

BEAUTY AND THE GEEK WINNER NUDE

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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

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ENGLISH
GIRLS
AND THE
VOLUPTUOUS
KEELEY
HAZELL

ANNA
FARIS
IS
THE
HOUSE
BUNNY
A SEXY
20^Q

MORE
NOIR
THRILLS
DENIS
JOHNSON'S
NOBODY
MOVE
PART III

EXCLUSIVE
EXCERPT
HAIR METAL,
HOLLYWOOD
AND HEROIN
THE RISE OF
GUNS N'
ROSES

THE BEST
COLLEGE
FOOTBALL
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INTERVIEW
UFC
TOUGH GUY
DANA
WHITE





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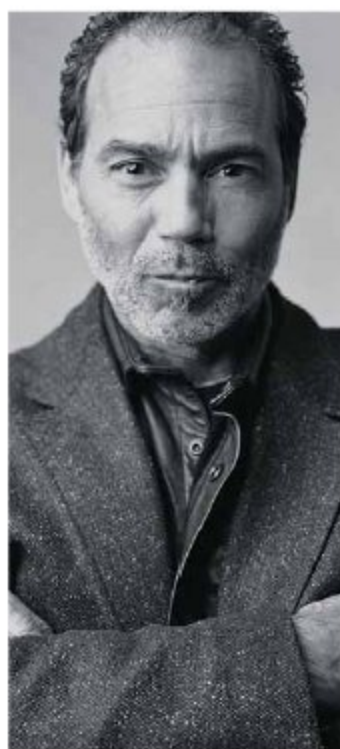
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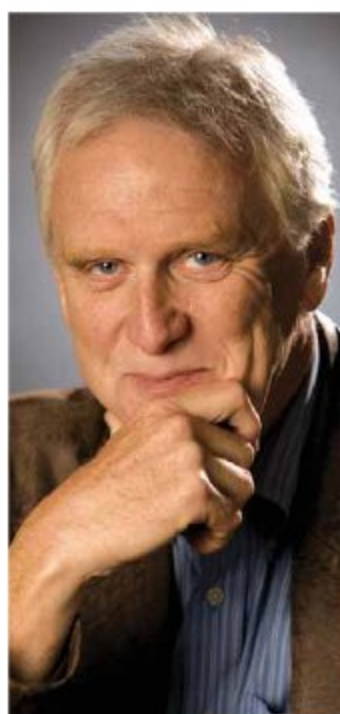
In the comedy *The House Bunny*, the character played by cover girl and 20Q subject **Anna Faris** discovers a new sense of purpose after she is slagged by a jealous housemate and evicted from the Playboy Mansion. In real life the sexy, spirited actress tries to avoid gossip as much as her on-screen creation does. "I stopped checking out stuff about myself on the Internet three years ago when I read something on a message board like 'One of Anna's boobs is way bigger than the other,'" she says. "People who approach me on the street are really gracious, even though they expect me to be the way I am in the movies. It's great when someone says something nice about my appearance, but it's a much bigger honor and compliment when people say, 'Oh my gosh, you're so funny!'"



"I had to do a lot of detective work, pounding the pavement and cold-calling ex-girlfriends and record-company people," says **Stephen Davis** about *Young Guns*, an excerpt from his forthcoming unauthorized biography *Watch You Bleed: The Saga of Guns N' Roses*. "The first few years of **Guns N' Roses** were really the last few years of the rock movement. It's not as if I were writing about 'N Sync, a group put together by a manager. These guys were the real deal. I think of them as the last rock band."



AMC's *Mad Men* exhumes the America of the swinging 1960s, a time when men were men and women were chased around smoke-filled boardrooms. Thankfully, the show hasn't resurrected misogyny, but it has managed to bring back the three-martini lunch and fall fashions that revive the best of 1960s cool. To showcase those threads in *Mad Men Style*, we dressed the series' stars and put them in front of the lens of photographer **Timothy White**. "We created an environment that made us feel as if we were shooting for PLAYBOY in the early 1960s," White says. "We had Lucky Strikes, a vintage Lincoln and Bunnies—sort of a perfect prop, if you will." Look for White's book *Hollywood Pinups* in October.



"I've been doing this for a long time," says **Gary Cole**, the prognosticator in chief for PLAYBOY's *Pigskin Preview*, our annual college football forecast. "When I started, 22 years ago, I got very nervous when the team I picked as number one got into the national championship. It made me a little nuts." Cole acknowledges that his day job—as PLAYBOY's Photography Director—could also make some people nutty, but he is actually quite serene. "I always say I'm very lucky, because when I walk down the street and check out a pretty girl, it's my job—I'm working. And when I get home and sack out on my couch to watch football, that's my job too."



PLAYBOY contributor **Kevin Cook** thought boxing was the ultimate combat sport until he found himself shocked and awed by mixed martial arts. "I flew to Las Vegas to meet **Dana White**, the fast-talking UFC president, for the *Playboy Interview*," says Cook. "White's 10 percent stake in the UFC has grown in value from nothing a few years ago to an estimated \$200 million today." Cook also describes White as profane, funny and animated. "Several people I've interviewed could beat me up, but White could probably do it the fastest."



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features

54 **YOUNG GUNS**

Guns N' Roses were one of the sleaziest, most reckless and greatest rock bands of the modern era. During the group's formative days, in the early 1980s, Axl Rose and his bandmates lived a skid row existence on the Sunset Strip, reveling in a life of drugs, groupies, wild street parties and music. **STEPHEN DAVIS** looks at the band's romantic, rebellious, self-destructive infancy, when the Gunners struggled to get signed and survive the rock-and-roll jungle.

66 **FAST COMPANY**

Our resident automotive authority **KEN GROSS** races through the past quarter century in the fastest production cars in the world. The latest: the SSC Ultimate Aero, a 256 mph \$630K beast.

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Last year's college football season will be remembered for its wealth of upsets. Will they happen again? Peerless pigskin predictor **GARY COLE** picks the top 25 teams and the Playboy All America squad, spotlights Coach of the Year Mark Mangino and casts his vote for the top 10 upsets in college football history.

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You say you want a revolution. How about a sexual one? Whether you're a watcher or a swapper, swinging has never been bigger, thanks to the Internet. Learn the latest lingo in our A-to-Z guide to swinging in 2008.

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The landscape turns darker and deadlier in this third installment of **DENIS JOHNSON**'s gritty modern noir written exclusively for PLAYBOY. Gambol is on the mend and hunting Jimmy Luntz while Anita sets into motion her own plan for revenge, which involves bullying a corrupt judge out of more than a million dollars.

the playboy forum

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Republican presidential nominee John McCain has frequently invoked the name of Barry Goldwater since the long-tenured Arizona senator's death, in 1998. But McCain is not a Goldwater conservative. Political commentator **JOHN W. DEAN** explains why McCain lacks the character traits that earned Goldwater his legacy.

20Q

70 **ANNA FARIS**

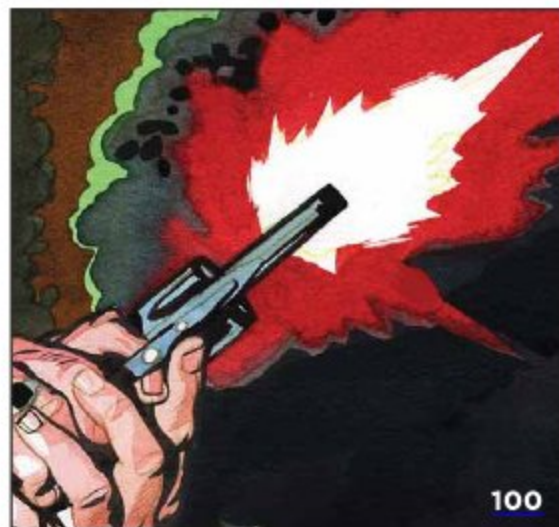
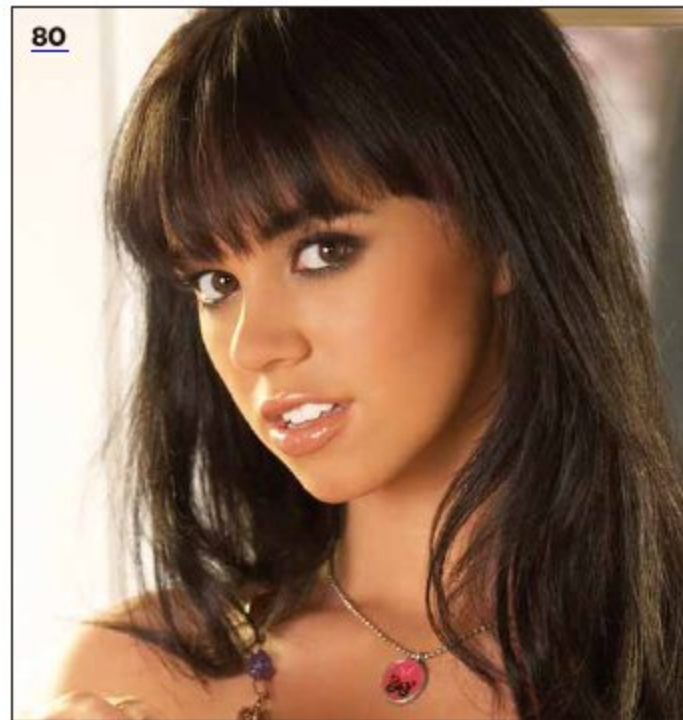
Famous for the hilariously ditz characters she plays in the *Scary Movie* flicks, *Lost in Translation* and now *The House Bunny*, the real Anna is as put together as she is sexy. Our comedic cover girl tells **STEPHEN REBELLO** about her experiences with Playboy, learning to date again and giving "good phone."

interview

43 **DANA WHITE**

Seven years ago White got behind the Ultimate Fighting Championship, a sports association that has kicked, clawed and stomped its way to pop-culture dominance. But success didn't come easily to the 39-year-old former aerobics instructor. The hardheaded tough guy tells PLAYBOY about beatings in Boston, battling the deep-pocketed competition and why mixed martial arts is the safest sport around. **BY KEVIN COOK**

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COVER STORY

This summer in *The House Bunny*, cover girl Anna Faris plays a Bunny who is tossed from the Mansion and reinvents herself as a housemother for a sorority full of misfits. The enterprising actress produced the movie from her original idea and hops alongside Hef, the Girls Next Door and several Playmates on-screen. While photographer Art Streiber finds Anna pretty in pink on our cover, our Rabbit prefers peach.



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In the award-winning AMC TV series *Mad Men*, high-powered New York advertising executives from the early 1960s smoke, drink, entertain beautiful women and wear really sharp clothes. In this spread, the show's stars sell retro cool in choice vintage-inspired suits.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

this month on playboy.com

MAGAZINE BLOG

News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY editors. playboy.com/blog

PIGSKIN PLUS

Go behind the scenes of our annual All America football weekend and check out PLAYBOY's picks for the 50 top teams. playboy.com

THE 21ST QUESTION

Celluloid Bunny Anna Faris hops to the house one more time. playboy.com/21q

WHOLE LOLLA BANDS

View our coverage of the Lollapalooza festival. playboy.com/lolla

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PICK FLICKS

Each week, PLAYBOY film critic Stephen Rebello searches for gold on the silver screen. playboy.com/reviews



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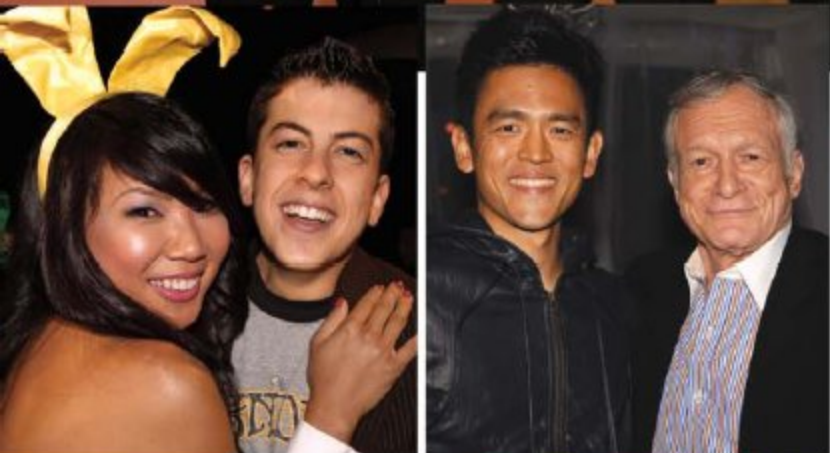
HEF HONORED AS THE ULTIMATE ALPHA MALE

"This is for all the other guys and girls who dreamed impossible dreams," Hef said as he accepted the Alpha Male Award from Jeremy Piven and Snoop Dogg at Spike TV's Guys Choice Awards (below). The afterparty was at PMW, where (bottom, from left) Playmate Hiromi Oshima, Christopher Mintz-Plasse, a.k.a. McLovin, and *Harold & Kumar's* John Cho celebrated with the Man.



HEF, THE GIRLS AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Hef and the Girls Next Door were jazzed to be at the Hollywood Bowl for the 30th annual Playboy Jazz Festival. During the two-day concert, bands were swinging and fans were grooving. Right: Herbie Hancock jammed on the keytar. Below inset: MC Bill Cosby on the cowbell with Poncho Sanchez on the congas.



THERE SHE IS, PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

At the Playmate of the Year luncheon, Hef presented Jayde Nicole with a check for \$100,000, a Cadillac CTS and the title of 2008 PMOY. Six decades of Playmates returned to the Mansion (right) to witness Jayde's crowning. Of her most recognizable feature, Hef said, "Jayde has RESPECT tattooed on her lower abdomen—I know because I've looked at the pictures."

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THE WAR AT HOME

As co-founder of the National Center on Institutions and Alternatives (ncianet.org), which develops alternatives to prison for defendants facing sentencing, I can say Jason Whitlock is absolutely correct in attributing the experiment in massive minority incarceration to the war on drugs and the fear generated by single-issue politicians (*The Black KKK*,



Is America descending into Incarceration Nation?

June). Two decades ago the impetus for the current escalation in incarceration was the hysteria over crack cocaine and the need to save urban communities. Prosecutors developed political careers out of the crime issue, and our legislative bodies became full of podium-pounding law-and-order advocates who created sentencing schemes and built prisons to “keep us safe.” Two million inmates later, many urban communities remain war zones. It is not lost on young imprisoned drug offenders that we can find \$22,000 a year to jail them yet fail to provide funding to give them the same education, after-school programs and rehabilitation opportunities available to white suburban youth.

Herbert Hoelter
Baltimore, Maryland

As Whitlock notes, prohibition of drugs has turned a moderate medical issue into a major criminal problem.

Tony Good
San Antonio, Texas

I agree with nearly everything Whitlock says. It’s hard to blame the self-destructive actions of so many black men on a lack of morality or intelligence. Instead, we must consider the psychological and economic causes of growing up black and poor in America, with its historical and institutional racial discrimination. It’s hard to believe we

would see the same apathy about this issue had Whitlock’s article been about the dominant culture. Something needs to be done before it’s too late, and “too late” is fast approaching.

Demico Boothe
Memphis, Tennessee

Boothe, who served 12 years on drug charges before being released in 2003, is the author of Why Are So Many Black Men in Prison?

Whoever figures out how to break the cycle of gang violence will be a hero to us all. I live in a small town, yet we have five bars, rampant drug sales, prostitution and occasional shootings. It’s not about race; there are no black or brown people here. Instead, we simply have young men and women who have lost hope. The rest of us are so afraid, the only solution seems to be to lock them up. I agree that isn’t the answer, but I wish I could say what the answer is.

Janis McDonald
Herminie, Pennsylvania

As a correctional officer, I find it depressing to see young men in prison. However, the problem is not that we are jailing them but that we have to. Whitlock’s article is insulting to guards everywhere, especially when he quotes someone who implies that any officer would allow prisoners to riot so he or she could earn overtime. It’s safe to assume the ex-cons and gang members Whitlock quotes have a bias against guards, who enforce rules.

Name withheld
Amarillo, Texas

SPEED DEMON

While the 2009 ZR1 is awesome (*Mantrack*, June), it isn’t the fastest or most expensive Corvette. The one-of-a-kind Callaway Sledgehammer topped out at 254.76 mph and sold at auction in 2004 for \$221,400.

Jason Kleich
Ingleside, Illinois

Technically, you’re correct. We were referring to production models. See page 66 for the other fastest cars on the road.

MAX FACTOR

After reading your wonderful *Playboy Interview* with Steve Carell (June), I’d like to clarify why many fans of the *Get Smart* series were not looking forward to the movie in which Carell stars. When the producers changed the character of Max, so wonderfully

crafted by Don Adams, into a ridiculous nerd, it became obvious the project was on a bad path. It’s sad to see someone blessed with as much comedic talent as Carell set the goal for a movie at not sucking.

Carl Birkmeyer
Stewartstown, Pennsylvania

Birkmeyer runs wouldyoubelieve.com, a fan site devoted to the Get Smart series.

Carell recalls his first *Daily Show* assignment and wonders if the snake-venom researcher he profiled is still with us. Sadly, Raymond Branz passed away in 2002 after suffocating following an alcohol-and-drug binge. I grew up 10 miles from Branz’s home in Nebraska, so it was a trip at the time to see Carell’s report.

Greg Schrage
Kansas City, Kansas

You can watch Carell’s report at thedailyshow.com. Search for “herpetologist.”

THE WRITE STUFF

I am impressed with Playmate Juliette Fretté (*The Write Stuff*, June) not only because she is a beautiful woman but because of her fantastic essay explaining how one can be a feminist and pose for *PLAYBOY*. It proves a point a lot of people seem to have trouble believing:



Playmate Juliette Fretté, feminist fatale.

Playmates are typically well-educated, intelligent women.

Phillip Hackney
Milton-Freewater, Oregon

Juliette is so right about *PLAYBOY*, which has been a pioneer in promoting female sexuality and women’s rights. I hate when people who have obviously

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never read the magazine claim it somehow “degrades” women.

Amanda Bolden
Mobile, Alabama

I loved Juliette’s essay. Has any other Playmate written her own text?

Franklyn Sigler
Phoenix, Arizona

Vicki McCarty, an aspiring reporter, wrote hers in September 1979.

IS PRINT DEAD?

Eric Klinenberg should have spent less time with Rupert Murdoch and more with Craig Newmark (*The End of Newspapers*, June). Craigslist.org is run with more concern for public service than for profit, making it, in business-school parlance, a “bad competitor.” The argument that newspapers own a monopoly on local news holds water only if their owners invest in coverage so thorough and trustworthy that nobody else can touch it. But most owners are disinvesting, harvesting their brands to squeeze out the last dollar. Newspapers may survive if owners realize they are in the influence business. They create social influence, which is not for sale, and commercial influence, via advertising. The former enhances the value of the latter by letting readers turn to one trusted source. If maintained well, the societal influence could create something very much like a monopoly.

Philip Meyer
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

*Meyer, a professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina, is the author of *The Vanishing Newspaper*.*

Klinenberg’s report reminds me of how fortunate we are to live in one of the few remaining free societies with a wealth of information sources. In the marketplace of ideas, let’s hope there continues to be room for everyone.

Larry Penner
Great Neck, New York

JAYDE NICOLE IS PMOY

Kudos for naming Jayde Nicole as Playmate of the Year. Although she was the first Playmate of 2007, it was easy to see she would be hard to beat.

Ross Dillavou
Dubuque, Iowa

I believe I’ve figured out what Jayde has in common with PMOYs Jenny McCarthy and Jodi Ann Paterson, as you hinted in May’s *Next Month*: Jenny is an author and starred on her own TV show, while Jodi Ann is foreign-born and has a tattoo.

Josh Fehrens
Oakville, Ontario

Actually, all three have tattoos. And—easy one—their names each start with J.

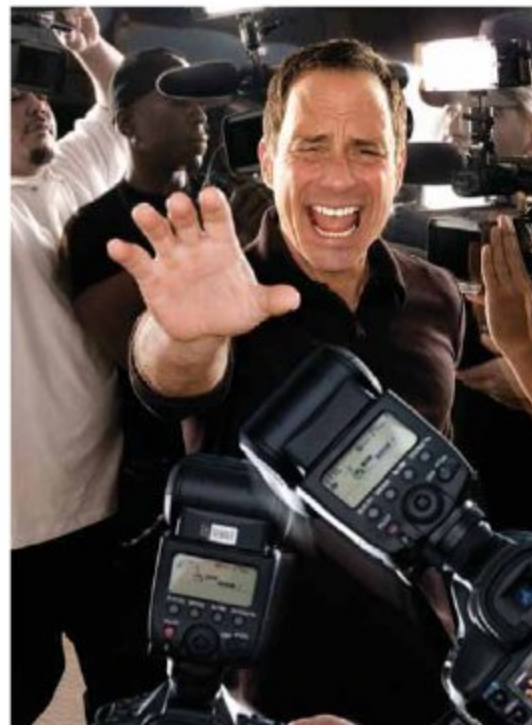
GOSSIP! SCANDAL! SLEAZE!

It’s funny you would ask Harvey Levin, of all people, about journalistic ethics (*20Q*, June). I’d respect Levin a little more if he didn’t try to defend the indefensible. Instead, he has the gall to claim his gossip site, TMZ, turned down a video of a drunken David Hasselhoff taken by Hasselhoff’s daughter, because it “was not meant for the public,” while asserting that Alec Baldwin’s leaked phone message to his 11-year-old daughter somehow *is* our business. Sleaze merchants like Levin attempt to capture the famous on their worst day—and if they can’t, they manufacture a worst day for them.

Ray Richmond
Los Angeles, California

*Richmond, a columnist at *The Hollywood Reporter*, runs pastdeadline.com.*

Is Levin serious? TMZ and its inconsequential, whitewashed TV sister TMZ are built on conglomerate financ-



Harvey Levin gets the celebrity treatment.

ing from Time Warner, the promotion of coprophiliac “celebrity” sex videos, the perversion of justice through check-book journalism, the provocation of artists by felons and rent boys with video cameras, the elevation of shameless celebutards and a creepy obsession with Matthew McConaughey’s bare chest. TMZ is a tabloid without a moral compass; it’s not doing anything that wasn’t done better 15 years ago during the golden age of tabloid television.

Burt Kearns
Los Angeles, California

*Kearns, former managing editor of *A Current Affair* and *Hard Copy*, edits tabloidbaby.com.*

Read more feedback at playboy.com/blog.



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P L A Y B O Y

a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

Mary Castro

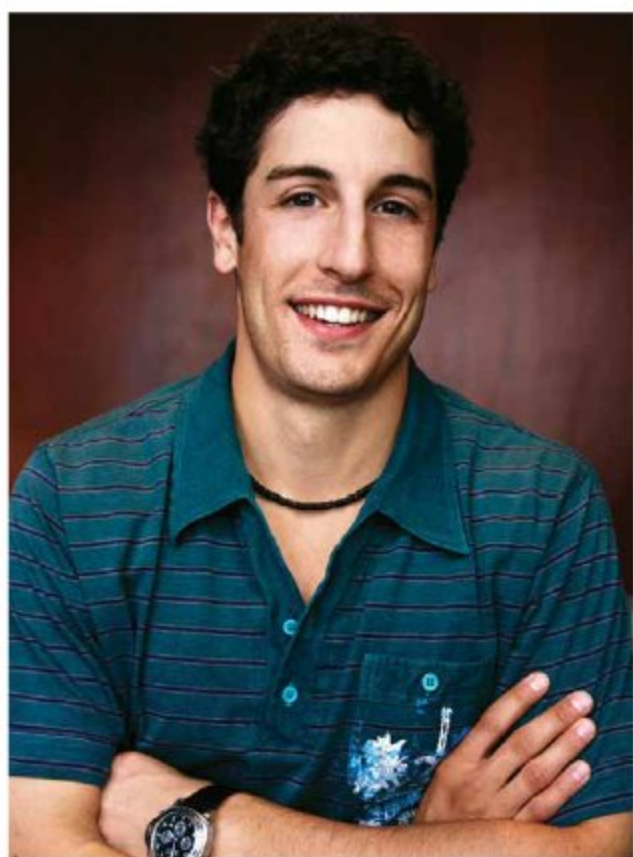
LIKE THIS? YOU SHOULD SEE HER DIMPLES

We're sitting in a Los Feliz eatery, waiting for Mary Castro and thinking how little we know of her body of work—all the "Hot Babe #2" roles—yet how well we know the body. Our source is the body-double scene in *Reno 911!: Miami*: As ambiguously gay lieutenant Jim Dangle and husky deputy Trudy Wiegel start having ugly drunken sex, the scene cuts to a faceless, flawless couple making hot monkey love. Multiple positions, tits smooshed against a window—the whole shebang, so to speak. That's the Mary we know when the real thing walks in wearing a low-cut dress and disarms us with a set of large and perfect dimples. Really. We begin with *Reno*. "The actor just said, 'Let's get to it,'" she recalls, "and then we made out all over the set. I couldn't stop laughing." It was her most memorable nude scene but not her last—she oil wrestled in the recent *Hell Ride*. "I'm in shape," she says, "but I didn't know how hard it would be to grab an oiled-up girl and throw her down. It took a lot of energy. I was topless and in short shorts. The oil saturated the shorts, so it was like I was totally nude." So, will Mary, who kept it largely PG-13 as a bikini model, get naked in all her movies from now on? Ironically, she wasn't even asked to for her biggest role, one of the leads in the upcoming *Kentucky Horror Show*. "I was a little offended," she says, again flashing the dimples. "My character, Crystal, is a college student who doesn't get naked or have sex. I'm like, 'Wait, you don't want me nude?'"



"The oil saturated the shorts, so it was like I was totally nude."

bye-bye, american pie



Being Mr. Biggs

CINEMA'S DESSERT HUMPER ON HIS ADDICTIONS: SNOWBOARDING, SUSHI AND, ER, HAND LOTION

He could still pass for the naive and horny high schooler he played in *American Pie* (a full nine years ago), but believe it or not, Jason Biggs is 30, married and a man of the world. This month he stars alongside Kate Hudson and Dane Cook in *My Best Friend's Girl*. We asked him about his life offscreen.

We hear you're a big snowboarder. Where do you go? My new discovery is Utah. I just went for the first time, and I'll definitely be back. I went to Snowbasin and Powder Mountain. I stayed with a friend who lives there, so the price was right. And my polygamous ways were not frowned upon.

What's your board? A Burton Custom X. It's pretty sick. When I'm on the slopes, I'm basically head-to-toe Burton.

What's your favorite restaurant? I eat sushi with my wife once a day, sometimes twice. Our mercury levels are off the chart. Go to Sushi Nozawa in Studio City, but don't order anything—just sit at the bar and eat whatever the chef makes.

What's your favorite item of clothing? My wife's ex-boyfriend's boxers. She saw me wearing them, and she was like, "You know, those are Drew's." I don't care. He broke them in, and they fit me perfectly. I wore them on our honeymoon.

What's something you can't live without? The Bulgari hand lotion at the Ritz-Carlton in Boston. I lived there for two months while I was making this movie, and I stole a ton of little bottles. But I have to use it sparingly—I've almost run out.

My Best Friend's Girl opens September 19.

cinch it

Belt
for All
Seasons

Summer's best accessory works just as well in the fall: the web (or webbed) belt. Definitions vary, so we'll just say our favorite web belt is a canvas strip with two round or rectangular rings at one end (flag football, anyone?). See, leather belts have a problem: They're inherently formal. The web belt casualizes a suit or blazer without making it look crummy. Pairing one (like those at right, from Lands' End) with uptown attire bespeaks confidence: You don't dress up to impress anyone, but you do dress well, because you can't help it.

Overseas Buzzword Alert: *Freemale*

Noting the rise in apparently happy single females, Australian demographers coined the term *freemale* to describe an unattached professional woman who behaves like a carefree bachelor. Freemales live for today, have casual sex, pay their own bills, take a pass on motherhood and love every minute of it. Newspapers in the U.K. seized on the term, debating whether such a creature can truly exist. Who knows? But at least it sounds better than "carousing jaded promiscuous financially independent spinster," which always struck us as judgmental.

pig in a tin

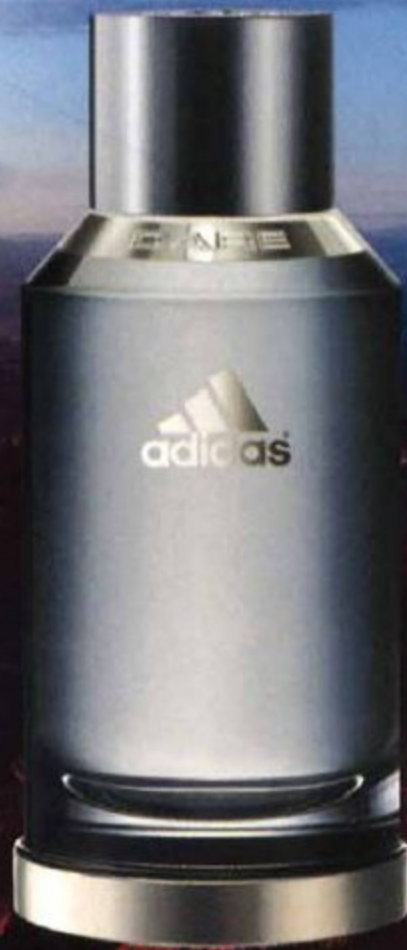
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(Extreme
Edition):
Canned
Bacon

MOVE OVER, SPAM. HERE'S SOMETHING TASTIER

MREdepot.com sells military-style MREs (meals ready to eat) and other survivalist food. We're not paranoid enough to stock up on unspoils, but we had to try the company's most popular item, Yoders canned bacon. Each can contains 40 to 50 strips of cooked pork (rolled in wax paper) and has a shelf life of 10 years. It ain't half bad—one bacon-loving PLAYBOY editor's oddly specific verdict was "It would be good if you were driving from Sudbury to Thunder Bay and you were in a hurry. And you had a can opener." Well, it's no good if you *don't* have a can opener.



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THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

drink of the month



The Democrat

THING TO DO IN DENVER
WHEN YOU'RE OPTIMISTIC

This is "Drink of the Month"—not the place to proselytize on the battle royal for the presidency of the United States. Yet even this column senses a historic moment. Here's the talking-points memo: Democratic convention in Denver. Republicans at a crossroads. Democrats way psyched. Rah, rah, sis-boom-bah—*Obaaaama*. Yippee, sea change. Sea—water? Thirsty. Weary from rah-rah, loopy at altitude, cute delegate from Ohio sits alone at the bar. Can we buy her a drink? Yes, we can. Try the democrat, the house cocktail at San Francisco's Bourbon & Branch:

2 oz. Bulleit bourbon
½ oz. fresh lemon juice
½ oz. honey syrup*

½ oz. Mathilde peach liqueur

Shake ingredients and pour over shaved ice into a collins glass. Garnish with a lemon wedge.

*To make honey syrup: Combine equal parts honey and boiling water; let cool.

(Is our liberal bias showing? You tell us. We could not find a cocktail called the republican. Submit one and we'll whip it up. If it's any good, we'll print the recipe and credit you as the bartender of the party of Lincoln, Reagan and Huckabee.)

beautiful music

Party Tracks From Naked Eurobabes

WHEN A TOPLESS GIRL TELLS YOU TO PLAY A RECORD, WHAT DO YOU DO? YOU PLAY THE DAMN RECORD

GirlDJs.ru books beautiful female DJs—often topless—to spin party tracks all over the world. As a fare-thee-well to summer (or a how's-your-father to fall), we asked three Eastern European ladies to contribute their favorite can't-miss floor fillers.

DJ BELENA:

Junior Caldera, "Sexy"
Klaas, "The Way"
Armand Van Helden, "I Want Your Soul"
Martin Solveig, "C'est la Vie"
Manyus vs. P.S.M., "Honey"
Ragachildren featuring Ronnie Jones, "My Fire"
Colette, "If"
HtwoO, "What's It Gonna Be"

DJ MARI FERRARI:

Gaëlle, "Give It Back (Dirty South mix)"
Laurent Wolf, "No Stress (extended)"
Mondotek, "Alive (2-4 Grooves remix)"
Basto!, "Savior (John Dahlbäck remix)"
Horny United, "Crazy Paris (Klaas remix)"

DJ AFFECTA:

Ian Carey Project, "Get Shaky"
Fragma, "Toca's Miracle (Inpetto 2008 remix)"
R.I.O., "Shine On"
Yves Larock, "By Your Side (extended)"
Funky Chicos, "Funky Town (club mix)"
Decks & Sign, "FCKN! (Erick Decks remix)"



pigskin pythagoras

Pick the Postseason—Today

UNASSAILABLE LOGIC FROM KC JOYNER, ESPN'S FOOTBALL SCIENTIST

It's September—who will win the Super Bowl? Unconventional number cruncher KC Joyner, author of *Blind-sided: Why the Left Tackle Is Overrated and Other Contrarian Football Thoughts*, can't tell you that, but he can tell you who has a *reeeally* good shot. (Spoiler: You would have picked the Giants, not the Patriots, to go all the way last year if you'd had this knowledge.) He finds that NFL teams playing in less-competitive divisions tend to fall down in the postseason. The Giants (10–6) played in the NFC East, one of two divisions in which all the teams finished at .500 or better, with a combined record of 40–24 and a winning percentage of .625. The Pats went 16–0 in the regular season, but the AFC East went a combined 28–36, or .438 overall. (And it used to be such a nice neighborhood.) Joyner expects more good things from the again-tough NFC East this year: "It looks like a return to the old days," he says, "when ruling that division meant winning the Super Bowl."





employee of the month

Quantum Mechanic

FOUL-MOUTHED AIRPLANE FIXER NICHOLE SUGANUMA IS QUEEN OF THE LANDING STRIP

PLAYBOY: What's a pretty girl like you doing in a hangar?

NICHOLE: I've always been fascinated with fixing cars, so I decided to join the U.S. Air Force as a mechanic. I served for three years, and now I work in corporate aviation.

PLAYBOY: Do the male grease monkeys find you distracting?

NICHOLE: That's why I was in the Air Force for only three years. I got in trouble. My supervisor would say, "There's always a crowd around your workbench!" I'd say, "It's not my fault. Tell them to get to work! I'm just trying to do my job."

PLAYBOY: Do you like working with men?

NICHOLE: I actually prefer working with men. I have a masculine mentality: I'm pretty perverted, I tell good sex jokes, and I cuss like a sailor.

PLAYBOY: Uh-oh, we feel a James Lipton moment coming on. Nichole, what is your favorite curse word?

NICHOLE: I say "fucking" more than any other word. It's very versatile: You can use it when you're describing the very worst thing or the very best thing in the world.

PLAYBOY: Well then, what's your all-time favorite fucking plane to work on?

NICHOLE: The C-5 Galaxy is my baby. It's basically one of the largest aircraft in the fucking free world!

PLAYBOY: So size matters to you?

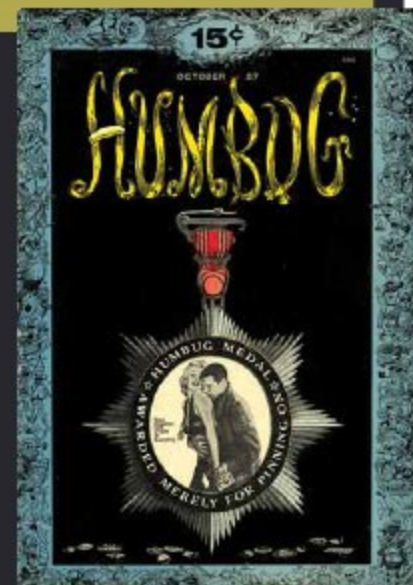
NICHOLE: Actually, when fucking, not really.

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

bah

Post-Mad, Pre-Annie Fanny

This past May, Will Elder, a legend of comics satire, shuffled off this mortal chicken fat. Fans of *Mad* magazine know Elder as one of the core artists of its first four years; *PLAYBOY* readers (not that these are mutually exclusive groups) know Elder as the artist behind *Little Annie Fanny*. But what happened to him (and editor Harvey Kurtzman) after leaving *Mad*, in 1956, and before starting *Little Annie Fanny*, in 1962? Among other things, *Humbug*, a *Mad*-like mag Elder and Kurtzman produced in the late 1950s. Also on board were such no-names as Wally Wood, Al Jaffee, Arnold Roth and Jack Davis—not quite the usual gang of idiots but a gang of idiots remarkably familiar to anyone who knows golden-age *Mad*. Fantagraphics will publish the long-lost humor magazine's full 11-issue run in the forthcoming *Humbug* collection.



comedians never get any



Don't Try This at All

BAD ADVICE ON WOMEN FROM A GUY NAMED TIM, WORSE ADVICE FROM A GUY NAMED ERIC

It is a dubious honor to have the best live-action show on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim. But we get the feeling that if not for dubious honors, Tim and Eric of *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!* would receive no honors at all. Here's their advice on courting the opposite sex. (Our advice is not to take this advice.)

Who gets more action? **ERIC:** Without a doubt, it's Tim. He has a sweet pad and cool clothes. In fact, they call him the ladies' man. **TIM:** You keep getting me confused with Tim Meadows, and it hurts my feelings. *What's your best pickup line?* **ERIC:** "Hey, chippie, I just bought two tickets to Stanktown, and you're riding VIP. All aboard!"

What's your recipe for a good date? **TIM:** Take her someplace nice, and always order everything for her: two Long John Silver's lunch platters and a jumbo Dr Pepper. **ERIC:** Two straws, one cup. *How do you know if she's into you?*

TIM: When you feel her hand creeping up your skirt. *How long after a night of sex should you wait to call a girl?*

TIM: Who calls? I text THX 4 DA FREE SEX!

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movie of the month

The House Bunny

THE PLAYBOY MANSION MOVES TO SORORITY ROW

By Stephen Rebell

In the new comedy *The House Bunny*, Anna Faris—strutting her sexy comic stuff as a Playboy Bunny—gets booted out of the Mansion and, down on her luck, becomes housemother to seven socially inept sorority women played by such up-and-comers as Emma Stone, Katharine McPhee, Rumer Willis and Kat Dennings. Faris produced the movie from her original idea, which *Legally Blonde* writers Karen McCullah Lutz and Kirsten Smith brought to screenplay form. The film features the Playboy Mansion and appearances by Hef, Holly Madison, Bridget Marquardt, Kendra Wilkinson and several Playmates. One subplot finds Faris's bubbly, ditzy-like-a-fox character being by turns fascinatingly funny and horrifyingly embarrassing to a straight-arrow good guy (Colin Hanks) who becomes her unlikely boyfriend. "Anna was why I wanted to do the movie," says Hanks, the affable son of Tom Hanks. "She's made a name for herself as this sort of great comedienne. She can do anything. The character is her baby. She came up with every facet, from her quirks to the way she dresses to her whole mind-set. Anna is the one doing the really brave comedy stuff; I'm the straight guy following her lead." Asked whether in real life he has ever dated a woman remotely like Faris's character, Hanks laughs. "No, and I don't even know that I'd say if I had," he says. "But I think it's a funny and sweet movie."

dvds of the month

Legends of the Fall

GET SERIAL ABOUT THIS SEASON'S 10 BEST TV SHOWS ON DVD

It's an unofficial fall decree: New shows on the air equal new shows on the shelves. While the strike-shortened 2007–2008 season caused this year's TV-on-DVD offerings to arrive a few discs shorter, several marathon-worthy collections beckon. Five returning faves top our list of the season's 10 best, led by Showtime's devilish **Dexter**. Season two finds the forensics specialist cum serial killer (Michael C. Hall) on the defensive against his competing girlfriends, as well as a suspicious colleague. The hilarious season-three run of **It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia** cements this FX sitcom's status as the anti-*Cheers*, never more so than in the story line in which the barfly buds boost Mob drugs and wind up hooked. Things may be a bit more mundane amid the cubes of Dunder-Mifflin's Scranton branch, but in its fourth season **The Office** (pictured, top left) remains TV's most reliably funny half hour. The addictive dramas **Heroes** (bottom left) and **Prison Break** (bottom right), both also on Blu-ray,



had shortened seasons. *Heroes* squeezed out only 11 episodes for its sophomore run, with several arcs suspended in midair, while *Prison Break*'s 13 episodes tied up enough of the series' Panama adventure to feel complete. Fox's **Terminator: The Sarah Connor Chronicles** (top right), also available on Blu-ray, picks up James Cameron's man-machine Armageddon saga and boasts a tough-a-licious performance from Lena Headey. NBC's quirky spy hour **Chuck** makes up a great backstory: Chuck (Zachary Levi), flash-enhanced with secret government intel, is tasked with espionage while keeping his job at an electronics store. Nobody hawks gadgets on last season's two soapy drama debuts—ABC's **Dirty Sexy Money** and CW's **Gossip Girl**—both set in Manhattan's rarefied social swirl. The issues are more grown-up on HBO's psychologist drama **In Treatment**, starring Gabriel Byrne. The patient-by-patient story lines also lend themselves to easy DVD chapter jumping. —Greg Fagan

Now Showing: Woody Allen's *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* is his sexiest film in ages and surprisingly funny; Robert De Niro and Al Pacino team up again in *Righteous Kill*; the Coen brothers return to comedy with *Burn After Reading*. Read more at playboy.com.

tease frame



Brazilian beauty **Alice Braga** is a carnival of delights in *Lower City* (pictured). See her next opposite Harrison Ford in the immigration opus *Crossing Over*.

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future party music

New Kids on the Block

ICE CREAM, ELECTRO AND THE JOYS OF CLUB LIFE

We like the utility of electro—it's all about dancing. Two new duos represent the culmination of the genre. Both use an irresistible amalgam of chunky synths, computer game-like gurgles and half-shouted female vocals. **Heartsrevolution** (pictured below) is the glass-



half-full type, while Toronto eight-bit Goths **Crystal Castles** are darker. Heartsrevolution also runs a hipster ice-cream-truck company called Heartschallenger in New York, L.A. and Miami. "It was never 'Let's go start a band,'" says vocalist Lo. "And it wasn't ice-cream trucks, either. Heartschallenger is more of a concept, to do whatever the fuck challenges you, the things you believe in as a kid that somehow slowly get beaten out of you—basically to live however the fuck you want every day. I'm way too crazy to

keep a job, so I've always been hustling shit, from selling drugs to driving an ice-cream truck. Then Ben did this song after I asked him to make some music for the truck, and he's like, 'Will you do vocals over it?' And I'm like, 'Only if we do it like an old Huggy Bear song, where there's girl-punk vocals and it's all distorted and fuzzy and fun, like dance music.'

Download free MP3s from Pierre de Reeder, the Black Box Revelation, Quivver and Alex Moulton at playboy.com/magazine/cds.

mix tape musts

"Shame on Love," **Pierre de Reeder** Wistful acoustic guitar-based ditty from new solo album by Rilo Kiley member.

"Love in Your Head," **The Black Box Revelation** Sinister Jesus & Mary Chain-like mix of guitar noise and pop melody.

"Can I Get Your Number," **Yung Berg** "Sexy Can I" was the song of the summer, but this features Amerie. We love Amerie.

"Jager Yoga," **CSS** Brazilian indie kids return with another stomper that combines guitars, synths and self-references.

"Times Like These," **Glen Campbell** Great version of the Foo Fighters tune from his new album of outside-the-box covers.

"Forever Growing Centipedes," **The Faint** Buzzes, chimes, thick slabs of bass, cowbell-like synth bursts? Check.

"Leftovers," **Johnny Flynn** From a gem of a Brit-folk album comes the best song ever about bacon rinds and old sardines.

"What's Not Goin' On?," **Quivver** Shape-shifting act sounds here like a new-millennium New Order—or Cut Copy.

"Meridians," **Alex Moulton** Icy electronica could be a soundtrack for a robot road movie; funk bass keeps human heads bobbing.

game of the month

Too Little, Too Late

SPECTACULAR IN PLACES, THE LONG-AWAITED, OFT-DELAYED *TOO HUMAN* ULTIMATELY FLUBS THE LANDING

Games that fall just short of greatness are often more frustrating than the outright dogs. Inside **Too Human** (360) is a fantastic game trying desperately to get out, but it ultimately suffocates under a pile of small problems. Make no mistake, this sprawling, ambitious epic gets a great many things right, just not enough to pull it out of the "noble mess" category. Based on tropes of Norse mythology, it turns on a deliciously perverse premise: You play a cybernetic god trying to save humankind from an invasion of hideous machines. But to keep pace with the aggressors, you need to upgrade yourself, becoming more monstrous as you fight the monsters. Combat is split between close-in hack-and-slash and fancy firearm work with a unique control scheme—you shoot with the triggers as you twirl the right stick to swing your sword. This lets you take on dozens of enemies at once in massive orgies of destruction. The problem?



There's not much interesting to kill. As wave upon wave of maddeningly similar enemies descends upon you, your badassery quickly becomes mundane and feels more like a job than a joy. That's not to say there aren't bright spots—the boss fights and the upgrade system are both compelling—but between repetitive fight sequences, uninspiring level design and nagging camera issues, it's not the masterpiece we've been waiting for. $\text{¥¥}^{\frac{1}{2}}$ —*Marc Saltzman*

MADDEN '09 (360, PS3) '09 reels in newcomers with adaptable difficulty, analysis of bad plays and do-overs. Vets will dig re-created challenges from last season's key games. ¥¥¥ —*Scott Stein*

SOULCALIBUR IV (360, PS3) This leveled-up classic fighter features amazing visuals along with sharp controls, online play and upgradable, customizable characters. $\text{¥¥¥}^{\frac{1}{2}}$ —*Damon Brown*

RESET GENERATION (Nokia phones, PC) An homage to classic video games that mashes up action, puzzle and strategy styles and provides global leaderboards. Odd yet deep. ¥¥¥ —*Chris Hudak*

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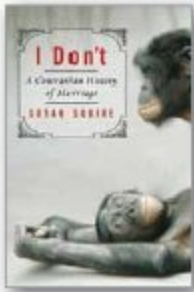
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avowals

[I DON'T: A CONTRARIAN HISTORY OF MARRIAGE]

In her new book, author Susan Squire takes matrimony to the mat



Q: You describe marriage as an institution created to regulate reproduction. Has it outlived that function today? **A:** Once people figured out that the endgame of sex wasn't ejaculation but conception, something had to be done. The overriding concern was to avert confusion over paternity, no easy matter given the universal assumption—sustained until around 1800—that women

were nymphomaniacal by nature. The solution was marriage, instituted in concert with the double standard: A woman could have only one sexual partner at a time, her husband, while a man could marry and/or fuck any woman who didn't already belong to another man. Thanks to modern technology, sex can be separated from reproduction and vice versa. Thanks to secular culture, the choice of when, how and whether to separate them is left to the individuals concerned, and the double standard has become, theoretically, a single one. Yet marriage is still the foundation of the family, and it still regulates sex. (Conservatives should be all for gay marriage on that basis alone.) In this country we've internalized Protestant marital ethics, the cornerstone being "forsake all others." To break the rule of mutual fidelity is to invite consequences. **Q:** First biology then religion determined the idea of marriage. Has economics assumed that role today? **A:** All along, whether marriage was billed as a reproductive factory or a lust-control device, economics

factored openly into the marital calculus. Marriage was a political alliance, a landgrab; it was a strategy for domestic and therefore social stability. That's why marriages were brokered by parents or guardians and why the idea of marrying for love—or passion, our word for lust—was considered a precarious basis for a union on which the fate of generations rested. Now we broker our own marriages, and they're supposed to be about love. Economics still

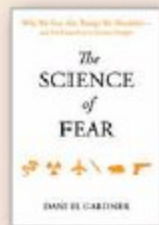
figures into it but covertly; few people will admit that gaining status, power or access to a private jet is what sent them to the altar. **Q:** You write that love was a new idea in the 16th century. Was there passion in marriage before that? **A:** Love wasn't the new idea; yoking it to marriage was. The original emphasis, by way of Protestants and Martin Luther in particular, was on premarital compatibility, which would ideally develop in the course of married life into mutual affection and respect—companionable love. In fact, that kind of love is the great reward of a successful long-term relationship; it's as close to "happily ever after" as reality is likely to provide.



The reality, as just about everyone knew until modern times, is that passion thrives on the forbidden and the unfamiliar—and marriage thrives on the exact opposite. Over the past century the emphasis has been on the heady, sexy premarital phase of falling in love, as if that's going to last forever. **Q:** With the secularizing of society, what has replaced religious authority in the conjugal bed? **A:** Self-help books, marriage therapists, dreams of romance and Viagra.

modern fears

Especially since 9/11, commentators from across the political spectrum have assailed what they see as a culture of fear in public life. While some critics (e.g., Michael Moore) blame the Bush administration's manipulations, others point to a widespread absence of social meaning. Journalist Daniel Gardner's **THE SCIENCE OF FEAR** looks beyond such present-day sociology into the brains of hunter-gatherers shaped 10,000 years ago. In his evolutionary psychology, feeling trumps reason, leaving us vulnerable to politicians, merchants, the media and various other catastrophists who whip up panic to maintain power, increase profit and generally control our attention and behavior for their own ends. Thus, despite our being safer and healthier than our forebears, we are held captive by concerns about terrorism and urban crime, processed food and disease. Gardner's lively survey is disturbing

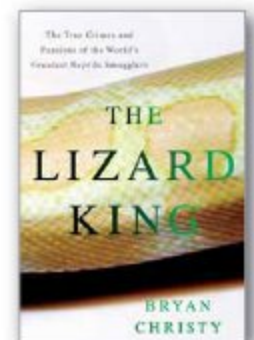


but ultimately encouraging—at least of our rational brain's ability to see through the hype around us.

Julian Barnes draws together reason and memory in his elegant memoir, **NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF**, to confront the most inevitable of fears, death. Through recollections of his parents and grandparents, discussions with his philosopher brother and the writings of thinkers like Montaigne and Somerset Maugham, he reflects on the emotional and spiritual burdens of advancing age. Not really fears, these are deeply held anxieties born from uncertainty about God, trying to make coherent sense of life and the pangs of realizing one's essential isolation. Barnes's erudite and entertaining volume concludes that while thoughtful consideration cannot resolve death's mysteries, it can, as a shared concern, finally make the unknowable event a bit more bearable. —J. David Stocum

**THE LIZARD KING** • Bryan Christy

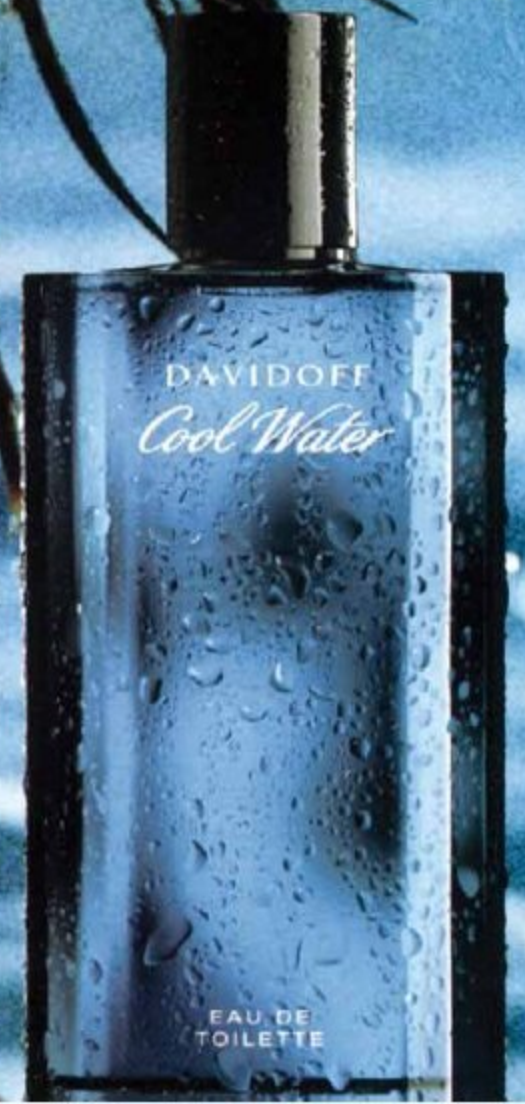
Who knew the world of reptile smuggling was as high-stakes and character-rich as an Elmore Leonard novel? Christy, a writer for *PLAYBOY* and *National Geographic*, dives headlong into this subterranean world where a white python can fetch more than \$100,000 and illegally smuggled frogs and frilled dragons are sold to pet shops and zoos. The tactics of reptile smugglers recall those of drug criminals—falsifying documents, laundering funds. This global operation centers on some of the notorious men of the Van Nostrand family. Though they're no less fearsome than the Corleones, Christy resists demonizing them. Instead, he emphasizes our enduring fascination with the cold-blooded. ♣♣♣♣ —Seth Fiegerman



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Prime Mates

The Humane Society estimates that about **15,000** monkeys, orangutans and other primates are owned by private citizens in the United States.

Virtual Strangers

41% of Facebook users accept friend requests from people they don't know.

Fill 'Er Up

At least **2** crashes of U.S. military jets have been attributed to trouble with standard-issue "piddle pack" bags, which pilots used until recently for urination while flying.



price check



\$23,325

Amount of the fine levied against Brigitte Bardot for provoking discrimination and racial hatred in a 2006 letter in which she criticized France's Muslims.

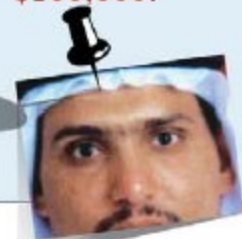
Supersmokers

Asked by the legislature to define a **60-day** supply of medical marijuana, the Washington State Department of Health suggested that patients be permitted a stash of **35 ounces**. If you figure the average joint contains **.02 ounces** of weed and then do the math, patients are looking at nearly **30** joints a day. *Duuuude.*



Unwanted

Bounty offered by the U.S. government for the killing or capture of Al Qaeda leader Abu Ayyub al-Masri: in 2006, **\$5 million**; 2007, **\$1 million**; 2008, **\$100,000**.



Top of the Tops

Now that Guinness World Records has created the category, it's official: Florida lap dancer Maxi Mounds has the largest breast implants in the world. Each of her **42M** jugs is filled with polypropylene string and weighs **20 pounds**.

Restroom?

63% of BlackBerry owners have used their PDA in the bathroom.



Criminal Sarges

Soldiers who require special waivers to join the Army because of criminal or drug records are promoted to sergeant within **35 months** on average. That's **4 months** faster than those with a clean record.

what they're thinking



30% of *Marie Claire* readers have had a fling while traveling.

No Bunk

A comprehensive U.S. study found that nearly **36,000** children and adolescents are treated for bunk-bed injuries each year.



Bogarters

Americans make up **5%** of the world's population but consume about **67%** of its illegal drugs.



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The Upside of Embargo

Diving Jardines de la Reina may not be strictly legal, but it is strictly spectacular

OUR COUNTRY'S LONG-STANDING economic sanctions mean that, when used together, the words *Cuba*, *boat* and *swimming* rarely have much to do with fun. Although we live in hope, as of this writing it is still a federal crime for U.S. citizens to spend money in Castro country. So if we were to inform you that one of the world's most pristine dive spots, Jardines de la Reina, is located 60 miles south of Cuba, bear in mind we would do so only with an eye toward an embargo-free future that is powerless to tempt scuba enthusiasts into unlawful acts (such as entering Cuba through Mexico, not Canada, and making sure to convert the roughly \$5,000 cost of a weeklong dive package to pesos ahead of time to avoid the 20 percent exchange tax on U.S. dollars). Should the day finally come when U.S. divers need not leave behind their (easily traced) credit cards on their sneaks into Cuba (where the officials are savvy enough not to stamp our passports), they'll discover an underwater wonderland of virgin reef stretching some 75 miles and, thanks to a ban on commercial fishing, teeming with life. The Gardens of the Queen has one of the world's largest concentrations of whale sharks and is home to an abundance of tarpon, grouper and permit. Perhaps someday soon it will be legal for Americans to visit this underwater paradise. Until then, just remember—you didn't hear about it (or how to get there) from us.



About Time

IT'S OFFICIAL: AUDIOTAPES have made the precipitous leap from obsolescent to trendy. Commemorate a time when portability trumped sound quality and the double tape deck was de rigueur for the modern man with the ASOS Cassette Face Watch (\$70, asos.com). Then feel blessed you can carry 10,000 digital songs in the space required for 90 minutes of hissy Phil Collins audio.

Platinum Hits

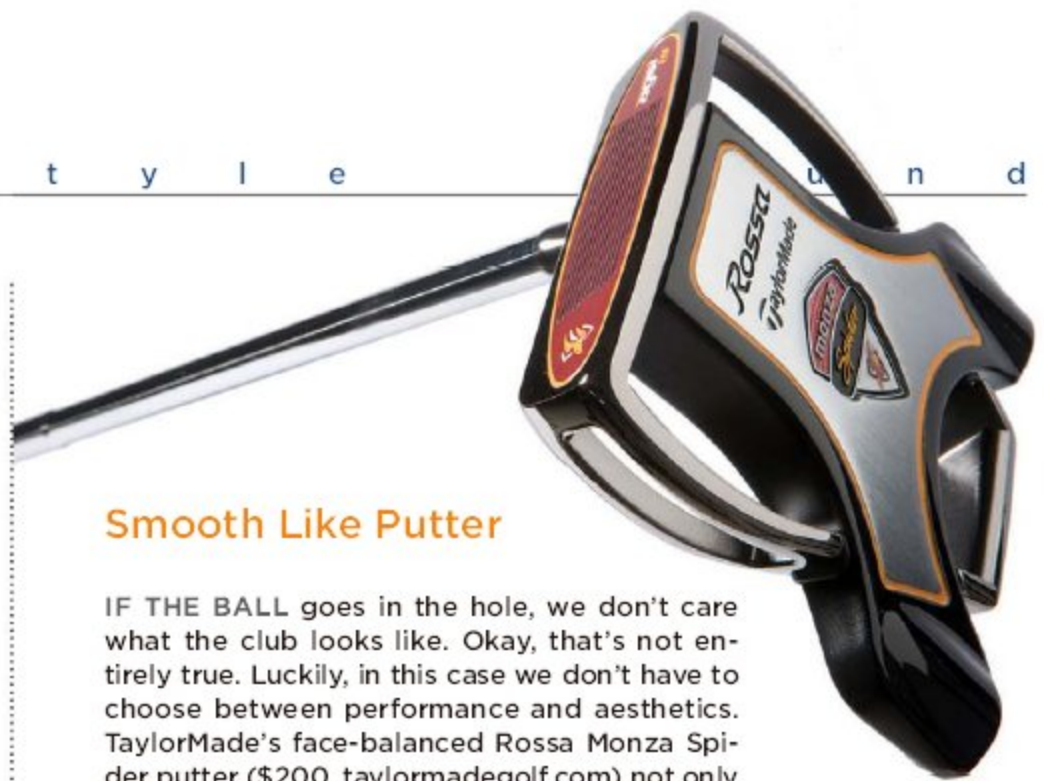
UNLIKE MANY GROOMING companies, Zirh (zirh.com) has, from its founding, been focused purely on products for the unique needs of men. Now Zirh takes that care to the next level with its Platinum line, which uses serious science and esoteric ingredients (mushroom extract, anyone?) to keep the years off your mug. Age Defense (\$125) is a concentrated face cream, R2 R-Evolution (\$65) is a redness-reducing postshave balm, and Total Recharge (\$125) uses algae, barley and tomato to keep you looking fresh.





Clothesline: Tim McGraw

AFTER SPLASHING ON his new McGraw cologne (\$30, timmcgrawfrances.com), the country superstar checks his schedule to see what goes on next. “Mostly I’m a T-shirt-and-jeans guy,” he says, “but not when I have to work. My wife, Faith Hill, knows about clothes, so she helps me out with Alexander McQueen shirts, Gucci pants and Dolce & Gabbana shoes. Of course, I wouldn’t know all that unless somebody told me.” Despite his designer clothing, McGraw is a cowboy at heart. “These J. Chisholm cowboy boots are the same ones I’ve had for 15 years, and I wear the same Stetson all the time—at least until it gets awful-looking.” What then? “I hate wearing a new hat. It takes about three rainy days and a lot of sweat to get the right look and feel.”



Smooth Like Putter

IF THE BALL goes in the hole, we don’t care what the club looks like. Okay, that’s not entirely true. Luckily, in this case we don’t have to choose between performance and aesthetics. TaylorMade’s face-balanced Rossa Monza Spider putter (\$200, taylormadegolf.com) not only sports a bold design, it is remarkably stable, with minimal impact twist thanks to its high moment of inertia. Moveable weights allow you to customize its feel. No wonder this baby has bagged so many tour wins in the past six months.



Wide Receiver

TIVOLI AUDIO MAKES tabletop radios that have impeccable sound and phenomenal reception. Their coverage area just got a whole lot wider. The Tivoli Audio NetWorks radio (\$750, tivialaudio.com) uses built-in Wi-Fi to pull in Net radio from around the world, whether you want the free-form madness of Jersey City’s WFMU or Arabic pop from Morocco’s Radio Yabiladi. Plus you can wirelessly stream MP3s from your computer or plug in a USB flash drive full of music. Of course, if too much choice frightens you, you can still tune in old-fashioned terrestrial stations.



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The Playboy Advisor

In July a reader wrote to say he and his wife have date nights “to keep it interesting.” Have you heard about couples who have sex every night for months at a time to rev things up? Does that work? It sounds great in theory.—J.N., Greenwich, Connecticut

Who are we to discourage a daily dose? Two couples have recently published accounts of their separate attempts to have sex like clockwork. The Browns of Boulder (authors of Just Do It) did it for 101 consecutive days, while the Mullers of Charlotte, North Carolina (365 Nights) tried for a year, though they averaged 26 to 28 times a month. Both couples reported their marathons had the effect you would expect: They struggled to keep the encounters exciting, but the experiment strengthened their marriages, made sex more spontaneous, forced them to put aside their anxieties and squabbles at the end of the day, etc. Notably, the idea for both stunts originated with the wives: Annie Brown hoped it would revive her marriage; Charla Muller presented it to her husband as a 40th-birthday present. In other words, they approached the idea of having lots of sex as therapy, a sacrifice and/or a gift. Whatever happened to fucking because it's fun? That's the question being asked by the frustrated men who write us because they want sex much more often than their wives, many of whom seem to dismiss their husbands' interest in regular physical intimacy as strictly prurient.

Why do some songs stick in your head? How can you get rid of them?—L.N., Indianapolis, Indiana

Neurologists aren't sure why this occurs, but they have observed the process. In 2005 researchers at Dartmouth scanned the brains of volunteers who had listened to a few seconds of songs such as “(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction” by the Rolling Stones and “The Pink Panther Theme.” The study found that, even in silence, the auditory cortex continues to respond as if it were hearing the rest of the song. James Kellaris, a professor of marketing at the University of Cincinnati who has a professional interest in “earworms” because of their value to advertisers (who doesn't hope for a sticky jingle?), suggests a catchy hook creates a “cognitive itch” that the brain tries to scratch by repeating it. He has collected a number of strategies to stop the madness: listening to an “eraser tune” (to prevent a new earworm, make sure the song is unfamiliar and relatively complex), distracting yourself with math problems or spicy gum, listening to the song from start to finish to rob it of its power, “tune tagging” someone by singing it to them, or walking or exercising to a different beat while visualizing the worm crawling from your ear. Then step on it.

After a difficult breakup, I dragged myself out of the darkness with online



dating. I met a girl, and we went on two dates and fooled around a bit. I quickly realized I wasn't over my ex, but instead of telling this woman I couldn't go any further, I ended our second date by assuring her we would talk later. Now it has been a few weeks, and I haven't called. What are the new rules? Do I owe her an apology? Do I send an e-mail or call? Even though I already screwed up, I would like to be a gentleman.—D.K., New York, New York

The rules haven't changed. You should have been honest, of course, but it can't hurt to give her a call now to apologize and explain.

Is it legal to put a recording device on my home phone? I think my wife is having an affair.—J.H., Atlanta, Georgia

It's illegal in Georgia to record a call unless at least one participant consents. This could go two ways: Either you'll hear evidence of cheating but can confront your wife only if you admit you broke the law to spy on her (which may be useful to her in court, should it come to that), or you won't hear evidence of cheating but still won't trust her.

My fiancée just graduated from college and moved in with me. She went home to visit her parents for the weekend. As I was shuffling through our bedroom closet I knocked over some of her boxes and noticed a few DVDs. Only one would play, but it showed my fiancée's hot college roommate blowing her boyfriend. I had just started jerking off when another girl appeared in the frame. The camera went out of focus as this girl began sucking him, then the camera went back into focus in a close-up of the head of his cock and both girls' mouths. Just before

the film ended, the second girl grabbed his cock and licked the tip. As she did, I could see a ring on her finger. I freeze-framed, and it's the same ring I bought my girlfriend for our engagement. Should I ask if it's her? I don't want to lose her.—S.A., Akron, Ohio

You don't need to ask her—she wouldn't have the DVD unless she was in it. You should tell her what you've seen, especially as the ring makes it hard to chalk this up to a youthful indiscretion. Given how badly she concealed this potentially explosive secret, we wonder if this is her clumsy way of starting a conversation about her appetites. On the plus side, many guys would love to have such an adventurous partner. You just need her to be an honest one.

According to my mother, it's rude of my girlfriend and me to hold hands while having dinner with her at a restaurant. Is it rude, or is my mom being unreasonable?—F.L., Akron, Ohio

It's not rude, but is it necessary? For the record, it is rude to feed each other, sit on each other's lap or have sex on the table.

My boyfriend hangs out with a group of friends who are like brothers. Recently a female acquaintance of the group decided to show them something she had learned—she deep-throated a banana. I am glad my boyfriend told me about it, but he doesn't understand why I am upset. The next time we're all together, I want to take the woman aside and ask her to show me her trick, just so she knows that girlfriends and wives do find things out. Should I confront her?—M.W., Greenville, South Carolina

We're not sure her party trick deserves this drama. If you could make a banana disappear, would you still be upset? It may not be a bad idea to ask for tips, both to learn her secret and to let her know he's going to get his at home.

Is it okay to wear both a collar pin and a tie bar?—A.M., Birmingham, Alabama

Wear one or the other but not both.

This sounds odd, but my boyfriend loves it when I hurt his balls. He lets me grab them and squeeze, hit, kick and kneel him. He says he has better orgasms when they are sore. I love to play the dominant but wonder if this might cause damage. I would hate for our exciting love life to prevent us from someday experiencing parenthood.—L.W., Denver, Colorado

Unless you are incapacitating him with pain or there's swelling or bruising the next day, it's unlikely you're causing long-term damage. The testicles are slippery and slide out of the way of most blows. They're also encased in a tough, fibrous coating. Dr. Richard Santucci of the Center for Urologic Reconstruction at

Detroit Receiving Hospital has seen his share of groin injuries and notes that while testicles can rupture, it takes a good amount of force (at least 110 pounds, by one calculation we don't want to know anything more about) and usually doesn't occur except when someone is hit by a fastball, karate kick or even a paintball and the testicles are crushed against the pelvic bone. Hardy Haberman, author of *Family Jewels: A Guide to Male Genital Play and Torment*, suggests if you're going to knee or kick your boyfriend, aim for his perineum, the area between his scrotum and anus, because it's better able to absorb the blow. There is the potential to affect fertility if the testicles are violently twisted, which can cut off the blood supply or damage the sperm tubes. By the way, so-called cock-and-ball torture is not an uncommon desire on the part of submissive men. There's even a genre of porn called *tamakeri* that consists of nothing but women kicking guys in the balls.

My wife of 18 months displays a photo in our house of her French-kissing an old friend. Although he was never a serious boyfriend, I have asked her to get rid of the photo. She refuses. Am I being unreasonable?—B.H., Minot, North Dakota

We don't think so. It sounds tacky anyway.

I purchased a rum aged 18 years. It was packaged with a decanter. I have never thought to decant any alcohol other than wine. Does decanting improve the flavor of all liquors or just certain types?—E.S., Kennewick, Washington

You don't need to decant anything besides red wines. However, serving dark liquors from a decanter definitely looks cooler than pouring shots from the bottle. A word of caution: Never store any beverage in a lead-crystal decanter, as the lead will leach into the liquid.

I am a 20-year-old virgin. This is extremely embarrassing because all my friends aren't, and my family (mostly my older male cousins) says I should have been laid by now. I'd like to lose it sooner than later, but I want my first time to be with someone I care about and not a one-night stand. When and if the time comes, I'm afraid I'll be too terrified to do a good job and will be a disappointment.—M.B., Madison, Wisconsin

Your friends and cousins don't know what they're talking about. Many men are virgins at the age of 20. We like your strategy. You should hold on until you meet someone you care about. The experience will be much more enjoyable and memorable—even more so if you're sober. You will not be a disappointment as long as you concentrate on her pleasure.

My fiancée has become insanely jealous over a woman I chat with online. We have been chatting for more than a year, and she is a friend. My fiancée goes into my e-mail account and checks the messages; if I say anything she deems inappropriate, I get grilled. For example, she found an e-mail in which I told this woman I

missed her bunches. I care for this woman, but as I said, she is a friend. Isn't my fiancée overreacting?—C.O., Bay City, Texas

No, although her snooping isn't helping matters. Why not chat with the woman you're going to marry? You're focusing on the wrong relationship.

I own a linen suit with a polyester liner that is too hot for summer. Is having my tailor cut the liner out an option, or would that ruin the suit? Is it possible to have the liner replaced with another material?—S.J., Atlanta, Georgia

Removing the polyester lining will not ruin the suit. However, it may be there for a reason. Certain high-tech polys are designed for cooling or to absorb perspiration. Your tailor should be able to tell you about your particular liner. It's possible to replace it, and the fashion these days leans toward beautiful royal colors.

Often my partner and I notice a jar or vase containing money sitting atop the glass viewing window at sushi bars. I assume it is there for the chefs' tips. What amount is customary to leave?—M.G., Raleigh, North Carolina

Drop \$5 or \$10 in the jar after the chef provides recommendations, which you should ask for. It's a way to be remembered if you frequent the place.

My wife and I had a baby seven weeks ago. The only intimacy since the birth has been a hand job that was obviously a job for her—she did it while we watched TV. Anyway, this morning she caught me masturbating in the shower. All she said was "So, taking a shower?" I was 90 percent to orgasm and stroking myself hard, so I couldn't play it off like I was washing my genitals. I'm sure she appreciates my need for release, but does she think less of me or find me disgusting? I don't know if I should discuss this with her or let it pass.—J.M., Phoenix, Arizona

Hang on—there's another way to wash your genitals? Your wife sounds amused, not judgmental. We see no need to rehash. Don't worry, things will get better; an infant saps everyone's strength. You may want to use that age-old move known as the full-body massage—it works especially well on a new mom.

I want to get tested for sexually transmitted diseases to show my new girlfriend I'm free and clear. I have been tested for HIV and have undergone the exam that involves having a tube inserted in your penis. Is there a single test that will check for everything? If not, what tests should I get?—D.B., Sarasota, Florida

There is no universal procedure, and many doctors don't recommend testing for men unless they have symptoms (sores, blisters, warts, unusual discharge), have sex with other men or have a partner who tests positive. The penis swab you mention is a test for gonorrhea or chlamydia. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention recommends sexually

active straight men who are not in a long-term, mutually monogamous relationship get a hepatitis B vaccination, a chlamydia test and an annual HIV test. If you are concerned you've been exposed to a sexually transmitted disease, call the STI Resource Center Hotline at 800-227-8922 for recommendations for free or low-cost clinics, or visit hivtest.org.

Last week I attended the circus, and the contortionists sparked all sorts of naughty thoughts. Is sex with a contortionist as hot as I imagine it might be?—M.P., Seattle, Washington

You're asking us? We'd be happy with a gymnast of average ability.

When should you first change the oil in a new car? My friends say it should be done at 1,000 miles to get rid of metal debris. True?—F.L., Akron, Ohio

Although some mechanics are skeptical that an early oil change is necessary unless it's included in the maintenance schedule (check your owner's manual), the consensus seems to be that it's a cheap insurance policy. Marina Radoumis, vice president of technical services for Titan Laboratories, which has tested hundreds of thousands of samples of discarded oil, says a large amount of contaminants is generally found after the first 1,000 miles, including silica, created by the sealing compounds used to assemble the engine, and metal particles. Both are abrasive and presumably could gouge the engine's lubricated surfaces. In addition, she says, "manufacturers often use a 0W-20 break-in oil, which is too thin for warmer climates."

I've been on a few dates with a girl who is flirty but always makes up an excuse to stop before we have sex. Once, after I walked her home and said I had to get going, she said, "Aww, you can come up for two minutes, right? Come on." So I went into her place, she threw me on the bed, and we started to hook up. After a few minutes she stopped. I asked what was wrong, and she said, "Your two minutes are up. You need to go home now." I know she's playing games, and my friends tell me to stop seeing her, but I can't do that yet. What's my next move?—D.H., Boston, Massachusetts

She's enjoying her power. Next time say, "I don't have two minutes. But I have an hour." If she doesn't have an hour, excuse yourself.

*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.*





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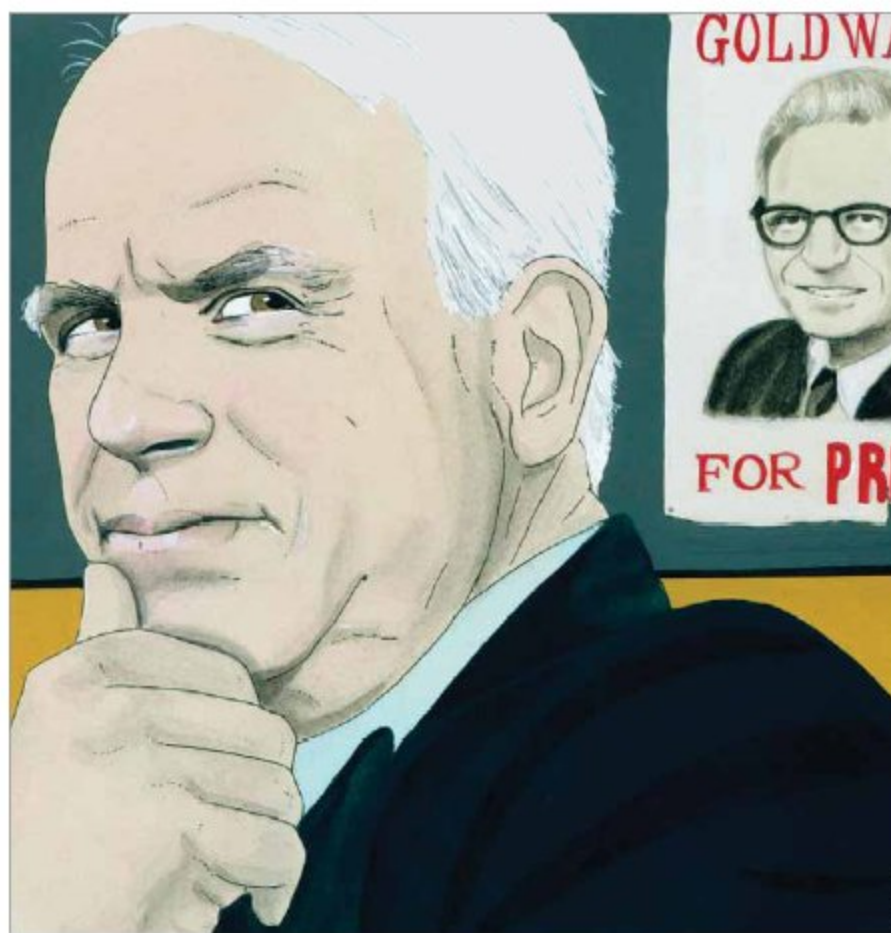
BY JOHN W. DEAN

Republican presidential standard-bearer John McCain likes to describe himself as a Goldwater conservative. McCain frequently invokes the name of Barry M. Goldwater, the long-tenured Arizona senator who died in 1998, because he wishes others to see him as struck from the same mold as his iconic and exemplary predecessor. But he is not.

I had the pleasure of meeting Senator Goldwater through his son, my friend Barry Jr., around the time of his arrival in the Senate in 1953 and remained friendly with him until his death. After Barry Jr. and I discovered Goldwater's previously unpublished private journal, which he kept from 1938, well before he entered politics, until a few years before he passed away, we assembled and edited *Pure Goldwater* to introduce this man to a new generation and to remind them there were once elected officials—and presidential candidates—who embodied the statesmen envisioned by our nation's founders. More scrapbook than autobiography, the book is a collection of Goldwater's thoughts, and it provides a clear picture of the man, his character and his conservatism as it developed and was applied during his five decades of public service.

Simply stated, Goldwater described his commonsense conservatism as drawing on the wisdom of the past and applying it to the present in a fashion that best protected individual freedom and liberty. Even more fundamental to the political principles underlying his conservatism was an unyielding belief that it was the duty of public officials to be honest and truthful.

Goldwater did not merely talk the talk; history shows he walked the walk, a fact that was recognized across the political spectrum. For example, during our research we came across a handwritten note from June 1973 by Erwin N. Griswold, a former Harvard Law School dean and then the U.S. solicitor general (the person who decides which cases the government will take to the Supreme Court and argues many of them). Griswold, a Democrat,



had been appointed by President Lyndon Johnson, but President Richard Nixon had requested he remain through his first term. At the time Griswold wrote the note to Goldwater, he was clearing his desk to leave government service. I knew Griswold too. He was a man who passed out many law diplomas but few compliments, yet he wrote Goldwater out of the blue, saying, "Of all the people in public life here in Washington, I do not believe there is anyone who has come up as much in my estimation over the past several years as you have.... I would trust Barry Goldwater's word on any issue, and that is quite a lot to say these days. I hope you won't mind my

being so bold. I have wanted to communicate this to you, and this seemed to be a good time to do it."

Griswold's sentiment is typical of the way both Democrats and Republicans felt about Goldwater. Even when they did not agree with his policy positions, they respected the way he conducted himself as a public official. While working on this essay, I had occasion to speak with one of Goldwater's former top aides, an attorney now retired, who said he only recently realized how many laws and amendments to laws Goldwater had quietly written and had his colleagues adopt because of their great respect for him. By contrast, McCain's principal legislative accomplishments have all been attained because he jumped aboard someone else's cause, not because of his own knowledge or expertise.

McCain started describing himself as a Goldwater conservative shortly after the Arizona senator passed away. Before then he would not have dared, for Goldwater would likely have publicly corrected him. By invoking Goldwater now, McCain invites a comparison. The mainstream news media have been so enchanted with McCain for so long that few outlets have bothered to look closely at his biography and record, giving the presidential contender a free ride few other candidates have ever received. When diligent reporters and researchers do examine McCain, they are frequently

surprised at the picture that emerges. One of the first to take a close look was Matt Welch, author of *McCain: The Myth of a Maverick*, who immediately noticed that McCain's claims of being a Goldwater conservative were simply not true.

For one thing, Goldwater understood the folly of empire and excessively large government, and for that reason sought to maximize individual liberty and local autonomy. McCain, on the other hand, pushes chest-pounding foreign and domestic policies all directed from Washington. Goldwater also rejected the radicalism of the religious right; McCain has solicited endorsements from extremists such as John Hagee and Jerry Falwell.

Goldwater was a self-made man. Before entering politics he built his family business into the largest department store in Arizona. Other than briefly working for his father-in-law, McCain has never worked for any employer other than the federal government. He has never run a business, never met a payroll and, other than the royalties from his ghostwritten autobiographies, never earned any money from anything other than government work.

McCain has none of the underlying character traits that earned Goldwater his well-deserved legacy, and McCain's political outlook is only remotely similar to Goldwater's. Goldwater was steadfast in his beliefs throughout his life; McCain's beliefs are mercurial. No distinction between these men is greater than their respective paths to pursuing the presidency. McCain has wanted to be president since he returned from Vietnam in the early 1970s, and he has plotted and planned his life with this driving ambition influencing most every move and decision. This fact alone distinguishes him from Goldwater, who had to be drafted to be the GOP standard-bearer. Stated a bit differently, McCain's oversized ego provides him strength, while Goldwater curtailed his natural strengths by always acting with great humility.

If McCain were a true Goldwater conservative, the 2008 presidential campaign would be remarkably civil. But McCain has a very different political disposition from Goldwater's: McCain has no problem whatsoever being a nasty SOB if he thinks it serves his pur-

poses. McCain is an ends-justify-the-means fellow. Goldwater was exactly the opposite: He always rejected incivility and dishonesty in public service and refused to take the low road—the ends never justified any inappropriate means. In fact, when the incumbent Lyndon Johnson took the low road during his 1964 presidential run versus Goldwater, Goldwater famously said even he would not vote for the Goldwater being portrayed by the news media. Yet he refused to get into the gutter with Johnson: When LBJ's top White House aide, Walter Jenkins, was arrested a few blocks from the White House in the men's room of the YMCA for engaging in homosexual activities, Goldwater's staff wanted to make it into a major campaign issue, claiming Johnson had seriously jeopardized national security. Candidate Goldwater told his staff to forget it, for Jenkins was not



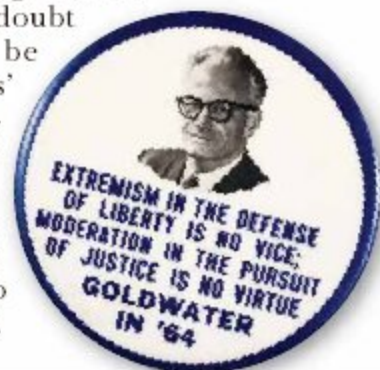
Barry Goldwater, a straight-talking self-made man who rejected religious radicals, served five terms in the U.S. Senate.

only not a danger to national security, he was a married man with children whose family was undoubtedly suffering with his arrest. Much later, when Goldwater's conservative colleagues began ruthlessly attacking Bill Clinton and his wife, Hillary, Goldwater told them to back off—he was appalled at the conservatives' tactic of attacking a candidate's wife (who was also first lady), and he said so. Surely his soul is now distressed by the attacks on Michelle Obama, and it is too bad he is not around to tell McCain to step up and put an end to the gutter tactics of his supporters.

A significant part of McCain's early political career was devoted to sucking up to Barry Goldwater. In his memoir *Worth the Fighting For*, McCain writes that despite his reverence for

Goldwater, the senator was "never as affectionate as I would have liked." Knowing Goldwater as I did, I find his turning a cold shoulder to McCain unusual. But then, Goldwater didn't support McCain's run for the Senate because of his admiration for the man. On the contrary, Goldwater knew an opportunist when he saw one and did not like any of them. When McCain married the daughter of one of Arizona's wealthiest men—the owner of a Phoenix beer distributorship—and ran for an open seat in the U.S. House of Representatives in 1982, Goldwater told his staff McCain was a "carpetbagger." I am convinced, based on Goldwater's correspondence, that McCain's father helped launch his son's political career. Just as Admiral McCain had pushed his son into the U.S. Naval Academy (where he finished fifth from the bottom of his class), he helped him get a fast start in politics. Before Goldwater passed away he had come to consider Jon Kyl Arizona's "workhorse" senator and McCain a "show horse" he had to rein in from time to time when McCain used Goldwater's name for political purposes; he had also concluded that McCain was more interested in his own advancement than in the state he represented.

To know Goldwater—as we believe those who can now read his unpublished private journal will—is to understand how truly different these men are. Goldwater considered public service a high calling, not an ego trip or a power play. Goldwater loved America and its people; McCain loves power and what it can do for McCain. McCain is fortunate that Goldwater never publicly exposed him, but Goldwater was too good a Republican to do that—and he thought too highly of McCain's father to sink his son and successor in the Senate. Had Goldwater publicized what I believe to be his true feelings about John McCain, I doubt McCain would be the Republicans' presidential nominee in 2008. And if Goldwater were alive today, I doubt McCain could make it to the White House.



LIBERTARIAN PLATFORM

QUESTIONS FOR THE ONLY THIRD PARTY THAT WILL MATTER

The third party to watch in 2008 has nothing to do with Ralph Nader. It's the Libertarian Party, and with former congressman Bob Barr heading its ticket, it could affect which candidate ends up with the electoral votes of states such as Georgia and Alaska. *PLAYBOY* solicited positions from Andrew Davis, national media coordinator for the Libertarian Party.

Q: Where do you stand on drilling offshore and in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge?

A: As fuel prices continue to rise, we have to reevaluate our energy policy. But the Libertarian Party believes the key to a more sound energy policy is in simply removing regulations that increase the cost of energy production. We support removing restrictions that prohibit oil companies from making use of our natural resources, which would include allowing for drilling offshore and in the ANWR. We don't need more taxes on energy companies and more regulations the consumer ends up paying for. The free market and consumer choice should steer the direction of future energy production, not government manipulation of the energy industry.

Q: Our farm policy is a mess. What would you propose to fix agriculture programs?

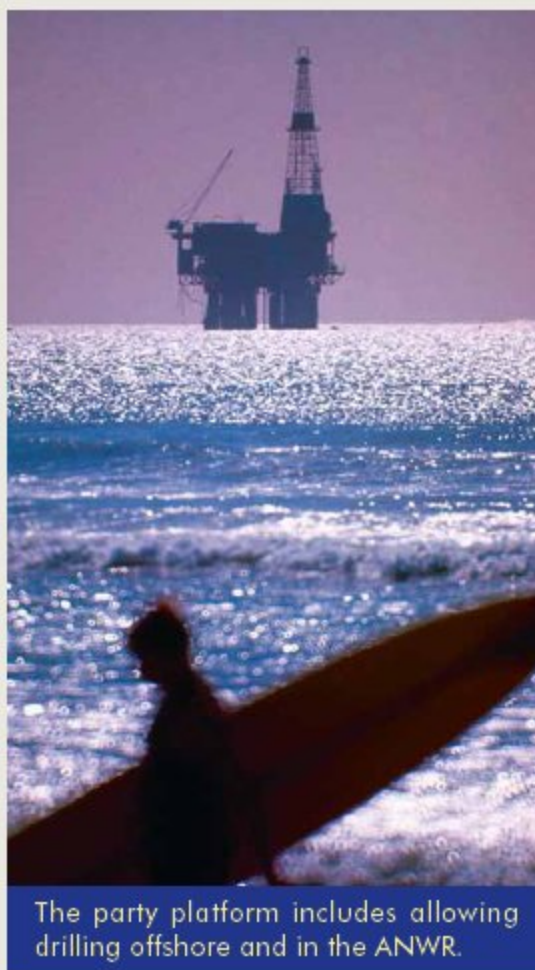
A: One of the biggest mistakes government has made with agriculture policy is the ethanol mandate for biofuels. It has caused food prices to skyrocket in support of a fuel that's actually more harmful to the environment. It's time to get politicians out of the crop fields and end the disaster the government has created in farming. We must cease taxpayer subsidies that support million-dollar farms, and we must stop politicians in D.C. from trying to play farmer in Iowa.

Q: Should we have a draft?

A: Absolutely not. Military service in this country is a distinct honor. Every soldier goes into the armed forces at his or her own discretion. It's a personal decision made voluntarily after assessing the risks and benefits. A draft essentially turns every able-bodied citizen into government property and destroys the element of choice in serving one's country through the military. Government has no right to people's lives—especially to send young men to fight old men's wars.

Q: The Libertarian Party maintains a strong position on privacy. Can privacy be restored?

A: One of the most dangerous places is between a politician and political power. Since 9/11, American citizens have allowed government to grab far too much of that power. With the Patriot Act and the Bush administration's illegal program of domestic spying, Americans can no longer reasonably assume they are secure in their private lives. We understand that we live in a changing world and that new technology brings new ways for our enemies, both domes-



The party platform includes allowing drilling offshore and in the ANWR.

tic and foreign, to harm Americans. But our founding fathers created the Fourth Amendment for a purpose. It can't simply be done away with whenever the president determines it expedient. Can we restore the level of privacy we once enjoyed? Yes, but it starts with getting rid of the politicians who first sold it out.

Q: Would the Libertarian Party call for the repeal of the Patriot Act and the Military Commissions Act?

A: Yes. These do nothing but expand governmental power at the expense of individual liberty. There is no evidence

to show they make Americans any safer. The Constitution was put in place to protect Americans from excessive government power and cannot be cast aside when there are arbitrary calls for more security. These two pieces of legislation fail every constitutional test, and all Americans should call for their repeal.

Q: What is the Libertarian stand on infrastructure? Should we have a federal program to rebuild bridges and highways?

A: The Libertarian Party recognizes a legitimate role for government to play in society, at both a state and a national level. That role is far smaller than what Republicans and Democrats believe, but it exists. Where the private sector won't operate—especially when it comes to infrastructure—there may be a need for government. We suggest state governments deal with infrastructure needs.

Q: You oppose a national identity card. What's your immigration policy?

A: Republicans and Democrats have failed to produce immigration reform that addresses both the national security problems illegal immigration creates and our economy's demand for cheap labor. Current policy encourages illegal immigration, and our entitlement system creates an economic incentive to come to America for taxpayer-subsidized handouts. We should institute an immigration process that is quick and doesn't put a strain on the flow of cheap labor into the country, but it should allow us to screen any threats to national security or public health. We should also end the system of entitlements, which uses taxpayer money for altruistic government programs. We need to find a way for peaceful and productive illegal immigrants to eventually join our society legally and a process for deporting those who have committed crimes during their time in the U.S. We must balance security with economic demand.

Q: Your party has called for a withdrawal from Iraq as quickly as possible, in a manner consistent with the safety of our troops. Should we continue to maintain military bases there?

A: When we exit Iraq, we should not remain in the region for decades, as we have done in South Korea. U.S. soldiers should not be asked to protect any nation other than their own. It's not America's job to be the world's police.

READER RESPONSE

BIRTH RIGHT

Randall Terry is a contradictory man ("Will *Roe v. Wade* Continue to Stand?" July). He compares abortion to the Holocaust, yet, like Hitler, he tries to scare the public into believing his views. He considers himself a libertarian, yet he wants to take the choice to have an abortion out of a woman's hands and give it to the government. He claims there can be no right and wrong without God, yet plenty of agnostics and atheists lead moral, crime-free lives. Abortion should be a debate between a woman and her doctor, not politicians or priests.

Jason Stutz
Massillon, Ohio

Why are the people leading the charge against abortion and freedom of choice always middle-aged or old men? It's not as though Terry will ever have to make the choice himself—nor will any man, for that matter. I know many women are involved in the pro-life movement, but they never seem to



Terry's libertarianism does not entail choice.

take the lead, as Terry and other men do. Maybe it's because, deep down, women know it's wrong to judge other women for their choices in life—or to try to make decisions for them. Unfortunately, abortion has been around about as long as human civilization, and there are many real reasons some women choose to have one. I am utterly appalled by Terry's complete denial that abolishing abortion would send some women directly into "back-alley" clinics. Does he really think changing the law will change the fact that many women who choose to have an abortion are poor and uneducated and

therefore wouldn't have the resources or the knowledge to find a sanitary, professional environment in which to have the procedure? I guess he's considering only middle-class white Christian women when he asserts that



Is antiabortionism a boys' club?

changing the law wouldn't put women at risk. I'll make one more statement regarding the pro-life movement: You can't be pro-life and pro-war. It is profoundly hypocritical to support an abortion ban in the name of saving lives while you wave the flag and cheer on the carnage in Iraq and elsewhere. Maybe if more pro-life activists cared about the people who are already born as much as they claim to care about the unborn, we could stop the wholesale murder that is taking place in our names—and their names, too.

Zeke Zudich
Long Island, New York

TIRED OF BEING HASSLED BY THE MANN

Regarding the June 2008 article "Hassled by the Mann Act," I agree wholeheartedly with the editors: The Mann Act has to go, and it needs to take the Comstock Act with it. Both are examples of misguided, poorly drafted, anachronistic morals legislation prone to selective, often politically motivated enforcement. They sit beneath the surface like unexploded ordnance from some long-ago war, forgotten but still ready to go off at any moment with no warning and with devastating consequences.

Andrew McEwan
Kettering, Ohio

LIBERAL LOVEFEST

Do you want to know why I loathe liberals ("Why We Loathe Liberals," May)? Because they argue with the same biased slant conservatives do, but

they act as though their shit doesn't stink. When they offer an argument with liberal ideals, it's the golden truth and anyone who does not see it that way is just unenlightened or uneducated. When a conservative responds with an opposing argument of equal strength, liberals feel they are being unfairly attacked by the big, bad conservatives and their principled, straightforward ideas. (Of course those ideas are not always the wisest, but let's be honest: Both sides are capable of making dumb decisions.) I am sufficiently open to accept both sides of a debate and argue my points fairly. Eric Alterman, on the other hand, feels as if an extremely selective, biased and sarcastic description of people like Mitt Romney is the best way to engage in public debate. He is allowed to say whatever he wants, cloaked in sarcasm and innuendo, and no one can respond: It sounds like the perfect forum for a liberal and his delicate sensibilities.

Wes McLean
Lake Oswego, Oregon

LET FREEDOM RING

I'm a mother of two sons. One is a marine already in Iraq, and the other is in the Army. I'm angry that both my sons will be in Iraq within the next few weeks, fighting for our country's freedom, while U.S. Representative Paul Broun of Georgia tries to pass a bill to prevent them from getting your maga-



Peace offering: Iraqi soldier enjoys freedom.

zine on their bases. It's time the families of those serving our country stand up and have their words heard.

Daisy Robinson
Springfield, Missouri

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

NEWSFRONT

**Dashboard Confessional**

PHILADELPHIA—A consortium of atheists placed a billboard beside I-95, the East Coast's main north-south artery, to direct attention to its website, phillycor.org. According to businessman Steve Rade (pictured), who spearheaded the effort and donated the \$22,500 necessary to keep the ad up from May through August, "Our mission is not to convince fundamentalists to change their position. What we want to do is give people who are questioning their beliefs a place to go for more information and to meet like-minded people." Rade says he has "absolute certainty" there is no God and no afterlife. "I'd like everyone to believe what I do. I think it would be a better world if they did." His desire to connect with fellow nonbelievers led to the ad. He contacted the American Humanist Association in Washington, D.C. to ask about finding a group in his area. What he found was disarray: There were many associations but no coordination between them. He gathered leaders from various groups and convinced them to create an umbrella organization, the Greater Philadelphia Coalition of Reason. Why the need to band together? The U.S. has the lowest percentage of self-described atheists of any industrialized nation. No wonder Fred Edwards, director of communications for the American Humanist Association, says, "We feel we're the last minority group it's okay to say bad things about."

Blog Jam

SEATTLE—The annual World Information Access study conducted by the University of Washington reported that three times as many people were arrested in 2007 for blogging on political topics as in 2006. The offending blogs covered corruption, human rights abuses and political protests or criticized policies and public officials. The study found the average jail sentence for bloggers was 15 months, though the longest stretched to eight years. In the past five years more than half of all arrests were in China, Egypt and Iran, but the study also points out that in the past four years British, French, Canadian and American bloggers have also been arrested.

**Let Freedom Sing**

LONDON—British music star Lily Allen (pictured right) was surveilled by the U.S. government, the U.K.'s *Daily Mirror* newspaper reported. Apparently, after Canadian au-

thorities found pot on her tour bus early this year, American officials have been monitoring her—including subjecting her to urine tests—while considering her visa application. The paper quoted a source close to Allen: "Lily felt like Big Brother was constantly watching her—it was freaky. She had to have her pee regularly checked and then blood tests on top of that to prove she wasn't on drugs before the U.S. government would give her a working visa. She was terrified to be photographed anywhere people may have been taking drugs, in case she got linked to them. She even started staying in instead of going out clubbing, in case certain people got the wrong idea."

Hearing Aid

STOCKHOLM—Sweden approved a new law to allow warrantless surveillance of cross-border telephone calls, faxes and e-mails. Critics contend it is impossible to distinguish international communications from domestic ones; even the former head of the country's intelligence agency opposed the new law,



saying it threatened civil liberties. A Google spokesman, Peter Fleischer, added, "By introducing these new measures, the Swedish government is following the examples set by governments ranging from China to Saudi Arabia and the U.S. government's highly criticized eavesdropping program."

Stage Fright

ISTANBUL—Turkish singer Bülent Ersoy has been put on trial as a result of comments she made during a February television appearance in which she attempted to dissuade people from joining the military. The star suggested it wasn't worth sacrificing any more lives in Turkey's ongoing battle against ethnic Kurdish separatists. "The Turkish military is fighting a war on terror," said Hakkan Ozgur, one of a group of people who filed the complaint against the singer. "I believe making propaganda against this is illegal. It creates doubts in people over whether to go into the military. It sows doubt in the minds of those whose children are already serving. The lives of our soldiers are at stake." Sound familiar?

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DANA WHITE

A candid conversation with the brash top dog behind the UFC about why we love fights, why he hates Tito Ortiz and how MMA is killing boxing

Your mom's worst sports nightmare—brutal hand-to-hand combat in a cage—has become the fastest-growing sport in the country, dominating cable, pay-per-view and probably an arena near you. One man is responsible: a shaved-headed, bullnecked college dropout whose three favorite words are “fuck,” “fucking” and “fucked.” At 39, Ultimate Fighting Championship president Dana White has risen from aerobics instructor to the kingpin of professional mixed martial arts, an often violent combination of boxing, kickboxing, wrestling and jujitsu that makes old-fashioned sports look about as tough as Scrabble. He appears constantly on TV, jets around the globe promoting the UFC, parties with celebs and feuds with some of his own fighters. His hard-nosed approach to contract negotiation made him an enemy of UFC legends Randy Couture and Tito Ortiz, but White rolled merrily on, and so did the brand he built from the ground up. The UFC has kicked so much butt in the prized 18-to-34-year-old demographic that rival mixed-martial-arts leagues are now springing up like Las Vegas casinos, backed by deep-pocketed businessmen such as Mark Cuban and Donald Trump. White's next fight will be to keep his brand on top in the face of this new onslaught of competition.

Eight years ago White was a washed-up amateur boxer and gym owner in Las Vegas, managing Ortiz and Chuck Liddell, semifamous stars of

the UFC, then a near-bankrupt cage-fighting circuit. After hearing the UFC was for sale, White persuaded a couple of his high school buddies—casino moguls Frank and Lorenzo Fertitta—to buy it for \$2 million, make him president and give him a 10 percent ownership stake. Four years later he owned 10 percent of less than nothing. White and the Fertittas were millions in the hole.

Most people weren't surprised. Mixed martial arts had been tagged as brutal—Senator John McCain branded it “human cockfighting”—and it was illegal in most states. But White carefully engineered a turnaround, making the sport safer and then lobbying for government approval. It worked. The bloody spectacle he calls “this monster” stomped, kicked and thrashed its way to pop-culture dominance and a current value of more than \$1 billion. It's one of the most watched sporting events on TV, and the UFC has been so successful that even its competitors are doing well, one landing a special on prime-time network TV. But no one has achieved the stature or power in the sport that White has, and no one has made more enemies doing it. We sent contributing editor **Kevin Cook** to UFC headquarters in Las Vegas to find out how and why.

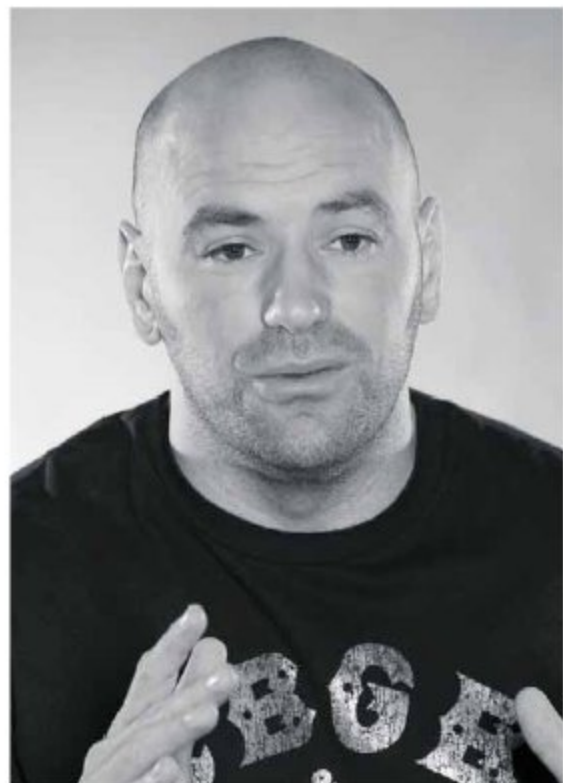
“I've covered every major sport,” says Cook, whose new book, *Driven: Teen Phenoms, Mad Parents, Swing Science and the Future of Golf*,

just hit bookstores. “Nothing quite compares to the UFC. It's as rich and rowdy as White, who has enough energy to power the lights of the Vegas Strip. Over two blazing-hot days in the desert, we talked in his office, with its jumbo photos of his boyhood heroes Muhammad Ali and Bruce Lee, and in a basement gym where he shadowboxed and pumped iron. He can bench 325 pounds—not bad for an executive who turns 40 next summer. During our talks he often jumped up to illustrate a point, pretending to crouch like Tito Ortiz or throwing a punch that stopped an inch short of my chin.

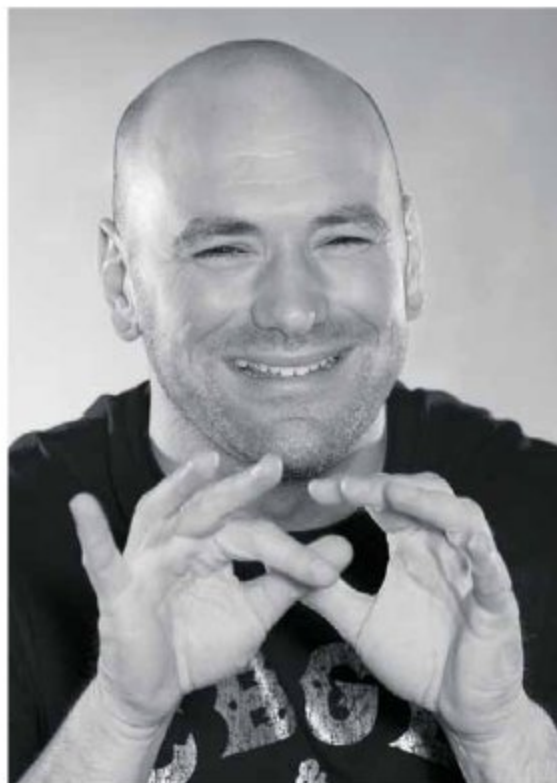
“White is loud, brash, cocky and unstoppable. I fucking loved meeting him.”

PLAYBOY: How big can the UFC get?

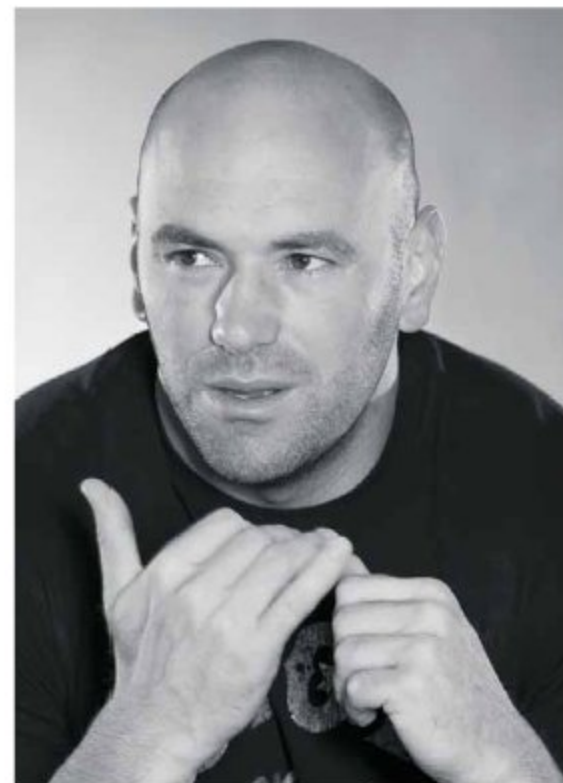
WHITE: Fucking big. What are the major sports in America right now? The NFL and major league baseball, with the NBA third. The NHL was fourth for years, but now we're fourth, and we're still in our infancy. Our ratings on Spike TV beat most of the major sports in our 18-to-34 demo. Last year we beat four Monday Night Football games in the demo. In eight years the UFC will be bigger than the NFL, bigger than World Cup soccer. It will be the biggest sport in the world.



“People think our sport's more violent than boxing. Wrong! They're weirded out because it goes to the ground. We grew up with John Wayne movies—you don't hit a man when he's down. It's un-American!”



“Our ratings on Spike TV beat most of the major sports in our 18-to-34 demo. Last year we beat four Monday Night Football games in the demo. In eight years the UFC will be bigger than the NFL. It will be the biggest sport in the world.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

“Everybody went steroid crazy after WWE wrestler Chris Benoit killed his family. Now, I'm not endorsing steroids, but guys have been taking them forever. In all that time, how many went crazy and killed their families? One.”

PLAYBOY: You won't beat the NFL as easily as you beat hockey.

WHITE: There's nothing bigger in this country than the NFL. Everybody watches the Super Bowl. But football is limited. The NFL has spent billions to move into Europe, but it will never work. They don't give a fuck about NFL football in Europe. They don't know the rules. They didn't grow up playing the game.

PLAYBOY: They didn't grow up fighting in the Octagon, either.

WHITE: But the Octagon transcends cultural barriers. People get it. You know why? Something in our DNA loves fighting. Women are attracted to the toughest guy. "Ooh, I want to get close to him." Guys want to *be* him. Go to an intersection anywhere in the world: On one corner they might be playing basketball, stickball on another corner, street hockey on another, and on the fourth corner a fight breaks out. What does the crowd do? They run to the fight. Not only the crowd but the guys playing the other games! We're human beings, man. We love a fight.

PLAYBOY: So why is boxing dying?

WHITE: Corruption, fragmentation and greed killed boxing. When I started with the UFC I took all the shit I hated about boxing and changed it.

PLAYBOY: You grew up loving Muhammad Ali and Mike Tyson. How do you feel about killing their sport?

WHITE: The UFC didn't kill boxing, but the timing was perfect. We're filling the void boxing left behind.

PLAYBOY: What if there's a Tyson out there now—the next great boxer. If big-time boxing goes away, he'll be unknown.

WHITE: Nah. He would become a mixed martial artist. Think about it: If Tyson started out in martial arts at the same age he started boxing, he would still be Tyson, but he would have done his thing in the Octagon. I'd pay to see that.

PLAYBOY: Under the original UFC rules, he could have bitten guys' ears.

WHITE: That's illegal now. We're a real sport.

PLAYBOY: Who's a better athlete, Chuck Liddell or Kobe Bryant?

WHITE: Kobe could out-jump Chuck. But my guys are well versed in boxing, kickboxing, muay Thai, wrestling and jujitsu and fierce in cardio and weight training. UFC fighters are the best all-around athletes in the world.

PLAYBOY: But not the most famous. That's Tiger Woods.

WHITE: I fucking hate golf. It's a stupid game and a waste of time and good land. But I love Tiger's passion and killer instinct. We watched the U.S. Open on TV

here at the UFC offices, and I was yelling for him. Tiger's got more money than God, but he's still out there pumping his arms, going crazy. Some guys might think, I've already won everything, I've got money coming out of my ass, and I'm playing on a broken fucking leg. Maybe I'll lose this one time. But no, not him. He's thinking, I'm gonna bury you. Tiger Woods is a fighter.

PLAYBOY: His mother taught him to "step on their throats." Suppose Tiger wanted to try a real man's sport. Could you train him to be a UFC fighter?

WHITE: He's too old to start. You don't just jump into mixed martial arts. Fighters get punched in the face every day. I don't see Tiger going in for much of that.

PLAYBOY: You used to get punched every

think, I might need a job someday. They'll lose two or three in a row or 10 in a row and keep fighting. I respect that more than anything, but I'm not that guy.

PLAYBOY: How hard on the brain is Ultimate Fighting?

WHITE: People think our sport's more violent than boxing. Wrong! They're weirded out because it goes to the ground. We grew up with John Wayne movies—you don't hit a man when he's down. It's un-American! John Wayne would deck a guy, stand him back up and hit him again. So when Americans first watch UFC—one guy's on top of the other, hitting him when he's down—they say, "Oh God, he can't defend himself!" It's not like that in Asia, where they've been doing martial arts since the samurai days.

Here's another misconception: Americans think, How much can it hurt, getting hit with those big padded boxing gloves? But they protect the hands. When boxing was bare-knuckle, fights would last about two seconds. Guys kept hurting their hands punching the other guy's hard, bony head. So they created a padded weapon, and you could punch a guy in the head—*bam bam bam*—without breaking your hands. Boxing also has a three-knockdown rule. You hit me so hard you jarred my brain, so I couldn't stand up. That's one. Now, if I can get back up, you can concuss me again. I go down and get up. If you do it again, the fight's over. Boxers die every year, mostly from brain damage.

In the UFC a lot of the punching is on the ground. I'm trying to make you cover up so I can pull off a submission, get an arm bar, and maybe the ref will stop the fight. It's not like a punch from a boxing stance, which is *boom*—throwing my whole 205 pounds right into your face. We also use smaller gloves. Our guys don't take anything near the punishment boxers take.

PLAYBOY: Senator John McCain famously called the UFC "human cockfighting." That actually helped you, didn't it?

WHITE: Exactly. John McCain created the UFC. All he meant was, you can't put on illegal fights; you have to be sanctioned by an athletic commission. We agreed. The Fertitta brothers and I wanted to change the rules and be legal. We're still not sanctioned in Massachusetts, New York and a lot of other places.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever thank McCain for his help?

WHITE: I walked up to him at a boxing match and said, "I'm Dana White from the UFC." He mumbled hello. The guy's running for president; he doesn't give a shit about me.

PLAYBOY: Who would win in the Octagon, McCain or Barack Obama?



Watch an HBO boxing match from 1980 and another one produced in 2008. What's changed? Nothing!

day. What made you quit boxing?

WHITE: As a kid I liked wrestling. Like a lot of World Wrestling Entertainment fans, I was into the story lines and soap operas. I loved Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka—

PLAYBOY: Flying off the top rope—

WHITE: But once you turn 16 you want the real thing. I was a tough enough kid, a boxer who could punch and take a punch. I wanted to be Sugar Ray Leonard or Marvin Hagler. I was dying to win a title—IBF, WBA, a state title, even a city title. Then one day I met this local big-deal boxer, 30-some years old. A name guy. He was so fucking punchy, his brain was mush. He didn't have a job. He just moped around the gym. That's the day I realized I wasn't a real fighter, because real fighters don't

AT FINE DEPARTMENT STORES



*IT'S BETTER IN THE DARK.
-KENNETH COLE*

BLACK -KENNETH COLE, THE FRAGRANCE FOR HIM.





Dana White's UFC is the undisputed king of the Octagon. But when you're on top of the fastest-growing sport in the country, you have to expect other people to want a piece of the action.

EliteXC (Elite Xtreme Combat): It's the second-biggest MMA organization after the UFC, and it's only two years old. Its creators—Showtime and ProElite (run by boxing promoter Gary Shaw)—have managed to sign some big names (such as **Kimbo Slice**, pictured above left). EliteXC, not the UFC, broke the biggest barrier yet—getting an MMA bout on prime-time network TV that scored knockout ratings for CBS.

WEC (World Extreme Cagefighting): Considered "the sister promotion to the UFC," it is owned by Zuffa, White's sports promotion company, and airs on Versus. WEC concentrates on the lighter weight classes—guys who weigh the same as you

or less—like 135-pound bantamweight **Miguel Angel Torres** (second from left).

HDNet Fights: Maverick billionaire **Mark Cuban** (third from left) has loaded his HDTV channel with MMA talk shows and fights, and it features lesser promotions from the U.S. and Japan. MMA so dominates the HDNet lineup (probably because the blood and gore are better in HD) that a court battle ensued when he tried to sign ex-UFC champ Randy Couture.

Affliction: It started as a clothing brand—think of a poseur metal kid wearing a hoodie with too many skulls on it—that caught on with many MMA fighters. This year it launched an MMA promotion company that hosted big-name fighter Fedor Emelianenko on its card and took in **Donald Trump** (far right) as a very public investor. We feel compelled to mention that Trump's most recent major foray into sports was the USFL.

—Rocky Rakovic

WHITE: I would go with Obama. He's younger. Hillary Clinton might kick the shit out of both of them.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned being a tough kid.

WHITE: I grew up in Las Vegas. My dad used to be a firefighter, but later he was mainly out drinking. My mom was a nurse. She worried because I was a horrible student who hated school. She kept threatening to put me in private school and finally did—St. Viator's School in the eighth grade, then Bishop Gorman High School. Strict Catholic schools. I got expelled twice. Once was for kicking an old nun's door shut. That door would make a huge bang; I would kick it and run, then she would freak and let the kids out of class, so the kids loved me. One day I kicked it and my shoe flew 30 feet in the air—right to her! "Ha-ha, I've got him now!" They caught me walking around with one shoe and kicked me out.

The other time was for fighting. This guy was tossing big heavy rocks at a toad in a planter. I said, "Knock it off. Leave that toad alone."

"Fuck you," he said. So we fought. I was throwing punches, thinking, Here I am in Catholic school, saving a horny

toad's life. They'll say I'm a hero! No, they kicked me out again.

PLAYBOY: Are you still a Catholic?

WHITE: I don't believe in God, the devil, ghosts or any of that shit. But I'm still fascinated by religion—how violent and crazy it is. That stuff sticks with you.

PLAYBOY: Ever have a religious experience?

WHITE: The summer of my junior year I was 16, drunk and hauling ass in my girlfriend's Subaru with a girl who wasn't my girlfriend. I had just met this girl at an under-21 club. I hit the median, spun the car and hit a pole, and the impact shot me out of the car. It scalped me, took all the hair off my head. I landed in the parking lot of the Dunes, which is now the Bellagio, with chunks of glass in my head and rocks and shit in my knees. Broke my collarbone. My feet busted open like baked potatoes. The girl was okay, but she was screaming. I couldn't see, but I heard someone say, "I'm a doctor, I'm a doctor." The doctor looked me over and said, "He's dead." I remember lying there, thinking, Oh my gosh, I'm fuckin' dead. Then he said, "I got a pulse. He's alive!" I spent that summer in the hospital. Then my mom sent me to

live with my grandma in Levant, Maine. That makes sense, doesn't it? You've got this troubled kid the parents can't handle, so you send him to a 70-year-old lady in Maine. I just went out drinking and partying every night. Girls and more girls.

PLAYBOY: You were a ladies' man?

WHITE: I was very sexual. I was 14 the first time I had sex. It was in a maintenance shed in Vegas with a girl named Jane, with rakes and lawn mowers all around us.

PLAYBOY: You had the sharpest tool in the shed.

WHITE: Probably the smallest! It was awkward and very fast. I obviously didn't impress Jane, since that was the only time we got together.

PLAYBOY: You took a long, strange trip from that shed to the UFC headquarters a few miles away. What made you think you could be an executive?

WHITE: I never did. I just wanted to be in the fight game. After high school I moved to Boston with my mom. I was a bouncer at an Irish bar, the Black Rose. Tips were great on New Year's Eve and St. Paddy's Day. You would give me 10 or 20 bucks and I'd let you in ahead of other people.

My other job was pouring asphalt for EJ Paving, working for these crazy Italian dudes who would throw buckets at you. They would throw wheelbarrows! That was a shit job. All day you were rubbing diesel fuel inside your wheelbarrow to keep the asphalt from sticking, and when the hot mix went in, it steamed right up in your face. It was 100 degrees out, 100 percent humidity. At lunchtime me and this other kid, Al Filosa, would put on a show. We'd punch each other while the other workers watched.

PLAYBOY: In the face?

WHITE: No face shots. We would have broken our hands.

PLAYBOY: Then you worked as a bellman.
WHITE: Yeah, at the Boston Harbor Hotel. I once got a \$100 tip. The bellmen would argue over who would get the next guest. We would settle the arguments by punching the shit out of one another in the bellmen's closet. Again, no face shots.

PLAYBOY: Was the closet octagonal?

WHITE: No. It was just a narrow little room where luggage was stowed. That job was good money. I was 20 years old, making \$50,000 a year, cash, but I hated it. Carry the bags out, put 'em in the car, the guy gives you three bucks. "Oh, thank you, sir." I would drive to work feeling miserable, like 99.9 percent of America. One day I told my bellman buddy, "I'm done, bro. I quit."

"Are you fucking stupid?" he said. "What else can you do?"

"I'm gonna be in the fight business," I said. "I don't give a fuck if I carry spit buckets for a living."

PLAYBOY: So you went back to Vegas?

WHITE: Not yet. I had a little bar fight.

PLAYBOY: What should a guy do in a bar fight?

WHITE: Run. My sister got into an argument.

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The bar was in south Boston—Southie, a tough part of a tough town. I went over and said, “Did you fucking touch my sister?” Next thing I knew there were guys coming from every direction. They kicked the shit out of me for 20 minutes, the worst ass kicking of my life. I would get up, hit the guy closest to me and try to run. They would beat me down again, but I would pop back up. *Bam*, down again. I thought, They’re gonna kill me. Where are the police? Finally the police came, and these guys started fighting them. They all got arrested.

Weeks later I got a call from an attorney. He was working for one of the guys who beat me up. They were worried about my testifying against them, which I would not do. I would never go to court and say, “Ooh, he hit me!” I asked the lawyer, “Is your client there? Put me on speakerphone.” And I went off on his client. “You want to know something, you fucking pussy? You and your 50 friends beat on me for 20 minutes, and I don’t have a mark! I’m not even sore! You must be the biggest pussies in the world, and if I ever see you again, I’m gonna kick your ass when all your friends aren’t around.”

PLAYBOY: You weren’t sore?

WHITE: The reality was, I was so sore I didn’t want to touch my hair for weeks. I lost the hearing in my left ear. I’m still deaf in that ear. But I didn’t want him to know that.

PLAYBOY: Did you see him again?

WHITE: Never. He probably sees me on TV and says, “We kicked the living shit out of that guy!”

PLAYBOY: So you left Boston?

WHITE: Not yet. First I taught a boxercise class at a health club in Southie—until two guys showed up in the middle of class. “Can we talk to you?” We went out in the hall. “Do you know who we work for?” I knew.

PLAYBOY: Boston’s Irish Mob was reportedly run by James “Whitey” Bulger, the model for the Jack Nicholson character in *The Departed*.

WHITE: “You’re doing business in our town,” one of them said. He wanted \$2,500, or maybe it was \$3,500. It might as well have been \$35 million, because I didn’t have it. “Borrow it from your girlfriend,” he said. They knew I had a girlfriend.

“She doesn’t have it either.”

“Just get it.” I finished teaching my class and pretended it never happened. I didn’t want to know those guys. Then my phone rang and the same voice said, “You’ve got till fucking Sunday.”

PLAYBOY: Did you pay them?

WHITE: I couldn’t. So I called Delta Airlines, packed a suitcase and flew home to Vegas. I left my furniture, stereo and girlfriend behind.

PLAYBOY: In a way, the UFC owes its existence to McCain and Bulger, who is now on the FBI’s most wanted list.

WHITE: Every guy loves the Mob, but it’s not so cool when it’s after you.

PLAYBOY: In Vegas you reconnected with your old friends Frank and Lorenzo Ferritta, the heirs to a local casino empire. In 2001 they bought the floundering UFC for \$2 million. They made you president and gave you a 10 percent stake in the company. What’s your 10 percent worth today?

WHITE: About \$200 million.

PLAYBOY: But there were dark days at first. Some accounts say the UFC was \$30 million in the hole by 2004. Others put the number at \$40 million.

WHITE: It was \$44 million. In three years I’d lost my friends \$44 million, and I was devastated. Lorenzo said, “We can’t keep funding this thing. See what you can get for it.” So I worked out a deal with some investors for \$6 million to \$7 million. That night when I went home, I didn’t sleep. I thought the deal was done. Then Lorenzo called. “Fuck it,” he said. “Fuck it. Let’s keep going.” I was already working like a nut, but after that I basically quit sleeping. I still don’t sleep. Last night I went to bed at 1:30 A.M., and I got up at 4:45 in the morning. I’m too wired to sleep.

PLAYBOY: Your breakthrough was getting on Spike TV. Your reality show,

*Mark Cuban’s a smart guy.
He’s passionate about
basketball, but I don’t think
he gives a shit about
mixed martial arts. He sees
some quick money in it.*

The Ultimate Fighter, turned the UFC into a sort of soap opera.

WHITE: There would probably be no UFC without *The Ultimate Fighter*. Spike wouldn’t pay to produce it, so we had to do that ourselves. It cost \$10 million. Frank and Lorenzo said, “Okay, we’re in for \$44 million. Let’s go another 10.” If they hadn’t had the balls to do that, we wouldn’t be having this interview.

PLAYBOY: How did the show take shape?

WHITE: We got the right partner in the show’s creator and executive producer, Craig Piligian, who tweaked the reality aspects. Originally, we had two houses, with the champion from one house facing the one from the other. Craig said, “No, there’s only one house.” He was right: You lock these guys up for six weeks without TV or music, nothing to read and no chance to get laid. It’s torture, which is good TV.

PLAYBOY: It was torture for you in the first season.

WHITE: We spent our make-or-break \$10 million, but Spike wasn’t 100 percent behind the show. Then the president of Spike got fired. We were in fucking turmoil. By then *The Contender* was on, a boxing

show that was the most expensive reality show yet. It failed, but our fighters watched and saw that the *Contender* guys were getting \$25,000 apiece. They said, “What the fuck?” Then I got a call from Lorenzo, and he said, “Our guys won’t fight unless we pay them something.” I said, “Really? Would you like to fucking bet?” I hauled ass to the gym and started busting their balls. It was all on the show: “Do you want to be a fighter, or do you want to go home? I’ll send you home right now!” They fought.

PLAYBOY: Spike gave you a second season, and you have consistently been its highest-rated show ever since.

WHITE: It worked out for both of us.

PLAYBOY: Your prefight speeches are legendary, both on the show and in real life. Last fall you flew the UFC fighters to Vegas for a summit meeting.

WHITE: I talked about where we’re going. I took questions, mostly about taxes. Success is hard for fighters. They get a check for a million, and it’s “Yeah, I’m a millionaire!” They don’t realize they already owe \$300,000 in taxes. So they spend it: houses, cars, women. Pretty soon they’re saying, “Whoa, I blew a million dollars!”

PLAYBOY: You also talked about steroids.

WHITE: Everybody went steroid crazy after WWE wrestler Chris Benoit killed his family. Now, I’m not endorsing steroids, but guys have been taking them forever. Football players, weight lifters, baseball players, cyclists, track athletes—you name it. Horses! In all that time, how many went crazy and killed their families? One. That dude was nuts.

PLAYBOY: Have you taken steroids?

WHITE: Yes. There was a doctor here in Vegas when I was in high school; you went to his office and said you wanted to try his “weight gain” program.

PLAYBOY: Injections in the butt?

WHITE: Injections and pills. Pretty soon I felt strong. Superhuman. But I wasn’t comfortable with it. It’s like smoking weed—you do it because your buddies do it. I smoked weed and tried cocaine but didn’t like them. Even alcohol sucked. I’d get drunk and feel shitty the next day, and semi-shitty the day after that. It was like wasting three days. So I quit drinking.

Nintendo was the same thing. They had a great game called *Ring King*. One day I sat there playing it, loving it, and then I looked up at the clock and it was 7:30 at night. I didn’t get paid, didn’t gain anything—I just wasted a day of my life. I never played a video game again.

PLAYBOY: How will you keep fans addicted to the UFC?

WHITE: My job now is to fight off all the maggots and leeches who are trying to take a chunk out of us.

PLAYBOY: Do those leeches include Mark Cuban and Donald Trump?

WHITE: Mark Cuban’s a smart guy. He’s passionate about basketball, but I don’t think he gives a shit about mixed martial arts. He sees some quick money in it. Trump’s different. I have a ton of respect

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for him. When the Fertittas bought the UFC, most venues wouldn't deal with us. We were outlaws. Our first event was at the Trump Taj Mahal, and Trump actually came to the fights. Way back in 2001 he was up in the front row, watching the UFC. You'll never hear me say a bad word about Donald Trump. He can have my seats anytime he wants.

PLAYBOY: How about Gary Shaw of EliteXC?

WHITE: Scumbag Gary Shaw is a piece-of-shit dirtbag who could care less about our sport. He's one of the maggots I have to fight off who didn't believe in mixed martial arts five years ago.

PLAYBOY: Then there's Jay Larkin, head of the upstart International Fight League.

WHITE: Let me tell you a story about Jay Larkin. He used to run boxing for Showtime until he got fired. Seven years ago Lorenzo Fertitta and I went to Larkin's office in New York. We asked him to put the UFC on Showtime. He said forget it. "We don't want it on our network." Fast-forward seven years and he's running a mixed-martial-arts company. Yeah, I'm worried about him—a guy who hates the sport.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you could buy him out. Last year IFL stock was selling at \$17 a share, but as we talk it's down to four cents.

WHITE: I'll stick with my stake in the UFC.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, Shaw's EliteXC got its star, Kimbo Slice, on CBS last spring. He was the first mixed-martial-arts fighter on prime-time network TV.

WHITE: That was a freak show.

PLAYBOY: How many of your 180 or so UFC fighters could take him?

WHITE: All of them. He may be the toughest 250-pound guy at your backyard barbecue, but I've got a kid, Urijah Faber, 145 pounds, who would beat him. We're a world-class sport, not a freak show.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever tempted to sign Kimbo Slice?

WHITE: We could have taken the freak route years ago with a bigger name than him.

PLAYBOY: Who?

WHITE: Mike Tyson. We talked about it when we were bleeding money, but we backed out because it would have been a stunt. I love Tyson, but I love our sport more.

PLAYBOY: You were close to a multiyear deal with HBO.

WHITE: I pulled the plug at the 23rd hour. HBO was pissed off.

PLAYBOY: Why did you pull the plug?

WHITE: I would have had to sell out, literally. They would have owned the UFC.

PLAYBOY: Were you tempted?

WHITE: I took meetings with HBO's boxing guys. I'll tell you, if I had to hear one more time how many fucking Emmys they had won, I was going to dive out the window. I said, "You won a bunch of Emmys, but I'm kicking your ass on pay-per-view."

PLAYBOY: HBO wanted to change the UFC?

WHITE: Look, they're the gold standard in boxing. It's a dream to get your fight on HBO, but by the time we came along their thing was stale. Watch an HBO boxing match from 1980 and another one produced in 2008 and tell me what's changed. Nothing.

PLAYBOY: How is the UFC better?

WHITE: We give you a show. Boxing is all about the main event. Nobody wants to see the undercard—you could shoot off a cannon and not hit anybody. Fans get a bunch of crappy undercard fights, everyone's yawning, and you wonder why boxing's dead? The UFC is all about energy. We've got music blasting, lights blazing, fans going crazy. I pick all the lights, music and video, and it still gives me goose bumps. But HBO said, "You've got to shut all that down." They wanted to shoot it like a studio show. Now, I know I sound like an egotistical dickhead, but I built this business, and nobody's going to tell me how to run it.

PLAYBOY: Boxing promoter Bob Arum thinks you're a genius. "The UFC is cleaning our clocks," he says.

WHITE: Five years ago he said we were ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Now you've got a slew of UFC merchandise in the works. Trading cards and action figures of your star fighters—Chuck Liddell, Brock Lesnar, Antonio "Minotauro" Nogueira and Anderson Silva.

WHITE: Plus hats, T-shirts, sleeping bags and UFC toys in 60 different countries. We're finding ways for our guys to make money when they're not fighting. Did you ever see a Larry Holmes toy? No. I could drive you to the toy store and show you a Rowdy Roddy Piper doll, and he hasn't wrestled since the 1990s. What does that mean? It means Rowdy Roddy's sitting on a couch somewhere, getting a commission off his WWE dolls. That's what we want for our fighters.

PLAYBOY: You have a THQ video game coming out next spring.

WHITE: It'll be the best fighting game ever made.

PLAYBOY: What tie-ins have you turned down?

WHITE: Porn. Not that I have anything against the porn industry. I find it quite entertaining! But when some porn makers wanted to sponsor us, I said no. Strip clubs, too. Because I want kids watching us. Did you know there are more kids taking mixed-martial-arts lessons than any other martial art? You're going to see high school MMA teams and MMA in the Olympics. This is a great sport for kids. It gets them off the couch, teaches self-defense and gives them confidence.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes you say no to fighters. You're a tough negotiator at contract time.

WHITE: Every six or seven fights, a guy's contract comes up, and it's my job to give him more money or not. I'll never be everyone's best friend, but our guys do fine. Ninety-one percent of our UFC fighters make more than \$50,000 a year. Fifty-four percent make more than \$100,000.

PLAYBOY: Still, you've had contract disputes with Randy Couture and Tito Ortiz. What if the fighters form a union?

WHITE: I don't see it happening. The IFL likes to say, "We're here for the fighters. We want to give them medical benefits." I'm thinking, Really? Go open a fucking yogurt shop and see what an employee medical program costs. I would love to see Jay Larkin call Blue Cross and say, "Hi, I've got 250 ultimate fighters. Please give me a health plan." That's real smart. That's why their stock is at four cents.

PLAYBOY: What if a guy breaks his neck in the Octagon?

WHITE: He's covered. We cover all medical bills for any injury fighters sustain at our events.

PLAYBOY: Do you think UFC fighters who call you cheap are greedy?

WHITE: No. It's human nature to want more money. If you want greedy, look at Floyd Mayweather.

PLAYBOY: After Mayweather retired this spring, there were rumors that he was going to join the UFC. He told **PLAYBOY** he is interested in mixed martial arts.

WHITE: I consider Floyd one of the best boxers ever, but he's too old for the UFC, and he's not really retired—just greedy. Oscar De La Hoya offered him \$25 million, but Floyd wants more, so he'll probably wait for Oscar to fight Miguel Cotto. Then Floyd will get the winner. If it's Cotto, he can fight Cotto and then say, "Oscar, let's do it again." This is the kind of shit that made people sick of boxing.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about a UFC immortal, Tito Ortiz.

WHITE: That big-mouthed bitch, that clown. Back when he had the title, he refused to fight Chuck Liddell. He sat on the sidelines for a year and a half, crying, "Aww, I don't have any money!" So I brought him back and made him a coach on *The Ultimate Fighter*. That year he made more than \$6 million, yet he bitches about me. Well, I put up with Tito's shit when he was a decent fighter, but now he's not and I don't have to.

PLAYBOY: He lasted nine weeks on *The Celebrity Apprentice*, with Gene Simmons, Stephen Baldwin, Lennox Lewis and Playmate Tiffany Fallon.

WHITE: Did you see what a wallflower he was on that show? The guy has no presence. He was the idiot hiding in the back. If he actually did something, people would know how stupid he is.

PLAYBOY: What's his IQ?

WHITE: About four. It's the same as IFL stock.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy his last UFC fight?

WHITE: When Lyoto Machida kicked his ass? I lost my voice yelling for Machida.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Ortiz's girlfriend, Jenna Jameson?

WHITE: Once in a radio interview I called her and Tito a

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“double idiot power—two of the dumbest humans you’ll ever meet.” She called me and said, “Why would you say that? All the shit’s between you and Tito.” I said, “Jenna, you’re his manager.” She said, “Dana, it’s unfair to take a shot at me,” and I agreed. “You’re right,” I said, and I haven’t said a bad word about Jenna Jameson since.

PLAYBOY: Do you think she has helped his conditioning?

WHITE: It didn’t look like it in his last fight. Honestly, I think Jenna’s been a distraction to him. In a few years Tito’s going to realize he left millions of dollars on the table.

PLAYBOY: At least he has his health. You once said the UFC is safer than badminton.

WHITE: Right. “In almost 20 years of UFC,” I said, “there’s never been a death or a serious injury. I don’t think even badminton can say that.”

PLAYBOY: What badminton player was ever killed?

WHITE: I have no idea. I just thought it sounded good.

PLAYBOY: Somebody might have gotten a shuttlecock in the eye.

WHITE: It had to happen!

PLAYBOY: What’s the worst UFC injury you’ve seen?

WHITE: Tim Sylvia’s broken arm.

PLAYBOY: Frank Mir got Sylvia in an arm bar, and Sylvia’s right forearm snapped. The referee stepped in, and Sylvia was furious. He wanted to keep fighting, but you officially ended the fight.

WHITE: That arm was tough to look at.

PLAYBOY: What matches do you want to see next? B.J. Penn vs. Georges St. Pierre?

WHITE: GSP’s got Jon Fitch first. But B.J. and GSP would be a huge, exciting fight. B.J. dominated the first round when they fought in 2006, then he gassed out. GSP composed himself and pulled out a narrow win. If they meet again, it will depend on B.J.’s conditioning and how much better GSP has gotten in two years.

Chuck Liddell and Rampage Jackson—that would be a big fight. Chuck and Forrest Griffin. Chuck and anybody! I also want to see Nogueira and Mir, two of the best heavyweight ground fighters ever. Silva just moved up in weight to fight James Irvin; he’s talking about going up to 205 pounds to fight Liddell. That one would be a monster: the best pound-for-pound fighter against the most famous mixed martial artist of all time.

PLAYBOY: In June one of your billionaire backers, Lorenzo Fertitta, resigned as president of Station Casinos to join you as co-boss of the UFC. Some fans saw the move as a sign the Fertittas were losing faith in you.

WHITE: I’ll still do all the shit I’ve always done. Lorenzo will focus on our international expansion, which is a relief to me. I mean, I was home for four days last month. I’ll be in town for only 24 hours all next week. Lorenzo and I were already talking on the phone 20 times a day. I look

at it this way: What bigger hire could the UFC make than Lorenzo Fertitta?

PLAYBOY: Some saw the move as a prelude to taking the UFC public.

WHITE: I can’t picture that. Companies go public because they need money. We don’t.

PLAYBOY: You like to gamble in the Palace Station, one of the Fertittas’ casinos.

WHITE: I play a little blackjack. Well, a lot of blackjack, for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a hand—enough to get the blood flowing.

PLAYBOY: Does the UFC need a network TV deal?

WHITE: No. Where’s television going? To the Internet. We may see Yahoo or Google buy one of the big-three networks. Pretty soon you’ll be watching the UFC on your computer or on your TV through your computer.

PLAYBOY: Suppose someone died in the Octagon. Would that hurt the business or help it?

WHITE: It would hurt me. A guy dying in the Octagon—at least he would be doing something he loved. I figure everybody dies, but not everybody really lives, which sounds very *Braveheart*, but it’s true. If

*A guy dying in the Octagon—
at least he would be doing
something he loved.*

*If you’re asking me if a death
would be good for business,
I don’t know. It would hurt me.*

you’re asking me if a death would be good for business, I don’t know. I would rather brag about our perfect safety record. I would like our fighters to stay healthy, compete into their 40s and not have to worry about money after they retire. We are really trying to create the perfect business.

PLAYBOY: You have some unsightly ears in the UFC. What causes cauliflower ear?

WHITE: You get blood in there, and the cartilage dies. You’re supposed to drain the blood with a syringe, but some guys don’t want to. It’s a badge of honor. Randy Couture and Forrest Griffin have nasty ears. Those two might be the worst.

PLAYBOY: Which hurts more, a body blow or a punch in the nose?

WHITE: When you get punched in the nose you see bright lights, stars. You think, That hurt, and I can kind of taste it in my throat. But a big body shot under the ribs is the worst. Your ribs separate, and you can’t breathe. Ask any fighter if he’d rather take a good body shot or get hit in the face, and he’ll take the face all day long.

PLAYBOY: Are there UFC groupies?

WHITE: Most of our hard-core fans are guys.

With the girl fans it’s “I love the sport. Let’s take a picture together!” They’re not trying to have sex with you.

PLAYBOY: How about gay fans?

WHITE: Glad to have ‘em! When we started out, I did a cool layout in a gay magazine with Liddell, Matt Hughes and some of our other fighters. There’s no homophobia here.

PLAYBOY: Let’s do a few more Octagon matchups. Mark Cuban vs. Donald Trump.

WHITE: Cuban. I love Trump, but Cuban is younger.

PLAYBOY: What about Leno and Letterman?

WHITE: Leno. He’s younger.

PLAYBOY: Floyd Mayweather against Dana White.

WHITE: Uh-oh. I would want it to go straight to the ground!

PLAYBOY: George Clooney and Mark Wahlberg.

WHITE: Mark’s tough. I trained him to box. He would take Clooney fast in the first round.

PLAYBOY: Alien vs. Predator.

WHITE: I’ll say Predator. He’s got arms and legs and shit. I don’t know what the Alien’s got.

PLAYBOY: James Bond vs. Jason Bourne.

WHITE: Bourne every day of the week!

PLAYBOY: You may want to skip this one: the Fertitta brothers.

WHITE: Whoa. Well, Frank Fertitta is the most aggressive human being I know. Lorenzo’s more technical. If it went a few rounds, Lorenzo might wear him down, but Frank hits like a truck. We were doing jujitsu one time and he about pulled my foot off. My ankle still clicks when I walk.

PLAYBOY: How much fun is it to be worth \$200 million?

WHITE: You know, when the Fertittas and I bought the UFC, it was dead. We weren’t thinking. We’re going to cash in. We bought this thing because we fell in love with it. That’s what we’ve got on everybody else in this business—they’re just in it for the money. I honestly don’t give a fuck about money. It’s a tool to have fun. I’ll probably be the MC Hammer of the fight-promoting world.

PLAYBOY: You’ll look funny in those big pants.

WHITE: [Laughs] I’ll be on VH1 in five years, saying, “I had it all—money, cars!”

PLAYBOY: Do you think about your legacy?

WHITE: Not in UFC terms. I mean, the UFC matters—it will be the number one sport in the world—but I’ve got kids: two little boys, Dana and Aidan, and a girl, Savanna. When I’m lying in that casket, man, I want my kids to say, “He was a good dad.” That’s the only legacy I give a shit about.

PLAYBOY: You’ll be thinking, I’m glad I didn’t die in that Vegas car wreck.

WHITE: It’s funny how one thing can change history—not religion, but fucking fate. If I had died that night, there would probably be no UFC.



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YOUNG GUNS

by
Stephen Davis

BEFORE THEIR RISE TO GLORY, GUNS N' ROSES CLAWED THEIR WAY UP FROM THE STREETS TO BRING RECKLESS ROCK AND ROLL BACK FROM THE DEAD

Slash and drummer Steven Adler—friends since attending Hollywood's Fairfax High together—were still struggling as a two-piece band with no prospects in the spring of 1985. "The main problem," Slash recalled, "was we had this great little band, but we'd never been able to find a singer." Slash had played gigs with some other bands, too, but nothing had worked out. When bassist Duff McKagan called him and asked the two to join Guns N' Roses for a series of opening slots Duff had lined up with a Seattle band he'd played in called the Fastbacks, Slash accepted the offer—though in the back of his mind he saw the gigs as a way to eventually steal Axl Rose away from Guns rhythm guitarist Izzy Stradlin and add the singer to his own band.

Slash said he "didn't want to work with Izzy at all. I didn't want to work with any other guitar player, because I'd never done it before. I couldn't be in control of what was happening, guitar-wise. What I had wanted was to get Axl away from Izzy, which was just fucking impossible. Then I got this call, and they said, 'Do you want to come and play with us?' At first I didn't want to do it, because Axl and I had been through some bad times pretty recently."

About six months prior, in late 1984, Slash had played a few gigs

with Hollywood Rose—Izzy Stradlin and Axl Rose's previous band—after its lead guitarist quit. Slash had also let Axl, who was essentially homeless at the time, crash at his grandmother's house. Axl slept in Slash's bed while Slash was working days at a newsstand. When Slash came home, he woke Axl up, and they went off to rehearsal. But one day there was a problem when his grandmother wanted to watch TV and asked Axl to remove himself from her sofa. Axl told the old lady to go fuck herself. Slash heard about this, and on the way to rehearsal he suggested to Axl that he ought to apologize. Axl got a weird gleam in his eyes and began to rock back and forth in the passenger seat. Then he jumped out of the moving car, which was doing about 40 miles an hour. He disappeared down a side street, and Slash didn't see him for a while. At their next gig together, Slash quit Hollywood Rose after Axl hit a rowdy fan with a beer bottle. Then Slash and his girlfriend broke up for a while, and Slash found out that Axl had fucked her in his absence. Axl by then was an assistant manager at Tower Video on Sunset, so to make things up to Slash, Axl got him a job there. This lasted until Axl got fired for screening porn films in the store.

In the end Slash decided to join Guns N' Roses. "I did it and



Above: the classic *Appetite for Destruction* era lineup of Guns N' Roses, photographed by Jack Lue in October 1985; the band, from left, bassist Duff McKagan, rhythm guitarist Izzy Stradlin, singer Axl Rose, lead guitarist Slash (with the Hendrix-homage hat that preceded his signature top hat) and drummer Steven Adler. Near right: Axl onstage at the Whisky on April 5, 1986 with one of the entrants in a bikini contest the band staged. Middle right: Steven Adler warming up. Far right: Slash and Axl backstage with friends.



began working with Izzy because that was what was happening. It was the only band I could find and that I could actually relate to."

Steven Adler was much more pumped. "I said to Slash, 'If we get that singer and that guitar player, we'll make ourselves one kick-ass band.'"

The first rehearsal of the new band was at a studio in Silver Lake. Someone distracted Steven while Izzy and Duff hid all the extraneous drums from his kit, reducing an almost comical metal setup to more primitive punk-rock simplicity. Duff remembered, "The moment we fucking slammed into our first chord, there was something. And we all knew it."

At first Axl was just standing there holding a beer and leaning against an amp, listening to the group's sonic chemistry. Then he started singing. Duff: "All of a sudden, Axl clicked. He was right in there, man. It took something for Axl to click, and it took something else for Slash to click, but when they did, they really did."

"We were only 20 years old," Duff said, "but we already considered ourselves real veterans. It felt like, This is the band; this is it. This is what we've all been searching for."

Slash and Steven rehearsed with Axl, Izzy and Duff for only two days. Guns N' Roses' first show with their new lineup took place at the Troubadour, opening for another unsigned band, on Thursday, June 6, 1985. The flier featured an early attempt at a band logo, with crossed Luger pistols flanked by what were supposed to be roses but looked more like cabbages. Tracii Guns—previously the band's eponymous lead guitarist—asked Izzy about the wisdom of keeping the old name of the group. Izzy told him they were fucking keeping Guns N' Roses—and besides, Izzy said, it didn't really matter; it was only a band name.

The afternoon of the gig, Slash went over to Melrose

Avenue, lined with hip boutiques and secondhand clothing shops, and bought a black broad-brimmed crowned hat at Leathers & Treasures. It was a conscious visual homage to Jimi Hendrix and the antecedent to the top hat that would become his trademark.

Only a few dozen people saw the debut of Guns N' Roses' new lineup, but those few never forgot it. Guns played louder than bombs. Axl teased and sprayed his hair way up and deployed his flamboyant new stage moves. Izzy was in a white shirt and vest, a walking clone of Keith Richards, laying down skilled rhythm licks. Duff teetered in cowboy boots, anchoring the band with his bass, singing backup to Axl's howls. Slash—bare-chested, sweating profusely—was alternately riffing and playing intricate solos, really showing off. Presiding over everything was Steven Adler on his drum riser, flailing with his sticks, his long blond ringlets shaking around his smiling face, looking like a kid in ecstasy under the club's lone spotlight. Steven provided a splashy onstage visual foil—like a junior David Lee Roth—to Axl's menacing prowling around the stage.

They played some Stones, some Sabbath, Aerosmith's "Mama Kin," Rose Tattoo's "Nice Boys" and Hollywood Rose songs. There was a smattering of applause. The next day they packed their gear into a rented van driven by two roadies and headed north to Seattle in a borrowed car, on the first Guns N' Roses tour. Their saga had now truly begun.

Their gear left town early in the day, and the Gunners started driving north shortly afterward with Duff at the wheel. The band was psyched. They were on the road at last. Izzy had been dreaming about being on tour since he was 12



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years old. After Seattle they were supposed to play shows in Portland, Eugene, Sacramento and San Francisco. These shows were decent \$300-a-night gigs, their first out of town.

Two hours later, north of Fresno on California Highway 101, the car broke down. Duff pulled over. Smoke was seeping from under the hood. Around them was nothing but deserted farmland and scrubby desert. This was before cell phones. Guns N' Roses were stranded on the highway.

Someone mentioned turning back and going home. Izzy said there was no fucking way he was going back. He got his guitar case out of the trunk and stuck out his thumb. The rest followed, abandoning the still-smoking car, and they started walking north. No one picked them up. They were, Slash said, "dressed to the fucking hilt" in full rock regalia, ready to go onstage. The summer sun baked them in their leathers. They had no water. According to Slash, he, Izzy and Steven were all using heroin, so one or more of them were probably withdrawing from drugs. They waited for a ride. And waited.

Cars and trucks whizzed by contemptuously. Off came the jackets and stage gear. After many hours in the desert, as the sun was setting, a truck driver finally stopped. He said they could ride in the back of his empty 18-wheeler.

In the middle of the night the trucker dumped the groggy Gunners at an interstate exit. They were a sight, according to Duff: "Five guys in tight striped pants and boots in the middle of fucking Oregon." They kept hitching.

Izzy recalled that finally "two ex-hippie girls from San Francisco picked us up. First they passed us, but then they remembered back in the hippie days when no one would pick them up—so they came around again and stopped." The Guns were starving, weak from hunger, and asked the women if they had anything to eat. The one not driving produced some pot brownies, and they kept heading north—in a ganja coma.

About 40 hours after they had left Hollywood, Guns N' Roses arrived in Seattle. The band was exhausted and dehydrated but just in time for their first gig. There was, however, no sign of their gear or their roadies. Guns N' Roses had to borrow drums and amps from the Fastbacks. Duff was embarrassed. The poor bedraggled Gunners totally stank.

Izzy said, "We played. There were 10, maybe 20 people in the place. We hadn't rehearsed that much. We didn't get paid. It was downhill from there."

Actually they did get \$50, plus food and drinks from the waitresses at the Omni Room, who took pity on them. And when they learned the van carrying their gear had broken down near Santa Barbara and wouldn't arrive, they were

informed by the Fastbacks' manager that the rest of their "tour" was canceled.

The band recuperated from what Slash called "that treacherous journey" at the McKagan family home. It was there Axl Rose started writing lyrics about the life they'd been living on the streets of Hollywood—a hothouse of hardship and competition, a bohemian demimonde where the only decent meal came from a charity and the evening's high was a dollar bottle of cheap fortified wine like Night Train. The reality of Hollywood for Axl Rose was making love to an overweight, insecure band groupie from Nebraska so he could stay at her place long enough to get his clothes washed and take a shower. Axl's Hollywood was a heartless battleground, a place of high-risk, semidesperate fun and games, whose losers wound up back home in Bumfuck or ended up blue and dead, tied off on the bathroom floor. The song Axl began to write on what the band called the Hell Tour eventually became "Welcome to the Jungle."

Guns had no money and no way to get back to Hollywood. They were so far from home that even degenerate, polluted, quake-prone L.A. looked like Paradise City. Duff recalled, "Eventually we bummed a ride back to L.A. with this chick who was a junkie. It was horrible. But the thing was, this is where the band bonded. We all stuck together." For the first time Duff thought, "This is real."

Izzy: "From the day we got back to Hollywood, it was like, whatever goes down, you know, we were still united in this conflict against—against fucking everything! Guns N' Roses' motto from that day on has been 'Fuck everybody.' Fuck everybody before they fuck you. Fuck the whole fucking world—let's just keep moving."

Izzy thought the Hell Tour had been a test, a rite of passage for the band. They had suffered together. They had thirsted in the desert. It was fucking biblical. They could have died. They had sucked in Seattle and been rejected. They straggled back, a defeated platoon, dead broke. But then, after their humiliating adventure, after they had been on the road and eaten shit, the sleazy jungle of the Hollywood rock scene didn't seem so bad after all. It seemed instead like home.

Axl Rose was now finally convinced that Guns N' Roses were his band. A short while later he told an interviewer, "We went through so many different people. Guns ended up being the people we most believed in. We believed in each other. We were like a family."



After Seattle, Guns rehearsed for a few days in a semipro studio in the Silver Lake district that was owned by local musician Nicky Beat. According to

Slash, this was "where the whole band really came together" around Izzy's songs: "Think About You," "Don't Cry" and "Out ta Get Me." They also worked on the earliest parts of "Rocket Queen" and "Welcome to the Jungle."

Soon Izzy rented a moldy rehearsal space for his band—but with nowhere else to crash, most of the band started to live there as well. In Izzy's mind, Guns had actually moved up a notch in life.

The new headquarters was a small storage area, the size of a one-car garage, behind 7508 Sunset Boulevard. The rent was \$400 a month. The dimensions of the space were roughly 12 feet by 12 feet, with just enough room for a couch (scrounged from a dead guy's stuff found on the street) and what meager gear they possessed. Izzy and the roadies stole some lumber from a nearby construction site and built a loft that had enough space for three malnourished rockers to sleep on.

Their storage space opened onto an alley that the city of Los Angeles officially designated Lot Number 619. It was near the intersection of Sunset and Gardner, in a musical neighborhood that included the Guitar Center, various new and used instrument shops including Sam Ash and the Mesa/Boogie amp store, and various crucial support businesses such as Sunset Strip Tattoo, the Sunset Grill, Mory's Pizza and El Compadre's "Fine Mexican Cuisine." The neighborhood baked in the California sun under looming billboards, towering royal palm trees and the arid, cone-shaped Hollywood Hills.

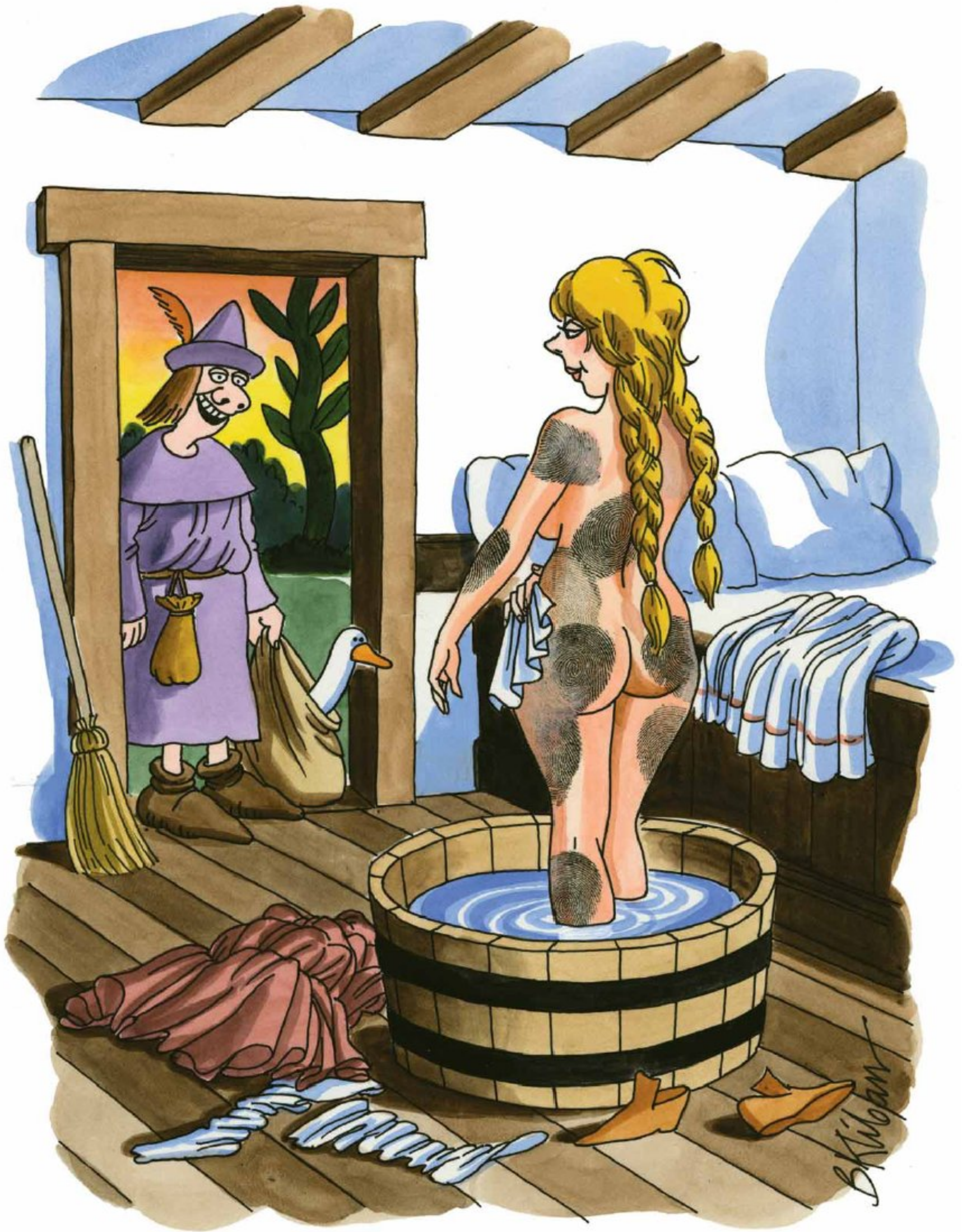
There was no bathroom, no shower, no kitchen and no air-conditioning, and the summer heat was stifling. Izzy described the place as "a fucking living hell." Slash hated it. Sometimes, to get away from the squalor, he slept down the road in the Tower Records parking lot. "I'd fuck girls," he told *Rolling Stone*, "just so I could stay at their place."

"We had zero money," Duff recalled, "but we could usually dig up a buck and go down to the liquor store for a bottle of Night Train wine that would fuck you up for a buck. Five dollars and we'd all be gone. We lived on this stuff."

"Our studio was basically a fucking uncomfortable prison cell," Slash said, "but God did we sound good in there. We're a loud fucking band, and we don't compromise the volume for anything." They'd pound away with a couple of Marshall amps in the tiny hovel and could be heard blocks away. "It was cool because all the fucking losers from Sunset Boulevard and all the other bands would come over to hang out."

That's when Guns started to have impromptu parties in the alley outside their lair. Izzy ran his heroin enterprise from the room, which the band decorated

(continued on page 127)



"Hi, dear...have a nice day?"

A

manda Corey is a woman who knows what she wants. Here's a short list: (1) Her own TV show. Amanda was crowned champ on the Ashton Kutcher-produced reality series *Beauty and the Geek* last season. (The show pairs hotties with dweebs and pits teams against one another in a series of bizarre challenges.) She believes she'd be good on a show like E!'s *Wild On*. "An open-minded cute blonde with an outgoing personality, traveling to party destinations to talk to random people on the street?" she thinks aloud. "Perfect!" (2) The 23-year-old wants to be on a beach, wearing very little. "I am a natural water girl," she says. "And I'm fearless. I've gone cage diving with sharks." She grew up in the Ocean State (that's Rhode Island) and started her career modeling bikinis for Hawaiian Tropic; she appeared in our November 2006 girls of Hawaiian Tropic pictorial. Recently she filled her suitcase with bikinis and moved to Huntington Beach in Orange County, California. Lots of beach there. (3) Amanda wants to meet Mr. Right. She likes the clean-cut type. She says she's weighing possibilities. "I'm seeing a few people right now. One is a policeman," she tells us. "I do like a man in uniform, an authority figure. The whole uniform thing is so sexy, and the handcuffs are a plus."



Left: Amanda and teammate Tommy Severo, winners on the CW series *Beauty and the Geek*. Above: Amanda struts the stage in the Hooters 2007 International Swimsuit Pageant. Opposite: We prefer the beauty without her geek.

GEEK LOVE

Amanda Corey won this year's *Beauty and the Geek* competition. We can't say we were surprised









See Amanda's original Cyber Girl pictorial at cyber.playboy.com.

“I’m seeing a few people right now. One is a policeman. I do like a man in uniform, an authority figure. The whole uniform thing is so sexy, and the handcuffs are a plus.”



“What’ll she do?” This has been the quintessential question for drivers of fast cars since the automobile’s inception. “Doing a ton” is the British expression for exceeding the 100 mph mark on the road. A three-liter Bentley did it in 1921. It took another 66 years before a Ferrari F40 could double that speed, and a little more than a quarter of that time before a Bugatti Veyron 16.4 exceeded 250. Just a few months ago a new ride came along and set the bar even higher: 256 mph. In a truly fast production car, you’ll need nerves of steel—not to mention a steady grip on the wheel and lightning-fast reactions—to get near 200 mph. If you make any corrections at that speed, you must do them precisely or you’ll career off the road. The view through the windshield brings to mind a giant vacuum cleaner frantically sucking up everything in your path. The engine’s scream is loud and shrill, and the road is suddenly much narrower. You can barely look at the speedometer. You don’t dare...but you can’t resist.

Over the past quarter century a few supercar builders have quietly competed for the unofficial title of the world’s fastest production road car. I have been lucky enough to drive just about all of them. Their top speeds are debated, but what you’ll see printed here is generally believed to be accurate. It isn’t easy to get your hands on these wheels, but you can take a ride with us right now. Buckle up.

By Ken Gross



FAST



COMPANY

At any given time, there can be only one fastest production car in the world. For the past 25 years PLAYBOY has driven nearly all of them—including the newcomer. Hint: It's not a Bugatti



189 mph:
1984
FERRARI
288 GTO

The 288 GTO hit the streets about the same time *Risky Business* arrived in theaters and the first camcorder appeared. You probably never saw that GTO in person: Only 272 were built, and few arrived in America. The sticker was about \$84,000—a princely sum in the early Reagan years but worthy of the fastest customer car in the world. On the track at Pocono in Pennsylvania, I couldn't believe this Berlinetta's belt-in-the-back wallop under hard acceleration. Sporting a deep-seated driving position and hyperfast steering, it was an astonishing performer. The piercing shriek of its F1-inspired midship turbocharged 394 bhp 2.9-liter V8 inches behind the ears is something a man can never forget.

197 mph:
1987
PORSCHE
959

Three years later Porsche stole the fastest production car title with the 959. Everything Porsche engineers had learned over decades of competition was built into this silver bullet. Originally designed for FIA Group B racing, a much modified 959 won the grueling Paris-Dakar rally in 1986. In 1987 the factory decided to make it available to customers who could muster up \$230,000. I drove one at Porsche's Weissach test track in Germany. Flattening the pedal resulted in a moonshot-like blastoff, and the huge brakes instantly reversed the



process. Engine: a twin-turbo air-cooled all-alloy 450 bhp 2.8-liter flat six. The swoopy lightweight body was made of Kevlar and fiberglass-reinforced plastic panels; the doors and hood were aluminum. Until a recent National High-

way Traffic Safety Administration rule change, this Porsche was unavailable stateside. Today Ralph Lauren is one of the few proud American owners.

201 mph:
1987
FERRARI
F40

Enzo Ferrari himself unveiled the F40—the company's 40th anniversary model—at his Maranello factory. It was the last time many of us saw the old man alive. The first production car to bust 200 mph was surprisingly easy to drive, though it didn't have power steering. Tucked behind the



cockpit in this featherweight body lived a twin-turbo 2.9-liter V8 that produced 478 bhp. Ferrari's stunning flagship became an instant collector's item; 1,315 were made over six years. Only 200 made it to the U.S., and though the list price was \$417,000, some buyers paid more than \$1 million. For Enzo Ferrari it was a fitting final bow.

202 mph:
1990
LAMBORGHINI
DIABLO

In 1990, if you had the checkbook and the cojones, this freakishly hot Lambo was the most exotic and fastest car money could buy. For \$240,000 you got the stylish supercar grandson of the Lambo Countach, with scissor doors and an exhaust note that sounded like a pack of angry lions. We rode in a Diablo in Sant'Agata Bolognese with factory racer and ex-world rally champ Sandro Munari, who could thread needles with this big mama and get it so sideways you could practically read your own license plate. Then we had our chance to put the 5.7-liter V12's



492 horses to the pavement on winding Italian back roads. The Diablo ("devil" in Spanish) was aptly named.

212 mph:
1992
BUGATTI
EB 110

At the time, before Volkswagen purchased the name, Bugatti was a small revival courtesy of some Italian investors. How could such a firm get the attention it needed to survive the cutthroat automobile game? By building the fastest production car on earth. The EB 110 could

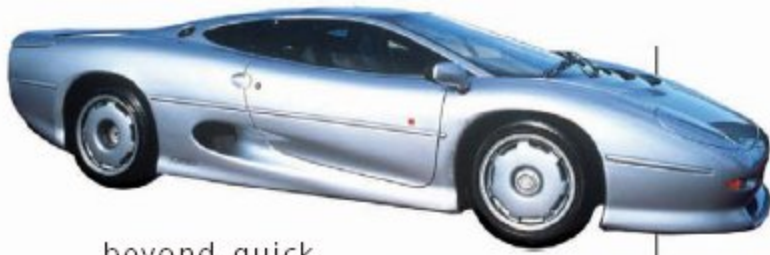


perform a zero-to-60 mph sprint in 3.5 seconds and fly well past 200 mph. Driven on an Italian autostrada, the all-wheel-drive Bugatti planted itself and took off like a demented bat, and the rocket ship-inspired styling drew plenty of attention. A quad-turbocharged 60-valve V12 pumped out an astonishing (for 1992) 552 bhp and revved to 8,200 rpm. The steering was extremely quick, but the brakes, though effective, needed a heavy foot.

217 mph:
1992
JAGUAR
XJ220

This Jag's story is one of hype, speed and failure. The XJ220 (opposite page, top left) evolved as a pet project of Jaguar chief engineer Jim Randle, whose intent was to take the marque into the 1990s with a state-of-the-art supercar. Orders filed in. But by the time the first cars were delivered, the design had been heavily tweaked to meet emissions and other standards. Customers complained they'd been duped. Then the economy went south, making it difficult to move a \$706,000 automobile. Order cancellations, lawsuits. In the

end, Jaguar built 281 examples, and many sat on the market for years. In the passenger seat with racing driver Martin Brundle, I hit 190 mph on England's MIRA test track. The ride felt secure and



beyond quick. Jaguar "disposed" of some leftovers by hosting a U.S. race series called Fast Masters. Drivers battered these cars so furiously, the series was nicknamed Crash Masters.

231 mph:
1993
MCLAREN F1

Jay Leno, a proud McLaren owner, once called his F1 "the greatest car of the 20th century." A collaboration between racing engineer Gordon Murray, BMW Motorsport and McLaren Group boss Ron Dennis, the F1 was a million-dollar hunk of supreme exotica. The snake-belly-low carbon-composite coupe

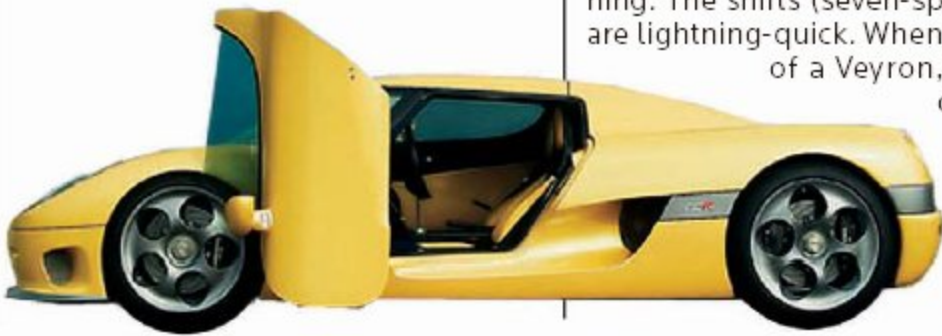


embodied tons of Formula One technology, starting with an unusual center driving position. It didn't, however, have power

steering or antilock brakes. The midship all-alloy 6.1-liter BMW V12 delivered 627 bhp. In 1993 racer Jonathan Palmer hit 231 mph on Italy's Nardò test track. Five years later Andy Wallace upped the production-car speed record to an unnerving 240 mph.

241 mph:
2005
KOENIGSEGG
CCR

In 1994, Swede Christian von Koenigsegg announced that he intended to produce the world's fastest customer car. He was 22 years old, his company was based in Sweden, and he had no real exotic-automobile experience. Eleven years later his 806 bhp Koenigsegg CCR—packing a twin-supercharged 4.7-liter V8—hit 241 mph at Nardò in Italy. Koenigsegg has sold about 90 cars so far, now with a sticker starting at more than a cool million. Koenigseggs finally became available in the States in November, and Christian K. claims they'll deliver 3.2-second dashes to 62 and a 245 mph top speed. This is some Swedish meatball.



253 mph:
2005
BUGATTI
VEYRON 16.4

Volkswagen AG revived the Bugatti name with a car that broke every record, starting with its \$1.3 million price tag. The heart of the creature is a mid-mounted all-aluminum eight-liter W16 engine with a quartet of turbochargers



and intercoolers that develops a head-spinning 1,001 bhp. You sit low in the Veyron, and its snug cockpit and high belt line make you feel as if you're in a leather-lined foxhole. We piloted one on back roads north of Jacksonville, Florida and on an airport runway. Acceleration is brutal—2.5 seconds to 62 mph. Your eyes bounce into your brainpan. Thanks to the all-wheel-drive system, those 1,001 horses hit the ground running. The shifts (seven-speed manual) are lightning-quick. When you step out of a Veyron, you feel no

one will ever build anything faster. Then the next ride comes along....

256 mph:
2007 SHELBY
SUPERCARS
ULTIMATE AERO

Zero to 60 in 2.78 seconds? In the time it takes you to sneeze (shift to second now!), you'll sear past 60 mph. At 80 (third!), the twin turbos exhale. Then the world melts into a blur (fourth!). Forget about getting a ticket—if a cop spots you spiking past 150 mph, you'll go right to jail (brakes!). Mere

months ago the American-bred \$630,000 SSC Ultimate Aero stole the mantle of world's fastest production car. A test driver piloted one on a closed public road, averaging 256.18 mph—Guinness World Records verified it. The brainchild of 40-year-old Jerod Shelby (no relation to Carroll), the car has a mid-mounted twin-turbo 6.4-liter V8 that produces 1,183 bhp—about eight and a half Honda Civics combined. A PLAYBOY test driver took the supercar out on roads in and around Vegas. "Mash the gas and it

sounds like two dragons are having frenzied sex right behind your head," he reported. "It's manageable in city traffic, but this kind of roid-rage power is intimidating, especially with no ABS, power brakes, power steering or traction controls. Pure, fast and very scary."





Anna Faris

THE BEST BUNNY IN THE HOUSE TALKS ABOUT RAUNCHY HUMOR, THOSE GAWKY TEEN YEARS AND WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE HANGING WITH HEF AND THE GIRLS

Q1

PLAYBOY: You're best known to movie audiences for your role as the hilariously clueless, adorable Cindy Campbell in the four raunchy *Scary Movie* flicks, as well as for playing an airhead movie star in *Lost in Translation*. If we'd known you in high school, would we be surprised you get cast so often that way?

FARIS: I was maybe a little eccentric in high school. I felt unattractive, short and self-conscious about my body, and I would purposely emphasize that by doing odd things. I wore glasses, braces, odd hairdos and dumpy clothes. I was clumsy and awkward. When I was a freshman I wore a Christmas-tree skirt as a cape. I couldn't get any dates until senior year, and I remember the first time I heard a couple of guys commenting that I had a nice body, it was such a huge shock. It felt really good.

Q2

PLAYBOY: When was your family most shocked by your behavior?

FARIS: As a high school junior I wanted to hang out with the cooler kids, who were going to parties. My brother is three years older, and both of us went through our partying, drinking phases

in high school. I would sneak out and stay out late. I got caught with a fake ID when I was 20. I had to go to court. I was terrified of what my parents were going to do, but they thought it was hysterically funny. It was like, Wait, what happened to the parents I used to know, who would've been furious?

Q3

PLAYBOY: We all know, thanks to your recurring role last season on *Entourage*, that your first name is pronounced "Ah-nuh." Have you spent a lot of time schooling people in that pronunciation?

FARIS: All my life. I worry that people think I'm being pretentious, but it's an old family name. I feel inappropriate correcting people, so I'm always grateful when somebody around me says my name correctly, and then usually people catch on. That was one thing on *Entourage* I was a bit of a stickler about. My boyfriend on the show kept mispronouncing it, and I was like, "Look, I'm really sorry, and normally I wouldn't do this, but you have to call me Ah-nuh if you're going to play my boyfriend." I mean, Anna Kournikova is Ah-nuh, right? I think it has kind of caught on.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Which of your *Entourage* co-stars would you most want to crash a party or go clubbing with?

FARIS: Oh, Kevin Connolly, for sure. We got along great, and he's a lovely guy. He treated me with a lot of respect. He was a true professional. I enjoy parties, but I have to say I don't really go to clubs at all. I'll go to a dive bar, and I love hanging out at home, drinking wine, watching a movie. I'm pretty low-key. I love to host people at my house, but I tend to start early and crash early. I'll just sneak away to the bedroom, shut the door and let my friends enjoy themselves for the rest of the night.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You've said you always wanted to be an actress. Why did you bother to get a degree in English literature from the University of Washington?

FARIS: When I was in college I decided to quit acting. I had a job prospect at an ad agency in London, and I was going to go live there. My parents were disappointed that I was throwing in the towel, but I just didn't want a life of struggle. If I was able to get a day of work doing voice-over stuff for a commercial or if I was hired to

do a training video or something, I just saw it as great college money.

Q6

PLAYBOY: What jobs did you end up getting?

FARIS: When I was young I was a babysitter, I cleaned houses, and I was a camp counselor. I was pretty bad at all my jobs. My heart wasn't in it. Someone told me recently that they work for the burger chain Red Robin, and it still uses a training video I filmed in which I play the perfect hostess. At one point the phone rings, and I answer, "Thank you for calling Red Robin. We're here for any special event you might want," or whatever; then I put down the phone and say, "Here at Red Robin we always give good phone." Oh God, can you imagine? It's mortifying.

Q7

PLAYBOY: How did you go from giving good phone to giving good screen?

FARIS: I was about to graduate, and I auditioned for this really bad horror movie, *Lovers Lane*. I mean, most horror movies are pretty bad, but I got inspired, thinking, Maybe I've been a bit of a coward; maybe I can do this. So I moved to Los Angeles and auditioned for *Scary Movie*. That movie was perfect for me. I'm not offended by anything. I love crude humor. I have a lot of guy friends—I love hanging out with guys. Maybe because I was a little sister I can be really forgiving of guys. I just want them to be exactly who they are around me. So *Scary Movie* couldn't have been a better job.

Q8

PLAYBOY: The *Scary Movie* franchise is famous for its raunchiness. Did anything about it ever offend you?

FARIS: I was willing to do anything. There was no scene I felt nervous about. I felt, They hired me, so I've got to deliver. When I went with my parents and brother to see *Scary Movie* at a Seattle strip mall the opening weekend, I was like, "Mom, there's going to be a couple of points when I'm going to need you to go to the bathroom or get me popcorn. Just obey me." Now I've totally broken them in.

Q9

PLAYBOY: So you've never refused to do anything they've asked you to do in a *Scary Movie*?

FARIS: In the first *Scary Movie*, at the last minute they were going to add a scene after this incredibly romantic love scene. Cindy's boyfriend, Bobby, calls his friends and brags about having sex while his bodily fluids are all over the bed. I wanted to do it and not let Keenen Ivory Wayans, the director, down, but then I started to think about my parents seeing it, and it made me feel sad. So I said, "You know what? I'm not going to do this." It

was a crude and cruel scene, and that's why it didn't make it into the movie. But that was the last time I said no.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Action-film stars get to brag about the injuries they sustain doing risky stunts. Have you taken any hits in the name of comedy?

FARIS: In the second *Scary Movie* they cut a whole scene in which I'm paralyzed in a bathtub, the water is rising higher and higher, and I'm trying to pull the drain chain with my toe. In part of the scene I'm completely underwater. We did that in a pool, but I kept just naturally floating to the top, so I actually let them tie me down to the bottom of the pool. Now I would never do that. Those movies were such a great training ground, but they certainly didn't pamper me or anything.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Hopefully you had more clout in your new comedy, *The House Bunny*, in which your character lives at the Playboy Mansion as part of Hef's entourage but gets tossed out and is forced to work as housemother to a sorority of socially inept women.

FARIS: About three years ago I was thinking, What happens when a Bunny gets a little too old and it's time for her to move on and adjust to a different reality? I had a dark version, with the character becoming a drug addict and returning to her small Christian Alabama town, but that wasn't very commercial. I pitched the character to the screenwriters of *Legally Blonde*. They wrote a treatment, and I pitched it with them all around town, dressed as the character and saying the lines we'd created. Adam Sandler's company, Happy Madison, and Sony said yes, and three months later we were shooting the movie. It has been a weirdly positive experience.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Holly Madison, Bridget Marquardt and Kendra Wilkinson appear in *Scary Movie 4*, and now all three, as well as Hef, appear in *The House Bunny*. What do you now know about the Girls Next Door that others don't?

FARIS: Of course they're physically fit and attractive—gorgeous—and maintain their physical appearance, but I also think they're the friendliest and most welcoming people I've ever met. There's such an accessibility about the Girls Next Door, and they were all so friendly and sweet and cool. I was in awe. There didn't seem to be any competitiveness. You don't find that kind of generosity much among women in Hollywood. I kept thinking, I can't believe this is my movie and we're filming here at the Playboy Mansion, and Hef is in our movie.

Q13

PLAYBOY: As the movie's executive producer, co-creator and star, were you tempted to indulge in stereotypical male-producer behavior like screaming at underlings and ogling hot potential co-stars?

FARIS: I lost my temper only once, and that was about people not being punctual. It just drove me crazy. I feel it's an indication that someone is taking the work for granted, so in general that annoyed me. When we had great-looking guys come in to be considered for the role Colin Hanks plays in the movie, I thought, This is fun! Colin was perfect because he's great looking and charming, but he doesn't seem as if he hangs out at the Mansion all the time. We had a great time together.

Q14

PLAYBOY: What was your first-ever experience with PLAYBOY magazine?

FARIS: I was nine, probably, and it was in the forest with a neighbor's dad's magazines. They were totally erotic. It was amazing. I hadn't really seen women like that, and I wanted to be like those girls. That's why it's amazing today, especially with *The Girls Next Door*; how accessible the Mansion and the Playboy idea have become.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You look so sexy and toned in *The House Bunny*, it wouldn't surprise us if Hef and the girls invited you to stick around the Mansion for a while.

FARIS: I haven't got the nails for it. Also, the amount of maintenance it takes isn't for me. But yeah, they kept inviting me over. At the time I was too tired, but now I can't wait to go back. I like hanging out with really imaginative, dramatic and flamboyant people.

Q16

PLAYBOY: What kind of guys turn you on?

FARIS: A lot of them. [laughs] I like a guy who is confident, charming and intelligent without being pretentious. There are a lot of smaller, slighter guys in the movie industry, but I like sort of bigger dudes. When I was young I adored pretty boys, but now I don't want somebody who cares about his hair or his clothes. I want a guy to feel like a man and a dude.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You deserved all the praise you got for playing a shallow blonde actress in *Lost in Translation*. Many believe you were parodying Cameron Diaz. Were you?

FARIS: That's been really hard. Even some of my friends say, "Come on, tell us the truth. What was going on?" I auditioned, without having read the script, pretty much exactly the way I played it in the movie. I filmed for only about a week, so I didn't even get that much one-on-one time with writer-director Sofia

(concluded on page 126)



"He says life sucks because I won't."

Ohio State has played the national-champion bridesmaid the past two seasons, courtesy of Florida and LSU. Will the Sooners put the Buckeyes in a dress once again?

I have to be honest. The only upset I ever correctly predicted was one that took place immediately after I'd eaten a plate of questionable mussels at a late-night joint in New Jersey. I've been prognosticating PLAYBOY'S top 25 in college football for 21 years now. I've correctly, and perhaps luckily, predicted the eventual national champion six times during that span—better than most of the sports media that don't feature Playmates. However, I still can't figure out how to predict an upset.

Last season was the year of the upset. Fans witnessed three of the greatest shockers of all time. The significant number of upsets once again threw the herky-jerky BCS formula for determining a national champion into confusion. Let's not get sidetracked into that whole "should we or shouldn't we have a playoff to determine the college-football national champ" debate. Clearly, we should. But because certain college administrators and bowl lobbyists don't

want it, we won't have it. Let's look instead at the schedules for this upcoming season and try to imagine another instance of a Division I-AA team beating a preseason top five as **Appalachian State** did to **Michigan** last year. Or a 41-point underdog defeating one of the most dominant football teams in the nation over the past several years, as the unranked **Stanford Cardinal** did to number-two ranked **USC** last October. How do you forecast those kinds of results? Forget it. It can't be done. Rather than risk another plate of rotten mollusks, I'll focus on the teams that have the best players and coaches, the most favorable schedules and the best chance of coming up big winners as this season kicks off.





by gary cole

top 25

1. OKLAHOMA	12-0
2. OHIO STATE	11-1
3. FLORIDA	11-1
4. MISSOURI	11-1
5. USC	11-1
6. GEORGIA	10-2
7. WEST VIRGINIA	10-2
8. LSU	9-3
9. AUBURN	9-3
10. KANSAS	9-3
11. TEXAS TECH	9-3
12. ARIZONA STATE	9-3
13. TEXAS	9-3
14. WISCONSIN	9-3
15. CLEMSON	9-3
16. UTAH	9-3
17. CINCINNATI	9-4
18. VIRGINIA TECH	8-4
19. ARKANSAS	8-4
20. BOISE STATE	9-3
21. ILLINOIS	8-4
22. KANSAS STATE	8-4
23. TENNESSEE	8-4
24. OREGON STATE	8-4
25. GEORGIA TECH	8-4

PLAYBOY'S 2008 A



OFFENSE: Left to right, top to bottom: **ANDRE SMITH** (71), lineman, Alabama; **MICHAEL OHER** (74), lineman, Mississippi; **DUKE ROBINSON** (72), lineman, Oklahoma; **PHIL LOADHOLT** (79), lineman, Oklahoma; **MICHAEL CRABTREE** (5), receiver, Texas Tech; **ALEX MACK** (51), lineman, California; **CHASE COFFMAN** (45), tight end, Missouri; **KENNY MCKINLEY** (11), receiver, South Carolina; **JEREMY MACLIN** (9), kick returner, Missouri; **THOMAS WEBER** (20), kicker, Arizona State; **KNOWSHON MORENO** (24), running back, Georgia; **PAT WHITE** (5), quarterback, West Virginia; **JAMES DAVIS** (1), running back, Clemson.

LL AMERICA TEAM



DEFENSE: Left to right, top to bottom: **TYSON JACKSON** (93), lineman, LSU; **SEN'DERRICK MARKS** (94), lineman, Auburn; **BRIAN ORAKPO** (98), lineman, Texas; **RYAN MCDONALD** (60), Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Illinois; **REY MAUALUGA** (58), linebacker, USC; **BRIAN CUSHING** (10), linebacker, USC; **CHRIS MILLER** (35), punter, Ball State; **GEORGE SELVIE** (95), lineman, South Florida; **JAMES LAURINAITIS** (33), linebacker, Ohio State; **TAYLOR MAYS** (2), secondary, USC; **VONTAE DAVIS** (1), secondary, Illinois; **MIKE MICKENS** (21), secondary, Cincinnati; **MALCOLM JENKINS** (2), secondary, Ohio State.



1. Oklahoma

Last season: 11-3, pretty good at most schools but not very pleasing to coach Bob Stoops, who expects to win a national championship every other year or so.

Coach: Stoops has done little but win since he arrived in Norman nine years ago.

Studs: They're numerous, and they're mostly on offense. Two of the biggest, literally and figuratively, are Playboy All America linemen Phil Loadholt and Duke Robinson. Loadholt is six-foot-eight and 350 pounds. Robinson weighs the same but is only six-foot-five. Quarterback Sam Bradford is six-foot-four but a mobile 208. He led the nation last year in passing efficiency as a redshirt freshman. DeMarco Murray returns at running back, and Jermaine Gresham is one of the nation's best tight ends. On defense, end Auston English and tackle Gerald McCoy are All-Americans in the making.

Scoop: The talent is there for a national championship, especially if younger players at linebacker and in the secondary live up to their potential. Stoops's challenge is to get that talent to execute consistently over the course of the season. The non-conference schedule is winnable and, with Kansas and Texas Tech coming to Norman, so is the conference schedule.

Prediction: 12-0



2. Ohio State

Last season: 11-2. The double-digit victory total rang hollow as OSU lost its second consecutive BCS championship game, this time to LSU.

Coach: Jim Tressel has accomplished everything Buckeye fans could ask for—including a national championship back in 2003 following an epic OT win over Miami.

Studs: There's no shortage of talent in Columbus, the most obvious being returning Butkus Award and Nagurski Trophy winner James Laurinaitis at linebacker. Quarterback Todd Boeckman, who led the Big Ten in passing efficiency last season, will be protected by a dominating line, the best of whom is three-year starting tackle Alex Boone. Chris "Beanie" Wells headlines the running backs, while Brian Robiskie leads a good group of receivers. Malcolm Jenkins at defensive back is superlative.

Scoop: The disappointment of losing another title game was palpable in Columbus this off-season. Five or six juniors who would likely have been first-day NFL draft choices stayed in school. There was a sense of intensity and urgency during off-season workouts. Tressel will have to focus that energy and resolve each Saturday. The Buckeyes could lose to

USC on September 13 and still play for the national championship.

Prediction: 11-1



3. Florida

Last season: 9-4, a successful season for most teams, a disappointment for the Gators.

Coach: After only three years at Florida, Urban Meyer has 31 victories and

Playboy's Coach of the Year

MARK MANGINO—UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS



Turning around a moribund football program at a school whose reputation is forever bound up with basketball is no mean feat. However, Mark Mangino has worked magic in six seasons at Lawrence. The Jayhawks have been bowl eligible four times in the past five years and beaten the likes of Nebraska, Kansas State and, last season in the Orange Bowl, Virginia Tech.

a national championship in his pocket. And he's easily the best recruiter east of the Mississippi: Florida's freshman classes have ranked one, two or three since Meyer arrived in Gainesville.

Studs: Success begets success. Florida will line up eight returning starters on offense and eight on defense. The best of the best is QB Tim Tebow, returning for his junior season after being the first sophomore to win the Heisman Trophy. Tebow was the Gators' leading passer and rusher in 2007. Running back Emmanuel Moody, who sat out last season after transferring from USC, will give Florida a strong rush-

ing option besides Tebow. Wide receiver Percy Harvin will improve on his all-purpose yards as a do-everything offensive threat. Linebacker Brandon Spikes is the leader on a defense that should be better than it was in 2007.

Scoop: Meyer has to meld the talent returning from last season with a revamped coaching staff that includes three new assistants. Tebow and the Gators are certain to pile up huge numbers on offense, but with the SEC more competitive than ever, the defense will have to step it up if the team is to prevail.

Prediction: 11-1



4. Missouri

Last season: Missouri capped a 12-2 season with a 38-7 win over Arkansas in the AT&T Cotton Bowl.

Coach: In six seasons Gary Pinkel has transformed Mizzou from a sleeping giant into a contender for the national championship.

Studs: They abound on both sides of the ball. Quarterback Chase Daniel was Big 12 offensive player of the year last season and is one of the best college quarterbacks in the nation. Tight end Chase Coffman and all-around threat Jeremy Maclin are Playboy All Americans. Maclin scored TDs from punt and kick returns and rushing last year. Safety William Moore was the Cotton Bowl defensive MVP.

Scoop: With Daniel leading the offense and 10 starters returning on defense, expectations at Mizzou are sky-high. The offensive line has a couple of holes that need to be filled, but the schedule may be a tad easier than last year's. Pinkel will have to teach this team to perform as the favorite instead of the underdog. Expect Missouri to play Oklahoma in the Big 12 championship game, with the winner having a shot at the national title.

Prediction: 11-1

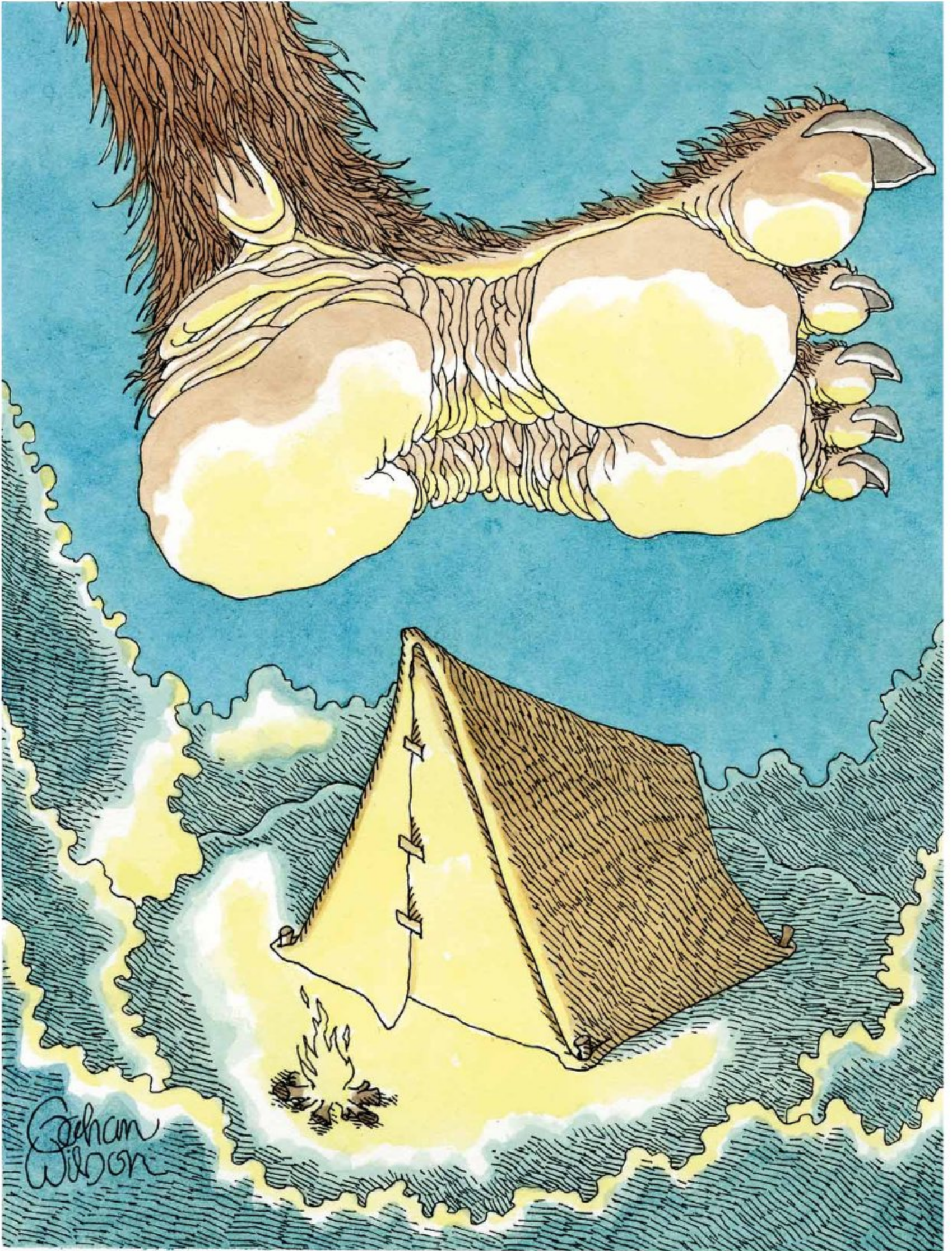


5. USC

Last season: 11-2, with a decisive Rose Bowl win over Illinois, 49-17.

Coach: No college coach in the past six years has been more successful than Pete Carroll. A few of USC's accomplishments under Carroll: two national championships, six Pac-10 titles, six consecutive 11-win seasons. USC has had three Heisman Trophy winners, produced 30 first-team All-Americans and 42 NFL draft picks. The best news for USC fans is that Carroll declined a handful of NFL head-coaching opportunities in the off-season.

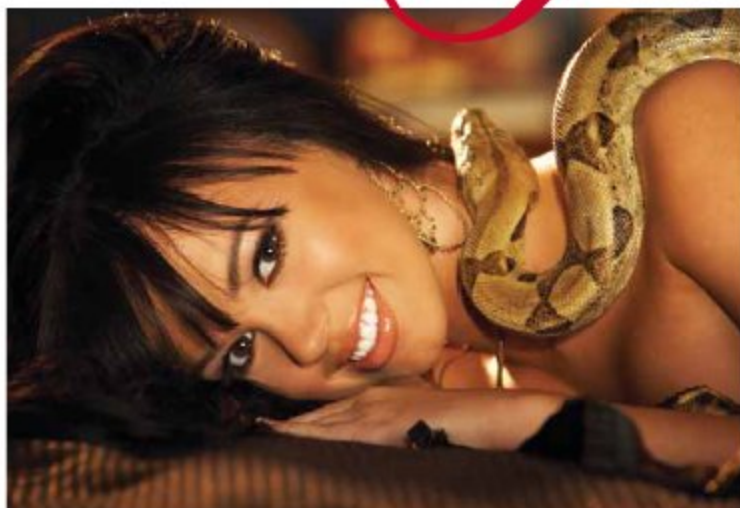
Studs: A host of excellent athletes graduated, but USC has a busload waiting in the parking lot. The strength of this year's team, at least initially, will be the defense, which is led by linebackers Rey Mauluga and Brian Cushing. Safeties Taylor Mays and Kevin *(continued on page 130)*



"Whatever it is, it seems to be coming closer!"

Southern

@harmer



Slither up to Miss September and say hello

There's something irresistible about the delicious dichotomy of Valerie Mason. She describes herself as half tomboy, so you're as apt to catch this Cajun-spicy 20-year-old from the small town of Monroe, Louisiana four-wheeling or playing with her pet boa constrictor, Mitch, as dressing up in vintage outfits ("I love hippies," she professes). "I'm the type of girl who can just chill and hang out with the boys," she says. "I always had pet snakes and lizards that we caught in the yard. I also like going four-wheeling with a big group. Sometimes the four-wheelers get stuck in the mud and you have to push them out. I don't mind getting dirty—it's fun!" After cleaning up, Valerie switches gears and puts her six years of jazz-dance and ballet classes to use. "I don't have dance shoes anymore," she says, "but I play around in the living room." Just don't ask her to demonstrate if you see her at a club. She laughs at the suggestion. "People would think I was crazy if I busted out with a ballet move. Everybody already cracks on me for the old-school 1970s and 1980s CDs in my car. They ask, 'What are you listening to?'"

One of the people Miss September listens to, we're delighted to say, is Holly Madison, who encouraged her to submit Polaroids for Playmate consideration. "I found Holly on MySpace, e-mailed her and asked if I had a chance," reports Valerie. "Holly said my pictures looked great, and the magazine asked me to come in. I tested on an episode of *The Girls Next Door*, and when I saw myself on the show, which I watch all the time, I thought that was the coolest thing ever. I can't wait to hold the magazine in my hands so I'll know it's real."

For Valerie, it's real and getting realer. She recently moved into the Playmate House near the Mansion and plans to take acting classes—"like every other Playmate," she says, laughing. A few readers should be cheered by her taste in men. "I like shy guys; the mysteriousness intrigues me. If I had to make the first move, I wouldn't mind." Marriage is a distant thought. "I'm not going to say never, but I don't see the point right now," she says. "If you can find somebody you like having sex with and love at the same time, perfect. In the end, I don't really care if I'm single or with somebody, as long as I'm happy. Right now, living at the Playmate House is the experience of a lifetime."











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



MISS SEPTEMBER

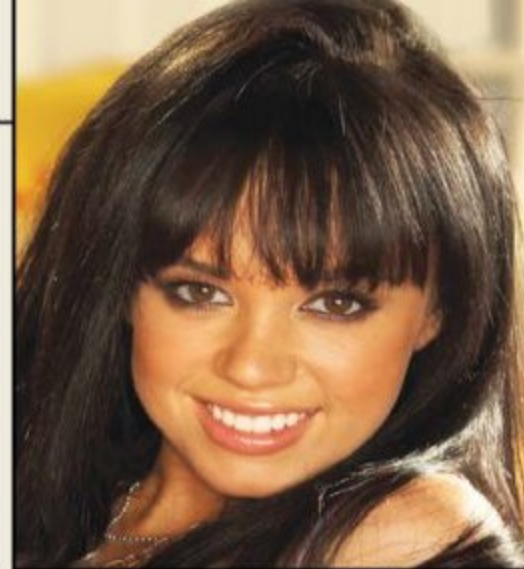
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Oliver
A. Mason*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Valerie Denise Mason

BUST: 34D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115 lbs

BIRTH DATE: 1-29-1988 BIRTHPLACE: Monroe, Louisiana

AMBITIONS: To become successful and take care of my parents. I hope to model more, sing and act.

TURN-ONS: Ambitious people, shyness, politeness, a good personality, great abs and a nice smile.

TURNOFFS: Laziness, conceitedness, rudeness, bad breath and smoking.

MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE: Stay true to yourself, dream big, give back, be thankful and live every day to the fullest.

THE SMARTEST PERSON I KNOW: My mom.

MY FAVORITE MUSICIANS AND WHY: The Eagles because they remind me of hanging out with my dad when I was younger.

THE SEXIEST MUSIC TO DANCE TO: 1970s and 1980s music.

FIVE THINGS I LOVE ABOUT THE SOUTH: Southern hospitality, the food, privacy, people and recreation.



Fishing with Dad, age 10.



Tenth-grade cheerleading photo.



Senior picture from high school.

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Valerie
Mason*

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What does Hillary Clinton do every morning after she shaves her pussy?
She sends him off to work.

The judge asked the prostitute, "So when did you realize you had been raped?"

Wiping away tears, she replied, "When the check bounced!"

I've reviewed your case very carefully and have decided to give your ex-wife \$300 a week," a judge declared.

"That's more than fair," the man said. "I'll even try to kick in a little of my own money."



A small boy woke up three nights in a row when he heard a thumping sound coming from his parents' bedroom. Finally, one morning he went to his mother and said, "Mommy, every night I hear you and Daddy making noise, and when I look in, you're bouncing up and down on him."

His mother replied, "Oh, well, I'm bouncing on Daddy's stomach because he's fat, and that helps him get thin again."

"That won't work," said the boy.

"Why not?" asked his mother.

The boy replied, "Because the lady next door comes over after you leave each day and blows him up again!"

A man was seen fleeing down the hall of a hospital just before his operation.

"What's the matter?" his wife asked.

"I heard the nurse say, 'It's a very simple operation. Don't worry. I'm sure it will be all right,'" he said.

"She was just trying to comfort you," his wife said. "What's so frightening about that?"

"She wasn't talking to me," he answered. "She was talking to the doctor."

Will I be the first to do this to you?" a man whispered when his bride-to-be finally consented to have sex.

"What a silly question," giggled the girl. "I don't even know what position you want to try yet."

A man went to the doctor after he twisted his knee playing golf.

"You need to stop masturbating," the doctor said.

When the man asked why, the doctor replied, "Because I am trying to examine your knee."

A blonde called a travel agent and asked, "How long is a flight from New York to San Francisco?"

"Just a minute," said the agent.

The blonde said thank you and hung up.

A sixth-grade science teacher asked her class, "Which human body part increases to 10 times its size when stimulated?"

No one in the class answered until a little girl stood up and said, "You shouldn't be asking sixth-graders a question like that! I'm going to tell my parents, and they will go tell the principal, who will fire you!"

The teacher ignored her and asked the class again, "Which human body part increases to 10 times its size when stimulated?"

This time a boy stood up, looked around nervously and said, "The body part that increases to 10 times its size when stimulated is the pupil of the eye."

"Very good," the teacher said. Then she turned to the little girl and added, "As for you, young lady, I have three things to say: One, you have a dirty mind. Two, you didn't read your homework. And three, one day you're going to be very, very disappointed."



Shelley Neiman

A handsome postal carrier was finishing his last day on the job when a middle-aged woman invited him into her home for a hot lunch to bid him farewell. After the meal she came on to him, then took him upstairs and had her way with him. On his way out the door, she handed him a dollar. He asked, "What's that for?"

"Well, I must admit the lunch was my idea," she said. "But when I told my husband it was your last day, he said, 'Fuck him, give him a dollar!'"

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.



"This is a routine job, but every once in a while it gets really interesting...!"



STEPPING OUT A scene from *Swingtown* that takes place in the Chicago Playboy Club in the 1970s.

THINK THE SWINGERS MOVEMENT WENT OUT WITH TAB AND THE 10-CENT PHONE CALL? GUESS AGAIN

SWINGING → FROM A TO Z



FOR MOST AMERICANS the word *swinging* conjures days of yore when pubic regions were covered with mounds (upon mounds) of hair and the idea of sex between strangers was truly shocking. Take the TV series *Swingtown*. Yes, very entertaining, but it suggests that swinging was a phenomenon of the 1970s exclusively, one that shrank away like a postcoital erection during the Reagan years. Fact is, the movement is more alive today than ever. The Internet has given rise to a subculture of fun seekers who communicate with anonymity. Whatever you're into—a little "half and half," perhaps—someone keen to join you is just a mouse click away. Don't believe us? Have a look at your area's Craigslist personals, under "Casual Encounters," for mw4mw listings (man and woman for man and woman). Swingersboard.com lists no fewer than 25 communities and clubs in Texas alone and 35 in California. This month Taschen publishes *America Swings*, a book that documents the mating rituals of wife-swapping couples from coast to coast. There's a world out there waiting to embrace you. All you need to know is how to speak the language. Herewith, a hot bowl of alphabet soup.

A **AC/DC:** Person who goes both ways.

ANIMAL TRAINING: Sexual activity that involves live animals, usually dogs but sometimes snakes, ferrets or even chickens (see John Waters's *Pink Flamingos*).



Not doctor-recommended.

B **BBW:** Big, beautiful woman, i.e., fat girl.

BDSM: Sex that involves power, submission and bruises; technically a combo of three terms—BD (bondage and discipline), DS (dominance and submission) and SM (sadism and masochism).

BOUNDARIES: Divisions between what is acceptable and what isn't, the key to a civilized group-sex encounter. And you do not want an uncivilized encounter—otherwise you'll find yourself in the center of one every day in the state penitentiary.

C **C:** Couple, usually with modifiers such as MWC (married white couple), MBC (married black couple), MBiC (married bisexual couple) or OC (a couple bearing a strange resemblance to Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon).

CAN ENTERTAIN: Potential hookup is willing to invite other swingers into his or her home. Cokes and chips optional.

CAN TRAVEL: Hookup will come to the home of someone willing to host.

CLOSED DOOR (OR CLOSED SWINGING): Spouses or companions swap but have sex in different rooms of the same house.

CUCKOLD: Man who gets off by watching other men bang his wife.

CUDDLE PARTY: Toothless Generation Y take on the orgy, in which participants lie on the floor and caress one another. Get an erection and you'll be asked to leave. Kids today—they just don't get it.





CULTURE: Euphemism for a sexual position or fetish. Examples include:
 → **AMERICAN CULTURE:** Man on top; the missionary position.
 → **ENGLISH CULTURE:** Sexual stimulation from spanking.
 → **FRENCH CULTURE:** Oral-genital activity.
 → **GREEK CULTURE:** Anal.
 → **ROMAN CULTURE:** Orgy.
 → **CULTURE CLUB:** Party in which some of the women are actually men. Or are they?

D **D/D FREE:** Drug- and disease-free.
DRUGS: Common condiments at swing parties. Specific examples:
 → **420:** Participants will be smoking pot.
 → **ROCK CLIMBING:** Participants will be smoking crack.
 → **SKIING:** Participants will be snorting cocaine.

E **ERECTION:** Otherwise known as wood, metal, hard-on, stiffy, throbbing gristle, bone daddy, blue steel, pitching a tent, boner, full salute and hello Cleveland.

EUROPEAN-STYLE CLUB: Sex club or event where all the guests must remove their clothes upon entering or at a designated hour. Brie is often served.

F **FUCKING:** When a man and a woman love each other very much....

G **GENEROUS:** Willing to pay for sex.
GYNAEOLATRY: Fancy term for the worship of women. We prefer the word *love*.

H **HALF AND HALF:** Oral sex that involves both a blow job and a rim job. And maybe a cup of coffee.

HONEY POT: Very tasty vagina.

HWP: Someone who is height-weight proportionate, i.e., not a BBW.

I **INTERESTED IN FRIENDSHIP:** Describes a couple seeking a swinging relationship that involves emotional depth rather than just boring old sex.

IR: Interracial.

K **KEY PARTY:** As seen in the film *The Ice Storm* (right), an event at which couples show up and drop their keys into a hat. Keys are then picked out, thus randomly

matching men and women. Usually this involves friends fucking friends' spouses and tends to make PTA nights kind of weird.



L **LIFESTYLE, THE:** Practice of swinging, as in "Hi, I'm George W. My wife, Laura, and I have been in the lifestyle for about eight years now."

LTR: Long-term relationship.

LURKING: Going to an orgy but not participating. What are you, some kind of weirdo?

M **MARITAL AIDS:** Vibrators, dildos and any other machinery.

MAT (OR GROUP) ROOM: Room in a swingers' club where multiple sexual encounters occur simultaneously.

MORESOME: More than three people in a swinging interaction. The moresome the merrier.

N **NASCA INTERNATIONAL:** Organization (formerly the North American Swingers Club Association) of clubs, websites, publications, travel agencies and events that cater to the swinging lifestyle. Like NASCAR but faster.

NO: Means no! The number one rule at any swing party or orgy.

O **ON-PREMISES VERSUS OFF-PREMISES:** The two types of clubs or parties. "On-premises" indicates a club where attendees can screw; an off-premises club is a place where swingers can meet but must go elsewhere to have sex.

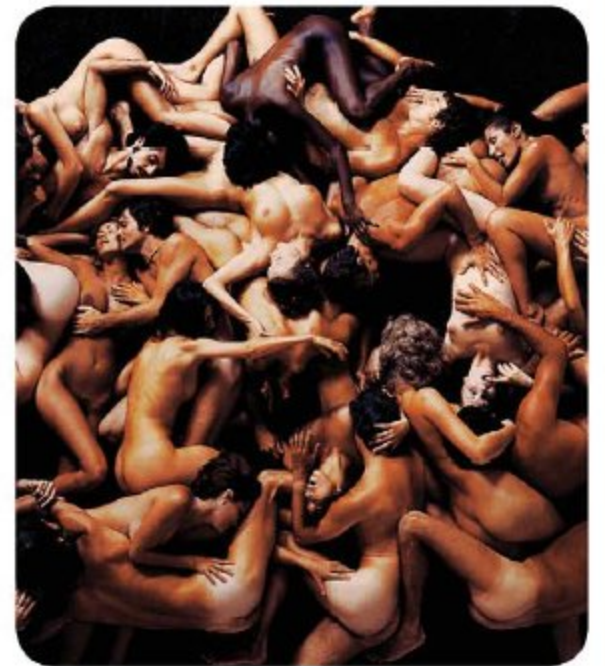
OWO: Oral without—i.e., without condom. Also: the word *hello* mumbled by a woman with something large in her mouth.

P **PA:** Performance anxiety; nothing a little pill won't solve (see Viagra).



PLAYBOY MANSION: Site of many epic orgies over the years—or so we're told.

POSITIONS: Types of sex acts some swingers request specifically, such as...
 → **BUMPING DOUGHNUTS:** Two naked women grinding their crotches together. Delicious and nonfattening.



→ **DAISY CHAIN:** Three or more people linked by oral sex in a chain that forms a circle.

→ **71:** Variation on 69 in which the participants also give each other the old finger in the bum. Bonus: 72, 73, 74....

PRO: Prostitute or paid escort.

S **SAFE:** Term for a naturally or surgically sterile woman. Care to come inside?

SECRET WORSHIP: Literal meaning of the Greek word *orgia*, from whence we get *orgy*.

SOFT SWINGING (OR SOFT SWAP): Swapping partners for petting and foreplay but not intercourse.



SRS: Same-room sex, opposite of closed door.

SWALLOW: Bird in the family Hirundinidae that takes its name from its ability to eat while in flight.

T **TICKET:** Attractive woman with no interest in swinging or group sex who is used by a man to gain access to a swing party or orgy. Once her male friend is in, the ticket may try to leave—which is why most swingers' clubs insist couples arrive together and leave together.

TOWEL: Essential at any sex party. You may be wiping up things too stubborn for Kleenex or even Bounty. Some parties advertise a "we supply towel at the door" policy.

U **UNICORN:** Bisexual single female, so called because many couples want one but they're so very rare.

V **VANILLA:** Adjective used by swingers to define nonswingers.

VERSATILE: Bisexual (see AC/DC).

VIAGRA: One drug that's always welcome.



W **WATER SPORTS:** Peeing.

WAY-OUTS (OR WEIRDOS): People interested in bizarre stuff like "scat" (short for *scatology*) or anything involving blueberries.

Z **ZIPPER SEX:** Fast and furious blow job given without dropping pants—ideally in a Ferrari being chased by the cops.

LEARNING THE ALPHABET

W (OR F): Female

M: Male

WWM: Threesome involving two bisexual women and a man.

WMW: Threesome involving two women and a man with no sexual contact between the women.

MWM: Threesome involving two men and a woman with no sexual contact between the men.

MMW: As above but including sexual contact between the men.

MW4MW: Couple looking for sex with another couple.

T: Transsexual.

THE SULTANA OF SWING

A lesson in the lifestyle from an experienced teacher

Kara Smith (pictured right) started selling sex toys years ago. Recently she realized she had more to offer: lots of swinging experience and a load of good advice. She now works as a lifestyle consultant, helping couples achieve their sexual fantasies. Her website, exsexories.com, offers an abundance of toys, tips and a sign-up for a personal consultation. For our own tête-à-tête with Kara, we brought along a camera and tape recorder just in case things got interesting—which they did, naturally.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into the lifestyle?

KARA: About five years ago I got the urge to be with another woman. I told my husband, and he refused. When our marriage ended I met a woman who wanted to be with me while her husband watched, and it was incredible. I was working as a dancer at the time, and I started fooling around with other dancers. I met a few couples in Vegas, and it flourished from there.

PLAYBOY: So you turned your hobby into your profession?

KARA: It just came naturally for me to talk about sexuality, so I started consulting with couples who wanted to join the lifestyle. I judge what level of swinging they're ready for, help them set boundaries and prepare them for any situation that may arise. Then I give tips on finding the right people, and I follow up afterward to make sure their experience was fulfilling. Nine times out of 10, swinging makes the relationship stronger.

PLAYBOY: You can plan everything, but sex is still about the unexpected, don't you think?

KARA: Yes. The night before my **PLAYBOY** shoot I was with my boyfriend and another couple. Just as I was climaxing I got too excited, fell off the bed and kneed myself in the eye. It was hilarious, but at the time, I was so worried about having a black eye that I wasn't laughing. Luckily, a little makeup did the trick.

PLAYBOY: You look pretty good to us. What does a would-be swinger need to know?

KARA: Make sure your "playing field" is big enough so you don't end up on the floor like me. Have your toys clean and ready—a delay can kill the mood. Don't drink too much: You don't want to do something you'll regret later. And most important, discuss boundaries beforehand and stick to them. You can always loosen the rules next time if everyone wants to go further.

PLAYBOY: People say the sexual revolution is a thing of the past. Are they right?

KARA: They couldn't be more wrong. People are more accepting and confident in their sexuality than ever before. The Internet has made the lifestyle so much more mainstream. Just punch in what you're looking for and you'll get a huge list of people ready to join you. When you get into it, you realize this isn't a fringe movement. These are normal, loving people. They have kids; they're on the soccer field and in the grocery store. They're your neighbors, and they're living out their deepest sexual fantasies.





olivia
1999

"Come in...!"

PLAYBOY FASHION

MAD MEN STYLE



VINTAGE COOL IS STAGING A COMEBACK. JUST LOOK AT THE CAST OF TV'S HOTTEST SHOW



[1]

RICH SOMMER

BRYAN BATT

[1] **RICH'S** suit (\$1,695), shirt (\$135) and bow tie (\$95) are by DUNHILL. His pocket square (\$60) is by ROBERT TALBOTT, and his glasses (\$169) are by MOSCOT.

BRYAN'S suit (\$1,695), shirt (\$135) and tie (\$125) are by DUNHILL. His pocket square (\$60) is by ROBERT TALBOTT, and his tie bar (\$240) is by S.T. DUPONT.

[2] **VINCENT'S** suit (\$1,910), shirt (\$300) and tie (\$125) are by BAND OF OUTSIDERS. His pocket square (\$60) is by ROBERT TALBOTT. His shoes (\$225) are by FLORSHEIM.



FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIMOTHY WHITE
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES
PHOTOGRAPHED AT AVALON BEVERLY HILLS



VINCENT KARTHEISER

[3]



AARON STATON

[3] AARON'S suit (\$2,995) and briefcase (\$1,395) are by CANALI. His shirt (\$245) is by MEL GAMBERT. His tie (\$40) is by ORIGINAL PENGUIN. His cuff links (\$1,100) are by DOLAN BULLOCK. His pocket square (\$60) is by ROBERT TALBOTT.

[4]



MICHAEL GLADIS

[4] MICHAEL'S suit (\$1,775) and shirt (\$185) are by HICKEY FREEMAN. His tie (\$125) and pocket square (\$60) are by ROBERT TALBOTT. His shoes (\$995) are by ZELLI BY T. MANTZEL. His socks (\$35) are from PUNTO BY THE BRITISH APPAREL COLLECTION.

[5] RICH'S jacket (\$1,650), shirt (\$325) and bow tie (\$135) are by MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI. His pocket square (\$60) is by ROBERT TALBOTT, and his glasses (\$169) are by MOSCOT.

[5]



[6]



[6] BRYAN'S suit (\$1,098) is by BROOKS BROTHERS. His shirt (\$245) is by MEL GAMBERT. His tie (\$125) is by BAND OF OUTSIDERS. His pocket square (\$60) is by ROBERT TALBOTT. His cuff links (\$90) are by STEELX.

[7] MICHAEL'S suit (\$1,984) is by PHINEAS COLE. His shirt (\$245) is by MEL GAMBERT. His tie (\$125) and pocket square (\$60) are by ROBERT TALBOTT. His shoes (\$995) are by ZELLI BY

T. MANTZEL. His socks (\$35) are from PUNTO BY THE BRITISH APPAREL COLLECTION.

[8] AARON'S suit (\$1,095), shirt (\$175) and tie (\$115) are by Z ZEGNA. His pocket square (\$60) is by ROBERT TALBOTT. His tie bar (\$170) is by DOLAN BULLOCK. His belt (\$100) is by TRAFALGAR. **VINCENT'S** suit (\$1,795), vest (\$425) and shirt (\$225) are by JOHN VARVATOS. His tie (\$125) is by ROBERT TALBOTT.

[7]



[8]



SEE MORE AT PLAYBOY.COM/STYLE.
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 133.





*THE DIM LIGHT OF THE CRESCENT
MOON OFFERS SLIM HOPE ON A LONG
BLACK NIGHT THAT BEGINS WITH BETRAYAL
AND ENDS WITH BULLETS AND A SHOVEL*

*THE ACTION IS NONSTOP AND
SLEEP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION IN THE
LATEST INSTALLMENT OF*

NOBODY MOVE

PART THREE

M

ary poured some bourbon over ice and asked Gambol, "Do you want a drink?" He'd already told her twice to shut up, but she couldn't help herself.

Gambol, sitting on the couch in his boxers and Mary's blue nylon robe, said nothing. He stared at his wounded right leg, outstretched before him on the ottoman. His brow looked even heavier than usual. He kept his lips clamped together. It didn't seem possible, but maybe he was thinking.

Mary took her drink to the coffee table and sat beside him on the couch. Together they watched the final minutes of *Law & Order*. No conversation but the fraught dialogue of cops and crooks, no other sound but the ice in her glass when she sipped from it.

When the show was over, Gambol looked at his wristwatch.

Mary knelt on the floor beside the ottoman and parted the hem of his robe and examined the wound. He couldn't appreciate the work. When it came to suturing, she was better than most doctors she'd assisted. "You're healing fast, but I'm leaving those stitches in awhile. Seven days minimum for a wound to the proximal lower extremity. Ten days would be better."

He placed his hand gently on her head. She laid her cheek on his thigh and stared at his crotch. "Did I say you had one leg still working? Make that two out of three." She reached

BY DENIS JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY SMITH



HE PLACED HIS WHOLE HAND ON HER HEAD, AND SHE FELT HIS FINGERS HARD AGAINST HER TEMPLES.

for the remote and killed the power, and he relaxed on the couch while she knelt between his splayed knees with her head going up and down.

In only a matter of seconds she sat beside him again, wiping her lips with her thumb, and said, "What's got you so excited?"

Gambol stared straight forward, stroking her hair.

She handed him his aluminum cane. "Let's see how the bad leg's doing."

He gripped the cane's head with both hands, stood up straight and let the cane fall to the carpet. Taking uneven, quite deliberate steps, he got himself to the bedroom and turned on the light. Mary rose to join him, but he shut the door.

When he opened it again in a few minutes, Mary was still standing beside the television, and Gambol was dressed for the street, all but the footwear. A pair of black socks jutted from his shirt pocket.

He went into the bathroom, and she heard him piss a long time and flush and turn the faucet on and off. She heard him messing in the medicine cabinet, went to see—he was emptying a tin of Band-Aids into his hand and shoving his pants pockets full of them.

She got out of his way and observed him while he behaved like a one-legged contestant in a game of treasure hunt, stumping around the place and collecting unrelated items. Six feet of toilet paper—bunching it into a ball in his large hand as he hobbled into the kitchen—her car keys from the magnetic hook on the door of the fridge, a Magic Marker from a kitchen drawer and, from the drawer next to the sink, his .357 Magnum and its clip-on holster and a box of rounds. Clamping the Magic Marker in his teeth like a cigar, he began loading the weapon.

Mary said, "Ernest, are you going someplace? Or maybe we?"

He took two packs of MagSafe rounds from the drawer and put one in each front pocket of his trousers and closed the drawer. He clipped the holster to his belt and slipped the gun into the holster and snapped the strap across the hammer.

Mary said, "Should I get dressed?"

He made his way back to the couch. She retrieved the cane for him, and he grasped it and sat down with considerable care and put the wounded leg on the ottoman and handed her his socks.

As she got the socks onto his feet, she said, "Let me see you work that foot. Lift your leg up and down. Not the whole leg—bend at the knee. I want to see how the knee works. Now lift your leg and dangle your foot. Is that the best you can do? You're crazy if you think you can drive. I wouldn't give you twenty minutes working the pedals."

Meanwhile he was scribbling on his jogging shoes with the Magic Marker. Blacking out the reflectors on the heels and toes.

"Look," she said. "I'm here. Use me. I can deal with it when things get real. I like it."

He put both feet on the floor and began getting his shoes on. The right one obviously pained him.

"Ernest, let me help you with that." But he placed his whole hand on her head, and she felt his fingers hard against her temples. She said, "Okay, my mistake," and he released her.

He worked his foot into the shoe. With a woofing grunt, he bent at his waist and yanked tight the Velcro stays.

He went into the bedroom again, this time using the cane to walk, and came out wearing one of her sweaters, a large gray one she'd knitted herself. He pulled at its hem

and covered most of the holster. Then he reached into his pocket and found a penlight no bigger than a finger and adjusted it and shone it toward her face.

She squinted at the tiny glare and said, "Works fine."

He went to the kitchen door—the door to the utility room and the garage—and she said, "The opener's clipped to the visor."

He closed the kitchen door behind him. She heard the door of her car slam outside and listened carefully and heard the car's door open a second time and close more softly. Then maybe once more it opened and closed, this last time so quietly she couldn't be certain.

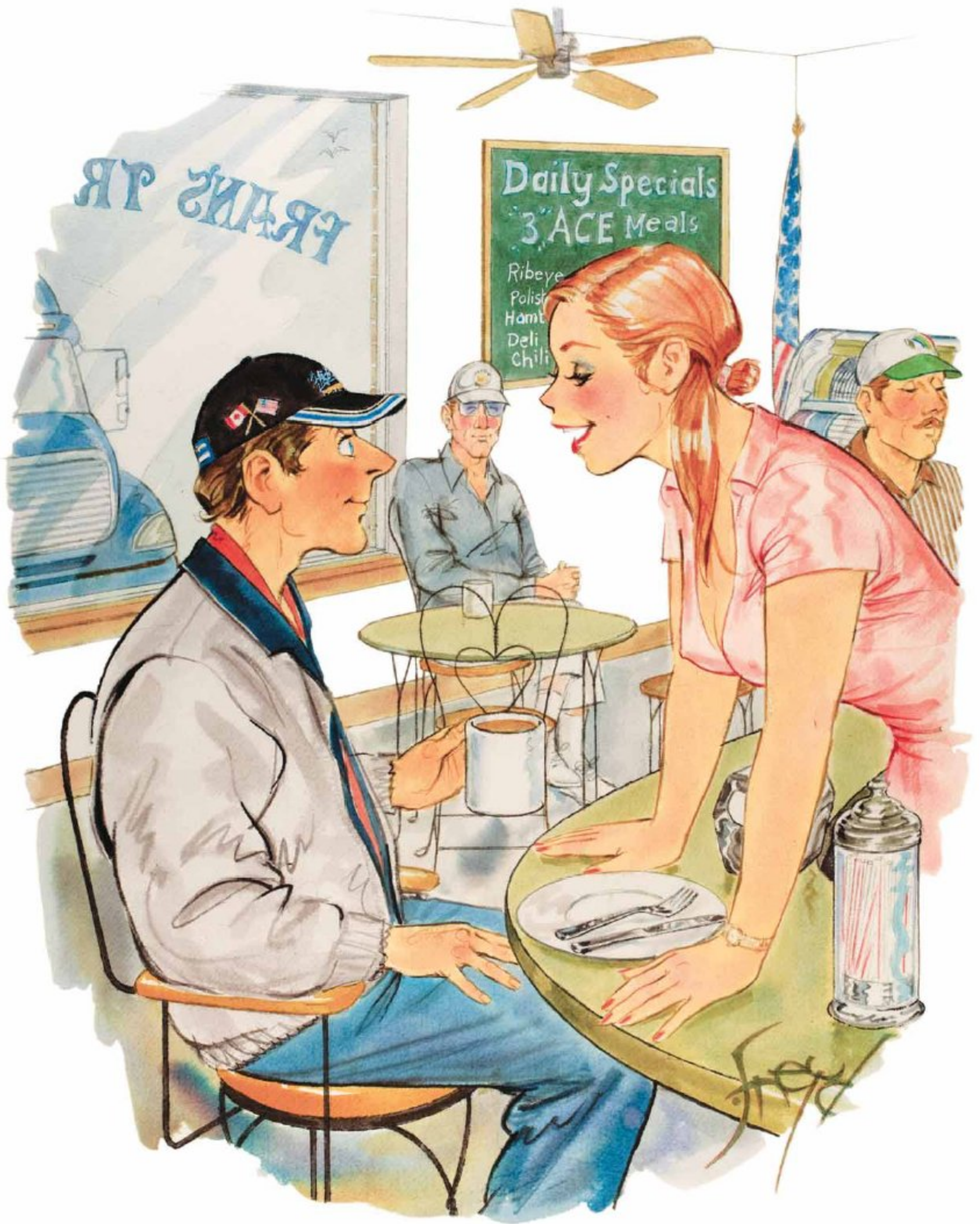
The car's engine started, and she listened to the sound of the garage door opening and closing and then the sound of the engine growing small out in the neighborhood, until she couldn't hear it at all. She lit a cigarette and turned on the television.

In the jagged silhouettes of the treetops to his left, a small glow began and followed him as he drove. In three or four minutes the moon had risen into view. A crescent moon. Muslim moon. It gave very little light.

Gambol watched the odometer. A half dozen miles along the Feather River Road, he pulled Mary's Lumina left onto the shoulder facing oncoming traffic—there wasn't any—and stopped. He pressed the window button with the meat of his hand and smelled the sharp odor of pine as the window came down. He shut off the car's engine. He heard nothing but the breeze in the evergreens.

For a midsize car, the Lumina had unusually generous legroom. Nevertheless his right leg began to throb, the discomfort pulsing in hot

(continued on page 114)



*"If that coffee doesn't keep you up all night,
I'd like to take a shot."*

PAGE 3 GIRLS

Blimey, it's hot over there!
Meet the all-England club

Its Royal Navy is experiencing serious shrinkage. The man who will be king is on his second wife, and one of the two living Beatles is vexed by a peg-legged ex. The national soccer team didn't qualify for the European Cup, and Benny Hill is dead (as he has been since 1992). When it comes to national symbols, England has seen better days. Yet the lads of the sceptered Isle aren't hanging their heads—not with the bumper crop of topless models adorning every tabloid newspaper and men's magazine. It's a golden age for British nudity. These few, these happy few, this band of notably busty sisters, seem poised to rule the world.



LOUISE CLIFFE (left) flies a mean Union Jack. Retired from topless modeling, Louise attends the Manchester School of Acting. "My dream is to be a Bond girl," she tells us. "I would be perfect!" She's perfect anyway.



The Royal Society for Putting Things on Top of Other Things has nothing on brunette **LUCY PINDER** and blonde **MICHELLE MARSH** (above). These longtime posing partners have weathered every boob headline pun known to man (**BREAST FRIENDS**, **BOSOM BUDDIES**, **WHAT A PAIR**, etc.), yet Lucy's story has a twist: She was a Page 3 superstar even though she never really got them out, always covering herself with a hand or bit of fabric. Then, in 2007, four years after she was discovered by the *Daily Star*, Lucy went fully topless. And there was much rejoicing.



New Page 3 sensation **IGA WYRWAL** (left) is from Kalisz, which is in Dorset—no, sorry, it's in Poland, which is quite far from Dorset. Still, England is a land of opportunity when you look like this. **AMII GROVE** (above) was born in Birmingham and has a nice front. But she'll have you know the rear view is just as good. "My waist is tiny," says the Bum From Brum, "but my ass is curvy and round like a juicy peach." Fruit for thought, indeed. **MALENE ESPENSEN** (opposite) is from Copenhagen, which is in Kent—no, sorry, it's in Denmark, which is quite far from Kent. But you won't catch her pining for the fjords; she has called the U.K. home for eight years now. Like most models, she keeps an eye on the competition. "Apart from me, of course, I would have to say Lucy Pinder and Sammy Braddy have the nicest boobs," she says. "Theirs are really pert, even though they're so big."





Colchester's **SAMMY BRADDY** (above) has the biggest tracts of land in our bunch. "Mine are 30GG, but I don't think they look out of proportion," she says. "Before I started modeling I never really knew how my boobs compared to other girls'. I had never shown them to anyone. But once I did, I was told they're the best. Now I have no problem showing them off!" Merseyside native **LOUISE GLOVER** (right) posed for *The Sun*, *Daily Star* and *Daily Sport* but earned wider fandom through *Playboy* Special Editions. Voted Model of the Year 2006, she's constantly shuttling between London and L.A. "Playboy fell in love with me," she admits. "They just kept shooting me. I think it's because I have an American look. I often think I should have been born in America."



"When I was about four years old I would draw bras and sunglasses on Page 3 girls in black marker," recalls Manchester's **RHIAN SUGDEN** (left). "I never really thought about being one—until I grew some boobs at the age of 16." So, Rhian, are British men obsessed with breasts? "Yes, but who isn't? British women are obsessed with boobs, and I hope all you Americans are, too. You can't beat a good pair. Maybe someday America will have a Page 3." We can only hope. They say strange women lying in ponds distributing swords is no basis for a system of government, but how about this farcical aquatic ceremony? Green-eyed **NATALIE OXLEY** (above), standing under a waterfall, could lob a scimitar at our head any day.



A U.K. Cyber Girl (at playboy.co.uk), **GEMMA MASSEY** (left) is a rising star who was stacking cans of baked beans at a supermarket when a photographer discovered her. Cheeky is as cheeky does for eight-year Page 3 favorite **NIKKALA STOTT** (above). "They call me No-Knickers Nikkala because I'm most comfortable with my clothes off," she explains, then opines on the trends of the day: "British men love really big boobs at the moment, great big things they can bury their face in—and I don't blame them at all!" If you had these beauties in one room, the 800-pound gorilla would undoubtedly be **KEELEY HAZELL** (opposite). Since winning *The Sun's* Page 3 Idol contest, in 2004, she has become an international phenomenon. "I had looked at myself in a mirror, but I could never see myself through a man's eyes," she told us after the win. "I had no idea what men wanted." Seems what they want is endless Keeley.





No lie, this is our real chat with knockout **SOPHIE HOWARD** (above): *You a goer, eh? Know what we mean? Say no more.* I sometimes “go,” yes. *Bet you do. Nudge, nudge.* Sorry, I don’t quite follow you. *Follow us—very good.* A nod’s as good as a wink to a blind bat. *Are you a sport?* Yes. I’m fond of cricket. *Like games, eh? Knew you would.* You’ve been around a bit, eh? I’ve traveled, yes. I’m from Southport. *Say no more! Southport!* You like...photography? *Photographs, eh?* Look, I’m a sport, I like photos, I’m a goer, whatever. You’ve got a piccy of me with me boobs out in a boxing ring—can you stop asking these stupid questions? This is the dumbest interview I’ve ever done. *Sorry....* And now for something completely different: **NATASHA MARLEY** (opposite), child of destiny. After taking her college exams, she recalls, “We had a party, and they gave out funny awards. Mine was Most Likely to Be Next Page 3 Model.”



NOBODY MOVE

(continued from page 102)

waves from groin to ankle. In order to keep his head clear, he'd taken no painkillers since noon.

With some difficulty he bent to remove the gun from under his seat and opened and spun and closed the cylinder. From his back pocket he extracted a ball of Mary's toilet paper and made two small wads, soaked each in his mouth and put one in each ear. He extended the weapon toward the open window and fired twice, paused, cranked off three more test rounds, paused a few seconds and fired again.

He pried the spitwads from his ears and tossed them out the window, laid the gun on the passenger seat and drove for five minutes before stopping to eject and pocket the casings and reload, this time with the MagSafe rounds. He opened his door a few inches, and by the dome light's illumination he searched for the switch that disabled it. He opened and closed the door several times in darkness.

In 35 minutes he'd traveled 21 miles farther on the winding road, and on the left, as he'd expected, he passed the restaurant. He saw lights on downstairs and one pickup truck parked on the building's near side, as he'd been promised.

A half mile beyond the site he turned the car around and cruised past it once again. On this side of the building, the ground dropped into darkness and continued toward the river.

Farther along he shut off the headlights and turned the car around again. A hundred yards short of the restaurant he stopped and lowered all four windows. He heard nothing but a steady noise he took to be that of the river.

Easing the car slowly along the left shoulder, he brought the restaurant into view and coasted to a halt, avoiding the brake lest his stoplights flare. He turned off the engine.

The darkness allowed only the most general impression of the environment—sloping, heavily treed on both sides of the building, with open ground to the rear and then the river. The building was old enough that it seemed to have settled slightly out of plumb.

He checked his watch. Twelve-fifteen A.M. No estimation was possible of the time this would take.

From the building's shape it was clear that the upstairs was smaller than the first story. He hadn't been told how long a climb to expect. He'd been told only that the upstairs consisted of a single small apartment occupied by Jimmy Luntz.

From his pockets he dug a handful of Mary's Band-Aids. He stretched his right leg across the bench seat, sat back against the door and applied 10 of them to his fingertips one by one.

cigarette under the crescent moon and listening to the washing sound of the river, not unlike the freeways he was used to. The television, tuned to MTV, lit the air of the room behind him and seemed to tug at it so that the room lurched back and forth.

Now from the restaurant downstairs came a relentless basso thumping. What song? He couldn't tell. Just a jungle rhythm.

Luntz went down the stairs and around to the front and found Sally Fuck silhouetted in the restaurant's doorway, swaying like a stalk, directing music with one hand and holding a large glass in the other and singing, "Red, red wine," over and over. He pointed at Luntz. "Come on. Harmonize."

"Sell me some smokes, Sally."

"Sally who? No such Sally here."

"Sol. Sol. Sell me some smokes, Sol."

John Capra came out and stood behind Sally, scratching his beard and his belly simultaneously, and said, "Fuck."

"I smell food," Luntz said.

"All-American cuisine. Ratburgers."

They went inside, and Luntz and Sally sat at the counter. All the lights were off except the light over the griddle and the light of the jukebox in a far corner. Luntz said, "I didn't know that old Wurlitzer worked."

"Some nights it never stops." Capra threw two hot dogs on the grill beside half a dozen others already frying. "You want three?"

"Just a couple."

Sally sat on the stool beside Luntz's with his back against the counter and his legs out straight and sang through an entire Rolling Stones number. The song ended and the jukebox stood silent. On top of the jukebox lay a blackened engine part.

Sally poured his empty water glass full of red wine from a green half-gallon jug and said, "Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy. Where's your girlfriend?"

"She went to court."

"Night court?"

Luntz was silent.

"She looked like a natural at the wheel of that Cadillac. Anita, Anita. Nuthin' sweetah. You figure she's coming back?"

"I try not to figure."

"I figure you just lost a Cadillac, Jimmy."

Capra set down on the counter a basket of fries still dripping a little grease and said, "Anita Desilvera is one good-looking woman."

Sally said, "Wouldn't you just love to suck on her stank—you whore?"

"Did you hear a car earlier?" Luntz said.

Sally said, "Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, she's not coming back," and dropped a french fry into his mouth like a worm. "A glass of wine for the cocksman."

Luntz said, "You got club soda?"

Capra went to the cooler and brought him a can, popping the top as he set it down on the counter. "You still got that funny stomach?"

"Same one."

"A shot of wine wouldn't hurt it," Sally said and raised his glass.

Luntz said, "I don't like the way you're staring at me."

Sally said, "It's just because the light comes from behind you, man."

Capra slammed three plates down on the counter, *bang, bang, bang*, and said, "You are really drunk."

Sally said, "Drunk is good tonight, my melodious little cum-swallower," and shoved a frankfurter into his mouth.

Luntz said, "What else do you do around here for fun?"

"When the others get back from Bolinas," Capra said, "we'll see a little more action."

"When is that?"

"They'll start turning up tomorrow. We got half a dozen, sometimes a dozen people living here."

Sally said, "Bikers."

"Bikers are my people, Sol."

"They're just like everybody else around here. Around here," he told Jimmy, "it's the great outdoors. They all subscribe to *Dog and Woman Magazine*." Again Sally was squinting at Luntz. "You look like a man without much to live for."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"Leave him alone, Sol." Capra stopped scraping the grill and ate three hot dogs in 90 seconds and went back to scraping. "You still play the sax?"

"Jimmy loves sax."

Capra ceased his movements at the grill. He didn't turn around. "Shut up, Sally."

"My name is Solomon Fuchs, honey, and you can call me Sol."

"People tell me I look like Art Pepper," Luntz said, "but I don't blow as good as he does."

"Beg pardon?"

"Nobody blows like Art."

"I never said anybody did."

"Well, I played some."

Sally's interest seemed authentic. "What about Art?"

"Actually, I keep forgetting. Art's dead."

"Okay."

"But his music lives on. I don't care if that's a sweet thing to say. It's a true sweet thing."

"Sure," Sally said. "And when was the last time you played professionally?"

"Me? I don't know. I don't even have a sax. I'm kind of in hock."

"When was the last time?"

"An actual gig? For money? Well, an actual *gig*.... What is this, anyway," Luntz said, "Gamblers Anonymous?"

Sally ate half his second hot dog and shoved the rest of his meal aside and said, "So name me two things you've got to live for."

Capra said, "Sol. Don't continue this shit."

"Don't be a hairy-headed biker with greasy knuckles."

Capra leaned over the counter and took Sally by the chin and got close to his face and said, "Quit ragging on him like a bitch."

Jimmy Luntz stood on the landing just outside the wide-open door, finishing a



"Oh, what a thing to show a lonely widow who lives at 69 Oak Street, apartment 2C."

Sally stared at Capra with a kind of fearful hatred. "I get on the back of a motorcycle, all I think about is getting off."

Capra splayed his fingers and released Sally's chin. "He gets bitchy. He made his bed and now he doesn't like it."

Sally said, "We're all in the same bed."

"Only two of us," Capra said.

"Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy. I understand you shot Gambol."

Capra put his hands on the counter and stared down at them. Sally laughed. Phony laughter. Capra said, "Jesus, Jimmy."

"These fries are good," Luntz said.

Capra gathered up the plates and went to wiping down the counter with a rag. After a while he said, "When you turned up from outer space, I figured, you know—bad debts."

"I do have bad debts."

"So the Caddy you loaned your girlfriend. And the shotgun. Jesus. So Juarez is after you."

"I just wanted to see if I could do it."

"You offed Gambol and stole his shit?"

"He's all right. I hear he's recuperating."

"He's not dead? Fuck me. That means Juarez plus Gambol."

"What shotgun?" Sally said.

"Shut up for two fucking seconds," Capra said, "just for two seconds, all right? I've got some serious shit to say." Luntz and Sally were quiet, and he said, "I need you out of here tomorrow, Jimmy."

"Bye-bye, Jimmy."

"That's quick notice."

"It is what it is."

"Give him another day," Sally said. "Give him till Sunday."

"I'd appreciate it," Luntz said.

"Noon Sunday. Not one fucking minute later. I'm serious. You didn't lay it out, man. I didn't realize your shit stank this bad."

"I guess we all stink pretty bad, huh?"

"Whatever that means," Capra said.

"Well, the only thing I knew about you was—Feather River. I just knew you were hid. I didn't know you were mixed up in Sally's thing."

Sally said, "Do you ever speak in anything but double meanings?"

"Okay, Sally," Luntz said. "Confession

time. How much did you get away with down there? Weren't you an accountant for the syndicate or something?"

"I was a public-information man for the Cooperative Agriculture Board, and I was a bagman for them on one single occasion. Of which I took instant crazy advantage."

"How much in the bag?"

"Three hundred and eighty-six thousand. The whole idea"—pointing at Capra—"was his idea. And now it's happily ever after. A biker bar in the Himalayas."

"One place is as good as another," Capra said. And to Luntz he said: "Sunday."

"Three eighty-six? Wow. Got any left?"

"Oodles," Sally said. "Let me put you in a Jaguar."

"Noon," Capra said.

"Sell me some vodka to go. And some smokes."

"Noon Sunday." Capra turned off the blower above the griddle and headed past the coolers toward the back room, saying nothing more, and Luntz was left alone with Sally Fuck, who stirred the wine in his glass with one of his long fingernails and said, "Juarez finds whoever he looks for. And Gambol eats their balls."

"Man," Luntz said, "I really don't like the way you talk."

"Anyway, according to the autopsy, Cal from Anaheim had no balls on his corpse."

"That's a legend."

"Soon to be the legend of Jimmy Luntz." Sally wasn't drinking his wine at all. Just stirring it and tasting the drops on his fingernail. "She was a beautiful Indian maiden. It's like a song."

"Kiss my ass, Sally. I need a pack of Camels."

"I'm terribly sorry. We're closed." But Sally got up to fill the order.

"And a half-pint of Popov."

"Yeah. And what if she did come back? What are you going to do with that one?"

"Get her drunk."

Inside the restaurant, the last small light went off. The moon had risen high and was no longer visible to Gambol through the car's front window. Nearly two A.M.,

nearly 14 hours without oxycodone. As pain burned off the fog in his thoughts, a detail he'd overlooked came into view.

He possessed no kind of tool for dealing with the restaurant's door. No idea how he'd get past the threshold.

He rifled the glove box. An armrest folded down in the middle of the seat, and he looked in its hutch. He found nothing to help him.

He holstered his gun and gathered up his cane and the car keys and opened the door and stood outside the car, shutting the door not quite completely, and made his way around to the rear of the vehicle. The trunk's lid unlocked with a click and a sigh. He raised it six inches, and a bulb came on within. He bent to glance inside—a spare, a jack and two prongs of a four-pronged lug wrench—and with the weight of two fingertips he shut it. A wrench with lug ends wouldn't help. He needed a pry.

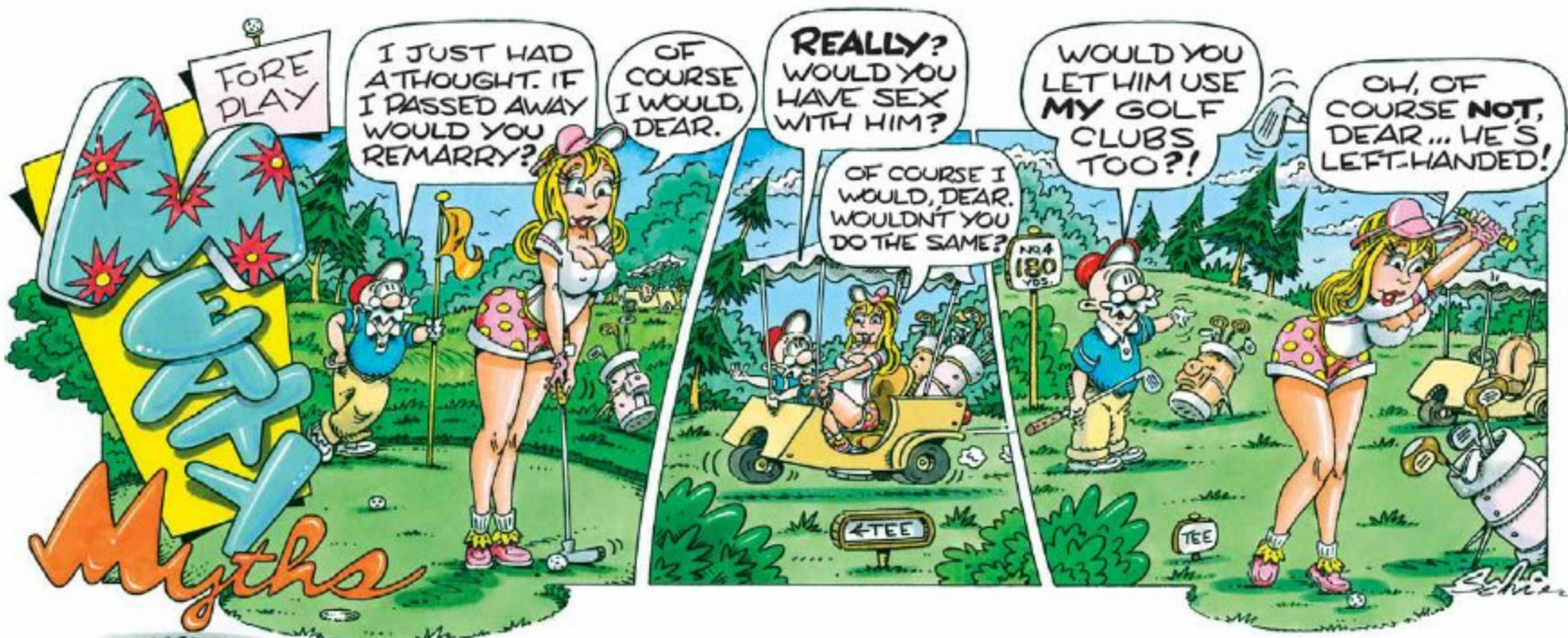
Standing by the car in the frail moonlight, he closed his eyes and took several even breaths, beginning each from the diaphragm, filling and emptying his lungs.

He headed for the building.

Halfway to the entrance he took a short detour to examine the pickup truck parked beside the building. The cargo bed was bare, recently swept. He continued toward the driver's side of the cab and saw, on the dash, all by itself, a large screwdriver with a foot-long shaft. He leaned his cane against the front wheel well and cupped a hand against the driver's window glass to shine his penlight within. It was an old Ford with novelty death's-heads for locks, pinpoint eyes of red glass. The doors weren't locked.

He opened the door an inch, another—the dome light didn't function. The door's bushings were shot. It gave out a sharp croak as he opened it. He paused to stand up straight and listen. Only the river. The restaurant stayed dark. Without further disturbance to the door's position, he reached inside for the implement.

With this gift scabbarded in his belt he moved toward the restaurant's entrance, where he propped his cane beside the



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door, unsnapped his holster and tried the doorknob. Locked.

He cupped his hand and shielded the light and ran it around the door's base and top and edges. Dead wasps and dead flies littered the threshold. The hinges lay inside, inaccessible. The lock was not a dead bolt. He pried between the lock and the jamb until the door gave sideways and the bolt came free of its housing. Pushing gently with the flat of his palm, he opened the door wide. The hinges made no sound. He retrieved his cane and gripped it hard as he stooped to lay the screwdriver on the porch.

He entered the restaurant. His penlight's beam threw up tables and chairs, and he threaded his way among them, heading generally to his right and toward the rear, where the stairs must be. As he reached the windows in the far wall he switched off his penlight and was able to see well enough to continue alongside them, skirting a round-shouldered jukebox with an old camshaft balanced on top of it. In the far corner he found two doors side by side. He tried his penlight briefly—a figure with a barbell on one door and on the other a figure with monstrous tits.

He ran the light around the molding at the base of the wall around the entire room, as far as its beam would reach—no other door.

As he headed for the counter and the kitchen area, he heard a voice from exactly there, muffled by a wall, and another voice, also muffled. He unholstered the gun, set his cane on a chair and walked as quickly as he could toward the sound. The lights behind the counter came on. A man in jeans stood some 15 feet away with his right hand raised to the wall switch. Gambol fired two rounds, and before he could get off a

third the man collapsed like a sack out of sight behind the counter.

Gambol continued to the counter and leaned over it as far as he could. The man lay motionless in the narrow space between the counter and the stove, shirtless and barefoot, facedown. Gambol took aim, holding the weapon with both hands, took note of his breathing and in the space between his out-breath and in-breath squeezed the trigger carefully. The head broke open. He turned away.

Someone was shouting, but his ears rang. He couldn't hear the words. He turned again with his weapon and saw no one and turned away and found his cane and walked to the door and out into the night.

He had 30 yards of open space to make across the parking lot and then an equal distance along the roadside to the car, but when he reached the roadside he'd be hidden by trees. In his left hand he held the gun. With his right he gripped the cane's handle. He stiffened his right arm and right leg and marched as swiftly as he could. As he passed the pickup truck, sounds followed him, his hearing still blurred by the shock of gunfire. Footsteps, possibly, down the far side of the building and footsteps on gravel and then a sharp, clear sound—*klick-ack!*—that meant he hadn't moved fast enough.

•

Luntz assumed Anita was back. He heard a loud backfire. The Caddy shouldn't be doing that. And another—identical.

One is a backfire. Two is a gun.

He fell to the floor and reached under the bed for the duffel bag that held the shotgun. Rather than pulling it to him, he found himself floundering toward it under the bed. Lying on his side, he clutched the duffel to his chest and ran his hand along its length and touched the

zipper. He felt capable of nothing else.

Another shot downstairs.

He put his knee to his chest and a foot against the wall and shoved himself and the duffel out from under the low bed, and his bones turned to rubber bands as he tried to stand. He rose only as far as his knees and was barely able to hoist the bag onto the bed. He jerked the zipper one way and another until it gave in the right direction. He stood up in a room tilted sideways, gripping the barrel and dangling the shotgun, aware mainly of an unbelievable trembling weakness in his legs.

He opened the door and stood outside at the top of the stairs, turning the shotgun in his hands until he had hold of its pistol grip. He pushed the safety button and cocked it once—*klick-ack!*—and took a step, and his feet slipped out from under him, and he viewed, overhead, a crescent moon and several stars in a black sky. He was bumping down the stairs on his spine but feeling no physical sensation at all. His feet found a purchase, and he stood and wobbled down the remaining steps and onto the earth and clambered toward the building's corner, going down several times onto one or the other knee. As he rounded the building, he pulled the trigger. His ears and his hands seemed to explode with the force, but he had hold of the weapon still, and he cocked it again. He saw who he was shooting at—someone moving past the pickup at the building's other end.

Luntz chased his target as far as the road's shoulder. Now the man was hopping toward a car. Luntz raised the gun level with his shoulders and pointed and fired again—numb up his right arm and deaf in his right ear. The man jumped and turned and fell, then he pushed himself up on one hand, then onto his knees, both arms extended together. Luntz turned and flung himself to the ground, hearing gunshots, and his senses ceased functioning. When the darkness and silence ended he was over the side of the hill and standing behind the building and hearing the river, and now his senses were sharp, precise. He heard a car's door slam. Heard the car's ignition. Next he was standing in front of the restaurant again, cocking the gun's action and pulling the trigger, but the gun was empty. He saw the car's taillights blink out down the road among the trees.

He was shaking, every muscle quivering. The breath shoved itself in and out of his lungs. He turned the weapon this way and that. When he touched its barrel, someone said "Jesus!" and he wondered who was talking, and they said "Fuck!" and he realized it was himself.

In the restaurant behind him, the lights came on. He saw small cylinders in the gravel at his feet. He had no shoes on. Only socks. To his knowledge, he hadn't hit a thing.

He heard a siren—growing nearer, louder—but it was the wail of a human voice.

The restaurant's door stood open. He went through it shouting, "Hey, hey, hey"—he didn't know why.



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Sally Fuck rose up from behind the counter, wailing like a siren and wringing blood from his hands.

Sally came around the counter and sat on a stool and held his head in his gory hands, his whole frame trembling.

Luntz said, "Is he dead?"

Sally raised his face. It looked like a gargoyle's, sick and shining. He laughed, and then he sobbed so hard the spit flew from his throat.

Luntz said, "What now?"

No answer.

"Sally—Sol. Sol. What now, man?"

"I don't know."

Luntz laid the shotgun on the counter and leaned over it to look at John Capra. Sally had tried to turn him over, evidently, and smeared Capra's blood in a swath across the floor. The face was turned toward the stove. The back of the head had been scooped away and flung against the oven door. Luntz watched for movement. If somebody stared hard enough, Capra would move.

"We have to take care of this," Sally said.

"Fine. I mean—fine," Luntz said. "God. Oh man." A lot of ideas hammered at his

head, most of them having to do with Capra coming suddenly alive.

Sally swung around on his stool and got his feet under him. He started for the back. "We need a pick and a shovel."

"Gloves," Luntz called after him. "Do you have any gloves?" He stood staring at his hands. The thumb on the right one was mottled red and blue and swollen at the joint—sprained by the shotgun's recoil, maybe broken. He searched his nerves for some sensation of pain, felt none. He needed to go upstairs and get his shoes on, but he couldn't form a plan for doing it.

Mary had left a couple windows open and smoked whenever the impulse came. She held the ashtray in her lap and watched a desperate woman selling 14-karat jewelry on TV without a script to help her. By one A.M. Mary no longer heard even an occasional vehicle in the neighborhood.

Around three, a lone car cruised by. She turned the set off. The garage door rumbled. She heard a door open and close inside the garage, and then the car's trunk lid. She stubbed out her cigarette.

Gambol labored through the door into the kitchen and replaced the revolver in the

counter drawer, took a jug of milk from the refrigerator and drank several deep swallows from it before shutting it away again.

Leaning heavily on his cane with every step, he came and sat beside her on the couch and lifted his bad leg with both hands and dumped it across the ottoman. In the middle of sitting back, he paused. "What I don't understand about the whole thing," he said, "is when the Twin Towers went down, why didn't we just nuke the fuck out of those bastards and turn that whole Muslim desert to glass?" He sat all the way back and took one long breath and released it slowly.

"Hooray," Mary said, "he talks."

"A thousand atom bombs don't matter," he said, "if you don't have the sense to push the button."

She helped him draw the sweater over his head, and then she helped him with his shoes and his pants and boxers, saying only "Here" and "Lift a little" and "How's that?" The sweater's left elbow was ripped and dirty, also the left pant leg from hip to cuff. The wound on his right leg looked fine. He hadn't torn the sutures.

He said, "The mirror on your car is broken."

"Did it come loose?"

"The side-view mirror. The glass is broken."

"Somebody hit it?"

"Fuck if I know."

"Do I want to ask what you've been doing?"

"That's always a mistake."

"Okay."

She opened a fresh box of swabs and cleaned the light abrasions on his left hip and elbow with rubbing alcohol and disinfected the area around the right leg's mended bullet wound and finished by wiping at the grime on his fingers.

"Mind your own business," he said. "That's never a mistake."

"I kind of feel like you are my business."

"Maybe in other ways."

"What ways?"

"The various ways. You know."

She gathered up the dirty swabs in both hands and took them over to the kitchen sink. "Do you want some more milk or anything?"

"Sure. Thank you."

She tossed the swabs in the bag reserved for medical trash and brought him milk in a clean glass. He took it from her hands and closed his eyes and sipped. "Well," she told him, "if you can run around and fall on your face, maybe you're well enough we could sleep in the same bed."

She watched him closely, and when his eyelids came up he was already staring at her face. "I don't know if I'm ready to... whatever."

"Let's go to bed," she said, "and maybe I could earn another five K."

"It's gonna cost me five for every single blow job?"

"Really I'd just like to sleep with you."

"Yeah," he said, and his eyelids came down. "Fuck yeah. I'm tired."



"If Mr. Barnes isn't interested in interior design, then why did he ask me if my carpet matched my drapes?"

Luntz didn't know why he was the one driving the pickup. He sat in the driver's

seat, covered with Capra's blood and holding the shotgun in his lap and saying, "Wow. Wow. Wow." Sally sat in the passenger's seat, hugging himself, leaning forward, sitting back, leaning forward, saying, "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

"Sally. I think I left the door open. The restaurant. The front door, man."

"Fuck the door. Fuck the door. Fuck the door."

Sally didn't say where to go, and Luntz didn't ask. He drove toward higher ground, away from any part of the world he'd already seen. Sally rolled down his window. He rolled it up again. He said, "Turn on your headlights."

"What? Jesus, I can see in the dark." Luntz's left hand scrabbled over the dashboard. "Adrenaline." He found the knob and pulled it. The road came up in front of him like an amber wall. "What the fuck is Gambol doing in my world?"

Sally said, "Jay, Jay, Jay, Jay, Jay." He had his cheek against the rear window and the fingers of one hand splayed on the glass.

"Will you stop crying, goddamn it?"

"We're all crying. You are too."

"The fuck I am." Luntz drew a long stuttering breath that filled his chest. He clenched his stomach and tightened his grip on the wheel and drove straight ahead. He tasted snot on his mouth.

"There's a car following us," Sally said. "Back there. With one high beam busted."

"Maybe it's a bike," Luntz said, and Sally said nothing. Luntz floored it, got around a bend and U-turned so quickly he could hear the tools and probably Capra's

body sliding across the cargo bed. Facing back the way they'd come, he floored it again, but he hadn't downshifted, and he killed the engine.

The vehicle came at them, went past, kept going.

They sat in the silent truck in the middle of the lane, both breathing hard. Sally wept. Luntz lit a Camel. "I knew it would be like this," he said. "I knew I could never handle this shit." He turned the key and rammed the gearshift and pumped the clutch and ground it into gear and wrestled with the wheel until they were heading uphill again.

Sally hocked repeatedly and spat several times onto the floor. He sat up with his hands on his knees. His breathing

came under control. Sally said, "So this was Gambol?"

The grade steepened. Luntz yanked at the gearshift and found second.

"Yeah, it was Gambol."

"You cunt. You fucking cunt."

"Who are you talking to? Gambol isn't here, Sally. The fucker can't hear you."

"I'm talking to you, you cunt, you fucking cunt. He wanted you."

"Who? Gambol? He didn't know I was here. How would he know? He was after you, Sally."

"You fucking cunt. Maybe that Indian bitch told him. She told him. She snitched."

"Anita doesn't know a soul in Alhambra. Not one swinging dick."

"It was that cunt of yours."

Anita went onto her knees and spooned to her face four swallows of water with her left hand, and the shape across the water did the same. Now they knelt across from one another, the river between.

For half an hour she didn't move. Her knees, her calves, her hips, all burning. She did not take her eyes from the one across the river.

The last two nights had been chilly. This night too. The backs of her hands, her cheeks, her lips had been chapped by the wind.

When she got to her feet, the knees of her pants were frayed and bits of gravel clung to the fabric, but she didn't brush them clean or in any other way distract her focus from the figure kneeling on the opposite bank.

The dark shape across the water grew elongated, also standing.

They faced one another with the Feather River in between. In two or three more hours they would kneel again and drink.

Luntz pulled the flashlight from Sally's hands and gave it a shake and fiddled with the switch.

Sally grabbed at it. Luntz let it go. Sally banged its head on the dashboard.

"It's junk."

Sally dropped it onto the floor and stomped it twice, saying, "It's dark—it's dark!"

"We'll use the parking lights." Luntz pulled the knob, and tree trunks materialized in front of them in an orange glow.

They went to the back of the truck. Sally let down the tailgate and took

the pickax and the shovel by their ends and dragged them out, letting the shovel fall. Luntz snatched the cuffs of Capra's jeans with both hands and pulled. "Help me get him out. Ah, God. His pants are coming down."

Sally said, "Jesus' bloody *nail* wounds, man. Leave him alone." A few yards in front of the truck, Sally rolled aside a chunk of log and kicked away dead branches to make a bare enough spot and hacked at the earth with the pickax, hunched over, walking backward, saying, "Jesus' bloody fucking *punctures*, man."

"How deep?"

"We need four feet. Four and a half. If we do this right, we can get it done in two hours. I'll break it up, and you dig it out,

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"Anita never heard of Alhambra. She thought Alhambra was the name of a prison." Luntz pounded open the wing window and slipped his cigarette out into the wind, and it flew away in a shower of sparks. He didn't ask where to go. He just kept going.

The crescent moon lay directly overhead, and on such a night the river's swollen surface resembled the unquiet belly of a living thing you could step onto and walk across.

Anita stood in the darkness by the water, her head high and her shoulders back, and stared at the shape standing across the river from her.

then I break up another layer. You work one end, I'll do the other, then we switch. I dug miles of ditches at Chancellor Farm."

"Where's that?"

"Near La Honda. Hah! In the hills. Hah! Reformatory. Hah!" He stopped talking and only slung the point of the pickax at the ground in front of him, saying "Hah!" with every blow.

They worked without need of a pause. Luntz felt able to dig until his hands wore away or he struck the earth's molten core. Each time the shovel hit a stone he went to his knees in the hole and clawed it out and tossed it, no matter how big it was, yards into the brush.

"Who's that? Who is it?"

"Just coyotes."

"Just?"

"Dig. Dig. Dig."

Sally hacked at dirt with the pickax as if he were going at some monster's face. "This is insane. This is insane. This is insane." Luntz joined in, and they chanted together, "This is insane, this is insane, this is insane."

When they couldn't work anymore from outside the hole, they took it in shifts, one resting by the edge while the other stood at the bottom and gouged. A change came to the darkness, not exactly daylight. Luntz craved water, but they'd brought none. During his rests his hand

throbbed and burned. While he dug he felt nothing.

Sally stopped and said, "Enough, enough, that's enough." He stood in a hole up to his armpits.

Luntz helped him out, and they climbed into the bed of the pickup and scooted Capra's corpse as far as the tailgate and jumped off again. Capra lay on the tailgate with his arms above his head and one leg dangling. He still had a face, but it didn't look like Capra, and the back of his head was gone. "You take that end," Luntz said, coming around Sally to wrap his arms around the ankles, and Sally locked his elbows in Capra's armpits and took Capra's halved head against his chest, and they hauled the corpse around to the front of the truck and without discussion rolled Capra into his grave and buried him.

Sally collapsed beside the mound and lay on his hip, breathing hard and running his fingers over the churned earth. "When was the last time you talked to him?" he asked Luntz. "What day?"

"Me?"

"What was the last thing he said to you?"

"I don't know. You were there. He asked me how many hot dogs I wanted."

"No, no, man—something that meant something."

Luntz tried to remember. He stood up

and rubbed at the muscles of his back, below the ribs. "He told me I've gotten quiet, and he said he liked it."

"Yeah." Sally laid his hand on the grave and got to one knee.

"Sally, hand me that shovel."

"It's called a spade."

Sally extended the spade's handle, and Luntz took it in both hands and said, "I can subtract, Sally," and hit him with the flat of it as hard as he could.

Sally clutched the side of his head with both hands and fell backward with his calves under him.

Luntz said, "Who told Gambol where I was?"

Sally scurried on his back like a spider, hopping, scrabbling, the blows missing, Luntz swinging anyway—"Who told Gambol—who told Gambol—who told Gambol?"—until Luntz's strength died and he stopped swinging. To keep upright he leaned on the shovel. "It wasn't me, and it wasn't him, and it wasn't her. So it was you."

Sally got to his hands and knees and tried to rise and gave up and said, "This is Friday, Friday, Friday."

"So what?"

"It was set up for *tomorrow* night."

"They don't come on the night they say."

"Why the fuck not?"

"Because there's always a snitch. Like you."

Sally crawled as far as the grave and put his hands on the pickax as if he were talking to it. "I just wanted to get us *out* of here. It doesn't have to be Alhambra."

"So you snitched to Juarez. You made a deal, is that it? And look at the shit we're in."

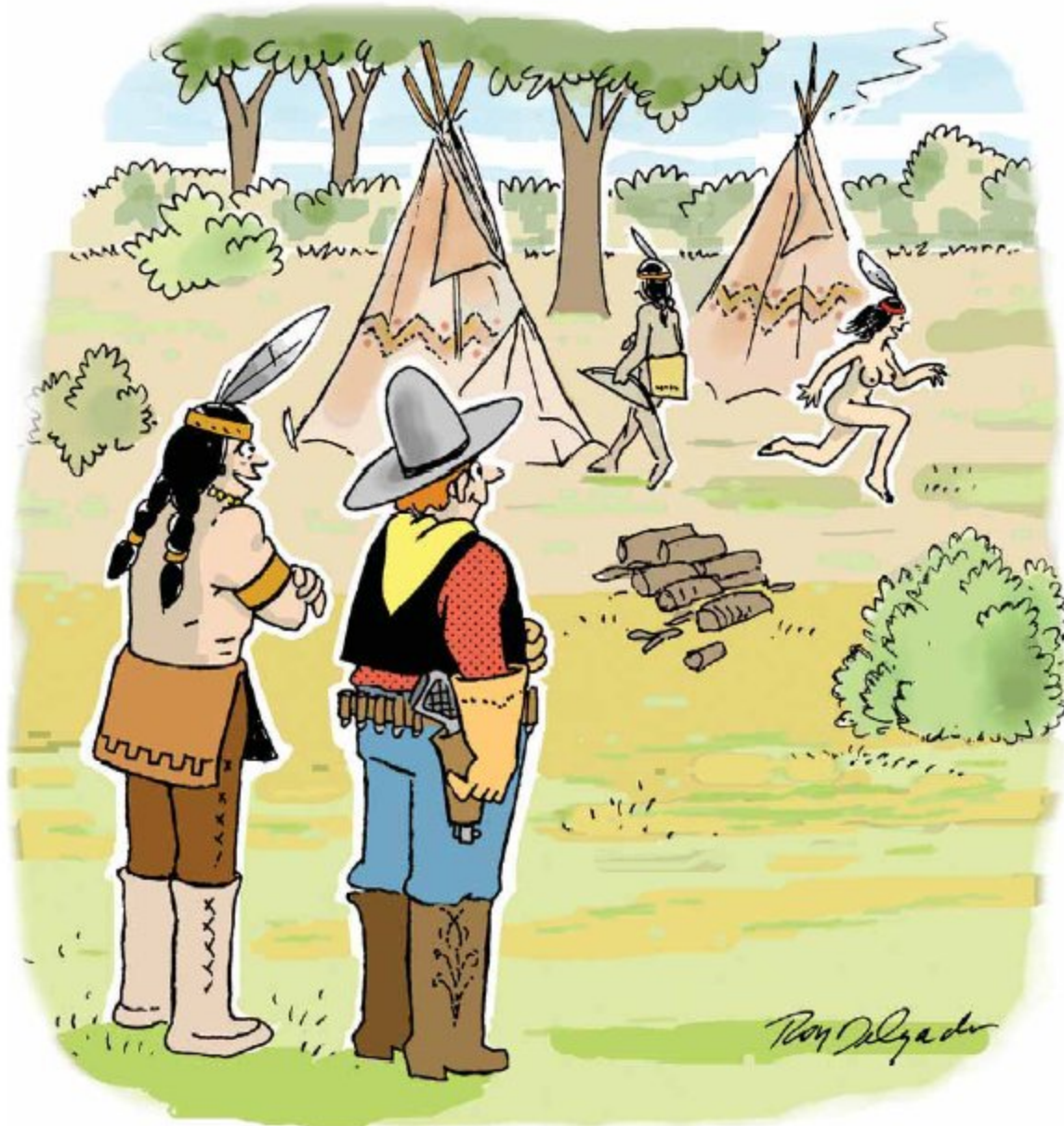
"L.A.—fuck, I don't care—*east* L.A. Fine, I'll live in a trailer that smells like socks. Just put it in a *city*."

"Well," Luntz said, "you sure got Jay out."

Sally stood upright on the grave and whirled like an eerie batter at home plate, and Luntz watched the pickax drifting toward him until the smooth top of the crescent struck him in the belly. He doubled, sat on his ass and said, "What?" as the back of his head hit the ground. Sally leapt onto him and straddled Luntz's midriff and got his fingers tight around Luntz's throat and locked his arms straight, and Luntz felt him bearing down. Luntz's vision turned a brilliant brown, then a mellow purple, then a beautiful color he'd never seen before, in which he had everything he needed and all the time in the world to decide what came next. He gripped the wrists of the hands choking him and removed the hands as easily as if he were taking off a sports jacket and held them out at arm's length while Sally breathed and Sally's spit dripped down into his face. Luntz's body took in great breaths of air, but Luntz himself was somewhere else without any need of air. Sally struggled backward, trying to get loose of Luntz's grip. Luntz released him.

He heard the truck's door open and close. Luntz got up slowly but without any effort. Sally came toward him with the shotgun. Luntz watched him with only peace in his heart.

"It isn't loaded."



"There goes Running Bare now."

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"Wanna bet?" Sally's head and shoulders whipped like a dancer's—klick-ack!—and he directed the gun at Luntz.

"How much?"

"Fucking Luntz. You'll bet on anything."

As Luntz walked toward Sally, he heard the tiny click of hammer on pin in the empty gun.

Sally handed the weapon over and Luntz tossed it into the truck through the window and got in and turned the engine over and cut on the headlights.

"I can't walk from here!"

"It's downhill all the way."

Sally made no move to get in the car. He stood in the headlights with his hand raised before his eyes. Luntz backed the truck up slowly to a spot where he could turn it around and left him.

Luntz thought they'd taken the only road in, but now he came to a fork and without slowing down took the way that looked less rutted and soon another fork, and now he had no idea where he was. Somewhere between himself and the river he'd find the main road, that's all he knew. As long as he didn't get turned around entirely, he was all right. He looked at his watch—it was scabbed with soil and clotted blood. He spat and polished it against his pant leg. The dial said four a.m., but its face was smashed. The morning was bright and he'd seen miles of dirt byways before he found the paved one and turned downhill toward the restaurant.

Mary's cell phone started beeping, and Gambol opened his eyes and said, "Fuck

him," and when it stopped beeping he and Mary went back to sleep, and when it beeped again he reached over for it and found the button and said, "Fuck you."

Juarez said, "You didn't call."

"How did you like the moon?"

"What moon?"

"Did you see the moon last night?"

"I'm in Alhambra. There's no moon. Did you accomplish a certain errand?"

"Accomplish? On what information? Fucked-up information."

"You're saying no. Things aren't complete."

"No. Just maybe the other guy."

"The person with the lady's name."

"Right. I never found any stairs. Where were the stairs?"

"Okay. New plan. Don't look back."

"No. Where were the fucking stairs?"

"It's in the past. We move on. We take care of this another way."

Gambol said, "I never found any stairs," and tossed the phone against the wall across the bedroom. Beside him, Mary stirred but seemed to be asleep. Probably pretending. Gambol closed his eyes.

He dreamed he was skiing down a slope stark naked before a crowd of sideliners, freezing cold but with a large friendly hard-on. When he woke he found he'd thrown the covers off, and he was still cold, and his large friend was still with him.

He pulled off his boxers with one hand and gripped Mary's shoulder with the other, and as he nuzzled his groin against the backs of her thighs she turned his way with her eyes closed, and she smiled.

"The last twenty-four hours have been

nothing but fucked," he told her as she opened her eyes. "The next twenty-four hours start right now."

Something came at Anita in the darkness, maybe the headlight of a train, but it was only the door to the waking world. As she drifted toward the door, it banged open. Jimmy stood framed in it, pointing a shotgun at her.

Lying on her back on the bed, she pushed herself up onto her elbows. Her thoughts dragged behind, and even as she stared at him she said, "Who's there?"

He shut the door and locked it. "Where were you?"

She tried to remember.

He threw the shotgun onto the bed and lifted his duffel bag from the floor and slammed it down beside her. "Where were you?"

"Down by the Feather River."

"The Feather River's right out the back door."

"A different part. My part."

"For two days? Three days?"

He started snatching red cylinders from the duffel and slipping them into the shotgun.

She managed to swing her legs around and get her feet on the floor. "Don't put any bullets in that gun."

"These aren't bullets. They're shells."

"Just leave it empty."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to be in a room with you and me and a loaded gun."

"Your gun's loaded." Now he took a rusty church key from the refrigerator door. His actions made no sense to her. He said, "Right? You have your gun?"

"Yeah. Yes."

He gripped one of the shells, pried an end of it open with the church key and spilled a lot of ball bearings onto the mattress. "There's ten—eleven—fuck. Where do they go? Where do they go when you shoot the fucking gun?"

He put the shotgun in the duffel and started to zip it and paused, putting his hand to his mouth.

"When did you start sucking your thumb?"

"It hurts." Jimmy looked all around as if his thoughts were attacking him. "Let's do this thing. We have to go."

"I can't move."

"What?"

"I'm tired. And you're all dirty. You're filthy. You look like a farmer."

"So do you. Were you sleeping under a bridge?"

"I didn't sleep."

Jimmy stood in the bathroom door and looked at the mirror and said, "Jesus."

Sitting on the bedside, she let her head hang.

"Open your eyes." He gripped her by the chin. "Here's the plan. You shower for two minutes. I'll find us some clothes downstairs. Then I'll shower for two minutes."

"Why are you crying?"

"I'm not crying. Get in the shower."

"Jesus Christ, Jimmy, there's snot on your face."



"Of course, being a woman, you have an unfair advantage."

"Let's go, let's go, let's go."

She stepped under the shower and would have stayed forever, but the bulb in the ceiling blew, and in the dimness under the falling water she thought she saw fireflies clambering from the drain and coming at her face, and she left the stall quickly. She lay on the mattress without looking for a towel and didn't realize she was falling asleep until something woke her.

Jimmy stood over her in a pair of jeans too short for his legs and too wide for his waist. "Move, honey." He tossed her a bundle of flannel and denim, and she dressed in jeans and a lumberman's shirt while he jerked her this way and that, trying to help her and at the same time babbling math:

"We have ten percent of a plan. We go to see the judge. We take his half. That's half a million plus for each of us. We put it in two accounts and go in two separate directions. You can deal with your husband or not—that's later. I'm out of that one."

"These pants won't stay up."

"Use my belt. Where's your purse? Just give it to me." He yanked the shotgun from the duffel. "Okay. We're gone."

"Gone where?"

"There's no way to go," he said, "but the way we're going. I know how it ends, but there's no other way."

"Why?"

"Because Gambol did a bad thing. Let's go."

On the stairs down, Jimmy turned to her and said, "What about your shoes?"

"I don't need shoes." She got past him on the stairs.

"Don't you have shoes?"

"I've got feet." She passed the door to the restaurant. It stood wide open.

"Not the Caddy," Jimmy said. "The truck." Her bare feet changed course and took her to the truck.

"In. In. In."

Jimmy tossed the shotgun on the floorboards at her feet. He still held her purse. He took the Caddy's keys from it and threw the purse in her lap, shut the door in her face and went over to the Caddy and slapped the keys down on the vinyl roof.

As he climbed into the seat beside her he said, "Make it easy for the next owner." He leaned wearily against the steering wheel as he started the truck.

Gambol woke to the smell of food. Daylight leaked around the curtains into the room. Mary's cell phone, he saw, had returned to its charger on the nightstand. He took it in his fist and rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and said, "Fuck."

He called O'Doul's, and a woman answered: "Dooley's. What."

"Juarez. That's what."

"The name is not familiar."

"Get Juarez. It's Gambol."

"He's not here."

"I said this is Gambol. Get him."

"He's really not here. He went north."

"North where?"

"North. That's all he said."

"When did he leave?"

"I don't know. Real early."

"Who's with him?"

"The Tall Man."

"Nobody else?"

"Just the Tall Man. Isn't that enough?"

He went out to find Mary in the kitchen in her shorty robe, standing over a fry pan with a cigarette jutting from her lips, humming a tune. "Steak and eggs," she said, "and guess what—champagne."

"Juarez is coming up."

"Up where?"

"Here."

"Shit. Here? Shit."

"Yeah. And the Tall Man."

"Is that monster still with him?"

"That monster's always been with him."

"Was he always like that? Born like that?"

Gambol said, "You mean tall?"

Mary laughed as if nothing was funny.

Gambol looked at the bloody hunks sizzling in the pan and said, "I'm not hungry."

Luntz pushed it hard, making sure he heard the tires on every curve. If a cop lit him up, he'd steer it off a cliff.

"You brush against these people, you know? Just brush up—and it's an electric thing, you get some juice from it, you feel like you've got some balls, but—these people are hard."

She didn't answer. He gave her shoulder a shake. "No curiosity? Don't you want the news? Capra's dead. Gambol blew his head off."

"In a hundred years we're all dead."

"Did you ever know anybody who got murdered?"

Beside him she was white and pale. "The dead come back. Death isn't the end."

"Let's be optimistic," he said, "and assume that's bullshit."

"At night you can see them standing across the river."

"That sounds like DTs." He reached for the pocket in his big flannel shirt—Capra's maybe, or Sally's—and handed her the half-pint of vodka. "Have a party."

She unscrewed the cap. "If you know the crossing place," she said, "you can block their way." She looked like a child in an older brother's clothes. She turned the bottle up and wrapped her lips around its neck.

Three bikers passed, coming up the other way. Then two more traveling side by side. "Must've got an early start from Bolinas. We got out just in time." Half a minute later, a whole pack—seven, eight, nine, Luntz couldn't count.

He tried the radio and spun the dial until he hit some music, any music, not even real music—country music. News came on, and Anita slapped at the knobs until it went away.

"Are we in range? Where's your cell phone?"

"I don't know."

"Look in your purse. Let me have it. Don't just stare at it. Fuck. Call information."

"Do you want it or not?"

"Get the number for O'Doul's Tavern in



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Alhambra." Luntz grappled for his cigarettes and found one left in the pack. It was ripped in the middle and streaked with dirt. He managed to keep it lit through two drags before he tossed it.

Anita said, "It's dialing."

He wrested the phone from her hand as a woman answered: "Dooly's, babe."

"Let me speak to Juarez. Right now."

"No Juarez here."

"Tell him it's Gambol."

"He's still gone."

"Don't mess around."

"I told you—he's gone."

"Where is he at?"

"I told you. He went north."

Luntz waited for a thought.

The woman said, "Who is this?"

He thumbed the disconnect and drove for several seconds holding the phone out the window, then let it drop.

Anita sat with her hands folded around the empty bottle.

The morning seemed lit by a blowtorch. The edges of his sight shimmered. "Dear Jesus, give me music." He had to spin the knob several times to get the band to move even half an inch. No music. News of this and that, a local murder.

"Did you hear that?"

Anita reached for the dial, and Luntz stopped her fingers and squeezed until she made a small sound.

"Desilvera. That's your name."

He crushed her fingers. She didn't resist.

He let her go. "That's Hank. Henry Desilvera. That's your husband."

She looked straight ahead. "Not anymore."

To be continued....

Look for the final installment of *Nobody Move* in the October 2008 issue of PLAYBOY.



ANNA FARIS

(continued from page 72)

Coppola. When the movie came out eight or nine months later and these questions started coming, I felt blindsided. I felt defensive at first, because I would know if I was knocking somebody. I felt so terrible about the whole thing, I asked my agent, "Should I write her a letter to try to explain?" She said no. It's like being in a store when you're a teenager and people watch you even though you're not stealing anything. People are suspicious even though you're innocent.

Q18

PLAYBOY: In a scene in *The House Bunny* you pay homage to Marilyn Monroe, one of the few beautiful women Hollywood acknowledged as being funny and sexy. How often do you run into the thinking that "funny" cancels out "sexy"?

FARIS: I think it's still an issue. In comedy there's a certain degree of self-deprecation that can be unattractive to either sex. In my movies I'm always humiliating myself in one way or another, whether it's playing an off-the-wall character in *Just Friends* or playing Cindy Campbell, who falls down all the time and is not the brightest girl. We've been able to suspend our disbelief in "guy comedies" for years, though. It started with all those teen movies with these poor high school guys figuring out how they could be with Shannon Elizabeth, and somehow that's supposed to be believable. It does a disservice to us all.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What are you most likely to be doing when you're feeling truly sexual and alive?

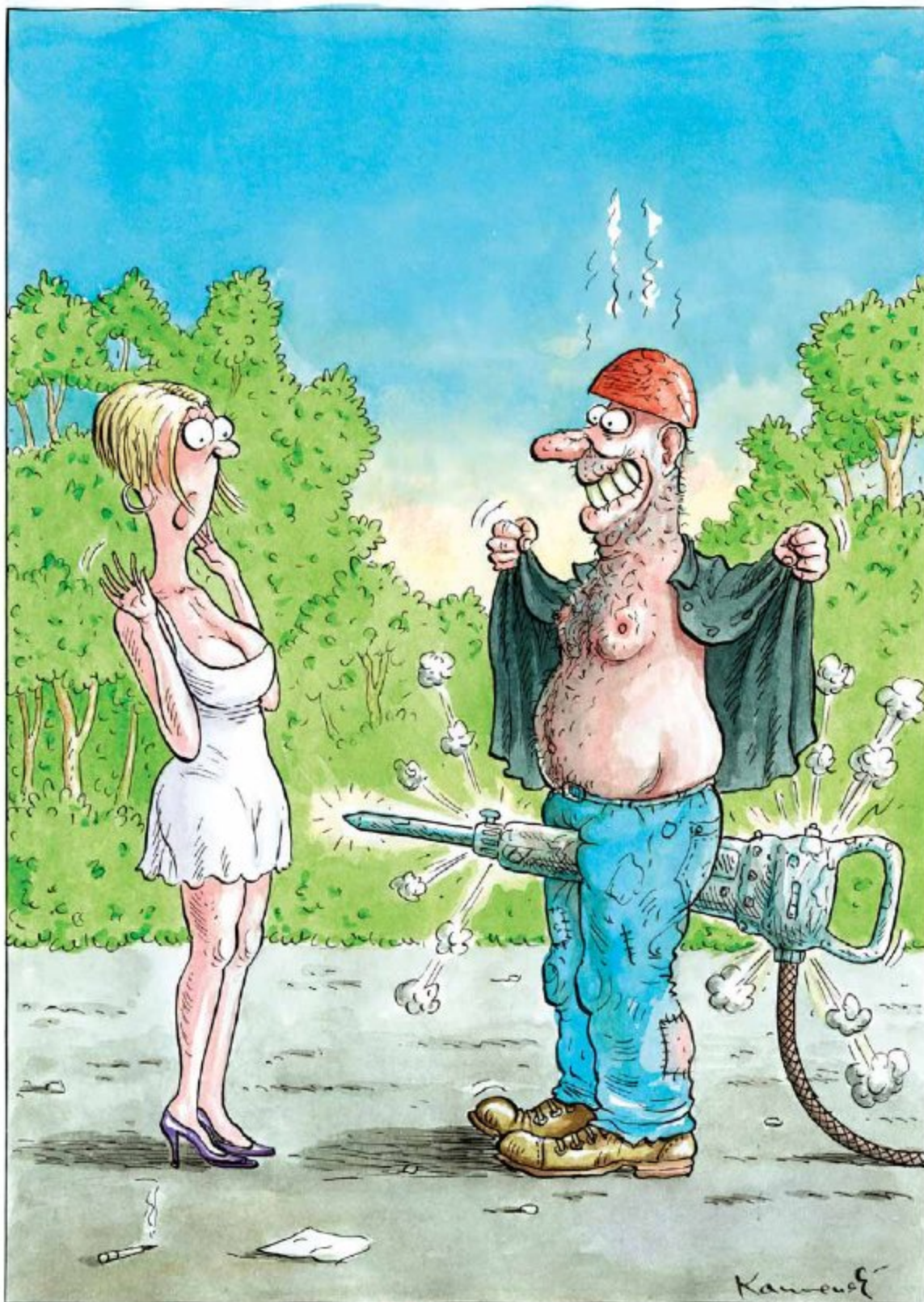
FARIS: Although it scares me, swimming in the ocean is really sensual and makes me feel alive. I love being in the water with somebody I'm comfortable with and really adore. I also love sharing a great meal, though when I'm first dating somebody I get scared to eat. Actually, I'm not very good at dating at all. I was in a relationship for eight and a half years, and when I got out of that it was like I had to relearn everything. I didn't know the dance or the nuances of dating, so it was an eye-opening experience.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You talked about having once been self-conscious about your body. How does it feel to have made *The House Bunny*, let alone be on the cover of PLAYBOY?

FARIS: It's such an iconic magazine. What I love so much about PLAYBOY and the idea of PLAYBOY is that it injects that playful, innocent sexuality I think girls and guys can now appreciate and love. It releases that old sexual guilt a lot of women can feel. So to be in the magazine is truly a thrill and an honor. I am so happy and proud. I'm as proud of this as anything else I've ever accomplished. It's a badge of honor. Everybody in my life is really happy for me too. My friends back home are thrilled, and my parents have told everybody I'm on the cover.

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



GUNS N' ROSES

(continued from page 58)

with posters, pinups, hard-core porn, fliers and whatever they could find. Their scene immediately attracted feral party girls, some of them extremely young, many dressed in the lacy corsets, tiny leather skirts and fishnet stockings of the day. The girls in turn attracted guys in other bands and kids who wanted to look like they were in a band. Musicians, pimps, deviants, dope dealers and street-level artists and actors started hanging out. Some nights as the summer of 1985 wore on, noisy crowds of partying kids jammed into Lot Number 619 while Guns rehearsed inside. Pretty soon all the drinking, drugging, smoking, whoring, fighting and extra-loud music began to attract the attention of the L.A. cops and West Hollywood sheriff's deputies. Young girls started claiming they'd been molested. Teenage kids from the Valley claimed they had been mugged, rolled, ripped off. Sirens pierced the sultry summer evenings as ambulances arrived to pick up overdose cases. Guns N' Roses began to get a serious negative reputation in local police precincts.

"We sold drugs," Izzy later admitted. "We sold girls. If one of the guys was fucking a girl in our sleeping loft, we'd ransack her purse while he was doing her. We managed."

Axl agreed. "There was a lot of indoor and outdoor sex. There was sex in cars. People would show up at all hours, and we'd talk girls into climbing into our loft, and someone would hit the light and go, 'All right, everybody in the loft—get naked or leave.'"

For every girl run through by the band, three more showed up the next night—raring to go. The band had its own semireserved table at El Compadre cantina on Sunset. "We used to sit in the corner," Slash later whispered to journalist Mick Wall, "because it was the best spot to get a blow job under the table without anyone else in the room knowing. Or else we'd take them in the toilets out back."

When exhausted or strung out, Izzy liked to crash in the cramped, narrow space between the back of the urine-soaked couch and the roach-infested wall of the building. A friend of the band remembered that Izzy would be lost in there for days. "You'd just see his head appear occasionally to check out what was going on. I'd say, 'Izzy, you okay, man?' He'd go, 'Uh, yeah,' then disappear again."

On Saturdays the Salvation Army gave

out free food to Hollywood's homeless and indigent at its mission on Vine Street. Guns N' Roses were often there, lined up with the local bums, junkies, winos and tramps. Duff McKagan preferred the fare at Rage, a notorious Hollywood gay bar that had a five o'clock buffet. Guns N' Roses were regulars. They all loved Rage. "You got all the food you could eat for a dollar," Duff recalled. "You clenched your butt cheeks and ate. They had delicious fried squid!"

Axl: "At one point we had the band and four women living in this one room. The nearest bathroom had been destroyed by people throwing up. I used to shit in a box and throw it in the trash because the bathroom was so disgusting."

This whole scene is also where the legendary street buzz about Guns N' Roses started.

was like a bar. Older people bought whiskey for younger ones. If there was a problem with someone, they'd be escorted out. We'd fucking drag them down the alley by their hair, naked, and leave them in the street. We could do whatever we wanted, at least until the cops showed up."

"We were like a gang," Steven confirmed. "That's how we thought of ourselves. We play rock-and-roll music, and we will kick your ass."

The part people forget about Guns' famously decadent rehearsal space was that they did manage to actually rehearse there. Duff and Steven jammed together almost every day, playing along to funk numbers by Prince and Cameo—especially Cameo's "Word Up"—getting into hard-rock grooves that almost swung, an extreme rarity among

L.A. bands of the day. Duff would later say that "Rocket Queen" was mostly based on Cameo's groove.

Their booking agent, Vicky Hamilton, kept getting Guns into clubs as the opening act for other bands through the summer of 1985. On June 28 they played the Stardust Ballroom at Sunset and Wilton. In July they were working at Raji's, a dive on Hollywood Boulevard. Slash had snorted too much smack and was blowing chunks behind his amplifiers. They opened several times for Poison, a band Guns criticized for being phony and self-consciously glam in all the wrong ways—they thought it gave the whole scene a bad image. Poison's singer, Brett Michaels, retaliated by dissing Guns onstage.

One time after Michaels had slagged Guns, Axl confronted

Poison backstage and told them, to their face, that they sucked. Bassist Bobby Dall, whose band already had a record deal, replied, "Maybe fucking so. But you gotta suck sometimes to make it in this business—and you guys will never make it at all."

Guns opened the show for some other bands at a Hollywood benefit for Jerry Lewis's "Jerry's Kids" campaign on August 30 at the Stardust. Poison headlined the show, which also featured Ruby Slippers, the Joneses and Mary Poppins. The next day Guns played the Roxy Theater on Sunset for the first time. The Roxy, along with the Whisky down the street, was the Strip's premier showcase, where visiting bands did clubsize concerts for fans and the music industry. Adrenalized by this, Guns played loud and fast, with Slash running around the stage, his hair flying,



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People began to talk about the crazed, dangerous scene at Sunset and Gardner—a vile supermarket of sex and drugs and rock and roll, something down and dirty and alive. The band lived like swine, drank too much all the time, didn't practice safe sex, worried about AIDS, openly dealt dope. They'd go to clubs, get people to buy them drinks and act like assholes. "We'd go out at night," Axl said, "like, annihilated, pass out fliers and just make sure everyone in the fucking room knew that we were there."

Axl loved being down and out. He dug the romance of skid row. Five years later he reminisced, "Every weekend the biggest party in L.A. was down at our place. We'd have 500 kids packed in the alley, and our old roadie was selling cold beers for a buck out of the trunk of his car. It

a whirl of flop sweat and wicked-sounding power chords. People said it was the best show the band had yet played.

"Welcome to the Jungle," read GNR's next flier, for the band's show at the Troubadour on Friday, September 20. Axl's signature song was finished by then and was already causing girls to start screaming when Slash's guitar stutter began the set. The band's reputation was now exploding. By the time Guns went on, at 11 P.M., the kids in the old folk club were packed together like goats.

Also in the house that night was Poison, about to start recording its first album, *Look What the Cat Dragged In*. Poison made the mistake of taking Ric Browde, who was producing the record, to see Guns N' Roses that night.

Browde and Poison were already at odds over what the record should sound like. "It didn't help," Browde recalled later, "that the first night we started recording, Bobby Dall, Brett Michaels, CC DeVille and I went to see this unsigned band at the Troubadour, and they just blew me away." Later, after a few drinks, "I told Poison that no matter how many records they sold they would never be as good as this unsigned band we'd just seen."

Guns N' Roses told people they just wanted to play music and have fun and didn't care about a record deal. But then, like any band, Guns had to change their attitude about recording.

As their buzz kept surging, as people started to see the balls-out authenticity of their presentation, with Slash in full fury and Axl screaming on his knees until his face reddened with blood and the cords on his neck tightened like steel cable, the band members began to realize they couldn't move up out of the clubs until they signed a contract to make a record with one of the corporate labels of the day.

Guns played again on October 18 at Chuck Landis's Country Club in Reseda and then at Radio City's Halloween show in Anaheim. In mid-November fliers appeared announcing the next gig, at the Troubadour. Above the photo of Guns was a new Slash-designed logo. It was a crude rendering of crossed .44 Magnum revolvers, the famous death-dealing weapon of vigilante vengeance wielded by Clint Eastwood in the *Dirty Harry* movies. The .44s in the logo are entwined by thorny rose briars running along their barrels.

The band's next shows were in January 1986. After an incandescent late-January gig at the Roxy, Guns mania started to surge with an unstoppable momentum. Nobody in Hollywood had ever seen such a feeding frenzy for an unsigned band before. Six months after wandering in the desert, and still now splitting their time living on the street with stints crashing at Vicky Hamilton's apartment, Guns N' Roses looked and sounded like the Next Big Thing.

Hamilton scheduled meals with record

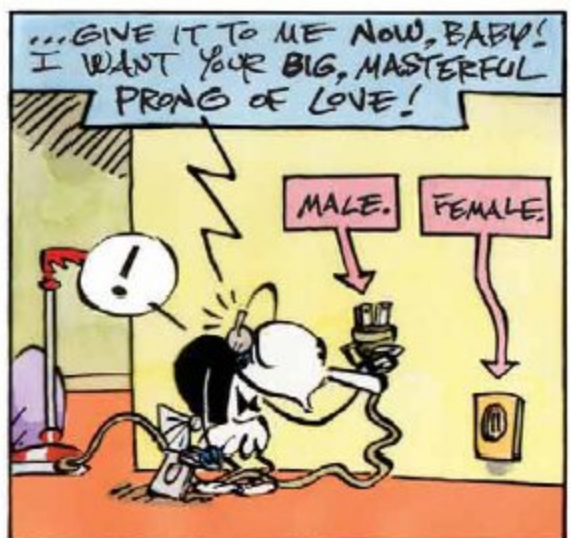
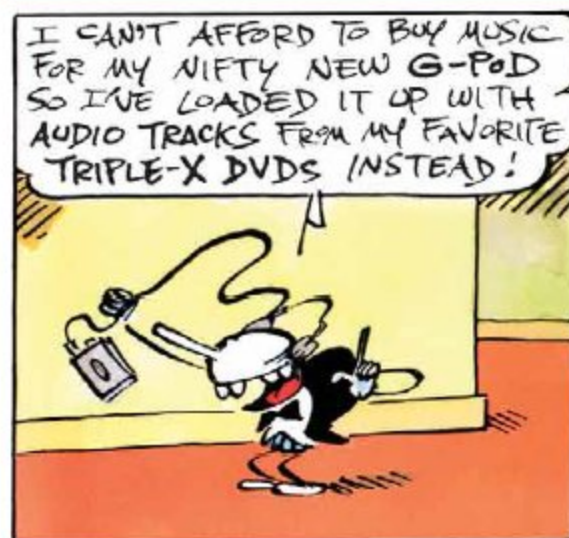
people with expense accounts at all the best restaurants. Izzy loved this. "We made them take us all out to dinner for a few weeks. We'd order all this food and drinks and tell them, 'Okay, now talk.'" Guns N' Roses started eating well for the first time in years. Suddenly it was filets of beef and the finest champagne, lobster flown in from Maine and trips to the WC for gleaming rails of Peruvian blow.

Slash: "We kept getting invited to meet these idiots from the record companies." At one lunch with a label A&R rep, Slash described Guns as being a little like Aerosmith and Axl as being a little like Steven Tyler. "And the chick goes, 'Steve who?' All of us just looked at each other." Slash broke the long silence, asking, "Can we have another round of these margaritas?"

The previous year David Geffen had signed the reformed and newly sober Aerosmith—still superheroes to Guns—and now Geffen, who watched MTV like everyone else in the business, wanted an L.A. metal band with big hair and snotty attitude. His A&R executives—including 25-year-old whiz Tom Zutaut, who'd been hired away from Elektra, where he had signed Motley Crue—began to tell Geffen about Guns.

Zutaut went to check out GNR again on February 28 at the Troubadour. The following Wednesday he invited the Gunners over to his house in Beachwood Canyon and played Aerosmith records for them all

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night—*Toys in the Attic, Rocks, Draw the Line, Aerosmith Live*. He was extremely knowledgeable about Aerosmith minutiae and secret lore—such as the fact that guitar gods Joe Perry and Brad Whitford had not played on the band's second album because the label considered their sound too raunchy. With Aerosmith beginning a comeback on Geffen, Zutaut told the Guns they should be on the label as well. It seemed logical to everyone.

"The next day," Hamilton said, "they were like, 'We're signing with Geffen!' I said, 'Are you crazy? All these labels are killing each other over you. There's a feeding frenzy out there.' Axl just looked at me and said, 'We're signing with Geffen.' It was a done deal."

The paperwork took a few weeks to happen, during which time the band starved and went into serious debt with its drug suppliers. There were other problems, too: Slash didn't want his real name to appear on the contracts; Axl's real name was still William Bruce Bailey, and the label wouldn't sign a deal or write checks to someone using a stage name. There were questions about outstanding warrants for Axl in Indiana for stuff like grand theft auto, assault and bail jumping. It was a big expensive hassle, but the lawyers took care of all of it.

Guns were due to sign at the Geffen offices the morning of March 26, 1986. It was a beautiful spring morning, with bushes flowering and vegetation bright green up on the arid hillsides. Through the windows of Hamilton's apartment, with the smog not yet socked in for the day, the snowcaps of the San Gabriel Mountains gleamed out to the east in the morning light.

But Axl's contact lenses were missing, making Guns N' Roses late to a crucial business meeting. Hamilton remembered, "Axl accused Slash of taking them or misplacing them, and then he flipped out and left the house." Now it was someone else's problem. "Me and Slash just looked at each other, and he said, 'We've got to find them.' I looked at the clock. David Geffen, Tom Zutaut and company president Eddie Rosenblatt were all waiting for us, and now we were an hour late. I'd had nightmares like this. So we went through all of the pockets of Axl's clothing and then found them on the floor."

Slash looked out a window of Hamilton's place. Just down the hill, a hundred feet away, Axl was sitting cross-legged on top of the Whisky a Go Go in a meditative pose, facing away from them toward the Hollywood Hills. The Whisky had been closed while the building was undergoing renovation. Axl had climbed the scaffolding.

They went out and managed to coax Axl down from the building. Hamilton had rented a limo, and they all piled in. They were two hours late, but the signing went ahead. Slash was identified as "Stash" on the contracts and on his check. Still, it was the rock-and-roll dream coming true for them. Corks were popped on good champagne.

Hamilton knew the truth: It was the end of GN'R as they had been—an authentic L.A. street band. Already she could see what would be lost and what would happen. She said she cried the day Guns N' Roses signed with Geffen Records.



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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 78)

Ellison are also outstanding. On offense, tailback Joe McKnight, only a sophomore, is certain to turn heads.

Scoop: Carroll needs to settle on a quarterback to replace graduated John David Booty. Mark Sanchez, who started three times for an injured Booty last year, will be challenged by Arkansas transfer Mitch Mustain. Word is Carroll is going with Sanchez. Just as important, Carroll will have to mold an offensive line from mostly new faces; only starting guard Jeff Byers returns.

Prediction: 11-1



6. Georgia

Last season: The 11-2 Bulldogs thrashed Hawaii in the Allstate Sugar Bowl, 41-10.

Coach: Mark Richt has guided Georgia into bowl games in each of his seven seasons in Athens, five of which the Bulldogs won.

Studs: Matthew Stafford is probably the best pro quarterback prospect in college football. He starts his third season after racking up 2,348 passing yards and 18 touchdowns last year. The other offensive stud is Playboy All America running back Knowshon Moreno, who rang up 1,334 rushing yards last year while starting only six games.

Scoop: On paper the Bulldogs have as much talent as any other NCAA team. Stafford can pick defenses apart, and Moreno is an explosive runner. The defense led the SEC in sacks in 2007 and returns all but two starters. However, with road games against South Carolina, Arizona State, Florida, Kentucky, Auburn and defending national champion LSU, Georgia's schedule may be its Achilles' heel.

Prediction: 10-2



7. West Virginia

Last season: 11-2, including a 48-28 romp over Oklahoma

in the Fiesta Bowl. It was WVU's third-straight 11-win season.

Coach: Rich Rodriguez's rancorous departure for Michigan at the end of the regular season left longtime assistant Bill Stewart as interim coach. After WVU's emotional win over the Sooners in the Fiesta Bowl, the players lifted Stewart on their shoulders and into the head-coaching job.

Studs: For two seasons quarterback Pat White, Big East offensive player of the year, has been a fixture on highlight reels. Few college QBs are more dangerous running the ball. The Mountaineers' offensive line, led by tackle Ryan Stancheck, returns intact. Watch for running back Noel Devine, who succeeds Steve Slaton, an early entry in this year's NFL draft.

Scoop: The offense is solid, but can the Mountaineers stop anyone? Only four starters on defense return. Still, Stewart, who assembled an impressive coaching staff in the off-season, is optimistic. Strong play from sophomore defensive lineman Scooter Berry and linebacker Reed Williams is critical to the Mountaineers' success.

Prediction: 10-2



8. LSU

Last season: 12-2. The Tigers won the national championship by beating Ohio State 38-24.

Coach: Les Miles has guided LSU to three consecutive top-five rankings while compiling a 34-6 record.

Studs: The Tigers lost more than they will bring back. Tackle Glenn Dorsey, receiver Early Doucet, quarterback Matt Flynn and running back Jacob Hester are gone. However, LSU still has a few proven winners and more in the making. Playboy All America defensive end Tyson Jackson is the scourge of opposing quarterbacks, while Kirston Pittmann at the other end of the defensive line is tough against the run, as are linebackers Darry Beckwith and safety Danny McCray.

Herman Johnson—at six-foot-seven and 351 pounds—is a wall at left guard.

Scoop: Miles surprised nearly everyone when he rejected the Michigan coaching job to stay in Baton Rouge. Now he faces a minor rebuilding effort to keep the Tigers on top of the SEC, with his first decision being a choice between Jarrett Lee and Andrew Hatch at quarterback. Miles has lots of good parts to work with. Can he find a way to assemble them into another championship squad?

Prediction: 9-3



9. Auburn

Last season: The Tigers punctuated a 9-4 season with a 23-20 win over Clemson in the Chick-fil-A Bowl.

Coach: Tommy Tuberville begins his 10th year at Auburn. Considering the Tigers' hypercritical fan base, that's an amazingly long tenure.

Studs: The majority of Auburn's blue-chip players are on the defensive side of the ball. Last year's team ranked sixth nationally in scoring defense and total defense. Seven of those players return, including Sen'Derrick Marks, who will move inside to tackle from end. Antonio Coleman will remain at end and provide the Tigers with a consistent pass rush. All three starting linebackers return, and there is plenty of emerging talent to replace two graduated players in the secondary.

Scoop: Tuberville has brought in new offensive and defensive coordinators. On the offensive side, Tony Franklin will institute a spread offense, an appreciable change for a team that has relied heavily in recent years on its running game. Three-year starting quarterback Brandon Cox is gone and will be replaced by either sophomore Kodi Burns or transfer Chris Todd. One of them must succeed for the spread to work.

Prediction: 9-3



10. Kansas

Last season: 12-1. The Jayhawks completed their best season in years with a win over Virginia Tech (24-21) in the FedEx Orange Bowl.

Coach: Mark Mangino, Playboy's 2008 Coach of the Year.

Studs: QB Todd Reesing returns for his junior season after throwing for 3,486 yards and 33 TDs last year. Wide receiver Dexter Fields is also back after leading the Jayhawks in receptions for the past two seasons. Linebacker Joe Mortensen, who led the team in tackles last year, will again be flanked by James Holt and Mike Rivera, giving Kansas one of the best linebacking trios in college football.

Scoop: Dorothy, can this be Kansas football? Mangino has seemingly done the impossible: turning KU's pigskin program into not just a winner but a national contender. With 15 starters returning from a team that shook up the Big 12 last year, the Jayhawks will prove they're no one-year wonder.

Prediction: 9-3



11. Texas Tech

Last season: 9-4. Quarterback Graham Harrell engineered a thrilling comeback win over Virginia in the Gator Bowl, 31-28.

Coach: Mike Leach is heading into his

(continued on page 133)



"Something I can help you with?"

PLAYMATE NEWS



THE TOUGHEST DECISION OF TIM KASH'S LIFE

When the new face of MTV, Tim Kash, couldn't find a date for the MTV Movie Awards show in Los Angeles (even though he's considered the U.K.'s Ryan Seacrest), he called us for a little assistance. As we are givers by nature, we found three Playmates willing to accompany the man to the official festivities and afterparties. To the rescue came (above, from left) Miss February 2007 **Heather Rene Smith**, Miss May 2002 **Christi Shake** (also inset) and Miss July 2005 **Qiana Chase**. His dilemma now became how to narrow down the field.

The girls met with Kash on Playboy Radio's *Afternoon Advice*, hosted by Tiffany Granath. When the Playmates

entered the studio, Kash self-deprecatingly muttered, "When they walked in they just looked at me and went 'Oh.'" Then, in his dashing accent, he continued, "I'm very good at talking to girls I don't fancy, but when I fancy them, my words are *blah blah blah*." No wonder he couldn't line up his own date.



Christi then put Kash at ease, saying she thought he had a great voice and great eyes. When he asked about her idea of the perfect end to their date, Christi simply replied, "Stripper pole." That sealed the deal.

After all was resolved Kash thanked us and boasted on his blog, writing, "I'm livin' the dream." Welcome to the club.

10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

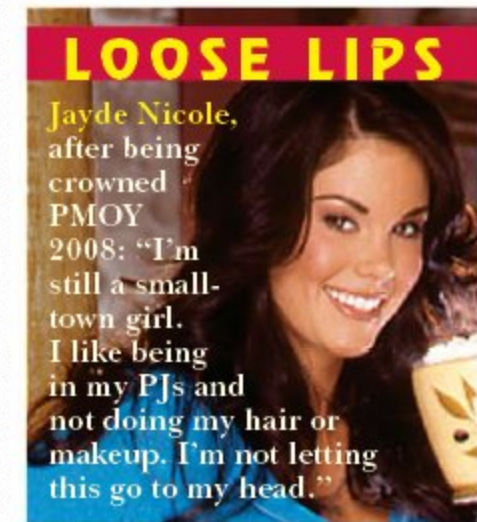
When we met Miss September 1998 **Vanessa Gleason** she was dividing her time between riding horses, surfing and dating. Still she claimed her plate was



only half full. Since then she has made the most of her Playmate experience, appearing in Playboy calendars and videos. She also had a small role on a 2000 episode of *Beverly Hills, 90210*. Her part should be reprised on the new spin-off.

LOOSE LIPS

Jayde Nicole, after being crowned PMOY 2008: "I'm still a small-town girl. I like being in my PJs and not doing my hair or makeup. I'm not letting this go to my head."



HOUSE BUNNIES IN THEIR NATURAL HABITAT

While *The House Bunny* offers a glimpse of the Mansion lifestyle, it omits a key component of what makes it special: The dynamic women in our world like to get nude. Lauren Michelle Hill (left), Sara Jean Underwood (below, second from left) and Hiromi Oshima (right) play the girls in Anna Faris's Playboy clique. Many other Playmates, including Amanda Paige (below left) and Marketa Janska (below right), also turn up in the flick.



HOT SHOT



CARRIE STEVENS

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Shaun Toub

—from *Iron Man* and *The Mentalist*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss February 1955 Jayne Mansfield. She was in the first PLAYBOY I ever saw in my early teens, in the 1970s. I was living in



Europe at the time, and when I saw her size and proportions, I thought, Wow, is that what American women look like?"



POP QUESTIONS: COLLEEN SHANNON

Q: How's the deejaying going?

A: I'm spinning all over, and I'm working on putting out my CD. You can get updates at djcolleenshannon.com.

Q: What's the song of the summer?

A: I'd say Bob Sinclair's "World Hold On." 50 Cent just did a great remix of it as well.

Q: It was shady that TMZ caught you off guard on your birthday and asked you about the presidential election.

A: In my defense, this was around the time PLAYBOY was asking for Playmate of the Year votes. Since the guy had



just asked me about PLAYBOY, I immediately thought he was talking about the PMOY election. Later they scheduled a follow-up interview at seven P.M. at a club where I was deejaying. I had consumed a couple of glasses of wine, so I mixed up my words and mistakenly said "Umbaba," which is a club where I sometimes deejay in London.

Q: So with Jayde Nicole now crowned, who will get your vote for the White House?

A: I'm glad to be able to clear this up: I fully support Obama in the presidential race.

DEBORAH DRIGGS WANTS TO SAY GOOD MORNING TO YOU



Miss March 1990 Deborah Driggs wakes up Utah each morning as the new host of *Mountain Morning Show* on Park City TV. "I do a lot of work," she says. "I am constantly researching the latest news and creating new story ideas. I'm not just a cute face on TV—though I'm told the viewership has really gone up!"

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss November 2005 Raquel Gibson joined Ontario native Miss June 2003 Taylor James at the Swimming Pool lounge in Toronto to celebrate the one-year anniversary of the Pinup All Stars company. Taylor was recently named one of the top 10 Canadian Playmates of all time by AskMen.com.



The list goes as follows: (10) Miss May 2000 Brooke Berry, (9) Miss July 2001 Kimberley Stanfield, (8) Miss January 1990 Peggy McIntaggart, (7) Tracy Tweed (note: not a Playmate but pretty all the same), (6) PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole, (5) Miss April 2004 Krista Kelly, (4) PMOY 1980 Dorothy Stratten, (3) Taylor James, (2) Miss November 1981 Shannon Tweed and—could there have been any doubt?—(1) Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson.... Miss October 1993 Jenny McCarthy, with boyfriend Jim Carrey and her autistic son, Evan, marched on Capitol Hill at the Green Our Vaccines rally. "I kind of came up with the Green Our Vaccines slogan to express that we are a very intelligent group of people who understand vaccines save lives," Jenny told Fox News. "But we're also saying vaccines are sometimes harmful to kids due to ingredients like mercury, aluminum, ether and antifreeze." Advocates claim vaccines contribute to autism.... Miss September 2006 Janine Habeck brightened up the red carpet at the premiere of *The Deal* in (where else?) Las Vegas.



Raquel is big in Toronto.

Jenny, Jim and Evan marched for Green Our Vaccines.



Jenny, Jim and Evan marched for Green Our Vaccines.

Deal or no Deal, Janine is a good draw.



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.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 130)

eight season in Lubbock. Red Raiders fans are loving him.

Studs: Returning wide receiver Michael Crabtree is a consensus All-American and Biletnikoff Award winner. Harrell, who led the nation in passing last year with 5,705 yards and 48 TDs, returns for his third season as starter. Indeed, eight other starters from last year's high-scoring offense are back as well, so expect the Raiders to light up the scoreboard. The defense returns eight starters; Leach says his defensive line, once a weakness, is now a strength.

Scoop: No team will look forward to playing Texas Tech this coming season. The Raiders have enough firepower to knock over anyone in the conference, especially if the defense is able to tilt time of possession in the team's favor.

Prediction: 9-3



12. Arizona State

Last season: 10-3. The Sun Devils lost to Texas 52-34 in the Holiday Bowl.

Coach: Dennis Erickson begins his second go-round in Tempe, following an impressive debut season.

Studs: Rudy Carpenter is probably the best under-the-radar quarterback in college football. He is currently among the top three QBs in school history in pass attempts, completions, passing yards and touchdowns, and his career 61.2 completion percentage is all-time number one at Arizona State. Receivers Chris McGaha and Michael Jones are good-hands people, and Playboy All America Thomas Weber was the best placekicker in college football last season. The top players on ASU's defense will be cornerback Omar Bolden, only a sophomore, and safety Troy Nolan.

Scoop: The Erickson coaching train has made lots of stops: Idaho, Wyoming, Washington State, Miami, Oregon State, the Seattle Seahawks and San Francisco 49ers, back to Idaho and now at ASU. He has won two national championships and suffered only three losing seasons in 19 at the college level. If he can fill a few holes on ASU's offensive line and bring along some newcomers on defense, the Sun Devils will again be right in the thick of the Pac-10 title race.

Prediction: 9-3



13. Texas

Last season: 10-3. Texas lit up the Holiday Bowl, scoring 52 points in a win over Arizona State.

Coach: Mack Brown has had quite a run in Austin. He enters his 11th season.

Studs: Brown has his fingers crossed that third-year starting quarterback Colt McCoy is ready to live up to his star billing; if not, sophomore John Chiles is waiting in the wings. With Big 12 leading rusher Jamaal Charles gone, an impact runner will have to step forward from a trio of promising candidates. The big men on D are Playboy All America end Brian Orakpo and tackle Roy Miller.

Scoop: Texas is short a couple of blue-chip players, and that could spell trouble. They'll face nine teams that played in bowl games

last year. Brown has brought in new defensive coordinator Will Muschamp, who favors an attacking, aggressive style of play, but then what defensive coordinator doesn't? Another double-digit-win season for UT is a long shot.

Prediction: 9-3



14. Wisconsin

Last season: The Badgers' 9-4 record included a 21-17 loss to Tennessee in the Outback Bowl, but Wisconsin was one of only three teams playing in a January bowl game for its fourth consecutive year.

Coach: One of the college game's brightest young minds, 38-year-old Bret Bielema enters his third season.

Studs: This squad is blessed with a herd of talented running backs, the best of which is junior P.J. Hill. The offensive line returns nearly every starter, and Travis Beckum is one of the top tight ends in the nation. End Matt Shaughnessy and linebacker Jonathan Casillas headline a defense that returns nine starters from 2007.

Scoop: Welcome to *As the Quarterback Turns*. Wisconsin looks for its third starting quarterback in three seasons. Senior Allan Evridge, a transfer from Kansas State, has the most playing time of a relatively inexperienced group. But who knows who'll end up under center?

Prediction: 9-3



15. Clemson

Last season: 9-4. Clemson was defeated by Auburn 23-20 in the Chick-fil-A Bowl.

Coach: In nine years at Clemson, Tommy Bowden has never had a losing season.

Studs: Clemson has the best running-back duo in the nation in C.J. Spiller and Playboy All America James Davis. They've combined for 3,957 rushing yards and scored 46 touchdowns over the past two seasons. Bowden also has the luxury of a returning starting quarterback, Cullen Harper, who led the ACC last season with a 141.0 efficiency rating. Receiver Aaron Kelly is two touchdowns shy of the school career record of 18. A tough secondary anchors the defense.

Scoop: For Clemson's running backs to dominate again, Bowden needs to find replacements for the team's two stars on the offensive line, Barry Richardson and Chris McDuffie, both now with the Kansas City Chiefs. If the youth perform on defense, the Tigers will put up wins.

Prediction: 9-3



16. Utah

Last season: The Utes finished their 9-4 season with a nail-biting 35-32 win over Navy in the Poinsettia Bowl.

Coach: Kyle Whittingham enters his fourth season after taking over for Urban Meyer.

Studs: Utah has more than a few with some of the best returning healthy after injuries last season. Senior Brian Johnson is back as starting quarterback after off-season arthroscopic shoulder surgery. Wide receiver Brent Casteel and running back Matt Asiata are healthy again. The offensive line is solid. Placekicker and punter Louie Sakoda is the best dual-threat kicker in the nation.

Scoop: Utah opens at Michigan on August

WHERE & HOW TO BUY



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30, and the Wolverines had better be ready to face a focused opponent. Utah led the nation in pass-efficiency defense last season, and most of that unit returns. If Whittingham's junior-college recruits come through for him, the offensive attack will be strong indeed.

Prediction: 9-3



17. Cincinnati

Last season: 10-3. The Bearcats defeated Southern Mississippi in the Papajohns.com Bowl, 31-21.

Coach: Brian Kelly attempts to duplicate the success he had in his inaugural season.

Studs: Quarterback Ben Mauk is appealing for a sixth year of NCAA eligibility. Even if it's granted, Mauk may sit behind Dustin Grutza, who was a two-year starter before Mauk replaced him last season. Receiver Marcus Barnett returns after hauling in 62 catches for 862 yards and 13 touchdowns as a redshirt freshman. DeAngelo Smith and Playboy All America Mike Mickens are likely the best pair of cornerbacks in the nation.

Scoop: The Bearcats set school records last season for points (472), touchdowns (63) and passing touchdowns (36). However, five offensive starters will have to be replaced. The defense will be completely up-tempo, relying on speed and unpredictability to keep opponents off balance. Last season's win total will be tough to match with the

Bearcats facing five opponents who won or shared conference titles in 2007.

Prediction: 9-4



18. Virginia Tech

Last season: An 11-3 campaign ended on a down note—a 24-21 Orange Bowl loss to Kansas.

Coach: Frank Beamer begins his 22nd season at Blacksburg.

Studs: Though most of the prime-time playmakers from last season are gone, the quarterback spot is looking good. Sean Glennon and Tyrod Taylor platooned last year; both were effective. The return of tackle Ed Wang, who missed part of last season with a broken ankle, will be a steady influence on the line. Cornerback Victor "Macho" Harris is the only returning all-conference player on defense.

Scoop: This is Beamer's most inexperienced unit in years. The Hokies want to run the ball more effectively but have yet to identify which of four or five candidates will be their go-to guy. There's talent at the receiver positions but all of it unproven. On defense? "You worry about right up the pipe after losing three tackles and two linebackers," Beamer says. His last two recruiting classes looked good on paper. Now he'll find out how good they are on the field.

Prediction: 8-4



19. Arkansas

Last season: 8-5. The Razorbacks got walloped by Missouri 38-7 in the AT&T Cotton Bowl.

Coach: Bobby Petrino took the reins last season after deserting the Atlanta Falcons mess in the NFL. Petrino was severely criticized for promising Falcons owner Arthur Blank that he would stay, only to announce two days later he was going to Arkansas. Critics are always silenced by victories.

Studs: The Razorbacks' big studs, running backs Darren McFadden and Felix Jones, took early exits to the NFL. Quarterback Casey Dick appears to be coming into his own after an improved junior season in which he threw for nearly 1,700 yards and 18 touchdowns. Jonathan Luigs is a returning Rimington Trophy winner at center. Junior defensive tackle Malcolm Sheppard is a monster in the making.

Scoop: With the loss of McFadden and Jones, the offense will have to pass more than rush until the ground game gets going. The defense is strong up front but could be vulnerable in the secondary, where there are several new faces.

Prediction: 8-4



20. Boise State

Last season: 10-3. Boise State lost to East Carolina in a wild 41-38 shoot-out in the Sheraton Hawaii Bowl.

Coach: Chris Petersen begins his third season.

Studs: Running back Ian Johnson, who will always be remembered for his performance two years ago in BSU's upset win over Oklahoma, is now a senior. He's already a two-time All-WAC performer. A pair of Kyles, Wilson and Brotzman, are budding all-stars. Wilson is a defensive back, while Brotzman is the Broncos' punter and field-goal kicker.

Scoop: Petersen has an intriguing decision to make at quarterback. Go with talent and youth in hotshot freshman Kellen Moore or experience with senior Bush Hamdan? There are also some promising young runners to back up Johnson, but they're going to work behind an offensive line that starts three freshmen. Petersen is counting on his defense to be more stubborn this year.

Prediction: 9-3



21. Illinois

Last season: An upset win over previously unbeaten Ohio State punctuated a 9-4 season. But it ended with a thud, a 49-17 loss to USC in the Rose Bowl.

Coach: Ron Zook was known as a great recruiter at Florida, but no one thought he could do the same at Illinois, a program with almost no football mojo. In three short years, Zook has proved everyone wrong.

Studs: After winning just once in nine starts in 2006, quarterback Juice Williams was the spearhead of Illinois's successful 2007 campaign. A junior, he already holds the school rushing record for a QB, with 1,350 yards. He's got one of the best receivers in the nation in sophomore Arrelious Benn. Playboy All America defensive back and kick-return phenom Vontae Davis is one of the most exciting players in the nation.

Scoop: Williams has the ability to win games almost single-handedly. Still, the offense is going to miss running back Rashard



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Mendenhall, who left a year early for the pros. The schedule is daunting, with a season opener against Missouri and away games at Michigan, Wisconsin and Penn State. And then there is Ohio State, which will be looking to get even after last year's upset loss.

Prediction: 8-4



22. Kansas State

Last season: 5-7, with four straight losses down the stretch.

Coach: Ron Prince enters his third season. **Studs:** Quarterback Josh Freeman was the bright spot of 2007. He threw for a K-State-record 3,353 yards and 18 touchdowns. Prince would like to see his offense tilt back toward the running game, but some junior-college transfers will have to pan out for that to happen. The defense will also depend on an influx of transfers, two of whom were junior-college All-American linebackers. Defensive end Ian Campbell gives opposing quarterbacks headaches.

Scoop: The North Division of the Big 12 is no longer Nebraska and Colorado and everyone else. K-State, Kansas and Missouri are now all legitimate football powers. The key for the Wildcats will be how well their redshirts and junior-college transfers blend with the returning veterans.

Prediction: 8-4



23. Tennessee

Last season: 10-4. The Vols defeated Wisconsin 21-17 in the Outback Bowl.

Coach: Phil Fulmer, the dean of SEC coaches, has been at Knoxville for 16 seasons.

Studs: Offensive guard-center Anthony Parker is a stalwart up front. Running back Arian Foster is only 685 rushing yards from UT's all-time record. The receiving corps is excellent. There's even more talent on defense, with safeties Eric Berry and Demetrius Morley the best of the bunch.

Scoop: Tennessee has lots of talent on both sides of the ball and a new offensive coordi-

nator in Dave Clawson, former head coach at Richmond. The big question is quarterback. Junior Jonathan Crompton will get the starting nod. He has only one career start to date but appeared up to the task this spring. Conference games against Florida, Auburn and Georgia over a four-week span will tell the tale.

Prediction: 8-4



24. Oregon State

Last season: The Beavers went 9-4. They beat Maryland in the Emerald Bowl, 21-14.

Coach: Highly competent Mike Riley begins his eighth season.

Studs: Two of OSU's best players missed most of last season with injuries. Offensive guard Jeremy Perry (six-foot-two, 338 pounds) was first-team All-Pac-10 in 2006. Sammie Stroughter was an All-American wide receiver in 2006. Sean Canfield, who had off-season shoulder surgery, and Lyle Moevao will vie for the quarterback job.

Scoop: Only three of the Beavers' defensive starters return. However, Riley expects his D to get stronger as the season goes along, with an improved offense shouldering more of the burden of winning games. This club may contend for the Pac-10 title if it can avoid the injury bug that bit it so hard a year ago.

Prediction: 8-4



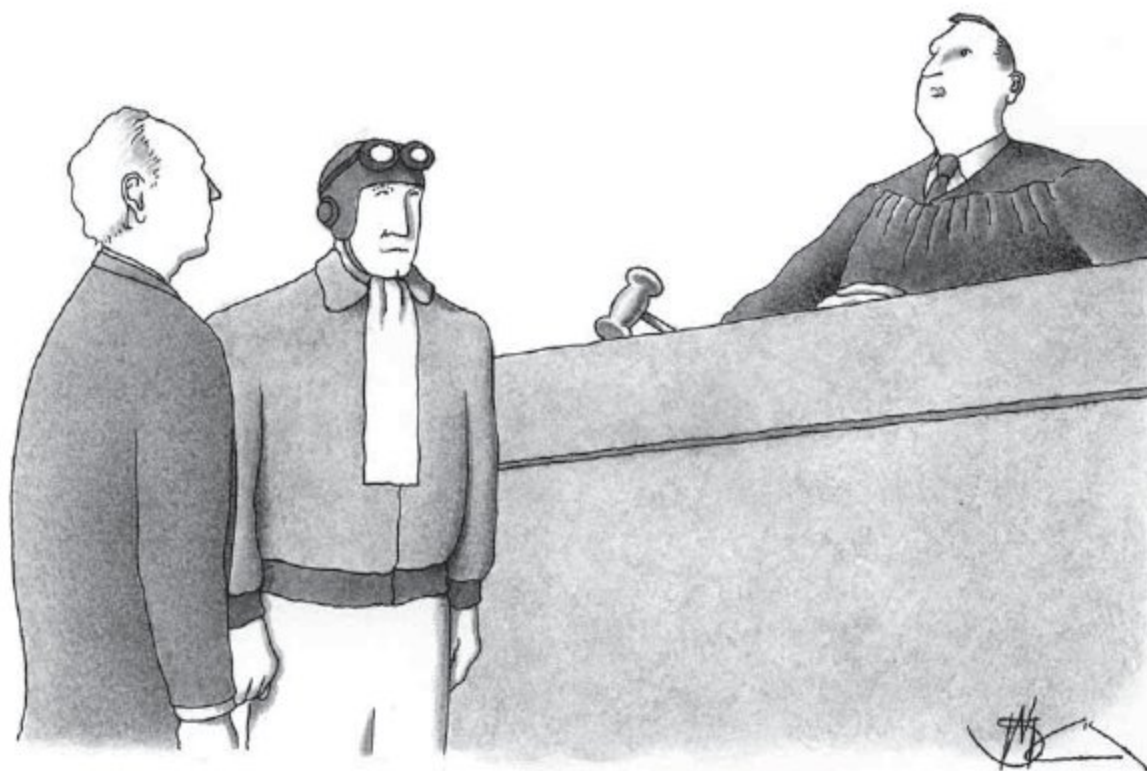
25. Georgia Tech

Last season: After opening with a 33-3 win at Notre Dame, the Yellow Jackets went 7-6.

Coach: Paul Johnson enters his first season following a successful stint at Navy.

Studs: Offensive tackle Andrew Gardner and defensive tackle Vance Walker are both good enough to get some All-American attention this year. Senior defensive end Michael Johnson is a six-foot-seven, 260-pound pass-rushing specialist already catching the eyes of NFL scouts.

Scoop: Johnson's 2007 Navy team scored 30 or more points in six consecutive games. Even without any proven offensive stars, he will



"I consider your client a flight risk."

find a way to ratchet up Tech's offensive numbers. For Tech to succeed, Jonathan Dwyer will need to at least partially fill the shoes of departed running back Tashard Choice, the ACC's leading rusher the past two seasons.

Prediction: 8-4



Upset U

The greatest shockers in college football history

We love upsets. They stun the sensibilities and inspire hope in underdogs throughout the land. Oddly, three of the biggest upsets in the history of college football occurred last season. Here are our picks for the top 10 of all time. Go to playboy.com/upsets and vote for your choice.

1. Appalachian State 34, Michigan 32 (2007) No ranked team had previously lost to a Division 1-AA team. And ASU beat Michigan on the road.

2. Stanford 24, USC 23 (2007) The Trojans were undefeated and ranked number two in the country. They were listed as a 41-point favorite going into the game.

3. Temple 28, Virginia Tech 24 (1998) Virginia Tech was 5-0; Temple was 0-6 and coming off a loss to Division 1-AA William & Mary. The Owls hadn't had a winning season since 1990.

4. Carnegie Tech 19, Notre Dame 0 (1926) You have to go a long way back for this one. The Irish were such favorites in this game that coach Knute Rockne didn't even bother to attend. Notre Dame had beaten Tech the four previous seasons by a combined score of 111-19.

5. Notre Dame 7, Oklahoma 0 (1957) With this victory, the Irish broke the Sooners' incredible 47-game winning streak.

6. Boise State 43, Oklahoma 42 (2007) The Broncos tied it with seven seconds left in the Fiesta Bowl on a 50-yard hook-and-ladder play. They scored on a Statue of Liberty to win in OT.

7. Miami 31, Nebraska 30 (1984) Huskers coach Tom Osborne decided to go for the two-point conversion and his first national championship. He didn't get either.

8. Kansas State 35, Oklahoma 7 (2003) The Wildcats upset the 12-0 Sooners by scoring 35 unanswered points.

9. USC 20, Notre Dame 17 (1964) The Irish, hoping for a national title, went into the locker room at halftime with a 17-0 lead. They came out of the game with a numbing loss.

10. Centre College 6, Harvard 0 (1921) Centre College of Danville, Kentucky had a student body of 254. Harvard, then a national football power, was working on a 25-game winning streak, including a 1920 Rose Bowl win.

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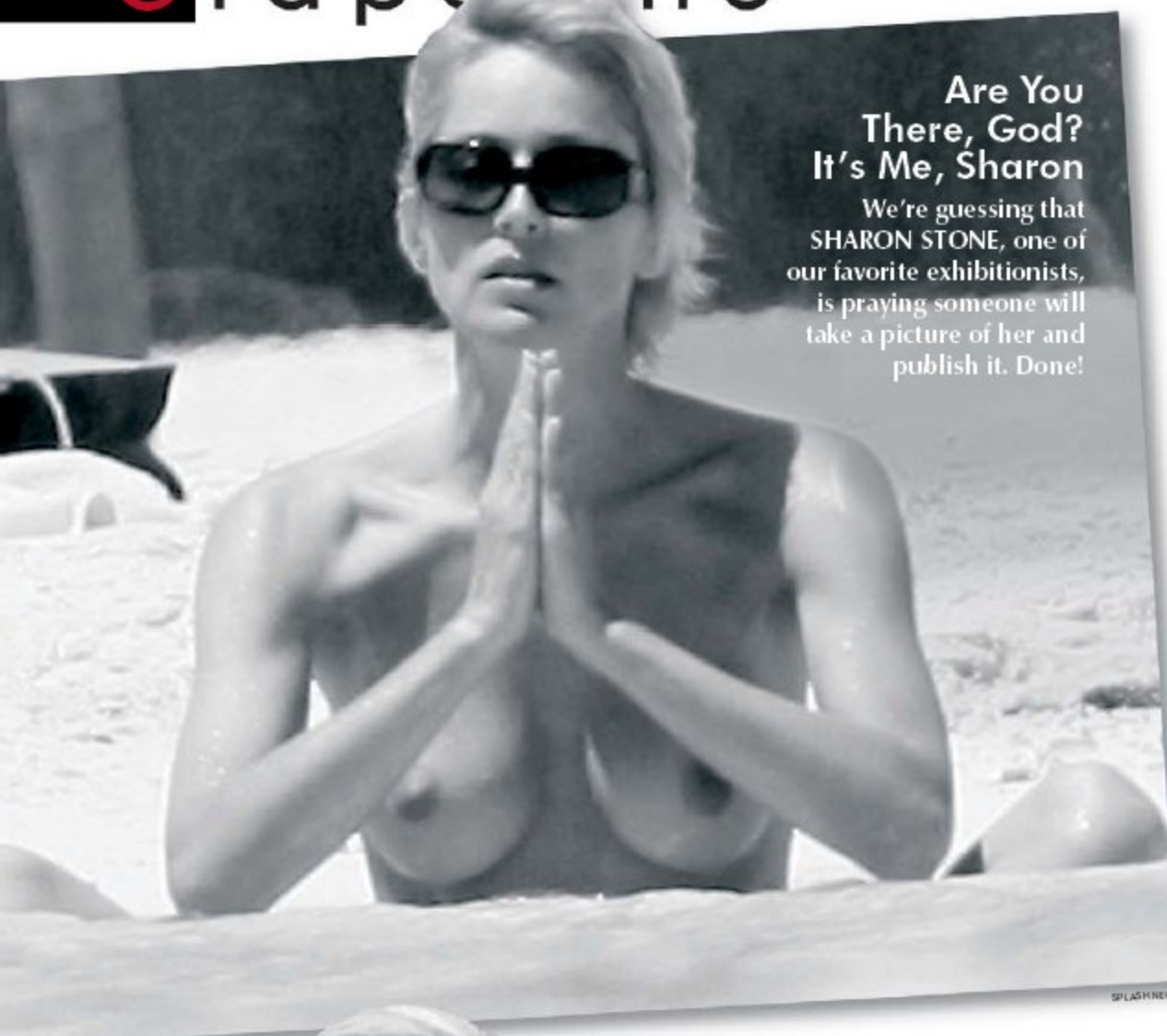
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Are You There, God? It's Me, Sharon

We're guessing that SHARON STONE, one of our favorite exhibitionists, is praying someone will take a picture of her and publish it. Done!



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SPLASH NEWS

ERIC GALLARD/REUTERS



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Attack of the No-Name Cannes Flashers

There's SARAH MARSHALL (left) doing the open-blazer look—always a winner. And wow, it's YASMINE LAFITTE (above) *sans culottes!* Who the hell are they? French starlets, we're told. See some of the latter's NSFW oeuvre at clubyasmine.com.



CHARLES GUDWIN/ALAMY USA.COM

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 Howdy, GISELE BÜNDCHEN!
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Not Fish in French
 That would be *poisson*. This is Montreal native JENNY POUSSIN (rhymes with *moulin*). If you watched the TNT show *Saved*, you might have seen her utterly convincing performance as Nurse With Large Breasts.



TONY HANSEN/SONY ENTERTAINMENT/SIPA NEWS

Rise, Bluff, Knoll, Mound...

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 No jokes about WHITNEY PORT's exposed "hill."
 Save them for her *Hills* co-star Heidi Montag.

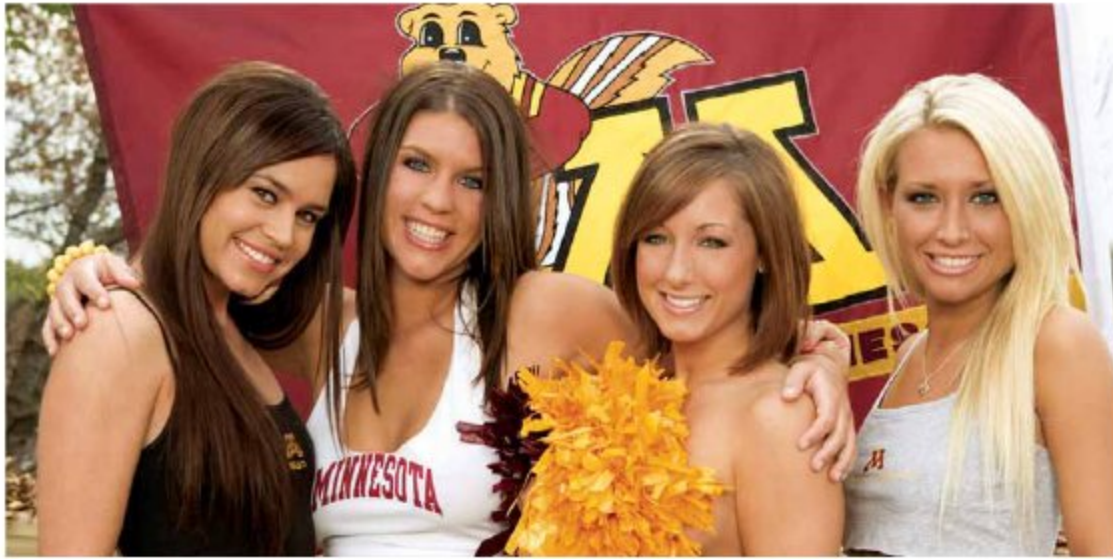


HUGH JACKMAN/GETTY IMAGES

The Big Five Oh

To MADONNA, on the occasion of her 50th birthday: Ol' lady Madonna's still hot in our book./If she shows 'em off, we'll always have a look./So raise you a glass, and let's all take a tipple/To Madge and her perky five-decade-old nipples.

Next Month



FREEZE, GOPHER. NOW SAY "CHEESE."



KEVIN "E" CONNOLLY ON BEING A GOOD WINGMAN, IN 20Q.



CAN MVP-LI GET BACK TO THE SUPER BOWL?



INTERVIEW WITH "DANCE, DANCE" REVOLUTION LEADER.

THE GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN—DESPITE ITS NAME, THE POWERHOUSE CONFERENCE HAS AN EXTRA MEMBER SCHOOL. OUR PICTORIAL ALSO DIALS UP TO 11 AS THE HEARTLAND'S SEXIEST STUDENTS SHED THEIR LETTER SWEATERS.

THE ADDERALL EFFECT—THE COLLEGE CAMPUS USED TO BE A HAVEN FOR EXPERIMENTING WITH POT, MUSHROOMS AND ACID. THESE DAYS STUDENTS PREFER ACADEMIC-PERFORMANCE-ENHANCING DRUGS SUCH AS ADDERALL AND RITALIN. **FRANK OWEN** HANGS OUT IN A DORM DURING EXAM WEEK TO SEE HOW ADHD MEDICATIONS ARE MAKING THE GRADE.

PETE WENTZ—FALL OUT BOY'S BASSIST AND LYRICIST IS ALSO THE OWNER OF A RECORD LABEL, AN IMPRINT OF INDIE COMPANY FUELED BY RAMEN. THAT HAS DISCOVERED AN ENTIRE GENERATION OF HIT-MAKING ARTISTS INCLUDING PANIC AT THE DISCO AND GYM CLASS HEROES. THE HERO OF THE INSTANT-NOODLE-EATING CROWD HOOKS UP WITH **ROB TANNENBAUM** FOR THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW.

NFL PREVIEW—BIG BLUE GAVE THE PATSIES THEIR ONLY LOSS LAST YEAR, PRODUCING IN THE PROCESS PERHAPS THE MOST EXCITING SUPER BOWL EVER. WILL THE 1972 DOLPHINS BE ABLE TO BREAK OUT THE CHAMPAGNE AGAIN THIS SEASON?

SHOOT-OUT IN VEGAS—MEET THE FIVE HORSEMEN: THEY RIDE INTO SIN CITY, SIDLE UP TO THE CRAPS TABLE AND LEGALLY

TAKE THE CASINOS TO THE CLEANERS. THEIR SECRET? IT'S CALLED DICE CONTROL. AFTER MONTHS OF PRACTICING HIS SHOOTING, **STEPHAN TALTY** PLAYS SIXTH WHEEL WITH THE HIGH ROLLERS AS THEY TRY TO BRING DOWN THE HOUSE.

LIFE LESSONS FROM COLLEGE—WE LEARNED A LOT OF STUFF IN SCHOOL, MOST OF WHICH WASN'T IN A TEXTBOOK. HERE, A PH.D. PHYSICIST TELLS US THE QUICKEST WAY TO COOL DOWN A DRINK, AND A PSYCHOLOGY PROFESSOR TEACHES US HOW TO REMEMBER HER NAME, AMONG OTHER USEFUL FINDINGS.

KEVIN CONNOLLY—THE *ENTOURAGE* STAR GETS FRANK WITH **ASHLEY JUDE COLLIE** FOR 20Q. HE DESCRIBES THE PERFECT BACHELOR PAD, EXPLAINS WHY EVERY GUY NEEDS A WINGMAN AND REVELS IN HIS POST-NICKY HILTON LOVE LIFE.

CAMPUS MUST-HAVES—BACK-TO-SCHOOL STYLE SMELLS LIKE GRUNGE SPIRIT THIS YEAR. YEP, FLANNEL IS BACK.

NOBODY MOVE IV—NATIONAL BOOK AWARD WINNER **DENIS JOHNSON** BRINGS HIS ONLY-IN-OUR-PAGES NOVEL TO ITS STUNNING CONCLUSION. JIMMY LUNTZ'S GIRL HAS LEFT HIM, HIS FRIEND HAS BETRAYED HIM, AND HIS ENEMIES ARE GETTING CLOSE.

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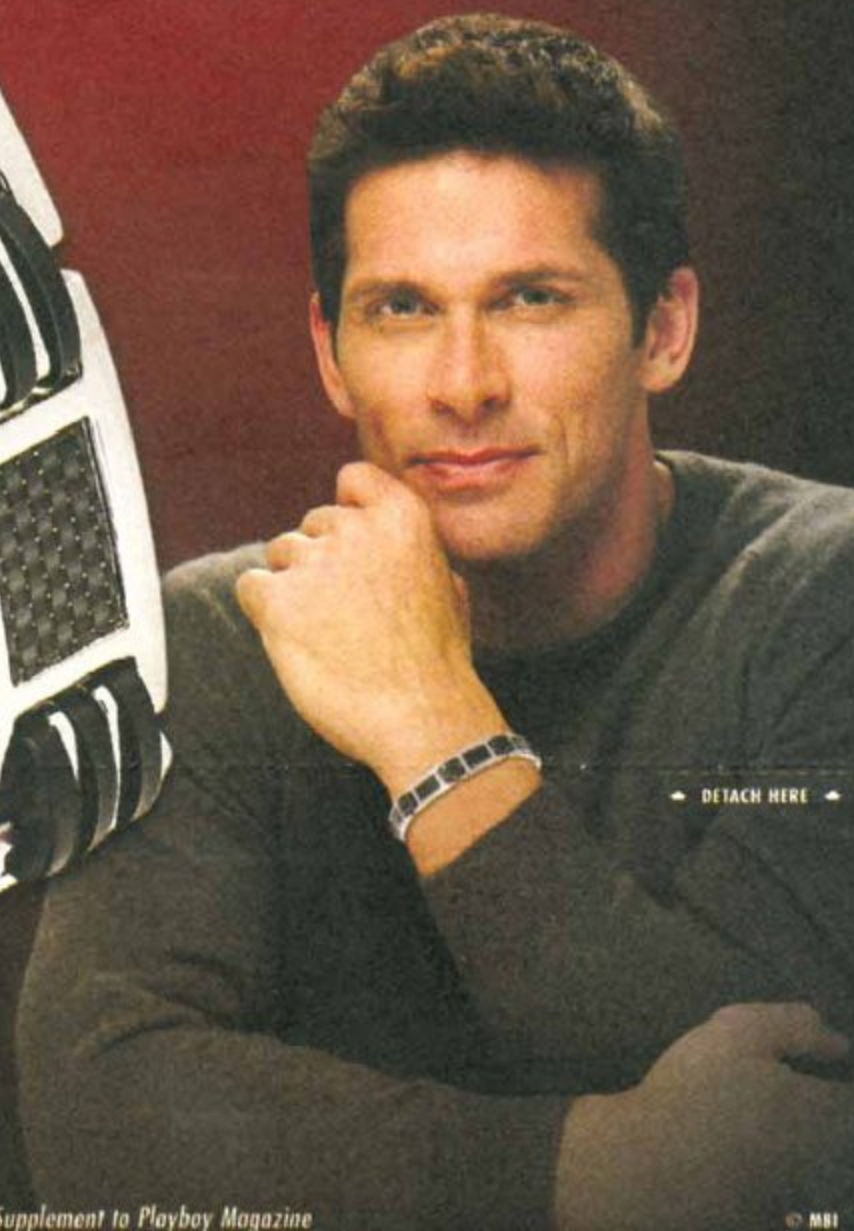
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(continued on other side)

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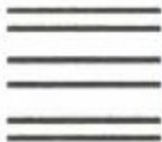
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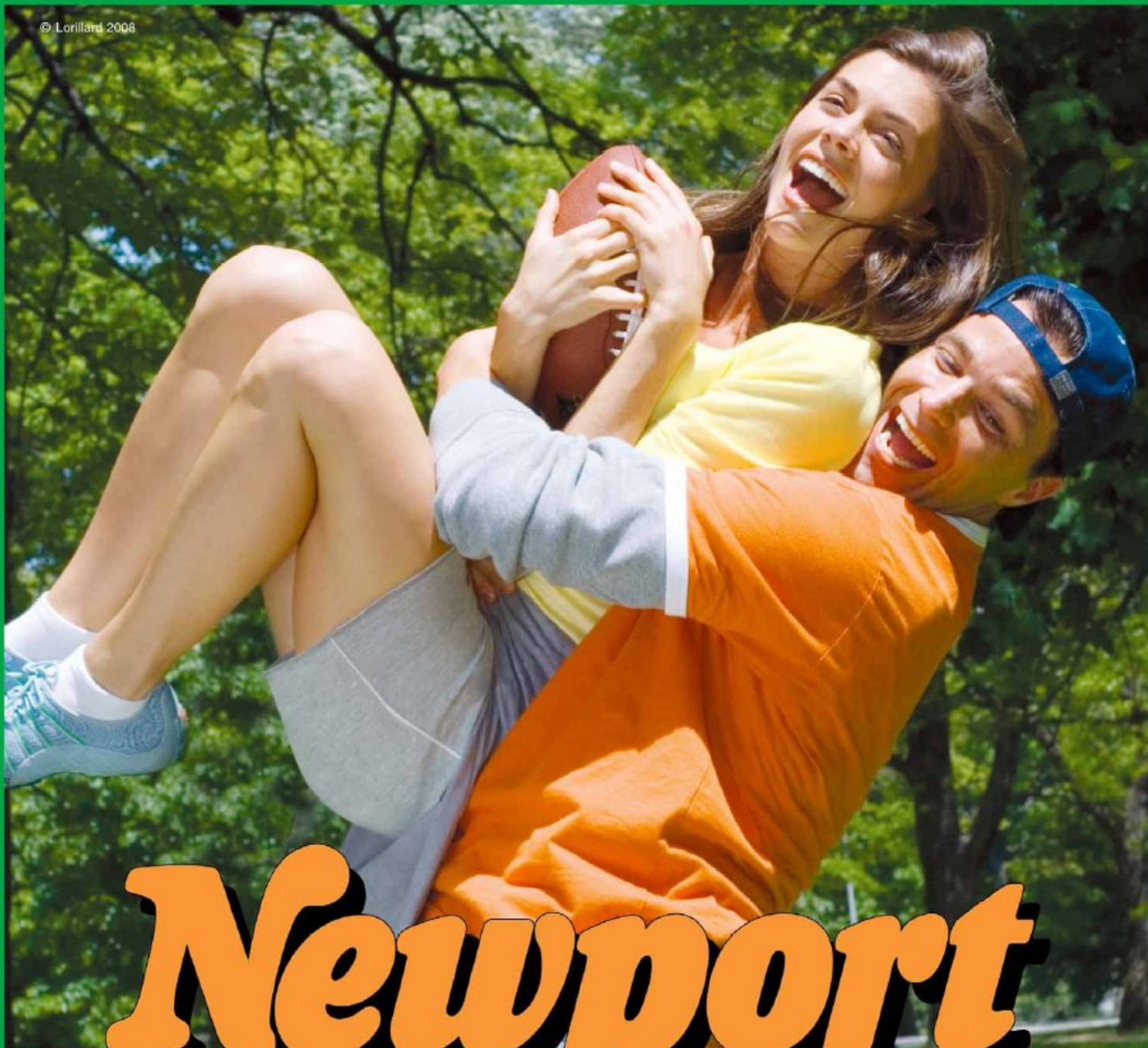
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