

RED-HOT SUMMER ISSUE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

www.playboy.com • JULY 2008

HOT DAMN

**BILL
MAHER**
GETS
RELIGION

HOT WIRED
ALL NUDE
ALL STAR
CYBER GIRLS

HOT HEAD

LEWIS
BLACK
CHEWS
UP 200

HOT READ
DENIS
JOHNSON
REINVENTS
NOIR

HOT MILF

**CINDY
MARGOLIS**
SEXY
SINGLE
AND READY TO
**SEDUCE
YOU**

HOT TOPIC
INTERVIEW

**DR.
DREW**

TAKES ON
CELEBRITY
MELTDOWNS

HOT
STUFF

BEACHES, BBQ, BABES

THE ULTIMATE TO-DO LIST
PLUS THE BEST SUMMER MOVIES

NEW HIGH-VELOCITY
BUNNY EARS CHIN STRAP

BCS 08

OPEN-AIR ACCESSORY



"Perma-Reinforced"
attachments resist
forces of up to 5 g's

Premium, double-
padded chin cup for
extra comfort

Advanced "Poly-Latex"
material boasts a wind drag
coefficient of a mere .021Cd

BE READY FOR COMPANY.



MAZDA MX-5 MIATA When you're the happy proprietor of history's best-selling two-seat roadster, company happens. And thoughtfulness counts. Treat her with true sports-car decorum. The rush of a track-proven, lightweight, aluminum powerplant mated to a 6-speed, close-ratio gearbox. Near perfect 50:50 weight distribution. Intuitive, instantly gratifying reflexes. And remind her—fasten everything. MazdaUSA.com



BUNNY and Bunny Ears are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. and are used with permission by Mazda. Optional equipment shown. ©2008 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

zoom-zoom

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

U.S. Smokeless TOBACCO CO.

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT
MAY CAUSE GUM
DISEASE AND
TOOTH LOSS

Copenhagen and Cope are registered trademarks of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2007 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.

CHARACTER



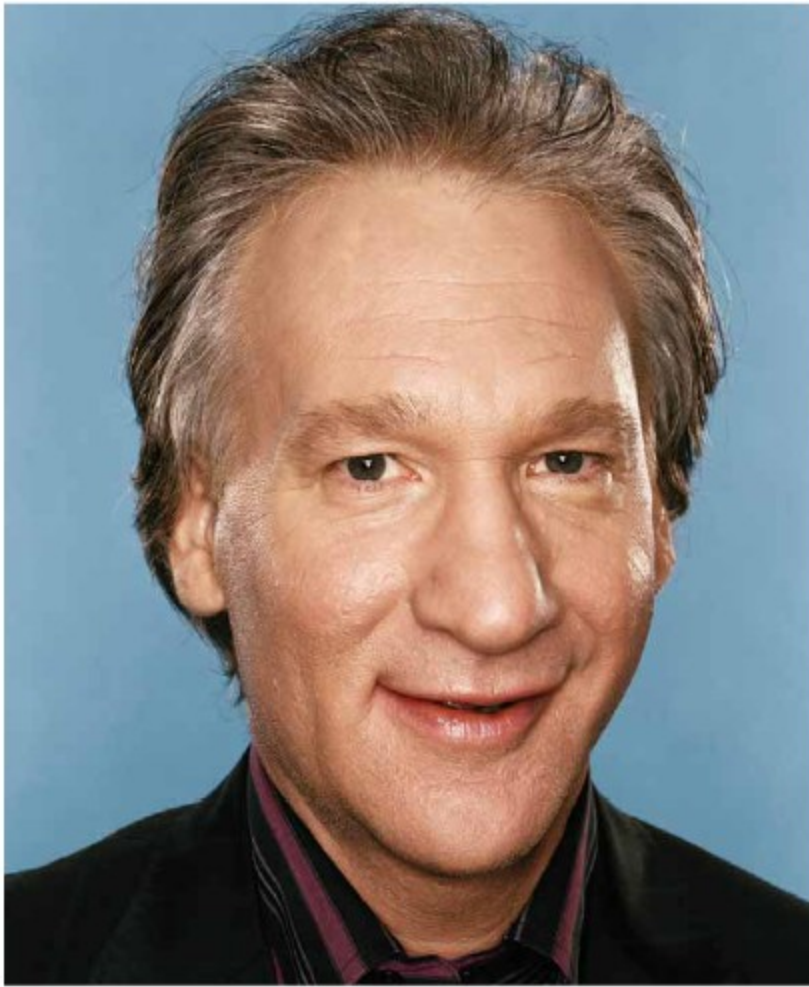
IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE

FRESHCOPE.COM

Copenhagen®

SMOKELESS TOBACCO
SINCE 1822

SNUFF ♦ LONG CUT ♦ POUCHES



"Since starting on *Politically Incorrect*, in 1993, it has been my pleasure to make organized religion one of my favorite targets," says **Bill Maher**. "I often explain to people that I don't need to make fun of religion—it makes fun of itself. Then I go ahead and make fun of it too, just for laughs." In this month's *Religion 101* and his new film, *Religulous*, Maher attempts to learn why people love religion. In the process he barbecues more than a few sacred cows. "Since there is nothing more ridiculous than the ancient mythological stories that live on as today's religions, this movie will try to be a real knee-slapper," he says. "Unless, of course, you're religious; then you may not like it. Join me in the final battle between intelligence and stupidity, coming soon to a house of false idols near you." As of this writing, lightning has not struck Maher down. He told you so.



Having once described his brand of humor as "being on the *Titanic* every single day and being the only person who knows what is going to happen," **Lewis Black** is always funniest when pushed to the brink. "Lewis has little patience for stupidity or authority," says **Jason Buhrmester**, who interviewed America's angriest comic for 20Q. "He wants to attack everything and see if it stands up to the test. If you can keep up with him, he's a great time. Our interview started just after it was announced that his friend Penn Jillette would be appearing on *Dancing With the Stars*, and Black spent the first few minutes of our conversation trying to wrap his head around that. He couldn't stop laughing."



David Hans Schmidt, the broker behind the Tonya Harding sex tape and other celebrity scandals, was proud to have earned the nickname Sultan of Sleaze. At least it seemed so until he hanged himself this past September. **Dan Halpern**, who last interviewed Steve Jones for *PLAYBOY*, offers a compelling profile of the would-be journalist cum con man in *The Shameless Life and Sensational Death of the Sleaziest Man in Hollywood*. "I liked that Schmidt didn't mind being seen as a representation of the thing people claim is destroying our culture," says Halpern. "I've never understood why people care about celebrities, but Schmidt knew they did and knew what to do about it."



Sexy and newly single, **Cindy Margolis** had an added incentive to pose nude again for Senior Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda**: a chance for one lucky reader to win a date with her. "I've never really been single," says the celebrated beauty. "I've also never been with anybody older than me, so I guess I'm a cougar. It takes a confident, rare person to be with somebody who does what I do. *PLAYBOY* has given me the biggest ego boost ever, and I feel blessed. If it all ended tomorrow, I would say, 'God, that was a great run.'"



After we published his short story *The Starlight on Idaho* in our February 2007 issue, National Book Award winner **Denis Johnson** asked us if we would like to run a four-part noir thriller he would write on the fly. Sure, we thought, we'll make some room for the guy *The New York Times Book Review* called "a true American artist...an extraordinary writer in full stride." But why noir? "I've always liked those old pulp tales, like the ones by Raymond Chandler," Johnson says, adding he is totally obsessed with the new story, *Nobody Move*. "It will end spectacularly."

NEITHER EXPECTED

NOR FORGETTABLE



Full flavored yet uncommonly smooth. A beer that defies category. A beer of its own. **UNWRAP** *the* **MYSTERY™**

PLAYBOY

c o n t e n t s

features

- 50** **RELIGION 101**
Many scoff at the idea of UFOs and snicker at paranormal phenomena, but few question the wacky tenets of religion. Confirmed cynic **BILL MAHER** tours some of the holiest places on earth in a futile quest to find out why people cling to religion.
- 60** **BIFF! BLAM! SOCKO! KA-POW!**
Holy superhero cinema, Batman! This summer more comic-book characters are fighting their way from the printed page to big-screen adventures. We look at *The Incredible Hulk*, *Iron Man*, *Hellboy II: The Golden Army*, *Wanted* and *The Dark Knight* and explain why the movies' old-school heroes are more relevant than ever.
- 64** **THE PLAYBOY BAR: TEQUILA**
Tequila, the preferred liquor of rock stars and rowdy rebels, is soaked in history but saddled with a bad reputation. We go to the root of the agave plant and toast the many uses of Mexico's finest, from tasty margaritas to even tastier body shots.
- 70** **HOT STUFF**
Sweat it out with the hottest new sex position, the best outdoor rock festivals and everything else that will make this summer sizzle.
- 88** **THE SHAMELESS LIFE AND SENSATIONAL DEATH OF THE SLEAZIEST MAN IN HOLLYWOOD**
David Hans Schmidt—the man who became infamous for hawking scandalous celebrity pictures and films of people like Paris Hilton and Tonya Harding—not only came to embody American degradation, he seemed to delight in it. **DAN HALPERN** takes stock of the Sultan of Sleaze and all his flaws, including Schmidt's distorted view of himself as a victim.

fiction

- 94** **NOBODY MOVE**
In this first of four installments of a gritty modern noir by *Tree of Smoke* author **DENIS JOHNSON**, a barbershop-chorus singer up to his neck in debt desperately dodges his bookie's collector. While on the lam, the harmonizer connects with a sexy fractured goddess who knows a move or two herself.

the playboy forum

- 39** **A BETTER WAY TO DO BUSINESS**
Greed has been a fixture of American capitalism, but does it have to be? **JIM HIGHTOWER** and **SUSAN DEMARCO** spotlight the mavericks heading businesses that embody progressive values and help restore to our society the ethic of the common good.

20Q

- 100** **LEWIS BLACK**
When it comes to on-target ranting and raving, few work up an audience like Lewis Black. **JASON BUHRMESTER** encourages America's angriest comic to vent about losing his virginity and his hilarious TV show *Lewis Black's Root of All Evil*.

interview

- 45** **DR. DREW PINSKY**
Between *Loveline* and VH1's *Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew*, Dr. Drew Pinsky has become our go-to authority on sex, drugs and celebrity train wrecks. We trade chairs with the sound-advice giver and pick his brain about important topics such as the origins of addiction, the perils of anal sex and what is likely going on inside the screwy skulls of Tom Cruise, Britney Spears, Mel Gibson and others. **BY DAVID HOCHMAN**

76



COVER STORY

Sexy Cindy Margolis is a cougar ready to roar for her second nude pictorial and cover by Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. The Internet's most downloaded hot mama is newly single and looking for male companionship. That's why we're offering you a chance to win a date with Cindy. Our Rabbit strikes gold while exploring a sun-kissed valley.



PLAYBOY

contents continued



- pictorials
- 54** **CYBER GIRL 2008: ACCESS GRANTED**
This year's collection of Internet beauties has serious byte.
- 66** **MONROE & MORAN**
These playful photos and illustrations by Earl Moran of a very young Norma Jean demonstrate why Marilyn is still America's feminine ideal.
- 76** **PLAYMATE: LAURA CROFT**
Forget the video-game heroine—Miss July is fully drawn and wired for adventure.
- 102** **CINDY STEPS OUT**
For her second nude PLAYBOY pictorial, Cindy Margolis busts out beautifully in a cabana.
- notes and news
- 9** **THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY**
Hef and 25 Playmates celebrate Playboy TV's quarter century of broadcasting the Bunny; cute caddies burn up the links at the Playboy Golf Scramble.
- 10** **HANGIN' WITH HEF**
Join the Man as he heads for the hills, hunts for Easter eggs and—hold on to your hat—throws a party.
- 131** **PLAYMATE NEWS**
Three-time cover model Candace Collins dresses Chicago's elite; Playmates' daughters support evidence of newly discovered sexy gene.
- departments
- 3** **PLAYBILL**
- 11** **DEAR PLAYBOY**
- 15** **AFTER HOURS**
- 23** **REVIEWS**
- 31** **MANTRACK**
- 37** **THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**
- 86** **PARTY JOKES**
- 119** **WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 138** **GRAPEVINE**
- fashion
- 92** **NICE GUY EDDIE**
Comedian Eddie Izzard shares his screw-you fashion philosophy: Black is the new black.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
- 98** **ACROSS THE BOARD**
Skin is always in at the shore. We show you the lotions and products that will protect your dermis, as well as the hottest beachwear and accessories of the summer. Just add water.
- this month on playboy.com
- MAGAZINE BLOG**
News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY editors. playboy.com/blog
- THE DRIVE TO 55**
Find all the info you need about how to try out to be our 55th Anniversary Playmate. playboy.com/playmates
- FASHION FIRST**
Check out weekly Fashion Alerts in our new Style section. playboy.com/style
- THE 21ST QUESTION**
One more blast of dark humor from Lewis Black. playboy.com/21q
- MOOD MUSIC**
Celebs, Playmates and Cyber Girls chime in about their favorite bedroom tunes. playboy.com/lovesongs



GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: MAY 2008. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS BEN TAYLOR. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2008 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 119. DANBURY MINT INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. DAVIDOFF INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-0717110332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



© 2008 Bayer Healthcare LLC

**FORGET HAIR OF THE DOG.
YOU NEED A WHOLE PACK OF ROTTWEILERS.**



**Introducing Wake-Up Call! from Alka-Seltzer.
Proven ingredients to relieve headache and fatigue associated with hangover.**

SEIZE THE MORNING.

Use as directed.

For more details visit alka-seltzer.com

SUBSCRIBE TO DIGITAL PLAYBOY

and download
a **FREE ISSUE**
instantly!

ZOOM IN
and get closer!

ACCESS
extra photos

LISTEN
to new music

WATCH
exclusive videos

INSTANT
monthly delivery



SUBSCRIBE now at
www.playboy.com/issue

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER

editor-in-chief

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

editorial director

STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*

ROB WILSON *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

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

JAMIE MALANOWSKI *managing editor*

EDITORIAL

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

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

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

CARTOONS: JENNIFER THIELE (*new york*), AMANDA WARREN (*los angeles*) *editorial coordinators* **COPY:** WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief*; CAMILLE CAUTI *associate copy chief*; DAVID DELP, JOSEPH WESTERFIELD *copy editors*

RESEARCH: DAVID COHEN *research director*; BRENDÁN CUMMINGS *deputy research chief*; RON MOTTA *senior research editor*; BRYAN ABRAMS, CORINNE CUMMINGS, MICHAEL MATASSA *research editors* **EDITORIAL PRODUCTION:** DAVID PFISTER *assistant managing editor*;

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

ART

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

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

PHOTOGRAPHY

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

MATT STEIGBIGEL *associate editor*; RENAY LARSON *assistant editor*; ARNY FREYTAG, STEPHEN WAYDA *senior contributing photographers*; GEORGE GEORGIU, MATT WAGEMANN *staff photographers*;

JAMES IMBROGNO, RICHARD IZUI, MIZUNO, BYRON NEWMAN, GEN NISHINO, JARMO POHJANIEMI, DAVID RAMS, BILL WHITE *contributing photographers*; BONNIE JEAN KENNY *manager, photo archives*; KEVIN CRAIG *manager, imaging lab*; MARIA HAGEN *stylist*; PENNY EKKERT, KRISTLE JOHNSON, BARBARA LEIGH *production coordinators*

LOUIS R. MOHN *publisher*

ADVERTISING

ROB EISENHARDT *associate publisher*; RON STERN *advertising director*; HELEN BIANCULLI *executive director, direct-response advertising*; MARIE FIRNENO *advertising operations director* **NEW YORK:** SHERI WARNEK *southeast manager*; JODI WHITE *account manager* **CHICAGO:** LAUREN KINDER *midwest sales manager*

LOS ANGELES: COREY SPIEGEL *west coast manager* **DETROIT:** STEVE ROUSSEAU *detroit manager*

SAN FRANCISCO: ED MEAGHER *northwest manager*

MARKETING

LISA NATALE *associate publisher/marketing*; STEPHEN MURRAY *marketing services director*;

DANA ROSENTHAL *events marketing director*; CHRISTOPHER SHOOLIS *research director*;

DONNA TAVOSO *creative services director*

PUBLIC RELATIONS

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

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director*; JODY JURGETO *production manager*; DEBBIE TILLOU *associate manager*;

CHAR KROWCZYK, BARB TEKIELA *assistant managers*; BILL BENWAY, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*

CIRCULATION

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

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING

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

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

BOB MEYERS *president, media group*

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



CELEBRATING 25 YEARS OF PLAYBOY TV

Hef and 25 Centerfolds celebrated Playboy TV's silver anniversary at the Mansion. And the party continues, both on TV and in person, as hot shows like *Around the World in 80 Babes*, *69 Sexy Things 2 Do Before You Die* and *Hot Babes Doing Stuff Naked* air and we dispatch the Playmates on a 10-city tour.

THE RABBIT ROCKS

Photographer Mick Rock points out two of Playmate Lindsey Vuolo's best features: her gorgeous face and her new shirt, which he created. They attended the Bloomington's launch party for our artist-designed Rock the Rabbit clothing line.



IF YOU DON'T SWING...

If you don't swing, don't bring your clubs to the Playboy Golf Scramble. Clockwise from far left: Olympic gold-medal-winning runner Felix Sanchez and San Diego Charger Luis Castillo protect Pilar Lastra from the hacking Penelope Jimenez. Brody and Bruce Jenner trade two strokes for some quality time with a Playboy Golf Girl. Football stars Kirk Morrison, Akin Ayodele and Vernon Davis with cheerleaders. Don't tell Daniel Baldwin and Roger Cross you can't play with more than a foursome.



HANGIN' WITH H&F



(1) Hef with four Easter chicks: Holly, Bridget (with an actual duckling) and Kendra. (2) Miss February 1990 Pam Anderson in her Easter best with the Man. (3) Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler with Travis Barker and the rest of the fam, poised for the egg hunt. (4) PMOY 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson with race-car-driver husband Michael Andretti. (5) Tommy Lee tempts the relatively unknown Easter Alligator in the petting zoo. (6) Denise Richards with da Man. (7) How's this for snow bunnies? Hef hits the slopes with Kendra, Bridget, Holly, Barbi Benton and her daughter Arianna in Aspen. (8) James Woods, Hef and Paula Marshall take five during a taping of CBS's *Shark* at PMW. (9) Longtime pal Tony Curtis drops by to visit Hef. (10) After 18 holes at the Playboy Golf Scramble, the linksmen descended on the Mansion for a party hosted by Ajay Pathak, here with *Entertainment Tonight's* Vanessa Minnillo. (11) Rollicking revelers shed their argyle. (12) *Religulous's* Bill Maher in pretty good company. (13) Singer Har Mar Superstar with *He's Just Not That Into You* star Justin Long.



DEATH IN DRESDEN

Perhaps if Kurt Vonnegut had been on the receiving end of German bombing as a civilian, as I was, he would not have been as sympathetic to the residents of Dresden (*Wailing Shall Be in All Streets*, April). According to various histories, the Russians asked the Allies to bomb Dresden in February 1945 to prevent the Germans from using the rail yards of the "open city" to prepare an eastward offensive against Russian forces. War is a terrible waste of life and resources, but Vonnegut should have directed his preaching at the German people. We were fighting a ruth-



The raid on Dresden inspired *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

less enemy and did what was deemed necessary to win. We don't need a guilt trip from Vonnegut.

Leonard Capon
Mesa, Arizona

Thank you for publishing *Wailing Shall Be in All Streets*. Vonnegut's writing is stirring, and the illustration is excellent. It brought back many sad memories for me. As a disabled German veteran, I fled my hometown of Breslau to escape the Russians. While attempting to go as far west as possible, I stopped in Dresden for a short time and missed the devastation by just a few days. If we consider that Allied forces were standing on German soil and the war in Europe would end within 12 weeks, the killing of more than 100,000 people in the most gruesome way remains a black page in U.S. history.

Hans Kunert
Palmetto, Florida

Having been in combat, Vonnegut should have known the objective of war is to kill as many of the enemy as possible, including civilians, in the shortest amount of time. World War II was the last conflict the U.S. fought with

any conviction. Every campaign since, including the current one in Iraq, has been a police action that accomplished nothing. You would have a hard time convincing anyone of my generation or older that any city in Germany did not get what it deserved. The German people's resigned acceptance of the Nazi regime led to their own devastation. As a measure of my convictions I will never buy a German or Japanese car.

Jim Donnelley
Alpharetta, Georgia

The destruction of Dresden has always torn at my gut. I will never forgive the United States and England for what they did. It was not war; it was murder.

S. Monath
Baltimore, Maryland

Vonnegut's comments about the moral dilemma of the us-vs.-them mind-set are especially haunting considering how easily the Bush administration embraced the benefits of water boarding.

Robert Thorn
La Mesa, California

Vonnegut puts the blame for Dresden on U.S. forces, when in fact it was our gallant and refined British allies who repeatedly burned German cities to the ground. This policy was enforced by RAF Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur "Butcher" Harris, who once said the incineration of every German city was worth less than the death of a single British grenadier. Driven by an insane lust to avenge the London Blitz, Harris sent thousand-bomber raids at night to firebomb a large number of German urban areas. Given Dresden as a target, he savaged the city. When American planes arrived the next day to perform a precision raid on the rail yards, the smoke and fire obscured the target, and the pilots dropped many of their bombs blind (hence the apologetic leaflets Vonnegut cites).

Alan Skinner
Bellingham, Washington

INDIAN LEGEND

I enjoyed the profile of James E. Billie (*The Man Who Would Be Chief*, April), a great Native American leader who helped his people very much. One thing Pat Jordan doesn't mention is the generosity Billie showed in allowing the band Phish and 80,000 of its fans (myself included) to play and camp on the Seminoles' beautiful, isolated and

serene reservation during a millennium concert and celebration. Thank you again, Chief Billie.

Pete Mason
Albany, New York

SHE'LL MAKE YOU FLIP

Thank you for another spectacular World Wrestling Entertainment Diva, Maria Kanellis (*Marvelous Maria*, April). Since your first wrestling Diva pictorial—Sable in 1999—they have just gotten better and better.

Andrew Saidi
Los Angeles, California

Okay, guys, we get it—the WWE is loaded with sexy women. Can we move on to other deserving beauties? You should have used that space to publish the excellent Cyber Club feature on Playmates' daughters.

David Waldon
Los Angeles, California

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS

It's not surprising to see that each of the Brazilian beauties in *Come Fly With Me* (April) has a landing strip.

Seth Reilly
San Jose, California

The Brazilians look lovely to me,/But why left-hand salutes from all three?/The



There's no way I'm returning to my seat. cap badges, I spied,/Are not the same side!/The photo's reversed, you'll agree.

David Mitchell
Osprey, Florida

Big tits must not fit down the aisle.
Robert Sheets
Cincinnati, Ohio

BE SELECTIVE

There's still time to plan the perfect summer getaway! Pack your bag with the essentials and make a quick exit from the office this Friday.

ROAD TRIP MUSIC

download your favorites to erase the work week

SUNGLASSES

oversized lenses protect your eyes and let you survey the scene

SUNSCREEN

always use 30+; you'll still get some sun but won't pay for it later

SANDALS

keep your feet cool and comfortable, but choose something more structured than flip flops

SWIMWEAR

not too long and not too short; something that segues nicely to happy hour if necessary

HAIR CARE

use just enough product to look neat, not messy like your college days

BUTTON-DOWN POLO

this traditional shirt works well, whether you need to dress up or down

FOR MORE SUMMER FASHION ADVICE FROM BUD SELECT, VISIT

www.playboy.com/style



99 Calories.
3.1g Carbs.

RESPONSIBILITY MATTERS®

©2008 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Budweiser Select® Beer, St. Louis, MO XGAD
99 calories, 3.1g carbs, 0.7g protein and 0.0g fat, per 12 oz.

THE REVIEWS ARE IN

Thank you for the *Playboy Interview* with Chad Kroeger (April). I have always hated Nickelback, and Kroeger is even more willfully ignorant and hopelessly shallow than I had expected. His narcissism comes through in the insipid lyrics of his brand of whiny rock. Anybody who boasts that much about the size of his penis or his sexual prowess must be impotent in some very meaningful ways.

Dave Nelson
San Francisco, California

Kroeger has his demographic, and let's leave it at that. I had to stop this painful read about a half-dozen questions in. I can finally say I bought an issue of *PLAYBOY* for the pictorials.

Matthew Grguric
Toronto, Ontario

I figured I would read the interview and discover that Kroeger is a regular joe. But his classless remark about his fiancée being "good with the pole" is enough to induce nausea. You wouldn't hear a genuine superstar like Gene Simmons talk smack like that. Kroeger should go back to avoiding the media.

Steve Leavitt
Haverhill, Massachusetts

Kroeger's success proves there is no God. I am mildly surprised, however, to learn Kroeger doesn't like Creed. Considering it was Creed's demise that made Nickelback the worst band in the world, you'd think Kroeger would be first in line for a Creed reunion.

Mike Meyer
Tempe, Arizona

I hate Nickelback but respect how hard Kroeger has worked. However, I find it hard to believe someone as macho as he is can perform a song as schmaltzy as "If Everyone Cared."

Dan Burke
Portland, Maine

I suppose there is some value in preserving Kroeger's hoey for posterity. Personally, I don't give a damn. Just tell me how it ends.

Rick Shriver
McConnelsville, Ohio

Before reading your interview I knew nothing about Nickelback. After reading the interview I have no desire to learn anything more.

Jennifer Norton
Morro Bay, California

PLAYMATE PERFECTION

What took you so long to make Regina Deutinger a Playmate (*Bavarian*

Beauty, April)? She was stunning in *The Wild World of Playboy* (April 2007).

Ben Rawles
Virginia Beach, Virginia

PS: Your December college basketball preview was right on. Your top picks—UCLA, Memphis, North Carolina and Kansas—all reached the Final Four.

Regina is a work of art and the best Playmate since Jenny McCarthy.

D.A. Nguyen
Athens, Georgia

Finally, in April, two of an issue's three pictorials feature women with pubic hair. I don't buy into the beautifully bald look—boys need a compass.

Danielle Dufferin
Davis, California

ALTERNATIVE VIEW

How could you not give us a butt shot of Coed of the Month D'Nika Lea



D'Nika's basketball workouts paid off big.

(*After Hours*, April) after she said, "I was born with a huge ass, but doing squats and lunges in the training room made it even bigger?"

Thomas Feldpausch
Louisville, Colorado

Good point; please see above.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

How presumptuous of you to ask Jenna Fischer (*20Q*, April), "Your real first name is Regina. How tough was that growing up?" You have your answer four pages later with Playmate Regina Deutinger. Personally, I love the name. How tough was it growing up with the name Hugh? (Kidding, Hef. Love ya!)

Regina McDougal
Hudson, Ohio

Read more feedback at playboy.com/blog.



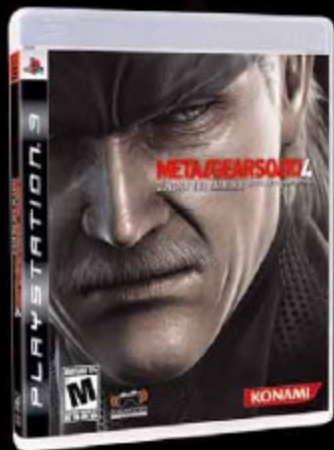
The Face of War has Changed.



METAL GEAR SOLID 4

GUNS OF THE PATRIOTS TACTICAL ESPIONAGE ACTION

Available
Now



NOW EXCLUSIVE ON THE PLAYSTATION[®]3
computer entertainment system

KONAMI
www.konami.com



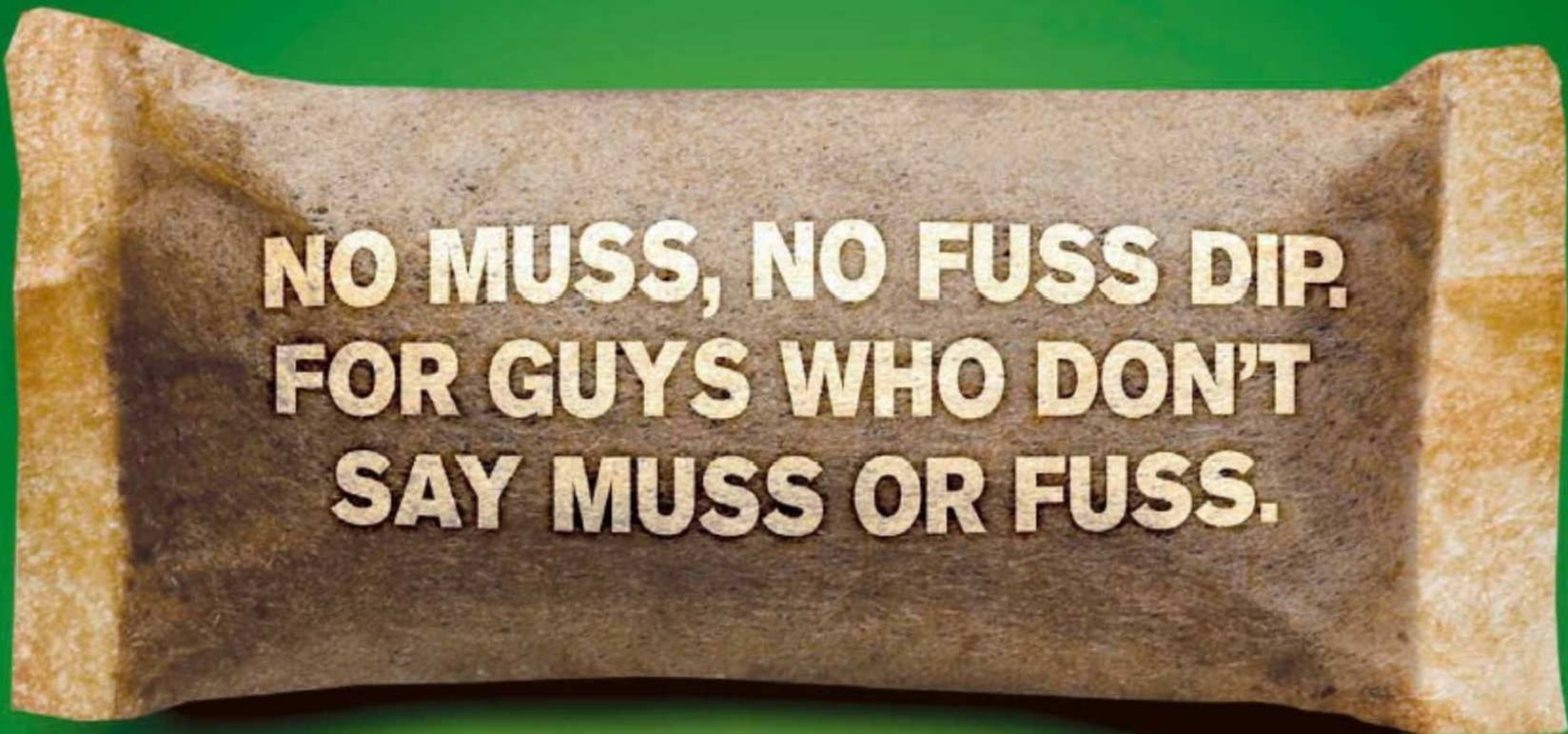
PLAYSTATION.3

MATURE	17+
M	Blood Crude Humor Strong Language Suggestive Themes Violence
ESRB CONTENT RATING www.esrb.org	
Online Interactions Not Rated by the ESRB	

© 1987-2008 Konami Digital Entertainment Co., Ltd. "METAL GEAR" and "METAL GEAR SOLID" and "GUNS OF THE PATRIOTS" are trademarks or registered trademarks of Konami Digital Entertainment Co., Ltd. Published by Konami Digital Entertainment, Inc. KONAMI is a registered trademark of KONAMI CORPORATION. "PlayStation", "PLAYSTATION" and "PS" Family logo are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. The rating icon is a registered trademark of the Entertainment Software Association.



WARNING:
THIS PRODUCT
MAY CAUSE GUM
DISEASE AND
TOOTH LOSS



**NO MUSS, NO FUSS DIP.
FOR GUYS WHO DON'T
SAY MUSS OR FUSS.**



Pouches. Fast. Easy. 100% dip.
Everything our dippers expect from a pinch.
Now in a pouch.

SKOAL® Smokeless Tobacco

Learn more at SkoalBrotherhood.com



PLAYBOY

after hours



babe of the month

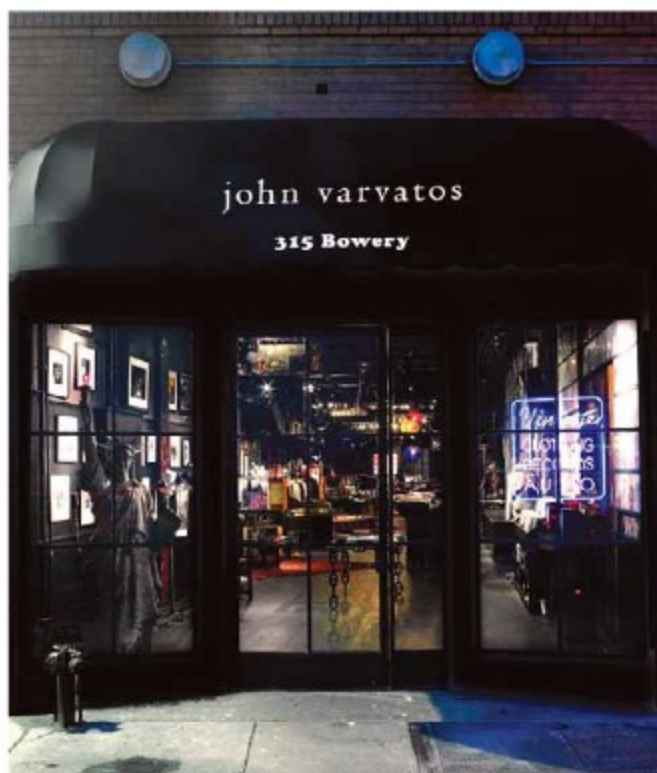
Carrie Keagan

BUILT LIKE A BARBIE DOLL, SWEARS LIKE A SAILOR

Don't look down. That's our advice should you ever be invited on the No Good TV (ngtv.com) show *Up Close With Carrie Keagan*. The curvaceous host's cleavage has been known to stop celebrities in their tracks. On nerdy comedian types, the Keagan effect is particularly acute: A supertight red top rendered *Semi-Pro*'s Will Arnett a sputtering idiot. And if the melons don't get you, the mouth will. Carrie can make anyone drop F-bombs and innuendos. She whipped Tim Meadows, Matt Besser and Chris Parnell of *Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story* into such a frenzy of graphic penis talk that Parnell looked as though he might lose his lunch. "I think I have the same sense of humor as a lot of these comedians," Carrie says. "But when it's coming from a girl with big boobs, it seems a little wrong." We know what you're thinking: Enough about the tits already. Hey, she started it. The show opens with an animated Carrie feeling herself up and the tagline "So close you can touch them!" She means the celebrities, of course, and not just males. Comb the NGTV archives and you'll find both Charlize Theron and Halle Berry—Oscar winners, mind you—saying "Go see my fucking movie." Fuck yeah.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIE CHILDERS

more songs about clothing and shoes



The Shop That Punk Built

ON HALLOWED GROUND, FASHION REBEL JOHN VARVATOS KICKS OFF A SECOND SET

If you never saw a show at the New York club CBGB, you never will. The dive at 315 Bowery where punk and New Wave gestated closed in 2006, but the address rocks on as a John Varvatos boutique. Varvatos is a music fan known for advertising his threads with faces from his own record collection—Iggy Pop, Alice Cooper

and Ryan Adams have all been poster boys. At his store you'll find clothes (of course), but don't miss the decor, much of which is original and intact. It's like visiting Grandma's house, but instead of needlepoint and animal figurines, the walls are thick with graffiti and torn posters. And Grandma was in Blondie.

cool man cooking

How to Grill a Pizza

COULD THIS BE THE ULTIMATE PARTY FOOD?

Grilled pizza was invented in 1981 by Johanne Killeen and George Germon, owners of Al Forno in Providence, Rhode Island. It's so damn simple that every man with a grill (which is to say, every man) should try it. The general idea: Drape a sheet of kneaded dough on a hot grill and let it cook until evenly browned on the bottom. Flip it over, brush with olive oil and add cheese and toppings. If you've done it right, the bottom will become adequately crisp as the cheese on top melts completely. For more detailed instructions and 10 excellent recipes, seek out Killeen and Germon's 1991 cookbook, *Cucina Simpatica*. For more than 50 recipes, including the exotic one below, try the recently published *Pizza on the Grill* by Elizabeth Karmel and Bob Blumer.

Grilled Pineapple-and-Pancetta Pizza

1. Cook four ounces of pancetta in a skillet until crisp. Reserve for topping.
2. Cut a pineapple into half-inch-thick rings. Brush with nut oil and sprinkle sugar on both sides.
3. Brush six scallions (root ends trimmed) with olive oil and sprinkle with salt.
4. Place pineapple rings and scallions on grill, directly over the heat, and cook until pineapple is well marked and scallions are

- limp and charred in spots. Chop scallions; reserve pineapple and scallions for topping.
5. Place dough on grill and cook one side. Remove from grill, flip and coat grilled side with onion marmalade.
6. Top with pineapple rings, scallions, pancetta and chunks of Camembert.
7. Grill until bottom is crispy.
8. Sprinkle with toasted coconut and season with salt and red pepper.



nothing to see here

Darkness at Noon

10 SORT OF FUN THINGS TO DO WHEN THE SUMMER BLACKOUT HITS

10. Walk around pretending to have loud, trivial conversation on cell phone.
9. Form tribes and start plotting alliances.
8. Drink it—whatever you got—while it's still cold.
7. Enjoy a quiet, candlelit night in with your lover. (Tip: Use scented candles, as you both stink to high hell.)
6. Proposition uninformed women for "end-of-the-world sex."
5. Panic, riot, loot.
4. Change Facebook status to "unable to use Facebook due to blackout."
3. Congratulate yourself on your eco-friendly "green" lifestyle.
2. At night, dress in black and pretend you're invisible.
1. Break out I SURVIVED THE BLACKOUT OF 2003 T-shirt and cop haughty "been there, done that" attitude.

AXE
DETAILER
SHOWER TOOL



Scrubs candle wax
off your chest hair.

Washes lipstick
off your neck.

THE NEW AXE DETAILER SHOWER TOOL.

A rough red side for your tough guy parts. And a soft
black side for your sensitive guy parts.



had us at "hello, sailor"



Better Sex, Different City

DO WHAT YOU LIKE WITH BELLE, THE LONDON CALL GIRL—JUST TRY NOT TO FALL IN LOVE. GO AHEAD, TRY

Forget Ashley Alexandra Dupré—our vote for hooker of the year goes to Billie Piper. The star of Showtime's *Secret Diary of a Call Girl* is that particular species of British vixen who is ubiquitous over there but nil in the States. (Perhaps not nil: BBC America watchers know her as Rose from *Doctor Who*.) But don't bin this one with the cast of *Hollyoaks* and Patsy Kensit: *Secret Diary* is the best new show of the summer. Belle the escort is funny, cocky and outrageously sexy, deadpanning her rules and observations into the camera lens. Belle on identity: "The first thing you should know about me is that I'm a whore." On choice of career: "I love money...plus I'm fundamentally lazy." On professionalism: "I always use men's deodorant. A professional never lets her client leave smelling of woman." And to answer your burning question: Yes, she gets naked on the show. Enjoy.

dept. of questionable ideas



Should Vodka Be Good for You?

Any doctor will tell you alcohol is a toxin. So we're slightly puzzled by Lotus, a decent vodka laced with vitamins B₃, B₅, B₆ and B₁₂. We drank a bunch but didn't feel extra healthy. Clearly, more study is required. If you need us, we'll be mixing greyhounds down at the lab.

biggest nothings of all

Kitsch of Distinction

YOU HAVE TO SEE JEFF KOONS'S STUFF TO BELIEVE IT—AND NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO SEE IT

In 2007 Jeff Koons set an art-world record when one of his *Hanging Heart* sculptures nabbed \$23.6 million at auction. (The painter Lucian Freud is expected to set a new high before this magazine hits newsstands, but that's art.) For the money, the bidder took home a nine-foot-tall, 3,500-pound stainless-steel magenta heart, a vending-machine bauble on steroids. Koons is the master of high-low art; see also *Bourgeois Bust—Jeff and Ilona* (right), a sculpture of the artist and his ex-porn star ex-wife, and *Balloon Dog* (far right), another huge steel frippery. These and other monuments to banality are now on display at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago in the largest Koons exhibit in 15 years.





employee of the month

For Your Eyes Only

ARMY CONTRACTOR DANA MARIE GIVES US THE DEBRIEF—AND THE DE-BRA

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your job.

DANA: I'm a contractor for the Army—a pencil pusher, really. I read reports on missiles and weapons and edit them because the Army has a certain way of writing.

PLAYBOY: How do people react when they hear what you do?

DANA: No one believes me. And then they ask a million questions that I can't answer for security reasons.

PLAYBOY: Okay, we won't ask any of those. But is it true we have nuclear warheads aimed at Kim Jong Il at all times?

DANA: That wasn't even deft.

PLAYBOY: Sorry. Is your workplace very stressful?

DANA: No, everyone's pretty relaxed. We're constantly making fun of one another.

PLAYBOY: What do they tease you about?

DANA: There are things. It's a male-dominated environment, so you get the usual "that's what she said" jokes.

PLAYBOY: That must be hard.

DANA: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Do you like a man in uniform?

DANA: Absolutely. I watch them march every day.

PLAYBOY: What's the sexiest uniform? Army? Navy? Postal?

DANA: Football! I like the tight pants. I have NFL season tickets. My girlfriend and I used to go just to check out the players, and somehow we started actually paying attention to the games. Now we are absolutely hooked.

Want to be the next Employee of the Month? Learn how to apply at playboy.com/pose.

let this be a lesson

Great Moments in STDs

THE "FRENCH MALADY"—A MALADY ONLY THE FRENCH COULD LOVE

"Syphilis was almost accepted as an inevitable part of life, and many bohemians even saw their first STD as a badge of honor. 'I've got the pox!' crowed the novelist Guy de Maupassant in his 20s. 'At last! The real thing'—and did his part as a carrier by having sex with six prostitutes in quick succession while friends watched on."

—from "Who Didn't Have Syphilis in Belle Époque Paris?" a chapter in *Napoleon's Privates: 2,500 Years of History Unzipped* by Tony Perrottet

holiday in the sun

How to Celebrate the Fourth of July Even Though You Believe This Administration Is Inept, Dishonest and Just Plain Wrong

Shut up and wave the flag, you ninny.

sound and vision



Have You Seen This Band?

We clipped these icons from *Band ID*, a book by Bodhi Oser that collects more than 1,000 logos of contemporary music acts. Can you put names to faces?

(Answers, from left: Bauhaus, Radiohead, Men Without Hats, Ween, Mitski.)

speeding ticket



Motor Madness

OUR ONLINE BROTHERS SPEAK OF A PLACE WHERE THE HORSES RUN FREE

It didn't take long for the folks at World Class Driving to convince Playboy.com to fly to Daytona Beach, Florida and spend the day playing with five supercars. The company maintains a small fleet of the best performance automobiles in the world, and for a grand and a half the average joe can get behind the wheel of them all. The statistics alone had our cyber alter egos packing their bags. The Mercedes-Benz SLR McLaren, for instance, has a top speed of more than 200 miles an hour. The Lamborghini Gallardo Superleggera has a 530-horsepower V10, and there are fewer than 100 Ferrari 599 GTB Fioranos in the United States. Then there's the Ferrari F430, inspired by the automaker's Formula 1 race cars, and the Porsche 911 Turbo Cabriolet, a convert-

ible that does 192 mph. If you were to buy all five cars, the bill would come to something like \$1.6 million. We'll let online editor Sam Jemielity take it from here: "After four hours of exhilarating driving through the outskirts of Daytona Beach—doing our own personal zero-to-60 tests at each stop sign and red light, blowing by puny sedans and coupes, basking in the incredulous stares we got when we stopped at gas stations and flipped up the gull-wing Mercedes-Benz doors—we realized the truth about World Class Driving: Reading about these exotic cars and actually taking them out on the road are as different from each other as browsing the *Playmate Review* and taking all the girls to

bed. Each car has its own personality and feel. The Ferraris almost drive themselves. The Lamborghini accelerates like a rocket, with a booming engine note you can hear over a Porsche five cars back. The Mercedes-Benz looks like pure evil, and it drives just as nasty—you don't want to relax at the wheel of this beast. And even though it may have the most get-up-and-go, with a zero-to-60 time of 3.6 seconds, the Porsche seems just as suited to a lazy Sunday drive—top down, of course. Our photographer Jay Boersma put it best: 'Before I got into these cars I couldn't see any reason to spend \$1,495 to drive them. Now I can't see any reason not to.'"
 Get the whole story at playboy.com/style.
 can't see any reason not to."
 Get the whole story at playboy.com/style.



you only go around once

A Different Kind of Bucket List

GET YOUR KICKS BEFORE SHUFFLING OFF THIS MORTAL COIL



Department of Genius Ideas: Stage a night of male bonding and bad behavior complete with topless bartender, strippers and baby pool full of Jell-O. To the naked eye it looks like a bachelor party. In fact, it *is* a bachelor party, in that all the attendees are bachelors. It is *not* a bachelor party in that nobody is getting married. Have all the fun of a last hurrah without the grim specter of monogamy ever after—just one of the ideas on the Playboy TV show *69 Sexy Things 2 Do Before You Die*. Other episodes cover sex lessons from a porn star, naked houseboating and swinging with the Dutch. Complete even a handful and you'll have lived a life sexier than most.
69 Sexy Things 2 Do Before You Die airs Tuesdays at nine P.M. EST on Playboy TV.

overheard

Yo, Adrienne

CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYBOY COVER GIRL



"If I could get Johnny Depp and Trent Reznor in the same room to fuck me—that's what you leave your husband for."
 —Adrienne Curry on Playboy Radio, Sirius channel 198

Pose for Playboy. Party at the Playboy Mansion.

You could be here.

CAPTAIN MORGAN Original Spiced Rum, Puerto Rican Rum with Spices and Other Natural Flavors, 35% Alc/Vol. © 2008 Captain Morgan Rum Co., Norwalk, CT. © 2008 Playboy. PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY MANSION and THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. and used with permission by Captain Morgan. Captain Morgan is the sponsor of this contest. Must be 21 or older to enter. Starts 5/26/08 and ends 3/1/08. For complete rules, visit captainmorgan.com.

Captain Morgan's Ultimate Pose-Off is back for a second year, and this time you could win a trip to the Playboy Mansion Halloween Party attended by the Girls Next Door. It's time to take a stand.

Drink Responsibly — Captain's Orders!®

captainmorgan.com



PALMS CASINO RESORT

THE WORLD'S ONLY PLAYBOY CLUB



8 PM NIGHTLY • FANTASY TOWER

RESERVATIONS: TABLES@9GROUPVEGAS.COM | 702.942.6832

PLAYBOYCLUBLASVEGAS.COM | PALMS.COM





movie of the month

[THE LOVE GURU]

Mike Myers returns as an off-kilter romance rectifier

By Stephen Rebell

Mike Myers, whose malleable mug has been absent from the screen for five years, returns as the sitar-playing, love-bead-wearing hero of the new comedy *The Love Guru*. Abandoned as a kid at an Indian ashram, Myers is raised by holy men. Now grown up, he sets out to make a name for himself in the competitive world of self-help entrepreneurs by moving to fad-obsessed America. There he gets entangled in a high-profile love affair between a star hockey player (Justin Timberlake) and the wife (Meagan Good) of a rival team's star player (Romany Malco) whose game goes to hell after his breakup. Along for laughs are Jessica Alba, Ben Kingsley, Verne Troyer and Jessica Simpson. It's a tough call whether Myers has come up with a new franchise character to match such earlier creations as Austin Powers and Wayne of *Wayne's World*, but he says these roles don't spring up overnight. "I enjoy having the Lamaze birthing process of it," he told one journalist. "It takes me a year to reflect on what I've done, a year to let the idea incubate and a year to create a new character." *The Love Guru* mixes broad laughs with a dose of spiritual uplift. "I don't care if it's the juxtaposition of existentialism versus materialism or if a dude gets hit in the balls," Myers said. "Both of those things make me laugh. I don't believe in the idea of 'smart' joke and 'un-smart' joke."

"I don't believe in the idea of 'smart' joke and 'un-smart' joke."

now showing

BUZZ

Get Smart

(Steve Carell, Anne Hathaway, Dwayne Johnson) KAOS reigns supreme—almost—in this redo of the 1960s TV parody of espionage flicks. Bumbling secret agent Maxwell Smart (Carell), sleek Agent 99 (Hathaway) and Agent 23 (Johnson) swing into action when sinister counterspies attack the CONTROL agency.

Our call: It's impossible to out-*Smart* original series legends Don Adams and Barbara Feldon, but insiders report this remake captures the show's deadpan, surreal tone better than you may expect.



Wanted

(Angelina Jolie, James McAvoy, Morgan Freeman) This action thriller has McAvoy as a zero avenging his father's murder through indoctrination into a secret organization by Jolie. Under Freeman's wing, our hero trains to unleash his inner assassin and soon realizes his new associates are even deadlier than they seem.

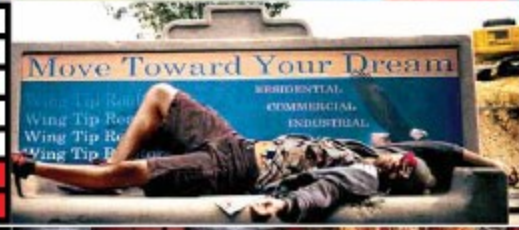
Our call: Studio sources worry this is so different from the terrific graphic novel it's based on that it will blow its cool *Matrix*-like premise. Maybe it should have been called *Wasted*.



Hancock

(Will Smith, Charlize Theron, Jason Bateman) Box-office champ Smith looks set to score again in this fantasy-action-comedy as a boozy homeless superhero who has trashed his crime-fighting cred. He embarks on a risky romance with a beauty who happens to be married to a public official plagued by bad publicity.

Our call: Smith's fans would flock to see him recite the phone book, and this reportedly flaccid film—the kind Arnold Schwarzenegger did near the end of his prime—should prove the point.



Hellboy II: The Golden Army

(Ron Perlman, Selma Blair, John Hurt) The creatures are restless in writer-director Guillermo Del Toro's second film based on Mike Mignola's comic-book saga. This time a pack of rebellious, dangerous monsters are hell-bent on taking over Earth, so Hellboy (Perlman) and his cohorts must outsmart and outmuscle them.

Our call: We hear master Del Toro's first post-*Pan's Labyrinth* movie is devilishly imaginative, darkly funny and deeply twisted, as if his first *Hellboy* were just the warm-up for the real blast.



dvd of the month

[PERSEPOLIS]

This animated masterpiece is not kids' stuff

Adapted from Marjane Satrapi's graphic novel, *Persepolis* depicts Satrapi's childhood amid Iran's Islamic revolution in 1978. The Satrapi family sends young Marjane to Austria for her safety. There she delights in punk rock and meeting boys, yet she longs for Persepolis, the capital of ancient Persia. Gorgeously rendered, this Oscar nominee is one of 2007's most thoughtful movies. **Best extra:** The English-dubbed version features the voices of Sean Penn, Catherine Deneuve and more. (BD) **★★★★**

—Greg Fagan



TEASE FRAME



Asia Argento grabbed our attention as an arresting jewel thief in *B. Monkey* (pictured). Catch her now in *Mother of Tears*, the second sequel to 1977's *Suspiria*.

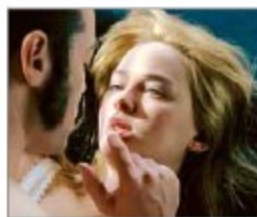
JUMPER After discovering he can teleport, Hayden Christensen seduces hot women, sunbathes on the Sphinx's head and lives the high life until Samuel L. Jackson spoils the fun by trying to kill him. **Best extra:** Animated graphic novel. (BD) **★★★**

—Bryan Reesman



TEETH This boldly conceived take on the *vagina dentata* myth is an uneasy mix of comedy and horror but features a stand-out performance from newcomer Jess Weixler in the title role. **Best extra:** Deleted scenes add some bite. **★★½**

—Matt Steigbigel



YOUTH WITHOUT YOUTH In Francis Ford Coppola's first film in 10 years, linguist Tim Roth grows younger and gets unwelcome attention from Nazis. It's a murky metaphysical chamber piece. **Best extra:** Coppola explains himself. (BD) **★★**

—Buzz McClain



[THE GEORGE MITCHELL COLLECTION]

These recordings are proof the blues still matters

Few other American musical forms generate as much controversy as the blues. Most of the drama revolves around familiar American issues of race and authenticity. Can a white man sing the blues? Can an African? Is it dead music? An impartial observer could be forgiven for tuning out the whole mess. Every so often, though, a recording comes along to show us how vital the blues can be. The latest reminder comes in the form of a seven-disc set of field recordings George Mitchell conducted in the 1960s, 1970s and 1980s. Fat Possum Records pulled out all the stops with this one, and the label deserves credit for doing right by such an important collection. To the blues aficionado, field recordings are supposedly the real deal; removed from the bright lights of urban studios, blues musicians play with greater authenticity on their own porches—or so



we're told. But not all field recordings are authentic. Oftentimes the folklorist behind the microphone views his musician as little more than an anthropological specimen. Listen to Alan Lomax talking to Blind Willie McTell or Jelly Roll Morton and you sense Lomax had little patience for his subjects. Mitchell, however, shows an affinity for the musicians he recorded, and it pays off in these remarkable sessions. Mitchell hauled his portable tape recorder into the obligatory Mississippi cotton fields, but he also ventured into less typical regions (e.g., Georgia and Alabama) to find intriguing variants. With these recordings we get a much better sense of the music. It's simple, pure, emotionally powerful stuff. Mitchell has done a masterful job of showing us why the blues, along with jazz, will endure as one of the two great American musical genres. We'd be hard-pressed to come up with better back-porch music this summer.

the mini hit list

[HOT TUNES]

Summer is for making memories. Here's mental soundtrack material

"Just Like Heaven," **The Watson Twins** Makeout song of the summer.

"Alphabet," **The Notwist** Morose but thrillingly noisy track from great new LP.

"Digital Suicide," **Heartsrevolution** This is the soft side of a dark digi-punk duo.

"Pretty in Pink," **The Dresden Dolls** Melodica-and-piano reading of Furs.

"Santa Ana Winds," **The Wedding Present** Reverbed indie-pop pining.

"Looking for Nothing," **Aimee Mann** Think of it as Aimee in Memphis.

"Dust Me Off," **Tilly and the Wall** New Wave-tinged track from Omaha heroes.

"Hymn and Her," **Earlimart** Hushed blue-eyed soul from pretty new album.

"Love in the Ruins," **French Kicks** Signature woozy sound done light, gauzy.

"Dog Park," **The Saturday Knights** Wildly creative genre-busting hip-hop.

LIFE IS RICH

Davidoff
CIGARETTES



INTRODUCING

15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

FOR A CLOSER LOOK, VISIT:
WWW.DAVIDOFFCIGARETTESUSA.COM/WELCOME

...est addi-
...es, Hit and Run,

THE ONLY CORNERS WE CUT ARE ON THE PACK

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

LIFE IS RICH

Davidoff
CIGARETTES

FOR A CLOSER LOOK, VISIT: WWW.DAVIDOFFCIGARETTESUSA.COM/WELCOME

15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

1
Rec
this on
for doing
collection.
recordings are
removed from the
studios, blues music
authenticity on their o

beyond the beach

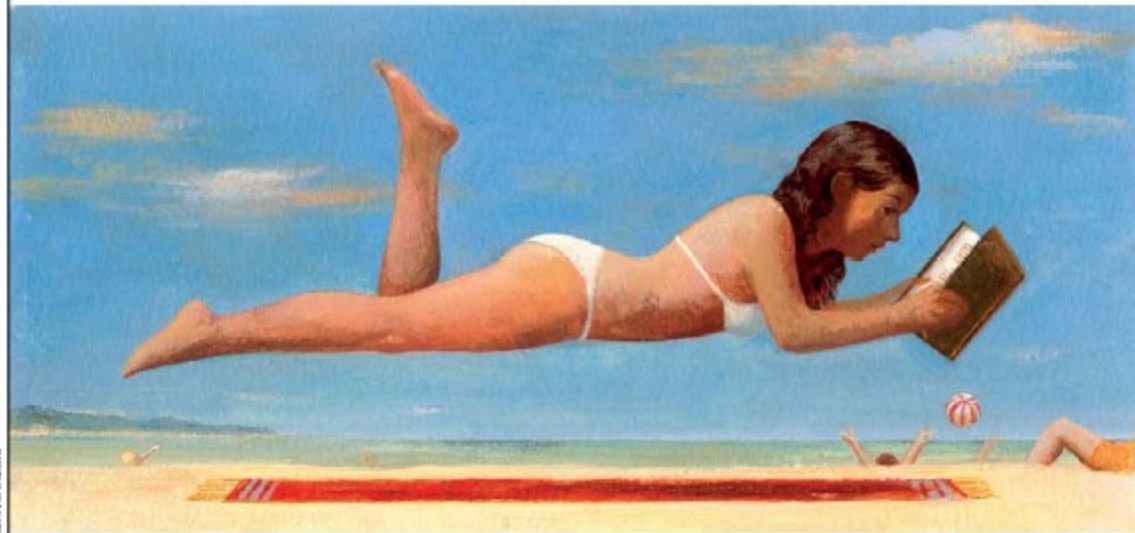
[SUMMER'S NOT FOR DUMMIES]

Reading to rouse mind and body

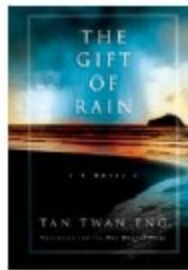
Simplicity A manufacturing plant is often less complicated than a houseplant, a pencil more complex than plumbing. Jeffrey Kluger entertains as he explains a new theory behind the way things work.



The Age of American Unreason Are Americans too dumb to vote? Too few can locate Iraq on a map or get through one book a year. Cultural commentator Susan Jacoby wields her wit to wake a stupefied nation.



The Gift of Rain Set in World War II Malaya, Tan Twan Eng's epic tale of spies and scandal, heartbreak and hope begins with an aikido master mentoring a boy without a country and ends with betrayal.

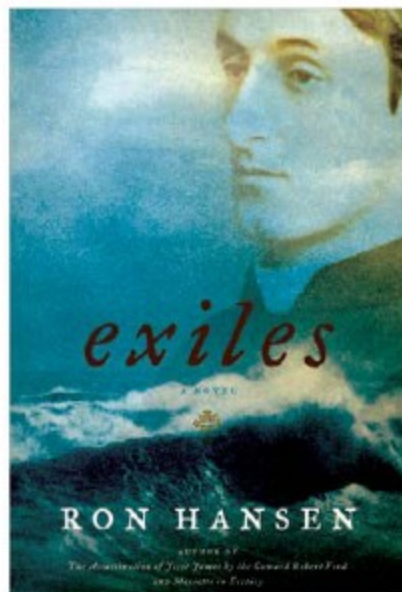


Dirty Words A congress of writers, including Phillip Lopate and Toni Bentley, redefines the language of love and lust, tackling terms from *adultery* to *virginity* and reminding us that naughty can be nice.

[FROM OUTLAWS TO EXILES]

In Ron Hansen's new novel a shipwreck awakens a master

Best known for the novels *Mariette in Ecstasy* and *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford* (made into a 2007 film starring Brad Pitt), the acclaimed author turns his attention to the life of 19th century English poet and Jesuit priest Gerard Manley Hopkins. As with *Jesse James*, the story is rooted in historical fact, exploring the theme of its title via the psychological journey of the artist—lonely, ascetic Hopkins—and an actual voyage: the 1875 shipwreck of the *Deutschland*. Bound for New York, the steamship ran aground in the Thames just days after



its launch. More than 60 passengers drowned—including five young Franciscan nuns from Germany whose deaths inspired Hopkins to write again after years of inactivity. Hansen seamlessly shifts between Hopkins's struggles and the nuns' doomed passage. He captures first the giddy, hopeful mood onboard and then the suspenseful devolution to terror and despair. Throughout, Hansen conveys religious ardor so powerful it becomes sensual (as in *Mariette*). After all, for many, prayer, like sex, is among life's most private and passionate acts. RRRR

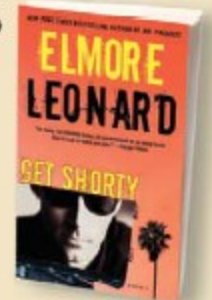
—Carmela Ciuraru

writer's picks

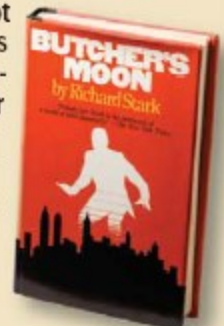
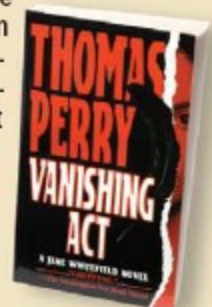
[LAWRENCE BLOCK'S TOP 10 CRIME NOVELS]

Crime novels by male American writers, that is. Living ones, too, because why should I compliment somebody in no position to do me a favor?—L.B.

Michael Connelly: His books are set in Los Angeles like those of his hero, Raymond Chandler. My favorite is a nonseries thriller, *The Poet*. **Jeffery Deaver:** Just when you think it's over, he pulls another rabbit out of the hat. Formulaic? No, because Deaver always makes it work. My pick: *The Cold Moon*. **Alan Furst:** No one has ever written spy fiction this good or brought World War II Europe so vividly to life. Try *The Polish Officer*. **Carl Hiaasen:** Wicked satire with a south Florida setting, all of it over-the-top, all of it ceaselessly inventive. Try *Skin Tight* for its unforgettable send-up of Geraldo Rivera. **Elmore Leonard:** He has said his goal as a writer is to leave out the parts readers skip, but he manages to find the essential humanity in every character. I'll pick *Get Shorty*. Or try one of his Westerns—they're



as tough and fresh as his contemporary novels but with horses. **John Lescroart:** His hero is a lawyer, but you'll enjoy his company anyway. My pick is *The First Law*. **Thomas Perry:** He knows what his characters always discover—that the world is a dangerous place. His Jane Whitefield is a one-woman witness-protection program, hiding people others are trying to hunt down and kill. Start with *Vanishing Act*. **George Pelecanos:** Thugs on a hustle, cops chasing them and honest guys trying to scratch a living make his Washington, D.C. grittier than the one full of politicians and lobbyists. Try *Soul Circus*. **John Sandford:** Nobody comes up with better villains. *Certain Prey* introduces Clara Rinker, a convincing and curiously winning hit woman. **Donald E. Westlake:** As Westlake, he writes wonderful novels, most but not all of them comedic. As Richard Stark, he chronicles the criminal career of the endlessly fascinating Parker. *Butcher's Moon*, which brings back all of Parker's collaborators from earlier books, is a personal favorite of mine.



Lawrence Block's newest addition to his Keller series, *Hit and Run*, is out this summer.

game of the month

[THE SNAKE THAT ROARED]

Overcoming its idiosyncrasies, the final installment of Hideo Kojima's masterpiece achieves greatness



You can think of the *Metal Gear* series as the *Godfather* of video games: a rich, layered, generation-spanning epic that is shockingly brutal and has something to say. But it differs from *The Godfather* in that the final installment is its best. The years of work that went into *Metal Gear Solid 4: Guns of the Patriots* (PS3) are plainly evident: It has been polished to a high shine, and its near-future universe is jarring and believable despite abominations such as heavy artillery that walks on human legs. This time Solid Snake is an old (yet alarmingly spry) man engaged in conflicts around the world, though ultimately he's on no side but his own. The series's signature mix of gritty realism and high-concept surreality is as good as it has ever been, with gunrunning mercs, corporate armies, nanomachines, camouflage armor and remote-controlled robots all blending seamlessly into a symphony of shooting, stealth and storytelling. Newcomers to the series may find themselves a tad confused every so often. Rest assured, veterans are scratching their heads along with you. When it comes to *Metal Gear*, confusion is at least partly the point. ★★★

—Scott Stein

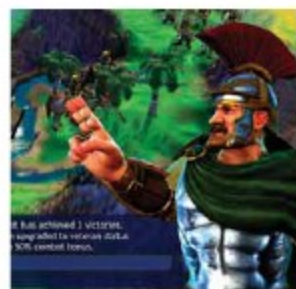
NINJA GAIDEN II (360) This version owes more to its two-decades-old arcade ancestor than its immediate predecessor. Smooth, slow-to-boil story lines have been replaced with chaotic battles and graphic enemy sashimi—not that we're complaining. For visceral intensity and mind-bending difficulty, it's hard to beat. ★★★

—Damon Brown



THE BOURNE CONSPIRACY (360, PS3) No movie tie-in, this *Bourne* outing is an original story penned by Robert Ludlum's posthumous production squad and is Matt Damon-free. Blunt and brutal hand-to-hand combat plus a story line worthy of the amnesiac assassin make it a trip well worth taking. ★★★½

—Scott Jones



SID MEIER'S CIVILIZATION REVOLUTION (360, DS, PS3) Sid Meier's venerable PC-oriented strategy franchise has been streamlined and sped up for console play. Even though it takes only five hours instead of 15 to go from the Stone Age to space travel, the spirit of the original is intact. Be ready to stay up late. ★★★½

—Scott Stein



HAIL TO THE CHIMP (360, PS3) Laughs trump gameplay in this politically themed brawl in which a hippo, an armadillo and others vie to become the new president of the animals. Despite the game's astute cultural timing, the single-player experience comes up wanting. Play at a party or not at all. ★★

—Marc Saltzman

STRONG BAD'S COOL GAME FOR ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE (Wii download) One of the Internet's most entertaining personalities, Strong Bad finally makes his video-game debut in this episodic point-and-poke. Sharp writing and voice acting complement the highly amusing adventures and minigames. Don't miss it. ★★★

—Chris Hudak



PENNY ARCADE ADVENTURES: ON THE RAIN-SLICK PRECIPICE OF DARKNESS, EPISODE ONE (360 download, Linux, Mac, PC) *Penny Arcade*, the web comic about games, went and made a game. It's a novel mix of adventure and turn-based role-playing. We'd like to tell you how funny and great it is, but its name ate up too much review space. ★★★

—M.S.



LEGO INDIANA JONES: THE ORIGINAL ADVENTURES (360, PC, PS2, PS3, Wii) Fans of *LEGO Star Wars* know these games only look like child's play. The perfect next step for LEGO, the Indy version guides you through the first three movies with tongue-in-cheek humor, a variety of sidekicks and your trusty whip. ★★★½

—John Gaudiosi



ALONE IN THE DARK (360, PC, PS3, Wii) Cinematic set pieces, a creepy atmosphere, customized weapons and compelling storytelling suffer an unrelenting assault from forced dialogue and clunky controls in this noble mess of a sequel. We wanted to love it. Unfortunately, we failed. ★★½

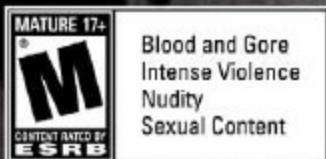
—Scott Steinberg

**FORGED IN THE DEPTHS OF HADES.
SO YES, IT'S A LIMITED EDITION.**



**THE DEEP RED PSP® SYSTEM. AVAILABLE ONLY
IN THE GOD OF WAR® ENTERTAINMENT PACK.**

Includes the exclusive deep red PSP® (PlayStation®Portable) system,
the God of War®: Chains of Olympus game, Superbad UMD™, and a
PLAYSTATION® Network voucher for Syphon Filter®: Combat Ops.*



GOD OF WAR
CHAINS OF OLYMPUS



*Voucher Code good for download of Syphon Filter®: Combat Ops for the PSP® system on the PLAYSTATION® Network only via your PC or PS3™ system. Voucher Code expires 12/31/08. Voucher Code can only be redeemed through PLAYSTATION® Network ("PSN") Account Management. Requires PSN registration. Free voucher included. User responsible for all applicable Internet fees. ©2008 Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. God of War is a registered trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. Syphon Filter is a registered trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. ©2007 Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. Superbad ©2007 Columbia Pictures Industries Inc. All rights reserved. Superbad ©2008 Layout and Design Sony Pictures Home Entertainment Inc. All rights reserved. "PlayStation," "PS" Family logo and "PSP" are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc.

IN AN ABSOLUT WORLD

ABSOLUT® VODKA, PRODUCT OF SWEDEN, 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF), DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ALL OTHER ABSOLUT TRADEMARKS ARE OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©2007 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPHY BY VINCENT DIKON. ABSOLUT.COM

ENJOY WITH ABSOLUT RESPONSIBILITY.®

THE

ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA

This superb vodka was distilled from grain grown in the rich fields of southern Sweden. It has been produced at the famous old distilleries near Åhus in accordance with more than 200 years of Swedish tradition. It has been sold under the name Absolut since 1879.

40% ALC. VOL. (80 PROOF) 1.5L (50.7 FL. OZ.)

IMPORTED

ABSOLUT

ABSOLUT

ABSOLUT

ABSOLUT

ABSOLUT

ABSOLUT

ABSOLUT



Big Shots

About **\$2 billion** is spent worldwide on human growth hormone each year; **30,000** Americans are estimated to have used it.

what they're thinking



55% of *Marie Claire's* female readers would have sex with a woman if it were discreet.

Get Out

40% of men whose wives don't work outside the home wish they did.

Jetsam Blue

The UN estimates each square mile of ocean contains over **46,000** bits of floating plastic.



Gets Bitter With Age

Toddlers laugh **400** times a day; adults laugh about **15** times.

A House Divided

Americans use an extra **\$10.5 billion** worth of utilities every year due to additional households created by divorce.

The Real Cost of War

According to Nobel Prize-winning economist Joseph Stiglitz, the United States' total bill for the Iraq war, including payment of death benefits and care for injured veterans, will exceed **\$3 trillion** over the next **50 years**.



Through Thick and Thick

A study reported in *The New England Journal of Medicine* found that having an obese friend increases a person's chance of becoming obese by **57%**.

Our Big Dictionary

The English language now includes about **995,000** words. Spanish has **275,000** words and French a mere **100,000** words.

Money on the Mind

A placebo given to test subjects to relieve pain works **85%** of the time if they're told the medication costs **\$2.50** a pill but only **61%** of the time when they're told it costs just **10 cents**.



Little Shots

There are currently **4** states that mandate random steroid testing for high school athletes: New Jersey, Florida, Illinois and Texas.

Toast With the Most

The world's most expensive champagne is a limited-edition Perrier-Jouët that retails for **\$6,485** a bottle.



eMazing

According to a national Harris survey, the matchmaking site eHarmony led to **2%** of the nation's marriages last year.

price check

\$41,825

Paid at auction for a checklist used by astronauts on *Apollo 10* during rendezvous and mission maneuvers on its lunar module, nicknamed Snoopy. The checklist also features an original signed sketch of *Peanuts'* Snoopy by Charles Schulz.



Live It Up

In Newark, New Jersey no homicides were recorded for **43** days beginning in mid-January—the city's longest slay-free streak since 1961.



No Mercy Rule

In pre-Olympic exhibitions the U.S. women's softball team won **185** consecutive games, outscoring opponents **1,475 to 24**.



THIS FREE BOWFLEX® DVD CHANGED MY LIFE!

AND IT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE, TOO!

"You gotta see this free DVD. It can change your life. When I started working out with my Bowflex® home gym, the results came very fast. My waist dropped from 36 inches down to about 30. I look younger. I feel younger. I play in a rock band. I live my dream. Bowflex® home gyms let me be who I wanted to be."

"The most amazing thing about my Bowflex® home gym is I didn't have to spend hours and hours in the gym. It's right at home, it's easy and I can do it at my convenience. You can build muscle and burn fat all in one work out. I've tried many others, and I've never had the results like I've had with my Bowflex® home gym."

Michael Polinko, Bowflex® Home Gym Owner

Lost 50 pounds in 6 weeks!*

You, too, can get great results with Bowflex® home gym. All it takes is one simple workout, 20 minutes a day, 3 times a week.



To get your **FREE** DVD
CALL NOW! 800.840.7522
or go to www.BowflexWeb.com



BOWFLEX®

Be Strong. Be Fit. Be Bowflex.



Future Hog

SOMETIMES RIDING A motorcycle is about getting from point A to point B. Sometimes it's about speed and thrills. And sometimes it's about turning as many heads as possible when you pull up to a traffic light. The Travertson V-REX (\$44,000, travertson.com) lets you do all three at once, with a distinct emphasis on the last objective. Moto-futurist Tim Cameron originally conceived this chrome-and-steel daydream in the realm of infinite possibility that is 3-D computer modeling. He posted his plans on the web, where extreme-bike builder Christian Travert stumbled across them and promptly had a so-crazy-it-just-might-work moment. Two years later the V-REX was born. Believe it or not, underneath its sci-fi skin beats the heart of a Harley. There's a DOHC V-Rod motor in there, as well as Harley-Davidson's transmission, wiring, speedometer and switches. That's where the similarities end, though, thanks to the V-REX's monstrous 79.2-inch wheelbase and cast-aluminum-frame structure that doubles as a fuel tank. In place of a telescopic front fork, a swing-arm monoshock suspension provides additional stability (instead of diving, it actually lifts when you brake hard). At nine feet long the V-REX isn't exactly what you would call nimble, but what it lacks in tight cornering it more than makes up for in visually appealing, easy-gliding cruisability. Next stop: Mars.



Apple Slicer

SPRINT-COMMITTED COVETERS of the iPhone take note: The Samsung Instinct (samsung.com) combines a media-friendly 3.1-inch touch screen with high-speed EVDO Rev A capabilities that leave the fruit phone in the dust datawise. Plus it has real GPS and localized haptic feedback, which provides a tactile response when you push its virtual buttons. There's no Wi-Fi, but it's only \$100 a month for unlimited data and voice. We'll make do.

K.I.S.S.

WE'LL TAKE WELL-EXECUTED simplicity over snobby complexity any day. Grooming Lounge (groominglounge.com) has made a name for itself over the past few years with products that dispense with lapidary jargon. Try the Best Shampoo (\$20), Mug Cleaner Face Wash (\$18), Some Hair Goop (\$18), Some Hair Stuff (\$18) and Beard Master Shave Oil (\$25) and enjoy the peace that comes from thinking less about your grooming options.



MANTRACK

s o u n d s t y l e p a d



Now See Hear

THE AUDIO INDUSTRY may be long on technology, but too often it's short on whimsy. Make your music 50 percent more adorable with Scandyna's Drop speakers (\$850 a pair, scandyna-speakers.com). Made to sound good first and look funky second, they can handle up to 100 watts of output apiece. For the "it's raining music" effect, remove their feet and suspend them from your ceiling. The alien nightstand you see between them is the Amp (\$700), which has four inputs and emits 50 watts a channel.

Clothesline: Jordan Farmar

"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN into fashion," says the charismatic L.A. Lakers sophomore. He's not kidding. "At the NBA predraft combine, a lot of guys showed up in sweats, but I wore a suit. I treated it like a job interview. I have about 30 suits, and I wear one to every game. Most of them are custom-made Astor & Black, and I'm not afraid to wear colors like pink, peach and orange. My favorite dress shoe is Bruno Magli. I don't like a small knot on a tie. I like the half Windsor and full Windsor because they project confidence." Which of his teammates can hang stylewise? "Derek Fisher, Kobe Bryant and Lamar Odom dress well. But Luke Walton's been in the league five years, and I just taught him how to tie a tie this season."



Pooled Resource

FEW THINGS COMPLETE a home like a pool table, but most of us don't have an entire room to devote to one. With a Fusion table (\$6,000, fusiontables.com) you can rack 'em up in the same place you wolf it down. This cleverly designed dining-room table hides a seven-and-a-half-foot pool table inside, so you can complement your postprandial cigar with a kick-shot combo in the side pocket. When the big money comes out to play, it also converts into a poker table.

BRIDGESTONE

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

**IT'S BRIDGESTONE
OR NOTHING.**



Racing-inspired Potenza™ tires give you the power to make your every maneuver and every move smooth as a pro.

POTENZA



bridgestonetire.com
1-800-807-9555
tiresafety.com

B **PASSION**
for EXCELLENCE

MANTRACK

t e c h a r t h o m e

Shooting Star

WEEGEE USED ONE. So did Diane Arbus and Helmut Newton. Annie Leibovitz still keeps one in her bag. We're talking about the Rolleiflex twin-lens-reflex camera, introduced in 1929 and one of professional photography's most enduring icons—both for the unique textures it produces and the steam-age aesthetic it embodies. If you thought Rollei was giving digital a pass, think again: The MiniDigi AF5.0 (\$399, rollei.jp/e) brings the company's expertise to bear on a five-megapixel digital snapper. The body has been radically shrunk (the original had to accommodate bulky medium-format film), but the rest of its Rollei-tude is blissfully intact, right down to the hand crank you use to prep the camera for the next shot.



Cutting Satire

EVERY TIME YOU toss out a harmless, perfectly functional piece of gear so you can go through airport security, you lose a little bit of your soul. Get some of it back by picking up one of Christopher Locke's Scissor Spiders (\$150, heartlessmachine.com). Made entirely from scissors confiscated by the Transportation Security Administration, these arachnophilic sculptures half playfully, half menacingly fuse fear, absurdity, danger and comedy into a tart and heady artistic cocktail.



Bottoms Up

THESE DAYS, THE planet can use all the recycling it can get. Which is why we're so smitten with the Wine Barrel Chair (\$165, uncommongoods.com) from Uncommon Goods. Handmade of oak staves from 70-gallon wine barrels used at various California vineyards, it's great for outdoors but stylish enough to play inside as needed. It also offers the perfect place to park your rump as you ferret out the delicate complexities of your favorite pinot noir. If your butt were a critic, it would say (with a reedy professorial flourish), "Woody, with a hint of linseed in the finish." Did we go there? Yes indeed we did.



DRINK RESPONSIBLY.



WHO SAYS YOUR NIGHT CAN'T HAVE
SMOOTH TASTE AND TEQUILA EDGE?

Hornitos® Tequila, 40% alc/vol. ©2018 Sauza Tequila Import Company, Denver, CO.

HORNITOS™
THE FINE LINE OF TEQUILA.

100% PURO DE AGAVE.

duPont REGISTRY

A BUYERS GALLERY OF FINE AUTOMOBILES®



Where the buying and selling
never ends...

On sale at newsstands everywhere.

www.duPontREGISTRY.com

The Playboy Advisor

I love eating my girlfriend out, but my tongue sticks out only half an inch. I usually end up with a small tear in my frenulum that takes a few days to heal, and I'm sore in the meantime. My girlfriend loves cunnilingus, but I know I do a poor job because I'm so cautious. I've tried holding my tongue still while moving my head but thought I would ask the Advisor about other techniques that might give me more reach.—D.S., Whitewater, Wisconsin

You may have *ankyloglossia*, or *tongue-tie*, which can affect speech and chewing as well as what one therapist refers to as "sexual expression." It can be corrected with a *frenectomy* performed by a dentist with a laser or scalpel. But if you aren't having problems outside the bedroom, we suggest you try a few less invasive maneuvers. First, stick a pillow under your girlfriend's ass to provide better access. Second, dive in and make use of not only your tongue but your lips and nose as well; as Lou Paget writes in her book *How to Give Her Absolute Pleasure*, your face should look like a glazed doughnut. If you can't tell from her breathing or moans, ask your girlfriend what she likes best. Every woman is different, so don't guess. Finally, you can make your tongue more nimble, which may keep you from getting sore. Paget suggests two exercises: (1) Eat gelatin or pudding from a container without a spoon, and (2) hold a Life Saver vertically just inside your teeth and dissolve it from the hole out, using only your tongue.

What's the scoop on human growth hormone? I'm in my mid-30s and active in several sports, but I feel myself slowing down and I have a history of nagging injuries. Everything I read makes me believe I'm a perfect candidate to use HGH in small doses. Where can I get it without going to a doctor? Do I need to inject it? There is so much crap on the Internet, I don't know what to believe.—E.S., New York, New York

Some studies suggest growth hormone aids healing in animals, but there is little evidence it does the same for athletes—other than a 2006 Swedish report that found it may help muscle and tendon ruptures heal faster and "allow harder training with shorter recovery periods." Dr. William Howard, founder of the sports-medicine clinic at Baltimore's Union Memorial Hospital, says synthetic HGH may speed the healing of tiny muscle-fiber tears, but athletes and bodybuilders tend to take far too much of it. "Their reasoning is that if 10 is good, 1,000 must be 100 times better," he says. "That's not healthy, especially since high doses have been linked to type 2 diabetes, carpal tunnel syndrome and arthritis, among other conditions. It's also expensive and doesn't help as much as people think." He adds, "I feel a little alone on this, and I'm not advocating that everyone start using HGH, but if someone wants to inject himself with a low dose while



being monitored by a doctor, it ain't all bad." You won't get the drug from a doctor, who can't legally prescribe it for athletic injuries, so you'll have to go to the gray market, where there are no guarantees of quality or safety. A doctor also won't give the injections, which must be administered into the abdomen once or twice a day. Repeated studies have found HGH does nothing on its own to improve strength and may lessen endurance by releasing lactate, which causes fatigue.

I'm new to swinging, but my husband was in the lifestyle for many years with his ex-wife. Last weekend we were with a couple in a hotel room. I went to the bathroom, and when I came out both guys were using toys on the other woman. My husband didn't even look up. I pulled him aside and expressed my discomfort, since in the past we had only done things together and he always stayed close enough for me to touch him—which is what I need. But he just tried to sweet-talk me. When he turned back to the bed and started to go down on her, I returned to the bathroom. Later he chewed me out. Was I in the wrong? Should I just "suck it up," as my husband says? He says he's reluctant to swing again with me because he's afraid I will create "drama." Where do we go from here?—E.W., Lubbock, Texas

You weren't wrong. If either partner is uncomfortable, the party is over. Those are the rules. Your husband needs to realize how fortunate he is to have a wife (two, actually) who wants to participate in the lifestyle. He can't set rules and then expect you to follow; that's not how it works. As to where you go from here, you don't go anywhere until this gets worked out to your satisfaction. And he can't go alone.

What's the best reply to a guy who gloats or boasts, "I fucked (or used to fuck) your girlfriend"?—R.E., Baltimore, Maryland
Not sure. The conversation would be over.

While waiting for HD DVD players to come down in price, I want to pick up a 1080p upconverting player for my HDTV set. Will I see a difference?—C.B., Tacoma, Washington

You may see a difference if you do a side-by-side comparison, but it's nothing that will continue to inspire awe. Upconverted DVD is not a bad way to go, but the dirty secret of high def is that DVDs still look pretty damn good even in standard def. It does make a difference in video games, though. Don't wait for HD DVD to come down in price; as you've heard by now, it's a dead format. Go Blu-ray, but realize you're buying into a system that has at best a shelf life of five years before HD digital downloads replace it.

I've been married for 15 years, and my wife and I struggle to keep it interesting. We've started going on the occasional "date night" so we can spend some time together without the kids, but we generally just have a quiet dinner. Any suggestions?—R.J., Phoenix, Arizona

The key to a successful date night is novelty. Research led by social psychologist Arthur Aron at the State University of New York at Stony Brook suggests new experiences activate the brain's reward system, flooding it with the same euphoria-inducing hormones (e.g., dopamine) that spike when we first fall in love. Aron has led several experiments with long-married couples to test this hypothesis. In one study he divided 53 middle-aged couples into three groups: One spent 90 minutes each week going out to dinner or a movie, one did activities they didn't usually do (concerts, hiking, dancing), and the third group did whatever. After 10 weeks the group that had undertaken exciting or challenging activities expressed higher levels of marital satisfaction. Aron and his colleagues also reported earlier this year that some couples, even after 10 or more years of marriage, still have responses in the brain that suggest the same intense desire of early romance. (The conventional wisdom is that passion fades; as *Tiny Tim* once said, "Romance is like a record. It's difficult to keep it on the charts.") Although more research is needed, it may be that couples keep the fires burning with shared novel activities (including socializing with different couples) and being supportive in good times and bad. In fact, it appears that sharing exciting times is more important than being supportive during bad times.

I ordered foie gras from dartagnan.com and had it delivered to the chef of a very good restaurant. I had spoken to him earlier and confirmed my party of four

could get foie gras appetizers if I provided the foie gras. Although the restaurant doesn't take reservations and the wait on a busy night can be an hour or more, when I presented myself I was given a warm welcome and we were seated in 10 minutes. I have also done this while dining at the restaurant of a culinary school where the student chefs cannot afford \$100-a-pound foie gras. Not everyone lives close to a place that serves this and other rare, exotic or expensive viands. Providing quality material to a talented local chef who can't usually work with it creates a partnership between chef and diner. What do you think?—P.G., Randolph, Massachusetts

Your technique is innovative, though as you suggest, it may not work as well in metropolises where chefs have access to every kind of victual. Also, when buying materials for an artist, you always risk not enjoying his or her art. But when it works, great.

A reader wrote in May about his friend's supposed aversion to big breasts. A friend of mine once confided he had become intimate with a woman he met on jury duty but found himself repulsed by her pendulous breasts. His previous girlfriends had been small and pert. When I tried to find a resource to desensitize him to the variety of normal female bodies, I came up short. That inspired me to create a short film, *Fifty Nude Women: A Musical Montage* (fiftywomen.com), which features women of all shapes and sizes, ranging in age from 21 to 95 years old. My boyfriend and I are huge fans of PLAYBOY. It's natural to enjoy looking at beautiful, idealized, symmetrical bodies. It's sad only when those images fuck with people's ideas of what they or their partners should look like. (I wish Americans could ogle more like Europeans, who appreciate beauty without rejecting the ordinary, old or imperfect.) The good news is that I told my friend to give it a week, which he did, and once he got to know the woman better her breasts became fantastic to him.—Margot Roth, New York, New York

Two of the most educational experiences we've had in this regard have been traveling with the photographers during a Playmate search and hanging out with middle-aged swingers. Men (and women) don't typically have the opportunity to observe great numbers of human beings naked and to see firsthand that most are not toned and perfectly lit. However, men do not have such exacting standards as women may suppose. In fact, except in cases of a large weight gain or a fetish (e.g., he wishes she had three-inch-wide areolae), it's rare for a guy to express displeasure to us about any body attached to a woman he loves. The most interesting thing about Roth's film, besides giving us a chance to check out a 95-year-old naked lady (as one of Roth's producers points out, you don't often think about your genitals getting old), is hearing the women describe

what they like about their bodies—and wondering if most men could as easily do the same about their own.

A reader wrote in April asking about nonsticky lubes. Here at Early to Bed, Chicago's first feminist sex shop, we know lubes like the back of our sticky hands and have been known to conduct experiments. I can tell you that any water-based lube will eventually get sticky no matter how many times you spritz it. Instead, try silicone-based lubes, like Pjur Eros, Pink or Wet Platinum. Since they are not water-based, they won't be absorbed into the skin or become sticky, and you can use them in the shower or bath. Sex and spanking should be slippery and delightful from beginning to end.—Eden, Chicago, Illinois

You're absolutely right; thanks for keeping us on our toes. It's important to note that silicone lubes are a little more expensive, thinner and more of a hassle to clean up (they require soap to remove) than water-based lubes and will damage the surface of silicone toys.

A friend introduced me to a woman. We talked a bit. She was friendly. I gave her my card and asked for her number. She gave me one for her cell. I have called several times and all I get is voice mail. How many times should a guy call before he gives up?—M.H., Denver, Colorado

Twice—one message and a safety to cover for technical glitches.

I met the love of my life after 30 years of searching. She's not a fan of ass hair, but I'm a pussy and there's no way I'm waxing. Do you know of any other way to get rid of it?—J.J., Tallahassee, Florida

Who is a fan of ass hair? Unfortunately, waxing is the quickest and simplest method. Sometimes true love requires a little pain.

A guy I used to hang out with wants to date my sister. When I heard about it, I sent him a text message: "Don't touch my sister." They kissed at a party a few years ago, but they were both drunk and I don't think they have kissed recently. Please let me know an appropriate reaction. Should I confront this prick?—M.A., New York, New York

While we appreciate your concern for your sister, unless she's 12 years old we fail to see how this is any of your concern. Besides, the more you protest, the more exciting you make the affair appear to be, especially if they have to sneak around. Rather than going alpha male on him, we suggest cool detachment.

I've read you can work abdominal muscles every day. Is this true? Or should you give them a couple of days of rest like everything else?—T.G., Sacramento, California

You can work the abs daily, according to Len Kravitz, a professor of exercise science at the University of New Mexico. "Unlike other muscles, the abdominals are seldom fatigued enough that they need a day to recover," he

says. "This is because you are always working with the weight of your torso, in a limited range of motion, as compared with other exercises that challenge the muscles with progressively heavier resistance. In practice, it also makes sense to do some type of daily exercise to counteract the excessive tightening of your lower back muscles and hip flexors." However, he adds, research on other muscles suggests you need to train your abdominals only three times a week to attain optimal benefits. It's not harmful to do more, but it won't help you get a six-pack any faster, because that goal requires improved nutrition and cardiovascular exercise. Some fitness professionals argue that daily training is reckless because the abs, like any muscle, can be overtrained; Kravitz says that's true only if you consistently overload the muscles. When doing crunches, lift your torso only until your shoulder blades are off the ground; beyond about 30 degrees the hip flexors take charge. Since this is a relatively small range of motion, you'll need more reps and exercises to challenge the muscles. Sit-ups are not recommended, but it is beneficial to do some exercises on a stability ball.

After 30 years of marriage I have begun an affair with a woman who is also married. I am experiencing a range of emotions, but the one I expected to feel—guilt—hasn't shown itself, except for the guilt over not feeling guilty. Does this lack of guilt mean I love my wife less than I thought, or is my mind still in la-la land?—T.T., Seattle, Washington

We'd guess the latter. You don't feel guilty because you're in the throes of romantic love. How can what you're feeling be bad? You realize of course that if you leave your wife you will very likely be in the same position with this woman in two or three years, once the hormones wear off. If you want to feel guilty, confess to your wife and watch the pain spread across her face. As we tell anyone who is tempted to start or is involved in an affair, you made a commitment. If you can't keep your end of the bargain, leave. Otherwise, quit fucking around.

My boyfriend told me he had a nightmare in which he was used in an experiment to test a new drug that turned men into women. What does this mean?—J.M., Pittsburg, Kansas

Although it's possible your boyfriend is struggling with the essential duality of human gender, it's more likely he ate a bad pepper.

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. Our greatest-hits collection, *Dear Playboy Advisor*, is available in bookstores and online.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

A BETTER WAY TO DO BUSINESS

A NEW BREED OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM EMPHASIZES THE IMPORTANCE OF THE COMMON GOOD

BY JIM HIGHTOWER AND SUSAN DEMARCO

As Lily Tomlin once pointed out, “The trouble with the rat race is that even if you win, you’re still a rat.” From Enron to Wal-Mart, Halliburton to Bear Stearns, a steady parade of corporate greed-heads has given business a bad name. Milton Friedman, a noted apologist for the “corporate mandate,” insisted the ultimate moral imperative for Fortune 500 chief executives is to “make as much money as possible”—a supposed central fact of business life—no matter how many jobs are lost, resources polluted or consumers deceived. This ethic of greed has not gone unnoticed by regular Americans, 65 percent of whom believe corporations routinely put their own profit needs above the public interest and 76 percent of whom say too much power is concentrated in the hands of a few corporations.

But here’s some good news: This self-serving corporate ethos is not the only model for organizing profitable enterprises. Thousands of mavericks across the country are not merely bemoaning the ruthless practices of these behemoths, they are finding ways to create “uncorporations”—successful business entities that embody progressive values, offer deeper satisfaction for those involved and help restore the unifying ethic of the common good to our society.

The Southern humorist Lewis Grizzard explained the important cultural difference between being naked and being nekkid: “Naked means you ain’t got no clothes on. Nekkid means you ain’t got no clothes on and you’re up to something.” Chris Johnson was up to something when, fully clothed, he opened MedSavers in 2005. He’s a Texas pharmacist who was pulling down six figures at a chain drugstore and climbing the corporate ladder. But, he says, “it made me sick to my stomach.” Again and again he would fill prescriptions for people, only to have them walk away without their medicines because they couldn’t afford them. As a corporate func-

tionary, he had no authority to cut these folks some slack even though he knew the profit margins on prescription drugs were “obscene.”

“There has to be a better way,” Johnson said to himself, and now there is because he created it: MedSavers, a pharmacy that caters to people who have no drug coverage (even though the company now has some insured customers). By not having to deal with insurance bureaucracies, by selling generics and by keeping his overhead

low, he is able to sell a bottle of pills that costs \$59 at the chain stores for only \$16—and make a profit. Johnson notes he could double his price and customers would still think it’s a good deal, “but I’d be getting into the same mind-set as the chains.”

Now he knows his customers by name, not merely by their prescription number, and has the satisfaction of seeing how he makes a difference in people’s lives. Most important, Johnson now has time for breakfast with his wife and two sons. As he puts it, “It’s a matter of aligning your work with your values.”

In practically every city, in practically every field, enterprising rebels are bucking the corporate system and defining their own version of success. “Be yourself,” advised Oscar Wilde. “Everyone else is already taken.”

Examples abound of Americans who are taking that advice, expanding the concept of business to encompass not only monetary profit but also community, fairness, stewardship and—dare we say it?—happiness.

Bankers with a soul? What if there were a bank that actually gave a damn about local people—even those of modest income—and was willing to invest in their neighborhoods? In 1973 four pioneers bought a failing bank on Chicago’s South Side, determined to show that *bank* was not a four-letter word. Through creativity, tenacity and a firm belief in the gumption of local folks, they put the lending power of ShoreBank behind the residents of various decaying neighborhoods. By



viewing old housing stock as an asset rather than a problem, these lenders helped transform a 250-block area into one of Chicago's most vibrant minority communities. Now operating in five states, ShoreBank has invested more than \$3 billion in underserved areas, financing affordable housing, conservation retrofits, small businesses and community development. With \$5 million in annual profit, these bankers show it's possible to do well by doing good.

Cooperation works. Fed up with being paid a pittance and treated with all the respect of a Kleenex by the owner of their company, cabdrivers in Wisconsin rebelled and in the late 1970s decided they could do better as their own bosses. There were a lot of bumps in the road, but over the years the Union Cab of Madison Cooperative became a successful, democratically run taxi business that pays middle-class wages (plus health care) to its 150 worker-owners, who proudly earn a customer-satisfaction rating above 90 percent. In a completely different business, farmers in 34 states organized

THE POWERS THAT BE
WANT US TO BELIEVE IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE TO CHALLENGE
THE CORPORATIZED WAY.

themselves into Organic Valley, becoming

themselves into Organic Valley, becoming a \$432 million-a-year co-op that produces and markets milk, cheese, butter, eggs and other staples. Rather than limit the co-op's bottom line to their own profit, they established a business family that puts wholesome food, sustainable production, respect for workers and community involvement at the core of its business mission. And if you want to see a business with real pizzazz, the Lusty Lady Theatre in San Francisco is the first worker-owned, unionized, democratically managed strip joint in America.

The powers that be want us to believe it's futile to buck the system and impossible to challenge the corporatized way of running our society. However, in the words of a friend of ours, those who say it can't be done should not interrupt those who are doing it. We can do business in a meaningful way, and we can have lives that are worth living. You really don't have to join the rat race unless you want to.

*Jim Hightower and Susan DeMarco are co-authors of *Swim Against the Current: Even a Dead Fish Can Go With the Flow*.*

WILL ROE V. WADE CONTINUE TO STAND?

ANTIABORTIONIST RANDALL TERRY DOESN'T THINK SO

By Ashley Jude Collie

Activist Randall Terry founded the pro-life group Operation Rescue, which he calls the largest peaceful civil disobedience movement in American history. Though his politics may be unequivocally black-and-white, Terry himself isn't. A registered Republican who converted to Catholicism, he considers himself a "theocentric libertarian" and feels the evangelical movement has "politically imploded." An accom-

plished musician, he has inhaled and more in his past; he's also a big fan of the Beatles, *Wayne's World* and *Saturday Night Live* and does pitch-perfect impersonations of Bill Clinton, Austin Powers and Dr. Evil.

Q: How far should civil action go?

A: If you look at past social revolutions,



plished musician, he has inhaled and more in his past; he's also a big fan of the Beatles, *Wayne's World* and *Saturday Night Live* and does pitch-perfect impersonations of Bill Clinton, Austin Powers and Dr. Evil.

Q: Why do you want to speak to *The Playboy Forum*?

A: It's about reaching people I wouldn't be able to otherwise. There are people reading my words who are going to have an unplanned pregnancy, and they're going to be tempted to abort their child. If my heartfelt pleading to them to let their baby live results in someone getting to hold their just-born little boy or girl, it will be worth all the hell I'll catch for doing this interview.

Q: Having been arrested more than 40 times and jailed several times, do you mind being a lightning rod?

A: The real question is, how can I look the other way after 50 million children

there were certain images, words and actions that accompanied them. Those images and actions were always confrontational, controversial and disruptive. How did they end child labor? They showed the horrific conditions of little children in pictures. We in the pro-life movement have to learn from past social revolutions and be relentless in our pursuit of justice even when it makes people uncomfortable. Like seeing pictures of aborted babies—think how many times you have seen images of Nazi concentration camps. They show reality. We need to show the American people the reality of the killing of the unborn. With Operation Rescue we helped create social tension that ensured child killing would not be swept under the rug. But right now, to be honest, things are flagging. We need a revival of social tension.

Q: What if that social tension is ratcheted up to violence?

A: We don't want that to happen, but no movement of any significance in human history did not have warts and inconsistencies.

Q: With newspaper headlines screaming about scandals, corruption, school massacres, etc., do you see a general decline in society?

A: Without question there's a moral crisis. Man has forgotten who he is. We are the unique creation of God, and when we reject that reality, we are in a moral free fall and anything goes—as you see today in the slaughter of innocents, child pornography and corruption in every human arena. One of the great tragedies we face is the general loss of the wonder of human life. It is tied directly to the cheapening of human life that occurs because of abortion on demand. America's social decline is the fruit of the philosophical rejection of human beings being made in the image of God and the rejection of the existence of eternal truths. And if you chart America's trajectory, you can see it beginning to go downward in the 1960s.

Q: What about the 1960s started that downward spiral?

A: This is central. If there is no God, there is no such thing as right and wrong, good and evil. There are only preferences and what you can pull off with rhetoric, deception or the barrel of a gun. The 1960s gave us the rejection of authority and of moral absolutes, the sexual revolution and the feminist revolution that included child killing and the rejection of the sacrament of marriage. So if one person decides it's okay for them to have sex with children or abort their own children or become a prostitute or a drug addict, we have no right to condemn that behavior, because there's no such thing as good and evil. These factors were all the behavioral offspring of college philosophy departments telling people that they could choose for themselves what was right and wrong and that there are no moral absolutes.

Q: Recent Harris Polls have revealed some change in opinion. In 2007 56 percent were in favor of *Roe v. Wade* and 40 percent against, but in 2006 49 percent were in favor versus 47 percent against. What does this indicate?

A: America has never had a genuine debate on child killing. I blame the media predominantly for that. If the media showed abortion the way they showed the Vietnam war or apartheid in South Africa, this holocaust would already be over. I've had the joys of seeing ultrasounds of my children, and when you see a 10-week-old baby sucking his thumb on the ultrasound screen, how can you deny that miracle is a human being? How can you justify ripping that child out with a suction machine? If people saw the reality, they would probably

not kill that child. Many people reading this interview cannot tell me when the human heart begins to beat, when a baby's fingers and toes bud, when brain waves are recordable, when a child responds to light or sound; moreover, many readers will have no clue how and when most children are aborted. So there has never been an intelligent debate in this country on the issue. You can't debate something you don't know, right?

Q: Two recent Hollywood movies, *Knocked Up* and *Juno*, feature ultrasound scenes, and both depict pregnant women taking their babies to term. What's your take?

A: Movies like *Juno* and *Knocked Up*, which have an intense pro-life message, sow the seeds of a popular pro-life movement based on the inescapable scientific reality that this is a precious, innocent human being. And they use ultrasound on the big screen to dramatize it. Ministries that sit in front of abortion mills in RVs and offer every woman a free ultrasound before she goes in are very successful. For women who see the ultrasound, the numbers are through the roof—80 percent to 90 percent of them do not go through with their appointment.

Q: What impact would a John McCain presidency have on the pro-life agenda?

A: If McCain would appoint judges who would overturn *Roe*, it could be a huge boon. I don't think we have any assurance that would happen. Justices Anthony Kennedy, David Souter and Sandra Day O'Connor were all appointed by Republican presidents who did not do their homework. If presidents Reagan and

Bush Sr. had done what they said they would do, we would already have overturned *Roe* because we wouldn't have had Kennedy, Souter and O'Connor. There's a very strong movement afoot in the conservative wing of the Republican Party to deny McCain the White House. Their attitude is, an enemy outside your camp makes you vigilant and unites you, but an enemy inside your camp makes you dead because he can cut your neck in the night or poison your food by day.

Q: Wouldn't overturning *Roe v. Wade* mean more botched back-alley abortions?

A: I don't believe it would produce more, because most women are law-abiding people. I have a far higher view of women than the rhetoric of the pro-abortion movement shows. How many women do you know who would actually go into a back alley and let some moron stick a coat hanger into their uterus? Women are just not going to do that. Secondly, most illegal abortions were committed by doctors. My goal is to make child killing illegal in all 50 states to restore the full protection of the law to all unborn babies. Overturning *Roe* is only one step in that process.

AN ENEMY
INSIDE YOUR
CAMP CAN CUT
YOUR NECK
IN THE NIGHT OR
POISON YOU.

MARGINALIA



FROM A COLUMN

by Anne Applebaum, wife of Polish politician Radek Sikorski, about political wives who stand next to their sex-scandal-embroiled husbands at press conferences: "Speaking (ahem) as a political wife myself, I can see one clear advantage to this option: It's all over quickly. And no one asks you for a follow-up interview. You appear once—and then you vanish forever, along with your husband's career. If you've been clever about it, you've kept your maiden name and can thus return to your own career. Those who make other, more attention-getting choices will later be forced back into the limelight to explain themselves, which is gruesome."



FROM A DESCRIPTION

by Shahin Portofeh of his initial treatment upon being returned to Iran after the U.K. refused to grant him asylum despite his contention he would be executed for homosexuality, a capital offense in the Islamic republic: "The judge sentenced me to 60 lashes, and the same day they lashed me. I was

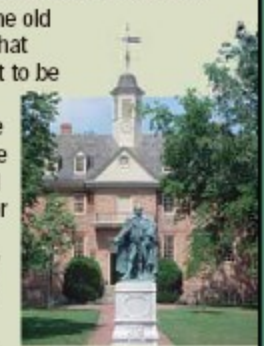


begging them for some treatment, asking them for some medicine, some painkillers, but they didn't show any mercy. A guard just pulled up my T-shirt and stubbed his cigarette on me."

FROM A LETTER

to alumni by Gene Nichol, the College of William and Mary president who was forced out in February after conservatives criticized several of his decisions—among them removing a cross from the state school's main building, refusing to shut down a racy student art exhibition and increasing scholarships to poor students—explaining his reasons for not backing down in the face of pressure: "I have thought, perhaps most acutely, of my wife and three remarkable daughters. I've believed it vital to understand, with them, that though defeat may at times come, it is crucial not to surrender to the loud and the vitriolic and the angry—just because they are loud and vitriolic and angry. Recalling the old Methodist hymn that commands us 'not to be

afraid to defend the weak because of the anger of the strong' nor 'afraid to defend the poor because of the anger of the rich.' So I have sought not to yield. The board's decision, of course, changes that. I have also hoped that this noble college might one day claim not only Thomas Jefferson's pedigree but his political philosophy as well. It was



(continued on page 43)

READER RESPONSE

YOUR RIGHTS, OUR WRONG

I want to thank you for giving me the opportunity to communicate with your readers about our great party and the bright future we see for the United States should it return to its founding principles of limited government and individual freedom ("The Grand Old (Independent) Party," May). However, I was a bit stunned (and a lot flattered) to see myself listed as our party's presidential candidate for 2008. While I am the current national chairman of the Libertarian Party and the 2008 LP candidate for the U.S. Senate in Virginia, I am not the presidential candidate. We will nominate our presidential ticket at our national convention, May 22 to 26, in Denver. Thank you again for interviewing me for your magazine, and I hope all your readers are now more informed about the only political party in the U.S. completely dedicated to keeping the government out of people's wallets and lives. I think we could all benefit from having the government return the free-



Our bad: Redpath's not running.

dom to individuals that allows them to enjoy all the fruits of their labor as they wish, so long as they do not violate the rights of others. After all, shouldn't I always have the freedom to purchase the magazine in which I was interviewed?

William Redpath
Washington, D.C.

We regret the misidentification of the Libertarian chairman as a presidential candidate.

CAN YOU READ THIS?

Susan Jacoby reveals some devastating statistics about our society's aliteracy in her April commentary, "Zero-Narrative Nation." It calls to mind the Mike Judge movie *Idiocracy*. The information age only distracts the shrinking percentage of "literate." Like any great invention, the Internet can be a tool, but it can also be a



Print media offer a unique thrill.

self-destructive weapon in the form of shortcuts to critical thinking. As a 40-year-old mediacentric marketer with a degree in English, I have always faced a quandary: I'm leery of the growing aliteracy, but I make a living selling measurable, specific, targeted information. Yes, I get a great deal of research and news from Internet-based subscriptions (e.g., *The Wall Street Journal*, *Crain's Chicago Business*), but my most intellectually rewarding experiences come from reading books and periodicals, including *PLAYBOY* cover to cover each month. All of us, particularly editors and non-blog writers, need to figure out what will reverse this trend toward aliteracy and convince a society accustomed to convenient, unsolicited information to seek out the challenge and thrill of discovery in print media.

Thomas R. Stahler
Round Lake, Illinois

INFORMATION, PLEASE

Big Brother is watching—and thank God he is! I was amazed at the April *Forum* article titled "Big Brother Shacks Up With Ma Bell," about how the evil Bush administration is listening to phone calls and tracking e-mails. The government is tracking information that can save our lives. I say kill all the terrorists and their friends. Remember, the FBI, CIA and Homeland Security have been working with the evil Bush administration to save your liberal asses, too.

R. Blair
Dallas, Texas

The government may or may not be finding information to help combat terrorism by sifting through private communications without warrants, but the questions the article raises are no less valid even if the surveillance is yielding useful information. For instance,

what else is it collecting and for what purpose? If these are legitimate law enforcement operations, why won't the administration get warrants for them? Most pressing of all, if everything about these operations is above-board, why is the administration trying to usurp the role of the judiciary by unilaterally clearing the telecom companies of any responsibility by pushing for retroactive amnesty?

NO PRIVACY, THANKS

I am a 24-year-old who is okay with the fact that John Doe may be dead ("Is John Doe Dead?" March). It's not that I am 100 percent comfortable living in a fishbowl, but I make choices every day that allow others to access my private information, usually for my own convenience. When I make a purchase with a credit card at a department store, my buying habits are tracked, which is helpful when I need to return an item (I lose receipts). I am asked for my zip code, but this could be to my benefit: If a store notices a lot of people from a certain area traveling a long distance, it may build another outpost closer to me. Companies glean as much information from me as possible, and frankly I'd rather receive targeted ads than get masses of junk advertising sent to me as a shot in the dark. I don't deny the realistic fear of this going too far, but as long as I don't find myself in a real-life scene out of George Orwell's *1984*, I think it's all right. There is a bal-



Some readers don't mind being surveilled.

ance to be found, and I'm hopeful we'll figure it out. For now, though, I'm not willing to give up the convenience I gain by sharing some of my personal information with the world.

Julia Tetrault
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

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

NEWSFRONT

**Democracy in Action**

BOSTON—The Federal Communications Commission held a hearing in Boston at the end of February on the topic of Net neutrality. The aim was to let interested citizens voice concerns over cable Internet provider Comcast and its practice of slowing down peer-to-peer traffic on its network. The commissioners sought public comment to determine whether they should allow corporations to dictate the terms of web traffic or to keep it an open system in which, for instance, a company can't buy the right to have its website load faster than yours or its e-mail expedited. The problem? Comcast acknowledged it had paid people (pictured here) to fill seats 90 minutes before the meeting, preventing many concerned citizens from attending.

Abstinence Miseducation

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—The state of Florida is considering changes to its sex-education curriculum after disturbing results emerged from a new survey on the programs. Among the most bizarre beliefs spreading among Florida students are that drinking a capful of bleach can prevent AIDS and that drinking Mountain Dew or smoking pot can prevent pregnancy. (Perhaps not surprising, Florida has the sixth-highest rate of teen pregnancy in the nation.) Critics of the state's abstinence-only education program blame such myths on that head-in-the-sand approach. "Young people are getting too little information too late," said Jenna Cawley of Planned Parenthood of Greater Orlando. Now state senator Ted Deutch (D-Boca Raton) is aiming to open the sex-ed process to include information about condoms, birth control and disease prevention.

Thought Control

WASHINGTON, D.C.—After complaints from the Bush administration, Popline, the world's largest database on reproductive health—maintained by the Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health—blocked the word *abortion* from its search engine. "We recently made all abortion terms stop words," wrote Debbie Dickson, the database manager, to Gloria Won, a University of California at San Francisco Medical Center librarian who, after discovering the block, contacted Dickson. "As a federally funded project, we decided this was best for now." Johns Hopkins reinstated the search word after the controversy, but as Popline receives federal funds

and Bush officials have, since 2001, denied funding to any organization that "promotes" abortion, the battle is sure to continue.

Freedom: a Local Issue?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Utah congressman Chris Cannon introduced legislation to eliminate the federal judiciary's role in cases involving pornography. Under his proposal, even the Supreme Court would no longer be able to rule on the constitutionality of local or state obscenity statutes, leaving local governments free to violate protections and freedoms enshrined in the U.S. Constitution as long as local authorities deem that a case concerns pornography. "For too long," Cannon said in a statement, "federal courts have created a dangerous climate for our children by overturning important decisions of state courts that restrict pornography consumption and distribution within its borders."

**San Antonio Spurious**

SAN ANTONIO—Compiled by a student group at the University of Texas at San Antonio, the draft of an honor code covering such topics as cheating and plagiarism was found to have been copied from another text. Sections of the draft matched word for word a similar code from Brigham Young University (which credits the Center for Academic Integrity for some of its language). Akshay Thusu, the student in charge of the draft, said, "We don't want to have an honor code that is stolen."

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 41)

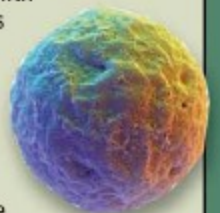
Jefferson who argued for a 'wall of separation between church and state'—putting all religious sects 'on an equal footing.' He expressly rejected the claim that speech should be suppressed because 'it might influence others to do evil,' insisting instead that 'we have nothing to fear from the demoralizing reasonings of some if others



are left free to demonstrate their errors.' And he averred powerfully that 'worth and genius' should 'be sought from every condition' of society. I add only that, on Sunday, the Board of Visitors offered both my wife and me substantial economic incentives if we would agree 'not to characterize

[the non-renewal decision] as based on ideological grounds' or make any other statement about my departure without their approval. Some members may have intended this as a gesture of generosity to ease my transition. But the stipulation of censorship made it seem like something else entirely. We, of course, rejected the offer. It would have required that I make statements I believe to be untrue and that I believe most would find noncredible. I've said before that the values of the college are not for sale. Neither are ours."

FROM A LIST of seven new social sins promulgated by the Vatican in March and summarized by Bloomberg news: "Bioethical violations such as birth control, morally dubious experiments such as stem cell research, drug abuse, polluting the environment, contributing to widening the divide between rich and poor, excessive wealth, creating poverty."



FROM AN APOLOGY written by Denise Vickers, news director of Huntsville, Alabama's WHNT TV, after the station went blank during a 60 Minutes segment on former Alabama governor Don Siegelman: "We have received hundreds of e-mails and phone calls from viewers who accused us of purposely sabotaging the broadcast for political reasons. The outcry was enormous, and the attacks were loaded with venom. Some compared us to 'fascists and communists.' There were cries of 'censorship, a blackout and bias.' Others called us a 'disgrace' and questioned our 'integrity.' Others have said they're calling for an 'investigation' with hopes that our 'FCC license will be pulled.' And still others hope station management gets sent 'to prison.' I can understand how people might think there was a 'conspiracy' to keep the 60 Minutes segment on Siegelman from airing. The timing does look suspicious. But I assure everyone that the notion is patently FALSE."



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

"Ferocious performance"

-Speedzones.com

"The best ever made"

-Forbes.com

"The World's Best"

-Radartest.com

"The one to have"

-Sport Compact Car

"I want one"

-Vette Magazine



"A technical masterpiece"

-European Car

"Consistently ranked #1"

-Men's Journal

"The highest protection"

-Motor Trend

"The only way to go"

-Backroads

"State of the art"

-Popular Mechanics

PASSPORT 8500
X50

Take a 30-day test drive and decide for yourself.

The PASSPORT 8500 X50 has been an instant success since its launch. In test after test, review after review, the results are still the same—the PASSPORT 8500 X50 is the clear choice in radar and laser protection.

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

Order yours today at EscortRadar.com
or call toll-free **1-800-637-0322**
Department PLAYBY



www.EscortRadar.com

PASSPORT X50 • Red \$299.⁹⁵ • Blue \$339.⁹⁵ +S&H (OH res. add tax)

ESCORT
THE RADAR AND LASER EXPERTS

©2008 ESCORT Inc.

Call 1-800-637-0322

▶ Department PLAYBY

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DR. DREW PINSKY

A candid conversation with TV's smartest doctor about drugs, rehab, anal sex and the inner demons haunting Angelina, Britney and Tom Cruise

Cooler than Dr. Phil, brainier than Dr. Laura and way buffer than Dr. Ruth, Dr. Drew Pinsky has quietly become America's go-to authority on drugs, sex, celebrity meltdowns and everything else we care passionately about.

His latest venture, *Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew*, on VH1, casts him as the first action hero of his genre: a bespectacled silver-haired doctor (in a black muscle shirt, no less) battling valiantly to rid Hollywood of coke fiends, sex addicts and crackheads. Pow! A UFC fighter lays off booze. Bam! Porn star Mary Carey trades group sex for group hugs.

Critics were dubious. One called the reality series opportunistic and "as shameless as a highlight reel of car-crash footage." But Pinsky's sober tone and unflagging compassion have elevated it above sideshow spectacle and offered a glimpse inside rehab—vomit, psychotic tantrums and all—capable of scaring anyone straight. Season two is on the way.

Pinsky, 49, has always maintained his balance while walking the line between the crass and the credible. Twenty-five years ago, during his medical school residency at the University of Southern California, he volunteered to answer phone calls from horny, misinformed teenagers in the middle of the night on KROQ, an FM rock station in his hometown, Pasadena, California. The Sunday-night segment was called "Ask a Surgeon" until the station

realized its gold-mine potential, signed up Pinsky for a two-hour show five nights a week and called it *Loveline*. At first Pinsky lugged gynecology textbooks into the studio but soon recognized his natural gift for speaking off-the-cuff yet intelligently about everything from whether penis size matters ("Come on, people. Get a career!") to sex with the family dog ("In general, a lousy idea").

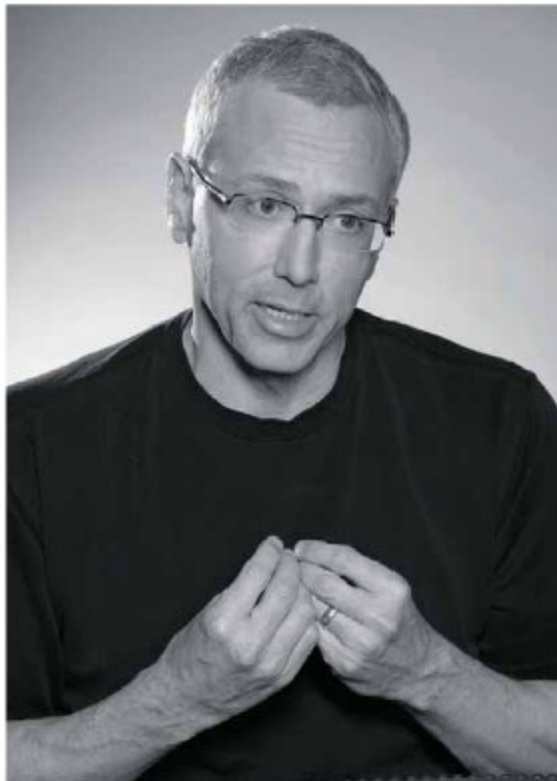
Loveline went national in 1995, and an MTV version debuted a year later. Teamed with Adam Carolla in front of a live audience full of teens, Pinsky came off as the one brilliant guy in the frat house. Carolla moved on, but Pinsky still takes calls five nights a week (his new sidekick is disc jockey Stryker). Part of *Loveline*'s success has to do with Pinsky's keen radar for childhood trauma. If callers have been molested or physically abused, Pinsky inevitably finds out and often pinpoints the age the abuse began. "It's a superpower I don't quite understand," he laughs.

As Pinsky has branched out with campus tours, writing books and making cameo appearances on television and in movies, he has become a pop icon. But he clearly isn't some media quack. Through it all he has maintained a full-time medical practice, held an assistant professorship in clinical psychiatry at USC and served as chief resident at a Pasadena hospital. Did we mention he has a wife and teenage triplets?

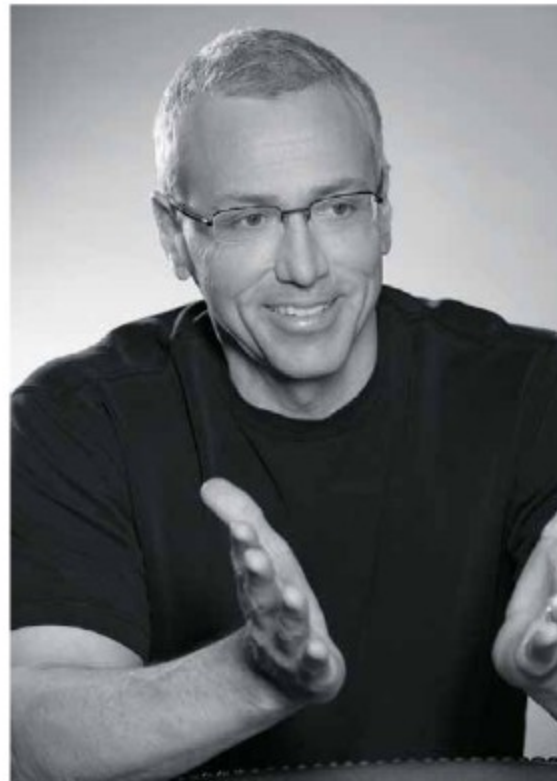
Not that multitasking is new for him. Growing up, Pinsky used to make rounds with his father, also a physician, between homework assignments. Later he was a star of his high school theater department, quarterback of the football team and—why not?—head of the student body. Lately, a typical morning has him driving 40 miles round-trip from Pasadena to Culver City to do his new daytime radio program, *Dr. Drew Live*. Afterward he'll have a quick lunch before seeing patients at Las Encinas Hospital, where he is director of the chemical-dependency program. He may do a promotional photo shoot, a commercial voice-over and a CNN appearance, as he did one recent afternoon, then race back home and squeeze in a workout and dinner with his kids before making the trip back to Culver City for *Loveline*.

Pinsky still found ample time to sit with *Contributing Editor David Hochman* for several interviews at home and in the *Loveline* studios. "His focus is unbelievable," says Hochman. "One interview ran five and a half hours, and Pinsky could easily have gone another three. He's one of these rare people who are completely present in every encounter, which is why every caller, every patient, every screwed-up junkie believes Dr. Drew is all theirs."

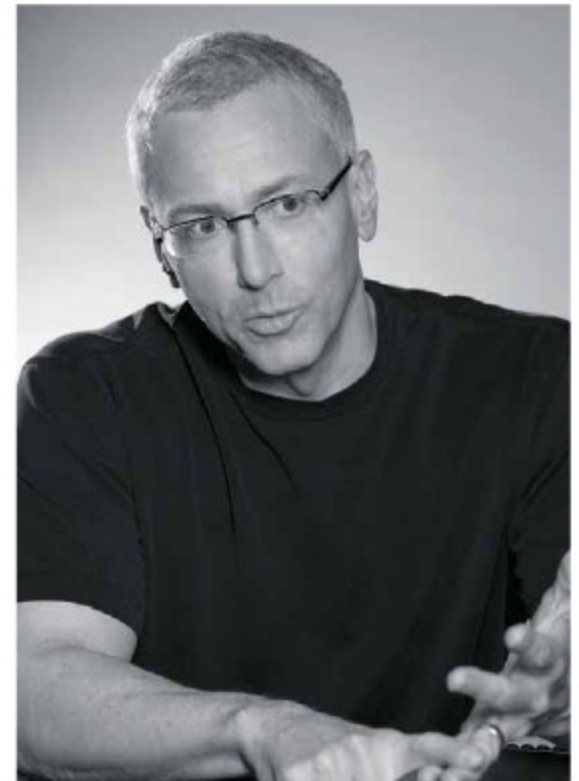
PLAYBOY: So many people are battling addictions to so many things—drugs,



"The very wealthy and the very famous have a much closer affinity with the indigent street person than with the rest of us. There's the narcissism, the addiction, even the outlandish dress. Often they don't put great value on relationships."



"Addicts have intense neurobiological patterns in the brain that have a grip on them, and will-power doesn't work. That's why I get so frustrated with the Dr. Phils and with pop psychology today, which amounts to yelling at people to get better."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"The proliferation of porn has totally changed things. The young male's expectations of how women will respond to sex, what women want and how they want it are way off from the reality of who women are."

drink, porn, gambling, spending—that recovery is now considered a movement. How did we get so screwed up?

PINSKY: The 1960s and 1970s did a number on our society. Remember the Me Generation? It's the reason for every addiction we face. It's why I have people dying around me every day. In 1968 drugs and alcohol became the solution to everything. They were going to give us the answers. In retrospect that was the nuttiest load of bullshit of all time. The spread of that idea gave way to a loosening of the family structure and our sexual boundaries and ultimately created an attitude, pervasive in the 1970s, that said, "Whatever's good for you, man, that's cool." Well, guess what? It wasn't cool, and we're paying for it now.

PLAYBOY: In what ways?

PINSKY: Addiction has become *the* problem of our time, which is why my attention has gradually shifted from sex and reproductive health to drugs and alcohol. Somewhere from 60 percent to 70 percent of outpatient mental-health visits have a concomitant substance diagnosis. It's all rooted in the destroyed family systems and parental abandonment that started 40 years ago. But the real engine behind the dysfunction we're facing—the surge of addictions, the issues of teenage pregnancy, sexually transmitted disease—is physical and sexual abuse. Childhood trauma, particularly sexual trauma, was the rocket fuel that launched us into the mess we're in now.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that if you're an addict now, you were sexually abused as a child?

PINSKY: You were traumatized in some way, and very often it was sexual. It has been coming on strong for years, to the point where if you need to see me in my addiction practice, there's almost a 100 percent guarantee you suffered childhood neglect, physical abuse or sexual trauma. It's always there. Always. I teach medical students to read trauma literature and have them ask addicts about trauma, and it always comes up. When you experience the terror and helplessness that comes from trauma, they shatter your brain's ability to regulate. Normally we build our capacity for emotional regulation from other people, but if you've been traumatized, you exit that frame. When you're forced to become autonomous at the age of eight, you become an adult projecting your chaotic feelings onto the world and grounding yourself in strange, dangerous ways.

PLAYBOY: What does that look like?

PINSKY: It looks like Britney Spears. You get involved with substances as a way to cope, or you surround yourself with

people to maintain your identity, to keep yourself pumped up. A lot of people in the public eye who behave strangely have mental illness we can learn from, and much of it is based on childhood trauma, without a doubt. Take a guy like Tom Cruise. Why would somebody be drawn into a cultish kind of environment like Scientology? To me, that's a function of a very deep emptiness and suggests serious neglect in childhood—maybe some abuse but mostly neglect. If you feel completely empty and suddenly you find a family that fills you in a deep and spiritual way, you will go in that direction. His taking that narrow base of expertise and using it to influence so many people is a dangerous combination. But he is just



The 17-year-old on *American Idol* is just as fucked up as anybody who has been a celebrity for 20 years.

gratifying his emptiness. I think emptiness drives Paris Hilton, too. It's behind her addictions. I think she'll be a Scientologist before we're done.

PLAYBOY: Spears, Hilton, Cruise, Mel Gibson, Lindsay Lohan—the list goes on. Are celebrities actually crazier than the rest of us?

PINSKY: Yes. Flat-out. I've treated a lot of people, and one thing I've noticed is that the very wealthy and the very famous have a much closer affinity with the indigent street person than with the rest of us. There's the narcissism, the addiction, even the outlandish dress and mannerisms, but there's also an element of having nothing to lose. Often they're not interested in building

a family or community and don't put great value on relationships.

I don't like dealing with movie stars, because they often have no education, so they don't know what they don't know. They've read a little bit and think they're experts. Nobody holds them accountable or tells them no. There's no role for a teacher because you can't teach people who know everything. And so there's no wisdom. That's why a guy like Cruise becomes so dogmatic with his beliefs.

PLAYBOY: Do you think our round-the-clock obsession with celebrity culture is turning stars into monsters?

PINSKY: My rough sense is the media culture doesn't create mental illness, but it does exacerbate it. I'm writing a book about this. I did a study a few years back on narcissism among celebrities and found no matter how long you've been famous, you start and end with the same level of narcissism. The 17-year-old contestant on *American Idol* is just as fucked up as anybody who has been a celebrity for 20 years. The only difference is you get to act out more if you're a bigger star, because you have more money and nobody says no to you. But the pathology is the same.

The public's obsession with celebrities has to do with envy—not jealousy, which is "I want what you have." Envy is darker, and it's a driving force in America right now. It's the idea that I'm going to bring you down to my size. We lie in wait for celebrities to fail, and then we say, "Get them! Kill them! Destroy them!" That explains TMZ and all the gossip magazines. They serve the same function the guillotine did during the French Revolution. They're sacrificial instruments. Killing celebrities makes us feel better about ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Did we all somehow kill Heath Ledger?

PINSKY: No, opiates mixed with benzodiazepine killed Ledger. Those are severely addictive drugs, and you become tolerant of their effects. So you take more and more to get high, and suddenly you stop breathing. What upsets me about Ledger, though, is people around him are still trying to cover up his problem and minimize the situation. If they had stopped lying and minimizing when he was alive, he would still be here. By not stepping up and going, "Hey, this kid's struggling. Let's be honest," they killed him. I'm an expert on this. I'm telling you: Addiction needs to be dealt with honestly. You're as sick as your secrets, and if addicts are allowed to keep their addiction a secret, they will die.

PLAYBOY: But look what happened to

Anna Nicole Smith. When people tried to stop her, she left the country.

PINSKY: That's what addicts do. She surrounded herself with people who supported her disease, and she died. This is why it's so challenging to bring addicts into treatment. You can't force them. And celebrities surround themselves with sycophants who know their meal ticket will be cut off if they call the bad behavior into question.

PLAYBOY: How do you get an addict to change before it's too late?

PINSKY: The tallest order I can think of is to get somebody willing to make and sustain change, particularly when you're dealing with lifelong patterns. One thing I know is, willpower doesn't work. Saying "Just change!" won't make a difference. That's why I get so frustrated with the Dr. Phils and pop psychology today, which amounts to yelling at people to get better. Addicts have intense neurobiological patterns in the brain that have a grip on them, and willpower doesn't work.

PLAYBOY: So what does work?

PINSKY: I've seen only three things motivate change on this front. One, a near-death experience. Two, you look in the mirror and feel genuine disgust. And three, for women in particular, the loss of your children.

PLAYBOY: Losing custody of her kids didn't stop Spears.

PINSKY: That's right. So she's likely to keep spiraling until she has a near-death experience. The alternative is to get her sober long enough to regain her faculties and hopefully gain some insight. But that takes time. To get better, Spears needs 12 to 18 months of serious treatment in which getting sober is the main priority in her life. Lohan, meanwhile, is on the right track. I firmly believe that. Her dad has some sobriety, so that predicts well for her. She doesn't seem to have other pathologies. She's just a straight-up hard-core addict and has taken six months to focus on cleaning up. But she has to continue. She needs 12 solid months of treatment and focus, or she's going to have a giant relapse. Frankly, I have a feeling something dangerous will happen to her—a near-death experience—and then she'll get sober.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about any other celebrities?

PINSKY: I'm interested in what's really going on with Angelina Jolie. I've never seen someone remit heroin completely. You're either still on heroin, OxyContin or something else. You're on methadone, Suboxone or some other replacement therapy, or you're in recovery. Unless you're dead. Is she still using something? Is she in recovery? By the way, if she's in recovery, I don't see any evidence of it, because people in recovery invest themselves in simple, selfless acts of service, not global self-serving acts. So that intrigues me. I mean no disrespect. I don't disrespect any of these people.



Medical Exam

How well do you know your doctors?



(a) Dr. Ruth (b) Dr. Phil (c) Dr. Drew (d) Dr. House (e) Dr. Dre (f) Dr. Laura



MATCH THE FACTOID WITH THE DOCTOR

- Are actual M.D.s.
- Trained as a sniper in an underground Israeli military force.
- In 2003 marketed a line of weight-loss products called Shape Up, which was promptly pulled when people lost more money than weight.
- Trained as an opera singer.
- Played middle linebacker in college on a defense that gave up 100 points to the University of Houston.
- Had his or her first child at the age of 17.
- Did voice work for the cartoon comedies *Family Guy*, *Robot Chicken* and *Crank Yankers*.
- Was a diver on the swim team in high school.
- Sanctioned by a state board of examiners of psychologists for having an inappropriate relationship with a patient.
- Has been described as a "cross between Henry Kissinger and Minnie Mouse."
- Called homosexuality a "biological error."
- Had nude photos posted on the Internet in 1998.
- Accused wives of soldiers in Iraq of "bitching."
- Spouse wrote a *New York Times* number one best-seller.
- Said "Seizures are cool to watch but boring to diagnose."
- Had an asteroid named after him or her.
- Taught kindergarten.
- Was shot in 2006.
- Match each doctor with his or her best friend:
 - I. The head of America's most popular book club
 - II. Marshall Bruce Mathers III
 - III. The former co-host of *The Man Show*
 - IV. The Grafenberg spot
 - V. Tom from MySpace
 - VI. Vicodin

BY ROCKY RAKOVIC

1: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52

Everybody's just struggling. But I don't like distortions and dishonesty when things are passed off. It drives me crazy when 23-year-old celebrities go into the hospital for "exhaustion." For Christ's sake, football players perform on the gridiron in 120-degree heat, and they don't have hot flashes or dehydration. That does not exist.

PLAYBOY: Okay, this is too good. Who else intrigues you?

PINSKY: Of course Mel Gibson intrigues me a lot because I admire his work. I love his movies, so I have great admiration for the messages he puts into them even though I don't philosophically align with him. What I find interesting about Gibson is he pushed on all the ethnic and religious fronts. That's where he got off the track. But he's a straight-up alcoholic. I would love to see him get sober. If he does and can really embrace the program, he would be right back at the top of his game.

PLAYBOY: Who gets the Dr. Drew seal of approval?

PINSKY: Well, Craig Ferguson, the *Late Late Show* guy, is a huge hero of mine. He talks about his recovery gently but clearly and is a great model. Robert Downey Jr. is another guy I greatly admire. Severe addict. Severe. With severe issues from childhood. I've never treated Downey,

but we've talked and I've supported him over the years. When he was just getting sober, he asked me one of the toughest questions I've ever been asked. He said, "Should I ever work again?" And I thought, Here's a guy who gets it. He's fully aware that being famous and in that environment could actually kill him. Clinically, the clearest answer would be "No, don't ever work again because it will jeopardize your sobriety." But should I deprive the world of one of its greatest artists? I told him I just couldn't answer that. I figured he would negotiate it, which he did. He took two years off, and that was smart. The most important thing you can do in recovery is lead a simple life. I know that goes against everything we're made to believe we want in Hollywood, but the reality is, in order to get well, no matter how rich or famous you are, no matter how many Escalades you have, you have to remake your life so it's simple. Otherwise the temptations are too great.

PLAYBOY: This year you allowed cameras to follow a group of recovering celebrities through their addiction treatment on *Celebrity Rehab*. How do you respond to critics who say you were just cashing in on their misery?

PINSKY: [*Long exhale*] Here's the difference, and I hope I'm not splitting

hairs. First, everyone offered their consent, and as celebrities, even as fucked up as they were, they were fully aware of what granting consent means. Mary Carey summed it up best when she said, "After what I've done on camera, this is nothing." But I also felt very strongly that people need to see what the disease of addiction is, and that's what *Celebrity Rehab* is really about. Cameras certainly climb into every other aspect of medicine, whether it's cancer surgery or plastic surgery. Just because addiction is a brain disease, we have a problem with it. But a brain disease is no different from others. All diseases make us miserable. There's also a myth that rehab is a spa treatment or some kind of publicity stunt. I thought it was really important to show the reality: These people have family histories and medical histories, and the process of getting sober is fucking hard.

PLAYBOY: But this wasn't exactly *Frontline*. In one episode you had a wet T-shirt contest.

PINSKY: I wasn't there for that, but allegedly that wasn't encouraged. Allegedly. Listen, this was the best I could do based on the limitations of television, and thank God we created a show that lots of people want to watch, so we're going to have an impact with this material. What I've learned about television is this: Doctors don't make good TV. The 12-step program and hospitals are boring. If you want to address these important issues in a way that will get more than 200 people to tune in, you have to piggyback onto people who understand entertainment. The public needs to hear from physicians more than anybody because there are so few of us out there. We stay aloof; we're too holier-than-thou for all that. But you have to find a way to talk about these things, even if they're weird and uncomfortable. That's what we've been doing on *Loveline*, after all.

PLAYBOY: You've hosted *Loveline* longer than most of your callers have been alive. Aren't you tired of harassing kids to use condoms?

PINSKY: No, because I don't really have to anymore. The awareness of these issues has increased immeasurably since I started. Back then the word *chlamydia* had never been heard before. *Gonorrhea* was some kind of weird term. The kids had no idea what I was talking about. I'd literally have to start with "You know, there are these bacteria that can be transmitted from one person to another. When you get them, they grow and cause a discharge or pain with urination." Now callers have grown up knowing about AIDS. They're aware there's an HPV vaccine that can help fight STDs. Hell, they know what STDs are, which is a vast improvement. By the way, people always say the oral contraceptive pill was responsible for the sexual revolution. I think antibiotics were. Think about this: Throughout human

history, if you got a sexually transmitted disease, you died. Not just syphilis or gonorrhea but a urinary-tract infection. You died. Pregnancy—you died. So in every encounter, sexuality presented the prospect of death. Then antibiotics came along and we were unhinged from that threat. For the entirety of human history we were afraid and then, *boom*, no longer. Yes, oral contraceptives added to that. We no longer feared childbirth, which had been killing 20 percent to 30 percent of women. Those two factors unhinged us from our biology, and narcissistic behavior has been flowering ever since.

PLAYBOY: What kind of reaction did you get from higher-ups when you started out in radio?

PINSKY: It wasn't good. Younger physicians understood, but my superiors were outraged. I remember an article about me came out when I was an intern, and the director of my residency program freaked out. He called me into his office and was screaming and spitting, and I was mortified. "You're sick," he said. "There's something wrong with you for doing this."

Pharmaceutical abuse is out of control because kids have grown up watching their friends take psychostimulants like Adderall or Ritalin since they were eight.

they were eight.

Stop or else." But I thought it was important. I had to remind myself that this was something worthy, even though there was no blueprint for this sort of career.

PLAYBOY: Did you stop?

PINSKY: I stopped for six months. But those were the six months when HIV really broke. It's when the term *safe sex* was coined. It's when the condom push came on. All of a sudden it looked stupid not to be raising awareness like this. So I came tiptoeing back, secretly doing more. Fast-forward to my becoming that guy's chief resident and teaching partner. About two years later I remember him saying, "Are you still doing that radio thing? How about I take over once in a while?" Really? *Hmm*.

PLAYBOY: What new issues have you heard about from callers?

PINSKY: I am amazed at people's inability to understand how dangerous medications are. I'm not talking about hard drugs but rather what's in the medicine cabinet. Pharmaceutical abuse is out of control, and it's because kids have grown up watching their friends take psychostimulants like Adderall or Ritalin since

they were eight: "They seem fine. Mom's got Vicodin left over from her tooth extraction, and I took Paxil for a few years. What's the big deal? It didn't hurt me." They just don't understand that medicines are incredibly dangerous. I am very concerned about how far we've gone with the notion that everything can be solved with a pill.

The other huge issue is binge drinking. Kids have always drunk, but now it's sort of extreme drinking and usually based on the hookup. The hookup has become the organizing experience of college life. In order to find somebody, connect with that person quickly and get them into bed, you have to drink—heavily—or smoke pot. Men do it to numb their feelings of anxiety and fear of rejection. Women drink to make their feelings go away because they don't want to get attached to a guy they know they may never see again.

PLAYBOY: But since the dawn of time people have been self-medicating to boost their confidence with the opposite sex. What's the alternative?

PINSKY: Lately, one thing I've been discussing with guys is the idea that a male thinks foreplay means genital contact—not necessarily intercourse but some form of genital contact. I try to make them understand that, for a woman, foreplay is dinner conversation and all that. Guys hear this, and they say, "Talking? What the fuck does that have to do with sex?" But of course the data show the best way to evoke the sexual drive in women is through intimate conversation. So you talk a little and maybe you go for a walk or have something to eat, and the focus shifts and the nervousness starts to go away. And *then* you have sex. We actually have a name for that type of interaction. It's called a date, but dating is dead in America.

PLAYBOY: What about all the dating happening by way of *Match.com*, Facebook, MySpace, etc.?

PINSKY: Online dating quickly becomes a pseudorelationship unless you get off the wire quick and into the flesh. Mostly I see people infusing their online persona with so much fantasy and bravado that the people you connect with end up being false leads. But here's where guys have a real opportunity to create a situation that will get them laid: Women want to go on dates, and that will arouse them. Make it happen. Plan a night, be present or at least pretend you are, and allow that to be a part of the whole experience of foreplay. The sex will take care of itself, don't worry.

PLAYBOY: What's your analysis of Eliot Spitzer? How could a guy like that make such a stupid mistake?

PINSKY: If we all agree men are the way they are because of certain biological commonalities and genetic impulses—that we all crave diversity, that we're

(continued on page 120)

Dear Ketel One Drinker
A suggestion for your next
vacation: Schiedam.
No beach, no palm trees,
but excellent vodka.



TALKING
SNAKE

MAGIC
UNDERWEAR

THE
BURNING
BUSH

GIANT
NAKED
SPACE
ALIEN!

STRANGE

CURIOSITIES
of
RELIGION!

REBEL
DEVIL

RELIGION 101

WHY DO PEOPLE BELIEVE?
OUR RESIDENT CYNIC WANDERS THE
WORLD IN SEARCH OF AN ANSWER

BY
BILL MAHER

+his past winter I traveled through Europe, Israel and the United States with a camera crew, searching for an answer to a question that had bothered me for a long time: Why are people religious? I wanted to see the locations that mean so much to the true believers. Everywhere I went gave me further reason to agree with John Adams: "This would be the best of all possible worlds if there were no religion in it."

CERNE ABBAS, England

In the little village called Cerne Abbas in southern England you can see something highly unusual: the image of a giant, carved into a hillside and known as the Rude Man. From across the meadow what you see is a chalk outline in the hill. It was made when someone—or something—carved a shallow, two-foot-wide ditch through the grass and topsoil and filled it with white chalk. It forms the shape of a huge naked man with a sizable erect penis. Well, sizable for England.

In his right hand the giant holds a 120-foot club. Yes, he might have been a giant with a big penis, but he was still insecure. Some people think an actual giant is buried under that hill; others think it has to do with crop circles or ancient space visitors or druids.

But no one really knows, and that's what I found fascinating about Cerne Abbas: It doesn't mean anything. The locals have maintained it for centuries, and they have no idea why they do it. They do it because they've always done it. And that's religion for you: Sometimes you kneel, sometimes you fast, and sometimes you go up the hill and cut the grass around the giant space penis.

It should also serve to remind us that we've had so many gods over the centuries, what makes us so certain we've got the right ones now? How can we trust our heart? When we were dating Wotan, it just felt so right. What if

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL ADEL

RELIGIOUS BOOKS ARE ABOUT AS SACRED AND HOLY AS SARAN WRAP.

we're wrong again and Jesus breaks our heart too? Before him it was Jehovah, and before him was Zeus, and before him we had a thing with the moon.

Someone carved a pantless giant into a hill because it meant something to them. And what if they were right? What if you get to heaven and they say, "Sorry, you led a nice life, but you didn't worship the naked dude with the club and the big cock. Bye. Enjoy hell."

I'm just saying, better safe than sorry.

THE VATICAN, Vatican City

When you approach the Vatican, with its enormous C-shaped columns out front, it's hard not to ask yourself, Does this look like anything Jesus Christ had in mind? Talk about a hostile takeover! It looks like what it is—a giant bureaucratic building.

I wonder how many of the cell-phone photographers—excuse me, pilgrims—I saw milling around in the square were aware of how much in Catholicism comes not from the founder but from the bureaucrats who came after him.

For instance, there are the scribes who penciled Resurrection scenes into the Gospel of Mark more than 100 years after it was written. Yes, it's true—there is no resurrected Jesus in the original Gospel.

Why not? I'm quite sure Jesus once said, "After I go, appoint a spokesperson for me and make sure he lives in a giant palace—the better to remind people of my thing about the meek inheriting the earth. And make sure there are more and more buffers that get between the people and their God. Like me—they have to go through me to get to the big guy, even though the big guy is really me. I know, that's confusing, but I like it confusing! In fact, make up some sort of Holy Ghost no one can understand so the Church can have another vote by claiming it alone knows what the Ghost would think, since it completely made him up. And priests—let's make sure people have to go through them, too—oh, and my mom, let's not forget her."

I was raised Catholic, and I swear it was like going to the DMV. I kept wondering, How many lines do I have to stand in?

JUDAH DESERT, Israel

In the late 1940s, right around the time the nation of Israel was being born, Jews in the stark, unforgiving Judah Desert made a startling discovery: The Arabs were already mad at them.

But there was something else. Deep in the caves of Qumran they found what the world has come to know as the Dead Sea Scrolls. Written by an ancient Jewish sect believed to be the Essenes, the scrolls contain fragments of almost every book in the Old Testament, plus prophe-

cies by Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Daniel that are not in the Bible, as well as psalms attributed to King David and Joshua that are also not in the Bible.

It seems we keep finding Bible outtakes like we find "new" Elvis and Tupac records.

Now, I know religious Christians and Jews alike get their hair shirts in a bunch when you call the Bible a fairy tale, and they have a point—the Bible is actually an anthology of fairy tales, a kind of *Reader's Digest* collection of books written in different languages over thousands of years and then assembled and translated into American, just as God planned.

The question is, who decided what got into the Bible and what got edited out and was included only with the director's cut and the DVD extras?

I'll tell you who: man—and when I say "man," I specifically mean people with penises, because no religion I ever heard of would let women make an important decision like that.

The Dead Sea Scrolls are a living reminder that religious books are often about as sacred and holy as Saran Wrap. They were written by men and edited by men and, judging by some of the nonsense that made it in, edited pretty badly.

No wonder even though the Dead Sea Scrolls were found more than 60 years ago, most of them still haven't been published. Which is too bad because Yahweh has totally burned through his advance.

SALT LAKE TEMPLE, Salt Lake City

It really doesn't compare to the great cathedrals of Europe, but the Mormon Salt Lake Temple is still impressive. It has lots of soaring spires that make you feel as if you're halfway to heaven already!

To be a Mormon is to believe some really crazy stuff—crazy even by the standards of the big religions. But that's the plight of the newer ones like Mormonism and Scientology. When you're the new kid on the block, all the good crazy myths have been used, so you have to up the ante: I'll see your burning bush and talking snake, and I'll raise you magic underwear and extraterrestrial infestation.

Which may help explain why both Mormonism and Scientology derive their creation myths from novels. Yes, actual novels. The Book of Mormon—with its ideas about the American Indian being a lost tribe of Israel and the Gospel being preached here in the New World—seems completely lifted from a book called *View of the Hebrews*, kind of the way *The Da Vinci Code* ripped off *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*. L. Ron Hubbard, of course, the founder of Scientology, was himself a science-fiction novelist.

Now, there's nothing wrong with making up stories about galactic warriors invading Earth, except that Scientology isn't found in the fiction section of your bookstore. It sounds to me like a science-fiction novelist said to himself, Hey, people take this shit seriously. What am I doing wasting my time over here in the fiction section? Actually, what Mr. Hubbard is reported to have said is "I'd like to start a religion. That's where the money is."

ANNE FRANK HOUSE, Amsterdam

When you stand in front of it—a nondescript house on a busy street—you really feel how true the phrase "banality of evil" is. One of the most common arguments in defense of religion is that Hitler wasn't religious and neither were Stalin and Mao, and they were bad, so religion must be good. But like religion itself, this argument relies on one's not thinking too deeply.

For one thing, Hitler didn't personally exterminate all his victims, and many of his foot soldiers who pushed people into ovens were good Christians. Religion doesn't ever seem up to the task of putting the brakes on violence; if anything, it constantly justifies acts of madness.

And although 20th century fascism and communism weren't religions as we commonly think of them, they really were religions: state religions. Hitler was seen as infallible and godlike, while Hirohito was a god on earth. We should not get hung up on the word *religion*.

What matters is this: Whenever people organize their life around something whose chief property is groundlessness, bad things follow. Even if the central story is harmless—like "There's a God who loves you so much he whacked his own son so you could keep sinning"—it doesn't matter, because once reality has left the building, anything can be extrapolated or tacked on by priest-hoods and preachers and other delusionals and power-hungry pricks. It's a small step from "Your god loves you very much, and he's the only real god" to "So you really need to get out there and kill for him."

When people believe something utterly groundless because they were told it by a charismatic preacher—and Hitler was nothing if not that—all bets are off. Nazism was a religion based on the insane fiction that Jews were subhuman vermin unfit to live. That's crazy, but people—and not a primitive society of people—believed it because (a) they liked the preacher, (b) all the sheep around them were buying it even though it was crap, and (c) it was tied to their glorious Valhalla future.

A-B-C: That's religion.



*"And now to recap tonight's top stories for those who were
distracted by my breasts...."*

CYBER GIRL 2008:

ACCESS GRANTED



A peek into the hottest virtual gentleman's club on earth

Eleven years ago, when Playboy.com launched the Cyber Club, the idea of a site on the World Wide Web where some of the planet's most beautiful women would appear nude was still novel. The Cyber Club was, in essence, the first true high-class web-based gentleman's club, and the party has gotten hotter and wilder ever since. Membership offers access to more than 100,000 images and videos, including the first Cyber Girl (the now iconic Stephanie Heinrich) and every Playmate we've shot. Every day new photos burn up the Net, every month a new Cyber Girl of the Month is crowned, and at the end of the year members participate in a poll to name the Cyber Girl of the Year. Over the next six pages we give you a tour of this online treasure trove. Steady your drink and settle in.

Above: Twenty-two-year-old **Tiffany Toth** welcomes you to the party. The blistering-hot former art student and model hails from Orange County, California. Right: **Jillian Beyor** has been a Cyber Girl of the Month, a Playmate in Mexican *PLAYBOY* and a cast member on the reality show *Beauty and the Geek* (playing a beauty, would you believe it?). Jillian, who's also 22, grew up in New Hampshire but currently lives in more swimsuit-friendly Florida.





Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Our PMOY 2006 Kara Monaco introduced us to **Jurgita Valts**, 28, and we've been smitten with the lovely Lithuanian ever since. It's a wonder five-foot-three 23-year-old **Jennifer Lynn** hasn't found a man to help her with her heels. Anybody care to lend a hand? You may recognize **Amanda Hanshaw**, 26, from season four of *Beauty and the Geek*, on which she was inaccurately described as an "aspiring PLAYBOY model." Amanda has been one of our favorite models for more than two years. This page, clockwise from top: The decline in American farming hasn't hurt the quality of its farmers' daughters. Meet **Candice Cassidy**, 22, from Ohio. The lovely **Jo Garcia**, 27, is the one and only Cyber Girl of the Year 2008. "I give my all in front of the camera," says the New York native. Clearly. One of the women of *Fear Factor* in our February 2005 issue has found a new career online as a Cyber Girl—and this time 27-year-old **Meghan Allen** didn't have to eat worms.





This page, clockwise from above: **Breann McGregor** sports a pair of impressive trophies. The 23-year-old was named both Cyber Girl of the Year 2007 and Special Editions Model of the Year 2007. For the New Orleans native, who resolved to be a *PLAYBOY* model at the age of five, dreams have a way of coming true in spades. **Triana Iglesias's** dark eyes make us see stars. The 26-year-old Eurobabe is half Norwegian and half Asturian—and no, that's not a typo: Her mother is from Asturias, a region of Spain. Stunning **Samantha Harris**, 25, just may be the perfect girl. "I like a guy who drinks beer, watches football and can make me laugh," she says. "I'm fun, wild and outgoing. And when I want to catch a guy's eye, I just walk by him." Taking off her clothes works too, wouldn't you say? Opposite page: **Shannon Sunderlin**, the 23-year-old pride of Minnesota, confesses bewilderment at the fame her Cyber Girl status has gained her. "It's weird to think I have fans," she says, laughing, "but I'm learning to get used to the idea!"



See hundreds of Cyber Girls at cyber.playboy.com.

**MEGA
SUMMER
MOVIES**

**BIEE! BLAM!
SOCKO!
KA-POW!**



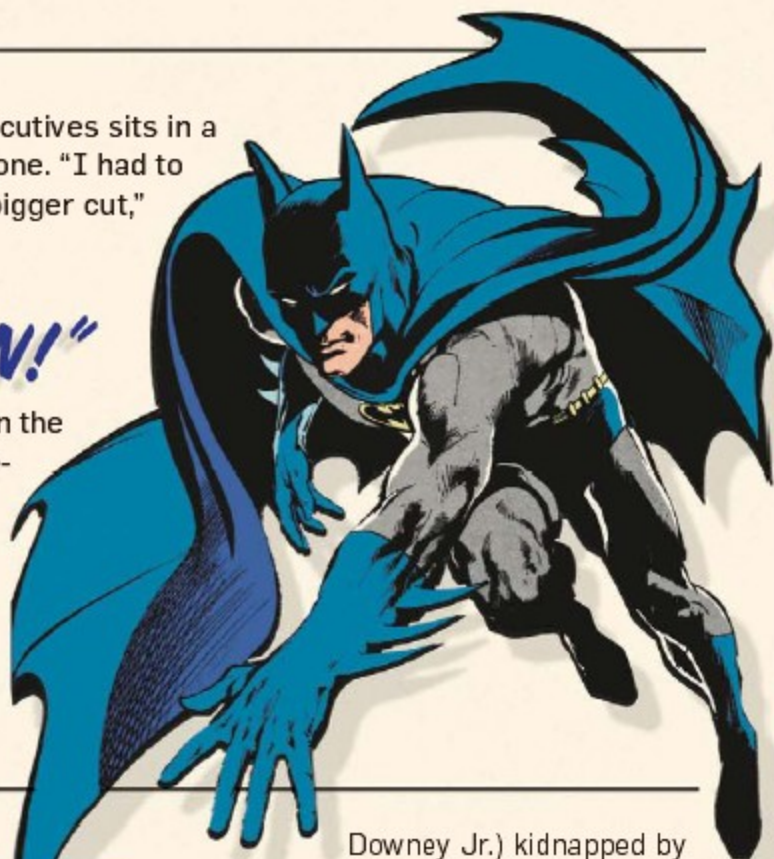
COMIC-BOOK HEROES INVADE HOLLYWOOD!

We can envision the pitch meeting. A group of terrified Hollywood executives sits in a conference room. "THE FILM BUSINESS IS IN TROUBLE!" screams one. "I had to trade my Maybach for a BMW!" moans another. "The writers want a bigger cut," shouts a third, "and so do the cineplexes!"

"What are we going to do?"

"I KNOW, LET'S CALL BATMAN!"

This summer Hollywood is gambling hundreds of millions of dollars on the fact that America loves comic-book drama. The result is a slew of huge-budget action movies starring the Hulk, Iron Man and a troop of their badass superbuddies, hitting theaters all season long. Today's silver screen is an ideal environment for comic-book fiction: Special-effects wizards wield legitimate superpowers, and the idea of good battling evil for the fate of the planet is a welcome break from today's headlines. Herewith, a little reading for you while you wait in line for popcorn. Be careful—the guy standing behind you may be Dr. Doom.



► THE INCREDIBLE HULK

THE CHARACTER: Born of Cold War-era paranoia, the Hulk can be read as the embodiment of the nuclear neuroses of a nervous nation. The not so jolly green giant (actually, the original Hulk was gray) first appeared in 1962's *The Incredible Hulk #1*. Bruce Banner is accidentally exposed to the first detonation of an experimental gamma bomb. As a result, when Banner gets angry ("You wouldn't like me when I'm angry"), he unleashes the terrifying beast that lives within him. Nuclear-trigger analogies don't get more personal.

THE FILM (JUNE 13): Ang Lee directed the most recent Hulk movie. He should've stuck to gay-cowboy Westerns: His *Hulk* was a snore. Expect director Louis Leterrier (*The Transporter*) to pull off something far punchier. Edward Norton plays Banner, and Liv Tyler steams up the screen as brainy babe Betty Ross.

WHY NOW: The Hulk combines two classic literary tropes that have been around since Greek mythology: Nice guy with a dark side + man who gets put under weird spell = green monster who throws cars as if they were softballs. Timeless.

RECOMMENDED READING: The Hulk's original adventures are collected in *Marvel Masterworks: The Incredible Hulk Vol. 1*. But we prefer the chilling *Incredible Hulk: Future Imperfect*, in which a nuclear war has annihilated most of the earth's population and the green Goliath has gone even madder, enslaving what remains of humanity.

TAKEAWAY: Exposing yourself to gamma radiation is no substitute for a gym membership.

► IRON MAN

THE CHARACTER: When he first appeared, in March 1963 in the comic book *Tales of Suspense*, Tony Stark (a character based on Howard Hughes) was a genius inventor and billionaire playboy. At the time, the U.S. was sending troops to Vietnam, and on a visit to those jungles Stark is captured by evil commies who force him to build their arsenal. Instead Stark secretly builds himself a suit of armor that enables him to fly and fire "repulsor rays" from the palms of his hands, making him America's most powerful living weapon.

THE FILM (MAY 2): You may already have caught this one, the first of the big summer action movies. Director Jon Favreau gives *Iron Man* a post-9/11 update with an edgy Stark (played by Robert

Downey Jr.) kidnapped by Afghan warlords instead of the Viet Cong. Superhottie Gwyneth Paltrow co-stars as Stark's gal pal Pepper Potts. Watch for a cameo by legendary Marvel Comics writer (and Iron Man co-creator) Stan Lee. In a scene in which Lee is surrounded by a bevy of beautiful women, Stark mistakes him for—who else?—Hugh Hefner.

WHY NOW: Any reason to blast Black Sabbath's "Iron Man" is good enough for us. Still, the film's writers have woven *Iron Man's* plot into the fabric of 2008. The same themes of paranoia and political uncertainty that applied to Nam obviously apply today.

RECOMMENDED READING: What happens when a superhero starts hitting the hooch? Find out in the haunting anthology *Iron Man: Demon in a Bottle*. Yup, Downey is perfect for this role.

TAKEAWAY: Be careful shaking hands when you're introduced to a guy who shoots lasers from his palms.



► HELLBOY II: THE GOLDEN ARMY

THE CHARACTER: Created by writer and artist Mike Mignola in 1993, Hellboy is literally a demon from hell (a half-demon, to be specific). He received his adorable nickname in the 1940s after being summoned by a team of Nazis using black magic to turn the tide of World War II. Hellboy is captured by American soldiers and learns the values of truth, justice and the American way as a member of the Bureau for





RON PERLMAN AND SELMA BLAIR IN THE HELLBOY SEQUEL.



CHRISTIAN BALE AS BRUCE WAYNE.

Paranormal Research and Defense. He may have horns, but Hellboy is a good guy.

THE FILM (JULY 11): The sequel to the 2004 hit once again pairs cigar-chomping Ron Perlman as Hellboy and Selma Blair as flame-throwing babe Liz Sherman. The plot turns on the discovery of an ancient artifact that threatens to trigger a war between the supernatural world and the boring reality we all inhabit. This type of thing rarely goes well for us normals.

WHY NOW: Because the original *Hellboy* grossed \$100 million worldwide at the box office. Director Guillermo del Toro turned down *I Am Legend* and a film based on the *Halo* video games to direct his *Hellboy* sequel.

RECOMMENDED WATCHING: Not that you need to see them to sink into *Hellboy II*, but the animated DVDs *Hellboy: Sword of Storms* and *Hellboy: Blood and Iron* fill the gaps between the original film and the upcoming sequel.

TAKEAWAY: We'll take demons from hell over Nazis any day.

► WANTED

THE CHARACTER: In 2003, when *Wanted* debuted, controversial Scottish author Mark Millar worked two sex scenes and an assassination into its first five pages. Cubicle jockey Wesley Gibson learns his recently deceased father (the man assassinated in the previously mentioned scene) was a hit man called the Killer, a member of a savage group of superpowered bad guys who have used their abilities to wipe out the world's superheroes. Now those same ruthless characters want to recruit Gibson. Given time and training, he learns to stop worrying and love wanton violence. Artist J.G. Jones based Gibson's appearance on Eminem, and his sly mentor, the Fox, on Halle Berry.

THE FILM (JUNE 27): The story of an apathetic nobody who morphs into a futuristic assassin: perfect big-screen fodder. Expect amazing visuals, twisted

Matrix-like mind games and the lethally sexy Angelina Jolie as Fox. *Atonement*'s James McAvoy plays Gibson alongside Morgan Freeman, who finally gets to play someone evil. The movie differs from the comic book in that these characters are worldly criminal masterminds who don't possess superpowers. Yet they are so skilled, they can bend bullets in midflight.

WHY NOW: Unlike the Hulk and Iron Man, Gibson is a product of the 21st century. More like this, please.

RECOMMENDED READING: The original six-issue miniseries, published from 2003 to 2004, is the only source material. It's collected as the graphic novel *Wanted* and richly deserves your time.

TAKEAWAY: Jolie's the most attractive woman we've ever been scared of.

► THE DARK KNIGHT

THE CHARACTER: Batman made his first appearance in a 1939 edition of *Detective Comics*, which published its 845th issue this June. Scarred by his parents' cold-blooded murder on the streets of Gotham, 20-something billionaire Bruce Wayne dedicates his life to ridding the city of villainy. In lieu of superpowers, the famously unbalanced Batman survives on his superior wits, relentless training and immense arsenal of gadgetry.

THE FILM (JULY 18): Continuing in the realistic vein he established with 2005's *Batman Begins*, director Christopher Nolan (*Memento*) puts Christian Bale's Batman up against a deeply unsettling Joker played by Heath Ledger in one of his final roles. Maggie Gyllenhaal thankfully displaces Katie Holmes as the love interest. While Warner Bros. execs scratch their chins over how to promote a film whose major co-star died before its release, Ledger's demise hasn't stopped Mattel from manufacturing Joker action figures in his likeness.

WHY NOW: Batman has managed to remain current through the generations because he lacks superpowers. He is simply a man, Bruce Wayne, who has reinvented himself. He's the guy we could all be if we had a zillion dollars and a bad childhood, then trained hard enough to beat the snot out of bad guys.

RECOMMENDED READING: One of comicdom's most reinvented characters, Batman has been everything from a hardened detective to a campy, pun-spouting adventurer. But he's never been portrayed more memorably than in Frank Miller's *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*, which imagines a 55-year-old Bruce Wayne donning the cape and cowl one more time. Bat fans largely agree that the ultimate Joker story is Alan Moore and Brian Bolland's *Batman: The Killing Joke*, from 1988, in which we get a riveting account of the clown prince of crime's origins.

TAKEAWAY: If you're enough of a badass, you can wear your underwear outside your clothes with impunity.



HEATH LEDGER COULDN'T BE CREEPIER AS THE JOKER IN THE DARK KNIGHT.



ANGELINA JOLIE BLOWS US AWAY. THE SUPER-VIXEN PLAYS AN ASSASSIN IN WANTED.



"I told him that game was too advanced for him!"

The Playboy Bar



✦ Making the Grades

Blanco

Blanco tequila is aged in oak barrels for less than 30 days. It offers pure distilled agave flavor, earthy and sweet. Cuervo's Platino (\$60) or Sauza's Hornitos Plata (\$30) works in any tequila cocktail, or just put 'em over rocks with lime.

Reposado

A *reposado* (literally "rested") is aged two to 12 months in charred oak barrels and is mellower than a *blanco*. No need for a mixer. We like Patrón Reposado (\$50) on ice or with a *sangrita* chaser (see recipe opposite page).

Añejo

Aged for at least 12 months, an *añejo* ("aged") is the richest and darkest of tequilas, built for sipping like cognac. Flavors and prices vary like single-malt scotches'. We'll take a bottle of Partida Elegante Extra Añejo (\$350).

“One tequila,
two tequila,
three tequila,
floor.”

—George Carlin

The Juice on the Juice

Tequila is the bar's wild child. Beautiful but troubled, it has a bad rap and is utterly misunderstood. It's made from a cactus-like plant that resembles the top of a pineapple, only it grows to more than eight feet high, primarily in the sunbaked highlands of Jalisco in central Mexico. Millennia ago the Aztecs made a ceremonial drink called pulque from the plant. When the Spanish looted the place in the 16th century, they brought pot stills and turned pulque into North America's first indigenous liquor. Tequila earned its wild reputation early on, making soldiers trigger-happy and loosening chaste women's legs. The Europeans named the plant from which it's made *agave* (“illustrious” in Latin). Today a town called Tequila sits in the heart of Jalisco and is dotted with old distilleries named after their founders: Cuervo, Sauza, Patrón.... Two rules of thumb when drinking tequila: Make sure the bottle is labeled 100 PERCENT AGAVE (by law it can be 49 percent flavored grain alcohol—ouch), and leave your six-shooter at home.

For Him

Reposado With Sangrita

Sip tequila in a Mexican home and chances are your host will serve *sangrita*. It's a ritual: a shot of booze next to a shot of *sangrita*. Sip slowly—what's the hurry? *Sangrita* recipe courtesy of Moisés Guindi, co-owner of the Milagro Tequila distillery. Makes six shots.

- 8 oz. tomato juice
- 1 oz. orange juice
- 1 oz. grapefruit juice
- 1 oz. lime juice
- 4 to 6 drops Tabasco sauce

Mix all ingredients, chill, then serve tequila and *sangrita* in separate shot glasses.

For Her

Tequila Sunrise

A never-fail cocktail at any time of day.

- 3 oz. *blanco* tequila
- 3 oz. orange juice
- Splash of grenadine

Loosely layer orange juice over tequila in an ice-filled collins glass, then pour grenadine over the top.

For the Party

Pitchers of Pomegranate Margaritas

Recipe adapted from Rosa Mexicano's. Makes one pitcher.

- 12 oz. *blanco* tequila
- 3 oz. Triple Sec
- 6 oz. lime juice
- 6 tablespoons fresh pomegranate juice
- 36 to 40 ice cubes

Mix all ingredients in a pitcher and stir well. Garnish glasses with lime wheel or wedge.

»» The Worm Debunked

You'll never find a worm in a bottle of tequila, but you may find one in a bottle of mescal. The “worm” is usually the larva of the moth *Hypopta agavis*, found around the root of the agave plant. Some say it wards off evil spirits. Truth is, it's a marketing gimmick aimed at people foolish enough to eat moth larvae.

»» The Ultimate Body Shot

A pile of salt between her breasts, her belly button filled with tequila, a lime wedge in her mouth. Have at it.

»» On Cheap Tequila

The whole salt-tequila-lime shooter ritual works fine if you're drinking cheap swill. In such circumstances—sometimes, we admit, unavoidable—we prefer the prairie fire: one shot of tequila with three drops of Tabasco at the bottom. If you need it, pour a Mylanta chaser.

Mescal Versus Tequila

Mescal is made from roasted agave hearts; tequila is from steamed agave. Mescal is distilled once, tequila twice. Though it has a sketchy reputation, mescal can be great. We like anything from Del Maguey.



MONROE & MORAN



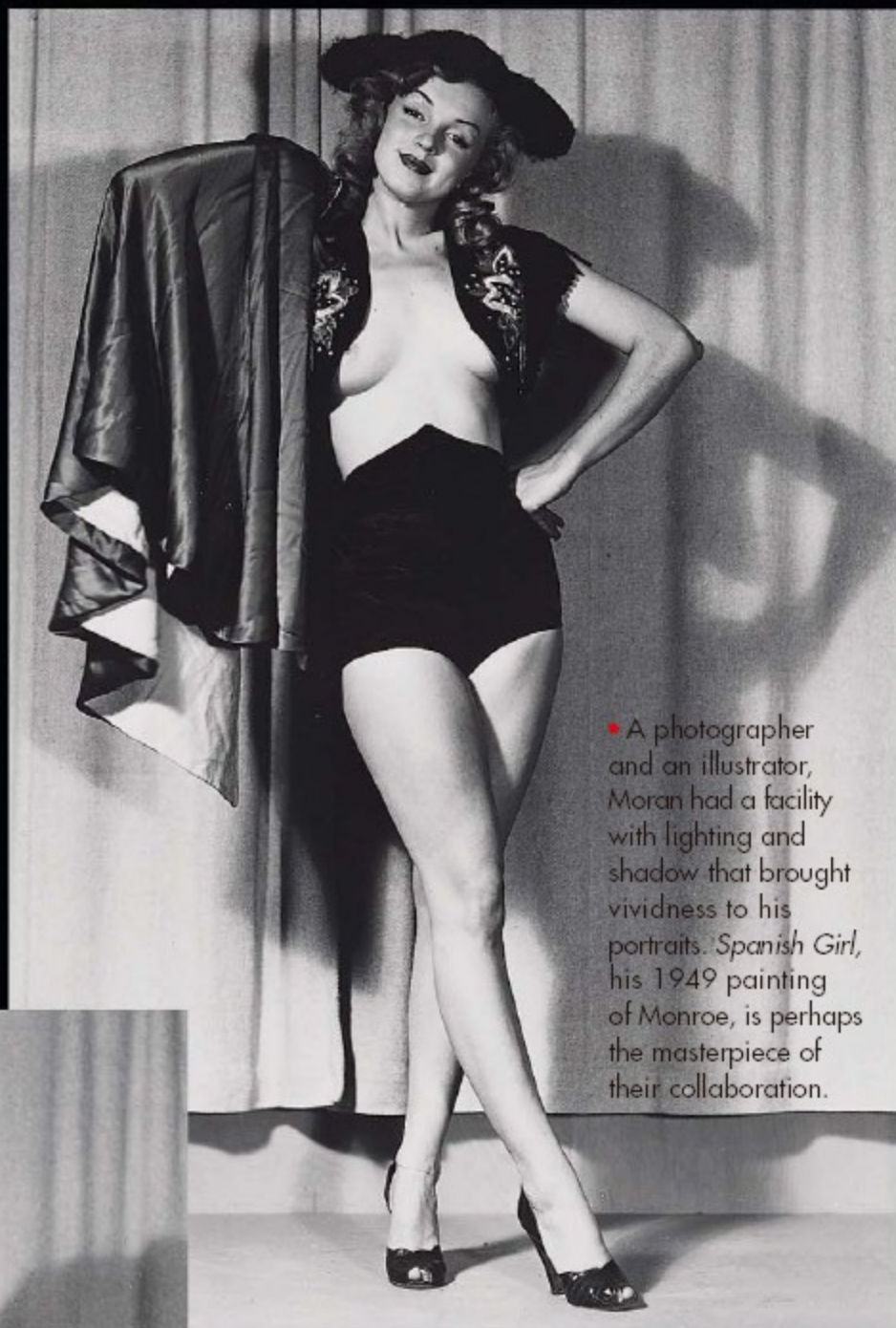
WHEN THE ICONIC
FEMININE BEAUTY POSED
FOR THE PEERLESS
PINUP ARTIST,
PERFECTION ENSUED



There's something special about the birth of a star. Listen to Elvis in the Sun sessions or the Beatles in Hamburg and you hear raw talent finding its way. The same is true for Marilyn Monroe. In these photographs and illustrations by the artist Earl Moran, Monroe's youth is evident, but so is her beauty, her innocence, her vulnerability and especially her playfulness. When Monroe posed for Moran in the first of their sessions that took place between 1946 and 1950, she was just 19 and an aspiring actress, while Moran had established himself as a leading illustrator of beautiful women; his work for magazines and calendars placed him in the company of Alberto Vargas and George Petty. Although Monroe had done some modeling, she had yet to pose for Tom Kelley, who took the photo that became our first Centerfold and cemented her standing as America's reigning sex symbol. As you can see, when Monroe posed for Moran she was less the bombshell than the girl next door, whose natural vivacity would beguile any man.



Consuelita Del Carnaval



• A photographer and an illustrator, Moran had a facility with lighting and shadow that brought vividness to his portraits. *Spanish Girl*, his 1949 painting of Monroe, is perhaps the masterpiece of their collaboration.



• Another beauty who modeled for Moran was Jayne Mansfield. Contrary to expectations, Moran's daughter Peggy, who starred in B movies in the late 1930s and early 1940s, never posed for her father's pinups.



ROSIE'S ARE RED,
VIOLET'S ARE BLUE,
MINE ARE BLACK
AND LACY, TOO!



• The 19-year-old Marilyn struck Moran as his best model ever. Whatever difficulties she met in her life or career evaporated when she stood before the lens. She used the props to express her playfulness, and though she was displaying her body, it was in her smile and eyes that she communicated the delight she took in her sexiness.



• In an article Moran wrote in the 1950s, he recalls a time Monroe came to pose: "Her shoes were absolutely run-down and beyond repair. I gave her a pair a previous model had left in the studio, and Marilyn wore them home. Later she gave me the formfitting dress she wore in *The Asphalt Jungle*, one of the films that catapulted her to fame."



Hot Stuff

THE COOLEST THINGS UNDER THE SUN

SHOOT, SCORE

You'll need a camcorder to capture all this summer's adventures. Sony's **HDR-TG1** (\$900, sonystyle.com) somehow packs HD-level video recording into a chassis that weighs only 10 ounces and measures just 1.3 inches by 4.7 inches by 2.5 inches. It ships with a four-gigabyte memory stick and records surround sound. All of which confirms our suspicion that Sony harbors witches and voodoo priests in its research-and-development department.



EMERGING STARLET

She has had bit parts in little movies since she was 18. Now 22, delicious blonde **Amber Heard** has snagged the female lead in the new Seth Rogen comedy *Pineapple Express*, which hits cineplexes August 8. We have no idea if she can act, but she has a great body of work.

HOT FOR CRUISING

The thing we love most about personal watercraft (a.k.a. Jet Skis) is that — unlike motorcycles — they free you from the tyranny of roads, those asphalt hypocrites that promise freedom as long as you steer within their lines. Kawasaki all but invented the category back in 1973 with its introduction of the original Jet Ski; its current beast is the **Ultra 250X** (\$11,700, kawasaki.com), which delivers 250 horsepower from a supercharged 1498cc engine (and goes very fast indeed). It seats three. We suggest you find a secluded cove and a couple of adventuresses looking to have their engines revved.



HOT HOTEL TREND

Suites that come with **complimentary supercars**. Book the Hilton Fort Lauderdale Beach Resort's CEO Experience and you'll get a Ferrari F430 Spider (inset) to go with your three-bedroom Presidential Suite (below left, \$10,000 a night, hilton.com). We road-tested the InterContinental London Park Lane's Aston Martin Leisure Weekend (\$832 a night, intercontinental.com). The deluxe suite and dinner for two at Theo Randall in the hotel blew our mind (try the Scottish scallops), as did the Steam Temple at the spa (below right). And trust us, there's no better way to see London than from inside the cockpit of a DB9.



HOTTEST ATHLETE

You won't see **Anna Bader** at the Olympics; you'll find her in more exotic locales. The German beauty does double backflips off 70-foot cliffs. This spring she made a splash by winning the **European Cliff Diving Championship**. Again. And she looks fine in a swimsuit. Her slogan: "Dive into my world." Gladly, Anna.



TOP FOUR HOTTEST MUSIC FESTIVALS

- **Rocklahoma** (July 10 to 13 in Pryor, Oklahoma): the hair-metal set's new annual pilgrimage. This year Warrant and Triumph reunite, and Lita Ford returns to the stage after a 15-year break. Also on tap: Cinderella, Extreme, Night Ranger and Tesla. Thank you, Pryor. Good night!
- **Festival International de Jazz de Montréal** (June 26 to July 6 in Montreal): the best urban music festival in North America, with acts as varied as Woody Allen (on clarinet), Steely Dan, Aretha Franklin and Leonard Cohen.
- **Lollapalooza** (August 1 to 3 in Chicago): Seventeen years after Perry Farrell created Lollapalooza, it's alive and kicking. This year's lineup includes Radiohead, Kanye West, Nine Inch Nails, Wilco and Cat Power.
- **T in the Park** (July 11 to 13 outside Edinburgh, Scotland): The best lineup of any rock fest this summer includes the Verve, R.E.M., the Chemical Brothers, the Pogues, Kings of Leon, Amy Winehouse, KT Tunstall (below) and more.

HOT COCKTAIL

The **gimlet** is making its way back onto bar menus this summer. We like Raymond Chandler's recipe from *The Long Goodbye*: "A real gimlet is half gin and half Rose's Lime Juice and nothing else." Shake a shot of each with ice and strain into a chilled martini glass.

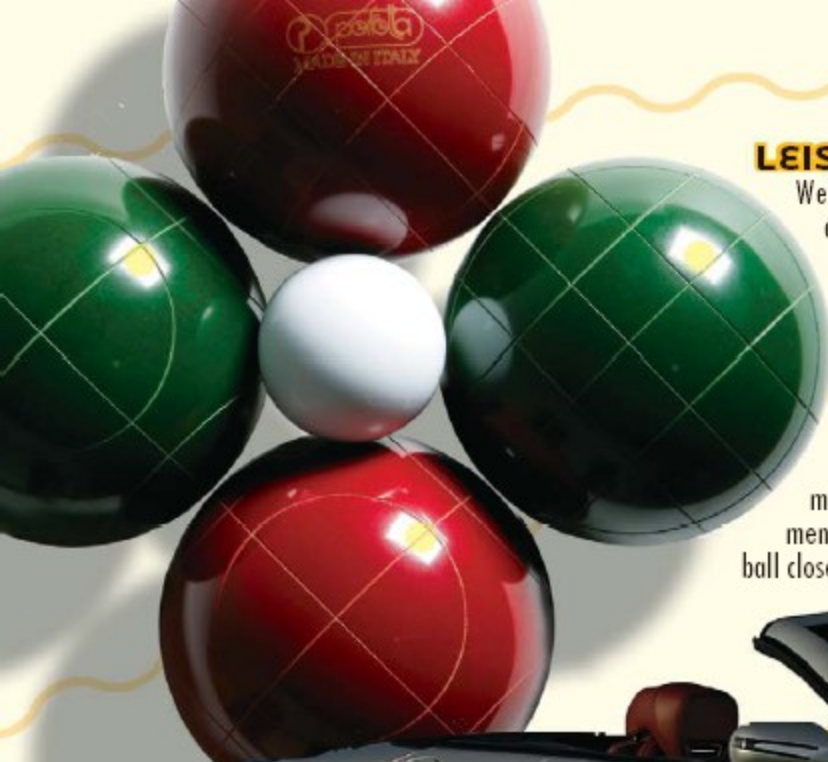


HOTTEST FIRE

Weber has been making its Q line of tiny portable gas grills for years, but we've always been partial to the more primal man-and-fire relationship offered by charcoal cooking. Pictured: the long-awaited **Weber Char Q** (\$180, weber.com), a charcoal-fired version of the diminutive grill. Now you can play with fire anyplace you can lug this miniature marvel and make meat-oriented magic on its 280 square inches of cooking area.



AHHHAHAHAHHHH! Kings Dominion theme park in Virginia this season debuts the Dominator, the world's longest floorless roller coaster (4,210 feet). Crest the opening lift and you fly down a 157-foot drop, hitting 65 mph as you head into an upside-down loop. It's BYOH—bring your own helmet.



LEISURE SPORT

We like summer sports that allow you to participate while holding a cold drink in your hand. Work up a no-sweat in your backyard with **Perfetta's handcrafted Italian Pro Bocce Set** (\$200, dwr.com). How do you make two polite old Italian men scream "fuck"? Roll your ball closest to the *pallino*.

THIS SUMMER'S HOT SEX POSITION

In honor of the Olympics, we bring you a way to make gymnastics interesting. Our apologies to the IOC.

THE POMMEL HORSE

1. YOU ARE THE HORSE. LIE ON YOUR BACK ON A STURDY SURFACE.
2. SHE MOUNTS THE HORSE WITH IMPECCABLE TECHNIQUE.
3. SHE LIFTS HER LEGS INTO THE AIR AND MOVES ONE HAND BEHIND ONTO YOUR THIGH.
4. SHE SPINS AROUND INTO REVERSE COWGIRL.
5. SHE CONTINUES SPINNING AS IF ON A POMMEL HORSE.
6. THE JUDGES SCORE: 10! 10! 10!



THE RIDE Mercedes-Benz SL convertibles are the preferred ride of Beverly Hills desperate housewives. But if you see the letters *AMG* on the rear, you're looking at no chick car but a beast upgraded with all manner of motor-sport love. The **2009 SL63 AMG convertible**, which hit the streets in May, sports a 6.2-liter V8 (518 bhp). We love the F1-inspired Race Start launch control, which lets you hammer from zero to 60 in 4.4 seconds. The car is electronically limited to 155 miles an hour, but if you option the AMG "killer chip," you can kiss 190 miles an hour with the top down. Sticker: \$133,000. Take a test-drive with us at playboy.com/cars.



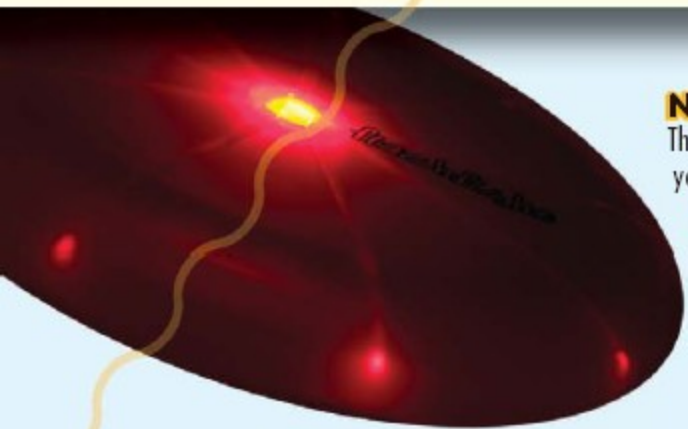
FIVE REASONS TO ROAD-TRIP TO VEGAS

1. Reserve the new 15-person table called **Hef's Place at the Playboy Club** at the Palms and you'll get your own silk bathrobe. The table's covered with photos of Hef and his ladies.
2. Once you're lubed, head upstairs to the new **Satellite Bar** atop the Palms' Fantasy Tower. Located inside the Moon nightclub, the Satellite is a VIP miniclub. We hit the opening-night party; the place was filled with hot women in stilettos and little else, downing absinthe cocktails. No complaints.
3. The new Vegas pool trend: **topless sunbathing**. Girls can recline Euro-style at the Bare (Mirage Hotel), Venus Pool Club (Caesars Palace), Beach Club 25 (Stratosphere) and Tao Beach (Venetian).
4. **The World Series of Poker's No-Limit Texas Hold 'Em Championship** runs from July 3 to 16 at the Rio, open to all who can afford the \$20,000 buy-in.
5. Come on, do you really need a reason to road-trip to Vegas?

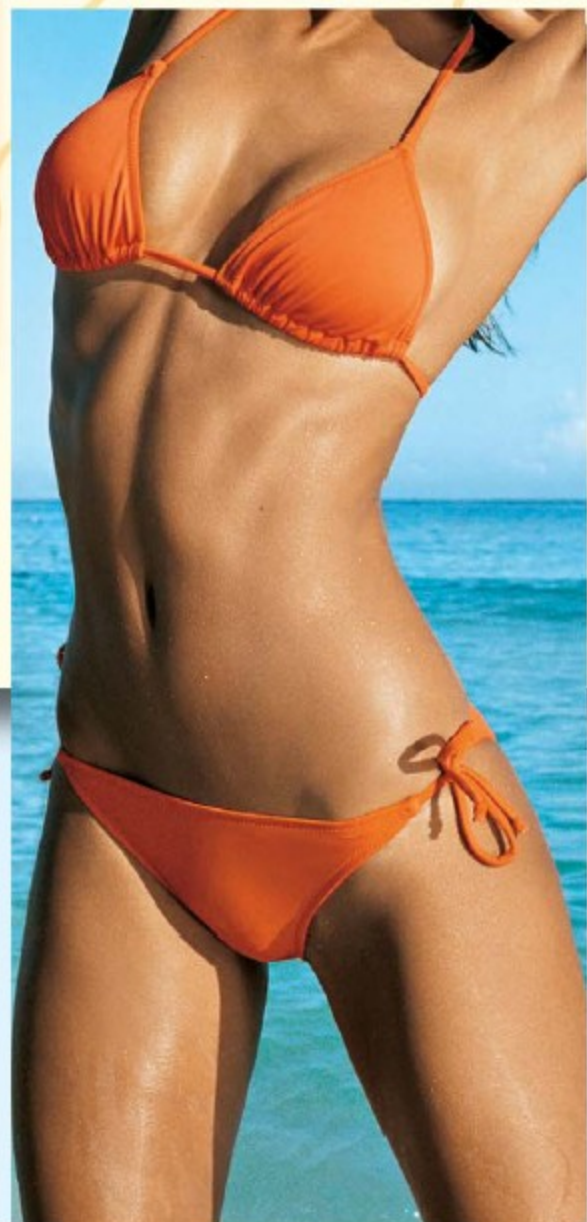
TRENDY EROGENOUS ZONE The clitoris is so passé. The summer of 2008 is all about the vestibule. Called the introitus in medical books, it's the spot between the clit and the vaginal opening. Nina Hartley called it "the most sexually sensitive spot on the whole body" in her book *Nina Hartley's Guide to Total Sex*. Give it a rub (the vestibule, not the book) and see what happens.

NAKED NIGHT ULTIMATE

The problem with discs that light up for night play is you can't see the spin, so they're difficult to catch. **Flashlight's flyers** (\$20, flashlight.com) use embedded fiber-optic strands that carry light to the edges, creating illuminated dots on the rim that show rotation in darkness. Now that science has the Frisbee-at-night problem licked, it can get back to solving global warming.



BEACH FASHION TREND String-tied bikini bottoms: The slightest tug and those babies slide right off.



EVERYTHING'S COOL

Packing a cooler is beach-party foreplay. Start with **Coleman's new Ultimate Xtreme Marine wheeled cooler** (\$100, coleman.com). Its 82 quarts hold 106 cans of your favorite beer plus ice and keep the cubes frozen for six days. No one likes sand in his shaker, so don't turn up your nose at convenient premade cocktails from the **Metropolitan Martini Company** (vodka for you, appletinis for the ladies; mystiquebrands.com). Or mix yourself a dark and stormy: Fill a cup with ice, toss in two shots of **Myers's Jamaican dark rum**, then top it with **Reed's ginger beer** and a lime wedge. Finally, if you've ever been to the south of France, you know how refreshing chilled rosé is in the hot sun. *Mon dieu!* Pictured: **Prieuré de Montézargues, Tavel 2006** (\$22).



TEE TIME

The design firm of architect Robert Trent Jones II spent \$21 million and moved 1.5 million cubic yards of sand to turn a 235-acre land scar near Tacoma, Washington into the best new golf course of the millennium—**Chambers Bay**. Opened last year, Jones's masterpiece has already landed the 2015 U.S. Open, making it the first new course since the 1970s to be so awarded. It's also the only course with a 70-foot-high sand trap that covers seven acres. Book your tee time at chambersbaygolf.com.

HOTTEST WINGS Some stats on last year's National Buffalo Wing Festival, in—you guessed it—Buffalo, New York: 74,000 people and 25 tons of wings (roughly half a million) served. At this summer's fete (August 30 to 31) the winner of the hot-sauce contest will feel nearly as torrid as Miss Buffalo Wing 2008.

THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED

Here's a tip to keep you from spending your beach day stuck in traffic: Every one of **Dash Navigation's Express devices** (\$400, dash.net) has a built-in cellular radio that beams traffic info back to Dash headquarters. Collectively, from all over the place, these devices create a giant grid of real-time traffic data, which you can access if you have one in your car. Use it to avoid those highways that have suddenly turned into parking lots. Of course, like other nav units, this one has GPS and maps that tell you how to get where you're going.



CHAIN REACTION

The modern bicycle is a marvel of efficiency and precision—except for the greasy, hassle-prone chain that drives the whole operation. **Dynamic Bicycles** uses a driveshaft (like the one in your car) to get your leg power from the pedals to the back wheel, where a planetary gear handles eight-speed shifting. The entire drivetrain is sealed and maintenance-free, and there's no chain to fall off or stain your pant legs. The Cross-road 7, shown here, is outfitted with top-of-the-line components (\$749, dynamicbicycles.com).



MUST-ATTEND SPORTING EVENT

Yankee Stadium is set to be demolished after this season. Baseball games aside, there's as much history soaked into its rusted girders as there is in the White House. Knute Rockne's "win one for the Gipper" speech, Joe Louis's first-round knockout of Max Schmeling, popes (plural) delivering mass—it all happened here. What better way to honor the House That Ruth Built than a nine-inning MLB All-Star Game? See you there on July 15.



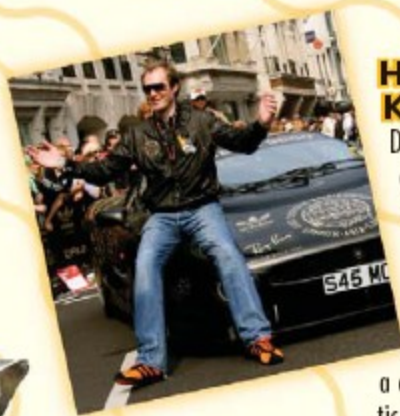
REASON TO VISIT MILWAUKEE

The **Harley-Davidson Museum**, opening this month in downtown Milwaukee, will pull exhibits from more than 8,000 artifacts and nearly 500 historic bikes, including the 13-foot-long dual-engine King Kong (pictured) and Elvis's 1956 KH, which he purchased days before releasing his first hit single, "Heartbreak Hotel."



HOT DATE WITH KIM JONG IL

Driving 3,000 miles in eight days is not for sissies. Nor is it for cheapskates. **The Gumball 3000** (www.gumball3000.com) holds its 10th rally next month, and you'll pay \$120,000 a car for the privilege of participating. That figure sounds more reasonable when you factor in luxury hotel accommodations along the way, lavish dinners and nightly parties, not to mention the cost of airlifting your car from Vegas to China for the final leg (which takes you to Beijing in time for the start of the Olympics). There's even a side trip this year (sans cars, however) to North Korea. Yes, it's true: Travis Barker—a driver in this year's Gumball—may meet Kim Jong Il before Condi Rice does.



HOT TUNES

Water and electronics are not on the best of terms, but don't let that stop you from taking your music to the beach. **Freestyle Audio's Soundwave** (freestyleaudio.com) is a ruggedized, waterproof MP3 player. Available in one-gigabyte (\$70) and two-gigabyte (\$90) sizes, the flash-memory player stays happy down to 10 feet underwater, has a built-in FM tuner and comes with waterproof earbuds. Lost your grip on it in a choppy wave? Don't sweat—this baby floats.



COOLEST HOT SAUCE

The McIlhenny family hasn't changed its recipe for Tabasco since it started farming chilies on Avery Island in Louisiana 140 years ago. It now makes 720,000 bottles a day of the stuff, but for years it has produced a small batch of Tabasco from the finest peppers for family and friends. To celebrate the company's 140th anniversary, it is selling 2,500 bottles of **Avery Island Reserve** (\$15, tabasco.com). That's so hot.

TATTOO TREND

Just above the hoochie coochie. Exhibit A: our **Playmate of the Year Jayde Nicole**.



IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE! IT'S A BOAT!

When you want Ferrari-level performance on the water, there's really only one choice. Monte Carlo-based Wally has been making the world's most coveted yachts since 1994. But seriously, if you pull up in the \$24 million 118 Wallypower, people will think you're showing off. Stick with the **47 Wallypower** (www.wally.com). At 47 feet it's more nimble yet can still entertain eight and sleep three. Plus it'll do 52 knots and will ding your bank account only a modest \$1.3 million.





"I wear the hat so my nose won't peel...!"

The Real

Laura Croft

Miss July is game for all sorts of adventures



Stop fiddling with your joystick—the Laura Croft pictured here is not the video-game heroine. This bronzed beauty is a shipshape Miss Hawaiian Tropic from Florida whose mission is to get all hands on deck for fun. “I’m always on the ocean,” she says, “but I don’t know how to swim or anything. I sit and drink next to it. I don’t like to move my arms and legs at the same time.”



Okay, get it straight from the beginning: It's LAW-ra, not LARR-a, not Lara Croft the tomb raider but Laura Croft the raven-haired Floridian. Of course, the 25-year-old model did dress as the fictional adventurer and archaeologist of video-game and movie fame for a gamers' convention—avoiding all connections would be impossible. "In high school all the boys would call and say, 'Come on, Laura Croft. I'll play with you,'" she says, "or 'Laura Croft has big boobs.' I had to keep changing my number." Laura admits she has gamed as her near-homonym—"I like to run Lara into walls and hear her make those funny noises"—but she has "never watched the movies and never will." Indeed, when you're as lovely as Laura, you don't really need to take notes from Angelina Jolie.

Although not a tomb raider, Miss July does harbor a taste for adventure. The Jacksonville native lives on a marsh and is frequently greeted at her front door by an alligator. ("I threw

rocks at it one day to make sure it was real," she says.) She has also appeared on the reality show *Outback Jack*, in which a dozen American women competed for one Aussie guy. "We parachuted into the outback," she says, "and this ugly guy walked up to us. I said, 'Forget this.' I was gone in the first round." Big and muscular appeals to Laura—her idea of a romantic evening is "a monster-truck rally in a lifted truck with a hot guy." Still, her taste has its limits: She has a girlie-girl side that manifests itself in her pink bedroom and an affinity for Hello Kitty. So it's Hello Gator and Hello Kitty—got it?

Looking ahead, Laura daydreams about a television career. "I want to be a housewife or weather girl but also work on *The Young and the Restless*," she says. "I've watched that show since I was five and would want to play a vixen so I could use false names and disguises. But I don't want to move to L.A. and try to be a superstar. I'm happy in Florida."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA









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

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: LAURA CROFT
BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 117
BIRTH DATE: 1/30/83 BIRTHPLACE: JACKSONVILLE, FL
AMBITIONS: TO BE A "BAD GIRL" ON THE YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS, A HOUSEWIFE OR A WEATHER GIRL.
TURN-ONS: HUMBLE GUYS WHO ARE FUN, SMART, MANLY, THOUGHTFUL, SURPRISING, GIVING, PATIENT AND NOT TOO TALL.
TURNOFFS: PERSISTENCE AFTER A POLITE REJECTION, BAD TEETH, POOR HYGIENE, FLIP-FLOPS ON UGLY FEET, PENNY-PINCHERS.
MY FAVORITE VIDEO GAME: SUPER MARIO BROS.
IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: DEVELOP A CURE FOR CANKLES.
YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN LOVE WHEN: YOU GET THAT FEELING OF BUTTERFLIES IN YOUR STOMACH WHEN YOU SEE HIM OR HE CALLS.
TV SHOWS I NEVER MISS: NIP/TUCK, I LOVE NEW YORK, FLAVOR OF LOVE.
HOBBY I WOULD LIKE TO PURSUE: ARCHERY.
FIVE THINGS ALWAYS IN MY FRIDGE: BEER, HUMMUS, RANCH DRESSING, HAMSTER FOOD AND HOT PICKLED OKRA.



FIFTH-GRADE DANCE RECITAL. I WAS A GYPSY.



ME & MY DOG FARNELL JACKSON CROFT, A.K.A. TITO, IN HIS HOOTERS SHIRT.



ME WINNING MISS HAWAIIAN TROPIC ORLANDO IN 2004.

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Laura Croft

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why did Eliot Spitzer, the former governor of New York, spend \$80,000 on escorts?

Because his wife was a Spitzer but he wanted a swallower.

How did the country know Eliot Spitzer was a Democrat?

He was caught with a woman.

Why did Eliot Spitzer's wife stand next to him when he publicly confessed to stepping outside his marriage?

It qualifies her to run for president on the Democratic ticket.



How do you slow down a hooker?

Put a governor on her.

An old miser read an advertisement that the new whorehouse in town charged \$50 for the first visit and \$25 thereafter. The first time he visited he knocked on the door and the madam replied, "Who's there?"

The man answered promptly, "It's me again."

A man is incomplete until he's married—and then he's really finished.

A man brought his date back to his apartment, ripped both their clothes off and then said, "I'd like you to meet my little friend."

The woman took a look, gathered her clothes and said, "Call me when he grows up."

If it's true some men have a severe allergic reaction to latex condoms that causes excessive swelling, what's the problem?

Darling," a wife told her husband, "I'm having an affair!"

"Great," he said. "Will it be catered?"

Why does every man want a son?

Because with a boy you have to worry about only one penis, but with a girl you have to worry about all of them.

A man married a woman who had an identical twin, but less than a year later he was in court, filing for a divorce.

The judge said, "Tell the court why you want a divorce."

"Well, Your Honor," the man said, "every once in a while my sister-in-law would come over for a visit, and because she and my wife look so similar, I'd end up making love to her by mistake."

"Surely there must be some difference between the two women," the judge said.

"You'd better believe there's a difference," the man said. "That's why I want a divorce."

Abelligerent drunk walked into a tavern and yelled, "I can lick any man in this place!"

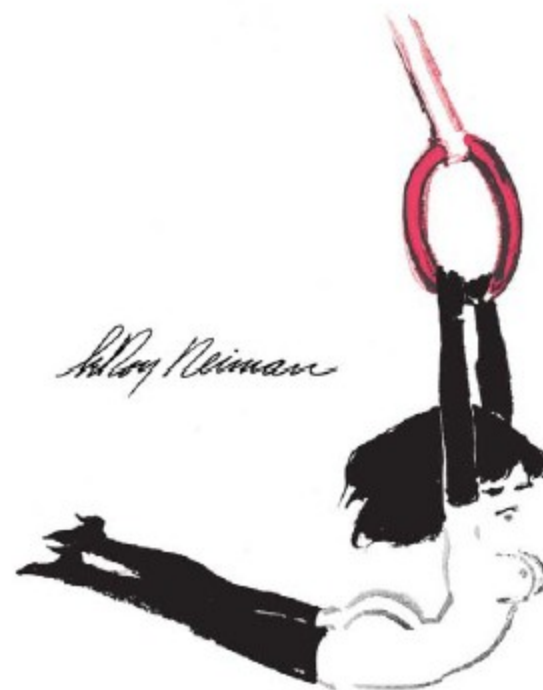
The bouncer replied, "Is this your first time in a gay bar?"

I put my son-of-a-bitch ex-husband through medical school," a blonde said.

"That's nothing. I made my ex-husband a millionaire," a redhead replied.

"Really?" the blonde asked. "What was he before?"

The redhead said, "A billionaire."



Could I try on that dress in the window?" a woman asked a shopkeeper.

"Certainly," the shopkeeper replied, "but I'd prefer that you use the dressing room."

What do you like most about me?" a wife asked her husband. "My pretty face or my sexy body?"

"I like your sense of humor," he replied.

What should you do when your girlfriend tells you she fakes orgasms?

Pretend you don't hear her.

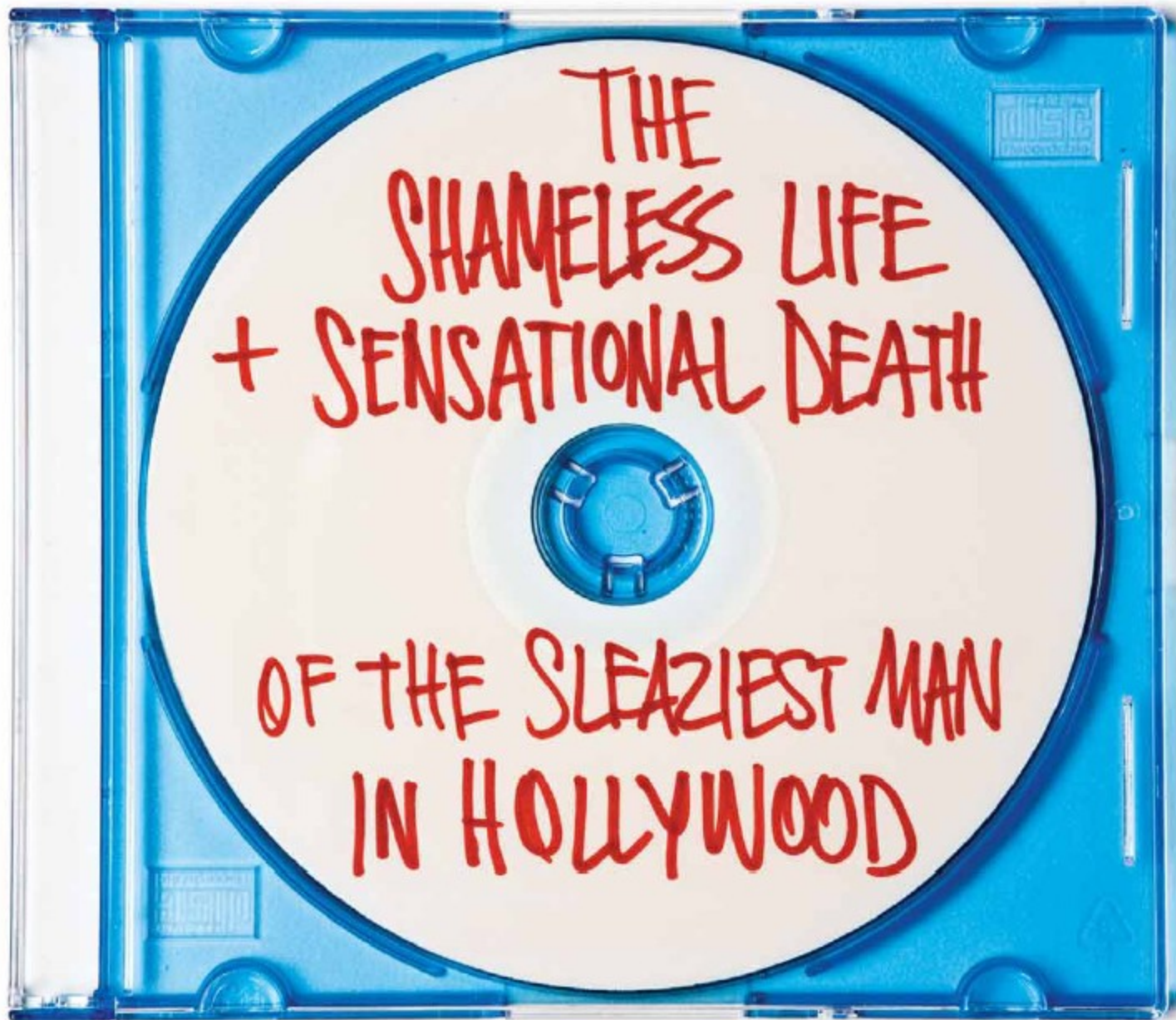
Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"Damned fine thing, screening."



CON MAN, FABULIST, FIXER, FOOL, DAVID HANS SCHMIDT WAS ONCE THE HOTTEST BROKER OF CELEBRITY SCANDAL. THEN HE TANGLED WITH THE WRONG CELEBRITY



1. On East Van Buren Street

There's a lot you can buy on the short drive between Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport and the various hotels and motels that form a ring around it. Tires, beer, two-for-one lap dances. Tacos from a truck. Barbecue grills and hot tubs, tiles and carpet. Sex acts with young women twice as tired as anyone their age ought to be. A \$10 steak. A \$35-a-night room. A \$500 used car. Cocaine, plumbing supplies, the promise of salvation.

There's nothing special about this, obviously. It's not so different from any other American city. It's certainly not the section of Phoenix that residents would choose to show visitors. But it's the part of any city that exists underneath the million-dollar homes, the shimmering swimming pools, the art galleries, the restaurants that show up in magazine pages. And it's what you see first when you fly into this city, rent a car, head out to the Doubletree or the Hyatt on your way to buy some authentic Indian art or meet your clients

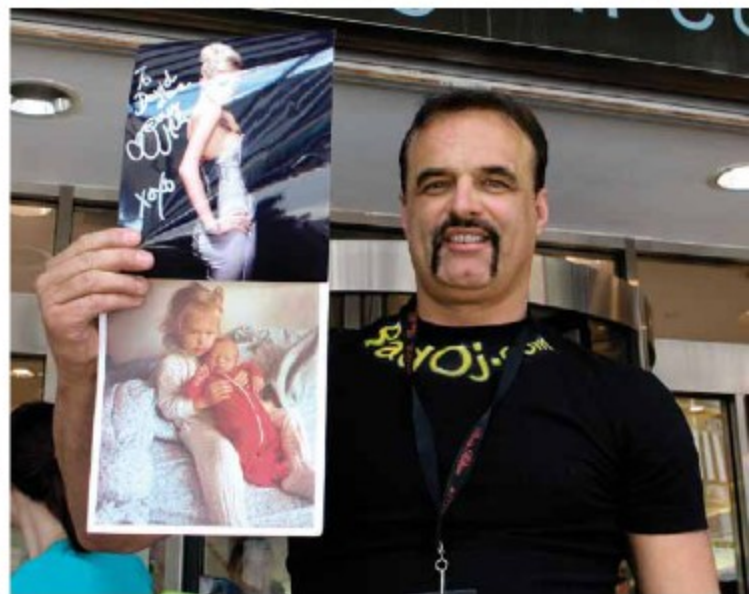
BY DAN HALPERN

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS MCPHERSON

to play some really fine golf courses. You can leave it behind in just a few moments: It takes only 15 minutes by car to arrive for afternoon tea at the Ritz-Carlton up on East Camelback Road by the Biltmore Fashion Park or just slightly longer to reach the spas at the Fairmont Princess or the Four Seasons in Scottsdale. You can leave it behind, but it's still there, obviously.

David Hans Schmidt, the publicist—the publicist, agent, broker, wrangler, provocateur, middleman, clearinghouse, salesman of information and image—who billed himself the Sultan of Sleaze, the swaggering spark plug who screwed with the living gods and paid his own version of the ancient Greek price for it, called the city of Phoenix home for some 20 years. His base of operations was a nondescript condominium in the middle of this strange desert sprawl. Twenty years, plotting in his little room to reach out to the airbrushed starscapes of Los Angeles and New York, to reach out and stir up what trouble he could, to become important, to make people take notice. To command power. To make money. What I like about Schmidt is that he seems to have believed what he did was noble. Nobody else much thought so. But he did.

Who can say with certainty that he was wrong? It's easy enough to claim: What David Hans Schmidt did, by and large, was buy and sell pictures and film of semifamous and famous people, from Tonya Harding to Paris Hilton, usually in some state of undress, often engaged in various acts of sexual congress. Sometimes he set up the pictures with magazines, brokered the deal. He did a little moonlighting: suing the authorities, publicizing the not yet famous, representing the accused. Easy enough to say there was nothing more than an amoral need to be noticed, to make money. And maybe that was all of it. But maybe, if even by accident, what he did was to put the cocaine and whores and ripped-up tires out where everyone could see. John Updike once wrote, "Celebrity is the mask that eats into the face." What Schmidt did was show you the mess underneath.



Clockwise from top: PLAYBOY Playmate Nicole Narain and actor Colin Farrell pose for the camera in 2002, this time with their clothes on; David Hans Schmidt shows off two signed photos of Paris Hilton; mug shot of Schmidt from a 1997 arrest in Arizona; cover of one of the many homemade sex tapes Schmidt made famous, this one starring Dustin Diamond (Screech from *Saved by the Bell*); Tonya Harding in 1990 in her wedding dress just before she takes it off for her honeymoon (the video of which became another Schmidt deal).

2. From Greater Minnesota to the Sun Belt

David Hans Schmidt was born in Minnesota in 1960 and died in Phoenix in 2007. It's safe to say he was inclined to seek out trouble from early on. "My whole lifetime with David has been damage control," his father, Fred Schmidt, said in 2006. "From the start we could not keep him in the playpen with his brother. Once David got teeth he'd bite Doug and draw blood. He's been like that ever since."

Here is the opening of Schmidt's own narration of his early years, from his website, HansNews.com: "David Hans Schmidt, a so-called hyperactive lad/Ritalin experiment, was born first of twin boys in Rochester, Minnesota, an 'arid and sanitized little community,' as Garrison Keillor once said, on May 27, 1960." His father started developing real estate in the 1970s, becoming one of the most successful developers in the region; clashes between him and David, the son would later claim, included beatings with wire coat hangers (which Fred denied and which David also said was part of his motivation to succeed). The elder Schmidt's other two sons, Douglas and Bill, both stayed in Minnesota: Doug, David's fraternal twin, became a contractor in Rochester, and the youngest, Bill, a grain and hog farmer. David Hans Schmidt, however, seems to have spent most of his time trying to get out of Minnesota. After a pattern of behavioral problems, he was sent to a series of boys' homes and schools for problem children, living away from home for two years, beginning at the age of 13. At 18 he left home two weeks after high school graduation for the Army, joining the 82nd Airborne—the same outfit his father had served with 35 years before.

Schmidt was discharged honorably in 1981 and graduated from Augsburg College, in Minneapolis, in 1985; he tried graduate school briefly and ended up spending a little more than a month trying to work for his father before giving up on that idea. "The old man said, 'My way or the highway,' so I chose the latter," he liked to tell reporters over the years. He hitched a ride, he always claimed, with a bankrupt farmer headed to Arizona and set off to make his fortune. *(continued on page 112)*



"It was a lovely wedding. Shirley caught the bouquet and I caught the best man."

NICE GUY EDDIE



A FAMED CROSS-DRESSER
KEEPS HIS PANTS ON

“I LIKE BLACK ON BLACK
ON BLACK. IT’S A LOOK
THAT SAYS ‘SCREW YOU.’”

1 OF 2
➔

You may know Eddie Izzard as Roman Nagel from the two most recent *Ocean's* movies or as Wayne Malloy from the FX series *The Riches*. He's also a genius stand-up comedian famous for performing in ladies' clothing (see his Emmy-winning HBO special *Dress to Kill*). He's currently halfway through *Stripped*, a 30-city stand-up tour.

PLAYBOY: You're a man of many looks, to put it mildly. Do you have an overarching fashion rule?

IZZARD: If you wear your clothes with an attitude, one that comes naturally and isn't adopted, you can wear almost anything. Live it and own it.

PLAYBOY: Where do you buy your suits?

IZZARD: Savile Row in London. I used to have problems with suits. I went to boarding schools where you were forced to wear a suit, and they had a certain meaning. But through wearing Italian suits on *Ocean's Twelve* and then buying some, I got back into them. A combination of Italian tailoring and British design works for me.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite designer?

IZZARD: I like Paul Smith. I recently got a trench coat of his that's fantastic. It's really light material, so I can wear it in L.A.

PLAYBOY: How do you dress for a night on the town?

IZZARD: What they call California black tie works well—black shirt, black tie with black tux or jacket. I like black on black on black. It's a dark look that kind of says “Screw you.” I don't like being in the herd.

PLAYBOY: Do you drive a screw-you car?

IZZARD: I drive a metallic-blue convertible VW Beetle. It's quite fast, and it's got the nostalgia thing going on—very nippy, not too big. I keep looking at big flashy sports cars, and I think, I could get one of those. But I love this Beetle. My dad drove one.

PLAYBOY: Let's not drive. What are you drinking?

IZZARD: Glenrothes single malt. It's kind of sweet. I have a very childish sweet tooth, which I have to fight against. Some whiskeys grab you by the neck and then walk down your throat. This one goes like Alice down the rabbit hole. Just glides down.

fashion by joseph de acetis  photography by army freytag

**THAT PAGE**

EDDIE'S SUIT (\$1,795) AND SWEATER (\$525)
ARE BY CANALI.

THIS PAGE

HIS JACKET (\$595) IS BY ARNOLD BRANT,
SHIRT (\$100) BY KENNETH GORDON, JEANS (\$58) BY
LEVI'S AND BELT (\$80) BY JOHNSTON & MURPHY.



FOR MORE OF EDDIE VISIT PLAYBOY.COM/STYLE.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON [PAGE 119](#).





AN EXCLUSIVE NOIR NOVEL
WRITTEN IN FOUR PARTS
ON DEADLINE
PUBLISHING HISTORY BEGINS NOW

NOBODY MOVE

PART ONE

BY DENIS JOHNSON

Jimmy Luntz had never been to war, but this was the sensation, he was sure of that—18 guys in a room, Rob, the director, sending them out—18 guys shoulder to shoulder, moving out on the orders of their leader to do what they've been training day and night to do. Waiting silently in darkness behind the heavy curtain while on the other side of it the MC tells a stale joke, and then—"The Alhambra California Beachcomber Chordsmen!"—and they were smiling at hot lights, doing their two numbers.

Luntz was one of four leads. On "Firefly" he thought they did pretty well. Their vowels matched, they went easy on the consonants, and Luntz knew he, at least, was lit up and smiling, with plenty of body language. On "If We Can't Be the Same Old Sweethearts" they caught the wave. Uniformity, resonance, expression of pathos, everything Rob had ever asked for. They'd never done it so well. Right face, down the steps and into the convention center's basement, where once again they arranged themselves in ranks, this time to pose for souvenir pictures.

"Even if we come in twentieth out of twenty," Rob told them afterward, while they were changing out of their gear, the white tuxedos and checkered vests and checkered bow ties, "we're really coming in twentieth out of a hundred, right? Because remember, guys, one hundred outfits tried to get to this competition,



THAT LUCKY FEELING. IT HAD LET HIM DOWN BEFORE.

and only twenty made it all the way here to Bakersfield. Don't forget that. We're out of a hundred, not twenty. Remember that, okay?" You got a bit of an impression Rob didn't think they'd done too well.

Almost noon. Luntz didn't bother changing into street clothes. He grabbed his gym bag, promised to meet the others back at the Best Value Inn and hurried upstairs still wearing the getup. He felt the itch to make a bet. Felt lucky. He had a Santa Anita sheet folded up in the pocket of his blinding-white tux. They started running at 12:30. Find a pay phone and give somebody a jingle.

On his way out through the lobby he saw they'd already posted the judgments. The Alhambra Chordsmen ranked 17th out of 20. But come on, that was really 17th out of a hundred, right?

All right—fine. They'd tanked. But Luntz still had that lucky feeling. A shave, a haircut, a tuxedo. He was practically Monte Carlo.

He headed out through the big glass doors, and there's old Gambol standing just outside the entrance. Checking the comings and goings. A tall, sad man in expensive slacks and shoes, camel-hair sports coat, one of those white straw hats that senior-citizen golfers wear. A very large head.

"So hey," Gambol said, "you are in a barbershop chorus."

"What are you doing here?"

"I came here to see you."

"No, but really."

"Really. Believe it."

"All the way to Bakersfield?"

That lucky feeling. It had let him down before.

"I'm parked over here," Gambol said.

Gambol was driving a copper-colored Cadillac Brougham with soft white leather seats. "There's a button on the side of the seat," he said, "to adjust it how you want."

"People will be missing me," Luntz said. "I've got a ride back down to L.A. It's all arranged."

"Call somebody."

"Good, sure—just find a pay phone, and I'll hop out."

Gambol handed him a cell phone. "Nobody's hopping anywhere."

Luntz patted his pockets, found his notebook, spread it on his knee, punched buttons with his thumb. He got Rob's voice mail and said, "Hey, I'm all set. I got a lift, a lift to L.A." He thought a second. "This is Jimmy." What else? "Luntz." What else? Nothing. "Good deal. I'll see you Tuesday. Practice is Tuesday, right? Yeah. Tuesday."

He handed back the phone, and Gambol put it in the pocket of his fancy Italian sports coat.

Luntz said, "Okay if I smoke?"

"Sure. In your car. But not in my car."

Gambol drove with one hand on the wheel and one long arm reaching into the back-seat, going through Luntz's gym bag. "What's this?"

"Protection."

"From what? Grizzly bears?"

He reached across Luntz's lap and shoved it in the glove compartment. "That is one big gun."

Luntz opened the compartment.

"Shut that thing, goddamn it."

Luntz shut it.

"You want protection? Pay your debts. That's the best protection."

"I agree completely," Luntz said, "and can I tell you about an uncle of mine? I have an appointment to see him this afternoon."

"A rich uncle."

"Coincidentally, yes. He just moved out from the coast. Made a pile in the garbage business. The guy gets a new Mercedes every year. Just moved to Bakersfield. Last time I saw him he was still living in La Mirada. The Garbage King of La Mirada. Told me anytime I needed money to get in touch. We had lunch at the Outback Steakhouse in La Mirada. Wow, do they deliver. Choice cuts as thick as your arm. You ever try the Outback?"

"Not lately."

"So, in other words, let me give this guy a call before we get too far out of town."

"In other words, you can't make a payment."

"Yes, definitely, yes," Luntz said, "I can make a payment. Just let me use your phone and work a little magic."

Gambol behaved as if he hadn't heard.

"Come on. The guy drives a Mercedes. Let me go see him."

"Fucking bullshit. Your uncle."

"Okay. He's Shelly's uncle. But he's real."

"Is Shelly real?"

"She's—yeah. Shelly? I used to live with her."

"The uncle of some bitch you used to live with."

"Give me a chance, friend. A chance to work my magic."

"You're working it now. It ain't working."

(continued on page 123)



KIRAZ.

"Come and join us, Judy. I have plenty to eat."

ACROSS THE BOARD

DROP SOME SURF STYLE INTO YOUR LOOK THIS SUMMER WITH BIGGER SHADES, SMALLER TRUNKS AND PLENTY OF SPF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NEEDLEMAN
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

SURFBOARDS (\$650 EACH)
FROM PLAYBOY SURF BY WALLIN.

1

2

3



**FLY-BACK
CHRONO-
GRAPH**
(\$425) BY TX.

**PERPETUAL
CALENDAR**
(\$110) BY
TIMEX.

**MONACO
GRANDE**
(\$125)
BY TKO.



ICE SHIELD
FACIAL
CLEANSER (\$48)
BY FREEZE 24-7.

DEFEND
FACE
MOISTURIZER
(\$29) BY ZIRH.

**VITAL SUN
PROTECTION**
LOTION (\$19)
BY KIEHL'S.

1 His button-front shirt (\$50) is by **EXPRESS**, and his swimsuit (\$59) and shoes (\$85) are by **ORIGINAL PENGUIN**.

2 Her bathing suit is by **PLAYBOY**, and her shoes are by **STEVE MADDEN**.

3 His bathing suit (\$45) is by **SPEEDO**, his hat (\$70) is by **CHRISTY'S CROWN SERIES**, his necklace (\$4) and bracelet (\$5) are by **H&M**, and his sandals (\$75) are by **UGG**.



4

5



TOP:
MAN-O-WAR
(\$229) BY COSTA
DEL MAR.

LEFT:
FLY BOY
(\$250) BY
ADIDAS.

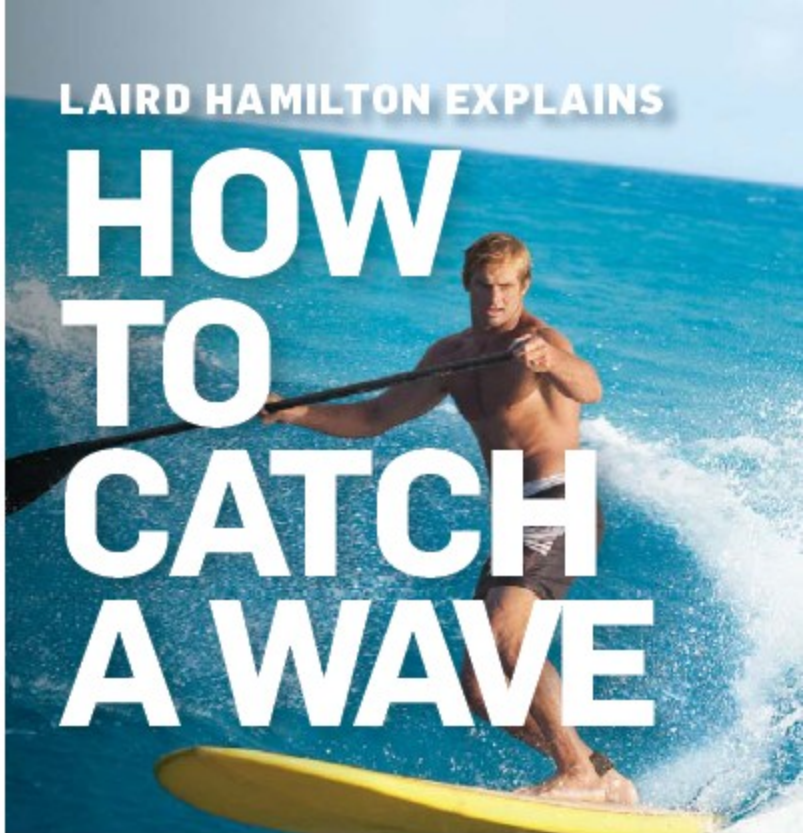
RIGHT:
MACK
(\$85) BY
STÜSSY.

4 Her bikini is by **PLAYBOY**, her shorts are by **EXPRESS**, and her sandals are by **UGG**.

5 His shirt (\$40) is by **EXPRESS**, his bathing suit (\$130) is by **PAUL & SHARK**, and his shoes (\$80) are by **ORIGINAL PENGUIN**.

LAIRD HAMILTON EXPLAINS

HOW TO CATCH A WAVE



If the last place you caught a wave was in the bleachers at Wrigley Field, maybe it's time you joined forces with big-wave icon Laird Hamilton and learned how to surf. When he's not giving **PLAYBOY** readers surfing lessons, Hamilton can be found near his Maui home, taming 40-foot swells while wearing his new clothing line, **WONDERWALL** (thisiswonderwall.com).

1 "Paddle out just beyond the break and wait for a wave with the nose of your board pointed to the horizon."



2 "As the wave approaches, turn your board toward shore and paddle so your speed matches the speed of the wave."



3 "As you feel the wave propel you, give one last paddle and then push up with your hands and spring to your feet."



4 "With your back foot perpendicular to the board and your front foot pointed slightly forward, find your sturdiest upright position and ride the wave in."





Lewis Black

AMERICA'S ANGRIEST COMEDIAN KNOWS HOW TO FIX IMMIGRATION, EXPLAINS WHY LAUGHTER PROVES THERE'S A GOD, INSISTS RUSH LIMBAUGH CAUSES SPEEDING TICKETS AND TELLS WHY JON STEWART MAKES HIM PHYSICALLY ILL

01

PLAYBOY: You're widely revered as the angriest comic in America. Have you ever had nights when you're just not in the mood to go up there and be pissed off?

BLACK: Never. That has never occurred. I swear to God. Never, ever. There's always something that happens during the day. I may be yelling that they don't know what to do with Social Security, but I'm really yelling about the fact that my AT&T cell phone doesn't get shit in a variety of zones. I've lost calls, and it's a pain in the ass.

02

PLAYBOY: Most people know your rants from *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*. Do you worry that people who get their news from *The Daily Show* instead of real news outlets are dumb?

BLACK: Well, at least it kind of keeps them focused on the news. It gives kids a way into the news. We're a gateway drug. You take us, and then you go to the hard news.

03

PLAYBOY: Do you watch TV shows like *The O'Reilly Factor*?

BLACK: Oh no. I consider those kinds of

shows doses of caffeine. They wire me up. I may as well stick a needle of meth in my arm. I used to drive across the country listening to Rush Limbaugh, but I had to stop because I thought I would get speeding tickets. I would be in such a rage.

04

PLAYBOY: Speaking of your legendary temper, does organized religion get you fired up?
BLACK: It's exhausting. What really gets me fired up is, if it works for you, great; now shut up. The thing is, if you really want me to get interested in your fucking religion, show me an example, asshole. If I go, "Wow, what a great person you are. How did that happen?" "Well, I let Christ into my life." Then I get it. But don't tell me you let Christ into your life and assume I'm supposed to think you're a great person. In terms of that stuff, the worst are the Jehovah's Witnesses. They're just crazy.

05

PLAYBOY: Your new book, *Me of Little Faith*, is about your tempestuous relationship with religion. Which part of the book will piss off God the most?

BLACK: It's not him. I'm not so much worried about God as I am about religious

fanatics. That can be any group, from Jews to Hindus. They all spawn them. The smallest part of the book is about Muslims, but they'll bitch that I didn't write about them. It's impossible. After I finished it I thought, It's not mean except for maybe what I wrote about Judaism. There's not a lot for people to get upset about. Then my mother read it and said, "Oh boy! You're in for it."

06

PLAYBOY: Certainly you like at least one religion.

BLACK: If there's a group of people to look at in terms of what I want from a religion, it's the Amish. They're quiet, they do their stuff, and they're not out there saying, "Follow us." If anyone has the right to think we're evil pissants, it's them. And they raise great chickens, really tasty.

07

PLAYBOY: Did your publisher censor the book at all?

BLACK: No. When you ask for me, you know what you're getting. If you ask for Rin Tin Tin, you don't get Lassie. My publisher gets it. The only thing the editor said was they *(concluded on page 137)*

CINDY

STEPS OUT

The magnificent Ms. Margolis is going to the Mansion. She just needs a date

By Josh Robertson

She is Cindy Margolis. PLAYBOY cover girl. Author and fertility expert. Onetime “most downloaded woman” and “queen of the Internet.” Certified MILF.

She is 42, newly single and lookin’ for love.

And she could be yours, at least for a night: Enter our contest for a chance to take Cindy on a date to the Playboy Mansion (see below). If you do happen to win, this guide could prove useful.

16 THINGS YOU MAY WANT TO KNOW IF YOU WIN A DATE WITH CINDY MARGOLIS:

- 1. Until now she has never been single.** Not for long, anyway. We’re talking a high school sweetheart, a long-term relationship and then her (freshly) ex-husband, for a total of three men in her whole life.
- 2. She cannot get a date.** Her friends are no help. “I tell them to fix me up,” she explains, “and everybody says, ‘Oh please, you can get anyone you want.’ Stop saying that! How can I get anyone I want? Tell me—how? I’ve been single for six months and haven’t had one date.”
- 3. She blew it with Matt LeBlanc.** “He was my first date after that long-term relationship,” she says. “This was at the height of *Friends*, and women were throwing themselves at him. I thought I’d be different because I wouldn’t sleep with him right away. Girls sabotage themselves to keep from doing things they know they might do. I thought, I’ll wear granny panties; if I’m wearing granny panties, I won’t sleep with him. We ended up taking a Jacuzzi, and he saw my granny panties, which I did not take off. He never asked me out again.”
- 4. Today she owns more lingerie than Jesus** (text concluded on [page 119](#))

To enter our contest to win a date with Cindy, visit playboy.com/cindy.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA













See more photos and video of Cindy at cyber.playboy.com.



ROB THE
CRADLE

GO COUGAR
HUNTING

STICK TO
YOUR DECADE

SOME PERFECTION IS DEBATABLE.



SOME IS NOT.

Made by hand from 100% blue agave.
The world's #1 ultra-premium tequila.

SIMPLY PERFECT.
simplyperfect.com



"Oh, you can forget about Bernice. She's in the backyard working on her putting game."

Sex tapes! There is erotic art that goes back to Pompeii, but those people didn't have distribution deals.

It was in the Sun Belt that David Hans Schmidt's myth of David Hans Schmidt began in earnest. According to Schmidt, he was hired as a reporter for *The Arizona Republic*, covering "business and politics." In 1987, with Arizona governor Evan Mecham on the verge of impeachment, Schmidt was hired—he said, as often as he could insert it into conversation—as Mecham's "third and final press secretary." In 2002 he said, "No one else wanted the fucking job, and I was there to take it."

Except, of course, he never was a reporter for *The Arizona Republic* and never was Mecham's press secretary. Richard Ruelas, a *Republic* staff writer who did some time covering Schmidt's exploits, tells me, "What he did was write a few freelance pieces for the *Arizona Business Gazette*, not the *Republic*. He never had any job at the newspaper." Ron Bellus, the Mecham press secretary whom Schmidt liked to call "my predecessor," says, "He was never hired by Mecham to do anything." The extent of Schmidt's involvement, Bellus says, was coming in to ask him about a job and then, finding there was none, acting as if he had been hired. "David had a canny knack for seeing something and saying 'How can I use this?' He saw there were some things going on around Ev, and he called the Phil Donahue people. And they said, 'Well, sure, we'll put him on the show.' So he called us, said he'd set it up, and Ev said, 'Sure.' David was never paid for it, he had no position to be doing it, but he made that happen."

"Phoenix doesn't ask many questions," Ruelas says. "We don't care what your last name is. He was one of the figures of the Phoenix of the wild, booming 1990s, with money flying around—so much money, who was going to stop and check up on him?"

Schmidt opened DHS Public Relations in 1987. He had a few attorneys as clients—Schmidt would get them unpaid gigs on local television as expert commentators—and did publicity for a few nightclubs. "One day Dave took out a full-page ad in our Sunday paper," Andrea Denning, who worked as his assistant first in the early 1990s and then again a few years later, wrote to me. "It was a cheesy black and white of him without his shirt on, and it was just the funniest thing I ever saw. He had me work that day so I could answer the phones and keep track of reaction. Needless to say, the phone rang off the hook, and people just roasted him. But Schmidt said as long as they spelled his name

correctly, all publicity is good publicity." The tagline for Schmidt's ad read MEET A PR PRACTITIONER WHO HAS A PAIR. He told a reporter at the time that his clients always said, "'Schmidt, you've got balls, man,'" adding, "I've been hearing this for five years now, and I figured, you know, it's time the rest of the community knew about this."

It was in 1992 that he realized he could get paid to feed Americans' growing appetite for seeing semifamous people with their clothes off. Standing in line at a grocery store, he spotted a tabloid photo of Jennifer Flowers, who had recently announced she'd carried on a romantic relationship with Bill Clinton. Schmidt called Flowers's attorney, and so began the career he would be known for. Flowers agreed to let him represent her. The pictures of Flowers that Schmidt brokered appeared in the December 1992 issue of *Penthouse*.

Schmidt's profits came mostly from pictures he set up or sold of women embroiled in scandal—nude photos of Paula Jones, the Arkansas state employee who had sued Clinton for sexual harassment, or of Suzen Johnson, the flight attendant whose escapades with Frank Gifford were a tabloid favorite. He also brokered deals for celebrities who weren't caught in scandals but just wanted renewed attention, such as the actress Shari Belafonte. He would also branch out, representing a man suing the county for enduring a horrible beating while wrongfully imprisoned, publicizing the case of an accused serial murderer, fronting for an Oregon high school valedictorian who had her honors revoked when caught with some boys in the locker room shower. But it was the tapes that caught the public's attention.

Sex tapes! There is erotic art that goes back to Pompeii and further, but those people didn't have the same kind of distribution deals. And so Schmidt focused his attentions on video: of Divine Brown, the prostitute who was arrested with Hugh Grant; of the skater Tonya Harding and her husband, Jeff Gillooly; of the former child actor Dustin Diamond (Screech from *Saved by the Bell*); of the actor Colin Farrell and Playmate Nicole Narain.

What's interesting about the tapes, of course, is much less what's actually on them than the fact of them. What's compelling to people is more to see celebrities at a disadvantage and less to see something sexually exciting—that is, the thrill of what you were not supposed to see (even if, not so secretly, you were

supposed to see it) or perhaps the thrill of seeing the people who pretend for a living caught in a moment of not pretending (celebrities interacting without scripts). Take the Farrell tape, which has to recommend it not only one of the more attractive pairs of any of these particular couples taped with their pants down but, much more interesting, a string of helpful metacommentary.

It begins with a little expository narration:

NARAIN: [*Giving Farrell the camera*] Here, you hold on to that.

FARRELL: [*Pointing camera at his penis*] I am putting this [*camera pans to her crotch*] right in there.

The narrative arc arrives at a potential conflict—the possibility of disgrace and failure:

FARRELL: Aw, the battery's dead...so is my fucking cock.

NARAIN: Shut up.

Triumph over the threat of ignominy:

NARAIN: Oh God, oh my God...oh... God...baby...fuck, oh shit...oh shit, oh fuck, oh God, oh God, oh God.

Continued narration of events as Farrell moves downward:

NARAIN: Oh my God. You're gonna enjoy this.

FARRELL: [*Pauses*] I'm not enjoying this already, baby?

NARAIN: You're gonna enjoy...

FARRELL: Holy fuck, man. Breakfast, lunch and fucking dinner, right here. I'm not even fucking joking.

An ontological discussion—do they exist without the camera? He can't seem to see her without it:

FARRELL: [*Finding her in the camera's view*] Where is she? Oh my God...hey, baby.

NARAIN: Hi, baby.

The practice of filmmaking, the act of making art, is given serious consideration:

NARAIN: You need some angle shots right now...err...what do we gotta do? Oh my God, you're gonna make me come. Can we film this? Okay, you know what? We should just set this thing down.

FARRELL: Give me the fucking thing for a second.

And then the point:

FARRELL: Okay, what do we do with this thing? What do we do with this thing, princess?

NARAIN: What do you wanna do? You want to watch what we just did?

Compared with some romantic comedies, it's not bad writing. But the point is, perhaps, that on some level it passes for real: This is what these people do when no one is watching, this is authentic; this is not a gauzy love scene in a romantic movie, it's grainy reality. Except, of course, it's not. What these tapes do, simply, is show fantasy and fiction doing a slightly more effective—or more sinister—job of imitating reality than the old forms of fantasy and fiction. But it does something more than that, something

essentially different from the old forms, which imitated reality but were not meant to be mistaken for it. Here, the mistake is the point: These images are supplanting reality, pretending there is no artifice. The fake is passing for true.

That particular con worked pretty well for Schmidt. "Who knows where he got this stuff to begin with," says Scott Ross, a well-known L.A. private investigator who has worked for lawyers defending Michael Jackson and Robert Blake. "But when someone wanted to shuffle some sleaze out of their hands, they would eventually hear 'Well, there's this guy in Phoenix who does this sort of thing. You could send it to him.'"

Schmidt loved being in the middle of it. "David could be a lot of fun," says George Rush, who writes the Rush & Molloy gossip column for the *New York Daily News* with his wife, Joanna Molloy. "It was fun to watch him with strangers having their first brush with him. I took him to Michael's"—the New York restaurant that has long been a favorite spot for media types—"and he hit on all the waitresses. I loved watching everybody looking shocked by him. He got so excited that he was in the middle of the media lunch scene, handing out his cards, coming on to the waitresses, having a great time."

The offense could be too much, even for people who liked him—from bar fights to arguments, the macho act could be tiresome, and Schmidt had some tendency to come out with ridiculous racist, sexist and anti-Semitic remarks he thought were funny. No one who knew him seems to feel he meant much by them; rather, he just didn't understand any sort of propriety. But either way, he had become a certain kind of player. "He did become the clearing-house for celebrity sex scandals," Rush adds. "He was the guy to know. If he told me it was ready to go, I trusted it. You wanted to stay plugged in."

When a mix-up by Paris Hilton's employees resulted in her defaulting on storage-locker payments, Schmidt was contacted by the couple who bought the contents at auction—diaries, videos, photos. He also got hold of taped conversations of Michael Jackson—authentic, though without much of interest to recommend them. An (almost surely fake) sex tape of O.J. Simpson. When someone came across nude photos of Jamie Foxx, that someone found Schmidt. And when a computer technician decided to copy photographs of Tom Cruise's wedding, he called Phoenix. Which was, naturally, the beginning of the end for Schmidt.

3. ON SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

It's Oscar night, and the middle-aged character actor sitting next to me at the restaurant bar is drinking and watching the show. I've been harassing him on the question of whether Hollywood is some-

how essentially un-American, undemocratic, fantastic, cut off. The playground of the gods. Neither of us believes this exactly, but the idea has come up and we've decided to argue about it. "Think about it, my brother," he says. "Everything radical in this country—it got funded here, it got played out here. You think we weren't watching when Bobby got shot, when Dr. King got shot? This was a radical place. You think it's an island? I got here in 1968. What this place was, it was a radical, clear expression of the time, art made out of a movement, a metaphor, a document next to a bunch of kids out there protesting, marching. Once upon a time Hollywood was a serious place. And we did serious shit. It was different then."

Was it? Was Hollywood once a golden place where art was created, where the social and political narrative of the country found its through line? Or simply a reflection of a loftier reality? A mythmaking apparatus that allowed an unmythical America to dream of greater things? Was America once high and has it now come low, reduced by tabloids and sex tapes, idiocy and apathy?

The maître d' answers the phone every 10 seconds. "Clooney party? What Clooney party? No. Shut up. Go away," he says and hangs up. "Fucking idiots," he says. "Party of what? No, George is in Argentina," he says. "No, that was two years ago." He rolls his eyes. "Like I'd tell them even if it were true," he says. "Why do these idiots think their lives will be better if they sit 20 feet from somebody famous?" He looks up at the screen above the bar, at semiliterate actors struggling to read lists of nominees. "Can we turn this off?"

We can't turn it off.

"This is got to be the boringest shit in the universe," someone else says. "Isn't there a Lakers game on?"

There is—the Lakers are currently crushing the Sonics in Seattle—but no one moves to change the channel.

Everyone is bored, but no one will stop watching. What's the addiction? The addiction is multiple and overdetermined, but surely it includes this: The gods are made human again. Since some time not too long after Aphrodite cuckolded Hephaestus by sleeping with Ares, Westerners have mostly had to put up with an omnipotent, omniscient, perfect God, a godhead that is unknowable and mysterious and absent. A god who never fucks up. It's been a long and hard deal for us to put up with, clearly.

But now we have them back! Like the early Greeks, who liked the idea of gods and men moving around together, gods with some depraved human qualities. We've got them again: stupid gods, divorced gods, gods who are bad parents, gods with drug problems, gods who get fat. Gods who forget to put on underwear. Gods who sleep with their nannies. Gods, O gods, constant source of entertainment and voyeurism mixed with the awe and worship and scorn and pity and catharsis. Gods made divine by money and celluloid, by publicists and guitars, faked-up versions of us.

4. DURANGO TO FLORENCE

What I like about David Hans Schmidt is he seems to have been perfectly willing to be known as a villain, and what I like about him is this didn't stop him from claiming he was a hero. He



"Hand over your money! Also...please sign this petition supporting the right to bear arms!"

became the representation of American degradation. A grinning, snorting, delighted vision of the lowest reaches of the culture, a repository for the thing everyone hates and nobody is responsible for, except for the small fact that they line up to pay for it by the millions. He loved being called the Sultan of Sleaze. He didn't mind taking criticism from the millions, so long as they paid him for it—he didn't much mind being blamed for something an entire culture created.

Free speech and capitalism and hot dogs at baseball games are supposed to be good things. David Duke gets to talk as much as he wants, an actor as witless as a trout can make \$50 million a year, and a few franks at Yankee Stadium will set you back about the amount it costs for a year's membership in the ACLU. Schmidt's pictures, his tapes, they had worth—they were worth something. Why? They sold! And there is little more American than that. The country paid David Hans Schmidt for what he was selling. And for that, he was hated.

He didn't mind it, or perhaps he mistook the attention for something else. Because whatever the bile delivered to his doorstep, they kept paying him, paying him money and attention. Schmidt's justifications began and ended with a dogged notion that freedom of speech essentially means everything must be made public, but he was strangely unready to go any further in an argument and tended to fall into repetition and confusion. How he could bear the abuse, though, is worth asking. Take a 2003 interview he did: In the midst of trying to sell photos of

Amber Frey, girlfriend of wife killer Scott Peterson, Schmidt went on the Fox News show *Hannity & Colmes* with Sean Hannity and the lawyer Susan Estrich. Hannity attacked almost immediately: "She doesn't want you to do this; she doesn't want those photos out there. What kind of person are you that you want to make your money?"

SCHMIDT: We're putting them out there because it's a valuable product and the American public wants to see it, with but not limited to yourself, Sean. Please be real here....

HANNITY: You know what bothers me? I guess legally you'll probably win, you know, but it doesn't pass the moral test. You don't care about her. You don't care if she gets hurt. You don't care if she gets embarrassed. You don't care about anybody but yourself.

SCHMIDT: Okay, Sean, let me stop you right there. Sean, you're on a diatribe. Now just slow down with your ad hominem spears coming at me here.

Hannity continues to spear him throughout. As the interview ends, Hannity says, "Where's your soul?" His colleague Estrich adds, "Let's take a shower, Sean," and Hannity cuts the thing off, saying, "Enjoy your money."

It wasn't an unusual reaction to Schmidt by television journalists, who of course continued to put him on their programs again and again. On the one hand, Schmidt couldn't answer the basic moral question—is it morally right to publish private moments of public figures just because you have the legal right to? On the other, his arguments were hardly less impotent or embarrass-

ing than the journalists' absolute refusal to admit that the American public will endlessly consume reports of sleaze and scandal and contribute huge sums for the right to consume them and that these same journalists will hold their noses histrionically and simultaneously spend exactly as many hours and hours and hours talking about it as it will continue to get them ratings and make their corporations profits. Wasn't Schmidt the realist here? Did they have him on the program because they thought what he had to say was important news? Did the FCC mandate more David Hans Schmidt? More O.J. Simpson? More Britney Spears? Enjoy your money.

Either way, Schmidt never betrayed much anxiety about his soul. And the hatred didn't seem to worry him too much.

"I think he liked it," David Joseph, CEO of Red Light District, the video outfit that distributed Paris Hilton's application to the world of high-level celebrity, *1 Night in Paris*, tells me. Joseph and Schmidt met when Schmidt tried to interest him in investing in the Paris Hilton storage-locker contents; later, in 2006, they worked out a deal on the Dustin Diamond sex tape. "That was his life," Joseph says. "He wanted to be recognized. He didn't have much shame; he thrived on it, really. He wanted the limelight. It didn't matter what kind of light."

What did matter to Schmidt was going to jail. His problems with the law began as early as 1993, when he was implicated in a large securities-fraud case, but it wasn't until 1999 that his troubles really began in earnest. By then he was the father of two daughters and was embroiled in a nasty custody battle with their mother, Janice Olson, with whom he had split in 1998. Olson filed a protective order, which allowed Schmidt to call his daughters only during certain hours. He violated it. That phone call would lead to more misery than he could have imagined.

One minor violation was followed by another—this time, grabbing a tape recorder out of the hand of an assigned "custody exchanger"—and on December 13, 1999, on charges of aggravated harassment, Schmidt was sent to Durango, the downtown Phoenix jail where, he claimed later, he was almost immediately stomped by a group of Mexican prisoners. He spent 46 days there.

Upon his release he began planning a run for governor, going so far as to produce campaign signs—HANS 2000—but the fight was far from over. He was back in jail by May for another violation. This time, he said, it was whites who beat him up; later it would be black inmates.

The violations Schmidt committed seem shockingly small compared with the amount of time he would eventually



"I'm Doctor Franklin...didn't I do those?"

spend in prison, mostly a product of repeated offenses, each serving to compound his sentences with attendant other problems—a marijuana charge, a gun charge—thrown in. He felt himself to be entirely a victim—a victim of a “Kafkaian” nightmare, as he put it. A persecuted hero. In the manuscript of his unpublished memoir, *Dead Dogs Burning*, Schmidt writes bitterly about the contrast between his achievements and the evil acts committed by the district attorneys in his cases: “I help people. I produce film, television, book and magazine deals that enrich not just the client and myself but employ millions of workers.... I make people’s lives better.... I take great joy and adulation in what I achieve and I am dumbfounded and remised as to how they can feel even a remote amount of accomplishment in destroying or attempting to destroy a man’s life.... Where they plunder, I paint, where they murder, I create. What a true waste of human ability and potential it is to be joined in this world with such unworthy primates.”

The book itself is mostly a narration of Schmidt’s two months in jail in 2000 but is fleshed out by constant name-dropping and self-congratulation; it is a portrait of a semisuccessful con man whose ego gets him into trouble more than it gets him out of it, though he himself doesn’t seem to see this. Outside prison, everywhere he goes is “posh” or “first-class” or “VIP.” Prices are thrown around as much as possible. Everyone loves him; he gets standing ovations several times throughout the book. Inside prison he is alternately a victim or a hero. (Everyone calls him “governor,” but he feels, he says, like one of the dog carcasses incinerated at an animal-rendering plant near the jail, hence the title.) It’s hard to overstate how confused the writing and thinking are—he loves big words and rarely misses a chance to entirely misuse them. But the anger running through the book is fierce and clear. He ends it with a hopelessly muddled passage announcing that he will begin a new life. The book closes as he goes to work out at his health club on the day he is released from prison: “I sloshed back my way from the VIP locker room but paused to stare out the window. Across the desert basin the morning sun was over the mountain range now—it was the beginning of a new day as well as a new life, and a time to let the old ways die like *Dead Dogs Burning*...and like all other of God’s creatures may die a death but somewhere deep within their demise and incineration transcends and is replaced with a rebirth of new life and resuscitation. And by virtue of their corporal existence, no matter what form, may win life everlasting.”

It didn’t happen. Nothing changed. He was back in jail soon enough and spent a full 14 months in state pris-

ons in Yuma and Florence. Overall he would spend some two years inside, from 2000 through 2003.

“He just didn’t seem to think any of the rules applied to him,” Richard Ruelas, who was handed the task of writing the *Republic*’s last piece on Schmidt, tells me. “And then was always surprised when he found out they did.”

“He really wasn’t very good as a con man,” Lee Froehlich, *PLAYBOY*’s executive editor, tells me. “You didn’t have to listen too hard to hear him misuse or mispronounce big words. There were conspicuous internal inconsistencies to his routine. He had a grandiose personality. He often came across as a blowhard. I couldn’t imagine him fooling anyone, but I admired his hustle.”

That naivete would take him to some strange places. In early 2007 he was contacted, he claimed, by “folks directly connected to the crown prince of Dubai,” who told him Saddam Hussein’s execution had been staged and the former dictator was alive and well in Iran. He tried to sell the story to *PLAYBOY*—first asking for astronomical sums, then suggesting a \$50,000 advance and offering photocopied pictures of a piece of hair and a “foot nail” off the “death body” as proof, along with a transcript of an interview, conducted by a freelance journalist (“I”), of an Iraqi policeman (“EB”) who had witnessed the fake execution. The transcript has, to say the least, its suspect aspects but is also a brilliant, fantastic document; the best part is its “translated” language:

I: Thank you for the honest and fraternal conversation. I’m relieved to know that the great Saddam is fit as a fiddle. Thank you for your personal efforts to rescue the Arabic nation....

EB: That did me good to speak to a religious fellow about the future of our homelands. And what we cannot accomplish with weapons we will compensate with shiftiness, and we will clean all countries.

“I don’t think David knew he was selling a bum story,” Froehlich says. Schmidt claimed to have video, photos and Saddam’s Tehran address but never produced them.

“They were conning him,” George Rush tells me. (Schmidt also pressed Rush to pay for the story.) “And whether he believed it or not, he knew there was a possibility of a big score, and that was what counted.” But everything was the big score—everything was the biggest story of a lifetime. And sometimes it yielded results. It took countless calls to *PLAYBOY* photography director Gary Cole and lots of blind alleys before the Suzen Johnson (1997) and Shari Belafonte (2000) photos ran in the magazine’s pages. “He was what we sometimes refer to in this business as a heavy lift,” Rush adds. “That is, he will occasionally pay off. You have to listen to him 20 times for every one thing you can use. But he grew on you. He really did grow on you. What he went through every week was more drama than most people go through in a year.”

5. THE END OF THE ROAD

Schmidt was, probably, just naive enough to think Tom Cruise might give him more than a million dollars for photographs of Cruise’s wedding. In the spring of 2007 Schmidt was contacted by Marc Lewis Gittleman, a computer tech who had stumbled on almost 8,000 photos on a broken laptop one of Cruise’s wedding photographers had brought in



“Oh not much, just sitting around watching a double header.”

for repairs; Gittleman understood there was money to be made.

He contacted Schmidt—without revealing his identity—and the Sultan of Sleaze set about making the money. He contacted Cruise's people in May 2007, sending 13 photos as proof, and came to L.A. for a meeting in June, when he met with a group including Robert Evans, the photographer in charge of the Cruise wedding shots, and a private investigator posing as a member of Cruise's PR team, a former FBI agent named Robert Kilbane. Evans confirmed the photos were legitimate; Schmidt said he had no knowledge of their source but added he could get around copyright law by selling them in Europe or Asia. But he also added he thought a million dollars or so would be a reasonable fee for their return—though, for a smaller fee, he would be happy to help get the photos back if they did turn out to be stolen. It was suggested that, either way, this was illegal.

"Sometimes we have to shitcan legality," Schmidt said, "because you don't know what we'll do. Of course Tom has the legal force to go after us, but if he does, we'll dump it on the World Wide Web." Later he would add that he was just the guy in the middle but that there were only two avenues: a peace-

ful, confidential resolution or a "holy fucking war. It'll be jihad."

Meanwhile Cruise had called the FBI, and the bureau submitted a criminal complaint in July, citing intent to extort in interstate communication. On July 24 Schmidt met with Cruise's representatives and an undercover FBI agent. Schmidt said what he was doing was "legal extortion" and he would "hunt down to hell and back" anyone who messed with him. The FBI arrested him.

After being held briefly in L.A., Schmidt ended up under house arrest back in Phoenix, an ankle bracelet monitoring his movements. His career-crowning score had turned into a career-ending nightmare. He was despondent.

And in a panic. "He called me 10 times a day, seven days a week," his attorney, Nancy Kardon, tells me.

For all his growing notoriety, the years after jail had been tough on Schmidt. Much of his success had come in the form of establishing notoriety; the actual business end had become less transcendent. He may have gotten all the attention for the diaries and photos taken from Paris Hilton's storage locker—announcing he expected a price of somewhere around \$10 million—but he never actually owned them or had any rights to them, despite being named in the lawsuit to recover them. He may actually have had his

hands on salacious photos of Jamie Foxx, but he got only a payment rumored to be about \$20,000 for their return. His big scores were getting smaller and smaller.

"I sometimes wondered how he made a living," Rush says. "So many of these deals didn't pan out."

Often Schmidt seemed as much interested in just being a part of something, connected and noticed, as in getting rich. What he seems to have wanted most from Foxx was to shake the actor's hand in front of a camera. (What he got was a photo with the actor's rep.) And in proposing a deal with Cruise to return the wedding photos, he ended a letter with "Must also stipulate that I will get a 'bona fied [sic] cameo' in all TOM CRUISE FILMS for ever :-)" (Just kidding, but not really!)

Money had become a problem. The federal government imposed a \$130,000 tax lien on his property, his debts in child support were growing, and he was facing not only jail but a significant fine over the Cruise case. Not long after he brokered a deal with PLAYBOY for photos of Kimberly Bell—Barry Bonds's long-time girlfriend—Bell announced that Schmidt had never given her the money PLAYBOY paid for the spread. "Apparently, the day after the funds went into his account, he was arrested by the FBI," Bell told *Howard Stern*. "He used the funds for not only his bail but his attorney and everything else." She added later that Schmidt had offered her a set of china to sell on eBay.

The money, or the china, never got to her; Schmidt was going down the hole. He was broke and desperate.

Efren Ruiz, a friend of Schmidt's for two decades, visited him at home in mid-September.

"Effy, I'm scared," Schmidt told him.

"Shmitty," Ruiz said, "what are you afraid of?"

"I can't go back to jail," Schmidt said.

Schmidt begged Ruiz to take him to Mexico; Ruiz told him to cut it out, that Kardon was working on a deal that could conceivably result in no jail time.

"Fuck it," Schmidt said, according to Ruiz. "You don't understand—I can't go to jail. I'm going to take that Porsche out for one last ride. Drive it over a cliff and that will be that."

"If you do that," Ruiz said, "make sure you gun it."

He had heard it before—Schmidt had made suicide threats in the past. A week or so earlier he told Rush he had tried putting a rope around his neck but backed out at the last minute; Rush was so concerned he called Bert Fields, Tom Cruise's lawyer, to ask if this might lead the judicial system to consider mercy. But Schmidt's depression wasn't simply a reaction to the prospect of jail. In fact, as everyone around him knew, for all his public bragadocio Schmidt had always been prone to horrible bouts of depression.



© 2008 Playboy. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head Design and PLAYMATE are marks of Playboy Enterprises International, Inc. and used under license by Jamster.com.

HOT PLAYMATES
Caught on VIDEO!

Play1192	Play1193	Play1194	Play1195
Play1196	Play1197	Play1198	Play1199

TOO HOT TO SHOW

Lauren Hill
Playmate February 2001
Pic2196



Pic2197
Brooke Taylor



Pic2198
Jennifer Kali

txt to
99711

Check out www.theish.com for more great stuff

HOW TO ORDER

1 Go to Main Menu Phonebook Messages 0	2 Select Message Center Create Message Message Inbox 0 Voicemail 0 Quick Notes	3 Text Orderword Pic2199	4 Send to 99711
--	--	------------------------------------	---------------------------

HOW TO DOWNLOAD

5 Go To Inbox Message Center Create Message Message Inbox 0 Voicemail 0 Browser Msgs 1/1	6 Select Link Browser Msg Inbox The ish! WALLPAPER	7 Start Download Message 1 The ish! Monthly - VIP CLUB From: dwn.theish.com 8:35pm 09/01/08	8 Save and Enjoy!
--	---	--	--------------------------

To access our services you need a cellphone with correct WAP or GPRS configuration enabled. If you have problems downloading, please contact our Customer Care hotline (see below):

NEED HELP? CALL 877-THE-ISH4 OR E-MAIL: CARE@THEISH.COM
SUPPORTED CARRIERS: AT&T SPRINT VERIZON T-MOBILE VIRGIN MOBILE

SCREENSAVERS

--	--	--	--	--

TOO HOT TO SHOW

WALLPAPERS

TOO HOT TO SHOW

ALL CONTENT ITEMS CAN BE REDEEMED WITH THE CHIPS OBTAINED AS PART OF THE MONTHLY THE ISH VIP CLUB SUBSCRIPTION, WHICH IS SUBJECT TO THE TERMS OF SERVICE AT THEISH.COM. IN THE ISH VIP CLUB YOU WILL GET A STACK OF 800 CHIPS THAT IS REFILLED EVERY MONTH, FOR JUST \$7.99/MONTH. REALTONES/VIDEORINGTONES CAN BE REDEEMED FOR 200 CHIPS, GAMES/APPLICATIONS FOR 300 CHIPS (NOT AVAILABLE FOR T-MOBILE, VIRGIN MOBILE & VERIZON WIRELESS CUSTOMERS), ANY OTHER CONTENT ITEM FOR 100 CHIPS. ADDITIONALLY, YOU WILL RECEIVE A BONUS THEISH TONE OF THE MONTH. YOU WILL BE CHARGED ON YOUR CARRIER BILL. CHIPS CAN BE REDEEMED AT THEISH.COM. THE ISH VIP CLUB MEMBERSHIP AUTOMATICALLY RENEWS UNTIL YOU CANCEL. YOU MUST BE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OLD OR HAVE YOUR PARENT'S PERMISSION TO SIGN UP ON THEIR BEHALF. NORMAL MESSAGING/DATA CHARGES APPLY. DO NOT RESEND YOUR ORDER IF YOU DO NOT RECEIVE THE PRODUCT. A CARRIER DATA PLAN IS REQUIRED. IF YOUR HANDSET DOES NOT SUPPORT CONTENT, NEXT BEST SUPPORTED CONTENT IS BEING DELIVERED. **TO TERMINATE YOUR CLUB MEMBERSHIP TEXT „STOP“ TO 99711. QUESTIONS? PLEASE CONTACT CUSTOMER CARE SERVICES AT CARE@THEISH.COM OR CALL 877-THE-ISH4.**

"His parents put him in the Mayo Clinic," Ron Bellus tells me. "And what they said there was, he was not just bipolar but severely bipolar. But he didn't want to take those pills—he always refused the meds. He thought it slowed him down. He had this incredible energy and drive. And then he'd hit bottom. He'd call me up crying on the phone, and then two days later he's up and up, and then eventually it would happen again."

"Listen, I'd heard it before," Ruiz says. "I knew his depressions very well, had been through ups and downs with him many times, but I never thought he'd do it. I loved him. There were so many great and generous things about him, but he was also a huge narcissist. I always thought that would save him from dying—he loved himself too much." Ruiz tried to convince Schmidt to ride out the sentence and then get back on the pills for manic depression, restart his life—get more active in his church, join Ruiz's architectural and design business and start a new career. Schmidt sobbed and hugged him; when Ruiz left he thought he'd defused the situation.

On September 28, a Friday, Phoe-

nix police found Schmidt's body at his home. He had hanged himself in his bathroom.

What pushed him over the edge? Was he afraid of more prison misery—beatings, privation, humiliation? Afraid his career as a person of importance was over? Sent low in a moment of horrible depression, unable to see any rational hope?

"He was really scared," Kardon, his attorney, tells me. "Really scared. But he also said he could handle jail again. I really thought he was going to be okay." And there was a strong chance, she says, that he might have walked away on probation despite his criminal record. Schmidt knew this—knew there was a real chance he would do no jail time. Kardon doesn't feel the prospect of jail alone pushed him over the edge; she mentions an article about Schmidt in *Phoenix* magazine that had come out in September. "He wouldn't let me see it," she says. "He was devastated by it."

The piece, in the October 2007 issue, contains some explosive Schmidt family comments. "Whenever I accomplish something," Schmidt tells the reporter,

David Leibowitz, "[my father] is one of the first people I call, just to spite his ass.... I'll rub his face in it every time. I let that spite fuel me."

Leibowitz asks the elder Schmidt if he loves his son. "Absolutely not," he replies. "How could you find love in your heart for someone who's caused you such pain for so many years?"

On the other hand, Ruiz tells me he saw Schmidt talking to his father on the phone after the story came out—a loving conversation, he said, in which Schmidt arranged for his father to collect his things when he was sent down, told him he loved him. Their last conversation, according to Fred Schmidt, took place on the Wednesday before his son's death and was "brief and pleasant"; later, he says, he and his wife came home to a message from their son that said Fred was a good role model and they were good parents. But there can be little doubt that David Hans Schmidt took a fundamental anger to the end.

"I came to realize he had a kind of 'impostor syndrome,'" his former assistant Andrea Denning tells me. "No matter how successful he was in business, it would never be good enough for his father. I really think it is sad that David carried his father's disapproval with him to the grave."

"He took that *Phoenix* magazine article very hard," Rush says. "But he didn't really take personal responsibility for many of his actions, and typically he would blame his father. He did seem very devoted to his mother. I think if he had gotten the proper care, he might still be alive. He just didn't find someone who could treat him. But on the other hand it was really just his own stubbornness that prevented him from finding what he needed. He was, ultimately, just entirely dedicated to his way of life. And once he couldn't deal in celebrity sex, he didn't know what to do with himself."

"I think the killing factor," says Gary Cole, "was his being outed by Cruise. For him it meant his days as the Sultan of Sleaze were over, and he couldn't bear that thought. He so much as told me before his death."

Toward the end of his memoir Schmidt writes that he, like Van Gogh, never did anything just for the money—not for the "tons of it," he writes, "not the hundreds of thousands and millions." Because, he says, he knew, as Van Gogh did, that the money would follow the fame. Not that the money would follow the pursuit of passion or art or love—rather, that it would follow fame. What David Hans Schmidt wanted, surely like anyone, was love. Instead, he got some measure of celebrity. And found himself in a world, in a life, where he couldn't tell the difference between them. Caught up in an imitation of life. Love on camera. Which is to say, no love at all.



CINDY MARGOLIS

(continued from page 102)

(or would, if Jesus owned lingerie) and not a single pair of granny panties. "The whole time I was married I never wore the same lingerie twice for my husband," she says. Don't get the wrong idea; this is not an Imelda Marcos situation. "I never pay for lingerie," she says, as if no one should ever have to. "I'm not spending my kids' college money on bras and panties. I get it free at photo shoots. The next guy in my life—maybe the contest winner—has scored. I have the most outrageously sexy lingerie, and I haven't worn it for anyone yet."

5. She has solved the age-old paradox of lingerie. You know: Women love putting it on, men can't wait to rip it off. "I like to wear a bra but show my breasts," she says. "I like it open. I like them out, not covered at all. I'll wear garters and stockings but not panties. Or I'll wear crotchless panties. I'll let you see everything you want to see. For me, lingerie is just a pretty package. We can still do everything, and it doesn't have to be ripped off me the second we're getting into it. When we're done I'll still look almost perfect, yet all the parts we needed were, you know, right there to have fun with."

6. She regrets past coyness. For instance, she wishes she'd slept with Matt LeBlanc.

7. She finds significantly younger men "adorable." "Through Playboy I go to nightclubs for promotional events, and I'll be the only person there over 30," she laughs. "I'm bombarded by all these guys in their 20s trying to get my attention. We dance on the bar until two or three in the morning. It's so adorable."

8. You may have met her online already. In her six months of celibate singledom she has dipped into some online dating. But you can't exactly go on Match.com with the handle cindymargolis. "I did find a couple of people I liked on the Internet," she confesses. "But when I told them who I am, they completely changed."

9. She regrets past coyness. Yes, this was also point number six, but she keeps coming back to it: "I was—whatever you might call it—righteous or moral. I think of all the casting-couch opportunities I turned down and I ask myself, Would it really have been so bad? I could have been 10 times more famous if I had just slept with the right people. And if I knew then what I know now, I probably would have done it."

10. She cannot play poker. Sure, she won big in the World Series of Poker, but she was trying to lose. "Pam Anderson was having a party that night," she recalls. "I thought I'd be eliminated early, but I just kept winning. I ended up at the final table, but all I wanted to do was go change into a sexy dress to go to Pam's party. So I just started going all in, every time. I scared the shit out of those guys. I would practically not even look at my cards. I would just say, 'Whatever—all in.' And I could not lose."

11. Her whole career has been much like a card game she can't lose. "I get by on luck and cleavage," she says, still talking poker. But she also tells us, "Every job I got since I was 19 I thought would be my last." She was in the right place at the right time. She kept things family-friendly and managed to build a career on the sandy beach of the early www. "Thank God for AOL," she says. "If not for AOL, I would not be sitting here talking to PLAYBOY."

12. Even in nudity she remains family-friendly. "The first time I posed for PLAYBOY I did a signing in Times Square," she recalls. "Families came to it together—fathers, sons, moms. I hear from fathers, guys who've collected PLAYBOY their whole life, who tell me, 'This is the only time my son and I agree on anything.' It's heartwarming and weird. My nudity brought them together. It's like the only thing they can talk about is my boobs."

13. She gives the people what they want. "When I go on TV I ask the cameramen how they're shooting me," she says. "They'll say, 'From the head up.' I'm like, 'No. You've got to show the gold! Shoot below the boobs. It's always boobs up. Why would you want to hide that?'"

14. She gives a man what he wants. "I'm very good in the bedroom," she says with a knowing laugh. "I have skills." Such as? "I don't know if you can write this." We can write whatever the hell we want; we're PLAYBOY magazine, Cindy. "Well, my husband came up with the name SMBJ—the Super Margolis Blow Job."

15. She won't be having more children, but she wants to help you have them. She wrote a book about fertility and all that, and if you were to read it, you might become better informed. "It has two chapters on vaginas alone," she notes. "I get to go on talk shows and talk about penises and vaginas and sex positions." This privilege is shared by Dr. Ruth Westheimer, who is not nearly as nice to look at as Cindy—and there's the rub, so to speak. Read her book or don't; she just wants you to get your li'l swimmers tested. "I did PLAYBOY for you," she says, addressing all the men in the world. "Women go through all sorts of shit. We get shots, we get poked and prodded, and half the time the problem is the man's. Men get the fun part: Just go in there and give your sample. Take my PLAYBOY with you. I'm naked, and I'm here to help you. Your wife can help too—whatever. Just give your sample. If it takes my taking my clothes off, I'll do it to help families out there. I'm helping America!"

16. She regrets past coyness. Yes, this was point number six and point number nine. But she's still not sure we get the picture. "I didn't lose my virginity until after high school," she says with a sigh. "I always joke that I'm going to tell my girls to be sluts in high school. I'm going to tell them to have fun."



Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 92–93 and 98–99, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Pages 92–93 *Arnold Brant*, available at select Nordstrom stores. *Canali*, www.canali.it. *Johnston & Murphy*, johnstonandmurphy.com. *Kenneth Gordon*, 800-234-1433. *Levi's*, levis.com.

ACROSS THE BOARD

Pages 98–99: *Adidas*, shop.adidas.com. *Christys' Crown Series*, christyshats.com. *Costa Del Mar*, costadelmar.com. *Express*, express.fashion.com. *Freeze 24-7*, freeze247.com. *H&M*, hm.com. *Kiehl's*, kiehls.com. *Original Penguin*, originalpenguin.com. *Paul & Shark*, paulshark.it. *Playboy*, shopthebunny.com. *Playboy Surf by Wallin*, wallinsurfboards.com. *Speedo*, speedo.com. *Steve Madden*, stevemadden.com. *Stussy*, 323-933-2251. *Timex*, timex.com. *TKO*, tkowatches.com. *TX*, saksfifthavenue.com. *Ugg*, uggaustralia.com. *Zirh*, zirh.com.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCES, BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, CHUCK GALLYON, CINDY LEE JOHNSON, ©JEFF MINTON/CORBIS OUTLINE; P. 6 NICEL PARRY; P. 9 DAVID KLEIN (2), JAMES TREVENEN (4); P. 10 DAVID KLEIN (5), ELAYNE LODGE (3), LODGEJOHANSSON (5); P. 16 CHRISTOPHER HIRSHEIMER; P. 18 ©ITV PLC; P. 19 JARMO POHJANIEMI; P. 20 GETTY IMAGES (2); P. 23 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (5); P. 24 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (4); P. 29 AP WIDE WORLD, CORBIS, COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GETTY IMAGES (4); P. 31 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 32 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 40 AP WIDE WORLD; P. 41 AP WIDE WORLD (2), CORBIS, GETTY IMAGES; P. 42 AP WIDE WORLD (3); P. 43 AP WIDE WORLD, COURTESY OF FREE PRESS, GETTY IMAGES, NEWS.COM; P. 47 TIBOR BOZIVRETNA LTD., COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (5); P. 60 COURTESY OF JAMIE BIVERS/PARAMOUNT, COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, HELLBOY™ COURTESY OF DARK HORSE COMICS, INC./COPYRIGHT ©2008 MIKE MIGNOLA, STEPHEN VAUGHAN/WARNER BROS./PHOTOFEST, ©2008 MARK MILLAR AND J.C. JONES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. WANTED, THE WANTED LOGOS AND THE LIKENESS OF ALL FEATURED CHARACTERS ARE TRADEMARKS OF MARK MILLAR AND J.C. JONES; P. 61 COURTESY OF DC COMICS, COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (2), COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL STUDIOS (2), ©2008 PARAMOUNT/MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT/ZADE ROSENTHAL; P. 62 COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, ©DC COMICS ©2008 WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC. (2), CHUCK HODES/©2008 UNIVERSAL STUDIOS; PP. 66–69 C. BROWN & BIGELOW, INC., ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA (4); P. 70 FRANK OCKENFELS@THE CW PHOTOGRAPHER/PHOTOFEST; P. 71 JUPITER IMAGES, CHRIS SAUNDERS/RETNA, LARS SCHARL, DANIEL ZITTO; P. 72 GETTY IMAGES, ANTOINE VERGLAS; P. 73 AP WIDE WORLD; P. 89 COURTESY OF RED LIGHT DISTRICT, NEWS.COM, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, SPLASH NEWS; PP. 98–99 RUDI AYASSE (3); P. 99 COURTESY OF STEVE & BARRY'S, DK IMAGES (4); P. 100 CPI; P. 131 PAUL BERMAN; P. 132 SIMON MAH, ANDY PEARLMAN, SIPA PRESS, JAMES TREVENEN, DENISE TRUSCELLO/WIREIMAGE.COM, LACY WEATHERS/BEE; P. 140 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (2); P. 15 HAIR AND MAKEUP BY NICOLE ARMJO, STYLING BY NIKI SCHWAN, BLACK NEGLIGEE AND GLOVES PROVIDED BY SHIRLEY OF HOLLYWOOD; PP. 45–46 GROOMING BY JOANNA PENSINGER FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS MANAGEMENT; PP. 98–99 HAIR BY CHARLEY CHRISTEN, MAKEUP BY JUNKO KIOKA, PROP STYLING BY EYAL BARUCH; P. 100 GROOMING BY LISA GARNER FOR ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO, PROP STYLING BY LAURENT LABRIE FOR HALLEY RESOURCES, STYLING BY JENNIFER CRAWFORD FOR SYDNEY REPRESENTS. COVER: MODEL: CINDY MARGOLIS, PHOTOGRAPHER: STEPHEN WAYDA, HAIR AND MAKEUP: TAMARA OGDEN AND CHANDA HUTTON, STYLIST: REBECCA BROUGH, PRODUCER: ROB WILSON.

DR. DREW PINSKY

(continued from page 48)

driven by our sexuality—then the real surprise is that stories like this are not more common. Why don't more men cheat? In fact the reason more men don't cheat is because they have other priorities that supersede the impulse. Every man understands the desire. I certainly get the impulse. But I would never cheat. It would be intolerable. You don't put yourself in situations in which that train could leave the station. It would be so shattering to me.

In Spitzer's case I have a few basic theories. One is he's severely narcissistic and part of him is walled off, a part he can never show to his wife. But because he's narcissistic, he had to express it somehow, and it was easiest to rationalize doing it with a prostitute. Somehow that made it a special case. Another possibility is he and Ashley Dupré were involved for a while as part of this prostitution ring and he actually fell in love with her and couldn't stop himself. That's the most romantic spin. The Freudian analysis may be that Spitzer was reacting to his father, who is

known to be a harsh person—a guy who came from nothing and clawed his way to success. Here Spitzer is outdoing his dad. But those guys often have a self-destructive impulse that doesn't allow them to stay on track without guilt or remorse. They would sooner obliterate themselves than surpass what Dad did.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn our attention to pornography. Not long ago industry giants were raking in big bucks putting porn on the Internet. Now on sites like RedClouds and YouPorn, amateurs show it off for free. What's your take on all these citizen pornographers?

PINSKY: It's weird. I don't think people are anticipating the consequences. Those videos stay up forever. You're 18 and stupid now, but what will you think in 20 years when your kids find it? It has something to do with how we all shove video cameras in kids' faces from the time they're, like, one, and every second of their life is in front of the video or cell-phone camera. It's as though you don't exist without being on video. Couple that with the desire for fame—and people have no limit to how far they'll go for fame—and you begin to understand why all these celebrity sex tapes are popping up. The moti-

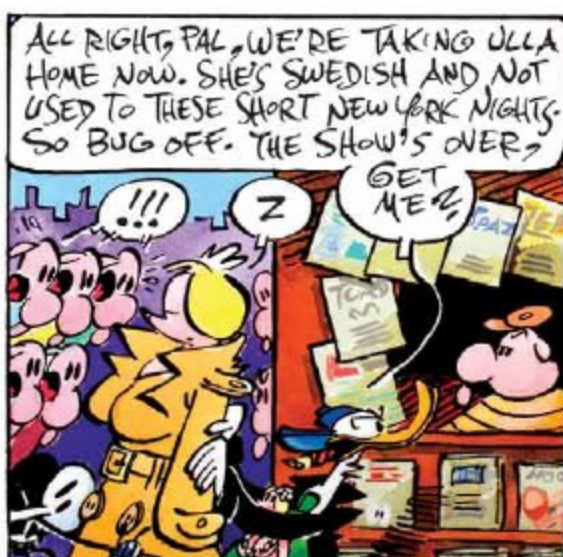
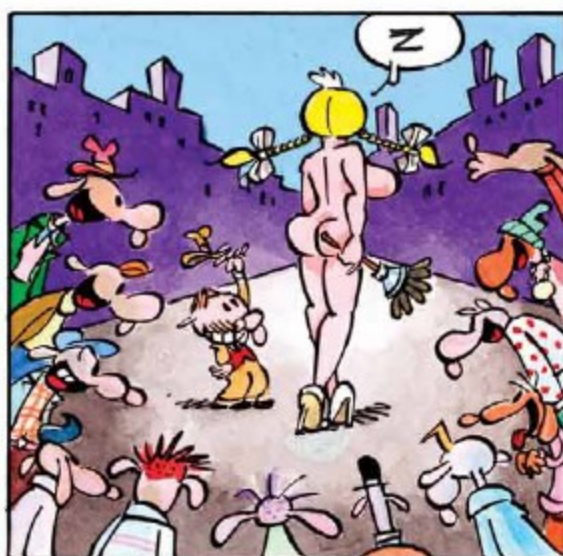
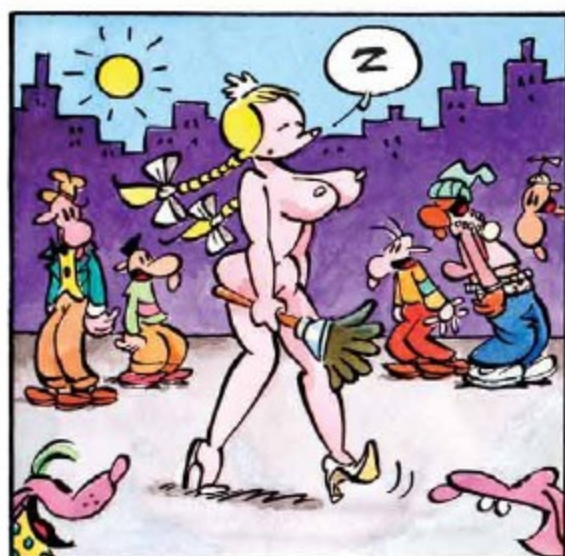
vation for fame is autonomous and deep. **PLAYBOY:** How is the proliferation of porn changing sex?

PINSKY: It has totally changed things: The young male's expectations of how women will respond to sex, what women want and how they want it are way off from the reality of who women are. A lot of kids have grown up watching porn, and one expectation is that women like physically rough, aggressive penetration. They don't. Another is that women are as sexually charged as their male partners. They're not. And let's not even talk about anal sex.

PLAYBOY: Actually, let's talk about anal sex.

PINSKY: Well, anal sex isn't really on the radar screen if you're 40 or over, but younger guys have a preoccupation with it. They really want it. I've noticed this going strong for about eight years. At first I thought maybe it meant there was a lot of misogynistic anger about the feminism of the past 20 years, and anal sex was some sort of backlash. But then I realized it's probably the result of pornography. It hasn't been established in science, but my relationship with **PLAYBOY** bears this out. Men in early and mid-adolescence have a period of plasticity or receptivity

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



neurobiologically, during which they start equating sexual images with desire. And what arouses males around the ages of 13 to 15 becomes fixed, becomes must-have. For me, I found it all in PLAYBOY, and that became my must-have.

Now a lot of guys discover pornography online, which is much different, and anal sex is always on the menu in pornography. One strange side effect is that anal sex has become a surrogate for maintaining virginity. Young women will call and say, "Well, I'm still a virgin, but me and my boyfriend were doing anal sex, so I'm still a virgin by doing anal sex," which to me is, like, What? Virginity has become some sort of technicality. As a result, the baseball diamond has been revised. Oral sex is now second base, which astonishes me. Oral sex was once something in the dugout after you got to home plate—it was sort of perverse, extreme. Now it's the same as making out, thanks in no small part to the whole Bill Clinton thing. But what's lost is the notion that virginity once implied chastity. Anal sex is not chastity! We do a lot of coaching on *Loveline* to say "Hey, it's not necessary to do anal just because you saw it in a video or heard Howard Stern talking about it."

PLAYBOY: Not to be obtuse, but what's so wrong with anal sex?

PINSKY: It's very simple: That part of the body wasn't made for doing that, and I dread to see what will happen to these women down the line. Once women hit their seventh and eighth decades of life, a lot of anal pathology kicks in without having anal sex. So I mean, it won't be pretty. You get fistulas, abscesses and, later, prolapses. One night on *Loveline* we talked to a nurse who was a surgical prosthetics salesperson, and she said her company's biggest growth area was anal prosthetics and sphincter replacements, which are little rubber—

PLAYBOY: Oh God, say no more! Um, let's see—what has been your craziest call in 25 years?

PINSKY: There have been a lot of them, but one that really stands out was a guy who called and said, "I can't understand why chicks always freak out when they find out what I was in jail for." And we go, "Found out that you were in jail?" "No, no, what I was in jail for." "Well, did you murder somebody?" "No." "What happened?" "I stole a head." "Huh?" This guy had broken into a cemetery, pried the marble front off a mausoleum, twisted some old lady's head off, freaked out his little brother with it and then boiled the skull and put it in his snake's aquarium because it needed some decoration. That was horrible.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there also a hostage situation?

PINSKY: Ah, yes, Fletcher Dragge from the band Pennywise. It started off with his vomiting on me and ended with his

threatening to blow us all to pieces with a hand grenade. He got drunk during the show and put his finger down his throat to throw up. He must have weighed 320 pounds, and he was stomping around the studio like Frankenstein's monster. He started throwing up across the sound board. Everybody cleared out of the room except me. I climbed on a cabinet so I could get eyeball to eyeball with him, and I remember punching him in the face. It was like a cartoon. I punched him as hard as I could, and he didn't flinch or move.

That was his first visit. Then he came back. He was going to make peace, but he got wasted again. He went totally insane and began talking gibberish. He kicked everybody out of the room and locked me and Adam in there with him. His own security guy came in. He was huge, and Fletch beat him to a pulp. Then he put his massive foot against the door and said, "That's it. You guys are mine. I've got a grenade." A SWAT team filled the control room, with guns drawn, and they got him out of there after about an hour. He didn't have a grenade, but it was not my favorite experience on the show.

PLAYBOY: Is that what made you start working out? Your arms are huge.

PINSKY: I used to work out a lot as a kid. At one time I was nutty about it. Now it's mostly a stress reliever. I have a gym in my garage, and I try to get in there three days a week. My life is like a jigsaw puzzle or spinning plates, so it's essential to have that outlet.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on steroids? We use all sorts of technology to become better, stronger and faster. What's wrong with a little artificial help?

PINSKY: I've thought about that a lot, actually. I knew all about steroids before anybody because I was in that world of bodybuilders and gyms when I was 20. These gym rats would confide in me because I was in medical school. They told me what they were doing, and then they would deny it to everybody else. I watched some guys go from 17-year-old nothings to Mr. America with endorsements. For them, it was as if you could go from being a novice pianist to Mozart in two years just by taking a pill. How could they not be tempted by that? Of course, I see them now and they're dying from the stuff. There's depression, mania, rage and physical consequences that will cut their life short by 10 to 20 years. It's their choice. I'm not sure what to think about the ethics of it all, but I must admit it's kind of exciting to watch these guys in baseball hitting the ball out of the park. And I don't think Congress should spend billions of tax dollars to investigate it. It's a player's prerogative.

PLAYBOY: It's a scary world out there. What's it like with your triplets being 15? That's the age when all the sex,



Ask for **FREE Great Sex DVD** with order!

Gift 482: One Size One for \$23

Both colors only \$37

Fireworks Nightie 3-pc set

Has ribbon tie straps and bows. Arrives in gift box with stockings and FREE matching G-string! One size. Red or Black. Only \$23!

800-726-7035
panties.com

ATHENA PHEROMONE 10x™



Get more affection from women with Athena's 10X

Developed by Dr. Winnifred Cutler, co-discoverer of human pheromones in 1986. Unscented fragrance additives for men and women.

"I love the way my woman just has to get next to me when I have this stuff on!!!" -Peter, PA

"Stuff works...I'm exhausted" -note on reorder form

Call 610-827-2200 or view the science and Order Online at

Athenainstitute.com

drinking and drugs kick in, right?

PINSKY: I'm less freaked out about the sex than about drugs and alcohol. From hearing me talk, they know condoms are essential. They know about the perils of STDs and the complications of relationships. But drugs worry me. I don't think kids ever tell you if they're using drugs and alcohol, but I put it on record that if there's even a hint of something, I will bring the whole thing down. I'll have their asses hauled in by the police.

PLAYBOY: So you're not one of those parents who say "You can drink as long as it's under my roof"?

PINSKY: To me that's the worst kind of parenting. Drink here but not there? Please! It becomes "You can drink everywhere," because that's how the adolescent brain works. Kids need very clear boundaries. My thing is, if you do something illegal, you're going to jail and I'm not bailing you out. And they know I've got perfect radar, too. The other thing is, don't ever say "Not my kid." *Not my kid* are some of the most dangerous words a parent can say.

PLAYBOY: What's your history of drug use?

PINSKY: Mine personally? Because my kids may read this, I'm going to follow the advice I give to parents, which is that talking to your kids about what you did or did not do as an adolescent is the equivalent of issuing them a license to pick up where you left off. I guarantee you. I've been through this thousands of times. When parents tell their kids, "Well, I experimented with pot when I was 15, but that was all," the kids will think, Of course I'm going to experiment with pot. They did it; why shouldn't I? It would be hypocritical.

PLAYBOY: So what do you say to kids?

PINSKY: You say "We don't talk about it."

PLAYBOY: Come on! Tell kids that and they immediately think it means you did it!

PINSKY: When the child hears that, it has an entirely different impact on his behavior than my saying "Let me tell you about my experience." If you did or didn't do drugs, it's not up for discussion. Don't lie to your kids—never do that—but you aren't obliged to tell them everything.

PLAYBOY: Won't kids rebel against hard-ass parenting?

PINSKY: I can't control what my children do in college. But while they're living with me, forget it. The younger these patterns start, the harder they are to break. If I were Britney Spears's parent, I would find out what she's doing, pack her into a car, send her off loaded with all her drugs and call the police. That's the way her life is going to be saved. But you haven't asked me yet what I would do after I brought the hammer down.

PLAYBOY: Good question.

PINSKY: I would get them treatment, which, by the way, is exactly what the government doesn't do for addicts.

The government just gives them more jail and more punishment. Once I brought the force of God to bear, that would be the end of that, and we would go therapeutic from then on. If the government took a therapeutic posture, we would see the beginning of the end of the addiction pandemic. There's always money for another jail cell, but there's no money for treatment, and that's horrible. That's pathetic. That's really why 60 percent of people in jail are there for drug-related offenses. It's ridiculous. They're not bad people. They're drug addicts, and they can be treated. There is treatment for them, and we should be throwing resources at them as much as possible, but people don't want to believe it's possible to make them better. It's hard to get them better. They don't get better until they have to, I'll give you that. But they will get better.

PLAYBOY: Incidentally, with two daily radio shows, multiple medical practices, speaking engagements, television appearances and three hyperaware ado-

If I were Britney Spears's parent, I would find out what she's doing, pack her into a car, send her off loaded with all her drugs and call the police.

lescents, how do you and your wife find time to bump uglies?

PINSKY: We manage to do that. Trust me, we do. Thank God. Probably a little less than I'd like to and a little more than she'd like to, such as it is. But we go to dinner every Friday and Saturday night. I'm very happily married, to my surprise. I didn't expect marriage to be so hot. I was one of those guys who thought you live your life, you marry and you die. We started dating when we were 24, which means I've been with her longer than without her. It was crazy with her at the beginning when it felt like something from the eons was pulling on my genes. It was weird. That's still there. That does not go away. Usually that kind of attraction comes from a very pathological place and puts you in dysfunctional relationship after dysfunctional relationship, but with us it seems to work.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever enjoy a glass of wine?

PINSKY: Sure. I have two glasses of wine a week, and I don't seem to have a problem with it. I'm not a guy who goes out and splits a bottle of wine with my wife,

because I don't like to drink and drive. Our rule is we have one glass and split the second glass, and that's fine. Lately I feel weird drinking in public. I certainly won't do it around patients or in a professional context since I know it makes people uncomfortable. But it doesn't feel like a temptation. People assume I'm super straight-edge and somehow out to bum everyone's high. That's not my intention.

PLAYBOY: So what is your pathology? How would Dr. Drew diagnose Dr. Drew?

PINSKY: I'd say there was probably an overly enmeshed, gratifying infancy followed by too rapid a rupture from that, as well as some lingering narcissistic co-dependency.

PLAYBOY: Huh?

PINSKY: That's psychobabble for not making a smooth transition from the idealized narcissistic union with your parents into autonomy and independence. That transition didn't go smoothly for me. I pushed my parents away. Now my pathology is I experience myself almost totally through other people. Someone asks me to do something, and I do it—at the expense of the rest of my life, even if it means time away from my family. But after years of working on myself in therapy I've been able to hone that into something I can turn on and off. I think I'm pretty healthy, but it took years and years of work to get there.

PLAYBOY: What's gayer, your lifelong love of opera or Adam Carolla doing *Dancing With the Stars*?

PINSKY: [Laughs] They are exactly equivalent. Adam finally caught up to my estrogen level. He gave me 10 years of shit for opera, but now he's in the club.

PLAYBOY: After a career spent focusing on dysfunction, disease and dubious sexual behavior, are you still optimistic about humanity?

PINSKY: I am incredibly optimistic. I'm awed by the sensitivity and awareness of young people. These are tough times, no doubt, and things may get worse. Let's put it this way: When Rome finally did go down, I don't think they were talking about it going down. But it seems there's enough dynamism, healthiness and thoughtfulness to turn this around. Young people are finally getting that the unrestrained behaviors of the past 40 years weren't some cool part of the counterculture. They were actual pathologies. So now when someone at the age of 16 says "I'm just a sexual person," kids are starting to realize that's code for "I was sexually abused." Or "Hey, it's funny to do pot on weekends" or to laugh at wacky drunk celebrities—no, this is serious shit, and people are getting that now. The more we're aware of all this, the healthier we'll be as a society.



NOBODY MOVE

(continued from page 96)

"Look, man, look," Luntz said, "let's call Juarez. Let me talk to the Man himself."

"Juarez is not a talker."

"Come on. Don't we know each other? What's the problem?"

Gambol said, "My brother just died."

"What?"

"He died exactly a week ago."

Luntz knew nothing about any brother. How do you reason with someone who throws something like that into the conversation?

Meanwhile they were heading north. Bakersfield stank of oil and natural gas. In the most unlikely places, in the middle of a shopping mall or next to one of those fancy new churches, all glass and swooping curves, you'd see oil rigs with their heads going up and down.

"Used to fish up here with my brother," Gambol said, "somewhere around here anyway. On the Feather River."

Luntz unclasped his hands from each other and looked at them. "What?"

"Once, to be exact. We went fishing one time. We should've done it more."

The road was a four-lane but not an interstate. The clock on the dash said four P.M.

"Where are we?"

"We're just driving around," Gambol said. "Why? You need to be someplace?"

Luntz placed his hands on his knees and sat up straight. "Where are we going?"

"On this kind of trip, you don't want to ask where it ends."

Luntz closed his eyes.

When he opened them he saw a crowd of bikers on Harleys coming toward them and sweeping past.

Gambol said, "See that? Half those bikies had Oregon plates. I think there's a convention in Oakland or someplace like that. Guess what. I've never been on a motorcycle."

"Shit," Luntz said.

"What?"

"Nothing. Those bikers. Shit," he said. "The Feather River. Is there a

Feather River Tavern or something?"

"The river's not anywhere around here. It's more north. Guess what. You'll never get me on a Harley."

"Yeah?"

"Helmet or not. What good is a helmet?"

"The Feather fucking River," Luntz said.

Standing at the pay phone, Jimmy Luntz punched a nine and a one and stopped. He couldn't hear the dial tone. His ears still rang. That old Colt revolver made a bang that slapped you silly.

He dropped the receiver and let it dangle a few seconds. He shook his head and wiped both hands across the thighs of his

"The rest stop north of the Tastee-Freeze and north of Oroville. What's his condition, can you tell me?"

Luntz said, "He got shot in the leg. How do you make a tourniquet?"

"Just apply direct pressure to the wound. Is he conscious?"

"He's fine, honey. But the blood's just pouring."

"Apply pressure. Put a clean cloth down and press hard on the wound with the palm of your hand."

"I'll do that, yeah, but I mean—can you get here pretty quick?"

She started talking again, and he hung up.

He found his lighter and got his Camel going. Took several deep puffs, threw it aside.

He went across the rest stop under the evergreens to where Gambol sat propped against the left rear wheel of his Cadillac, looking very pale. Very large. He'd removed his white golfing hat. What a head. A huge head. His entire right pant leg was soaked black with blood. The white hat lay beside him.

Luntz bent from his waist and unbuckled Gambol's belt, and Gambol opened his big foreign-looking eyes.

Luntz said, "I need your belt for a tourniquet."

He put his foot between the man's big legs and dragged the belt free through the loops around his fat middle. "Look, brother," he said to Gambol, "I hope you understand."

Gambol breathed deep a couple times but didn't seem able to speak.

Luntz said, "Am I supposed to sit around and wait for you to break my arm? When was the last time you got a broken bone?"

Gambol sucked air in gasps. He felt for his hat beside him, brought it to his chest and held it there. "Guess what," he managed to say. "I got a busted thighbone right this minute."

"I called 911, so just hang on."

With surprising energy, Gambol suddenly tossed away his white hat. The wind caught it, and it sailed a dozen yards into the trees. Then he seemed to lose consciousness.



This exclusive digital collection, the first volume of the *Playboy Cover to Cover* series to be published by decade, offers access to every 1950s issue. Each issue is contained in an easily and quickly searchable archive on your Mac or PC. Package contains one DVD-ROM disk, one install disk, a reprint of the very first issue, featuring Marilyn Monroe, and a 224-page companion book.

13193 *Playboy Cover to Cover: The 50s Digital Collection* \$100

Order today at playboystore.com and receive FREE shipping.

Enter source code MG762 during checkout to receive free standard shipping and handling on your first U.S. order and to see offer details.

Sales tax: On orders shipped to NJ (non-apparel) add 7%, IL add 8%.

(Canadian orders accepted.) We accept most major credit cards.

©2008 Playboy

slacks. He jabbed at the one again as he put the phone to his head. Some woman said, "Palo County Sheriff's Department. What is your emergency?"

"A guy. This guy," he said. "A guy's been shot."

"What is your name and location, sir?"

"Well, we're at this rest stop north of the Tastee-Freeze on Seventy, somewhere past Ortonville. Way past Ortonville."

"Sir. Do you mean Oroville?"

"On the nose," he said. He searched with his free hand for a cigarette.

"Do you see a milepost marker, sir?"

"No. There's these big pines right by the road. Kind of behind there."

Luntz dropped the belt in Gambol's bloody lap. He parted the lapels of Gambol's camel-hair sports coat and reached inside for Gambol's wallet and pocketed it.

He hiked his slacks and squatted and felt under the car where the old gun had ended up, found the thing and stood up straight gripping the gun with both hands. He placed the muzzle against Gambol's forehead and rested one thumb on the hammer.

Gambol seemed oblivious. His hands lay open on either side of his outstretched legs, and his belly went up and down.

Luntz took his thumb from the hammer and let out his breath and lowered the gun. "Fuck. Put that around your leg. The belt, man. Wake up, man." Gambol's face was like a stupid child's as he grasped an end of the belt with each hand to drag it up under his bloody leg. "Through the buckle there, the buckle," Luntz said. "It's a tourniquet," he said as he got in the car.

He settled himself into the Caddy's white leather. He turned the key. He lowered the window and called out, "You better move, Gambol, because this Caddy's about to roll."

He yanked the stick into drive and floored it out of the parking lot and, at the highway's entrance, slammed the brake hard.

They'd be coming from the south, he guessed, from the hospital in Ortonville, Oroville, wherever. He turned north.

After he passed a Highway Patrol car heading toward him fast, lights whirling, he simply couldn't drive any farther and hooked into a cafe's parking lot on the outskirts of a town.

He put the Caddy behind the building and wiped his face with his sleeve. Sweat soaked his shirt and vest. He touched the dials of the climate control tenderly, stupidly, couldn't make sense of them. Got out and removed the jacket and tie and vest and stood in the breeze, grabbed the door frame and bent double and vomited sour green liquid between his black shoes.

In the men's room Luntz stood at the urinal a full minute, but nothing came out of him. He flushed anyway. He put his hands on the sink and bowed his head and breathed several times in and out before raising his eyes to the mirror.

•
Around 11 A.M. Anita Desilvera went to the movies with a half-pint of Popov vodka in her purse. As she approached the building, she caught a glimpse of the poster for this epic: *The Last Real Champ*.

She bought a ticket from the stone-faced man in the box and went inside. She purchased a large pink lemonade, and on her way into the auditorium she dumped half of it into the drinking fountain with a clatter of ice cubes. Made her way down the aisle in the dark to one of the front rows. She sat down leaving her coat on and bowed her face against the seat in front of her for several seconds, then raised it up weeping.

Opened the bottle and poured the vodka into her drink, kicked the empty under the next seat.

This movie appeared to be about prizefighters. Gigantic boxing gloves plowed great globs of sweat from fore-

heads and jowls in extreme close-up. A man alone two rows ahead of her jerked and grunted as he followed the action—"Huh! Hah! Hoh!"

While men on the screen beat each other's faces to pieces she sat in the dark and got 30 percent drunk and found a kerchief in the pocket of her overcoat and buried her face in it and wept with greater abandon. There was really no other place for the wife of the Palo County prosecutor to gulp down booze and grieve. She didn't even have a key to her own house. They'd taken everything but the car.

When her watch said 10 minutes till noon she made her way to the washroom and got her face back together and ran a brush through her hair and went out to the glaring street.

The Packard Room lay two blocks from the theater. She walked briskly and breathed deeply. Outside the place she smoothed her gray skirt and straightened her coat, and as she entered the cool light of the greenhouse dining room she kept her shoulders back and made sure to smile with her entire face.

Hank Desilvera sat over in the corner looking rich. He smiled back at her like the Prince of All Tomorrow while dipping to get papers from his briefcase.

By the time she'd draped her coat on the empty chair and sat herself down, the meanest meal of her life lay at her place: the plea agreement. The letter of resignation. The waiver. Three copies of each.

She picked up the pen and signed. Flushing her life away took 45 seconds.

Hank just laughed and put the stuff back in his briefcase beside his chair. He shrugged. He managed to make all this seem like a tough loss for her in what was sure to be an otherwise glorious season.

He could fuck you, frame you and roll you onto the street—and expect you to be having fun.

"Tanneau has the rest of it," he said. Tanneau was the judge. The rest of it was the divorce papers.

"Hank," she said, "can't we work on this? We can work this out. Look," she said, "I know how to forgive. I believe in forgiveness." She'd intended to sit all the way through this lunch, display a little style, but two minutes into it she'd already made herself a beggar.

"Not every day comes out symmetrical, Babylove."

"Don't ever call me that."

"Babylove," he said, and the word went right down through her. "What about the Cajun chicken?"

"What?"

"It's new."

"New?"

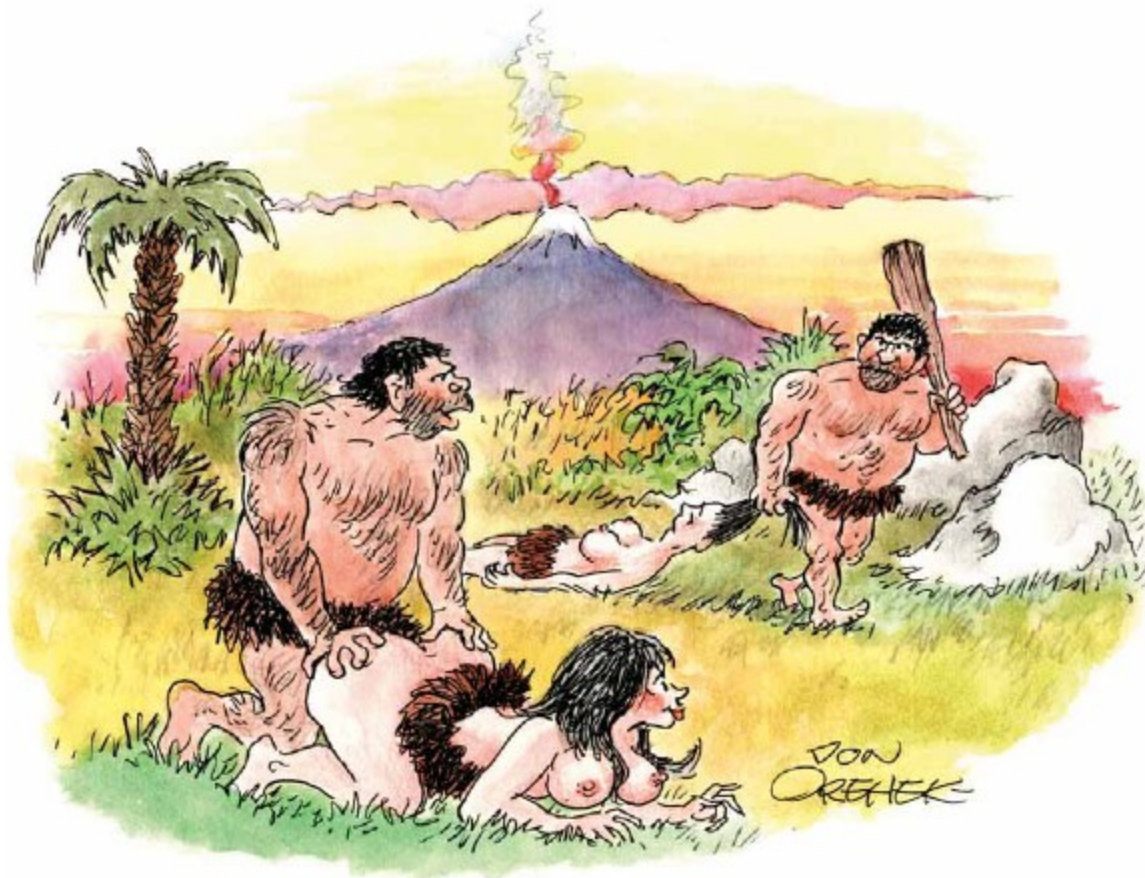
"Yeah. Try the Cajun chicken."

"I'd love to! But I've got a conflict." She was already getting her coat on.

"Will you mail me my copies?"

"Where to?" he said.

"Where to?"



"Guess what, Zog, you don't have to bop 'em first."

"TIRED OF SEX PILLS THAT DON'T WORK?"™

TRY IT FREE & SEE!



Say Goodbye to Painful Headaches, Worthless Herbal Pills, And All The Other Junk That Never Ever Works!

New Super Sex Pill From Europe Works In 35 Minutes And Lasts Up To 24 Hours Now Available In America!

TRY IT FREE

THE ONE THAT WORKS.

ZYREXIN

You can now try the all-natural super sex pill from Europe. It is safe, doctor approved, no prescription is required, it is unlike anything you have ever tried, and as it is introduced to America you can try it free! This new blockbuster sex pill is called *Zyrexin*! It works in less than one hour and it lasts a full 24 hours! It doesn't cause headaches, feels natural - NOT a "drug-like" artificial feeling! It works the very first time you use it. Just take two capsules and in about 35 minutes you will have the biggest, firmest, erection of your life! What it does to your Erectile Quality is amazing! You will be thrilled, and even stunned, with how well it works! Plus, it sky-rockets your stamina and "lasting-ability!"

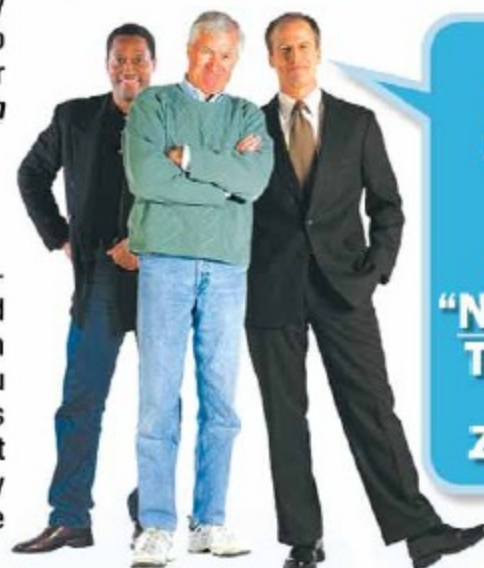
Don't Be Fooled By Worthless Pills!

Are you sick of ads for herbal pills on TV and in magazines! Most of them are worthless. It's true. Just a bunch of lies, tricks, and junk science that never ever work. Do other pills work for you but give you a headache? Or have you tried popular American pills and they simply don't work for you? Don't worry. Relax and forget them all! Your sex life is about to change. It is going to be turbo-charged! Call and try *Zyrexin* free. You will know in one hour why it is the top rated sex pill in Europe, and why men of all ages are switching to *Zyrexin* every day! It is literally taking over the market!

Don't Take ANY Sex Pill Until You Try Zyrexin!

Imagine how great you will feel to know you can have sex "on-demand" without side-effects, without going to the drug store, with complete and total privacy. Imagine how thrilled your lover will be with the "new you." We could talk all day about why *Zyrexin* is the best in the world - but we would rather show you. We can tell you man-to-man, you will love it! You risk nothing! So don't miss out. See how it feels, how strong it is. Remember, *Zyrexin* was brought to America to make money and we would be foolish to give it away FREE if it didn't work right? Of course. But we know once you try it - you will buy it. So, we want you to try it FREE. You simply provide \$3.95 to help cover the cost of shipping & handling. Your sex life is too important to pass on this. So call now!

- Will Not Cause Headaches
- Will Not Cause Blue Vision
- Used By Millions With No Side Effects
- Not A Synthetic Drug
- No Prescription Required
- Rated The #1 Natural Sex Pill In The World!



Listen To What Men Are Saying About Zyrexin! Hear Real "No Bull" Audio Testimonials At Zyrexin.com

GET ZYREXIN FREE! CALL NOW 1-800-301-4027
Or for more information visit us on the web at www.zyrexin.com

All Packages sent in a plain package to ensure your privacy. Limit one free per household.

These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Must be over the age 18.

"What's the address? Where do you live these days?"

She stood staring at him while they both realized she had absolutely no answer to the question. She grabbed up the papers and stuffed them in the pocket of her coat and left.

And now for Judge Tanneau and the writ of divorce.

Tanneau had his offices in a renovated brick building, formerly a power station, now a high-rent fortress of commerce and law. He owned it. Despite all the vodka, the idea of seeing him had her heart pounding as she walked in the sunshine, in the aroma of evergreens, in all these atmospheres covering the stench. She would take the stairs, she would announce herself, she'd be ushered into the aura of his greatness, and he'd stand politely while she seated herself before his desk. He'd take his place behind it, fold his hands, lean toward her and stare at her in mild confusion and sorrow, as if

he couldn't think of any reason why she'd come. He looked like a TV preacher with his big white coif, sentimental and telegenic. It could only have been a matter of time before he and Hank Desilvera had rubbed together and caught fire and started burning anybody fool enough to get close to either of them. And she'd gotten close to both: secretary to the judge, wife of the county prosecutor.

When she got to Tanneau's office, the brand-new secretary claimed he wasn't in. "I'm sorry—did you have an appointment?"

"He needed a signature."

But this new secretary, Anita's replacement, a middle-aged woman in a chestnut frock, found nothing in the files for Anita Desilverio.

"Desilver-a. For Jesus's sake. Mrs. Henry Desilvera? The divorce agreement?"

"Oh. God. Yes," her replacement said.

She had the copies in her in-basket. Anita signed all three and kept one.

"Allow me." She dropped two copies in the basket marked OUT. Six months from now—that would be that. In a single morning with some documents and a little ink, she'd made herself a vagrant, a felon and a future divorcée.

She turned and slapped the judge's door three times with the flat of her hand. "You know I'm out here."

Her replacement drew a quick breath. "I told you—the judge isn't in."

Anita put both her hands flat against the door. She laid her cheek against its wood. "Eight hundred bucks a month. Forever."

Her replacement reached for the phone.

"If I have to pay restitution for the rest of my life, guess what. You can expect to hear me yell."

"Yell outside, then. The judge isn't in there. He's in the hospital."

"Really?"

"He went for a biopsy Friday, and they took him right into surgery."

"I hope he dies."

"You're drunk."

"Not yet. But I like the way you think."

Gambol permitted himself to rest on his back on the tarmac for one minute, checking this interval by his wristwatch, and then rolled himself over onto his belly and put his palms flat against the pavement on either side of his shoulders. He rested 30 seconds before he raised himself. He crawled forward on two hands and one knee, head hanging, taking ragged breaths, hauling his wounded leg toward the protection of the pines.

Propped against a tree trunk he rested for two minutes. When he opened his eyes the branches overhead seemed to rush away into the sky.

He got his cell phone in his hand and punched Juarez on the speed dial.

"Yowsah. Mistah Gambolino."

"I need a doctor."

"So get a doctor."

"I need a friendly doctor. I'm shot, man."

"Shot?"

"That fucking Jimmy Luntz."

"What?"

"That fucking Jimmy Luntz shot me."

"What?"

"I need a doctor. And I need a ride. I need him to come and get me. I need a ride."

"You hurt bad? You can't drive?"

"The fucker took my car."

"What?"

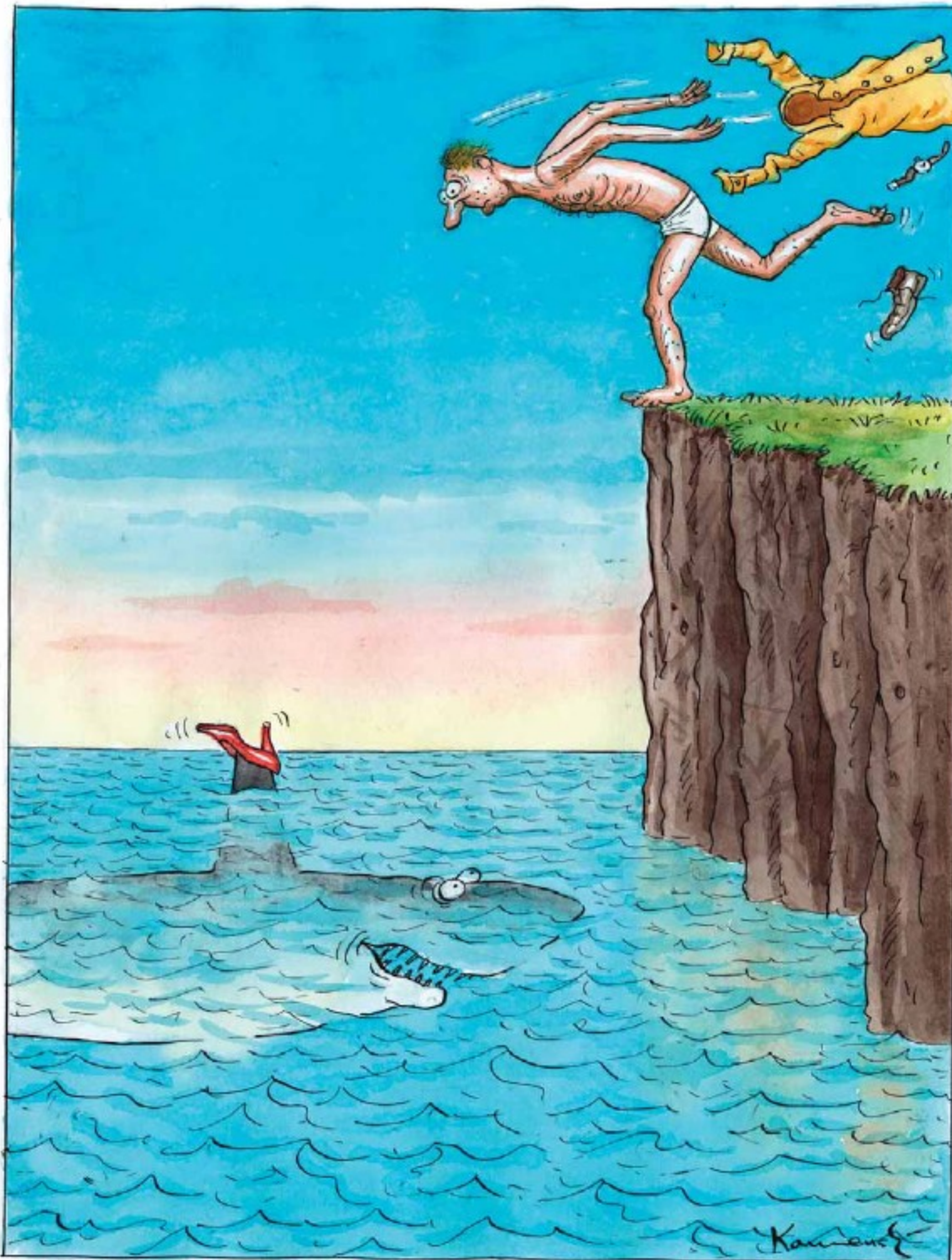
"Fuck 'what.' He shot me through my leg. My right thigh. Through the bone, I think."

"Your thigh?"

"I got out to open the trunk, and he—bang, man."

"Where are you?"

"Oh...man."



"Gambol, stay with me. Where are you?"
 "I'm near Oroville."
 "Where's Oroville? You in San Diego County or something?"
 "Not Oroville, man. Oroville. It's on Route Seventy. Way the hell up here past Sacramento and all that."
 "Which direction from Oroville? Like east, west, what?"
 "I think north."
 "North. Near Madrona? I got a friend in Madrona."
 "Get me out of here."
 "I'm on it. Where did he shoot you?"
 "In the thigh. I told you."
 "Luntz?"
 "Luntz."
 "Jimmy Luntz? Oh fuck. Oh fuck. He will die. My promise to you."
 "You bet your ass."
 "My promise and my gift to you. He's dead."

Gambol shut his phone and dropped it into his breast pocket. He paused for half a minute before undertaking the effort of tightening the belt around his leg. The leg was numb, and he felt cold.

He laid his head back against the tree trunk and considered the movements to follow and reviewed his consideration carefully before letting himself tip rightward onto his elbow and wrestling himself, by stages, onto his belly. As he stiffened his arms, raised himself and began crawling forward, the phone fell from his pocket, and he stopped. He lowered himself and took hold of it with his mouth.

Gripping his bloody cell phone in his teeth he dragged himself several yards farther into the pines and scrub and lay on his belly while sirens approached and arrived.

When he heard voices getting near he struggled onto his side and saw the ambulance not far beyond the point where he'd entered the small stand of pines and three paramedics talking with two uniformed cops, cursing and laughing. The patrolmen had parked their cruiser right over the large stain on the blacktop. Even from this distance Gambol could make out his own blood trail.

He turned onto his back, buttoned his cell phone into his jacket's lapel pocket and worked himself into position and dragged his leg farther away from the parking lot and lay in the mouth of a concrete culvert where he waited, staring straight upward, blinking rapidly to keep himself conscious, while the two crews decided they'd been lured here as some kind of prank.

The two crews didn't stay long. As they passed over the culvert, he heard their vehicles thumping on the highway above his head.

He had difficulty unbuttoning the inner pocket of his jacket and further difficulty working the buttons on his phone. He reached Juarez again. "Did you find somebody?"

"I'm close. Stay with me. I think we can get you out of there. I know a vet in Madrona."

"I'm down in a culvert. I can't move my legs."

"Jesus, man, call an ambulance."

"Luntz called already. They came and went."

"Call them back!"

"Piss on that shit."

"Will you just call them back?"

"I'm at the end of the blacktop, in some trees."

"Tell me again—Route Seventy."

"The rest stop by the Tastee-Freez north of Oroville."

"I'm writing it down."

"I'm in a culvert under the road. You got that?"

"Keep that phone by you."

"It's right here. Send somebody."

"I'll try. But what if I can't?"

"Then eat that fucker's liver while he watches."

"It's a promise."

Gambol closed the phone.

He managed to sit upright against the side of the culvert. The breeze coming through it felt icy. Vehicles rumbled overhead. He laid his cell phone in his lap and tore at his bloody pant leg and got a look at the purple lipless exploded mouth in his flesh. He cinched the belt as tightly as it would go, but his hands were asleep and the wound seemed to well up and spill over, suck back, well up, spill over in a small but relentless way.

The phone rang. He got his fingers around it and raised it to his cheek. Juarez said, "I told you I knew somebody. I'm sending a vet."

Gambol opened his lips. Nothing came out.

"You there?"

"Yeah."

"I found you a vet. Thirty minutes. Stay put now, hear? Don't run off."

Gambol failed to laugh. He tried saying "Yeah" one more time, but his lips didn't move.

He dozed, woke, had no idea how much time had passed, saw that a rivulet of his blood traveled away from him, moving over the dirt collected in the groove of the culvert, disappearing again under massed brown pine needles. He raised his hand to look at his watch but couldn't get it up to his face.

"Hey—" he said, but very faintly. He himself could hardly hear it.

He put his fingers around the phone in his lap. The phone slipped away with a clatter that echoed in the concrete cylinder, and he let himself collapse toward it. He had his mouth by the phone. He had a finger on the button. He needed the finger to press it. He couldn't make it happen.

No problem. If he could keep his eyes open, he wasn't dead. Lying on his belly he stared at the red spectacle of his life as it traveled past his face and headed away

CIRQUE DU SEXUELLE
 FEATURING:
ESSE™
 Love Lounge
 SEE MORE BACKSTAGE
 liberator.com
 866.542.7283

Playboy's Privacy Notice

We occasionally make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products or services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive these offers or information, please let us know by writing to us at:

Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.
 c/o CDS
 P.O. Box 2007
 Harlan, IA 51593-0222
 e-mail PLYcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com
 tel 800.999.4438 or 515.243.1200

It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

Playboy, date of production: May 2008. Custodian of Records is Ben Taylor. All records required by law to be maintained by publisher are located at 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Contents copyright © 2008 by Playboy.

from him through the dust. That's all he needed to do now. He needed to keep seeing his blood.

In the cafe Luntz sat quite still with his elbows on the counter and a menu in his face.

"Are you going to order?" the waitress asked.

"Is there a Feather River Tavern around here?"

"I don't know."

"Feather River Cafe, something like that?"

"I don't think so. Are you going to order?"

"Ice tea," he said and took a second trip to the men's room.

He washed his hands and splashed his face with cold water and dried himself with hot air from a nozzle. He smoked half a cigarette in several rapid puffs and threw the rest in the toilet, went out the door and lifted the receiver of the pay phone beside the restrooms.

Shelly answered and accepted the charges.

"Hey. It's me," he said.

"What's this collect?" Shelly said. "Are you someplace weird?"

"I'm near Oroville."

He heard her sigh.

"Listen. Shelly, listen. I got on a very messed-up ride with this guy I sort of know. A guy who intended to hurt me. And I think some people are probably coming to see you, Shelly. In fact I'd count on it."

"You mean cops?"

"Just people."

"People?"

"It's bad."

"Jimmy, Jesus Christ, Oroville? What's Oroville? What happened?"

"I wish I knew."

"You don't know?"

"I wish I could tell you. But if anybody wants me—just tell them you heard from me, I'm long gone, I'm never coming back."

He heard her breath in his ear, nothing else.

"Shelly, it's a mess. I'm sorry."

"Well, sorry fixes everything, don't it?"

"You gotta be mad as all get-out."

"Yeah, pretty much."

"I'm sorry, buddy," he said and hung up.

"How much for the tea?" he asked the waitress as he sat down again.

"One fifty. Aren't you going to drink it?"

"Let me have a pack of Camel straights, please."

Gambol's wallet was so fat Luntz had to stand up to pry it out of his front pants pocket. Fat mostly with hundreds. He found a 20.

"There might be a Feather River Inn," she said. "Kind of way up on the Feather River Road."

Luntz put the wallet away. "No longer an issue," he said.

Luntz sat in the car in the cafe's parking lot, listening to an AM sports talk show and counting his blessings: 43 \$100 bills and change, plus a wallet with a tab inside it that said GENUINE CALFSKIN and lots of credit cards. The cards had to go. And probably the car. And definitely the gun.

In his trembling hands he fanned out the crisp new Franklins. It wasn't much more than this that he owed Juarez in the first place.

Before he took off he cracked the Caddy's trunk to see what else Gambol might have bequeathed him. Popped the lid and found a heavy white canvas duffel in there and unzipped it.

The duffel held a shiny chrome-barreled pistol-grip shotgun and some boxes of shells. Five, six—seven boxes labeled 00 BUCK with maybe eight or 10 to a box.

A pale-green squad car cruised the far edge of the parking lot. A county rig. Luntz zipped the bag and closed the trunk.

First town he hit he bought a \$50 card at the Safeway and called Information at the pay phone out front. "Alhambra, California. Dooley's Tavern. No. Wait a minute. Dooley's is like a nickname. It's O'Doul's. D-O-U-L. In Alhambra."

The phone said, "For an additional charge of fifty cents, you'll be connected."

He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply and blew smoke at the world. He took two clean breaths and punched the buttons.

"Let me talk to Juarez."

"Ain't no Juarez here."

"He's in the last booth with the Tall Man and that skinny girl the Tall Man hangs with who used to strip at the Top Down Club. Tell him it's Jimmy Luntz. Say I owe him money."

Juarez came on the line and said "Jimmy" in an experimental tone of voice.

"Guess what. I smoked old Gambol in a rest stop on Highway Seventy," Luntz said.

He could feel Juarez swimming around in his own head, getting a grip on this information.

"Jimmy, you say this is Jimmy," Juarez repeated.

"Try spending five hours in a car going nowhere, and suddenly, oh, come to think of it, let's pull over here and get



"I was hoping for a kiss good night. Maybe I should start setting my sights a tad higher."

"EXPLORE" The Greatest Secrets, Tips, Turn-Ons and Techniques for the Very BEST SEX OF YOUR LIFE!

One toll-free phone call right now is all it takes to start you on a sensuous "Exploration Of Pleasure" that will take your breath away with excitement! For a limited time, we're offering a special 50%-off savings on our exclusive Exploring Better Sex Video Series™ – the uncensored 3-DVD set that will help you discover, achieve and enjoy a whole new world of ultimate sexual pleasure and satisfaction! The intimate knowledge you'll gain from these 3 DVDs ... the erotic tips, turn-ons and techniques YOU'LL SEE demonstrated ... will help make your sex life more incredibly exciting than ever before!

UNCUT, UNCENSORED ... AND RED HOT!



Each time you watch these explosively informative DVDs, you'll learn something great and new about lovemaking – we guarantee it! You and your lover will get so aroused "exploring" new sexual adventures together, you'll BOTH want to try what you see while you're watching!

It's one of the reasons why this enlightening DVD set is so popular. But here's another great reason – A SAVINGS OF 50%! And to top it all off, we'll also send you 2 FREE scorching hot Bonus Videos!

EXPLORING BETTER SEX Includes:

DVD #1
DVD #2
DVD #3

SEXPLORATIONS: 22 SEX SECRETS, TIPS & TURN-ONS:

Let your lovemaking skyrocket to a new dimension of ecstasy with these 22 proven pleasure-boosters that will make you both feel like "superstars" in the bedroom! (approx. 76 min.)

CREATIVE POSITIONS FOR LOVERS:

Discover new and unique sex positions that will keep your sex life exciting. This DVD shows advanced techniques that guarantee pleasure. (approx. 60 min.)

MAXIMIZING G SPOT PLEASURE:

Watch this DVD to learn where her G SPOT is and how to arouse it. Once you do, be ready for explosive, earth-shattering orgasms that will keep her more satisfied than ever! (approx. 60 min.)

WARNING: The Exploring Better Sex Video Series videos are highly explicit and intended for adults over the age 18 only.



2 FREE VIDEOS!

BONUS VIDEO #1 ART OF ORAL SEX:

You'll see the sexiest, most erotic oral sex techniques demonstrated for you to try ... and enjoy!

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

BONUS VIDEO #2 ART OF SEXUAL POSITIONS:

Every day of the week should be an exciting new day for sex. And it will be when you let your imagination run wild with the hot 'n sexy lovemaking ideas seen in this video!

3 DVD SET plus 2 DVDs FREE!



order online at:
BetterSex.com/ad
Use source code 8PB192 at checkout to receive your FREE videos.

CALL **1.800.955.0888** EXT. 8PB192

mail to: Sinclair Institute, ext. 8PB192, PO Box 8865 Chapel Hill, NC 27515

YES! Please send me the Exploring Better Sex Video Series Plus, 2 FREE Videos for only \$29.90 plus \$5.00 S&H.

Please check desired format: DVD VHS
 Bank Money Order Check VISA MC Discover AMEX

Card# _____ Exp. date _____

NC orders please add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. \$7 shipping. No cash or C.O.D. 8PB192 ©2008 Sinclair Institute.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____

(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18)



a piece of rebar from the trunk and give you a little compound fracture below the knee.... You try it."

"Jimmy what. I mean, remind me of your last name," Juarez said.

"I told him let's go see Juarez," Luntz said, "and discuss the problem, you know? But he wouldn't allow it. As it is, I ended up defending myself."

"Sure, Jimmy. Could we talk about this? Could you maybe stop by?"

"Definitely not. Not in person. But I mean, I think you can show some mercy, right?"

"This guy ain't making sense today," Juarez said, maybe to the Tall Man. "You are living in a happy dream," he told Luntz, "if you think there is any such thing as mercy."

Luntz hung up.

Jimmy Luntz drifted in the coppertone Caddy alongside some kind of river, continuing north on 70, smoking his Camel and dropping the ashes on the floor. Gambol didn't let you smoke in his ride, but it wasn't his ride anymore, was it?

Anita took her vintage Camaro—her beat-up near-worthless 1973 Camaro—out under the willows by the Feather River and put on *Damn the Torpedoes* and dropped the seat all the way back and lay there with both doors open.

When the tape reached its end and would have reversed itself, the silence was such a blessing she hit the button and killed the power. Her hearing came up: the hiss of the river in this wide slow spot and the breeze in

the branches, the tick of willow leaves.

Only now did she begin to notice that the day was warm and fine. Or had been. The sunset shone down the river now, and the willows cast long shadows.

She grabbed her overcoat, a big blue thing with a velvet collar, got out of the Camaro and tossed the coat down on the riverbank in the last patch of sun. A little dirt and leaves—who cares? She lay back and looked up at blue emptiness.

"Try the Cajun chicken," she shouted at the sky.

Hearing a vehicle, she sat upright. Across the river a copper-colored Cadillac with one of those cushy-looking vinyl roofs pulled to a stop at a campsite among a bunch of cottonwoods. A man in black dress pants and a white T-shirt got out holding what seemed very much like a large revolver.

He reversed the weapon in his grip, holding it by the barrel, and tossed it underhand into the river, his gaze following its arc out to the middle of the water and then across, beyond, to meet Anita's eyes watching him.

This guy didn't know much about follow-through. His throwing arm wavered in the air and collapsed at his side, and he wiped his fingers on his black slacks. A slouchy guy, a skinny guy. He wasn't wearing a Hawaiian shirt at the moment but undoubtedly owned several.

He took in the fact of her without seeming particularly surprised, and then he got into his Cadillac and shut the door and started backing it up. But he wasn't leaving. He edged his ride into a shady spot and turned off the engine.

Anita considered this situation a minute before getting up and taking the keys

from the Camaro's ignition and walking around to open its trunk. Inside she located two mayonnaise jars full of washers and screws, put one under each arm and went around to the front of the car and took from the glove compartment a loaded stainless-steel .357 Magnum.

She walked 30 feet across the bare spot where she'd parked and set the two jars on the dirt. She returned to the car, faced her targets and took aim with a two-hand grip in what was often called the Weaver stance, the gun out front of her line of sight and both feet planted wide apart, elbows flexed and her shoulders slightly hunched, and fired twice.

Both jars exploded in a mist of glass and rusty nuts and bolts.

She lay down again on her coat, the gun resting on her belly, and let the day's last sunshine warm her on one side.

The sound of the Cadillac's engine came to her across the water, starting up and accelerating loudly as it took off—tires spinning, gravel rattling against the bark of trees—and then fading away.

Since sundown the temperature must have dropped 20 degrees. Luntz stopped in a movie theater parking lot in the town of Madrona and put on his shirt and white tux and sat listening to cool jazz on the Brougham's radio. The radio's clock display said 6:45.

When had he last eaten? He couldn't remember. He had no hunger. This, he told himself, is fear. So live with it.

He played with the radio on the AM band until he found a station that sounded likely—a young girl reading classified ads, mowers and pickups and appliances for sale by their owners. Then the local news. No gunplay reported. They mentioned the closing of a local supermarket.

Was Gambol a corpse? Were the cops after him or not? How had everybody's day turned out?

He tried the FM band. Jamaican rhythms. Somebody sang

*Nobody move
Nobody get hurt*

and he listened carefully to the rest of the song before turning off the radio.

The Rex Theater was showing *The Last Real Champ*, according to the marquee. It was half over. Luntz bought a ticket anyway.

He sat leaning forward in the theater's second row with his forearms on the seat in front of him and his chin on his hands. In the film a guy followed a woman out of a bowling alley and caught her by the elbow, and she turned, and he said, "I'd throw everything away for a woman like you."

And she replied, "Really?" and you could tell they were heading for a Happy Ending.

(continued on page 133)



"Now I just hope the divorce and alimony settlement go as smoothly as this."

PLAYMATE NEWS



CANDACE COLLINS

IS TODAY'S CHICAGO WOMAN

Miss December 1979 Candace Collins did modeling (three times our cover girl), advertising (her billboard dominated Times Square) and movies (ever hear of *Risky Business*?). Currently she dresses others for their close-ups as the fashion editor of *Today's Chicago Woman*. Her latest job represents a return to her roots. "Even though I grew up in a small town I was always in on the latest trends," she says. "I was also the youngest fashion coordinator ever for Famous-Barr, then a big Midwest department store chain, and I was represented by Wilhelmina Models."

Candace, now Mrs. Chuck Jordan, is a fixture of high society in Chicago, where she fuses her knack for fund-raising and her sense of style to help with red-carpet events and charity galas. Among the organizations she supports are PAWS Chicago (Pets Are Worth Saving) and the Joffrey Ballet, and she is on the steering committee for the Having a Ball program, which has brought ballroom dancing to



Candace has changed her look with the times, but her beautiful eyes and smile have never gone out of style.

lower-income public schools across Chicago. Most recently she helped dress Oprah's personal chef Art Smith for an event for the children's charity Common Threads. "My friends have always called on me to help dress them, and I can serve all of Chicago through *TCW*."

Now comes her chance to reach a national audience through *PLAYBOY*: "It was a cold winter, both in temperature and in the palettes of designers," she says. "This summer I think we'll see a lot of bright primary colors with bursts of warmth." She says she's happy to maintain her association with *PLAYBOY*. "The two highest points in my life have been working with *PLAYBOY* and serving as fashion editor of *TCW*."

Still, any fashionista must have her regrets. "Yeah, I wish I could forget I wore platform shoes and spandex in my disco days," says Candace.

5 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Marketa Janska had just moved to L.A. from the Czech Republic when we introduced you to her, but it didn't take long for her to capture Tinseltown. This year she's in two movies, *Hancock* and *The House Bunny*. What's next? We can't reveal much, but she may become part of the hottest pop group imaginable....



LOOSE LIPS

"I love getting dirty."
—Lindsey Vuolo



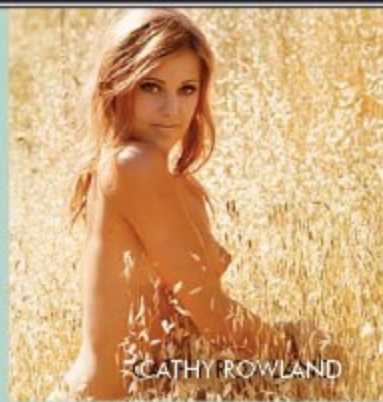
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER



TERRI KIMBALL



FARRAH MANCINI



CATHY ROWLAND

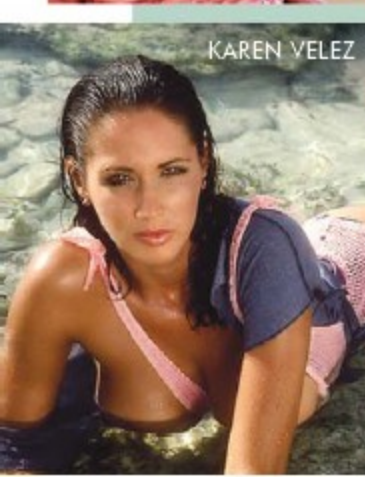


KIMBERLY ROWLAND



LORRIE MENCONI

Rapper Juvenile once theorized, "She get it from her mama," and we have accumulated a body—or rather bodies—of evidence to support him. Miss February 1989 Simone Eden was the first daughter of a Playmate (Carol Eden, Miss December 1960) to become a Centerfold. Here are more proud mothers and their beautiful offspring. The whole all-in-the-*PLAYBOY*-family pictorial is at playboy.com/pmdaughters.



KAREN VELEZ



NIKKI MAJORS



CAITLIN ANN



ANN PENNINGTON



ASHLEE RICCI

HOT SHOT



JAYDE NICOLE

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By **Danny Bonaduce**

—radio talk-show host



"My favorite Playmate is PMOY 1971 **Sharon Clark**. I see her as the kind of person you could ask, 'Hey, you want to go get some dinner tonight?' and she'd say, 'Sure, let's go.' She seems approachable instead of just being a professional beauty."



POP QUESTIONS: SASCKYA PORTO

Q: It has been a little more than half a year since your Centerfold came out. Has it changed your life?

A: It gave me wonderful publicity.

While many in my business might have thought appearing in **PLAYBOY** would adversely affect my career in fashion modeling, my experience has shown that is simply not the case. I've been steadily booking fashion jobs.

Q: Have any new doors opened?

A: I recently shot with Frederick's of Hollywood, and I am going to be on the cover of South African *GQ*.

Q: Do you have any plans to act?

A: Not really, but I've been chosen to be a celebrity judge on a new TV series called *Hotties in Hicktown: The World's Next Glamour Girl*.

Q: Did you ever think you would be a celebrity judge?

A: Yes, definitely. Ha, ha!

Q: *Hotties in Hicktown* sounds as if it has an All-American girl-next-door philosophy we associate with Playmates.

A: Remember that even though I am from Brazil, I am from a small town in Brazil.

Q: Was it anything like *Hicktown*?

A: Well, we did all walk around naked.



PLAYMATE GONE WILD



Miss May 2007 Shannon James (second from left) took Cyber Girls Jennifer Hurt (far left) and Megan Hauserman to Cabo San Lucas for a spring-break trip documented on PlayboyU.com. Not a site member? Shannon offers an incentive: "What happens on spring break stays there, unless you're on PlayboyU.com."

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss February 1990 **Pam Anderson** recently warmed up Europe. First she made an appearance as a magician's helper on German television. According to one newspaper, "The magician Pam was assisting must have been thrilled. No one will spot the rabbit up your sleeve when the chick standing next to you has forgotten her skirt." Pam



also spent two nights stripping at the legendary Crazy Horse in Paris. "It was a sexy, beautiful, creative performance," she said. "That's as specific as I can get..." Miss October 2007 **Spencer Scott**



Our golden girl on TV in Germany.

learned Canadians have smaller balls—bowling balls, that is. Turns out when our neighbors to the north hit the lanes, they play five-pin, which (like duckpin) uses scaled-down balls with no holes. Spencer hosted a striking party at a lane in Toronto....



No need to keep your mind out of the gutter. No need to keep your mind out of the gutter.

Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima** and Miss September 2006 **Janine Habeck** rolled into Austin, Texas to Rock the Rabbit at Playboy's SXSW concert and party. The girls helped host an evening event at which Justice, Moby, MGMT and the Heavy all performed under the Rock the Rabbit banner. While the Bunny outfit may not seem like conventional concert wear, Hiromi explained its advantages to MTV: "It gives me boobs and a tail." And that rocks.



Throwing up the ears is a new, improved version of rock-and-roll hands.

MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com or download her to your phone at playboymobile.com.

NOBODY MOVE

(continued from page 130)

In the final seconds of the final round the same guy rallied to destroy an opponent inexplicably 40 pounds beyond his weight class. The defeated champion lay on the canvas, staring straight upward.

Early in his teens Luntz had fought Golden Gloves. Clumsy in the ring, he'd distinguished himself the wrong way—the only boy to get knocked out twice. He'd spent two years at it. His secret was that he'd never, before or since, felt so comfortable or so at home as when lying on his back and listening to the far-off music of the referee's 10-count.

After the film it was raining, a light, steady rain. Ruthless neon on the wet streets like busted candy. Eight P.M., dark enough to ditch the Cadillac. He drove it over to the town's tiny airport and parked and took the contents of his gym bag, the socks and underwear and toilet kit, and slipped them into Gambol's duffel and threw the gym bag into the darkness. He took off his black dress socks and put back on his shoes and wiped the car down with the socks, inside and outside, and left the keys under the floor mat and walked with Gambol's bag out of the parking lot and across a field of tall wet grass toward a couple of motels, the Ramada Inn and another one whose neon sign just said VACAN. The anonymous establishment, made of fake logs and cheap in its soul, looked like a place that didn't necessarily mess with credit cards.

He went over and booked a room. All wet, no car, no socks, paying cash.

The numbers on the radio read 10:10. Aces and zeroes. Luntz lay on his bed in the Guess What Motel on the Feather River Road with all the lights on, listening to voices from a jerk-off movie in the next room.

Like the building's exterior, the walls of this small room looked like logs too. He put his hand out and discovered he touched real wood. He hadn't known they still made things out of actual

logs. He'd assumed all logs were fake.

He sat up and pointed the remote control at the television. Nothing happened. He slapped it against his palm and tried again unsuccessfully. He reached down and hefted Gambol's duffel bag from the floor beside him and sat up with his feet on the floor and his left hand resting on the bag for a good two minutes before pulling the zipper all the way from one end to the other.

The weapon nesting in the duffel bag, with its pistol grip and its gleaming chrome barrel about 18 inches long, looked untouchable. He didn't touch it. He closed the zipper and stashed the bag under the bed and went out for some no-fake mountain air.

now. Next thing you'll want to be *Mister Luntz*. *Mister Luntz Esquire*."

"Yeah—you know how many holes a double-aught buck shotgun shell is going to make in your face?"

"Where are you calling from?"

"From the pay phone right outside where you're sitting."

"The fuck you are."

"I'm right out here on Fourth, señor, with Gambol's Winchester under my big old shirt. I'm looking right at you."

Juarez was talking to somebody else now—probably sending the Tall Man outside to verify. "Where you from, Luntz—Luntzville? You ain't nothing but a little *puto*."

"Gambol said something similar. Then I blew him up."

"Guess what. He didn't die."

"Yeah, I didn't think so."

"Listen to me, Luntz. Do you remember this fucker Cal from Anaheim, they called him Cal Trans?"

"Yeah, sure, I heard all about that stuff."

"Gambol and I sat down and made a meal of his balls. Anaheim oysters. Very tasty."

"I heard all about it, yeah."

"What about Luntzville? They make pretty good oysters there?"

Luntz said, "Best oysters in the world, Juarez," and hung up.

She woke on the riverbank with rain falling on her face. She got up and closed herself inside the car. Bur-

rowed into the big blue coat. Woke some time later stiff and cold, having slept deeply and freely.

She found the key and fired it up. Turned on the AM radio and caught a country station drifting over from Sparks, Nevada while the engine warmed and the defroster blew the mist off the glass. Giant night of stars out there. She headed onto the highway.

The man from Sparks said it was 10 P.M. She'd slept like the dead for nearly four hours. Eighteen months she'd spent fighting the judge and Hank, politicking the sheriff and the town council and harrying her lawyers and working the press, campaigning against

Sizzling Summer Special Editions Sexy Girlfriends & Hot Coeds



ORDER THESE ISSUES INSTANTLY WITH THE DIGITAL EDITION

www.playboy.com/gwg

www.playboy.com/cg

Order online at: playboystore.com

Or send check or money order (do not send cash) to:
Playboy Catalog c/o eFashion Solutions
90 Enterprise Avenue South
Secaucus, NJ 07094

Checks should be made payable to:
eFashion Solutions (U.S. dollars only)

We accept most major credit cards
Sales Tax: NJ (non apparel) add 7%, IL add 8%

BUY THESE ISSUES AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

©2008 Playboy

The rain had quit. He stood under a lot of stars, too many, more stars, in fact, than he'd ever seen. The chilly night air tasted clean and innocent. That lucky feeling came over him.

He walked across the parking lot to the lounge at the Ramada Inn and went directly to the pay phones by the restrooms in the back.

"Look," he said when he had O'Doul's on the phone, "I know he's sitting right there. Put him on. Tell him Luntz."

While he waited with his back to the lounge he heard the voices and smooth jazz. His hands were shaking and his throat was tight.

Juarez came on the line. "Luntz, is it

the inevitable. Now it was over. Time for a long vacation. Not that she could afford even a short one.

At the lounge at the Ramada near the county airport she ordered a second tequila sunrise as the waitress delivered the first one. "And please, please," she said, "don't turn on the karaoke."

"I'll wait till eleven," the girl said.

"Just wait till I'm gone."

"Happy hour starts at eleven."

"Then I'm working on a deadline."

Why do they call it happy, and why do they say it's an hour? Happy hour lasts two miserable hours. Aah, she thought—who am I talking to? And how many seconds till some asshole offers to buy me a drink and make me a satisfied woman?

Approximately 18 seconds. The same skinny guy from the river—the one who'd tossed the gun to the currents—coming back from the pay phone and toilets, now sporting a checkered vest and white tux over his T-shirt. He paused beside her booth. Exactly the cheap bastard for whom the \$2 window was invented.

"Hey there," he said.

"Very suave. You silver-tongued devil."

"Are you a resident of this motel or just a patron?"

"I'm not anything," she said. "I'm having a drink."

He dropped something, a quarter, stooped to pick it up, dropped it, picked it up again and stood looking around him as if the room had changed drastically in the two seconds he'd had his eyes off it. Not drunk. A little too vibrant for drunk.

He perched himself on the very outermost corner of the seat across from her,

saying, "I don't usually just walk up and sit down with people."

"Help yourself. I was just leaving."

He peered at her, nearsighted or stupid, she couldn't tell which, and said, "What is your nationality?"

"What?"

"Are you a spic?"

She stared. "Yeah. I am. Are you an asshole?"

"Mostly," he said.

"What's your name?"

He said, "Uh."

"Uh? What is Uh? Lithuanian or something?"

"You're witty," he said. "My name's Frank. Franklin."

"Frankie Franklin," she said, "I have a lot on my mind right now, and I'd like to be alone."

"No problemo," he said and kind of oozed out of the booth and dematerialized.

The barmaid brought her a second tequila sunrise while she ordered a third. "Hey, miss," Anita said, "when do we get this karaoke rolling?"

Luntz watched it all unwind. The woman was the hit of the evening, at least in her own opinion. She sat on a stool she'd dragged from the bar and placed exactly next to the karaoke contraption, nobody daring to interfere with this spectacle, and singing half a song and talking through the rest of it and selecting another through two hours of encores, but nobody called for them.

She wore a blue coat over the same gray skirt and white blouse he'd seen her in this afternoon by the river. A

good-looking woman. With or without makeup, in any style of clothes, drunk or sober. "Thank you very much, I love this town!" she said many, many times.

She stopped reading the lyrics on the screen and made up her own instead and then stopped singing the melodies and made those up too, closing her eyes and riffing about a guy named Hank who walked with the devil and had stolen her soul, but not all of her soul, she sang, not the important part.

"That woman needs a pill," the waitress said.

Luntz disagreed. "Man," he said, "she breaks your heart."

Once in a while Luntz went out to smoke a cigarette under the stars. The rest of the time he stood by the cash-out, playing the scratch-off instant lottery, rubbing one by one at the numbers in a stack an inch thick, tossing the losers on the counter till he had quite a pile. He spent 80 bucks and made back 65.

By one A.M. she'd cleared the place out and was just drinking and muttering into the microphone while the waitress chatted with the barmaid.

"I believe," the woman said into her microphone, with plenty of reverb, "that's Frankie Franklin over there. He's piling up them Lotto tix."

He raised a hand high and gave her a thumbs-up.

"What is Frankie about to do with them Lotto tix? Make himself a little bonfire?"

She punched buttons on the machine and after 30 seconds of music jumped onto the chorus—"Come on baby light my fi-yer! Come on baby light my fi-yer!" She stopped singing and her gaze drifted down and sideways, and she smiled at nothing.

Luntz walked over. "Can I ask a favor? I need a ride."

"You do?"

"I do. I really do."

"Where's Frankie's Cadillac?"

"Oh. The Caddy. Yeah."

"I saw you by the river, Frankie. Remember?"

"I wouldn't forget seeing you."

"Caddy end up in the river too?"

"It was a loaner. So how about a ride to my motel?"

"Call a cab."

"I was thinking you'd be quicker."

"Which motel?"

"The Log Inn over there."

"Across the parking lot? Very funny."

"I'm witty too, just like you."

"The Log Inn. Doesn't the wood stink when it's wet?"

"So how about a ride?"

"I don't drive a cab. Hey, Frankie. Let me buy a round. What are you drinking?"

"This is a Diet Coke."

"Don't you drink?"

He paused for a good little while before he answered.

"I gamble," he said.



"Now that you've filled that pesky cavity, how'd you like to check my teeth?"

"And what about for a living? If it's not too forward of me. What do you do?"

"I gamble. I gamble."

"What's the point of gambling?"

"I didn't realize there had to be a point."

"This is starting to sound like one of those messed-up conversations," she said.

"You could get me a can of beer, but I probably wouldn't finish it. My stomach burns easy. I can't even drink coffee."

She raised her mike to her lovely mouth and looked over at the waitress and said, "I better have some coffee myself. Black, please." Up close, in somber light, he couldn't say if she was supposed to be a Mexican or Hawaiian or some semi-Filipino mutt.

"Where are you from originally?"

"The rez."

"What?"

"The reservation."

"What?"

"Yeah."

The waitress brought her a Styrofoam cup and she dribbled half the coffee down her blouse and was completely unapologetic about it. "I don't need coffee anyway. I can't sleep anyway lately."

"You too? Me neither."

"I didn't sleep for two days, and then I had a nap."

"Two days? Why?"

"Because I didn't have a bed, Frankie. What about you? Why can't you sleep?"

"Too many plans on my mind. It's been one heck of a day."

She peered at him. "You too?"

"So, anyway," Luntz said.

She stood up, said, "Thank you very much! I love this town!" and walked out the door into the night.

Luntz went after her because he just couldn't stand it.

She stood out front digging in her purse with one hand, nearly choking herself with its strap.

"I'd throw everything away for a woman like you."

"Jesus Christ," she said and walked with considerable difficulty the 20 feet to her little hot rod.

He stood and watched while she searched for the driver's seat with her beautiful ass. She saw him watching and gave him the finger and slammed the door.

Luntz headed in the other direction, toward the end of the building and the parking lot across which waited the Log Inn. After 30 seconds listening to his own steps on the pavement he heard her tires screech and next the sound of her engine rising and falling and rising again and then coming up behind him.

Stopping for him, she nearly ran him down. While he got in the car the dome light illuminated her dimly, staring straight ahead, stupid-drunk. "I can do anything I want," she said.

The first two things she did on entering were to throw her purse on the

On his bed, the woman's purse started chirping. Luntz said, "Should I get your phone?"

She came out through the bathroom door, grabbed her cell phone from a side pocket in her purse and went back into the bathroom and tossed the phone in the toilet. She hiked her skirt and yanked her pantyhose to her knees and sat down, all in one motion, and started peeing kind of musically.

Luntz said, "Hold my calls."

He stood in the bathroom doorway watching, and as she reached back for the handle, failing to locate it, he said, "Welcome to my humble origins."

"It *does* stink when it's wet."

She came out with another glass of

water and drank it down and exhaled loudly. She kissed him wetly on the lips, tasting of booze and just a bit like something else even worse, puke maybe, but he didn't care. She drew back and said, "You think I'm just too hammered to know better?"

"Yeah, I do—and thank God."

"Nope. I know where I am. I know where up is."

She stepped away from him and pointed at the ceiling.

"Good."

"It's just, it's just, hey—it's feeling good right now to be around somebody who's not full of shit up to his eyeballs."

"Are you kidding? I'm the most fulla shit guy I know."

"Well," she assured him, "you're not the most fulla shit guy

I know." She grabbed the hem of her coffee-stained white blouse and wrestled it up over her head, but she could only get it so far, and she appeared to be lost in it, wavering side to side in her crimson bra. "Not even close," she said. Fell backward onto the bed, her arms and head tangled in her blouse, one tit coming out of its red cup and the gray skirt hiked up nearly to her crotch and her feet dangling off the mattress.

Luntz grabbed her ankles and swung her legs around so she lay out straight. He hooked his fingers into the elastic waistline and pulled her skirt and pantyhose down both together. Her body seemed slack. She might have

The Complete Centerfolds a Playmate lover's dream gift

The Complete Centerfolds Book

Beginning with Marilyn Monroe in 1953, Hugh Hefner created an extraordinary cultural icon: PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Month. Now, for the first time ever, Playboy Books has gathered together more than 600 Centerfolds, reproduced exactly as they appeared in the magazine, in one luxurious, full-size collector's volume. Housed in a handsome, velvet-lined, embossed briefcase with handle and combination-lock clasps, this colossal collection features an introduction by Hugh Hefner and reflections on each decade by literary luminaries including Paul Theroux, Jay McInerney and Daphne Merkin. Hardcover. 10 7/8" x 22 3/4" x 2 1/2". 720 pages. 12961 *The Complete Centerfolds Book* \$500



FREE standard shipping and handling at Playboystore.com

Enter source code MG760 during checkout to receive Free standard shipping and handling on your first U.S. order and see offer details.

Sales tax: On orders shipped to NJ (non-apparel) add 7%, IL add 8%.

(Canadian orders accepted.) We accept most major credit cards.



©2008 Playboy

bed and then go to the nightstand and pick up his checkered bow tie. She examined it and turned to him, holding it to her throat.

Luntz said, "Boy, I'd like to see you wearing just that and nothing else."

She kicked her high heels off and said, "May I have a glass of water, please?"

He filled the plastic cup in the john and brought it to her and she drained it in under five seconds, gasping between swallows, and headed for the john herself, saying, "Refill." She didn't stagger, but she walked very carefully.

Luntz picked up his bow tie and stood staring at it.

passed out. "Tough break," he said. But he only meant for her.

He took off his tux, his checkered vest, the T-shirt, the pants.

She was conscious after all. She plucked at the blouse wrapped around her head and got it down below the level of her eyes and looked at him, speaking through its folds, stark naked below her waist. "So—are you a waiter?"

"What?"

"Is that what the tux is about?"

"No. I'm in a barbershop chorus."

"Like a quartet."

"No. Bigger, between eighteen and thirty guys, depending on who shows up. I'm in a quartet sometimes, too. But the quartet's not that good. We don't practice."

"But not your chorus. Your chorus is good, huh?"

"No. We're not that good either."

"Frankie Franklin, are you a loser?"

"Not when I'm lucky."

"When was a guy like you ever lucky?"

He pulled her blouse over her head and a couple of buttons popped loose and flew at his face. "Shit, honey," he said, "have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? I'm lucky now."

Gambol was able to see, but nothing he saw made sense. Yet it wasn't quite like dreaming. He closed his eyes.

A woman's voice spoke some words, then the same words once more, and again the same words.

He said, "Fuck off."

He seemed to have fallen from a narrow bed and now found himself jammed in a space even narrower. He sighed.

A woman said, "Jesus. Well—at least you're moving. Can you sit up?"

He said, "Leave me alone."

"At least get back up here and lie straight."

He said, "No. Fuck off."

He realized he was staring at the roof of a car's interior. Every time he breathed, he heard the slight creaking of plastic.

Later he deduced he must be lying on a plastic sheet inside a car.

The woman was talking again. "Yeah. You're a major mess today. Can you sit up?"

"Fuck off."

"If you can move, I want you inside. Sit up. Sit up. One stage at a time."

He was sitting on a couch, his injured leg stretched out on an ottoman. He was looking at a television in a small living room with a woman who said, "Wow, do you ever feel like you're just in the future? I mean, like science fiction?"

"Shut up. Who are you?"

"I told you who I am."

"The fuck you did."

"Then who have I been talking to for the last half hour?"

"I didn't hear us talking."

"How's the pain?"

The pain, though it belonged to his right leg, radiated in astounding waves out to his toes and up to his jaw. "Real bad."

She put a bowl beside him on the couch. "I want you to suck on some ice. Just to keep your throat lubricated."

Some of the pain made it all the way to his right eyeball and also the tip of his nose.

"Are you there?"

"I'm somewhere."

"It hurts," she said. "I know. It hurts."

"You got any dope?"

"Not yet. It's coming."

"Fuck."

"Hang in there."

"Fuck. Jesus Christ."

"Don't choke on that ice."

"Fuck. Fuck."

Fighting the pain only made it worse. Gambol paid attention to the pain, to its shape, its location and its travels, and tried to stay relaxed.

A doorbell rang. Voices spoke in another world, where people had thoughts worth voicing. Laughter. Silence.

She came to him with a hypo and said, "The cavalry has arrived." By this time the

pain had conquered every physical part of him and had begun to involve his soul. Then the sensations flattened out and got hard to locate, and as long as he didn't try moving, things were pretty jolly.

"You ready for some water?"

"Yeah."

She brought him a glass with a straw. He could hardly swallow, but it was sweet. "Drink as much as you can. Watch your IV, hon. Don't move that hand around. Other hand."

He hadn't noticed the drip in his left wrist. "I feel paralyzed."

"I couldn't give you any blood."

"Yeah. A person can't live on horse blood, right?"

"What?"

"You're a vet, right?"

She laughed and said something he couldn't hear.

She woke him and fed him some pills and held the glass while he sucked at the straw until the glass was empty. The light around them seemed like morning light. But it might have been evening. "You got any coffee?"

"Coffee won't help right now."

"Just give me a cup of coffee."

The smell was wonderful, but it tasted wrong coming through a straw. "Just let me drink it."

"Sure."

His hand felt like a senseless mitten. She helped him hook his finger through the cup's handle.

"Give me the fucking thing."

"I just gave it to you. Relax."

She turned on the television. He sipped his coffee and stared at the colorful screen.

After a while he said, "I need a car. And I need a gun."

To be continued....

Look for the next installment of *Nobody Moves* in the August 2008 issue of PLAYBOY.



LEWIS BLACK

(continued from page 101)

didn't want me to use the word *cunt*. It was in just one sentence. That was it.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

BLACK: I believe in something. If there is a God, he gets the joke. The only proof I have of God is laughter. It's the only thing I know that is totally inexplicable. Humans are the only ones who do it. It's such a release. It's the one thing that makes me think there may be a God.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You were 20 years old in 1968. Was that as great as it sounds?

BLACK: I was lucky. It was a great time to be alive. It was kind of like when the Christian right had its moment of power. We had an inordinate amount of influence, considering we really didn't have the numbers, much the same as the Christian right. I was at the University of North Carolina, and I spent my summer vacation at my folks' house. I tried to go to the Democratic convention in Chicago, but since I was living at home my mother wouldn't let me. She said, "No, you're staying here. If you want somebody to hurt you, I'll hurt you."

Q10

PLAYBOY: What was better back then, the drugs or the sexual liberation?

BLACK: I'd have to say the drugs. I didn't really experience the sexual liberation. During the two and a half to three years of what was considered that period, I didn't stumble across it a lot. I have friends who did. I think there were pockets of it, but I never found those pockets. Every so often you would meet somebody and the negotiations would go more quickly. That is what sexual liberation really meant.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You got your start in stand-up at folk clubs, not comedy clubs. Why?

BLACK: I was doing it for fun, and I didn't see myself being a comic. Occasionally I performed stand-up but mostly in the Village and at folk places. That was kind of what I did. I would show up, try to be the odd one in the group, do it and get out of people's hair. I'd do 15 to 20 minutes about what happened during the week. I would take newspaper clippings I had torn out, go through the week and yell about it. It evolved pretty simply.

Q12

PLAYBOY: So that's where the yelling started?

BLACK: Not immediately. Not until Dan Ballard, a comic from Michigan who's a friend of mine, came up to me and said,

"What the fuck's the matter with you? You're onstage, you're actually angry, and you're not yelling. I'm onstage yelling, and I have nothing to be angry about. The next time you go onstage I want you to start yelling. I want you to yell during your whole act." And I did. It was like a revelation. There was an immediate difference. I went, Oh fuck, this makes perfect sense. What the fuck have I been doing?

Q13

PLAYBOY: What were your early stand-up bits like?

BLACK: Most of them were about sex because I had a pretty funny sex life. One bit was about the first time I tried to lose my virginity. I was 20. We tried, but we never got to the right place. She kept saying, "I don't think that's it. I'm not sure. I don't think so." Well, I didn't know—it's not mine. In my sex-education course you might as well have read the back of the math book; at least that had answers. *You* try to look at that fucking sex-education drawing in the dark. I said to her at the time—I will repeat this story for the rest of my life, and I will be as kind as I can—"This is one of the most extraordinary moments of my life because if you don't know where it is, this is going to be the longest night we've ever spent."

Q14

PLAYBOY: How does your Comedy Central show *Lewis Black's Root of All Evil* work?

BLACK: We have a great group of guys who are basically like lawyers—comedians such as Kathleen Madigan, Greg Giraldo, Patton Oswalt and Andrew Daly. They plead their case about which of two things is more evil. There's Oprah versus the Catholic Church, YouTube versus porn, Las Vegas versus the human body, Donald Trump versus Viagra. The shows are all just fucking funny—sometimes stupid funny, sometimes really smart. You have these really good comics screaming and criticizing these things.

Q15

PLAYBOY: We know you're a sports fan, so here's our example: New England Patriots coach Bill Belichick versus pitcher Roger Clemens. Who is more evil?

BLACK: Wow. It's kind of a toss-up. I would have to go with Roger Clemens. He's more in my mind right now. And when you say "misremembers" the way he did, it really puts you into one of the lockboxes of evil. You can't use that word. You can't do that at all, not in your own defense.

Q16

PLAYBOY: What's the solution to the immigration battle?

BLACK: If you really don't want those

people in the country, if you are really that big on it, then you have to deal with it at the border. You have 12 million people in here now, okay? Most don't seem to be a threat on any level, so why don't you take the time you're using to focus on them and worry about the border, where the threat may actually come from. And instead of fining the companies that hire illegal workers, do this: Idaho, North Dakota and the South have a lot of land; tell Mattel that since it fucked up and didn't know how to keep things in China going properly, it has to bring everything back and start making shit in Idaho. It has to build a factory there. Then you ask immigrants, "Are you illegal? If so, then you have to go up there. You have to work for two years—like government service—for Mattel. When you've done your two years, we'll give you citizenship."

Q17

PLAYBOY: You split your time between New York City and Chapel Hill, North Carolina. How do you handle the Southern pace of life?

BLACK: It's not too bad in Chapel Hill. I'm used to Chapel Hill, so it's easier. I understand its pace. But when I travel around the country on a bus and we get off at a town where I'm not used to whatever its pace may be, it's like, What do you mean? How long does it take to make a fucking cheeseburger?

Q18

PLAYBOY: Should people be allowed to sell their votes on eBay?

BLACK: The only reason you can't is because nobody would buy them. We've got a country where people don't even like to vote once. For all the people who preach democracy, if they had to pay for their vote, nobody would vote here.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Did you expect the Democratic primaries to drag out as long as they have?

BLACK: This is my read on the whole campaign: By the time it's finished, voters will be so tired of whoever wins that they'll feel that person has already been president. Therefore, they should focus on John McCain now so that by the time the whole thing is done, when they actually have to vote, they'll feel as if he has been the president and they'll want to vote for somebody else entirely.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Before you go, give us some dirt on Jon Stewart.

BLACK: There's nothing to rat on him. It really makes me sick.

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



Grapevine

Look Out Below

You may have glimpsed DANIELLE TRIXIE at the bottomless party in *Harold & Kumar Escape From Guantanamo Bay* or on the film's website (right). She's just as lovely topless.



Music to the Eyes

Singer-songwriter HEATHER MICHELE RICHARDSON is a woman of many talents. When not singing in Nashville bars or recording studios, she wows with her nonmusical numbers—specifically, 34D-24-35.



CHRISTOPHER YOUNG



REXUS CARILLI/RETNA, LTD.

Happy Feet

Kenny Mayne tries it and looks like a doofus. Ditto Adam Carolla. Yet in other lands, dancing in frilly garb in front of other people is considered cool. So thinks *muy caliente* fashion model MARISA JARA, former girlfriend of Spanish flamenco superstar Joaquín Cortés.



Add This to Her Entry in Who's Who

Forget the awards (a Grammy, two MTV VMAs and three *Billboard* whatsits), platinum albums (two) and number one singles (two). Twenty-year-old RIHANNA's crowning achievement is undoubtedly this, her fourth *Grapevine*.

REVOLUTION BY NITRO.COM



Bündchen Up

Here's GISELE BÜNDCHEN at a fashion photo shoot demonstrating an outfit few women will attempt, yet the tip is well-taken: Perfect Brazilian buttocks are this summer's must-have accessory. Once again.

Take This Job and...

Minimum wage is a bitch. American moviegoers know Spanish vixen PAZ VEGA—if at all—as a checkout girl (in *10 Items or Less*) and a maid (in *Spanglish*). Never fear: She has been cast as femme fatale Plaster of Paris in the film adaptation of the crime comic *The Spirit*.

GREGG DEGUIRE/WIREIMAGE.COM



LEWIS LAW



Tumble Ruski

We still smirk a bit at rhythmic gymnastics, the sport that pits flexible nymphs against red rubber balls and a ribbon on a stick. Former Russian champion KSENIA DZHALAGANIYA's prancing days are behind her, and we wouldn't dare smirk at her now.

Next Month



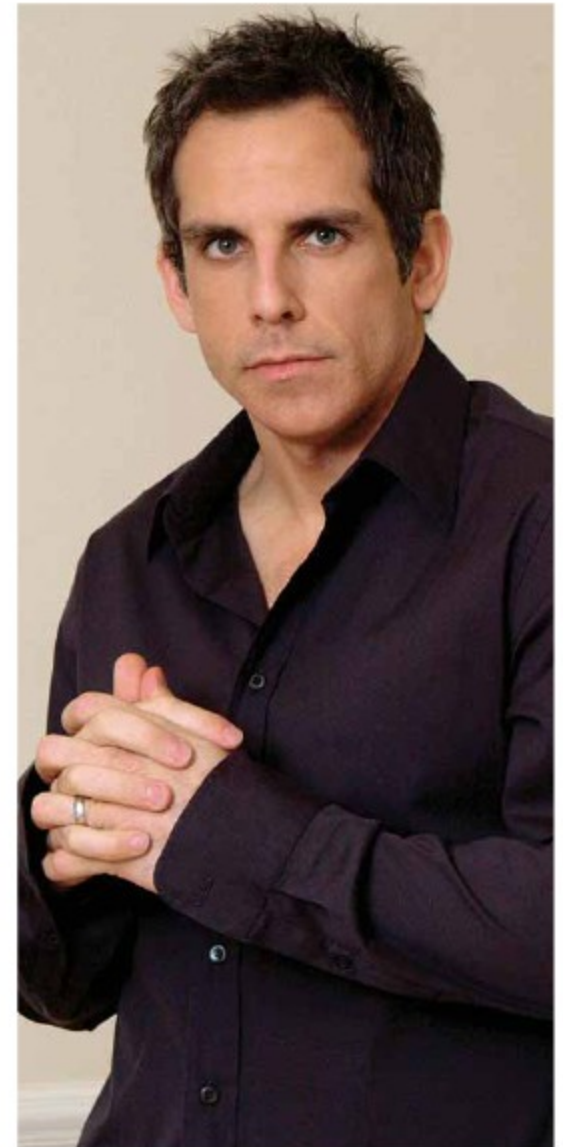
GET UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH TWO OTHER COREYS.



HARDER, BETTER, FASTER, STRONGER: OLYMPIC SPRINTERS.



20Q FROM THE LIPS THAT KISSED SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR.



WHY SO SERIOUS, FUNNYMAN?

SUSIE FELDMAN—MRS. COREY FELDMAN STEALS MANY A SCENE IN *THE TWO COREYS*. WE DECIDED IT WAS HIGH TIME SHE GOT THE SPOTLIGHT ALL TO HERSELF. SEE HER IN A SURREAL PICTORIAL.

BEN STILLER—YOU KNOW HOW THE BEST MAN ALWAYS HAS THE MOST SCANDALOUS STORIES ABOUT THE BRIDEGROOM? WELL, CONSIDER THIS: WE EQUIPPED STILLER'S BEST MAN, **JERRY STAHL**, WITH A TAPE RECORDER AND HAD HIM CONDUCT THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH *TROPIC THUNDER*'S WRITER, DIRECTOR AND STAR. STILLER RESPONDS WITH TALES OF GETTING DECKED BY MICKEY ROONEY, DIRECTING TOM CRUISE AND INSERTING DOG SUPPOSITORIES.

SELMA BLAIR—THE STAR OF THE *HELLBOY* SERIES SITS WITH **STEPHEN REBELLO** FOR A STEAMY *20Q* IN WHICH SHE REVEALS SOME OF HER CRUEL INTENTIONS AND EROTIC LONGINGS.

THE PERFECT HUNDRED—THE FASTEST ATHLETES IN THE WORLD TRAIN FOR YEARS TO WIN A 10-SECOND RACE. THE MAGIC FORMULA FOR SPEED COMBINES GENETICS, SCIENCE AND TRAINING: **JONATHAN LITTMAN** MEASURES THE PAIN SPRINTERS ENDURE TO GO FAST.

THE BIRTH OF COOL—DIG THIS, MAN: EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, BUT PEOPLE OFTEN FORGET THAT THE 1950S AND 1960S SAW ANOTHER SEISMIC SHIFT—THE IDEA

OF BEING HIP WAS BORN. AS WE WERE WITH SEX, *PLAYBOY* WAS ON THE LEADING EDGE OF THIS CHANGE, SERVING AS ARBITER, CHEERLEADER, TASTEMAKER. AFTER IMMERSING HIMSELF IN OUR ARCHIVES **BILL ZEHME** REPORTS ON THE ORIGINS OF COOL.

JOSH PECK—*PLAYBOY* FASHION TAKES ONE HALF OF THE NICK-ELODEON SHOW *DRAKE & JOSH* OUT OF THE KIDS' SECTION AND DRESSES HIM IN A SUIT FOR THE PREMIERE OF *THE WACKNESS*.

NOBODY MOVE II—**DENIS JOHNSON** DELIVERS THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF HIS ORIGINAL SERIAL NOIR. WILL OUR ANTIHERO'S LUCK RUN OUT?

THE CARVER—SMALL-TIME DRUG DEALER JIM KEENE CUT A DEAL WITH THE FBI: IN EXCHANGE FOR AN EARLY RELEASE, HE WOULD GO UNDERCOVER IN A MAXIMUM-SECURITY PENITENTIARY FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE AND BEFRIEND A SERIAL KILLER IN HOPES OF FIGURING OUT WHERE THE BODIES WERE BURIED. SOUNDS SIMPLE, RIGHT? **HILLEL LEVIN** TAKES US INTO THE MADNESS.

BULL RIDERS—PROFESSIONAL COWBOYS REDEFINE "BUSINESS CASUAL" WITH JEANS AND A BLAZER.

PLUS: SURFER GIRL **CASSANDRA HEPBURN** IS BABE OF THE MONTH; **KAYLA COLLINS**'S TEST SHOOT WAS ON *THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR*—HER PLAYMATE PICTORIAL IS IN HERE.

A symbolic display of devotion...

THE MEN'S STERLING SILVER NAIL CROSS

Sterling silver and 14kt gold accents
combine in a striking show of faith.

A cross speaks the universal language of faith—a belief in the everlasting light of the Lord. Now, you can express your devotion with a cross that boldly proclaims this message. Presenting...*The Men's Sterling Silver Nail Cross*, a unique pendant for the man of commitment.

Expertly crafted; bold design.

Artisans have taken a symbol of Jesus' ultimate sacrifice, the nails of the cross, and fashioned them into a sterling silver cross pendant. Gleaming 14kt gold binds the nails together, forming a powerful, masculine design. *The Men's Sterling Silver Nail Cross* is suspended from a 22" sterling silver chain, included at no additional charge.

An exceptional value; satisfaction guaranteed.

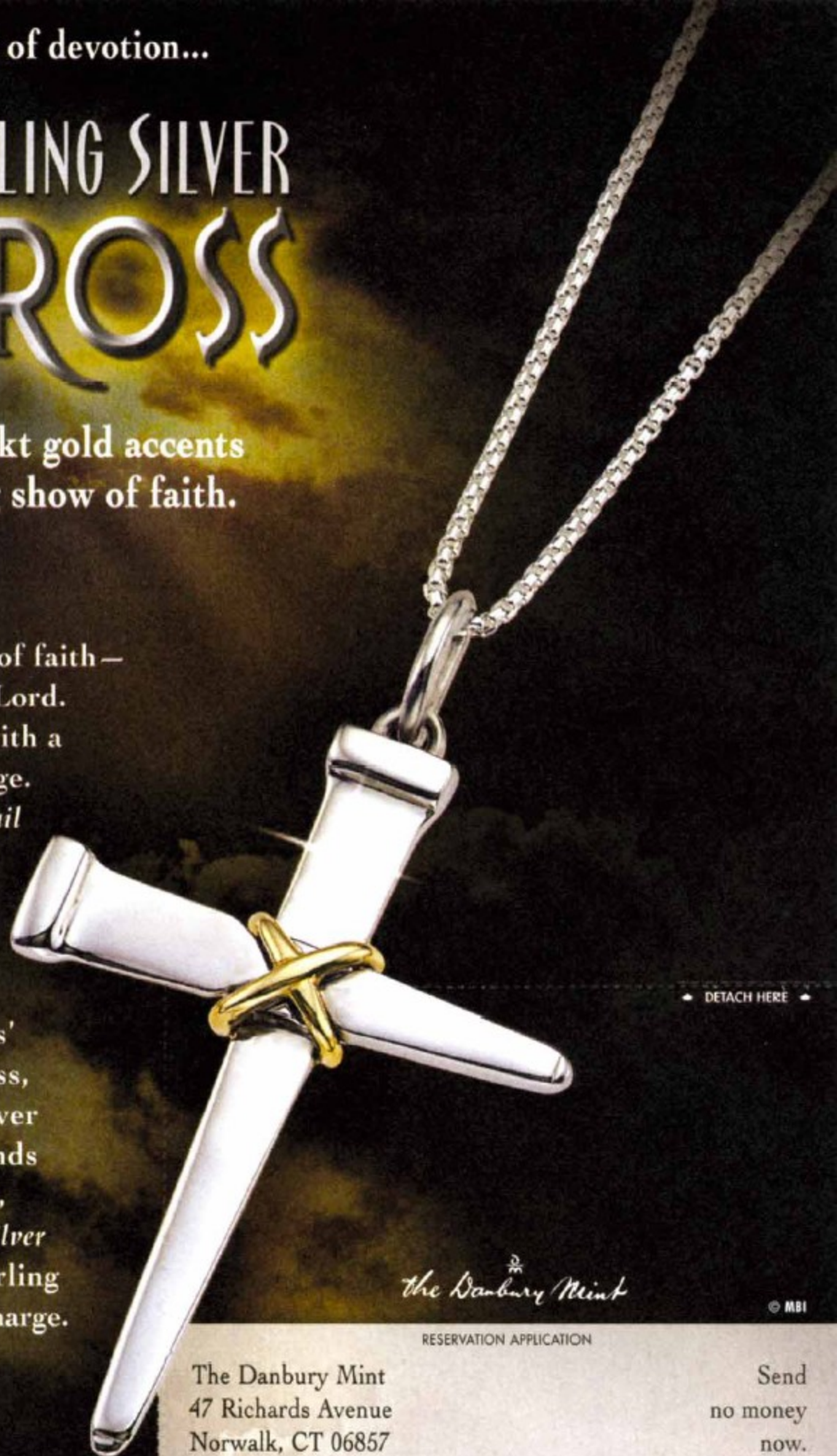
This handsome cross can be yours for \$99 plus \$7.80 shipping and service, payable in three monthly installments of \$35.60. Satisfaction is guaranteed. If you are not impressed by this cross, return it within 90 days for replacement or refund.

(continued on other side)

Supplement to Playboy Magazine

For fastest delivery:

1-800-726-1184 • www.danburymint.com



DETACH HERE

the Danbury Mint

© MBI

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

Send
no money
now.

YES! Reserve *The Men's Sterling Silver Nail Cross* as described in this announcement.

Name _____
Please print clearly.

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Orders subject to acceptance.

84780014V501

"FOR TOO LONG OUR CULTURE HAS SAID, 'IF IT FEELS GOOD, DO IT.' NOW, WE WANT TO BE A NATION THAT SERVES GOALS LARGER THAN SELF. WE'VE BEEN OFFERED A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY, AND WE MUST NOT LET THIS MOMENT PASS. MY CALL IS FOR EVERY AMERICAN TO COMMIT TO THE SERVICE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND YOUR NATION. BY DOING THIS, WE SUSTAIN AND EXTEND THE BEST THAT HAS EMERGED IN AMERICA."

★ ★ EVERYONE CAN DO SOMETHING. ★ ★

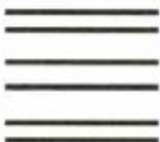
Answer the President's Call to Service. When you volunteer to help your neighbors, you help your nation. Everyone can do something. To learn more, visit USAFREEDOMCORPS.GOV or call 1-877-USACORPS.



THE DANBURY MINT
47 RICHARDS AVENUE
PO BOX 5265
NORWALK CT 06860-0105

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 456 NORWALK CT
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

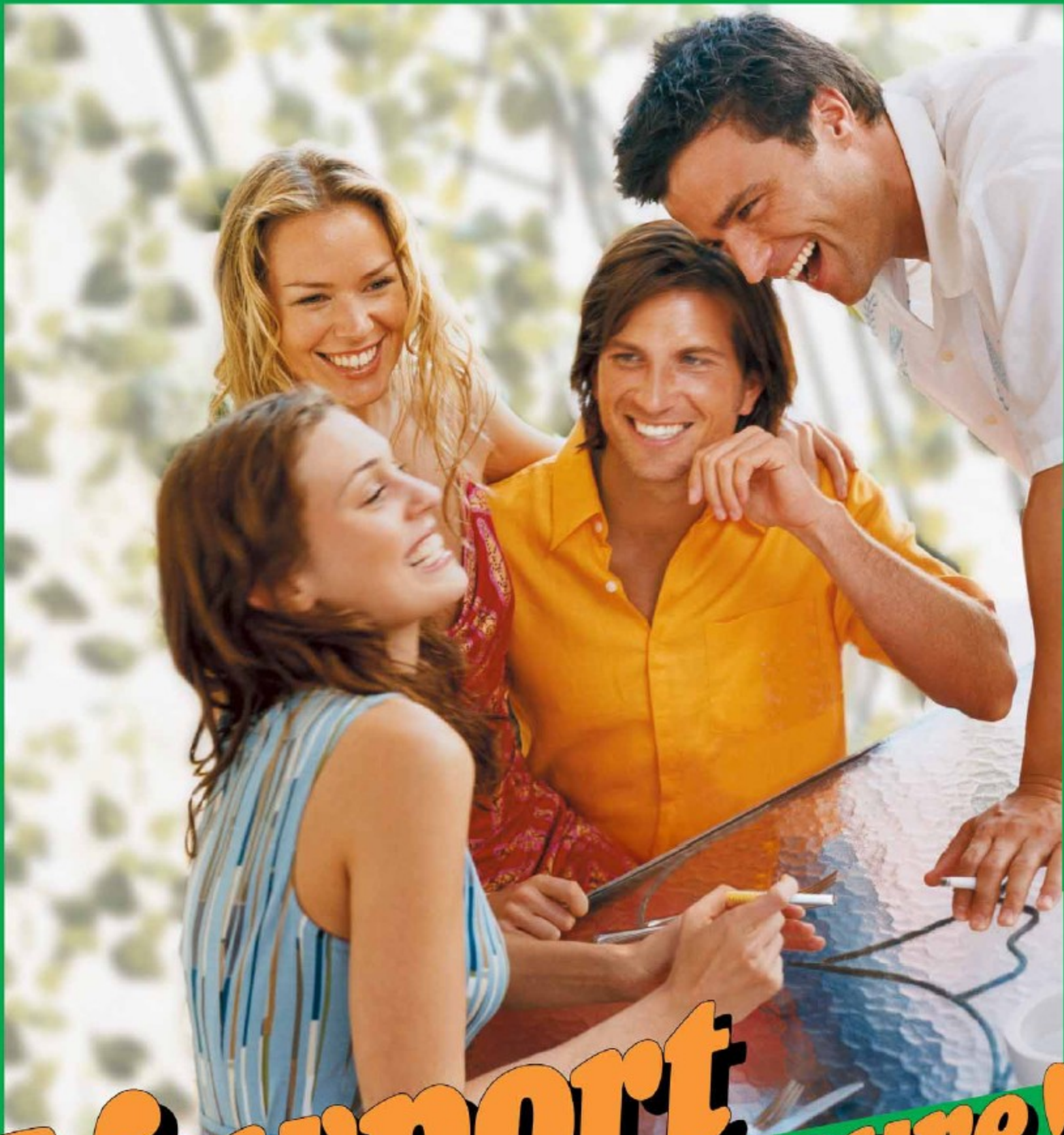
(continued from inside)

Reserve yours today!
The Men's Sterling Silver Nail Cross is certain to be treasured now and for years to come as an unyielding expression of faith. Don't delay... order today!



Pendant shown actual size.

The Men's Sterling Silver Nail Cross arrives in a handsome presentation case—perfect for safekeeping, it's yours at no additional charge.



Newport pleasure!

© Lorillard 2008

Newport, Newport Medium, Newport (package design), Newport Pleasure and Newport Spinnaker TM Lorillard Licensing Company LLC Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.

Lights Box: 9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Medium Box: 12 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Box: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



Visit us at newport-pleasure.com

Restricted to Adult Smokers 21 or Older.

CHOOSE RESPONSIBILITY

STOLICHNAYA® Flavored Russian Vodka, 35% Alc./Vol. Vodka Distilled From Grain.
©2008 Imported by Pernod Ricard USA, Purchase, NY



FRESH

FROM THE

MOTHERLAND



**STOLICHNAYA
RUSSIAN VODKA**

