

EXCLUSIVE: TOP 10 PARTY SCHOOLS

PLAYBOY BOY

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FIGHT CLUB
CLUB
AUTHOR
CHUCK
PALAHNIUK
CHOKES AND
RANTS IN THE
INTERVIEW

"ARE YOU TRYING TO SEDUCE US, MS. RINNA?"

2009
PARTY SCHOOLS
SEE WHO IS
#1

THE DEADLIEST CAR RACE IN THE WORLD

BARE MARKET WOMEN OF WALL STREET

PLUS STAR TREK'S ZACHARY QUINTO 20Q, BASEBALL PREVIEW, BILL JAMES, CINEMATIC COCKTAILS, THE BEST IPOD DOCKS AND UNNERVING BLACK-OPS FICTION



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PLAYBILL

Be careful what you wish for. It's a trite admonition but one we'll permit. **Chuck Palahniuk**, interviewed by **David Sheff**, has always written characters who court apocalypse and strive for self-destruction. Their decisions are irrevocable, unhedged faith-based bets that damn well better be right. On a smaller scale the gigolos in *Paradise Lost* by **John Bowe** are choosing to end life as they know it, lighting out for the territory and thumbing their nose at civilization—well, for up to six months. Seems the old TV series got it right: Everyone wants to visit a fantasy island, but nobody wants to stay. You know that one friend you have who lucked into a threesome but claims it wasn't all that? Sex columnist **Suzy McCoppin** gives us the flip side of that dubious account, the unintended consequences that ensued when she set up a ménage. If there can be unintended consequences from sex with an extra woman, there can be unforeseen issues from sex with a woman you never meet—sometimes called sperm donation—as **Lori Andrews** documents in *Forum*. What is this, the Regret Issue? Here at the edge of summer we're expected to have enthusiasms. What are ours? What is that which gives us joy? Baseball! **Tracy Ringolsby**'s MLB preview charts the season ahead, while columnist **Bill James**'s complaints are made out of love. In *Minotaur*, illustrated by **Dave McKean**, novelist **Jim Shepard** visits the world of government employees in the department of NOYFB—None of Your Fucking Business. From the ultrasecret "black world" to new eras dawning: PLAYBOY editor **A.J. Baime** takes us back to 1964, when Ford first threatened Ferrari at Le Mans, in *A War of Speed*, an excerpt from his book *Go Like Hell: Ford, Ferrari and Their Battle for Speed and Glory at Le Mans*. Ford didn't actually beat Ferrari until 1966, the year *Star Trek* premiered on TV, so it's fitting (nod in agreement, please) that our 20Q subject is **Zachary Quinto**, the young Mr. Spock in the new *Star Trek* film. Playmate **Crystal McCahill** is out of this world, and the Women of Wall Street are out of jobs. Out of their clothes, at least. Back to being careful what you wish for. If that wish is to stick it to your would-be girlfriend's MILF, repeatedly and over an extended period of time, be careful indeed. For our cover pictorial, shot by **Deborah Anderson, Lisa Rinna** channels Anne Bancroft in *The Graduate*. (Speaking of graduates, does your university make the list of our top 10 party schools? Find out on page 72.) When Dustin Hoffman says, "Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to seduce me," she denies it. Not so Ms. Rinna—she really is trying to seduce us.



Jim Shepard



John Bowe



David Sheff



Deborah Anderson and Lisa Rinna



A.J. Baime



Chuck Palahniuk



Dave McKean

PLAYBOY

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Since kicking up her heels and our libidos on *Dancing With the Stars*, former soap actress Lisa Rinna has reinvented herself as a media queen with hosting gigs, workout DVDs, a self-help book and a reality-TV series. Photographer Deborah Anderson has our cover girl poised to seduce. Our Rabbit succumbs to the latest Rinnation.

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Sexy TV personality Lisa Rinna first hit it big on *Melrose Place* and *Days of Our Lives* before making a lasting impression on *Dancing With the Stars*. Now Lisa acts out your Mrs. Robinson fantasy in a high-rise room with a view. Here's to you, Ms. Rinna.

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THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

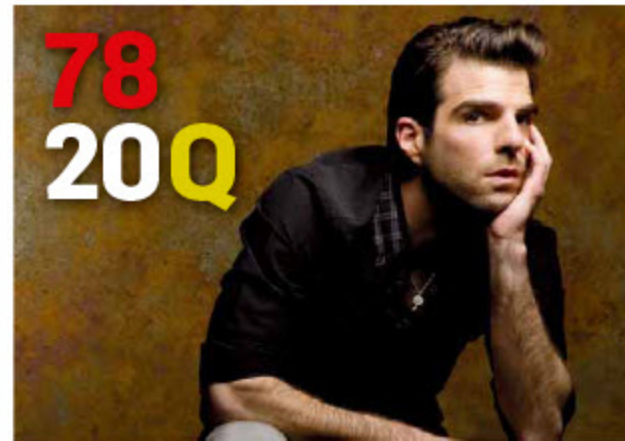
DUFFONOMICS Legendary Guns N' Roses bassist Duff McKagan is our new money man. Read his Appetite for Investment blog every week.

DRINK UP As the science and style of mixology continue their intoxicating evolution, we survey the top barkeeps.

PARTY ON Go online to find our complete list of the top 25 party schools so you'll know exactly where to transfer.

ASSUME THE POSITIONS Our video guide to the Kama Sutra will help you and your girl break free in the bedroom.

HOT CHICKS, COOL KICKS In our new Stylus feature, a Playmate models all the spring sneakers you'll want in your closet.



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FASHION 70 PRIME-TIME STYLE

There is no crime too disturbing for Shemar Moore on *Criminal Minds*. Off camera the actor takes the edge off with fashion therapy. **BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS**



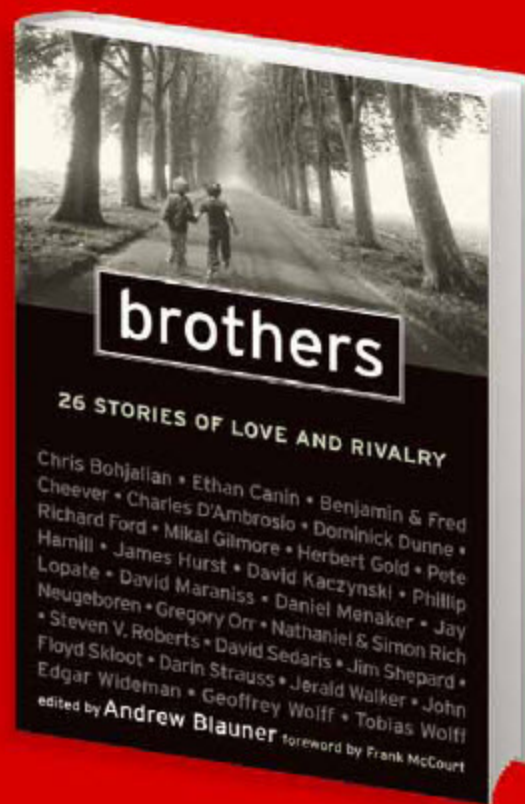
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



HEFNER GETS THE HOLLYWOOD TREATMENT IN *MISS MARCH*

Hef returned to the big screen in *Miss March*. The comedy follows a virginal guy who comes out of a four-year coma to find his high school sweetheart has become a Centerfold. Hilarity ensues when he (Zach Cregger, right) and his horny best friend (Trevor Moore) make their way to the Mansion without an invitation.

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE CEILING

How would you like to be a fly on Hef's bedroom wall? Well, here's the ceiling view. The girls whipped up a party while waiting for Hef, using the Mansion's favorite condiment. Half the fun was spraying the whipped cream; the other half was for Hef's, the girls' and that lucky fly's eyes only.



SEXY ON THE BEACH

Mansion favorite Bridget Marquardt is now spending her time seeking out other paradises for her new show, *Bridget's Sexiest Beaches*, on the Travel Channel.

ROCKIN' BABES PARTY

Anyone in Tampa for the Super Bowl didn't have to wait for halftime to rock out; the night before the big game Jane's Addiction guitarist Dave Navarro threw the Rock-N-Babes party. The "babes" quotient came from Playmates Lindsey Vuolo and Amber Campisi (below left, with vocalist J Mello) and PLAYBOY model Erica Chevillar (below, with Navarro).



TALENTED AGENTS

Hef celebrated the launch of the Beverly Hills Model and Talent agency, run by Cyber Girls Jessica Danielle (a.k.a. Jessica Hall) and Cristal Camden, his former girlfriend. At the party he bumped into Painted Lady Amanda Evans—thankfully, the paint had dried.



**SUPER
BOWL
BASH**



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2



3



4



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7

Talk about a fantasy football party: PMOY 2001 Brande Roderick threw a game-day bash at the Mansion in honor of Super Bowl XLIII. (1) Hef, Brande and Bret Michaels are all smiles at the pigskin party. (2) Larry Fitzgerald? Nope. *90210*'s AnnaLynne McCord shows her rooting interest. (3) Hef adds two deft brushstrokes to Karissa and Kristina Shannon's painted jerseys. (4) Professional poker player and Brande's teammate on *The Celebrity Apprentice* Annie Duke, with boyfriend Joe Reitman. (5) Hef and his team of Painted Ladies. (6) Kellan Lutz from *Twilight*. (7) Angelica Bridges and her pop group, Strawberry Blonde, performing. (8) *Girlicious* also strutted its stuff onstage. (9) Former *PLAYBOY* cover model Denise Richards with the Man. (10) Miss November 1980 Jeana Tomasino with fellow *Real Housewife of Orange County* Gretchen Rossi. (11) Son of Gary and an actor in his own right, Jake Busey. (12) Hef and his girlfriends, Crystal Harris and the Shannon Twins, prove the triple option is alive and well.



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12

GRIDIRON GOOFS

No one hates bad NFL calls more than the referees who made them (*The Whistle Blowers*, February), but sometimes their screwups are hard to believe. In the 2003 playoffs the officials stripped the Giants of a crucial field-goal chance after the defense interfered with a guard who had reported as an eligible receiver. During a scramble, the guard was tackled—obvious pass interference—but the refs mistakenly insisted he hadn't identified himself as a receiver. They did manage to flag the other guard, who was downfield illegally, but that penalty would have been superseded. Regarding the blown call you mention from the 1998 Seahawks-Jets game, it wasn't just that the head linesman had signaled a touchdown even though the Jets quarterback fumbled a yard short of the goal; it was the league's ridiculous explanation that he had mistaken the player's white helmet for the brown ball.

Kyle Garlett

Marina del Rey, California

Garlett is co-author of The Worst Call Ever!: The Most Infamous Calls Ever Blown by Referees, Umpires and Other Blind Officials.

Steve Salerno's report is fascinating but doesn't tackle the larger problem: The NFL stands by its refs no matter what. Even after the officials failed to review Kurt Warner's last-minute Super Bowl fumble, the league defended the crew. Never having to answer for your mistakes is great for the refs but insulting to fans. It's one reason NFL officials are easily the worst in professional sports.

Scott Schmolke

Sacramento, California

Schmolke is the webmaster of refsuck.com.

The Ravens got screwed twice by bad calls when playing against the Steelers this past season. On December 14 Pittsburgh, down by three and with 43 seconds left, had the ball on Baltimore's four-yard line. Ben Roethlisberger threw a bullet to Antonio Holmes, who was standing in the end zone but reached back over the line for the catch. The officials spotted the ball six inches from the goal. After review, referee Walt Coleman awarded the Steelers a touchdown, saying, "The receiver had two feet down in the end zone with possession of the ball." Yet the official rules state a TD occurs "when any part of the ball, legally in possession of a player inbounds, breaks the plane of the opponent's goal line." Later, in the AFC championship game, the officials called a roughing-the-punter penalty against the Ravens even though Mitch Berger was barely grazed.

Gerald Yamin

Baltimore, Maryland

Writing on The New York Times's NFL blog, John Woods observed of that second play, "That is a world-class awful call. Oh, sweet Fanny Adam, that was awful. But, you know, with bad calls, it doesn't matter. It happened because the ref says it happened."

DEAR PLAYBOY

Dr. House in the House

Hugh Laurie seems to have a good understanding of why viewers like his thoroughly dislikable character Dr. Gregory House (*Playboy Interview*, February). Not only does House always have the answers and manage to save the day, he is, as Laurie notes, "free from the social gravity that holds us all down and prevents us from saying what we think and doing what we want." In his 1859 essay *On Liberty*, John Stuart Mill argues for the value of such aggressive eccentrics, who, by challenging the status quo, push ideas forward.

Henry Jacoby

Goldsboro, North Carolina

Jacoby is a professor at East Carolina University and editor of House and Philosophy: Everybody Lies.



THE GIRLS MOVE ON

As a straight female reader who became a PLAYBOY fan because of *The Girls Next Door*, I found the photo of Holly Madison as a modern-day Dorothy, complete with blue bow, heartbreaking (*Good-Bye Girls*, February). Good-bye and good luck, ladies.

Kate O'Brien

Waukegan, Illinois

I was flipping through snapshots at my dad's auto-repair shop and came across one of my uncle taken about eight years ago with two servers at a local bar (below). See anyone you recognize?

Sara Gress

Stockton, California



Bridget, hawking Coronas, before we loved her.

Kendra Wilkinson's fiancé, wide receiver Hank Baskett of the Philadelphia Eagles, sure made a nice catch.

Brian Schafer

Allentown, Pennsylvania

Kendra is my favorite Girl Next Door, so imagine my disappointment when the

issue I received had Bridget Marquardt on the cover. Woe is me, PLAYBOY gods! Why didn't I get my beauty?

Sean Sinclair

Gulfport, Mississippi

Since the distribution of covers was random, the gods have spoken: You were meant to lust after Bridget. All three versions of the issue are available at playboystore.com.

Anyone else notice that the final Girls Next Door pictorial begins on page 86?

Anne Koskinen

Redondo Beach, California

CLEARING THE AIR

Regarding *The Drug Coast* (February), I need to express the following complaints, as well as clarify certain issues: (1) Your reporter, Christian Parenti, was given a journalist's visa under the false pretense of writing an article that would supposedly help promote Guinea-Bissau's ailing tourism industry; (2) Parenti utilizes so-called "sources" in order to further sink Guinea-Bissau's reputation as far as the new drug trade goes. It is not enough that my country is the third poorest in the world. He goes on to plant a seed of doubt about the country's elections and government ties to Colombian drug lords; (3) at no time during his interview at my hotel (Mar Azul) did he mention he would be quoting me. He took everything I said out of context. The result has been a loss of business because of his libelous remarks. The article has also affected my relations with partners, longtime customers and certain government agencies. I hope you will allow me to repair the damage done to my person and my country. The last thing I need is to become involved in an international libel suit. Not everyone in

naked ambition

AN R-RATED LOOK AT AN X-RATED INDUSTRY

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL GRECCO

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JOANNA ANGEL



WITH
JESSE JANE
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IN SELECT THEATERS
SPRING 2009
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SUMMER 2009

Africa is a drug runner, just as not everyone in America is a drug user.

Anthony Ferrage
Bissau, Guinea-Bissau

Parenti responds: "The operative line in Ferrage's letter is about his relations with 'certain government agencies.' Could those be the narco-infested navy and army? His fears reflect a climate in which local journalists are threatened for reporting on the drug trade. During our interview I told Ferrage I would be quoting him and took notes; I appreciate that he spoke with me. There are many reasons Guinea-Bissau is so poor: the long devastation of slave traders' raids on west Africa, the brutal and ramshackle nature of Portuguese colonialism and the austerity programs pushed by international financial institutions. But the country's leaders have also squandered resources, stolen from their people, fought among themselves like thugs and now, as numerous African and European police forces, Interpol and the United Nations have documented, collude with traffickers." In early March a bomb killed General Tagme Na Waie, head of the armed forces. The next day a group of soldiers assassinated President Joao Bernardo Vieira, who they believe had ordered the general's murder.

NOT FUNNY

It takes a lot to offend me, but this joke in the February *Party Jokes* crossed the line: "How can you get AIDS from a toilet seat? By sitting down before the last guy gets up." It's one thing to kid about sex, infidelity and impotence, but it is another to make light of a virus that has claimed millions of lives.

Name withheld
New York, New York

FOR THE RECORD

After receiving numerous phone calls from friends, I learned my marriage to the Eiffel Tower is mentioned in *The Year in Sex* (February). But it is disheartening to see the love of my life referred to as "that ultimate phallic symbol." Objectum sexuality may be unconventional, but we are in love and happy, and no one is being hurt.

Erika L.T. Eiffel
San Francisco, California

I am writing to protest your ridiculous abuse of Governor Sarah Palin and her daughter Bristol in *The Year in Sex*. Let me know when you will make sex jokes about first lady Michelle Obama and her girls. I've been a subscriber for 30 years, but this put me over the edge.

Gary Boughter
Wolcott, New York

Did you miss the Barack Obama dildo and the topless Michelle Obama bust? Rest assured, in this feature we try to offend everyone.

One thing PLAYBOY surely should get right is the name of all the lady parts. In *The Year in Sex* you write that artist Mimosa Pale offers rides in a replica

"vagina on wheels." But as you can see in the photo, it's not a vagina; it's a vulva. Get a female copy editor—quick.

Stan Felder
Bowie, Maryland

You're right. But don't assume most women know the difference either. (Confused? The vagina is inside; the vulva is outside.)

OUR NEW LOOK

Your February redesign is a great combination of style and substance. I even bought a second copy.

Robert Catling
Hazleton, Pennsylvania

I still love the magazine but find the issue too busy, perhaps because you tried to change almost everything at once.

Chris Ponteri
Trenton, New Jersey

I am overjoyed by the new look of *Grapevine*—sneak peeks and gotcha moments are meant to be seen in glorious living color.

Dale Armelin
Commerce City, Colorado

After years as a subscriber I decided to leave PLAYBOY to the younger readers. However, after a few months I missed the magazine and resubscribed. Imagine my surprise when the first issue I received had an impressive redesign. The photos of Playmate Jessica Burciaga (*Bet on Burciaga*) only confirm that I made the right decision.

Jody Martin
Greensboro, North Carolina



Marta Gut, native of Warsaw, translates to all languages.

POLISH DELIGHT

Marta Gut blew my mind (*Foreign Exchange: Love and Warsaw*, February), but when I turned the page to see more, there was nothing but an article on NFL refs! Curse you, PLAYBOY editors, for showing me heaven and then stealing it away.

Shawn Haney
Sacramento, California

Here's a bonus shot. The entire pictorial, from the July 2007 issue of our Polish edition, is posted in the Club (club.playboy.com).



PLAYBOY CLUB CALENDAR MODEL SEARCH

WIN A CHANCE TO BE IN PLAYBOY MAGAZINE



CALENDAR GIRL DATA SHEET

Name: Destiny Maniz

Bust: 34C Waist: 24 Hips: 34

Height: 5'6" Weight: 113

Birth Date: December 5, 1987

Turn-ons: Athletic guys with great bodies, unique style, ambition and confidence.

Turn-offs: Body Hair, bad teeth, guys that are too cocky, and bad dancers!



CALENDAR GIRL DATA SHEET

Name: Meghan Beck

Bust: 34DD Waist: 26 Hips: 36

Height: 5'6" Weight: 125

Birth Date: January 14, 1988

Turn-ons: Intelligence, business men, the 5 o'clock shadow.

Turn-offs: Men who are lazy or have no ambition, poor hygiene, and guys who try too hard!

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Winner is chosen at Playboy Club on the last Sunday of each month • Must be present to win



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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Erin Cummings

You can't meet Erin Cummings, currently of Joss Whedon's televised babefest *Dollhouse*, without first meeting her hair. "I love being a redhead," she says. "People expect the unexpected from redheads. I can say something controversial, but when it comes from me, people just say, 'Oh, that redhead—she's so saucy!'" Our interview is a laundry list of increasingly saucy reasons to watch Erin in her every saucy role—and it's a convincing list.

Why to see *Dollhouse* (on TV now): "It's Joss Whedon. Everything he touches turns to gold."

Why to see *Bitch Slap* (in theaters soon): "I have a pretty intense love scene with Julia Voth. It goes on and on, like for 10 minutes. You think, Okay, these two lesbians are finally done. But no, it keeps on. I don't know what will shock my parents more, that or the scene in which I get pulverized."

Why to see her *Nip/Tuck* episode (airing a few months from now): "I play a clever IRS agent. First I get to screw lothario Dr. Christian Troy in the biblical sense. Initially I'm bent over his desk, he's behind me, stuff is thrown everywhere, my glasses are falling off, my shirt's torn open, and my skirt's hiked up over my stockings with my garters showing. In the middle of the scene, I improvised, saying, 'Spank it!' It seemed appropriate. After that I screw him financially."

Why to see her in a hush-hush swords-and-sandals project (which she may do in 2010): "The part requires nudity, and I don't have a problem with that. It's part of portraying a character, and you get to show other sides: 'Wow, I saw Erin Cummings, and her portrayal was so deep and emotional. By the way, her rack was really hot too.'"

Oh, that redhead. She's so...saucy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NADIA PANDOLFO



Revenge of the Pod People Let's Get Small

Luxury hotels are excellent—we're not about to trash the idea of an indulgent getaway with much pampering. Ideally, a soft-footed Thai expert in spine cracking is involved. But really, we take luxury as it comes. At the same time, there is much to be said for a jaunt the entire point of which is to experience the charms of the immediate urban area. Sometimes you go to see the city, not to lounge in the room. For just that reason, we welcome the travel trend of dormitory-style "pod" hotels and their (slightly larger) progenitor, "modular" hotels, with rooms for under \$100. If you're making merry in the capital of merry old England, we can recommend the **Yotel Gatwick (1)**, a pod inside the airport that will let you recharge before you depart the sceptered isle without draining your purse of farthings, shillings, tuppence and ha'pennies. In New York book a room at the woody and vaguely nautical **Jane Hotel (2)**, an oasis of smallness within the 24-hour party of the West Village. Burning a few down Dutch-style? Try the supermod **CitizenM (3)** in Amsterdam. Check in. Go out. Get crazy. Crash. Shower. Check out. Small rooms for big cities—anything more would be too civilized.



1



2



3

WAY UP

Indians: The hottest TV host is *Top Chef's* Padma Lakshmi. The hottest starlet is *Slumdog Millionaire's* Freida Pinto. Now ultraconservative India even boasts a porn star, in **Priya Anjali Rai**. Outsourcing rules!



Girl Watcher

The word on things feminine

UP

Sleeve Tattoos: As demonstrated by alt-pinups **Anne Lindfeld** and **Sabina Kelley**, sleeves allow artistic expression in the margins and leave the goodies in the middle as God intended.



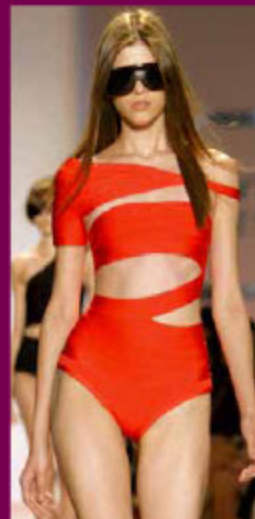
DOWN

Botox: Sales of the pricey forehead-smoothing process are slumping. As a low-cost alternative, many **cougars** are simply growing bangs down to their eyebrows. Go get 'em, tiger.



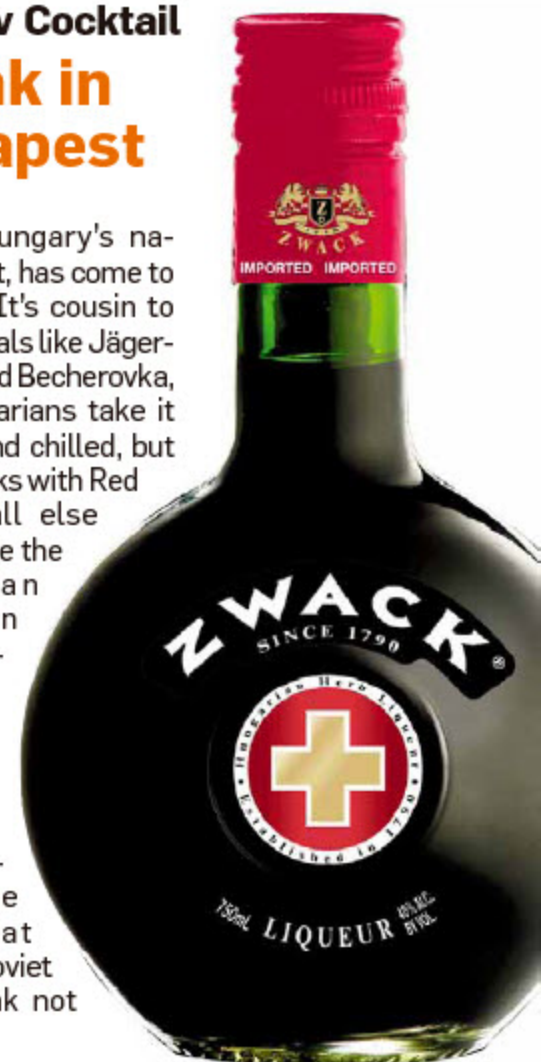
HOLDING STEADY

Cutouts: This summer you'll continue to see swimsuits with pieces missing. Just beware the increasingly **elaborate designs**—something that looks this hard to get on can't be easy to remove.



Molotov Cocktail Drunk in Budapest

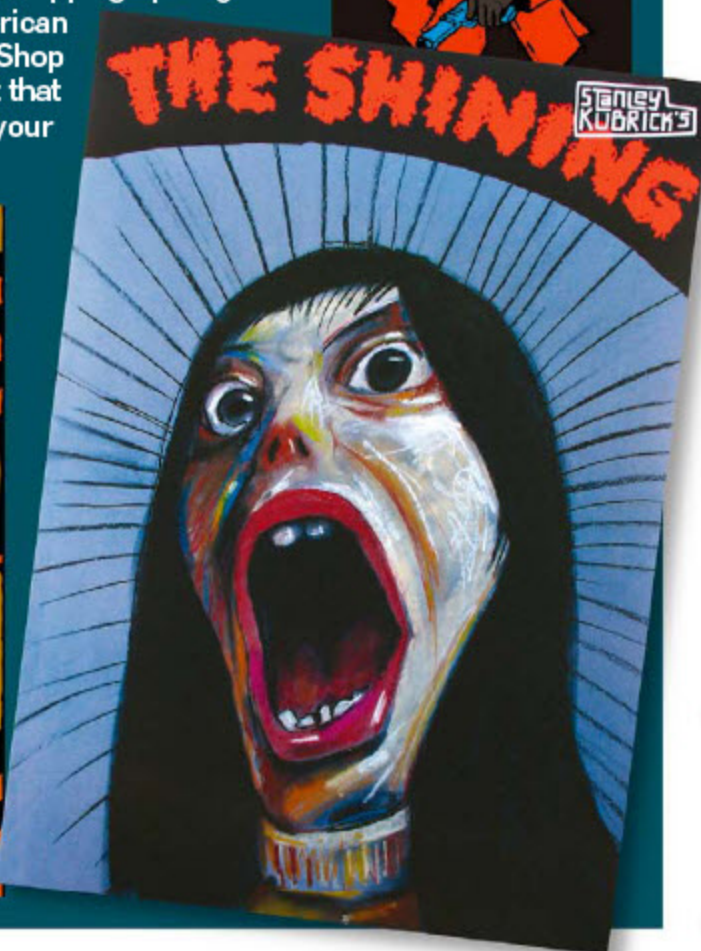
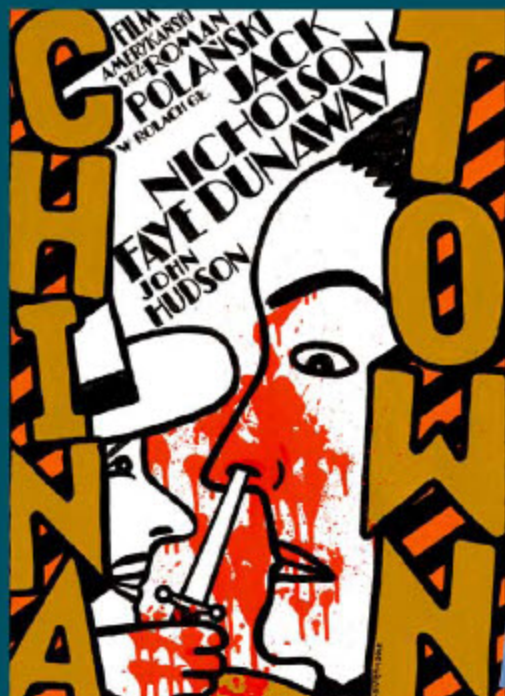
Zwack, Hungary's national spirit, has come to America. It's cousin to other herbals like Jägermeister and Becherovka, and Hungarians take it straight and chilled, but it also works with Red Bull. If all else fails, do like the Hungarian rebels in 1956: Insert cloth wick, light on fire and launch the cante-loupe-size bottle at nearest Soviet tank. (Tank not included.)



Foreign Films

Hollywood via Warsaw

American movie-poster art may be at an all-time low; perhaps it didn't have far to fall in the first place. Since the post-war era the home of truly arresting surrealist (and, later, expressionist) one-sheets has been—where else?—Poland. Today Hollywood's cognoscenti are snapping up originals and limited-edition "tributes" to American films, such as the ones seen here. Shop PolishPoster.com for pop-culture art that will instantly up the cool factor in your office or basement lounge.



Dialed In Nightlife 911!

In the olden days Single Man would bounce from bar to bar, looking for love in every wrong place. No more. Here's how to telephonically improve your nights out:

- 1. Play PhoneTag:** If you're in a noisy club, nothing is lamer than having to go outside to listen to a voice mail (the gist of which ends up being "Dude, don't wait up"). The PhoneTag service transcribes voice mails left by your inconsiderate pals, so you can read them as text messages when you're sitting next to the boomin' system.
- 2. Go mobile:** When you need to bail on a bad date, Google Latitude lets you find nearby friends. It also works if it's closing time and you'd like to send a shout-out to any lonely women in a three-block radius.
- 3. Burn it:** *Burner* is slang for a cheap, essentially disposable phone. Boost Mobile offers the \$30 i425t, while Virgin Mobile's Marbl and Aloha are just \$10. Save phone numbers and give yours without revealing your "real" digits to girls you don't remember—or want to forget.

EX-HOLE Slang term (*ex + asshole*) for a lover who calls it off in a less than courageous way—say, via text message, Facebook or simply vanishing into thin air.



Employee of the Month Brianna Alexia

PLAYBOY: What do you do?

BRIANNA: I work for a high-end private airline. I track flights and weather issues. I make sure passengers have everything they need for their trips: hotels, catering, shopping, entertainment and rental cars.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into the aviation field?

BRIANNA: Years ago a friend who worked for Pan Am—yes, *that* many years ago—got me a job. I've been flying around the world ever since.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever work as a stewardess?

BRIANNA: That's flight attendant! And yes, I have.

PLAYBOY: What type of clientele does your airline serve?

BRIANNA: They're mostly bankers and celebrities.

PLAYBOY: Has the recession hurt the business?

BRIANNA: No, bankers still fly.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite part of the job?

BRIANNA: I suppose in this econ-

omy it's actually just being employed. But it's also nice to know I can hop a flight to St. Barts whenever I please.

PLAYBOY: Where do you go when you're not flying to exotic locations?

BRIANNA: I'm a simple girl; my friends and I go to Buffalo Wild Wings or out for sake every week. We go barhopping. We go to baseball, football and hockey games.

PLAYBOY: Would you prefer a guy to whisk you off to a Caribbean island or buy you a drink at a chain restaurant?

BRIANNA: It doesn't matter where we are or what we do. I just want to be romanced—although I can get us a discount to the Caribbean.

PLAYBOY: Are you a member of the mile-high club?

BRIANNA: No. In the biz, we consider that tacky.

PLAYBOY: Okay, here's another tacky question: Would you ever consider grooming yourself in the "landing strip" pattern?

BRIANNA: I don't like to shave and tell. Oh, and in the spirit of being corny, just know I can fly you to places you've never been.



SEE MORE OF BRIANNA AT CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM.
APPLY TO BE AN EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH AT PLAYBOY.COM/POSE.

Movie of the Month Angels & Demons

By Stephen Rebello

In *The Da Vinci Code* Harvard symbology professor Robert Langdon (Tom Hanks) exposes the Catholic Church's best-kept secret by tracing Jesus's bloodline to a modern descendant. Now, in *Angels & Demons*, the Vatican—apparently not sore at Langdon for that potential PR nightmare—calls on him to investigate bizarre cardinal killings tied to a terrorist plot. Ron Howard returns to direct Hanks alongside Ewan McGregor, Stellan Skarsgård and Ayelet Zurer in a script based on the Dan Brown novel. "Tom, Ron and I wanted this one to have more velocity than *The Da Vinci Code*, in which Langdon is a puzzle solver in a whodunit," says producer Brian Grazer. "*Angels & Demons* takes place some time after the events in the earlier movie, and this time Tom's character is running for his life. He propels the action. The movie be-



gins with him swimming; he's ripped, he has this great haircut, and he looks hot. The film has a very big scope and wraps an action thriller around the universal question of God versus science."

Now Showing: Things get hairier for Hugh Jackman in *X-Men Origins: Wolverine*; Zachary Quinto beams up for *Star Trek*; Matthew McConaughey grapples with *Ghosts of Girlfriends Past*.

PRANK ME:

Sacha Baron Cohen's pranks for the mockumentary *Brüno*, centered on the titular flamboyant Austrian reporter, made news just as his stunts for *Borat* did. Cohen was detained by Milan police, snubbed by Arnold Schwarzenegger and booed by a crowd expecting to see a cage match who instead got two men ripping each other's clothes off and kissing.

DVDs of the Month



Star Trek: Original Motion Picture Collection You'll purr like a tribble now that the first six *Star Trek* movies have been restored and beamed down on Blu-ray, including for the first time in any format the original theatrical versions of *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* and *The Undiscovered Country*. **Best extra:** A roundtable with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Patrick Stewart and Jonathan Frakes, moderated by Whoopi Goldberg. Sold separately is *Star Trek: The Original Series, Season One* (BD), with (or without) enhanced special effects. **YYY** —Buzz McClain



The Wrestler It will be hard to shake off the unflinching realism of Mickey Rourke's battered, middle-aged wrestler pathetically playing out his final act before fans and pining for sexy stripper Marisa Tomei. In this gritty, unglamorous world, redemption comes at a high price—if at all. **Best extra:** *Wrestler Round Table*. **YYY½** —Bryan Reesman



Johnny Got His Gun Timothy Bottoms plays a soldier reduced in battle to a piece of meat—no limbs, no face. Until a nurse jerks him off, no one even knows his mind is alive. This disturbing and potent 1971 antiwar drama finally makes its U.S. DVD debut. **Best extra:** Featurette on writer-director Dalton Trumbo's Hollywood blacklisting. **YYY** —B.M.



Tease Frame

In *Where the Truth Lies* (pictured), Alison Lohman plays a journalist investigating Kevin Bacon and Colin Firth's comedy duo. Pretty tame, right? Actually, Lohman's scenes helped earn the blistering noir an NC-17 rating. The smoky-eyed blonde next appears in Sam Raimi's eerie supernatural thriller *Drag Me to Hell*.

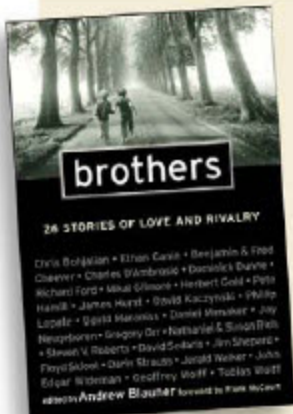


Game of the Month Wanted: Weapons of Fate

Very few game makers can successfully pull off subtlety, which is why most movie-inspired games suck. *Wanted: Weapons of Fate* (360, PC, PS3) succeeds because the source material (the game is based more on the film than the comic) is spectacular and simpleminded. These are far easier traits on which to build a good game. The story picks up where the movie ends, with Wesley taking further vengeance on renegade assassins (including new characters such as the fatally gorgeous Araña, left) and flashing back to Wesley's father in his prime. Its cover and weapons mechanics are clever evolutions of those used in *Gears of War* and *Resistance: Fall of Man*, allowing you to feel both exhilaratingly agile and at one with your sidearm. The bullet-curving control and close-combat knifing moves are especially satisfying. Though the storytelling is lackluster at times and the game has no multiplayer, fans of either *Wanted* or bloodthirsty action experiences will have a blast. **YYY½** —Scott Stein

My Brother, Myself

Watch the boys in this rich anthology battle and booze, worship, envy, argue and die, and try not to think of your own brother. *Brothers*, edited by Andrew Blauner, is aptly subtitled *26 Stories of Love and Rivalry*; by the end, you'll wish there were a single word for that fraternal emotion ("loaltry"?). In this sampler with a surprising number of writer brothers (Wolffs, Cheevers, etc.), it's David Kaczynski's tale of recognizing the Unabomber in an older Ted that haunts and Rooster Sedaris who amuses, while Phillip Lopate nails it, calling his brother "my personal metaphor for life." **YYYY** —Jess Walter



Velvet Crush

Based on real-life undercover MI6 agent Violette Szabo, *Velvet Assassin* (360, PC) offers stealth action behind enemy lines during World War II. Plus her bum is better than Sam Fisher's (of *Splinter Cell* fame).



Mix-Tape Musts

"Jigsaw," Lady Sovereign (pictured, 1) Anyone who wrote her off as a mere grime MC can suck on this proper guitar-based song. Yes, she still talks shit.

"The Royal We," Silversun Pickups Wildly cascading guitars inject a little Sonic Youth into the ethereal, Smashing Pumpkins-esque sound.

"Kingdom of Rust," Doves (2) Title track of the new album starts with spaghetti Western swagger and unfolds with strings, bells and more guitars.

"Help I'm Alive," Metric The wait is over: *Fantasies*, the new album, is coming. Here, Emily goes hellum-hued on the driving, guitar-driven chorus.

"Collapse the Walls," Mr. Lif (3) The backdrop of this track from the Def Jux MC's new *I Heard It Today* LP could be late-1960s psych.

"Eye of the Needle," The Datsuns The New Zealand band breaks its two-minute garage-rocking mold on this brooding six-minute slow burn.

"21st Century Breakdown," Green Day (4) The melody echoes "Let My Love Open the Door," and the stinging guitars in the bridge are pure Townshend. Sample lyric: "Scream, America, scream!"

"Supply & Demand," Fischerspooner Think of this icy-cool synth pop as a lost Pet Shop Boys anthem.

"1000 Cigarettes," MSTRKRFT (5) The bonus version, featuring Freeway, is like a crunk-ass reimagining of Justice. Sick.



"It Don't Move Me," Peter Bjorn and John (6) A deep, soulful piano line distinguishes this catchy return to form from the "Young Folks" trio.

"Mrs. Bongo," Tosca The plan: lick her body till morning and then, when the sun comes up, tell her, "Baby, it's not morning yet." The soundtrack: this.

"Get Me Up," Young Love (7) If the funky former rocker's output falls somewhere between Fall Out Boy and Justin Timberlake, this is at the JT end.

"D...D...D...Jay," Buraka Som Sistema A hipster Portuguese bass crew puts its spin on Kuduro and baile funk. File with M.I.A. and Bonde Do Role.

"You Don't Have a Clue," Röyksopp (8) The light, deft touch you love from its song in that Gelco ad, plus otherworldly female vocals.

"We're Going to Hell," Cursive Alongside an actual organ, a weebegone violin drones like an organ. The Omaha veterans are always interesting.

"We Will Walk," Matisyahu (9) Sunny let's-run-off-together ditty from new album by everyone's favorite Orthodox reggae sensation.

"Ololufe Mi," Koola Lobitos From awesome reissued *Nigeria 70* compilation, a survey of Lagos's funky 1970s Afropop. The low end here is almost dublike.

"Hazel," Junior Boys Winsome electronica with a bit of 1980s funk thrown in for good measure.

"Piranha," The Prodigy (10) Original lineup delivers the magic and the menace again—this track even echoes the band's rave classic "Wind It Up."

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

THE PLAYBOY POLL



HOW DO YOU PREFER A WOMAN TO KEEP HER BIKINI TRIANGLE?

WHAT WE'RE THINKING:

WAXED BARE 40% LANDING STRIP 25% BUSH LIGHT 9%
TRIMMED SHORT 20% BUSH 6%

NEXT UP: GO TO PLAYBOY.COM/WWT TO ANSWER JUNE'S QUESTIONS, INCLUDING:

WHERE IS THE MOST EXOTIC PLACE YOU'VE HAD SEX?

IN THE BACK OF A CAR IN NATURE ON CAMERA
ON A PLANE IN THE OFFICE IN THE BUTT
IN A CANOE IN A PUBLIC BUILDING

42,500 **31,000**

The number of military troops, National Guardsmen and police officers who formed the security force for President Obama's inauguration.

THE NUMBER OF U.S. TROOPS SERVING IN AFGHANISTAN.



DUE MAINLY TO MONEY-RELATED EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS, REQUESTS FOR COUNSELING INCREASED BY 40% AT EMPLOYEE-ASSISTANCE PROVIDER COMPSYCH IN 2008'S SECOND HALF.



SINCE 1992 AT LEAST **7** SPECTATORS HAVE DIED AS A RESULT OF MISHAPS AT MONSTER-TRUCK SHOWS. AND YOU THOUGHT GRAVE DIGGER WAS JUST A NAME.

ONE IN SIX

AMERICAN HOUSEHOLDS HAVE ABANDONED THEIR LANDLINES AND USE ONLY CELL PHONES.



Vespa-style scooters made since 2006 produce 72% less carbon dioxide on average than the typical car, but because they're too small for catalytic converters and emission controls, the scooters can lawfully spew more than eight times the amount of hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides into the air.

ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

Adult Americans of all categories who were born between 1975 and 1986 are taller than their parents' generation except for female African Americans, who on average are more than half an inch shorter than their mothers.

PRICE CHECK



\$37,500: Price paid at Christie's auction house for this nude of the woman who would become Madonna. It was expected to sell for no more than **\$15,000**.

The photo was taken in 1979 by Lee Friedlander. "She told me she was putting a band together," Friedlander said, "but half the kids that age are doing that." It wasn't until Friedlander and his wife saw *Desperately Seeking Susan* that he realized he had shots of the Material Girl wearing none at all. He promptly gave us a ring and sold us the publication rights; photos from the session (though not the one pictured here) ran in our September 1985 issue.

WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

FORTY PERCENT

ACCORDING TO THE BOOK *ARE YOU NORMAL ABOUT SEX, LOVE AND RELATIONSHIPS?*, 40% OF WOMEN HAVE HURLED FOOTWEAR AT A MAN.

ACTUALLY, THERE IS HOPE IN DOPE: MARIJUANA GROWERS IN CALIFORNIA'S MENDOCINO COUNTY TAKE IN ABOUT **\$1 BILLION**

IN REVENUE EACH YEAR. CANNABIS ACCOUNTS FOR APPROXIMATELY TWO THIRDS OF THE LOCAL SMOKIN' ECONOMY.



FIFTY-EIGHT %

of surveyed Wall Street workers say they would steal company data and take it with them if they were being laid off and thought they wouldn't be caught.

ACCORDING TO A STUDY BY DELOITTE, THE TOP 10 MOST INFLUENTIAL ADVERTISING MEDIA ARE, IN DESCENDING ORDER:

TV, MAGAZINES, THE INTERNET, NEWSPAPERS, RADIO, BILLBOARDS, SOCIAL-NETWORKING SITES, IN-THEATER ADS, DVDS AND BLOGS.



The Tequila Pilgrim

What I learned while in search of the finest cactus juice in the world

The Jalisco region of midwest Mexico is to tequila what Bordeaux, France is to wine and Bardstown, Kentucky is to bourbon. I needed to drink there. Perhaps you understand this urge. Tequila and Arandas are the most important towns to visit, but you'll want to stay in Guadalajara, which sits right between them. I suggest booking an upscale hotel; I didn't and met both creepy crawlies and an even creepier desk clerk I dubbed Latino John Waters. In retrospect, I'd recommend the Quinta Real (quintareal.com) or Camino Real (caminoreal.com). Around the tiny village of Tequila you'll find hills dotted with blue agave, the plant from which the sacred brew is made. You'll also find Jose Cuervo, Sauza and other giants. The Cuervo distillery tour (book at mundocuervo.com) will teach you how tequila is made before you imbibe some of its range, which goes from base to outstanding. There's also an art gallery, so you can tell your girlfriend you did something on your vacation that didn't involve loco juice. Afterward, hit the bar at the boutique hotel Tierra Magica (tierramagica.com.mx). Arandas is even sleepier than Tequila but is home to some great distilleries, like Cazadores, Corazón and Tezón. The four bars to hit in town are Los Inmortales, El Coyote, Destilados and El Carajos. Endear yourself to the locals by ordering a paloma (tequila and Squirt soda), and tell them Dan sent you. —Dan Dunn

About Time



We've seen every kind of precious metal and jewel stuffed into high-end watches, so it's refreshing to see one that uses dust and steel instead. So why does the Moon DNA watch (romainjerome.ch) cost up to \$500,000? Because the dust is from the surface of the moon, and the steel is from an actual spacecraft.



Music Supporter

Custom belt buckles can be fashion-forward, provided they're moderately discreet. A giant brass one that reads OPEN WITH CARE: CONTENTS MAY EXPLODE is not what we're talking about. These guitar-neck belt buckles (\$95, gorillaviny.com) are made from the fret boards of vintage guitars and contain just the right amount of novelty, presented in an understated way. In other words, they're the kind of awesome that doesn't need to shout.



Have a Art

We get sad when we think about the immense acreage of blank gray corporate laptop lids in the world. It's simply too much space to leave unloved. Stop being part of the problem and visit infectious.com, where you can buy cheap, excellent art and put it anywhere you want in your life—on your iPod (\$10), your walls (\$60 to \$100), your car (\$390) and, yes, your laptop (\$30). The art itself is “crowd-sourced” (i.e., voted on by visitors to the site) and includes work such as *High Pass Filter* (above) by U.K. artist Byroglyphics.

Old Friend, New Brew

Two hundred and fifty years ago an enterprising lad named Arthur Guinness signed a 9,000-year lease on a Dublin brewery. He never recouped his security deposit, but his beer is still going strong. In celebration, Guinness is releasing a rare new offering, Anniversary Stout. Made with both stout and ale malts, it's lighter, crisper and more carbonated than its venerable forebear. Get it now, though—its lease is up in October.



Smooth Operator

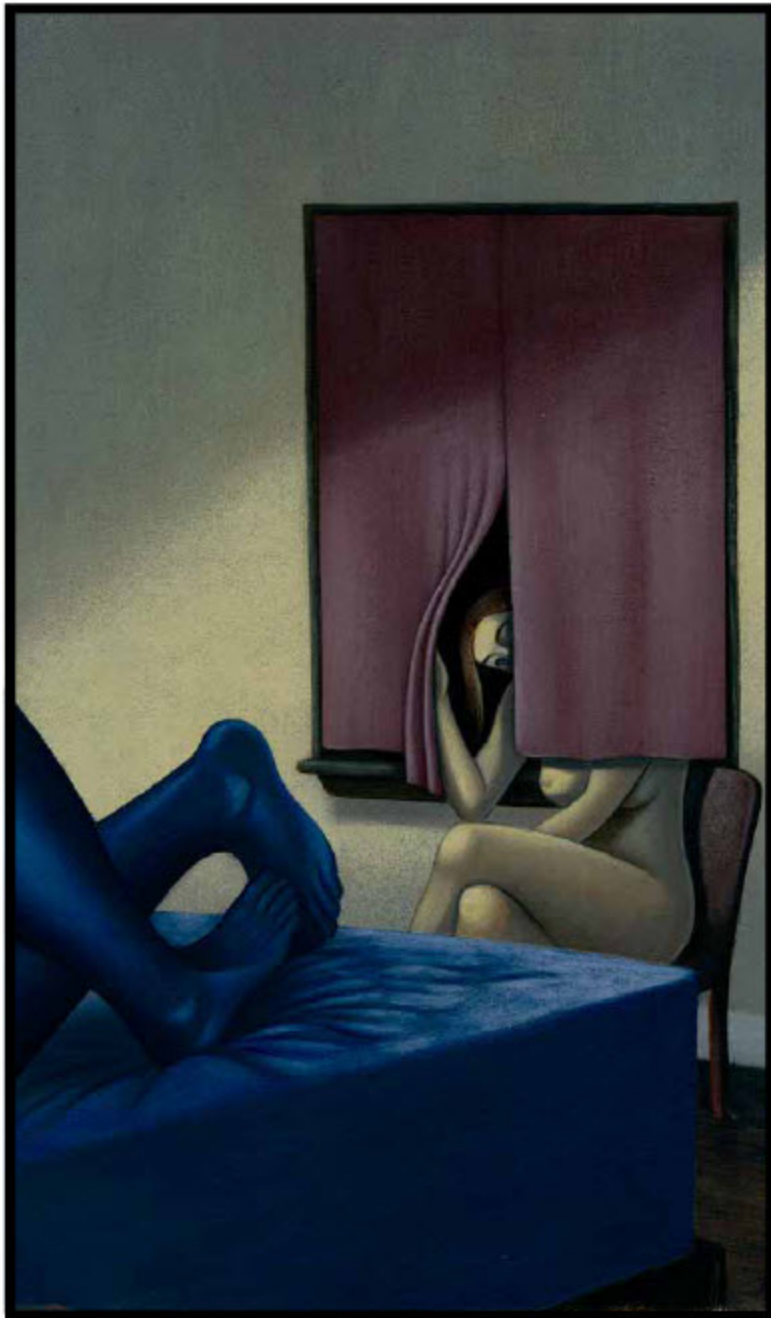
Palm was once king of the PDA-and-smart-phone game, but recently iPhones and BlackBerries have been getting all the headlines and going out on the town with the beautiful people. With the new Palm Pre (palm.com), however, the company is back. This truly lust-worthy smart phone has a responsive touch screen, a full slide-out keyboard, a wireless charging system and completely overhauled software under the hood. Plus, the Pre smartly combines information and contacts from multiple sources behind the scenes to radically simplify the life of the average mobile beautiful person.



Hack Your Life: Chop Down Your Cell-Phone Bill

The smarter your cell phone, the easier it is to avoid paying the phone company. Running Skype (skype.com) on your cell is a good first step. Windows Mobile users can download and install the Skype app, while other phone systems require third-party software. For the iPhone and iPod Touch, use Fring (fring.com), a Skype program that doubles as an instant-message app. On the BlackBerry, we like IM+ (shapeservices.com), and if you're an early Google Android adopter, Skype Lite is available from the Android Marketplace. With all these you'll need to have either a 3G data connection or Wi-Fi

on your phone in order to make calls (with Wi-Fi you must be within hot-spot range). Calling Skype users is free, but calling regular landlines and cell phones costs about two cents a minute—which is probably cheaper than using your plan's minutes. If you can't run Skype, shave your phone bill with Jaxtr.com, which lets you make long-distance and international calls using your cell-phone minutes. And don't forget negotiation: Calling your carrier's billing-services department, quoting their newest and cheapest rates and then asking for an adjustment can be surprisingly effective.

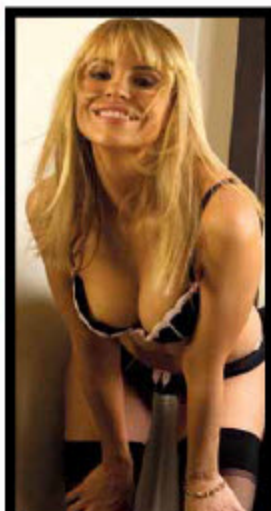


THREE CAN PLAY THAT GAME

WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN A THREESOME
DOESN'T GO QUITE
AS PLANNED?

SEE SUZY MCCOPPIN'S VIDEO LOGS
AT PLAYBOY.COM/PARTYGIRL.

ILLUSTRATION BY JON KRAUSE



BY
**SUZY
MCCOPPIN**

I've learned many things in my five-year stint in Los Angeles. I've learned that there are three different types of tofu, that Dr. Dre never actually went to medical school and that actors love threesomes. Men are wired to want to get laid as much as possible by as many orifices as possible, so naturally the threesome is quite convenient. Women? Our motives are more complicated—especially when there are two of us at the same time.

After appearing on a hit TV show I struck up a lukewarm romance with one of the show's actors, a fair-haired, pensive bohemian type. In order to avoid a lawsuit, let's call him Chuckles Bonanza. After a few weeks of dating it was time to consummate our affair. There was one problem: Caitlin, my leggy brunette friend from New York, was staying at my apartment. I summoned her to my couch for a powwow and relayed the situation. "Wow," she squealed. "I've never even seen a celebrity. I'm dying to meet him!" Fine. Chuckles Bonanza and I would have to wait to solidify our affair. Tonight he'd have to settle for dinner and a movie at my place with Caitlin.

It was at this point that I started to flirt with the notion of a threesome. Maybe we wouldn't have sex, just make out in various stages of undress. It would be fun and risqué but short of depraved. I was a threesome virgin. What was the big deal?

"So what should we do when he gets here?" I baited Caitlin.

"I don't wanna be in your way," she answered. "I mean, if you guys want to hook up."

"What if you were here but you weren't in the way?"

"You mean like hang out in your room?"

"No. I mean like..."

"Oh...you mean like..."

From Caitlin's starstruck enthusiasm and my calculated abandon, a plan was hatched. Said TV star would arrive at my apartment at precisely eight P.M. He would come armed with a copy of his latest film, as he was branching out into movies. Wine would be served, thereby allowing Caitlin and me to feign the appropriate level of enthusiasm for said project.

At 10:10 P.M. the plan was well under way. "Wow, you were really in the moment in that scene," Caitlin, an aspiring actress, gushed as we stared at my flat screen. "You

really found your truth." When the movie reached its climactic end, I started to panic. What was the next move? How does one segue from dinner and a movie into porno Twister? And then I felt a warm hand on my inner thigh and hot breath on my neck. I turned into a wet kiss that sent a microcurrent down my spine. Chuckles cocked his head toward Caitlin and held her close.

It unfolded seamlessly, Chuckles deftly employing the laws of balance, canceling out all opposing forces: jealousy, competition, complicated bra straps. I came to understand the importance of threesome etiquette. At its core is balance. Yes, oddly enough, a successful threesome is Tao-like in its construct.

With our undergarments forming a pile next to my couch, we headed toward the bedroom and crashed onto the bed. Caitlin raised the stakes and kissed me full on the mouth, sending Chuckles into a carnal cyclone. He flipped her on her back and paused for C. Everett Koop's approval.

"Do you have a condom?" he asked, panting.

"Yes, Chuckles, I believe I do."

I produced a Trojan and watched as Chuckles rocketed Caitlin into the fourth dimension. At this point I was mostly a spectator. If only I'd had the forethought to make popcorn. With no salted snacks to enhance the scene, I grew introspective as I watched Chuckles thrust atop Caitlin's writhing body. What was I doing here? How had this happened? Would I have to wash my sheets twice? It was all very existential.

After a nine-minute refractory period it was Bonanza time again. Dewy with sweat, he looked at me and asked, "Ready?" But I wasn't ready. I'd had enough visual masturbation fodder to last me until the final season of his show. Nevertheless I was impressed. It's safe to say Caitlin was too. Chuckles even stayed and cuddled for the customary length of time. And he called the next day.

Conclusion? The truth was I liked this guy. I wanted him to like me. And it seems most guys think arranging a threesome for them is an awfully nice gesture. Chuckles and I never did find love, and we haven't talked in a long time. Something tells me when this issue of PLAYBOY hits newsstands, I'll be hearing from him.

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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I have been married for three years. He stays home with our 18-month-old daughter while I work. For the past two years he has been obsessed with *World of Warcraft*. He plays from the time he wakes up until he goes to bed. We haven't done any activities as a family in more than a year. We haven't had sex in five months. I have tried to set time limits. I have to work overtime more than I should because he won't get a job. What can I do?—A.F., Tucson, Arizona

Although there is debate about whether excessive gaming can be considered an addiction, psychologists have found multiplayer role-playing sucks in some people. The games provide an enticing escape from the less stimulating challenges of reality (e.g., an unhappy wife, a demanding toddler, looking for work). The games are appealing because they have unpredictable story lines and provide attention and acclaim from other players, a phenomenon shrinks call "intermittent reinforcement." However, all is not lost. Millions of men and women play without dropping out, and the head of an Amsterdam clinic that specializes in treating hard-core gamers believes 90 percent could go cold turkey. The chief hurdle is that your husband doesn't see this as a problem; he dismisses you as a nag. Sad to say, you may have to remove yourself and your daughter from the situation to get his attention. He has abandoned the family already, so you would just be making it official.

I have \$15,000 in credit-card debt. I pay the minimum each month, but the finance charges keep me in a hole. What should I do?—M.L., Buffalo, New York

Two things you shouldn't do: pay off the cards with a home-equity line, which would have a lower rate but put your home at risk, or borrow from retirement savings. Instead, look for ways to cut spending. As difficult as it may seem, these are extraordinary times that require extraordinary measures. If you're renting, for example, you may need to find a less expensive place. Start making your own meals. Lose your landline. Your goal is not only to get rid of the card debt but to build an emergency cash fund. If you're still short, you can attempt to negotiate lower rates or transfer the balances to a card with better terms.

For guidance, contact the National Foundation for Credit Counseling (nfcc.org or 800-388-2227). You also should investigate social-networking sites such as LendingClub.com, where individuals pool their cash to make personal loans. Create a profile, and if you have

solid credit, a FICO score of at least 660 and a debt-to-income ratio, excluding your mortgage, below 25 percent, you'll be assigned a grade that determines your interest rate and processing fee. Once approved, you make your case to other members; paying off credit-card debt is a



In *Icon*, in your January issue, Carmen Electra admits she loves to buy sex toys but also enjoys "homemade fun" with clothes hangers. She describes it as involving "a little pleasure, a little pain" but doesn't say more. Do you have any idea what she's doing?—R.K., Columbus, Ohio

We can only imagine—and we have, repeatedly. Most likely Carmen is taking advantage of a classic bondage trick. Here's how Laura Corn describes it in *101 Sexy Dares*: After blindfolding your clothed partner with a scarf, "ask her to hold the hanger, gripping the ends. Then, while telling her how lovely she is and how much you've been thinking of her, tie her wrists to the hanger with two pieces of soft rope. Gently press her back to the bedroom door. Lift her arms over her head, and then hook the hanger over the top of the door." Next...well, get creative. Corn suggests leading her "through the slowest and most sensuous striptease of her life" as you undress and caress her. We'd grab a chair, pull out the box of sex toys and keep her guessing. To avoid leaving telltale gouges in the door, pick up some doorjamb restraints, available at Amazon.com or Blowfish.com for \$20 a pair. Made by Sportsheets, they're two-inch-wide strips of nylon webbing with Velcro fasteners on one end and a chrome tube on the other that you hang over the door before closing it. If you buy two sets, you can also restrain her ankles.

lead life according to the radical proposition that sex is nice and pleasure is good for you." As it happens, there is a crucial shortage of sluts.

My friend's fiancé has asked me to help him pick out tuxedos for the wedding.

common request. Those who respond will each fund a small portion of the loan to limit their risk. You can borrow \$1,000 to \$25,000, which you repay in 36 monthly installments that Lending Club divides and distributes to your new best friends.

A funky smell comes and goes from my junk. No matter how much I wash, it will not go away. How do I stop it?—M.R., Detroit, Michigan

Since, as you know, male genitalia usually smell like lilac and honeysuckle, you likely have a recurring fungal infection. These take hold in the urethra (as a yeast infection—yes, guys can get them too), under the foreskin (if you have one) or below and behind the scrotum (jock itch). Keep your loins dry, and apply an antifungal cream twice a day for a few weeks to see if that helps. Antifungals available over-the-counter include tolnaftate (Tinactin), miconazole (Micatin), butenafine (Lotrimin Ultra) and clotrimazole (Lotrimin). Clotrimazole is also the active ingredient in NodorO, which is a typical antifungal except it's marketed to treat the previously unknown condition MGO (male genital odor). With any luck your junk will soon again be enticing female nostrils.

A reader said in February that his wife asks for lingerie but rarely wears it. In our marriage, lingerie and silk boxers or pajamas are understood to be gifts we both can enjoy. If either of us so desires a return engagement, we lay out the gift on the bed. It's not subtle, but it works.—S.P., Huntington Harbour, California

Thanks, good suggestion. It also works to lie nude on the bed.

My wife and I are upset by your response in February to the reader who asked why he got aroused when his wife flashed him in a bookstore. You described her as "a total slut." The definition of slut is "a dirty, slovenly, dissolute woman." Her wonderfully outrageous behavior may have been salacious, libidinous or lascivious, but it certainly was not slutty.—P.D., Greensboro, North Carolina

We prefer the definition offered by Dossie Easton and Catherine Liszt in their classic guide to nonmonogamy, *The Ethical Slut*: "A slut is a person of any gender who has the courage to

I have no idea what to look for. Any suggestions?—Q.P., Overland Park, Kansas

Look for an exit. This is a no-win situation for you and your friend. His fiancée should be helping him select the tuxes.

I won a cocktail-creating contest, beating out 54 other entrants. I would like to contact whiskey companies, but before I do, how do I go about protecting my recipe? Do I copyright or trademark it?—T.A., Ocean City, New Jersey

This may be a challenge. The U.S. Copyright Office will register a recipe only if it contains "substantial literary expression in the form of an explanation or directions." In other words, you can't claim ownership of a list of ingredients followed by "Shake well." If you shake it between your knees while upside down on a stripper pole, maybe. For the record, you own the copyright on any original work the moment you write it down. You can add a statement such as "Copyright 2009" and your name to reinforce your claim, but it's not a legal necessity. If you spend \$35 and register your work (see copyright.gov), it will be difficult for anyone to argue he or she couldn't have known. To protect the name of the drink you would apply for a trademark.

A reader who had just purchased a nine-millimeter handgun wrote in February to ask about the shelf life of his ammunition. Rather than using a bullet puller, the best way to dispose of old ammo is to fire it at a range. This will help you become familiar with the new weapon while improving your marksmanship. In addition, many adventuresome and sexy women enjoy shooting, so you may meet someone. Or you can take a date.—R.D., Helena, Montana

That's a great idea and much more fun than pulling the bullet by yourself at home.

In 2005 a reader asked about wireless home-theater speakers. You told him to wait a year, saying the technology had not matured. After four years has it gotten any better?—B.R., Chelsea, Michigan

We cornered our tech editor, Scott Alexander, for an update. "Everyone thought wireless speakers would be the wave of the future, but they never took off," he says. "A big drawback is you have to power them, so they're going to have wires. An option now is a soundbar, which is essentially a bunch of speakers in a single unit, each mounted at a different angle to give an approximation of surround sound. Samsung, Yamaha and Polk each make one. Your mileage will vary depending on the size and shape of your room. But don't count out old faithful: The nice thing about conventional speakers is they don't require an external power source, so if you can get wire to them, they're relatively low maintenance. Also, a company called FlatWire TV (flatwirestore.com) makes paper-thin, bendable, one-inch-wide wires that can be glued to the wall and ceiling and painted over."

Thank you for the chili recipe you shared in February, which you said had gotten you laid three times. I made the chili for a

hot blonde (I added cilantro and chopped tomatoes) and am pleased to report that for the fourth time it has gotten someone laid.—A.V., New York, New York

Glad to help. We would have gotten laid four times, but she got tired of eating it.

As a 50-year fan of PLAYBOY and a sixth-generation Texan, I am appalled at your chili recipe. Chicken, great northern beans, olives? That's not chili—it's white-bean soup! We Texans invented chili, and it's supposed to consist of lean ground sirloin (or venison or armadillo meat), chopped onion, chopped jalapeño peppers, some garlic, a can of Rotel tomatoes, chili powder, cumin, a can of tomato sauce and a bottle of Shiner bock. It's best made while watching a Dallas Cowboys game. Woodrow Call and Augustus McCrae have to be turning in their graves knowing you recommended a Yankee recipe for chili.—R.C., Nashville, Tennessee

Point taken. Our next date will enjoy your chili before we take her to the firing range.

In February you claimed rolled-up sleeves work only for students and cockfights. I work in an office where it's completely acceptable to roll up your sleeves. Given the debacle that is business casual (I've seen colleagues in untucked polos and collarless golf shirts), having rolled sleeves doesn't deserve a second look.—T.V., Jersey City, New Jersey

We didn't say you couldn't get away with it, especially if you're not interacting with the public. But in our view, there's no point in being the best-dressed sloppy dresser in the office.

My best friend lives with her sister, who is dating a guy with voyeuristic tendencies. My friend and her fiancé were showering together and noticed a small hole in a corner of the ceiling. Upon investigation, they found a camera. They confronted the boyfriend, who said he had meant only to record himself and her sister but never got it to work. Later, while dressing after a shower, my friend found the boyfriend's phone on a desk, recording video. He gave the same bullshit excuse—he had meant to record himself and her sister. My friend has told her sister what happened, but she defends him. My friend asked me for advice, but I wasn't sure what to tell her. Is there any good way to deal with this?—B.B., Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Didn't we see your friend and her fiancé on the Internet? It's past time for her to move out. In the meantime, since she can't be sure of what Mr. Peepers has managed to film, she should have a lawyer explain to him the risk he faces of a civil suit and/or criminal charges.

You note in February that the only primates besides humans known to engage in scissors sex are "female bonobo monkeys." Bonobos are apes, not monkeys. You can tell a monkey from an ape by looking at their behind. Monkeys have a tail; apes do not. I expect more from

a magazine known for its expertise in tail.—A.S., Worthington, Ohio

You can imagine why we got that wrong.

Besides engaging in scissors sex, bonobo apes are the only primates other than humans whose females mate even when they're not in heat. Apparently, bonobos, chimps and humans all split off about the same time from a common ancestor, leading to speculation over who we are the most like—horny bonobos or violent chimps. I'm thinking both. This all comes from watching PBS.—J.D., Portland, Oregon

There's a pickup line in there somewhere.

In February you defined *player* as "a man or woman of any age who has sex with a number of partners without the intention of developing an emotional relationship." In fact, you cannot be a player unless you are in a relationship. Otherwise you're just single. FYI, player rules date to the early 1980s. They include: (1) Either person can call off the affair with no questions asked. In rare cases players agree to hook up only a specific number of times, so emotional bonds can't form. (2) Discretion is key. Good players hook up only in distant bars, restaurants and hotels. They always have a story ready in case they run into someone they know. Further, they never boast to a friend about the hottie they're sleeping with, because he or she may not always be a friend. (3) Should either player be diagnosed with an STD, he or she must immediately notify the other. Worry about who gave what to whom later.—T.C., St. Clair Shores, Michigan

The men and women you describe are not players; they're cheaters. The only legitimate married players are swingers.

Bravo to the reader who said in February he planned to buy a 250 cc as his first motorcycle. Too many new riders feel they should get the largest bike they can afford; they can't wait to be a racer, outlaw or world traveler. I've been riding for 30 years, and the most valuable lessons came during the early stages. Novice mistakes are less painful and less expensive on a smaller bike. Also, don't spend every last cent on the bike. You'll need a quality helmet, gloves, boots and a jacket. Dress for the crash, not for the ride.—D.G., Houston, Texas

That's good advice in general.

*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, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com. Our greatest-hits collection, *Dear Playboy Advisor*, is available in bookstores and online.*



CHUCK PALAHNIUK

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

A candid conversation with one of America's most talented and shocking writers on his twisted mind, his strange childhood and watching his fans pass out

Chuck Palahniuk is one of the most popular, outrageous, shocking—and scarily talented—contemporary American writers, a “gross-out-thriller author extraordinaire,” according to *The New York Observer*, and, says *The Washington Post*, “one of the most feverish imaginations in American letters.” He has been compared to Jonathan Swift and Kurt Vonnegut, and his dozen books have sold a total of 4 million copies. Author of such megasensations as *Fight Club* and *Choke*, Palahniuk has a zealously devoted cult following and, increasingly, a mainstream one as well. *People* magazine wrote, “Among sick puppies, Palahniuk is top dog.” It was meant as the highest praise.

Pygmy, Palahniuk's latest novel, is typically inventive, hilarious, moving and deeply disturbing. Written from the perspective of a killer disguised as a foreign-exchange student and bent on the destruction of America, the book is replete with severed body parts and spewing bodily fluids, contains a grotesque rape and is a vicious, comical satire of everything from Christianity (“the bogus faith of a false prophet”) to education (calibrated to “degrade all dignity”) to the sexual peccadilloes of the rich and famous.

Fight Club remains Palahniuk's signature work, having been made into a movie by director David Fincher, starring Edward Norton and Brad Pitt. Pitt's character, Tyler Durden, charismatic and terrifying, compelling and sadis-

tic, has his own following of fans who celebrate (and sometimes emulate) his antics, which are designed to instill mayhem and express disgust with the status quo. Durden, working as a waiter in the movie, “farted on the meringue, sneezed on braised endive and, as for the cream of mushroom soup, well...” Like Durden, fans of the book have founded real fight clubs where men come to beat the hell out of one another.

Along with his books and the movies based on them (*Choke*, starring Sam Rockwell and Anjelica Huston, was released last year), Palahniuk is also known for his packed book-tour events that are part reading and part performance art. Touring for the 2008 book *Snuff*, about a porn star aiming to set the world gang-bang record (her goal is 600 “fornications” in a day), Palahniuk tossed inflatable sex dolls into the audience. Other events have elicited dramatic reactions from some audience members; at readings of Palahniuk's short story “Guts,” originally published in *PLAYBOY*, more than 200 people have fainted.

Palahniuk's own background story reads like one of his more horror-filled novels. Born in 1962 in Pasco, Washington, Palahniuk has said he had “a regular, tense American childhood.” The truth is it was tenser than many. When he was five, his father came close to severing one of Chuck's fingers with an ax, on purpose. His parents divorced when he was 13. Later Chuck was let in on a fam-

ily secret: As a child, his father had hidden under a bed and watched his father, Chuck's grandfather, murder Chuck's grandmother and then shoot himself. Calamity and terror continued when, in 1999, Palahniuk's father and his girlfriend were shot to death by her ex-husband.

Palahniuk graduated from the University of Oregon and has worked as a diesel mechanic and journalist. In his mid-30s he began to attend writing workshops run by novelist Tom Spanbauer, a renowned Portland, Oregon writer. Spanbauer's concept of “dangerous writing” inspired Palahniuk's close-to-the-bone subject matter.

Upon the publication of *Pygmy*, *PLAYBOY* sent contributing editor David Sheff to meet Palahniuk in Portland, where the author lives. “Palahniuk was correct when he said people expect Tyler Durden or Charles Manson when they first meet him,” Sheff says. “I did. But he's far from either. Instead, he's soft-spoken, gentle and extremely thoughtful. He's also a captivating storyteller. He has you hysterically laughing, and then his stories, much like his books, take a sharp turn, often to the macabre or heartbreaking—or both.”

PLAYBOY: Your new book, *Pygmy*, isn't the first in which your characters are determined to bring about the apocalypse. Your narrator, *Pygmy*, plans to destroy America, and his Operation Havoc is reminiscent of Project



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS RYAN

“I had volunteered at hospices and was around people who were dying. I saw that people open up in a different, very raw way when they're dealing with death. Around death you can have bold, cathartic experiences. We miss them in life.”

“There are many templates for how women can come together and talk about their experience. Men don't have those sorts of things. We don't usually sit around just talking, as women do. More often we're doing something.”

“I think every stage of life comes with its own terrors, the things you cannot fix or at least haven't. In every book I approach these anxieties and fears and try to fully explore and exhaust my emotions around them.”

Mayhem in *Fight Club*. Do you really want to blow the whole thing up and start over?

PALAHNIUK: I'm just having some fun. I find it nice to put two words together that are almost a paradox. *Operation* sounds so officious and *havoc* so chaotic. The same with *project* and *mayhem*. *Mayhem* sounds like fun. *Havoc* sounds like fun. *Fight Club* does too. I mean, it's a club.

PLAYBOY: Pygmy looks at humanity with disgust. Do you?

PALAHNIUK: It's just that I've always been fascinated by imagining the way someone would see us if they had no context or if their perspective were coldly objective. Pygmy witnesses kids downloading porn onto their cell phones. He thinks they're instructional videos. But he thinks the instructors must be complete idiots because they can't manage to get the semen inside the vagina. In fact, it goes everywhere but into the vagina.

PLAYBOY: You've said Project Mayhem, Tyler Durden's organization devoted to disrupting and bringing down society, was inspired by a real group called the Cacophony Society. Are you an active participant?

PALAHNIUK: I haven't been for a very long time, but I used to be. I did a Santa event once.

PLAYBOY: A Santa event?

PALAHNIUK: Thousands of Santa Clauses, all masked, are let loose in the middle of a city. They cause all kinds of problems—traffic congestion, confusion and chaos—which is the point. The females have gotten into some trouble for indecent exposure. They're masked and identity-less, so they tend to flash their tits a lot.

PLAYBOY: You once said *Fight Club* is a kind of *Joy Luck Club* for men. What did you mean?

PALAHNIUK: There are many templates for how women can come together and talk: *The Joy Luck Club*, *How to Make an American Quilt*, *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood*. They present all these arbitrary social groups that allow women to come together and talk about their experience. Men don't have those sorts of things. More than anything else, that's what *Fight Club* is. It's a place for men to be together and talk.

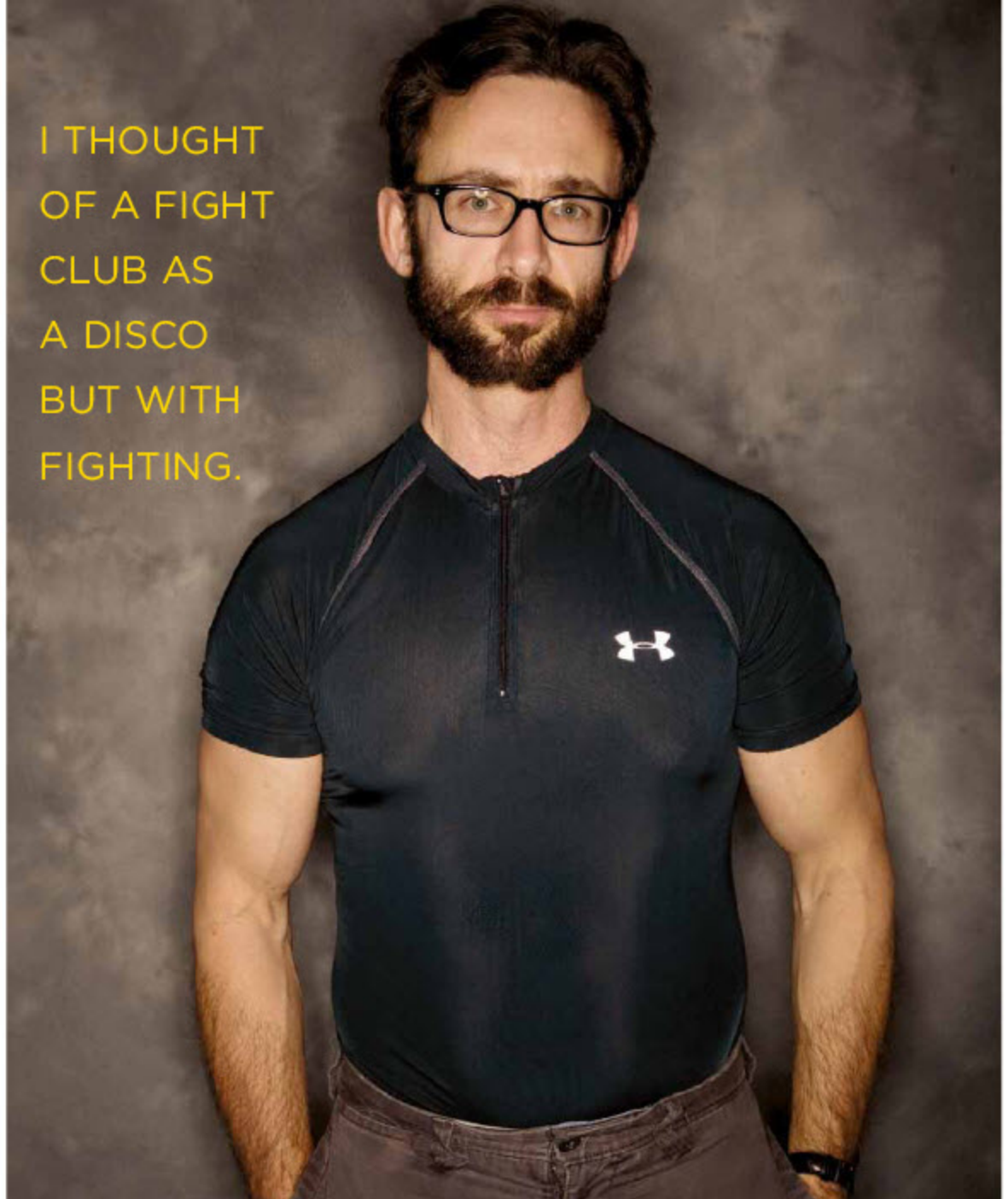
PLAYBOY: A place where they beat the hell out of one another.

PALAHNIUK: Well, it does seem to help if we're doing something physical. Men don't usually sit around just talking, as women do. More often we're doing something. It's like when I was with my friends talking while we were pulling down Sheetrock in my office, and all these live mice—hundreds of them—were raining down on us and running around everywhere.

PLAYBOY: People have created real-life fight clubs after reading your book. Does that surprise you?

PALAHNIUK: I think they've always existed. There's a long tradition of them, though maybe they weren't called fight clubs. Many cultures had regular places where people would fight as a ritual. Often it

I THOUGHT
OF A FIGHT
CLUB AS
A DISCO
BUT WITH
FIGHTING.



was a mating ritual—a contest for males to find a reproductive mate. The winning fighter presents himself as the more viable, dynamic reproductive partner.

PLAYBOY: Have you been to any modern-day fight clubs?

PALAHNIUK: No, but I've heard people have this cathartic, almost religious experience as two people battle.

PLAYBOY: Are you a fighter?

PALAHNIUK: I was in a fight when I worked on the assembly line at Freightliner Trucks. I was installing front axles. It was a hellishly hot summer day and even hotter near these baking ovens. If you didn't do your job right, you'd be towed into the oven along with the trucks. It was misery. The only ventilation came from giant rotating fans. There was so much oil in the air from the pneumatic tools that the grilles of the fans were furry with black filaments of oil and dust. One day I was behind schedule installing a front axle, and a co-worker at my station, Jimmy, said, "Look up." I looked up just as he took a broom handle and hit the fan. All that accumulated filth flew into my face, and I was completely covered with soot on top of the sweat from the heat. I was already behind in my work, and I just lost it. I chased Jimmy down the assembly line and tackled him. I just beat on him. We fought and fought. Everybody

on the assembly line cheered. When it was over we all just went back to work. I realized in that moment we'd expressed this horrible misery that everybody had been feeling that day. After that Jimmy was my best friend, and I couldn't get rid of him. Since then I've been fascinated by the dynamic of that day.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like the guys in *Fight Club* feel after their fights? More alive?

PALAHNIUK: I felt exhausted. I compare it to the experience of Pentecostal church services or, in 1984, George Orwell's *Two Minutes Hate*—those really intense, exhausting venting rituals we have. So *Fight Club* provided one. I thought of it as a disco but with fighting. You'd ask someone to fight, and they'd say yes or no. Like my experience at Freightliner, fighting brings exhaustion and also the permission that comes from being injured.

PLAYBOY: What permission comes from being injured?

PALAHNIUK: Permission not to have to handle everything for a moment, to shut down for a moment. Everything else disappears.

PLAYBOY: You describe your *Fight Club* narrator as a "tourist" who visits support groups for people with serious illnesses like testicular cancer and leukemia. What inspired the idea?

PALAHNIUK: I had volunteered at hospices and was around all these people who were

dying. I saw that people open up in a different, very raw way when they're dealing with death. Around death you can have bold, cathartic experiences. We miss them in life. Maybe every once in a while you can get them from a movie but not very often. Sometimes you get them from a funeral. It's similar to when something horrible happens in your life, and you come away from it shaken but also in a way settled and peaceful. The support groups were an awful and intense way to schedule a kind of structured chaos that would allow the rest of your life to be calm by comparison.

PLAYBOY: Besides your fans who have formed fight clubs, readers of *Choke* have reportedly copied your narrator, intentionally choking themselves on food. The narrator does it to have an intimate moment with people who would then feel responsible for him. After the experience they send him regular checks.

PALAHNIUK: Yeah, a guy was doing the choking behavior in Florida to meet attractive women. He'd try to get them to save him and embrace him. He was arrested, but they found there were no laws that forbade it, so he was released.

PLAYBOY: If someone were hurt or died in a fight club or by choking that was inspired by your books, would you feel responsible?

PALAHNIUK: My big defense is if I can think about something, whatever it is—the choking thing, a fight club—a million other people can and probably have too. For example, in *Fight Club* when Tyler works as a projectionist in a movie theater, he cuts pornography into the films he shows. People in the theater get a glimpse of a penis or some sex act. I wrote it in the original story, and someone said, "You can't write that. Someone will get the idea." But someone already had the idea. People were doing it. I'd heard about it from friends. Then when the *Fight Club* movie went into production, the director, David Fincher, said, "I was the projectionist in my high school. I used to do it." He spliced porn into movies too. It's like the stories of Disney animators inserting a frame or two of porn into Disney movies. It's the same impulse.

PLAYBOY: In *Fight Club* Tyler Durden pees into the soup he's serving and farts on the food. Do you know people who have done that?

PALAHNIUK: I knew people who worked at the big hotels in downtown Portland, and yeah, they would tell stories like that. There was a kid in England—a very handsome, well-presented kid—who told me, "I work in an upscale restaurant in London, and we do things to celebrities' food all the time." I said, "Tell me one person." He said, "I can't because there are only two of these restaurants, and it'd be too easy to find me." I wasn't going to sign his book until he told me one person. So he sheepishly goes, "Margaret Thatcher has eaten my sperm." I started laughing. As soon as I did, he got bold. He said, "At least five times."

PLAYBOY: You write about the eclectic variety of items emergency-room doctors have had to remove from people's rectums. Did you make them up?

PALAHNIUK: I didn't invent them, no. I hear about them all the time. A doctor last week wrote this fantastic letter about a guy who had come in a couple of weeks before saying someone had come into his apartment in the middle of the night and assaulted him with a bell pepper. Well, the moment he said "assault" they had to call the police. The doctor wrote about drugging this guy in the operating room and then having to remove soiled pieces of bell pepper from his rectum. They bagged them as evidence, with police detectives standing by.

PLAYBOY: In *Choke*, your protagonist, a sex addict, loses a large anal bead up there.

PALAHNIUK: Right, and it creates stress into the third act. It's like the character is crippled until all his secrets come out. It's *Rosemary's Baby*. You put the devil's baby inside somebody, and the story's over when the baby comes out.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think you've gone too far with any of the more horrific moments in your books?

PALAHNIUK: Nothing's going too far. Whenever I get to the point where I think things are going too far, I know I have to go there.

PLAYBOY: It has also been reported that your readers have copied Tyler's example and intentionally burned themselves with lye.

PALAHNIUK: And other stuff, yes. People have told me they've done it.

PLAYBOY: What inspired that ritual in the book?

PALAHNIUK: My friend Alice was making soap; she taught me how and told me about the lye burns you get on your arms when you make it. I wanted to have the gesture of someone kissing someone's hand and scarring it. It seems so Christ-like. So yeah, people have said they've done it. I also see a huge number of tattoos based on images in the books. I've seen people tattooed all over their body with all the covers of my books. God bless them. I understand it. It's an aspect of books that I like—the badging ability. If someone wears an image from *Fight Club*, they'll attract like-minded people in a way they won't if there's an iPod in their ears.

PLAYBOY: You offer recipes for homemade bombs in *Fight Club*. Where did they come from? Do they work?

PALAHNIUK: My brother is an electrical engineer for Chevron. We spent a weekend coming up with these formulas. It was a game to play. Yes, the formulas worked before my publisher got its hands on them. The real recipes made it all the way to typeset, but then somebody freaked out. They asked me to change one ingredient in every recipe to make them useless.

PLAYBOY: Besides real bomb-making formulas, what else has your publisher prohibited you from including in a book?

PALAHNIUK: In *Fight Club* my editor thought I'd gone too far when, originally,

PURE PALAHNIUK

Fight Club

—"Pounding that kid, I really wanted to put a bullet between the eyes of every endangered panda that wouldn't screw to save its species and every whale or dolphin that gave up and ran itself aground."

—"Used to sit in the bathroom with pornography, now they sit in the bathroom with their IKEA catalogues."

Diary

—"Grace says, 'We all die.' She says, 'The goal isn't to live forever, the goal is to create something that will.'"

Lullaby

—"There are worse things you can do to the people you love than kill them."

Choke

—"The world won't end with a whimper or a bang, but with a discreet, tasteful announcement: 'Bill Rivervale, phone call holding, line two.' Then nothing."

—"More and more, it feels like I'm doing a really bad impersonation of myself."

—"Masochism is a valuable job skill."

Invisible Monsters

—"All God does is watch us and kill us when we get boring. We must never, ever be boring."

—"Go figure, but Texans seem to be a lot more comfortable around disastrous house fires than they are around anal sex."

—"She'd wear shades of lipstick you'd expect to see around the base of a penis."

Survivor

—"The only difference between a suicide and a martyrdom is press coverage."

—"Tanning and steroids are only a problem if you plan to live a long time."

Snuff

—"Dudes have a million ways of peeing on what they claim as just their own."

Haunted

—"You can't unfuck a kid. Once you bang a kid, there's no getting that genie out of the bottle."

Rant

—"In a world where billions believe their deity conceived a mortal child with a virgin human, it's stunning how little imagination most people display."

the Project Mayhem guys castrated a cop. He said the characters would lose all sympathy if they went that far, so I stopped short of their castrating him. That was maybe the only concession I made to my editor, who also said I couldn't have them make soap out of liposuction fat stolen from doctors' offices. He said it was too distasteful, but I wouldn't give on that point. I wanted something that was a metaphor and visceral. In *Pygmy*, my editor said I went too far in a scene where the father is doped on Rohypnol and wets his pants. He thought it was just too humiliating. I said, "You know, they dig a vibrator out of the mother's vagina underneath the Thanksgiving dinner table, but peeing in his pants is too humiliating?"

PLAYBOY: Given moments like that, does it surprise you that, as you've said, people assume you are like Tyler Durden or even Charles Manson?

PALAHNIUK: No, but I make an effort to destroy that image. In my interactions with people I try to comfort them in some way. I try to soften the blow.

PLAYBOY: How do you soften it?

PALAHNIUK: Often people come to events and want photos with me. So I'll take wedding veils and big bouquets and dress them up as Ukrainian brides, and then we'll have our picture taken.

PLAYBOY: How does that soften the blow?

PALAHNIUK: Suddenly they're holding flowers. I'm touching them and grooming them. It's very human and intimate. Then we do fake wedding pictures. Last year I took all these costumes from the *Choke* movie, colonial wigs and cravats and tricornered hats, and did the same thing. It's so stupid, but I cut through all the tension they may feel. Also, if I'm being the stupid person, they don't have to worry about being the stupid person. Meanwhile, it makes it so much more fun for me. Another thing I did for several years was buy all these hyperrealistic bloody cut-off arms that had a bone sticking out. I'd throw them out into the crowd. I started that because people were always asking me to sign their limbs. I'd come back a year later, and they'd have tattooed my signature on their arm. So instead of that, I gave them limbs. If they wanted, I'd sign them. It was just a blast at the end of the events to take those and hurl them into the audience. It was like feeding time at the zoo. It would leave me winded and euphoric.

PLAYBOY: On the *Snuff* tour you handed out blow-up sex dolls. How did people respond?

PALAHNIUK: First, I'd throw maybe a hundred sex dolls out there at an event and have contests to see who could blow them up the fastest. They had to blow them up so they could hold them by the ankles and they'd stand. It really dresses up the auditorium. Then I'd throw out more dolls—200 or 300. After the event you'd be on the street or on mass transit and see hundreds of people with blown-up sex dolls under their arm. It's really funny and sweet.

WHENEVER
I GET TO
THE POINT
WHERE
I THINK THINGS
ARE GOING
TOO FAR,
I KNOW I HAVE
TO GO THERE.

PLAYBOY: *Snuff* is about a woman who decides to set the world fornication record, as you explain it in the book. She plans to have sex with 600 men in one day. How did you come up with that premise?

PALAHNIUK: It's based on Grace Quek, a.k.a. Annabel Chong. When she was 22 years old, she had sex with 251 men in 10 hours. She was a gender-studies student at the University of Southern California and had done a couple of porn movies. She was researching the Roman empress Messalina, who was called a female Caligula—this voracious, sexually aggressive empress who would go to brothels and challenge the leading prostitutes in ancient Rome to see who could service the most guys in a night. Messalina would always win. As a feminist statement, Quek wanted to make a movie, the world's largest gang-bang movie. She set the rules. "The guys will come in five at a time, and whoever gets an erection first is the one who gets to fuck me, and the other ones get to beat off; if they haven't come in three minutes, they're all out of here." Something like 67 percent of the guys who waited in line couldn't get an erection. A lot of people stood in line to say "I love you" to Annabel Chong: "I have all your movies. I adore you." They wanted to express their affection. The last thing they wanted to do was fuck her.

PLAYBOY: People expected *Snuff* to be pornographic, but it's about the men waiting in line for their turn. You once said the book isn't about sex, just as most sex really isn't about sex. What did you mean?

PALAHNIUK: Sex is just a physical business that goes on. It's just what you do with your hands and feet while you're communicating something else completely.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say *Snuff* is also about death? The men wait for their number to be called for sex, a symbol for all of us waiting for our number to be called to die.

PALAHNIUK: Often I've looked for ways to present death so people can accept it

and go beyond their fear of it. How do we talk about the idea that you're going to die and I'm going to die and we're going to watch people we love die? I acknowledge it and show that people can face this reality and live. We love seeing people live through our worst fears. It shows us that we can, too. Accepting death seems terrifying, but it's freeing.

PLAYBOY: In *Survivor*, you write, "The only thing I know is that everything you love will die." You were talking about a fish, but later in the book you write, "The first time you meet that someone special, you can count on them one day being dead and in the ground." Does the thought depress you?

PALAHNIUK: I think everyone has fears like that, though maybe they're repressed. Like with fearing your own death, you go through this fear, too, and there's a freedom. It's like confronting the fear of being humiliated. In a story you see a strong character devastated and humiliated in an incredibly awful way, but they still venture forward. It reassures people that if they were ever humiliated in the way they would most dread, they'd move past it and survive. It wouldn't be the end of them. For people terrified of the idea of being absolutely humiliated and degraded in public, the story "Guts" seems to say something to them. I think that's why people respond so strongly to it.

PLAYBOY: "Guts" is a story that involves masturbation, a swimming-pool pump and once-internal body parts that don't remain internal. Some people respond by fainting. Is it true that hundreds of people have passed out during your readings?

PALAHNIUK: Yes, and it's an amazing thing to watch from up front where I can see it all happen. People come into the auditorium and are all hating the fact that they're packed in together with too many other people. They're hemmed in, forced to share the same space. Then I read "Guts." They can't all see what's going on, but from up front I can see the moment one person begins to quaver. His head goes down, and then he slumps into the lap of the person next to him. I see horror on the face of the person being slumped on. The face says, "How dare you touch me. Get the fuck off me." Then something happens. It's as if they feel the person has, in a way, died. Soon the entire audience catches on and jumps up. For them, too, it's like seeing a person die. Everything stops, and the person who has passed out is the center of everyone's attention. The whole crowd of 800 people goes from hating one another to being one. Everyone is focused on and concerned about this one person who's on the floor, unaware. This person is gently served and catered to until they come back to life, resurrected. Everyone sees that person resurrect, and their relief is tangible. I'm watching it, and it's just glorious. At that point, instead of hating one another, (continued on page 106)

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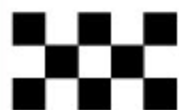
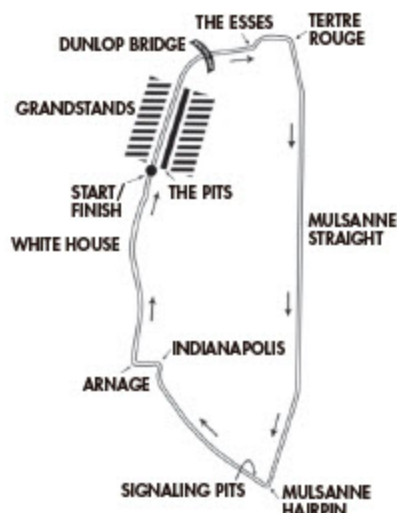


A WAR OF SPEED

BY
A.J.
BAIME

WHAT BEGAN AS A RIVALRY BETWEEN TWO POWERFUL INDUSTRIALISTS TURNED INTO A NO-HOLDS-BARRED BATTLE FOR INTERNATIONAL SPEED SUPREMACY. A LOOK BACK AT THE **FORD** VS. **FERRARI** DUEL AT LE MANS IN THE 1960S, **AUTOMOBILE RACING'S GOLDEN AGE**

CIRCUIT: 8.36 MILES



In the spring of 1963 Henry Ford II—the larger-than-life grandson of Ford Motor Company's founder and one of the richest men in the world—had a vision. He saw the future of the car market not in America but in Europe, and he invested the future of his family's empire overseas, gambling more than he could afford to lose. How to prove that his American cars were the best in the world and that customers in Europe should line up to buy them? Henry II ordered his engineering brain trust to design and build a racing car that could win the most famous speed competition in the world—the 24 Hours of Le Mans in France—a feat no American manufacturer had ever achieved.

The 24 Hours of Le Mans was (and still is) a sports-car race. But in the 1960s it was much more than that: It was a remarkable marketing tool. A win instantly translated to millions in sales. The basic rules: an 8.36-mile road course, a team of two drivers to each car, one man in the cockpit at a time. The car that covered the most laps after 24 hours won. Le Mans was deeply controversial because of its extreme speeds and danger. In 1964, the first year Ford entered cars, *Car and Driver* called the event "a four-hour sprint race followed by a 20-hour deathwatch." It was "probably the most dangerous sporting event in the world."

Henry II's nemesis would be Enzo Ferrari, who at the time was enjoying the greatest Le Mans dynasty ever. The cars that rolled out of Ferrari's factory in Maranello, Italy had won Le Mans four years in a row. They were as famous for their speed as for their beauty. The battle between these two industrialists would make for one of the greatest grudge matches in sports history. Looking



Two key players in America's quest to win at Le Mans: racing-car builder Carroll Shelby (left) and Phil Hill (right), a driver haunted by death. The press called Hill "Hamlet in goggles and gloves."

back, one can see this rivalry as the first chapter in everything that was about to unfold in the automobile business, a long story that has now reached its climax: Detroit car companies battling for international supremacy in the era of globalism.

Based on three years of research and nearly 30 interviews, this account of the 1964 Le Mans reconstructs the first battle between Ford and Ferrari, in which Ford unveiled a car called the GT40. The major characters:

Phil Hill: Racing for Enzo Ferrari's team at the 1961 Italian Grand Prix, which took the lives of 14 spectators, Hill became the first American to win the Formula One World Drivers' Championship. Now, in 1964, Hill had signed with Ford and was leading the American effort to beat his old boss.

John Surtees: Number one on Ferrari's team. The Italian fans called this Englishman Il Grande John.

Carroll Shelby: A chicken farmer turned racing icon, Shelby was a Le Mans champion (in 1959 with Aston Martin), but a bad heart forced him to retire. That's when he began building his own cars. In 1964 Shelby was attempting to win the GT class (made up of cars customers could actually buy, as opposed to the purpose-built prototypes Ford and Ferrari created to win the race outright) with his Shelby Cobra, a car that commands millions at vintage auctions today.

NO ONE BELIEVED the Americans stood a chance. It would be a miracle if they beat the Ferraris in their debut at Le Mans. In fact, it would seem a miracle if they could keep their racing cars on the road. But then, in the spring of 1964, people had grown

Ford Motor Company's GT40 debuts on the track at Le Mans in 1964, setting a lap record in the process. The car cracked 200 mph.





Top: The famous Le Mans start. Some 350,000 spectators attended the race in 1964. Bottom from left: American Dan Gurney, who piloted a Shelby Cobra that year; Enzo Ferrari's lead driver, gritty Briton John Surtees; the Ferrari 275 P with its high-revving 12-cylinder engine.

used to the unexpected, to heroic events and shocking headlines. In the previous 12 months John F. Kennedy had been assassinated, the U.S. Congress had passed the first civil rights bill, and the Soviets had launched the first woman into space. Cassius Clay had knocked out Sonny Liston in Miami Beach, and Martin Luther King had marched on Washington.

The Ford team checked into the Hôtel de France in La Chartre sur le Loire, as did an army of Ford men from Dearborn, Michigan: carburetor specialists, tire and engine men. Wednesday through Friday were practice and qualifying days, and the race started at four p.m. Saturday. It all had to go like clockwork, down to the customs papers to get the Ford cars into the country.

On the morning of the first practice session, the pit lane filled with cars painted in national racing colors: red Alfa Romeo Giulia TZs, silver Porsche 904s, green Jaguar E-Types. Ferrari's lead driver, John Surtees, was spotted, as was the American Phil Hill. Carroll Shelby arrived with a pair of Cobra Daytona coupes, painted Guardsman blue with white stripes. There was no way to measure the man-hours, ingenuity and soul that had gone into these cars. Shelby was a fan favorite in France. When he walked out onto the pavement and looked up at the empty, towering grandstands, it all came back to him: the magic of this place. If his Cobras could win the GT class, his little automobile company would be assured survival.

"Outside of the United States," Shelby told a *Sports Illustrated* reporter, "the Le Mans race has more prestige than all the other races put together. Le Mans receives throughout the world probably five times as much publicity as Indianapolis. Any automobile manufacturer who wants to make a name for himself in racing has to do well at Le Mans."

The first engine sounded, and soon revs were coming from all directions. The air stank of exhaust and hot pavement. One by one, cars motored onto the circuit. Stopwatches clicked off vital seconds. The press box grew loud with the sound of thumping typewriters. Facing the three Fords and two Cobras, Ferrari had entered four cars, and a number of privateers were racing their own Ferraris, also prepared at the factory by Enzo Ferrari's men, bringing the total to eight entries branded with the prancing horse.

From the first day of practice it became apparent that the race would move at historic speeds. One after another, Ferraris cut deeper into the circuit, shattering the Le Mans lap record: 3:47.2, then 3:47. By the end of qualifying, the crowds that had begun to amass were left with a cliffhanger. Surtees set the best time in his Ferrari: 3:42. His speed was dumbfounding. He'd knocked more than 10 seconds off his own lap record from the year before. But a Ford qualified next, and Phil Hill was fourth. Over the

8.36-mile course, less than four seconds separated the top four qualifiers.

On the eve of the race Surtees stood in the Ferrari garage, taping an on-camera interview with Stirling Moss for ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. Until three years earlier Moss had been considered the greatest racing driver in the world. One high-speed injury later and here he was, with a microphone rather than a steering wheel in his hand. Moss asked him about the American threat. How important was it to Enzo Ferrari to beat the Fords?

"To a firm like Ferrari," Surtees said, "which produces a specialized product and sells most of its cars in America, it's very important."

"Ferrari has won this race four times in a row," Moss said, "and if he wins this race, it'll be five times, which has never been done. You're entering four cars?"

"Yes."

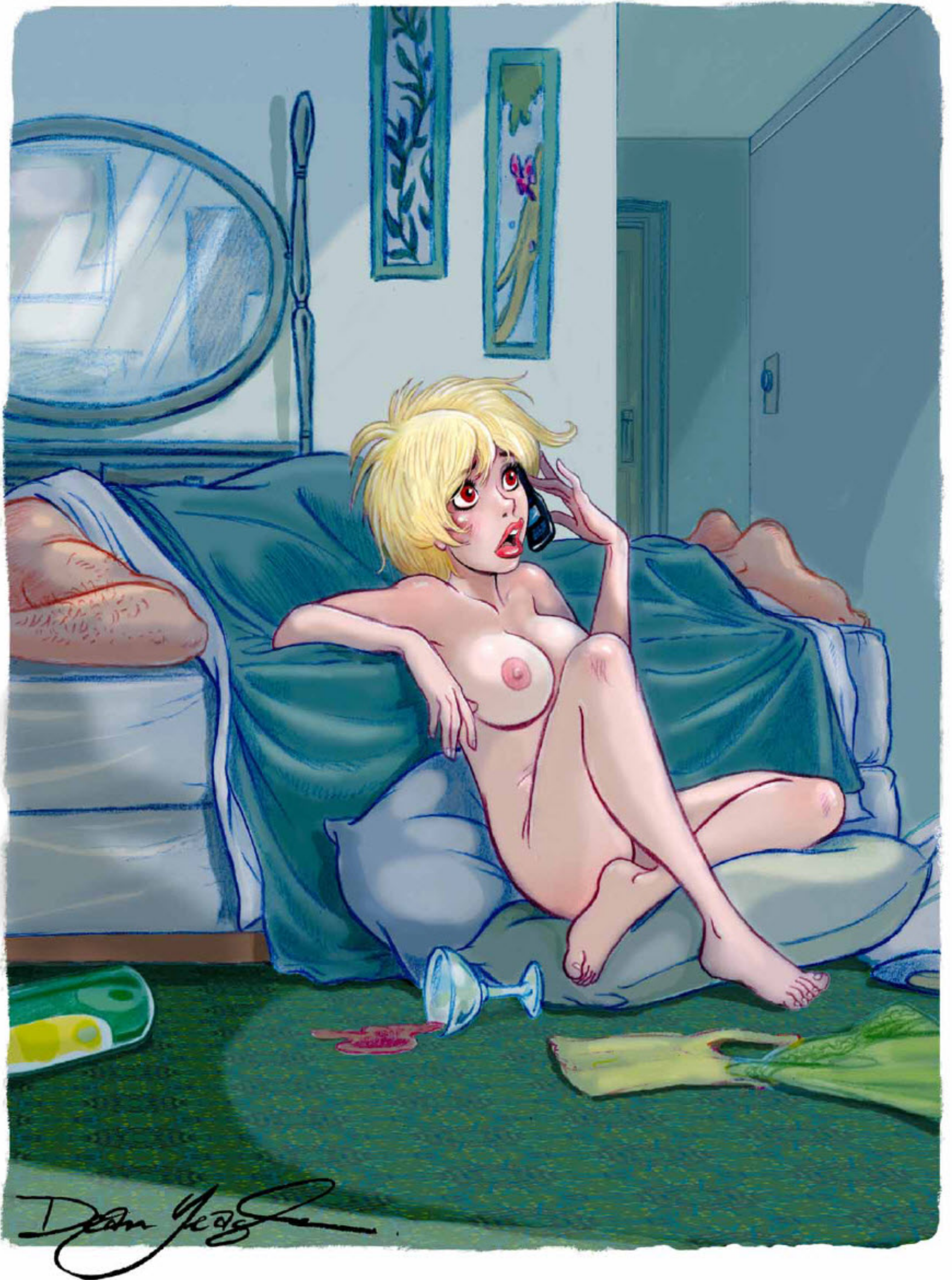
"How many men did you bring?"

"Our team is comprised of about 12 or 13 mechanics, one engineer and one team manager."

Moss looked around the garage. There were seven cars. "What are the extra cars for?"

"In case anything unusual happens," Surtees said. "For instance, the other night we were out, and we hit a fox in the middle of the road at about 140 miles an hour. It could have damaged the car rather badly."

"Well, I (continued on page 96)



Dean Yeagor

"Before I could say 'I'm not that kind of girl,' I was."



WOMEN OF WALL STREET

Think of the next six pages
as a different kind of
stimulus plan

BY CONOR HOGAN

The world is not ending. Don't bury your cash in the backyard or trade your Goldman Sachs stock for cans of baked beans. Just because your 401(k) is now worth about \$401 doesn't mean you should move to a shantytown. Times are tough, but certain aspects of this economy are still worth celebrating—such as Tara DeGregorio and the rest of these beauties from the financial world. “I was a rule breaker,” says Tara (above), a former executive assistant at an elite Fortune 500 company. “I liked high stilettos and cute skirts. I tried to abide by the rules, but I pushed the envelope whenever I could, especially in the summer.” The countdown to the solstice has begun.

Above: Former executive assistant Tara DeGregorio reminds us that being in the red isn't always a bad thing. **Opposite:** Regina Chapman, a bank-branch VP, says, “I deal with men who have been in the business for years, but I prove I know what I'm talking about.”







Opposite: Alicia Taylor, a managing member at Mortgage Solutions, curbed her spending when the markets tanked. "I was literally about to buy a plane," she says. She has put her faith in an old motto: If you stay ready, you'll never have to get ready. "I never want to get caught with my pants down," she says. Well, almost never. **Above:** Georgia Anderson, a broker at Global Futures. Now that's what we call business attire.



Above left: Katherine Bhuckdwonges, a former credit manager at Wells Fargo Financial, wasn't the only beauty at her firm. "I think Wells Fargo hires the best-looking people," she says. Above right: The low-flying stock market has given equities trader Maria Pearson more time to relax. "A year ago," she says, "I had four computers and three phones at my desk, and they were all going crazy. I didn't have time to get up for a second. Now, not so much." Opposite: In the end, Charles Schwab financial advisor Tinea Smith reminds us that a bare market can be something to smile about.



See more women of Wall Street at club.playboy.com.

PARADISE LOST

BY JOHN BOWE

A TROPICAL ISLAND WITH MORE BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE—IT
SOUNDS LIKE HEAVEN, DOESN'T IT?

Mack Machado took a job last fall at a resort hotel in the western Pacific. After flying halfway around the world from Florida, arriving at four a.m. and then working all day, he was exhausted. At the end of his first shift, however, a surprise awaited him: one of the guests. A 22-year-old Japanese nurse, to be precise. "She was wild," he remembers. "Perfect body. Barely spoke any English. She was a little freak, too." After two nights without sleep, he says, she kept him up for a third.

Day number four brought another Japanese woman to his bed. This one was a hairstylist, superhot, with dyed-blond hair. She was like a piece of candy and—after a few drinks—was ready to eat. The fifth day brought Tina (some names have been changed), a Korean. "Totally sexy," Mack recalls. "Tall, thin, big eyes, long black hair." Tina stuck around for a couple of weeks, drinking, fucking and leaving the hotel just in time for Mack to trapeze to her friend, another Korean. At the

end of his first month on the job, he realized he hadn't spent a night alone. In the past 30 nights he'd had six different girls in his bed. Mack had discovered paradise. Forget the 72 virgins awaiting righteous Muslims or the harp-strumming angels of the Christian heaven: Mack had found a job where showing up for work pretty much automatically yielded a daily harvest of Asian hotties.

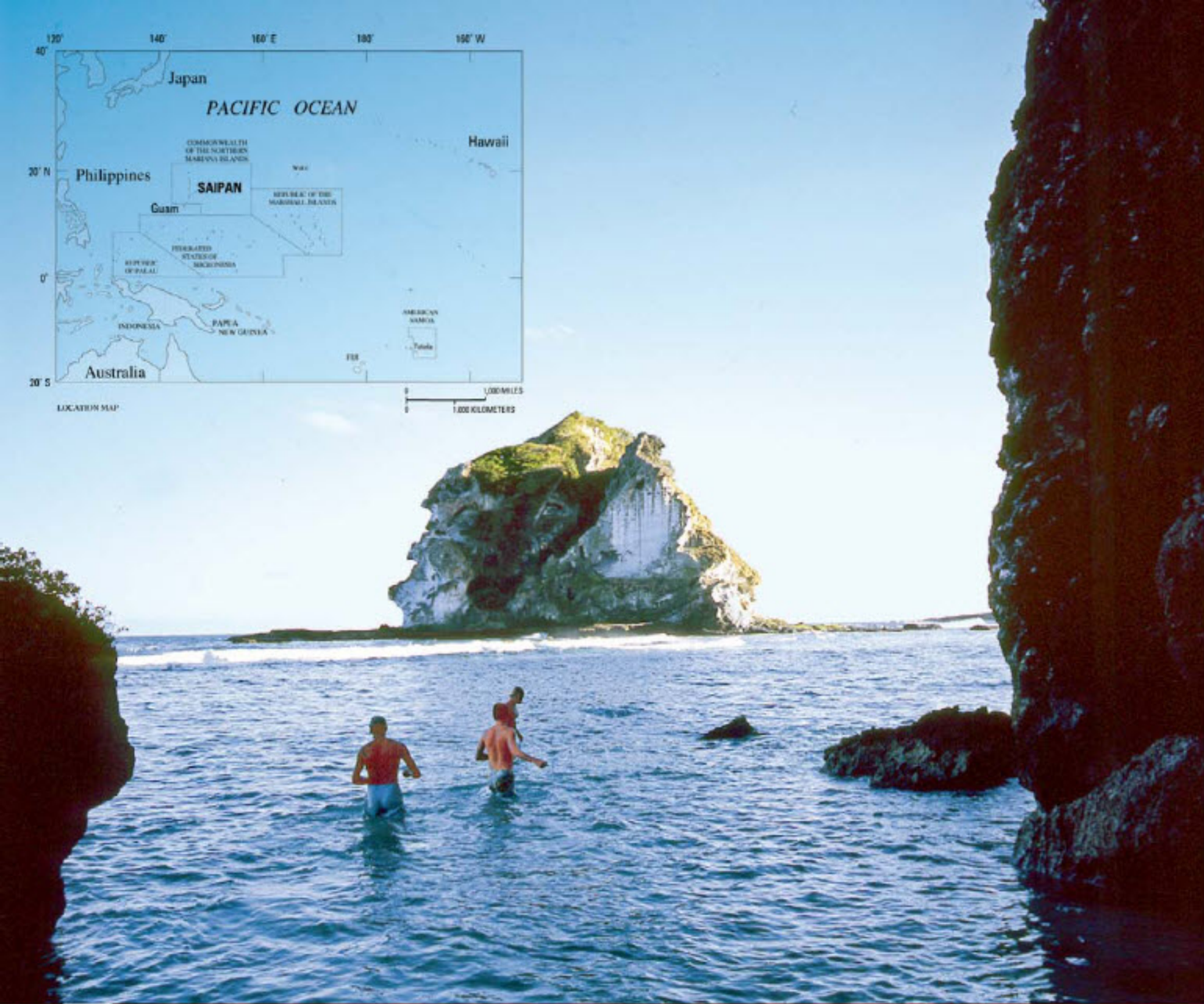
Nine thousand miles to the east of mainland America is a far-flung U.S. territory known as the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands. Official outposts of U.S. soil, the islands are about four hours south of Tokyo by plane. The most populated island, Saipan, is the kind of place urban Westerners dream about: a palm-fringed tropical island with a turquoise lagoon, spectacular coral reefs, lush jungle growth and breathtaking cliff-side views.

On landscaped grounds of bougainvillea and plumeria, with some 300 guest bedrooms, the Pacific Islands Club hotel runs a



島から出られません!
助けて!

SEND HELP



Saipan, the largest island in the U.S. Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands, is a virtual paradise—especially for Americans paid to keep tourists happy at the Pacific Islands Club. Clockwise from above: Clubmates waded back from an outing on Bird Island; two tourists in Saipan; Clubmates hang on the beach with Japanese travelers; a Clubmate rides the standing wave; a Clubmate hard at work.

water park with swimming pools, tennis courts, an archery range, a miniature golf course, a volleyball court, a beach and three restaurants. PIC, as it is known, employs the usual assortment of clerks, waiters, janitors and housecleaning staff. But it also offers something more: a group of young people hired for their enthusiasm, outgoingness and warmth. They're called Clubmates.

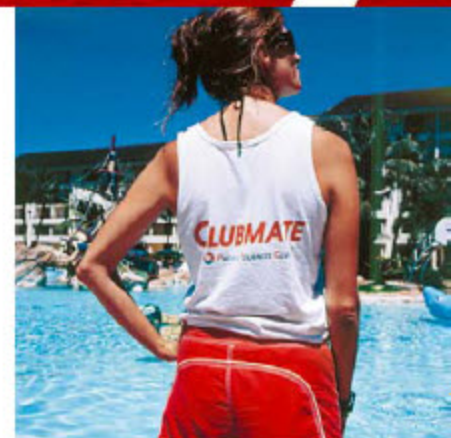
ASK A CLUBMATE HOW OFTEN HE COULD HOOK UP IF HE WANTED TO, AND HE'LL SAY EVERY NIGHT OF THE WEEK.

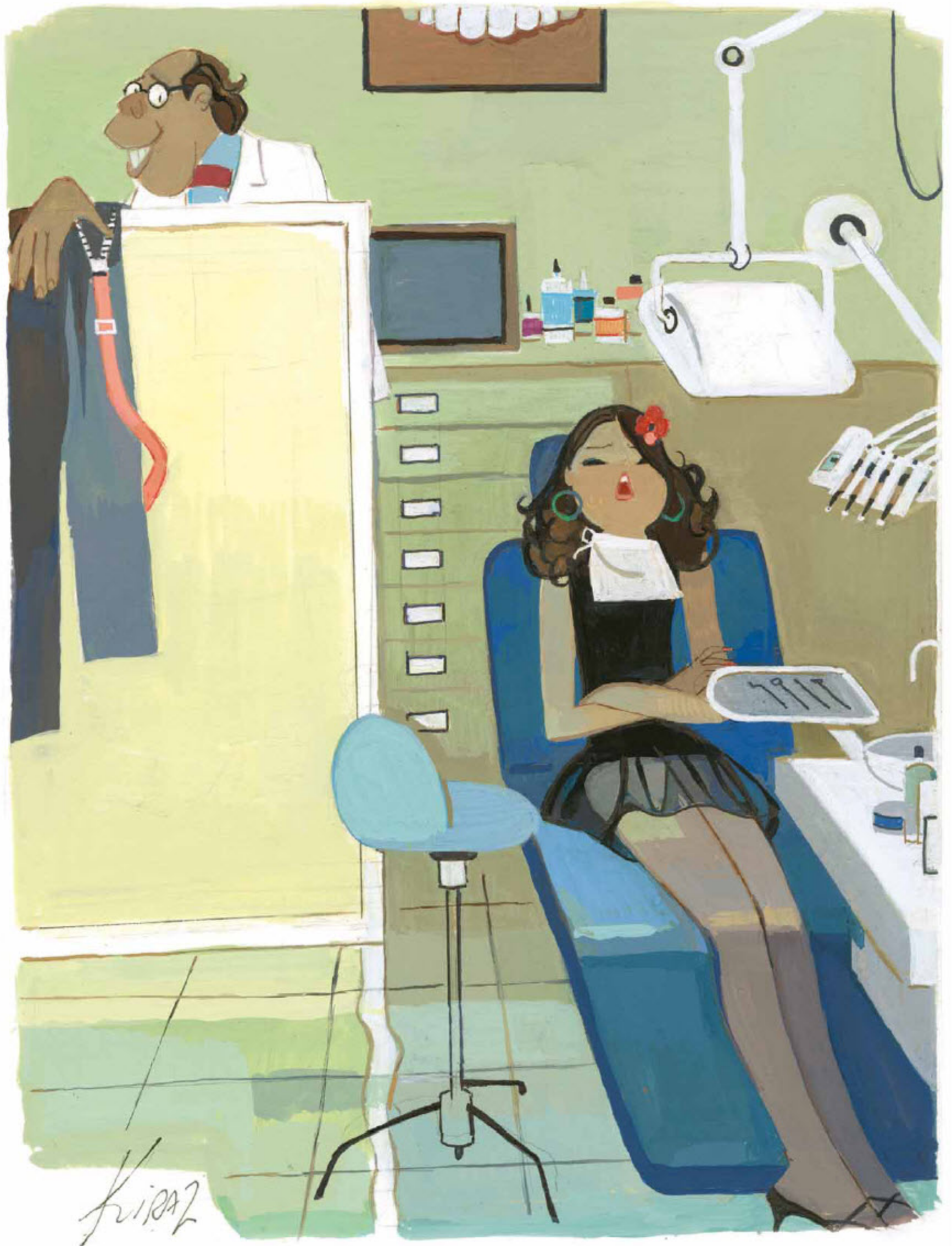
Clubmates aren't hired specifically to have sex with the guests, but when you meet them, you may wonder if that's the case. Their looks aren't always perfect—some are almost cartoons of surfer dudes, but others are just wholesome-looking and healthy. Certainly, the management doesn't instruct them to do anything other than help guests enjoy themselves. Ask a Clubmate how often he could hook up if he wanted to, and he'll say every night of the week. As one Clubmate, Fish, explains, "Part of your job is to make sure the guests have a good time." With a laugh, he says, "I mean, if they go home with a smile on their face because they had sex with you...." Another Clubmate, Jim, adds, "Our whole job here is to help people have a good time. Sometimes it's a family that needs help. Sometimes it's a young girl that needs help." Mack says, "Asian

women prefer us because we have blue eyes or blonde hair or different builds." Since he prefers Asians in the first place, what the hell? "Everybody wins," he says.

As almost every Clubmate I meet tells me, "You don't come here for the money. You come here for the lifestyle." The lifestyle includes fun in the sun, low wages and long hours. But of course, as should now be clear, it also includes unlimited access to exotic booty. "My friend's dad came here," Jim says. "He's a lawyer. He showed up, and he probably wants his son to do something huge, but he said, 'Man, you're playing a joke on the rest of the world, being a Clubmate!'"

Most Clubmates sign up for six-month shifts. Several of the guys I meet signed on for the stint that runs from September to March—the holiday season. Before coming to PIC, Fish, 22, had a landscaping business and wakeboarding school back in suburban Kansas. As he puts it, his life was "gravy," but being a Clubmate for six months a year seemed like a cool way to escape the Kansas winter. Joe, 25, studied massage therapy at a northern California community college but was bumping along in life. Twig, 28, originally from upstate New York, had been in "logistics and replenishment" on the night shift at Target in Phoenix. Describing his pre-Clubmate existence, largely devoid of relationships, much less sex, Twig says, "It sucked." Jim, 31, worked in a design shop after graduating from UC Santa Barbara and was living, he says "the normal life." (continued on page 93)





"Keep your mouth open."

The Drinking Man's

GUIDE • CINEMA



IN 1916 CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUMBLED HOME SOUSED IN THE SHORT FILM *ONE A.M.* AND SPENT THE NEXT 30 MINUTES DRUNKENLY TRYING TO MAKE IT INTO HIS BED. AUDIENCES LOVED IT, AND THUS WAS THE DRINKING MOVIE BORN. HERE ARE THE ONES WE WATCH WHEN WE'RE SIPPING OUR FAVORITE LIBATIONS

GIN DRINK WHILE WATCHING: *The Thin Man*. You can't make a reputable list of drinking movies without this 1934 caper from the Dashiell Hammett novel. Sleuthing spouses Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are constantly cocked as they solve a murder mystery. The movie is full of time-tested wisdom like this from detective Nick, delivered as he shakes up some of the film's plentiful martinis: "The important thing is the rhythm. Always have rhythm in your shaking. Now, a manhattan you shake to fox-trot time, a bronx to two-step time. A dry martini you always shake to waltz time."

NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: Gin, vermouth, ice, a shaker, cocktail glasses and bags of style.

OR SHAKE UP: *MASH* (1970). Martinis from the jerry-built still in Hawkeye's tent always make us thirsty.



VODKA DRINK WHILE WATCHING: *The Big Lebowski*, the 1998 Coen brothers ode to slack and bowling that made the white russian cool again. The Dude (Jeff Bridges) is seldom without a glass (or a joint) as he seeks retribution for the defiling of a rug that "really tied the room together, man." Becostumed superfans (a.k.a. achievers) gather annually for Lebowski Fest. This year it's May 7 and 8, in Los Angeles (lebowskifest.com).

NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: Two ounces of vodka, one ounce of Kahlúa and one ounce of half and half on the rocks. Use nondairy creamer instead and it's called a caucasian. Sip yours every time someone says "dude."

MORE VODKA, PLEASE: *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981) reminds us what an underrated goddess Karen Allen is as she drinks a giant goon under the table in Nepal and out-sloshes a Frenchman in Egypt.



SAKE AND WINE DRINK WHILE WATCHING: *Drunken Master* (1978), the lighthearted kung-fu classic in which incorrigible troublemaker Freddie Wong (played by a young Jackie Chan) is taken under the wing of a homeless dipsomaniac master who, after brutalizing him with a torturous training regimen, teaches him the secret style of *zui quan*, which is "easier to master after you've had a drink." High jinks ensue. Go for the jaw-dropping slapstick martial arts (all of which are done by the actual actors), stay for the horrendous dubbing.

NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: They're probably drinking *baijiu* (it's China), but sake's pretty close, and we like it better. Try Tenzan or Kurosawa.

PREFER A RED? *Sideways* (2004) and *Bottle Shock* (2008) prove the impossible: Movies about wine nerds can be excellent fun.





CHAMPAGNE DRINK WHILE WATCHING: *Casablanca* (1942), the most romantic movie ever made. In a flashback to their salad days, Humphrey Bogart's Rick serves a champagne cocktail to the woman of his dreams (Ingrid Bergman's Ilsa) and deadpans, "Here's looking at you, kid."
NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: Try the 1995 Henriot Cuvée des Enchanteleurs. It'll be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.
OR UNCORK: *High Society* (1956), with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra vying for Grace Kelly while Louis Armstrong plays the Cole Porter soundtrack.



WHISKEY DRINK WHILE WATCHING: *Where the Buffalo Roam* (1980), a scattered mess of a film redeemed by Bill Murray's virtuoso performance as the brilliant, if addled, Hunter S. Thompson as he half stumbles, half dances his way across the country in search of the American dream. It never gets weird enough for him. We're grateful.
NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: Six grapefruits, a bottle of Chivas, a bottle of Wild Turkey, a hunting knife and your attorney.
OR CRACK INTO: *Deadwood* (2004) for the Bulleit bourbon poured in most scenes, *Lost in Translation* (2003) for relaxing times or *The Bank Dick* (1940) for the heavyweight champion of drunken actors, W.C. Fields.



TEQUILA DRINK WHILE WATCHING: *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia* (1974), the best piano-player-turned-hit-man movie ever. Fueled by a giant jug of booze in 1970s Mexico, Warren Oates becomes a desperado with an itchy trigger finger in order to recover the head of a deceased gigolo.
NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: A bottle of great, affordable tequila. We recommend Patrón, Milagro or Cabo Wabo. Make it *blanco*, baby.
OR TAKE A SHOT OF: *Caddyshack* (1980), for its unforgettable scene of Chevy Chase and Lacey Underall doing lines and tossing back Cuervo.



PARTY PUNCH DRINK WHILE WATCHING: The original college party flick, *National Lampoon's Animal House* (1978). Today *delta punch* is a generic term for frat-house jungle juice strong enough to get everyone Blutarskied but fruity enough that girls will partake.
NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: Mix to these time-tested proportions: one part sour (lime juice), two parts sweet (simple syrup), three parts strong (rum) and four parts weak (ice and juice). Serve in a (new) trash can.
OR LADLE UP SOME: Eggnog, as Chevy Chase does before his climactic tirade in *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation* (1989). Technically it's not punch, but since it's served in a bowl we'll count it.



BEER DRINK WHILE WATCHING: *The Adventures of Bob & Doug McKenzie: Strange Brew* (1983). Like Molson Golden, it's cheap, it's Canadian, and it goes down easy. Rick Moranis launched his film career with this bizarre tale of two boozed-up brothers who will do anything for free beer.
NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: A case of Molson. A toque.
ALSO ON TAP: Add a raw egg to your beer and you have Paul Newman's breakfast in *The Verdict* (1982). Add bourbon and you're Walter Matthau as coach "Boilermaker" in *The Bad News Bears* (1976).



ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING DRINK WHILE WATCHING: The one and only *Arthur* (1981). Packed with A-list stars (Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, Sir John Gielgud), crackling comic dialogue and rivers of high-end booze, this is the movie that puts a happy face on alcoholism (we never even see Arthur Bach hungover) and seems to imply that not only can a man make the right choices about life-altering matters when blind drunk but that sometimes it actually helps. Plus, in one moment of clarity and pathos Arthur distills drinking as an avocation down to its core: "Not all of us who drink are poets. Some of us drink because we're *not* poets."
NECESSARY EQUIPMENT: The contents of a medium-size liquor store, a steel liver, plenty of friends, no regrets.
YOU'LL ALSO WANT TO SUCK DOWN: *Old School* (2003), for the force of nature that is Frank the Tank.

2009

PLAYBOY'S

Baseball

PREVIEW

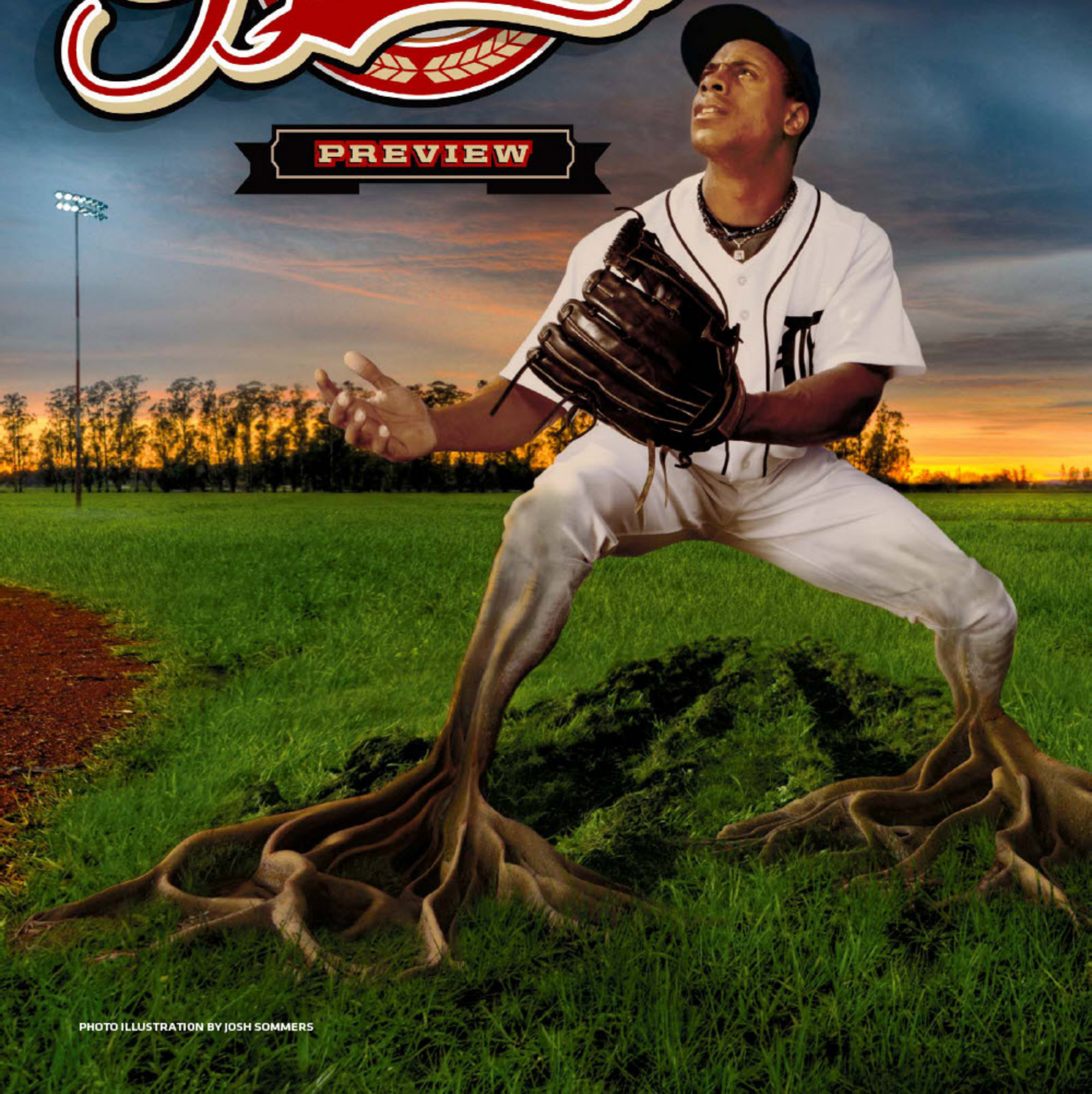


PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY JOSH SOMMERS

UNLESS YOU PLAY IN THE BRONX, THE DAYS OF BUILDING A TEAM WITH FREE AGENTS ARE GONE. TEAMS NOW HAVE TO RELY ON HOMEGROWN TALENT—AND KEEPING THAT TALENT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER

Baseball is a kid's game. And the adult kids who play the game are getting younger. Maybe it's the end of the era of performance-enhancing drugs, or maybe it's a cost-control device, but teams are relying more on young, homegrown talent. The average age of a major league player declined more between 2007 and 2008 than during any other time in the league's history, with 24 of 30 teams getting younger from one year to the next. "Because the economy drives the game," says Colorado Rockies general manager Dan O'Dowd, "clubs go to the younger player. If you have an opportunity to keep a player at \$2 million or one at \$500,000, you're going with the young player." In the past 30 years 20 different teams have won the World Series, and that includes one year (1994) when there was no Series. Only three times in the past 30 years have teams with \$100 million payrolls won a world championship—the Boston Red Sox, in 2004 and 2007, and the Yankees, in 2000. And when the Red Sox are mentioned, what names pop up outside of David Ortiz? Dustin Pedroia, Jonathan

Papelbon, Jacoby Ellsbury, Jed Lowrie—the homegrown nucleus. It's about building a team from within and keeping it together. That's why teams today work from the blueprint created by John Hart's 1990s Cleveland Indians and try to tie up young cornerstone players before arbitration and free agency become issues. "There will always be that player who wonders if he left something on the table," says O'Dowd, who was a member of Hart's front office, "instead of feeling relaxed with the security. Teams get cost certainty and some savings—although I don't know that the savings are as significant today as they were in the past. The big value is that it is one less distraction in your attempt to create a team that focuses on the team concept." The other hope is that signing a young player long-term early in his career will create a stronger bond between player and team and make it easier down the road for an extension. As big free-agent signings are out of reach for most franchises, smart teams find new ways to win. Let's get to the 2009 teams, which follow in order of predicted finish.

BY TRACY RINGOLSBY



A century of suffering is enough. It's time for the lovable losers to win. The Chicago Cubs have their warts, but face it, winning the NL Central isn't the biggest challenge in the world. And once they get into a short series, they're long on starting pitching, which is critical in October. The odds are with them. The Red Sox have won twice this decade, and the White Sox even expunged the blight of the 1919 Black Sox.

AL EAST



NEW YORK YANKEES

LAST SEASON: 89-73. Third place, eight games back. Failed to advance to the postseason for the first time since 1993, before Derek Jeter's debut. Manager Joe Girardi is in the second year of a three-year contract.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: After giving the young arms a chance in 2008 and failing to meet Yankee expectations, the team went back to the veteran approach, which meant signing LHP C.C. Sabathia (seven years for \$161 million) and RHP A.J. Burnett (five years for \$82.5 million) to stabilize the rotation, along with 1B Mark Teixeira (eight years for \$180 million) to provide a switch-hitter for the middle of the lineup. Amazingly, the Yankees still figure to knock \$20 million off their payroll.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: Things are back to normal. There is even controversy thanks to 3B Alex Rodriguez's 2003 steroid test. For the Yankees, though, normal also includes postseason play. Rest assured, that's the expectation, or else Girardi will pay with his job. The Steinbrenners didn't dish out \$423.5 million to finish third again.

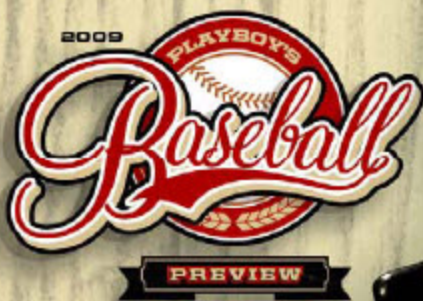
CORNERSTONE PLAYER: SS Derek Jeter



BOSTON RED SOX

LAST SEASON: 95-67. Second place, two games behind, but earned the AL Wild Card. Beat the Angels in four games in the AL Division Series but lost to Tampa Bay in seven games in the AL Championship Series. Manager Terry Francona's three-year, \$12 million extension starts this season.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Trumped by the Yankees in the bidding for Mark Teixeira and unable to find their catcher of the future, the Red Sox wound up bringing back C Jason Varitek—on their terms—and then tried to piece together the pitching staff with aging and aching free agent pitchers Brad Penny, John Smoltz and Takashi Saito.



IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: They didn't find an impact bat to replace Manny Ramirez, who was dealt with two months remaining last season, but they do have Jason Bay, who came from the Pirates in the three-team deal that sent Ramirez to the Dodgers. Bay probably fits better in Boston than Ramirez did. Besides, if Penny and Smoltz can't take their regular turns, the Red Sox won't have enough offense to survive, no matter who plays in left field.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 2B Dustin Pedroia



TAMPA BAY RAYS

LAST SEASON: 97-65. First place, two games ahead. Beat the White Sox in four games in the ALDS and the Red Sox in seven games in the ALCS before losing the World Series in five games to Philadelphia. It was the first season of fewer than 90 losses in franchise history. Manager Joe Maddon showed up for spring training in the final year of his contract.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Rays acted like many surprise winners. They were overly cautious when it came to strengthening their roster. They signed free agent Pat Burrell to provide right-handed power as DH. They balked at signing a quality closer, choosing to gamble once more on the health of Troy Percival and add medical mystery Jason Istringhausen.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: History doesn't bode well for Tampa because Cinderella doesn't often get invited back. The Rays were the 31st team to go from a losing record to a World Series appearance, and only four of those teams made back-to-back World Series. Since the advent of divisional play, in 1969, only one of the 13 teams that rebounded from a losing record to a World Series appearance returned to the Series the following year: the 1992 Atlanta Braves. With a questionable bullpen, the Rays shouldn't expect to follow the Braves' example.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 3B Evan Longoria



TORONTO BLUE JAYS

LAST SEASON: 86-76. Fourth place, 11 games behind. Cito Gaston, who took the Jays to back-to-back world titles in 1992 and 1993,

returned to managing in 2008 as a midseason replacement for John Gibbons. He is signed through 2010 at \$2 million a year.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Once again, looking to buy time for the eighth year of GM J.P. Ricciardi's eight-year reign, the Jays talked about "next year." They explained how difficult it is to compete with New York and Boston payrolls, while acting oblivious to what happened in Tampa Bay last season. But when the off-season goal was to strengthen the rotation and the team lost A.J. Burnett to free agency and couldn't find a better starter than Matt Clement—who hasn't pitched in the majors since making 12 starts for Boston in 2006—optimism is hard to come by.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: Ricciardi is correct. The Jays can't compete with the Yankees and Red Sox; they aren't even a match for Tampa. But it has nothing to do with money. For more than a decade this organization was the best at producing talent. Its farm system, however, no longer provides answers to questions. Other than Roy Halladay, the rotation is in constant flux. Not only did it lose Burnett, but it can only hope Casey Janssen returns from last year's surgery. Dustin McGowan won't be back until at least the end of May, and Shaun Marcum won't pitch at all this season.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: OF Alex Rios



BALTIMORE ORIOLES

LAST SEASON: 68-93.

Fifth place, 28 and a half games behind, the second-worst record in the league. Manager Dave Trembley has a one-year guarantee with an option.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: President Andy MacPhail hoped the Orioles had reached a point at which free agents would again consider them, but he struck out in his plays for Baltimore-area native Mark Teixeira and RHP A.J. Burnett. While MacPhail was able to convince RF Nick Markakis to sign a long-term deal, the rest of his efforts had to be scaled down to signing SS Cesar Izturis, C Gregg Zaun and Japanese import RHP Koji Uehara.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: With a rotation that has RHP Jeremy Guthrie as the only sure big leaguer (the number two guy is the unknown Uehara), the team has no pretense that the AL East title is within reach. Face it: The question of the spring was whether C Matt Wieters, the former number five draft pick with one year of pro experience, can jump to the big leagues, as Markakis did in 2006.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: RF Nick Markakis



EVAN LONGORIA



JOAKIM SORIA

AL CENTRAL



CLEVELAND INDIANS

LAST SEASON: 81-81. Third place, seven and a half games back. Manager Eric Wedge has had two winning seasons in six years but is signed through 2010.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Hopes of contending were derailed by a bullpen that was the worst in the American League, which is why the Tribe's major move was to sign closer Kerry Wood. Looking for steady defense at third, the Indians picked up Mark DeRosa when the Cubs decided to slice payroll. RHP Carl Pavano is an interesting gamble given his health issues, but he could step in to give the Indians a top-of-the-line rotation.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: With a nucleus of Cy Young winner Cliff Lee, CF Grady Sizemore, C Victor Martinez and Wood, the team has All-Star leadership. A healthy Fausto

Carmona to back up Lee and the expected development of left-handers Aaron Laffey, Scott Lewis, David Huff and Jeremy Sowers give the Indians depth in their rotation, which makes them unique in the AL Central.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: CF Grady Sizemore



MINNESOTA TWINS

LAST SEASON: 88-75. Second place, one game behind, losing a 163rd-game playoff to the White Sox in Chicago. Manager Ron Gardenhire is signed through 2011. The Twins have had only two managers in the past 22 and a half seasons: Gardenhire and Tom Kelly.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Second-year GM Bill Smith was cautious. He seemed shell-shocked from the way his first-year moves backfired, but he didn't get bamboozled into doing stuff like giving up Matt Garza as part of a package for a disappointing Delmon Young or throwing money away on Livan Hernandez. He signed free agent 3B Joe Crede, whose back problems make him a gamble.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: Depth is a concern, but a healthy year bodes well for the Twins, considering they have a strong, young rotation that is getting better, the arm of Joe Nathan to work the ninth and a lineup built around C Joe Mauer and 1B Justin Morneau.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 1B Justin Morneau



CHICAGO WHITE SOX

LAST SEASON: 89-74. First place, winning the 163rd-game playoff against Minnesota. Lost to Tampa Bay in four games in the ALDS. Manager Ozzie Guillen is a personal favorite of owner Jerry Reinsdorf and is signed through 2012.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Sox decided it was time to get younger and more athletic, so they let 3B Joe Crede, SS Orlando Cabrera and INF Juan Uribe depart and dealt OF-1B Nick Swisher to the Yankees for potential starter RHP Jeff Marquez. They then made a foray into the Cuban market for the second year in a row, signing 3B Dayan Viciedo.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: The Sox want to be considered a contender, but it's hard to get excited about a team that goes into spring training without a fourth or fifth starter (it's gambling on a rebound from Bartolo Colon for one of those spots). The club also doesn't have a clear-cut third baseman and has no serious candidate to hit leadoff. Adding Viciedo and hoping for a repeat of last year's success with Alexei Ramirez is nice, but Viciedo won't reshape an offense that relies too much on the long ball.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: LHP Matt Thornton

GRADY SIZEMORE



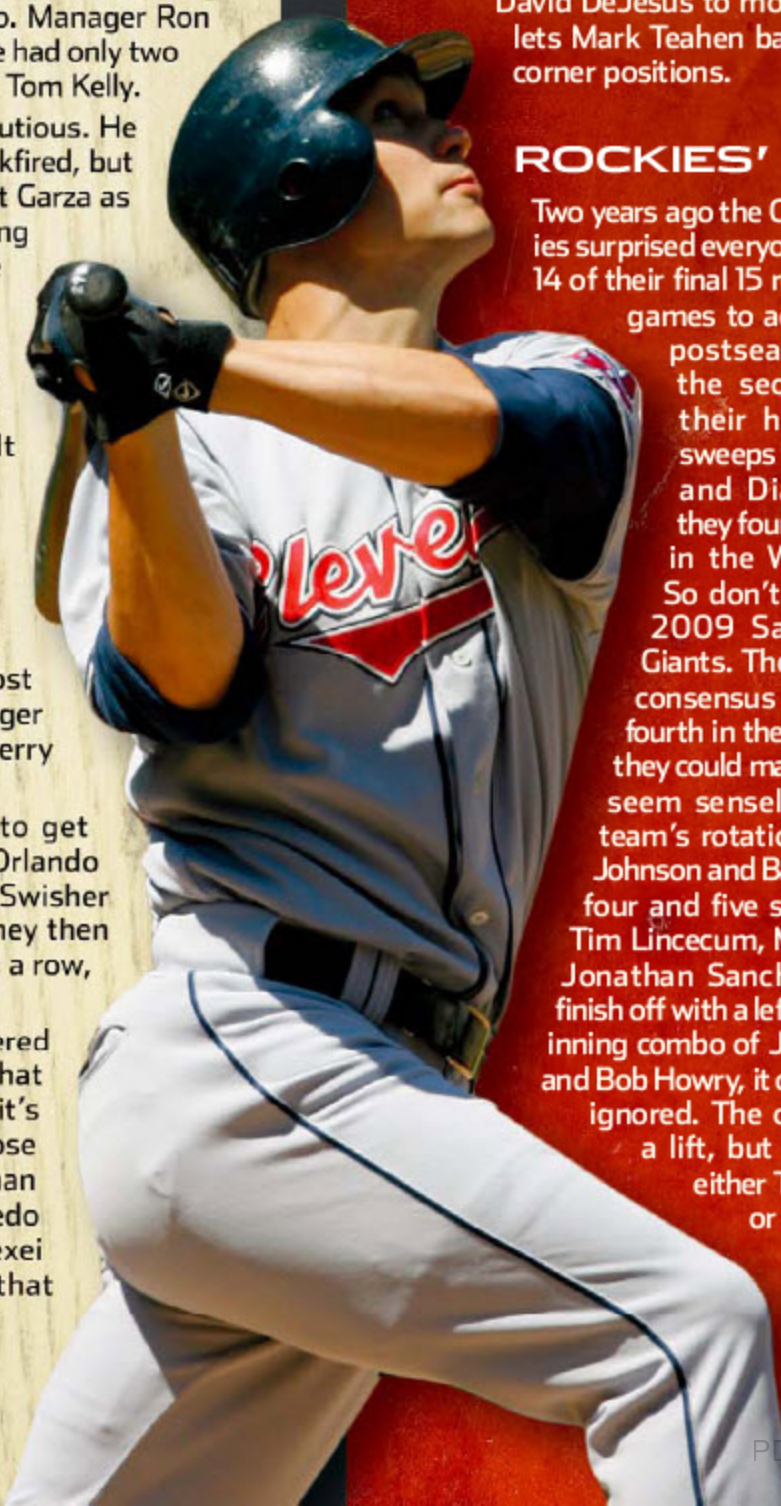
SURPRISES

RAY OF HOPE

Anything can happen. After a decade of 90-loss seasons Tampa Bay didn't just put together a winning record in 2008. The Rays, with the second-lowest payroll in the league, beat the White Sox and Red Sox to make it to the World Series. Who could surprise the rest of the AL this year? Kansas City. Truth is, the Royals wouldn't have as big a challenge as the Rays did, because KC would just have to win the AL Central, which has no overwhelming favorite. And the Royals have the bullets to shock the baseball world if everyone stays healthy and gets a lucky break or two. They have the foundation of a solid rotation with Gil Meche, Zack Greinke and Brian Bannister and a legitimate closer with Joakim Soria. The addition of Coco Crisp in center field allows David DeJesus to move to left and lets Mark Teahen back up at four corner positions.

ROCKIES' ROAD

Two years ago the Colorado Rockies surprised everyone by winning 14 of their final 15 regular-season games to advance to the postseason for only the second time in their history. After sweeps of the Phillies and Diamondbacks they found themselves in the World Series. So don't discount the 2009 San Francisco Giants. They may be the consensus pick to finish fourth in the NL West, but they could make that notion seem senseless. When a team's rotation has Randy Johnson and Barry Zito in the four and five spots—behind Tim Lincecum, Matt Cain and Jonathan Sanchez—and can finish off with a left-right eighth-inning combo of Jeremy Affeldt and Bob Howry, it can't be totally ignored. The offense needs a lift, but who's to say either Travis Ishikawa or Pablo Sandoval can't provide it?





KANSAS CITY ROYALS

LAST SEASON: 75-87.

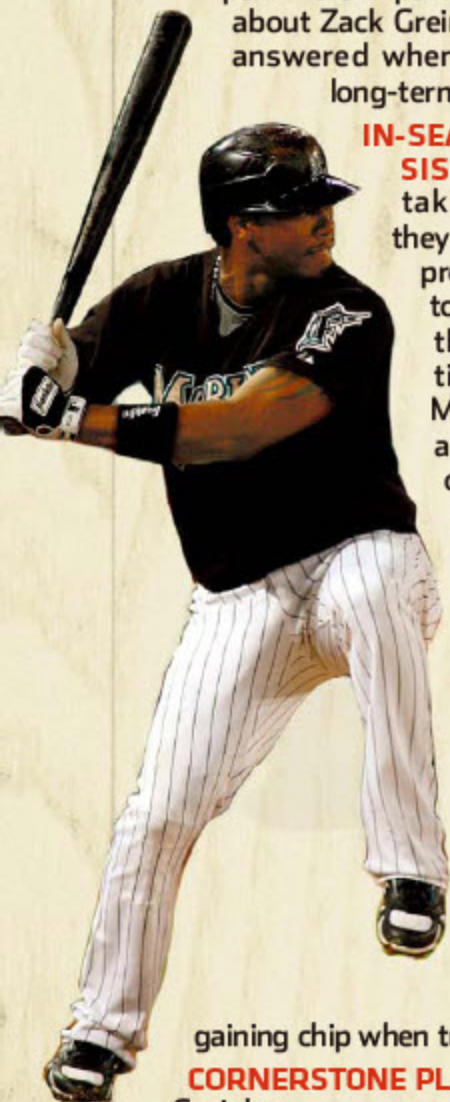
Fourth place, 13 and a half games behind. The team equaled its fifth-best win total since 1991. Manager Trey Hillman, who prepped by managing in Japan, is in the second year of a three-year contract.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Third-year GM Dayton Moore had a shopping list and filled his needs, but the jury is still out on whether he found the best available products when he brought in 1B Mike Jacobs as a corner bat, Coco Crisp to provide defense in center, Willie Bloomquist to be the veteran infielder, and Kyle Farnsworth and Doug Waechter to replenish the bullpen. More important, the questions about Zack Greinke's future were answered when he agreed to a long-term deal.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS:

The Royals are taking it slow, but they continue to make progress. The keys to improvement are the one-two rotation punch of Gil Meche and Greinke along with the continued development of closer Joakim Soria, a Rule Five pick stolen from San Diego in 2006. Mark Teahen has been pushed out of the lineup, with Crisp taking over in center and David DeJesus moving to left, but Teahen gives the Royals a bargaining chip when trade talks begin.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: RHP Zack Greinke



DETROIT TIGERS

LAST SEASON: 74-88. Fifth place, 14 and a half games behind. It was Detroit's 13th losing season in 15 years. Manager Jim Leyland is signed for \$4 million through 2009, but after complaining at the end of last season about having no security, he said this spring he is comfortable with his situation.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The bullpen was a concern. Settling for Brandon Lyon shows how

frustrated the Tigers were after getting the cold shoulder from free agents Francisco Rodriguez, Brian Fuentes and Kerry Wood, as well as from the Seattle Mariners, who had J.J. Putz to offer. Lyon is signed for only a year, however, and will have to hold off a comeback effort from Fernando Rodney. GM Dave Dombrowski found the catcher he wanted, acquiring Gerald Laird from the Texas Rangers.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: Ownership has spent plenty of money, and management has added headline attractions. The parts, however, don't fit together. Too many key players have questionable medical histories: Jeremy Bonderman, Gary Sheffield, Joel Zumaya, Carlos Guillen and Dontrelle Willis. The Tigers have a solid offense with Curtis Granderson, Miguel Cabrera and Magglio Ordonez, but someone has to get 27 outs to finish a game.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: CF Curtis Granderson

AL WEST



LOS ANGELES ANGELS OF ANAHEIM

LAST SEASON: 100-62. First place, 21 games ahead. Boston knocked the Angels out of the postseason in four games in the ALDS. Mike Scioscia has more security than any other manager in the game. He is signed through 2018 with an opt-out in 2015.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The only team to reach 100 wins last year—and one that has not been afraid to push its payroll—seemed oblivious to who was disappearing from its roster. Good-bye, closer Felix Rodriguez, coming off a record 62-save season. Adios, 1B Mark Teixeira, the in-season addition who provided middle-of-the-lineup balance. So long, OF Garrett Anderson, a homegrown hero. And in their places? The Angels went bargain shopping and came back with two interesting purchases—left-handed closer Brian Fuentes and OF Bobby Abreu. But that was it.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: The luxury in Anaheim is knowing the division is won before spring training even starts. But then comes the challenge: getting back to the World Series. Since winning the franchise's first world championship, in 2002, the Angels are 5-15

in four postseason appearances. The lack of rotation depth and the absence of game-breaking bats become glaring weaknesses in the postseason.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: RHP Ervin Santana



OAKLAND A'S

LAST SEASON: 75-86. Third place, 24 and a half games back. Manager Bob Geren, childhood pal of GM Billy Beane, had his option exercised for 2009 last September.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Beane traded three players to the Rockies for rent-a-player Matt Holliday a year after tearing apart a rotation with long-term price certainty by dealing Dan Haren, Joe Blanton and Rich Harden, who were in the midst of club-friendly contracts. Beane also brought back Jason Giambi, who will slip into the DH role, forcing defensively challenged Jack Cust to right field with Daric Barton at first base.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: The offense was beefed up, but the departure of starters Haren, Blanton and Harden and veteran relievers Huston Street and Alan Embree leaves the Athletics with an inexperienced pitching staff. And championship teams revolve around strong-armed pitching staffs.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 3B Eric Chavez



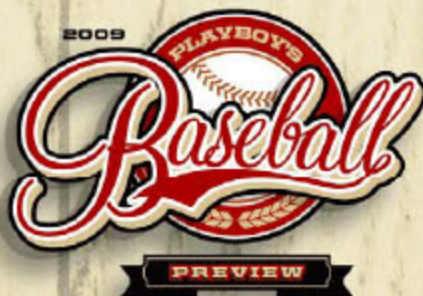
TEXAS RANGERS

LAST SEASON: 79-83. Second place, 21 games behind.

Manager Ron Washington survived last season only because the team got hot before owner Tom Hicks returned from his European vacation. This is the final year of Washington's three-year contract.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Rangers continued their new approach of stockpiling prospects and keeping costs down.

(continued on page 100)





"Pay no attention to the snake."

It's CRYSTAL Clear

For Miss May, the Centerfold is a family affair



Miss August 1968 Gale Olson cuddles with a swan toy for her classic Playmate Centerfold (left). Now Gale's daughter Crystal McCahill pays homage to her mother more than 40 years later with an identical swan Crystal discovered at the Mansion.

It's a different kind of Darwin Award: the Playmate gene, passed from mother to daughter, ensuring survival of the fittest and constant attention from males of the species. Examine the evidence before you in the curvy form of Crystal McCahill, the 25-year-old daughter of Miss August 1968 Gale Olson. "I think every girl who has the figure for it wishes she could be a Playmate, and I'm no exception," said Gale in her Playmate interview. "All I can say is, I am lucky!" Yet when luck strikes twice, it seems less like luck than destiny. (It has happened just once before, when Miss December 1960 Carol Eden saw her daughter Simone grace the Centerfold in February 1989.)

"I always knew my mother was in PLAYBOY," says the Illinois-born Crystal. "I remember telling my brothers and sisters, 'I'm going to do that one day. I'm going to do the exact same pose.' I mentioned it to my mom when I was about 15, and she said, 'Wait a few years and then decide.' Now she's totally for it and so excited for me."

Gale said she wanted to have a large family when she spoke to PLAYBOY back in 1968, and she got her wish: Crystal has two brothers and four sisters, ranging in age from

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND BARRY FONTENOT





14 to 39. "I really can't imagine life without them," says Crystal. "I think it makes everything that much better when you are able to rely on your family and have someone there whenever you need them."

Miss May 2009 celebrated her sixth birthday on a plane flying with her family to Hawaii, where she lived for several years and went to a Japanese school. She moved with her family back to Chicago and was soon defying child labor laws to work at a pizza parlor. "My dad lied to get me the job," she explains, "and said I was 15 when I was 14. For my 15th birthday my co-workers gave me a sweet-16 necklace. I felt so bad. To this day they think I'm a year older."

Still in Chicago, she lives with her "chill" Pomeranian, Elvis, and tends bar at several hot Chicago clubs. After hours the sexy mixologist seeks a different scene entirely. "I don't like to go out to loud clubs all the time," she says. "I like having people over to my house. My girlfriend once planned a slumber party—gossiping, pillow fights, hide-and-seek—all the good stuff. I've always met my boyfriends through my friends because I'm very focused at work, and I think it's unprofessional to give my number out when I'm behind the bar." Come on—never? Crystal cracks. "Yeah, I've done it," she laughs. "But it's not a good idea. They always say a girl dates someone like her father, right? I grew up always laughing, having a good time and not taking myself too seriously. I definitely like funny guys—Dane Cook is my main crush right now. I'm also very spontaneous and always need change."

Everything changed quickly for Crystal after she tried out during our 55th anniversary Playmate search. She received positive feedback, and then she ran into the Girls Next Door, filming at Hooters. "Bridget came over and asked if she could interview me for her radio show," says Crystal. "A few days later I ran into Photography Director Gary Cole for a second time at a restaurant. He said, 'Yes, I think it's meant to be.' Then I met Hef, whom I love and think is such an incredible person. All those years I waited to be a Playmate like my mom, and this just happened so fast. I think if you believe in it, you can do whatever you want."





See more of Miss May at club.playboy.com.



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Crystal McCahill ♡♡

BUST: 34 DD WAIST: 26 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: Dec. 18, '83 BIRTHPLACE: River Forest, IL

AMBITIONS: To further my modeling career, fall in love, get married & have a big family.

TURN-ONS: Guys who are romantic, ambitious, confident & independent & can make me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Bad breath, laziness, cheaters, people who are too needy & immature.

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN: I love animals & I can't eat something I know has been harmed.

ABOUT MY PET: I have a blue Pomeranian named Elvis. He's four years old & loves going to the doggy park.

THE WILDEST PLACE I HAVE MADE LOVE: On a horse-and-carriage ride, going through the city during the summertime.

FIVE THINGS EVERY GUY SHOULD OWN: A car, cologne, a gym membership, an iron & someday a house. ☺



Nine years old in Hawaii, by the pineapple fields.



16 years old. One of my first modeling photos.



17 years old. Miss Illinois Teen USA Pageant, 2001.





MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What do Congress and a condom have in common?

Both make sure nothing happens while you're being fucked.

The thrill is gone from my marriage," a man told his friend.

"Why not add some intrigue to your life and have an affair?" the friend suggested.

"What if my wife finds out?" the first asked.

"Just be honest and tell her about it," the second answered.

The man went home and told his wife, "Dear, I think an affair will bring us closer together."

His wife replied, "I've tried that—it didn't work."



What's the difference between a recession and a depression?

In a recession your neighbor is out of work. In a depression you are out of work.

A soldier had second thoughts about serving overseas, so he showed up for deployment wearing lipstick.

"Do you always wear lipstick?" the ranking officer asked.

"Oh yes, sir, always," the soldier replied.

"Good," the officer said. "You won't get chapped lips during your tour in Iraq."

What is the difference between jelly and jam?

Your girlfriend will never ask you to jelly your cock into her.

A woman was admitted to a hospital after having phone sex. Doctors removed two Nokias, three Motorolas and a Samsung, but no Siemen was found.

What do you get when you mix a brunette with a blonde?

A fantastic evening.

A man approached a beautiful blonde at a bar. "I'd like to call you," he said. "What's your number?"

"It's in the phone book," she answered.

"But I don't know your name," he said.

She replied, "That's in the phone book too."

Good girls wear high heels to work. Really good girls wear high heels to bed.

What's the difference between mechanical engineers and civil engineers?

Mechanical engineers build weapons; civil engineers build targets.

If you are having sex with two women and one more woman walks in, what happens next?

Divorce proceedings.

What do a G-spot, a woman's birthday and a urinal have in common?

Men seem to miss all three.

Who was the first man, for \$1,000?" a game-show host asked a pretty female contestant.

"The first man was Peter, my math tutor," she replied, "but I've never been paid more than \$500."

What do you call a first-time offender in Saudi Arabia?

Lefty.



A Sunday-school teacher was instructing her class on the Bible. She told them about the kings of the Old Testament and the queens who vied for attention. "We just learned about the powerful kings and queens of the Bible, but there is a higher power," the teacher said. "Can anybody tell me what that is?"

A student raised her hand and said, "Aces!"

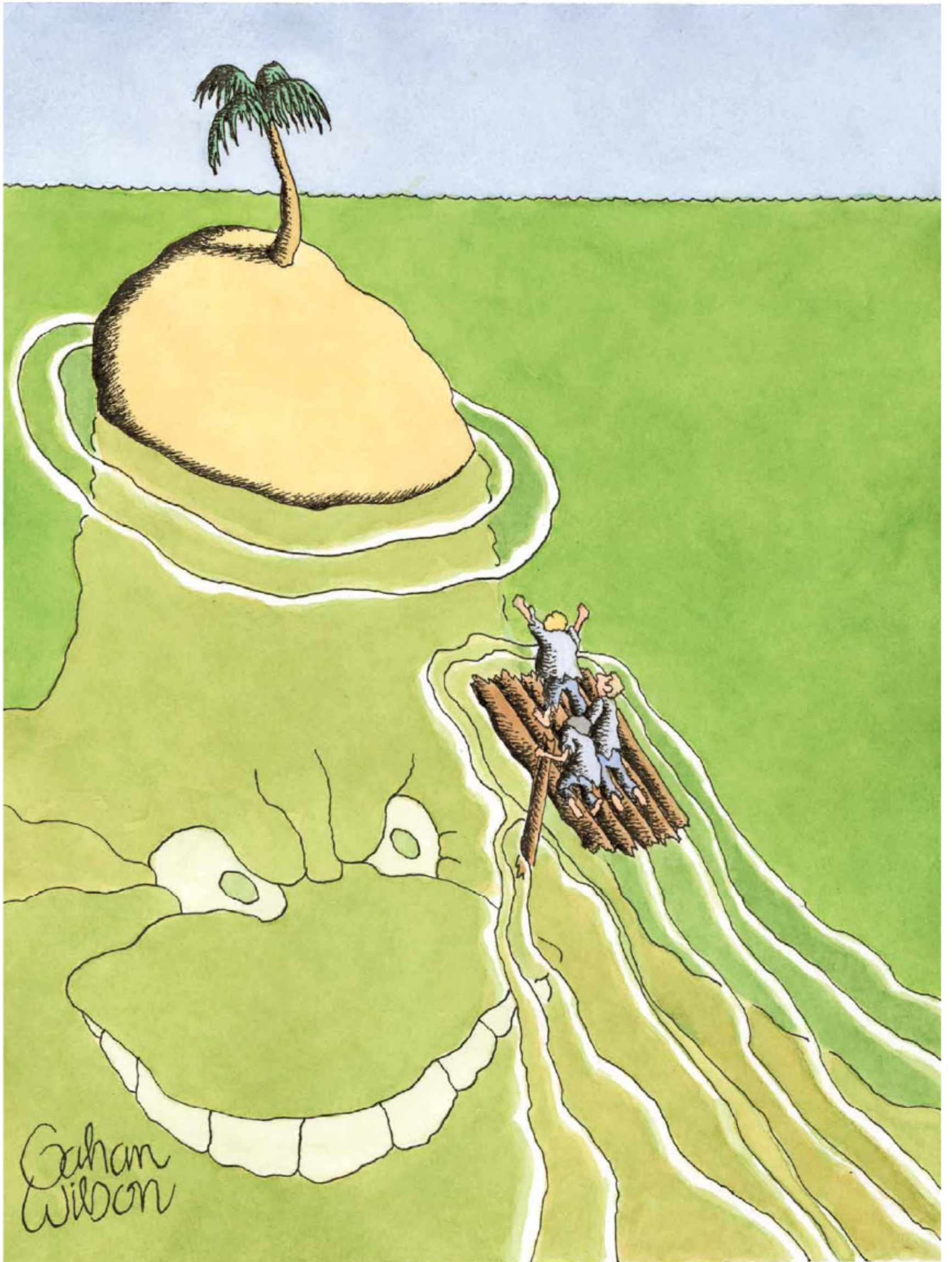
A man seemed upset, so his co-worker asked, "What's the matter?"

"My 10-year-old son made my secretary pregnant," the man said.

"Impossible," the co-worker remarked.

"It's true," the man said. "He punctured my condoms."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.

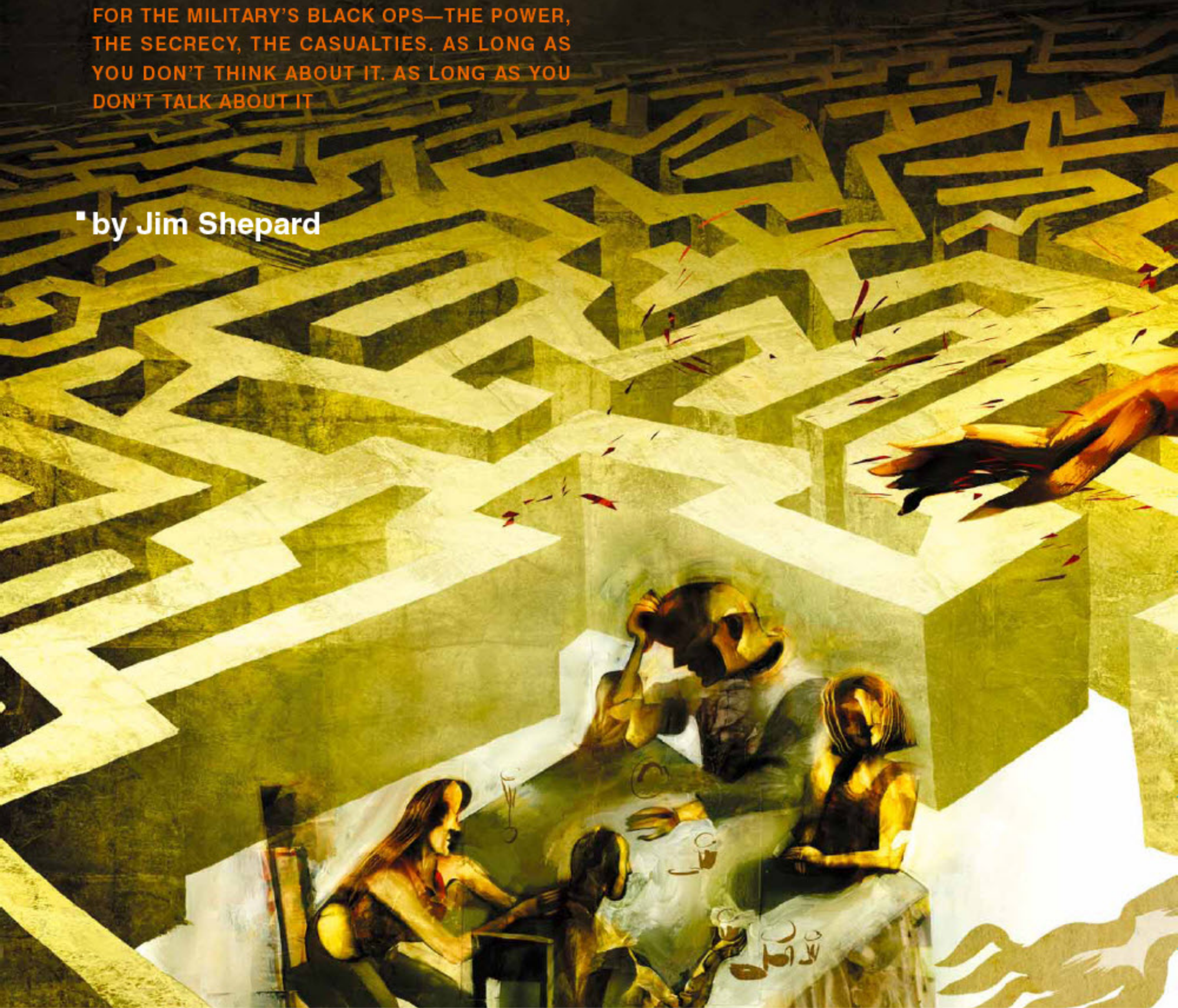




minotaur

THERE'S NO GREATER RUSH THAN WORKING FOR THE MILITARY'S BLACK OPS—THE POWER, THE SECRECY, THE CASUALTIES. AS LONG AS YOU DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. AS LONG AS YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT IT

by Jim Shepard



Kenny I hadn't seen in, what, three, four years. Kenny started with me way back when, the two of us standing there with our hands in our pants right outside the wormhole. Kenny wanders into the Windsock last night like the Keith Richards version of himself with this girl who looks like some movie star's daughter. "Is that you?" he says to me when he spots me in a booth. "This is the guy you're always talking about?" Carly asks once we're a few minutes into the conversation. The girl's name turns out to be Celestine. Every so often talking to me he gets distracted and we have to wait until he takes his mouth away from hers.

"So my husband brings you up all the time, and then when I ask what you did together he always goes, 'I can't help you there,'" Carly tells him. "Which of course he knows I know. But he likes to say it anyway."

Celestine with her fingers brings his cheek over toward her, like no one's talking, and once they're kissing, she works on gently opening his mouth with hers. After a while he makes a sound that's apparently the one she wanted to hear, and she disengages and returns her attention to us.

"How's your wife?" Carly asks him.



Kenny tells her that they're separated and that she settled down with a project manager from Lockheed.

"Nice to meet you," Carly tells Celestine.

"Mmm-hmm," Celestine says.

The wormhole for Kenny and me was what people in the industry call the black world. The black world's all about those projects that are so far off the books that you're not even allowed to put CLASSIFIED in the gap in your résumé afterward. You're told when you're recruited that people in the know will know and that when it comes to everybody else you shouldn't give a shit.

If you want to know how big the black world is, go click on **COMPTROLLER** and then **RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT** on the DOD's website and make a list of the line items with names like Cerulean Blue and budgets listed as **NO NUMBER**. Then compare the number of budget items you can add up to the total from the DOD's printed budget. *There's* an eye-opener for you home actuaries: You're looking at a 40 billion dollar difference.

Black world is everywhere: Regular air bases have restricted compounds; defense industries have permanently segregated sites. And anywhere no one else in (continued on page 90)

PRIME-TIME STYLE

CRIMINAL MINDS COP SHEMAR MOORE GETS COLLARED

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Actor Shemar Moore and crew go to extreme lengths to ensure *Criminal Minds* stands out from the other 168 crime dramas on network TV. Says Moore, "Our show has dealt with cannibalism, necrophilia and dismemberment. Sometimes I look at the writers and I'm like, 'Man, you guys need therapists.'"

LOOK NO. 1

JACKET (\$2,095)

BY MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI

SWEATER-VEST (\$795)

BY AVON CELLI

SHIRT (\$450)

BY LORENZINI 1920

PANTS (\$325)

BY TWIN D.D.M.

POCKET SQUARE (\$60)

BY MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI

BELT (\$185)

BY TWIN D.D.M.

WATCH (\$1,795)

BY ORIS



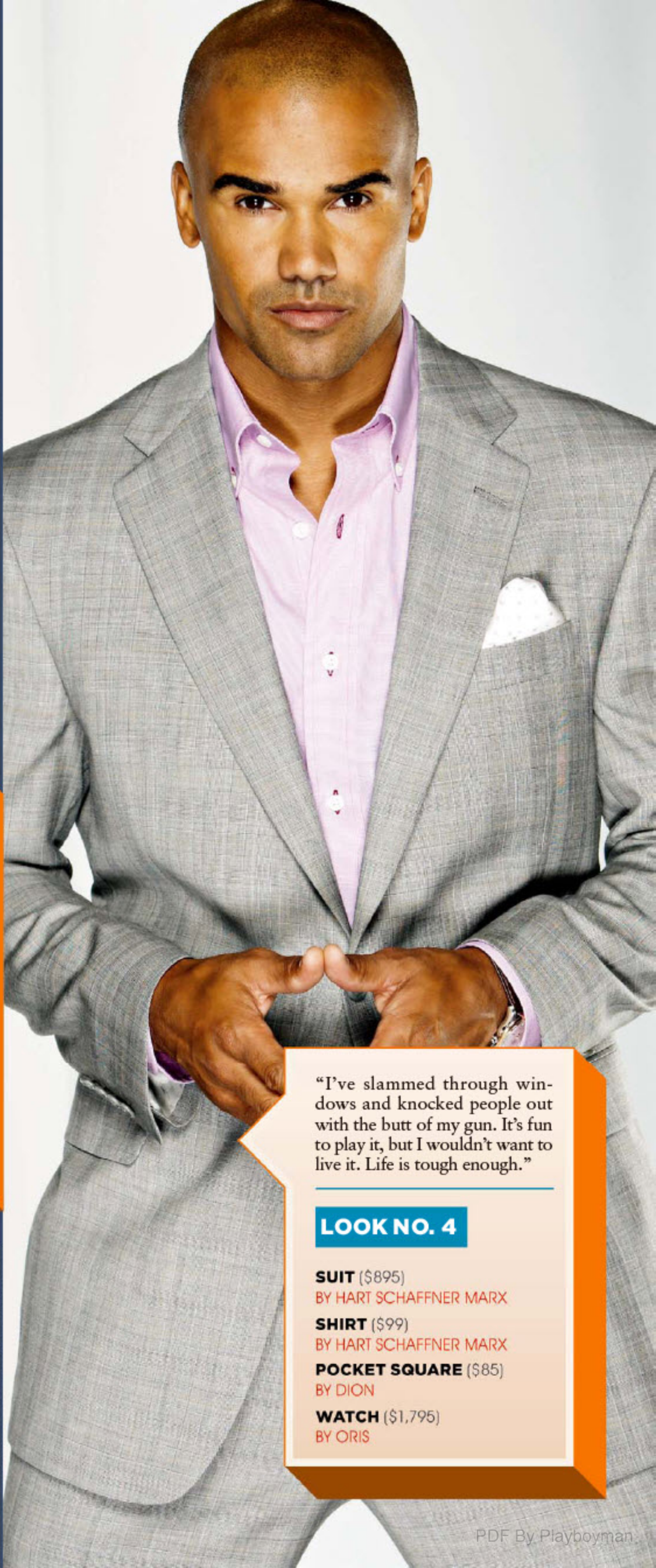
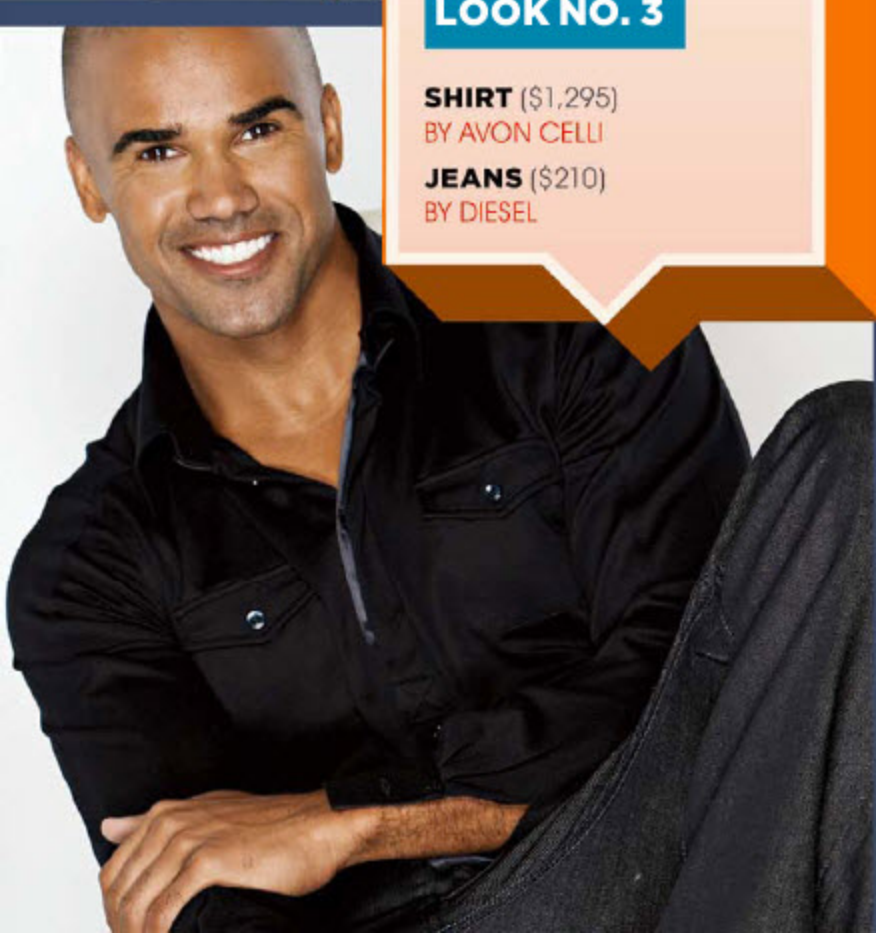


LOOK NO. 2

SHIRT (\$345)
BY LORENZINI
PANTS (\$325)
BY TWIN D.D.M.
TIE (\$160)
BY MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI

LOOK NO. 3

SHIRT (\$1,295)
BY AVON CELLI
JEANS (\$210)
BY DIESEL



LOOK NO. 4

SUIT (\$895)
BY HART SCHAFFNER MARX
SHIRT (\$99)
BY HART SCHAFFNER MARX
POCKET SQUARE (\$85)
BY DION
WATCH (\$1,795)
BY ORIS

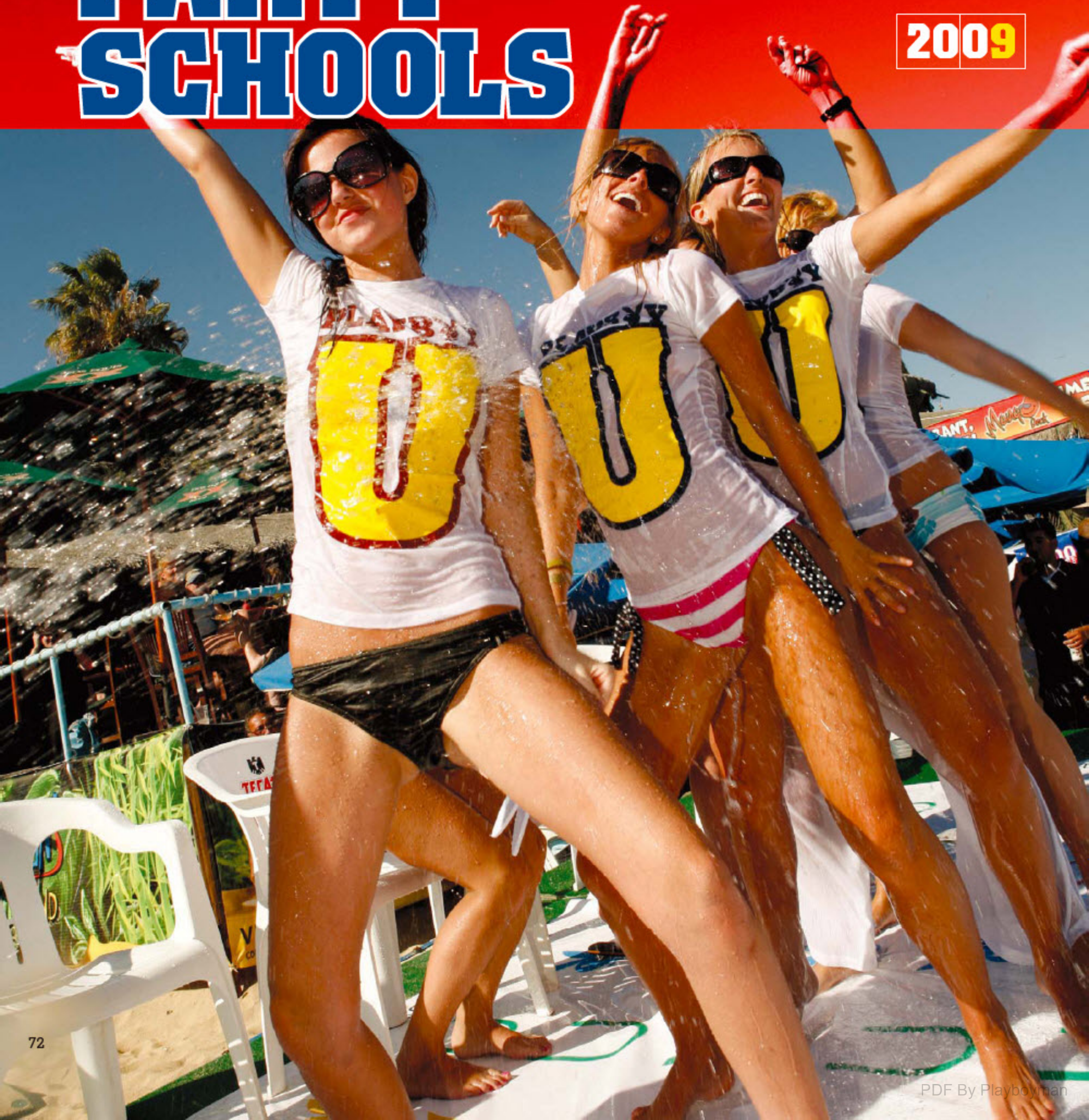
“I’ve slammed through windows and knocked people out with the butt of my gun. It’s fun to play it, but I wouldn’t want to live it. Life is tough enough.”

PLAYBOY'S

TOP PARTY SCHOOLS

For more than 20 years PLAYBOY's list of top party schools has fueled debate on campuses across the country. It has also spawned two myths we will now dispel. The first is that we put out a list of party schools every year. Not true—until now. Going forward, this will be an annual event. The second myth was propagated by your friends who bragged that their school was number one. Unless they matriculated at Chico State (in 1987), Arizona State (2002) or Wisconsin (2006), they were dead wrong. If they are currently at the University of Miami, however, visit them immediately. You can read the rest of this on the road trip.

2009



PLAYBOY'S 2009 TOP 10

	BIKINI	SEX	CAMPUS	SPORTS	BRAINS	TOTAL
1 UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI	20	17	20	12	20	89
2 UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN	15	13	19	16	16	79
3 SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY	19	17	20	8	14	78
4 UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA	14	17	7	20	18	76
5 UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA	15	18	12	12	14	71
6 UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN	12	17	10	10	18	67
7 UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA	13	18	6	13	16	66
8 LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY	13	13	6	16	14	62
9 UNIVERSITY OF IOWA	11	19	4	10	16	60
10 WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY	9	20	4	11	13	57

THE CRITERIA

We had an internal struggle trying to compare apples and keggers. How should we rank a Bowling Green bar crawl against a Rhode Island ripper? An event is what one makes of it. Our parties are covered by international media, but some of our favorite nights are spent with close friends and girlfriends. So we polled our models, staffers, campus reps, photographers and you (the traffic to our online poll almost crashed the server) about which schools get down. Then we determined the five categories crucial to the college experience. Even if you aren't an applied-science major, college is indeed the time to experiment. You should also check out the scenery (the Bikini index), get involved in activities (Campus Life), go crazy in fandom (Sports), learn (Brains) and put a few notches on your dorm bedpost (Sex).

From these categories we developed algorithms to decide the rankings. Think of this as a BCS rating, but unlike the BCS we welcome your input. If, say, you feel skiing schools were treated unfairly by the Bikini index, noise from you may change next year's calculations. Here's how our research staff ran the numbers: Each category was weighted so the school with the highest score in the category would receive 20 points.

BIKINI: We took the highest average temperature on campus in May + the number of days of sunshine + the number of tanning salons near campus + the number of cosmetic surgeons and multiplied that by the girl percentage from the guy-to-girl ratio, then added the number of nursing majors and our rank of their cheerleaders.



WHEN YOU COMBINE WEATHER AND WOMEN, NO CITY IN THE COUNTRY IS HOTTER THAN MIAMI. OTHER SCHOOLS COME HERE FOR SPRING BREAK. NUFF SAID.

SEX: To get this figure we used the ranking from the Trojan Sexual Health Report Card (if none was given, the median was used) + the number of empty study rooms at a random hour in the library (the best place to have sex on campus if your roommate is home) + the numerical value of the College Prowler Strictness Score (A+ = 98, A = 95, A- = 92, etc).

CAMPUS LIFE: A beer is only as good as the company you drink it with, so we used these formulas: $2 \times (\text{the number of bars} + \text{the number of liquor stores} + \text{the gallons of beer consumed in the state each year}) = N$. $\text{Enrollment} / (\text{the number of clubs} + \text{the number of Greek organizations}) = Q$. Each school's Q was then subtracted from the highest Q in the set to get Z. $100 / N + 100 / Z$ gave us our number.

SPORTS: We counted only the past four years, since current seniors started. (Note: The 2009 NCAA Basketball Tournament occurred after we went to press.) We took the capacity of the largest stadium - enrollment + (the number of times men's basketball or football made a bowl game or NCAA Division I Tourney $\times 1,000$) + (the number of times either men's basketball or football won its conference $\times 5,000$) + (the number of times men's basketball or football won a national championship $\times 10,000$).

BRAINS: We took the average GPA (if none was reported, we used the average of all the schools) + (the freshman retention rate / the number of students for each professor) + (the Princeton Review academic rating / 10).

LEFT: GETTING WET AT SPRING BREAK IN CABO SAN LUCAS. ABOVE: A HURRICANE WE'D LIKE TO BE CAUGHT IN.



DORIC COLUMNS AREN'T THE ONLY THINGS THAT MAKE A CAMPUS BEAUTIFUL.

#1 UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI

When you combine weather and women, no city in the country is hotter than Miami. That's why the U garnered our highest Bikini index score. Although Nikki Beach is the most beautiful topless seashore in the country, a recent grad raves about "hard-bodied coeds laying out on the campus lake between classes." Frat parties rage, but you don't have to know a secret handshake to stay out late; some clubs and bars in South Beach are permitted to stay open 24 hours a day. The University of Miami is the only private school to crack our top 10, and while its academics are in no way close to those of the Ivy League, you can get a great education here without skimping on fun. In the future Miami's number will rise in the sports category, thanks to Randy Shannon. One simple statement solidifies the University of Miami as 2009's number one Playboy Party School: Other colleges come to its city for spring break. Nuff said.

#2 UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

Everything is actually bigger in Texas: Darrell K Royal–Texas Memorial Stadium, parties, cup sizes, etc. Before metal bands threw up the "rock-on" hand gesture, Texas students were signaling their undying love for the Longhorns. That same gesture could now symbolize "Number two on the Playboy Party Schools list!" The city of Austin has become a mecca for forward-thinking people, as well as a hot music scene, thanks to the South by Southwest festival. The students also like to party, whether on Sixth Street or at an off-campus apartment. Sam, a physics major, has a hazy memory of one bacchanal at West Campus: "Twenty kegs and 13 jugs of trash-can punch... what was a bikini party morphed into women dancing half naked. Didn't end till four in the morning." Austin, we raise a Texas toast to you. Steers and cheers.

#3 SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

SDSU has made every party school list we've compiled (that's four, by the way). Playboy U reps took their cameras to the university's Reggae Sun Splash last year, and when they asked why SDSU is a party school, one cutie eloquently replied, "Because we rage like it's our fucking job." Chris, a business major, informed us that SDSU's motto is "Study hard, party harder." Our researchers assure us the school's actual slogan is "Minds that move the world," but we suggest the administration adopt the former. Written in Latin, it would be harmless.

#4 UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

After the Princeton Review put Gainesville at the top of its party school list, Stephanie, a journalism major with a 3.2 GPA, told us, "We're obsessed with defending our titles, be it for sports or partying. Our athletic teams are a constant cause for celebration—four national championships since the 2009 seniors stepped on campus. We somehow manage to kick ass in class despite our pounding hangovers. Furthermore, we live in the swamp, which means clothing is optional 10 months out of the year." The contingent you nominated as the hottest girls on the Gainesville campus is the Dazzlers, the dance team that once boasted Playboy.com's sexiest sideline reporter, Erin Andrews, as a member. Southern hospitality is our favorite aspect of the Gators. Ricky, a bio major, says, "You can go down any street near campus, and if the lights are on and people are going crazy, that's enough of an invitation."

#5 UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

The Zona school that traditionally gets the love is ASU, and though we think Tempe is a great place to spend a three-day weekend, four years are better spent at U of A in Tucson.

SEXIEST COLLEGE INTERNET SENSATIONS

A screenshot of a website titled "Most Beautiful Woman" with the subtitle "Home of the World's Most Beautiful Women". Below the title are navigation tabs: ACCIDENTS, SUPERHEROES, ATHLETES, MEDICINE, MODELS, PICS, DAZZLERS, MEMES, QUOTES, WORDS. A search bar is on the right. The main content area features a photo of Allison Stokke, a pole vaulter, with the text: "Allison Stokke, born on 1989, is an American pole vaulter County, California."

Cal's Allison Stokke vaulted into America's online attention when this shot circulated. See other Internet-famous coeds at playboyu.com.



WHETHER EMERGING FROM THE SWAMP OR LIVING IT UP IN THE POOL, STUDENTS AT THESE SCHOOLS THROW DOWN.

Consider some of its party names: Natural Disaster, Heaven and Hell, Fubar, Jungle Party. Sounds wild. Leo, a senior, describes the biggest decision of his life thusly: "When I was applying to schools, it was between the University of Arizona and the University of Colorado at Boulder. Would I rather walk around in board shorts and sandals, looking at gorgeous girls in bikinis for eight months out of the year or shovel snow and freeze my nuts off in Boulder? I made the right decision."

#6 UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The top party school from our previous list makes it again as the northernmost representative. Negative: It's cold, no doubt. Positive: It has the coldest beer on any campus. The Badgers are rabid football and basketball fans no matter how their teams are doing (and that's good, considering how they've been doing lately). If we have any complaint about the fans, it's that the guys should keep their shirts on—leave the body paint to the girls at our Mansion events. Wisconsin cannot be denied its parties on State and Mifflin streets. Oh yeah, Madison is also a pretty good place to get an education.

#7 UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

It's like a Southern party schools summit: When Georgia and Florida play each other in football every season, they hold the world's largest outdoor cocktail party. The Dawgs do it right in Athens, where Chad, a political-science major with a 3.6 GPA, claims, "We have more bars than Bourbon Street, and they are all within walking distance of one another—the best nightlife and downtown bar scene anywhere." While that's open to debate, there is no question Georgia celebrates baseball correctly, by yipping it up behind the outfield fence. Bonus: the hottest sorority girls in the country.

#8 LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

It's Mardi Gras all the time. Even in a recession the going rate for a string of beads is one quick flash. From the sororities to the chemistry labs to the Golden Girls dance line, you can't hide from the hotties here. Super-senior Ariane assures us, "While the faculty is reportedly concerned about the party school label, the students are as proud as ever. Just because we have one of the best vet and business schools in the nation doesn't mean we don't know how to keep our partying heritage alive!"

#9 UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

At football games the Hawkeyes sing, "In heaven there is no beer; that's why we're drinkin' here," Iowa City being "here." It certainly isn't a vacation destination, but that may be because it isn't for lightweights or the faint of heart. From an ASU student: "Iowa's tailgating scene is like nothing I've seen before. Case in point: the Magic School Bus. It's two school buses, one with a stage built on top and the other with keg after keg inside, with taps coming out the sides. There was an awesome blues band playing, and during the band's breaks girls would get on top of the bus, dance and, among other things, show us what they were working with. We missed the first half of the game because we were having so much fun." Also, you haven't lived if you haven't shared a roll in the hay with a corn-fed Midwestern girl.

#10 WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY

In Morgantown, the quintessential college town, the school is the only show around, and when the Mountaineers do well (or terribly) the students go nuts. Being in the Pit before a football game is like being in the Thunderdome. Anyone who flips a car because of a sporting event needs to rethink his life, but we won't let a few meatheads spoil the fun for the rest of us. WVU doesn't need an excuse to party. Kati, a fashion major, explains: "No matter what day of the week or where—the bars, the frat houses or Grant Street—you can find a party." Frank, who is pursuing a degree in mechanical engineering, tells us, "Everyone who graduates from WVU has a minor in alcohol." When the party comes to an unfortunate close, Frank, we'd leave that off the résumé.



College Drinking Joints

State Street Brats: the best place to catch a Wisconsin game or a Badger coed. More of our favorite college bars are at playboyu.com.

Did your school not crack the top 10? The rest of the list is at playboyu.com/playboy-party-schools.



HIGH-TECH HI-FI

WE'RE NOT SURE WHY MOST IPOD DOCKS LOOK LIKE PROPS FROM A SCI-FI EPIC, BUT WE'RE NOT COMPLAINING. HERE ARE SIX TO HELP PASS THE TIME ON YOUR NEXT TRIP TO THE HORSEHEAD NEBULA



EWOO HAND MUSIC (\$170, ewoo.com) The only dock in this group that doesn't have its own speakers, the eWoo hooks your iPod into your stereo, a trick you can also accomplish with a \$10 RCA-to-mini cable. So why get it? For the remote, which lets you control and browse your player with its 1.8-inch screen. It communicates via radio, so you can change the music through walls without having to point the damn thing at your stereo.



ALTEC LANSING INMOTION MAX (\$200, alteclansing.com) The InMotion Max isn't the most high-tech or even the loudest dock in this group, but it is the only one that will truly put your music wherever you want it, power outlets be damned. The built-in battery will give you three and a half hours of playing time on a charge. The dock comes with a remote (plus a drawer to stash it in), an FM tuner and a line-in jack that can be used as a speaker system for any other audio devices that may be at hand (e.g., cell phones, CD players and the like).



CUE ACOUSTICS MODEL R1 (\$400, cueacoustics.com) Though it's one of the smallest docks in this group, the r1 not only packs a wallop in volume, its reproductive fidelity is excellent, thanks to its digital-signal-processing chip and optional second speaker (Model s1, \$100, sold separately). With all this plus a built-in FM radio, the r1 is a mighty handsome addition to your nightstand. Now all you have to do is find someone to impress with it.

BY

SCOTT
ALEXANDER



IHOME ONE (\$300, ihomeaudio.com) For more than 30 years Tony Bongiovi has been making sound waves sit up, roll over and beg. And though he worked the board for some of Jimi Hendrix's recordings, his greatest triumphs are just coming to market. His most recent work, which uses digital processing to expand the dynamic range for audio tracks, is built into iHome's latest iPod dock (the first to use it). The amount of added detail it can pull out of anything from Ella Fitzgerald to Foo Fighters is astounding. For maximum realism throw on some Hendrix.

PARROT ZIKMU SPEAKERS (\$1,500, parrot.com) Thanks to cleverly recessed feet, these Philippe Starck-designed towers appear to hover above your living room floor as their two innovative 1.4-inch-thick speakers project 100 watts of sound 360 degrees. Wi-Fi and Bluetooth let them communicate with each other as well as stream music from computers or the Internet without cluttering your space with cables. A conversation starter and party starter in one, these babies make a statement whether they're on or off.



COBY VITRUVIAN (\$80, cobyusa.com) Over the past several years Coby has carved out an impressive (if under-the-radar) niche for itself by delivering competent electronics at bargain-basement prices. Its latest offering, the Vitruvian, exemplifies that approach. This is a decent iPod dock for less than \$100, but it adds an intelligent low-tech twist: The dock rotates so you can browse music as usual, then turn it—the better to watch video on your iPod Touch or iPhone.





20Q

BY DAVID RENSIN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT SEBREE

ZACHARY Z QUINTO

THE BEST VILLAIN ON TV AND THE MOST LOGICAL GUY IN *STAR TREK* DISCUSSES EVIL, MISTER ROGERS, CARL JUNG, CROSSWORD PUZZLES AND WHY HE'S CALLED REX AT STARBUCKS

Q1

PLAYBOY: You grew up in Pittsburgh, hometown of Mister Rogers, who famously told kids, "You're okay just the way you are." Would he apply that to *Heroes*' Sylar, the best villain on TV, and want him as a neighbor?

QUINTO: I don't think Mister Rogers's far-reaching assertion reaches so far as to include maniacally bloodthirsty superpowered psychopaths. He was talking to and about children who were struggling with what it means to be fat, dyslexic or myopic. If Sylar were Rogers's neighbor, the Neighborhood of Make-Believe would have a whole different element. I can just imagine Trolley being impeded on the tracks by the severed heads of Daniel Striped Tiger or Lady Elaine Fairchilde as he tries to pass by the castle of King Friday and Queen Sara—not a pleasant image.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Is there real evil in the world?

QUINTO: Absolutely. I'm a huge fan of Carl Jung. I think shades of the Shadow exist in each individual. If you're not aware and willing to look at that part of yourself, your unconscious, your Shadow, then the shit we don't want to look at manifests itself as dysfunctional relationships, addiction, aggression and bad choices. That adds up and can create personal discord and disharmony, which then affect relationships, then society, then the world. Is Dick Cheney aware of his Shadow? I don't think so. I think he believes in what he's doing. That's what's so creepy about it.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Must Sylar use only his index finger when opening a brainpan? Didn't his mom teach him it's not polite to point?

QUINTO: I can also use the middle finger—and either hand, depending on camera angles. The adage for me is, When you point at somebody else, three fingers point back at you.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Did you ever sport a unibrow? What's your eyebrow-care routine?

QUINTO: I lost the unibrow in college when I was preparing to go into the acting marketplace. My eyebrows do require some attention. I had to shave three quarters off each to play Spock. I don't know if they're my favorite feature, but they're certainly my defining characteristic. My older brother and I refer to ourselves as the Brow Brothers sometimes.

Q5

PLAYBOY: We all had to suffer through "Save the cheerleader, save the world." Now it's your turn to fill in the blank. Save the...?

QUINTO: Save the bullshit. I don't want it.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You sang and danced in high school. Did that make you an object of scorn or praise?

QUINTO: I was always an actor who could also sing or move; I wouldn't say dance so much. In high school the drama program was an after-school, let's-get-together-and-put-on-a-show kind of thing. Since the play was always a musical, that's what I had to do. I also studied acting outside of school. Toward the end of my junior year kids started to realize I had perseverance and had already decided what I wanted to be. Lots of them hadn't even thought about it, and that created unexpected respect, which surprised me. It was gratifying.

Q7

PLAYBOY: You're half Irish, half Italian. Under which circumstances does one side win out over the other?

QUINTO: The Italian side comes in handy when I lose my temper—if I lose my temper—because I can blame it on my fiery

roots. I suppose the Irish side comes in handy when I sidle up to a bottle of Jameson, which is not often. *[laughs]* The Irish side certainly came in handy when I went to Ireland the summer between my junior and senior years in college. I lived in Galway. I waited tables in a coffee shop from eight at night until four in the morning. I did a play there. The people of Ireland are *amazing*.

Q8

PLAYBOY: So many know you as Sylar, and soon people will know you as the young Spock in the new *Star Trek* movie. When you go into Starbucks, do you ever feel forced to use a phony coffee name in order to retain whatever shards of anonymity you have left?

QUINTO: Sometimes I'll use Rex. It's easy, it's quick. It's three letters, and you can't misspell it. Then I just have to remember the coffee's for me when they shout "Double latte for Rex."

Q9

PLAYBOY: Spock employs the mind meld and neck nerve pinch. When have you wanted to use either in real life?

QUINTO: I was in New York recently, in the audience at a few Broadway shows, and I really wanted to bust out the nerve pinch on some people around me, just to put them to sleep and shut them up. As an actor who comes from the theater, I realized I might have inflated ideas of who we do theater for. The disregard brought my delusions of grandeur crashing down. I take theater seriously, and I was fascinated and repulsed at people's casual, cavalier attitudes and behaviors in the audience. Opening candy packages, screaming and talking in the middle of the show—it was really alarming. I was galled by the nerve.

Q10

PLAYBOY: What about the mind meld? Whom would you choose?

QUINTO: With anyone, dead or alive? Carl Jung. The danger with the mind meld is that certain illusions are necessary in life. So if you meld, you have to be prepared for the whole experience because you will get into and see things you wouldn't expect or necessarily desire. You don't want to mind meld with somebody you consider infallible, because invariably you will be disappointed. That said, if Barack Obama had any time, I would love to know his experience. *Star Trek* director J.J. Abrams would also be a good candidate because how do you do what he does and stay as cool as he is?

Q11

PLAYBOY: There are both Spock and Sylar dolls. Do you hide or display yours?

QUINTO: *[Clears throat]* We, uh, like to call them action figures, by the way. I don't have the Spock figure yet. The Sylar action figure is perched atop the filing cabinet in my office. His head turns, and he has a baseball cap that comes off. You can take off one of his hands and plug in a glass hand. It's just plastic—no light ray is involved. I'll be interested to compare the two figures.

Q12

PLAYBOY: How deep are you into the online slash fiction that celebrates Spock and Kirk as lovers? Does a bromance make sense?

QUINTO: I know it exists, but I haven't seen any of it. I understand it's written mostly by women, right? Is it the same thing as guys who like to watch the ladies get it on? *Heroes*, to a certain extent, and *Star Trek*, obviously, have this mythology that becomes absorbed, mutated and reconsidered. But for me, both the show and the movie are simply and directly about the work. So I spend almost no time concerning myself or even

familiarizing myself with the periphery. With *Star Trek*, that goes for slash fiction or fan reactions or all the online stuff.

Q13

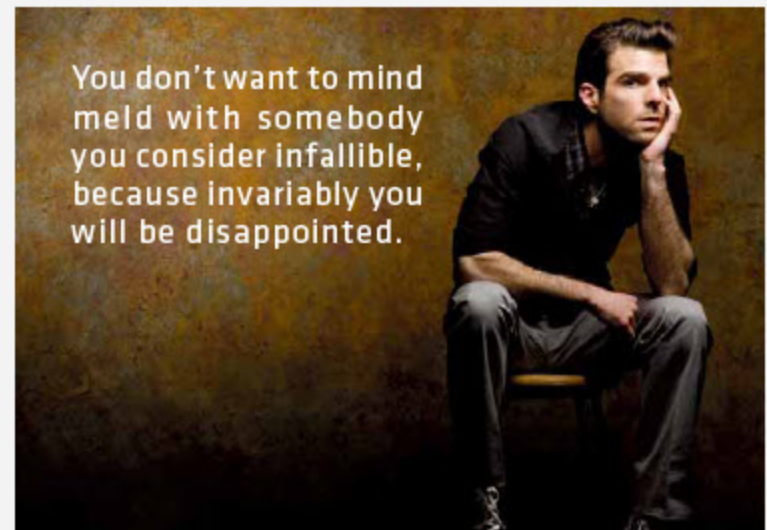
PLAYBOY: In the extremely rare circumstance that Trekkers won't like your turn as Spock, have you already chosen a hiding place?

QUINTO: I don't want to sound callous if I say I don't care, but I don't care. *[laughs]* I feel I brought the character as much heart and respect for Leonard Nimoy and the journey of the franchise as I could. I've done it with regard for them, and that's all I can do.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Have you spent much time with Nimoy?

QUINTO: Leonard is actually the same age my father would have been if he were still alive. He died when I was seven. Through getting to know Leonard, I've discovered aspects of myself that I might not have found otherwise—and that I didn't have from a relationship with my father. But the great thing about Leonard is that he's just himself. I'm sure he doesn't think he is somebody to give advice. For me, it's about seeing the sum of his life, really. If I can live a life half as realized as his—well, maybe three quarters as realized and fulfilled—then I would be really happy.



Q15

PLAYBOY: Both Spock and Sylar are brain-centered characters. What physical activities do you do to balance things out?

QUINTO: I hike. I run in the spring and summer. I practice *anusaara* yoga, a variation on *hatha* yoga. It's a *vinyasa* flow series and is unique in that it has a specific set of tenets both physically and spiritually, and they complement one another. Sometimes at work I will bust out a move between takes.

Q16

PLAYBOY: We hear you and your *Heroes* co-star Kristen Bell are crossword-puzzle buddies. Who's better?

QUINTO: I really respect Kristen. She's incredibly talented. That said, I don't like to gloat, but I've helped her out a couple of times with some tough clues.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Would you rather be invisible or fly?

QUINTO: Invisible, because I hate to wait in line.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Which of the other *(concluded on page 96)*



"I'm sorry, doctor, but you hit my G-spot."

LOVING LISA

An homage to Mrs. Robinson, starring Lisa Rinna



You've never been so nervous in your life. You're a virgin, and a friend of your parents is trying to seduce you. She's gorgeous, mature, sophisticated and rather aggressive. ("I want you to know that I'm available to you, and if you won't sleep with me this time....") You end up in room 568 at the Taft Hotel in Los Angeles. There's a knock on the door. You open it....

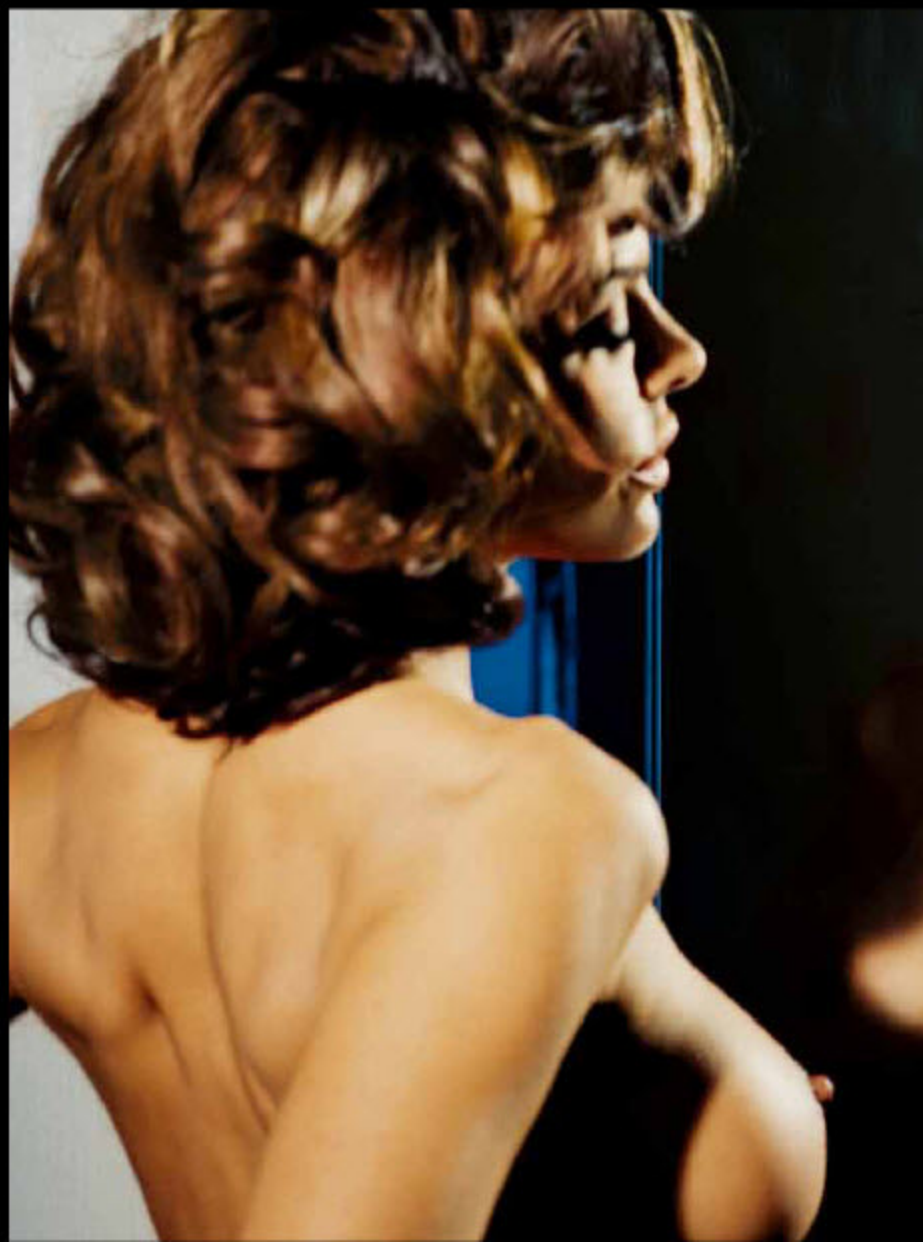
We all have our Mrs. Robinson fantasies. Lisa Rinna—TV personality and author—has her own. Only in hers, she is not the nervous virgin. She's Mrs. Robinson. Lisa is living her erotic life in reverse. Growing up in sleepy Medford, Oregon, she didn't get any action. "I was the gangliest thing ever," she says, laughing. Now at the age of 45 she has come into her body, so much so that she felt she had to share it with us—and our 10 million readers. Yes,

Lisa's looking good. She says she owes it all to the tango.

Lisa made the big time on soaps, with roles on *Melrose Place* and *Days of Our Lives*. But *Dancing With the Stars* launched the new Lisa Rinna. She has become the queen of most media. During the holidays she released a dance-inspired workout DVD series called *Lisa Rinna Dance Body Beautiful*. She's working on a TV show with her husband, actor Harry Hamlin, called *I Love Lisa* (a reality show spoofing *I Love Lucy*). Her autobiographical self-help book, *Rinnavation*, will be published this month. And she does red-carpet interviews for the TV Guide Network at the Oscars, Emmys, Grammys, etc.

With all of this, she still found time to role-play Mrs. Robinson with our photographer in an L.A. hotel room. "Would you like me to seduce you?" Hell, yes.















See more of Lisa at club.playboy.com.

minotaur

(continued from page 69)

his right mind is likely to go in the Southwest, there's a black base: Drive along a wash in the back of nowhere in Nevada and you'll suddenly hit a newish fence that goes on forever. Follow the fence and you'll encounter some bland-looking guys in an unmarked pickup. Refuse to do what they say and they'll shoot the tires out from under you and give you a lift to the county lockup.

All of this was *before* 9/11. You can imagine what it's like now.

Kenny for a while helped out at Groom Lake as an engineering troubleshooter for a C-5 airlift squadron that flew only late-night operations, ferrying classified aircraft from the aerospace plants to the test sites. They had a patch that featured a crescent moon over NOYFB. "None of Your Fucking Business," he explained when I first saw it. He said that during the downtime he hung with the stealth bomber guys with their HUGE DEPOSIT-NO RETURN jackets, and he told his wife when she asked that he worked in the Nellis Range, which was a little like telling someone that you worked in the Alps.

I'd met him a few years earlier when Minotaur was hatched out at Lockheed's Skunk Works. He'd been brought in for the sister program, Minion. We were developing an ATOP—an Advanced Technology Observation Platform—and even over the crapper it read *FURTIM VIGILANS: VIGILANCE THROUGH STEALTH*.

It wasn't the secrecy as much as the slogans and patches and badges that drove Carly nuts. "Only here would you guys have *patches* for secret programs," she said. "Like what're we supposed to do? Be *intrigued*? *Guess* what's going on?"

In the old days Kenny's unit had as its symbol the mushroom, and under it in Latin: *ALWAYS IN THE DARK*. Black world's big on patches and Latin. I had one for Minotaur that read *DOING GOD'S WORK WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY*. I'd heard there was a unit out at Point Mugu that had the ultimate patch: just a black-on-black circle.

"*Gustatus Similis Pullus*," Carly said. She was tilting her head to read an oval yellow patch on Kenny's shoulder.

"You know Latin?" he asked.

"Do you know how long I've been tired of this?" she told him.

"I don't know Latin," Celestine volunteered.

"Tastes Like Chicken," he translated.

"Nice," Carly told him.

"I don't get it," Celestine said.

"Neither does she," he told her.

"Ooo. Snap," Carly said.

"People're supposed to taste like chicken," I finally told them.

"Oh, right," Carly said. "So what're you guys, supposed to eat people?"

"That's what we do: We eat people," Kenny agreed. He made teeth with his

forefingers and thumbs and had them bite up and down.

Carly gave him a head shake and turned her attention to the bar. "Are we gonna order?" she asked.

It's all info war now. Delivering or screwing up content. We can convince a surface-to-air missile that it's a Maytag dryer. Tell an over-the-horizon radar array that it's through for the day or that it wants to play music. And we've got look-down capabilities that can tell you from space whether your aunt's having a Diet Coke or a regular.

What Carly's forgetting is that it's not just about teasing. There's something to be said for esprit de corps. There's all that home-team stuff.

I heard from various sources that Kenny's been all over: Kirtland, Hanscom, White Sands, Groom Lake, Tonopah. "What's my motto?" he said, in front of his wife, the last time I saw him. "*A lifetime of silence*." "A lifetime of silence," she answered back, as though he'd told her in the nicest possible way to go fuck herself.

What's it like? Carly asked me once. Not being able to tell the people you're *closest* to anything about what you care about most? She was talking about how upset I was at Kenny's having just dropped off the face of the earth. He'd gone off to his new assignment without a backward glance some two weeks before, with not even a *Have a good one, bucko* left behind on a Post-it. She was talking about having just come home from a good vacation with her husband and having had him throw his drink onto the roof because of an e-mail in response to some inquiries that read, *No can do, in terms of a back tell. Your Hansel stipulated no bread crumbs*.

The glass had rolled back off the shingles into the azalea. By way of explaining the duration of my upset, I'd let her in on a little of what I'd risked by just that one fishing expedition.

I'd asked if she had any idea how long it took to get the kind of security clearance her breadwinner toted around. How many *federales* with pocket protectors had fine-tooth-combed my every last Visa bill.

"I almost said hello to you two Christmases ago," Kenny told me. "Out at SWC in Schriever."

"You were at SWC in Schriever?" I asked.

"Oh, for Christ's sake," Carly said. "Don't talk like this if you're not going to tell us what it means."

"The Space Warfare Center in Colorado," Kenny said. He shrugged when he saw my face. "Let's give the bad guys a fighting chance," he said.

"I didn't know we *had* a Space Warfare Center," Celestine said.

"A Space Warfare Center?" Kenny asked her.

At our rehearsal dinner, now three years back in the rearview mirror, Carly's college roommate said during a lull at

our table, "I never had a black eye, but I always kinda wished I did." And Carly looked surprised and said, "Well, I licked one all over once." And everybody looked at her. "You licked a black eye?" I finally asked. And Carly went, "Oh, I thought she said *black guy*."

"You licked a black guy all over?" I asked her later that night. She couldn't see my face in the dark, but she knew what I was getting at.

"I did. And it was *so* good," she said. Then she put a hand on the inside of each of my knees and spread my legs as wide as she could spread them.

"What's the biggest secret you think I ever kept from you?" she asked during our most recent relocation, which was last Memorial Day. We had a parakeet in the backseat and were bouncing a U-Haul over a road that you would have said hadn't seen vehicular traffic in 25 years. I'd been lent out to Northrop and couldn't even tell her for how long.

"I don't know," I told her. "I figured you had nothing *but* secrets." And she dropped the subject, and then for two weeks I went through her e-mails.

"I don't know anything about this Kenny guy," she told me the day I threw the drink, "except that you can't get over that he disappeared."

"You know, sometimes you just register a connection," I told her later that night in bed. "And not talking about it doesn't have to be some big deal."

"So it was kind of a romantic thing," she said.

"Yeah, it was totally physical," I told her. "Like you and your mom."

Carly had gotten this far by telling herself that compartmentalizing wasn't *all* bad: that some doors may have been shut off but that the really important ones were wide open. And in terms of intimacy, she was far and away as good as things were going to get for me. We had this look we gave each other in public that said, *I know. I already thought that*. We'd both been engaged when we met, and we'd stuck with each other through a lot of other people's crap. Late at night we lay nose to nose in the dark and told each other stuff no one else had heard us say. I told her about some of the times I'd been a dick, and she told me about a kid she'd miscarried and about another she'd put up for adoption when she was 17. She had no idea where he was now. But a day didn't go by that she didn't think about it. We called them both Little Jimmy. And for a while there was all of this magical thinking of our not asking each other all that much because we thought we already knew.

That not-being-on-the-same-page thing had become a bigger issue for me lately, though she didn't know that. Which is perfect, she would have said.

What I'd been working on at that point had gone south a little. Another way of putting it would be to say that what I was doing was wrong. The ATOP



"My husband would kill me if he knew I was smoking."

we'd developed for Minotaur had been an unarmed drone that could hover above one spot in a way a satellite couldn't, providing instant look-down for as long as a battlefield commander wanted it. But how long had it taken for us to retrofit them with air-to-surface missiles? And how many Fiats and Citroëns have those drones now taken out because somebody back in Langley thought some target was in the car?

And there was an army of us out there up to the same sorts of high jinks and not able to talk about it. Where I worked, everything was black: not only the test flights but the resupply, the maintenance, the search and rescue. And the security scrutiny never went away. The guy who led my last project team, at home when he went to bed, after he hit the lights, waved to the surveillance guys. His wife never understood why even in August they had to do everything under the sheets.

On black-world patches you see a lot of sigmas because that's the engineering symbol for the unknown value.

"The Minotaur's the one in the labyrinth, right?" the materials guy in my project team asked the first day. When I told him it was, he wanted to know if the Minotaur was supposed to know where it was going or if it was lost too. That'd be funny, I told him. And we joked about the monster *and* the hero just wandering around through all these dark corridors, nobody finding anybody.

And now here I was and here Kenny was, and here was poor Carly trying to get a fix on either of us. "So what brings you to this neck of the woods?" I finally asked once we were well into our second drinks.

"You know how *sad* he was," Carly asked, "when he couldn't get in touch with you anymore?"

"How sad?" Kenny asked. Celestine seemed curious too.

"I thought we were gonna have to get him some counseling," Carly told him.

"It's hard to adjust to not being with me anymore," Kenny told her.

"So did he ever talk to you about me?" she asked.

"You came up," Kenny told her. And even Celestine picked up on the unpleasantness.

"I'm listening," Carly said.

"Oh, he was all hot to trot whenever he talked about you," Kenny said.

"Sang my praises, did he?" Carly said. Her face had the expression she gets when somebody's tracked something into the house.

"When he wasn't shooting himself in the foot about you, he was pretty happy," Kenny said. "I called it his Good Woman face."

"As in, I had one," I explained.

"Whenever he tied himself in knots about something I called it his Little Jimmy face," he said. When Carly swung around toward him, he said, "Sorry, chief."

"That was a comic thing for you?" Carly asked me. "That was the kind of thing you'd tell like a funny story?"

"I never thought it was a funny story," I told her.

"There's his Little Jimmy face now," Kenny noted. When she looked at him again, he used his index fingers to pull down on his lower eyelids and made an Emmett Kelly frown.

"We started calling potential targets Little Jimmies when it seemed like we were going to be bringing the hammer down in ways that would maximize collateral damage," he said.

Carly was looking at something in front of her the way you try not to move even your eyes to keep from throwing up. "What

is that supposed to mean?" she finally said in a low voice.

"You know," Kenny told her, "I don't wike the *wooks* of this...."

"Is that Elmer *Fudd* you're doing?" Celestine wanted to know.

And how could you not laugh, watching him do his poor-sap-in-the-crosshairs shtick?

"This is just the fucking House of Mirth, isn't it?" Carly said. Because she saw on my face just how many doors she'd been dealing with all along, open and shut, and she also saw that *We're in the boat, you're in the water* expression that guys cut from our project teams always saw when they asked if there was anything *we* could do to keep them onboard.

"Jesus Fucking Christ," she said to herself, because her paradigm had just shifted beyond what even she would have imagined. She thought she'd put up with however many years of stonewalling for a good reason, and she'd just figured out that as far as Fort Hubby went, she hadn't even gotten to the castle courtyard yet.

Because here's the thing we hadn't talked about, nose to nose on our pillows in the dark: the way *I've never been closer to anyone* was not the same as *We're so close*. That night I threw the drink, she asked why *I* was so perfect for the black world, and I wanted to tell her, How am I *not* perfect for it? It's a sinkhole for resources. Everyone involved with it obsesses about it all the time. Even what the *insiders* know about it is incomplete. Those stories you do get arrive without context. What's not inconclusive is enigmatic, what's not enigmatic is unreliable, and what's not unreliable is quixotic.

She hasn't left yet, which surprises *me*, let me tell you. The waitress is showing some alarm at Carly's upset, and I've got a hand on her back. She accepts a little rubbing and then has to pull away. "I gotta get out of here," she goes.

"That girl is not happy," Celestine says after she's gone.

"Does she even know about *your* kid?" Kenny asks.

The waitress asks if there's going to be a third round. "What'd you do that for?" I ask him.

"What *I'd* do that for?" Kenny asks.

Celestine leans into him. "Can we *go*?" she asks. "Will you take me back to the *room*?"

"So are you going after her?" Kenny asks.

"Yeah," I tell him.

"Just not right now?" Kenny goes.

I'd told Carly when I first noticed him. I'd heard about this guy in design in a sister program who'd raised a stink about housing the designers next to the production floor so there'd be on-the-spot back-and-forth about problems as they developed. He was 27 at that point. I'd heard that he was so good at aerodynamics that his co-workers claimed he could *see* air. As he moved up we had more dealings with him at Minotaur. He had zero patience for the corporate side, and when the programs rolled out their annual reports on performance and everyone did their song and dance with charts and graphs, when his turn came he'd walk to the blackboard and write two numbers. He'd point to the first



"That's Mr. Fenwick, but that isn't Mrs. Fenwick."

and go, "That's how many we presold," and point to the second and go, "That's how much we made," and then toss the chalk on the ledge and announce he was going back to work. He wanted to pick my brain about my way of hiding budgetary items on Minotaur and invited me over to his house and served hard liquor and martini olives. His wife hadn't come out of the bedroom. I asked after an hour if they had any crackers, and he said no.

That last time I saw him, it was like he'd had me over just to watch him fight with his wife. I'd gotten there, he'd handed me a Jose Cuervo and gone after her. "What put a bug in *your* ass?" she'd finally shouted. And after he'd gone to score us some more Cuervo, she'd said, "Would you please get outta here? Because you're not helping at all." So I'd followed him into the kitchen to tell him I was hitting the road, but it was like he'd disappeared in his own house.

And on the drive home, I'd pieced together, in that groping-in-the-dark way that I had, that he was better at this whole lockdown-on-everybody-near-you thing than I was. And worse at it. He fell into it easier and was more wrecked by it than I would ever be.

I told Carly that when I got home, and she said, "Everyone's more wrecked by *everything* than you'll ever be."

And she'd asked me right then if I thought I was worth the work that was going to be involved in my renovation. By which she meant, she explained, that she needed to know if *I* was going to put in the work. Because she didn't intend to be in this alone. I was definitely willing to put in the work, I told her. And because of that she said that so was she.

And she couldn't have done anything more for me than that. Meaning she's that amazing, and I'm that far gone. Because there's one thing I could tell her that I haven't told anybody else, including Kenny. At Penn my old Classics professor had been a big-time pacifist—he always went on about having been in Chicago in '68—and on the last day of "Dike, Eros and Arete" he made an announcement to the class that one of our number had signed up with the military. I thought to myself: *Fuck you. I can do whatever I want.* I was already the odd man out in that class, the one whose comments made everyone look away and then move on. A pretty girl who I'd asked out shot me a look and then gave herself a pursed-lips little smile and checked her daily planner.

"So wish him luck," my old prof said, "as he commends himself over to the goddess of Chaos." "Good luck," I remember somebody called out. And I remember being enraged that I might be turning colors. "About whom," the prof went on, "Homer wrote, 'Whose wrath is relentless. Who, tiny at first, grows until her head plows through heaven as she strides the earth. Who hurls down bitterness. Who breeds suspicion and divides. And who, everywhere she goes, makes our pain proliferate.'"

PARADISE

(continued from page 46)

One day he was looking out at a sunny afternoon through his barred windows and wondered, "What the hell am I doing inside?" He has been outdoors ever since.

Mack, at 26, brings an entirely different perspective to being a Clubmate. Originally from Daytona Beach, he'd opted out of college and joined the Navy, like his father. His time in the armed services shows: He's built like a brick shithouse. He's double-plus beefcake, with a shaved head, outsize calf muscles and biceps, and six tattoos. His armed-forces physique is offset by sensitive brown eyes and kind features that easily melt into sympathy and laughter, making him seem softer and goofier than most guys with his life experience.

Mack first heard about PIC from some Navy friends who had vacationed there. He had finished his fourth tour of duty as a Special Forces antiterrorist specialist. During the previous seven years he had killed prison guards in the Kuwaiti desert, using night-vision goggles to blow up their heads "like pumpkins." He had wasted suicide bombers and pirates in the Red Sea, fending off their attempts to blow up or board the cargo ships he and a dozen guys guarded on deck with 450-caliber tripod-mounted machine guns. He had patrolled the south of India, Sri Lanka, Indonesia, Afghanistan, the Suez Canal and the coast of Greece. He had been stationed in Bahrain, Mississippi, Chicago, the United Arab Emirates and Japan. Most of his posts, he says, involved shooting people or being shot at or both. For him, PIC

was like liberation, a beautiful vacation. For the first time in his life, no one was shouting at him or telling him what to do every moment of the day. For the first time in years, he had time to wonder why he kept waking up in the middle of the night, panicked and sweating.

The surprising thing for Mack and the other Clubmates was how genuine the fun was. You weren't here to bullshit the guests. You were here to engage with them, to help them smile. It was infectious. The sex stuff that happened at night was really just a side benefit. The Japanese girls in their bikinis, checking Mack out like sharks; the 19-year-old German superfox; the Korean mother with braces who had stalked him—never mind her nearby husband and children. "Bopo! Bopo!" she kept saying to him. "Kiss! Kiss! I'm leaving tonight, so meet me!" It was a constant banquet of offerings: big boobs, small boobs, pink nipples, brown nipples, little bodies, big hair, small hair, all different kinds of clits and eyes and asses and mouths, all of it great. But more deeply, it was all part of some redemptive process Mack felt was reclaiming him from the stresses of military life.

By his second month at PIC, Mack had a Korean girlfriend named Yin. "She was cool as hell," Mack says. His affection for her was real, but it didn't dampen his desire to nail every woman he could get his hands on. If the girlfriend was working, why not play? A night after work might begin with a date with a hotel guest. Or maybe with a girl from another hotel, who strolled by on the beach.



"Leave it to my husband to make an unscheduled pit stop!"



Or perhaps one of the plentiful hot Filipinas who work all over the island. Or perhaps an arranged date with two Koreans, Kimberly and Amy, who both have kids on Saipan and husbands back in Seoul. The husbands almost never come around. The rumor is that they are tough guys, but who knows? Both women are gorgeous. As Mack puts it, "They're mothers, but they're as hot as any girl. I'd do either one of them in a fucking second."

Dinner is at Tony Roma's: Mack, Joe, Kimberly, Amy and the kids. The women wear translucent wraps and stiletto heels. Their little curves squeal out of their tiny bikinis in all the right places. All Mack wants to do is pinch Kimberly's skin. It feels so soft. That was it. One thing you learn after holding a gun in your hands for hundreds of hours: There's no softer thing than a girl. Kimberly smells like cheap makeup, in a good way. It is the smell of sex—cheap, fun, fast. He squeezes, she laughs. He hugs, she fake-resists. The kids watch.

But there is no way to get Kimberly to come out alone. Besides the kids, there is Yin to watch out for and other prying eyes. Saipan is a small place, and PIC is a fishbowl within it. Gossip travels fast. If Kimberly is to be nailed, it will have to be without the kids. Maybe in the car. Maybe on one of many secret beaches. But not tonight.

On to Chicago Club. Dark and dank but fun. A three-sided bar around the dance platform. The pole in back. Guns N' Roses and other classic 1980s shit on the sound system. Mack and Joe walk in and the strippers—Filipinas in tiny costumes—light up. Maria is there. She gave Mack her phone number last time. A very fun girl. Mack and Joe ease into a booth. Maria and a friend join them. "How are you? You buy me ladies' drink?" Hands in motion, rubbing thighs. "Oh, Mack, you're so strong! Hey, naughty boy!" Sometimes, if you're lucky, you can get a blow job in the corner.

Drinks, drinks and more drinks. "You have girlfriend? Handsome man!" Should he fuck Maria tonight? The girls don't get off until two, though. Maybe tonight would be a bonus night, like a week earlier when the Russian guest snuck into his bed. She had come with her kids and a group of other Russian women married to Japanese men who live in Tokyo. She was hot. Anna. Taller than Mack, five-foot-

10, big boobs, red hair. Really hot. Mack came home late at night to find his roommate had just let her in. There she was, wearing lingerie in the bed. She was a lot of fun. And then, of course, there was always Yin.

In discussing the acceptability of nailing married women, Jim, who is older than the other guys, knows better. He is less of an asshole now than when he was younger, and as a result, he says, he gets less booty. That was fine with him. Cheating is a bad idea. It means bad karma and angry husbands. But Mack just laughs. Sex for him is about feeling alive. After shooting at people for seven years, it felt like a way to become human again. For him there is only one possible philosophy: Nail everything you can, while you can. "When I meet a married woman, my only question is, How far away is your husband?"

It's always surprising (although it shouldn't be) how quickly the varnish wears off these things. The puppy becomes an old dog. The object of puppy love becomes a pain in the ass. It's like the exchange in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* when Bill asks Mike, "How did you go bankrupt?" and Mike responds, "Two ways. Gradually and then suddenly."

Four months in for the current crop of Clubmates, Super Bowl Monday (Super Bowl Sunday to those on the other side of the international date line) begins like every other Monday: with the morning meeting. At 8:29 A.M. a dozen or so uniformed Clubmates straggle in from the hot morning. Sergei, the Russian manager, is glad to report that the resort is running at 107 percent capacity. "Good job, Clubmates," he says. He runs through the statistics: the numbers of guests, of visitors from other hotels, of kids and so on. A few weeks ago, around Christmas, the assembled Clubmates looked happily hungover and smug about the previous night's adventures. Today they look grumpy and sour.

Hanging at the club's Buoy Bar, Clubmates get their night started with half-price drinks. The Filipino house band continues to play on and on, bad Top 40, the Planet Hollywood version of American culture that entertains the world from Riyadh to Honolulu. Joe is currently with a 20-year-old Russian law stu-

dent. Fish puked so hard off the balcony the other night, he tore his esophagus. The doctor told him to stay off the sauce for a few weeks. *Crack!* He opens another beer.

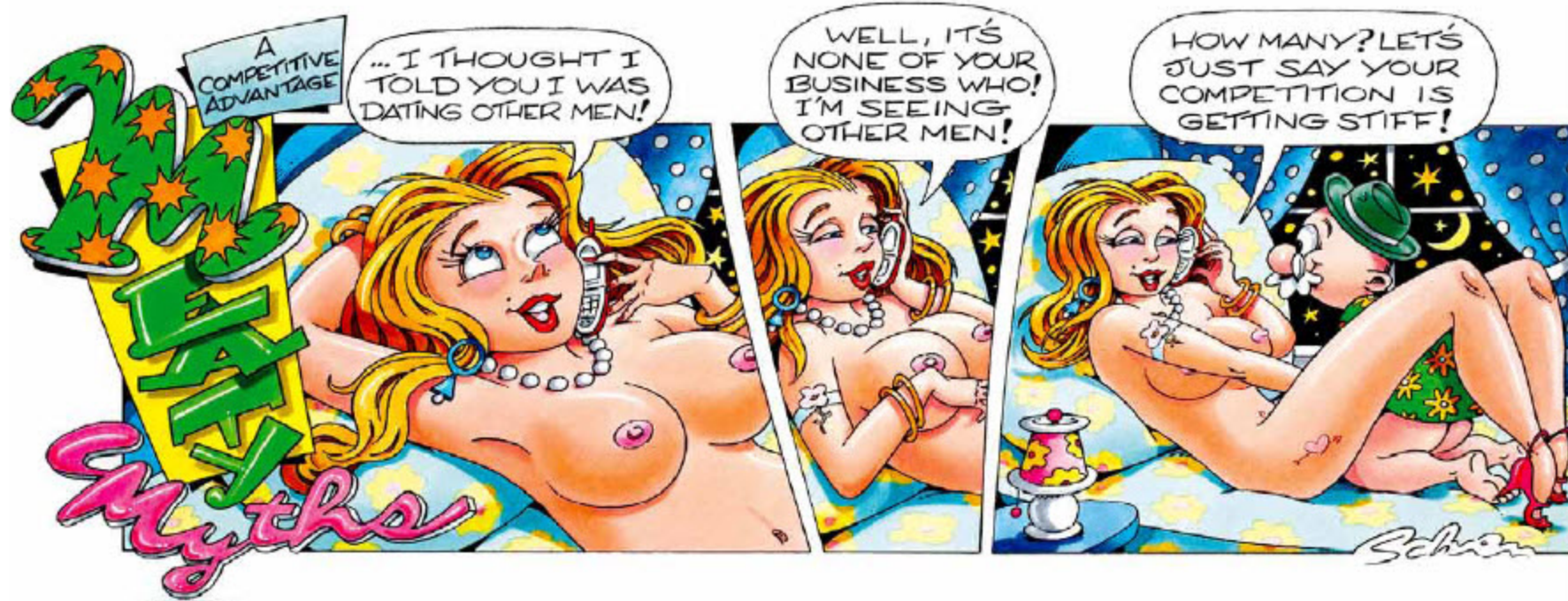
Mack surprises me by saying he has all but decided to reenlist in the Navy at the end of his contract. "It's not like I want to do it," he says, but earning minimum wage at PIC won't cut it forever. Back in the Navy, he says, he could earn \$8,000 a month, plus a signing bonus. That's too good to refuse. What about Yin? He shrugs. It's not as though he doesn't care. It's just—how is he supposed to move to Korea with her and earn a living?

Jim too feels as if his time at PIC is coming to an end. He has done three stints over the past six years and feels maybe it's time to move on. His favorite manager is leaving; the place seems to be changing. But mostly, hooking up all the time isn't so interesting anymore. The other day he met a Japanese cutie with a tattoo on her neck—superhot and totally interested. What did he do? Nothing. WTF? It felt weird to have graduated past the dog years, but there it was. He just doesn't want to be an asshole anymore.

Joe seems besieged by similar, if occasional, feelings of unwanted maturity. He came to PIC largely to escape his woebegone family and dismal career opportunities. Not surprisingly, running off to a Pacific island hasn't fixed a single problem. Joe's six-month contract is almost up. The adult thing to do would be to go home and face the music. Right?

A week or two later Mack finds out his dad is sick. He may need a transplant. Everything seems to be falling apart. Yin is getting weird. She knows Mack will soon pull up stakes. He sighs, "Now is when it starts." By that he means the crying, the drama, the questions. "Here it goes again." He'd seen it in Bahrain, Japan and everywhere he'd ever been stationed. There is really only one thing to do: hit Club and get fucked up. Meet up with Kimberly. Bang some Filipina waitress. Meet someone new.

Early one Sunday in March, a few days shy of his departure, Mack's phone rings. It's his manager. "Hey, Mack, what are you doing?" he asks. "Sleeping," Mack answers. Why? "I was gonna call in," he explains, "but I decided



to sleep." Two months earlier Mack told me with genuine excitement how pleased he'd been to have received the highest number of favorable guest comments. Now he could give a shit. "I have zero intention of being a Clubmate anymore," he says.

Twig is off to Korea in a week to teach English. Jim has already quit—with PIC's blessings—to run a local soccer organization for kids. Fish, it seems, was abruptly terminated without prejudice three days earlier for drinking while on lifeguard duty. Apparently, he was discovered in the chair, wearing a rain poncho with three beers underneath. The hapless Kansan was confined to his floor for the evening and escorted to the plane the next day—but only after throwing a final bash.

The last five days turn into a long weekend. Mack, Joe and Twig are in various states of hangover. Mack's room is trashed with alcohol and food containers, dirty laundry and papers. His plans come in and out of focus. Part of him wants to stay in Saipan; he doesn't want to return to military service. Part of him wants to leave Saipan and never come back. One plan involves going to Florida to see his dad and sell his car. Another involves reenlisting.

For a moment he had happily imagined reenlisting, getting stationed in Korea and settling down with Yin. But he had cheated on her so many times, it seemed unlikely they could have a future together. Tired of the stress and uncertainty, she had broken up with him a few days earlier. Last night he stayed out until two. He met a local anchorwoman. He claims he fell in love. She gave him her number, but now he can't find it. When he got to his room, Yin was sitting outside, crying. "I just went to bed," he told me. "I don't care. I'm a heartless bastard. What can I say? I don't even have her e-mail address." What to do: stay or go? "This place is like a trap," he says. "It's so easy to get in and so hard to leave. I have no idea where my fate leads me. If I go back into the military, I'll be back in the desert, being shot at. And shooting back—hopefully." Will he be killing people or nailing Korean girls next week?

Joe feels the same way. That morning he learned his dad had ended up in the hospital from taking so many medications. "What the hell am I going to do?" Joe wonders. He wants to help his dad, but how long can he realistically be around his family without going nuts? How do you help people if they're hell-bent on self-destruction? "Maybe I'll look into cruise ships."

I thought about Mack's, Joe's and Twig's choices. The reality is that since 1974 Americans without college degrees have earned comparatively less than those who have them. The economy is tanking, and whatever shitty chances these men once had are diminishing. In that context or in any other, why would any sane person want to mature? I ask them what maturity means to them. "Responsibility," says Mack. What else? Mack thinks and says again, laughing, "Responsibility." I ask if they know of any models for getting old, if they have any ideas about how to grow old gracefully. Joe makes a long, low cartoon whimper. "Being mature almost sounds like, I mean, not having fun. I don't know...."

That night we head to Garapan, Saipan's tourist area. You'd never know that the ground we're walking on had been the site of a famous World War II battle widely regarded as the turning point of the Pacific war or that 42,000 people had died there.

We hit the Hard Rock Cafe, where cute Filipinas serve us watery drinks and a band billed as Guam's number one reggae band struts around onstage to tape loops. From there we hit Godfather's, where even cuter Filipinas in midriff-baring schoolgirl outfits serve us Coronas and tequila shots. After that comes Johnny's and the Flair Bar, boasting "Korea's hottest free-basing rap group." A shot here, some *soju* there, Bud and Miller Lites all around. Mack has been whispering into girls' ears all night and hugging waitresses with familiarity. He telephones Kimberly to come join us.

Joe knows he had wanted to be "upper middle class or better" when he grew up. He wanted to provide for and protect his brothers and sisters. He didn't want "the typical nine-to-five office job" or anything to do with paperwork, he says, but he did want to get older like his grandparents, who were very solid and "always had awesome family holidays and get-togethers." He just didn't want to be stuck in a life that wouldn't let him have his freedom.

He has studied massage therapy and could always start his own shop. But why rush? Why not keep traveling? Asia is pretty cool. Maybe, he thinks, reversing a decision he has professed to have made three times already, he would go home, deal with his family and then come back to be a Clubmate again. "Big possibility," he says, nodding thoughtfully and checking out a slinky Korean bartender. "I might just plan on it."

Some newcomers have joined us, John and some other kid from New Jersey, brand-new Clubmates with their tongue hanging out of their mouth at all the hot Asian girls. Mack is drunk by now but in a fun way. He launches into a story about how once, back in Florida between stretches in the military, he was so hard up he responded to an ad for male strippers. But he couldn't go through with the audition.

A little later he declares, "I'm never getting married." Everyone laughs and tells him to shut up. "What?" he asks. "I don't know where I want to live. I don't know what I want to do for a job. Why do I want to drag somebody into that? Maybe someday, if I know all that stuff."

Then he decides he must find that anchorwoman. Where can she be? God, they have a really special connection. "You know," he says, "maybe this is weird, but if I find her, I'm just going to say, 'Look, I'm really into you. I know I just met you, but if you're into me, I'm happy to just, like, throw down and commit to you, stop fooling around and stay here. I'll stay. That's what I'm telling you. I'll stay for you. I could just tell from the moment I met you.'" He looks at me, and his eyes show how serious he is. He's serious. "You know? I'll just tell her, 'I'll stay here. Because I want to be with you. I want to be with you.'"



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PLAYBOY ZACHARY QUINTO

(continued from page 80)

Heroes characters would you like to switch places with?

QUINTO: If the question has nothing to do with the actors and is only about the characters, then I'd say Greg Grunberg's character, Matt Parkman. It's fascinating not only to understand what people are thinking but to have some power over it. That would be really fun.

Q19

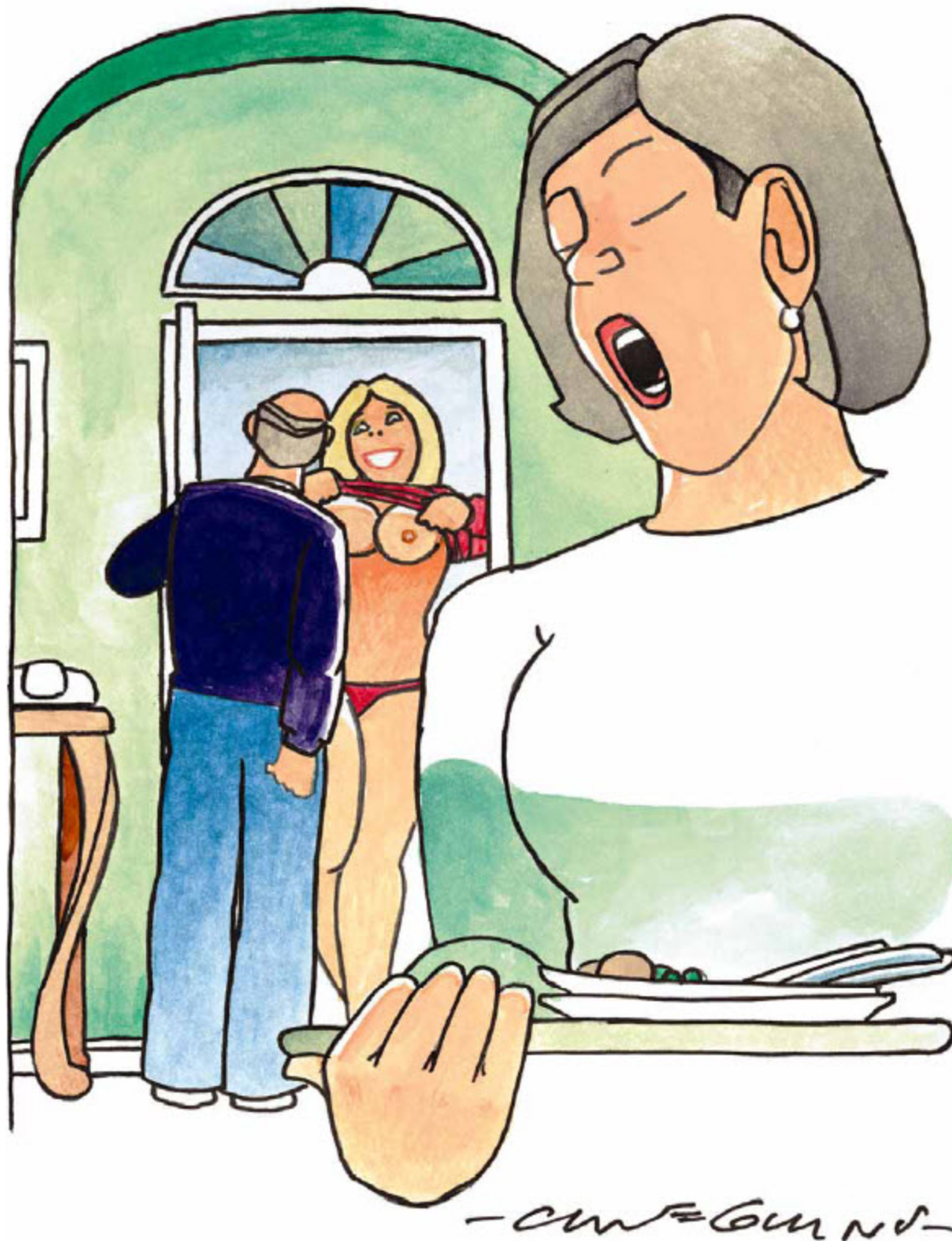
PLAYBOY: You've been in Hollywood for almost 10 years. What do you know now that you wish you knew when you arrived?

QUINTO: I wish I knew not to try so hard. Part of my experience has been realizing that the combination of authenticity and perseverance goes much further than trying to give people what you think they want. If I had known that, I would have saved myself some heartache.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Before Heroes you worked a lot in episodic TV, including Six Feet Under, CSI, Charmed and Touched by an Angel. What role would you like to have left on the cutting-room floor?

QUINTO: I did an episode of That's Life, which starred Paul Sorvino and Ellen Burstyn. I played a mascot—a chicken. In a pep-rally scene, the lower half of the costume intentionally becomes disengaged and falls down. I had on funny boxer shorts. It was humiliating because we had to do it over and over again. After work I went to a dinner party at a friend's house, poured a big glass of wine, settled in and said, "You know what? Sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do." Most of that performance probably did end up on the cutting-room floor, but for what it did to me in that moment, I could have done without it.



"Whatever it is they're selling, we don't want any!"

SPEED

(continued from page 36)

imagine it damaged the fox rather badly," Moss laughed.

A smile crept out of the side of Surtees's mouth.

Behind him the Ferraris were lined in a row. Mechanics in beige jumpsuits took a break from wiping them down so they could leer at ABC's script girl holding cue cards near the camera. An air of complete confidence permeated the garage, as if the Americans posed no threat whatsoever.

"After all," joked Ferrari's stateside representative, Luigi Chinetti, "the best American sports car is the Jeep, no?"

When Surtees wrapped his interview, he started to think about sleep. With Ferrari, there were no dramatic meetings, no strategies to coordinate. Out on the track it was every man for himself. Surtees was teamed with Lorenzo Bandini, Ferrari's number two driver. Together they were the odds-on favorites.

At the Hôtel de France, Ford team manager John Wyer assembled his men. Ford had hired Wyer away from Aston Martin to head up the effort. His gaze was so fierce, racers called him Death Ray—but never to his face. Six drivers gathered, three teams of two. Wyer's philosophy was the opposite of Enzo Ferrari's. He believed in a team approach. Each driver and car was a cog in his victory machine. He wanted everything done precisely to his orders.

"We want to finish the race," Wyer said. "We aim to keep our cars running. We all must remember this is an endurance race, not a sprint race." Phil Hill and Bruce McLaren, Ford's two superstars, composed the number one team. Wyer's master plan had them winning. They would keep pace with the front-runners. "Stay close at court," Wyer ordered. "Speed must be as high as possible while conserving brakes and gearbox. You must stay in a position to strike if attrition takes its toll on the leaders, which it always does."

Wyer turned to Richie Ginther, a short, toothpick-shaped man with red hair and an impressive résumé. Ginther had raced on the Ferrari Formula One team and was an old friend of Phil Hill's back in the days when they had worked together at an automobile dealership in Los Angeles. Ginther had qualified fastest on the Ford team. Wyer ordered Ginther to run hard at the start to try to get the Ferrari drivers to break their engines.

Ginther got the point. The opening laps would be his chance to show the world what the new Ford racing car could do.

All roads leading into Le Mans were clogged with overheating cars, their trunks filled with tents, sleeping bags and Kodak Instamatics. Cabs moved bumper to bumper past the Le Mans train station. By the afternoon, spectators had swamped the grandstands and crowded the fields around the circuit. According to French officials the largest crowd ever was attending the race, some 350,000.

Mechanics began pushing cars out of the paddock onto the pit straight at the bottom of the grandstands. The official Dutray Le Mans clock hung over the pavement in the center of it all, and as its hands rounded closer to four

P.M., drivers appeared, holding their helmets.

The Le Mans start was foreign to the American racing fans. Drivers stood on one side of the road across from their cars, which lined the pit row in order of qualifying, the fastest at the front. The starter stood in the center of the road holding the French flag high, and when he dropped the flag, at exactly four P.M., the drivers sprinted across the two-lane road, jumped into the cockpits and boxed each other into the opening straightaway in the fiercest and loudest traffic jam ever witnessed.

Minutes before four P.M. gendarmes herded the crowds off the pavement, and the drivers took their positions. In Italy Enzo Ferrari sat down in front of a television. In the pit Shelby paced. His Cobra had clocked 197 mph in qualifying on the Mulsanne Straight. A host of high-level Ford executives had arrived, and they stood in the pit, waiting and watching. Following a handful of national anthems, silence settled over the hundreds of thousands of spectators. Smokers could hear the crackle of their cigarettes burning. Rows of photographers lined the pavement, aiming like gunners in a firing line. A voice over the loudspeakers counted out the final moments.

"Thirty seconds...10 seconds..."

START

Phil Hill dashed across the road. He jumped into the Ford GT40's cockpit and hit the ignition. The V8 came to life. Clutch in, shift into first, down on the gas, up on the clutch. The engine stalled. Hill saw cars peeling off all around him onto the opening straight. The noise was deafening even through earplugs. And then he

was alone on the starting line. He couldn't get the car to move. He couldn't goddamn believe it. In the pit, mechanics and Ford executives looked on, their jaws hitting the pavement. By the time Hill got the car going he was alone, motoring down the straight in last place, gearshifts crackling in rapid fire.

Even then Hill knew something was off. Something was very wrong.

John Surtees tore down the opening straightaway, up the slight right-hand incline and under the Dunlop bridge. He loved the pavement at Le Mans—"billiard-table smooth." Two other Ferraris got a jump on him, and he found himself in third place.

It was a long race.

The early laps were among the most dangerous, when not-so-skilled drivers swapped paint at high speeds; it was wise to motor

ahead of the ruffraff as soon as possible. Surtees was merciless in close combat. No matter how good you thought you were, he'd find a way to pass you and leave you wondering, your concentration snapped. It was a custom for drivers at Le Mans to wait until they reached the 3.5-mile Mulsanne Straight to strap on their seat belts; on the straight they could hold the wheel with their knees.

By the time Surtees was hauling back through the grandstands at the end of the first lap, it was one, two, three for Ferrari. A flagman stood in the center of the lane, signaling caution—slick oil had already spilled onto the pavement.

In the cockpit everything unfolded in slow motion. "When you start [racing]," Surtees once wrote, "120 mph seems like 160 mph. With experience, that 120 mph seems more

yelling wildly into his microphone, taping footage for the next weekend's *Wide World of Sports* broadcast: "Word from the course is that Richie Ginther, who had moved up from eighth to fourth place, has passed some more cars. As a matter of fact, the word is that Richie Ginther has taken the lead in the second lap in the white Ford with blue stripes. The American racing colors are in the lead at Le Mans! There he is on the right of your screen. Get a look at that low-slung Ford! I've never seen a car as low as that!"

Phil Hill was back in the pit, and mechanics were digging into the engine compartment. Minutes were speeding by, Hill losing more and more ground. The crew found the problem: a blocked jet in one of the Weber carburetors. The car couldn't breathe. Not soon enough the carburetor was fixed, and Hill raced off.

Cramped into that small cockpit, the champion began to weave through the traffic. By this time Hill was in 44th place. He'd lost 22 minutes. To catch up to the Ferraris from that distance would require the powers of a superhero. Hill knew this circuit better than any man.

HOW TO GO EAST

Hill began to rip off a series of perfect laps. Experience told him how to make up time at high speed without overtaxing the engine. There can be only one shortest distance around a racetrack, achieved when the driver chooses the perfect line through every turn. As Hill moved the car through a bend, he could ease the tires within an inch of the edge of the pavement.

In large part the race was won or lost on the rev counter, the

rpm gauge staring the driver in the face from the center of the instrument panel. If Hill aimed to take a turn at 4,500 rpm, 4,400 rpm wasn't good enough. The difference between a four-minute lap and a 3:58 lap on this circuit equaled roughly 25 miles at the finish.

Fans watched Hill shriek down the pit straight. Thumbs clicked on stopwatches when he flew past the start-finish. He was cruising at 185 mph in fourth gear at 5,700 rpm. A slightly inclining right bend led him under the Dunlop bridge. He eased up on the gas, then accelerated again, shooting down a slope at 183 mph into the Esses. He downshifted to third, then second. Easy on the downshifts; no stress on the gear teeth or clutch plate. Hill left the Esses in second gear at 5,800 rpm—82 mph. A hard brake down to 65 mph, a tight right turn onto the Mulsanne Straight,

like 60 mph." As Surtees maneuvered the twisty downhill Esses on lap two, he saw in his rearview the mouth of a Ford GT40 tuck in behind him. Mere inches separated the two cars. Surtees downshifted into second gear and turned hard into the right-hand Terre Rouge corner onto the Mulsanne Straight. Then he accelerated, with the Ford slipstreaming behind him. Third gear, fourth, fifth. He was approaching 190 mph. The world was a Technicolor blur, as if he were being sucked into a cosmic vacuum cleaner.

Suddenly the Ford jumped to the left to pass. It was the number 11 car. Richie Ginther darted past Surtees, traveling faster than any car ever had on the storied straight. Surtees saw him through his windscreen and—just like that—Ginther was gone.

In the press box ABC's Jim McKay was

Sexy Girls in Full Bloom



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and he hammered the throttle. Third, fourth. The g-forces pinned him against his seat. A glance at the tach: 6,100 rpm. Two hundred mph summoned with his toe.

Nearing the end of the straight, a blind right-hand kink approached—La Grande Courbe. Hill took the kink flat out. Then came the Mulsanne Hairpin, the hardest turn on brakes in racing. He let the car coast... Then he nailed the brake pedal and downshifted: three, two, one. Exhaust pipes spit sparks, and the cast-iron brake discs turned fiery red. The lap belt dug into Hill's waist. He steered into the right-hander at 35 mph.

Hard on the accelerator. Second, third, past the signaling pits on the right, back up to 180 mph. Hill hurled the car through turns, rear wheels struggling for grip. The grandstands appeared in the distance. Hill gunned through that chasm, a huge valley lush with human bodies. Thousands of eyes followed the blue-and-white streak as it passed, a Ford car hurtling 185 mph on four patches of rubber.

No two laps were the same. Hill's brain filtered stimuli, automatically ranking them in order of importance in nanoseconds. Photographers leaning in and waving at him. Pit signals: P2 (pit in two laps), P1, along with lap times. With each lap, fuel burned off, lightening the car, increasing its speed. His perception was near extrasensory. "True concentration is not aware of itself," Hill would explain. "The flagmen, unless they are holding a yellow flag

or some such thing, are perceived and forgotten," Hill said. "A car you are overtaking is registered and erased as you safely pass."

As Hill weaved through the field, the cockpit heated up. During daylight hours it could hit 140 degrees Fahrenheit. Dressed in coveralls, helmet tight over the head, the body began to dehydrate. Noise numbed the ears, and the same brutal, incessant vibration that threatened the car's electronics wore on the driver's nervous system. Lap after lap, hour after hour. "You may not even be aware of the break in your concentration," Hill said, "not until you find yourself plunging past your braking point."

PIT STOP

Richie Ginther pulled his number 11 Ford into the pit. It was just after 5:30 P.M. Ginther stepped out of the car, and the crowd roared for him. He was in first place.

None of the mechanics said anything. Four of them—the most allowed by Le Mans regulations—went to work. Tires to check, tank to fill.

"Well, for God's sake," Ginther shouted, "isn't anyone going to ask how the car went?"

Questions followed, and Ginther told his story. One man present described him as "wildly ecstatic." When he passed those Ferraris to take the lead on the Mulsanne Straight, Ginther said, his tach read 7,200 rpm. He had hit 210 mph.

Ginther's teammate, Masten Gregory,

the Kansas City Flash, hustled over to the car, but the mechanics were not finished. The whole team watched and waited. And waited. No matter how fast the car traveled, it meant nothing if the pit stops were slow. By the time the number 11 Ford screeched onto the pit straight, two minutes and seven seconds had passed.

John Surtees had taken the lead.

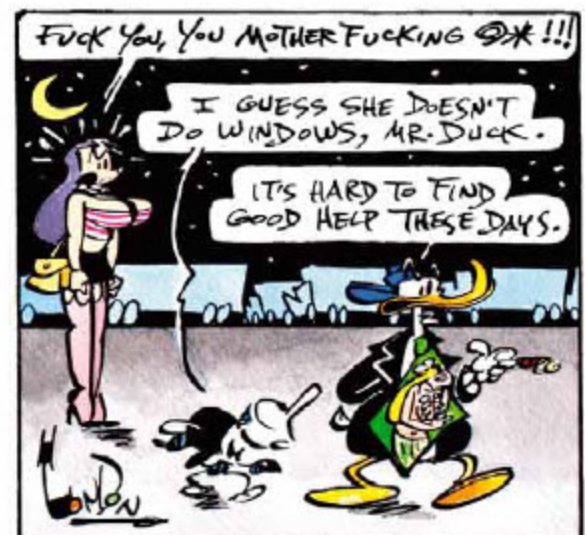
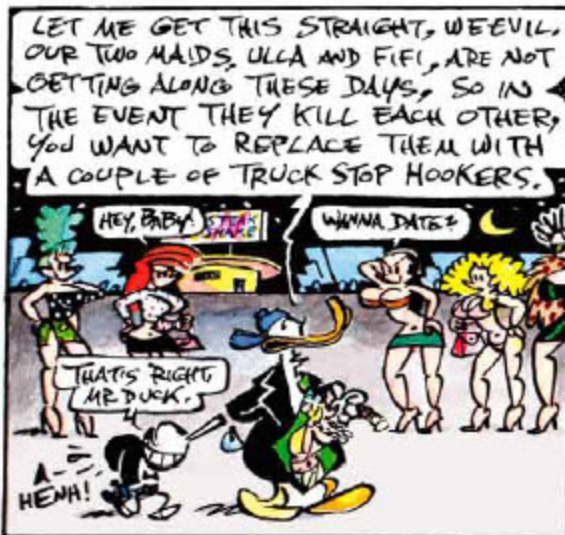
ATTRITION

In the Cobra pit stood Shelby, making a meal of his fingernails. At nine P.M. one of his Cobras, in the hands of Dan Gurney, was leading the GT class miles ahead of the Ferrari GTOs, lying fourth overall. Gurney had raced here six times, but he had never finished. He had a heavy foot, perhaps too heavy for this race. The Cobra had a five mph edge in top speed over the Ferrari GTOs, but those Ferraris were solid. As one GTO pilot put it, "A Ferrari was like insurance. You were assured that you would finish the race."

Would Shelby's Cobra hold together? The tall Texan rubbed his eyes and watched the car as it passed, as if the intensity of his stare could ward off mechanical failure. The sun ducked slowly behind the grandstands.

Ford team manager John Wyer's careful plans began to unravel. A little more than four hours into the race, the Ford team received word that a GT40 had burst into flames on the Mulsanne Straight. Word from the signaling pit on the other side of the circuit: The driver

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



had climbed safely out of the car, but it was still burning on the side of the road. One of the three prototype Fords was retired.

Soon after, Ginther's teammate, Masten Gregory, pulled into the pit. He was having trouble with the transmission. He couldn't get out of second gear. Mechanics went to work, but it was futile. Wyer gave word to the officials; he was withdrawing a second car.

Only one Ford remained. Hill was still far behind the leaders, with 19 hours to go.

NIGHT

After sunset spectators no longer saw the silhouettes of cars on the track but rather headlights stabbing through the dark. Speeding shadows could be identified not by shape and color but by exhaust note. Keen ears could pluck out the song of the Iso Rivolta, the Porsche 904, the thunderous GT40.

Darkness added an element of danger. To aid vision on the Mulsanne Straight, tree trunks were painted white so they would reflect headlights. Some drivers preferred the action after dark. "The very high speed is much safer than during the hours of daylight," Phil Hill's teammate, Bruce McLaren, later wrote in his diary. "The main danger at Le Mans was the little cars with a top speed around 90 mph that were cruising nearly 100 mph slower than we were, but in the darkness they couldn't help but see our lights coming up behind and they stayed out of our way."

McLaren took over for Hill at midnight. He later described this four-hour shift as "the best 500 racing miles I've ever covered."

For the crowd, the party picked up steam. From its inception Le Mans had always been more than a motor race. Countless bars and beer tents served up German sausages, crepes, oysters and french fries. Ham on French bread: 30 cents. Crowds lined up to ride the massive Ferris wheel that, lit brightly against the night, could be seen spinning from miles away. Under a tent, strippers grinded all through the night in a display of endurance that rivaled what was happening on the race-track. Through it all came the cry of engines and the faint smell of exhaust.

By one A.M. 20 of the 55 cars had dropped out of the race. ABC's Jim McKay was still at it in the press box, stubble darkening his jawline. "It's the middle of the night here," McKay barked into his microphone, "and the leader is the favored car, the factory Ferrari driven by John Surtees and his partner, Lorenzo Bandini, who was one of the two winning drivers last year. That first-place car is followed by two more Ferraris. However, of very much interest is the fourth-place car, the number five Cobra driven by Dan Gurney and Bob Bondurant of the United States. That car is not only in fourth place but is leading the GT division. And in fifth place, a remarkable story, is the one remaining Ford in this race, driven by Phil Hill and his partner, Bruce McLaren from New Zealand. That car has moved up from 44th place. It's going faster than any other car by far, lapping faster and faster every time...."

DEATH

At the kink near the White House bend, out of sight from the grandstands, the high-pitched wail of a Ferrari V12 clashed with the

throatier bellow of a Cobra V8. The drivers were battling for position when the Cobra blew a tire and clipped the Ferrari. Both drivers looked out their windshields and saw the world spinning. The screech of burning rubber filled their ears. They wrestled with their cars, using all their tools—brake, clutch, steering wheel, gas. Sentience reached its absolute peak, and both men were suspended in time.

"A wonderful thing happens," Masten Gregory once said about losing control of a racing car. "Time slows down to a crawl or else your mind runs like a computer; you know everything that's going on, and you can just sit there and consider the alternatives that will get you out of it." And when every attempt to regain control fails, there is always God. Bruce McLaren: "There's nothing like that blank flash of despair when it dawns on you that you might be going to hit something hard and there isn't a thing you can do about it. Except to get down in the cockpit and pray."

The Cobra flipped and tumbled off the road, landing upside down in an area forbidden to spectators. The Ferrari spun wildly in a cloud of smoke and ended up in the grass. Track stewards were alerted. Miraculously, both drivers pulled themselves out of their cars with only minor injuries. A man looked at the Cobra and saw something under it in the thick brush. Was it...? He looked closer.

There was a small body under the car.

A closer look: There was more than one body.

Police arrived along with reporters and medics. They found three young boys under the wrecked Cobra. The kids had sneaked under a fence to get close to the track, and they were watching from behind the bushes. None of them had any identification, and all were pronounced dead.

DAWN

At 5:20 A.M. Hill set a lap record. Minutes later he pulled the Ford into the pit with gearbox problems. The team of mechanics was exasperated, as was the crew of Ford executives. Hill stepped out of the GT40, and as the early-dawn light illuminated his face, he stood there for a moment with his helmet in his hand. The sleepy crowd gave him a round of applause, and he couldn't help but smile.

The race was barely more than half over, and the Ford team was finished. Only one of Shelby's Cobras remained.

Shortly after Hill's Ford retired, Surtees pulled his first-place Ferrari into the pit. His car was limping also. He complained to the mechanics of a slipping clutch, and the needle on the water-temperature gauge was steadily rising. When the mechanics popped open the radiator cap, steam piped out. Surtees was exhausted and pissed off. First place slipped away. The technicians knew Enzo Ferrari would be angry too; they'd hear it from him when they got back to the factory.

By the time Surtees was in the car again, he was lying third. Ferraris held seven of the top eight places.

In fourth place, snarling along through the fog, was a Shelby Cobra. In his pit Shelby watched the cars roll by. The deeper into the race, the slower the hours seemed to pass. The crew signaled for Dan Gurney to bring the number five Cobra in for repairs, fuel and a driver change. They were holding

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their breath. Gurney had slaughtered the GT lap record and was in first place in the GT class, but about an hour earlier the car had started bleeding oil. The oil cooler had sprung a leak. Shelby's chief engineer, Phil Remington, rigged a quick fix. Rules stated that a team could add oil only every 25 laps, so if the oil leak continued, the engine would seize and Shelby would have to pack it in. Gurney stepped out of the car and huddled with Shelby and driver Bob Bondurant.

"Brakes okay?" asked Bondurant.

"Yeah," Gurney said, "but I wouldn't trust 'em."

Shelby told Bondurant not to ride the engine too hard. "Watch your oil pressure," he said. He gave the driver a shove, and Bondurant was off.

FINISH

The final hours stretched out in a blur of speed, smoke and noise. The crowds grew restless, and the mercury spiked. As the Dutray clock ticked past 3:45 P.M., the order of placement was all but set, and the drivers slowed to ensure their finish. The first-place car was five laps ahead of the second-place car, which was seven laps ahead of the third. At the end of the world's most brutal automobile race the cars cruised slowly. In the final minutes no driver would take the chance of blowing his engine or shredding a tire. The crowds leaned in, awaiting the moment when the checkered flag would wave and the champions would be crowned.

Just after four P.M., the red Ferrari of Sicilian Nino Vaccarella and Frenchman Jean Guichet rolled over the finish line, winners of the 1964 24 Hours of Le Mans. Enzo Ferrari's cars finished in five of the top six places. Surtees

placed third. In fourth place, winning the GT class—a first for an American manufacturer—was a Shelby Cobra. None of the Ford prototypes finished. Hill, McLaren—they were no more than spectators now.

Fans and media flooded the pavement, swarming the winning car. The new champions stepped toward the podium, and soon the Italian national anthem was playing over the loudspeakers. The Shelby crew gathered around the Cobra, which had a California license plate on its rear end. Stirling Moss was there with the ABC camera crew and a microphone to interview the drivers, Gurney and Bondurant.

"Congratulations, Bob," Moss said. "History, I reckon, has been made here today..."

A few yards away Shelby stood, his curled bouffant looking a tad less than perfect. His team members crowded around, fists pumping toward the sky. Nobody believed Shelby's cars would finish the 24-hour grind at Le Mans. Now the "Powered by Ford" Cobra had placed fourth and first in the GT class. The Cobra was the Cassius Clay of motor racing—easy on the eyes and capable of the impossible. The reporters awaited comment from the Texan. Shelby was always good for a quote.

"Fourth isn't bad," he said. "Maybe America didn't hammer any nails in Enzo Ferrari's coffin this time. But we threw a scare into him. Next year we'll have his hide."

Excerpted from Go Like Hell: Ford, Ferrari and Their Battle for Speed and Glory at Le Mans by A.J. Baime, available in mid-May (pre-order at Amazon.com). Copyright © 2009 by Checkered Flag Media, LLC. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company.



"My marriage counselor finally solved our problem.
He ran off with my wife."

BASEBALL 2009

(continued from page 54)

When they dealt C Gerald Laird to Detroit they brought back minor league RHPs Guillermo Morosco and Carlos Melo. They continued to shop C Jarrod Saltalamacchia, the key to the group they received from Atlanta in mid-2007 for Mark Teixeira, opting to go with Taylor Teagarden as their big-league receiver. They also disrupted the veterans by announcing Gold Glove SS Michael Young would move to the outfield to make room for 20-year-old Elvis Andrus, who is coming off a 32-error, 109-game effort at Double A. Young was finally told he could play third.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: The team has no pretense about contending. Fact is, the focus in the first half of the season will be on finding contenders to take Saltalamacchia as well as veteran RHPs Kevin Millwood and Vicente Padilla—and possibly Young.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 2B Ian Kinsler



SEATTLE MARINERS

LAST SEASON: 61–101. Fourth place, 39 games behind. Former Texas and Oakland coach Don Wakamatsu is making his managerial debut, replacing Jim Riggleman, who became interim manager when John McLaren was fired last June.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: A major transition is under way with the hiring of former Milwaukee scouting director Jack Zduriencik as general manager and Wakamatsu as manager. The rebuilding began last season when ties with free-agent nightmare Richie Sexson were cut. Then came the off-season trade of closer J.J. Putz, which added depth to the system, and the loss of free agent OF Raul Ibanez and versatile Willie Bloomquist. In addition to seeking youth, Zduriencik went shopping for under-the-radar potential with the acquisition of RHPs David Aardsma and Tyler Walker, 1B Russell Branyan and OF Franklin Gutierrez.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: After a 101-loss campaign, no one pretends Seattle can make up last year's 39-game deficit in one season. There will be the enthusiasm of starting over, but the lineup is power starved and the pitching staff is big on potential, which means plenty of uncertainty.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: SS Yuniesky Betancourt

NL EAST



PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

LAST SEASON: 92–70. Won the world championship, beating Tampa Bay in five games. Manager Charlie Manuel signed an extension through 2011 during the off-season.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Phillies wanted not only to keep the nucleus of their championship team together for 2009

but also to add long-term stability, which they took a major step toward by signing multiyear deals with LHP Cole Hamels and 1B Ryan Howard. The only regular from last year who won't return is Pat Burrell, but the Phillies shouldn't miss him with the signing of free agent Raul Ibanez.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: It wasn't an old team that managed to pull out a World Series win last October. This squad should be in its prime, which is why 2B Chase Utley recovered so quickly from hip surgery. It's hard to expect closer Brad Lidge will be perfect again, but he should be plenty good, and a rotation featuring Hamels and Brett Myers has a chance to get even better.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 2B Chase Utley



NEW YORK METS

LAST SEASON: 89-73. Second place, three games behind. Jerry Manuel replaced Willie Randolph as manager in midseason and was given a two-year contract in October.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Having a bullpen that blew 29 saves—and the NL East title—last year and that included LH closer Billy Wagner, who will spend the final year of his contract recovering from surgery, the Mets knew what their need was for 2009, and they filled it. First they signed free agent closer Francisco Rodriguez, and then they acquired Mariners closer J.J. Putz to handle setup duties.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: Are there enough fingers to plug all the holes in the dike? The bullpen should be solid, but now the outfield is a mess. Ownership declined to pursue Manny Ramirez, a favorite of GM Omar Minaya since Ramirez was in high school and Minaya was scouting amateurs for the Texas Rangers. As it is, nobody can help David Wright, Carlos Beltran and Carlos Delgado. The strength of the rotation hinges on how well RHP John Maine bounces back from shoulder surgery.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: SS Jose Reyes



ATLANTA BRAVES

LAST SEASON: 72-90. Fourth place, 20 games back. Manager Bobby Cox is perpetually on one-year contracts.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The team needed to rebuild its aging and injured rotation. Bid adieu to John Smoltz, Tim Hudson and Mike Hampton. Atlanta found a rotation stabilizer in free agent RHP Derek Lowe and went overseas for Japanese import Kenshin Kawakami. The Braves also gambled on resurrecting Javier Vazquez. These aren't the Ted Turner days, though, which was evident when they had to unload Mark Teixeira last season, were jilted in off-season free-agent bids for RHP A.J. Burnett and SS Rafael Furcal and backed out of talks to acquire RHP Jake Peavy from San Diego.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: The Braves, three years removed from the end of their pro-record 14 consecutive division titles streak, can't be blamed for trying to live in the past. But shouldn't they have learned

from last year? Why spend the spring continuing to flirt with Tom Glavine, who eventually re-signed, and Ken Griffey Jr., who joined the list of players who turned down the Braves' offer? The hope for this team centers on OF Jeff Francoeur bouncing back. Two years ago the Braves were saying he was a Chipper Jones type. A year ago, however, he was given a three-day refresher course in Double A in an attempt to wake him up.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: C Brian McCann



FLORIDA MARLINS

LAST SEASON: 84-77. Third place, seven and a half games behind. During spring training, manager Fredi Gonzalez was given an extension through 2011.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: One thing has never changed with the Marlins, regardless of ownership: The bottom line is the bottom line. Despite the signs of hope created by last year's solid effort, the team spent the winter getting rid of the bulk of the 17 arbitration-eligible players. The Marlins wanted to become more of a speed-and-defense team than one that relies on home runs, but when the pride of the off-season additions is INF Emilio Bonifacio, it's apparent this is more hope than action.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: Good thing Gonzalez was given more security, because this will be another year of retooling. For all the potential of CF Cameron Maybin, 1B Gaby Sanchez, hoped-for closer Matt Lindstrom and C John Baker, their athletic abilities have yet to translate into big-league success. The Marlins have a rotation—Ricky Nolasco, Josh Johnson, Chris Volstad, Andrew Miller and Anibal Sanchez—that will keep them in games, but they also have

bullpen uncertainties and a lack of depth that proceeds from a lack of finances.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: SS Hanley Ramirez



WASHINGTON NATIONALS

LAST SEASON: 59-102. Fifth place, 32 and a half games behind. Manager Manny Acta is in the final year of his contract and is a likely scapegoat.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Maybe the Nationals will get serious next year, but this past winter they wasted time trying to convince fans they were serious about finding quick help. They then were shut out in their free-agent bidding. Mark Teixeira wasn't swayed by the proximity to his native Baltimore. For some reason he opted for \$180 million from the Yankees rather than a lesser deal from the 102-loss Nationals, who since their creation as the Montreal Expos, in 1969, have yet to play in a World Series.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: With this division the Nationals have a legitimate shot at back-to-back 100-loss seasons for the first time in franchise history. In their first 38 years, in fact, they had only two 100-loss seasons—in 1969 and 1976. The only sure things about the rotation are John Lannan and Scott Olsen.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: OF Austin Kearns

NL CENTRAL



CHICAGO CUBS

LAST SEASON: 97-64. First place, seven and a half games ahead. Swept by the Dodgers in the NL Division Series. The Cubs are 11-22 in



"I thought your sex tape was going to be with me."

postseason games since their most recent World Series appearance, in 1945. Manager Lou Piniella is signed through 2010 and says he will retire when he leaves the Cubs.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Cubs worked to balance a lineup that was too right-handed. The front office moved INF Mark DeRosa to eliminate the temptation for Piniella to play him over left-handed-hitting 2B Mike Fontenot. Unloading DeRosa's salary, along with saving \$5 million by shipping RHP Jason Marquis to the Rockies, cleared out payroll and allowed for a three-year, \$30 million contract gamble on switch-hitting OF Milton Bradley, who will be with his seventh team this decade and his fifth in five years.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: Winning the NL Central isn't the challenge; getting to the World Series is. The Cubs have gone a century without a world championship. The team does have an offense capable of a championship—they led the NL in runs last year before adding Bradley—and the rotation has four pitchers who can win at least 17 games. But what about the late-inning void created by the free-agent departure of Kerry Wood? Carlos Marmol can overpower, but is he the next Mariano Rivera or the next Ron Davis? Kevin Gregg closed with Florida, but the pressures are different with a team expected to win.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 3B Aramis Ramirez



ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

LAST SEASON: 86–76. Fourth place, 11 and a half games behind. Ten winning records and seven postseason appearances in Tony La Russa's 13 years as manager. La Russa is in the final year of his contract.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Cardinals added SS Khalil Greene, who will be an offensive bonus now that he has escaped San Diego's Petco Park. But ownership's refusal to bump the payroll kept it from addressing the troubled bullpen, which blew 31 saves and suffered 31 losses a year ago. Chris Perez and Jason Motte, both rookies last year, have live arms, but that doesn't ensure either can step into the ninth-inning role.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: When a team starts with La Russa and 1B Albert Pujols, the best pure hitter in the NL, and plays in the NL Central, it cannot be written off. Even then, however, there will be challenges when the rotation is counting on a healthy return from RHP Chris Carpenter, who hasn't won a game in two seasons because of elbow and shoulder issues. The Cards, however, have outfield depth with Ryan Ludwick, Rick Ankiel, Skip Schumaker, Chris Duncan and phenom Colby Rasmus. This will allow them to make a significant move once they identify their most pressing need.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 1B Albert Pujols



MILWAUKEE BREWERS

LAST SEASON: 90–72.

Second place, seven and a half games out. Former Oakland manager Ken Macha

signed a two-year contract in the off-season, taking over for interim manager Dale Sveum, who replaced Ned Yost for the final two weeks of the season.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Just before spring training the team landed RHP Braden Looper in an effort to patch up a rotation gutted by the free-agent loss of LHP C.C. Sabathia and RHP Ben Sheets. After Brian Fuentes and Kerry Wood turned them down, the Brewers are taking a gamble on all-time saves leader Trevor Hoffman having one magical season left.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: The Brewers can score runs with an offense built around LF Ryan Braun and 1B Prince Fielder, but the days of outslugging the opposition are history. Even with Sheets and the mid-season addition of Sabathia, the Brewers came up short. This year they don't have either, and it's not as though they have the payroll flexibility to find help. With incentives, the Brewers are looking at a \$90 million payout as it is.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: LF Ryan Braun



CINCINNATI REDS

LAST SEASON: 74–88. Fifth place, 23 and a half games behind. Manager Dusty Baker is in the second year of his three-year, \$12 million contract.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Reds had blurred vision. They wanted to add a right-handed power bat in left field but wound up with speedy CF Willy Taveras, whose value is questionable because of his constant struggles with leg injuries. They needed to bolster a bullpen that lost LHP Jeremy Affeldt to free agency but were unable to do better than 39-year-old southpaw Arthur Rhodes. To fill a catching void, they had to settle for Ramon Hernandez, whom Baltimore was pleading for someone to take.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: Even with the lack of off-season activity, the Reds say their payroll budget has been exceeded, so no help is on the way for a team that will struggle to finish in the middle of the league offensively despite playing in a bandbox. This team, after all, stumbled even with the bats of Adam Dunn and Ken Griffey Jr., whose spots remain open. They are, however, building a pitching staff around last year's emergence of Edwin Volquez and Johnny Cueto and this year's promise of Micah Owings and Homer Bailey.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 2B Brandon Phillips



HOUSTON ASTROS

LAST SEASON: 86–75. Third place, 11 games behind.

Cecil Cooper enters the season in the final year of his contract, which is unusual for Astros managers and makes his status shaky.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Owner Drayton McLane says he wants a winner, but he doesn't want to pay for it. GM Ed Wade had to back out of a proposed deal that would have kept LHP Randy Wolf, and then he unloaded 3B Ty Wigginton to cut payroll.

Trying to fill out his rotation, Wade gambled that LHP Mike Hampton and RHP Russ Ortiz can resurrect careers in the hitter-friendly environs of Minute Maid Park. Yes, Hampton won 22 games for the Astros 10 years ago, but he won only eight games combined over the past two seasons. Still, he has six more victories than Ortiz in that same stretch.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: The Astros are starting to realize what a masterful job former GM Gerry Hunsicker did in keeping things together despite interference from above. The franchise is in tatters. An optimist would be pressed to find a way to predict a .500 season. Roy Oswalt is among the league's elite pitchers, but projecting Wandy Rodriguez into the number two slot in the rotation—and Hampton into number three—underscores how futile the Astros will be.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: 1B Lance Berkman



PITTSBURGH PIRATES

LAST SEASON: 67–95. Sixth place, 30 and a half games behind. The Pirates have suffered 16 consecutive losing seasons, equaling a major league record that was set by the Phillies between 1933 and 1948. John Russell is in the second year of his three-year managerial contract.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Pirates made their big moves last July, unloading the contracts of Jason Bay on Boston and Xavier Nady on the Yankees. They couldn't find a taker for SS Jack Wilson but will continue to hope a market can develop. The Bucs turned their attention to creating cost certainty. In addition to finally signing number one draft choice Pedro Alvarez from Vanderbilt to a four-year deal that includes options for 2013 and 2014, they came to three-year agreements with LHP Paul Maholm, OF Nate McLouth and C Ryan Doumit. The only off-season additions to the big-league roster were INF Ramon Vazquez and Eric Hinske.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: It's another summer of suffering for Pirates fans. The lack of off-season action doesn't bode well for a team that had the worst earned run average in the NL last year and showed up for spring training with Maholm as the only pitcher assured of a rotation spot. Remember, the Pirates were 17–38 following the trades of Nady and Bay, and the team did nothing to recharge the offense.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: C Ryan Doumit



LOS ANGELES DODGERS

LAST SEASON: 84–78. First place, two games ahead. Swept the Cubs in the NLDS but lost to Philadelphia in five games in the NL Championship Series. Manager Joe Torre is signed through the 2010 season, with the expectation that Don Mattingly will replace him after that.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: While the

rotation was fleeing through free agency, the Dodgers seemed more caught up in a winter-long stare-down with OF Manny Ramirez, whom they finally signed to a two-year \$45 million contract. Then when nobody was looking they picked up a bargain in the first weekend of spring by bringing in 2B Orlando Hudson, who provides energy at the top of the lineup and a flashy defense.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: For all the moaning about Manny, the Dodgers will be only as good as their young pitching allows. Gone are RH starters Derek Lowe, Greg Maddux and Brad Penny and RH relievers Scott Proctor and Takashi Saito. Chad Billingsley will be asked to be the ace of a rotation that will also provide opportunities for Clayton Kershaw. Jonathan Broxton is being counted on to get that 27th out without a safety net. The sleeper is RHP Jason Schmidt, who has been a nonentity for two years because of shoulder problems but who is optimistic about a big return.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: The Dodgers do not have a player signed to a multiyear deal prior to free-agent eligibility.



COLORADO ROCKIES

LAST SEASON: 74–88. Third place, 10 games behind. Suffered their seventh losing record in eight years. Manager Clint Hurdle is in the final year of his contract and needs a solid start to survive the season.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: Major parts disappeared. Closer Brian Fuentes went to the Angels as a free agent. OF Matt Holliday was traded to Oakland. LH starter Jeff Francis was lost to surgery. The Rockies did gain a potential closer in Huston Street, a starter in lefty Greg Smith and a left fielder in Carlos Gonzalez from Oakland. They were able to unload RHP Luis Vizcaino and get back the durable RH starter Jason Marquis. They also persuaded late-inning lefty Alan Embree to take \$2.25 million instead of retiring.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: In a winnable division the Rockies have reason to hope. But the list of ifs is lengthy: if lefty Franklin Morales can show the consistency he displayed during the stretch drive to the World Series in 2007, if lefty Jorge De La Rosa can maintain the dominance he showed in the second half of 2008, if Manny Corpas can regain his hard slider, if Todd Helton bounces back from off-season back surgery.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: SS Troy Tulowitzki



ARIZONA DIAMONDBACKS

LAST SEASON: 82–80. Second place, two games behind. Manager Bob Melvin not only is signed through 2010 but has a strong relationship with GM Josh Byrnes, who is signed through 2015.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: With no room in the payroll, the Diamondbacks cut ties with LHP Randy Johnson, 2B Orlando Hudson, RH closer Brandon Lyon and

LF Adam Dunn. While they had an outfield surplus and decided to gamble with Chad Qualls in the closer role, they had to settle for Felipe Lopez to fill Hudson's spot and RHP Jon Garland to step in for Johnson.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: With RHPs Brandon Webb and Dan Haren, the Diamondbacks will be a factor in the division, but a pitching staff has to be deeper than two. Arizona gave up on Micah Owings last year and is now hyping Max Scherzer, who could provide a huge lift if he can step into the number three role. Arizona led the NL West for 153 days before settling into second place. Now the team has that experience, which should toughen the lineup for a stretch run this time around.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: CF Chris Young



SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

LAST SEASON: 72–90.

Fourth place, 12 games back. Bruce Bochy is in the final year of his three-year managerial contract, and with a new owner he could become a scapegoat if the Giants struggle.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: The Giants wanted to rebuild their bullpen and add a legitimate bat to the middle of their order. They hit .500. LHP Jeremy Affeldt and RHP Bobby Howry were signed as free agents, providing a good setup combo for Brian Wilson. Slow-footed Bengie Molina, however, remains the cleanup hitter after an off-season of offensive futility.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: You can't ignore the Giants. Their strong rotation is even stronger with the signing of LHP Randy Johnson, which allows the team to push disappointing Barry Zito into the

fifth spot, where his contract is a farce but his ability fits well. Cy Young winner Tim Lincecum, Matt Cain and lefty Jonathan Sanchez are a dominating top three. The pitchers, however, will have to be nearly perfect to offset an offense that was 15th in the NL in runs scored last year—ahead of only the Padres—and may be even worse this year.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: RHP Matt Cain



SAN DIEGO PADRES

LAST SEASON: 63–99.

Fifth place, 21 games behind. The Padres never recovered from losing three of their final four games in 2007, which cost them a postseason appearance. Manager Buddy Black is in the final year of his contract.

OFF-SEASON FOCUS: With owner John Moores needing to unload the team in light of his pending divorce, the Padres were intent on cutting at least \$30 million in payroll to sweeten the bottom line for an eventual buyer, who turned out to be former agent and Arizona CEO Jeff Moorad. They parted ways with all-time saves leader Trevor Hoffman and shuffled SS Khalil Greene off to St. Louis, but RHP Jake Peavy's ability to void a trade limited San Diego's options, and at the start of spring training he was still in San Diego.

IN-SEASON PROGNOSIS: The Padres are the only team with no hope of being a factor in a watered-down division. There are no legit answers to glaring holes in the rotation and bullpen. The lineup offers no protection for 1B Adrian Gonzalez, and such ineptitude becomes glaring in Petco Park, which taxes even powerful bats.

CORNERSTONE PLAYER: RHP Jake Peavy



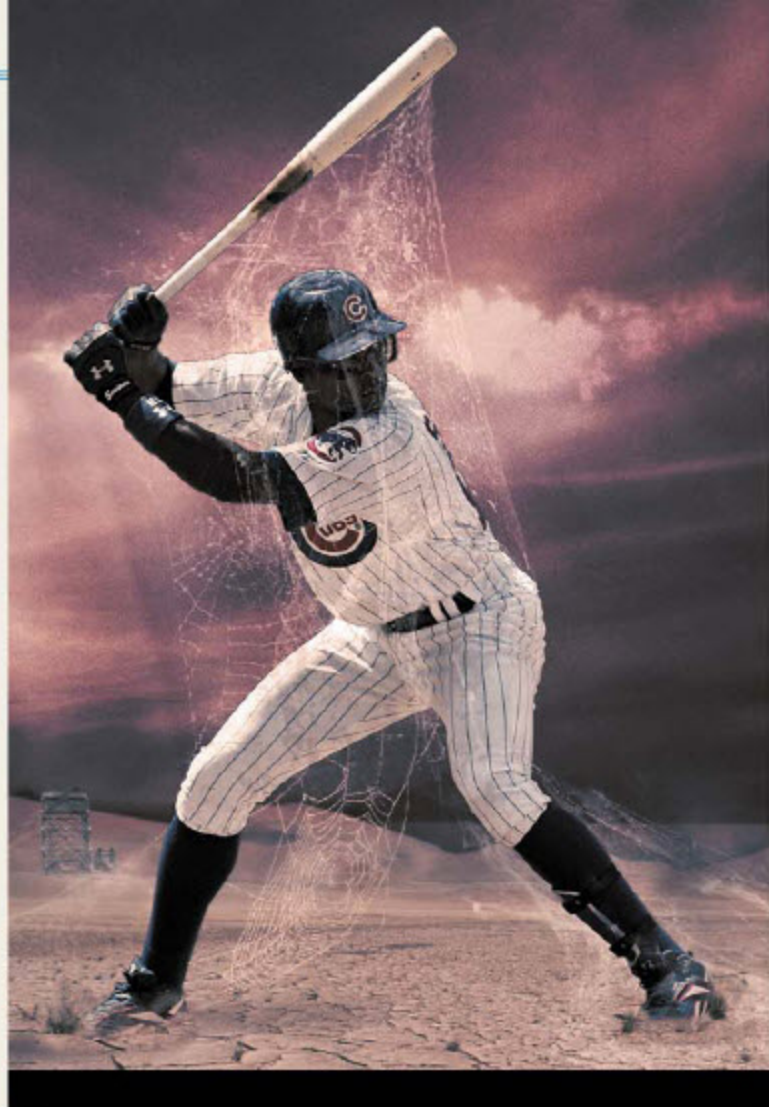
"Well, she did say she was his mouthpiece."

Baseball's approach to fixing its problems is to say that baseball is a perfect game. We know it is a perfect game because, after 150 years, infielders are still throwing out runners at first base by a single step.

Suppose an actor could, for his own reasons, hold up a movie for, let's say, 90 seconds before he delivers the next line. What would that do to the movie? I know: It would make it a Merchant-Ivory production, but that was a rhetorical question. The point is that when you go to a baseball game the batter will, for reasons enhancing no one's enjoyment except his own, step out of the batter's box and delay the action for 10, 20, 40 or 90 seconds just because he feels like it. This has precisely the same effect on the entertainment value of a baseball game as it would on a movie—and you can't shoot him. Shit, you can't even zap him with a stun gun. And you can't tell him to cut the crap and get in there and hit, because one of the ways baseball is a perfect game is that baseball has no clock. That's perfect, you know.

Of course, until about 1950 baseball games *did* have a clock, a big yeller one that goes away in the evening. In 1950 the average baseball game took about two hours to play, and 70 percent of Americans said baseball was their favorite sport. Once they took the big yeller clock out of the game, though, the games started stretching out, and more and more people started saying they were football fans. But you can't fix baseball because, you know, it's a perfect game. If you make the bastard stay in the box and hit, they might throw him out at first by two steps and ruin everything.

We're making some progress on that, actually; there are now rules intended to limit the batter's freedom to delay the game. These rules will become effective when they issue the umpires stun guns or, failing that, consistently refuse to call time just because the batter asks for it. When we get that under control, something else will push the games longer. A



PERFECT GAME HOW TO FIX BASEBALL

BY BILL JAMES

few years ago pitchers held up the game by throwing repeatedly to first base. That problem went away on its own when the steroid era hit and the game went back to being about hitting home runs. But the more homers batters hit, the more managers change pitchers.

Pitching changes are worse on television because, on television, they're always

brought to you by somebody, and when the "call to the bullpen is brought to you by..." it's never really somebody you're eager to hear more about. I like Johnny Cash, Beyoncé, Bob Dylan, Aerosmith, small children, Dolly Parton, Jimmy Kimmel, Kate Beckinsale, chocolate cake and Florida beaches, but none of them has ever brought me a call to the bullpen. It's always some damned phone company with a new plan to bamboozle you with free text messaging and indecipherable fees for indeterminate other services.

The fallacy of the concept of the perfect game is that baseball changes so much. In the 1950s the average team used fewer than 200 relievers (relief games) a season. Now the average is close to 500. So if it was a perfect game then, it must be a hell of a mess now, right? It's only logical. The average baseball game now has more than twice as many strikeouts as it did when I was born. Was it perfect then, or is it perfect now?

People ask me all the time, "What would you do if you were commissioner of baseball?" What they mean is "What would you do if you were commissioner of baseball in 1937?" All the power isn't in the commissioner's hands anymore. It hasn't been for generations. Some has gone to the unions, some has gone to the TV networks, some has gone to the owners, and some has gone to the agents.

Baseball doesn't need a strong commissioner; nothing vibrant would benefit from an autocrat. Baseball needs a general, widespread understanding among all the power brokers that it is *not* a perfect game; it is a commercial entertainment in competition with other commercial entertainments, and it has issues.

In the 1950s hitters would sometimes go through the season without breaking a bat. Now players have more bats than Carlsbad Caverns. You can't get through a game without dodging flying lumber. The game is just different. It was a great game then; it's a great game now. It's a greater game now. It wouldn't hurt to speed it up a little.

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CHUCK PALAHNIUK

(continued from page 32)

people have bonded over this shared experience, this witnessing of death and resurrection, and they're euphoric.

PLAYBOY: Is someone fainting a sign of a successful reading?

PALAHNIUK: It's one sign, yes.

PLAYBOY: Could it be considered perverse that you delight in making people faint?

PALAHNIUK: I don't believe that. When people are exposed to extreme things—things so memorable and hard to assimilate into how they think of the world and how they think of themselves—they're freed. It helps them digest their fears and experiences. It's similar to how writing is the way I digest my fears and experience. People hear these stories and become so open they want to tell me things they've never told anybody else. They feel it's safe to tell me things. The stories people tell will stay with me for the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of stories?

PALAHNIUK: A middle-aged woman came up to me after a "Guts" event. She said, "When I was in second grade, I was in the Brownies. One day I had a stomachache, and we had this heating pad with a vibrating function. My mom made me take a nap sleeping facedown on this heating pad. It slid down between my legs. I woke up with the most amazing feeling. I had never had such a feeling. Oh my God, what a feeling. So when it was my turn to host the Brownie troop, I said, 'Brownies, you've got to try this heating-pad thing.' All the Brownies came to my house and rode the heating pad and had pounding orgasms. It was like *Sex and the City* for seven-year-old girls. After that the Brownies didn't give a shit about earning merit badges. They didn't want to do public service. They just wanted to come to my house. Every meeting was at my house. For the first time in my life I was the most popular girl in my class. I went from being the girl who smelled like pee to 'Everybody wants to play at my house all the time.'"

It was very funny, but that wasn't the end

of the story. She said, "So we did this until the day my mom came home from work early and caught us with the heating pad. She sent all the Brownies home and yanked the plug out of the wall. And she beat me with the cord. She was screaming, 'You piece of shit, you dirty fucking whore. What kind of a little whore cunt did I raise?' And she beat me and she beat me and she beat me and she beat me," the woman said. "And I haven't had an orgasm since the second grade, since I was seven years old." It's such a sad story, but then she said, "But if you can tell that 'Guts' story, I know I can tell my heating-pad story. I can make it the funniest story anybody's ever heard." She seemed enormously relieved. Now she's going to craft it as an intellectual exercise, and she'll realize she can use this terrible thing that happened to her instead of being used by it.

PLAYBOY: You once said if you hadn't become a writer you would probably be an alcoholic. Why?

PALAHNIUK: When you have this thing to fuss and fret over, this totally fictionalized crisis to pour all your excess energy and anxiety into, you don't have to go out and deaden them with drinking.

PLAYBOY: You once said, "Before I started writing, I'd go out on a Friday night and engage in that big act of denial where you drink so much you forget you have to go to work on Monday morning."

PALAHNIUK: I don't have to do that anymore.

PLAYBOY: When did writing become a kind of therapy for you?

PALAHNIUK: Not until I was in my late 20s and I went to a writers' group. It wasn't my first group. I started in one with all these middle-aged ladies. When it was my turn to read, I read a scene that later went into *Snuff*. A young man is obsessed with a girl, so he buys a blow-up doll and dresses it like her; then he gets drunk and seduces it. As he unzips the back of its dress, the zipper snags the vinyl skin. He doesn't know, but as he starts to fuck it he realizes it's going flat, and it becomes this horrible race as the doll wrinkles and shrivels beneath him. He has to get off before it's completely flat. The

scene ends with his being surprised by his mother walking in the door. He stands up, and the completely flat doll is hanging off his erection like a big pink flag. The end. Blackout. The ladies were so upset they asked me to leave the group. But the leader of the workshop, Andrea, was very kind and said, "There's a man named Tom Spanbauer who just moved to Portland. He studied at Columbia with this man named Gordon Lish, and he's teaching a brand-new style. You might want to move to Tom's workshop, because we don't want you here."

PLAYBOY: Were you discouraged when your first novel, *Invisible Monsters*, was rejected?

PALAHNIUK: Well, it's devastating. But you get really clear that you aren't writing solely for the public. You're clear that you have to find the more immediate rewards of writing. You might as well be in love with whatever you're working on whether or not it's a success. Writing is never wasted time.

PLAYBOY: *Invisible Monsters* was published later, after *Fight Club*.

PALAHNIUK: Some stuff I used in *Fight Club* came from that first book. Marla has a speech in *Fight Club* in which she talks about the condom being the glass slipper of her generation. That's stolen from that earlier book.

PLAYBOY: The line made it into the movie, too. What was it like seeing *Fight Club* for the first time on-screen?

PALAHNIUK: It was really nostalgic because by then it's so far behind you that you see you've forgotten a lot of it. It's like going through your high school annual and having this sort of sweet distance.

PLAYBOY: More recently, was it a similar feeling watching *Choke*?

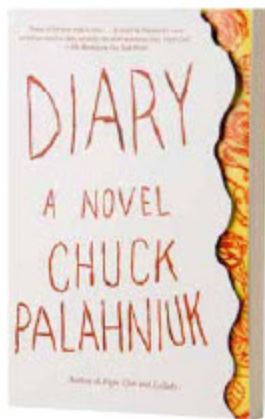
PALAHNIUK: *Choke* is kind of clouded right now because Mom's been sick. It's about a son sitting by his mother's bedside and she's dying, so it's just excruciating and overwhelming for me now.

PLAYBOY: Growing up, you lived mostly with her, right?

PALAHNIUK: After the divorce.

PLAYBOY: What did she and your father do for a living when you were a child?

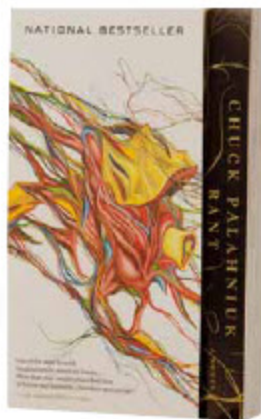
CHUCK AT A GLANCE



DIARY A painter finds her groove, but her art turns out to be darker than her paint selection. "Palahniuk is a bracingly toxic purveyor of dread and mounting horror. He makes nihilism fun." —*Vanity Fair*



FIGHT CLUB Guy befriends the too-cool-to-be-true pied piper of a therapeutic underground fight club. "Dials directly into youthful angst and will likely horrify the parents of teens and twentysomethings." —*Booklist*



RANT: AN ORAL BIOGRAPHY OF BUSTER CASEY Casey is the self-inflicted patient zero of a rabies epidemic. "Palahniuk's world might be a freak show, but it's one that makes a disturbing amount of sense." —*Daily Telegraph*



HAUNTED In the tradition of scary summer-camp stories, 23 chilling tales (including "Guts") told at a writers' retreat. "Summer reading for people who like their lit doused in bodily fluids." —*Time Out New York*



SNUFF Points of view from three of 600 guys up for a record serial-bang porno. "[He is the] gross-out cartographer of the modern male id, a gutter-brained romanticist...if queasy-making authorial voice." —*The Washington Post*

PALAHNIUK: My father worked for the railroad. My mom was at home until my parents divorced, when I was 13. Then she went back to school and became a bookkeeper.

PLAYBOY: Is it true your father once almost cut off your finger with an ax?

PALAHNIUK: I was very young. I must have been four or five years old. One day I was alone at our house with my father, and I put a washer around my finger and it got stuck. I waited until my finger got swollen and black and it had lost all feeling, because I knew I would be in trouble. Eventually I went to my father and asked him to help me. He said, "I'll help you out this once, but if you do this again, you know, it's your problem." He had me help him get a hatchet we used for killing chickens and sharpen it. We washed it with rubbing alcohol so it was sterile. We went to the chopping block, and my father had me kneel down and put my hand on the block. I was thinking, My father's doing me a favor, and I deserve this. He said, "Hold still," and he swung the ax and just missed my finger.

PLAYBOY: These days that would be grounds for calling Child Protective Services.

PALAHNIUK: Well, it just made it very clear to me that there are consequences for whatever you do.

PLAYBOY: Are you resentful?

PALAHNIUK: You know, I'd almost forgotten about it because it was a story I'd never told anybody. I knew it didn't make my dad look very good, and my mother didn't know and I knew it would make her just explode. I'd almost forgotten it until I had this sort of bogus séance at a haunted house. The psychic said my father was present and was apologizing for something that involved an ax and dismemberment. I'd never told anybody the story before, but she repeated the whole thing. She said my father was regretful. As a young man he had no idea how to resolve the situation and teach me a lesson.

PLAYBOY: He had his own traumatic experience when he was a child. You've told how he hid under the bed and watched his father murder his wife—your grandmother—and then kill himself. Your parents kept the story

from you until you were 18. Were you angry that they hadn't told you earlier?

PALAHNIUK: They wanted to protect us from this truth, so I understood. But it was useful to know. It explained how horrible things had been for my father. Knowing helps you understand. Like when I was little my mom was just frantic about pulling all our curtains shut. Until I was an adult I didn't know it was because the creepy man who lived way down the road would come and hide in our shrubs and masturbate outside my sister's bedroom windows. My mother had started finding cigarette butts and soiled Kleenexes in the shrubs when she was gardening.

PLAYBOY: You've written, "I'm six years old again and taking messages back and forth between my estranged parents." Is that autobiographical?

PALAHNIUK: Yeah. My siblings and I were younger than 10. We had this game called "playing Henry Kissinger." We'd hear them fighting, and the four of us would hide in the basement. As soon as the fighting died down we would decide whose turn it was to play Henry Kissinger. You had to go upstairs and be sort of innocuous, entertaining and endearing and try to lessen the stress.

PLAYBOY: In 1999 you had another tragedy in your life. Your father and his girlfriend were murdered. How did you hear about it?

PALAHNIUK: A publicist at my publisher, W.W. Norton, called. She said, "I hope this is a joke, but a detective has called from Idaho, and they found your father's car outside a burned-down house with bodies in the house, and they think your father might be one of those bodies. Would you call the following number..." I did, and they said they needed someone to collect my father's dental X-rays and take them up to Idaho. My brother and I went up, and yeah, it was him.

PLAYBOY: How do you process something that horrific?

PALAHNIUK: The way I've always done it. I process things by gathering all the infor-

mation I can and documenting it. I just went out and collected everything about the murder I could find. At the time, my siblings didn't want to know anything about it, so I thought I'd gather everything for them. I'd have it whenever they wanted to know. I went to see the autopsy photos and the crime scene. I read all the stories in the papers and talked to all the reporters. If my sister calls and asks, "What were Dad's last 20 minutes alive like?" I can dispassionately say, "He was shot at this angle. The coroner says the evidence was that his diaphragm was ruptured, his lungs began to collapse, breathing became difficult. He was assisted into the burning building by his girlfriend as they fled the gunman. They were already dead by the time the fire consumed them. The bodies were preserved because a mattress had fallen on top of them."

PLAYBOY: In what way does knowing the details help you?

PALAHNIUK: It's a distancing thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you also have to process it emotionally at some point?

PALAHNIUK: I did that when I was cleaning out his house, the horror of cleaning out his house and coming across all the things I knew about him.

PLAYBOY: What was the killer's trial like?

PALAHNIUK: Hard and tedious at the same time, but it was part of putting the whole story together.

PLAYBOY: What was it like to see the murderer in court?

PALAHNIUK: I didn't have any emotion attached to it. It was abstract. For the sentencing I had to be cross-examined by him, which was awkward and unpleasant. He said I was persecuting him. He also said he'd buried anthrax bombs throughout the area, and if he was sentenced to death, eventually these bombs would corrode to the point that they would explode underground and wipe out thousands of people.

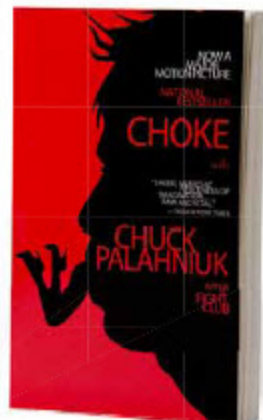
PLAYBOY: Through this experience did you conclude he was insane or evil?

PALAHNIUK: I lean toward evil. They told me about *(concluded on page 110)*

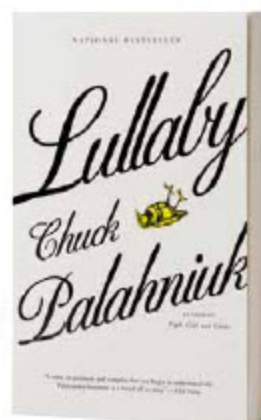
JUDGING AN AUTHOR BY HIS BACK COVERS



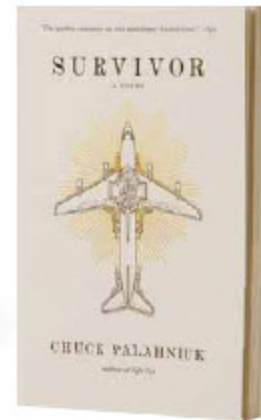
INVISIBLE MONSTERS You may not be comfortable in your own skin—or somebody else's. "A guilty pleasure for those with an open mind and a strong stomach—everyone else should go read a nice romance." —*Toronto Sun*



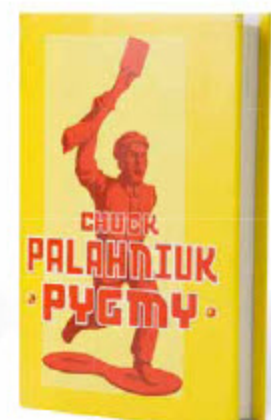
CHOKES Con man for money and sex tries to go straight. "He rearranges Vonnegut's sly humor, DeLillo's mordant social analysis and Pynchon's antic surrealism (or is it R. Crumb's?) into a gleaming puzzle palace." —*Newsday*



LULLABY A song secretly kills people; a few in the know attempt to stop the music. "More twisted than a sack of pretzels and edgier than an octagon, Chuck Palahniuk has pumped out another memorable read." —*PLAYBOY*



SURVIVOR Resisting your suicide-cult pledge saves you for only so long; fate and death are inescapable. "A wild amphetamine ride through the vagaries of fame and the nature of belief." —*San Francisco Chronicle*



PYGYM A terrorist cell of exchange students can kill in a wink but can't figure out teenage America. "Potent if cartoonish cultural satire that succeeds despite its stridently confounding prose." —*Publisher's Weekly*



PLAYMATE NEWS

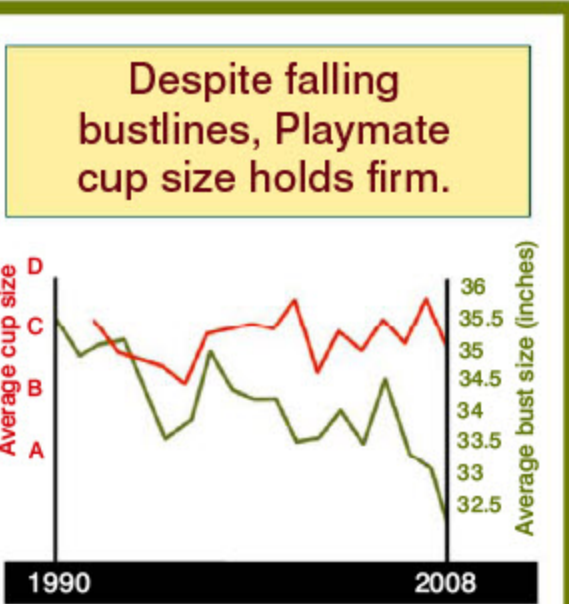


PLAYMATES CONNECT WITH FANS AND EARN SOME MONEY BY SIGNING PINUPS

A buck has become tougher to come by of late, but Miss July 1977 Sondra Theodore is working with John O'Neill and B Johnson of O'Neill's Autographs to help our girls earn a few extra dollars. Their service connects fans with signed Centerfolds, some of Playmates still in the spotlight and others of fan favorites from years past. If you'd like to buy a shot, go to pin-ups.com.

WIRED LOOKS AT PLAYMATES' BUSTS AND CUPS

Playmate research (the scientific kind) seems to be picking up steam. In March we reported on the Mercyhurst College professors who compared PMOYs' dimensions with those of their civilian contemporaries. The February issue of *Wired* features Playmate body-mass indexes and a graph of the bust and cup sizes of our girls from the early 1990s to now. It found that "while busts have shrunk faster than your 401(k), cup size has remained a buxom C or D." If we had only thought of this instead of the baking-soda volcano, our high school science projects might have ribboned—or at least raised a few eyebrows.



FLASHBACK



Thirty-five years ago this month we introduced you to **MARILYN LANGE**, an emblem of the sexy, swinging 1970s: "I like to be able to say I turned men and women on and brought them a little pleasure," she told us. After being honored as Playmate of the Year 1975, the New Jersey native was selected by the North American Soccer League's Chicago Sting in the final round of the 1976 draft. Instead of suiting up, Marilyn worked for the promotions department. The fans got a kick out of her.

Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates? You can check out the Club at club.playboy.com and access the mobile-optimized site playboy.com from your phone.

DID YOU KNOW?

PMOY 2008 **Jayde Nicole** supposedly has an on-camera spat with *The Hills*'s Audrina Patridge in a future episode.

Bad news: PMOY 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** said, "I love Playboy, and I owe them so much, but I won't be posing again."

Miss May 2007 **Shannon James** doesn't sport an afro, but she is promoting the *Afro Samurai* video game.

Miss February 2001 Lauren Michelle Hill has advice for anyone going on a job interview: "People decide if they like you in the first 30 seconds. Dress sharp, give a nice



smile and show them you have the confidence to get the job done." Sounds like she may be giving dating advice, too.

LILLIAN MÜLLER IS MOTIVATED

Need some motivation to strive toward a healthier lifestyle? PMOY 1976 Lillian Müller has been touring the country, along with Morgan Spurlock and Woody Harrelson, on a mission to help people follow a proper diet-and-exercise regimen. Her talks were recently highlighted in the documentary film *Raw for Life!* (from the producers of *Super Size Me*). She also informs us she is in talks with a Norwegian television channel to have her own reality show that deals with her transition "from sex symbol to health symbol."

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY JEREMY RATCHFORD

—actor, CBS's *Cold Case*



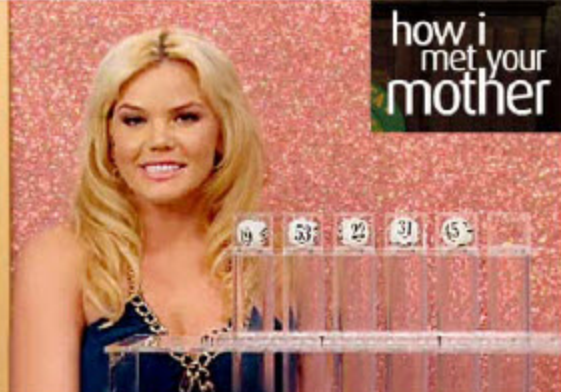
"My favorite Playmate is Miss January 1955 **Bettie Page** because she reminds me of my wife—the look and coolness but not the whips! We're both Bettie Page fans. There's something about the mixture of her joy, beauty and mischievousness that hits below the belt."



COLLEEN ON CBS

Miss January 2004 Colleen Shannon isn't a girl who reads lottery balls on TV, but she did play one on a TV sitcom. Colleen appeared in an episode of CBS's prime-time comedy *How I Met Your Mother* in which Barney Stinson (Neil Patrick Harris) creates a dating-wordplay game based on the numbers she calls.

how i met your mother



Miss August 2007 **Tamara Sky** deejayed at Lengths for Love, a Valentine's party at the Highlands in Hollywood.

OnlyforPetLovers.com tracked down PMOY 1993 **Anna Nicole Smith's** dogs; all of them are in happy homes.

OUT AND ABOUT WITH...

Ohhh! Miss August 1986 **Ava Fabian** pressed up to Andrew Dice Clay at the Mansion. Both were on hand for the Super Bowl Game-Day Party hosted by PMOY 2001 Brande Roderick. Ava was there because she is a PMW favorite, and the Dice Man was invited because he stars on *Celebrity Apprentice 2* with Brande. Although Trump fired Dice in the first episode, he was not prematurely booted from



the Mansion.... *American Idol's* Ryan Seacrest and PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** were spotted together in the Caribbean. We won't confirm or deny a relationship, but we will pat Seacrest on the back for being in paradise with a Playmate.... Motley Crue's Tommy Lee sure does have a thing for

Playmates (just like any red-blooded American guy). He and PMOY 1997 **Victoria Silvstedt** had a rendezvous in a Paris nightclub, where



the rocker had his hands full trying to grab Victoria's attention as he deejayed.... Miss April 2009 **Hope Dworaczyk** showed

up on the arm of Mavericks point guard Jason Kidd at LeBron James and Jay-Z's Two Kings Dinner Party in New Orleans. Here she is with (below, from left) Savannah Brinson, James and Kidd.



Miss December 1968 **Cynthia Myers** is billed to appear at New Jersey's Chiller Theatre horror-movie convention.

DID YOU KNOW ?

CHUCK PALAHNIUK

(continued from page 107)

his history. It was hard to see years and decades of someone's life devoted to victimizing people and not start to think of that person as evil. It was hard to have any kind of sympathy for somebody who had made so many people suffer.

PLAYBOY: Did you already have an opinion about the death penalty?

PALAHNIUK: I didn't have an opinion because it was never anything I felt any kind of connection to.

PLAYBOY: Was asking for it a difficult decision?

PALAHNIUK: It was and it wasn't. A lot of it seemed symbolic, because people aren't executed for decades after the trial. We think of death as the ultimate resolution, but it seldom is.

PLAYBOY: You ultimately testified that the killer should be put to death. Do you still feel that way?

PALAHNIUK: I wouldn't change my mind, no.

PLAYBOY: You've said that, driving home after your father's funeral, you wanted to stop the car and lie facedown in the middle of the street until someone came along to help you. Why?

PALAHNIUK: I wanted somebody in authority to hold me, comfort me and say all those clichéd things—somebody with a gun and a

badge who was definitely in charge, saying, "You're okay. Everything is going to be all right." They'd feel the side of my neck for a pulse. I'd feel their warm fingers. There'd be a physical reassurance that I was alive. It was a little like the desire for the kind of physical connection that happens at readings a lot of times when people say, "Will you choke me?" for a picture. I'll put my hands around their neck: I'm choking them. Suddenly they're a real person. I realize this is a person and they're going to die, and it just kills me. I feel their pulse quicken, and I realize they're scared. It breaks my heart when I feel their racing pulse. I just want to weep.

PLAYBOY: You said research helped you process your father's murder. How about your writing?

PALAHNIUK: Of course. I specifically explored it in *Lullaby*. I think every stage of life comes with its own terrors, the things you cannot fix or at least haven't. If you can't resolve them, you have to somehow continue to exist with them inside you, controlling you. You stay afraid of them. In every book I approach these anxieties and fears and try to fully explore and exhaust my emotions around them by using metaphors that make them big enough for other people to enjoy.

PLAYBOY: Is it conscious?

PALAHNIUK: Usually I don't realize it until

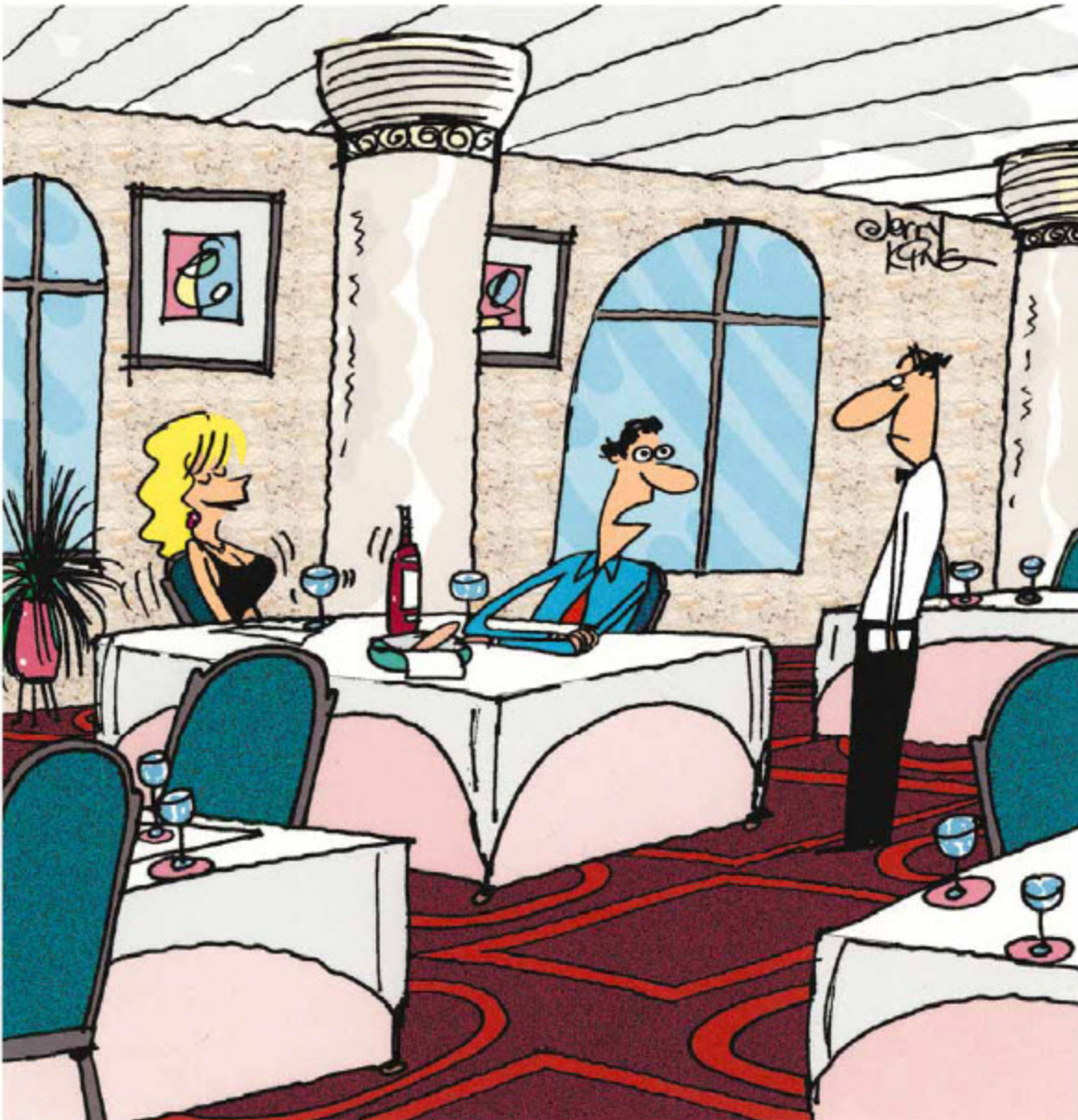
afterward, which is good. If you know too much, you won't fully explore the fear. Sometimes a year later you're on tour, sitting in some radio station, and you realize just how much of yourself you actually revealed. The process keeps me working. I'd do it regardless of whether I was getting paid for it. It serves me in that it expresses something I'm not really sure about. Maybe the thing being explored is the present problem in my life, but it also shows how we're all connected. For others, maybe it expresses an almost duplicate experience in their life. Going through it together is like a rite of initiation or a hazing.

PLAYBOY: How is it like a hazing?

PALAHNIUK: Hazings are rites used to test and bond us. On the first day of my job at Freightliner on the assembly line, they sent me to get back a squeegee sharpener. They said, "If you can't do it, you're fired." So I went to every workstation, trying to borrow back this squeegee sharpener. Everybody I asked tore into me, humiliated me, abused me. By the end of my shift I realized there was no such thing as a squeegee sharpener, but I'd gone through a ritual of humiliation everyone had experienced. After that I was part of the club. I've heard others' stories about their own initiations. In France a couple of years ago a man came up to me and said he was a veterinarian. He said it's really hard to get into the Academy of Veterinarian Sciences in Paris. Once you're accepted they throw a party for you in the labs late at night. They give you wine and put animal tranquilizer in it so you black out. Then they take off all your clothes and ball you up really tight and methodically sew you into the belly of a gutted dead horse. They continue to party around the dead horse.

PLAYBOY: And this is a good thing?

PALAHNIUK: Well, you wake up and your head hurts so bad from this horrible animal tranquilizer. Your head aches and your stomach aches and you just want to throw up and you can barely breathe and it stinks. You're disoriented and so ill in this tight, tight space, but you can hear them out in the darkness around you. You can hear them drinking and laughing. The moment they see you move inside the horse's hide, they start yelling for you, abusing you. They're saying, "You think you can just pass a test and be one of us? You've got to fight to be among us. So fight. Fight!" You start to thrash and claw against this leathery, damp, horrible skin. Finally you get a hand through. You claw your way out—you birth from this dead animal. You're covered with blood, and you're naked and shaking. They put a glass of wine in your hand and say, "Now you're one of us." He said after that, on the days when everything goes wrong in your practice and all the kitties die and the puppies die, it's never as bad as waking up inside a dead horse. You've come through it. Like coming through one of the stories in my books makes it easier to go through something in your life. You can get through whatever comes your way in life, because you realize it's never going to be as bad as waking up inside a dead horse.

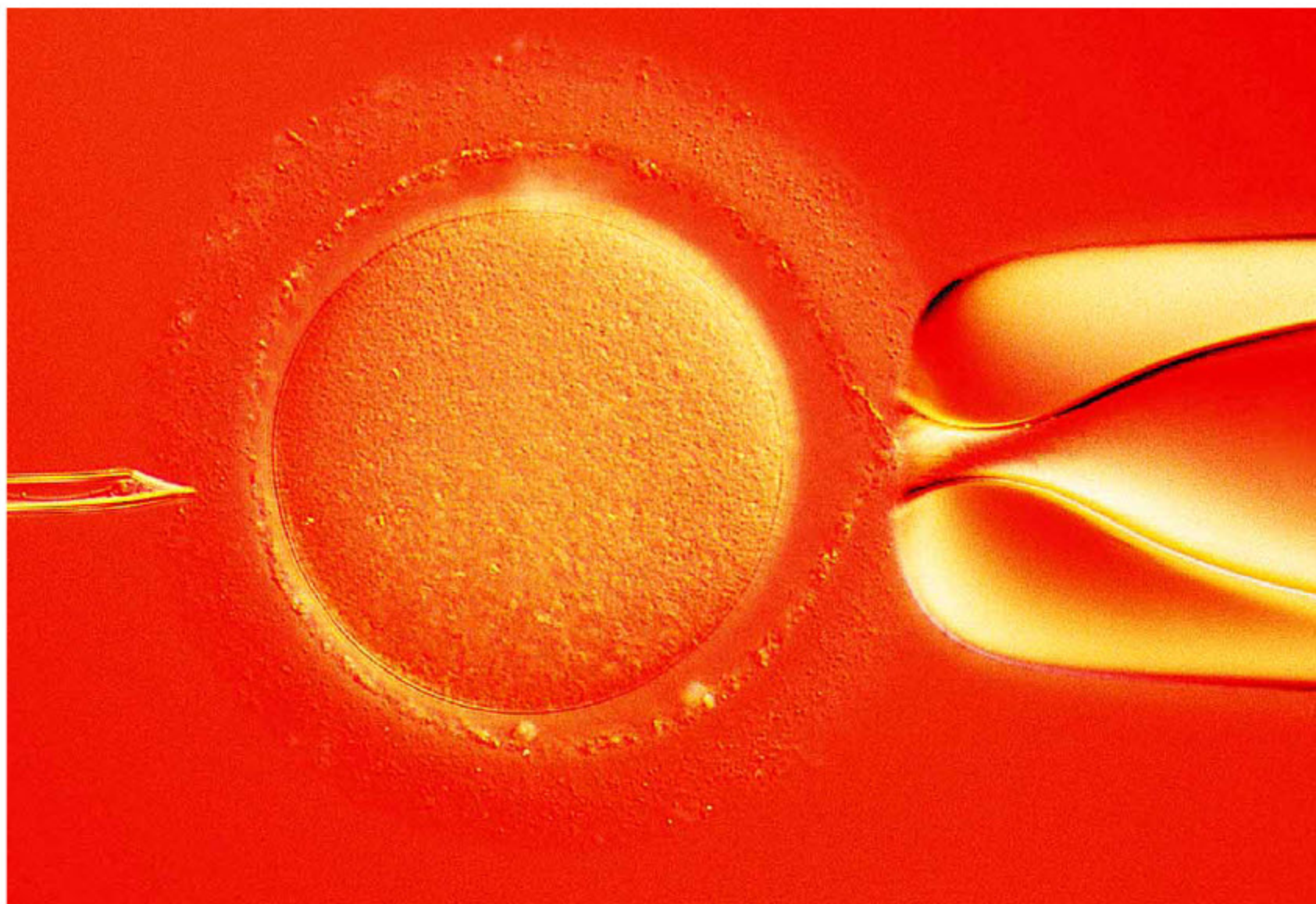


THE PLAYBOY FORUM

WHO'S YOUR DADDY?

A SPERM DONOR'S LIFE HAS BECOME AWFULLY COMPLICATED

BY LORI ANDREWS



In 1979 a sperm donor entered a small room with erotic magazines at the back of a staff lunchroom at Baylor Medical Center. He ejaculated into a plastic cup, opened a small door in the wall and pushed a buzzer. The cup spun out of sight, with \$50 in an envelope returning in its place. Like other men in his position, the donor probably spent the money taking his girlfriend to dinner, getting high or—if he was a frequent enough donor—paying tuition. He was promised anonymity and told not to give a moment's thought to what would happen to the sperm once it left that hole in the wall.

Now the result of that sperm donation, a 27-year-old graduate student named Kathleen LaBounty, is looking for her father. And depending on his own beliefs and life circumstances, the possibility that she will find him is either a modern Hallmark moment or something that will scare the bejesus out of him.

Since its inception more than a century ago, sperm donation has been shrouded in secrecy. In 1884 Dr. William Pancoast, a professor at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, treated an infertile woman by putting her under anesthesia and inseminating her with sperm from

his best-looking student. Only when he realized the child looked just like the donor did he inform the woman's husband. The man said, "Fine, but don't tell my wife."

Even today donor insemination is conducted clandestinely. Couples who create children using donated sperm generally do not tell the child of his or her unique conception. Instead, they let the child, relatives and friends assume the baby is the infertile husband's biological offspring. But changing social norms—including the use of donors by single women, cheap genetic testing and the sleuthing power of the Internet—have created a fissure in the wall of secrecy. About 10 percent of the million children who have issued from donor insemination now know a sperm donor seeded their life.

Single women usually tell their child at an early age that his or her biological dad was a donor. College professor Leann Mischel created a quasi-family by getting in touch with 18 other women across the country who, like her, used donor 401 from the Fairfax Cryobank in Virginia. With 26 children under the age of seven among them, they are now a support group that shares family photos and child-rearing tips. Once a year many of them gather at a theme park for

a unique family reunion where the children, who are half siblings, can get to know one another. It's only a matter of time, though, before one of the women or children decides to find donor 401.

Technologies that were not anticipated when Kathleen LaBounty was conceived have helped children sneak up on donors. An enterprising 15-year-old tracked down his anonymous sperm-donor dad by matching his DNA to that of the donor's family on a genealogical website. The boy paid \$289 to familytreedna.com for a genetic test that compared his Y chromosome with other Y chromosomes in a genealogical registry. He found several males with whom he had a biological link. By using the last names of those men, the known birth date of his biological father and county birth records, he was able to identify his donor.

An Internet registry that allows recipients to share information about donors also makes it easier to identify them. Wendy Kramer, whose son Ryan was conceived through donor insemination, started donorsiblingregistry.com, where donor-conceived children can find their half siblings. Moms and kids write to ask questions like "Who else has used donor 2064?" So far, more than 23,100 people have registered on the site, and 6,162 siblings have been matched.

LaBounty's mother was not given a sperm-donor number or any facts about the donor, other than that he had been a student at Baylor Medical School. Undeterred, Kathleen recently wrote to all 600 men who attended the school at the time of her conception. Amazingly, 250 wrote back, and 40 of them had been donors. Some of the men were as eager as she was to make contact. One wrote, "I've been waiting 26 years to get your letter in the mail."

That donor was not alone in his longing for information about the child he'd created. Kramer was shocked when the donors themselves started joining online conversations. More than 750 sperm donors have registered on her website to contact their "children." Other donors have hired private detectives or stolen a peek at private medical records to find out about their biological offspring.

Why would a man who was paid to masturbate now want a relationship with the child? Perhaps the experience of being a sperm donor is not always the lark the infertility industry assumed.

Men usually donate sperm when they are young and haven't had children themselves. Later, when they marry and become fathers, some begin to wonder what happened to their other children.

And who wouldn't want a beautiful, talented daughter like Kathleen LaBounty without having to go through the stages of colic, potty training, second-grade recitals and driver's ed? But would donor 401 of Virginia be equally welcoming if 26 young offspring showed up at his doorstep?

The tens of thousands of men who serve as sperm donors each year may soon have to come to grips with those questions. Consumers' demand for more information as they choose donors may make tracking them easier. While LaBounty knows only the date and place of the sperm donation, women seeking sperm donors today receive anywhere from five to 20

Instead of encountering a superstar philosophy professor or symphony conductor, they found a man who lives in a trailer and supports himself doing odd jobs.

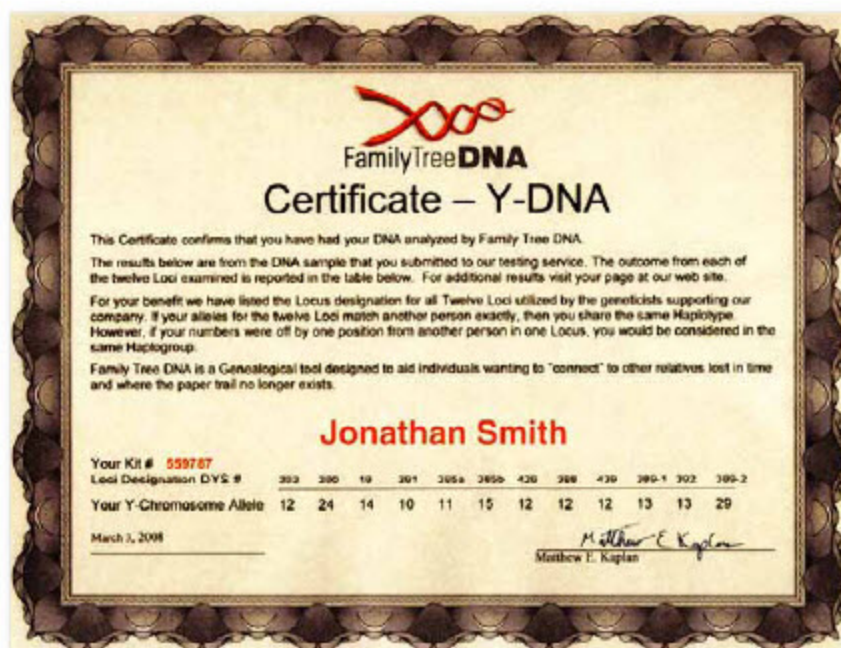
And what about the donor's current family? Not all donors' wives are pleased when they find out about other children. Some understandably feel threatened.

So far, none of the Baylor donors who have undergone paternity tests have proved to be LaBounty's biological father. But even when connections are made, not everyone proceeds with the same speed, desire or level of interest. One donor wrote on the donor-sibling website, "I flooded my biological daughter with photos of me and her cousins and grandparents. But just as an example, last night, as I was sending off a quick e-mail to her, my wife reminded me that my son was upstairs vegging out on the Discovery Channel instead of brushing his teeth and reading. The clear implication is that time taken to interact with donor-insemination kids is time taken away from the regular kids, and I parent them less because of it. It's a rearrangement of the social order to have relationships established this late in life."

Kirk Maxey, president of a chemical company, served as a donor for more than a decade at the behest of his then wife, a nurse. Happily married with children of his own, he reached out to two daughters he created through sperm donation. And now he's helping other donors. He has created a nonprofit genetic-testing center where donors and children of donors

can have their blood tested for genetic markers to see if they match. He is also pushing for laws that would allow children to learn the identity of their donor, even if he had been promised anonymity. Such laws already exist in Sweden, Germany, the Netherlands, New Zealand and the U.K. In early 2009 a Missouri lawmaker introduced a bill that would allow children of sperm donors to learn the donor's identity when they reach the age of 18.

As a result of this social movement, American donors are preparing to deal with paternity tests that finger them as fathers and potential laws that may identify them to their donor children. A California doctor who created 33 donor children while in medical school has rewritten his will. If his donor children sue his estate after he dies, they will each get \$1. While it's a lot less than he received for the contents of that little plastic cup, it's still a lot more than he ever bargained for.



Over-the-counter DNA tests can find biological links.

pages of information about each potential donor. Although donor 1049's name is not included in his profile, a clinic's entry on him includes a photo showing a clean-cut, cute Californian. He says he's a member of the Clean Oceans Campaign and the Surfrider Foundation. He describes himself as "secure, sensitive, innovative, intelligent, creative, thoughtful, ambitious, competitive, respectful, comedic and optimistic." His SAT score is 1355. His 54-year-old mother is a healthy, intelligent and adventurous painter who wears reading glasses. His brother is a developer, he adds. How hard would it be to track down this man?

Searching is not without risk. Jeffrey Harrison, a hot catch as donor 150 in the late 1980s, was described on his donor form as a blue-eyed, six-foot-tall lover of philosophy and music. Three years ago two of his sperm-donor children, daughters born into different families, found each other and began their search for him.

HOW TO BUILD A BETTER BABY

THE PERILS OF SMART SPERM

As a newly minted lawyer nearly three decades ago, I was determined to practice reproductive-technology law. So when Robert Klark Graham opened the Repository for Germinal Choice, which offered sperm from Nobel laureates, I visited him in Escondido, California. Rather than show me a sleek laboratory or even a sperm supermarket, Graham took me to an old well house, where—in a space that looked like a suburban rec room—he pointed to a tank of liquid nitrogen. “Imagine the benefits to society if additional sons of Thomas Edison could be created,” he told me as we stared at the giant metal thermos.

Graham, a millionaire Mensa member who had invented shatterproof eyeglass lenses, was not alone in his quest to produce smarter children. Back in 1940 the Pioneer Fund offered the equivalent of about a year’s salary to deserving U.S. Air Corps pilots who already had at least three children and who agreed to have another. The money, to be doled out yearly starting when the child reached the age of 12, was to be used for the additional child’s education.

How did the children of these efforts turn out? In 1999 *Wall Street Journal* reporter Douglas A. Blackmon followed up on the children who had been born under the Air Corps program and found them to be quite ordinary: air-conditioning repairmen, factory workers. Nor have the Nobel Prize sperm-bank kids broken any records. In fact, the star of Graham’s stable of sperm-bank children, Doron Blake, seems just as adrift as any 20-something.

Perhaps that could have been expected. Nobel Prizes tend to run in laboratories (or in the University of

Chicago economics department) rather than in families. William Shockley, a Nobel laureate and donor to Graham’s bank, once told *PLAYBOY* his own children with his less distinguished wife had been “a very significant regression” to the mean. And even Edison, Graham’s hero, considered his own son a failed experiment. According to biographer Neil Baldwin, the great inventor was so ashamed of Thomas Edison Jr. that he offered him money to change his last name.

In 1999 the Nobel Prize sperm bank closed its doors. I wish I could report that the closure was based on a realization that such awkward attempts at eugenics were doomed to failure. On the contrary, mainstream clinics now offer catalogs of sperm and egg donors categorized by IQ and SAT scores. One enterprising man began to sell his own sperm over the Internet by claiming several royal families and Catholic saints as his ancestors.

But what if a couple pays extra for smart sperm and $E=mc^2$ isn’t the first thing out of their child’s mouth? Already a couple with three healthy children born with the help of a donor has sued the sperm bank. Among their allegations: If the bank had chosen a different donor, their children

would be more attractive.

And sometimes you have to be careful what you wish for. An unmarried man requested a surrogate mother who was a cross between Eleanor Roosevelt and Brigitte Bardot. Amazingly, the surrogacy center found someone who matched that description. The deal never went forward, though. The woman was too headstrong to agree to the terms of the contract. —L.A.



Robert Klark Graham offered prizewinning sperm.

WHY IT MATTERS

So the anonymity of sperm donors is under threat from a double whammy of technological and legal challenges. Sure, but you never hit the college med school for a bit of cash, so it’s not your problem, right? Wrong. Much more is at stake here than a few donor dads having to send out more birthday cards next year. It’s about a culture of diminishing privacy. It’s about the ends justifying the means when it comes to your own bodily fluids. Want proof? A-Rod gave an anonymous urine sample to Major League Baseball in 2003, assuming the league would act in good faith. MLB was after aggregate data, not individual habits. Fair enough; here’s your sample. Now,

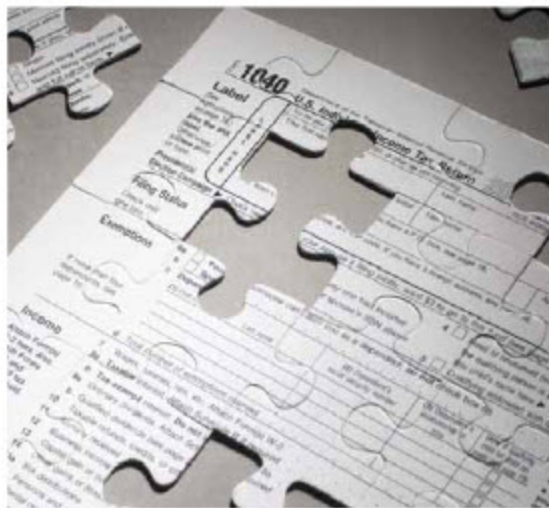


lo and behold, six years later his name is attached to a jar of piss and a positive test. Regardless of what you think of Alex Rodriguez as a person—and certainly a lot of schadenfreude accompanied his takedown, much of it by all accounts warranted—the fact that an anonymous test came back to bite him in the ass is just plain wrong. Good guy, bad guy, it doesn’t matter: There is no gray area when it comes to privacy agreements, and the character of the person affected is, or should be, totally immaterial. A deal is a deal. And if your sperm and urine aren’t safe despite privacy agreements, what the hell is? Not bloody much. Which is why it matters.

READER RESPONSE

SURE THINGS: TAXES AND DEATH

With regard to his article "Freedom Tax" (February), Tim Mohr is either dishonest or ignorant and perhaps both. As a successful business owner, I already pay



Fairness in taxes is not easily agreed upon.

more than 60 percent of my income in taxes to various governments. Yet Mohr and his ilk somehow believe I'm not paying my fair share, whatever that means. If Obama raises the corporate tax and the marginal income tax rates, my company will be forced to lay off several dozen employees because we can't afford to pay both them and the new taxes. Mohr's vision for increased taxation of the so-called rich is a recipe for the permanent destruction of the U.S. economy. We producers of wealth will simply stop producing or leave the country if the consumers of wealth insist on bleeding us dry because, for whatever reason, they feel entitled to other people's money.

John Phillips
Del Mar, California

I agree with Mohr's statement that conservatives have gotten it all wrong in seeing government's role as moral, not economic. His assessment that, as time goes on, civil liberties will diminish and disparities grow is spot-on as well. My issue is with his idea of fairness. Yes, the wealthy owe a great deal to society for enabling some of them to succeed. However, to tax the wealthy more heavily just to give it to others is not fair.

Tim de Valroger
Hoboken, New Jersey

Mohr has missed an important point in his well-written article regarding taxation. He makes the argument that civilization is more stable when great disparities of wealth among people do not exist. But he has somehow over-

looked the fact that increasing the tax on those making more than \$250,000 succeeds in doing two things: First, it taxes only those attempting to become wealthy, and second, it taxes the small-business owners who employ the very people he doesn't want to become discontented. I don't think unemployment will make anyone particularly happy. President Obama's proposed tax system fails to tax the rich; in fact, it protects them by putting the majority of the tax burden on those who pay income taxes rather than capital gains taxes.

Jack Cassell
Mount Dora, Florida

Redistribution is the wrong term. *Equitable taxation* is more accurate. Conservatives complain that the wealthiest 10 percent pay 60 percent of the taxes collected. But if they hold 70 percent of the wealth, as Mohr says, or 90 percent, as I've seen elsewhere, shouldn't they be paying more? The rest of the population pays 40 percent of taxes and holds somewhere between 10 and 30 percent of the nation's wealth. Where is the logic and fairness in that?

Bill Schillig
Reston, Virginia

It's true a lopsided society cannot succeed, so what can we do to bring society back on an even keel? The labor unions are pushing to pass the Employee Free Choice Act, or EFCA. This bill would make it easier for employees to form unions. Big business is spending huge amounts of money to prevent this bill from passing. It tells the American people union bosses are trying to steal their right to a secret ballot.



Freedom is threatened by extremism.

What it doesn't tell them is, rather than take away their right to a secret ballot, the bill takes away a company's ability to force a drawn-out election during which the

company can intimidate workers until they are too afraid to vote for unionizing. If EFCA is passed, employees in America will no longer be at their bosses' mercy. They will be able to negotiate job security, better pay and better benefits.

Bill Herbert
Miners Mill, Pennsylvania

SHARP CONTRAST

Thank you, thank you, thank you for responding to all those morons who used Pat Buchanan as a counter to Tavis Smiley (*Reader Response*, Febru-



Not friends: Pat Buchanan and Tavis Smiley.

ary). Buchanan is a bigoted gasbag. He has no business on radio or television. To those morons out there: Go back to school and learn our history.

Joseph DiBlanca
Highland, New York

LIGHT AND TRUTH

PLAYBOY is hands down my all-time favorite magazine. I look forward to every issue so I can read my favorite section, *Playboy Forum*. The concept behind the January *Newsfront* item "Word," about the more woman-friendly nature of sexually liberated societies, could also apply to other restrictions on personal freedom via force, coercion or rash punishment. Just as Elisabeth Eaves describes in the piece how sexual repression creates a more threatening society for women, drug prohibition promotes irresponsible behavior and occasionally puts people in unsafe situations. Laws work because people follow sensible ones. Law enforcement needs to return to the idea of peace officers who focus on decreasing destructive behavior, not exacerbating it.

Matthew Armstrong
Kansas City, Missouri

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com.
Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, IL 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**Good Charlotte**

NEW YORK—*Wetlands*, a sexually and anatomically explicit novel by Charlotte Roche (pictured), translated from the German by PLAYBOY staffer Tim Mohr, is stirring up new debate over an old topic: What constitutes art versus porn when it comes to describing female sexuality? The book's 18-year-old heroine vividly details her various bodily fluids and secretions, anal sex (with and without "chocolate dip"), intimate shaving, masturbation, drug use and hiring prostitutes for same-sex experimentation, among other things. One of Roche's stated aims is to create a new vocabulary for women to talk about their bodies. Among her innovations: *snail-tail* for clitoris, *ladyfingers*—as in the baked goods—for outer labia and *dewlaps* for inner labia. Another aim is to counter a sterile, denatured ideal of femininity embodied by such things as *Sex and the City*. So far her goals have been well served: *Wetlands* has sold a million copies in Germany and recently hit the best-seller lists in the U.K., where it was called "punk feminism" and compared to the works of Anaïs Nin and Erica Jong, *The Sexual Life of Catherine M.*, *100 Strokes of the Brush Before Bed* and even J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. As for the art-versus-porn debate, we say who cares? It's all good.

One Toke Over the Line

BALTIMORE—Michael Phelps described as "fair" his three-month ban from competitive swimming after a photo surfaced of him smoking from a bong. But there's nothing fair about the decision of a sports body to punish someone for a private incident with no ramifications for his athletic career. In a statement, USA Swimming admitted this "is not a situation where any antidoping rule was violated," but rather than leave it at that, the body decided to shift its role to morality police, saying it "felt that it was important to send a message." Here's a message for them: Your role ends at the edge of the pool and should not extend into athletes' private lives.

**Womb With a View**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Among the first changes instituted by the Obama administration was the lifting of antichoice gag orders and restrictions on funding to agencies that provide contraception and family planning abroad. Although the president tried to separate this ruling from the domestic debate surrounding *Roe v. Wade* by not announcing the change on the January 22 anniversary of the *Roe* decision (as has become customary for new administrations on both sides of the issue), the legal wrangling of the case has lately spilled over to the world stage. In recent years rights groups have sought to enshrine reproductive rights alongside other human rights via international courts, while antiabortion advocates such as the Catholic Family and Human Rights Institute have taken their fight to places like the United Nations. The European Court of Human Rights found in favor of a Polish woman who had been denied an abortion despite losing her eyesight because of pregnancy, the UN Human Rights Com-

mittee condemned Peru for forcing a teenage girl to carry a nonviable fetus to term, and the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights made a settlement whereby the Mexican government will pay a stipend to a rape victim denied an abortion. Perhaps the most dramatic development for women's rights advocates is an African Union treaty that is the first human rights agreement to explicitly mention abortion rights.

The Watchmen

LONDON—A U.K. government commission warned that the country's use of surveillance cameras and a DNA database threaten to undermine democracy. Explained Lord Goodlad, chairman of the Constitution Committee, "There can be no justification for this gradual but incessant creep toward every detail about us being recorded and pored over by the state."





Have a Cold One

Break out the atomic wings and Keystone: Figure skating's on! Doesn't work. Men just don't like figure skating. But topless figure skating—there's an idea with legs. With this sort of form, Russian Ice queen EKATERINA RUBLEVA is one to watch.



Natural Redd

Model and actress AMANDA REDD plays the "hot babe who meets a grisly death" in the sci-fi indie *Interplanetary*. Tragic! She also tells us she's retiring from modeling. Extra tragic!



Liqueur in the Front

Legendary big-bust actress KITTEN NATIVIDAD sometimes amazes even herself. In this ad spotted in Italian *PLAYBOY*, the Russ Meyer muse marvels at her unwrapped gifts like a child on Christmas morn. We're not sure what Negroni is, but we'll take two, bartender.



Damn This Fancy-Ass Swimsuit

WHITNEY PORT, who played Whitney Port on *The Hills*, reprises the role on *The City*. This time around she works for Diane von Furstenberg in New York City. Is she wearing a Diane von Furstenberg bikini here? Depends on your definition of wearing.

The Rear

Her U.K. number one single "The Fear" is a wry bitch slap to the Paris Hiltons of the world, but that doesn't mean LILY ALLEN is a sober stick-in-the-mud. She's more of a wedge-up-the-ass—the good kind.



ROB CUBLE/LONDON FEATURES INTERNATIONAL

And She Can Cook

"I feel women were made to be beautiful," says college student ASHLEY KIMEL. "I'm very comfortable with my body and see no reason to hide it under layers of clothing." Amen, sister. Ashley is studying culinary arts and may also go for a degree in hotel management. If this means she has a bed-and-breakfast in her future, we're there.



JOE LUIS

Miss American Pie

Pie fanatic OLIVIA MUNN is in favor of a National Pie Week, and to make the case (or something) she jumped knees-first into a giant chocolate cream pie, wearing a French maid's outfit. So yes, there is cream in her panties.



AMÉRICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.



SHIA LABEOUF IS A VERY EXPERIENCED 22-YEAR-OLD.



STEAL THIS LOOK.

NEXT MONTH



PMOY HINT: NOT A BLONDE.

AMÉRICA OLIVO—AS OUR FEBRUARY *BECOMING ATTRACTION*, SHE WAS THE BABE OF THE MONTH. NOW WITH HER APPEARANCE IN *TRANSFORMERS: REVENGE OF THE FALLEN* AND HER HOT PICTORIAL, WE ARE DECLARING AMÉRICA THE BABE OF THE SUMMER.

SHIA LABEOUF—TALK ABOUT MAKING IT TO THE BIG TIME. FIRST THE WORLD LEARNED HOW TO PRONOUNCE HIS NAME (*SHY-UH LUH-BUFF*). NOW HE SITS FOR THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*. WITH THE NEXT *TRANSFORMERS* MOVIE HITTING CINEMPLEXES, LABEOUF TELLS **DAVID HOCHMAN** ABOUT HOW HIS FIRST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE WENT WRONG AND HIS RUN-INS WITH JOHNNY LAW.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—TO GIVE YOU A TASTE AND FUEL YOUR GUESSES ABOUT OUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE FROM 2008, WE HAVE PROVIDED A PICTURE ON THE UPPER RIGHT OF THIS PAGE.

KING OF OXICLEAN—BILLY MAYS CAN SELL ANYTHING TO ANYONE. PART OF THE MAGIC IS THE EXCLUSIVITY OF HIS PRODUCTS, WHICH ARE AVAILABLE ONLY ON TELEVISION. THE REST IS ALL HIM. **PAT JORDAN** MEETS THE BEARDED BARKER IN PERSON TO SEE HOW HIS CHARMS TRANSLATE BEYOND TV LAND.

THE HILLIKER CURSE—**JAMES ELLROY**, THE DEMON DOG OF FICTION, DELIVERS THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF HIS UNBELIEVABLE TRUE-LIFE STORY. IN THIS SECTION OF THE MEMOIR: WHILE HAN-

DLING SOBRIETY HE DEALS WITH HIS MOTHER'S MURDER BY TRYING TO FIND A GIRLFRIEND LIKE MOM.

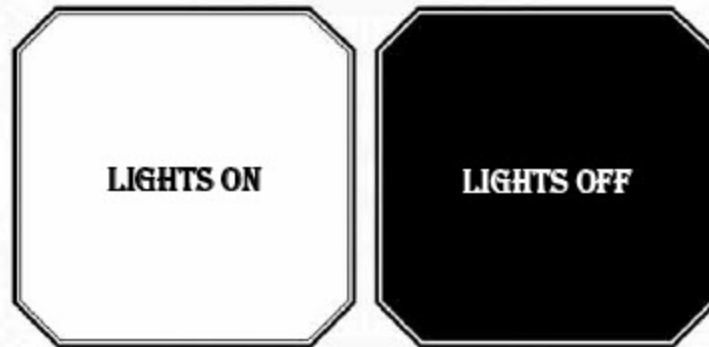
FREE LOVE IN THE AGE OF THE INTERNET—KEY PARTIES WERE ONCE FOR THE FEW SWINGERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. BUT IN THE GLOBAL COMMUNITY YOU CAN CONNECT TO ANYONE WHO IS GAME. **DAVID BLACK** TAKES US TO AN ORGY WHERE THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION AND THE INTERNET REVOLUTION CLIMAX TOGETHER.

JIMMY ROLLINS—SURE, ATHLETES LOOK COOL, BUT UNLESS YOU'RE BUILT LIKE A HOUSE IT'S NOT ALWAYS WISE TO EMULATE THEIR STYLE. ENTER THE FIVE-FOOT-EIGHT, 175-POUND 2007 NL MVP AND 2008 WORLD SERIES CHAMP. OUR FASHION EDITORS DRESS THE PHILLIES SHORTSTOP IN HIP OFF-THE-RACK SUMMER CLOTHES.

20Q—THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN BASEBALL ISN'T BARRY BONDS, A-ROD OR EVEN BUD SELIG—IT'S **SCOTT BORAS**. WE NEGOTIATE OUR WAY THROUGH A Q&A WITH THE SUPERAGENT.

LOVELY RITA—WHEN A FREAK ACCIDENT KILLS A PLANT WORKER, HIS GIRLFRIEND ORGANIZES A FUND-RAISING RAFFLE. THE PRIZE? A NIGHT WITH HER. FICTION BY **MAILE MELOY**

PLUS: THINK CANE-SUGAR SPIRITS ARE FOR GIRLS? YOU'VE MISSED THE RUM RUNNER; WE SHOW HOW TO MAKE THIS THE BEST SUMMER EVER; AND COME ON, GET HAPPY FOR MISS JUNE **CANDICE CASSIDY**.



SOME PERFECTION IS DEBATABLE.



SOME IS NOT.

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

SIMPLY PERFECT.
simplyperfect.com