

*Viking: Battle for Asgard* (360, PS3) puts you in the furry boots of a brawling Nordic badass charged with saving the earth from an underworld invasion. No problem! As you roam the lush open world, freeing your compatriots, they take up arms and fight alongside you. Build up a ton of them to trigger the game's signature set pieces: large-scale open battles featuring literally hundreds of characters locked in chaotic, blood-soaked struggle. Although the game has a rough edge here and there, the sheer scale it conjures is staggering, and there's no annoying troop micromanagement to slow you down. Perform well and you'll earn devastating air strikes courtesy of the dragons flapping by overhead, while the ground combat system lets you unlock new and increasingly inhumane moves with your ax and broadsword. (Hey, you're a Viking. Get into it.) A brutal, bloody and welcome antidote to life in the 21st century.

★★★★½ —Marc Saltzman



**SAM & MAX: SEASON TWO** (PC) Since 2006 Telltale has been releasing bite-size chunks of Sam and Max's point-and-click adventures, one of the few examples of a successful "episodic" game. This latest compilation contains the five episodes that constitute the second season and has the duo solving crimes that involve vampires, ravers, vampire ravers and of course the giant marble head of Abraham Lincoln. Silly, smart and filled with sharp puzzles—resistance is futile. ★★★★★

—Scott Alexander



**IRON MAN** (360, PC, PS2, PS3, Wii) Movie tie-in games are often a dicey affair. Happily, *Iron Man* acquits itself decently, featuring voice work from the film's cast along with the ability to put Tony Stark's big metal American boot in the ass of several bad guys, both foreign and domestic. Quality combat and flight mechanics keep *Iron Man* free of the usual movie-license game rust, and it short-changes neither gamers nor comics fans—no mean feat. ★★★★★

—Chris Hudak



**BATTLE OF THE BANDS** (Wii) Cypress Hill fans, note: "Insane in the Brain" sounds amazing played by a mariachi band. The country version is also excellent. A mash-up of the two? Sublime. The absurdly entertaining premise here is that you and a friend control opposing bands performing the same song in conflicting genres—from metal to marching. Match the beats better than your opponent and the song plays in your genre. Instantly engaging, perfect for parties. ★★★★★

—S.A.



**NBA BALLERS: CHOSEN ONE** (360, PS3) We'll take LeBron, Kobe and pals playing in blinged-out mansions and penthouse rooftops over arena games any day. This b-ball romp lets you create a character for career mode or play friends in one-on-one, two-on-two or the über-hectic one-on-one. The visuals are hot, as is Chuck D's commentary. Although the controls are somewhat sluggish and the AI needs work, the long career mode will hook even the sharpest hoopsters. ★★★★★

—Damon Brown



game scene

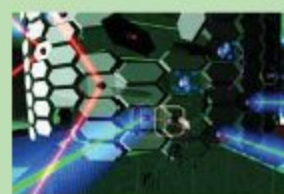
[ LOVE ME TWO TIMES ]

Missed these great titles? Here's your second chance at bliss

**Myst** (DS) Originally published in 1993, this old chestnut of a point-and-click puzzler has been around the block more times than a yard-sale Schwinn but still holds up beautifully. The DS version adds touch controls and the Rime Age (previously available only on the remake *realMyst*).



**Rez HD** (360 via Xbox Live) The Dreamcast's legendary trippy cyberpunk shooter from 2002 has been rescued from eBay auctions and given an HD face-lift. And yes, it supports the infamous trance vibrators; you can use up to four other controllers to vibrate your feet, your back or a loved one.



**Okami** (Wii) This exquisitely art-directed adventure from 2006 starring a wolf that paints spells to life with a magic brush always felt like a Nintendo game. Now it is, and painting with a Wii-mote makes a lot more sense than spinning an analog stick.



**Metal Gear Solid: The Essential Collection** (PS2) The incredible-looking *Metal Gear Solid 4* will arrive on PS3 soon. This may be a good time to grab a stealthy refresher on all things Solid Snake. Now you can get the first three games in Hideo Kojima's brilliant espionage series, all for just \$30.



**Pinball Hall of Fame: Williams Collection** (PS2, PSP, Wii) Maybe the words *Pinbot* or *Black Knight* make your fingers twitch unaccountably. Perhaps you pine for the purity of the interplay between ball and flipper. Either way, these obsessively accurate renderings of Williams's classic pinball tables offer perfect physics and old-school kicks.



**Psychonauts** (360 via Xbox Live) Tim Schafer's twisted psychedelic platformer about a child who psychically enters the minds of insane people to help them with their problems is now available for download over Xbox Live for just \$15. Run, don't walk. —Scott Stein

# AGE OF CONAN

## HYBORIAN ADVENTURES

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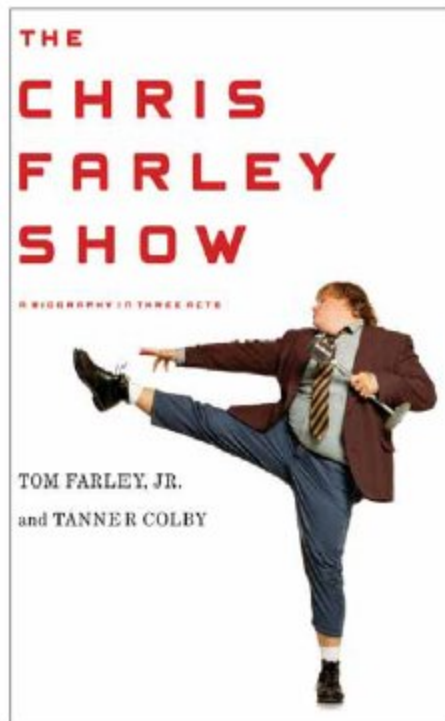
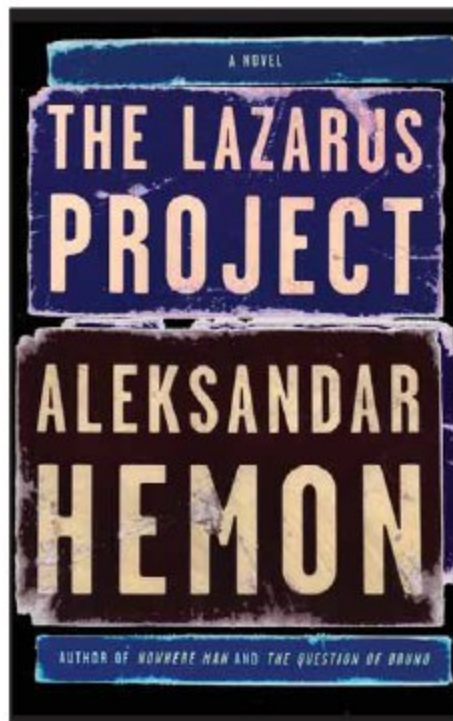


made in chicago

[ TALES OF FAME AND INFAMY ]

Do we all share the blame when good men die young?

In Aleksandar Hemon's affecting new novel, **The Lazarus Project**, Brik, a Bosnian writer living in contemporary Chicago, becomes preoccupied with a 1908 incident in which his adopted city's chief of police shoots a 19-year-old Russian immigrant and alleged anarchist. Brik travels to the slain boy's native region with a slippery, charismatic photographer to scratch for the truth behind what was pronounced a failed assassination attempt. One of the joys of reading Hemon, a Sarajevo native, is his virtuosic, mind-popping manipulation of the English language. He deploys his virtuosity ruthlessly here in this improbably entertaining dual narrative. The 1908 iteration of Chicago features a citizenry determined to safeguard the streets from immigrants "reeking of vinegar and revolution" and underscores that the history of cruelty in the name of defending "home" is long and lined with casualties. ★★★ —*Jim Rutman*



In **The Chris Farley Show**, editors Tom Farley Jr. (Chris's older brother) and Tanner Colby offer an oral history chronicling the explosive comedian's manic journey to *Saturday Night Live* stardom and his 1997 death at 33 of a drug overdose. Farley had no shortage of support, and admirers such as Chris Rock and Alec Baldwin marvel at his energy and devotion. Yet Farley resisted moderation and multiple interventions from family and friends. The compilation of direct quotes from his loved ones makes for powerful reading and provides a more forceful reminder of how terrifying addiction can be. But despite how often Hollywood's self-destructive history repeats itself and the tragic deaths of colossal talents such as Farley, no one seems to be paying attention. "We saw him drinking," says David Spade, "but then everyone was drinking, so who cares?" ★★★ —*Carmela Ciuraru*

[ THE KOOKS KRONIKLES ]

This U.K. band is succeeding where so many have failed—here in America

For every Radiohead and Oasis there are a hundred other British bands that fail to crack the U.S. The Kooks are different. They sold 2 million copies worldwide of their 2006 debut, *Inside In/Inside Out*, and landed a gig opening for the Rolling Stones. Now they return with *Konk*, another burst of spiky pop reminiscent of the Jam and Supergrass. Lead singer Luke Pritchard found some time between gigs to tell us the score.

**Q:** Do you remember your first trip to the U.S.?

**A:** I nearly got arrested in Austin, Texas at the South by Southwest festival. We were hanging out, having a few beers, met some girls and started dancing on top of a van. These cops came over and said, "Get down, sir. You can't go on some guy's van." The copper spit on the ground right in front of me, and I said, "You do know that spreads tuberculosis, right?" He said, "You can get it in jail, too." They



were going nuts. But then our mate came up and told the cops it's okay, he owns the van. So the cops said, "Okay, stop drinking and go home." I told my mate how lucky we were that it was his van. He was like, "No fucking way this is mine."

**Q:** Is it true you recorded 90 songs at the sessions for this album?

**A:** Yes, and they're not shit songs. They're all really great pop songs.

**Q:** Why did you decide to name the new album after Ray Davies's studio, where you recorded?

**A:** I love the studio, but it's not like Abbey Road. To be honest, we're quite carefree guys, and our

guitarist, Hugh Harris, just said, "We should name the album *Konk*." I went, "Yeah, sounds cool, makes you think. Kooks. *Konk*. Knockout. Yeah. Let's do it!"

**Q:** Is success in the U.S. important to you?

**A:** Yeah, I suppose so. All the music I love—all of it—came from this country, man. It's like a pilgrimage for us. —*Jason Newman*

the mini hit list

[ HOT TUNES ]

Sipping an icy cold beverage on the deck? You'll need some summer music, too

**"Deep Water," Portishead** Lonely ukulele yields to aching vocals and beats. Stunning.

**"What You Can," Neil Diamond** A beautiful duet with Dixie Chick Natalie Maines.

**"Green Grass," Scarlett Johansson** Creepy, ethereal track from her Tom Waits covers LP.

**"Konichiwa Bitches," Robyn** Sweden's version of M.I.A. finally gets U.S. release.

**"The Re-Arranger," Mates of State** Duo's vocal harmonies soar above fast piano plonking.

**"Sirens," Dizzee Rascal** This is how "Fuck tha Police" sounds in London in 2008.

**"Oh! Vanity," Charlatans UK** Off Madchester vets' new LP, this is their best tune in ages.

**"Rockferry," Duffy** This bittersweet Wine-house symphony drips with strings and soul.

**"Cause and Effect," Shy Child** Like a vintage acid-house take on Duran Duran.

**"Snake in the Grass," Black Angels** Hypnotic drone-psych epic from Austin sextet.

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## Vicious Vette

Say hello to the fastest, most powerful, most expensive Corvette ever made

IF EVER A car was born to run, the 2009 ZR1 is it. Due to arrive late this summer, this puppy's new 6.2-liter LS9 V8 pumps out a Viper-slaying 620 hp along with 595 foot-pounds of gut-wrenching torque, courtesy of a dual-brick Behr intercooler feeding an Eaton TVS R2300 supercharger that produces a whopping 10.5 psi. Its forged-aluminum pistons and titanium connecting rods are right out of a racer's playbook, and its close-ratio Tremec TR6060 six-speed manual gearbox and Getrag rear axle with shot-peened ring and pinion ensure you'll flatten the pavement when you punch it. In fact, the ZR1's power-to-weight ratio is better than that of Ferrari's 599 GTB Fiorano or Lamborghini's Murciélago LP640; all together, its aluminum block and heads, carbon-fiber hood, front fenders, air dams and roof weigh a mere 3,350 pounds. The ZR1's carbon-ceramic brake rotors and six-piston front and four-piston rear calipers are nearly identical to the ones fitted on the Bugatti Veyron 16.4 and the Ferrari FXX. Chevy saved money on the cockpit, as usual, but the car still sports a 220 mph speedo and a boost gauge. All of which adds up to a zero to 60 somewhere under 3.5 seconds, a standing quarter at 11 seconds and a top speed of over 200 mph. No official price yet, but insiders whisper it'll be at least 100 grand—well worth it, by our reckoning. Collectors should note that ZR1s have sequential build numbers and a special VIN tag.

## Mega Multitasker

YOU EXPECT A GPS system to tell you where to go. You may even expect it to play music or show video. You don't expect it to respond when you speak to it. That's because you haven't met Pioneer's AVIC-F500BT ([pioneerelectronics.com](http://pioneerelectronics.com)). Tell it you're heading home and up pops a map. Dock your iPod and say "Led Zeppelin," and *Physical Graffiti* starts blasting. Bluetooth-synching your phone and saying "Call Mom" connects you with someone to tell you to turn it down. With the dock professionally installed it hooks into your stereo's speakers; then you can undock it for walking directions on the floor of the Grand Canyon or watching a movie on the hood of your car.



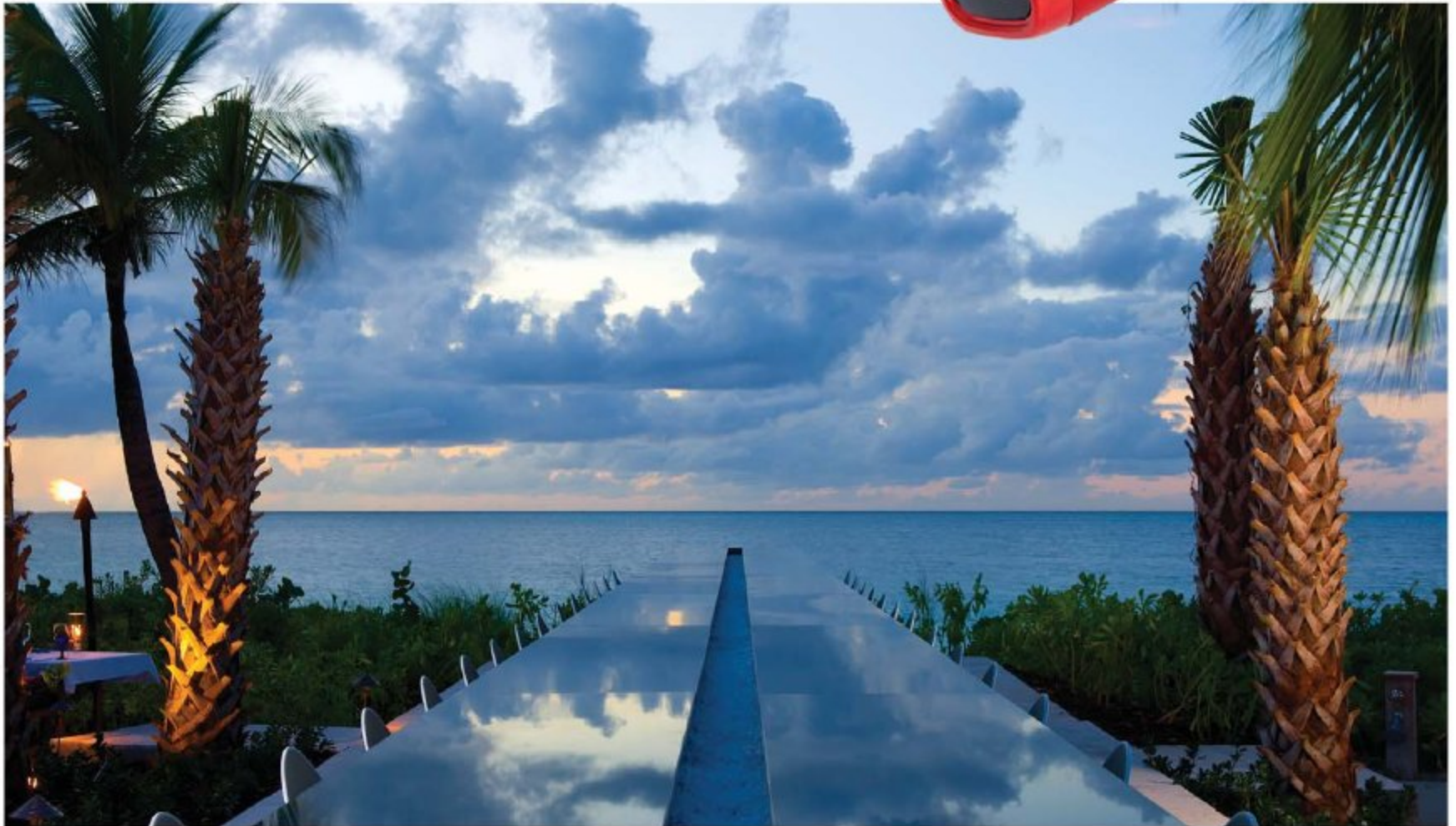
## Classic Cuts

THE ESSENTIAL NATURE of a Swiss Army Knife is to be multifarious, but complexity is also its fatal flaw. How many of those gadgets do you use on a regular basis? Wenger helps simplify things with this reissue of its first-ever knife, from 1893. Clad in walnut instead of the usual red plastic, the Heritage 1893 (\$500, [swissarmyknife.com](http://swissarmyknife.com)) features just four different tools. We'll venture to say it's all the pocketknife you'll ever need.



**Digital Amphibian**

PUNISHING A CAMCORDER is easy: Take it to the beach. You may want to capture the majesty of those migratory herds of wild bikini, but the gnarly combination of sand and saltwater is the natural predator of the species *Handheldius videoticus*. Avoid the heartache of seeing your shooter turn into an expensive paperweight by carrying Panasonic's SW20 (\$400, [panasonic.com](http://panasonic.com)), which is dust-proof, shockproof and waterproof up to five feet. Being tough doesn't mean it's light on features, with a 10x optical zoom, 2.6-inch display and start-up time of about half a second.



**(Ex)Tending Bar**

HISTORIANS HAVE LONG debated whether Christopher Columbus or Juan Ponce de León discovered the Caribbean islands of Turks and Caicos, but all agree it's a bitch to vacation down there on a professor's salary. Take the Grace Bay Club, for instance, a posh 11-acre beachfront resort on the island of Providenciales. During high season the cheapest room in the place goes for \$900 a night ([gracebayclub.com](http://gracebayclub.com)), or you can dump some serious cash into an offshore account (the one belonging to Grace Bay Club) and rent a penthouse suite for eight grand. Exotic amenities include Egyptian terry-cloth towels and Turkish stone flooring, as well as two world-class eateries and the longest bar in the Caribbean (pictured). Best of all, there's nary a pasty-skinned historian in sight.



**Free of Charge**

CHARGING BATTERIES IS the gadget equivalent of the bathroom break. But while trips to the john don't require a special cord to get the job done, gadgets aren't so lucky. That is, unless you have a WildCharge adapter (\$35, [wildcharge.com](http://wildcharge.com)) on your RAZR, BlackBerry or iPod, in which case you just lay it on a WildCharge pad to juice up. One pad (\$60) will charge up to five gadgets at once, and adapters for more devices are in the works.

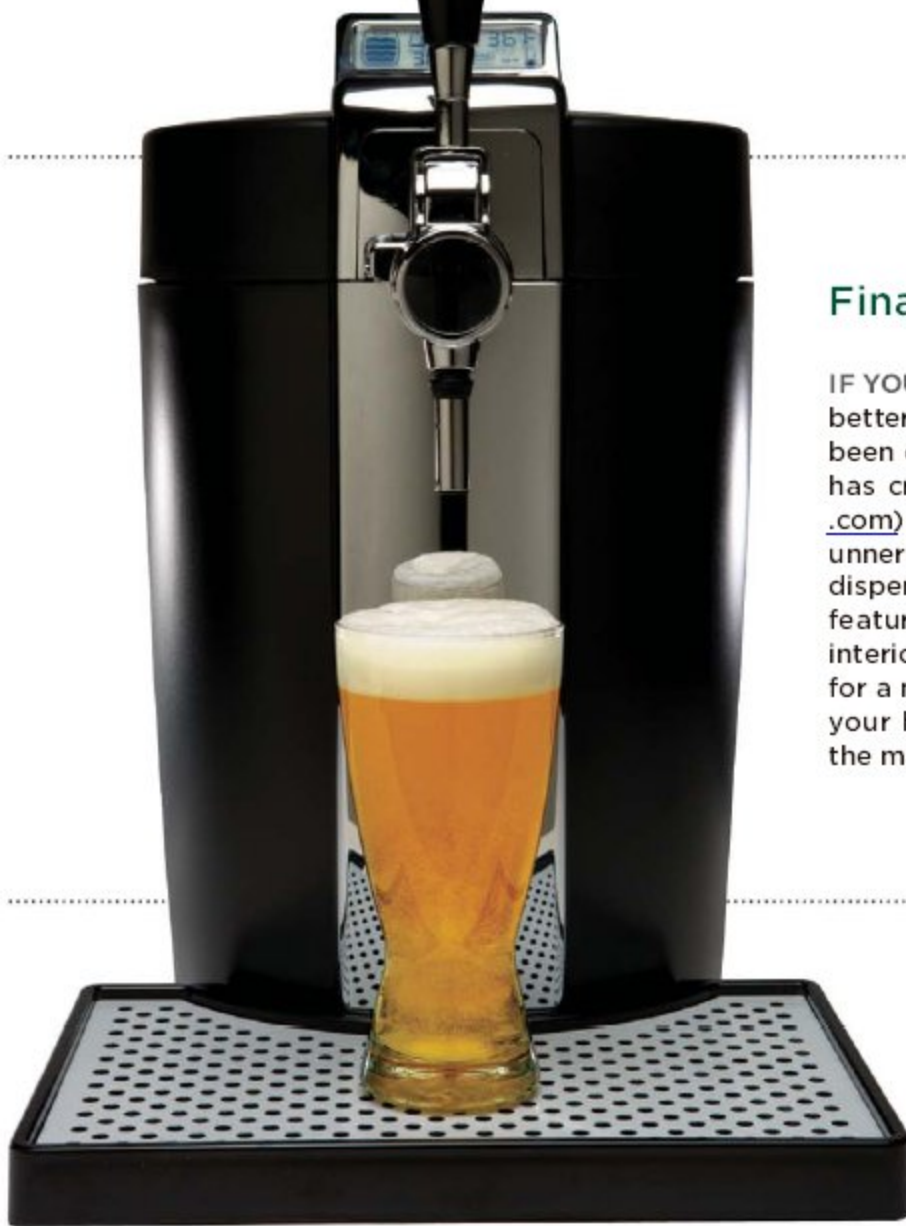
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FROM AXE >>





### Court Drama

**CALLED FROZEN SMOKE**, aerogel is the lightest solid ever created. Though 99.8 percent air, it's also an effective insulator (it's used on spacecraft) and extremely strong. Dunlop has put the stuff in its latest rackets, enabling the company to create a high-stability ax that is exceptionally light and easy to control. James Blake currently clubs fools with the 2Hundred, shown here (\$170, [dunlopsport.com](http://dunlopsport.com)).



### Final Draft

**IF YOU'RE GOING** to do just one thing, you had better do it really well. Heineken's mini keg has been on the market for a while, and now Krups has created the BeerTender (\$300, [heineken.com](http://heineken.com)) to go with it. As you'd hope, this almost unnervingly purpose-built appliance chills and dispenses beer really well. Heineken's mini kegs feature an innovative system that keeps the interior air-free, allowing the beer to stay fresh for a month. But if beer routinely sticks around your house that long, you're probably not in the market for this wondrously specific device.



### Gadget Cannibalism

**HEADPHONES GET HUNGRY** sometimes. Take this pair, for example. One day they got mighty peckish and decided to eat an MP3 player whole. Not that we're complaining. To listen to music on Skullcandy's Double Agent (\$100, [skullcandy.com](http://skullcandy.com)), all we need to do is load our favorite songs onto an SD card, slide that into the slot in the right ear cup and hit PLAY. No extra device, no cable, just killer tunes in the old ear holes. We're hoping if we give them some time they'll work up an appetite and swallow our cell phone as well.



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# The Playboy Advisor

I met a gorgeous woman who is everything I want—smart, funny, talented and sexy. There is one problem, aside from my being married: She's gay. How do I reconcile myself to never having the kind of relationship I want with her? (I don't merely want to fuck her; I want to love her.) I am sure that telling her how I feel would end our friendship. She is not the first woman I have fallen for during the 20 years I've been married, just the first who is a lesbian. I suspect most, if not all, married men have these crushes. If the marriage is strong, the crush never goes beyond flirting. Am I attracted to this woman because I'm dissatisfied with my wife, or am I dissatisfied with my wife because I'm attracted to this woman? I suspect it's a little of both.—J.B., Miami, Florida

*As you note, spouses are occasionally smitten with these bittersweet feelings for an outsider—that's what makes marriage such a challenge. The ass is always greener because no long-term relationship can compete with the chemical rush of new romance. Couple that with the longing created by this unattainable woman and you're toast. The fact is, you don't need her as a friend—that's your reptilian brain talking, not wanting to abandon any chance, no matter how remote, of spreading your seed. If you feel your marriage is broken and can't be fixed, leave first and then start dating, not the other way around.*

When my married friends come over to watch a big game, their kids sometimes leave fingerprints on my LCD television screen. What is the best way to clean it?—J.F., Lincoln, Nebraska

*First, never apply any solution containing alcohol or ammonia (e.g., Windex, Formula 409), as it could damage the screen's anti-reflective coating. Also, no paper towels, tissues or rags, which can scratch. Instead, pick up a microfiber cloth at a computer or camera store. Gently rub the fingerprints and smudges with the dry cloth. If that doesn't do the trick, slightly dampen the cloth with water. If you use a cleaner designed for LCD and plasma sets, spray it on the cloth, not the screen.*

Since graduating from college two years ago, I have had a difficult time meeting women. How does the modern man go about it?—A.M., Atlanta, Georgia

*The same way men have always gone about it: You hope a friend makes an introduction, or you hang out where you will find women who have similar interests. You could investigate a dating club such as [8at8.com](#), which arranges casual dinners for a group of four single men and four single women (it operates in Atlanta and five other cities). You also can't ignore the Internet, which brings millions of people together; we are no longer surprised when a couple tells us they met online. A number of large dating sites such as [Lavalife.com](#), [Match.com](#)*



*and [eHarmony.com](#) allow you to search by location and interests. What we find especially helpful are the niche services: [LargeFriends.com](#) for plus-size singles, [DateMyPet.com](#) for people who expect you also to love their dog or cat, [HotSaints.com](#) for Mormons ("chase and be chaste!"), [MillionaireMatch.com](#) for people who earn \$150,000 or more annually, [ActForLove.org](#) for lefty activists, [TrekPassions.com](#) for sci-fi geeks, [TripLife.com](#) for frequent fliers, [VeggieDate.com](#) for vegetarians, [DarwinDating.com](#) for beautiful people, [PositiveSingles.com](#) for people with STDs, [SciConnect.com](#) for scientists, [SingleParentLove.com](#), [SeniorPeopleMeet.com](#) for singles age 60 and older, [Prescription4Love.com](#) for people with health conditions or disabilities and [FarmersOnly.com](#), which claims more than 90,000 members and 64 marriages.*

Why do so many men in their 40s and 50s have such lame dating skills? They whine about everything imaginable; one guy bitched repeatedly to me during two weeks of phone conversations that he had a nail in his tire. Who cares? And turn off your fucking cell phone! If you stop to take a call or send a text, you are sending a clear message that just about anything else is more important than the date. If you massage your date as a way of connecting, make sure you're reasonably good at it. It's not the time to cop a feel—stick to her shoulders and neck. If you're not in shape, make it happen. A fit guy is as much of a turn-on to a woman as a toned woman is to a man. Don't lie in your ad. If she finds out, she'll wonder what else you're being dishonest about. Also, don't post a photo with a bunch of other guys or another woman, even if it is your sister, mom or daughter. Finally, you should cultivate female friends. In my experience,

men who have women friends seem to be more in tune with women.—J.M., West Palm Beach, Florida

*We can't explain why a man at such a refined age would not have better skills, unless a marriage took him out of his game or he's wed to his business or he's been coasting for too long. This is valuable advice for single guys of any age who hope to make a good impression.*

I have a wireless router in my apartment. Should I be concerned about someone accessing my laptop? What can I do to prevent it?—R.L., Detroit, Michigan

*You should be concerned: Most wireless routers have a range of up to 300 feet. According to Mark Frauenfelder, author of *Rule the Web*, if you have no security in place, a snoopy neighbor or passerby can read your e-mail and see what you download relatively easily, although it would be more difficult to get to your credit card or bank information because most retailers and financial institutions encrypt the data. If you check the manual for your router, it will explain how to close your network so outsiders can't see it. To stop determined hackers, you will need to change a setting on your router to operate Wired Equivalent Privacy or the more secure Wi-Fi Protected Access to encrypt the data sent between the router and your laptop. Once encryption is in place, only people who know the password will have access (be sure to change your router's default password and network name). If you are using a public hot spot, such as a coffee shop or airport lounge, there is no security in place. The least you can do in that situation is turn off file sharing and place passwords on directories with sensitive files (in Windows XP, right click on the directory and go to PROPERTIES).*

I have been trying to call off my engagement for a year because I love someone else, but my parents say I don't know what I am talking about. I am seeing my best friend of seven years, and it is great. However, my family continues to plan the wedding. Invitations have been sent, and everything is booked. My family has told me I must choose between them and my best friend. That's not the worst of it: My great-grandmother, who is 97, called yesterday crying, saying that before she dies all she wants is to see her only great-grandchild married. Please help. I don't want to be a runaway bride and end up on TV.—A.B., Des Moines, Iowa

*While many arranged marriages work out fine, you have every right to walk away. Your family isn't playing fair, especially with the ticking-grandma routine. We hope they have a great time at the party they're planning.*

My friend says Pam Anderson got hepatitis C from swallowing Tommy Lee's loads. I told him he is full of shit. I caught hep B and C 20 years ago, and

none of my girlfriends has ever said she got hep from me. Is it possible to catch the virus from swallowing semen?—C.S., Baltimore, Maryland

*Getting hep C requires blood-to-blood contact, so there are no known cases of transmission by oral sex. It's far more common for a person to get the virus after sharing an item that has blood on it, such as a razor or needle (Pam believes she contracted it by sharing a tattoo needle with Lee). As many as 40 percent of infected people luck out and no longer have the virus after six months. Of the remainder, 70 percent will slowly develop chronic liver disease over the subsequent two decades. That's the risk Pam faces. Condoms reduce the risk of sexual transmission, as does getting vaccinated against hep A and B. Hep A is relatively harmless, but hep B can also cause chronic liver disease and is much easier to acquire during sex because it can enter the body through the mucous membranes from an infected person's blood, saliva, semen or vaginal secretions.*

I have trouble finding pants that fit over my big feet. The openings on most dress pants taper to a point that looks awkward at the top of my shoes. Shouldn't pants cover about a quarter of the top of your shoe in front and hang about midway between the top of your sole and the ground in the back? Are there any designers who make pants with larger openings?—M.M., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

*We know how you feel: Many designers during the past few seasons have been tapering with abandon. But this fall you should see more pants legs opening up. For now, says our fashion director, Joseph De Acetis, check out the collections of John Varvatos, Giorgio Armani, Lanvin and Joseph Abboud—their pants are always wider at the ankle. You're correct about how a man's pants should fall over his shoes.*

Ten men who have average marriages and average sex lives each visit a strip club. While at the club, each guy catches the attention of a stripper. She offers each guy a free lap dance, then asks him to take her home for some no-strings-attached sex. If each guy knew he could get away with it, how many would take the stripper home?—E.K., Newark, New Jersey

*Sorry, but we can't help you out of this one.*

Is it possible for ex-lovers to remain best friends? My ex-girlfriend calls or sends me text messages almost every day. When the calls and messages become sporadic I know she is seeing someone. When I call her out on this she denies it. The last time this happened I saw her the next day kissing a guy in public. Friends don't lie to each other, right? Maybe I'm just dealing with someone who is incredibly co-dependent. Is it worth trying to be this woman's friend, or should I wish her luck and send her on her way?—R.G., Prescott, Arizona

*Many couples do remain friendly after a breakup, but this usually happens only after they have spent months or years at a safe dis-*

*tance. It isn't working for you because you still have feelings for her. She seems to find you useful for killing time when she's not searching for a new lover.*

What is the rule regarding wearing jewelry with contrasting metals? Can a silver watch be worn with a gold ring?—M.N., Boston, Massachusetts

*Ideally, they should not contrast.*

Your scolding answer in March to the wife who was irate about her husband's mud-wrestling fantasies is right on the mark. Women claim they want honest communication but punish any man who provides it. Men learn never to discuss their desires, to the point where they pretend they don't notice, let alone appreciate, any attractive women other than their partner. We are vilified for having a different sexual perspective than women, as if female sexuality is affirming and pure while male sexuality is base and evil. Women, here's a bit of advice: If you want to know and communicate with your man about things that go deeper than the grocery list or weekend plans, ask him what he really thinks about sex. Be prepared to hear things that may challenge you, but remember, the only way to build intimacy is by building trust, and that can never happen without honesty and acceptance. Alternatively, you can keep pretending he has only fantasies you're comfortable with. I should mention I am one of the lucky ones. There is nothing I cannot discuss with my wife. As a result, our relationship is amazingly intimate, and our mutual trust is absolute. It's a great feeling.—S.L., Seattle, Washington

*You are fortunate. However well they may steel themselves, most women would be shocked to hear a full and detailed account of a man's erotic daydreams. We are sometimes shocked while having them.*

I'm a 21-year-old student and have been with my girlfriend for 18 months. Although the sex has been less than spectacular lately, I think I may love her. After all, as you've written in the past, love is a process, not a revelation. However, the other day she rolled off of me after sex, and I found myself staring at the ceiling and wondering to myself, Is it going to be like this forever? I told a friend about my feelings, and he asked if I would be upset if my girlfriend started dating someone else. I told him I didn't think so. He said it was time to move on. Perhaps you have advice that will lead in a direction other than being single.—J.M., Albany, New York

*After 18 months together it's not unusual for a couple to make the same sober assessment of their relationship that their friends have been making all along. You can love someone and still break up if you feel the relationship has peaked; besides, you're too young to settle in for the long haul. But we're*

*just spouting off here—have you talked to your girlfriend about this? For all you know, she may have the same doubts.*

I have enclosed an ad from *Newsweek* for a product that seems too good to be true: a \$1,000 Hydro Assist Fuel Cell that can supposedly turn any car into a hybrid. Does this actually work?—S.R., Downey, California

*We've seen that ad too. It claims a device a mechanic attaches to your engine will increase the gas mileage of any car by at least 50 percent by "extracting a hydrogen-oxygen mixture from water by ionizing it with electricity from the battery. This mixture adds extra hydrogen to your fuel, which burns easily and powerfully and enriches your fuel mixture." It also claims to use magnets to break the gas into smaller particles so it can burn more completely. Amazing! It all sounds like complete nonsense, a suspicion confirmed by the master mechanics we consulted. As the price of gasoline rises, more of these bogus products spring up; usually the Environmental Protection Agency or the Federal Trade Commission cracks down, but until that happens someone makes a mint. Besides, if someone invented a device that could boost performance that easily, automakers would already have it in every new car. You will never see any reputable lab verifying the claims of these products—they're sold entirely on anecdotal evidence from people who would otherwise have to admit they were duped. The more the product costs, the more conservatively the person drives after it's installed and the more enthusiastic the endorsement.*

My husband and I have been married for a year. He is the only man who has ever gotten me to orgasm. The problem is my mother will not stop talking about how hot he is and how much she wants to sleep with him. She has even mentioned having a threesome with the two of us. Should I be worried about this, and how can I get her to stop talking about it?—J.R., Norfolk, Virginia

*We can only guess your mother has an odd sense of humor, drinks too much or is pulling your chain for whatever reason. It won't be easy, but you may have to ignore her until she becomes bored with the ruse. Or perhaps your husband should inform her that kind of talk makes him uncomfortable. He is uncomfortable, right?*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at [playboyadvisor.com](http://playboyadvisor.com). Our greatest-hits collection, *Dear Playboy Advisor*, is available in bookstores and online.*





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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

## THE END IS NEAR

THE FUTURE OF THE INTERNET PROBABLY WON'T BE AS BRIGHT AS WE THINK

BY JONATHAN ZITTRAIN

I love my TiVo. I'm not the only one: Former Federal Communications Commission chairman Michael Powell got one for Christmas in 2002 and declared it "God's machine." Many people share our fervor for digital video recorders. But while there is much to love about TiVo, there is also much to hate—and even fear—about the digital future it represents. Why such ambivalence? Because TiVo is a creature of television culture. Although its technology is new and powerful, its uses are not. Similar to its sleek digital siblings—iPods, iPhones, BlackBerrys, Xboxes and other 21st century information devices—the TiVo is built like a household appliance. Offering a welcome simplicity and elegance, these products stand to become the primary way we use information technology. Yet such devices also reinforce the idea that users are only consumers: Single entities—the vendors—shape and approve how everything within them functions, even after they leave the factory.

Indeed, TiVo offers content providers new power to monitor their viewers and determine how television can be watched. For example, if an originator tags a show as "not to be archived," TiVo will respect the tag and refuse to keep the program in its library, regardless of the viewer's wishes. While TiVo offers a seemingly unlimited number of channels and programs, it exists only to distill and repackage video from standard sources. In that crucial respect it offers only one channel and one activity: TiVo. The viewer's role is to watch it. What TiVo does, it does to perfection. But if TiVo is to do anything else, TiVo itself must provide the means.

It may be difficult to imagine wanting these appliances to work any other way. Who, after all, would complain that a refrigerator, dishwasher or hair drier is too easy to use or that it and its accessories emanate from a single vendor? The answers to these questions may be found by looking at technologies that are entirely different from the TiVo and iPhone.



The Internet and the personal computers connected to it were set up to allow contributions from any quarter. Anyone can use and build on them, not just people with technical training. Mainstream users may acquire a PC and Net connection for a few limited purposes only to discover the PC can be used for others. So someone named Jimbo can set up a near-empty shell at [wikipedia.org](http://wikipedia.org) and declare it a free encyclopedia that anyone can edit. (We know this because in 2001 he did. Strangely, people listened, and today Wikipedia has millions of respected articles—as well as some not so respected ones—in more than 200 languages.) And three guys from the Netherlands could invent Kazaa, a file-sharing program, and circulate it to tens of millions of computer

owners in a matter of weeks. (After nearly destroying the music industry, they set their sights on the telephone industry and invented Skype, which facilitates Internet telephony. Their current software project is Joost, which takes aim at television.)

The opportunity for technological innovation in PCs and on the Internet by nerds in turn facilitates innovation in other areas. Flexible technology makes possible new configurations of content and people. In the past 15 years the design characteristics—generative characteristics—of the Internet and the PC have provided the foundation for the Web 2.0 renaissance among those who are artistically, politically or socially inclined.

Thanks to the rise of blogs and video-sharing and social-networking sites, if you ask anyone under 25 about TiVo, you will probably earn a shrug. Television is quickly becoming irrelevant to an entire generation whose parents were immersed in it. The new generation catches the highlights from Hollywood on video-sharing sites or peer-to-peer networks. But these new interactive media may be short-lived, and not because of crackdowns on copyright infringement, defamation or other perceived ills of a runaway Internet. To date,

enforcement of such crackdowns has been halfhearted and ineffective.

Instead, it is the very openness of the Internet and PCs that poses a threat. That openness means users can have other people's code running on their machines within a few seconds of encountering it online. This is deeply empowering. It enables each user's PC to do new things—including things others would prefer it did not do. But it is also confining, because the cacophony of available code includes viruses and spyware that can ruin a computer—or make the experience so miserable that the user will demand a locked-down, TiVo-style appliance.

The success of the Internet, and much of what is built on top of it, creates the conditions for the demise of what makes it special. For example, sending and receiving messages to and from anyone (or any group of people) anywhere for free was great—until the invention of spam. What's amazing is that, with nothing stopping it, the development of spam took so long. It appeared more than 25 years after the Internet's founding and then only because enough people were using the Internet to make it worth spamming them. The limits of TiVo and other information appliances—BlackBerrys, video-game consoles, mobile phones—make them far more reliable and therefore attractive precisely because they're not special: They are not open to innovation by anyone but their makers. These appliances are now acquiring more of the current functionalities of the PC. Many such devices can surf the Internet or send and receive e-mail, even as they maintain a unique link to their vendors and refuse to entertain outside code. Steve Jobs introduced Apple's iPhone by highlighting why, though it connects to the Internet, it is not a creature of it: "We define everything that is on the phone. You don't want your phone to be like a PC. The last thing you want is to load three apps on your phone, then go to make a call and it doesn't work anymore. These are more like iPods than they are like computers."

Should the security problem worsen,

rank-and-file users will happily seek some form of lockdown—whether by substituting information appliances for their computers or by locking down their computers so much they can't run outside code easily. It will be simpler to do as more becomes possible with a browser alone. New web platforms like Google mash-ups and Facebook apps mean software can be written to



An exchange in San Jose: Live free or die.

run on the web instead of on a PC. But that software can be controlled or even eliminated by the maker of the web platform—or whoever can pressure that maker—in a way Bill Gates never dared (or was asked) to do to Windows applications. In a battle between two information appliances, TiVo sued



If the Internet becomes an appliance as TiVo has, we will all lose much of our online freedom.

EchoStar for patent infringement after EchoStar added digital video recording to one of its dish systems. TiVo won, and the judge ordered EchoStar to effect a remote upgrade of nearly all EchoStar DVRs installed in living rooms across America—destroying them. If EchoStar loses its patent appeal, it will retroactively produce EchoBricks. And that ability to control consumer devices at a distance could just as easily

be conscripted by regulators to delete recorded content deemed obscene, copyright infringing or defamatory.

How do we keep the Internet free? Additional forms of measurement and control must emerge—though not necessarily from any of the world's governments—for it to survive. Just as Jimbo Wales started Wikipedia and implored people to help, anyone can try to provide tools to produce order. I'm part of a project at Harvard and Oxford universities designed to make the Net safer without trimming its innovative potential. Our initiative, StopBadware, relies on Internet users to download a small piece of software that relays their PCs' vital signs back to the rest of the herd—helping us analyze and share whether the fragments of software that permeate the web are good or bad. We have partnered with Google to scan the web for sites that have malicious "drive-by downloads" and then warn people when those sites turn up as search results on Google so they won't visit until the sites are cleaned. These kinds of solutions are worth trying before turning to a government for help. The problems besieging the Net are social, and they call for social solutions aided by creative new technical tools. You would lend some of your PC's cycles and bandwidth to help others, right?

TiVo represents the comfort and stability of the past 50 years, reinforced by new technologies; the Internet represents the excitement and disruption of the past 15. As time passes, the brand names on each side will change: TiVo already suffers from dwindling market share because of competition from the cable industry itself. But many subsequent devices will blend the seductiveness of TiVo with the wildness of the Net. These can pose a threat to the Internet far more powerful than the recording industry's antipiracy campaigns and China's content filtering.

*Jonathan Zittrain is professor of Internet governance and regulation at Oxford University, a founder of Harvard Law School's Berkman Center for Internet & Society and author of *The Future of the Internet—and How to Stop It*.*

# GRAND THEFT AUTONOMY

VIDEO GAMES FOR ADULTS SHOULD NOT BE SANITIZED

By Scott Alexander

Let's be clear: Video games are not censored in this country. The controversy surrounding them in recent years concerns their distribution in mainstream stores and compatibility with various consoles; it's not about whether they can be published at all. That fact notwithstanding, the three major console makers won't allow AO-rated (adults only) games, and game creators have been subjected to political pressure, which is sure to put a chill on certain avenues of development. After hackers found hidden code that enabled a sexual scenario in the M-rated (mature) Rockstar game *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas*, Hillary Clinton introduced legislation to criminalize the sale of violent or sexually explicit games to minors (the bill stalled in committee). We caught up with Dan Houser, one of two British brothers who started Rockstar Games—the company behind *Manhunt*, *Bully* and the *GTA* franchise, all of which have attracted the ire of game critics—to discuss the situation as the release of *GTA IV* draws near.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do some people have it in for video games, even ones explicitly aimed at adult consumers?

**HOUSER:** I don't understand where a lot of those arguments come from. The same people who say "We love our violent World War II films and our gangster movies" will come out against a video game. It's just not logical. The idea that somehow the content is transformed through interaction—as opposed to observation—makes no sense to me. In the end, it's about the medium, not the content. If critics say this medium is intrinsically corruptive, I have to say that's nonsense.

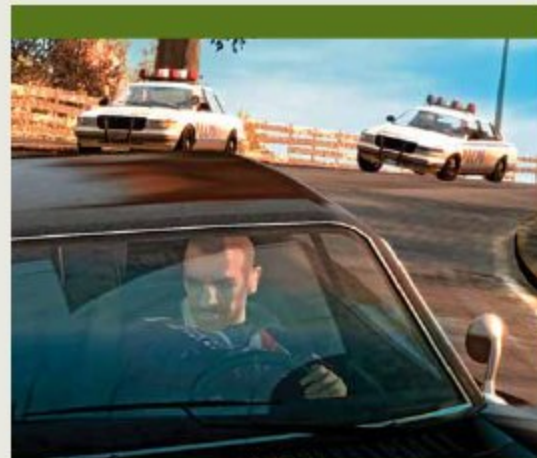
**PLAYBOY:** Is perception part of the problem—the premise that video games are for kids?

**HOUSER:** That was the whole idea when we started Rockstar: Why can't we play games that make us feel the way we do when we watch movies? Being young men, we like a certain kind of movie—and that isn't an animated cartoon. There should be a place for us and for Nintendo in this culture. Anyone who believes otherwise is just not thinking.

**PLAYBOY:** When it comes to entertainment for adults, should similar content

in different media be treated equally?

**HOUSER:** Yes. These are works of fiction. Playing a game that features violence is no different from choosing to see a violent movie. We're not trying to create a "here's real life" sensation in a video game; it's "you're the star of a movie." We want to re-create the



CRITICS DON'T LIKE THE FACT THAT PEOPLE CAN CHOOSE TO DO "BAD" THINGS.



sensations you have watching movies. We're putting those in a video game.

**PLAYBOY:** Why don't you get more support from other entertainment industries that are under similar pressures?

**HOUSER:** It's about economics. We take market share and audience from other media—video-game makers are challenging the Hollywood hegemony—so they're going to fight us. But I'm not going to fight them. I believe your Constitution protects us.

**PLAYBOY:** There was hysteria about *Bully* before anyone had even seen

the game. Did it feel as if the deck was stacked against you?

**HOUSER:** That game was never going to be kids running around with guns—not that they don't make movies about that exact subject. But for three or four months before the release all you saw was negative PR. We ended up in a Florida court, explaining to a judge that there's no problem here. It's like *Dennis the Menace*, a schoolboy running around making mischief; it's part of our culture and always has been. Just because it's a video game doesn't make it different.

**PLAYBOY:** Your company was criticized after the "Hot Coffee" incident, in which hackers discovered bits of sexual content in the code of *GTA: San Andreas*. The game was already rated M, but as soon as sex crept in, everyone went berserk.

**HOUSER:** It wasn't rational. We felt there was a desire to punish us for things beyond our control. Prominent legislators got up in front of your government to speak about it. In Europe it didn't blow up at all. There was literally one post on a message board, then it was done.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it more difficult for video-game producers to include sexual rather than violent content in the U.S.?

**HOUSER:** A lot of Americans who get irate about violence in games are very pro-war. They get a little upset about violence in games, but they seem to be quite encouraging of it as an idea. They're sure as shit not into sex.

**PLAYBOY:** You could see that in the reaction to *Bully*, too. You made the brave choice to enable the male main character to have romantic relationships with characters of both genders.

**HOUSER:** This one was the most amusing. You don't have to kiss anyone in the game. But you can kiss boys, you can kiss girls, you can kiss boys and girls, you can kiss whomever you want—and there are no rewards one way or another for doing any of it. People wanted to get upset about it but quickly realized they couldn't without exposing their prejudices.

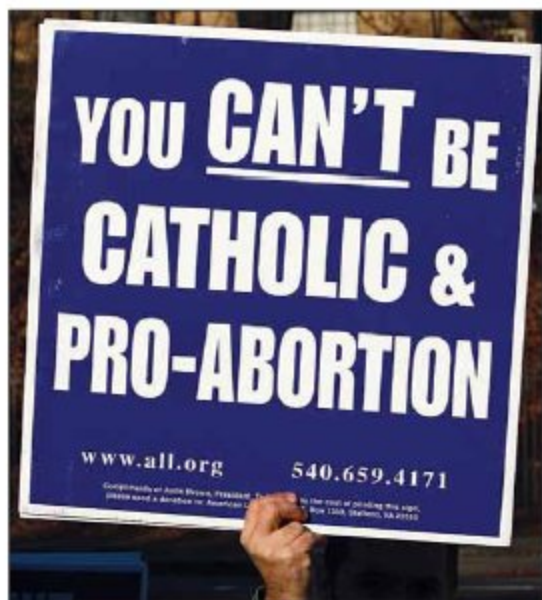
**PLAYBOY:** What do you think is the real basis for anger about your games?

**HOUSER:** We're trying to give gamers freedom. It boils down to critics not liking the fact that people can choose to do "bad" things in a fantasy world—which to me is silly.

# READER RESPONSE

## DELIVER US

Having grown up with a fundamentalist Protestant theology (in my case, Methodism), I was struck by John Banville's essay "My Apostasy" (February). The Protestant Reformation did not go far enough in delivering us



One reader wants more than Reformation.

from the dark ages of spiritual mythology. In retrospect, I discovered on my way to basic training at Lackland Air Force Base in 1970 that the Bunnies at the Playboy Club in Dallas cared more about me than my church did.

Robert Anderson  
Oil City, Pennsylvania

## MISFIRE

After reading the article by Dean Kuipers ("Unprotected Speech," February) I wonder what you are advocating. Are you advocating I go out and firebomb an abortion clinic or just teach someone else how to do it? Are you advocating that I blow up a Playboy Club or just deliver a speech about how to do it? Does your advocacy apply to every agenda or just your own? Please straighten me out. I need to know whom you would like me to firebomb.

Gary Babington  
Pleasant Prairie, Wisconsin

*We're advocating that criminal actions, not words or thoughts, be prosecuted.*

## SETTING THINGS STRAIGHT

I'm disappointed in your decision to publish Max Boettger's highly inflammatory letter ("Reader Response," March). I typically find your articles enlightening or at least thought-provoking, and while I don't always agree with them I rarely find them offensive. The same

cannot be said for this letter. Boettger refers to blacks as "hoodlums" and insinuates they do nothing to help their communities. I, on the other hand, wonder what we as a white society have done to earn blacks' cooperation. We live in a nation built on slave labor and still highly motivated by racist beliefs. Have we provided blacks with a fair and impartial judicial system? Have we provided blacks with a fair and impartial government? I think not. Instead, we have racist police, judges and government officials, all of whom still believe blacks are inferior and have only themselves to blame for their situation.

Michael Titus  
Watkinsville, Georgia

## CHANGE YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IN

The item on the revolving-door policy between big business and government was enlightening ("Newsfront," March). The fact that dozens of top Bill Clinton-era officials went on to serve the entities they formerly regulated proves both parties are corrupt. The two-party monopoly in this nation is truly crooked.

Marc Casarella  
Plainville, Connecticut

## WINGED VICTORY

I finally saw the December issue's *Forum* piece on the demise of the bomber force ("Bombers Away"). I am a former B-1 weapons-systems officer; 10 years ago I retired from the Air Force after serving as a member of the first B-1 operational crew force and flight-training squadron. I have watched with pride as the small B-1 fleet repeatedly proved itself in combat over Kosovo, Afghanistan and Iraq. In fact, Operation Iraqi Freedom confirmed what your *Forum* article suggests: B-1s flew only two percent of the total Allied combat air missions yet were responsible for the release of 2,100 JDAMs, half the number expended by all other aircraft combined. B-1s continue to fly missions each day over Afghanistan and Iraq in support of our Allied ground forces.

Mark Anderson  
Edmond, Oklahoma

After reading "Bombers Away" and the responses to it ("Reader Response," March) I feel I need to weigh in. As an experienced B-52 guy, I understand what's going on. The reader who says

bombers can carry more 2,000-pound JDAMs than fighters can is partially correct, but to think that's all we carry is ridiculous. The B-1 and B-52 carry almost everything, and if they don't, the B-2 sure does. It's true we don't have guns anymore, but we have a targeting pod just as our fighter brethren do, so we can perform those close air-support missions as well as they can. And to the reader who thinks our fighters were the first thing into Iraq, think again: B-2s cleared a path for the fighters. Don't get me wrong; I appreciate a fighter as much as the next guy, but let's not think bombers are helpless or useless.

Pat Raring  
Barksdale Air Force Base, Louisiana

I would like to thank the idiots who responded to "Bombers Away." Being a B-52 bombardier, I actually know the importance of our country's bombers. A fighter cannot fill their role. Sure, we need fighters to take on enemy air threats, but Robert Clouse's statement about Iraq is just wrong. I happened to be in one of those planes launching cruise missiles along with the Tomahawks to take down those threats. The fact is, in today's unstable world only bombers can react to long-range pop-up threats. They are able to take off from the U.S., strike anywhere in the world and return home. I commend the author for his work. It is good we



Defenders of the bomber fleet weigh in.

are getting the attention and praise we deserve. After all, fighters make movies, but bombers make history.

Joe Little  
Shreveport, Louisiana

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

## NEWSFRONT



## Artificial Intelligence

WASHINGTON, D.C.—According to a congressionally mandated report on data-mining programs by the director of national intelligence, the U.S. intelligence community is developing software to monitor *World of Warcraft* and other large-scale role-playing games for terrorist activity. The project, dubbed Reynard, aims “to identify the emerging social, behavioral and cultural norms in virtual worlds and gaming environments” and then automatically detect “suspicious behavior and actions in the virtual world.” This startling revelation was just one of several; other programs discussed in the report include the use of software to identify faces, events and objects in video, a surveillance system called Tangram and a tool to monitor databases.

## Buzz Off

LONDON—A national campaign has been launched in the U.K. to combat ultrasonic crowd-dispersal devices, approximately 3,500 of which have been deployed since their invention, in 2006. The gadgets, called Mosquitos, use high-frequency noise audible only to people under the age of 25 to ward off teenagers in pedestrian areas, malls and shops. James Lowman, the head of the U.K.’s Association of Convenience Stores, defended the use of the devices: “Unfortunately, in many locations around the country retailers are victims of antisocial gangs of youths that congregate around their premises. These youths deter customers, intimidate staff and can commit vandalism and violence.” But Sir Al Aynsley-Green, the children’s commissioner for England, who has joined the call for a ban on Mosquitos, disagreed, saying, “These devices are indiscriminate and target all children and young people, including babies, regardless of whether they are behaving or misbehaving.” His Scottish equivalent, Kathleen Marshall, echoed his statement, adding, “Their use would not be tolerated for any other section of our society. Young people have a right to assemble and socialize with their friends without being treated as criminals.”

## G Whiz

L’AQUILA, ITALY—According to *New Scientist* magazine, a gynecological researcher using ultrasound scans has identified the anatomical basis of the G-spot. In women able to have orgasms without clitoral stimulation, the tissue of the front vaginal wall between the vagina and the urethra is thicker than in women unable to

climax without clitoral stimulation. Scientists reviewing the study believe the thicker tissue of this urethro-vaginal space may house an internal section of the clitoris or a remnant of the embryonic prostate, called the Skene’s glands. “For the first time,” says researcher Emmanuele Jannini, based at the University of L’Aquila in Abruzzo, “it is possible to determine by a simple, rapid and inexpensive method if a woman has a G-spot or not.”

## Manhandled

ROME—Italy’s highest appeals court ruled against a 42-year-old man who challenged a fine imposed on him in 2006 for “ostentatiously touching his genitals through his clothing.” The man’s



lawyer argued the gesture was a “compulsive, involuntary movement, probably to adjust his overalls.” The high-court judges were not persuaded, however, and in their decision clarified that the fine was applicable not only for demonstrative crotch grabbing but also for the more routine good-luck grabs common in Italy (often punctuated by the phrase “*lo mi tocco i attributi*”). Though the practice is equivalent to crossing your fingers for luck, the judges’ statement noted it “has to be regarded as an act contrary to public decency, a concept including that nexus of socioethical behavioral rules requiring everyone to abstain from conduct potentially offensive to collectively held feelings of decorum.”

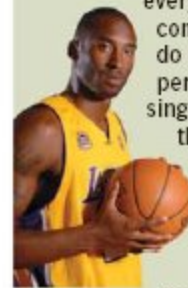
## MARGINALIA

## FROM AN ESSAY

by Andrew Brown in the U.K.’s *Guardian* newspaper, decrying commentators who suggest teaching religion to children should be reclassified as child abuse: “The Russian state used to exile Baptist parents to Siberia and put their children in orphanages. The Chinese are still doing very similar things to the children of Muslims, Buddhists and even followers of Falun Gong. Against all these abuses of human rights, Amnesty International quite rightly protests. Many of the protesters, as I am myself, are atheists. I don’t want to claim that atheism must lead to a totalitarian view of human rights. There’s no connection either way. I am making the much smaller but quite irrefutable point that atheism, just as much as religious fervor, can co-exist with utter contempt for human rights—other people’s human rights—in any case.”



FROM AN ANONYMOUS blog posting at Something Awful, concerning a discussion of the relative value of Kobe Bryant versus that of Alex Rodriguez: “Baseball is great partially because it’s the only sport where, on the field,



every single player can be completely greedy and do what maximizes his personal value on every single play and it’s still to the team’s best interest. Every other sport is a zero-sum game, where every shot you take is one your teammate doesn’t. In baseball every hit you get provides another opportunity. There’s no clock besides individual failure. If Ayn Rand and Adam Smith fucked, she’d give birth to a baseball.”

FROM A LETTER to the *Chicago Sun-Times*, responding to the paper’s request for readers’ stories about dealing with the Transportation Security Administration: “My name, John Williams, is a common one. However, there is a John Williams listed on the TSA ‘no fly’ list. Consequently, I cannot print boarding passes but must go to the counter, stand in line and go through a review by an airline clerk. I fly about once a month. If one is blacklisted, there is no way to find out either why I am on the list or who is the accuser. It is all ‘top secret.’ It is ludicrous because I am a frequent flier on two airlines and make round-trips. I guess Homeland Security thinks I will become dangerous at some time in the future. It’s a tough sell since I am 71 years old and have never been arrested or charged with a crime.”



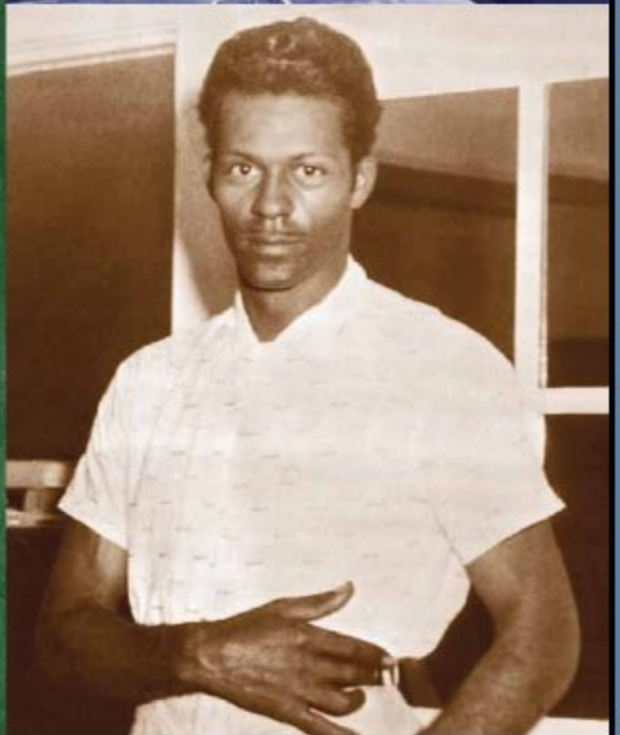
## HASSLED BY THE MANN ACT

THE ARCANE LAW—BACK IN THE NEWS BECAUSE OF ELIOT SPITZER—HAS A LONG HISTORY OF ABUSE, OFTEN WITH RACIST OR PARTISAN MOTIVATIONS

Passed in 1910, the Mann Act—formal name, the White Slavery Traffic Act—made it a federal crime to transport a woman across state lines “for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose.” The law capitalized on public fears about a supposed flood of rural white girls being lured into the sex trade in big cities. It was also in essence a defense-of-marriage law rooted in reactionary Victorian moralism. Needless to say, the panic over white slavery—a largely nativist panic, as the trade was ostensibly controlled by immigrants—was unfounded. But the act survived, and its obtuse language has made it a favorite for government misuse. Among the first convicted was black



boxer Jack Johnson, a lightning rod for racial tensions throughout his fighting career. (Johnson and his wife fled the country, though he later served time in Leavenworth.) In 1986 the act was amended, tightening the definition of the offending transport to that for the purpose of “any sexual activity for which any person can be charged with a criminal offense.” Even so, statutes making adultery and, especially across the South, sodomy illegal were at that time still common, leaving plenty of wiggle room for prosecutorial abuse. The repeal of the hoary Mann Act is long overdue: Clearly, federal law-enforcement time and money can be better spent than in pursuing adults engaged in consensual sex.



**Jack Johnson** (above left, with wife **Lucille Cameron**) was prosecuted under the Mann Act in 1913. Johnson, the first black world heavy-weight boxing champion, drew ire for dating a string of white women. Prosecutors charged him under the act for sending a Pittsburgh-to-Chicago train ticket to a former girlfriend. FBI head J. Edgar Hoover did not hide his hatred of left-leaning comic **Charlie Chaplin** (top right, being booked), and in 1944 Hoover deployed the act against him. Chaplin was acquitted, but his reputation suffered irreparable damage. Rock-and-roll innovator **Chuck Berry** (bottom right, in jail) served 20 months after being convicted of Mann Act violations in 1959.



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEVE CARELL

*A candid conversation with the most clueless boss on TV about playing likable idiots, almost losing a nipple and his courageous stand against mosquitoes*

This past December Steve Carell paid tribute to one of his comedy idols, Steve Martin, at the Kennedy Center Honors. "His act was that of an idiot savant," he joked about Martin's on-screen personae. "Minus the savant." Apparently, it takes one to know one. The same could be said for most of Carell's comedic alter egos.

Take Michael Scott, the clueless regional manager for a fictitious paper company on *The Office*. Michael may not be nearly as likable or funny as he wants to believe, but that's part of his charm. Or look at Carell's version of secret agent Maxwell Smart in the spy comedy *Get Smart*. He's an idiot with a heart of gold, a moron with such good intentions it's impossible to despise him.

Carell's repertoire of characters includes more than just lovable buffoons. Over the past decade he has played a gay Proust scholar in *Little Miss Sunshine*, an arrogant newsman in *Bruce Almighty* and its sequel, *Evan Almighty*, a dim weatherman in *Anchorman* and a widowed advice columnist in love with his brother's girlfriend in *Dan in Real Life*.

No one is more surprised by this success than Carell himself. The Massachusetts native, the youngest of four brothers, was convinced at a young age he would end up in a nine-to-five job. As a student at Ohio's Denison University he assumed he would be a lawyer. Oddly, it took his parents to convince him he should

give up practicality in favor of something he really wanted to do, like show business.

He moved to Chicago after graduation and began performing at the legendary Second City improv-comedy theater, but things didn't go well. He lost his bid to get on *Saturday Night Live*. He appeared in a string of failed sitcoms, as an easily incensed Greek chef on *Over the Top* and Julia Louis-Dreyfus's obnoxious ex-husband on *Watching Ellie*. His first break came in 1999, when he was hired (thanks to a recommendation from friend and Second City cast mate Stephen Colbert) as a correspondent on Comedy Central's news satire *The Daily Show*. Along with recently hired anchor Jon Stewart, Carell—and the show—became a hit.

It wasn't until 2005 that he made the leap from dependable comedy sidekick to unconventional leading man. *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, in which Carell starred and which he co-wrote with director Judd Apatow, raked in more than \$177 million at the box office worldwide.

Since then the 45-year-old Carell has apparently been unable to do wrong. And through it all, the actor and comedian has enjoyed a seemingly normal family life, marrying fellow comic Nancy Walls—they met at Second City (she was his student in an improv class), and she has been his occasional acting partner in everything from *The Daily Show* to *The Office*—and raising two children.

We sent writer Eric Spitznagel (who most recently interviewed Tina Fey for *PLAYBOY*) to speak with Carell. He reports: "I expected Carell to put on his usual self-effacing routine. He likes to evade questions that get too personal with a barrage of gags and tongue-in-cheek modesty. But after we waded through the humor, it became apparent that his humility isn't a facade. When you cut down to the bone, he really is just a nice guy who stumbled into comedy stardom."

"When he hosted *Saturday Night Live*, Carell joked during his monologue that 'money falls from my ass.' The more you talk to Steve Carell, the more you realize he really does believe his success is just that random and inexplicable."

**PLAYBOY:** In *Get Smart* you play a bumbling idiot and—

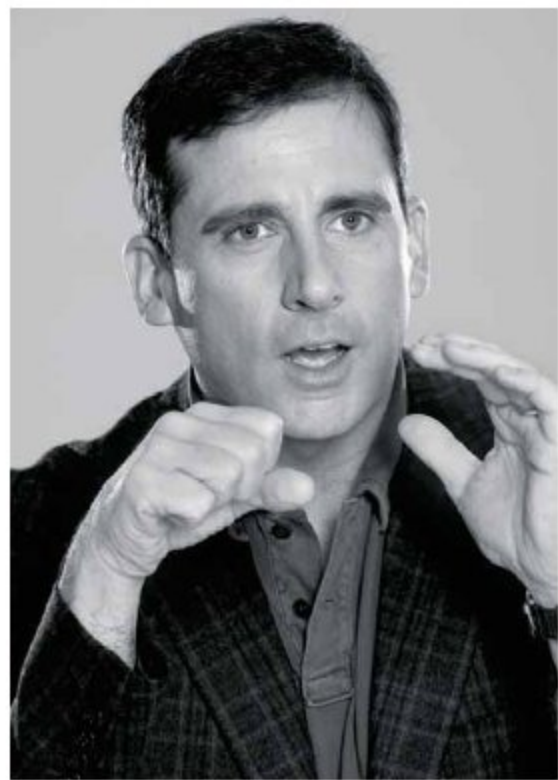
**CARELL:** No, I do not.

**PLAYBOY:** Really? We're talking about the same movie, right?

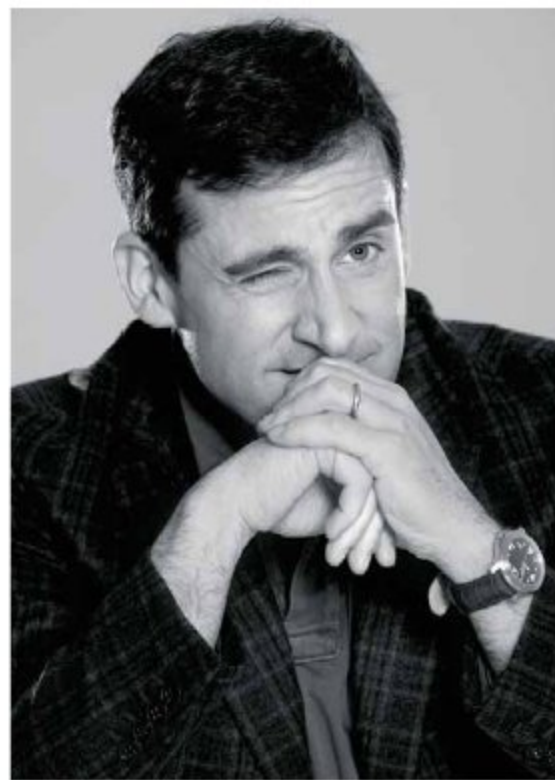
**CARELL:** I never saw Maxwell Smart as bumbling. He's not a Jacques Clouseau kind of character. He's very good at his job. If you watch the TV show, Don Adams plays Maxwell as somebody who is quirky but always knows he will succeed in whatever he attempts. He has a lot of self-confidence.

**PLAYBOY:** But his confidence is misguided, isn't it?

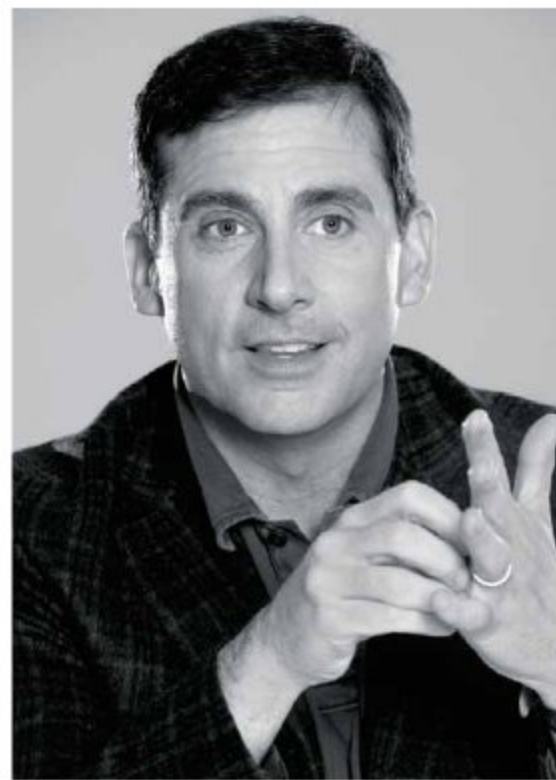
**CARELL:** Well, sure. But when he gets into a fight, he can take care of himself. He



"*The Office*'s Michael Scott is a man without an ounce of self-perception. He doesn't understand how others view him. I've heard the rule of thumb is, If you don't know a Michael Scott, then you are Michael Scott."



"Enjoyment and a career seemed mutually exclusive. Becoming an actor didn't feel practical or realistic. My parents said, 'It's your life. You have to live it, and you've got to enjoy it.' So they absolutely gave me permission."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I don't assume anything now that I didn't before. I don't want to be some asshole who expects the world to bend to his will just because he sold a few tickets at the multiplex. That said, I do love prostitutes."

knows how to handle a firearm. Part of what makes the character so funny, at least to me, is that he lacks any self-awareness and may take himself too seriously. But he is still a good spy. He gets the job done.

**PLAYBOY:** Adams served in the Marines during World War II and was comfortable shooting a machine gun. What's your military training?

**CARELL:** You mean aside from being a Navy SEAL? As a special-ops alumnus, I'm not supposed to talk about my training too much. As you'll see in the movie, I'm extremely proficient in the ways of killing people. No, this was my first experience using a gun. I did some firearms training, mostly safety-based. There's a lot of gunplay in the movie, and we had live rounds in our weapons.

**PLAYBOY:** Live rounds? They gave you actual bullets?

**CARELL:** Well, no, they weren't *live* live. They were blanks. You see, in the magical world of filmmaking it's always to the producer's advantage to keep the cast and crew unharmed for the duration of the shooting schedule. Blank rounds are especially helpful if the director wants to do more than one take with living actors.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of realism, there's an urban legend that the CIA called the producers of *Get Smart* and asked, "Where did you hear about the shoe phone? That's top secret!" Has anything similar happened to you?

**CARELL:** Oh yeah, they were all over us. The CIA, the FBI, the NSA, Tobacco and Firearms, NASA, the Department of Agriculture, the U.S. Mint, PBS. They were all closely monitoring our set. You know, that sounds like a good story, but I highly doubt the CIA called the producers of *Get Smart* and said, "Where on earth did you get the idea for the Cone of Silence? We have one of those!" That sounds a little far-fetched. If the CIA is using shoe phones, we're all in grave danger in this country.

**PLAYBOY:** The TV show was a spoof of James Bond-type spies and the Cold War. Does that kind of satire translate to 2008?

**CARELL:** Given our present-day international tensions, absolutely. The situation in North Korea, the constant threat of terrorism, worsening relations with Russia—the political landscape isn't as far from the 1960s as one may think. Also, I've never thought of *Get Smart* as a spy spoof. I think of it as a spy comedy.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the difference?

**CARELL:** A spy spoof parodies the genre of spy movies, whereas we tried to make

*Get Smart* funny without being self-referential. When Warner Bros. offered me the role, they asked what I thought the movie could or should look like. I wanted it to be a comedic version of the *Bourne* spy series, in which the villains were actually scary, substantial and posed a threat, the action did not seem contrived or cartoonish, and characters were in situations realistic enough to create a sense of plausible jeopardy. Within that framework the comedy would resonate all the more because there would be a reality to anchor it.

**PLAYBOY:** As with *The Office*, *Get Smart* is another remake of a classic comedy. Do you ever get tired of saying, "We can never be as good as the original"?



I'm a glass-half-empty kind of person, which is sad. I'm always waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Don't you want to come out and say, "They're gonna eat our dust"?

**CARELL:** Never. I've never felt that way. I feel very much the same about the original *Get Smart* as I do about the original *Office*. It's not about trying to be better than the original. You want to make something that isn't just an impersonation or a copy, because if that's the point, why even do it? The challenge is to take elements of the original and reexplore it in a new context. The most difficult part for me was incorporating some of those famous Maxwell Smart sayings: "Would you believe...?" and "Missed it by *that* much" and "Sorry about that, chief." All of those lines are so ingrained, and

we're all familiar with the delivery behind them. So I wanted to pay homage to them without necessarily changing anything just for the sake of change. It was a bit daunting.

**PLAYBOY:** Some fans of the original show are already crying foul, just as they did with *The Office*. At this point in your career how much do you worry about the expectations of others?

**CARELL:** Just before *The Office* came out most critics were dubious about our chances of succeeding. There was almost an animosity for the show because the BBC version was so beloved and Ricky Gervais was so brilliant. So in our minds, we realized there was no way to win that battle. There was nothing we could do

as a cast or writers or producers to dispel people's preconceived notions. We just had to put it out of our mind and do the best job we could.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a freedom in knowing everybody expects you to fail?

**CARELL:** There's a huge freedom. We knew if our version just didn't suck, people would be amazed.

**PLAYBOY:** After four seasons do you feel as if you've finally gotten out from under the shadow of the original?

**CARELL:** I never thought about it like that. There was never a point at which I thought, Finally! Now we're doing our own thing, and nobody will ever compare us to the BBC *Office* ever again. You can't go into a project thinking you're going to create a masterpiece or classic that will live forever. You just do your best and hope somebody else will find it funny or entertaining. You can't have thoughts like, What if we don't become part of the comedy canon? What if the entire world doesn't love and respect me? Because you can't control that.

**PLAYBOY:** Your dad has said it's difficult for him to watch *The Office* because Michael does such embarrassing things. Does he still feel that way?

**CARELL:** Not anymore. At first it was probably a little difficult for him to watch his son make such a complete ass out of himself week in and week out. But now he has come to accept that I am, in fact, an ass. He has come to terms with that, and now he fully accepts me and my assiness.

**PLAYBOY:** Sometimes the show can be difficult to watch. Michael does things that are just cringe-worthy.

**CARELL:** Yes, Michael is a man without an ounce of self-perception. He doesn't understand how others view him. He has an enormous emotional blind spot.

I've heard the rule of thumb is, If you don't know a Michael Scott, then you *are* Michael Scott.

**PLAYBOY:** What's at the core of Michael's behavior? Does he crave the spotlight?

**CARELL:** Well, sure, but everyone wants a moment to shine. It's a very human quality. Even the most reserved and shy people love the spotlight every once in a while. You know what I liken it to? On the game show *Deal or No Deal*, when the contestants are given the choice of walking home with \$300,000 or possibly getting \$375,000, I believe part of the reason they stay is that they're the star. It's not about the money at that point. I was watching an episode a few weeks ago, and one contestant said something I thought was very telling. She was offered a pretty good deal, and she said, "I don't want to leave." She was the center of attention. It's the same for Michael. He is the focus of this documentary. Camera crews follow him around all day. He embraces it, and it gives him a sense of importance he would not otherwise have. It's kind of the best and worst thing that's ever happened to him.

**PLAYBOY:** Michael has an interesting relationship with Pam, the receptionist played by Jenna Fischer. He makes frequent references to Pam's boobs, from reminding her about the dangers of breast cancer to encouraging her to show more cleavage. Does he have a secret crush on Pam?

**CARELL:** Are you asking me about boobs just because this is **PLAYBOY**?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, we're contractually obligated to bring up breasts at least once an interview.

**CARELL:** Let me think. [long pause] Wow, this is embarrassing. I can't think of a single boob joke.

**PLAYBOY:** You do realize this interview may not make it into the magazine now.

**CARELL:** I know. I feel terrible. I'm sure Michael Scott knows a bunch of really luridly descriptive boob jokes, but they're all very bad, and I wouldn't want to repeat any of them here.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it cathartic to play Michael Scott? Is there anything of you in his personality?

**CARELL:** There's a part of you in anything you play. What that could be, I have no idea. He probably represents aspects of people I know and maybe certain aspects of who I am, and—oh God, I have to stop myself. I sound so pretentious and dull. I hate it when actors talk about their process. I just can't do it.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that because you think it's boring, or you don't want to give away too many secrets?

**CARELL:** Trust me, I don't have any secrets. And even if I did, to dissect what went into making something sort of ruins it. I want to watch a movie or TV show and just enjoy it for what it is.

**PLAYBOY:** Growing up, were you the funny one in your family?

**CARELL:** Not really, no. We weren't a jokey family. I mean, we could all be funny in our own ways, but we weren't a laugh riot around the dinner table. My brothers and I had a daily ritual of watching the Three Stooges when we got home from school. We bonded over eye pokes and smashed fingers.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you dream about becoming a big comedy star?

**CARELL:** Not at all. I never watched *Saturday Night Live* and said to myself, That's what I'm going to do. Maybe in the back of my mind I might have fantasized about it. But it's like having dreams of going to the moon. You don't wake up and think, Yeah, that could totally happen. I don't know if I lacked self-confidence or what, but I never allowed myself to dream of something like that happening to me.

**PLAYBOY:** When did that change?

**CARELL:** I honestly don't know. Even when I was in college, performing was just an extracurricular activity. I had no intention of becoming a professional actor. I didn't think of it as a viable career. It would be like saying you wanted to be an astronaut or a cowboy. Those are just fantasies. There was a real disconnect between what I enjoyed and what I thought I would ultimately do with my life.

**PLAYBOY:** Ironically, your parents encouraged you to become an actor. Isn't that right?

**CARELL:** Yeah, that's basically what happened. I was going to be a lawyer, which I thought was the right thing to do. It was the most responsible, most practical thing.

**PLAYBOY:** You never thought about what might make you happy?

**CARELL:** That was never a part of the equation. I knew I could become an attorney and might be good at it, but there was never a question in my mind about whether I would enjoy it. Of course I wouldn't. But enjoyment and a career seemed mutually exclusive. It was really a practicality issue. And becoming an actor didn't feel practical or realistic. It took my parents to get me out of that pragmatic way of thinking. They said, "It's your life. You have to live it, and you've got to enjoy it. If acting is how you're going to enjoy it, then you've got to take that chance." So they absolutely gave me permission.

**PLAYBOY:** You have very cool parents. Do you remember your first paying job as an actor, the first time you realized you could do this and it might actually work?

**CARELL:** Those are not one and the same. It took a lot of time before I thought... actually, I can't even say now I'm 100 percent convinced it's going to work. My first paying job was in Chicago in the play *Charley's Aunt*. It wasn't enough to live on by any stretch of the imagination, but it was a paycheck—the first I ever received. It was the first time I

## City Views

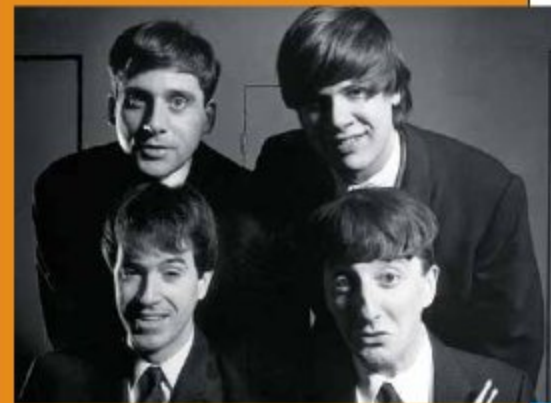
It all started for Steve Carell at Chicago's famed Second City theater. Here's a peek at his photo album



Carell (left) joins future *Daily Show* cohort Stephen Colbert (center) and Paul Dinello (right) in the 1993 sketch revue *Take Me Out to the Balkans*. Their musical collaboration "The Obvious Song" is an ode to, well, everything obvious: "Is there a God? / Why are we here? / When you're walking backward, / Is your butt still your rear?"



In the 1992 show *Truth, Justice or the American Way* Carell plays a kind-hearted sociopath who befriends a waitress (Amy Sedaris, left) and admits he occasionally murders people in their neighborhood. After Sedaris becomes unnerved Carell complains, "Whenever I tell anybody, it's always 'Oh, you're gonna kill me.'"



From the 1994 show *Are You Now, or Have You Ever Been Mellow*, in which Carell (top left) plays Paul McCartney and is joined by fellow Beatles John, George and Ringo (clockwise from top right, Scott Allman, David Razowsky and Colbert). In one scene the Fab Four share repressed memories of being inappropriately touched by Ed Sullivan.

made a dime for performing, and it was exciting, but I didn't for a second say, "I'm off and running now. My tough days are long behind me."

**PLAYBOY:** Your first screen role was in the Jim Belushi comedy *Curly Sue*. Although you don't have any dialogue, at the time did you feel it might be your big break?

**CARELL:** Absolutely. It's kind of silly to look back on it now. I spent three days on the set, and all I did was look askance at Jim Belushi. That was it. But it was a huge deal for me to get a walk-on part in a movie. When it opened I took all my friends to the theater. My scene is in the first 45 seconds, and after that was over my friends stood up and walked out. I'm sure the rest of *Curly Sue* is great, but they didn't want to sit through an hour-and-a-half movie about an adorable moppet.

**PLAYBOY:** When Stephen Colbert recommended you for *The Daily Show*, were you hopeful this was a gig that would click?

**CARELL:** It was a complete surprise. I got a call out of the blue from an executive producer. That was just Colbert being a friend. I owe him for that. I was in Los Angeles doing some commercial work but nothing of great consequence. When they offered me a job as a *Daily Show* correspondent, my agent was on the fence because it required me to relocate to New York. At that time *The Daily Show* wasn't on anyone's radar. It was a very low-profile cable show.

**PLAYBOY:** Jon Stewart has joked he didn't trust your abilities in the beginning.

**CARELL:** I know. He's a real bastard for saying that. And yet I respect him for doing so.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did it take before you thought he was wrong?

**CARELL:** Oh, right away. As I recall, my first field piece was about a guy who ran a venom-research facility in Nebraska. That essentially meant he lived in a double-wide full of poisonous snakes. Also, for no apparent reason, he was an Elvis impersonator. This poor man had been bitten by snakes so many times, the nearest hospital refused to send an ambulance all the way to his home. Instead, they would just meet him halfway. He was a sweet guy, and I hope he's still with us.

**PLAYBOY:** As a correspondent, did you play a character or just a version of yourself?

**CARELL:** It was definitely a character. In the same way Stephen plays an arch-conservative, all the correspondents take on a slightly different persona.

**PLAYBOY:** So how would you describe the Steve Carell of *The Daily Show*?

**CARELL:** I always thought of him as someone who had been a network anchor but had since been demoted to working on a Comedy Central news show. He had a bad attitude about where he should be as opposed to where he was. It was an unspoken backstory, obviously.

**PLAYBOY:** At least during your first few years as a correspondent *The Daily Show* wasn't the satiric juggernaut it is today.

**CARELL:** That's true. The only people who recognized us were Starbucks baristas. For some reason our fan base was people who brew coffee professionally.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that frustrating, or did you prefer the relative obscurity?

**CARELL:** Oh, we never cared about being famous. It was great because we could get away with anything. Just after I was hired we covered a presidential debate in New Hampshire. No one knew who we were, what *The Daily Show* was, nothing. We were thrown into the press corps with actual credentials, and we had no idea what we were doing. We decided to ask the candidates questions from a stack of Trivial Pursuit cards we had brought with us. I remember Mo Rocca asked John McCain who Iceland's most famous female pop singer was, and without missing a beat McCain replied, "Björk." God, we had fun.

**PLAYBOY:** You retired from *The Daily Show* just as it was gaining credibility. Do you have any regrets about leaving?

**CARELL:** Actually, *The Daily Show* gained credibility because I left. The only bright side of leaving was I hated everyone

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*Stephen Colbert seems  
to be very intelligent on TV,  
but trust me, it's all smoke and  
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spell his own name. I got tired  
of carrying him.*

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involved with the show—Colbert, in particular. He seems to be very intelligent on TV, but trust me, it's all smoke and mirrors. Everything is written for him. His scripts need to be spelled out phonetically. I just got tired of carrying him. He has no idea what he's talking about. He can hardly spell his own name.

**PLAYBOY:** Will he enjoy your assessment of him?

**CARELL:** Maaaaaaybe. [laughs] Yes, Stephen and I are old friends. He is a lovely human being. I also enjoy his Ben & Jerry's ice cream flavor.

**PLAYBOY:** You worked with him long before *The Daily Show*, right? At the Second City theater in Chicago?

**CARELL:** That's right. We met at the Second City. He was my understudy for the main-stage show. In one scene I played the baritone horn, and he actually learned how to play it in a week. For somebody who had never played a brass instrument before, that's pretty impressive.

**PLAYBOY:** You played a wide range of characters at Second City, including a surprisingly kindhearted serial killer.

What inspired you to find the softer, gentler side of sociopaths?

**CARELL:** I don't know. I wrote that scene with Amy Sedaris, and we thought it would be fun to make audiences laugh and feel a little uncomfortable at the same time. She played a woman who runs into my character in the laundry room of our apartment complex, and when she finds out I'm a serial killer she teases me because I won't tell her how I murder people. She says...aw, I can't remember the line.

**PLAYBOY:** "I'm not going to steal your idea."

**CARELL:** [Laughs] Yeah, that was it. It was funny and sweet, but it was also a little disturbing. It's a scene with a lot of conflicting emotions. And I guess, in general, I'm just fascinated by that gray area. I like characters that can't be easily defined. You don't know whether you should like them or hate them. Because that's true in life. People aren't always what they seem. They're complicated. I don't think people are fundamentally good or bad. There are so many different shades of gray.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you come up with the idea for *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* at Second City?

**CARELL:** Not really. I mean, I did improvise something at Second City that was essentially the bare bones of what would become *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*. We tried it a few times during an improv set, but it never made it into a show. It was basically just a bunch of guys sitting around, regaling one another with these tales of sexual conquest, and one guy clearly can't keep up. Eventually it becomes obvious he's never had any kind of serious encounter with a woman. He says something like, "You know how when you touch a woman's breast, it feels like a big bag of sand?" The harder he tries to tell his own invented tale, the deeper he gets and the more he indicts himself.

**PLAYBOY:** That eventually became the poker scene in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*.

**CARELL:** That's right. When I ran into Judd Apatow on the *Anchorman* set—he produced the movie—he asked if I had any ideas and I told him, well, basically what I told you just now. He really liked the "big bag of sand" line. He said, "I could walk into a studio right now and sell the movie based on that line alone."

**PLAYBOY:** *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* could easily have been another forgettable, raunchy sex comedy. When you and Apatow were writing it, did you worry it might be too lowbrow?

**CARELL:** We didn't censor ourselves in any way. We weren't making it for a demographic. We just wanted to make something we thought was funny. We wanted to tell a human story about a guy who sort of slipped through the cracks.

**PLAYBOY:** Were there any battles with the studio for creative control?

**CARELL:** A few but nothing major. We



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did some test screenings, and we didn't always see eye to eye with the studio. There's only so much you can test, so much you can gauge by formulas. If you try to tailor a movie specifically to people's wants or desires, you're just taking a survey.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you and Apatow fight to save anything in the film?

**CARELL:** Well, there were some concerns about the chest-waxing scene.

**PLAYBOY:** The studio wanted to cut it?

**CARELL:** Not cut it but edit it down. They thought it dragged on for a little too long. But Judd and I figured the audience would ultimately enjoy the prolonged agonizing process.

**PLAYBOY:** Your agony during the chest waxing has become part of comedy lore. Did you fake any of your reaction?

**CARELL:** Not at all. It was all real pain. A lot of people still don't think it was real and assume it was just a special effect. People on the crew, especially women who had had some waxing done, came over to me and asked, "Do you want to take some ibuprofen? Or maybe trim your hair a little so it doesn't hurt as much?" I thought, No, it has to hurt. It has to be real. I did not heed their advice, and I was sorely mistaken.

**PLAYBOY:** Why is watching somebody in pain so inherently funny?

**CARELL:** What makes that scene funny has nothing to do with me. It's the three other guys. Paul Rudd, Seth Rogen and Romany Malco were so clearly uncomfortable with what they were seeing, and the comedy came out of their reactions. Romany got so disturbed that he had to leave the set. It was their sheer horror and disgust, tempered with the glee of watching another man in non-life-threatening pain. That will always be the perfect recipe for hilarity.

**PLAYBOY:** You may be the world's first method comedy actor.

**CARELL:** I'll take that as a compliment, but I don't necessarily think it's true. I can think of a bunch of comics who have endured various levels of discomfort. Look at somebody like Will Ferrell: He will do almost anything, sometimes at the expense of his physical well-being. Guys like Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton wouldn't think twice about putting their body in harm's way for the sake of a gag. Harold Lloyd lost a couple of fingers in search of laughs. I didn't even lose a nipple.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you survive your chest waxing without losing a nipple?

**CARELL:** I was very lucky. They put wax on my nipple without any oil, which is what you're supposed to use to protect the nipple from actually being detached. My waxer wasn't a professional. She was just an actress who said she had some experience with waxing, but obviously she hadn't. I came dangerously close to becoming...what would you call it? I'm sure this magazine has a word for

it. What would you call somebody who has just one nipple?

**PLAYBOY:** A mononipple?

**CARELL:** Yeah, something like that. Mononipplistic?

**PLAYBOY:** What's your chest-hair situation these days? Are you keeping it cleanly shorn?

**CARELL:** Not a chance. I'll never endure that again. And I don't think my wife would like it much either. When I came home after the shoot and she saw my chest, she was horrified. She thought my chest was smiling at her. She does not care for the man-o'-lantern.

**PLAYBOY:** Your wife, Nancy Walls, is also a comedian, formerly of *Saturday Night Live* and *The Daily Show*. What's the secret to a successful marriage between two comics?

**CARELL:** My wife probably makes me laugh harder than anyone else. We share the same sense of humor. When we read or watch something funny, we'll laugh at all the same parts. She's pretty easy on the eyes as well. I married up, that's for sure. We have a pretty normal life together. We have two kids, eat

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you can test, so much you can  
gauge by formulas. If you try  
to tailor a movie specifically  
to people's wants and desires,  
you're just taking a survey.*

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sloppy joes once a week and take trips to the mall and the zoo. It's a happy house but certainly not a zany, crazy, laugh-a-minute kind of existence. If anything, it's a diaper-changing, kid-chasing madhouse.

**PLAYBOY:** In your 2006 Golden Globe acceptance speech, which she wrote, you thanked her for putting her career on hold and enduring a painful labor. Was she really responsible for that speech?

**CARELL:** We came up with the idea together. Well, actually, I guess it was mostly her idea. I didn't think I had any chance of winning, but on the off chance that I did, I thought I should have something in my back pocket. I talked to Nancy about it, and she said, "You should just thank me. Forget everybody else. Just thank your wife." And it sort of snowballed from there.

**PLAYBOY:** You haven't won any acting awards since, but almost every movie you've appeared in over the past few years has been a hit. Are you feeling your star power yet?

**CARELL:** That's a dangerous way to think about yourself. If you start feeling your

power or even think you have any power at all, you run the risk of turning into a huge dick.

**PLAYBOY:** But you do have power now. You are aware of that, aren't you?

**CARELL:** [*Scrunches up his face*] I don't think so.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't like the idea of being a Hollywood celebrity with clout?

**CARELL:** That intimates you are somehow changing, you're not the same person you were before. I don't feel any different or assume anything now I didn't assume before. I don't want to be some asshole who expects the world to bend to his will just because he sold a few tickets at the multiplex. That said, I do love prostitutes.

**PLAYBOY:** You did flex some star power during the writers' strike. You were one of the first marquee-name actors who refused to cross the picket line. Was that frightening?

**CARELL:** Yeah, it was a little scary. But I just did what I thought was right. It gave me a chance to grow a beard for a while, which is always fun.

**PLAYBOY:** According to some rumors, you called NBC and said you couldn't show up for work because you had a "case of gigantic balls." Please tell us that actually happened.

**CARELL:** That was attributed to me, but I never said it. I wish I had said it, but it's far too clever for me to have come up with on my own.

**PLAYBOY:** The real question is, do you have gigantic balls?

**CARELL:** Not in terms of personal courage but in sheer physical volume, yes.

**PLAYBOY:** A few years ago you said your goal was to "become completely overexposed in the next nine months and then disappear in a fiery wreck of a career." That didn't work out for you, did it?

**CARELL:** Maybe I undershot it by saying nine months. But I'm still holding out for my eventual career demise. Obviously, I said that in jest, but there's an element of truth in it. I want to enjoy every second of my success, have fun with it and never take it for granted. At the same time, I don't want to worry too much about its ending or not working out.

**PLAYBOY:** But why jokingly predict the fiery wreck of your career? Is it a defense mechanism?

**CARELL:** Absolutely. I know that's what it is, because I'm naturally a glass-half-empty kind of person. Which is sort of sad in a way, too. I'm always waiting for the other shoe to drop, but it protects me from disappointment. The irony is, there's no way to truly protect yourself from being disappointed. No matter what you do, you're going to be disappointed.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a pretty grim personal philosophy. Does that come from years of struggling as an actor?

**CARELL:** It does. When I got into acting I knew I was going to be disappointed most of the time. I would be rejected



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more than accepted, and that's generally the case. So early on I decided I'd be happy with whatever success I could get. Even now, with whatever success I've apparently had, I don't buy into it. I'm happy about it, but I don't believe in it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why don't you believe it?

**CARELL:** It just seems so transient. It's something that passes through you, but you can't hold on to it. I don't think for a second my success will continue. If it does, fantastic. But if it doesn't, I want to be totally prepared and not let it shock me. I still have a contingency plan. If this acting thing doesn't pan out, I know what I'll do.

**PLAYBOY:** And what's that?

**CARELL:** I'll teach history at a prep school and maybe coach a sport. That has always been my backup plan.

**PLAYBOY:** You wouldn't miss all the attention?

**CARELL:** I worry more about my family than my acting career. I'd be more concerned about providing some kind of security for them than whether my face is up on some billboard or my TV show has the biggest ratings. If I didn't have a career anymore, that would just mean I would get to spend more time with them. If it all ends tomorrow, I have the best possible life in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any comic's career that you envy or would like to emulate?

**CARELL:** I certainly admire a lot of people's careers. I love guys like Steve Martin and Alan Arkin, but I'd never compare my career with theirs. I can't even talk about myself and Alan Arkin in the same sentence without feeling kind of foolish. I hold Alan and Steve in such high regard. I love their movies, and I'm constantly blown away by what they've accomplished. But using their careers as templates for my own seems pointless. I can't orchestrate my career like that. I'm just not that smart. I'm still surprised any of this happened to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, what did you expect?

**CARELL:** I didn't expect anything. I just hoped I would be able to make a living, support my family and afford college for my kids and a decent place to live. Aside from that, I didn't have any preconceived notions.

**PLAYBOY:** The way you talk about it, you sound like a working-class actor. You just go to your job in the morning and put in your hours.

**CARELL:** Because that's what it is. It's just a job. That's part of the reason I moved to Chicago when I was starting my career. I wanted to work. New York was way too competitive and too big a pond, as was Los Angeles. I figured in Chicago I might not make any money, but at least I would get some experience and learn something. It wasn't about being discovered or showcasing myself or trying to get somebody to notice me.

**PLAYBOY:** Even with everything that has happened, you're still convinced the odds are against you?

**CARELL:** That's because they are. It's a one-in-a-million shot that anybody has even a little success. So much is based on luck and timing. I know a lot of incredibly talented people who aren't working. There's no barometer for how something will turn out. You just have to leave it up to fate. You can't fight it, because if you do, you'll be frustrated, angry and bitter.

**PLAYBOY:** When you're in public, do you find people expect you to be funny all the time?

**CARELL:** No. And I hope you haven't expected that, because I clearly have not made this a very amusing interview. I can only imagine what people will think when they read this: Wooooow, that guy is dull. He must've been a gem to hang out with. As you can probably tell, I'm not someone who tends to be on. I don't perform. Well, frankly, I'm just not that funny. [laughs] I don't have much to say, and what I do say is ineloquent.

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*You're trying to get me to say something even slightly humorous so your readers aren't disappointed. Let me help you out. Readers, please stop reading this immediately.*

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**PLAYBOY:** Your humility does seem to be sincere.

**CARELL:** Ah, then you have fallen into my web of deceit and manipulation.

**PLAYBOY:** Marlon Brando didn't wear pants while shooting his last film. Are you at a point in your career where you could get away with something like that?

**CARELL:** I see what you're doing here, and it's not going to work. As this interview is clearly lacking any sort of levity, you're trying to get me to say something even slightly humorous so your readers aren't disappointed. "Wow, could Steve go into a little more depth about *Get Smart*? I really want to hear all about his character development to play Maxwell Smart." Let me help you out. Readers, please stop reading this interview immediately. There's nothing to see here. Please move along, thanks for your time, off you go.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you declining to answer the question?

**CARELL:** What was it again? Do I put oatmeal in my underwear while shooting a movie? You know, one of my act-

ing teachers in college told me about that trick. He said put things like oatmeal in your underwear before a performance because they will—you know, I don't really remember what the hell his reasoning was anymore. I think it was something about taking yourself out of your comfort zone and giving your mind something to occupy itself so you wouldn't overthink a character.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds like good advice. Have you ever tried it?

**CARELL:** No, I have never put oatmeal in my underwear.

**PLAYBOY:** That would be a great anecdote, though.

**CARELL:** If you'd like to claim I do that, by all means go ahead. You certainly have my permission to write that I haven't done a single episode of *The Office* without at least a few cups of fresh, warm oatmeal in my underwear. I'm sure the tabloids will pick up that story and run with it.

**PLAYBOY:** You have a reputation for being a sweet and respectful guy. We're going to give you a chance to say something mean-spirited.

**CARELL:** About whom?

**PLAYBOY:** About anybody you want. Surprise us and say something horrible, callous and unreasonably cruel.

**CARELL:** Hmm. Let's see. One horribly negative awful thing? [long pause] I'm trying to come up with something. It's tough. [another long pause] Does it have to be a person, or can it be an animal or object?

**PLAYBOY:** Whatever you want. Why in the world is this so difficult for you?

**CARELL:** I don't know. I'm thinking, I'm thinking. [another long pause] Okay, I'll go so far as to say this: Sometimes in the summer mosquitoes can get sort of annoying.

**PLAYBOY:** Wow. That's what you're gunning for? Mosquitoes?

**CARELL:** I hope I don't offend anyone in the mosquito lobby or mosquito-tolerance groups, but it needs to be said. I want to put a message out there that mosquitoes can be annoying. I'll even push this a little further and say I do not like mosquitoes.

**PLAYBOY:** We can't help but notice a slight hesitation in your voice.

**CARELL:** Well, my hesitation is that I know mosquitoes are just doing what they do naturally and it's no fault of their own. I know my blood is like nectar to them. I can't fault the mosquito. At the same time, I can't help but dislike them. Screw it, I'm just going to come out and say it: Mosquitoes are assholes.

**PLAYBOY:** We're proud of you, Steve. We didn't know you had it in you.

**CARELL:** [Laughs] I already feel kind of guilty. Is it too late to take it back?



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# THE BLACK

# KKK

**THUG LIFE IS KILLING BLACK AMERICA  
IT'S TIME TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT  
BY JASON WHITLOCK**

**I**f you're like me, you worry about the terrorists at home. You worry about the boys who turned your grandmama's neighborhood into a war zone, the ones who snuffed out NFL star Sean Taylor, leaving another black child fatherless, the people who invaded NBA forward Antoine Walker's home.

You accept that Osama bin Laden is a threat, but you know a toxic culture of self-hatred, indiscriminate violence and gang combat is the reality that disturbs your day-to-day existence. You realize it's not just a black thing. Mexicans experience the same problems. Even suburban white kids drift toward gangsta culture.

You wonder about the silence. A presidential debate is raging, and all the fuss is about who will be ready on day one to confront Al Qaeda. But the hypothetical three A.M. phone call that frightens you is the one with a policeman on the other end, telling you your son or daughter has been caught in the homegrown terrorism that pervades this nation.

How did we get here? How did we become so embarrassingly violent? How did black kids wearing white T-shirts learn to mimic the behavior of white men wearing white hoods? How did kids soldiering for the Mexican Mafia replace the Crips, Bloods and Gangster Disciples as the meanest

PAINTING BY PHIL HALE

ones on the block? And why are white kids so attracted to the hatred, disrespect and danger?

Welcome to Incarceration Nation. We're doing life, and no one seems interested in parole. To comprehend the price we pay for America's 40-year love affair with waging a drug war and locking up the users, hustlers and occasional kingpins, you have to spend time in California, the capital of Incarceration Nation, the first place to think it could lock its problems away.

I hit Los Angeles in early March of this year, a few days after a member of the Mexican 18th Street Gang gunned down a black high school football star three doors from his home, escalating already high black-brown tensions in the state. I came to Cali because its government is in crisis. Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger, frustrated with a budget that calls for \$9 billion of spending on corrections, would like to release 20,000 of the state's 180,000 prisoners. It's unlikely he'll be able to do so, because his power—like that of the two governors who preceded him—pales in comparison with the state's most influential lobby, the California Correctional Peace Officers Association. Prison guards run the state, and they have no interest in fewer bodies to supervise.

You can't understand how America came to jail more than 2.3 million of its citizens—a full one percent of its adult population—without examining how California went from having 24,000 inmates to 180,000 in little more than 30 years. And you can't fathom where we should go from here without spending time with Julian Mendoza. Until this moment I've only heard stories about him and the work he performs trying to defuse the hopeless culture that spills from our love of incarceration.

But here we are on an early Thursday evening, locked in a youth camp a few miles outside L.A. We're surrounded by 22 white chairs with 17 brown and black boys filling them. Mendoza, with words and a cool confidence, is tossing cups of water on a blaze of rebellion.

He teaches from an Amer-I-Can manual, the bible he has believed in for 16 years. He thinks it can help him persuade hardened gangbangers to pursue a positive lifestyle. A convert himself, Mendoza is a true believer. So much so that, at the risk of alienating his family, Mendoza crossed

Los Angeles's sometimes lethal Mexican-African American dividing line to become the leading facilitator and instructor in Amer-I-Can, which is NFL legend Jim Brown's grassroots prison- and gang-reform movement.

As the session begins I subconsciously and skeptically wish Mendoza luck. The scene is chaotic. From his open classroom you can see and hear female prison staffers barking orders as teenage boys shower and dress. Mendoza's congregation of the unconvinced struggles to maintain focus amid the distractions and the desire to say something tough or humorous.

Mendoza, 49, never blinks. He has driven to this facility a couple of times a week for more than a decade. He knows the obstacles. He recognizes the self-hatred. He refuses to surrender control. More than anything, he forces young boys yearning to gain a rep in their hoods and grown men doing life without to confront the emotion that controls their life. "Fear," he says. "That's why you're here. That's why you come back. That's why you won't change."

Mendoza offers that admonishment to the young inmates when he summarizes a discussion they had about a black man in the 1960s who respected the rules of segregation inside a movie theater long after the laws had been repealed. But Mendoza was really speaking to all of us.

Fear controls us. It has us surrendering our constitutional rights and incarcerating our countrymen at an insanely vicious and destructive rate. And fear won't even let us talk about it.

For the first time in our history we are seriously wrestling with the idea of electing a black man to the nation's highest office. But the cost of Barack Obama's candidacy is that he has to ignore the crisis crippling black and brown family

structures and cultures, savaging state government budgets and poisoning American society.

The mixed-race man who is best qualified on day one to fight domestic terrorism and explain to white America why it's in everybody's best interest to disarm, convert and rehabilitate the Crips, Bloods and Mexican Mafia members in our prisons hasn't addressed the topic, because he runs the risk of being labeled too nonwhite. "It's not the kind of issue he should focus on right now," says *(continued on page 122)*

## OFFENSE

Some black athletes are not role models; luckily a few are

BY ROCKY RAKOVIC

### Michael Vick



His pot habit was a victimless crime and didn't enhance his performance (unless you believe it slows down the game), but dog fighting is inexcusable. He could have been a Hall of Famer.

### Eddie Griffin



Quick stats: *Parade's* Player of the Year. Top 10 draft pick. Served 11 days in jail for shooting at his girlfriend. Repeatedly inebriated behind wheel. Killed by driving drunk into a freight train.

### Tank Johnson



Why does a millionaire need assault rifles? The police found two in Johnson's home. In another encounter, he yelled at a cop, "You ain't the only one with a Glock!"

### Jamaal Tinsley



The Pacers guard allegedly threatened to kill a bar manager. The local prosecutor cut Tinsley a deal. Think anyone off the street would have been able to walk away from that?

## DEFENSE

### Alonzo Mourning

1997: Sets up charity for families "in at-risk situations." 2001: Forms Zo's Fund for Life to raise money for degenerative-kidney-failure research. 2006: Helps found Athletes for Hope.



### Magic Johnson

He used his celebrity to shift opinions about HIV from being a "druggy and homosexual" virus to being a mainstream problem. His eponymous foundation also aids organizations that help inner-city kids.



### Warrick Dunn

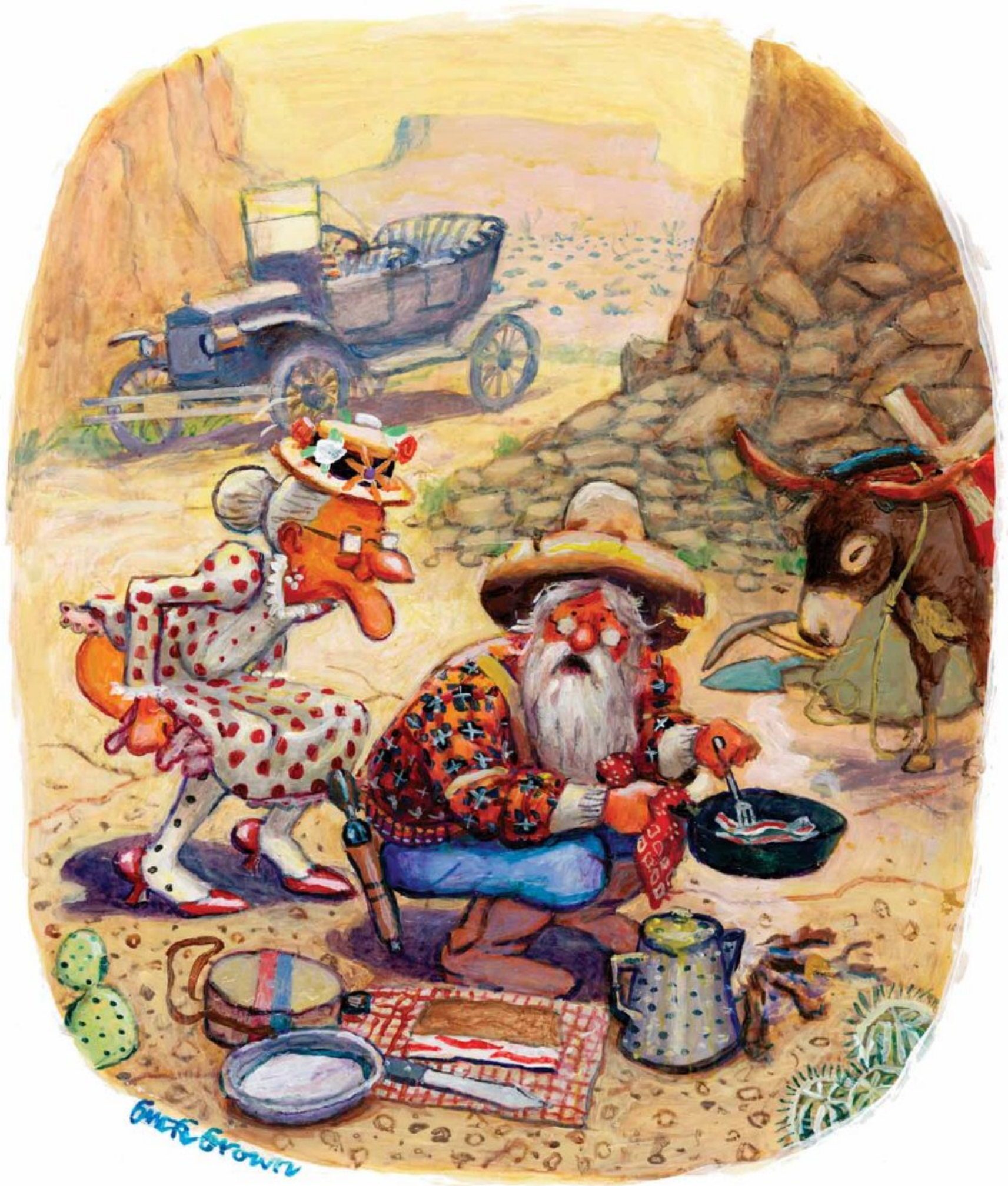
Dunn set up a charity in honor of his murdered mother to help single parents purchase homes. He also raised \$5 million from NFLers for Katrina victims and was part of founding Athletes for Hope.



### Shaquille O'Neal

Involved with many charities, including his Real Model Foundation and Shaq-A-Claus events, O'Neal also serves as a reserve police officer. He credits himself with one arrest—so far.





*"But I don't want to share your gold mine...!"*



# A NIGHT AT THE

*A French twist on the strip joint comes to Vegas*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK WILEN





# CRAZY HORSE

It was the early 1950s, and a man—some may say a genius—had a vision of the naked female form as high art. He followed his muse(s) to create an erotic aesthetic that is still thriving after more than half a century. That man was Alain Bernardin. (You were thinking of someone else?) In 1951 he founded Crazy Horse, a high-class Parisian girlie show that took its name from another of Bernardin's preoccupations, the American West. If you want to see Bernardin's flawless females, you no longer need to go to Paris—like so many other wonders of the world, Crazy Horse has set up shop in Vegas. And it's the real deal: All dancers appearing at the MGM Grand performed with the original troupe.





Planned down to the thread, the brief costumes suggest something familiar (say, a Buckingham Palace guard, as at top) while showing as much woman as possible. Lighting is similarly deferential—brushstrokes by a painter aware that his canvas was perfect untouched.



The dancers are all trained ballerinas, but Crazy Horse is better than the ballet in numerous ways. There's not a tutu in sight, and you won't find men in too-tight underwear onstage. Maybe a few in the audience but none onstage.



# FOLD

Today's collapsible wonders let you control how much space your stuff takes up, whether you live in a studio apartment or the Playboy Mansion

# HERE




▲ High-end speakers are often made of titanium, gold and diamonds. These are, ahem, not. Made by Muji, a Japanese company known for economical and environmentally friendly products, Cardboard Speakers (\$42 a pair, [momastore.com](http://momastore.com)) are the ultimate in no-frills audio. They are shipped flat, which reduces their carbon footprint even further. And they don't sound half bad, either.

▼ Bicycles are some of the most efficient devices ever created for converting human power to horsepower. Too bad they're grossly inefficient in the amount of space they consume. Dahon's Cadenza 8 (\$600, [dahon.com](http://dahon.com)) is a beefy full-size bike that collapses in just 10 seconds so you can stash it under your desk. Now all you need is a foldout shower.



By Scott Alexander

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI



● Most sunglasses fold up, but few achieve the Houdini-like flexibility of Persol's 0649 (\$300, [persol.com](http://persol.com)). Though they feel modern, their design dates to the late 1950s. Marcello Mastroianni rocks a pair in *Divorce Italian Style*, and they graced Steve McQueen's chiseled mug off the set. Your turn.



▲ Plasma screens are great, but they're not exactly mobile. Those who want to take the show to the backyard (or, better yet, the roof) are advised to pick up Open Air Cinema's CineBox 9x5 System (\$8,000, [openaircinema.us](http://openaircinema.us)), which comes complete with projector, speakers and inflatable nine-foot-by-five-foot screen—everything you need to host your own Coppola retrospective except Sonny, Fredo, Michael and a case of Barolo.





● Man must fish. Yet man must also avoid junking up his driveway or yard with a space-hogging boat. Snag a flat-folding Porta-Bote (from \$1,400, [porta-bote.com](http://porta-bote.com)) and you'll be able to keep an eight- to 14-foot launch under your bed. Just add water (and, if you're like us, an outboard motor) and you'll be dining on lake trout in no time.

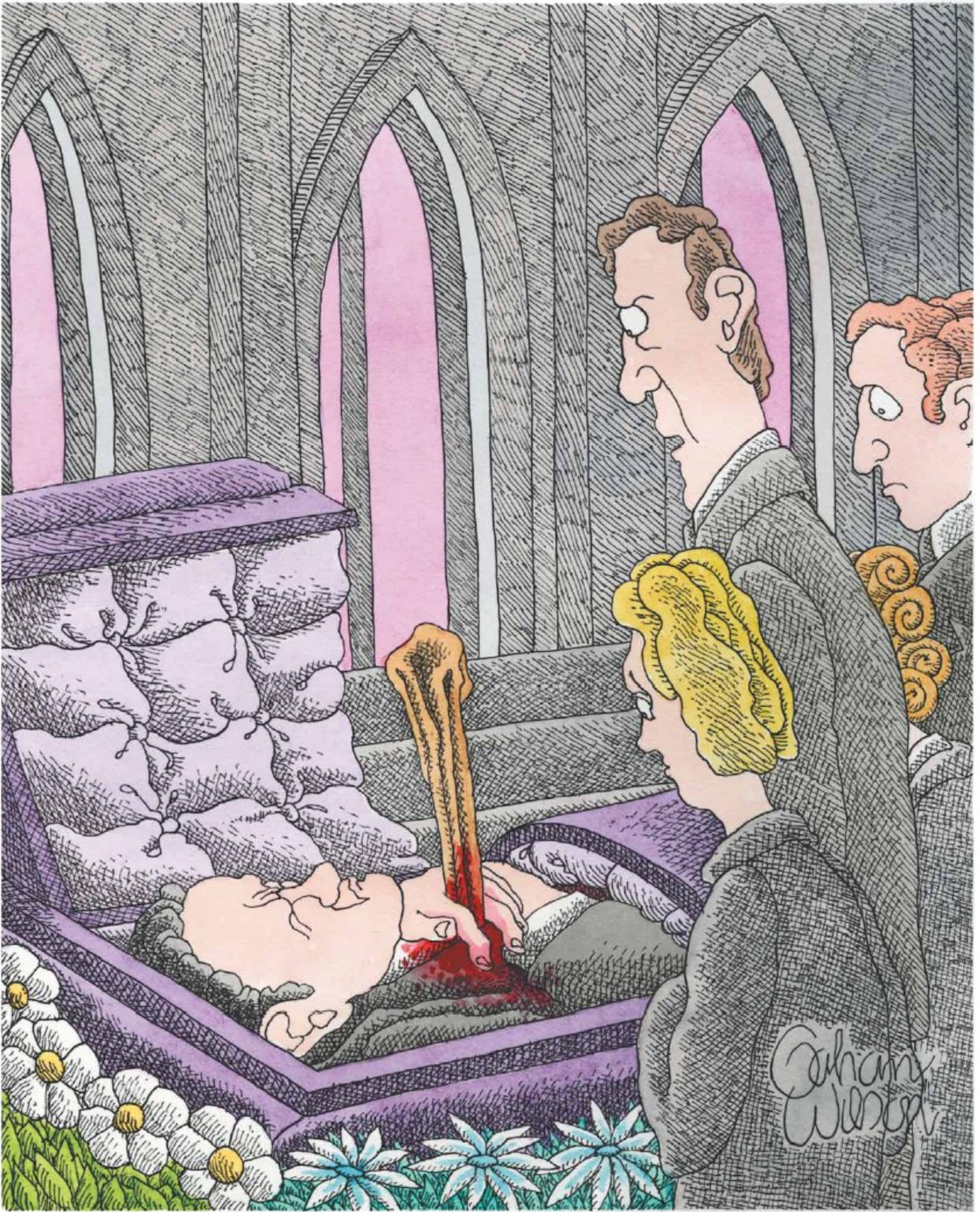


● Old Murphy gets a face-lift with the Desk Bed (\$5,400, [flyingbeds.com](http://flyingbeds.com)), which gives new meaning to the phrase "sleeping on the job." Its cleverly hinged work surface and shelves pivot as you lower the mattress, so you don't have to schlep all your stuff out of the way once work time's over and playtime's ready to begin.



● If God had meant for us to type with our thumbs, she would have made the alphabet shorter—which is to say, phone keyboards suck. G-Tech's Wireless Fabric Keyboard (\$100, [g-techworld.com](http://g-techworld.com)) gives you all the room you need for your hands to think, plus the simplicity of a wireless Bluetooth connection.





*"Who'd have thought old Harry would turn out to be a vampire?"*

# CARLA

# BRUNI



## The French commander in chief's woman

On February 2 French president Nicolas Sarkozy wed model and musician Carla Bruni. With this act, he gave France undisputed claim to the sexiest first lady on the planet. Less than two months earlier she and Sarkozy had been spotted strolling the grounds of the palace at Versailles. At the same time, she was on the cover of French *Elle*, looking like a tan and arguably prettier Kate Moss, playing a piano and wearing what can be described only as hot pants. Born in Italy and raised in France, Bruni was one of the highest-paid supermodels of her era. In 1998, her last full year of modeling, she earned \$7.5 million, according to *Business Age*. The French president is just one of the famous men who have fallen for her over the years; her conquests are said to include Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, Kevin Costner and Donald Trump. Her two albums of breathy chanteusery, *Quelqu'un M'a Dit* (2003) and *No Promises* (2007), have been unqualified successes, the latter topping the French charts months before she and Sarko had even met. Some see the president's penchant for beachcombing with the new missus as showboating. To paraphrase a different leader's glamorous lady: Let them eat their hearts out.

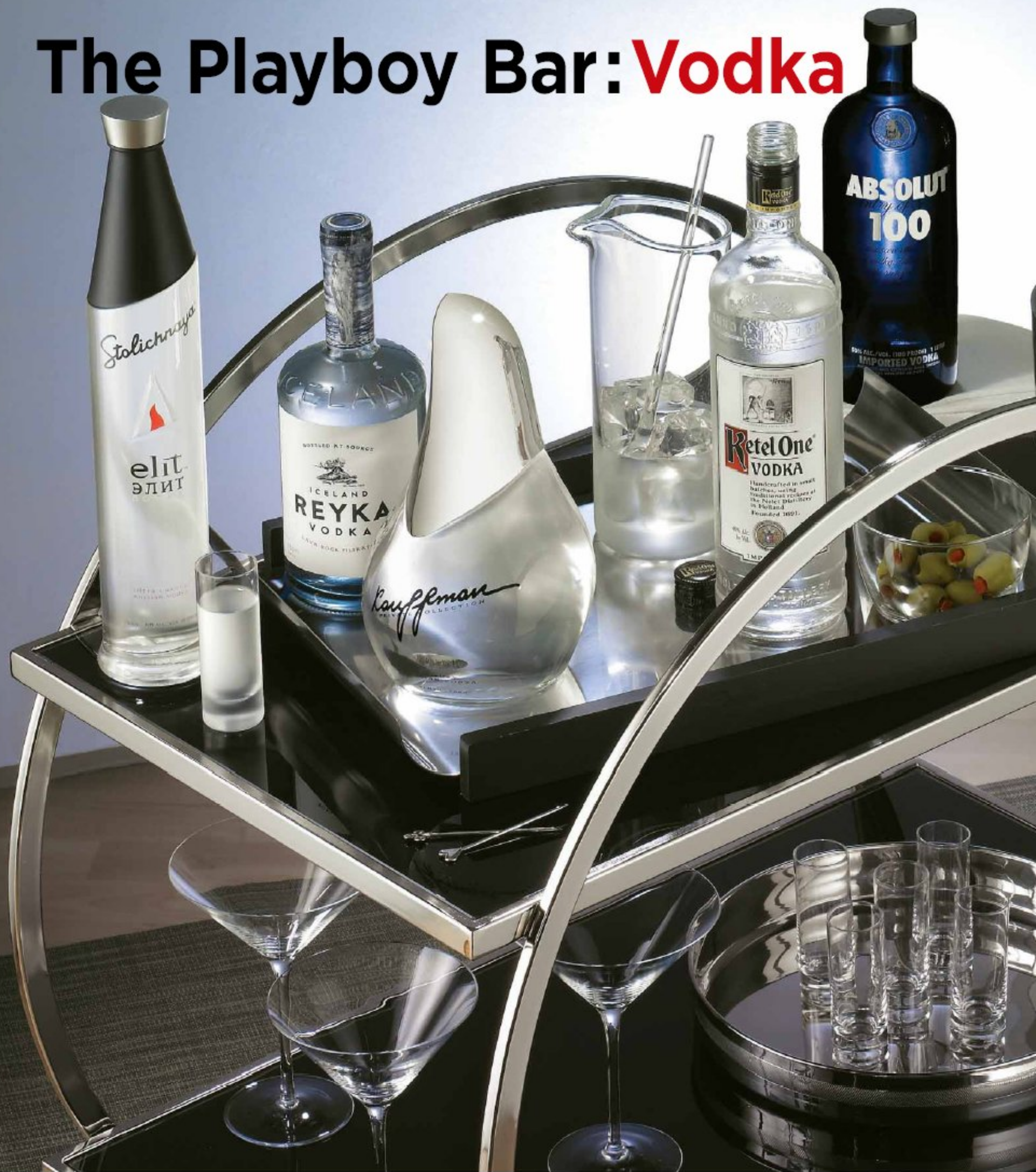


*Vouslez-vous regner avec moi?* She's the most visible European first lady, but we won't see as much of Carla as she showed on the catwalk.





# The Playboy Bar: **Vodka**



## **BEST SHOT**

You never know when a friend, or an enemy, will stop by. We recommend keeping a vodka bottle and two shot glasses in the freezer at all times. For a smooth, velvety throwback, spend the extra few bucks on Stoli Elit (\$60). It's made in Russia from wheat and rye and distilled four times.

## **MIXED DRINKS**

When it comes to mixed drinks, the pros agree: You need quality booze but not expensive booze. We use Absolut 100 (\$30)—Swedish grain vodka, 100 proof for an extra kick. The finest mixers—fresh juices, high-end tonic—result in a drink that's greater than the sum of its parts.

## **OUR VODKA MARTINI**

Cheap vodka in a martini? May as well stir it with a hot dog. We like Ketel One (\$25), straight up with olives or even a Tomolive (a pickled green tomato). Special occasion? Try a martini with Kauffman Vintage (\$250), a Russian vodka made only in years when the wheat crop is deemed superb.

**Vodka is the bar's great paradox. We call it the spirit that wasn't there: The less you notice its taste, the finer it's considered to be. Join us as we raise a glass to the clear leader, America's most popular liquor**

## The Juice on the Juice

**U**nlike all other liquors, which are made in specific places with local ingredients according to age-old traditions, vodka can be made anywhere out of anything—grain, potatoes, beets, grapes, even sugarcane. You could probably wring it out of your favorite old sweater. It's nothing but watered-down ethyl alcohol, and it can flow straight from the still to your glass, no aging necessary. Hang around bars enough and you'll find old men who remember when vodka was introduced to this country from Russia in the 1930s. Smirnoff was the first (slogan: Smirnoff White Whiskey—No Smell, No Taste). Today vodka is America's most guzzled spirit. It's the denim jeans of liquor—easy to slip into and goes with almost anything (especially your favorite old sweater). Answers to a couple of FAQs: Yes, quality vodka contains fewer esters than whiskey, which means less Advil in the morning. No, it doesn't work well in a Molotov cocktail.

### **For him**

#### **Bloody Mary**

Recipe from New York's St. Regis Hotel, where this staple was first served in the U.S.

2 oz. vodka  
4 to 5 oz. tomato juice  
3 to 4 dashes Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce  
2 to 4 dashes Tabasco sauce

1/3 tsp. celery salt

Pinch black pepper

Pinch white pepper

Juice of a quarter of a lemon

Pour vodka over ice in a highball glass. Shake the remaining ingredients with ice and strain into the glass. Garnish with a lemon wedge.

### **For her**

#### **Vodka Peach Iced Tea**

Created by Jason Ashe of Ava lounge at the Dream Hotel, New York.

2 oz. fresh-brewed unsweetened iced tea

1 1/2 oz. peach vodka

1/2 oz. peach liqueur

Place all ingredients in a shaker

and strain into a martini glass.

Garnish with a fresh peach slice.

### **For the party**

#### **Vodka Punch**

Courtesy of Jonathan Pogash of the World Bar at Trump World Tower, New York. Serves 15 to 20.

1 750 ml. bottle vodka  
12 oz. passion-fruit juice  
12 oz. cranberry juice  
Juice of 5 lemons

1/2 cup superfine sugar

12 oz. Moët & Chandon White

Star Champagne

Lime, lemon and orange slices

Combine all the above in a punch bowl with ice cubes. Stir well, making sure all the sugar has dissolved. Serve in punch glasses.

### **THE LATEST BUZZ**

A unique bottle is always a good icebreaker. She's never heard of Reyka (\$26)? Well, it's grain vodka made from pure glacial water, distilled using geothermal heat in the tiny Icelandic village of Borgarnes and filtered over 4,000-year-old lava rock. Splash of tonic?

### **HOW THE RUSSIANS DO IT**

"No cocktails. Straight up. Neat. No rocks. Bottoms up. After finishing the vodka, put the shot glass upside down on the table to show that not a single drop has been wasted. Russians never pour vodka into their own glass; pour it for your friends but not for yourself. If you pour a glass to overflowing, you will have a full life. Russians never drink without a toast. We say, 'Za zdorovye' ('To health'). Russians never leave any vodka on the table. They finish it, and all the empty bottles go under the table." —Roman Kaplan, owner, Russian Samovar, New York

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GOING GREEN MEANS SACRIFICE. FOR TWO BORED BABY BOOMERS IT ALSO MEANS MORE SEX

BY JANE SMILEY

One thing Mary Lou Harris-DeLong could not understand about her husband, Dave, was his reluctance to make any changes at all to their household infrastructure. First and foremost, there were the spiral lightbulbs. Mary Lou bought the daylight, the soft white and the traditional greenish, a dozen of each from Costco at a good price, and she screwed one of them into the lamp on Dave's bedside table. That night, about five minutes into reading his book about a man who spent a year living according to all the rules in the Old Testament, Dave looked up, and then looked at his lamp. He said, more or less to himself, "What's wrong with that

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI





thing?" and then he peeked under the shade. He turned to Mary Lou, openly scowling. "You changed the bulb!"

"It took you five minutes to notice."

"Only because I would never have thought you could be so sneaky. It was sheer disbelief that prevented me from noticing."

Irritated at this blatant excuse, Mary Lou snapped, "Well, spank me! You voted for Al Gore! It's been seven years——"

He spanked her, hard, square on the right cheek of her ass, which was turned toward him in the bed (Mary Lou had been reading too—Vasily Grossman about Stalin). It hurt. Mary Lou hadn't been spanked in many decades. She whipped up her nightgown. She exclaimed, "I can't believe you did that! The skin's all red!"

"It's not red." He looked a little abashed.

"It's red." She smoothed her hand over the spot, which had nearly, but not quite, stopped stinging, pulled down her nightgown and ostentatiously went back to her book. It was the Second World War, in Russia. People were starving.

The room was quiet for what seemed like a long time.

Dave said, "Sorry."

Mary Lou said, "Don't be sorry. Just don't change the lightbulb."

He didn't change the lightbulb.

Instead, he woke her up in the middle of the night with an erection that meant business. By the time she was fully conscious, she could already hear the sound of him smoothing the Astroglide over it, a sound she always found arousing. She stretched and sighed, to indicate she was awake, and he entered her right then, from behind, his right hand partially covering the spot that suddenly tingled from the spank. The moon was shining in the window; the weather was nice enough so that they were using neither the central heating nor the air-conditioning. The worst that could be said about their carbon footprint was that all of their turned-off appliances and digital clocks were drawing a few standby watts. His erection was extra-firm and piercing in a way that Mary Lou liked, all too rare these days. In the morning she changed all of the incandescent lightbulbs, putting the traditional greenish in out-of-the-way sockets, the soft whites next to armchairs and above tables and the outdoor models near windows and doors. Dave didn't object, and, in fact, about a week later, he mentioned that the soft whites weren't bad at all. She overheard him say it to his sister on the phone.

The thing with the shopping bags started simply enough. One day, she was at the Safeway, and she realized after the groceries were checked through that she had left the bags in the car. The line behind her was a long one, and so, rather than run out to the car for her bags or send Dave out to the car (Dave was thumbing through a magazine), she said to the checker, "Just give me a couple of those black shopping bags. They're only, what, a buck apiece? That's a dime in 1960 dollars." This was one of Dave's favorite concepts—whenever something seemed expensive, you divided the cost by 10 and thought about that amount. Some things then seemed cheap (underwear, T-shirts), other things then seemed expensive (a pack of cigarettes, though neither of them had smoked in 10 years). If it was worth what you would have paid in 1960 dollars, then——

He looked up from his magazine and said, "You have 20 of those things already."

"You can put these in your car."

"I don't want them in my car. I never remember them."

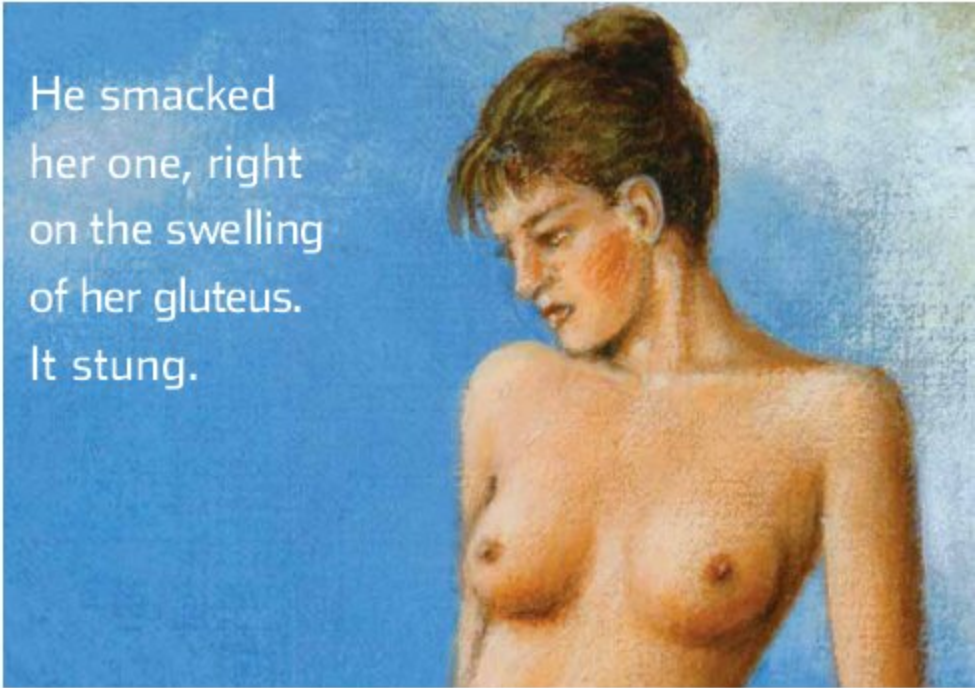
"Then," she had an idea, "keep buying them until you do. It would be a mnemonic device." She spoke lightly.

The checker packed the groceries, and he carried one bag to the car. She carried the other. Same when they got home—he carried in one, she carried in the other. He was still annoyed. She could tell by the way he slammed the cupboard doors a bit when he was putting away the whole wheat-flaxseed pasta and the canned tomatoes. He muttered to himself, "I don't see...."

So she turned her back to him, set her feet a little wide and

bent forward slightly. Then she unzipped her jeans and pulled them down, and her underpants, too. She made herself not look around. When he had finished arranging the boxes in the cupboard, he slammed the door one last time. There was a moment of silence, an intake of breath followed by a laugh. It was a laugh, actually cheerful. Then he smacked her one, right on the swelling of her gluteus. It stung and knocked her off balance a bit, but she kept her feet. Then he carried the bags—those and a few others that were lying on the counter—out to the car. She pulled up her jeans and watched him out the window. He put four bags in her car and two bags in his own. He was in a good mood for the rest of the day.

Dave was a clean guy. Her own nose was a perfect index to his cleanliness—there was no other man she had ever known who didn't stink sometimes, at least to her. But Dave never did. She had always seen this as a virtue to be cherished. Now, though, she came to feel that such a clean person did not need to wash his clothes every time he wore them—even, come to think of it, his shorts. One day, she went through the laundry basket and pulled out everything he had thrown



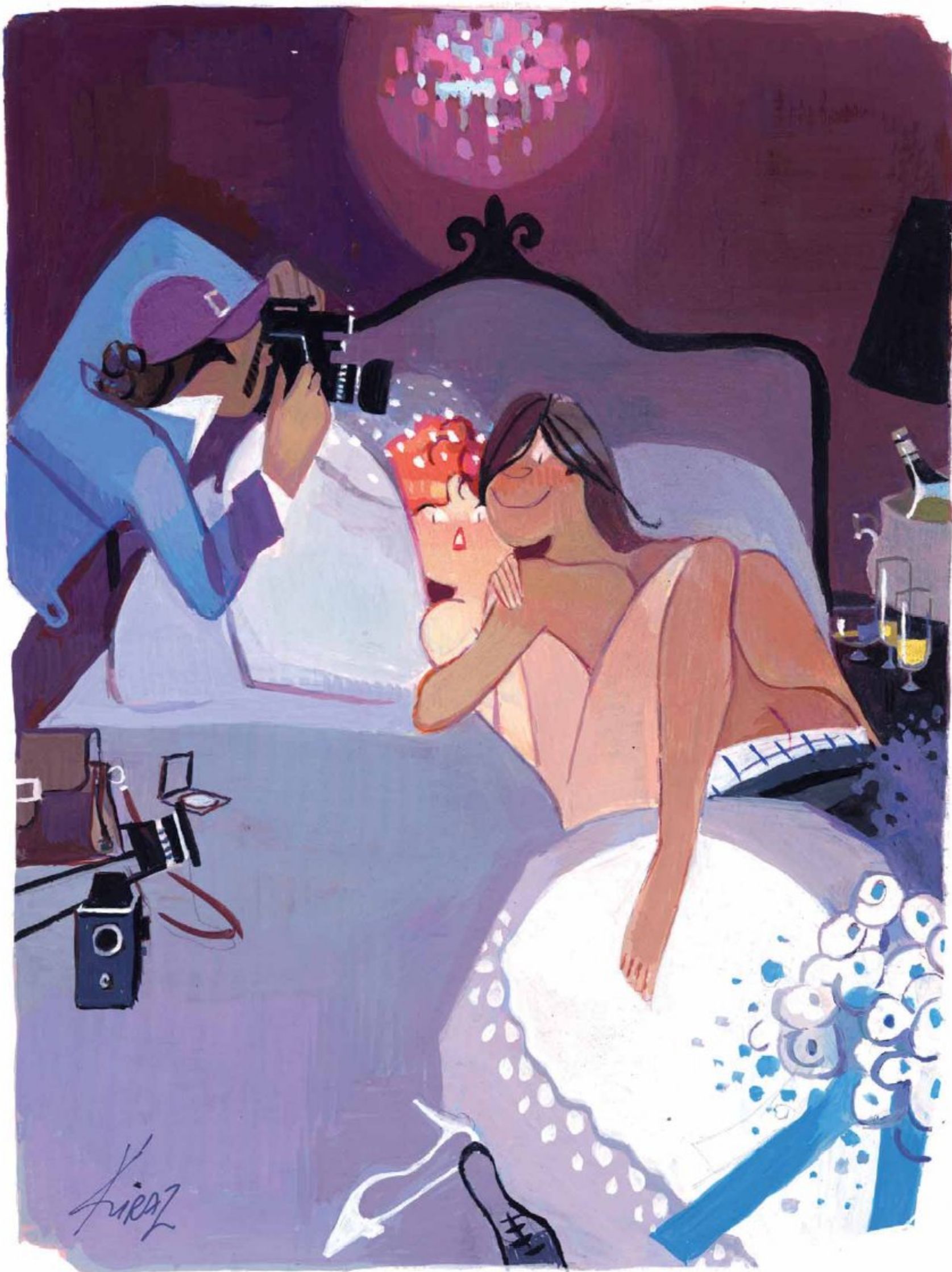
He smacked  
her one, right  
on the swelling  
of her gluteus.  
It stung.

in there. It was as if he had taken each thing off the shelf, crumpled it up and tossed it in the basket. Day by day, as he threw clothes into the basket and took showers, she grew more preoccupied with his water usage. And toothbrushing! He left the water on *while* he was brushing. She walked past him one morning, turned it off, and he took a swipe at her. She ran into the bedroom, and he followed, toothbrush in hand. She lifted her shirt and waggled her breasts at him, so he set down his toothbrush right there and they fucked like mad, laughing the whole time, though he was late for work. After that, he remembered to turn off the water while he was brushing. Still, the clothes—it was hard to broach the subject of the clothes. Dave's mother was just the same way—no cats on the furniture, shoes off in the house and every cloth napkin washed after a single use. It took an article about a global-warming guru to give her that last bit of gumption: She read that this man, who lived in Colorado, had built himself a house with a large glass-block-enclosed central atrium, and there he hung his laundry (himself, apparently). That very night, as Dave was yet again filling the laundry basket, she said, mildly, "You could wear some of that again. All of it, really."

He pulled his head out of his T-shirt. He said, "Make an offer."

"Socks, French kiss each, T-shirt, a little frottage. Umm, shorts...." She held her hand out for his shorts. He handed them to her. They weren't even wrinkled, much less smelly. She said, "Blow job for the shorts, but you have to wear them two more days." *(continued on page 129)*





*"I thought you asked the photographer to just cover the ceremony."*



# *The Write Stuff*

Miss June Juliette Fretté explains why posing is liberating



**W**hy is a feminist posing for PLAYBOY—again? When I was asked that question after I posed for the *Girls of the Pac 10* pictorial in 2005, for various Special Editions and as Coed of the Month in 2006, I used the excuse that I was working on my women's-studies honors thesis at UCLA. It was a project called "Posing for PLAYBOY From a Feminist Perspective: How Media Images Impact Women's Empowerment." I planned to expand the thesis into a book upon graduation. Although some of my friends and family were unhappy I had posed and my sorority, Kappa Delta, placed me on national probation for mak-

ing this perfectly legal choice, it wasn't for or because of them that I clung to this excuse. It was more out of a fear of facing up to my decision. I even went through a period after graduation when I tried to escape the big-breasted blonde stereotype by dyeing my hair. But eventually I realized I was happier as a light, bright blonde who happens to be big-breasted—and that I wanted to work with PLAYBOY again.

But would I still be a feminist? Although the term is often deemed to be synonymous with *man hater*, a real feminist is anything but a man hater, and I, for one, am definitely a man lover.

A real feminist believes in (text concluded on [page 128](#))







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





MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Juste frotte

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Juliette Frette*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Juliette Fretté

BUST: 34D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 100

BIRTH DATE: 12/25/83 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Clara, California

AMBITIONS: Ballistic joy and progress: squeezing every ounce of possibility and insanity into my experience.

TURN-ONS: Adventure, intrigue, inspiration, insatiability, mystery, humor, integrity, loyalty, courage, sensuality.

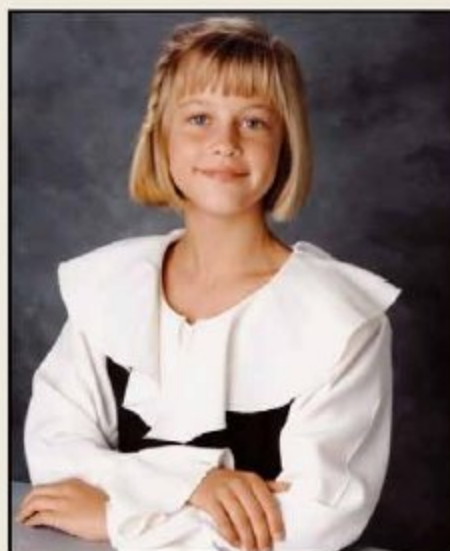
TURNOFFS: Infidelity, arrogance, pessimism, bad judgment, irresponsibility, extreme moodiness and "being a pussy." ;)

A WOMAN I ADMIRE AND WHY: Geez, where do I begin? How about J.K. Rowling for being such a genius. And who doesn't like Oprah?

MY PET: An extraordinary obnoxious shrieking cockatiel named Isis.

WAYS I KEEP SPIRITUALLY GROUNDED: Surrounding myself with inspiring, nurturing people; immersing myself in nature; self-acceptance.

WHY ART IS MY PASSION: Art (whether painting, writing or otherwise) is a spark of the divine in creation ~ a spontaneous channeling of yet another facet of the universe.



Feeble attempt at being a ballerina!

For some reason, I really liked this outfit....

Me in Botswana at the age of 16.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** man ran into his dermatologist at a bar. "Did that mud pack I gave you improve your wife's appearance?" the dermatologist asked.

"It sure did," the man replied, "but it keeps falling off."

**T**he day before his wedding a young man asked his dad if he had any fatherly advice to give.

"Just two things," the father said. "First off, tell her you must have one night a week to go out with the boys."

"And what's the other one?" the son asked.

His father replied, "Don't waste it on the boys."



**H**ow did the human race come about?" a child asked her mother.

The mother answered, "God made Adam and Eve, and they had children and so all mankind was made."

Two days later she asked her father the same question. The father answered, "Many years ago there were monkeys, and we evolved from them."

The confused girl returned to her mother and said, "Mom, how is it possible that you told me the human race was created by God and Papa says we developed from monkeys?"

"Well, dear, it's very simple," the mother answered. "I told you about the origin of my side of the family, and your father told you about his."

**I** have to be very careful not to get pregnant," a woman told her friend.

"I don't understand," said the friend. "I thought your husband had a vasectomy."

The woman answered, "Precisely."

**A** guy got a call from his doctor telling him to come to his office right away. The doctor said the patient's tests had come back from the lab and he had some bad news and some terrible news.

"The report says you have 24 hours to live," the doctor said. "The terrible news is I forgot to call you yesterday."

**I** am" is one of the shortest sentences in the English language. "I do" is the longest.

**A** couple at a high school reunion was gawking at a drunken woman swigging her drink alone at a nearby table. "Do you know her?" the wife asked.

"Yes," the husband sighed. "She's my old girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" said the wife. "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?"

**V**irginity is like a bubble: One prick and it's gone.

**M**om, I want you to teach me how to make my new husband happy," a young bride said to her mother.

The mother took a deep breath and began, "When two people honor and respect each other, love can be a very beautiful thing—"

"I know how to fuck," the bride interrupted. "I'm asking for your lasagna recipe."

**A**fter a man told his wife black underwear turned him on, she decided not to wash his boxers anymore.



**T**here is a new card on the market for guys who forget their wedding anniversary. It's small, personalized and maxes out at \$5,000.

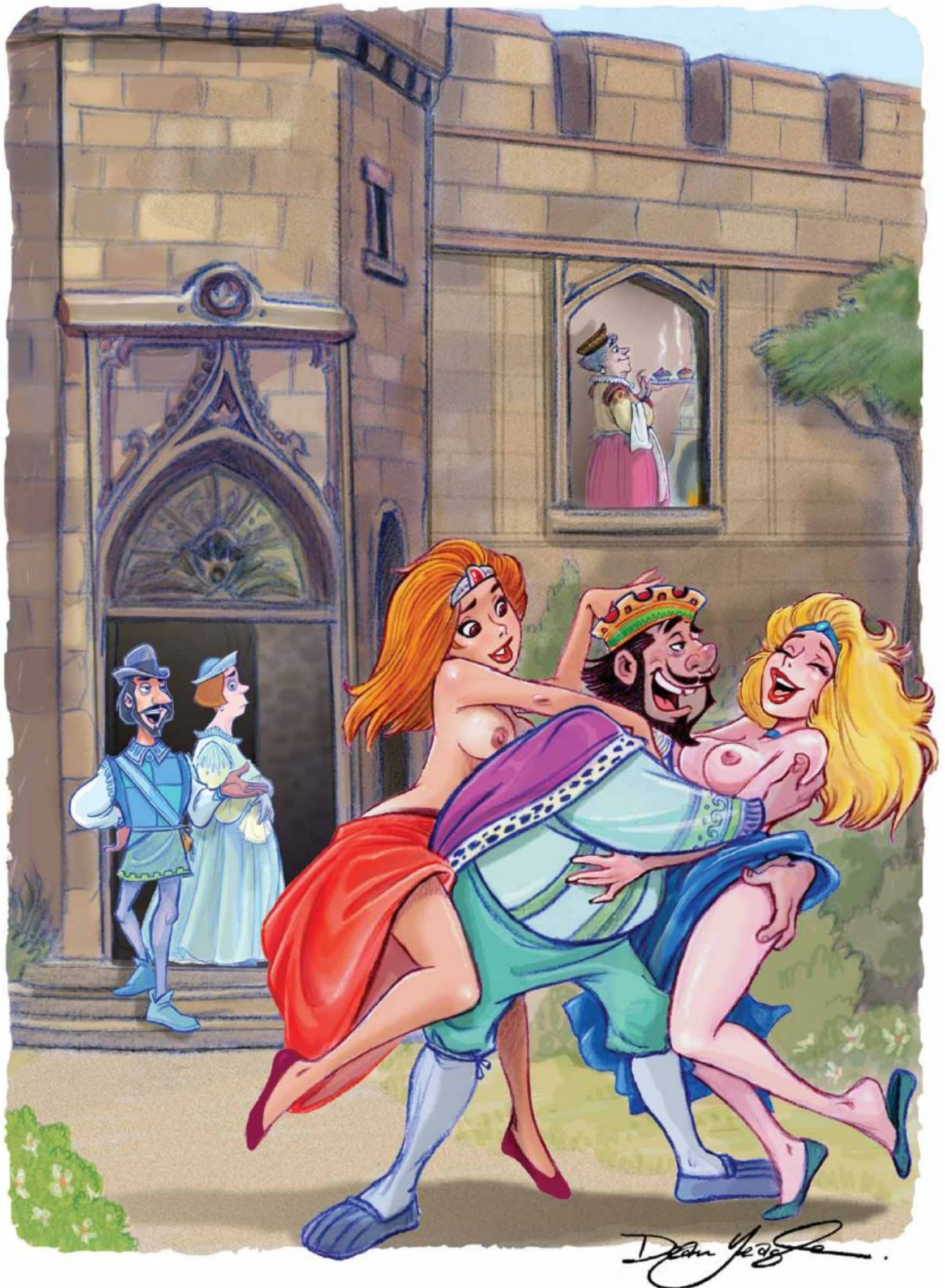
**A** man was sitting on a park bench, reading a newspaper. Suddenly he threw the paper to the ground and yelled, "All politicians are assholes."

The man sitting next to him in a finely pressed suit said, "I take offense at that!"

"Why?" the first man asked. "Are you a politician?"

"No," he replied, "I'm an asshole."

*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.*



*"It's the same every Wednesday...the queen makes tarts in the kitchen while the king is making tarts in the garden!"*

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# THE END OF NEWSPAPERS

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**IN OUR ONLINE ERA, NEWSPAPERS ARE FINISHED, RIGHT? THE NEW NEWS BARONS SEE OPPORTUNITY WHERE OTHERS SEE COLLAPSE**

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**T**he thud that announces the delivery of the daily newspaper is neither an ancient nor a sacred sound, but it used to be essential to the American morning. Your parents, like their parents and grandparents before them, took part in the ritualistic scrutiny of the paper. The headlines, photographs and pages of print engaged everyone according to his or her own interests. Maybe your father took the whole thing and released it only after he was finished. If the paper was large enough, maybe your family came together to divvy up the sections—news, business, entertainment, sports, gossip, comics and classifieds. The reason newspapers have been so much a part of American life is simple: We have demanded it. Of all the things they could do each day, millions of people chose to spend a few cents to get their hands on a copy and strain their eyes reading it. As commodities go, it's hard to find a better value: A newspaper's business model revolves around advertisers, and advertising revenue effectively subsidizes both the journalism and the cost of consuming it.

Historically, this arrangement served just about everyone. Though the press has been far from perfect, U.S. citizens have long enjoyed relatively high-quality reporting, distinctive for its boots-on-the-ground coverage of local affairs and city life. For generations, small and large businesses were so pleased by the return on newspaper ads that they continued



**BY ERIC  
KLINENBERG**

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to place them even as prices rose. From Hearst and Pulitzer to Murdoch and Sulzberger, newspaper owners made out best of all, building fortunes and even empires from the generous profits and impressive powers rewarded to those who control the press. Great newspaper corporations didn't print money, but they came pretty close.

Today, however, it's hard not to believe the end is near. Consider what happened in late July 2007, when the Tribune Company reported its earnings were down, with net income for the quarter off 59 percent from the previous year's and revenue down \$100 mil-

lion. Under normal circumstances these kinds of numbers would be bad news for a publicly traded company, often followed by abrupt retirements and calls for strategic change. But investors had a strange reaction: The news actually increased demand for Tribune stock. **TRIBUNE CO.'S SHARES SOAR**, one headline read, and by day's end the company—the nation's second-largest newspaper chain and the only corporation to own daily papers and broadcast-television stations in New York City, Los Angeles and Chicago—had gained hundreds of millions in value. According to news reports, Tribune's accounting statement generated "investor optimism" and "renewed confidence," particularly about the status of real estate magnate Sam Zell's bid to buy the company. "It's not as bad as I thought it would be," said Benchmark Company media analyst Edward Atorino, who anticipated steep drops in revenue as advertisers moved online and newspaper companies continued to fight to keep market share. There is only one reason a 60 percent drop in earnings sends a stock rising: Investors expected worse.

Recently a few big-name businessmen have questioned the accepted wisdom. They wonder whether analysts are so focused on short-term performance they don't see the newspaper industry's durable strengths. In the past two years, Jack Welch tried to buy *The Boston Globe*, Maurice "Hank" Greenberg made a run at *The New York Times*, Ron Burkle, Eli



Broad and David Geffen vied for the *Los Angeles Times*, and Brian Tierney purchased Philadelphia's *Inquirer* and *Daily News*. Then there are the real titans: Zell used an employee stock-ownership plan to finance his takeover of Tribune Company, and Rupert Murdoch, who spent \$5 billion for Dow Jones (which publishes *The Wall Street Journal*), tells **PLAYBOY** he took over "a great newspaper, which we intend to make even greater. We believe we'll expand its circulation both on the web and in hard copy." (See "A Few Words With Rupert Murdoch" at right.)

The Cassandras are not impressed. They say Murdoch is *sui generis*. Dow Jones immediately becomes the anchor of the baron's global media business, and after 2012, when Dow Jones's exclusive arrangement with CNBC expires, it will supply valuable content to the new Fox Business Network. "He got a great bargain," entrepreneur Mark Cuban told *Portfolio*. "The *WSJ* brand can be applied to all his business operations. The Fox Business Network

## WHAT DO MEN LIKE MURDOCH, ZELL, WELCH, BURKLE AND GEFEN SEE IN THE BLEAK NEWSPAPER BUSINESS?

can be the *Wall Street Journal* channel and gain immediate credibility."

Zell took a greater gamble, albeit with less potential downside. His genius was managing to acquire an \$8.2 billion media conglomerate with only \$315 million of his own considerable fortune, leveraging the rest on huge loans (by the close of the deal Tribune's debt was around \$13 billion) and the retirement accounts of Tribune employees. If the company revives, Zell adds to his ledger and his legend. If it fails, he won't feel too much pain.

The others are a different story. PaidContent.org derided them as "bored billionaires." *Business Week*'s Jon Fine lampooned them as vain fools who discovered "there is no easier way for a rich dude to get his name in the paper than to announce he wants to buy it." *Vanity Fair*'s Michael Wolff called them egomaniacs with "a nostalgic idea about dominance" in their hometowns and speculated that "maybe none know what they would be getting into."

After all, who but a self-involved billionaire has not heard the death knell for newspapers? (continued on page 142)



## A Few Words With Rupert Murdoch

**PLAYBOY:** Is print dead?

**MURDOCH:** No, I don't for a minute believe it's dead. It's got a great future. Newspapers will change, but the business model is a good one. It's a great brand and an essential part of a community. Maybe we're getting to the point where you can drop the word *paper*. It can come out on paper, it can come out on the Internet, it can come out any number of ways, but it will be under your brand.

**PLAYBOY:** People who buy newspaper companies are said to be foolish, vain or megalomaniacal. You're considered an exception because with Dow Jones you bought a brand and a source of content, not a newspaper. Is that valid?

**MURDOCH:** Absolutely. I bought a brand, and I bought the newspaper that goes with it, which is a great newspaper. But it's a national newspaper and a niche newspaper, if you like. It will sell to 2 million of the most influential people in the country. A lot of newspapers will have to put out more editions and look after each niche in their community and involve readers more. Young readers today want to write themselves—they want to take part in the process.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the future brighter for the large metro papers or those serving smaller markets?

**MURDOCH:** I think it will be easier for the large ones.

**PLAYBOY:** That's contrary to the received wisdom, correct?

**MURDOCH:** Right. But I think they will have to editorialize in different ways for the people in their communities. With small newspapers, that gets very expensive compared with the size of the paper.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the current newspaper blight structural or cyclical?

**MURDOCH:** I think it's mainly cyclical. There is a structural aspect, let's face it. Ordinary classified advertising has been a river of money for a lot of papers. It was a monopoly for newspapers—luckily, none of mine. A lot of that business is going to the web. There are ways to fight some of it, but

some of the classified revenue is gone.

**PLAYBOY:** One newspaper executive told us, "If by the year 2011 our industry is getting 50 percent of its profits online, Wall Street will love our business." That's in three years. Is that a reasonable period to expect some sort of adjustment?

**MURDOCH:** I think it's a little optimistic.

**PLAYBOY:** What would be a more reasonable projection?

**MURDOCH:** Ten years.

**PLAYBOY:** As it now stands, nearly all media rely on newspaper content. Without the coverage newspapers pay for, the media ecology could collapse. How can content be profitably sustained?

**MURDOCH:** Well, American newspapers have traditionally had very high margins. They have plenty of room to go through a period of change without losing their viability—at the end of which they will have restored their margins, I'm certain.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the era of 22 percent profit margins behind us?

**MURDOCH:** No. I think it may be behind us for a year or two or three, but you will find newspapers will be more innovative. Those that are successful in their innovations—and what they add to give people greater value—will be copied by others.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mean things other than the Internet?

**MURDOCH:** Yes. For instance, you'll find a tremendous amount of classified advertising for real estate coming back into newspapers but in a different form—in color, with color illustrations and so forth—which will be a lot more attractive than what can be done on the Internet.

**PLAYBOY:** You started out in newspapers. Are you conscious of having a sentimental attachment to them?

**MURDOCH:** Oh yes. But I'm a businessman, of course. I'm sentimental, but I have to be realistic. That's why we've looked to the Internet and social networking. Now we have to link to that. To some extent our newspaper sites, I think, have to become social networks.





© 1998 Playboy

*“Why don’t we play something I’m good at...?”*

# Dressing Conor

AMBITION MEETS REALITY AS WE SET  
ONE OF OUR BRIGHT YOUNG MEN ON THE PATH TO SUCCESS



jacket  
\$178

shirt  
\$60

tie  
\$40

trousers  
\$70

belt  
\$40

all above by  
EXPRESS

shoes  
\$150

by ALDO

pocket square  
\$15 for three  
by GEOFFREY  
BEENE

On her:  
dress by  
BOSS BLACK

fashion by  
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

photography by  
SUSAN ANDERSON

produced by  
jennifer ryan jones



jacket \$325  
 gray polo \$88  
 pants \$88  
 all above by HILFIGER DENIM

plaid shirt \$40  
 by UNIQLD  
 belt \$40  
 by EXPRESS

suit \$1,950  
 shirt \$325  
 tie \$150  
 pocket square \$70  
 all above by ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA

Behind that amiable grin and disarmingly blank expression, *PLAYBOY* junior staffer Conor Hogan is plotting to climb the corporate ladder. Shrewd upstart that he is, Conor wants his wardrobe to reflect his aspirations, but no one expects a young professional to wear the same Ermenegildo Zegna suit as his boss. Our fashion department helped Conor assemble some ensembles to best showcase his personality without cleaning out his bank account.

Shirt (\$60) by Eagle Shirtmakers.  
 Tie (\$33) by Levi's.

Jacket (\$175) and shirt (\$50) by Haggar.  
 Tie (\$40) by Express. Pocket square  
 by Geoffrey Beene (three for \$15).

Pocket squares (three for \$15)  
 by Geoffrey Beene.



Your suit may be the first thing people notice when you step off the elevator, but sometimes the smallest details can make the biggest difference. Whether you're in a quiet cubicle or a boisterous bar, the effect of everyday outfits can be heightened by a watch or a great pair of leather shoes. Such staples are a quick and consistent way to accentuate your style. Once you take care of those fundamental pieces you can start elevating the rest of your wardrobe over time.



TIES (\$70 EACH) BY **BROOKS BROTHERS**. TIE BAR (\$60) BY **COLIBRI**.



BLACK WALNUT AND CORDOVAN (\$58 EACH) BY **BANANA REPUBLIC**.



BELTS (FROM LEFT \$85, \$85, \$65) BY **TED BAKER LONDON**.



AIR LUCARNO WINGTIP (\$385) BY **COLE HAAN**.



BRIEFCASES (GRAY \$395, BLACK \$450) BY **JACK SPADE**.



CORBETT II CAPTOE (\$165) BY **JOHNSTON & MURPHY**.



WATCHES (LEATHER \$775, BRACELET \$825) BY **HAMILTON**.



GLASSES (\$275) BY **JOHN VARVATOS EYEWEAR**.



2-IN-1 SHAVE CREAM (\$25) BY **ANTHONY LOGISTICS**.

## PRIME-TIME STYLE

They may not exist in real life, but these characters are television's best at dressing for a day at the office.

### ARI GOLD, *ENTOURAGE*

With a Windsor knot big enough to match his massive ego, this power agent usually outdresses his A-list clients.



### BARNEY STINSON, *HOW I MET YOUR MOTHER*

Doogie Howser drops the scrubs and suits up in designer labels. His jackets from Giorgio Armani and Marc Jacobs have skinny lapels, slim silhouettes and hefty price tags.



### DON DRAPER, *MAD MEN*

This 1960s Madison Avenue ad executive proves French cuffs and tailored suits are the perks that come with a conservative work environment.



### DANIEL MEADE, *UGLY BETTY*

Matching a dark suit with bright shirts and pocket squares works well for a magazine boss. Then again, so do silk pajamas.



PLAYBOY

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

BAVARIAN BEAUTY

trench coat \$100  
shirt \$40  
trousers \$60  
all above by UNIQLO  
sweater \$35  
by GAP

tie \$35  
by LITTLE BLACK TIE  
belt \$20  
by H&M



The dark suit is essential, but when worn day after day it can turn into a uniform. With a sweater or jacket, a shirt and tie are acceptable office attire. There is room for variety on the myriad pathways to the corner office.

SEE MORE AT [PLAYBOY.COM/STYLE](http://PLAYBOY.COM/STYLE).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 131.



FORTY-SIX **46** FORTY-SIX

THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT

# Ball Gurls

by a.j. baime

**IF** Americans have learned one thing from Spitzer-gate—aside from the fact that the man was a two-faced moneybags who wanted to get caught—it's that we are living in a golden age of the call-girl business. Escorts appear on CNN and the *Today* show, talking candidly about their work. "What's next?" commented one writer post-Spitzer-gate. "American Escort, in which a dozen hookers demonstrate their talents in front of a panel of celebrity judges?" Not 10 years ago the idea of paying for sex conjured images of desperate women and roadside motels. The Internet has changed all that. The web has lubed the channels between supply and demand. The result is a swelling population of not so shady women choosing the oldest of professions, with a huge population of moneyed men willing to pay for their services. Right or wrong? Our governors and attorneys general will decide as soon as they've finished banging their high-priced dates. Meanwhile here's everything you ever wanted to know about call girls 2008.

**1. ESCORT** In today's world an escort is a call girl.

**2. TER** The Erotic Review, a nationwide Zagat-like website, on which call girls are rated by their clients. Escorts are described down to the minutest detail, from physical descriptions to their most intimate predilections. Example: The 10 most recent reviews posted for escort Gina Rollins (\$600 an hour, [ginarollins.com](http://ginarollins.com)) all give her a 10 out of 10. Gina's about five-foot-five, fully shaved below and "one in a lifetime."

**3. SPITZER, V (1)** To overpay an escort for services rendered, as in "Dude, \$4,300? You totally spitzered."

**4. ON SKIRTING THE LAW** The disclaimer listed on one escort-agency website: "Because we are an upscale agency, we expect our clients to understand the nature of companionship services and will not answer any obscene type of questions. Money exchanged in legal adult personal services for modeling is simply for time and companionship. Anything else that may or may not occur is a matter of personal choice and personal preferences between two or more consenting adults of legal age and is not contracted for, nor is it requested to be contracted in any manner."

**5. HOBBYIST** A guy or gal who has frequent dates with escorts.

**6-16. ESCORT LINGO:**

**FIRST CUP** The first time a john comes.

**FS** Full service, as opposed to a hand job or blow job.

**RELEASE** Ejaculation arising from manual stimulation.

**INCALL** You come to her.

**OUTCALL** She comes to you.

**GREEK WELCOME** Escort is willing to do anal.

**CIM** Come in mouth.

**COF** Come on face.

**COB** Come on body.

**DFK** Deep French kissing.

**DINNER DATE** A four-hour meeting.

**17. "IT'S LIKE ANY OTHER JOB. YOU HAVE YOUR GOOD DAYS AND BAD DAYS."**—Sally, a New York-based escort

**18. ESCORT ETIQUETTE** Courtesy of *The Playboy Advisor*: If an escort shows up at the door and doesn't match the photo you saw online or otherwise doesn't meet your expectations, the standard advice is not to let her in. Keep in mind that if you send an escort away, you will hurt her feelings. If you do let her in, put the money in an envelope so she can see it, and leave it on a table. Don't bring it up.

**19. TIPS** Yes, you should tip.

**20. GFE** Girlfriend experience, the degree to which an escort can make you forget she is being paid for her services. Among call-girl connoisseurs, GFE separates the broads from the babes.

**21. "I GET PAID TO ALWAYS WANT COCK, ALWAYS HAVE GREAT HAIR AND NEVER REVEAL MY PMS."**—C.S., a Los Angeles-based escort

**22. GOTCHA** Among the political big shots snagged in escort scandals in recent years: Dick Morris, CIA number-three man Dusty Foggo, the state department's top foreign-aid advisor Randall Tobias, California congressman Randy "Duke" Cunningham, President Bush's younger brother Neil, Louisiana senator David Vitter, Massachusetts congressman Barney Frank, pro-Bush website writer (and gay call boy!) Jeff Gannon, California congressman Ken Calvert.

**23. "I DON'T PAY THEM TO HAVE SEX WITH ME. I PAY THEM TO LEAVE."**—Charlie Sheen

**24. SPITZER, V (2)** A legal term that applies to a public official who breaks a law for which he himself crusaded, as in "Your Honor, my client's spitzering has already caused his reputation enough damage."



From left: Former madams Kristin "Billie" Davis and Andreia Schwartz, not to mention high-priced escort Ashley Dupré, all allegedly serviced former governor Eliot Spitzer.

**25. ON ENTRAPMENT** "Are you a cop?" he asks. "No," she answers. So he's home free, right? Wrong. Undercover cops can lie about their identity; otherwise, they would rarely be able to make arrests and in some situations they would find themselves in danger. Legally, a police officer can't lead you to commit a crime you would not otherwise have committed. But if you are arrested for soliciting a decoy, you'll have a tough time arguing in court that you were suckered. Other fallacies are that money has to change hands and clothes have to be removed.

**26. VICE-COP HUMOR** A story from a New Jersey detective: "We set up stings where I would wear a wire, meet the girl and have my backup team in another room. When the girl asked me if I had any special requests, I would tell her that I wanted to call her Irene because that was my ex-girlfriend's name. 'Irene' was really the tip-off to my backups to storm the room and cuff the girl. One time I had the girl, and right before she thought she was about to give me a blow job I said, 'Oh, Irene.' Nothing. I said it again. Nothing. I screamed it, and by now the girl is grabbing at me. The girl is chasing me, and I'm shouting 'Irene!' I thought my wire was busted until my backups came into the room, laughing their asses off. Fuckers got me good."

**27. DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU SEE** Take the beauty at [sharonluxury.com](http://sharonluxury.com), listed as a 24-year-old Italian available for 1,500 euros a night. The girl in the photos looks a hell of a lot like Venezuelan supermodel Aida Yespica. What a strange coincidence! Superhot Alexis at [alexisdeluxe.com](http://alexisdeluxe.com), a "Swedish model" available for 1,000 euros a night? Hmm. Her photos look just like Italian model Maddalena Corvaglia's....

**28. THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE ESCORT** According to our research, it's Jet Set Lara ([jetsetblog.com](http://jetsetblog.com)): \$12,000 for a full day, though she'll have an introductory lunch with you—just lunch—for \$6,000.

**29. TOP FIVE HOTTEST CALL GIRLS PORTRAYED ON THE SILVER SCREEN** (5) Elizabeth Taylor as Gloria Wandrous in *Butterfield 8*, (4) Nicole Kid-



man as Satine in *Moulin Rouge!*, (3) Kim Basinger as Lynn Bracken in *L.A. Confidential*, (2) Jane Fonda as Bree Daniels in *Klute*, (1) Elisabeth Shue as Sera in *Leaving Las Vegas* ("You can fuck me in the ass. You can

come on my face. Just keep it out of my hair. I just washed it").

**30. TAKE CREDIT?** High-end escort services often mask credit-card transactions so an innocuous name shows up on the statement, such as "Gotham Steaks," used by Jason Itzler (the self-proclaimed King of All Pimps) before the cops shut down his agency, NY Confidential.

**31-33. ON THE BLOGOSPHERE:**

**CONFESSIONS OF A COLLEGE CALL GIRL** ([COLLEGECALLGIRL.BLOGSPOT.COM](http://COLLEGECALLGIRL.BLOGSPOT.COM)) Pained yet sarcastic entries illuminate what makes a call girl tick. Endearing and at times incredibly sexy.

**BELLE DE JOUR** ([BELLEDEJOUR-UK.BLOGSPOT.COM](http://BELLEDEJOUR-UK.BLOGSPOT.COM)) High-class London call girl describes her liaisons, often in explicit detail. It reads like fiction, but—of course—no self-respecting hooker would ever lie, so it's certainly all true.

**A NEW YORK ESCORT'S CONFESSIONS** ([NYHOTTIES.COM](http://NYHOTTIES.COM)) It's exactly what you think it would be. One recent blog begins, "Scrotum scrotum scrotum scrotum scrotum scrotum. Vagina vagina vagina vagina vagina vagina. Scrotum vagina scrotum vagina scrotum scrotum scrotum." Gertrude Stein would be proud.

**34. INDUSTRY STANDARD** Fifty percent goes to the girl, 40 percent to the agency, 10 percent to the booker (a sales rep of sorts).

**35. INDEPENDENT** A call girl who doesn't want to split the cash and advertises her services sans agency. The Internet—specifically Craigslist and any of the "escort malls," such as [eros-guide.com](http://eros-guide.com)—has made going independent the trend.

**36. ESCORT FASHION** "So how should you dress as an escort? You want to be able to walk into a nice restaurant or quality hotel and blend in. Dress like a professional businesswoman. While you do want to look sexy, your keywords in choosing clothing and makeup should be *elegant, classic, respectable* and *wholesome*.... To make up for your camouflaged exterior, your undergarments should be hot and sexy."—*Turning Pro: A Guide to Sex Work for the Ambitious and the Intrigued*, by Magdalene Meretrix

**37. THE CAR** Debuting in 1981, the Escort quickly became the Ford Motor Company's top-selling model both domestically and worldwide. Sixty-nine pavement-shredding horsepower!

**38. £6,400** The amount in cash an ex-aide to a Saudi-born arms dealer claimed he handed over to Heather Mills (later McCartney) to have sex with his boss. (No surprise, she "strongly" denies the allegations.)

**39. TALK ABOUT TURNING TRICKS** If you call an escort agency, chances are you'll get whoever's available. An escort may play the role of Tina at \$500 an hour, Betty at \$350 and Succulent Suzanne at \$1,000, all in one weekend.

**40. JFK WAS QUITE THE JOHN** His liaisons included international call girls Suzy Chang, Maria Novotny, Ellen Rometsch (an East German Communist) and Judith Campbell Exner, also a plaything of Chicago Mob boss Sam Giancana. Exner served as an intermediary between the White House and the Mob.

**41. "I OFFER A WARM-OIL EROTIC BODY RUB USING MY HANDS, ARMS, CHEST, CHIN, TONGUE AND WHOLE BODY. I AM ALSO VERY ORAL.... I ALSO INCLUDE TONS OF BODY CONTACT AND TEASING INTO MY MESSAGES. I DO OFFER MORE TRADITIONAL SERVICES AS WELL. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, PLEASE SEND ME AN E-MAIL!"** Sound hot? You've just read Aaron Edwards's home page on [allmaleescorts.com](http://allmaleescorts.com).

**42. LUNCH SPECIAL** A discounted rate an escort may charge for a midday tryst.

**43. ON PRICING** "The more somebody pays for you, the more they'll respect you. Tell a guy you're \$100 and they'll treat you one way. Tell them you're \$1,500 and they'll treat you better. I've heard a lot of girls saying, 'Is this girl getting \$5,500 an hour because she's more beautiful? Is she doing something I don't?' The answer is no. But that girl is able to look a guy in the eye and say 'This is what I'm worth, and this is what you have to pay if you want me.' And you have to be able to do that and believe it."—Ava Xi'an, escort quoted in *The New York Times*

**44. IN JAPAN** Call girls are called *deri heru*, meaning "delivery health." They offer such varied services as *kokku sakkingu* (cock sucking), *kuni sabisu* (cunnilingus) or *A-zeme* (anal attack).

**45. WHY DON'T MORE ESCORTS GET BUSTED?** (1) Some cops are on the make, so to speak; (2) It costs the state an average of \$2,000 to prosecute a woman on prostitution charges.

**46. SPITZER, V** (3) To request "bare-back" sex (no condom) from a call girl, as in "I spitzered her, but she was like, Duh, not a chance, pal."





# Dentist

I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR AGES... I WONDER IF HE'LL WANT TO TAKE THAT WISDOM TOOTH OUT?... OH, I HATE NEEDLES... MAYBE HE'LL HAVE TO KILL THE NERVE... OH, I CAN'T FACE THIS...



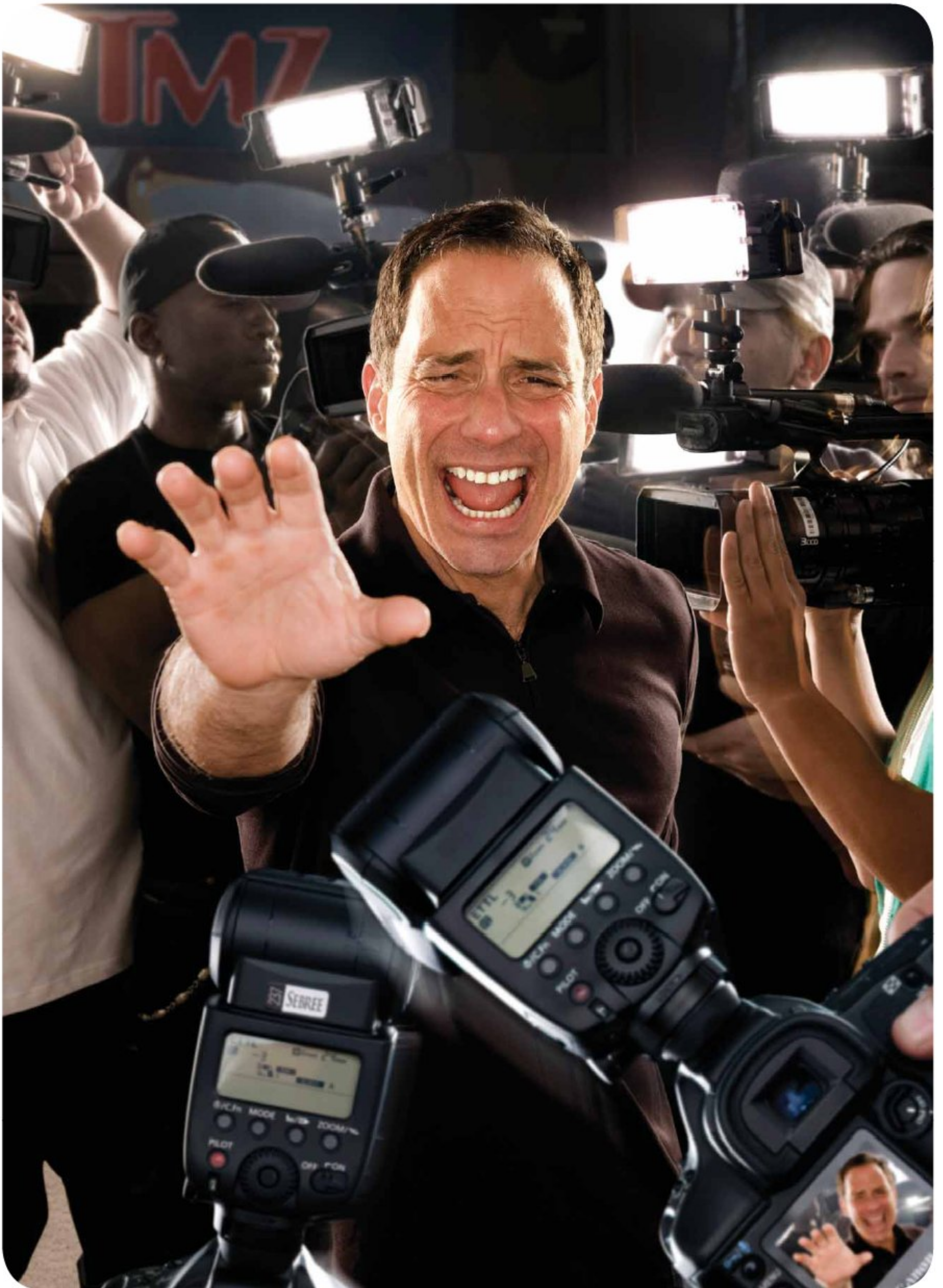
ER... I HAVE TO LEAVE - I'LL GET AN APPOINTMENT FOR ANOTHER DAY.



I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR AGES... I WONDER IF HE'LL WANT TO TAKE THAT WISDOM TOOTH OUT?... OH, I HATE NEEDLES... MAYBE HE'LL HAVE TO KILL THE NERVE... OH, I CAN'T FACE THIS...



JUAN IVAREZ W. JORGE G





# HARVEY LEVIN

THE NEW KING OF TABLOID JOURNALISM TALKS ABOUT HIS TMZ EMPIRE, GIVES ADVICE TO BRITNEY, DEFENDS HIS ETHICS AND TELLS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE MET ALEC BALDWIN IN A DARK ALLEY

## Q1

PLAYBOY: Is Hollywood really as horrendous as it looks on TMZ?

LEVIN: I don't think you can define Hollywood by Mel Gibson or the people who go to clubs like the Hyde Lounge. I've never seen Tom Hanks, Helen Mirren or Julia Roberts at Hyde. Hollywood is just a more glamorous version of small-town America. Some people are troublemakers, some aren't. But my mission isn't to make people look obnoxious or gross. The trouble is, certain celebrities can't help themselves. Los Angeles has thousands of restaurants, yet people like Paris Hilton and Britney Spears keep coming back to the same spots they know will be swarming with our cameras. Why? Trust me, it's not because Skyy Vodka tastes better at Hyde. They crave the attention, and we're happy to give it to them.

## Q2

PLAYBOY: How has TMZ changed the rules of celebrity journalism?

LEVIN: When we started, two and a half years ago, there was a feeling that nobody except *National Enquirer* covered this material, and the national media turned up their nose at us. Now you're in trouble if you *don't* cover it. We play a little game in our office sometimes when we post a big story. We bet

on how soon it will take CNN to flash TMZ IS REPORTING... across the bottom of the screen. Often it's a matter of seconds.

## Q3

PLAYBOY: What's TMZ's secret for consistently getting so much juicy content?

LEVIN: Good stories don't come easily. Most of the time a good story is one someone doesn't want you to know. But roadblocks don't stop us. We'll call someone else. Also, we don't owe anybody. Much entertainment journalism has been driven by publicists and a fear of retaliation: "If you say something bad about our client, you won't get that interview when the big movie comes out." We don't care about the big celebrity interview, so we can say whatever we want without fear of being blacklisted. Put it this way: The days of treating famous people like wax figures on the red carpet are over.

## Q4

PLAYBOY: You pay sources for information, which many news outlets consider a serious breach of journalistic ethics.

LEVIN: In certain cases we pay. We paid for the O.J. audio [in which Simpson confronts a sports-memorabilia dealer, leading to his September 2007 arrest on felony robbery

charges]. Newspeople get on their high horse and say they don't pay sources. That's bullshit. What bugs me is network news organizations saying they won't pay for information. You should see what they really do. They funnel money through their entertainment divisions, so it doesn't show up in the news division's budget. It's almost like money laundering. They'll pay for hotels, restaurants, cigars and limos. I've seen them do it.

## Q5

PLAYBOY: One of your online gossip rivals, Gawker, calls TMZ "the celebrity website dedicated to the destruction of the West's 5,000-year tradition of literacy and culture." Your reaction?

LEVIN: [Laughs] That's hilarious, first of all, coming from Gawker. But it also gives us way too much credit. We're a diversion for people. We have never claimed to be the front page of *The New York Times*. But there's value in what we present. When a guy like Brandon Davis becomes a celebrity on TMZ for saying Lindsay Lohan has a "firecrotch," that says everything about what's wrong with rich, spoiled, overly entitled celebrities. It's ugly, but it's real. We dubbed him Greasy Bear and made him a star. But come on, people! It's supposed to be fun. (continued on page 136)



Jayde Nicole  
IS



PLAYMATE

OF THE

YEAR

2008

CANADA'S FINEST IS YOUR OVERWHELMING FAVORITE



In our unwavering commitment to photographing the most breathtaking women in the world, we sometimes discover Playmates in places far from the stomping grounds generally assumed to be their natural habitat. Before she became Miss January 2007 we found model Jayde Nicole generating considerable heat with her genuine smile, warm almond-shaped eyes and shapely physique in tiny Port Perry, Ontario. Her neighbors greeted her debut in that issue with cheers, roses and

In addition to \$100,000 in prize money for her Playmate of the Year honors, Jayde Nicole received a 2008 Cadillac CTS that revs her up. "The CTS is my all-time favorite ride," she says. "I freaked out when I was told I had won my dream car!"





encouragement for their hometown girl. "You're putting Port Perry on the map," one told her. Now a local celebrity, bighearted Jayde has organized her second charity car wash, which raised thousands of dollars for the (RED) campaign to help fight AIDS in Africa. "I had about 30 models in bikinis with me, washing cars and signing autographs," she says. "It was wicked." For the record, Jayde's first car wash netted a chunk of change for Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children; her next one, which she promises will be even bigger, will benefit animal rescue.

No doubt Jayde will need more suds now that she has been voted the 49th Playmate of the Year, the first Canadian PMOY since 1982, when Shannon Tweed was selected. "It's a big responsibility," she says. "I want to be a good spokesmodel in Canada and the U.S." An upbeat young woman who enjoys meeting people, Jayde says she has never had a bad experience with a fan. She's serious about maintaining a connection and spends an hour a day on her correspondence. "I try to get back to everyone who writes to me," she says.

Being Playmate of the Year involves frequent travel, a responsibility Jayde finds exciting. "Traveling is one of my favorite things," she says. "I have a map in my room that I put all my plane tickets on. To be able to combine travel with my job—I couldn't ask for anything better."

Besides preparing to represent Playboy, writing a motivational book for young women and planning a reality-TV show, Jayde's agenda includes some personal housekeeping: getting the RESPECT tattoo on her lower abdomen touched up on the TV show *L.A. Ink*. "After my issue came out, that tattoo became the hottest topic of my life," she says. "I got it after I left a bad relationship to remind me never to let anyone treat me with disrespect. It has served me well!"

Although Jayde's life has become much busier, she says she's still that girl next door from Port Perry. "Being a Playmate hasn't changed me as a person," she says. "I still hang out at home in my pajamas and go into town without makeup. What's changed is that I have more options. Things I've always wanted to do are now available. It's been a positive experience for me. I'm astonished."











respect







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See Jayde's original Playmate pictorial at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).



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# BLACK KKK

(continued from page 64)

Bishop Harry Hendricks, pastor of South Central L.A.'s Church of the Living God, which is fenced, barred and protected by an elaborate alarm system to ward off gangs. "If he did, it would scare off too many Caucasian voters."

Fear. It explains several troubling statistics that detail America's fast-growing prison population (the first four are from studies conducted by the Pew Center, the last from the Department of Justice):

- One in every 100 American adults resides behind bars.
- One out of every nine black men between the ages of 20 and 34 is incarcerated.
- Hispanics outnumber all other ethnic groups in prison.
- America incarcerates 800,000 more people than China and nearly three times as many people as Russia.
- If current rates of incarceration remain unchanged, 28.5 percent of black men will be confined in prison at least once during their lifetime.

The Pew study effectively argues that, in terms of expense, recidivism and crime rate, America's 40-year lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-key binge has been a failure. By giving in to our fear of crime and by letting that fear and our embrace of a drug war rule our criminal-justice policies, we've efficiently cultivated fertile gang-recruiting soil and multiplied 20-fold the number of Americans damaged by the pain of incarceration.

A man does not suffer the anguish of internment alone. Every person who loves him suffers too and is afflicted with the cancers of hostility and bitterness. With more than 10 percent of black men in their prime caged inside walls of despair, it is not at all surprising that black youth culture—music, communication, appearance, attitude, parenting and socializing—reflects values associated with surviving while incarcerated.

The tattoos, sagging pants, down-low sexual lifestyle, stop-snitching advocacy, cornrows, child abandonment and other short-term, instant-gratification genocidal characteristics and behaviors are driven by a mentality refined behind prison walls and celebrated, exploited and promoted by the music industry and Hollywood.

What we foolishly term "hip-hop culture" is really prison culture. Its defenders say rappers such as 50 Cent (ex-con), Lil' Wayne (in trouble now), T.I. (ex-con and in trouble now) and Rick Ross (named after a famous drug dealer) don't represent true hip-hop. Well, they symbolize the hip-hop genre that sells. Many of us—black, white and brown—have ingested these prison

values and characteristics without contemplating the consequences, without considering what they have normalized: violent death, disrespect, hatred.

An understanding of prison politics also illuminates the origins of the black-brown animus that has come to light during Obama's and Hillary Clinton's race for the Democratic nomination. The enmity and distrust are forged in a prison system that pits Mexicans against African Americans for control of the institutions and the highly profitable drug-and-contraband trade within them.

We've locked up, brutalized and institutionalized millions of Americans in a fruitless war more prolonged and costly than the conflict in Iraq. In the process, we've unleashed a deadly culture in our society that reaches deep into the suburbs, seduces our young and tears at the patriotic fabric necessary to sustain a free nation.

Stripped of parents by drugs and imprisonment, desensitized to carnage by video games and pop culture and robbed of the will and know-how to parent by a desperate pursuit of money and fame, our children have grown ferociously homicidal. Teenage boys in a parentless apartment in Chicago (mother in jail), watching Denzel Washington play a murderous drug dealer in *American Gangster*, allegedly killed 29-year-old college student Amadou Cisse in a robbery that turned bloody. Little was unique about the way Cisse's life ended in late 2007.

America is sick, crying out for change and desperate enough to believe an unproven charismatic speaker can provide the revolution we need in the Oval Office. No American institution is in more need of "change we can believe in" than our prison system. It has produced a new, more harmful form of segregation, a phenomenon I contend is similar to the stocking of 19th century Indian reservations with liquor and diseased blankets.

You know what? It's slavery. Yeah, that's exactly what it is. And the last time we had that, it led to a bloody civil war. We can't afford another one of those. Not with China's power growing and enemies throughout the Middle East.

We had better heed the advice of the abolitionists, men such as David Simon, the creator of HBO's magnificent anti-drug-war show *The Wire*. Upon the series's completion, Simon and his writers issued a manifesto that implored fans of the Baltimore-based drama to practice jury nullification (i.e., to defy the court and refuse to prosecute) in all nonviolent drug cases. Quoting American revolutionary Thomas Paine and anti-death-penalty Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun, the writers

urged, "No longer can we collaborate with a government that uses nonviolent drug offenses to fill prisons with its poorest, most damaged and most desperate citizens."

These are seeds of a revolution I predict will begin first in California, the mecca of America's prison-industrial complex, the state with the largest financial outlay tied to maintaining the status quo. In the words of Tupac Shakur and Dr. Dre, "California knows how to party." It does so at the expense of its expanding prison population. The problem is, the caterer and the liquor store have contacted a collection agency to pursue payment of their bills. The average taxpayer has no idea that drunk-on-power prison guards are in control of the state's checkbook.

"How are we going to unlock California?" asks Gerald Harris, from Gilroy, California, who in 2006 retired after 30 years of service as an administrator in the state's Department of Corrections. "We might as well put gun towers around the borders of California. We're all incarcerated."

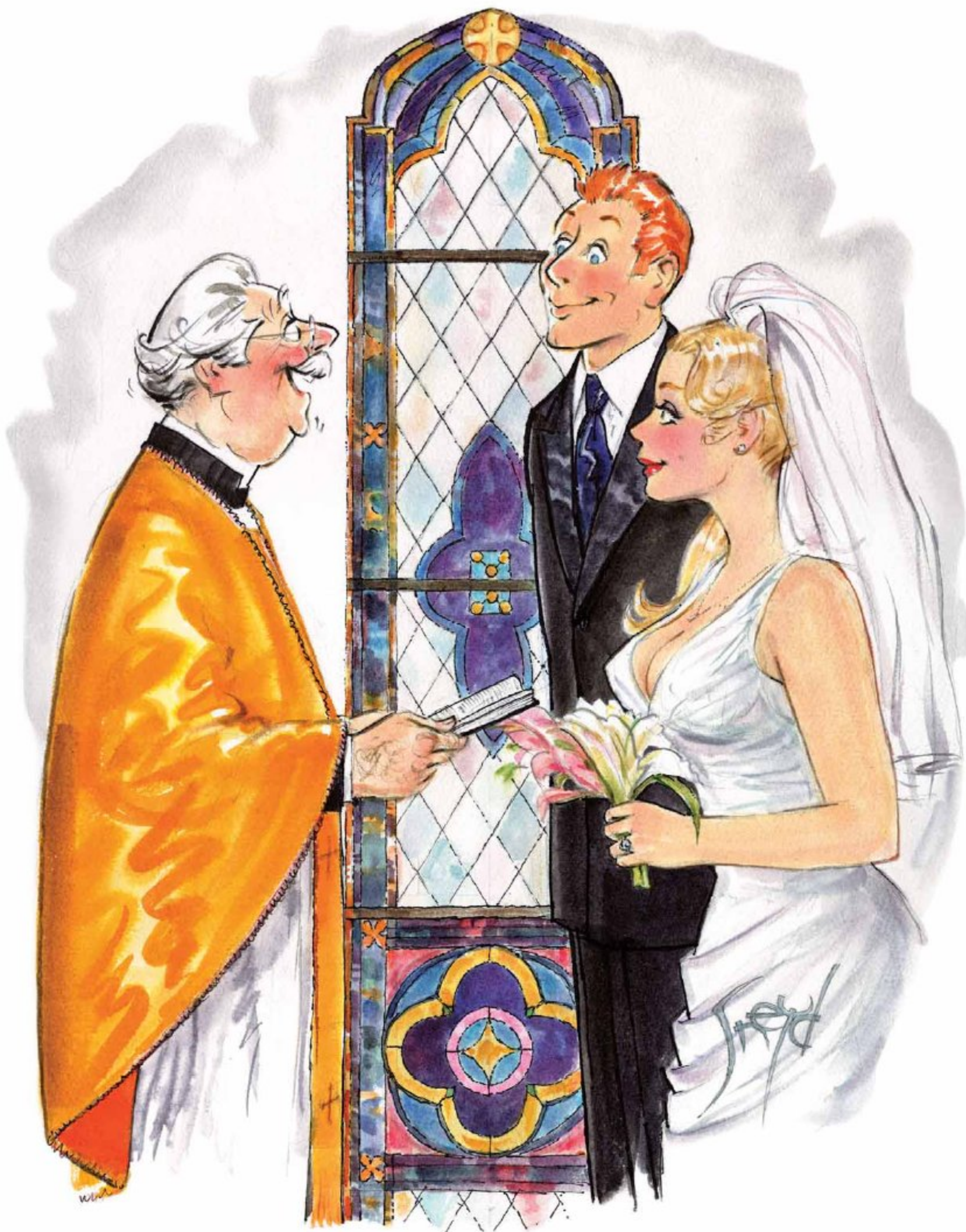
Harris had a front-row seat as California's prison population multiplied eight times during his career. He witnessed the devastating effects of Governor Pete Wilson's popular three-strikes crime bill, which dictates a mandatory 25-year sentence for third-time felons, including those convicted of a non-violent third offense. Harris benefited financially from California's prison-spending explosion that erected 20 new facilities, escalated the state's corrections budget from \$300 million to \$9 billion and turned the California Corrections Peace Officers Association into the political heavyweight it is today.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* reported California will soon have the dubious distinction of spending more on prisons than on higher education. "In my time in corrections," Harris remembers, "we built 20 prisons and one university in the state of California."

No one eats in the Golden State until the 30,000-plus-member prison-guard union is fed, and the high-school-educated, six-weeks-trained keepers of Shawshank form a hungry lot. Prison guards in California are paid at a rate 60 percent higher than the national average for the job. Their starting salaries and benefits dwarf those of the 300,000-member California Teachers Association. Including overtime, it is not uncommon for a state prison guard to earn a six-figure income. Remarkably, some reportedly take in more than Schwarzenegger's salary of \$212,000.

Even more preposterous is the





*"I now pronounce you one lucky son of a bitch!"*

CCPOA's political clout. Under the direction of former Folsom prison guard Don Novey, CCPOA hired a public-relations firm in the 1980s and laid the groundwork for its rise by spending millions on political candidates. Every California governor since Wilson has been in the thrall of the labor union. Schwarzenegger's early attempt to break the union's hold on the governor's office and reform the prison system failed.

Rod Hickman, the black prison czar Schwarzenegger appointed, had a two-year tenure as a reformer before he succumbed to CCPOA intimidation and stepped down as secretary of the Department of Corrections. Hickman's failure was a painful reminder of the CCPOA's formidable political strength, a shrine of power fortified in the late 1990s when the union sabotaged the reelection bid of a district attorney who dared to convene a grand jury to examine allegations that Corcoran State Prison guards had viciously pounded 36 inmates.

"CCPOA runs the prison system," explains Wanda Briscoe, the former chief of education and inmate programs for the California Department of Corrections. "Based on the fact that there is strength in numbers and money, I would think the system works very well for them. They are hiring more prison guards. I see employment opportunities every month. They want more custody, more guards. It is the most powerful union I have ever seen in my lifetime."

The union is so powerful, it got former governor Gray Davis to hand over pay

raises when nearly everything else in the budget was being slashed. Rock Johnson, an Amer-I-Can facilitator for 16 years and an original Crip who spent 17 years in California's maximum-security facilities, says prison guards are invested in stirring up trouble among the inmates. "Riots translate to overtime and triple-time pay," he says. "Man, I've been in the joint when the guards have opened all the cells and shouted 'Charge!' They know what they're doing. All you have to do is set a Mexican gangster and a black gangster in the same cell and wait for it to jump off. It's on."

It goes even deeper. Prisons sustain vibrant, lucrative hard-to-tax economies that line the pockets of guards, prisoners, wardens and organized-crime figures. San Quentin is much like Vegas, fueled by drugs, gambling and prostitution. A crackdown at Pelican Bay State Prison revealed high-level Mexican Mafia lieutenants had thousands of dollars on their commissary books.

Then there are the legal hustles that prey on the prison population. It goes without saying it is extremely expensive to retain and employ competent lawyers and secure bail bonds even when you're legitimately innocent of the charges. Had the Duke lacrosse players accused of rape been poor, they would more than likely have sat in jail or accepted plea agreements while awaiting trial.

Yeah, prison building has slowed, but the exploitation of prisoners (and their families) is on the rise. Their dirt-cheap labor is in high demand throughout California. In some indus-

tries they're more valuable and coveted than illegal immigrants.

Prisons empower gangs and make them more necessary. Behind the walls, there is safety in numbers. America's street-gang eruption flowed directly from its mixture of mass incarceration and punishment.

"Prisoners are the puppet masters pulling the strings on everything out on the streets," says Harris, who was also chief deputy warden at Salinas Valley State Prison. "You don't rehabilitate when your primary day-to-day concern is your survival. You can't limit gang affiliation when prisoners have to stay close because they need the protection."

"You have to clique up," explains Johnson. "You can try to mind your own business and do your own time until trouble happens, and then you have to choose a side for your own survival."

What's happening is no secret. You can find the stories in every American newspaper. Gang violence and its ever younger perpetrators make great copy. The media, however, fail to connect the dots. Steve Lopez, a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, begged his city's mayor to "act now to stop the gangs" in a column published on March 12, the day the *Times* ran harrowing photos of 17-year-old Jamiel Shaw's funeral. A high school football star, Shaw was gunned down three doors from his home as he talked to his girlfriend on a cell phone. Lopez's column focused on a 15-year-old boy who affiliated with a gang while in a juvenile-detention facility and was home awaiting a call to get officially "jumped" into a gang. The problem is, gang initiation requires a lot these days. You can't fight your way in. You gain standing by pulling the trigger, and in California the quickest route to gang stripes is to claim a body in the black-brown war. The young boy featured in Lopez's column was expecting the same kind of call that in all likelihood led to Shaw's death. Shaw's alleged shooter, a 19-year-old, had been released from jail less than 24 hours earlier. You can't reduce violence without reducing the influence of gangs. You can't reduce the influence of gangs without reducing the number of people in prison. We can't stem the pervasiveness of prison culture without stemming the pervasive hopelessness and fear inside prison walls.

Given California's ahead-of-the-curve descent into Incarceration Nation, it makes sense that gangsta rap and the glorification of prison values sprang from Compton in the late 1980s. N.W.A rebelled by rapping "Fuck tha Police," and Eazy-E, Ice Cube, Dr. Dre, MC Ren and Yella got paid for songs like "Gangsta, Gangsta," "Dopeman" and "A Bitch Iz a Bitch." They basically immortalized



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the three commandments of hip-hop prison culture: killing, drug dealing and disrespecting women.

From there hip-hop artists across the country took it upon themselves to define black people and black culture as criminal and worthy of mass incarceration. It all reached a climax when a Rollin' 20s Crip (Snoop Dogg), a Mob Piru Blood (Suge Knight), Tupac and Dr. Dre joined forces to make Death Row Records the strongest force in the rap industry, and possibly in pop culture, in the mid-1990s.

Dre's *The Chronic* (8 million in sales), Snoop's *Doggystyle* (more than 10 million) and Pac's *All Eyez on Me* (more than 12 million) are considered three of the most influential and memorable CDs of all time. They perfectly reflect California's transformation into a giant prison yard, which can best be witnessed at the state's urban schools.

Claudius Shropshire, 56, a teacher, coach and assistant principal in the Los Angeles Unified School District for 25 years, explained to me the inherent complexities of teaching in California's inescapable terror zones. Teachers daily walk a fine line of demanding too little and too much respect from students with gang affiliations.

"The way you treat the kids determines how safe you are in an area," Shropshire says. "I rode my bike to school one day, and a student told me, 'You don't know how hard I had to work to stop you from getting jacked.'" Shropshire's story illustrates an ill that is widespread in most of California's major cities.

"The prison system extends right into the schools," says Harry Edwards, professor emeritus of psychology at the University of California-Berkeley. "The values and perspectives of hopelessness spawned in society are intensified inside prison walls and then are revisited upon the community. In consequence we have schools that are literally locked down for security purposes. Once you go in, you can't simply walk back out, because in many such institutions gates are locked behind you. You walk through metal detectors, and there are shakedowns for contraband—including the use of dogs. You have fences and barred windows, just as in prison. In fact, today many schools are indistinguishable from prison. Teachers and administrators in far too many instances are as worried about their own safety as they are about their teaching responsibilities. The very vehicle—education—that is supposed to give kids hope is now an extension of the prison system."

You can't teach when you're worried about safety. You can't learn when your primary concern is safety. It's sad. If change will ever happen, it's difficult to see it coming.

What's easier to distinguish is the vast subculture that has zero faith in the American dream. Rebellion and government instability are the companions of nations that choose incarceration and enslavement as primary tools of preserving order and allegiance to the flag.



"Oh, look, Roger. I see a 'spread-eagle'!"

Our exaggerated fear of crime has sanctioned the brutality and political clout that work against our self-interest and the quality of our lives. Has there been any proof during the past 100 years that public safety improves and hostility decreases when you pulverize a segment of society with punishment? And do alcoholics and junkies—the majority of the offenders we incarcerate—deserve such an attack?

We need to explain to Americans that our drug war has proved futile. It holds our cities hostage and corrodes the foundational values that made our society the world's envy. We are better served selling hope, opportunity and second chances. We cannot short-circuit the culture that has ensnared our youth without first providing hope to our most hopeless citizens: the humanity decomposing in our jails and prisons.

In order to fix our prison system, reduce the violent criminal activity of gang members, make our schools safer and purify a toxic culture, we must move beyond our fears. We have to reinstitute rehabilitation and start aggressive (and expensive) drug and alcohol treatment programs in prisons. We need to revamp our drug laws and sentencing guidelines and, most important, work with gang leaders on neighborhood safety issues.

Where will the money come from?

According to the American Friends Service Committee, the Iraq war costs us \$720 million a day. Do the kids in our city schools feel any safer? How about the elderly living in homes with iron-barred windows? Or the parents worried their children may ride their bike into the wrong neighborhood? Those people are more terrified today than they were before President Bush disarmed Saddam Hussein.

The movement needs a leader with deep roots and credibility in prison and gang culture and reform. Whether America is comfortable with him or not, Jim Brown has the best credentials to spearhead such a fight. In his intellect, connections across ethnic, political and economic boundaries and years of commitment to the cause, no one can match Brown. Name another independent activist who can happily break bread with NFL coaches, billionaire businessmen, entertainers, politicians, athletes, religious leaders and heads of the Bloods, Crips, Mexican Mafia, Hells Angels and Gangster Disciples.

Brown and his 20-year-old Amer-I-Can program are not saviors, but they are committed—a starting point—tested, backed by vision and a 15-chapter curriculum gaining popularity nationwide. Brown's relationships give the program almost limitless street credibility. His Hollywood Hills home just off the Sunset Strip has long been a neutral, safe

meeting ground for L.A. gangs to work out peace agreements.

"I've never talked a man out of a gang," Brown says from his couch. "That's not what we do. We talk people out of doing gang criminal activity. We have 20 years of experience, 20 years of relationships. We've been in the streets. We've had dealings with Larry Hoover, Raymond Washington, Tookie Williams, all the historical figures in the prison system. I know all these characters and have spent time with them. You can't introduce education and tap into the power of the culture and effect change without having these relationships. We've cultivated this over a period of time and have become experts in the field."

Amer-I-Can has had success stories, most notably in California, Louisiana and Florida. When, for budgetary reasons, its contract was not renewed at the Wayside Detention Facility, 45 minutes outside Los Angeles, violence rose inside the maximum-security unit and Amer-I-Can was quickly retained.

"I'm going to say it straight out. Amer-I-Can is the strongest educational component in the system in terms of developing positive change," Brown claims. "It's not even close. Education has to be the root of it all. If you don't educate, you'll never get change. You start with life-skills education, where a person decides to take responsibility for his actions.

"We've gone into the worst violent situation a jail has had in the state of California and made it nonviolent just by engaging more individuals in the education process. That's up at Wayside. It's in our contract that our job is to stop riots. For four years we did it without incident, and then they didn't renew us. They had to bring us back."

Amer-I-Can played a role in the Angola (Louisiana) State Penitentiary's amazing transformation from "America's bloodiest prison" to a relatively safe environment for thousands of men doing time with little chance of parole. Real change stretches beyond the empowerment of one organization. Churches have to become more heavily involved in prison ministry. It will take a group effort to change a culture gone haywire.

"America has to restore its family structure," says Bishop Hendricks, a former cop and juvenile-prison chaplain. "We've run the man out of the family. First it was welfare, and you couldn't get a check if the man stayed in the home. Now it's prison and men not wanting the responsibility of family. There's no stigma when you go to jail. When I was growing up the family was embarrassed. When you went to jail it was a mind-boggling experience. Nowadays going to jail is a badge of honor. I used to tell these young people that juvenile facilities were nothing more than institutions to prepare them for the next step, so they could make the transition to prison easy."

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America's demonization of ex-cons will have to be challenged too. You can't provide hope to the hopeless if there is no light at the end of their incarceration. Julian Mendoza deplors California's probation and parole rules that prohibit ex-cons from associating with gang members and visiting drug neighborhoods.

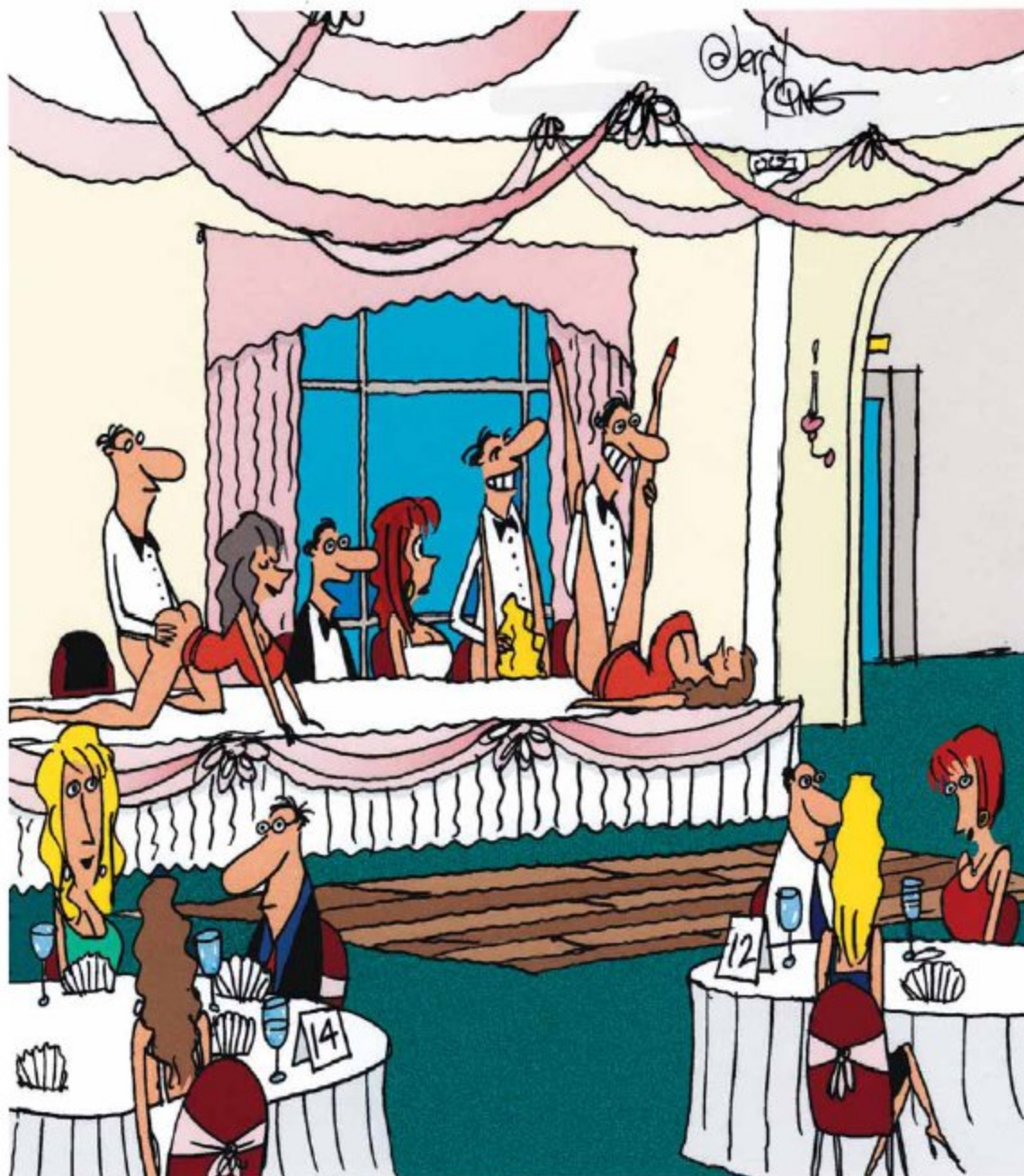
"You're basically telling guys, 'Don't go home and don't associate with your family,'" Mendoza explains. "What are they supposed to do, never see their brother or cousin again? It's just an easy parole violation. The police can lock you up again anytime they want."

Rock Johnson believes prison violence and corruption make smart inmates disconnect from their families on the outside. "The mind-set I needed to survive didn't allow for me to think about my daughter or mother," says Johnson, who survived 11 bullet wounds and recuperated at Brown's home not long after being released from prison. "The moment I thought about them was the moment I might let my guard down and get killed. I didn't want them to visit me. I didn't want anyone

inside to think I had someone close to me, someone who could be extorted."

Ex-felons need to have their voting rights restored. Thirteen percent of the black adult male population has lost the right to vote because of felony disenfranchisement laws. And if an ex-con stays clean for three years, we should allow him to fill out a job application without having to list his non-violent felonies. We need to end our "war on drugs." It's a war on poor people, a war we're losing badly. We will have to legalize drugs and use the tax money to fund treatment centers and prison reform. I'm not interested in debating what's worse, drugs or alcohol, drugs or tobacco. Prohibition doesn't work, especially in a free society.

Rehabilitating our penal system and letting the steam out of prison culture will take resources and time. It won't take the hundred years John McCain is prepared to commit toward civilizing Iraq. Civilizing America will mostly take a reduction in fear.



*"Apparently we matched up the bridesmaids and groomsmen pretty well."*

## Juliette Fretté

(continued from page 85)

the social, political and economic equality of men and women. Let's not fool ourselves: Women and men are different creatures, and I am certainly glad of that. But our differences should not preclude us from living in the way we are most joyful. Most important, such joy may or may not involve wearing dresses, suits, a corset or anything at all—which brings me to the complicated issue of empowerment.

Many feminists ask if celebrating this particular (sexy as hell) image of myself is progressive. My response is, So what if I want to dress up like a Barbie doll? Or dress down like a Barbie doll? Or wear rugged chic outfits like an earthy hippie woman? My identity—my identities—can be as fluid as I wish.

But for some it's not that simple. Many women feel compelled to weigh such issues as objectification, pornography and body image before acting on their intuition. As much as these topics need examination, we cannot become so judgmental of ourselves that we undercut our own empowerment and advancement by prejudging our choices based on notions of political correctness. This will only limit our potential and restrict the range of identities available to us. Whatever identity we choose, we ultimately honor the different aspects of the goddess and the god within ourselves.

And ultimately, following this reasoning, I came back to PLAYBOY, still a feminist.

Yes, PLAYBOY has at times been at odds with the feminist movement about perspectives on female beauty and nudity. Yet PLAYBOY has directly and indirectly facilitated much progress for women and American culture.

PLAYBOY has been a pioneer in promoting female sexuality in a puritanical, censored society and at the same time supports women's political rights, especially in the area of sexual and reproductive issues. The magazine has given a voice to great writers, thinkers and political figures in support of civil rights, free speech and free thought.

It's time for feminist scholars to develop a more productive attitude toward the PLAYBOY way of life. Why can't we all just get along? Instead of arguing, I prefer creating joy, harmony and balance in my own life. Right now. In this moment. On these pages.

Now more than ever, I can explain why a feminist would appear in PLAYBOY: because it's fun. It's creative. And I feel like it. And that adds to my joy and empowers me as a human being.

What's more, it freshens my perspective on my book. Ah, yes, my book—the climax to this entire journey!

Yeah, I had to end with a bang. I hope it was as good for you as it was for me.



## PARADIGM SHIFT

(continued from page 82)

"Payment up front?"

"At the back end, as it were."

"I want an advance."

She didn't mind that.

Upholding her end of the laundry deal was rather time-consuming, but the serendipitous result was that, more active than they had been, Mary Lou lost 10 pounds, and Dave lost five. When Mary Lou was doing Dave's laundry now, she could scent him—the pheromones spurred her to redouble her efforts to reduce their water usage. The key was to anticipate at least one of his two daily showers.

The first time, of course, he was annoyed to find her in the bath—she had used all the hot water, and now he had to wait 40 minutes to take his shower! She pushed her hair back and slid down in the tub, then lifted her chin and emerged. She was aiming for that effect you always see in ads for Caribbean vacations—mysterious girl rises from the deep—and since she had lost those 10 pounds she did look more like a girl and more mysterious. She took a deep breath. "Get in with me. It's nice." She had poured in a capful of Bulgarian rosewater (the best kind, but of course it had not been manufactured within 150 miles; however, those who manufactured it needed capitalism to work for them). The rich fragrance wafted upward, and she pulled up her knees.

He hung his towel over the shower door and got in. For a moment it was awkward, but then she extended her legs, he extended his legs, and they were sitting, entwined, face-to-face. She took her washcloth and squeezed the subtly redolent bathwater over his stomach and legs. Pretty soon he yawned, and then he yawned again. She said, "I'll wash you; you can relax." The good thing about their bathtub, other than the fact that it was large, was that it was an old-fashioned one, with the spigot on the long side. It was perfect for this project. She smoothed the soap (made by a local craftswoman from olive oil—no palm oil—and ground almonds) over his chest and shoulders, and then, of course, downward. He sighed and closed his eyes. The sun floated lower in the window, and they didn't get out of the tub until the water was cool. Nor did she go straight into the kitchen to begin cooking dinner. In fact, they didn't eat until after nine. In four days, she had weaned him off that second shower.

She said to her friend Sophie, "Green living is definitely more of an effort."

Sophie said, "You have to get jazzed about it. You can't do it just because you think you have to. You have to get your adrenaline pumping."

"That's true," said Mary Lou. "But do you think it's better to drive to the farmer's market or to order things online?"

"I think it's better to take the bus to the farmer's market."

Mary Lou wasn't sure she would ever get him on the bus, so she decided to address the beef question. The beef question had recurred, on many levels, time and again—cholesterol, animal rights, mad cow disease, hormones and antibiotics, E. coli contamination—and Dave had always said that (a) she was exaggerating and (b) he didn't care about any of those issues, and why should he? His LDL was steady at 140, and his HDL was almost 100. Nevertheless, the carbon footprint of a beef steer was daunting—3,700 liters of water per kilogram of boneless beef. Since they ate about a kilo and a half of beef every week, averaged over the year, that was 277,000 liters of water just in steaks and pot roasts and burgers. He didn't like tofu (though, to tell the truth, soybean production was very suspect also); he could take only so many soufflés and quiches; he had accepted whole-grain pasta reluctantly; he thought chicken was boring.

One night, instead of getting out of the bathtub, drying off and going into the bedroom, Mary Lou went into the kitchen. She put on an old apron for safety's sake and then whipped up rigatoni with toasted pine nuts, sautéed shallots and cremini mushrooms, roasted finocchio and whole garlic cloves, olive oil, salt, pepper, fresh basil and a touch of Parmesan. She was careful not to drop any pots on her bare toes, and yes, she did look a bit odd with her nipples peeking out to either side of her apron, apron strings dangling down between her cheeks and oven mitts almost up to her elbows, but when he came out in his towel, he was happy to sit at the counter drinking a glass of wine and watching her. The bonus was that naked vegetarianism proved yet another way to cut down on the laundry.

Winter came on.

Dave liked the thermostat set at 72 during the day and 68 at night. In this, he considered himself nearly heroic. In his mother's house, if the temperature dipped below 78, Dave's mom put on a sweater, and if there was a power failure and it dropped into the 60s, she put on a coat. However, Mary Lou had taken plenty of hikes with Dave and their dog, Max, and she knew that exercise warmed him up quickly and thoroughly. But that was not where she started. She started with Cole Porter. It was late November, but they were already having a little cold snap. Not long after dinner, just as they were getting ready to watch *The Colbert Report*, she saw him turn up the thermostat. During the show, she could hear the warm air pour out of the registers. By the end of it, she could feel



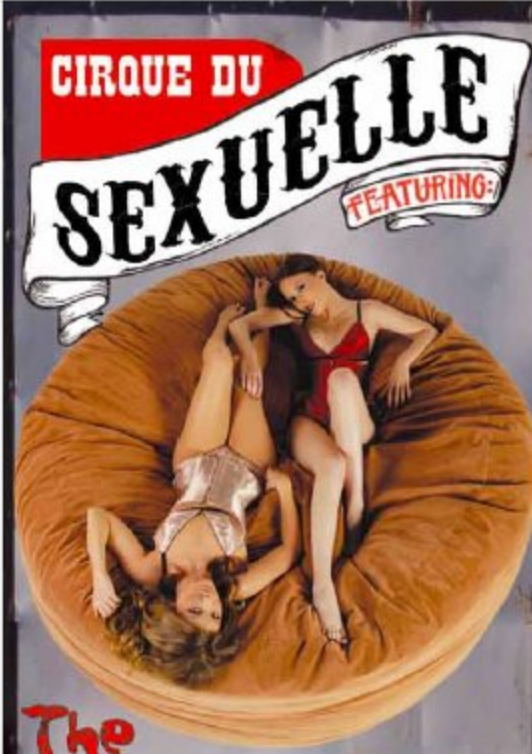
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the difference. She took off her own sweater. Dave said, "Hot flash, huh?"

"I haven't had one of those in months."

He didn't say anything.

"Anyway, I think those are over."

He made a kiss in her direction, then said, "Good." Nevertheless, she had to wait for a while for him to forget that idea, so they watched TV longer than usual, all the way through the late showing of *The Daily Show*. She began sighing as soon as they stood up, and also discarding her clothes, dropping them as she walked toward the bedroom, like a trail of crumbs. But while he was letting out the dog, she found the CD in her bedside table. When he came into the

bedroom, she was sprawled on the bed in just her underpants, and Ella Fitzgerald was singing, "But I ain't up to my baby tonight, / 'cause it's too darn hot." Ella went on. By this time, three months after the first spiral lightbulb, Dave was more used to erotic abundance than he had been, so he took her posture as an invitation. She had expected this and had provided herself with a little spritz of water, over the forehead and upper lip, and also across her breasts. When he put a hand on her, she said, "I'm hot. Aren't you hot?"

He shook his head, still intent.

"I'm actually sweating." She wiped the back of her hand over her forehead.

He said, "I guess you are."

"You're sure you aren't hot?" She filtered her fingertips upward through his hair and sang along with Ella. It was a lengthy song, and she had set it on repeat. Finally, he put his hand on her breast—kindly, affectionately, eagerly, it was true—and although it hurt her to say it, she said, "Ohhh. I just don't think I can, honey."

He sat back. After a moment, he said, "Maybe I'll turn down the thermostat."

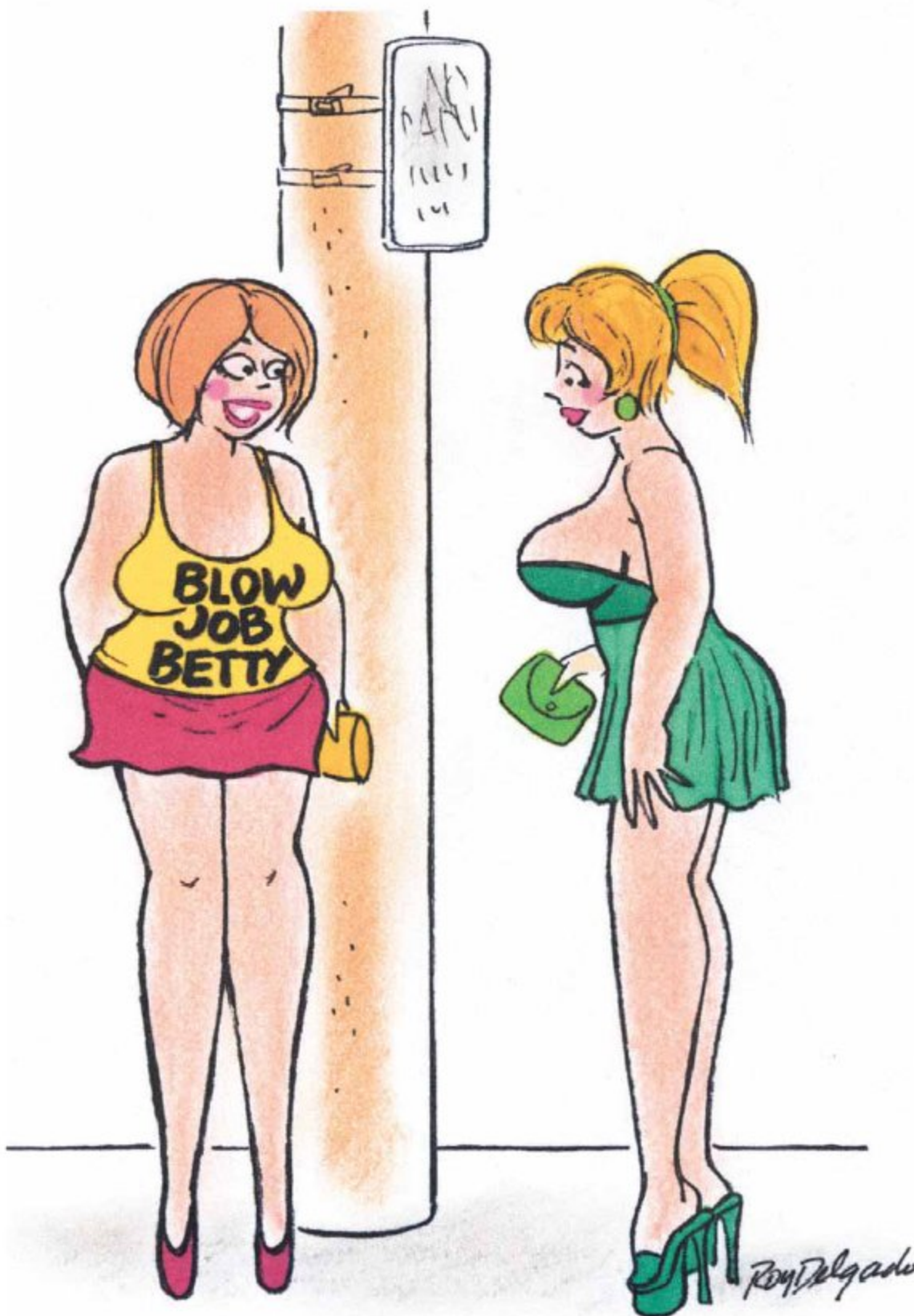
"That would be a good idea."

He stood up.

"At least four degrees. No more than 68, really." She would get it down to 62 in stages, she thought.

He pretended to shiver, but he made his way toward the thermostat with a spring in his step.

By the first of the year, every time he lowered the temperature in the house, he got a hard-on.



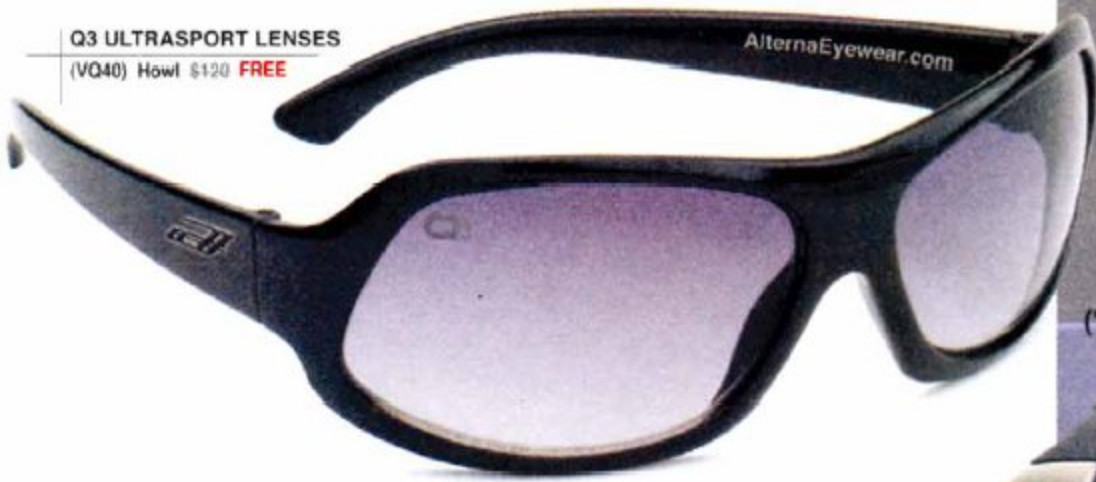
*"It helps establish brand recognition."*

Sometime in January, Mary Lou realized that there were only so many hours in the day. The difficulty was not maintenance—in addition to her Dave campaign, she had, of course, acted independently to make over those areas that were primarily her domain, such as household cleaning products, soaps and shampoos, fruits and vegetables. She had cut back on vacuuming and he had neither noticed nor offered to vacuum himself. She bunched her errands now, almost without thinking, and was more organized about stocking up. No, maintenance was no problem. The question was about launching bigger projects. She wanted solar panels on the roof.

It was Max who gave her the answer. Max, a good-natured mystery mix with a face like a boxer and a body like an Airedale, was, at Dave's insistence, very well trained. He had gone to puppy school, he had taken the intermediate course (long stay, off leash at the mall) and the advanced course (discriminating among objects, navigating a short agility course). As far as Mary Lou was concerned, Max's best trick took place at dinner. When they sat down to eat, Max went over and lay down, facing away from them. He stayed like this, relaxed, never importuning them, because every so often one of them tossed him a crouton or a noodle. As far as Max was concerned, treats fell from the ceiling like manna once in a while when he wasn't thinking about them. This, Mary Lou knew, was the law of intermittent rewards. Or, as the dog trainer had said, "Even a dog gets tired of cheddar cheese if it comes like clockwork." Here Mary Lou saw her flaw and her redemption. That night, she fell asleep before he got to bed—truly she did, she wasn't faking—he turned down the heat, brought a big one to bed, and she wasn't awake to see it, though when he told her about it in the morning, she cooed various



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appreciative responses. That very evening she had agreed to go to a play with Sophie—Dave didn't care for plays—and because they took the bus, she actually didn't get home until almost midnight. Dave was already asleep, and she was careful not to wake him. The next morning was Saturday, and he woke up with what amounted to a hair trigger—all she had to do was run her forefinger down his spine and kiss him on the back of the neck and he was ready. But sleepy—she handed him the Astroglide because he was too drowsy to find it himself, and she offered her backside because he said, “Open the red door,” the utterance of a dream. He woke up moaning and fucking, overwhelmed in a way that almost never happened when he was fully conscious. She made it last, too—by the time they were finished, he had to lie back and take some deep breaths. He said, “Maybe I'll go back to sleep. Wow.”

She sat up and stroked the hair off his forehead—gently, oh so gently—saying, “You know, I think we should look into solar panels.”

He mumbled, “Okay,” and slept until noon.

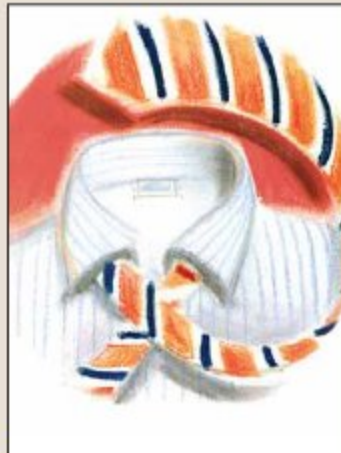
Solar panels, before the rebate, were \$40,000. It was a long way from the “okay” to the electric meter spinning backward, but “okay” was a start. While he slept, she stroked his forehead in pure gratitude.

The hardest part, in fact, was holding herself back. She had been conditioned too. When she did the laundry, she couldn't help imagining his shirt, his pants, his socks, his shorts, coming off one by one. When the temperature was low, she saw (in her mind) his chest hair bristle in the cold and him hurry to the bed, where he snuggled his chilly hands against her breasts or between her thighs, which made her laugh and was exciting as well as startling. Just looking at the red bag from Trader Joe's or the black bag from Safeway gave her a lusty little frisson. And as for erections, well, in the course of her campaign, there had been erections all over the house, and it was as if every one of them had left a little ghost of itself imprinted on the air. But solar panels, she thought, were a greater good. When it was going to take five or six or 10 years to earn back the initial investment, self-control was what would be rewarded. So she went to another play with Sophie (bicycle, bus, walk a mile, bus, bicycle—good thing it was a matinee), spent at least a week looking for LED outdoor lights from a local business, baked and froze many loaves of bread (convection oven, full freezer) and put all of their appliances, including the ones she was unsure about, like the pencil sharpener, on surge-arrest strips. She ripped out a sweater she had knitted that didn't fit and rolled all the yarn into balls rather than ordering new yarn, and she went around and recaulked all the

# WHERE

## HOW TO BUY

*Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 32, 37–40, 72–74 and 100–103, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*



### GAMES

Page 32: *Battle of the Bands*, [thq.com](http://thq.com). *Iron Man*, [sega.com](http://sega.com). *Metal Gear Solid: The Essential Collection*, [konami.com](http://konami.com). *Myst*, [empireinteractive.com](http://empireinteractive.com). *NBA Ballers: Chosen One*, [midway.com](http://midway.com). *Ōkami*, [capcom.com](http://capcom.com). *Pinball Hall of Fame: Williams Collection*, [cravegames.com](http://cravegames.com). *Psychonauts*, [steampowered.com](http://steampowered.com). *Rez HD*, [xbox.com](http://xbox.com). *Sam & Max: Season Two*, [telltalegames.com](http://telltalegames.com). *Viking: Battle for Asgard*, [sega.com](http://sega.com).

### MANTRACK

Pages 37–40: *BeerTender*, [heineken.com](http://heineken.com). *Corvette*, [chevrolet.com/corvette](http://chevrolet.com/corvette). *Dunlop*, [dunlopsport.com](http://dunlopsport.com). *Grace Bay Club*, [gracebayclub.com](http://gracebayclub.com). *Panasonic*, [panasonic.com](http://panasonic.com). *Pioneer*, [pioneerelectronics.com](http://pioneerelectronics.com). *Skullcandy*, [skullcandy.com](http://skullcandy.com). *Swiss Army*, [swissarmyknife.com](http://swissarmyknife.com). *WildCharge*, [wildcharge.com](http://wildcharge.com).

### FOLD HERE

Pages 72–74: *Dahon*, [dahon.com](http://dahon.com). *Desk Bed*, [flyingbeds.com](http://flyingbeds.com). *G-Tech*, [g-techworld.com](http://g-techworld.com). *Muji*, [momastore.com](http://momastore.com). *Open Air Cinema*, [openaircinema.us](http://openaircinema.us). *Persol*, [persol.com](http://persol.com). *Porta-Bote*, [porta-bote.com](http://porta-bote.com).

### DRESSING CONOR

Pages 100–103: *Aldo*, [aldoshoes.com](http://aldoshoes.com). *Anthony Logistics*, available at Barneys New York. *Banana Republic*, [banana-republic.com](http://banana-republic.com). *Brooks Brothers*, [brooks-brothers.com](http://brooks-brothers.com). *Cole Haan*, [colehaan.com](http://colehaan.com). *Colibri*, available at Fred Meyer. *Eagle Shirtmakers*, available at Macy's. *Ermenegildo Zegna*, [zegna.com](http://zegna.com). *Express*, [expressfashion.com](http://expressfashion.com). *Gap*, [gap.com](http://gap.com). *Geoffrey Beene*, available at Macy's. *Haggar*, available at JCPenney and Kohl's. *Hamilton*, [hamiltonwatch.com](http://hamiltonwatch.com). *H&M*, [hm.com](http://hm.com). *Hilfiger Denim*, [hilfigerdenim.com](http://hilfigerdenim.com). *Jack Spade*, [jack-spade.com](http://jack-spade.com). *Johnston & Murphy*, [johnstonmurphy.com](http://johnstonmurphy.com). *John Varvatos Eyewear*, [basecurveeyewear.com](http://basecurveeyewear.com). *Levi's*, [peebles.com](http://peebles.com). *Little Black Tie*, [urban-outfitters.com](http://urban-outfitters.com). *Ted Baker London*, [tedbaker.com](http://tedbaker.com). *Uniqlo*, 877-4-UNIQLO.

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windows. She read some used books by the light of the soft-white fluorescent, and when she had done all of these things, she was breathless with desire. Judging by their subsequent weekend in bed, they were back where they had started years before, when she was 20 and had hair down to her ass and he was 24 and had hair down to his shoulders. On Monday, she called and made an appointment with the solar guy for the next really nice day.

The "solar guy" turned out to be a woman, about 30, all business, but with springy chestnut tendrils, a beautiful long neck and lips like Angelina Jolie's. The fact that she wore glasses, which she kept pushing up her nose, had an earnest manner and spouted numbers and technical information with a Bill Gates sort of expertise only enhanced her appeal. Mary Lou said, "Just a moment," and went inside. It was Saturday, and Dave was watching the hockey game. She said, "Honey, I think you should come out for a bit."

"You can tell me about it."

"I think it might mean more to you if you heard the spiel."

He got up from the couch. He was a little grumpy until he saw her—Daphne, her name was. She walked them all

over their roof and the hill behind their house. She demonstrated the arc of the sun through the course of the year with large gestures. She pushed her hair out of her face. She borrowed a ladder and climbed it, and he watched her from below. She said that her sisters were in the business too.

"How many sisters?" said Dave.

"There are four of us. We have the area about covered now, and really, we have our hands full with all the new installations." She flashed a big smile. "We do all the work ourselves."

Mary Lou might have been jealous if Dave had even hesitated for five minutes, but as soon as Daphne's Prius disappeared down the driveway, he hustled her into the bedroom, threw back the covers, stripped off her sweater and jeans and nearly exploded. At one time, she had thought piggybacking on the charms of another woman would have offended her, but by now she was too old and realistic for that, and also, the UN had issued a climate report saying that without drastic cuts in emissions, civilization was in grave danger. Daphne was clearly in a growth industry. She also offered residential wind power.

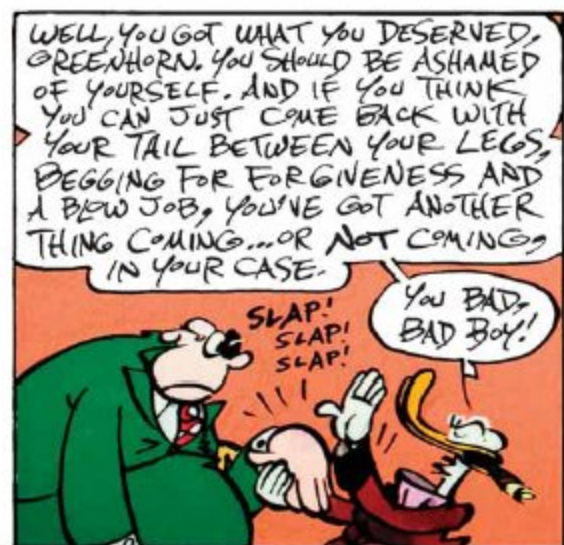
When the sisters showed up (Daphne, Chloe, Esme and Thalia), Dave, who

was not a hammer-wielding sort of guy, offered eagerly to help, and Max offered to watch—he stood with his forepaws on the third rung of the ladder, staring slavishly upward. Occasionally, one of the sisters would toss a ball off the roof, and Max would race and tumble down the hill to fetch it. He would then return to the foot of the ladder and stare at the underside of the gutter, the ball between his two hind paws. The girls worked with fluid grace, and all four of them could heft tools and materials up and down the ladder as if up and down a staircase. Daphne was friendly, but when Mary Lou asked about her family, she talked about them in entirely sociological terms. Mary Lou decided that she was the best-looking nerd she had ever seen but possibly also the nerdiest, up to and including her nephew Roger, who refurbished hard drives for a living.

Thalia was the boss, and she had no hesitation about finding Dave's work lacking in skill. More than once she said, "Here, you hold the dumb end of the stick, Dave." She also said things like "Move over," "Watch it," "Jesus H. Christ," "What the fuck." Her thong showed every time she leaned over to pick up the end of a solar panel. Chloe was no less firm, but more explanatory: "Okay, now, Dave, let's

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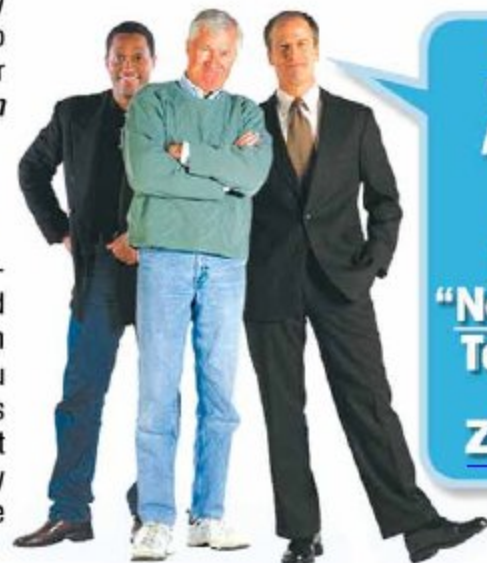
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look at the screw and the screwdriver. See how that is a slot head while the screw is a Phillips head? You've got to actually pay attention to what you are doing. Now set it in straight, even though it takes a little more time. You don't want to strip the threads. Great. Now try it again." Mary Lou could hear her through the open windows. Esme was more reserved. She didn't say much, and she spent her breaks smoking something that didn't look like cigarettes and was probably grown within 150 miles. When Daphne saw Mary Lou looking at her, she sighed and said, "She'd rather be doing extreme recycling."

"What's that?"

"Oh, you know, you take things like shipping containers and pieces of broken-up highway and old pallets and build houses out of them. She loves straightening nails."

All in all, the sisters were overwhelming. They seemed to swarm over the house, all legs, all hair, all cleavage. They were there from dawn until dark, and when they left, Dave sank exhausted into bed—no double baths and no icy hands between her thighs. No doubt, thought Mary Lou, sitting up late in the living room with her knitting in her lap, watching Max pine by the front door, I am getting what I deserve for not being forthright, for using feminine wiles, for playing a double game, for, dammit, arousing all that lust that had been quietly going to sleep. A few tears dripped into her sport-weight cotton yarn. Why was she reknitting this sweater, anyway? She had never for one minute liked the color.

After five long days, Thalia tromped

into the living room and presented them the bill. The sisters trailed after her, dusty and sweaty but voluptuous. Daphne said, "All hooked up and running."

Dave said, a little breathlessly, "I got the check from the bank. It's in the desk here."

"Yeah," said Thalia. "Now look, don't forget to do the paperwork for the rebate. You're getting a tidy sum. And I'm leaving maintenance instructions here on the counter. Read them." Her manner was extra brusque. Mary Lou would have left it right there, but she saw, jealously, that Dave couldn't resist. He was nearly swooning as he uttered, "Is there something wrong?"

"Well, since you ask, there is." Thalia took a deep breath and her nostrils flared. She threw her tumbling hair back over her shoulder with an impatient gesture, put her hands on her ideal hips and went on, "I'll tell you what, Dave. You have a perfect spot here for this. Southern orientation, no tree cover. You should have done this at least three years ago. Two things make me mad, and one of them is people who don't feed electricity back into the grid, when it's so easy."

"What's the other?" Dave looked like he could hardly breathe, he was so turned on.

"The other is you baby boomers——"

"Thalia," said Daphne, her voice voluptuously sharp.

Chloe and Esme were shaking their heads at Mary Lou, as if to say, sorry, she's so crazy. Their luxuriant hair popped out of their barrettes and flew about.

Thalia's chest inside her T-shirt swelled aggressively. In spite of herself,

Mary Lou liked the decisiveness with which the girl had cut away the collar and slit the sides up the seams. "No, you should know. When I think of the price of oil in 1979, what a chance that was for you baby boomers to wake up, it just steams me. I was three years old. What the fuck were you waiting for?" Because she was so dramatically indignant, everyone now turned to stare at Dave, including Mary Lou.

Dave handed her the check, open-mouthed. Then he said, "I don't know."

Esme and Daphne hustled, or maybe you could say shouldered her out of there. Chloe brought up the rear, first straightening papers, then rolling her eyes and looking amused. Dave jumped up and held the door for her. Chloe (Chloe! thought Mary Lou. How did I get stuck with Mary Lou, when others got Chloe?) stopped and gave him a little shrug.

Then Dave kissed her on the cheek, right in front of Mary Lou. After that, he and Max followed the sisters to their truck (a Chevy hybrid) and watched as they drove away.

Mary Lou got up and peeked out the window at this, then sighed.

Dave came back in, flopped on the couch and said, "Wow."

"So," said Mary Lou, "which one was your favorite?"

"Oh, that one. Chloe. She taught me——"

"To screw?" Mary Lou knew she was saying this in a bitchy tone.

Dave looked at her for a moment, then said, "No, hon. To set a screw is all." After another moment, he said, "You okay?"

"I got what I wanted."

"You did."

They both know she sounded shocked, even disappointed. Possibly, Dave hadn't gotten what he wanted. Possibly, he would get it.

She picked up her knitting.

He picked up the remote.

Then he put the remote on the coffee table, and said, "Let's go look." He pulled her up out of the couch. He went ahead of her out the door. He did not stop for a kiss on the cheek.

Outside, Dave opened the cover on the electric meter. The sun was shining. The meter was running backward. Just then, Dave put his arms around her and kissed her on the forehead. Only on the forehead. He kissed his mother on the forehead. All four of the little dials were turning at different rates. As they watched, even the slow one clicked leftward. Dave said, "Pretty tough, those girls."

"I guess," said Mary Lou. "Maybe too tough?"

"I don't know that you can be too tough for the future these days."

"Maybe not," said Mary Lou. She gave him a little kiss on the cheek and undid the snap on her jeans. Dave smiled.



"Oh, damn! I forgot my lines again!"



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## HARVEY LEVIN

(continued from page 109)

## Q6

PLAYBOY: Yet TMZ frequently showcases people in meltdown mode, whether it's Lindsay, Britney, Mel or Michael Richards. Isn't that spotlight doing them more harm?

LEVIN: You're not doing anyone a favor by looking away when a celebrity does something wrong. Richards screwed up, and he took the heat for it. That's only fair. What isn't fair is that these people can walk into and out of a restaurant without even thinking about paying. They're underage and they get served alcohol. They live their life without ever hearing the word *no*. They should know better.

## Q7

PLAYBOY: Is there any story TMZ won't run?  
LEVIN: We turn down stories all the time. I didn't run the video David Hasselhoff's daughter shot of him drunkenly eating a hamburger, because it was not meant for the public. That was between him and his daughters. I also won't run anything in which someone breaks the law to get the story—for instance, if someone steals a file. I won't run something if people are chased. Our guide in making these decisions is what we call the yuck factor. If it doesn't feel right, we don't do it—even if it would mean getting tons of traffic on the site. We won't show parents with their kids, messy divorce situations, stars at their homes, stars who look like they're being stalked. My business is built

on trust, and the most important way to maintain that trust is to make people think I won't burn them.

## Q8

PLAYBOY: What about Alec Baldwin's daughter? TMZ was the source for that brutal phone message of Baldwin calling her a pig.

LEVIN: That was a tough one. I struggled with it for days before putting it up. Ultimately I decided it was a critical piece of evidence in a highly publicized court case that was not sealed and was part of the public record. But it felt personal, and I asked myself, What would it do to the kid? Baldwin will hate me forever for it, and I understand that. But I'm not here to cause pain. Same with Mel Gibson. When we had that story ready to go, I sat in my office just looking at it. There is literally a button you push to send it out to the world, and I knew the impact this would have on a man's life. I'm telling you I stared at that button for a couple of minutes even though I knew the story was accurate and he had done wrong. It doesn't give me pleasure to have that kind of impact on someone's personal life. You constantly have to think about what you're doing.

## Q9

PLAYBOY: If that's true, why do so many celebrities criticize you and your tactics?

LEVIN: I fired a cameraman the other day because he chased somebody. I don't want to imperil people. I don't need Princess Diana as an example to know you shouldn't chase people. That's not where I want TMZ to be. As far as being feared, that doesn't make me happy. I'm trying to create a different form of entertainment, but we're certainly not interested in just the thong shot. I'm not sitting around, saying, "Ooh, get the thong shot!" If I can get Tom Hanks being entertaining, I'll take that over a thong shot any day.

## Q10

PLAYBOY: Was there one celebrity run-in that sent you down this tabloid path?

LEVIN: After working in law I was an investigative reporter and a legal reporter for a long time. Early on I did a story on Tony Danza's house in Malibu, and a photographer went up there to shoot him on the beach with his kids. Danza got so mad he chased the guy down the Pacific Coast Highway, cut him off, then slugged him and took his camera. As a lawyer, I knew that was highway robbery, literally, but the DA said, "He's a photographer. He didn't have the right to be there." But he *did* have the right, and we did a story called "Celebrity Justice," which led to my TV show of the same name, which eventually rolled into TMZ.

## Q11

PLAYBOY: You were also a legal consultant on *The People's Court*. Any fond memories of Judge Wapner?

LEVIN: Well, I've never told this story, but I



*"I, on the other hand, am looking for a short-term relationship—like maybe 45 minutes, an hour."*



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will. When I started doing that show, I was a 30-year-old asshole. Wapner and I butted heads because I knew everything and he didn't, which was ridiculous. He had been a judge for 20 years. One day the owner of the show took me aside and said, "If I have to choose between Wapner and you, you better believe I'm not gonna choose you." But at the end of season one we had a huge hit on our hands, and at the wrap party a producer pulled out a joint. I don't smoke marijuana; it makes me sick. But I took a couple of hits and had a revelation, which I really believed in at the moment. I stood up on a table and screamed, "Judge Wapner is the most important thing to happen to law since Justice Brandeis!" From then on Wapner and I got along great.

### Q12

PLAYBOY: What gets you out of bed in the morning?

LEVIN: I love the hunt. I love the reporting. We did a story on underage celebrities who drink. We had picture after picture of these 18- and 19-year-olds—at the time, Lindsay Lohan, Jesse McCartney, the Olsen twins—coming into clubs and drinking, and nobody was doing anything about it. We decided to see what the liquor enforcement board was doing, and it turned out they were focusing on mom-and-pop liquor shops because they were easy to bust. But they never busted the hot clubs. It was so corrupt, but we got the clubs by showing pictures of Jesse McCartney drinking beer.

### Q13

PLAYBOY: Of all the people you cover, Britney Spears gets the most attention by far. What's your advice to her?

LEVIN: It's hard to give advice to someone who is mentally unstable. Assuming I got

her in a rational moment, I would tell her to be more cynical about who her friends are, because the poor thing has been used in the most shocking way by so-called friends who have betrayed her—in the money department and mental health department. They wanted to be seen with her and use her star power to whore for attention in L.A. They took this woman who had a lot of potential to grow up normal and pushed her off the deep end. Then these sleazebags glommed onto her and said, "I'm going to get stuff from her. I'm going to ride in her Mercedes-Benz. She's going to get me attention." The problem was, she craved attention as much as they did, and everything fell apart from there.

### Q14

PLAYBOY: What's the deal with all these celebrities showing up in public without panties?

LEVIN: It's bizarre! Doesn't it seem like the most basic thing in the world? You're going out, you're riding in a car or limousine and wearing a short skirt with 50 photographers guaranteed to catch you from every angle, and—bang—you go commando. Of course they know what they're doing. They all know it gets attention. It's so transparent.

### Q15

PLAYBOY: Were you always such a skeptic about rich kids?

LEVIN: When I was a kid in L.A. I worked at a summer camp where rich kids went. I saw all the things they had and listened to the stories about their vacations, their houses, their staff and their cars and thought, God, to have a life like that! That would be amazing. But when I got to know them I saw how fucked up they all were.

### Q16

PLAYBOY: Wait, are you saying money doesn't buy happiness?

LEVIN: [Laughs] Listen to this: When I was covering the O.J. Simpson trial as a TV news reporter, I was like a circus monkey in Hollywood. People wanted to have me at parties. I remember one party in particular I didn't belong at—big, big stars, huge industry people. I would speak and you could hear a pin drop. The first half of the night they grilled me about Johnnie Cochran and Robert Shapiro, but the rest of the night these stars talked about what medications they were taking and whether you can mix Zoloft with vodka. I realized these people have the same issues we all have, but they were dressed in Chanel and Calvin Klein.

### Q17

PLAYBOY: What's ahead for TMZ?

LEVIN: I see huge opportunities in covering politics in a way that would be interesting and fun for people. People say you can't make politicians as interesting as Hollywood celebrities, because they're not as good-looking, not as well-known, not as entertaining. I totally disagree. These are some of the most interesting people in the country, and they haven't been covered that way before.

### Q18

PLAYBOY: You were at the Ambassador Hotel in L.A. the night Bobby Kennedy was shot. How did that affect you?

LEVIN: I was, and it had a devastating effect on me. I was a senior in high school and loved Bobby Kennedy. I ran a Students for Kennedy headquarters out of my bedroom and put my whole life into that campaign. That day at the Ambassador was my first taste of grown-up disillusionment. I was crying and crying. The violence, the madness—it was shocking.

### Q19

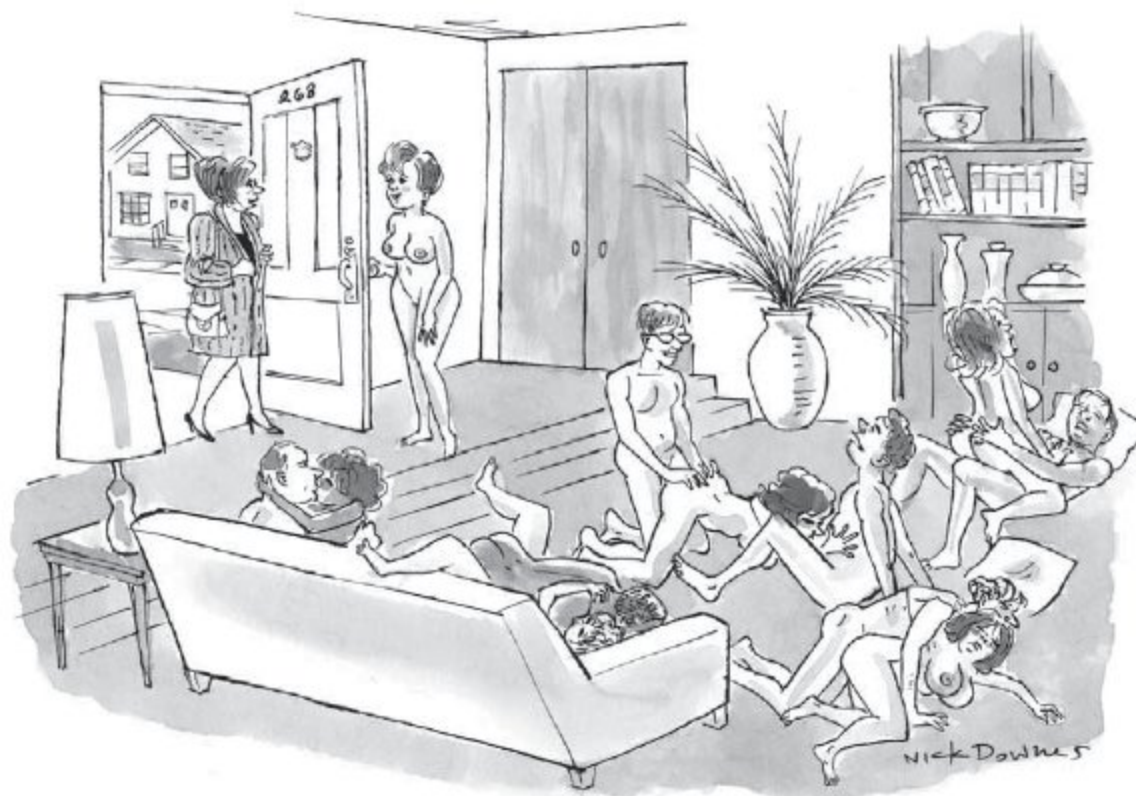
PLAYBOY: With a site like TMZ you must worry about your own safety. What if you ran into, say, Alec Baldwin in a dark alley behind the Ivy?

LEVIN: Would I run? Um, probably.

### Q20

PLAYBOY: How would you feel if you were stalked by paparazzi, TMZ-style?

LEVIN: It's a fair question. I wouldn't like it. I like my privacy. That's an issue I deal with all the time. How would I feel if this happened to me? Is there a huge problem with paparazzi? Yes. Have we made the problem worse? Yes. We've popularized it in a way that puts others in business who do it worse than we do. I can't control that. The only thing I can temper is how we deal with it on our site.



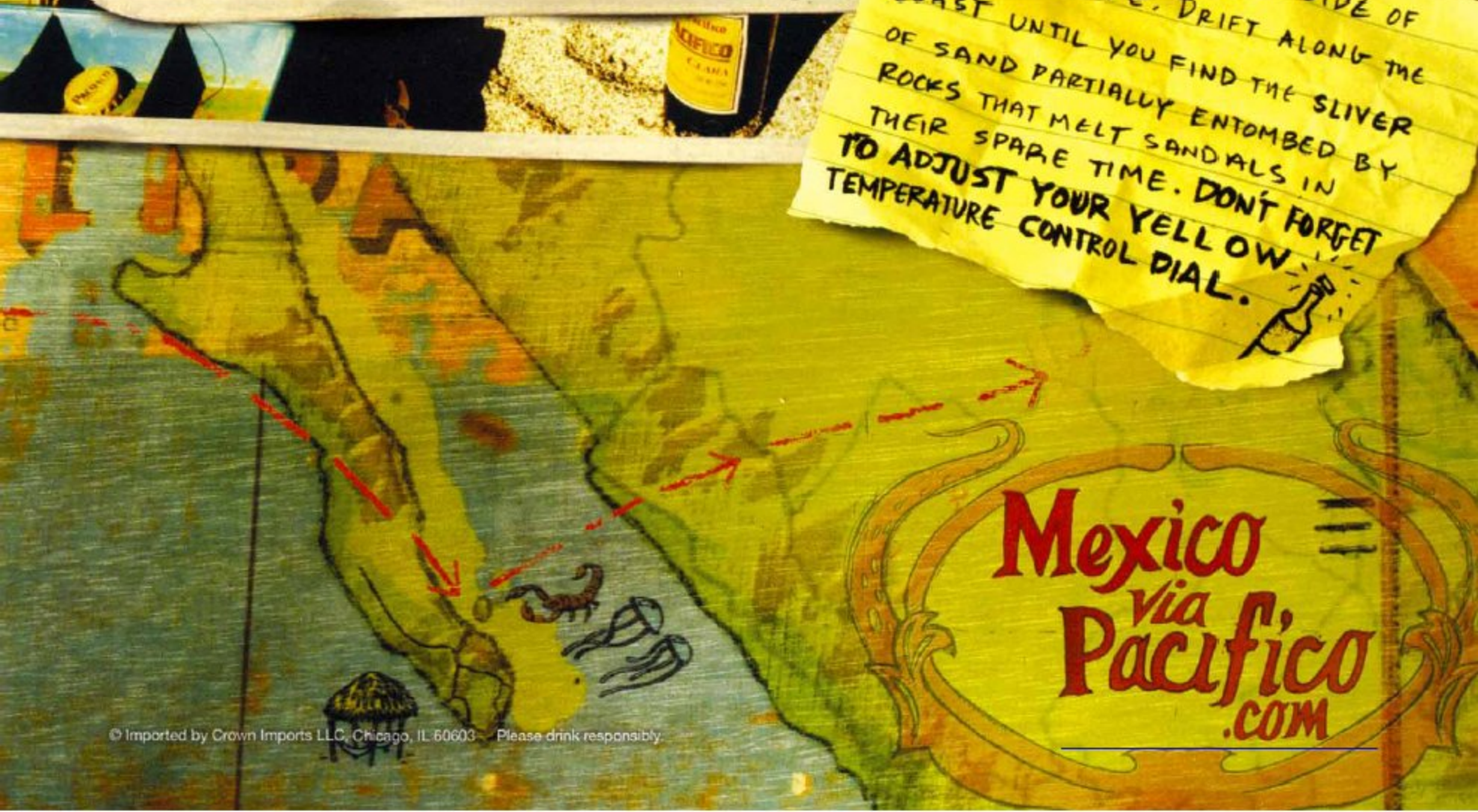
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



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# PLAYMATE NEWS



## MIKE CHICK

Our May 2006 Playmate and cover girl Alison Waite has a new gig interviewing celebrities as *Extra's* Las Vegas correspondent. No stranger to TV, Alison has performed before the camera since she

acted on Saturday morning shows in Seattle as a youngster. But she says she prefers interviewing and hosting to acting. "I feel I have more creative control when I'm just me," she says. "I'm not reading off a script. I can say whatever comes

out of my mouth. I guess it's a power thing." We love a woman who's in control. Alison has been assigned some big-name interviews. Her favorites include the Hilton sisters (pictured above, she asks Paris about her walk-in shoe closet), celebrity chefs Kerry Simon and Charlie Palmer, and *Las Vegas* star Josh Duhamel, who, she confesses, made her swoon. "I was supposed to ask him a lot of questions about his engagement to Stacy Ferguson," she says, laughing, "but I didn't



even want to think about his being with Fergie." When she spoke with us, Alison was preparing for her biggest assignment yet: "I'm going to interview Hef for his birthday. I'm so excited, but I don't

know what I will ask him."

Alison says the toughest part of her job isn't coming up with questions but working in the obligatory uncomfortable ones. "I try to be relaxed and conversational," she says, "but when I have to ask personal



questions about relationships, I think, God, I wouldn't want to be asked this." Still, Alison may have to adjust to being on the other side of the microphone; we see her getting more time in the spotlight in the future. Her goal is to become a morning talk-show host, which would more vigorously challenge her interviewing skills and could help her fulfill another goal. "I'd like to get famous enough to pose in *PLAYBOY* for my own celebrity pictorial," she says.

## 15 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

We'll pat ourselves on the back for the June 1993 issue. In it we named Anna Nicole Smith Playmate of the Year and introduced the world to **Alesha Marie Oreskovich**.

Like Anna, Alesha had staying power, appearing in our Special Editions for an entire decade after her Centerfold. "Clothes are a pain," the Yugoslavian, French, Swedish, German and Italian goddess told us. What's not to love about her?



## LOOSE LIPS

"Generally speaking, you shouldn't fake an orgasm. There's one exception: if it has been close to an hour, and he's waiting for you."

—Serria Tawan



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PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole has been inducted into an elite group. Being from Canada puts Jayde in even more exclusive company: non-American PMOYs. We pride ourselves on finding the ideal girl next door, but in the global community, that occasionally means *la fille d'à côté*.



1 Jodi Ann Paterson



2 Shannon Tweed



3 Lillian Müller



4 Corinna Harney



5 Victoria Silvstedt



6 Marilyn Cole

ANSWERS 1: B, 2: E, 3: D, 4: F, 5: A, 6: C

## HOT SHOT



AJ  
ALEXANDER

## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By G. Gordon Liddy

—host of *The G. Gordon Liddy Show* on Sirius Radio



"I like Miss July 1973 **Martha Smith** because she is Mrs. Liddy. Obviously, she didn't want to use her real name when she was the Centerfold. I'm kidding, of course."

## POP QUESTIONS: CHRISTINA SMITH

**Q:** You're a Playmate of many firsts, no?

**A:** Well, I was [Senior Contributing Photographer] Army Freytag's first Centerfold. After he turned in my pictorial **PLAYBOY** signed him to a contract, and he is still with you. I like to think I was his big break.

**Q:** Looks like that worked out for all parties involved.

**A:** Yes. I also believe I was the first to say "I'm a Playmate forever." I heard girls refer to themselves as former Playmates, and I said, "I'm Miss March 1978, and I'll be the only Miss March 1978, so I'm a Playmate forever."



**Q:** Do you feel you have followed through on that philosophy?

**A:** Sure. I'm an avid collector of all things **Playboy**. I have a wall dedicated to **Playboy**. I have pictures, books, paperweights, beer steins, you name it. If there is a Rabbit Head on it, I have it.

**Q:** What is your most prized **Playboy** possession?

**A:** I have a copy of the first issue, autographed by Hef. I was jazzed

that you guys reprinted it last year, because I was too afraid to flip through my signed copy.

## TROPHY WIFE



Carmella  
GARCIA  
HERMANS  
Jeff Garcia  
FURNBERG  
RIZOV  
GARDNER  
SQUITO  
ANGLER  
DALL

"This was really a different shoot for me because I actually had something on. But the photographer makes you feel sexy without being nude. There's still something for the imagination even though everyone's already seen me [in **Playboy**] with nothing on."

Two **PLAYBOY** alums, PMOY 2004 Carmella Garcia (née DeCesare) and photographer Marlana Bielinska, met at a *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit-issue shoot. Mrs. Jeff Garcia shared a pictorial with Johnny Damon's wife, Michelle; La La Vazquez, who is engaged to Carmelo Anthony; and other athletes' cheerleaders. Sporting a sexy two-piece, Carmella mentioned it felt strange to be wearing clothes in front of the camera.



## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Our party was clearly the main event of Super Bowl weekend, but those who attended the Leather & Laces party must have had fun too. Miss February 1999 **Stacy Fuson** and Miss August 2001 **Jennifer Walcott** pregamed at the Friday-night event with co-host Carmen Electra. Though happy to raise a glass and cheer, Jennifer begged off the champagne; she was also celebrating her new pregnancy...

Like Willy Wonka's chocolate factory, the **Playboy Mansion** is not a place that grants everyone entry. Those who don't hold a golden ticket meet the women of their dreams at Glamourcon. At the most recent expo Miss December 1968 **Cynthia Myers**, Miss August 1967 **DeDe Lind**, Miss May 1996 **Shauna Sand**, PMOY 1995 **Julie Lynn Cialini**, PMOY 1976 **Lillian Müller**, Miss August 1982 **Cathy**



Sugar and spice at  
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Playmates past and present gather at Glamourcon to mingle with their fans.

**St. George** and Miss October 2007 **Spencer Scott** met and greeted **PLAYBOY** fans.... PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** dropped by *Chelsea Lately* to talk about *The Celebrity Apprentice* and revealed that **Jennifer Walcott** isn't the only Playmate who is expecting; **Tiffany's** baby boy is due this month.



PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** shows *Chelsea Handler* (the blonde) her lovely baby bump.

## 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).

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# NEWSPAPERS

(continued from page 98)

Paying subscribers are an endangered species. Their ranks have been thinning for decades. Young people get their news online, where they expect it to be free. Advertisers who once paid handsomely for prime spots on the printed page spend much less for digital ads. Classifieds, always a great profit center for newspapers, have migrated to [Craigslist.org](http://Craigslist.org) and other online competitors who make ads better, more effective and free. High fixed costs—for ink, paper, printing presses and delivery trucks—put papers at a competitive disadvantage. Each of these changes is reflected in the sagging financial statistics analysts look at before they advise their clients to buy, hold or—most likely—dump newspaper stocks, which lost 42 percent of their value (roughly \$23 billion) between the end of 2004 and the start of 2008.

These are real problems, so it's easy to conclude that a combination of ego, vanity and boredom explains the latest paper chase. But men like Murdoch, Zell, Welch, Burkle and Geffen hardly crave attention, and bidding for a newspaper company is an expensive and inefficient way to get in the news. Certainly, these men don't lack self-confidence, yet none is known as reckless, foolish or clueless, especially when it comes to managing his own wealth. What's more, billionaires are not the only ones seeking newspaper investments. Some lesser-known media companies have expanded their newspaper holdings in the past few years. New players—including hedge-fund managers and value investors—now think the industry will eventually turn around. What do these people see in the bleak newspaper business?

Until recently the Newspaper Association of America's investor review meetings were dull affairs attended by financial analysts from white-shoe securities firms, business reporters and a handful of rogue speculators. These days, however, they offer a rare chance to see some of the world's most

powerful chief executives—from the New York Times Company, Gannett, the Washington Post Company and, until recently, Dow Jones and Tribune—line up to beg for patience, mercy and a chance to prove their industry is positioned for a digital future. It's a tough sell. During the June 2007 conference, in midtown Manhattan, the relatively small crowd of investors made no effort to disguise its disappointment. Why hadn't the companies' cutting-edge projects—so-called convergence newsrooms, digital classified ads, niche products for affluent communities and the like—arrived sooner? One bellicose investor harangued McClatchy chief executive Gary Pruitt for acquiring new dailies and blasted the chief executive of the New York Times for refusing to sell its small

and NBC before moving to the newspaper association, Sturm is frustrated because so few analysts recognize that between 2002 and 2006 the industry's revenue grew each year. He says the leading securities firms demand such high profit levels that newspaper corporations must gut their product to avoid falling short. "Companies in different businesses would be happy with the margins newspapers get right now in a down time. Really successful businesses are lucky to get nine percent or 10 percent margins. The big newspaper chains are slipping down into the teens, and some are still in the 20s. Yet there's a public impression"—partly created, he says, by bad press printed in newspapers—"that newspapers are losing money. It drives us around here nuts."

As Sturm sees it, the widespread misunderstanding of newspaper economics makes it even tougher for institutional investors to look beyond short-range problems. This leaves enormous opportunities for private actors willing to absorb risk and endure lean years. "Today brands, franchises, talent and established relationships can be obtained at a pretty decent multiple," says Sturm. "Zell, Burkle, Tierney—these guys look at the long haul. They see assets available now at a fraction of what they were a few years ago. If you take a long-term view—three years, five years—it's pretty good."

Sturm contends all but a few newspapers will remain profitable even in the toughest market conditions because

no one else can offer what newspapers can: street-level coverage of what's happening where customers live. Only a newspaper company, with its large editorial staff and commitment to reporting, can provide the comprehensive Hurricane Katrina coverage that helped Gulf Coast residents understand what was happening in their neighborhoods. Only a newspaper company willing to invest in expensive investigative journalism can routinely expose cases of local corruption, from the rampant waste and favoritism in the Miami public-housing agency that won *The Miami Herald* a Pulitzer Prize in 2007 to the continuing series on wrongful convictions in capital punishment cases

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community weeklies. A smart newspaper company, the investor said, should be getting out of the newspaper business. As the meeting closed, a prominent analyst from Goldman Sachs asked a panel of executives whether it was time for investors "to reset the bar" and "anticipate that this will be a less profitable business in the future." Since the wrong answer could have sent their companies' shares into a nosedive, everyone onstage ducked.

NAA president John Sturm, who moderated the panel, laughed off the question, but after the meeting he conceded that "the reality of this turbulent period is that margins are a bit lower." An amiable Midwesterner who held executive positions at CBS



published by the *Chicago Tribune*. Only a newspaper company can produce the beat coverage of local institutions—government agencies, businesses and sports teams, to name just a few—most of us take for granted. That's why all other local media—radio, TV and Internet—rely on newspaper journalism for content. Without newspaper content, the entire media ecology would collapse.

All this leads to Sturm's core argument for why newspapers will endure: No matter how many new outlets the digital age offers, local journalism has no serious competitors. "If newspapers are still a monopoly," Sturm says, "it's a local-news monopoly, and we know darn well that people want local news."

Dean Singleton, chief executive of the privately held MediaNews Group, whose fleet of 57 daily papers includes *The Denver Post*, the *San Jose Mercury News* and the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, is confident about newspapers' strong hold on local journalism. He has spent the past several years scooping up publications his competitors have discarded. "Newspapers are uniquely positioned for the future communications explosion," he says, because no matter how global the world feels or how digital the media become, consumers will continue to demand their content. The key to success, Singleton says, is not to prevent print readers from moving online but to make sure the content—wherever it appears—is lively, fresh and attuned to local concerns.

MediaNews's growth strategy involves building clusters of newspapers in a geographic region, merging production facilities and shrinking newsrooms to cut costs. Singleton sees promise in new circulation figures that measure consumption both in print and online. Newspaper websites increase the industry's overall readership, but they also attract young people whom skeptics wrote off as uninterested in journalism. "Our audiences have never been this big," Singleton said during a surprisingly bullish presentation on newspapers at the Aspen Institute in August 2007. "Most of our print papers are actually gaining circulation." Singleton feels investors are so focused on the near term in big metro markets that they fail to appreciate the steady growth of small newspapers. "More than half the newspapers in this country have a circulation of 20,000 or below," he says. "They don't know there's any turmoil."

It would be foolish to shrug off the significance of the falling metros, of course, and Singleton's stomach has churned a few times during their drop. His recent acquisitions are now worth a fraction of the price MediaNews paid for them, and more than a few analysts question the aggressive strategy. "It's just a bloodbath," Singleton admits. Yet he believes it's a temporary condition. His large papers, for example, can leverage their brand reputation as online-ad spending grows

and businesses turn to newspaper websites to reach the local audience. "We're going to have two to three years of down performance," he allows, "but I like what I see on the other side." Online revenue already accounts for about 10 percent of MediaNews's income, and Singleton predicts it will soon deliver half the company's profits. "If by 2011 the industry is getting 50 percent of its profit online, Wall Street will love our business," he says. "People who are selling newspaper stocks today will look back and wish they hadn't."

Other newspaper executives wish they had the luxury to expand. As a private corporation, MediaNews can ride out the turbulence while anxious investors pressure its competitors to abort. "If they were public and they announced investments, they'd lose 25 percent of their value in a day," says newspaper-industry analyst John Morton. Tribune, which was criticized for gutting its editorial staff and downgrading the quality of its most prominent newspapers, should get some breathing room once the economy stabilizes, Morton says. "Zell can say they have to make sizable investments to sustain the company over time. Bankers tend to be more long-term oriented, and he's no dumbbell." Still, Morton warns, the newspaper industry faces a tough stretch, and Zell should be braced for a bumpy ride. "Is the newspaper economic model busted?" Morton asks. "I don't think so, but it has certainly been damaged. Newspapers tend to be the dominant vehicle for local advertisers, and in most markets the next most popular place for advertisers is the same newspaper's website." The doomsayers, he thinks, haven't recognized how profitable Internet advertising could be for newspaper companies, as it requires neither ink nor paper nor delivery trucks to produce and deliver digital content. "Newspapers don't have to reach the same revenue levels with digital as with print to make the same amount of money," Morton says. "It may be that the era of the 22 percent margin is behind us, but the industry still has a lot of strength."

"I don't see it," investor Warren Buffett said at a shareholder session of his company, Berkshire Hathaway. "Newspapers face the prospect of seeing their earnings erode indefinitely. It's unlikely that at most papers circulation or ad pages will be larger in five years than they are now. That's even true in cities that are growing. It's hard to make money buying a business in permanent decline." Buffett is no stranger to the newspaper industry. Berkshire Hathaway is the largest shareholder of the Washington Post Company, with roughly 20 percent of its stock. It's also a major investor in Gannett and Dow Jones and the outright owner of *The Buffalo News*. Buffett's bearish forecast echoed through the market, scaring investors everywhere.

"Of all the industries we invest in," said Ariel Capital Management's Charles

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Bobrinsky in an interview with PBS's *Frontline*, "there's no industry more out of favor right now than the newspaper industry. No doubt about it." Bobrinsky explained why Ariel had rejected Buffett's forecast and—before the Zell deal—increased its stake in the Tribune Company. "Warren would tell you he's not in any way an expert on the Internet. One of the things he's underestimating is the growth of the interactive and Internet traffic at many of these newspapers. The second thing he's underestimating, we think, is the innovative skill of this industry. A lot of people don't know this: The Internet site that has the most help-wanted ads? Most people think it's [Monster.com](#), but it's actually [CareerBuilder.com](#), which is owned by Tribune, McClatchy, Gannett and Microsoft. They do a great job of getting their product onto the Internet, and we think the market underestimates that."

Ariel has stuck to this position, even during the difficult summer of 2007. That July Ariel increased its McClatchy holdings by 50 percent.

At the NAA meeting, McClatchy president and chief executive Gary Pruitt made a sweeping case for why firms should invest in his company, which has lost much of its value since spending \$4.5 billion to buy Knight Ridder (then the nation's second-largest newspaper company) in 2006. "People think of us as just the printed product," he says. "They look at circulation numbers, and they're going down. They look at the pie charts of ad share, and it's shrinking for newspapers. They look at the number of daily newspapers, and it's declining. So the inevitable conclusion seems to be they're dead." What they don't see, Pruitt says, is that most newspaper companies don't compete with *The New York Times* and *USA Today*. They're local businesses, and they produce much more than a newspaper. "We're the biggest and most successful Internet company in most of our local markets," he says. Further, since newspapers are not proliferating in number as are television and radio stations, newspaper corporations actually face less local competition than broadcast-

ers do. "Our audience is less subject to fragmentation," Pruitt points out. As advertisers begin to see this, they'll rely more on newspapers than they do today, he thinks.

Pruitt, who joined McClatchy as corporate counsel in 1984 and is now responsible for shepherding the sixth-generation family-run business into the digital age, says his bullish stance is based on the industry's history of disproving skeptics. "As a new medium emerges everyone thinks what's going to happen is obvious," he says. "But conventional wisdom has often been proved wrong. People said broadcasting would kill newspapers, but television and radio made newspapers more profitable. For the hardy ones, that's when the margins exploded."

Like Singleton, Pruitt expects several more lean years and a lot more talk of doom and gloom. "We're not the kind of company you want to invest in with a short-term outlook," he says. "We have a long-term outlook. We think you can do well over time." For now, he says, McClatchy is redefining itself as the leading local multimedia company. "No one really knows what that's going to look like," he says, "but whatever it ends up being, we'll be it."

Impressive as it may be to speculators at Ariel Capital Management, Pruitt's strategy didn't impress Fitch Ratings, the global agency whose opinions move credit markets. Fitch issued a sobering survey of the newspaper industry in January 2007 and in August announced things were even worse than expected. The latter report probably wouldn't have surprised anyone who had attended the NAA meeting back in Manhattan, because every financial officer who took the stage warned of bad news to come. The problems, the newspaper companies said, were related to cyclical trends in the U.S. economy: Real estate markets were slumping, particularly in Florida and the Southwest, meaning that housing, construction and furniture ads were low. Retail business was down, as was the auto industry. Therefore, classifieds, even help-wanted ads, were scarce. And 2007 wasn't an election year, so there were no political ads to compensate for the slow economy.

Fitch rejected this explanation, calling at least half the falloff "secular" or structural and predicting the lost revenue would never come back. Once again the business media joined in the bloodletting. "The ink-stained wretch is a dying breed," wrote *PRWeek* before warning that, at the current rate of decline, "papers will all be broke in three years."

Such scaremongering stirred investor anxiety even though no one on Wall Street believed the industry's rate of decline would last. More problematic, the Fitch report helped drive up the cost of credit for newspapers. Some analysts figured Zell, who would have to take on another \$4.2 billion of debt to complete his bid for Tribune, would throw in the towel. Lehman Brothers Holdings claimed the likelihood of the acquisition was "no better than 50-50," and Tribune's share price fell to about three quarters of Zell's offer price. But by the end of 2007 Zell took over the company as planned and joined Murdoch in the ranks of those who still believe in the business.

During the panel on the future of newspapers at the Aspen Institute, Dean Singleton insisted the concerns about the long-term health of the industry stemmed from fundamental misunderstandings. "You have to separate structural change from cyclical change," he said. "Real estate sucks right now. Employment is slow. But we always have cyclical change, and after downturns things come roaring back." What's more important, Singleton said, is that newspaper companies are not passive players in the industry's transformation. Yes, he allowed, "we've lost tens, maybe hundreds of millions of dollars because of Craigslist, and it's not coming back. But we're participating in the structural transition by changing our business, and we're generating all kinds of new revenue we never dreamed we'd create."

Murdoch points out a more positive structural change for the industry even though it's not within his control. "The world is getting better educated and wealthier," he says. "The essential demand for knowledge from people to lead their daily lives is going to get greater and greater." News



Corporation is betting it can convert its young Internet users into newspaper readers, linking sites such as MySpace (which Murdoch bought in 2005 for \$580 million) to its newspapers. "We have to some extent become social networks," he says. "So people feel almost as if they're part of a club if they read a really distinguished newspaper. I think the two will go together."

Murdoch is not the only media executive who thinks the industry's strategic changes are most evident online. That's where newspaper companies attract new readers with streaming video and special video projects, stories with links to related coverage, hyper-local journalism, blogs, interactive forums and citizen-produced content that could never fit on a printed page. Yes, it took far too long for most newspapers to take advantage of the Internet's capacity for multimedia content, but the days when websites just reproduced the printed page are over. The Internet also allows newspaper companies to increase their audience with a product they haven't been able to offer since the birth of radio: breaking news. A growing number of consumers go online to get updates on their interests, from sports and weather to campaigns and elections. Newspaper companies appreciate the growth potential of up-to-the-second content and are expanding their Internet staffs.

Less visible to the lay reader are new strategic business partnerships, such as Open Network, in which the three largest chains (Gannett, Tribune and McClatchy) combine forces to sell Internet ad packages to national businesses, and HotJobs.com, in which newspapers have joined with Yahoo to sell classifieds online. Such initiatives drive a strong growth in newspapers' Internet revenue, which is up by as much as 30 percent a year.

The thorniest question about the industry's business model concerns its journalism investment, which has diminished dramatically in recent years. Gannett has maintained relatively high profit margins through these lean times and has always kept skeletal reporting staffs at its local papers. Tribune, which has not, has compensated with layoffs in the past few years, cutting one of every four journalists at the *Los Angeles Times*, as

well as hundreds of reporters at the *Chicago Tribune*. Other large newspaper companies are doing the same, leading the Project for Excellence in Journalism to predict "an accumulated drop in newsrooms since 2000 of roughly seven percent by the end of 2007," while "in certain newsrooms the cuts go far beyond that—as high as 40 percent." Among the many threats to the future of newspapers, cannibalization and the resulting lack of satisfying content rank high.

In their efforts to please Wall Street too many newspapers have cast off their most valuable human capital: skilled reporters whose journalism attracts eyeballs and advertisers both in print and online. This is the standard refrain of the newspaper industry's most revered figures, who have

layoffs. He lasted 14 months at the helm in Los Angeles, and before departing he assailed Tribune for asking its papers to do more with less: "I disagree completely with the way this company allocates resources to its newsrooms, not just here but at Tribune newspapers all around the country. I think the current system relies too heavily on voodoo economics and not enough on the creativity and resourcefulness of journalists. This company, indeed this industry, must invest more in solid journalism. We must integrate the speed and agility of the Internet with the news judgment and editorial values of the newsroom, values more important than ever as the hunger for news continues to surge and gossip pollutes the information atmosphere." Journalists applauded his statement. Tribune stopped sending him checks. Media managers may dismiss editors like O'Shea, Baquet and Carroll as self-interested, but an analysis of newspaper management published in *Journal of Marketing* suggests editors may know something about business strategy. According to a study of financial data from small- to medium-size newspapers (with circulation of 85,000 or less), companies that invested in the newsroom were more profitable than those that didn't. "Better news quality drives circulation, and circulation drives advertising revenues," writes lead author Murali Mantrala, a professor at the University of Missouri's College of Business.

"If you lower the amount of money spent in the newsroom," notes his co-author, Esther Thorson, "then the news product becomes so bad you begin to lose money." This may startle the MBAs running most newspaper companies. Business professors aren't the only ones surprising newspaper observers: Despite—or perhaps because of—the industry's dismal recent performance, Warren Buffett bought more shares of the Washington Post, Gannett and Dow Jones in 2007. "Newspapers have fallen out of favor with Wall Street," says analyst John Morton. "I think this will be true for a while. But you can't wait until things get better until you buy these stocks."

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begun to stand their ground. During his brief tenure as editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, John Carroll fired some 200 reporters and achieved profit margins above 20 percent but quit when he refused to comply with Tribune directives to fire even more. Dean Baquet, who replaced Carroll as editor, was fired by Tribune for refusing to execute another round of job cuts.

Yet in a turbulent economy, private ownership is no guarantee of editorial investment. In January 2008 the *Los Angeles Times* lost its fourth senior executive in less than three years, when Zell's new management team—only a month into its tenure—forced James O'Shea to resign. O'Shea, a Tribune veteran in Chicago, became the *Times's* third consecutive editor to leave after resisting





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## Get Smart

Last time we saw **AMY SMART** she was bent over a mailbox with Jason Statham giving her the in-out before a crowd of cheering Chinese people. *Crank* was one seriously weird movie.

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**SEX, LIES AND VIDEOTAPES**—SCROUNGING FOR NUDE PHOTOS AND SEX TAPES, **DAVID HANS SCHMIDT** CASHED IN ON COLIN FARRELL, PARIS HILTON AND OTHERS. BUT THE LAST HEADLINE HE

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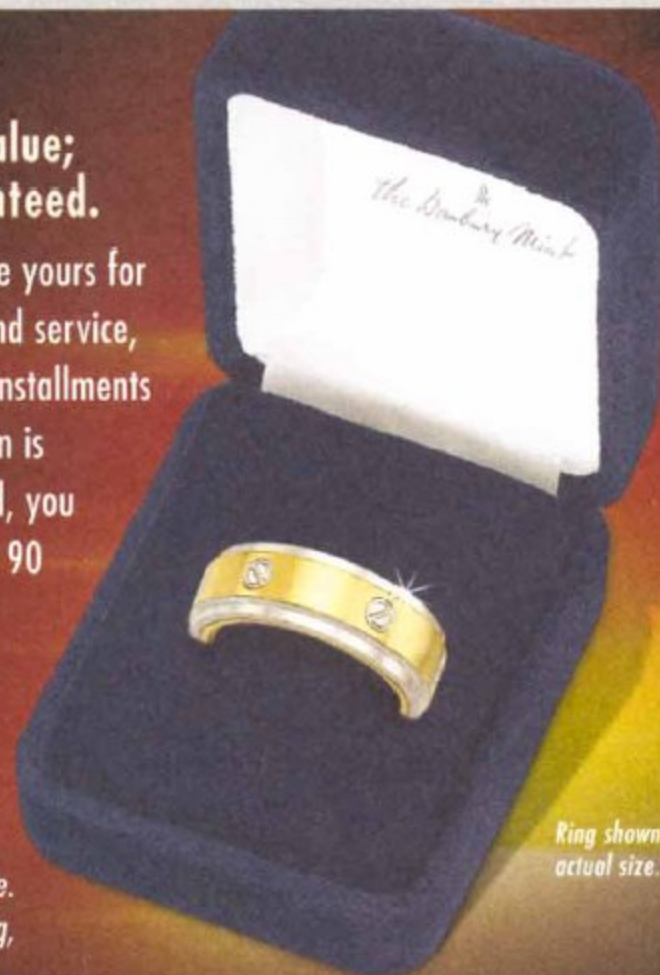
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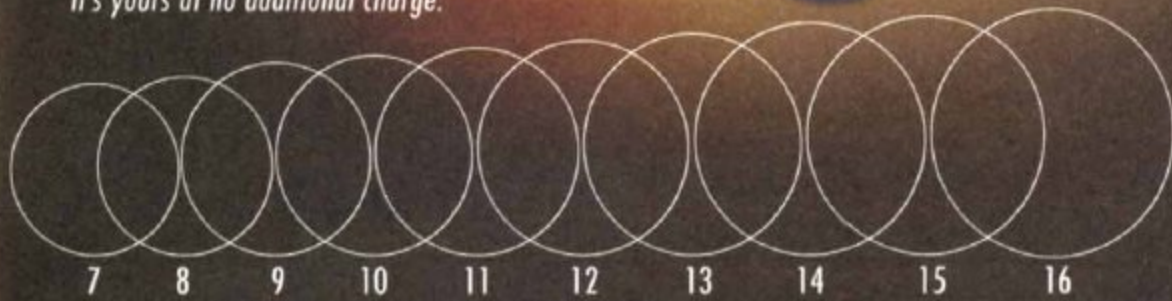
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*The Foundation Ring is displayed within a satin-lined presentation case. Perfect for gift giving or safekeeping, it's yours at no additional charge.*



Ring shown actual size.



To find ring size, match a circle with the **inside** of a ring (a band works best for measuring).



**"FOR TOO LONG OUR CULTURE HAS SAID, 'IF IT FEELS GOOD, DO IT.' NOW, WE WANT TO BE A NATION THAT SERVES GOALS LARGER THAN SELF. WE'VE BEEN OFFERED A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY, AND WE MUST NOT LET THIS MOMENT PASS. MY CALL IS FOR EVERY AMERICAN TO COMMIT TO THE SERVICE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND YOUR NATION. BY DOING THIS, WE SUSTAIN AND EXTEND THE BEST THAT HAS EMERGED IN AMERICA."**

**★ ★ EVERYONE CAN DO SOMETHING. ★ ★**

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**Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today!**

Officially licensed and available exclusively from the Danbury Mint, each *Team Clock* is available for \$99 plus \$9.90 shipping and service, payable in three monthly installments of just \$36.30. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Choose your favorite(s) and order today!

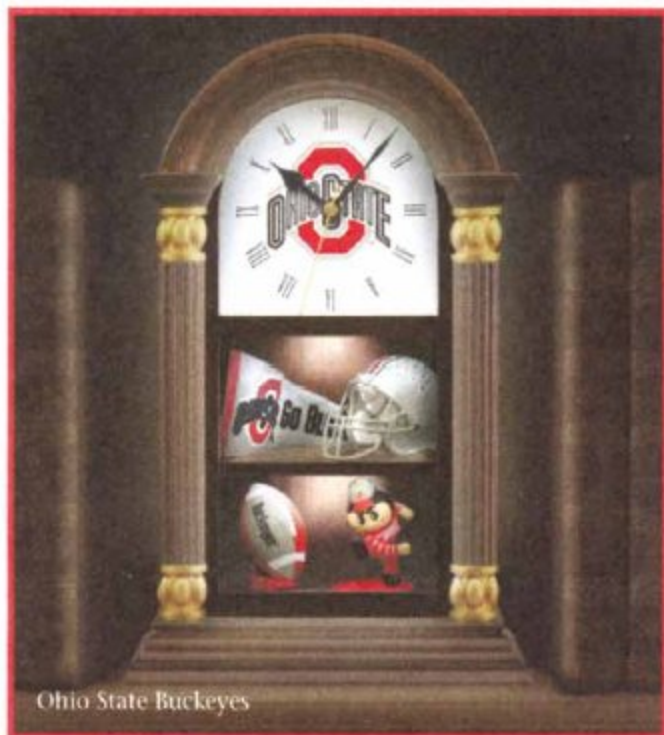


▲ Boston Red Sox

▲ Chicago Cubs

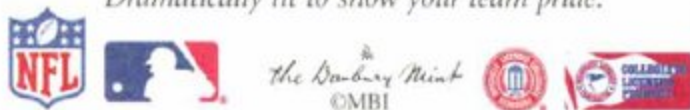
▲ New York Mets

▲ St. Louis Cardinals



Ohio State Buckeyes

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The Danbury Mint  
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RESERVATION APPLICATION

**TEAM CLOCKS**

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Please send me the *Team Clock(s)* I've checked below:

- | NFL                      |                               | COLLEGE                  |                                      | MLB                      |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Baltimore Ravens 7366-0078    | <input type="checkbox"/> | Alabama Crimson Tide 7242-0052       | <input type="checkbox"/> | Boston Red Sox 7365-0038      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Chicago Bears 7366-0029       | <input type="checkbox"/> | Florida Gators 7242-0029             | <input type="checkbox"/> | Chicago Cubs 7365-0046        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Dallas Cowboys 7366-0037      | <input type="checkbox"/> | Georgia Bulldogs 7242-0060           | <input type="checkbox"/> | Detroit Tigers 7365-0079      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Denver Broncos 7366-0060      | <input type="checkbox"/> | Kentucky Wildcats 7242-0078          | <input type="checkbox"/> | New York Mets 7365-0053       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Green Bay Packers 7366-0045   | <input type="checkbox"/> | LSU Tigers 7242-0086                 | <input type="checkbox"/> | New York Yankees 7365-0020    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Miami Dolphins 7366-0086      | <input type="checkbox"/> | Michigan Wolverines 7242-0037        | <input type="checkbox"/> | St. Louis Cardinals 7365-0061 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | New York Giants 7366-0102     | <input type="checkbox"/> | North Carolina Tar Heels 7242-0094   |                          |                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Oakland Raiders 7366-0110     | <input type="checkbox"/> | Ohio State Buckeyes 7242-0011        |                          |                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Philadelphia Eagles 7366-0052 | <input type="checkbox"/> | Oklahoma Sooners 7242-0102           |                          |                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Pittsburgh Steelers 7366-0011 | <input type="checkbox"/> | Penn State Nittany Lions 7242-0110   |                          |                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Washington Redskins 7366-0128 | <input type="checkbox"/> | Texas Longhorns 7242-0045            |                          |                               |
|                          |                               | <input type="checkbox"/> | West Virginia Mountaineers 7242-0136 |                          |                               |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City/State/ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Orders subject to acceptance. Allow 2 to 4 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

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Choose your favorite team(s)!

# TEAM CLOCKS

Lit from within!



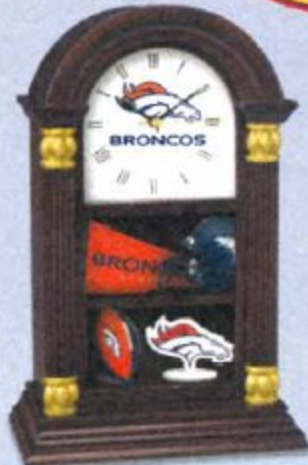
▲ New York Yankees



▲ Chicago Bears



▲ Dallas Cowboys



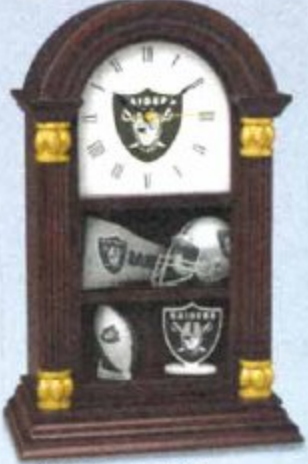
▲ Denver Broncos



▲ Green Bay Packers



▲ New York Giants



▲ Oakland Raiders



▲ Pittsburgh Steelers



▲ Washington Redskins

**COLLEGE**

Shown much smaller than actual size of 11 3/4" in height.



▲ Florida Gators



▲ Georgia Bulldogs



▲ LSU Tigers



▲ Michigan Wolverines



▲ Texas Longhorns

Supplement to Playboy Magazine



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