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PLAYBOY

JULY 2012 RSA

THE INTERVIEW

GARY PLAYER

SOUTH AFRICA'S
GREATEST GOLFER



SEXY

THE MISSING G-SPOT
PLAYMATE ROXANE VILJOEN
THE ADVISOR
WOMEN OF MEXICO

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**Across is the cover photo we should have
been allowed to offer our newsstand readers
too if we were living in a truly free society...**

**- Charl du Plessis
Editor-in-Chief
Playboy South Africa**



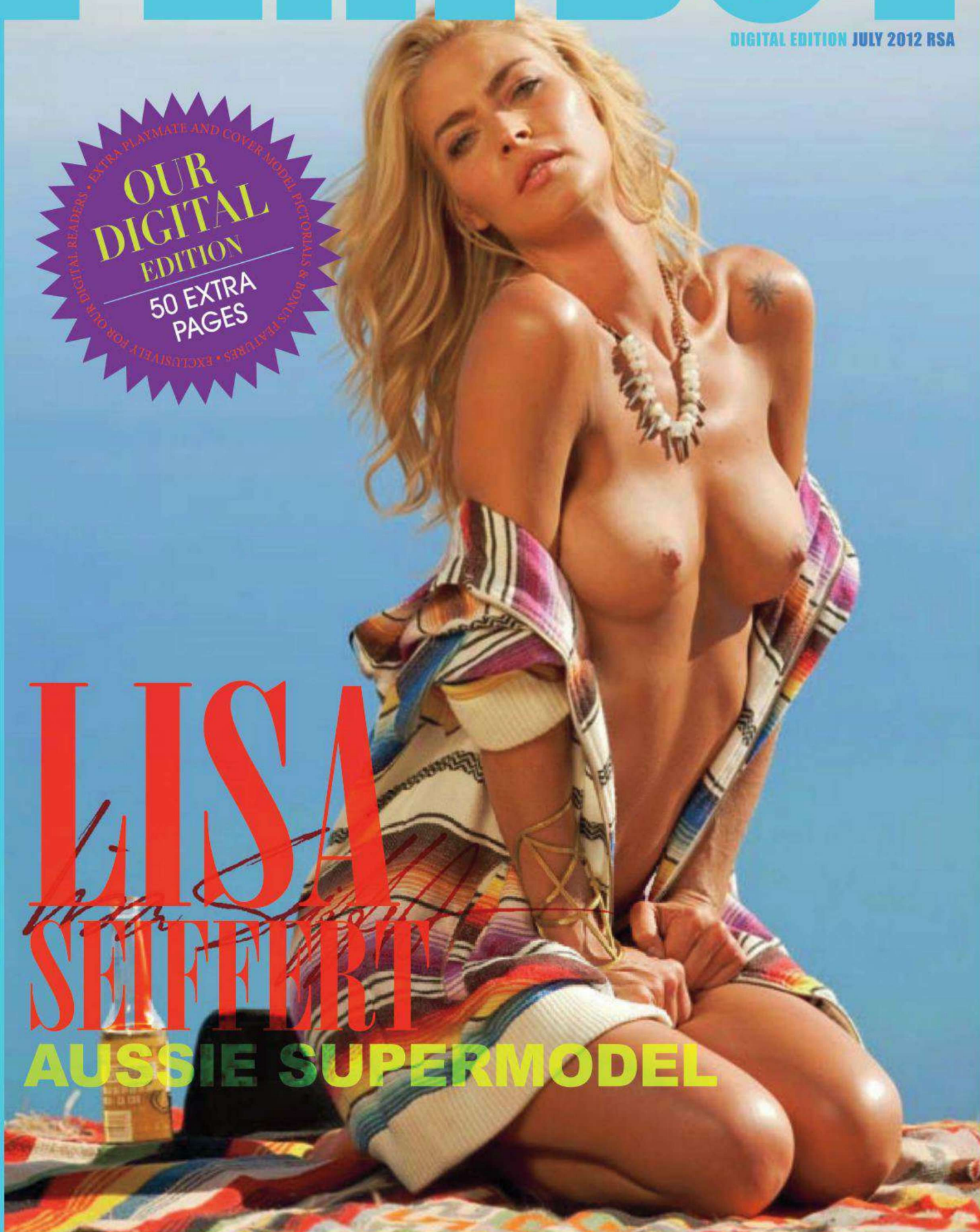
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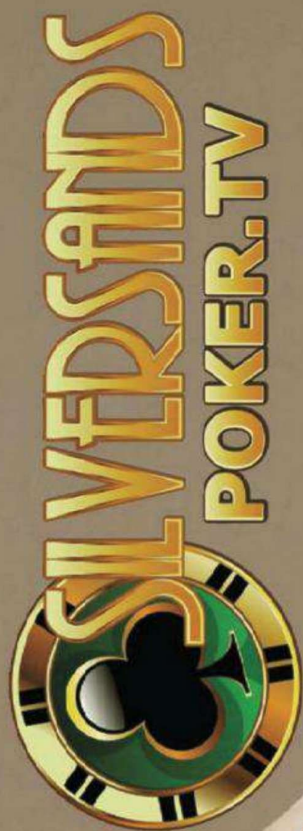


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A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's legs from the knees down, seated on a dark wooden chair. The person is wearing white, sheer stockings and purple high-heeled shoes with a floral pattern and clear heels. The legs are crossed at the ankles. The background is a light-colored wooden floor with vertical planks. The text "Play Anywhere" is overlaid in a large, white, serif font, oriented vertically along the right side of the image.

Play Anywhere

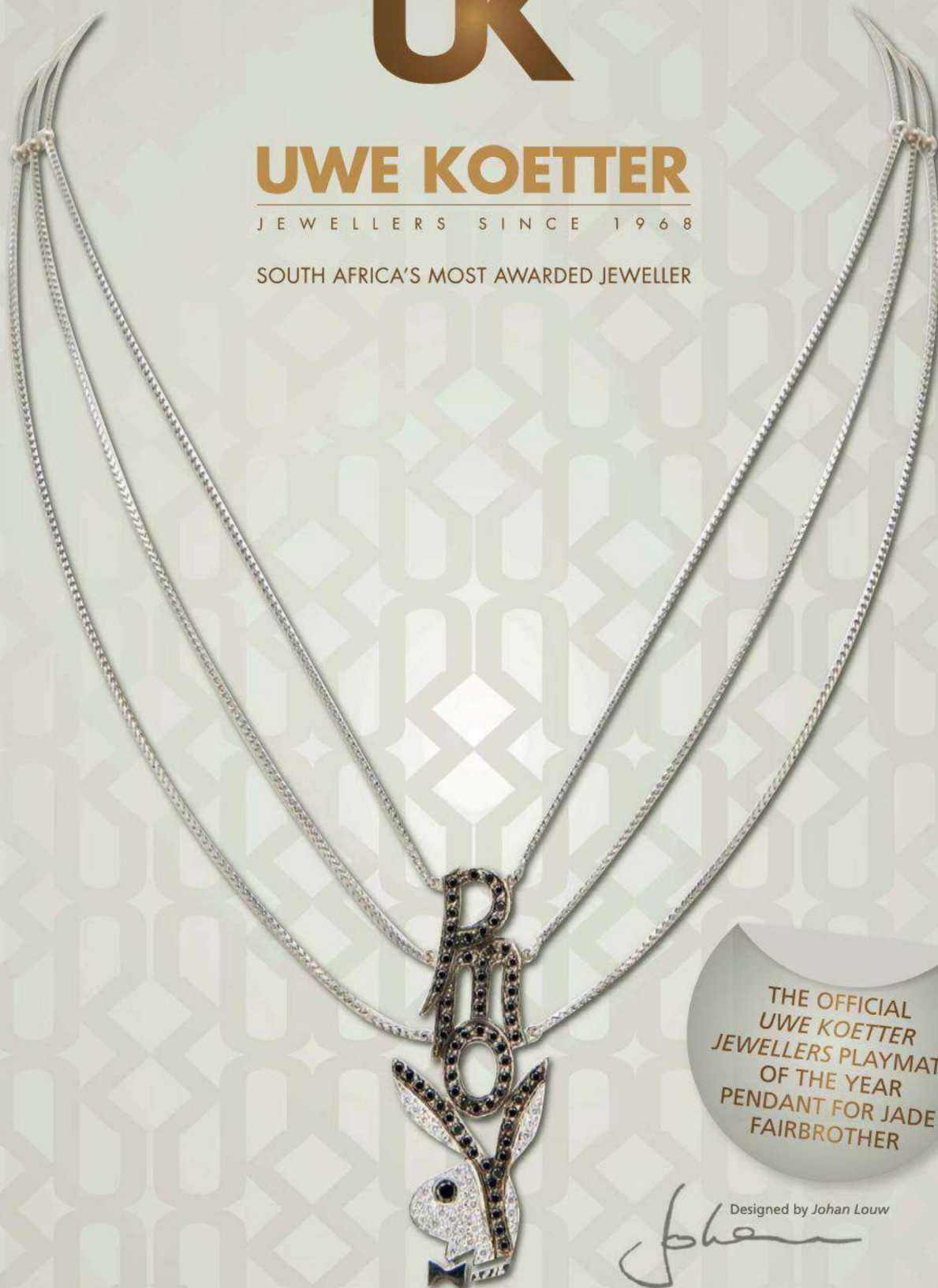
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THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS

PLAYBILL

Oscar Wilde famously said: "I like men with a future and women with a past." As we live by a "don't ask, don't tell" kind of policy at **PLAYBOY**, we cannot comment on the past, but we can confidently state that **PLAYBOY South Africa** has fully embraced the future. And the future is wired and on-line. But, you knew that. As from this month's edition, we include a digital subscription in the cover price of every magazine sold on newsstand. And, when you read digitally, you get more. We added a whopping 50 pages to our digital version, including plenty more photos of our cover model, **Lisa Seiffert** and of our Playmate, **Roxane Viljoen**.

Technology shapes our values as much as we shape technologies to live our values. And when *The Spear* came down and had a completely misguided Film and Publications Board slap a 16+ certification on it, it was on the Internet where people could go to see the "unthinkable" – a President with a penis! It is the same techno-democracy that drives **PLAYBOY'S** massive digital growth. (At current growth rates, we will overtake **Huisgenoot** as the most talked-about magazine in the country on Facebook within the next three months). If shopkeepers want to block you from reading, just log-in, and voila. One can hear the sigh of relief from a few rain forests out there... not that the printed **PLAYBOY** will ever disappear. In fact, we firmly believe that the last print magazine standing will be a **PLAYBOY** with its centrefold. All we are doing is to acknowledge that a printed **PLAYBOY** is a very special item. It does not lie around in dentists' rooms and at Tiger Wheels & Tyre, but rather gets collected by true lovers of the brand. And for these devotees, we will continue to print-on-order through a heavily discounted print subscription. The best of two worlds. This edition has a bit of a techno-feel to it, without neglecting any of the staples of arguably the best monthly read in the South

The Spear came down and had a completely misguided Film and Publications Board slap a 16+ certification on it, it was on the Internet where people could go to see the "unthinkable" – a President with a penis!

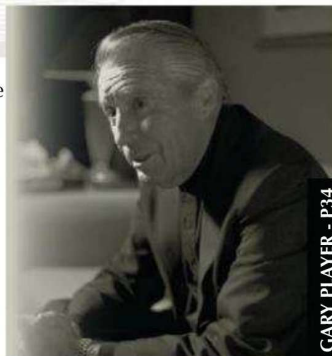
African market. Let's share only the highlights, and you can go and explore all the other gems – some hardly hidden – wink.

As South African as an ANC Youth League leadership dispute is **Gary Player**, our first global golf star, interviewed by one of the irrepressible **Vlismas brothers**. (Have you watched the .38 Special on Comedy Central yet? Brilliant local commentary).

Our **20 Questions** asks **Sacha Baron Cohen** to talk about being *The Dictator*, while comic book genius **Grant Morrison** explains the psyche of super heroes, and a modern-day soldier describes being bionically rebuilt with remarkable technology.

The women are beautiful, the articles always worth the read and BMW still does not advertise with us because they claim to be a family brand. Go wrap your mind around that nonsense.

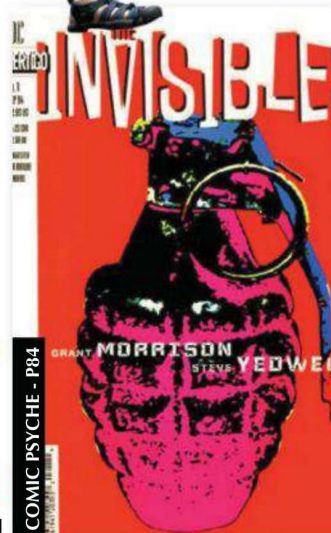
Have fun and see you on-line and at the next **PLAYBOY** party.



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GROOMING - P114

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July 2012 **PLAYBOY**

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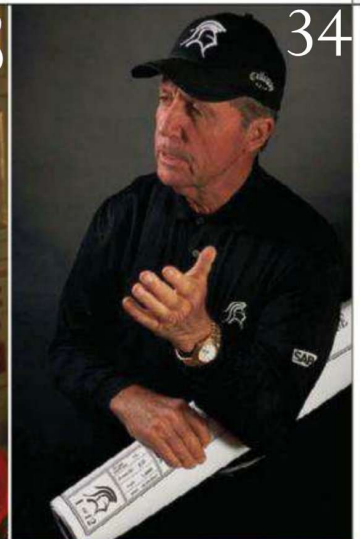
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Gary Player, South Africa's most celebrated athlete ever, drew the inspiration for his black outfits, and his Black Knight corporate identity many years later, from a childhood film hero. The attitude and hard work that conquered every golfing Masters were of his making. Page 34.

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Rugby forwards practicing in decompression chambers, with steel skulls and steroids pumping blood to their ox-heart implants. Who knows what the limit may be for the next generation of superathlete. Page 78.

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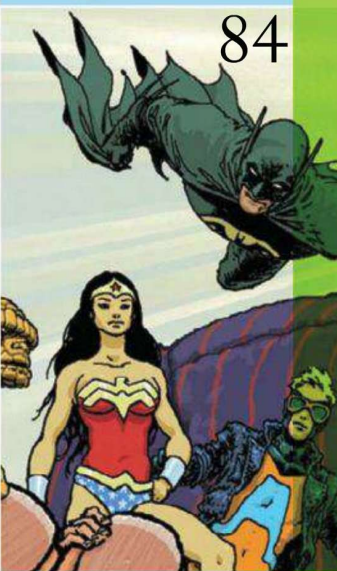
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DE OAXACA



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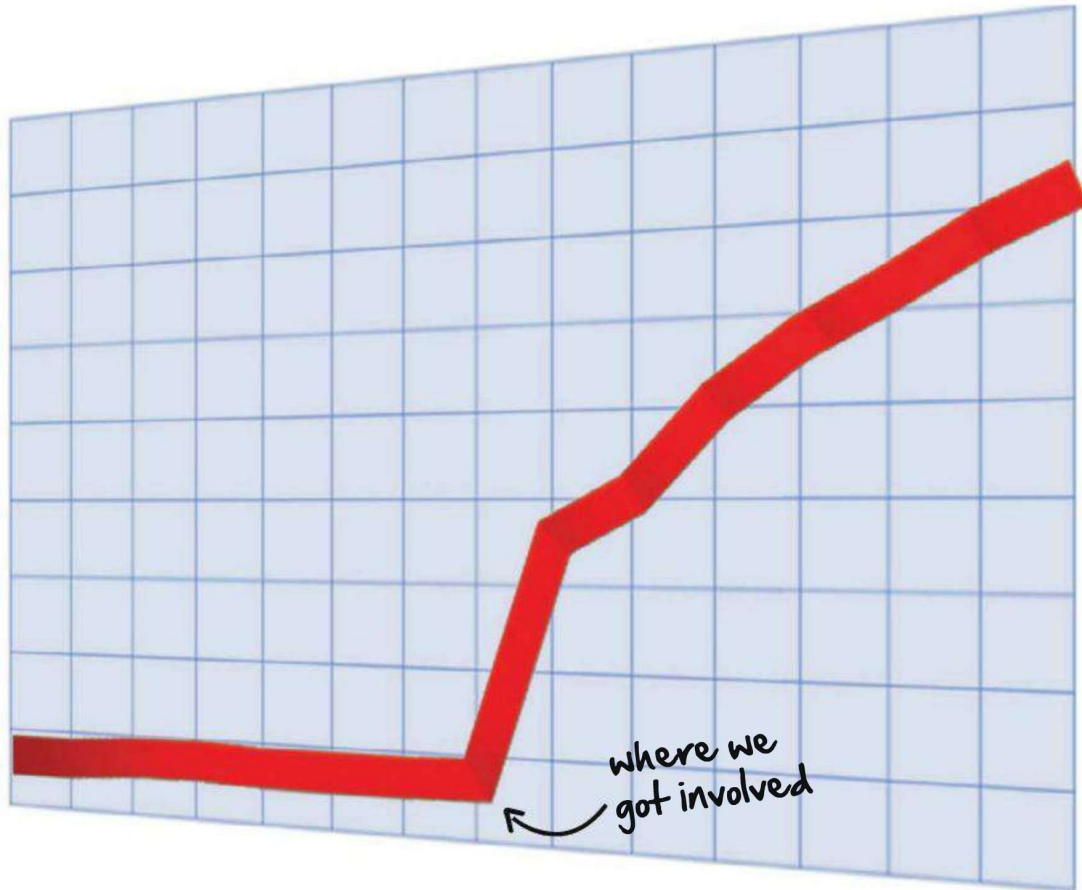


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[PLAYBOY Presents]

WOMEN OF

MEXICO

by blake michael

¡Ay Dios Mio México! PLAYBOY South Africa celebrates the sun-kissed señoritas south of the Rio Grande, from Tijuana down to Puerto Vallarta and across to Cancún. Although there is much to be said for the transparent, dripping wet T-shirt contests held annually when American university students descend on Mexican hot spots for the frenzy called Spring Break, we much prefer the natural beauty that remains after the students' exodus.

Mexico boasts sultry stunners like Salma Hayek, Eva Longoria, and every vase-throwing, long-lost-twin-who-just-woke-up-from-a-coma titillating telenovela actress out there. We might have lost the plot from the start, but we understand *chicas bonitas* in any language.

Forget what you've heard about China, don't settle for anything that's not *hecho en México*. With women hotter than jalapeños and más caliente que chiles, you will need a drink to cool down. Corona or margaritas and body shots anyone? ☑



Alie Lays by James Creighton

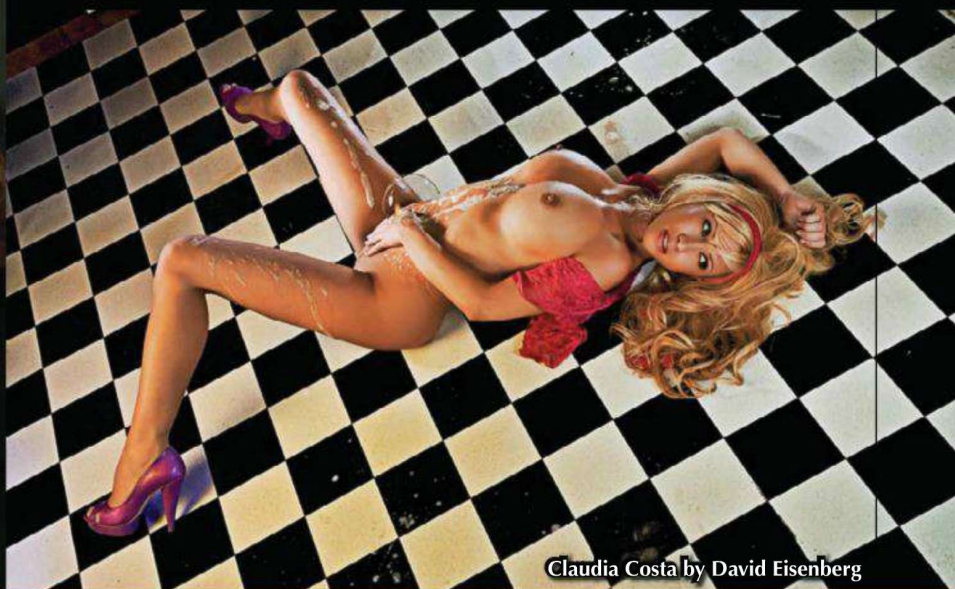


Daiana Guzman by Uriel Santana





Paola Delgadillo by David Eisenberg



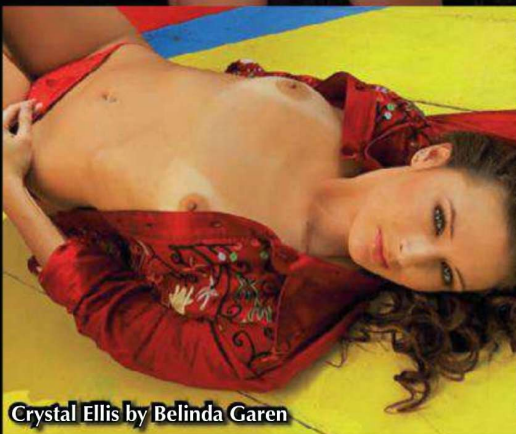
Claudia Costa by David Eisenberg



Rhiannon by Belinda Garen



Amie Rose by David Eisenberg



Crystal Ellis by Belinda Garen



Karla Baso by Miguel Anel Manrique

OUT TO LUNCH v2.0

With David Bullard



TIME TO

OFFICIALLY

REDEFINE

THE NAUGHTY

"K" WORD

Poor Jessica Leandra Dos Santos. Could she ever have imagined in her wildest nightmares the horrific repercussions following her Tweet of the "K" word. Within hours she was the most hated person in South Africa, which is a pretty tough call if you're only 20 and more used to being loved.

I was sitting in a rather damp and dismal London when the Leandra storm broke and, having nothing better to do, decided to go on to Twitter to gauge the local reaction and throw in a few pearls of wisdom of my own.

There's nothing the South African media loves more on a slow news day than being able to out a racist. You could argue that Jessica outed herself, but without the more sanctimonious

members of the press corps she would never achieved the levels of sheer loathing she managed that weekend. Debate limited to 140 characters is ideally suited to people with few ideas and limited vocabulary which is why so many people, myself included, love Twitter. It's worth it just to watch outrage and unrestrained loathing turn into Tweets. And by heavens there was a lot of outrage and not a lot of support. Some buffoon who claims to be a columnist laid a complaint with the Human Rights Commission. I'm not even prepared to mention the buffoon's name because I don't want to give him publicity but I have yet to discover a publication he writes for. I asked him on Twitter whether he was laying the complaint for revenge or publicity but didn't get a response to that simple question. If you claim to be a columnist you

don't go tittle tattling to the Human Rights Commission (which is for people with a chip on their shoulder who can't afford lawyers) when something like this happens; you write a column about it.

Once all the bogus horror had subsided then the real whack jobs came online to offer their analysis. One of the crazier views put forward by some woolly-headed quasi academic was that the "K" word was in many people's heads but remained unuttered. That apparently

the "K" word demonstrated deep-rooted racist tendencies and should not be used. Presumably the rapist would then be within his rights to lodge a complaint with the Human Rights Commission.


Have we gone utterly mad in this country? Who on earth gave this word such power? According to the Oxford English Dictionary its origin is from the Arabic word "kafir" meaning unbeliever. To have transmogrified so convincingly into a universal insult something

must have happened.

A word can only have the power to hurt if someone allows it to do so. With the "K" word an entire race group have decided that they should be deeply offended by it,

which gives it far more power than it deserves.

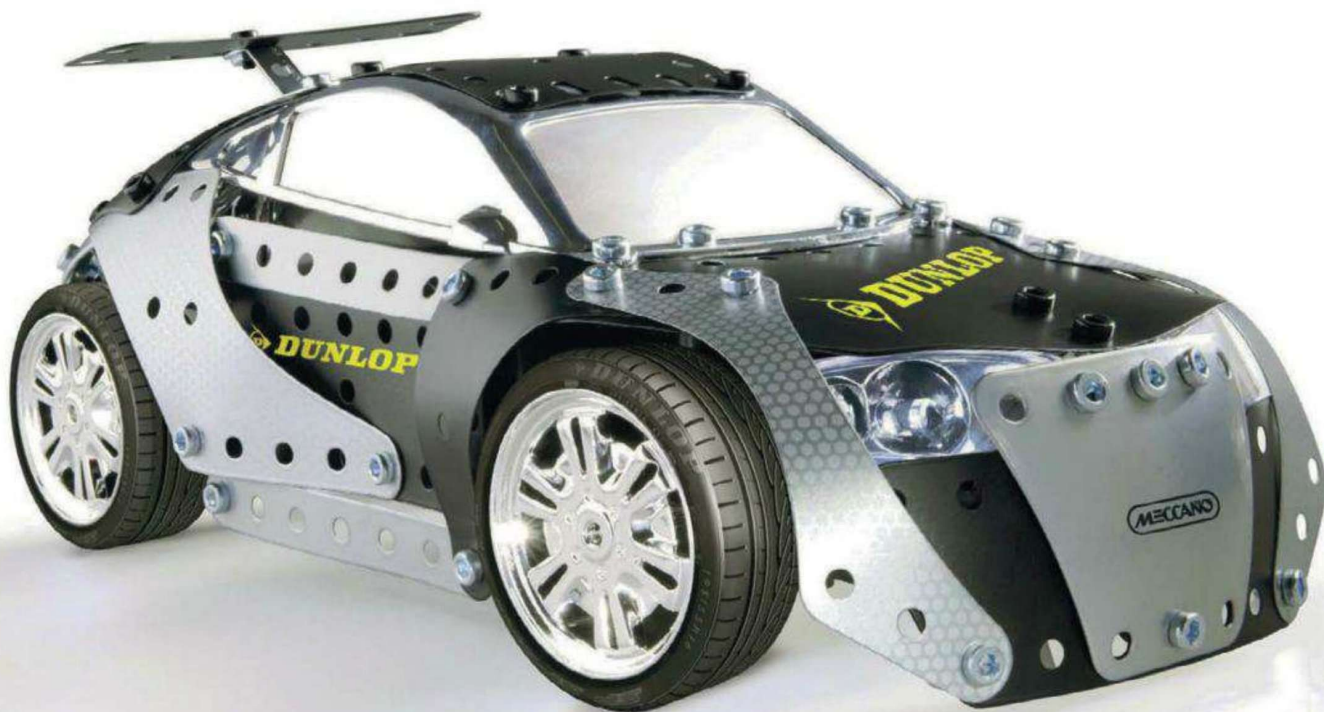
That, in turn, exacerbates the situation because it plays right into the hands of both the genuine racists and the loony lefties. The genuine racists know they have a verbal weapon that will really hurt and the loony lefties can feel particularly smug whenever someone like Jessica Leandra lets it slip out because it shows that racism is alive and well in South Africa and without racism we would have nothing left to talk about.

The obvious solution would be for the ANC to assign a new official meaning to the wretched "K" word. Something innocuous and inoffensive which have a similar effect to defusing a bomb. May I suggest a return to the original usage to be used as a word to describe a person who doesn't believe the ANC will win the next election. Problem sorted. 

There's nothing the South African media loves more on a slow news day than being able to out a racist.

makes them as racist as poor Jessica on the rather dubious reasoning that you wouldn't have a word in your vocabulary if you didn't want to use it sometime. At this point I had to go in search of a large Grants 12-year-old because we were now into the hazy realm of the Orwellian concept of thought crime and that's dangerous territory. Hands up all those who are aware of the "K" word (the naughty one). Right, you're all subliminal racists and must be publicly humiliated like Jessica. Go on... admit it... you've been dying to use it.

Emboldened by a couple of large glasses of Scotland's finest I decided to pose a question on Twitter. If a black man rapes a white woman and she uses the "K" word is she a racist? The whack jobs mulled this over for a short while and decided that, even though she was being raped at the time, the use of



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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

The modern man undeniably requires two things: gadgets and wheels. This month PLAYBOY brings you our picks in personal mobility and portable gizmos.

EYE ON THE PRIZE

Onboard video capture devices have seen a rapid uptake in the market due to the overwhelming cool factor of getting to watch yourself acting like an idiot. Drift's HD170 camera (R2,999) may be a little bigger than competitors' offerings (think old cellphone size), but it also boasts a number of innovations like the 170-degree field of capture, full 1080p capture, side screen and an array of mounting options. But the bit we like is the rotatable lens on the front, which allows crazy mounting locations while the video remains perfectly oriented. And when you've just ripped a new landing spot on your chosen terrain, slip the SD card into your Cinema glasses (R2,699) and check out the footage on an impressive floating display a virtual 50 inches in size. Of course, you can watch movies, view pictures (also possible from the Drift, as the HD170 can take full HD photos, and via a handy time release setting too) and listen to music, so that the trip to the hospital can pass in a rage of death metal videos. Hey, at least you got it on camera... www.mantality.co.za



TERRAIN TERRORISTS APPLY HERE

There aren't many things more exhilarating than going somewhere really high up, and then tipping yourself off the edge. Gravity is really only there for the thrill-seekers, and you're not gonna find many things better as a tool to help you on your downward journey than one of these beauties.

Made in Pietermaritzburg, the Makulu DH MTB is the culmination of many years' development by the talented Pat Morewood, and it's tougher than a R10 steak; 8 inches of suspension travel, a rising link rear suspension geometry for smoother suspension action, and super-strength 6082 T6 aluminium throughout. If you bend this frame, you're too big to be dropping off mountains! www.morewoodbikes.com



Sound at the right vibration can bore holes through a solid object.

Robots vs Fruit: The Battle Of The Sound Docks

These sleek, black, concave sound docks from the Philips Fidelio range come with huge sound generated by two 15W speakers. Both have Bluetooth connectivity so you can stream music wirelessly from your iPhone (DS8550) or your Android (AS851) straight to the speaker without losing any of the full, warm sound output. The Fidelio range

features a clock, alarm, five presets, and even a remote control. Both Apple and Android systems are compliant with the Fidelio app, letting you listen to thousands of Internet radio stations worldwide, browse through your music collection or photos on Flickr, and share what you are listening to with friends via Facebook. www.philips.co.za



WIN

Philips and PLAYBOY South Africa are giving away a AS851 (R2,199) and a DS8550 (R2,499) to two lucky readers. In the Apple vs Android battle, which is better? Email your answer to philips@playboy.co.za to stand a chance to win and include your age, city and cell number. Entries close 31 July 2012.

MUSICAL MARMALADE: THE JAMBOX

A larger version of the original Jawbone Jambox, the aptly titled Big Jambox, is a portable and completely wireless speaker that runs on a rechargeable 15-hour battery. You can connect any phone, tablet or mobile device via Bluetooth to the Big Jambox, creating a high-quality Hi-Fi system that produces full and clear audio at any volume, anywhere. www.jawbone.com



SCRATCH YOUR IPAD

The iRig
MIX

The mobile audio mixer is the first true DJ box for iOS and offers a crossfader, volume controls, cue, and EQ. It can be used with a single iPod Touch, iPhone or iPad, as well as the more conventional two-side setup. However, not only can you use the iRig MIX with iOS devices, it also comes with an input for your mic or guitar, RCA outputs for PA speakers and crucially, a headphone jack. The package also comes with four Apps so that you can get jamming straight away! www.ikmultimedia.com



Pogonophobia is the fear of beards.

MOTION
SENSOR
REALITY

Gesture sensor technology is something we have been drooling over ever since we watched *Minority Report*. Leap claims their Motion sensor, a portable USB accessory, is 200 times more responsive and accurate than competitors, allowing you full control over your Mac or PC interface with nothing but a wave of your hand. It launches year-end. Macbook trackpad, eat your heart out... www.leapmotion.com



There are 3 golf balls sitting on the moon.

TARMAC SURFERS UNITE



Longboards are making a big comeback in skating; the chilled vibes and ease of use make them perfect for a mooch down the beachfront on a nice sunny day. But who's to say you can't skate just as well at night? Check out these new LIT boards, crammed full of LED lights and a battery pack, so when things start getting a little dark out, just flip the switch and the road around you is bathed in a bright glow. These things are seriously cool, and the boards are also guaranteed against failures, so they're tough too... now you can be in the spotlight anytime! www.seedlessafrica.com

A NEW WAY TO HURT YOURSELF

The award winning Freerider Skatecyle is a fresh take on an old mode of personal mobility. This collapsible machine features two large wheels which spin around your feet joined by a cross bar that allow the rider to twist the whole thing, somehow propelling them forward... most likely into the nearest tree. Unfortunately, because your feet have to stay inside the wheels, kickflips are impossible, so we'll call this one "Hopper." www.brooklynworkshop.com



**On average, there are
333 squares of toilet
paper on each roll.**

SOUTH

THE LAST UNTOUCHED WILDERNESS IN OUR FRAGILE WORLD

photography and text by daniel ferreira

90°

Antarctica is girdled with storms, her heart locked in a frozen expanse, surrounded by a frozen sea and the deeper you go into this continent the more intense her rejection.

It was once said that if Antarctica were music it would be Mozart. Art, and it would be Michelangelo. Literature, and it would be Shakespeare. And yet, she is something even greater; the only place on earth that is still as it should be. Untouched.

The last wilderness on earth... Antarctica is the most beautiful and alluring mistress, and with your first encounter, there is no doubt that it will be love at first sight. But be aware, with no provocation whatsoever, she will change and she will break your heart.

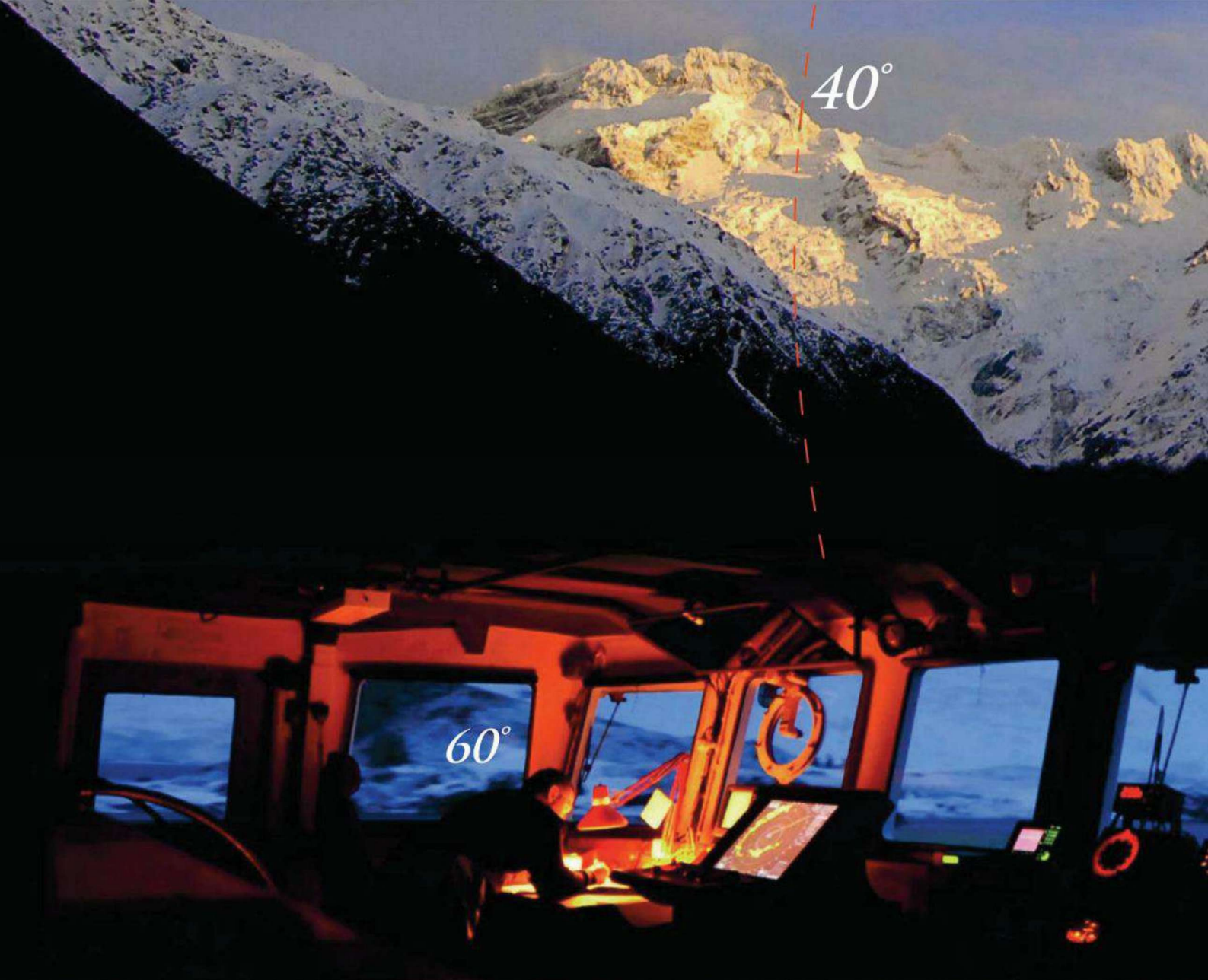
Such an extreme experience, extreme exposure to the elements, extreme psychological taunting... every hour of the day... you find yourself in the snarling teeth of a continent that doesn't like visitors. Antarctica is girdled with storms, her heart locked in a frozen expanse, surrounded by a frozen sea and the deeper you go into this continent the more intense her rejection...

One of the wonders of today's travel world is the possibility to see first hand, the far reaches of the south made famous by a dramatic history. One hundred years after the event, people are still captivated by the tales of Scott, Amundsen, Shackleton and other Antarctic explorers – particularly the heroism and the tragedies, the bravery and the fortitude and the outstanding human sagas of achievement and failure which seems barely credible in modern times.

It was Kim Stanley Robinson who said that below the 40th latitude there is no law, below the 50th no God, below the 60th no commonsense, and below the 70th no intelligence whatsoever.

40°

OUR NEW
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WITH EXTRA
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40°

60°



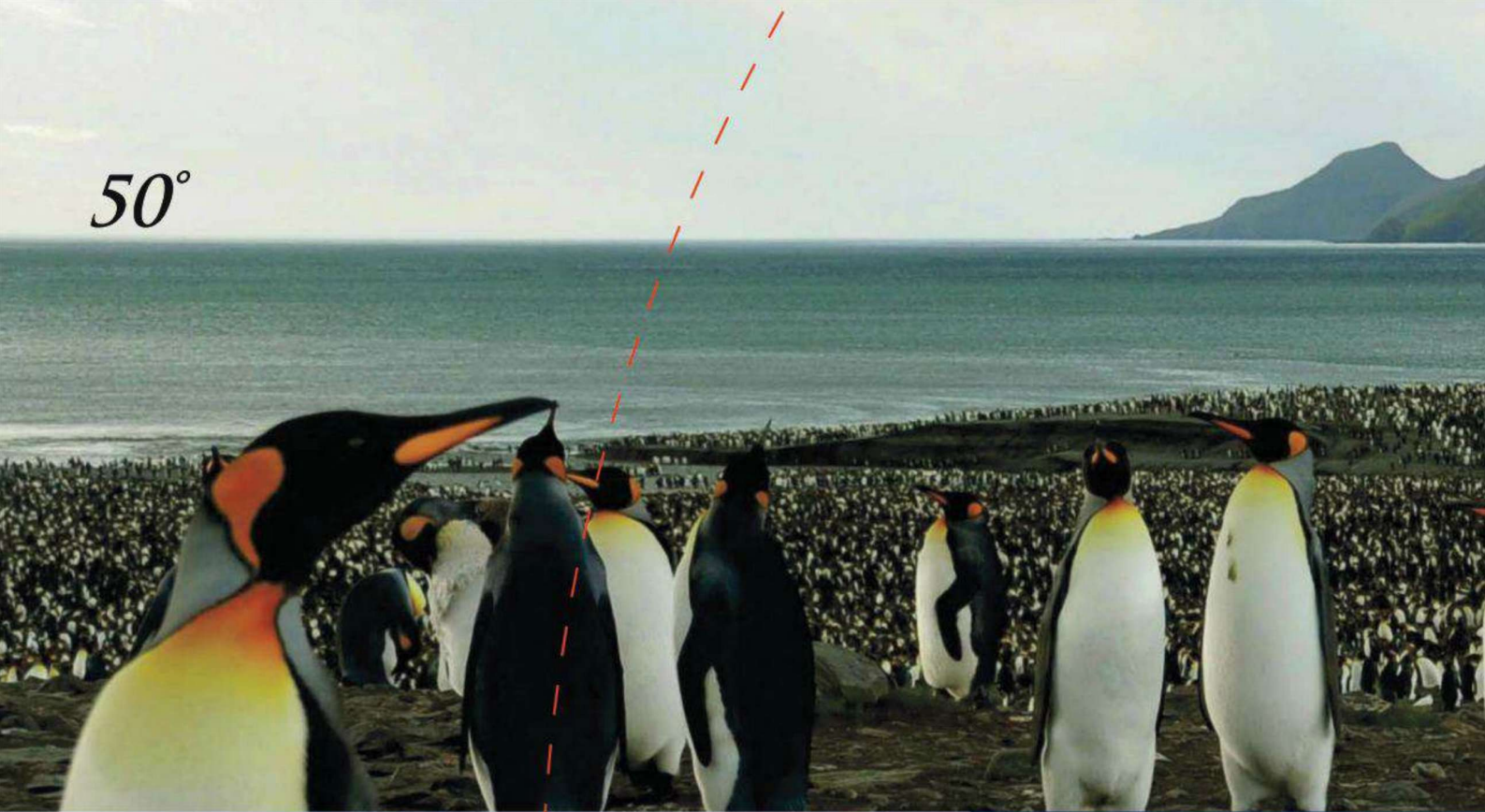
60°



70°



50°



60°







70°







90°



70°



80°





Who are these men and women who subject themselves to the cruelty of this place? What is it that drives them? A search for meaning or enlightenment? A transcendence of mental and physical boundaries? Or merely a calling – far beyond any reason?

During the Antarctic summer 2011/2012, 17 men and women, in 7 teams from 6 nations battled it out in the toughest endurance race known to man. They took on the most remote and hostile environment on the planet to compete in a race that has been a 100 years in the making. 📺

Watch Cold Sweat on SABC3 during July 2012.

Event organiser: Extreme World Races.

Producer: Urban Brew Studios

THE INTERVIEW

GARY PLAYER

Gary Player is South Africa's most successful sportsman. He has won 18 Majors, including nine on the regular tour and nine on the senior tour, is one of only five players to ever win the Grand Slam, and the only player to win the Grand Slam on the regular and senior tour. He has 165 tournament victories worldwide and is widely considered the most successful international golfer of all time. He is a legend around the world as much for his golf as his humanitarian efforts.

by michael vlismas

PLAYBOY (PB): Gary, you've got a number of titles people know you by. Grand Slam Champion. The World's Most Travelled Athlete. Golf's Global Ambassador. Mr Fitness. But perhaps the most well known is The Black Knight. How did this nickname and penchant for dressing in black come about?

GARY PLAYER (GP): It goes back to my childhood. I loved watching cowboy films. There was one show in particular that I loved called *Have Gun – Will Travel*. The main character was called Paladin. He was this kind of gentleman gunfighter who helped people. He wore black and his calling card was a chess knight symbol. I imagined myself wearing the black Stetson and clothing that he did, and I liked the fair play that he represented. So I adopted the clothing, and we used the black knight symbol as our corporate identity.

PB: It's kind of ironic – The Black Knight coming from a then white-ruled South Africa. That was a difficult time for everybody?

GP: It was a dark time for a beautiful country, and it hurt us all in various ways. I was criticised a lot. Some people said I was too liberal, others said I wasn't doing enough to help break down Apartheid. If there's one thing I've learnt in my life, it's that you can't please everybody. I remember, I once told my mother-in-law that when I become a world champion, everybody will love me. She said, "Don't bet on it." I played in tournaments in the United States where people were throwing ice in my face and shouting on my backswing. I had death threats and people calling me a racist. But I have peace within myself that I have always done my best for my country, and to help bring about the equality we enjoy today. In 1971 I met with Prime Minister BJ Vorster and I said to him, "I want to try to end Apartheid in South African

sport. Will you help me?" I thought he was going to throw me out of his office. But he said, "What's your plan?" So I invited the African American golf professional, Lee Elder, to play in South Africa. He was the first black golfer to play in one of our three traditional "Major" tournaments in South African golf, the others being the South African Open and the South African Masters. It was also the first integrated sports event held in South Africa since Apartheid became official government policy in 1948. I was very outspoken against Apartheid. A lot has been said about me, both good and bad, and I have always tried to respond to both with love and humility. But what has been said about me and the supposed fact that I did not play a big enough role in bringing down Apartheid in South Africa has often hurt me most deeply, because it is so untrue.

Upon his release from prison, I met with Nelson Mandela. He said, "Gary, thank you for being such a great ambassador for our country." And that's good enough for me.

PB: As you say, there are still the stories and rumours. Can you set the record straight on what happened at Durban Country Club when Papwa Sewgolum received his first prize in the rain when he won the 1963 Natal Open?

GP: It has been reported that I sat in the clubhouse and did nothing about the situation. But the truth is that I wasn't even there. I never played in that tournament. But I did sponsor Papwa on a trip to play in Australia. And when Vincent Tshabalala, one of South Africa's leading black professional golfers, travelled overseas and won the 1976 French Open, I was proud to be able to sponsor that trip for him. In the 1980s I resigned as President of the Sunshine Tour – the professional circuit in South Africa – because the Tour refused to grant black golfers equal rights. My own regular

caddie overseas was a black man – Alfred "Rabbit" Dyer. He caddied for me for 18 years. And when Charlie Sifford, one of the pioneering black golfers in America who did so much to gain equal rights there, was inducted into the World Golf Hall of Fame in 2004, he graciously asked me to perform his induction at the ceremony. Those are the relationships and friendships I will always treasure.

PB: Golf is now a very multiracial sport. Let's look at Tiger Woods. Do you think he'll ever win another Major?

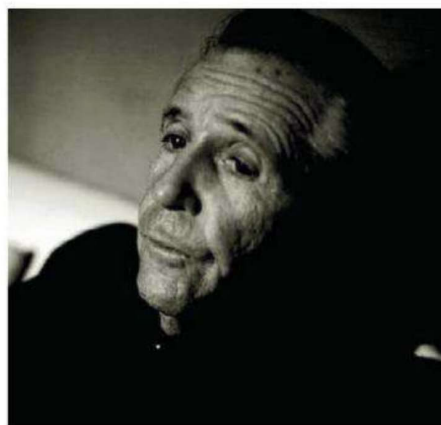
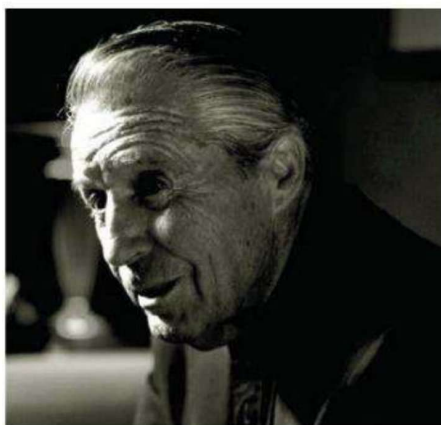
GP: Yes I do, when he stops listening to all the swing coaches he employs and goes back to his own understanding of the golf swing. But the way he's swinging the golf club now, there's no way he'll win another Major. He's moved away from some of the basics behind the golf swing. I don't understand why he relies so much on these swing coaches. Most of these guys couldn't break 100 on a golf course themselves. I must take a lesson from a guy who can't break 100? When I want to invest my money, do you think I take it to my next-door neighbour?

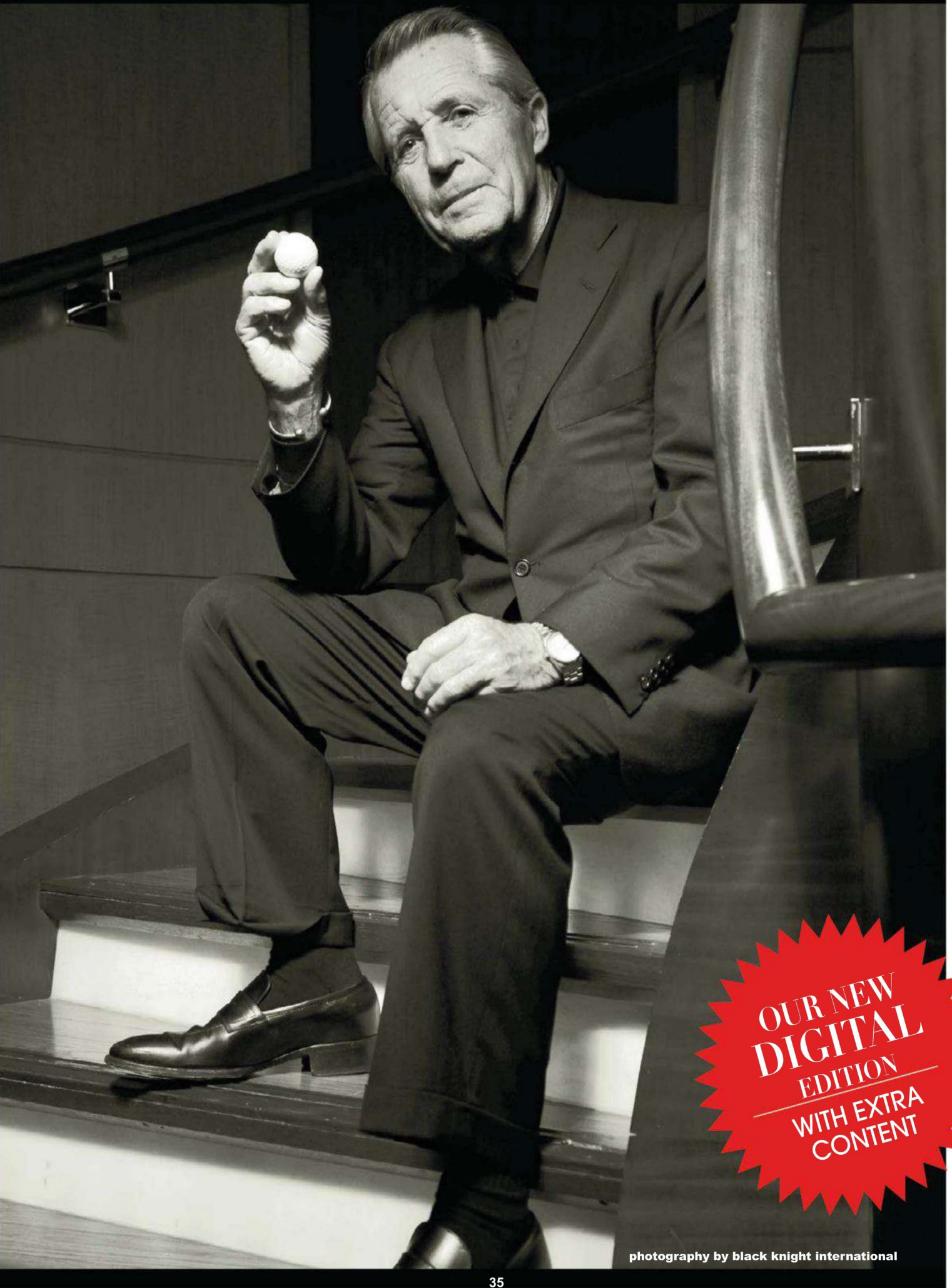
PB: Is Tiger Woods the greatest player in the history of the game?

GP: No. He's one of the greatest, no doubt. He's probably the most talented to ever play the game. But in my opinion, Ben Hogan was the greatest player in the history of golf. And, of course, Jack Nicklaus. Jack was just such an incredible competitor.

PB: You, Nicklaus and Palmer had such a great rivalry as the Big Three. But c'mon, were you really such good friends? Surely you wanted to beat the hell out of each other?

GP: Of course we did. We wanted to beat each other every time we played. Heck, we wanted to beat each other playing cards. But we respected





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photography by black knight international

What has been said about me and the supposed fact that I did not play a big enough role in bringing down Apartheid in South Africa has often hurt me most deeply, because it is so untrue.

each other too much to let our competitiveness affect our friendship. We travelled together, stayed in each other's homes. We still do so today. Our wives are great friends. I don't think you'll ever see a time like that in the game again – when three dominant players can be such good friends as well.

PB: What's your favourite story of the three of you?

GP: On one trip we went to Zambia to play together, and we travelled through this thick bush at night and the locals were telling us about all these Gaboon Viper snakes and how deadly they were. Of course, we were a little concerned about that. We booked into our hotel. Our manager then, Mark McCormack, and Arnold were in a room together on the third floor. Later that night, with everybody still thinking about those Gaboon Vipers, I climbed out of my room window and walked along the balcony, which was only a few feet wide. And bear in mind that I'm very afraid of heights. I squeezed along that balcony all the way to Mark and Arnold's room. Then I pressed my face right up against their window and slapped my hands on it. Mark looked up, saw this apparition and got such a fright he screamed, "Arnold!" And Arnold came running out of the next room with a golf club, ready to hit the first thing he saw. I began laughing like hell, but had to hang on as well. I shouted to them, "Open the bloody window before I fall to my death." They were kind enough to let me in after that.

PB: Golf has changed a lot since those days?

GP: It's a different game now. It's an easier game now. The ball goes 50 yards further. The clubs with their once illegal grooves, lightweight shafts, bunkers that are prepared with a machine. We used to rake the bunkers with our feet. Now, it's all uniformly done, and fairways that are cut short and greens that are like a snooker table. We just never saw that in our era.

PB: What concerns you most in the game at present?

GP: The distance the ball goes. Now everybody is lengthening their golf courses unnecessarily. All they had to do was let the technology go with the average golfer, and limit it with the pros. Otherwise, what's going to happen to the golf courses? Are they going to make them longer? Are we going to spend more money on golf courses? That means more costs for water, machinery, labour, and that's what's hurting golf. The costs keep going up and up and they levy members and they don't like that so they leave. I'm in favour of two balls – one for amateurs and one for the pros.

PB: It seems like professional golf was a lot more fun in your era?

GP: We had some great times. The one year,

in the World Series in Akron, Ohio, I left for the golf course and we hit this massive traffic jam. I could see the course but we just weren't moving. I knew I wasn't going to make my tee-off time like this. So I saw this hippie on a motorbike. I jumped out the car and stopped him, and I said, "I'll give you \$50 if you give me a lift to that golf course." He agreed. So there I was, wearing these white pants and with my golf clubs on my back, sitting on the back of a motorbike and speeding to the course. We drove straight through the security, so they were all after us as well. But I made the tee off. The press got a hold of the story, and the next day the headline read: "Hell's Angel gets Player to the Tee on Time." But probably one of the funniest moments I ever had on a golf course involved my mother-in-law. It was during an exhibition match against Billy Casper at Kyalami Golf Club in South Africa. On the one hole I hit a big hook. And would you believe it, out of 7,000 people there, I had to hit my mother-in-law on the knee. When I got to her she said, "Yes, I know you were aiming for me." I replied, "If I was aiming at you I would've hit you on the head."

PB: You have a very successful golf course design business. What's your design philosophy?

GP: It depends on the client. If they want a championship course to host a tournament, then we give them one. But generally, one has to build golf courses much softer and easier for members. The majority of golf courses obviously would be for members. The trend now is environmental sensitivity. The days of massive and unnecessary earthworks are behind us. You'll also see courses designed to minimise irrigation needs because water has become more and more scarce. I'm a farmer at heart, and all of these factors are extremely important to me.

PB: You mentioned farming. Your farm in the Karoo is very important to you, as are your horses?

GP: Being on my farm is the greatest therapy in my life. There's not a day that goes by that I don't say thank you for the privilege of having a place like that. I put on my old clothes and really get my hands dirty there. And I love it when my children and grandchildren join me. We ride horses, play cowboys and Indians. I've got an eco golf course I've built there as well. It's a largely water-free golf course. I'm experimenting with new design techniques and so on. But I love it. I've got 21 grandchildren and 200 horses. Hell,

I've got to win a tournament to break even, man. My children and the horses eat like it's the Last Supper. One of my favourite stories of my farm is when we had just bought it. We used to have those old switchboard lines. Anyway, I was convinced my neighbour's wife was listening in on my phone calls. I could hear her, but I wasn't sure. So the one day, I'm talking to a friend about a horse I bought, and I mention to him how much I paid for the horse. The next minute, on the line I hear this woman say, "What! That much for a horse?" "Got you," I said. And then she slammed the phone down, and never listened in again.

PB: Tell us a bit about your own family.

GP: Well, I had a wonderful mother who died of cancer when I was eight. That was very hard on me. I think it shaped me into the person I am today. It's hard for a boy to grow up without his mother. I loved her dearly. My father worked in the gold mines. He showed me the power of hard work. And he had a great sense of humour, which I share. I love a good practical joke. I have a sister who is a wonderful person. She's a real giggler. And my older brother, Ian, played a big role in my life. He toughened me up and helped me develop the positive attitude I have to life and challenges. I also respect him immensely for his global work as a conservationist. The reason we even still have rhinos today is largely thanks to his efforts.

PB: You've won 18 Majors – nine on the regular tour and nine on the Senior Tour – and 165 tournaments worldwide. Is there one tournament or one shot that you can single out as the best of your career?

GP: The shot I hit on 14 at Carnoustie in the final round to win the 1968 British Open is one of my best. The wind was howling. Billy Casper, Bob Charles and I were tied for the lead, but there were five us all within one stroke of the lead as well. The par-five 14th is a beast of a hole. I went for the green with my second, carrying the "Spectacle" bunkers. It was a blind shot and finished 14 inches from the hole. It was a great three wood. I made the putt for eagle. As for tournaments, I think the nine Majors I won on the Senior Tour are special, because it's that much harder to do after you turn 50. You have a shorter time frame as a golfer to do that.

PB: Who did you admire most?

GP: As a golfer, Ben Hogan. Nobody understood the golf swing better than Hogan.

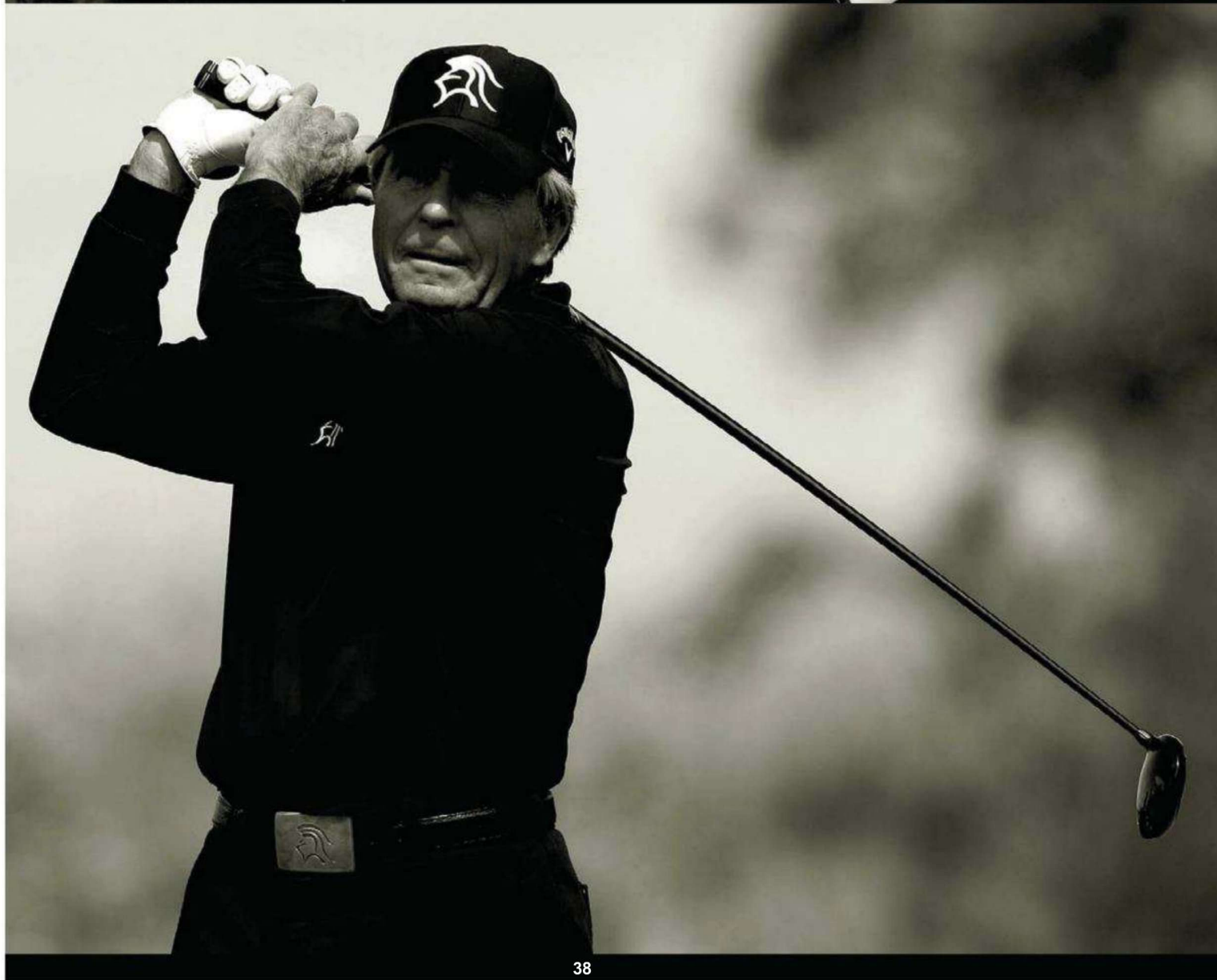
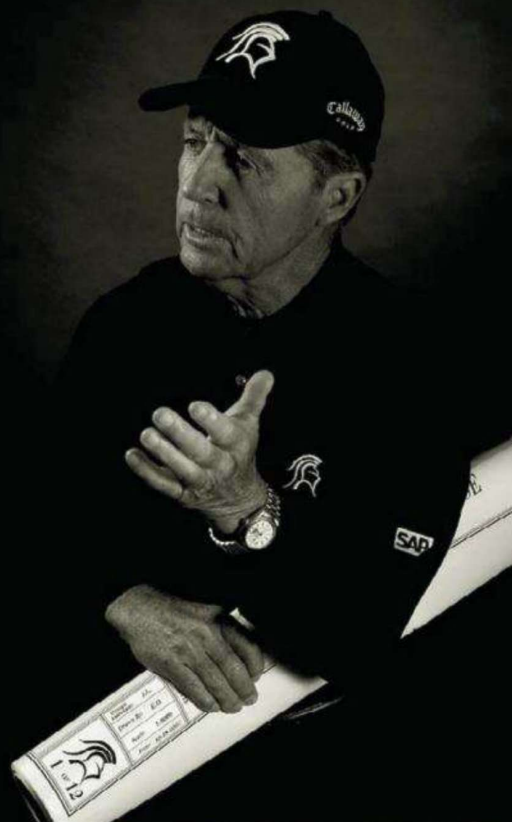


Gary Player in his Austin Healey





With Arnold Palmer at the 1961 US Masters, when Gary became the first ever foreign player to take the green jacket.



And he's still the best player I ever saw. As people, I've always admired Nelson Mandela, Mohandas Gandhi, Mother Theresa – great people like that who've had an influence on the world.

PB: Why do you feel such a need to give back through golf?

GP: Because I had so much given to me. Yes, I grew up poor. But my father took out a bank loan to buy me my first set of golf clubs. The members at Killarney Golf Club raised money for me to travel overseas and play for the first time. I'm thankful for every bit of help I received along the way. And I lead a privileged life. So I do see it as my duty to give back to people who don't have those opportunities. We formed The Player Foundation almost 30 years ago, and in this time have raised over \$50 million for underprivileged children on six continents. We have our Gary Player Invitational tournaments in Europe, America, Asia and South Africa, and they raise a phenomenal amount for charity every year. And they do so with the help of all our friends in the golf, business and entertainment industries. I want to look back on my life and say I've contributed more than just golf to this world. I want to be remembered more as a good human being than a great golfer.

PB: Speaking of looking back, you celebrated something quite unique at The Masters this year when you became an honorary starter there for the first time. How was that experience?

GP: It was a great privilege. When they asked me to join Jack (Nicklaus) and Arnold (Palmer) as the honorary starters, I felt very honoured. I was the first international winner of the Masters in 1961, and now I was becoming the first true non-American to be an honorary starter. It was a special moment.

PB: Who hit it the furthest?

GP: (Laughter). I made no secret of that fact that I wanted to outdrive them both. They hit it past me all my life, and now it was my turn. And I'm proud to say I outdrove them, which is testament to my dedication to staying in shape.

PB: For all your achievements in golf, you'll be the first to admit that when you started you didn't really have the best of swings.

GP: I had a terrible swing. There were so many pros who said I'd starve on tour. I remember playing with Sam Snead in a PGA Tour event. We were tied after regulation play, and then he beat me in a seven-hole playoff. I thought I'd done ok, so afterwards I asked him, "Mr Snead, is there anything in my swing that you saw which could perhaps help me?" He said, "Son, I ain't seen you swing properly yet." Talk about being cut down to size. I also remember playing in my first British Open at St Andrews in 1955. I hit the worst tee shot of my life. It scrambled towards the out of bounds on the right, hit the fence and fortunately kicked back onto the fairway. I started walking down the fairway when the man who was starting us shouted out, "Come here, laddie. What's your name?"

"Gary Player, Sir."

"Where you from?"

"I'm from South Africa."

"And what's your handicap?"

"I'm a pro."

"You're a pro. You must be a hell of a chipper and

putter, because you can't hit the ball worth a damn."

A few years later I became the youngest man at 23 to win The Open. And would you believe it, this same old man was there. He couldn't believe it, and I bought him a drink afterwards.

I always said I would be a world champion because I'd work harder than anybody else, and I did.

PB: Is it true that you broke your neck while still at school?

GP: Yes. I was 14 years old. There was a compost heap of grass and dried leaves next to the sports fields at King Edwards. During break, we used to go and jump into it. But this day, I decided to put my skills as a springboard diver to the test, and I performed this beautiful swallow dive head first into the compost heap, expecting a soft landing. Instead, I hit the bottom and was knocked out. I had fractured my neck. For three months I had to wear a brace, and I couldn't play golf for a year. At one point the doctor even doubted I would ever walk again. Fortunately I recovered fully. But that year away from golf gave me an even greater sense of urgency, and I practiced harder than ever.

PB: Most golfers say they started playing

Afterwards I asked him, "Mr Snead, is there anything in my swing that you saw which could perhaps help me?" He said, "Son, I ain't seen you swing properly yet." Talk about being cut down to size.

because of their fathers. Your father did get you started in golf. But we think it was really a pretty young woman who made sure you wanted to take golf a lot more seriously.

GP: (Laughter). You're absolutely right. The golf course is the one place where I've always been deadly serious. But when I was 14, I was dazzled by the most beautiful pair of legs I had ever seen. That's when I met my wife, Vivienne. Her father, Jock, was the professional at Virginia Park Golf Club. It wasn't long before I asked Vivienne to join me for a round of golf. I always won, but Vivienne says she doesn't know how because I was always staring at her legs. Vivienne was a great golfer. She had the chance to play for South Africa. But when she started supporting me, she couldn't realise this dream. She knows what a good swing looks like, and many times I would ask her to watch me swing and let me know if I was on plane or not.

I asked Vivienne to marry me when I was 14. I told her we just needed to wait until I'd made enough money to get married. We were engaged in August 1956. I was playing the Ampol Tournament in Australia. The first prize was \$5,000. I won it and sent her a telegram that simply said, "Buy the dress." She was at Maccaulei Golf Club in Johannesburg when she got it. Somehow the press got wind of it before even she did. They arrived there just when she got the telegram, and she jumped for joy. That photograph was the South African photograph of the year.

From early on in our relationship Vivienne knew how important golf was to me, and she has been such a pillar of support for me over the years.

PB: And it hasn't always been easy for her?

GP: Absolutely. Vivienne has always put herself

second to my golf and my career. She could just as well have said to herself, "You know what, I'm an attractive young woman. And here I am, on my own, reading a book in bed every night and looking after children while he's travelling around the world, seeing new things and meeting people. Why am I doing this?" But she didn't. She also had to be unselfish with her emotions. She couldn't look at me sideways during a tournament and I would say, "Don't upset me because I've got a tournament on the go." I know it was hard for her. In April 1959, our first child, Jennifer, was born. We had five babies in six years, plus all the travelling. After Jennifer came Marc, Wayne, Michele and Theresa. And then Vivienne says she got so sick and tired of my nagging that she finally relented, and Amanda Leigh was born in 1973. Sometimes I don't know how we managed to travel with all those children. And when I was away, I don't know how Vivienne coped. But she did such a wonderful job in raising our kids. I missed the births of three of our children. The first time I saw our first child, Jenny, was when she was three months old. That's tough. To this day I wish I could have things like that over.

We have a very good life thanks to golf. But make no mistake, both Vivienne and I made our sacrifices. Vivienne has been an absolute rock in my life. For a golfer, it's a wonderful blessing to be able to step onto the course and not have any personal


worries in your mind. When I was travelling, I knew she was looking after our children and home. And she could trust me to know I was doing my best for them on the golf course, and also not getting into trouble off it. I have never been much of a TV watcher, so I would spend the time in my hotel room putting on the carpet or going over my round. I also wasn't one for late-night parties or drinking. I'd often have dinner with the other South Africans on the circuit, but then go to bed soon thereafter. Throughout my playing career I could take great comfort in the fact that I had the love and full support of my wife. That gives you a calm mind when you are playing.

PB: You're famous for the saying, "The harder I practice, the luckier I get." When did you first say this?

GP: It was in Texas in 1958. I was practicing a bunker shot and a man stopped to watch me. I holed the first shot he saw. So he said, "You've got 50 bucks if you hole the next one." I took the bet and holed it. Then he upped it to \$100 if I could do it again. And I did it – three times in a row. As he handed me the money he said, "Son, I've never seen anyone so lucky in my life".

"Well, sir," I said, "The harder I practice, the luckier I get."

PB: You are so well known worldwide. Is there anything people don't know about you?

GP: I once recorded an album of country songs. It was called Sing Along with Gary Player. I think if Sam Snead had heard it he probably would've listened to the whole thing from start to finish, and then told me, "Son, I ain't heard you sing yet." 

Michael Vlismas is currently writing the official autobiography of Gary Player.

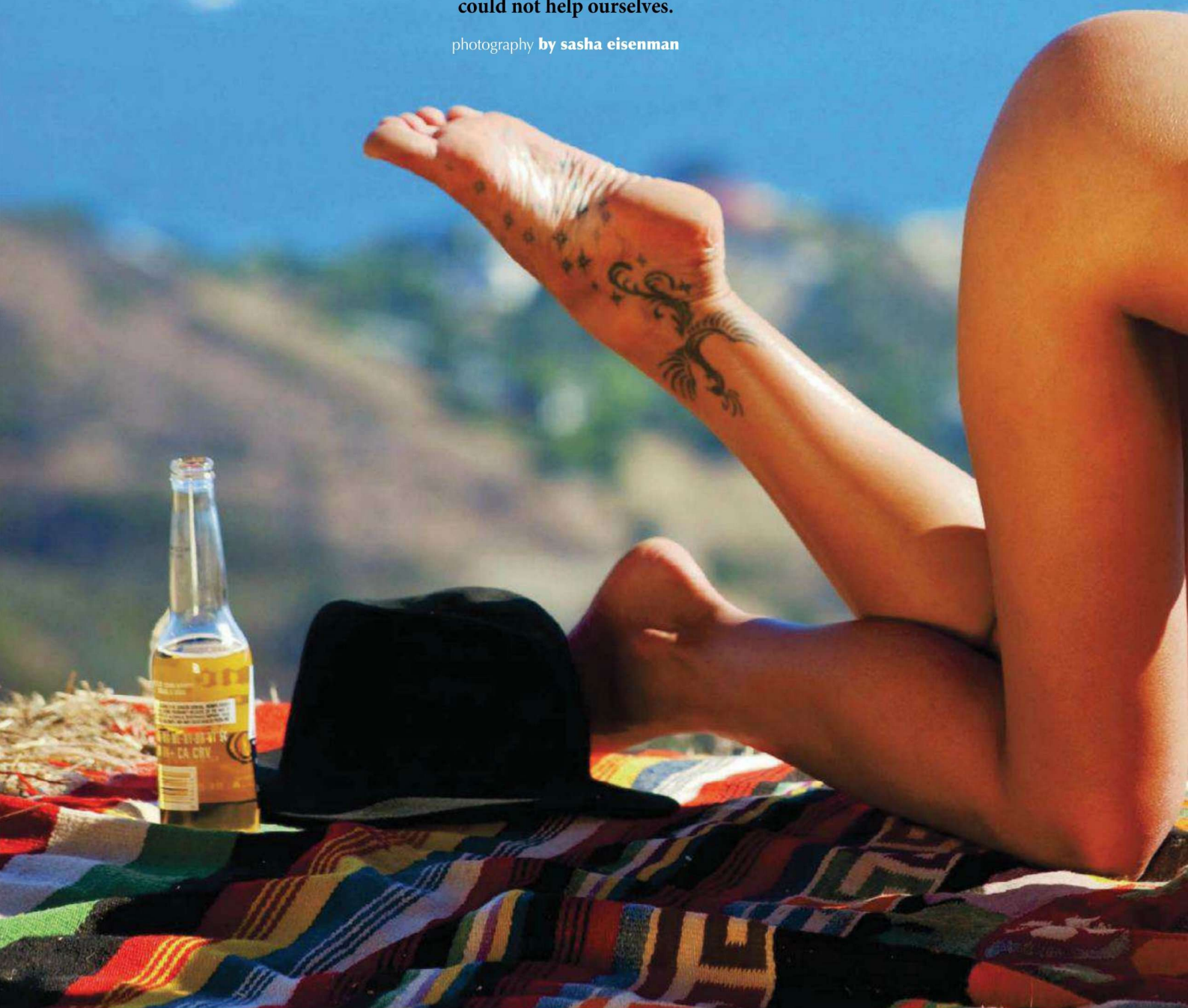
LISA Seiffert

Hotter than Summer

Brace yourselves, a South African summer is still months away. Yet, all is not lost.

Australian beauty Lisa Seiffert is PLAYBOY's favourite beach bum and she will warm the cockles of your heart as you watch the sun gleam off her shoulders. You might think us cruel, but we just could not help ourselves.

photography by sasha eisenman













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"I'm notorious in the fashion industry for taking my clothes off," says Lisa Seiffert, Australian supermodel cum PLAYBOY South Africa cover model. "I didn't plan it that way; it's just that I'm always pushing the envelope." Lisa's geographic boundaries first expanded at the age of 16, when she moved to New York City from her Oceanside village of Bowen, Queensland to become a full-fledged Ford model. "It was overwhelming to come from my small hometown and move in with Katie Ford's family. I started meeting stars like Leonardo DiCaprio. I felt as if I was on an episode of *Seinfeld*."

Today, having strutted the world's premier catwalks and starred in Victoria's Secret and Guess ad campaigns, Lisa finds herself in even headier circles. "Puffy is a dear friend of mine. He calls me his go-to white girl. I was one of the two women in a suggested ménage à trios in his Sean John Unforgivable fragrance commercial," she says of the steamy ad. "It was banned in the US."

Despite the glamour that surrounds her, Lisa considers herself a "bohemian beach girl" at heart. "I'm from the beach. It's where I grew up. Give me some sunscreen and a pair of sunglasses, and I'm good to go." (Her preferred beach attire? Nothing, of course.) Although she hopes to use her Playmate status (Lisa is the current US Miss March) to bring attention to the causes close to her heart – particularly deforestation in the Amazon – her main priority is to thrill. "When I'm posing nude, I'm doing it because I want to make men lick their lips. It has to turn them on." Then she whispers, "I love doing that." 



*" When I'm posing nude,
I'm doing it because I
want to make men lick
their lips."*





DAVID ROZELLE IS THE FIRST AMERICAN SINCE THE CIVIL WAR TO RETURN TO BATTLE AFTER LOSING A LIMB IN COMBAT. THE AMAZING STORY OF A SOLDIER AND THE SCIENTIST WHO REBUILT HIM

by steven kotler

The first thing David Rozelle did after the insurgents put a price on his head was up the ante. After all, this was Captain David Rozelle, the one they called Iron Man or Killer 6 or Kowboy 6 – the 6 being short for “six-shooter,” as in gunslinger, ass kicker, take your pick. His head for a measly thousand bucks? It was insulting.

This all went down in the summer of 2003 in a police station in the city of Hit (pronounced “Heat”), Iraq. Rozelle and the 139 men under his command, the US Army’s Third Armored Cavalry Regiment K Troop, had already battled their way from Kuwait to Syria. They had followed the men of Thunder Run and scrapped beside the marines in Fallujah, and when they were done there, the brass had told Rozelle to secure a town in northwestern Iraq. What town? It didn’t matter. Everything was a bloody mess up there.

Rozelle started looking at maps. Hit caught his eye. There were no CIA data on the place. Aerial reconnaissance photos showed lots of fancy cars – Mercedeses, Rolls-Royces – but no major industry. All the earmarks of a significant Sunni stronghold. “Major bad guys for sure,” is how Rozelle describes it.

So Rozelle and K Troop took Hit. In two months, they restored order. Under Rozelle’s command, the members of K Troop taught themselves counterinsurgency tactics: tracking snipers, putting money back into the banks and restoring the electricity. Rozelle even put a woman on the city council, a fact he likes to brag about: “We were going to be the first town in Iraq to have equal rights for women.”

Then, in the sticky weather of early June,

at roughly 06h30, Rozelle arrived at the new police station – new because insurgents had already burned down the old one in an attempt to scare off the police force Rozelle had built – for his nightly pre-mission briefing. Something was wrong. There was tension in the room, people talking in whispers. Demanding an explanation, Rozelle was told that Sunni insurgents had put a price on his head. He was not surprised. But he was curious – how much was he worth?

“I asked my translator,” says Rozelle. “It was this big moment. The room got quiet. He turned to me and said in a stage whisper, ‘One thousand dollars.’”

Rozelle knew there were spies in that room.

The temperatures stayed below freezing. In the beginning, they hugged each other for warmth. Later, when they could no longer stand it, they let go of their embrace, wanting the cold, the frozen relief of a quicker death.

He knew whatever he said would get back to the insurgents.

“That’s bullshit!” he shouted. “Tell those sons of bitches I’m worth way more than that. I’m worth \$10,000. Tell them I’ll pay the bounty myself.”

No one claimed Rozelle’s bounty that first night. Or the next. No one got close for almost two weeks – but that only exacerbated the situation. The insurgents started burying land mines on frequently travelled roads, including the one just outside the soccer stadium. On June 21 Rozelle was leading a convoy down that road. Unwilling to subject his men to dangers he would not face himself, Rozelle had his Humvee take point. He rode shotgun.

As was his custom, he held a pistol out the window in his right hand, his left staying firmly atop the Bible his father had given him before he departed for Iraq.

Up ahead, the road looked disturbed, like something had pushed the dirt around. Rozelle halted the convoy and surveyed the area. He told the driver to proceed slowly. Seconds later all hell arrived. The truck hit a land mine. The explosion shot the front end of the Humvee four feet into the air. Doors and windows blew out, scattering debris more than a hundred yards. Rozelle’s flak jacket saved his life. He took shrapnel to the face and arms. His left foot was pinned between the ground and the engine block. His right foot? His boot was still

on, but blood and bone oozed out of the side. When he tried to step on it, he drove his tibia and his fibula straight into the ground. Wow, did that hurt like a motherfucker.

The first surgery took place in a dusty tent outside Baghdad. The setup looked like something out of *M.A.S.H.* Rozelle couldn’t believe anyone would operate under such conditions. Operate they did. Doctors are trained to salvage as much of the limb as possible, so they performed a tricky ankle-joint amputation known technically as a Syme’s.

Amputation is one of the greatest possible shocks. Children cannot help staring at amputees, as psychologists have said, because losing a limb is literally the worst thing a child can imagine. Adults may have better manners, but the internal damage is no less severe. The patient must endure a period of heavy grief, as if the mind cannot tell the difference between a lost limb and death itself. “When I woke up



from surgery without my foot," says Rozelle, "I had no frame of reference. I had never known an amputee before. It was like being completely reborn."

Not long afterward, Rozelle was loaded onto a transport plane for Ramstein Air Base in Germany. Before departure, his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Butch Kievenaar, paid a visit. He'd come to deliver a message, telling Rozelle that if he got himself patched up, he could come back to Iraq and be given another command.

Rozelle was pissed. Maybe this was motivational bullshit, something the shrinks dreamed up to keep him from killing himself. But Kievenaar was a straight shooter, so

perhaps the offer was good. Either way, at that point, with the bedsheets pressed flat where his foot should have been, all Rozelle could think was, I have given enough.

Twenty-one years before anyone put a price on David Rozelle's head, during the winter of 1982, Hugh Herr, then 17, and Jeff Batzer, then 20, left their homes in Lancaster, Pennsylvania for an adventure in New Hampshire's White Mountains. Both were experienced rock climbers, Herr already something of a legend. Known as Boy Wonder, he had been the youngest to ascend several North American mountaineering classics, including Mount Temple in the Canadian Rockies, which he

scaled at the age of eight.

Herr and Batzer had their sights on Odell's Gully, an ice-climbing route atop Mount Washington, one of the world's most dangerous destinations. Since 1849 more than 135 people have died on this mountain and its surrounding peaks. Freezing temperatures, frequent avalanches. The average wind speed is 35 mph, but in 1934 a weather station on its summit clocked 231 mph – the strongest recorded blow in history.

Herr and Batzer knew all this but still decided to leave their extra backpack – containing food, clothes and sleeping bags – at the base of the climb. Herr figured that without the added weight they could make it up and back more quickly, an important consideration, as a big storm was heading their way.

They did make good time, climbing four pitches of ice in less than an hour and a half, reaching the top of Odell's before 10h00. But the top of Odell's is not the top of Mount Washington. The apex lies some 1,000 feet higher. Not many climbers, at least not in winter, make a summit bid. Herr and Batzer decided to give it a try.

The storm arrived soon after. Temperatures fell far below zero; the wind gusted over 70 mph. Maybe they made it to the summit, maybe they turned back early; in those whiteout conditions it was impossible to tell. What we know is that they never made it back to their planned descent route, instead trekking into the largest ravine in the White Mountains, a vast icy wildlands known as the Great Gulf.

When nightfall came and they hadn't returned, a search-and-rescue effort was mounted. Over the next three days dozens of people fanned out over Mount Washington. Some went on foot, others by snowmobile. Helicopters canvassed the area. It was a brutal effort. An avalanche caught two members of the North Conway Mountain Rescue Service, Michael Hartrick and Albert Dow. Hartrick walked away from the incident. Dow wasn't so lucky. The slide swept him into a tree: his back snapped, his chest crushed, his death nearly instantaneous. He was 28 years old.

Herr and Batzer, meanwhile, were still lost in the wilderness.

They spent three long days wandering through the Great Gulf, three longer nights huddled in prayer. The temperatures stayed below freezing. In the beginning, they hugged each other for warmth. Later, when they could no longer stand it, they let go of their embrace, wanting the cold, the frozen relief of a quicker death.

On the fourth day, with a turn of fortune that in other times would have been called divine providence, a snowshoer found them hidden beneath a boulder, barely alive. They were medevaced to a hospital that specialised

in frostbite and hypothermia, then transferred farther afield. But the gangrene was too severe. Two weeks later, Batzer's doctor amputated his right thumb and four fingers down to the first joint; three days after that they came back and took his left foot and the toes from his right. Herr was in worse shape. Both his feet were black, the skin ragged, his toes fused together. In just over a month's time, he had seven surgeries. None did much good. His feet could not be saved. For his last surgery, doctors performed a pair of standard below-knee amputations – six inches below the knee, to be exact, long considered the right length for plugging stumps into prosthetics.

Herr woke from surgery screaming – his physical pain otherworldly, his psychological torment even worse. He had been an awkward child, shy, not very good at school; his self-worth, his self-image, his entire being was tied to stone. He needed rock climbing like most people need air.

While Herr's fear of never climbing again was overwhelming, even worse was his remorse over Albert Dow's death.

Mountaineers live by a strict code: Never endanger another's life. Herr had violated this rule. The guilt was crushing.

The last time an American soldier with injuries as extensive as David Rozelle's returned to active combat duty was during the Civil War. But the Army was Rozelle's life.

He was born in Dallas in 1972 and grew up as the child of patriots. His father served with the Air Force, raising him on stories of duty, honour and the importance of American freedom. But as with so many other Americans, it wasn't just these values that drove Rozelle into the military – it was the need for a paycheck.

Rozelle went to Davidson College in North Carolina on a football scholarship. Unfortunately, he was also working three jobs and barely making ends meet. A good friend, meanwhile, was in ROTC and having no such trouble. So Rozelle went to talk to the recruiter, who sent him to Fort Benning's Airborne School. "This guy knew his job," says Rozelle. "Sending a 19-year-old to go jump out of airplanes? Of course I fell in love with the Army."

After graduation Rozelle went to Fort Knox to train as a tank commander, spent the early years of his career working at Fort Hood and saw his first operational deployment in 1999, in Kuwait. Afterward, it was on to Korea for top-secret war planning and a second life playing semipro rugby. He finally made it back home to a dream job at Fort Carson in Colorado, close to

the mountains and the skiing he loved.

On 9/11 that dream ended. Rozelle reported for duty. And then, after more than a decade in the military, he killed his first man. "As a Christian," he says, "killing went against everything I believed. But this was war and it was either him or me. It was like living a nightmare."

There would be other nightmares. Morphine is just about the only workable shield against the pain of amputation, but opiate addiction is a frequent side effect. After eight excruciating surgeries, a quarantine at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center and phantom pains as severe as those he experienced when he'd first been blown up, Rozelle kicked a morphine habit cold turkey. Now that was a fucking nightmare.

He replaced the habit with another: physical therapy. Rozelle had deployed for Iraq weighing 220 lbs. Now he was down to 175. The mirror

"That's bullshit!" he shouted. "Tell those sons of bitches I'm worth way more than that. I'm worth \$10,000. Tell them I'll pay the bounty myself."

was not his friend. He wanted his body back, his life back. His wife was about to give birth to their first child; he needed to set an example. Plus, President Bush had told Rozelle that he could come down to the Crawford ranch for a run whenever he was ready.

Rozelle decided to get ready. Half an hour after being fitted with his first pair of prosthetics, with his stumps still raw, Rozelle was outside: running, jumping, doing push-ups.

Still, reality was settling in. "Ever since my injury, I was waiting for this magic prosthesis that would make me feel healed. I was ready to be healed. But then I got my first leg and realized how wrong I had been. There was no quick fix. The prosthesis sucked. I had lost my foot and was going to be like this forever."

And herein lies the rub. While prosthetic devices are among mankind's earliest inventions (they date back to Egypt circa 1069BC), progress has been exceedingly slow. "At the time I got hurt," says Rozelle, "there was no major difference between the prosthetic limb I was using and the ones soldiers got coming back from Vietnam."

All this, though, was starting to change. "For the first time in history," says Rozelle, smiling and quoting the opening monologue of *The Six Million Dollar Man*, "we can rebuild him. We have the technology."

And the reason we can rebuild him?

There are several. One is the more than 1,400 men and women who have lost limbs in the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan: a sad parade that

reinvigorated America's national conscience and sent research dollars flooding back into the field. Additionally, over the past decade, revolutionary breakthroughs in a bevy of whiz-bang technologies – robotics, nanotechnology, tissue engineering, machine-brain interfaces, to name but a few – have begun leaking into the medical arts. Money and technology alone did not close this gap. To understand how this really came together, you need to start some 21 years ago, with a 17-year-old boy named Hugh Herr and his very big debt to pay.

Ten days after surgery, Herr couldn't wait any longer. He had to know if he could climb. He began sneaking out of his hospital bed, dragging himself over to the window, trying to do pull-ups on the ledge. A letter arrived from President Reagan. "I know you are a young man with a very brave heart," it read. The president didn't

know the half of it.

Five weeks after surgery, Herr got his first set of legs. Called pylons, they were made of plaster and attached by straps above the knee.

The first two times Herr left the hospital, his doctors refused to let him take the pylons along – for fear he would try to climb. The third time, less than 10 weeks after Herr had lost his legs, his brother and frequent climbing partner, Tony, drove him to a Pennsylvania crag called Safe Harbor.

Herr had come to attempt a 60-foot intermediate route that, before the accident, he could have done blindfolded. Maybe he could do so again, but first he had to make it up the long hikers' trail that led to the bottom of the cliff. Herr stumbled along on his canes. Then his brother carried him piggyback. When the ground steepened further, Herr got down on all fours and dragged himself up the path.

At the base of the climb, Tony scampered off to set a top rope, leaving Herr alone at the bottom, staring upward. Here, at last, was the stone test he was desperate to pass. He had no idea what would happen next; he only knew that his whole life depended on it.

Herr made his first move. One good hold led to another and then another, and his legs didn't cause much trouble. He rose higher. Getting to that climb had kicked his ass, but as soon as he made his initial moves, he came to a startling realization: He could climb better than he could walk.

It was the first of a series of startling revelations. Herr still had to finish his senior year of high school. He spent much of that time climbing, much of it working in a machine shop at school – building his own prosthetic legs. Lifelike aesthetics play a role in normal

prosthetics, but Herr had a different goal in mind. "I realised that I didn't need human feet," he says. "I needed climbing tools. If I could build the right kind of appendage, one customised for a vertical world, I could erase my disability with technology."

Herr built a huge assortment of vertically customized prosthetics: climbing legs with crampons for feet, short legs for certain routes, longer ones for others. One early masterpiece was a pair of bladed, bevelled feet, narrow at the toe, wider at the heel, perfect for fitting into cracks.

With these tools, Herr earned himself a new nickname: Mechanical Boy. It wasn't long before he was climbing at his previous level. Pretty soon, he was better than before. In August 1983, in conjunction with a trio of other professional climbers, Herr helped establish one of America's first legitimate 5.13+ climbs – on homemade prosthetic limbs.

In the history of the world, no other disabled athlete had ever performed at this level. Herr's success on the rock was merely a proof of concept: "It's where I learned that people aren't disabled," he says. "Technology is disabled." So Herr decided to improve the technology, to devote his life to building better bionic limbs. He had finally figured out a way to pay his debt.

"Climbing taught me to focus," recounts Herr, "to distil problems down to critical components and stick with them until they were solved. So while I wasn't the brightest student, I had a good toolbox and could learn hard subjects."

He excelled at physics at Millersville University in Pennsylvania and displayed genius as an inventor, earning his first patent – for a much more comfortable limb-socket interface built around inflatable bladders – before the end of his senior year. He went on to earn a Master's in mechanical engineering from MIT and a doctorate in biophysics from Harvard. Somewhere in between, he stumbled upon the puzzle that would occupy his next 15 years: human motion.

"Human motion doesn't seem like it should be a puzzle," says Herr. "We've been studying it for a very long time, but it's really a black hole. We can't even give sophisticated answers to simple questions. What does a muscle do? Well, we're not exactly sure."

First as a graduate student and later, in his current role as head of the biomechatronics research group at MIT's Media Lab, Herr decided the best approach was to mimic nature's designs. He started with "embodied intelligence." Amputees had been making do with dumb prosthetics, but our natural limbs are incredibly smart. When your leg moves, all your nervous system needs to do is increase or decrease muscle stiffness, because every other

decision is made automatically by the limb's internal design. Herr decided it was time to apply similar principles to prosthetics.

In the late 1990s he began working on a smarter knee. He packed it with microsensors capable of measuring joint angle and load at a rate of a thousand times per second. The data were then fed into a computer chip that regulated a magnetic field that impacted iron particles floating in an oil mixture surrounding the knee joint. The result was the world's first artificially intelligent prosthetic – a knee able to adjust dampening on the fly. Even better, the knee could learn, so performance improved over time.

The prosthesis was brought to market as the Rheo Knee by the Icelandic firm Ossur. *Time* named it one of 2004's best inventions, and *Fortune* called it one of the best products of the year. "Using artificial intelligence to control the Rheo Knee was a major step forward for the industry," says Dr Richard Satava, professor of surgery at the University of Washington Medical Center and former program manager for advanced biomedical technology at the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA). But Herr was only getting started.

In the fall of 2003, Rozelle started swimming and began to excel in the weight room. Pretty soon he was bench-pressing 300 pounds. In February, Rozelle did two minutes each of push-ups and sit-ups and swam for 800 yards – passing the Army physical-training test in the top 19th percentile for his age group. He took the next step at Vail. Skiing turned out to be no problem; so did snowboarding. By the end of that week in Vail, Rozelle had taken to heart the motto of Disabled Sports USA – "If I can do this, I can do anything."

Top among the things Rozelle was interested in doing was finding a way to provide better support for returning wounded soldiers. At the start of the second Gulf war, there was little in the way of follow-up psychological care. He started visiting wounded soldiers at Walter Reed, began to work with the US Olympic Committee Paralympic Military and Veteran Programs and became a representative for Disabled Sports USA. But as a national spokesman for disabled soldiers, Rozelle knew the best way he could help was to set a great example. Maybe it really was time to take Kievenaar up on his offer.

This was the Army, so of course there was paperwork. What with the forms and the letters and the meetings, the process to get cleared by the medical evaluation board took time. But Rozelle pushed, and on 4 March 2004 he was declared fit for duty.

Rozelle spent the next few months working at Fort Carson and was given a new command on 17 June 2004, four days before the first

anniversary of his injury. Two weeks later, Rozelle was back in Iraq, commanding troops on the same field of battle where he'd sustained his injury.

During his first tour back, Rozelle broke three prosthetic feet. His life was never seriously endangered, but that was mostly a matter of luck. Rozelle was frustrated. In the coming years he wrote dozens of articles about this issue, all of them containing the line "We can send an astronaut into space, but we can't build a better prosthetic device?"

After completing work on the Rheo, Herr set his sights on a much more ambitious challenge: to create an artificial ankle that perfectly mimicked the fluidity of the normal human gait. A lot was at stake. Most amputees walk with a limp. Over time, even the smallest deviations in motion can compound into enormous problems. The constant chafing destroys flesh, nerve and bone, often requiring surgeries to repair.

Around 2002, Herr went to work on a radically new bionic body part. It would be far smarter than anything ever designed. The Rheo's one computer became five in the new device. He also added a battery pack, more sensors and Bluetooth. Robotics were used to replicate the action of the foot, Achilles tendon and calf muscle – creating what Herr calls "powered plantar flexion."

Herr also started rethinking the design. As a climber, especially after his accident, Herr had a flamboyant style. In a sport then dominated by earth tones, he favoured dyed red hair, dangling feather earrings and neon blue tights. Add to that his customized climbing prosthetics – essentially daggers protruding from his legs – and the effect was startling. Herr wanted something similar from his prosthetics. "People kept making devices that were ugly, that screamed *disabled*. I wanted to make devices that were sexy and scary and powerful, man-machine hybrids that replace the notion of disabled with the healthy reverence we feel for the Terminator."

In 2005 word started leaking out that Hugh Herr was building the world's first bionic ankle. By then, Rozelle was back from his second tour in Iraq, living in Washington, DC and helping Walter Reed build a better centre for amputees. He definitely heard about Herr's work. "Cyborg limb replacement," he says. "Oh yeah, I knew all about Herr's dream. We all did."

The following year, in June 2006, at a No Limits Foundation event in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, Rozelle met Herr for the first time. They hit it off, sitting poolside, drinking beer. "I gave him a rash of shit about progress on the ankle," recounts Rozelle. "I wanted one. He kept saying it wasn't ready."

Fabricating a bionic body part for a guy

like Rozelle was no small matter. Between 2005 and 2007, mostly wearing a carbon-fibre running leg that operated at a 30 percent energy deficit, Rozelle finished more than a dozen sprint and Olympic-distance triathlons, five marathons, seven half-Ironman events and his first full-scale Ironman triathlon (2.4-mile swim, 112-mile bike ride and 26.2-mile run); his time was fast enough to qualify for the world championships in Kona, Hawaii. There, Rozelle covered the fabled Ironman course in 12 hours and 46 minutes. He saluted as he crossed the finish line, placing in the bottom third of the field but still ahead of dozens of able-bodied competitors. "It's pretty strange to see guys with two legs looking at me with jealousy," says Rozelle, "but that's what happened."

Meanwhile, with all the wounded soldiers returning from battle, the military continued to fund bionic research. In 2006, DARPA contracted inventor Dean Kamen, who specializes in revolutionary medical devices, to develop a new kind of arm.

As Kamen put it, "DARPA wanted me to build an arm-hand combo that could pick up a grape without breaking it, which requires very fine haptic sensing; lift a raisin without dropping it, which requires fine motor control and wrist, elbow and shoulder flexibility; be entirely self-contained, including the power supply; weigh less than nine pounds; and fit on a 50th-percentile female frame, 32 inches from the long finger to the shoulder. And even better, I had to finish the job in two years. So you know, I told them they were completely nuts."

But Kamen's conscience got the better of him and he took the job. He completed the beta version right on schedule, naming the device the Luke Arm after that fabled *Star Wars* amputee, Luke Skywalker. (The Luke Arm is now undergoing clinical trials.)

"It was an exciting time," says Rozelle. "There was finally some hope for real progress."

In 2007, Herr finished the beta version of the BiOM, as his bionic ankle is now known. Five computers and 12 sensors give the BiOM sufficient intelligence to read and react to differences in terrain and slope – meaning it's the first robotic foot that can be used to walk uphill. Unlike traditional prosthetic devices, to which a person must adapt his walking style, the BiOM gathers gait data to attune itself to the wearer. This is what the Bluetooth is for: The world's first true bionic limb is programmable by means of an Android phone.

Time named the BiOM one of the best inventions of 2007. Other accolades followed, but there was significantly more work to be

done before the device was ready for the general public. "The dominant challenge was durability," says Herr. "I was building a prosthetic leg. It's a transportation device. It can't fail. But if it's going to last five years, then it has to be capable of taking 6 million steps – because that's how many the average person takes in that period. Look, there's nothing like the human body. There are versions that can walk without failure for 80 years. I was trying for just five – but this was not a trivial problem in robotics."

By late 2010 Herr felt the BiOM was durable enough for human trials. Because the military was funding much of the work, soldiers were the obvious crash-test dummies. Plus, Rozelle had challenged Herr to build a device for guys

"I realised that I didn't need human feet," Herr says. "I needed climbing tools. If I could build the right kind of appendage, one customised for a vertical world, I could erase my disability with technology."

like him – so who better to try it out?

In January 2011 he got his shot. Rozelle became the world's second official bionic man (one other soldier had been fitted before him). As soon as the BiOM was attached, Rozelle went in search of the toughest terrain he could find. "The prosthetists were so happy," he says. "They were used to seeing guys just walk up and down the hallway. I went outside and found a hill to walk up and down at an angle. It was pretty amazing. I immediately felt I had my real foot back."

Over the next year, Rozelle and a couple dozen other veteran amputees put the BiOM through its paces. "It was an incredible process," recalls Tim McCarthy, the CEO of iWalk, the company that builds the BiOM. "Over the past 20 years I've introduced dozens of new products – none like this. People put on the BiOM and burst into tears." Herr had seen it too: "Grizzled truck drivers, guys who haven't shed a tear in 20 years, just sobbing."

But the biggest deal – what many think the BiOM's real legacy will be – is a massive reduction in health care costs. With less pain and exhaustion, amputees don't stop moving around. They lose weight (tens of pounds), reduce their pain meds (some by up to two thirds) and return to work (for the first time in years). The real proof is that the device costs about \$60,000, yet workers' compensation agents are requesting it, feeling that the savings in medical costs later will more than cover the high price tag. "Beyond changing lives," says McCarthy, "this has a huge economic benefit. Over time, it's going to save millions of dollars."

Herr, meanwhile, isn't close to being done.

He's beginning to work on an above-the-knee version of the BiOM and is finishing work on the world's first true bionic exoskeleton, a revolutionary kind of knee brace for able-bodied people that he hopes will be commercially available by 2015. "Right now," he says, "one of the worst parts of growing old is losing the ability to move around. So imagine taking the bionics in the BiOM and turning it into a strap-on device, something that can restore strength and function to the elderly or anyone with a bum knee."

Over the past 30 years, Hugh Herr became the first disabled athlete to outperform able-bodied ones at an expert level. He then helped bring prosthetics into the modern age; next he became the first to forge ahead into the

bionic era. Already he has bettered thousands of lives. In light of all this, the assumption might be that his debt to Albert Dow – the rescuer who perished so many years ago on Mount Washington – would be paid. But Herr would

disagree.

"If you ask me if I've done great things in my life, well, I'm very self-critical, so the answer is, 'Not yet,'" he says. "But that's almost beside the point. Has that debt been paid? I would say no, never. That debt can never be repaid."

On a rainy day in February 2012, David Rozelle and a couple of friends approach the curb of a busy three-lane street in Denver. Rozelle, wearing his BiOM, is lost in conversation, not really thinking about what he's doing. There's a momentary break in traffic, and he decides to make a run for it. Leaving his friends behind, he bounces off the curb and darts across the first lane, freezes midstride to let an oncoming car pass, then dashes across the next lane, pausing to make sure he's still clear, and across the final lane, even jumping over a puddle as he hops back onto the sidewalk. Rozelle didn't even realize that he'd jaywalked until it was pointed out later.

Herr smiles when he hears this story. "Everything I've done has been to copy nature. That's the true definition of bionics – using technology for the emulation or extension of natural biological function. And we humans are spinal animals. To hear that David could pull off this kind of ballet without thinking about it – that's exactly a spinal animal phenomenon. It worked. Somehow we captured lightning in a bottle."

"Yeah," says Rozelle, "but the mad scientists who designed the jet pack, they're never remembered. The crazy son of a bitch who flew it? He'll be celebrated forever." ■

OUR NEW
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ADMIRAL GENERAL HAFEZ
Aladeen



Sacha Baron Cohen

Admiral General Hafez Aladeen, more fondly known as the Dictator (and discreetly known as Sacha Baron Cohen), is the ruthless ruler of the fictional oil-rich state of Wadiya, located in North Africa.

A biopic of his life and times is set for release in July.

Q1

PLAYBOY: Your Excellency, have you ever read a PLAYBOY magazine? What is your favourite part of the magazine? Would you and your very attractive security guards pose for a PLAYBOY cover?

ALADEEN: I have read PLAYBOY magazines for many years – my father bought me a subscription when I was five-years-old. I thought they were art books and I would “colour in” in the pictures, you know, draw clothes and pubic hair on the girls. I still draw on the photographs today: a cross means “no thanks” and a tick means “get me that one.” My female guards and I would love to pose for a PLAYBOY cover, but I don’t know if they are suitable – they are all virgins. This is very important to me and I have their virginity checked every single night by the head of my penis.

Q2

PLAYBOY: What would Hollywood be like if instead of being ruled by Jewish people, it was ruled by the Middle East?

ALADEEN: Well my part of the world has a small but growing film community. At the moment we specialise in short films, usually about two minutes long, which feature an opposition leader, a video camera and some old Saudi “surgical tools.” I won’t tell you how it ends – no spoilers, no spoilers. But actually, I think if my guys ran Hollywood we’d make similar stuff to what’s there already, but put our twist on it. For example, we have our version of the American show, *Two-and-a-Half Men* – it used to be called *Three Men* but one of the men made a joke on the show about my beard and the next day his legs fell off.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Why do you think dictatorship should still be an option of government?

ALADEEN: Democracy just seems a lot of work and hassle; first you have to campaign, then debate your opponents, then the

people have to vote, then the votes have to be counted until at last, the winner can be announced. This is why in Wadiya, I have introduced a streamlined form of democracy which just has the last stage. I think that the Arab Spring is a passing fad, like The Atkins Diet, or Human Rights. And I don’t worry about it happening in Wadiya because my people love me so greatly. However, just to be safe, I have removed all the spring months from the calendar and made February 128 days long.

Q4

PLAYBOY: What is your opinion about our neighbour, Zimbabwe’s President Robert Mugabe having been recently appointed as UN International Envoy For Tourism? Do you aspire to such a position, or what post would you accept from the UN, if any?

ALADEEN: I am delighted that my dear friend Robert Mugabe is at last getting official recognition for all the excellent work he has done over the past few years – I have been campaigning tirelessly for this. I spoke to him recently and he said that the first thing he’s going to do in this new role is seek justice for Joseph Kony – the way our mutual friend has been portrayed in the media is an outrage! Did you see the video about him that was posted on YouTube? It’s disgusting – he has done *far worse* things than it accuses him of – his reputation has suffered *terribly*. Also, 300 million downloads worldwide and he has not seen a penny – it’s outrageous, who is his agent? He has serious overheads – a Kalashnikov isn’t any cheaper just because an eight year old is holding it.

Q5

PLAYBOY: What’s your opinion on gay marriage?

ALADEEN: I don’t know that much about the gays – there is not one single gay person in Wadiya. But if there were, homosexuals would have exactly the same rights as everybody else. None. There are some

homosexuals in Syria, though, and life is very difficult for them because of the ban on gay marriage. I am of course talking about President Assad and his personal trainer, Hosni. You know, with Assad people always talk about the oppression, the torture and the genocide, – but he’s also got a bad side: I mean, what is it with that moustache!? He’s got to change it! He looks like a teenaged Armenian girl.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Would you consider paying for sex? What’s your opinion about prostitution?

ALADEEN: Of course. If you see my film, you will discover that I paid for sex with Megan Fox. She is simply adorable – and very good value. But she is now pregnant and is claiming that the baby is mine. She had better not start asking for child support. Princess Diana tried that with our son Harry and it didn’t end so well for her. Megan isn’t the only star I’ve paid to perform at my palace. A few years ago I paid Tupac Shakur \$3 million to play for an hour – and he just spent 20 minutes singing, “Put your hands in the air, and wave them like you just don’t care.” How dare he order me what to do? That was the last concert he ever gave. I also had Biggie Smalls perform for me at a birthday party – and he ate half the buffet. That was his last meal.

Q7

PLAYBOY: What’s your opinion on pornography in general?

ALADEEN: I am a huge fan. I pretty much see everything as pornography. Take MTV for example, it’s like a shopping channel to me; every night I watch a video and if I like the song, I call up a friend and have the singer kidnapped. Did you ever wonder what happened to Janet Jackson? I have her in my palace. You can have her back now. She is missing her passport and one of her hands – it fell off. I thought I’d found it under my sofa, but it was white.

Q8

PLAYBOY: What do you hide behind those sunglasses?

ALADEEN: Right now, a terrible hangover. I just got back from the annual Axis of Evil Spring Retreat in Sandals, Antigua. It's supposed to be relaxing, but my dictator buddies are crazy! Ahmadinejad is such a joker – he got our new fat friend, Kim Jong-un drunk and wrote "Hillary was

Q12

PLAYBOY: Would you use the Internet to meet a woman?

ALADEEN: Sort of. My secret police often use Google Earth to plan how to get into the houses of models and actresses I want to bring to my palace. You have to be careful that your address information is up to date though – one time I ordered Beyoncé and Macy Gray was delivered to me. Aaarrrh!

Fashion and style is, of course, a very important part of being a dictator – the main thing is dress down and be careful not to wear things that can be ridiculed by the West. Gaddafi taught me that.

here" on his face and "Bill was here" on his *fatoot*. I warned him not to mess with North Korea though – they are just years away from developing a boat that can reach Iran. Depending on the wind and the tides, obviously.

Q9

PLAYBOY: What are you wearing right now?

ALADEEN: I'm wearing a General's uniform by John Galliano, but socks from Walmart. I never waste money on the stuff no one sees – "socks are socks," Saddam told me that. But fashion and style is, of course, a very important part of being a dictator – the main thing is dress down and be careful not to wear things that can be ridiculed by the West. Gaddafi taught me that.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Who are your role models?

ALADEEN: It would, of course, be very easy just to say "Hitler and Stalin" – but that's so obvious, it's like saying "The Beatles" when someone asks who your favourite band is. I was a huge fan and close personal friend of Kim Jong-il and I miss him terribly. He did so, so much to spread compassion, wisdom and herpes throughout South East Asia. I have to admit that I am also inspired by Barack Obama. He did not let being an ex-Kenyan Al Qaeda child soldier stop him from seizing control of the most powerful nation in the world. For many Americans, he has forever tainted the word "hope" – and for that I applaud him.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

ALADEEN: My beliefs vary – sometimes I am certain that he is just some invented figure who cannot possibly exist, and then I look in the mirror and he somehow feels very real again. I have to say that there are parallels between us: we have both only ever fathered sons (I have 2,000 sons, but no daughters... what a coincidence!); we both decide on a daily basis whether thousands of people live or die; and, for both of us, the Jews are the "chosen ones."

Q13

PLAYBOY: What do you think about Cuba? And what about Fidel Castro?

ALADEEN: He is a hero! What a beard! What a guy! He's looking a little worse for the wear these days though. I keep offering to send him the blood of Swedish virgins to inject in order to stay eternally young (the medical science is weak, I admit – but the psychosomatic effect really works), but you know Fidel, so stubborn about accepting charity. But say what you will about Castro, he did pull off the JFK assassination, then paid Oliver Stone to pin it on some other guy. Oh, the West doesn't know about that yet? As soon as I get round to transferring my father's old Super 8 movies to DVD, I'll put the footage up on YouTube.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Which historical figure do you most identify with?

ALADEEN: I LOVE Idi Amin. He is, of course, the grandfather of all the Sub-Saharan bad boys – without him there would be no Mugabe, no Charles Taylor, no Joseph Kony and no Bobby Brown.

Q15

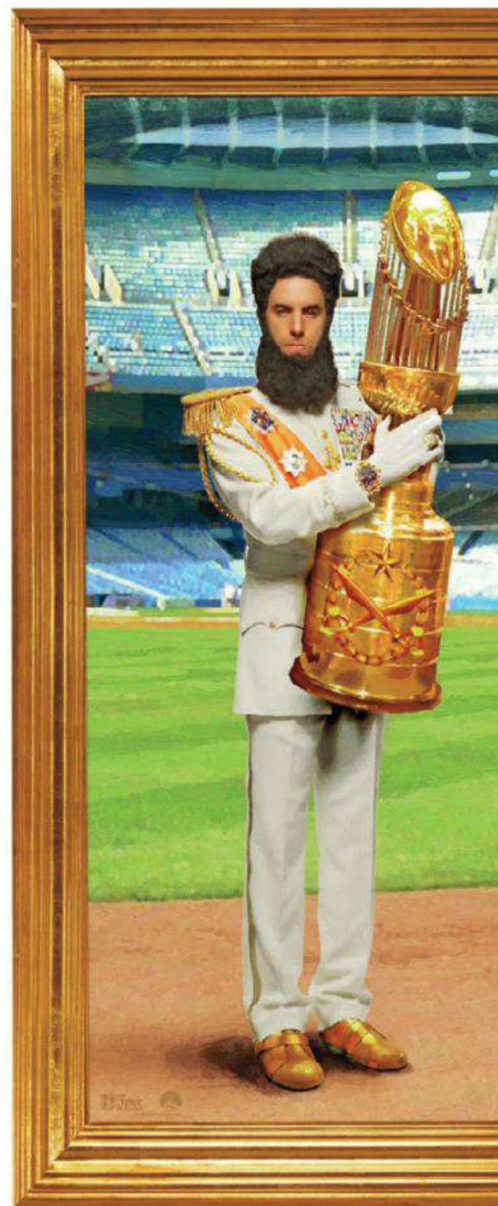
PLAYBOY: What was Amin's greatest impact on your growth as a dictator?

ALADEEN: It was Idi who personally taught me medal etiquette – that you should always make sure you deserve them before awarding them to yourself. Of course you're allowed a couple of exceptions – I'm only human! – like the medals I gave myself for walking on Mars and for wiping Israel off the map. But these things are only a matter of time and you don't buy a new pair of shoes without first trying them on, do you? I need to know that the ribbons match my beard.

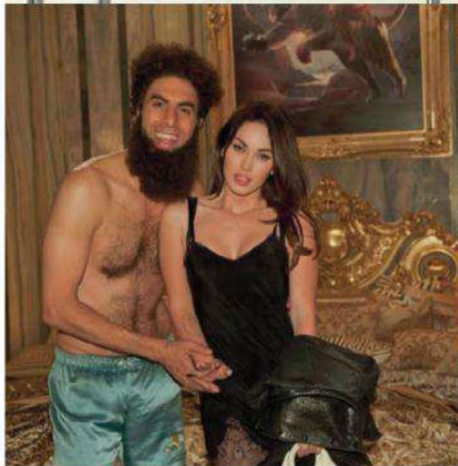
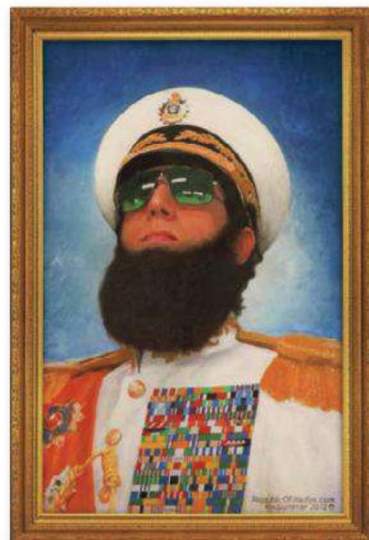
Q16

PLAYBOY: How is your current state of mind?

ALADEEN: I'm actually feeling a bit sleepy. And as I've got three Victoria's Secret models in the room next to me furiously making out with each other, I'm beginning to think that I may have got my Viagra and Rohypnol pill boxes mixed up.







Q17

PLAYBOY: Totalitarianism or democracy?

ALADEEN: I prefer the current Russian and Chinese model: totalitarianism, but you call it democracy.

Q18

PLAYBOY: War or Peace?

ALADEEN: Let's just say that if you look up "Israel" on Wikipedia, everything is still in the present tense, so I clearly have some work to do there.


Q19

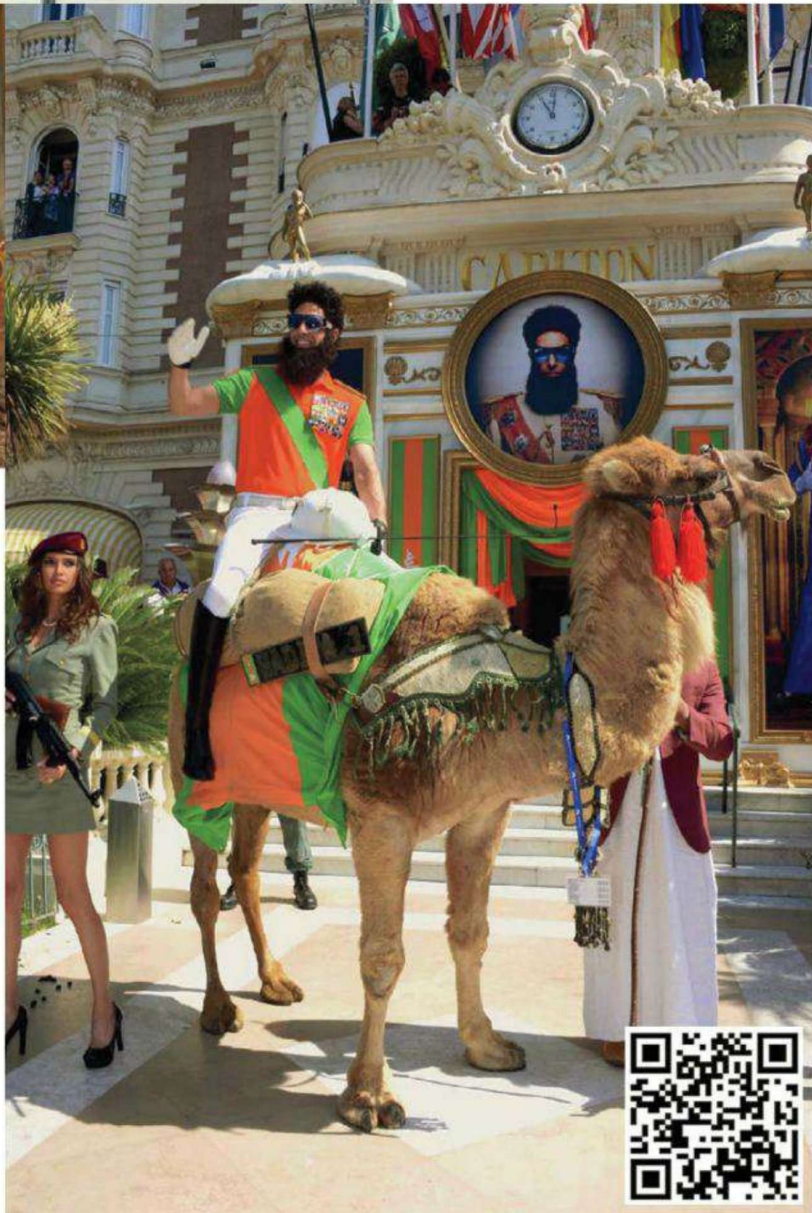
PLAYBOY: How would you describe your ideal woman?

ALADEEN: Frequently. I am so fickle – I think that I have found my ideal woman, then all of a sudden they reach 19 and I go off them. I'm a romantic though and will keep looking – maybe wife number 87 will "the one"!

Q20

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a perfect world?

ALADEEN: One where the "Arab Spring" has turned into the "Crackdown Summer," "Torture Autumn" and "Execution Winter." 



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MISS JULY

Roxane Viljoen

You don't care if it's wrong or it's right, Roxane! We would go to the end of the earth and back for PLAYBOY South Africa's Miss July 2012 Roxane Yvonne Viljoen. Firmly committed to helping abandoned or abused animals, this Pretoria-based, porcelain-skinned beauty is *so* right, so right for all of us strays out there. We loved you since we knew you.



Photographer **Neil Probert** / **Hotlens** MUA **Yolandi Herbst** / **PINUP** Stylists
Location **Le Châtelat Boutique Guest House** Lingerie **Lingerlicious**













PLAYBOY South Africa's Playmate of The Month

MISS JULY







Kaxane Veljeen.

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Roxane Yvonne Viljoen

BUST: 36C WAIST: 63cm HIPS: 86cm HEIGHT: 166cm

WEIGHT: 57kg BIRTH DATE: 5 September 1988

BIRTHPLACE: Pretoria, South Africa.

AMBITIONS: To make money and build a modelling career.



TURN-ONS: Quiet confidence, eye contact, a take-charge-and in-control kind of guy... and a gym boy is always good.

TURN-OFFS: A beer belly, dirty shoes and being late!

MY DREAM DATE: A man who can take his home and turn it into a romantic dinner: make the effort with flowers and candles, create a good vibe with good music and then offer dessert. He would win the "dream date" trophy.

FAVOURITE MUSIC: From Lil' Wayne to Michael Jackson, to Katy Perry to MIA to Kings of Leon... Bruno Mars and Snoop Dogg and Usher the list goes on!

WORST JOB I HAD BEFORE MODELLING: Cashier. I hated touching all the money.

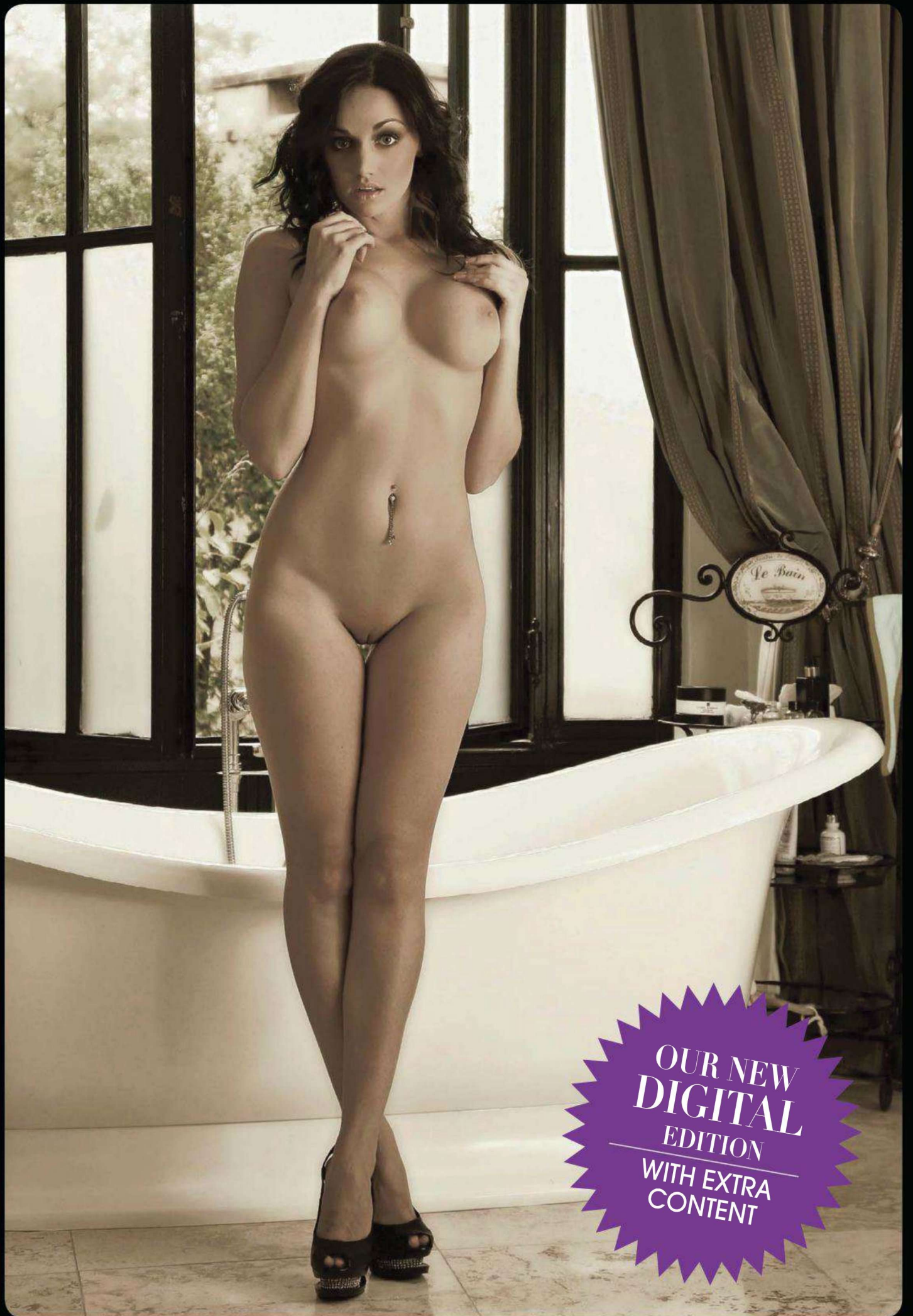
PEOPLE I'D LIKE TO MEET: Trevor Noah, Dalai Lama.

MADVENTUROUS FOODS I HAVE TRIED: Baked ice cream.

MY FAVOURITE FOOD: My gran's potatoes.

BUY ME A TICKET TO: Rio!





OUR NEW
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CONTENT

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man sat crying into his beer at a bar. "What's wrong?" asked the bartender. "My mother-in-law," the man replied. "I have a real problem with her." "Cheer up," the bartender replied. "Everyone has problems with their mother-in-law."

"Yeah," the man replied, "But I got mine pregnant."



Playboy classic: An elderly man was upset because he had lost his favourite hat. Instead of buying a new one, he decided to go to church and swipe one from the vestibule. As he came in the door, an usher led him to a pew, where he had to sit and listen to an entire sermon on the 10 commandments.

After church, the man met the pastor in the vestibule doorway, shook his hand vigorously and told him, "I want to thank you for saving my soul today. I came to church to steal a hat, but after hearing your sermon on the 10 commandments, I decided against it."

"You mean the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal' changed your mind?"

"No, the one about adultery," the old man replied. "I remembered where I left my hat."

"It's for my husband," a woman told a gun shop owner while shopping for a rifle. "Did he tell you what gauge to get?" the owner asked. "Are you kidding?" she said. "He doesn't even know I'm going to shoot him."

A ventriloquist was visiting an old farmer and decided to have a little fun with the man. "Hey there," he said, "I bet I can make your horse talk."

"Horse no talk," replied the farmer.

"We'll see," said the ventriloquist. He turned to the horse and asked, "So how does your master treat you?" "Pretty well," the horse replied. "He gives me plenty of oats, and he lets me run wherever I want to."

"I bet I can make the dog talk too," the ventriloquist said.

"Dog no talk," stated the farmer flatly.

"So, how about you?" he asked the dog, "Is he good to you too?"

"Yeah," said the dog, "we play fetch."

"Let's see what the sheep has to say," said the ventriloquist.

"Wait!" the farmer yelled, "Sheep lie! Sheep lie!"

Why did the loose cowgirl get fired? She couldn't keep her calves together.

"Doctor, doctor, please kiss me!" said a patient.

"No, I'm sorry. That would be against my code of ethics," the doctor replied.

Ten minutes later, the patient said again, "Doctor doctor, please kiss me."

"No, that would be wholly inappropriate," he said again.

Five minutes later, she asked once more: "Please doc; just one little kiss?"

"Look," he said, "It's out of the question, really. In fact, I shouldn't even be fucking you."

One afternoon two women were sitting on the porch when the one noticed her husband arriving home with a bunch of flowers. "Look, he got flowers. That means I'm gonna be on my back with my legs in the air all weekend long!"

"Why?" The other woman asked, "Don't you have a vase?"

Two kids at school were arguing about whose parents were better. "My dad is stronger than yours," the first one said.

"No, my dad is stronger," the second replied.

"My dad can lift his truck," said the first.

"Well, my dad can lift our house," the second retorted.

"Well, my mom is better than your mom," the first said.

The second replied, "Yeah, that's what my dad says too."



A man brought his friend home for something to eat.

They walked in and found his wife and the mailman having sex on the couch. The man went into the kitchen and started making two sandwiches. His friend followed him in and asked, "But what about the mailman?"

The man replied, "He can make his own fucking sandwich."

Send your jokes to partyjokes@playboy.co.za.

PLAYBOY will pay R100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.

PLAYMATE SIGNATURE COLLECTION



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PARITITIONE SUPER

Lionel Messi

by luka vracar

There are limitations to what the human body can achieve. We can jump only so high before the planet's gravitational pull insists on keeping us on the ground. We can run as fast as we do mainly because we only have two legs and our thigh and calf muscles are only so big, and running upright, we do not have the aerodynamics of a greyhound or a cheetah. Swimming may be a complete workout, but the great resistance water offers leaves our bodies useful for little more than short bursts, at not much of a velocity either. Still, among us live *superathletes*, those who have not only become masters of their discipline, but who keep on shattering any perceptions we might have of the supposed limitations of the body. But what are the limits and how far off are these superathletes from reaching those limits? And what will aid them in getting to the absolute boundary of human performance?

Surely, a human being cannot run the 100-metre dash in four seconds. I think it is safe to bet your left leg on that fact. The physics of the feat are just impossible. No matter how tall a sprinter is, he just won't have that stride. No matter how strong he is, the torque needed is too great. The air is too thick

previous "greatest of all time" and a career is satisfied, promising the manic audience that this time it's really for real. Only for the process to be repeated by the next *wunderkind* – Sampras took it from Borg, Federer took it from Sampras and Nadal is next in line (or is it Djokovic?). So there cannot be a "greatest" athlete in history, in any sport. Because as soon as Usain Bolt, Lionel Messi, Roger Federer, Tiger Woods, Lance Armstrong and any other current-day superstar achieve their goals, a usurper seems poised to crawl out of the woodwork and better them, much the same way these guys destroyed their own childhood heroes' records.

Evolution tells us that the basic human shape will take eons to shift radically. While the sandglass fills slowly, athletes grasp at anything that may help them to chisel away at records that were previously thought to be indestructible. Some break the law, some rewrite the book. The desire to become the best in one's sport code often pushes young athletes to do whatever it takes. There are great incentives, from huge salaries to demanding fans to lucrative endorsement deals. For many, there is little time to waste because records are continuously broken and, as time passes, it is becoming more and more difficult to win. This is why,

Why are there so few records that enjoy long, smug periods of longevity? Or records that cannot be broken altogether, once and for all?

and the distance just too far. A Bugatti Veyron, which accelerates to 100km/h in 2.7 seconds, can only manage a 100-metre dash in 3.7 seconds. Yet, sprinters keep getting closer. Usain Bolt set the world record at 9.58 seconds during the 2009 World Championships in Berlin to become the fastest man to ever exist.

Now, imagine Bolt at his absolute legal maximum – with the most up-to-date gear, most accommodating tartan, and even a favourable tailwind. In this hypothetical scenario of human versus air, what time could be achieved? Surely faster than 9.58 seconds – but nowhere near the Veyron's time. Yet, conceivably, an actual number exists that reflects the true limitations of the human body.

Very few records enjoy smug periods of longevity, but at some stage, records must get set that cannot be broken altogether, once and for all – like the hypothetical time the perfect Usain Bolt would do. A future tennis player could exist who will be so skilled, quick and strong that he will win each and every Grand Slam in a 10-year career; imagine 40 Grand Slams. Federer now has 16, a pipsqueak compared to what may be possible. Theoretically this should happen; someone should be able post a 100-metre dash in a time that simply cannot be broken – not by another human.

In the meantime, records do tumble, but they are never irrefutably destroyed. Instead: an inch here, a second there, one or two trophies more than the

when their own bodies are just not enough, many athletes seek artificial assistance to have an impact on the sporting world. How many of those whom we consider "the greatest" have, in fact, had help from medical treatments, technological advancements and the optimisation of the environments in which they perform? More importantly, how many have already come close to their equivalent of that hypothetical Bugatti-like 100-metre dash?

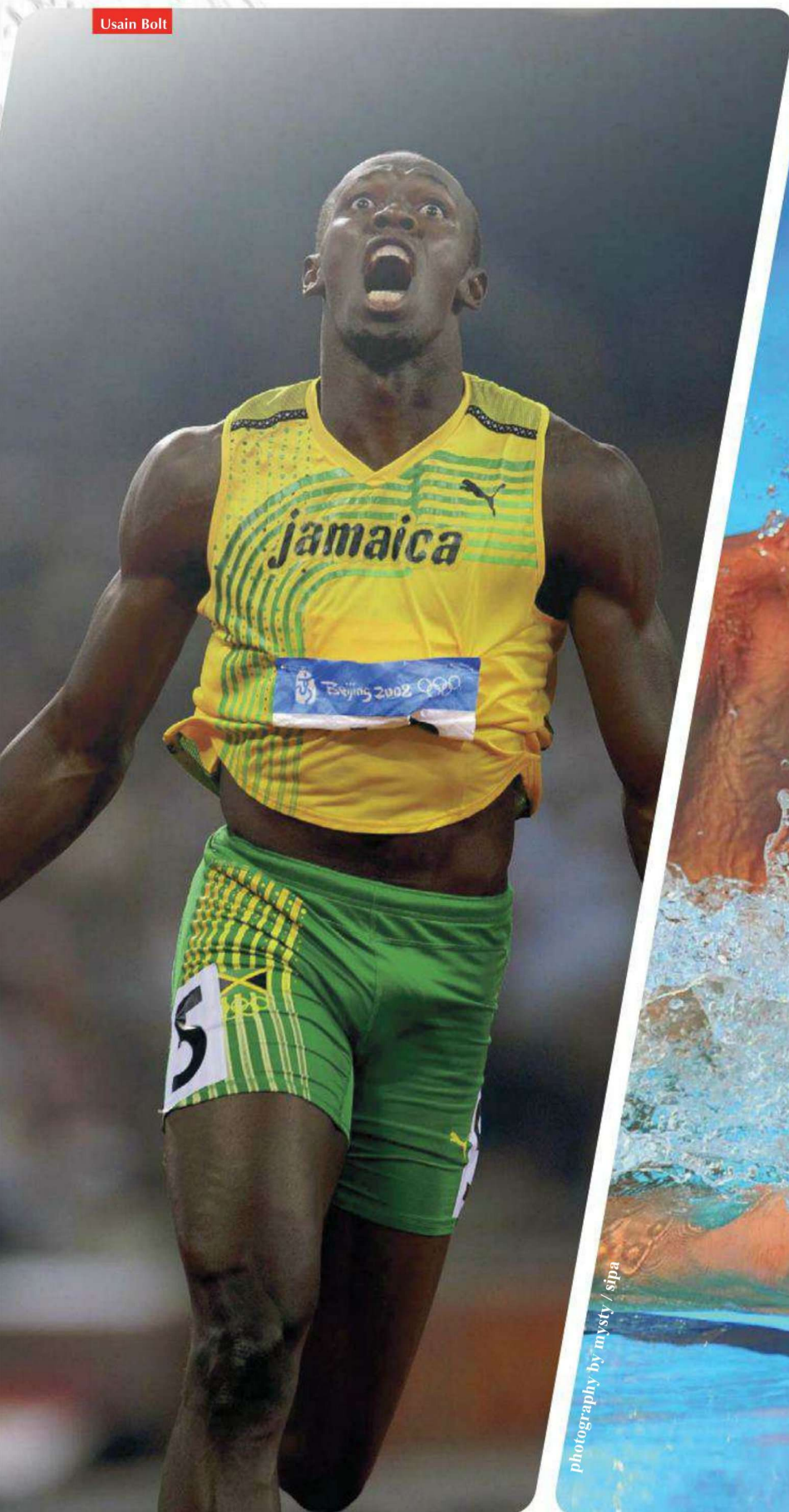
Lionel Messi, who is the greatest footballer in the world today, was diagnosed with growth hormone deficiency at age 11 when he was playing football for a local club in his home city of Rosario, Argentina. River Plate, an Argentine behemoth in the world of football, wanted him but they could not afford the medical treatments he needed. Carles Rexach, the sporting director of FC Barcelona, spotted Messi's talents and offered the diminutive playmaker a contract written on a napkin. Today that napkin is worth R2.6 billion. That is the buy-out clause of Messi's contract with FC Barcelona until 2016. But there is something significant about Messi's success: he was altered by medical care, hormones, nutrition and who knows what else. Rexach spotted Messi's potential and encouraged it to grow, quite literally. He may still be the shortest player in Europe, but will we ever know exactly how much these enhancements affected his ability?

Drugs have a significant influence in nearly all sports. That is not to imply that Lionel Messi is guilty

photography by offside / rex features

photography by andy hooper / associated news papers / rex features

Usain Bolt



Michael Phelps



photography by mysty / sipa

of any kind of illegal drug use, he had a medical condition that was treated. But would Messi have become as great had it not been for FC Barcelona's generous care? Would Tiger Woods have been able to win the playoff that clinched the 2008 US Open had it not been for the fact he was high on painkillers for a busted anterior cruciate ligament in his knee? Every winner of the Tour De France has had some sort of cocktail (that may not be true, but I'm sticking with it). It is undeniable that pressure in sport leads to substance abuse, and then you get names like Floyd Landis, Ben Johnson, Barry Bonds and Marion Jones. All thought to be the best at the time; they all used banned substances. The drugs themselves are becoming more and more plentiful, more and more complex and difficult to trace.

Technical speaking, consider Michael Phelps, who won eight gold medals at a single Olympic Games in Beijing 2008. Like Bolt, Phelps not only won gold, but also broke records in each event – totalling seven world records and one Olympic record. I do not think that Phelps's out of the pool puff on the bong (images of which surfaced after Beijing) did much in the way of supplementing to the point of greatness – Marijuana is no human growth hormone. Yet, he had other help. Technology and circumstance must have had an impact on Phelps's success. Criticisms about performance-aiding swimsuits and how they affect the body's movement in the water were raised. (Didn't Mark Spitz win his seven Olympic medals dripping-wet-moustache-and-all in 1972?). Then, there was the issue of the swimming pool used at the Beijing National Aquatics Centre. It had 10 lanes, only eight of which were used for competition, so the outside lanes were empty, plus it was much deeper, allowing for both water displacement and less turbulence. Here was the same athlete's body, but aided by an improved environment.

Swimming, we should add, is by no means the most technologically progressive sport. Footballs are lighter and fly through the air differently than they did in Pele's time. Tennis rackets now just weigh a few grams, and hit harder than ever before. Fields are treated differently. Cameras are used where they weren't used before, aiding refereeing decisions, ensuring the numbers go to those who deserve them. The material used to make kits is changing, providing for better movement and better circulation. Textiles are different. Technological advancements allow for every element that can in some way benefit the athlete, to change.

By turning to technology, we are not suggesting that the human body is flawed in any way, though. It functions just fine, most of the time, for what we need to get done in order to survive and prosper. It may betray us in its appearance at times, yet the essential design is something that could even be considered endearing: our thumbs to hold things and our eyes to see colours, ears which enable us to hear Wagner, big toes for balance, arms that reach, legs that kick and magnificent, treasured sex organs (although sex might have required less acrobatics if perhaps they were situated in a more accessible point, for example where your elbow is?).

Hooked on the thrill of performance as a species though, normal activity in all its endearing glory is just not enough. We push the body. We engineer speed and strength with the help of chemicals and kinetics in order to achieve these desires and goals, to win praise and medals. Whether it be egoism, sport in the name of fun, or pure scientific experiment and curiosity – spectator sports and celebrity proves just how fascinated we are with the activity of the body. And the end is still nowhere in sight. **3**



BRING THE HULK

FEATURE NO LIMIT

by tim houghton

Why are we bothered by steroids and banned substances and unfair advantages? Everyone keeps going on about how it's bad for competition, and how it's ruining the purity of the sacred vessel that is sport. Rubbish. It only causes these problems because some people have morals, and others don't. Some people follow the rules, and some believe in winning. The purists whine, but they only whine because they're getting beaten; the honest truth is that nobody would care one bit if all of these supplements and steroids turn them into a superhuman too.

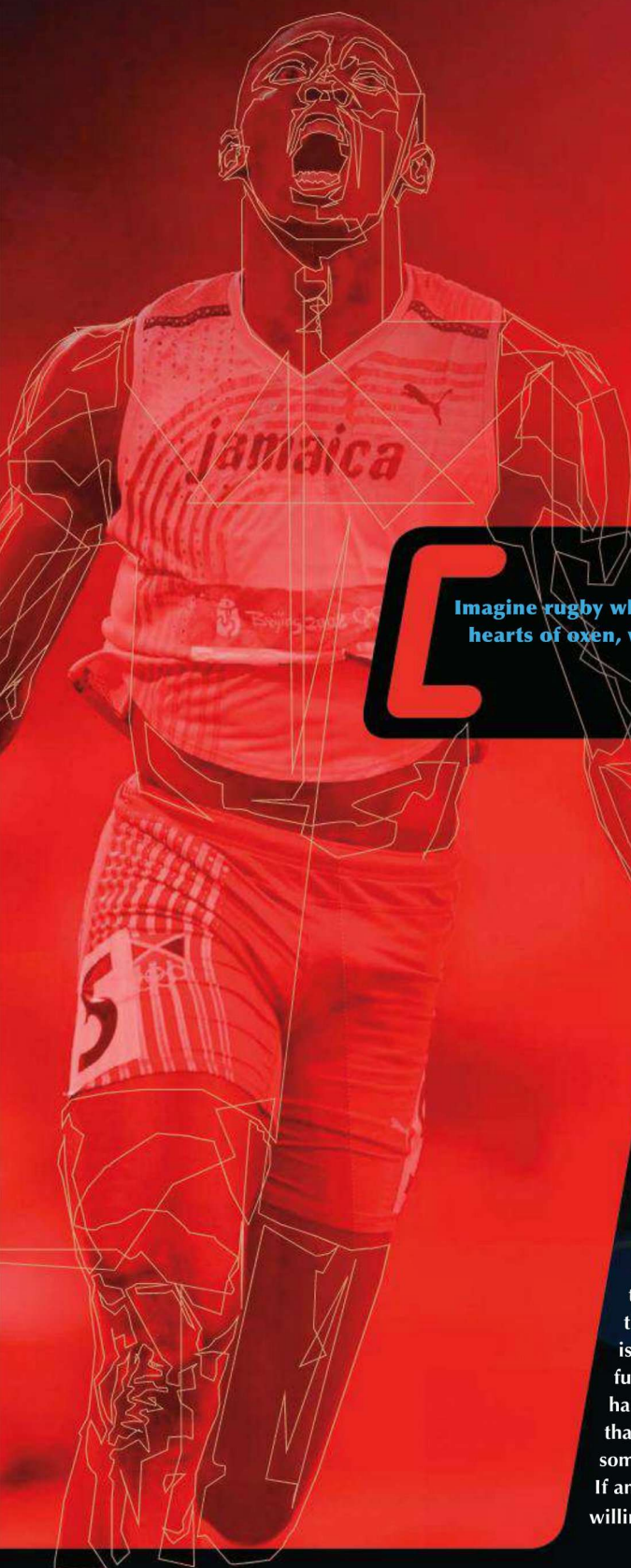
Aren't you just a little bit curious... just how far could we conceivably take the human form if we were to use all of our considerable knowledge about it? We've already seen that small amounts of these wonder drugs and hormones can produce what seem to us to be almost superhuman feats, so can you imagine how much more could be achieved if these guys lived on a solid diet of the stuff and exercise? And why stop there? Augmentation! Why not use the bounties of this planet's resources in every possible way to further these superathletes?

These men would be goliaths. Suddenly cyclists at the Tour de France would be out-running those camera motorbikes, trailing a cloud of stomach gas from the high protein shakes and not even slowing for the uphill. The bravery of the rider will be thrown into sharp relief, charging at 50 km/h up an ascent eerily resembling a tarred wall, then clocking 200 km/h down the other side, sardined into a peloton the width of the road as they steamroller forth. The bicycles will require no seats as the riders will constantly be at attack velocity, and hearts and lungs will be developed to their utter limit of capacity within the space confined, with aftermarket hearts just an internet click (and a deep pocket) away. But why stop there? Make carbon-fibre bones, for lighter mass and reduced inertia in the legs, then train with lead weights strapped on. Starting to see where we are going with this?

Or rugby. The front row gets full titanium skeletons and the hearts of oxen, while the wings get honeycombed carbon fibre with strategic reinforcement. Everyone will have internal skull-caps and neck support built in. And they'll all be off their skulls on steroids, of course. Imagine the scene: Frans Steyn dropkicking the winner from behind his own try line, the Beast beast-ing left, right and centre and Butch James shoulder-charging the opponents heads almost clean off... the field would be awash with the battered remains as these giants tear each other apart in the name of sport.

Usain Bolt would easily be in the six-second bracket by now, and that leggy Croatian high jumper, Blanka Vlasic, would be hopping over three metre high bars, as we move into the arena of athletics. Shotput/javelin/hammer/caber tossing will all be contested in a separate ballistic range, far away from small children, and they'll be pole vaulting over the grandstands on the northern end of the stadium. The steeplechase would be an actual SWAT tactical training course, to provide sufficient challenge.






And could you imagine the MMA fighters? Try this mental image of a bear and a bull fighting in the octagon. How vicious would that confrontation be? Look at Brock Lesnar *now*, or Anthony "Rumble" Johnson, they could be even bigger! Could you imagine two of those blokes going ultimate *Ultimate*? Limbs might actually be pulled right off; it would be savage.

But why stop there? Why not augment a solo yachtsman's brain with a GPS module with real-time weather updates in the name of safety, or engineer a golfer with a 500-metre drive? Anything is possible, and it would be a darn sight more interesting to watch, whatever it is. Science could finally be let off its leash in a controlled environment, and all of the work these fine academics have been doing in their labs could finally be used in a positive and constructive manner.

This does not mean that scientists should wantonly experiment on these fine athletes either. They would have the choice, as any athlete does, of utilising these advances in technology or remaining traditional, and refusing them. Doctors, to prevent lethal cocktails, would control it all to the maximum

Imagine rugby where the front row gets full titanium skeletons and the hearts of oxen, while the wings get honeycombed carbon fibre with strategic reinforcement.

permissible dose of each stimulant and then it's all up to what advantage can be dreamed up, financed and implemented by any interested party. You would also need to be a registered athlete, competing at above a certain level of competition already to qualify for potential upgrades, so you don't get some clown hopping himself up for 10 years in his basement and coming out like a new-age Frankenstein. It would still be regulated in terms of process, just not in terms of content. As long as it doesn't kill you, off you go.

Perhaps carbon fibre bones are a bit much, but how much of a difference could these drugs and hormones really make? If we keep it to organic supplementation, why not train front-row rugby players in giant decompression chambers, which apparently increase the density of your bone matter, and feed them doses of pure oxygen to increase training stamina? Use everything within the realms of possibility to engineer these people into the tools they wish to become, so that they can truly push at the boundaries of what people are capable of. There is already an unstoppable march as humans evolve further and further along their path, getting faster, harder, better; this would almost be like speeding up that process, using already strong genes as a base for something truly staggering. If anything goes: how far would *you* be willing to? 

Ducati

HYPERMOTARD

Even if you don't like Ducati, you have to respect the massive amount of pedigree and racing history encapsulated in their 87 years of operation. They moved from humble beginnings (they started as, and still are, an electronics manufacturer, although the businesses now have different owners) to utterly dominate the World Championships in the 70s, then weather the wave of Japanese pretenders in the 80s until the advent of the World Superbike Championship, where they took off mid-step, winning everything in sight. To see a Ducati on the top of the podium is not an uncommon occurrence, but their bias is much in favour of tar under wheel, not dirt. So when they released their range of Hypermotard bikes, I drooled muchly, but I was also a little sceptical; just how much do Ducati know about Motards?

Motards (and Supermotards, and now, apparently, Hypermotards) find their origin in off-road motocross bikes, the main differences being traffic-friendly lights and tarmac-friendly tyres. Otherwise, they are designed to be as agile as possible, and have a feel totally unlike any other road bike; they are the Jack Russells and Border Collies of the bike world, constantly on their hind legs and chasing their tails. In competent hands, there is no quicker way across

the road in a flurry of wind noise and exhaust burble. It sounds evil.

The hydraulic clutch is light, take-up is smooth and the power helps you out with linear and progressive response at all throttle points, and it's beautifully weighted for all speeds, town or highway. Around 120 km/h the wind starts pulling at you a bit, but if you push on, it'll run

on the outside of the handlebars, which makes it tricky to filter between traffic, but just click them into their cavities at the end of the hand guards and you're good, the bike being no wider than competitors. The 825mm seat height is quite high, forcing me to resort to tip-toes either side or a flat foot on one, but under way it is totally comfortable and confidence-inspiring.

This bike is the Subaru rally car of the bike world, in tarmac spec naturally. It just monsters everything in its path, it's got massive street cred, and you cannot have more fun in town on a motorcycle. I handed it back with an aching hole in my spirit where an Italian Hypermotard-shaped leech had been levered from its hold on my heart. I want one, badly. **V**



images courtesy ducati

It's an utter hooligan, having no right to behave like this considering its lineage, but dropping pants and doing so anyway...

urban terrain besides a helicopter. Nothing. Out of town they usually run out of speed, but this is where Friend Ducati steps in, bumping up the displacement to 803cc and instilling it with a strong dose of their road DNA, while standing the whole steering geometry of the bike up, and mounting conventional handlebars to give the natural feel of a slim motocross chassis.

And what a motor to add. The Testastretta Evoluzione motor is an absolute gem; the classic two-valves-per-cylinder Desmodromic (valves controlled by cams, instead of springs) L-twin layout is steeped in lore. Dutifully updated to comply with new regulations, it now sports fuel injection as well as a catalytic converter and full engine management.

Response was both instant and muscular, with the front wheel often finding a comfortable space about an inch and a half from the tarmac due to the abundant urge in the lower gears. It's an utter hooligan, having no right to behave like this considering its lineage, but dropping pants and doing so anyway... The twin serves up big, juicy, steak-like chunks of torque which hurl you down

out of steam at about 190, at which point you probably won't still be on it from wind pull.

It goads you like that drunk at the end of a quiet bar who doesn't know how to shut up; gets under your skin and makes you want to interact with it, involving you in every process through the supple Marzocchi forks and Sachs rear shock, and the excellent grip from the Pirelli Diablo Rosso tyres. These inputs conspire to make a very, very flick-able 800 indeed, and a slipper clutch is handy for more aggressive down-changes, allowing the wheel to roll instead of locking and sliding. It loves being leaned, and the predictable power delivery means you can get on the loud handle much earlier, slinging you down the road giggling to yourself. It brings out every naughty fibre in your being and says, "Hey buddy, it's all right, there is a space for you in this world. Go forth, and cause some shit."

Then there's the styling package they came up with. Our test unit, fitted in a matte black finish, looked like the spawn of some evil malevolent arachnid, all spindly steel trellis frame and thin, spoke-y wheels. It carries its mirrors quite wide



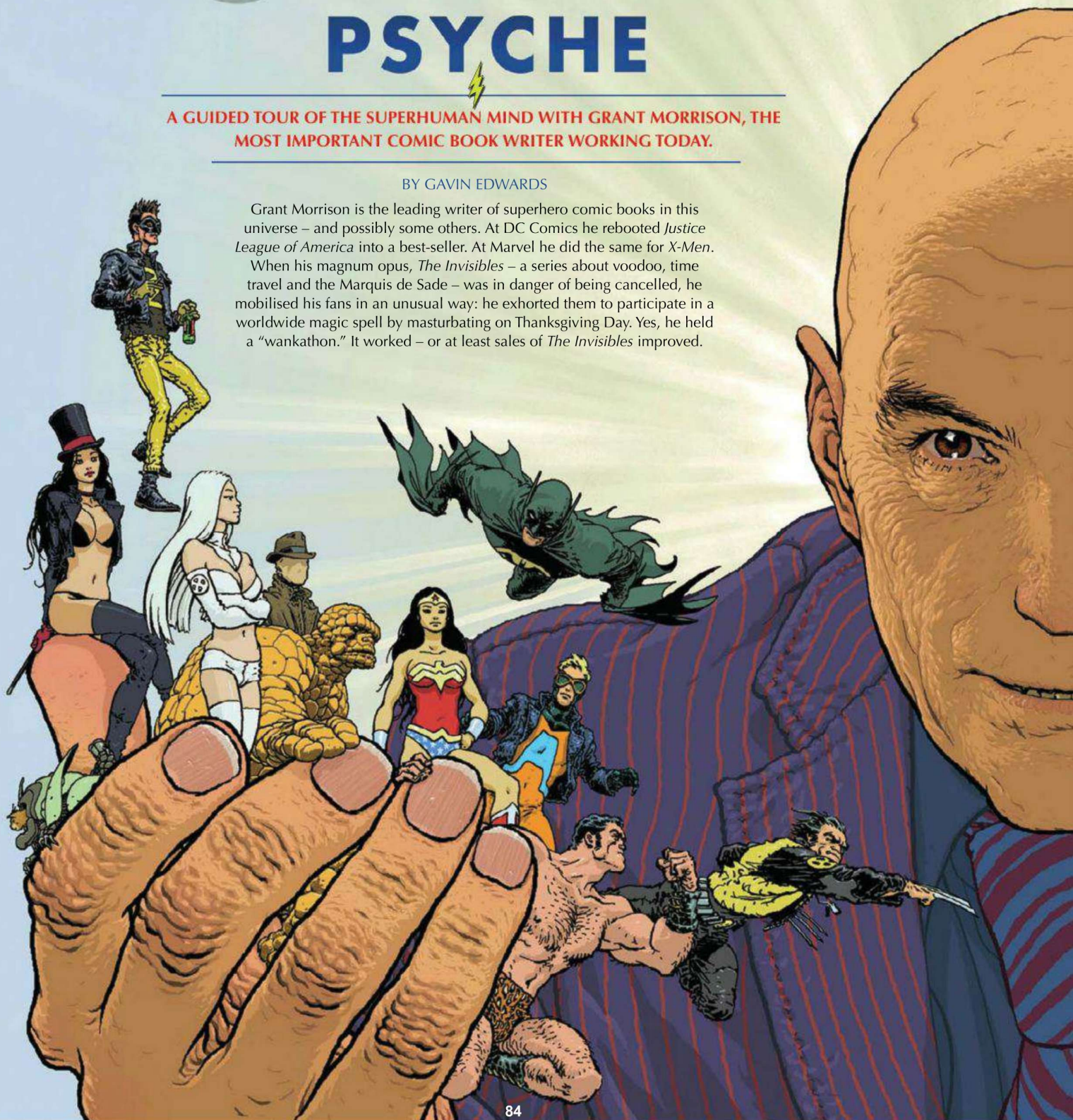


THE SUPER PSYCHE

A GUIDED TOUR OF THE SUPERHUMAN MIND WITH GRANT MORRISON, THE
MOST IMPORTANT COMIC BOOK WRITER WORKING TODAY.

BY GAVIN EDWARDS

Grant Morrison is the leading writer of superhero comic books in this universe – and possibly some others. At DC Comics he rebooted *Justice League of America* into a best-seller. At Marvel he did the same for *X-Men*. When his magnum opus, *The Invisibles* – a series about voodoo, time travel and the Marquis de Sade – was in danger of being cancelled, he mobilised his fans in an unusual way: he exhorted them to participate in a worldwide magic spell by masturbating on Thanksgiving Day. Yes, he held a “wankathon.” It worked – or at least sales of *The Invisibles* improved.





SUPERMAN

FIRST APPEARANCE:

Action Comics #1 (DC Comics, 1938).

CREATED BY: Jerry Siegel, art by Joe Shuster.

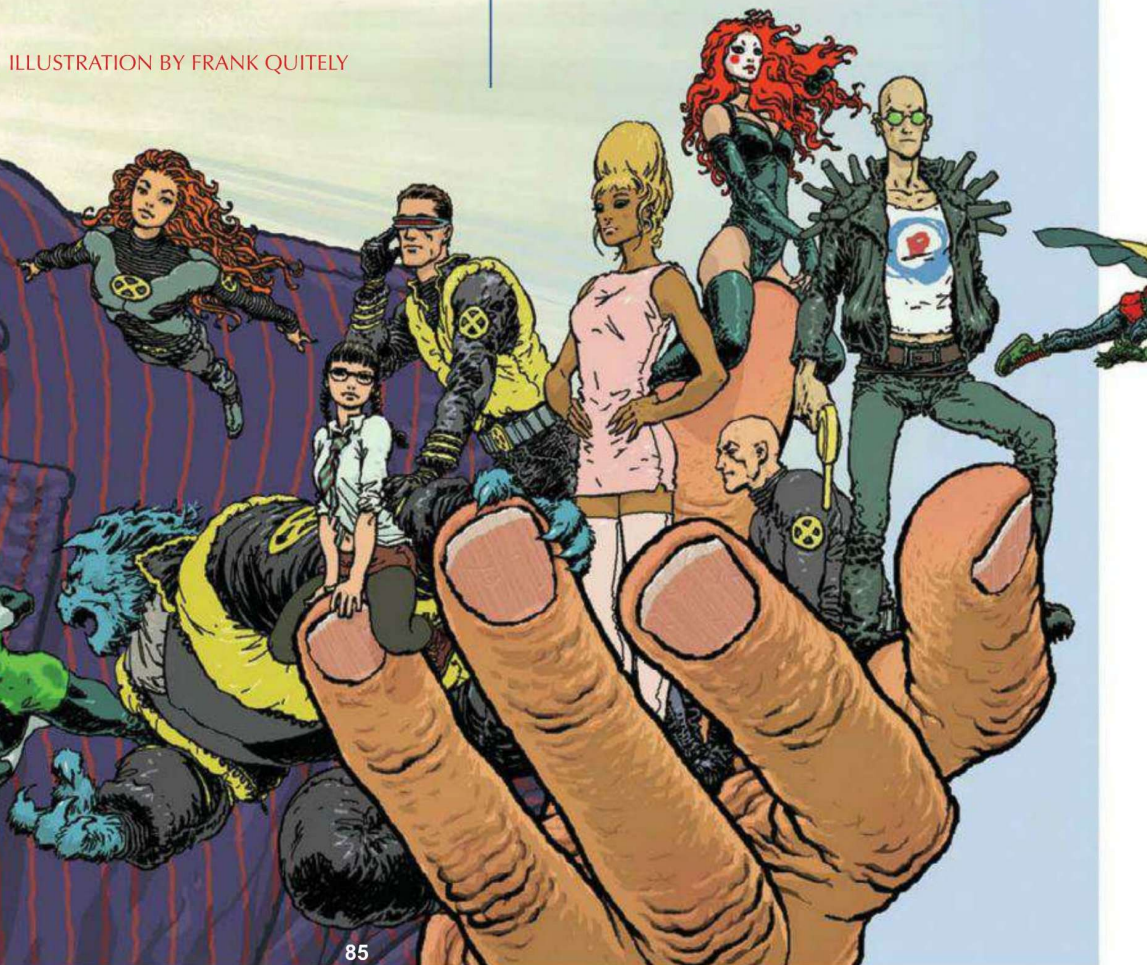
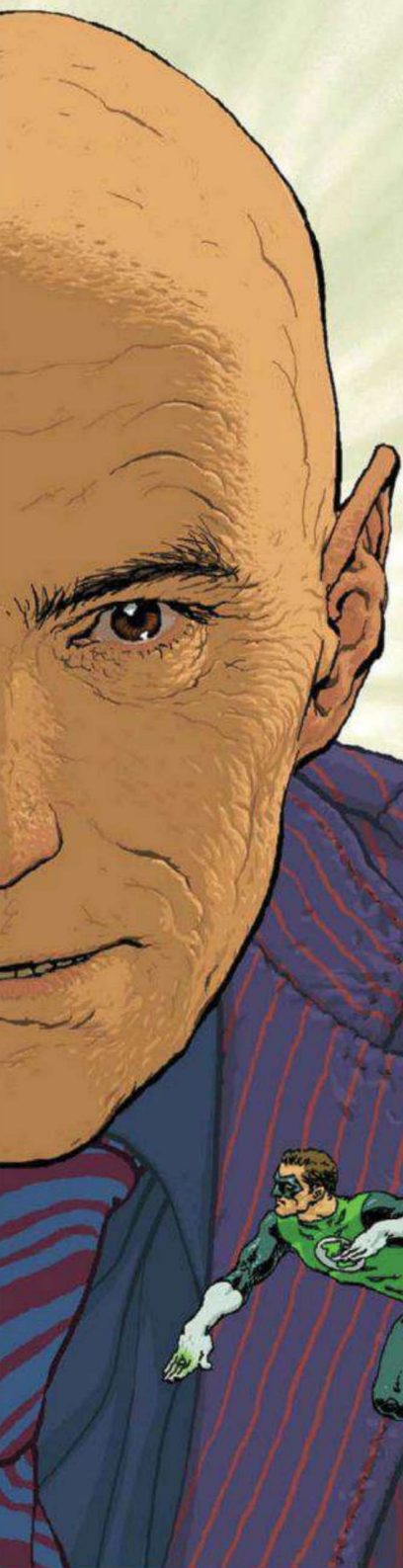
GRANT MORRISON VERSION: His definitive take was in the 12 issues of *All-Star Superman* (2006–2008).

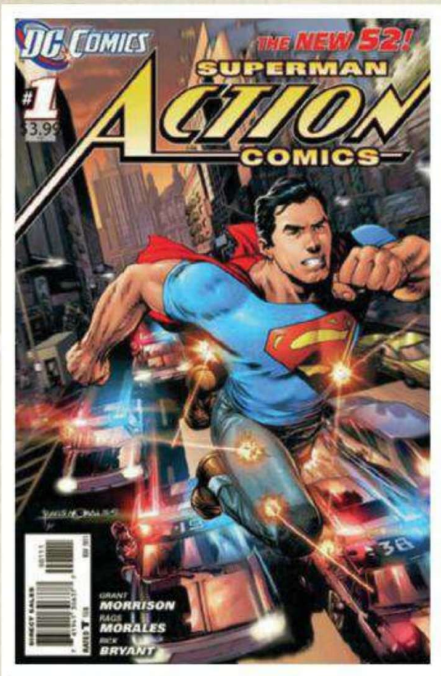
MORRISON: “When Superman was created during the Great Depression, he was the champion of the oppressed and fought on the side of the working man. He was lawless. If you were a wife beater, he’d throw you out the window. If you were a corrupt congressman, he’d swing you from the rooftops until you confessed. I think it appealed to people who were losing their jobs to machines: suddenly you had Superman wrecking machines and punching robots. But his popularity has declined – nobody wants to be the son of a farmer now. American writers often say they find it difficult to write Superman. They say he’s too powerful; you can’t give him problems. But Superman is a metaphor. For me, Superman has the same problems we do, but on a Paul Bunyan scale. If Superman walks the dog, he walks it around the

I Morrison’s personal history includes magic, wild experiments with consciousness-weakening substances and reported alien visitations, why does he keep writing about square-jawed guys with capes? “We’re running out of visions of the future except dystopias,” Morrison says. “The superhero is Western culture’s last-gasp attempt to say there’s a future for us.” Sitting in his drafty house overlooking Loch Long, an hour outside his hometown of Glasgow, the 52-year-old writer smiles. “The creators of superheroes were all freaks,” he says. “People forget that – they were all outcasts, on the margins of society.” And then, inevitably, he shifts from the third person to the first. “We’re people who don’t fit into normal society.”

All the more reason comic book writers have offered a fascinating perspective on mainstream society. We asked Morrison to dig deep into his shaved head, where heroes, antiheroes, magic and punk rock make a frothy metaphysical milkshake. Who are these – to use the title of Morrison’s most recent book – supergods? And why have they captured the imagination of the masses, some of them for generations? Herewith, an exploration deep into the psyche of the superhuman.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK QUITLEY





asteroid belt because it can fly in space. When Superman's relatives visit, they come from the 31st century and bring some hellish monster conqueror from the future. But it's still a story about your relatives visiting."

BATMAN

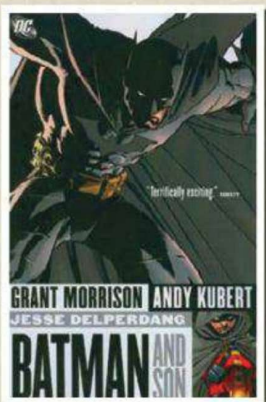
FIRST APPEARANCE:

Detective Comics #27 (DC Comics, 1939).

CREATED BY: Bill Finger, art by Bob Kane (disputed). **GRANT MORRISON VERSION:** He's been writing overlapping Batman series for DC since 2006.

MORRISON: "I got interested in the class element of Batman: he's a rich man who beats up poor people. It's quite a bizarre mission to go out at night dressed as a bat and punch the hell out of junkies. And then he goes home and lives in this mansion. There's an aspirational quality to him – he's an outlaw and he can buy anything. He has a new Batmobile every movie. He's very plutonian in the sense that he's wealthy and also in the sense that he's sexually deviant.

Gayness is built into Batman. I'm not using gay in the pejorative sense, but Batman is very, very gay. There's just no denying it. Obviously



as a fictional character he's intended to be heterosexual, but the basis of the whole concept is utterly gay. I think that's why people like it. All these women fancy him and they all wear fetish clothes and jump around rooftops to get to him. He doesn't care – he's more interested in hanging out with the old guy and the kid."

WONDER WOMAN

FIRST APPEARANCE:

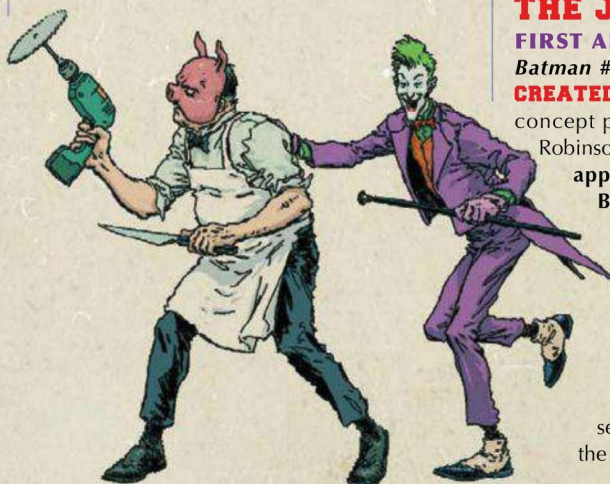
All Star Comics #8 (DC Comics, 1941).

CREATED BY: William Moulton Marston, art by Harry G. Peter. **GRANT MORRISON VERSION:**

He's currently working on a stand-alone Wonder Woman graphic novel for DC.

MORRISON: "William Moulton Marston, the guy who created Wonder Woman, was a noted psychiatrist. He's the guy who invented the polygraph, the lie detector. He was one of those bohemian free-love guys; he and his wife, Elizabeth, shared a lover, Olive, who was the physical model for Wonder Woman. What he and Elizabeth did was to consider an Amazonian society of women that had been cut off from men for 3,000 years. That developed along

the lines of Marston's most fevered fantasies into a lesbian utopia. Although they're supposedly a peace-loving culture, all these super-girls' pursuits seem to revolve around fighting one another, and this mad, ritualistic stuff where girls dress as stags and get chased and tied up and eaten symbolically on a banquet table. The whole thing was lush with bondage and slavery. Wonder Woman was constantly being tied up or shackled – and it was hugely successful. When Marston died in 1947, they got rid of the pervy elements, and instantly sales plummeted. Wonder Woman should be the most sexually attractive, intelligent, potent woman you can imagine. Instead she became this weird cross between the Virgin Mary and Mary Tyler Moore that didn't even appeal to girls."



The Justice League is like the pantheon of Greek gods. Hermes made more sense to me as the Flash.

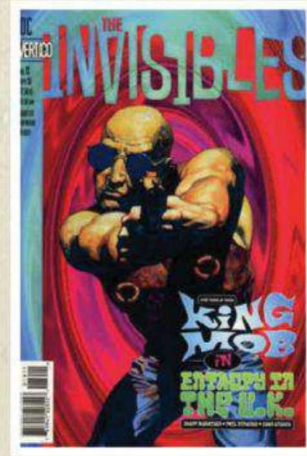
KING MOB

FIRST APPEARANCE:

The Invisibles #1 (Vertigo, 1994).

CREATED BY: Grant Morrison, art by Steve Yeowell. *The Invisibles* ran on and off from 1994 to 2000.

MORRISON: "When I was writing *The Invisibles*, I thought, If I'm going to be sitting in the house writing all day, then on weekends I want to look like this cool comic character so more girls will like me. I shaved my head and



dressed more like King Mob. It was an art thing, and it was also an occult thing. I could make things happen by putting King Mob through certain things in the comic, like a voodoo doll. If he met a certain girl, three weeks later

she would turn up in my life. It became hard to tell his life and my life apart. It got out of control – I ended up in the hospital because of it. In the comic, King Mob's cheek is eaten away by something; within three months, I'd gotten an infection that ate right through my cheek. I was conjuring these scorpion gods, and I got stung by them. That's not to say scorpion gods are real, but you can make things happen by believing in them hard enough."

THE JOKER

FIRST APPEARANCE:

Batman #1 (DC Comics, 1940).

CREATED BY: Bill Finger, art by Bob Kane, concept possibly provided by Jerry Robinson. **GRANT MORRISON VERSION:** Many appearances in various overlapping Batman series for DC (since 2006).

MORRISON: "I identify with the Joker to a certain extent – at least the way I write him, which is as this cosmic fool. He's Batman's perfect opposite, and because of that he's as sexy as Batman, if not more so. When the Joker was introduced in 1940, he was

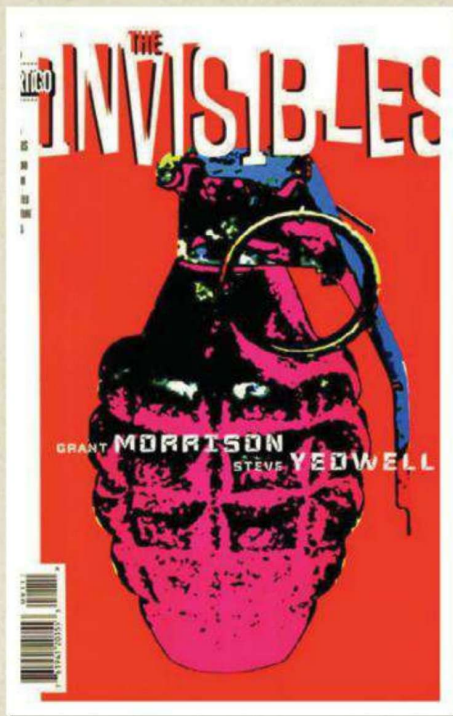
a scowling homicidal maniac. Then they took out the violence and death, and he became the chuckling clown, driving around in his Joker-mobile. Then he was the giggling mental-patient version from the TV show: Cesar Romero with his moustache covered in greasepaint. Suddenly in the 1970s he was killing his henchmen again. And in the 1980s he was a gender-bending transvestite. I said, Okay, we've had all these varied versions of the Joker. Let's say it's the same person who just changes his head every day. I rationalised that by saying he's supersane, the first man of the 21st century who's dealing with this overload of information by changing his entire personality. I quite like him, because he's a pop star – he's like Bowie."

THE SUPERCONTEXT

FIRST APPEARANCE:

The Invisibles #1 (Vertigo, 1994).

CREATED BY: Grant Morrison



MORRISON: "In Kathmandu there's this temple with 365 steps, one for each day of the year, and apparently if you can go up in a single breath, you're guaranteed enlightenment. It's easy to do if you're young and fit. I just took a deep breath and ran up. Three days later I was visited by five-dimensional aliens. (I'd eaten a bit of hash, but honestly, it wasn't a drug trip. I ate a lot of things afterward to see if I could make it happen again, and I never could.) I was in this azure blue space, and there were grid lines of silver flashing through it, but the beings looked like chrome blobs. And they were just moving about, plugging into these grids and exchanging information. I saw the entire universe from beginning to end: You had Shakespeare over here and the dinosaurs over here. Time became space, and I was bigger than both of them. Later I put that in *The Invisibles* and called it the Supercontext."

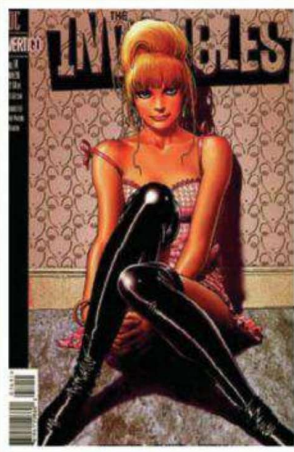
LORD FANNY

FIRST APPEARANCE:

The Invisibles #2 (Vertigo, 1994).

CREATED BY: Grant Morrison, art by Steve Yeowell.

MORRISON: "When I was doing *The Invisibles*, I was spending all my money from *Arkham Asylum* [Morrison's hit graphic novel about Batman's enemies] doing all the things I'd never done as a Presbyterian boy. You freak out,



take tons of drugs. It was about the systematic derangement of the senses, as Rimbaud said. So I came up with the notion of an alter ego who was a dodgy, freaky girl [Lord Fanny, pictured]. I can't smoke tobacco – it

hurts – but she could. I created this persona, and I'd contact demons and wander down streets in this ridiculous state. I didn't look like a girl, but I looked like a good tranny, so it was okay. I did it for four or five years before I got too old for it. I still have some of the clothes, but they mostly got destroyed doing insane rituals and climbing hills in high heels and stuff."

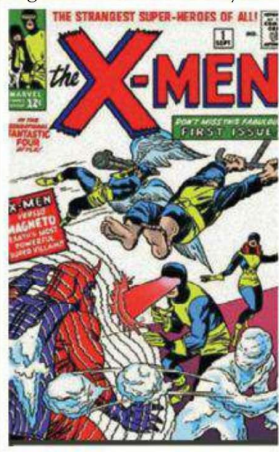
MAGNETO

FIRST APPEARANCE:

X-Men #1 (Marvel, 1963).

CREATED BY: Stan Lee, art by Jack Kirby. **GRANT MORRISON VERSION:** Morrison's run on *X-Men* lasted from 2001 to 2004.

MORRISON: "Magneto's an old terrorist bastard. I got into trouble – the *X-Men* fans hated me because I made him into a stupid old drug-addicted idiot. He had started out as this sneering, grim terrorist character, so I thought, Well, that's who he really is. [Writer] Chris Claremont had done a lot of good work over the years to redeem the



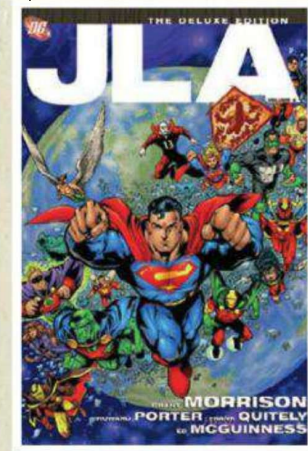
character: he made him a survivor of the death camps and this noble antihero. And I went in and shat on all of it. It was right after 9/11, and I said there's nothing fucking noble about this at all."

JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA

FIRST APPEARANCE:

The Brave and the Bold #28 (DC Comics, 1960). **CREATED BY:** Gardner Fox, art by Mike Sekowsky. **GRANT MORRISON VERSION:** Morrison revived the JLA for DC from 1997 to 2000.

MORRISON: "The Justice League is like the pantheon of Greek gods. Hermes made more sense to me as the Flash. Wonder Woman means so much more to me than Hera or Aphrodite. I could make a much quicker

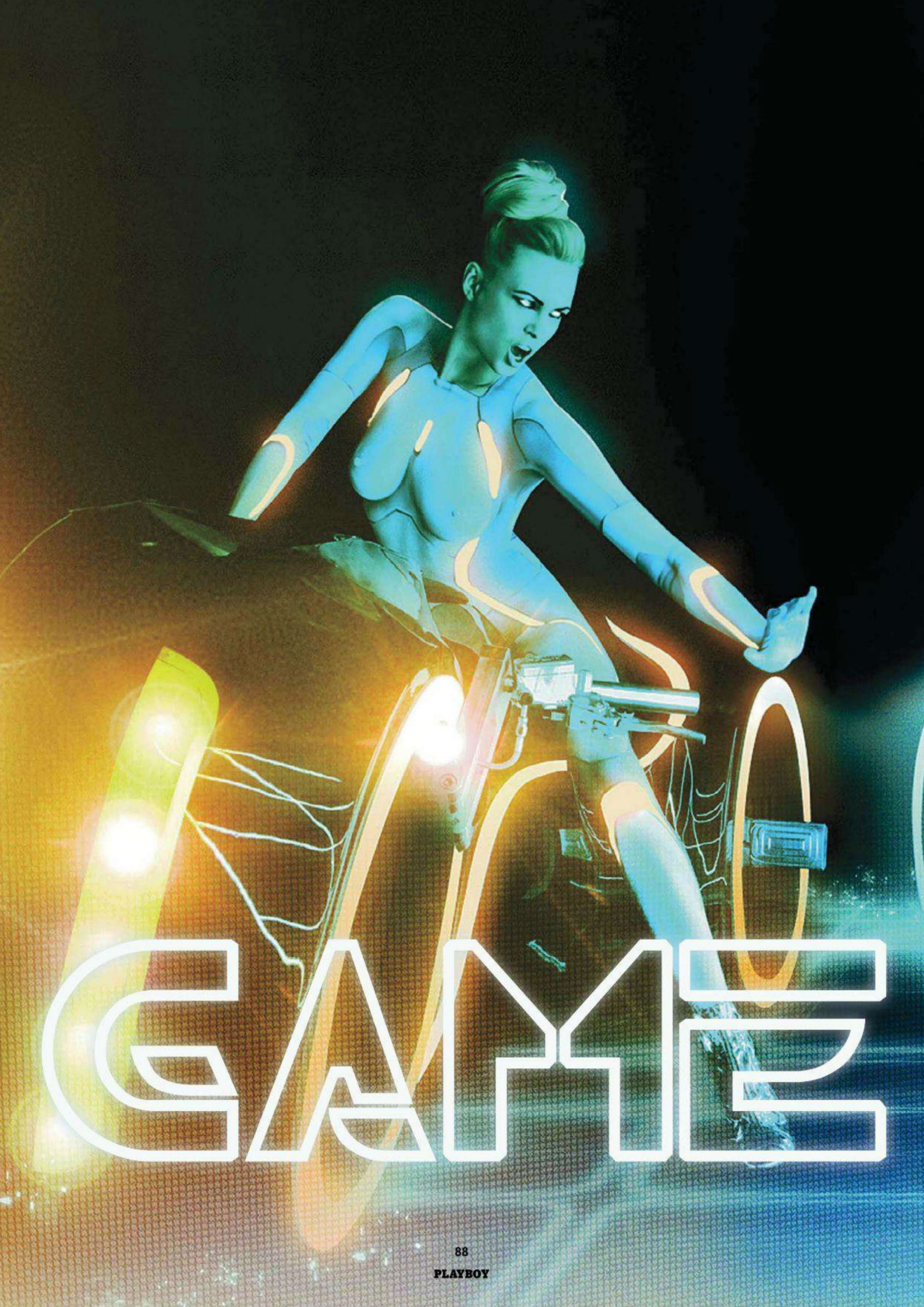


connection with the archetype of Zeus in the form of Superman. Aquaman is Poseidon, of course. Batman is Hades, the god of the underworld. People like Aleister Crowley

have written down rituals for summoning Hermes, because if you want to contact the spirit of magic, you've got to talk to Hermes. But doing magic, I would use the characters from the comics because they meant more to me. Because I do magic all the time, it's part of my normal life. I know for most people it's outlandish and impossible. So I tell people that if you are truly sceptical, do the rituals and prove to yourself that it doesn't work. And you'll get the shock of your life." **[E]**

Wonder Woman should be the most sexually attractive, intelligent, potent woman you can imagine. Instead she became this weird cross between the Virgin Mary and Mary Tyler Moore that didn't even appeal to girls.





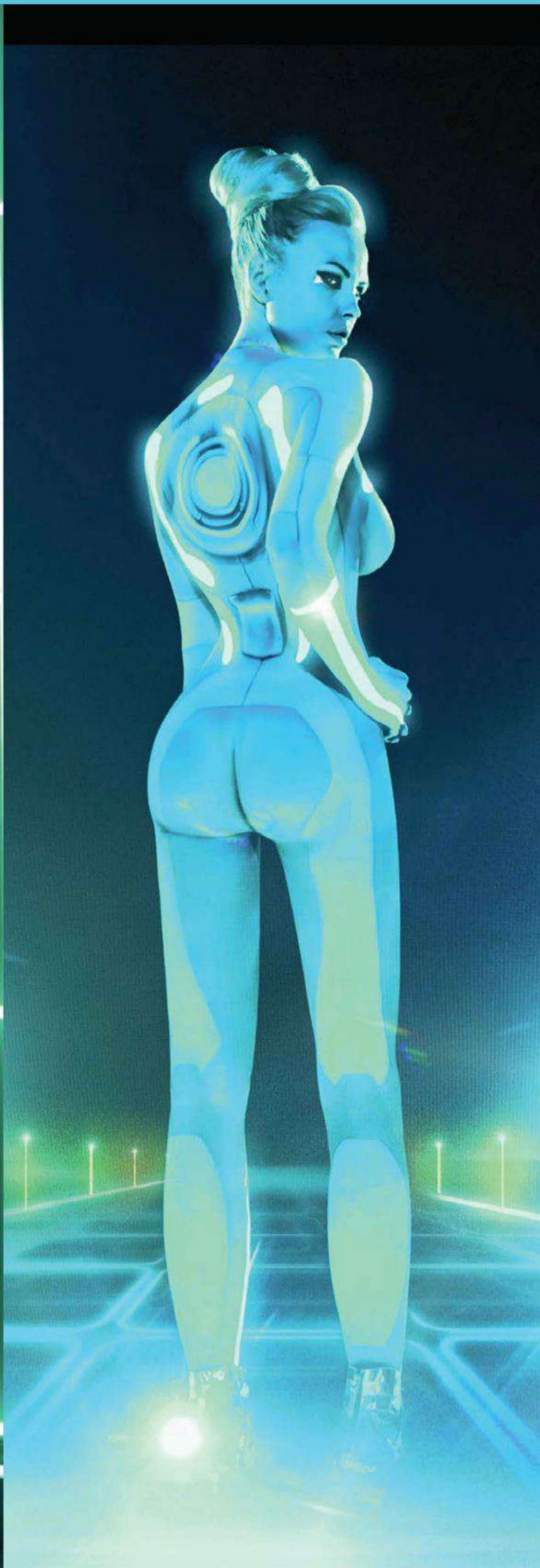
GAME



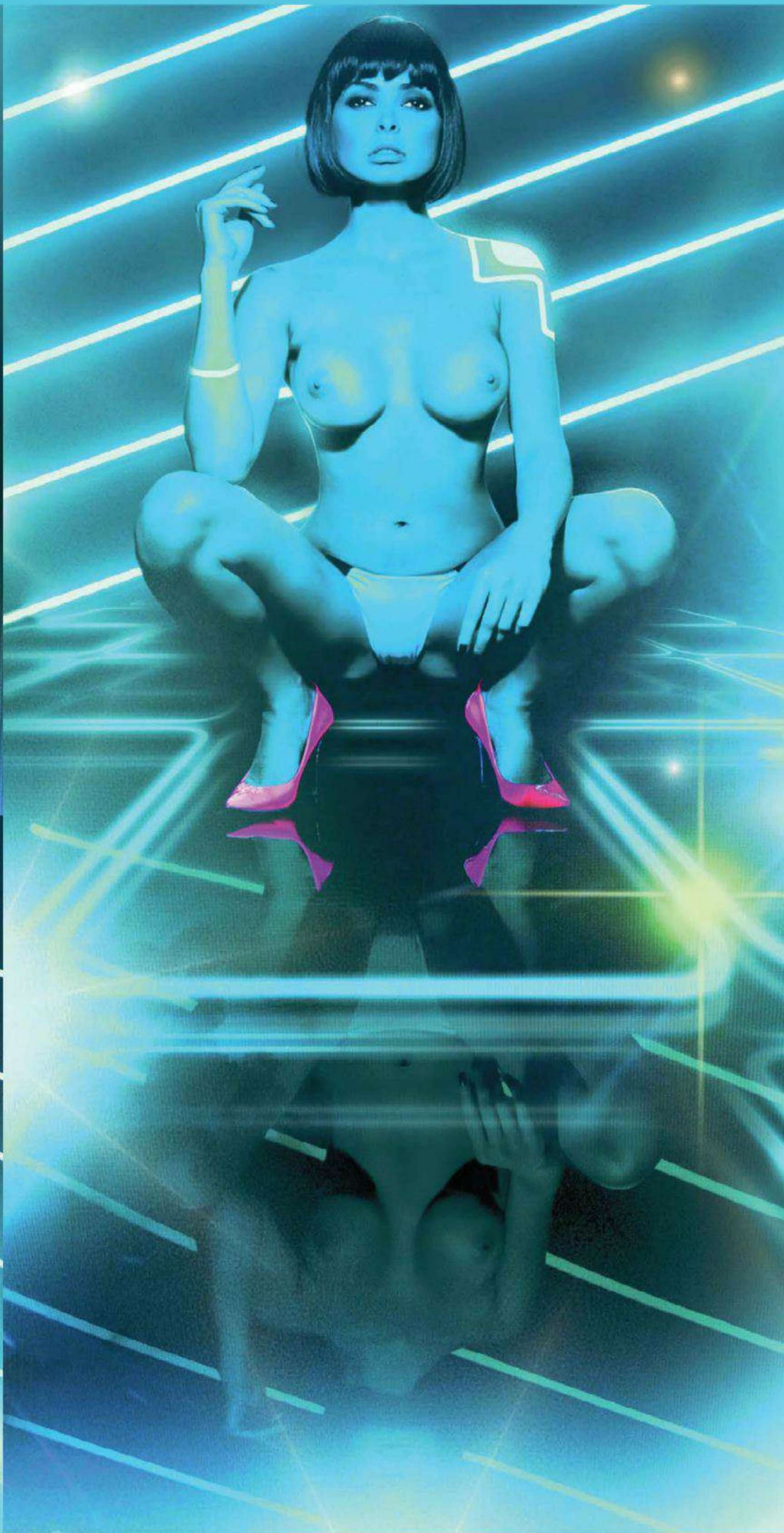
FEATURING IRINA VORONINA AND SASCKYA PORTO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JARED RYDER • ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL EVAN DENNIS • REPLICHA CHOPPER BY PARKER BROS



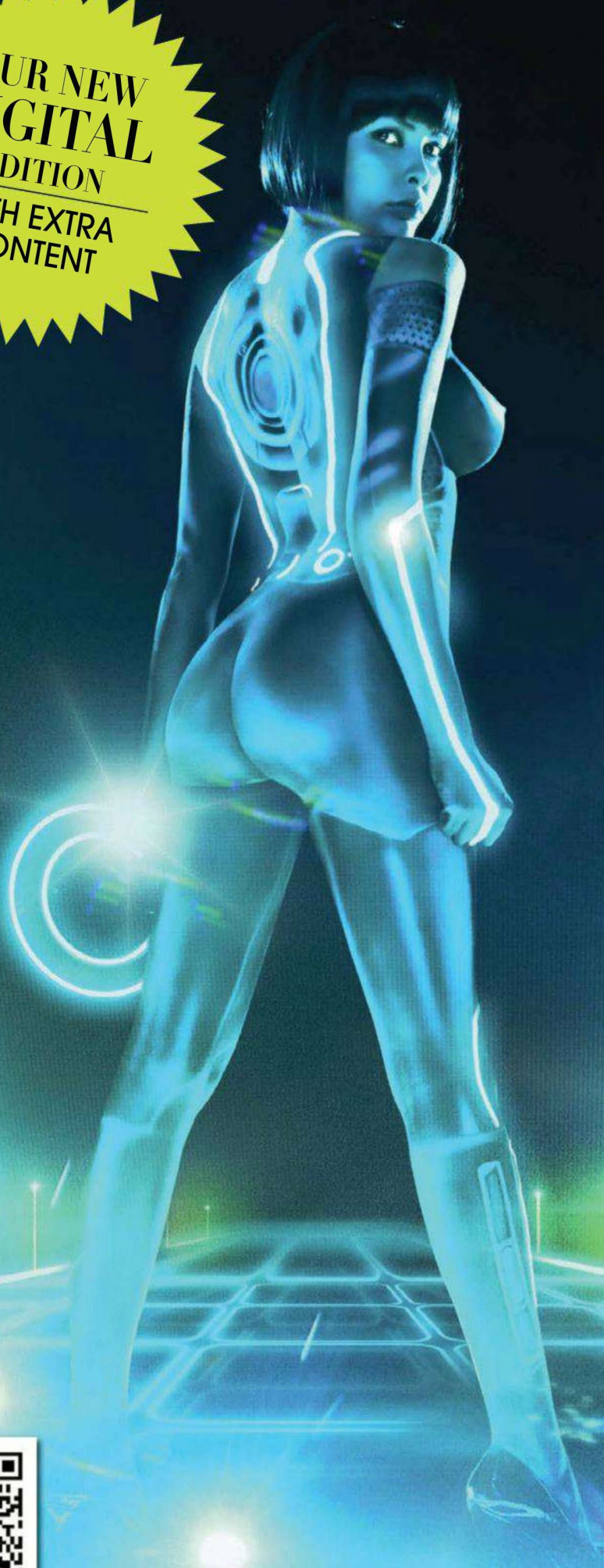






OUR NEW
DIGITAL
EDITION

WITH EXTRA
CONTENT



To see more of Irina Voronina or Sasckya Porto join the
PLAYBOY CyberClub today.



Back in 1982, the video-gaming world came alive on movie screens thanks to Steven Lisberger's visually stunning science fiction film *Tron*. The film became a cult classic.

Video game companies jumped on the bandwagon with numerous spin-offs, including arcade games from Midway and titles for Intellivision, Atari 2600 and PC. Like the original movie, the sequel *Tron: Legacy* has inspired its own neon-lit panoply of tie-ins: the *Tron: Evolution* video game, *Tron* game controllers and *Tron* bodysuits. There's even a remote-controlled light cycle toy that actually climbs walls.

That last gadget is child's play compared to Florida-based American custom motorcycle shop Parker Brothers Choppers' ridiculously cool, street-legal *Tron* light cycles. All five of the shop's limited edition, custom-built doppelgangers feature a V-Twin engine; four have a fibreglass and carbon fibre body, while one has been built exclusively with carbon fibre.

To turbocharge the culture of *Tron* with some sex appeal, we enlisted Playmates Irina Voronina and Sasckya Porto for a futuristic, neon-bathed photo shoot. Dressed for battle in *Tron*-inspired body painting – and nothing else – Irina and Sasckya bring alive the virtual world of light cycles and discs of *Tron*. Trading body paint for bikinis, Irina and Sasckya also posed for a second, out-of-this-world pictorial.

The *Tron: Legacy* movie poster said, "The game has changed." It sure has. It's just gotten a whole lot sexier. **Y**



THE CASE OF THE MISSING G-SPOT

AND OTHER MYSTERIES OF FEMALE SEXUALITY

by chip rowe, illustration by mirko ilic

DOES THE G-SPOT EXIST? CAN A FEMALE EJACULATE? WHY DO WOMEN HAVE ORGASMS? WHAT HAVE SCIENTISTS LEARNED ABOUT THE EROTIC RESPONSE OF PEOPLE WITH VAGINAS? WOMEN MAY ALWAYS BE A MYSTERY, BUT IT NEVER HURTS TO GATHER CLUES.

By the time of his death in New York in 1957, Dr Ernst Gräfenberg was the most famous German gynaecologist in the world, having spent his life crusading against “the undervaluation of female secrets” in a time when a woman’s orgasmic response hardly mattered in her ordained role as an incubator of children.

In his late 30s – after returning from in World War I, Gräfenberg completed an analysis of the contents of vaginal lubrication. Ten years later, in Berlin, he lectured on using silk placed on a coiled silver ring as a contraceptive, which became known as the IUD and which he hoped would ease female anxiety about sex. In 1933, after the Nazis forced Gräfenberg, a Jew, to give up his position as head of the gynaecology department at a Berlin hospital, he didn’t flee, believing himself safe because so many of his patients were the wives of top party officials. But healthy Aryan vaginas couldn’t save him, and the Gestapo imprisoned Gräfenberg on the questionable charge of illegally exporting a rare postage stamp. After lobbying by Margaret Sanger, the founder of Planned Parenthood, the Nazis accepted a ransom for his release.

Gräfenberg immigrated to the US, where in 1944 he and another prominent but now largely forgotten sex researcher, Dr Robert Latou Dickinson, argued in *The Western Journal of Medicine* for a then-radical contraceptive: a plastic cap placed over the entrance of the uterus to block sperm. As an aside, the men noted some patients had reported “a zone of erogenous feeling” on the anterior, i.e. front, vaginal wall. Gräfenberg continued the investigation while examining patients. In a 1950 issue of *The International Journal of Sexology* he reported that the urethra seems to be surrounded by erectile tissue similar to that inside the penis. Gräfenberg found the anterior wall in every woman to be more sensitive than any other part of the vagina to pressure from his finger.

Many women may not realise the zone exists, he suggested, because in the missionary position a thrusting erection would not hit it unless the woman draped her legs over the man’s shoulders. It would be stimulated, however, if humans consistently had sex in the manner most common among other mammals – *coitus a tergo*, or doggy style, in which the penis can apply pressure to the anterior wall. Further, Gräfenberg observed that stimulation of the area caused many women to ejaculate a clear liquid that wasn’t urine. These “profuse secretions” apparently had no lubricating effect, he wrote, since they did not appear until climax.

But, Gräfenberg’s study was filed away for the next quarter century – and it might have gathered dust for a while longer but for the curiosity of a 49-year-old widow named Josephine Lowndes Sevely. Following the death of her husband, Sevely enrolled at Tulane University to pursue a degree. In class in 1976 she was listening to a biology professor describe the work of Alfred Kinsey and Masters

induced orgasms accompanied by the release of fluid. Sevely’s first citation was the work of Dutch anatomist Regnier de Graaf. His 1672 textbook, *New Treatise Concerning the Generative Organs of Women*, contains 15 chapters filled with descriptions and drawings of female genitalia, including the membranous lining of the urethra, which he called the female prostate. “The function of the prostate,” he observed, “is to generate a pituitous-juice which makes women more libidinous with its pungency and saltiness and lubricates their sexual parts in an agreeable fashion during coitus.” He added, “It should be noted that the discharge from the female prostate causes as much pleasure as does that from the male prostate,” which produces a milky-white fluid that accounts for 25 percent of semen. Women can be enticed to this pleasure, he said, by “frisky fingers.”

Bennett gave Sevely an A+ and told her she thought the paper should be published. That fall Sevely began graduate studies at Harvard, expanding her research and soliciting feedback

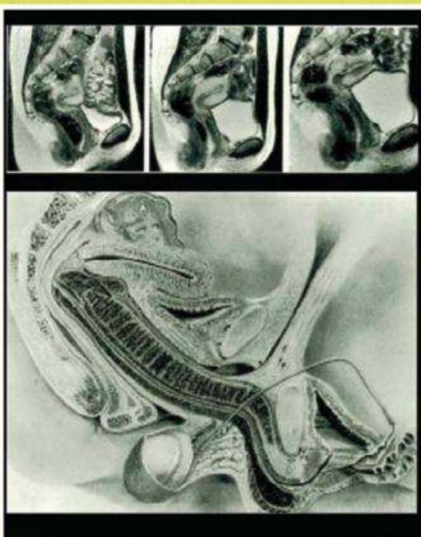
from sexologists such as John Money in Baltimore and Dr William Masters in St Louis. In February 1978 *The Journal of Sex Research* published J Lowndes Sevely and JW Bennett’s “Concerning Female Ejaculation and the Female Prostate,” followed by 38

The G-spot – or the idea of it – commanded attention for the simple reason that it meant the clitoris was not the sole source of female pleasure, as Kinsey and Masters and Johnson insisted but many millions of women knew to be inaccurate. Hines concludes that without more definitive research, “the G-spot will remain a sort of gynaecological UFO.”

and Johnson. These respected scientists, the instructor explained, had identified the clitoris as the sole source of female sexual pleasure and ejaculation as the sole province of men. Sevely was taken aback. That’s not quite right, she thought. Glancing around at her much younger classmates, she wondered, ‘do they believe this?’

When the professor, geneticist Joan Bennett, assigned term papers, Sevely already had a topic in mind. A few weeks later, Bennett found herself deeply impressed by Sevely’s report, in which the English literature major offered a parade of historical references to vaginally

references. They included Gräfenberg’s study, which Sevely first learned about from a citation in Kinsey’s 1953 best-seller *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female* but which Harvard Medical School librarians had some trouble tracking down. Reporters began calling Sevely about this amazing “new” erogenous zone, and the publicity caught the eye of Edwin Belzer Jr, a professor of health education at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He suspected from personal experience that many women who complained of incontinence during sex (and who were sometimes “fixed” with debilitating surgery) were not expelling



MRI's taken by Dutch scientists of the female reproductive organs at rest, during arousal and 20 minutes after climax. A drawing from Robert Latou Dickinson's 149 field guide, *Human Sex Anatomy*, that depicts his imagining of intercourse. The Dutch scans show the erect penis actually bends further upward, resembling a boomerang.

urine but had, prior to Sevely and Bennett's review, accepted the dismissive authority of Kinsey and Masters and Johnson. Soon after, he visited the University of New Mexico. When asked what he was up to, Belzer explained his interest in the puzzle of female ejaculation. A graduate student who happened to be listening asked if they could meet privately. Over coffee she explained how, to satisfy her own curiosity, she had on numerous occasions taken pills that contain Urised, a medical dye that turns urine blue. She would then masturbate by stimulating the front wall of her vagina. The fluid that stained her sheets at climax had either no colour or a slightly bluish tinge. "It was her report that convinced me this was no unicorn hunt," Belzer says.

And then the dam broke. In New Jersey sex researchers Beverly Whipple and John Perry were in the midst of a study in which doctors or nurses examined the vaginas of 400 women who said they expelled fluid at orgasm but who, when tested, had pelvic muscles far too strong to blame incontinence. Belzer, who had retrieved every source cited by the Tulane researchers, heard Whipple and Perry speak, in turn, at a conference; a week later he mailed them a copy of Gräfenberg's paper. Whipple and Perry were astounded. Gräfenberg had identified the same sensitive area women visiting their lab were describing to them. Because it lies deep within the vaginal wall rather than on its surface, the area requires firm, rhythmic pressure and is usually not sensitive unless the woman is aroused, when it swells to the size of anything from a small bean to a half dollar. It's difficult for a woman to find on her own unless she is squatting. Because of its proximity to the bladder, putting pressure on the area will make a woman feel as if she has to urinate. That may discourage women from exploring or prevent them from enjoying a vaginal orgasm.

As they prepared their "evidence in support of a new theory of orgasm" for the February 1981 issue of *The Journal of Sex Research*, Whipple and Perry decided to honour Gräfenberg for his discovery. The world's most famous dead German gynaecologist would have his own spot in history, his name on the lips of millions of women.

As it turns out, Whipple and Perry's tribute – the "Gräfenberg spot" (shortened by a reporter to the Gee spot and then by a publisher to the G-spot) – is a misnomer. Even Gräfenberg would have thought so, since he used the word only twice in his study, once to say it wasn't a fixed spot but an area or zone and once to point out that women had innumerable erotically charged spots all over their body. Moreover, the G is more suitable as a tribute to Regnier de Graaf, who beat Gräfenberg to the punch by nearly three centuries, although he's far from the first: A 12th century Indian love manual notes a sensitive spot "inside and toward the navel." Josephine Sevely, who in 1987 published her research in a book she called *Eve's Secrets*, objects to the term *G-spot*. Gary Schubach, a researcher who wrote his doctoral thesis on the source of female ejaculate, proposes the area be renamed the G-crest, since, when swollen with arousal, it feels more like a ridge than a spot. Early on, Whipple and Perry adopted De Graaf's language, calling the area "the female prostate gland." But *G-spot* proved to be an ingenious shorthand and a book Whipple, Perry and psychologist Alice Kahn Ladas published in 1982, *The G Spot and Other Discoveries About Human Sexuality*, has sold more than a million copies in 19 languages.

The G-spot commanded attention because it meant the clitoris was not the sole source of female pleasure, as Kinsey and Masters and Johnson insisted but many millions of women knew to be inaccurate. It meant there is no textbook female orgasm; some women come by clit, some by vagina but most apparently by a "blended" response involving as many as five major nerves. Some ejaculate, some don't. Every variation on the theme is natural and normal. In a 2005 study of blood flow in the brain during climax, Whipple and a Rutgers University colleague, Barry Komisaruk, identified four distinct cognitive responses created by stimulating the clitoris, G-spot or cervix or by "thinking off" with no stimulation. They also found that women paralysed by spinal cord injuries can reach orgasm through their cervix or vaginal walls. The reason? While the clit is connected to the brain primarily by the pudendal nerve, which travels through the spinal cord, the vagina is supplied by the pelvic nerve, which does not, and the cervix by the pelvic, hypogastric and vagus nerves. The female orgasm will not be denied.

Male scientists have been debating for some time whether women can have vaginal orgasms without the involvement of the clitoris, that amazing organ whose only apparent function

is to give pleasure. Women don't seem to care so much as long as both possibilities aren't ignored, although many report vaginal orgasms to be more intense, especially with ejaculation. In the early 20th century Sigmund Freud hypothesised that as a woman matures, she abandons her "phallic" masturbatory focus on the clitoris (the female version of the penis, said Freud) and turns to the more feminine, penetrative pleasure. Starting in the 1920s Dr Karen Horney relentlessly mocked this "clitoral-vaginal transfer theory" until the aggrieved Austrian finally lashed out, claiming his critic had undiagnosed penis envy. Writing in his 1949 *Human Sex Anatomy: A Topographical Hand Atlas*, Robert Latou Dickinson sided with Horney. "Exalting vaginal orgasm while decrying clitoris satisfaction is found to beget much frustration," he reported. "Orgasm is orgasm, however achieved."

John Perry believes Freud has gotten a bum rap. The psychoanalyst recognised both areas as capable of producing climax, Perry notes, but at the time "it would have been as unthinkable for a Victorian to advocate the active use of the vagina before marriage as it was to advocate the continuation of masturbation after marriage." The clit doesn't atrophy after a woman begins to have mature vaginal sex, Freud wrote; its function becomes to transmit "the excitation to the adjacent female sexual parts just as pine shavings can be kindled in order to set a log of harder wood on fire."

Rather than Freud, Perry says, Alfred Kinsey is responsible for the notion of distinct innie and outie orgasms because he so adamantly dismissed the vaginal variety. He based his belief in a single sexual trigger on the fact that it exists in men, i.e., the penis. But Perry notes there is no scientific basis for that conclusion, especially since it's clear men can also reach climax through prostate stimulation. To validate his view, Kinsey set up an experiment in which three male and two female gynaecologists touched more than 800 women at 16 points, including the clit, labia, vagina and cervix, with the equivalent of a cotton swab. Triumphant, Kinsey reported that while almost all the women felt the light touch to their clits, only 14 percent felt it inside their vaginas. He concluded that it was "impossible" for the vagina to be "a centre of sensory stimulation." Some see evidence in the way women masturbate: Kinsey found that of those he surveyed 84 percent said they manipulated their clits and labia minora, and less than 20 percent inserted a finger or an object and even then usually stimulated their clit at the same time. In other words, women may be fantasising about intercourse, but they aren't trying to re-create it.

Despite Kinsey's confidence in his methods, Perry notes that a swab doesn't feel much like a thrusting erection or a finger, and there is no evidence that light touching of any area tells you much about a person's sexual response. In addition, Kinsey found that 91 percent of

the women could feel pressure applied to the vaginal wall. So rather than proving vaginal orgasm a "biologic impossibility," Perry says, Kinsey showed the opposite. Nevertheless,

NONBELIEVERS

Whatever the science, the G-spot has infiltrated the popular culture to such an extent few men or women seem to doubt

The world's most famous dead German gynaecologist – Dr Ernst Gräfenberg – would no longer be overlooked. In fact, he would have his own spot in history, his name on – and behind – the lips of millions of women.

after the publication of *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female*, psychologists began repeating their single-locus mantra to female patients. In the 1960s Masters and Johnson declared the vagina had only two functions: to serve as a place to stimulate an erection to orgasm and as a place to deposit semen. Helen Singer Kaplan, another prominent sexologist, said, "Probably most women are not intended to have orgasm during intercourse." Yet no one could explain why so many women, including thousands of those interviewed by Kinsey and his researchers, had such good things to say about the vagina. Kinsey concocted a few hypotheses to explain pleasure from penetration, including the "psychological satisfaction" of the act (reflected years later in a comment by sex researcher Shere Hite that clitoral orgasms are "real" while vaginal ones are "emotional"), the grinding of their partner's pelvis when he doesn't use his arms to support himself (promoted decades later as the "coital-alignment technique") or indirect stimulation of the clit when it is tugged by the movement of the muscles in the vagina and pelvic floor.

There's another factor Kinsey didn't consider. In 1924, in a French medical journal, an amateur sexologist named Marie Bonaparte (a great-grandniece of Napoleon) reported the results of her examination of 243 women recruited through doctor friends. She interviewed each patient about her sexual response, then measured the distance from the woman's vagina (more precisely, her urethral opening) to her clitoris. Bonaparte found that the 21 percent of her sample who had the most space – as much as two inches – reported the least frequent orgasms from intercourse. The 69 percent who had less than an inch said they nearly always came from penetration. The 10 percent who had precisely an inch, Bonaparte said, lived on the "threshold of frigidity." Kim Wallen, a professor of behavioural neuroendocrinology at Emory University who has verified Bonaparte's math and hopes to repeat her experiment, sums up the findings thus: "If the distance is less than the width of your thumb, you are likely to come." If true, the maxim raises an intriguing question: Are many, most or all women who regularly climax during penetration simply those whose clits are nearest the thrusting penis? Is the G-spot a pink herring?

its existence. So in August 2001, when Terence Hines, a professor of psychology at Pace University and an adjunct professor of neurology at New York Medical College, portrayed the spot as fanciful, echoing criticism heard in 1982 after the release of *The G Spot*, he found a target drawn on his groin. A dedicated, Hines speaks about the G-spot with the glee of a man who enjoys a good pissing match. When a student in an introductory physiology course asked about it during a discussion of human sexuality, Hines assumed its existence had been proved. But when he reviewed the medical literature, he was underwhelmed. In a scathing commentary published on 28 August 2001 in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology*, Hines said he could find only two clinical studies, neither close to convincing. A 1981 case study by Belzer, Perry, Whipple and others involved a woman who experienced "deeper" orgasms and whose anterior vaginal wall appeared to grow about 50 percent during arousal. A 1983 review by Whipple and five colleagues involved gynaecologists who first underwent three hours of training before being asked to determine if any of 11 women had a G-spot (four did). Besides the fact the subjects knew what researchers were looking for, which certainly introduced bias, writes Hines, "it is astonishing that the examination of only 12 women, of whom only five 'had' G-spots, form the basis for the claim that this anatomic structure exists."

In his coup de grâce, Hines concludes that without more definitive research, "the G-spot will remain a sort of gynaecological UFO." That catchy phrasing immediately generated buzz, including invitations from women who offered to show Hines their spots firsthand, but the 9/11 attacks pushed the debate out of the news. Hines says he's surprised no one in the years since has answered his challenge. While Gräfenberg mentions nerves inside the anterior wall of the vagina, he cites another study, which Hines says offers no source and mentions it only in the course of dismissing the idea the vagina has nerves. Hines says he had hoped his commentary would be an introduction to definitive research he would conduct himself; he planned to dissect the front vaginal wall of a number of female cadavers (tricky but not impossible, he says) and use medical staining to search for nerve bundles. However, he says the Catholic officials who run the New York Medical College refused to allow it.

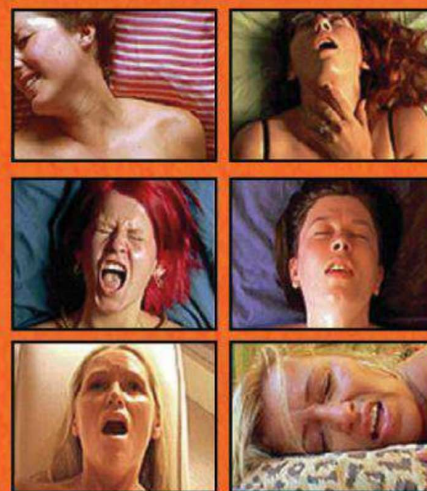
THE FEMALE ORGASM: WHY BOTHER?

Yes, we do hope to get laid again. But in reproductive biology, it's a fair question as to why we bother. A woman who has never come in her life can still become great with child, so it's clearly not required to keep us around. Why then has female climax survived? Choose your favourite hypothesis:

(1) Orgasm is designed to encourage a woman to copulate despite her better judgment, given that she might get knocked up and spend nine months – and a lifetime – largely incapacitated. However, evolutionary biologist David Barash and clinical psychiatrist Judith Eve Lipton, co-authors of *How Women Got Their Curves and Other Just-So Stories*, note that many other animals get the job done without the promise of "an orgasmal carrot." In fact, they appear to fuck with a sense of bored resignation.

(2) Orgasm encouraged early females to have sex with a variety of males in pursuit of "sustained clitoral stimulation," suggests anthropologist Sarah Blaffer Hardy, though these days it just contributes to "pair bonding," or bringing couples closer together emotionally. Barash and Lipton counter that female orgasms may actually promote monogamy, based on research suggesting women are more likely to climax with familiar partners.

(3) Orgasmic contractions help push the sperm toward the egg or contribute to a safe passage in other ways such as by widening the cervix and/or weakening the mucus plug blocking the entrance to the uterus. Studies by biologists Robin Baker and Mark Bellis suggest if a woman does not reach climax or comes more than a minute before her partner, she retains much less sperm. There's also the commonly cited but widely challenged "uterine upfuck hypothesis," introduced in 1970 after two trials on a single volunteer supposedly found negative pressure (i.e., a vacuum) in her vagina.



From www.beautifulagony.com, which solicits video taken from the shoulders up during climax. It has collected some 2,500 orgasms.

Two years later Hines dog-eared a study in the *Journal of Sexual Medicine*. A team led by Dr Emmanuele Jannini, a professor of experimental medicine at the University of L'Aquila in Italy, took high-definition ultrasound images of the genitalia of 20 volunteers. He found the nine women who said they had G-spot orgasms had slightly thicker tissue (by about two millimetres) along the upper wall between the vagina and urethra than the clitoral-orgasm group did. Although his study was small, Jannini nevertheless claims he has proven some women don't have G-spots. But Hines isn't sure how Jannini can be so certain, given that he defines the G-spot as "the human clitoris-urethrovaginal complex." This, Hines notes, "extends the size of the zone quite a bit – why not just say it's the entire vagina? What I think is going on here is that if the vaginal tissue is thicker, the vaginal space is smaller. In other words, the woman is tighter – and everyone has a better time regardless of the relative number of neurons." Other factors could also be at play in whether a woman responds to vaginal stimulation, including the size of her clitoris, her state of arousal and the strength of the hammock-like pubococcygeus muscle, which has a direct line to the sexual centre of the brain via the pudendal and pelvic nerves.

Along with many feminist writers, Hines says his criticism comes out of a concern that the notion of a hypersensitive area sets women up for failure. "Women who don't respond to stimulation, as the G-spot myth suggests they should, may end up feeling inadequate or abnormal," he writes. Ed Belzer has had the same reservations. "I was speaking years ago to a couple about sex therapy," he says, "and when the husband brought up the G-spot the wife chimed in, 'I don't want to hear about this. It took me long enough to accept myself without having another hurdle to get across.' We've always been sensitive about that; it's not an athletic achievement." For many, the

"discovery" of the G-spot only ratcheted up what JoAnn Loulan describes in *Lesbian Sex* as "the tyranny of orgasm" – women are expected, like men, to be satisfied only if they reach the "goal" of climax.

Naturally, every prominent G-spot researcher took issue with Hines's conclusions. Whipple and Perry could barely contain themselves, noting the critic had cited only 24 of more than 250 studies on the matter before dropping this anvil on his head: "By saying the G-spot is a myth, Hines has now contributed to denying women's sexual response and pleasurable experiences." Dr Jules Black, a prominent obstetrician in Australia, wrote Hines personally: "If the phenomenon cannot yet be explained to the nth degree physiologically, anatomically, biochemically, histologically, histochemically, etc., so what? There are many bodily functions where the pathways from cause to effect aren't fully worked out. For years I have been telling Beverly Whipple to get some of her proven research subjects to will their vaginas to science so that we can reverse engineer them."

If a G-spot can't be found, does it exist? In a 2002 study, Jannini at the University of L'Aquila reported dissections of the pelvic regions of 14 female cadavers had revealed two women who did not have erectile tissue along the front inner wall of their vagina and five who did not have paraurethral glands (sometimes called the Skene's glands, after a doctor who described them in 1880 but believed them to be inactive), which may account for female ejaculation. Three years later anatomist Dr Helen O'Connell proposed that the G-spot may never be found because it's not a separate structure that can be identified through dissections or scans. Instead, it's part of two erectile bulbs that extend from a highly sensitive external nub into the body, where they wrap around the urethra and vagina. The G-spot, she suggests, is the unseen clitoris. 📌

(4) Rather than helping the sperm along, orgasmic contractions aid fertilisation by pulling the cervix up and away, making the journey tougher for sperm but giving them more time to undergo a chemical transformation that prepares them to merge with the egg.

(5) Orgasm has developed as an exaggerated "post-copulatory display," including audibles, to inform other potential mates the female has made her selection and been fertilized and/or to let her partner know she's receptive.

(6) Orgasm is an evolutionary by-product – women don't need to come, but since the clitoris is created with the same foetal tissue as the semen-shooting penis, climax also happens to exist in females. In other words, writes anthropologist Donald Symons, who proposed this explanation in 1979, female orgasm has no adaptive function but is simply a potential. It's still around because it's too hard to eliminate during the sensitive process of creating an embryo, and there's no need, since it does no harm. (Biologist Elisabeth Lloyd, who examines all these hypotheses and a number of others in *The Case of the Female Orgasm*, thinks Symons's conclusion is the best one.) The analogy most often cited is the male nipple, which has no function but appears because nipples develop before sexual differentiation. Barash and Lipton note the problem with this analogy is that the clit does do something.

(7) Orgasm is a way for a woman's body to tell her brain she's having sex with a suitable partner, i.e., a male who is confident and unhurried enough to satisfy her, which reflects well on the quality of his genes (dominant males don't fear competitors who might interrupt) and his potential as a long-term provider. Barash first proposed this idea in 1979 (a good year for female-orgasm hypotheses); he and Lipton suggest someone test for a correlation between a man's skill as a lover and his skills as a father. Evolutionary psychologist Clara Jones wonders if early women who had multiple orgasms attracted better mates because only the strongest, most dedicated males could and would stick around for more than one. It could also explain why females fake orgasms, the reproductive equivalent of a director at an audition saying, "Thank you. We've seen enough."



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Real Recording Studios

by luka vracar

When I was 14 years old I played bass guitar in a high school heavy metal band with some close friends. We weren't very good, but we had fun covering Soulfly and Marilyn Manson and we thought the sun shone out of Tom Morello's ass. We even ventured so far as to write our own songs: droning drop-D riffs and rattling drums. No vocals though; we could not afford a PA system. It went this way for a year or two, playing the odd house-party, even a pretty cool gig at a skate park. We never took it seriously. The cottage we played out of was in the backyard of the drummer's home. It was tiny, with a drum-set in the corner, ash stains on the floor and various other bric-a-brac scattered around. It turned out to be more of a refuge, where we could do all the things 14-15 year olds are not supposed to do, rather than a serious rehearsal space. But it was ours, or own space, a little dream come true. When it was

time to record a demo to enter the local Battle of the Bands we were sure our ingenious plan to record everything through a mic hanging from a ceiling and onto a hip-looking tape recorder would work. And our little cottage did not let us down. We were in the Battle.

Openroom Productions is that very same dream. A modern recording studio in trendy Greenside, Johannesburg, it represents that very space where musicians need to man up and account for themselves. If you want to make it as a musician there are no two ways about it: you need to cut your teeth in the studio. You need to sacrifice time and sanity for that one piece of music you want others to hear. In order to get to this next level you need a place like Openroom.

As a musician, you are nothing but a mindless string-picker; you are Animal from the Muppets. You need a producer. Someone like the founder of Openroom, Grammy-award winning Darryl



Torr, to guide you through this harsh transition. He is St Paul at the gates of heaven. He is the ferryman on the River Styx. Check your self-righteousness at the door; there will be time for that when you sell out the Coke-A-Cola Dome. You need a hit record first.

Standing at the helm of the main mixing-desk at Openroom, I was reminded of that tape-recorder we used to record our demo all those years ago. That tape-recorder may be like the modern MacBook or tablet; a small piece of portable gear with software that allows you to produce as soon as a melody tinkers its

it allows artists to explore is mind-numbing and undeniable. They essentially do the same thing, but they are parallel universes apart. And ultimately, when it is time to record, without a studio your sound quality is severely limited.

Resembling some grunged-out Jean-Luc Picard, Darryl gives me a tour of the way his console works, showing me exactly how a R60,000 effects plugin makes a recording sound like this and then like that, alternating between on and off, for emphasis. I'm in over my head, but the two-time SAMA winning musician (formerly of Dear Reader) is in his element.

have made us sound better... okay at best... still pretty bad, though. It would not have been for his lack of trying. What matters at Openroom is the process, the producer/artist relationship and using the resources available to create and bring out quality music. I was amazed when Darryl described how he goes out to look for artists instead of just taking the first guy that knocks on his door with a demo (there go my dreams), how fragile a project is and needs to be nursed from concept to product, how much he cares about helping an artist to record and how every tiny note is run through all that gear,

As a musician, you are nothing but a mindless string-picker; you are Animal from the Muppets. You need a producer.

way through your head. In the past, exploring an idea and translating it into reality meant serious studio time, with all the required mics, electronics and computers running smoothly. Nowadays, Darryl heads to his iPad.

The Openroom Studio is, therefore, the tape-recorder all grown up; its sheer size and the infinite number of possibilities that

Darryl is so passionate about his studio it seems that he is convinced that you are nowhere without that one single plugin that applies one single effect to your sound.

When I was in a band we also had one single effect: the amps were either on, or they were off. But we were young and ignorant to the possibilities. I am pretty sure that Darryl could

scrutinized and manipulated until it is perfect. Perhaps there is a symbolism in the huge glass window facing out onto a Johannesburg street, letting the pundits at nearby Odds Café sip their Americanos and peer in as an artist bares his soul on tape.

There are curtains to close that window, to keep those eyes fixed elsewhere when





*"It's one thing
playing a song and having
a reproduction of that song,
and it's another thing being
really good at your art."*
-Darryl Torr

the moment calls for intimacy. Because for the artist to imagine that a recording studio is something endlessly glamorous is to miss the point entirely. Sometimes a guitarist needs to be told that he is not good enough to record a certain part, that someone else should do it. Other times, lyrics are just bad and someone needs to tell their writer. Musicians have their own instruments, but there is a reason for a rack of high-end Fenders at Openroom. Every single element found in the recording studio, and each new direction given to a hesitant artist, is for the good of the record. That ridiculously expensive plugin Darryl showed me earlier is – like the guitars, cables, microphones, amplifiers – a safety net for quality, nothing here is for show.

The recording studio is the artist's first line of criticism, and a good record producer will recognise this, because his true clients are not the artists themselves, but those who listen to the music. Not everybody should record though. It allows people to showcase their talents, but it also allows people to showcase

how bad they are. We bombed that night at the Battle of the Bands. I even remember the announcer wrongly pronouncing our band's name, my bass strap coming undone mid-song and needing to puke straight afterwards. Hence the selectiveness in Openroom Studio's work, and the fact that they only record five or so albums a year, and the fact that recording an album costs money. But albums are for life and reputations are on the line, why would you skimp on that? As for my short-lived venture as a recording artist: the demo is gone and the cottage is now a veterinary hospital. But if I had the chance to battle it out again I certainly would, only this time I'd wait until I could afford that bloody plugin. ☒

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by egmont sippel

Quo Vadis? Where to? To which end?

These are some of the most commonly asked questions, anywhere, anytime, anyplace. They pertain to just about the whole spectrum of life, from minutiae to the broader strokes and strongest currents sweeping us along.

Life, it seems, is either boringly inert or maddeningly tumultuous, the latter habitually painting a picture reminiscent of Jackson Pollock canvasses: entangled masses of chaos

from which we have to take our bearings.

So, to unravel, we do the sensible thing and create structures, devise systems and erect institutions to govern and socially engineer us. We organise schooling and health care and transport, we aim at law and order and peace and prosperity. And yeah, for our monetary affairs we entrust banks.

Until Bad Day at Black Rock strikes.

Then, suddenly, the future looks a whole lot

different to the predicted outcomes. Just ask Greece, Spain and Ireland.

Exactly the same happens in the car industry, even though shifts are not always as seismic as in the wider – and wilder – beyond. Still, car companies come and go. Technologies come and go. Styles come and go. Loci of focus come and go.

The future is never a stable thing.

To give an answer, then, on the future of the



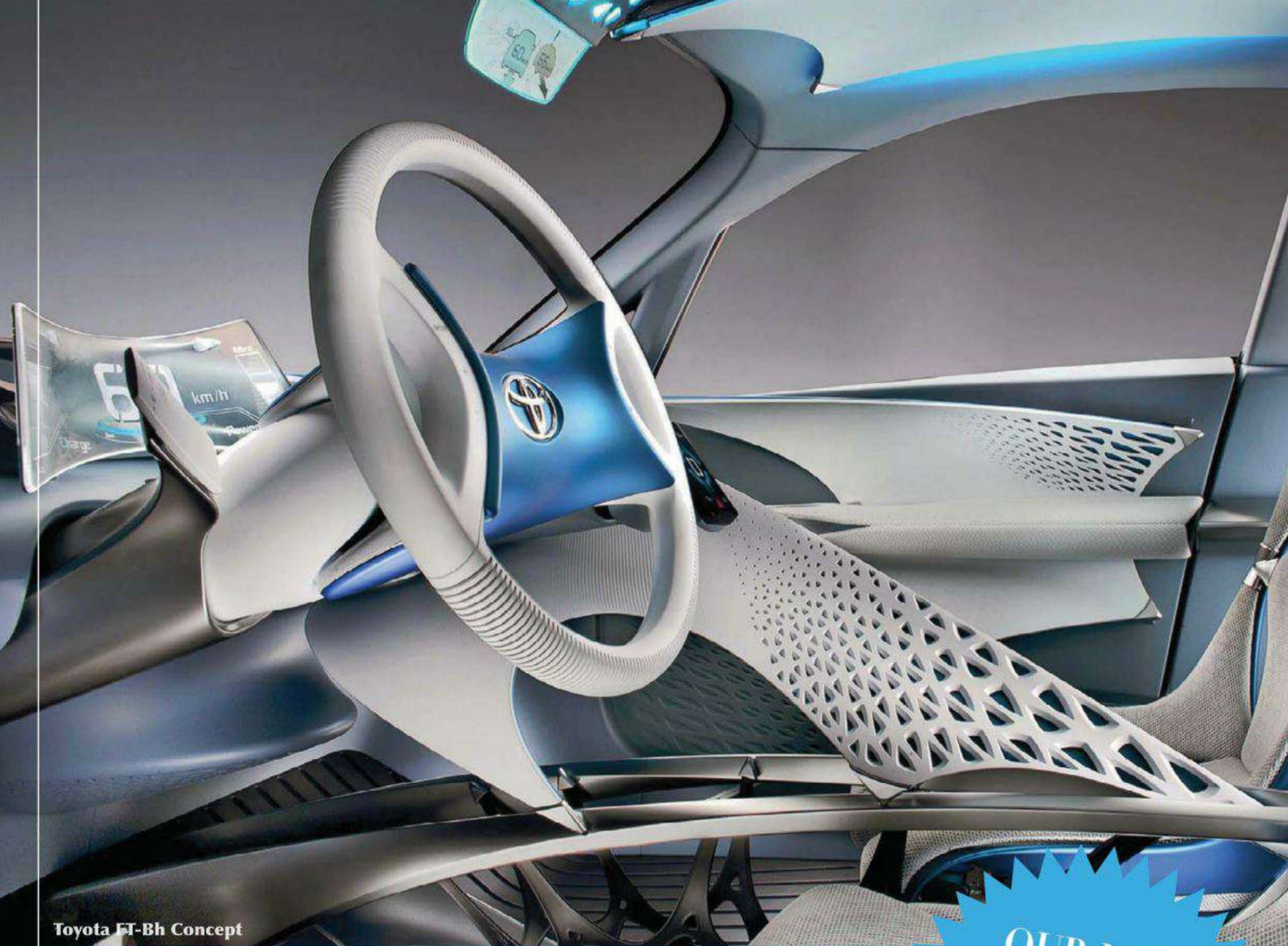
BMW i8 Concept

THE FUTURE



LET'S DANCE





Toyota FT-Bh Concept

Renault Zoe



OUR NEW
DIGITAL
EDITION
WITH EXTRA
CONTENT





car, or the car of the future, we have to make the point that even big automotive companies differ on where we should go, and how to get there. So many routes, so many roads.

One thing is for sure, though: there's no harm in exploring alternative ways of powering vehicles. As pressing issues go, the conservation of energy is right up there. So, the car gurus – engineers, technicians, scientists – have come up with a couple of their own solutions.

Like electricity.

Now, the idea of an EV – or electric vehicle – is nothing new. Electric locomotion even predates the internal combustion engine. In 1828 already,

serenity of totally silent propulsion.

Let's face it, then: city driving in future times will be all about EVs like the Zoe, the Leaf or Toyota's interesting looking FT-Bh concept car. What's quite unique about the FT-Bh, is an extremely low weight (about 600 kg) and even lower drag coefficient (0.235). Driven by a 1-litre 2-cylinder engine running on the Atkinson cycle, in combination with lithium-ion batteries, Toyota reckons that the FT-Bh would use just more than 2 litres of fuel to cover 100 km. A compressed natural gas hybrid, as well as a plug-in hybrid, will also be possible.

Another interesting aspect about the Yaris sized

The idea of an EV – or electric vehicle – is nothing new. Electric locomotion even predates the internal combustion engine.

Hungarian Ányos Jedlik invented a model car powered by an electric motor. A number of other inventors followed, producing small-scale electric cars in the 1830s and onwards, with battery capacity and rechargeability being the main problems – as it is today. Despite that, commercial EV application was established in 1897 already, as a fleet of New York City taxis. Barely two years later, a Belgian built racing car powered by electricity set a world land speed record at just under 110 km/h.

Remarkable, really – seeing that EVs are again at the forefront of future technologies. So convinced is Nissan and Renault's Carlos Ghosn about battery power, that he has virtually put all his eggs – from both companies – in the EV basket, with the Renault Zoe and Nissan Leaf as two shining examples of where we are heading, the Leaf having been crowned as World Car of the Year 2011.

It's not all plain sailing, though. It is notoriously difficult to harness enough battery power for long distance vehicle propulsion and it is equally difficult to charge batteries in double quick time. Beyond that arises the question of battery pack replacement – which is very expensive – and what to do with expired packs.

EVs, on the other hand, display unparalleled acceleration, thanks to the instant availability of maximum torque. And if you're into the zen of driving – Robert M Pirsig – you'll find smooth progress without gear changes, coupled to the

Toyota concept, is the clothing-iron body shape of traditional EVs, made famous (or infamous) by Toyota's runaway best-selling hybrid, the Prius – but now defined by a highly innovative design language drawing from the world of insects. Nothing else on the road looks like the FT-Bh; the graphics might just be the most original since Flaminio Bertoni's Citroën DS of the mid-50s.

Typically Renault, the Zoe city car has also been endowed with a lot of personality, picking up from the legacy of the first Renault Twingo, which was designed by Patrick le Quement to look like a pet that you wanted to house at night, next to the fireside.

That's not all, though. Zoe is also the only electric vehicle featuring Renault's Chameleon charger, which is compatible with all power levels, allowing the Zoe to be charged at the rate required by the car's driver, in terms of time and cost. Low to intermediate charging levels, for instance, extends battery life and puts less pressure on the power grid. If Renault's Quick Drop battery tech is available, you can also swap power packs in three minutes before covering a distance of around 200 km, purely on electric power.

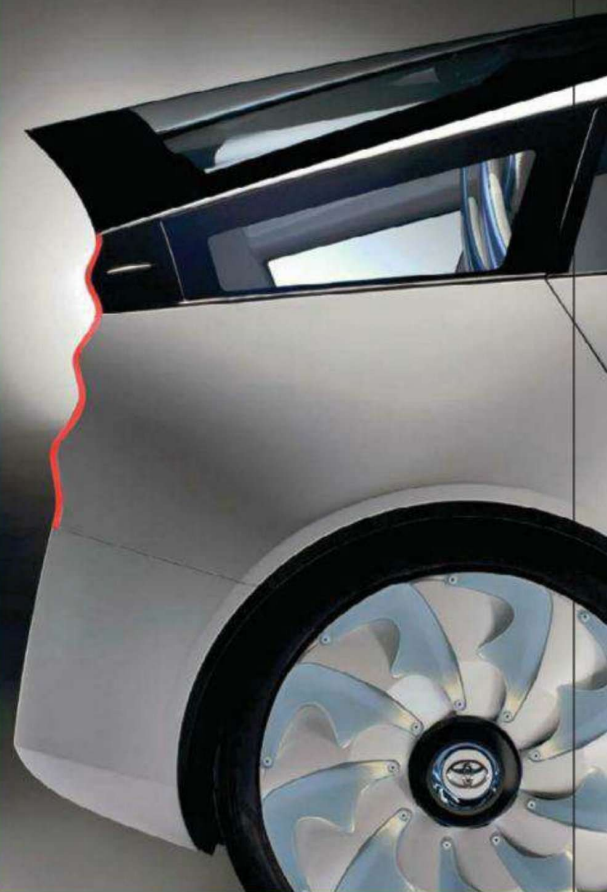
EVs won't only be good for pottering along in city traffic, though. Tesla has been at the forefront of developing an EV sports car, and BMW has joined in the action with a progressive looking i8 which, again, will be propelled by an electric





Renault Zoe





system (placed over the front axle) in combination with a twin-turbo 3-cylinder combustion mill (over the rear axle). Massive instant torque, plus eDrive's combined power output of 260 kW, will ensure a 0-100 km/h run in less than five seconds for the light-weight Beemer, whilst fuel consumption will be pegged at 2.7 litres/100 km, when driven appropriately. The i8, boasting a Spyder version as well, presents an exciting sculptural and organic surface structure dubbed "i stream flow"

Nm of torque using conventional spark ignition (ala the Otto-cycle) when working hard, but changing to diesel-engined principles, like compression ignition, at constant highway speeds. I've had the pleasure of driving the DiesOtto in an S-Class Merc – and being driven in the aquatic-looking F700 concept car powered by DiesOtto – and there is no doubt that, as a 4-cylinder, the engine is easily good enough to drive a car weighing in at two tons.

Even more interesting is hydrogen fuel, like a

Audi has gone one step, or three steps further, by placing an electric motor on each wheel of a concept car known as e-tron.

which complements the rather more upright and conservative i3 city car beautifully.

Audi has gone one step, or three steps further, by placing an electric motor on each wheel of a concept car known as e-tron. Together, these four motors will produce 4500 Nm of torque, allowing the e-tron to smash through the five second barrier for the 0-100 km/h dash. A two-electric motored e-tron, combined with a twin-turboed 3.0 TDI diesel-V6 has also been shown in the meantime, and Audi plans to place fleets of all-electric A3 e-trons in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver and Washington DC in the not too distant future.

Another interesting engine concept is Mercedes-Benz's DiesOtto – a 1.8-litre 4-cylinder twin-turbo petrol mill delivering 175 kW of power and 400

couple of 7-series units being run by BMW in Berlin. I've driven this car as well, and the change between standard fuel and hydrogen (which is fed from a tank in the car's boot) is virtually imperceptible. Ditto for Honda's FCX Clarity, a hundred percent hydrogen effort which I drove in Japan – and it goes like a normal car, except that it's very quiet.

Full hydrogen amounts to zero emissions, of course, which is highly desirable – but also extremely expensive, in terms of rigging the infrastructure to manufacture, transport and store a specialised fuel at so many outlet points. Honda's idea, in any case, is to develop complete hydrogen grids to fuel your whole environment, from car to house to schools to offices to shopping malls – including banks, ha ha.



BMW i8 Concept

Chevy Concepts



Nissa Leaf




Renault Zoe



Mercedes Benz
F700

Other big automotive changes envisaged by futurists are telematics to inform car users about road conditions – including the positions and actions of other cars – plus cars that are not only completely crash evasive and crash safe, but also piloted by remote control on a master grid, pretty much like mini-trams, but with the ability to untangle us from the maddening chaos of so many vehicles zooming about like ants on a Jackson Pollock canvas, before delivering us to highly individualised end destinations. Punch in a target and beam me along, Scottie – inside a capsule with four wheels, of which at least two can steer.

The rest, though – in terms of shape, capacity to carry people and method of propulsion – remains open to many variables. The future, as it is, presents many different targets and possibilities.

Yet, the car will find its way. That's in the nature of its business, not so? 



Toyota FT-Bh Concept

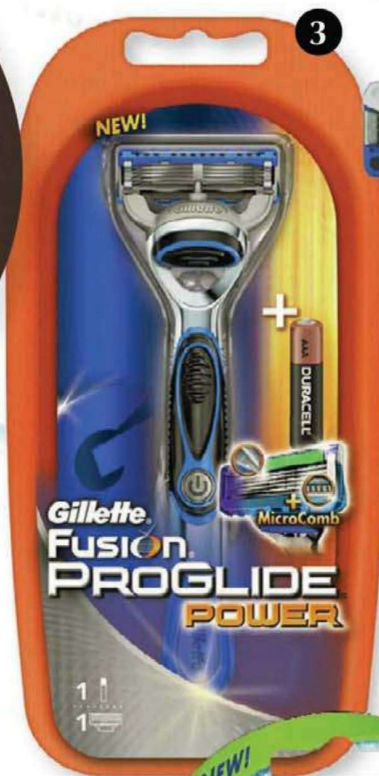
Shaving

The art of deforestation

by tim houghton

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Shaving is probably not the highlight of your morning if you are anything like me, waking up with too little time to do anything that is not completed in an *Amazing Race*-style mad dash. Hundreds of little things can go wrong when holding a sharp blade in your hand so soon after waking up. If you don't nick yourself at some point, you can get razor burn, ingrown hairs and sometimes you just plain miss spots and walk around looking like a movie extra from *Game of Thrones*. Anything that can ease the burden of the morning ritual scores major points in my book, and if it feels good then all the better!

Now I'm assuming you wash your face before you shave; all them grubby skin oils do you no favors when it comes to getting a close shave, so clean skin is a no-brainer. Depending

on which style you prefer, you'll either have at it with a dry razor, or you'll lather up with some form of shaving gel/foam/soap, before you start dragging blades across yourself. For the squeamish and persistently late there exist less meticulous methods to get rid of the fur – such as the completely waterproof electric shavers from Philips, with features such as *lift-and-cut* and capped blades which protect the skin. Then, once you've got those cheeks smoother than an Owen Wilson pickup line, you can throw a little aftershave balm on there to soothe your cringing dermis and help put a little moisture back after the rigorous cleansing agents you've just used. Using these products correctly will have you looking sharper than a pointy stick, and you might even get some added face time with the ladies, which is never a hardship. **E**

Gels and Foams

- 7 American Crew Moisturising Shave Cream, R170, mantality.co.za
- 8 Nivea For Men Skin Energy Shaving Gel Instant Effect Q10, R55
- 9 Gillette Fusion ProGlide Gel, R66
- 10 Schick Hydro 240ml Gel, R45

"Hundreds of little things can go wrong when holding a sharp blade in your hand so soon after waking up."



Post-Shave Balms and Creams

- 11 Nivea For Men Sensitive Post Shave Balm, R80
- 12 Nivea For Men Skin Energy Double Action Balm Instant Effect Q10, R55.



CrackBe

by blake michael





It is no secret that smartphones are addictive. But are *our* secrets, those which we share through texts, email, and other messaging systems, in danger?

As computers, smartphones and other technological innovations become inextricably linked with our lives, there is an undeniable need for security and privacy. Identify theft, for example, is becoming a real problem, and companies from banks to barber shops have increasingly added security provisions in order to keep our information safe. Is it possible, though, for something to be too secure? Countries like India, the United Arab Emirates and South Africa claim that BlackBerry, the world's least hackable phone, threatens the very foundations of international security. What is it exactly that makes the Berry so difficult to "crack," and is this device enough of a threat to justify the limitation of our right to privacy?

BlackBerry's Facebook page boasts that Research in Motion (RIM) has sold over 100 million BlackBerry devices worldwide and

well over one billion downloads for apps, games, etc... Countries like Latin America, Indonesia and South Africa account for almost 58% of its total revenue. Data from MTN and Vodacom reveals that, with a 70 percent market share of the South African smartphone market, BlackBerry currently reigns as the king of communication. The University of Pretoria has even expanded its curriculum to offer students the opportunity to work in a BlackBerry apps lab on campus. Rui Brites, the Product Director for Africa at RIM will tell you the BlackBerry earned its title as a result of the devices' "unique" features and network efficiency. The reality may be that BlackBerry has succeeded in South Africa where the iPhone has failed because RIM has successfully mitigated the exorbitant cost of Internet data, especially in light of the paucity of free wireless access, in the country.

This worldwide brand has caught the attention of international law enforcement agencies as well. I first came to appreciate the un-crackable qualities of the BlackBerry while working for the Terrorism and Violent Crimes Division of INTERPOL in the United States. Since all of the information that came through the agency ranged from "law enforcement sensitive" to "top secret," it was crucial to have a protected means of communication that was unquestionably secure from external tampering. In order to protect INTERPOL's transmissions, all contractors and agents from various federal law enforcement agencies, were issued a BlackBerry device. So how did RIM get the stamp of approval from the world's premier international criminal police organisation?



There are several layers of security protection offered by the BlackBerry that make this smartphone nearly impossible to penetrate without RIM's direct assistance. The mobile device is equipped with end-to-end encryption, RSA SecurID Two-Factor Authentication, BlackBerry MDS Services, IBM Lotus Notes and S/MIME message decryption, and Code Signing and Digital Certificates. When combined, these individual security features create a formidable technological barrier. Let's examine each of these features in order to better understand how they formulate the security of this mobile device.

End-to-end encryption forms the crux of the BlackBerry security system. Private encryption keys are generated in a secure, two-way authenticated environment and are assigned to each BlackBerry smartphone user and each secret key is stored only in the user's secure enterprise account and on the BlackBerry smartphone. The principle benefits of using end-to-end encryption are that data remains encrypted in-transit and data is never decrypted outside of the corporate firewall.

RSA, the creators of SecurID, note the importance of two-factor authentication, a feature utilised in all BlackBerry devices. According to RSA, unchanging, reusable passwords leave your mobile device insufficiently protected. Instead, SecurID authentication "is based on something you know (a password or PIN) and something you have (an authenticator)" which, in turn, automatically change your password every 60 seconds. Automatically and continually changing your password makes it significantly

more challenging for hackers or governments to "break in" to a mobile device.

In order to maintain the security of their devices, BlackBerry needed to create a system that would allow phones to communicate along protected pathways between both the devices and the Internet. BlackBerry smartphones support HTTPS communication in one of two modes, the proxy mode or the end-to-end mode, depending on corporate security requirements. The end-to-end mode, described above, is not the only means of the communication of encrypted data. Using an SSL/TLS connection in the proxy mode, a connection is first created between the BlackBerry Enterprise Server and the application server on behalf of the smartphone and is then either AES or Triple DES encrypted and sent over the wireless

decrypted message to the BlackBerry device. After this final stage has been completed, the recipient user can open and read the message. The use of code signing and digital certificates also serve as important functions of BlackBerry security.

In order to fully understand all of these security features, it is helpful to observe how they all function together in order to perform basic functions, like sending an email. When a message is sent, all of the tools mentioned above are used, ensuring that an encrypted message is sent safely through the BlackBerry wireless messaging system and decrypted only by the intended recipient. A message is sent from one user's device through the wireless network, which must pass through a firewall, the BlackBerry Enterprise Server, the Messaging Server, and only then will the

recipient be able to view the message. Before a message can be received on a BlackBerry, it must go through these same steps in reverse in order to ensure that there has not been a breach

A message sent from one BlackBerry to another BlackBerry is, in some ways, safer than messages between a BlackBerry and a different device.

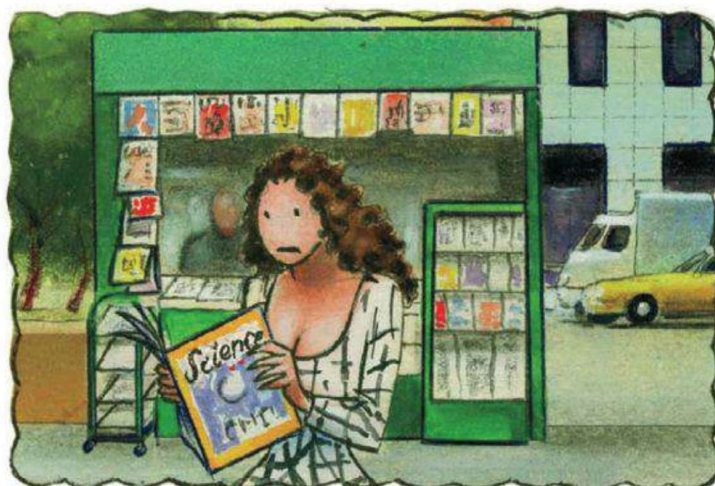
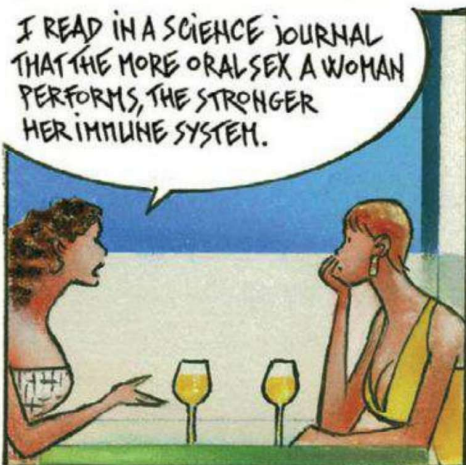
network. A message sent from one BlackBerry to another BlackBerry is, in some ways, safer than messages between a BlackBerry and a different device.

Whether the message is sent through email or BlackBerry Messenger does not make a difference in the encryption process. There is a fairly technical three-step decryption process that occurs almost instantaneously after the message has been received. First a user receives the IBM Lotus Notes and S/MIME encrypted message, then the messaging agent uses the user's cached Notes .id password to decrypt the message and finally, the BlackBerry Enterprise Server pushes the

in security. The firewall plays an important role in this function, which differs from the firewalls commonly applied to a standard computer. RIM explains, "The BlackBerry Enterprise Server is designed to maintain a constant, direct outbound TCP/IP connection to the wireless network over the Internet through the firewall on port 3101 or port 4101 if the device supports implementation alongside a WLAN."

South Africans may forever mourn 31 December 2010; the day that marked the deadline for the registration of both personal and professional SIM card numbers under the Regulation of Interception of Communications

SCIENTIFICALLY



JUAN IVAREZ • JORGE G



and Provision of Communication Related Information Act (RICA). Now that we are required to register our names, addresses, and other personal information along with our SIM card, our cell phones have become a mechanism by which the government may violate our constitutional rights. In September 2011 Deputy Minister of Communications Obed Bapela took things a step further and demanded that RIM give the police access to our day-to-day communications. Bapela proclaimed, "There is evidence that criminals are now using BBM (BlackBerry Messaging) to plan and execute crime." It would appear that the South African government has a short-term memory; only two decades ago, we suffered at the hands of the Special Branch invading the privacy of the innocent and our new government is now positioned to do the same.

There is some validity to the government's claim that mobile devices may serve as a catalyst for chaos. Social media apps like Facebook and Twitter have helped activists to organise protests like those during the Arab Spring to the Occupy Wall Street movement and the London riots. Meanwhile, as terrorists become more tech-savvy, governments have become increasingly concerned that they will not be able to uncover plans to take civilian lives before it is too late. In Al Qaeda's first ever English publication, *Inspire*, author Anwar al-Awlaki provided step by step instructions on how to make bombs alongside

guidelines for sending encrypted emails. If criminal groups are able to send encrypted mails through the further encrypted servers of a device like the BlackBerry, it will be extremely challenging for the government to adequately ensure our collective safety.

Why is the BlackBerry at the centre of this controversy over other communication technologies? The BlackBerry has been targeted because its encryption technology differs from that of other communications programs like Skype, which operate over the Internet. Google has acknowledged the potential threat to our digital privacy and has attempted to ensure our safety by


encryption system by sending all of the message transmissions into Canada from around the world within a single system, whereas Google and Skype are more vulnerable because they operate over the Internet from multiple server points. Since data is received, processed, and distributed by RIM from one central point of communication, regulatory authorities have a difficult time intercepting transmitted information.

A country that makes it illegal to own an unregistered SIM card because they want to reserve the option to snoop in on our conversations creates many ethical concerns.

Attacking how BlackBerry attempts to preserve users' privacy is simply a foot in the door for governments to force companies to grant special access into email, text messages, and phone conversations.

implementing Encrypted Google, thus making it more difficult for repressive governments or hackers to monitor our search queries. Simply conduct your searches through <https://encrypted.google.com/> for an added layer of protection. One major flaw in this search solution, however, is the disconnect between your search and the destination website. Even if the government cannot monitor what you are searching for, they can detect what websites you visit after you have conducted the search, thus negating privacy gains that the new Google search option has provided for its users.

RIM preserves the integrity of the

The real problem is not that the BlackBerry is too secure, but that the South African government has not invested heavily enough in the technology sector to facilitate growth in decryption technologies. Going to extremes, like registering all citizens' cell phones or banning the BlackBerry entirely is as preposterous as preventing us from buying fertilizer because this material could be used as an explosive. The best way for the administration to stay ahead of potential threats would be for the government to facilitate technical innovation, as opposed to hindering it, by providing grants to companies in the technology sector. 

It would appear that the South African government has a short-term memory; only two decades ago, we suffered at the hands of the Special Branch invading the privacy of the innocent and our new government is now positioned to do the same.

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MEZCAL

by kent black

We were off to see El Mago, the Magician of tobalá. Tobaía is an extremely rare mezcal made of wild mountain agave. El Mago is the distiller who, reputedly, makes it better than any other mezcalero in Mexico. I was after proof.

Artist and mezcal impresario Ron Cooper and I had been driving all day in the mountains of Oaxaca, Mexico to find El Mago. Sometimes we drove on blacktop, but mostly on sketchy dirt roads through villages seemingly unchanged for a hundred years and among vistas that would have made the California Sierras look like rubble. We'd gotten stopped at roadblocks where police were searching for narco-traffickers.

It was getting dark when we entered the village, a village I cannot name as a condition of Ron bringing me here. The streets were ancient cobblestone that looped like a medieval labyrinth and as the sky darkened, there wasn't a single street lamp to light the way. It was the time of day when people

lounge in hammocks and chairs by their front doors. These villagers didn't seem relaxed as we drove by. We were gringos in a white Cherokee, about as inconspicuous as Mormon missionaries in Mecca. Suspicion nipped at our heels.

I wondered: would this pilgrimage be worth it? Could El Mago's tobalá be that good?

Mezcal – the oldest spirit in North America, with the most maligned rep – is on the verge of becoming one of the hottest entrants into the world of premium liquors. Ron Cooper, owner of the Del Maguey (mah-gay) label, the first international exporter of single village mezcals,



"A GREAT THUNDERBOLT STRUCK A MAGUEY AND TORE OUT THE PLANT'S HEART, SETTING IT ALIGHT. ASTONISHED, MEN SAW AN AROMATIC NECTAR APPEARING DEEP INSIDE. THEY DRANK IT WITH FEAR AND REVERENCE, ACCEPTING IT AS A GIFT FROM THE GODS." – ANCIENT MEXICAN LEGEND

has been evangelical in promoting *pura y tradicional* for 16 years. In 2008 one of Coca Cola Mexico's bottling partners spent millions to build a mezcal plant south of Oaxaca City. Back in the US, country singer Toby Keith introduced his own mezcal, Wild Shot, in 2010 in his I Love This Bar & Grill chain. As one high-level tequila executive recently put it: "Mezcal is the future."

None of this would have happened but for the chain-smoking madman beside me, whose fast, loose handling of the Cherokee around curves where cliffs drop away a thousand feet was causing me to need a drink.

"There's evidence that distilling was known long before the Spanish arrived," Cooper lectures me while speeding toward the village of Chichicapa. "The Chinese may have introduced it when they visited in 1421, or the indigenous may have known about it for hundreds of years before. Mezcal was produced locally in virtually every village."

Cooper seems an unlikely candidate for the role of mezcal messiah. Now based out of Taos, New Mexico, he's a California-born artist who shot to fame in the 1960s along with friends Ed Ruscha, Laddie Dill, Chuck Arnoldi and Dennis Hopper. His work hangs in the Guggenheim and the Museum of Modern Art. Among his adventures, when he was a young art god, was a 1970 road trip in a VW van to Panama. He stopped in Oaxaca and was transfixed.

In 1986, on another Oaxaca visit, he had his "aha!" moment. He was driving in the countryside looking for *pulque*, a fermented drink made from agave, when he was stopped at a police roadblock. "A soldier asked where we were going and I told him," Cooper recalls. "He asked if I liked mezcal and said his uncle made great stuff. The next day at the checkpoint he brought me a litre. It was amazing. I realised what real mezcal was like."

In Chichicapa, we pulled up in front of a bamboo

of a *Molino*. This is a concrete circle where the roasted pinas are mashed by a millstone pulled by a horse or burro. The mash is then pitch forked into a six-foot high, oak vat, where fermentation takes place.

The fermentation can take from five days in summer to 30 days in winter. Once done, Vasquez removes about 300-350 litres and places it in the pot still. This still is probably identical to the stills the Spanish introduced 500 years ago. Under the pot is an oven where a fire is lit. The mash boils and steam escapes through a tube. The tube goes from the hot pot through a big water tank, constantly refreshed with cool water. The cooling water causes the steam in the tube to turn to condensation that then trickles out a faucet into a jerry can. Bingo: distillation.

As Vasquez explained the process, I continually dipped my finger into the trickle of mezcal and sucked on it. The taste was smoky, slightly sweet and with a bit of citrus. Did I mention strong? If any of us had lit a cigarette, there would have been no survivors. In the entire town.

We ventured on. It was dark when Cooper parked the Cherokee on the side of the road just outside another village that shall remain nameless. I followed him down a path as he told me about the Magician. "This guy is a treasure," he said. "I never tell anyone his name because I don't want people fucking with him. He's a genius. He doesn't make very much mezcal."

The genius's lot was surrounded by buildings and overgrown with weeds. It looked like a place squatters lived in. Suddenly, there was a shout from the hillside above us. I feared the worst. Blam! Goodbye gringo trespassers. Instead, we saw a slight man with a huge dripping moustache. He was the epitome of the Mexican peasant with his old stained trousers and battered fedora.

This was El Mago? The maestro of tobalá? He was the most unprepossessing man I'd ever seen.


Cooper introduced us and we shook hands in the Indian manner, a light touch of the palms and fingers. That's when I saw his eyes. They were sly and mischievous. I put aside my superficial judgment. There was something going on behind that shy smile.

We got in the car and drove back into the labyrinth. We pulled alongside a small house that was unlocked and seemingly deserted, following El Mago down an unlit hallway at the end of which was a shrine to Our Lady of Juquila. The Indians of Oaxaca have an intense reverence for her. El Mago and Cooper both paused at the shrine, said a prayer and crossed themselves. We entered a small, dark room to the left, where El Mago turned on a dim bulb dangling from the ceiling.

There was nothing in the room except a chair and a large plastic drum. El Mago drew off some tobalá from the drum into a traditional drinking bowl. We passed the bowl, saying the traditional Zapotec drinking phrase, *stigibeu*, which means, "To your health, the health of your friends and the health of the planet."

It was unlike any mezcal I'd ever had. There was

the same sharp taste and smokiness as any joven. But there was something more, something mineral and earthy. Despite having just been made, it tasted mature, as if it had already aged and mellowed. I had a body high, like a very light psychedelic mushroom buzz. I felt lifted off the ground just a millimetre or two.

Ron was right. It was worth a dozen trips across these mountains to meet El Mago and taste his tobalá. Mezcal will be found more and more in the US. But to taste a true treasure like this one will require a pilgrimage. But for whom? The masses will never find El Mago. Certainly not from me. 



The Juice

Like tequila, Mezcal is distilled from the maguey (aka, agave) plant, which looks like the green top of a pineapple. The mezcalero (mezcal maker) takes the pina, the heart of the agave plant, and buries it underground clam-bake style with layers of hot embers for three days to a month, depending on his taste. (Tequila, in contrast, is made of steamed agave.) The roasted agave is crushed and left to ferment in large casks. Once the fermentation is complete, the mash is fed in small batches into a pot still. Often times, the liquor is distilled twice for purity. It's bottled either clear and unaged (joven, or "young"), aged for two to nine months in charred oak barrels (reposado, or "rested") or for more than 12 months (anejo, or "old").

Where to get it

Mezcal is available in South Africa, thanks to serial entrepreneur Rui Esteves. You can find La Meurte in Joburg at NormanGoodFellow and the Neighbourgoods Market on Juta Street (where you can taste a Mezcal margarita), in Cape Town at most good bars and wine stores, and in Durban at Unity Bar, Cafe 1999 and Marriot Street Liquors (R325). www.agavemuerte.com

The taste was smoky, slightly sweet and with a bit of citrus. Did I mention strong? If any of us had lit a cigarette, there would have been no survivors. In the entire town.

fence along a place named Camino Real. This was the palenque of Faustino Garcia Vasquez, the first distiller signed by Cooper to the nascent Del Maguey label. We entered the compound and found Vasquez and his family at lunch. We were seated on stumps and given bowls of soup and cups of coke. Vasquez, a man of few words, nodded and smiled. I felt like I'd known him for years.

With lunch finished Vasquez gave a tour of his distillery. To make mezcal, a large, round rock-lined pit is filled with logs and set afire. More rocks are thrown in to absorb the heat. The pit is filled with trimmed root bulbs, or *pinas*, from agave plants. Then the pinas are covered with fiber mats and earth – clam-bake style – and left to roast from three days to a month, depending on the maker's taste.

When the roasted pinas are removed, they are hacked into smaller pieces and placed in the center

by tim houghton and luka vracar

Music



Band Review

DEAD ALPHABET



In February 2012 Dead Alphabet released an EP that was recorded in two hours after two days of studio malfunctions. They managed to squeeze in some post live-recording vocals and guitar work, but the nitty-gritty work was done in just 120 minutes. "Lick Yourself Clean," "Blood On My Fist" and "Garden of Earthly Delight" made it out of the studio session alive, and they sound... huge. The mostly live recording encapsulates their sweaty, gritty riff and kick-drum sound perfectly, not to mention the warm howling vocals.

I was surprised to learn from Hugh, their bass player, that my favourite track from the EP *Blood On My Fist*, was inspired by the current wave of electro music: a discussion about electro in the rehearsal room, an electro drumbeat, a mock electro bass line. Yet what it spawned is a dynamic, completely non-electro, beat 'em up rock n' roll sound with desperate, wailing guitars – all highlighted by a music video capturing the band running around Europe after their recent tour.



Now, three and a half years after an obsession with a certain Led Zeppelin DVD, the band returns with yet another overseas tour, this time in California. Yet local tours seem like a bigger difficulty than a stint in the UK

and the rest of Europe. As much as they are a part of the flourishing South African music industry, they are also part of the dismal touring scene, or lack thereof. Local venue owners just do not understand that to have live bands, you need good live sound. And there just aren't enough venues to begin with. Hence you have a lot of event-driven concerts, a lack of hierarchy, a lack of true critique and Jack Parow swearing at Steve Hofmeyer's crowd.

So what is a young rock band to do when a trip from Johannesburg to Cape Town to play one or two shows just is not viable? Or when they are forced to play the same venue over and over again? They get day jobs and do it anyway; they rock the shit out of whoever's in attendance, and go home with broken fingers and abused vocal chords. 'Cause that's rock n' roll and Dead Alphabet is a rock n' roll band.

I do wish that there were more than three tracks on their EP, *Blood On My Fist* is as good as anything out there, whether it be from Johannesburg, Cape Town, the UK or California. I do wish that the local music industry would look into all facets of developing its talent, and not just polish Gareth Cliff's balls on *Idols*. Dead Alphabet is a SAMA nominated rock band, they work hard and play harder and here's waiting for more. [LV]

garbage

NOT YOUR KIND OF PEOPLE



It is remarkable what an artist can achieve when there is no meddling from the record company, when there is no expectation from fans, and management is not poking for attention, interviews, press, pressure. Garbage returns from their hiatus with their first album in six years. And with nothing but some studio

time they have emerged with *Not Your Kind of People*. An album so dynamic and radio-unfriendly, loaded with noise and effects and a sizzling Shirley Manson, it could have only been made without a record company. It just doesn't side with contemporary pop, rock, electro, whatever you will. So Garbage released it themselves.

The album is mental and unsure of what it wants to be – a new Garbage album, an old Garbage album, industrial pop, electronic rock n' roll. There are so many elements of production, each more eyebrow-raising than the next. Who does the vocals for "Sugar" and "Battle In Me"? Manson? They digitally lowered the pitch of her voice to the point of zombification. And then there is "Man on a Wire," a New Orderesque punk song with a huge Garbage chorus, Manson sounding as mean as ever. Followed by "Beloved Freak," a ballad rich with space, "theme music," reminiscent of their 1998 album *Version 2.0* – which was really, really good. The title track vocals belong to the daughters of the band's guitarist Steve Marker and drummer/producer Butch Vig. The opener, "Automatic Systematic Habit," has heavy industrial versus and cheery pop choruses. I don't know where this album came from. I don't know if it will be a success. It's insane and confused and I love it. (Tip: Get the Deluxe Edition. The bonus tracks are as good as anything on the standard copy.) [LV]



Cher Lloyd *Sticks + Stones*

I think the title of this album says just about all you need to know about the music contained on it. I get the feeling Cher got a lot of flack for this album, but just went ahead and produced it anyway; and there's much to be said for courage in your convictions.

A graduate of Simon Cowell's *X-Factor* series, after finishing fourth she was signed to Sony subsidiary Syco Music, under which she has released this, her debut. Her sound could be likened to Lily Allen, although she is a fairly accomplished rapper as well, as shown in "Grow Up," working with Busta Rhymes. A lot of back-end has gone into this, with big industry names on lyrics and music, and it shows; slick production abounds. Buy this one for the missus maybe... [TH]



TRENTON AND FREE RADICAL GIANT STEP

There's just something about Ska (the music, not the telescope) that seems to bring out people with an agenda. Maybe it's just the juxtaposition of hard hitting words with soft and friendly beats, but you rarely hear a Ragga/Ska act singing about their bling, or the "hoes in dif'rent area codes." It's a connected sound, and one accepted by the struggle the world over. Trenton and his Free Radical cohorts' first studio album is no exception, with topics like Madiba, township hardships and other uniquely South African problems, as well as Capitalism, Racism and other worldly worries. What sets them apart from other acts coming through SA is their very traditional arrangements, and Trenton's acerbic observations of situations around him, delivered in his very un-ragga singing style. "Tomorrow's Day" has been playlisted on a few SA radio stations, and it's a good snapshot of the album, with 13 home-brewed tunes and a few hot remixes of their more popular tracks included in this 20-track first effort. Worth a listen if you're a fan of the genre, and another fine example of the standards our local music is now regularly achieving. [TH]



Ultimately, this is a story about a kid who goes out looking for a father and finds himself.

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

[The Amazing Spider-Man]

Be prepared for the next chapter with *The Amazing Spider-Man*. Focusing on an untold story that tells a different side of the Peter Parker story, the new film stars Andrew Garfield, Emma Stone, Rhys Ifans, Denis Leary, Campbell Scott, Irrfan Khan, with Martin Sheen and Sally Field. The film is directed by Marc Webb from a screenplay written by James Vanderbilt, based on the Marvel Comic Book by Stan Lee and Steve Ditko.

The Amazing Spider-Man is the story of Peter Parker (Garfield), an outcast high schooler who was abandoned by his parents as a boy, leaving him to be raised by his Uncle Ben (Sheen) and Aunt May (Field). Like most teenagers, Peter is trying to figure out who he is and how he got to be the person he is today. Peter is also finding his way with his first high school crush, Gwen Stacy (Stone), and together, they struggle with love, commitment, and secrets. As Peter discovers a mysterious briefcase that belonged to his father, he begins a quest to understand his parents' disappearance – leading him directly to Oscorp and the lab of Dr Curt Connors (Ifans), his father's former partner. As Spider-Man is set on a collision course with Connors' alter-ego, The Lizard, Peter will make life-altering choices to use his powers and shape his destiny to become a hero.

In beginning a new chapter in the Spider-Man saga, it was

important to the filmmakers to show a side of Peter Parker that moviegoers haven't seen before. "There are a lot of things in the Spider-Man canon that haven't been explored cinematically," says Marc Webb, who directs the new film. "The loss of Peter's parents launches Peter on his journey. I was curious about the emotional consequence of that tragic event – ultimately, this is a story about a kid who goes out looking for a father and finds himself. Then, of course, we have the Gwen Stacy saga – whether you're familiar with the comics or not, it's an extraordinary story. And, of course, there's the Lizard, one of my favourite villains in comics. All of that gave us a lot to work with."

Matt Tolmach, a producer of the film, says, "Spider-Man is an iconic character because we all grew up relating to him, we all have a personal relationship with him. Peter Parker is what sets Spider-Man apart. He's relatable, an everyman. He's a kid who has trouble with girls, he's not popular, he's not rich and powerful... he's just an ordinary boy. He's someone you can identify with – you can see some of yourself in Peter. And because of this, the story of Peter Parker, of Spider-Man, touches people emotionally in ways that few other characters can, and we, as filmmakers, but also as fans, feel a huge responsibility to do right by the character."

"Spider-Man has filled thousands of pages of comic books with hundreds of stories since he debuted fifty years ago," notes Avi Arad,



formerly the head of Marvel Studios and now an independent producer who has shepherded the Spider-Man films from the very beginning. "That's a deep vein of resources to mine as we look to continue the story of Peter Parker on the screen."

As the story explores a different aspect of Peter Parker's life, the film is also told in a different way – a more naturalistic way. "I wanted the fun, the spectacle, the action, the rage, and the humour to feel more realistic – like you walk out on the street and you can imagine this happening," says Webb. As a result, the filmmakers chose to create *The Amazing Spider-Man* using practical, real-world elements whenever possible and choosing visual effects only when strictly necessary.

Andrew Garfield, who takes on the iconic role, says he feels a special responsibility being the man inside the suit. "When I was younger, I sometimes felt trapped in my own skin," he says, "but we all have that. That's why this character is the most popular of all the superheroes: he is universal and uniting. The reason Spider-Man means so much to me is the

same reason he means so much to everyone: he's a symbol, an imperfect person in the way that we're all imperfect, but trying so hard to do what is right and what is just and fighting for the people who can't fight for themselves. It's overwhelming to represent him – and believe me, I'm just the guy in the suit. I'm honoured to be that, but Spider-Man belongs to everyone."

Peter Parker is what sets Spider-Man apart. He's relatable, an everyman. He's a kid who has trouble with girls, he's not popular, he's not rich and powerful... he's just an ordinary boy.

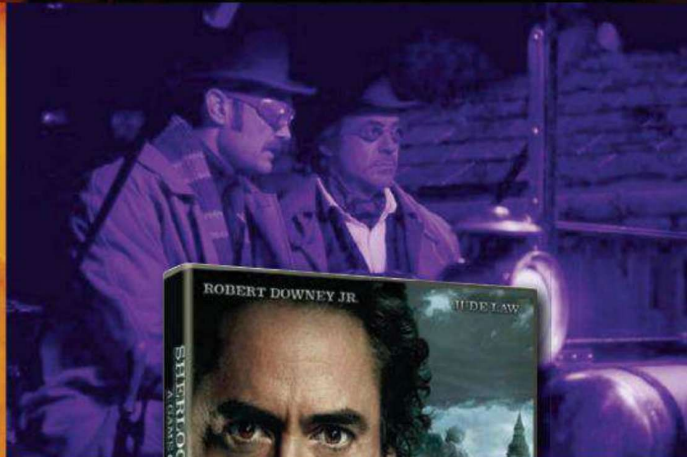
The Amazing Spider-Man was shot in 3D, and for the filmmakers, it is a key choice. "3D isn't right for every movie, but 3D was made for Spider-Man," says Avi Arad. "It is another way we have of keeping the audience immersed

in the storytelling. You see the world through his eyes and you feel like Spider-Man – the exciting moments are even more exciting. But what might be surprising is that 3D makes the intimate moments more intimate as well – I can think of some scenes that are quite emotional that are even more emotional in 3D. It's a perfect choice for this movie." **Y**

***The Amazing Spider-Man* release 13 July 2012.**



by damon boyd



DVD OF THE MONTH

[Sherlock Holmes: A Game Of Shadows]

Let's all get on our knees right now and thank the gods that Guy Ritchie divorced Madonna. Or vice versa. Or whatever. The point is, he's rid of her. The air is clear of that blonde control and 50-something sinuous stink. *Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows* is proof of a man back in form with the force of a thousand suns, totally free of all that pop shit and up to his eyelashes in perverse artistry.

Even fans of the Sir Arthur Conan Doyle books, those that are still alive, would agree that this second film – in what is being marketed as a trilogy – is possibly the best rendition and realisation of the character. Let me be a little more clear. The character of Sherlock Holmes was, at the time of writing (we're talking Victorian era, people), a man ahead of his peers. He was a rock star, but the kind bordering on autism, a man so intrigued by

Sherlock Holmes' hard-on took place in the mind, and what got his thoughts throbbing at the size and thickness of a hairspray-can was the pursuit of the end result.

DNA, forensics and psychological profiling, so immersed in the processes of catching a killer or criminal, that everything fell to the wayside.

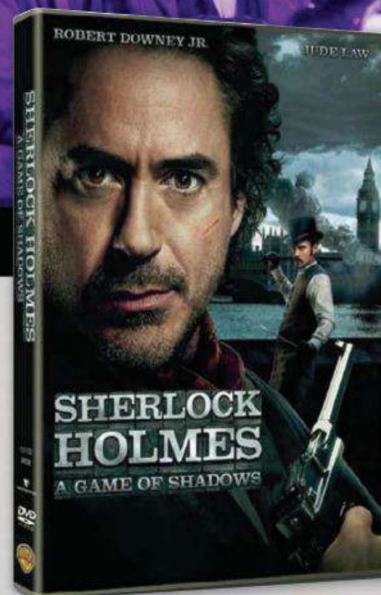
To keep up with his brain's inner workings he took to cocaine, which only enhanced his egotism and attention to detail but killed off his sexual drive. His hard-on took place in the mind, and what got his thoughts throbbing at the size and thickness of a hairspray-can was the pursuit of the end result. Doyle's books always had Holmes taking on a case even though he'd already figured out the solution at inception. But, there was always one man who kept

him at the bleeding edge of his gift, and that was Professor Moriarty, the quintessential nemesis. A man smarter, more motivated, single-minded and bent on destruction that Holmes could never really get his head around Moriarty's motives. But then again, some people just want to see the world burn.

Good trilogies know that the second film must be the heart and soul of the series. Someone we like must die. Evil must be overwhelming. We must not know how it will end. Ritchie brought in writing couple Kieren and Michele Mulroney to do the job and they nailed it. *Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows* has one hell of a plot, but it's not at all convoluted or strained. Holmes (Robert Downey Jr) and his sidekick, Doctor Watson (Jude Law), run to or from trouble throughout the film's entirety in an effort to stop Moriarty (Jared Harris). They even get help from a gypsy (played expertly by the butch Noomi Rapace) and it never lets up.

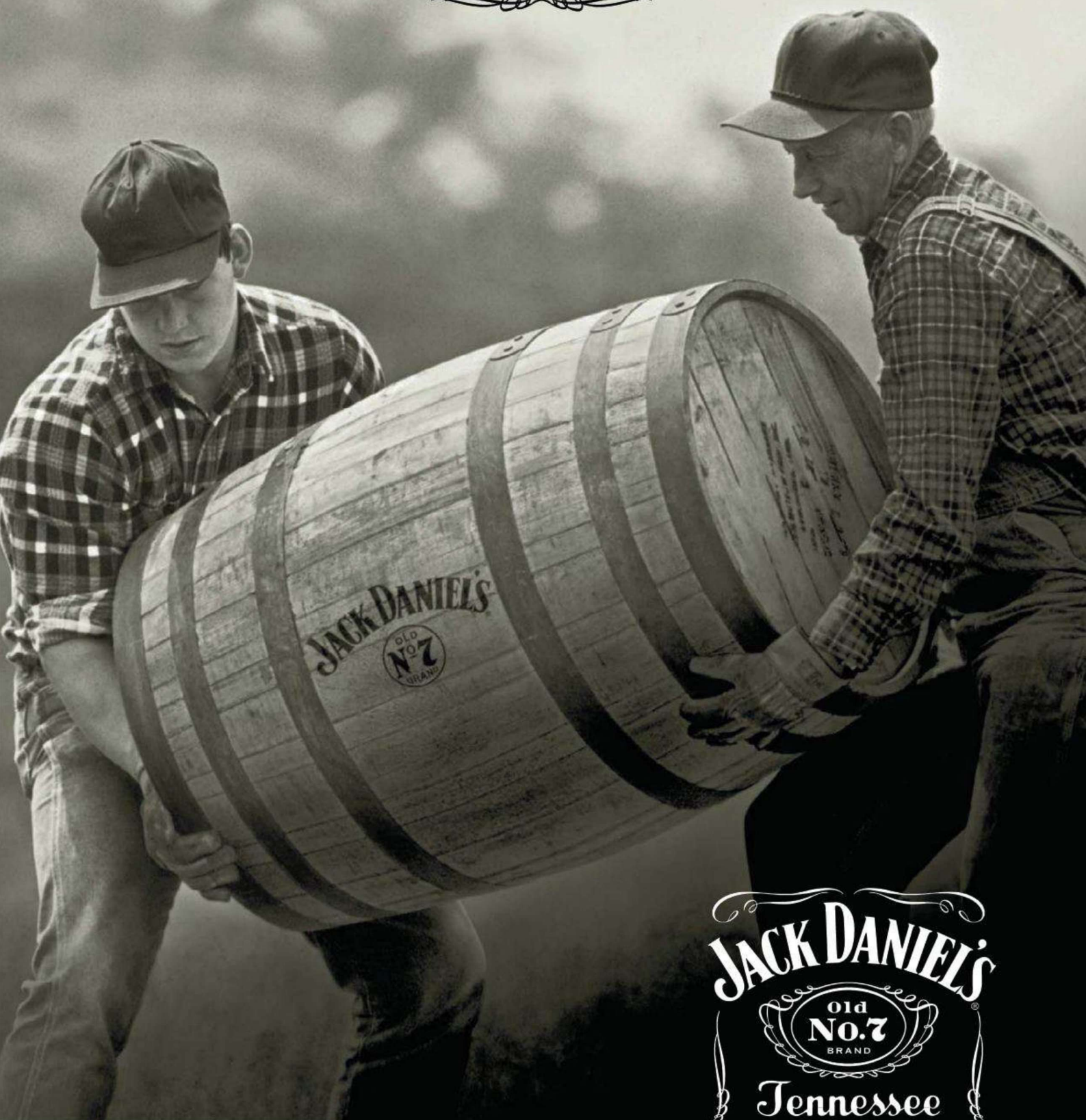
It's pretty simple really, Moriarty wants to bring the world to war and he wants to supply the weapons – to all sides. Some might say I gave you a spoiler, but the film is not about that. It's about details, and characterisations, and mind-blowing action set-ups. That's all I'm willing to say on the movie, because you've got to experience it. It's a powerful piece of filmmaking and the best way to watch it is via Blu-Ray. There's everything here, from the making of, to audio commentary, and the crispness is jaw-dropping great.

Just go out and buy it already. **M**



***Sherlock Holmes: A Game Of Shadows* is available at selected retail outlets on Blu-Ray & DVD.**

— — — — —
**THERE ARE FASTER WAYS OF MAKING WHISKEY,
WE JUST DON'T CARE TO USE THEM**
— — — — —



Not for Sale to Persons Under the Age of 18.



by damon boyd

GAME OF THE MONTH

STARHAWK

[PS3]



Do you remember *Robotech*? It's the anime series that ran sporadically on SABC during the late-80s. That series was the first to introduce me to a type of machine called a "mech." Not a "mensch" – a mech, as in über-mech. Anyway, mechs are robots or machines that have humanoid characteristics, like arms and legs. You may have seen them in *Matrix Revolutions* and *Avatar* – they're the machines that looked like bulked up bodybuilders made of metal with rocket launcher and Gatling-gun appendages attached to their "arms." Mechs always intrigued me. I never thought I'd ever get to play with mechs anytime soon, but lo and behold, here comes *Starhawk*, and it's all about mechs.

Developers Lightbox Interactive have taken the arcade-esque third-person shooter angle from another developer, Incognito, who brought

character called Cutter, who's a far better personality, but... we get what we're given. Also, the galaxy is lawless, and the game has a very Western feel to it – right down to the music. There were moments where I thought sheriff *Bravestarr* would make an appearance. But, never mind. The plot is pretty straightforward so I'll leave it to you to work out.


More about the gameplay: the multi-player option is way better than the single player story mode. But that's only because of the plot and the mechanics. I will admit that the game seems geared toward co-op and frag-fest. Loads of wiping your opponents and then working together to secure bases and structures. It's the usual blend of competitions, like Deathmatch and Capture The Flag, and then there are the online offers (which do not really count here), like play customisation, etc.

The Hawk an awesome machine that destroys everything so impeccably that it can bring tears to the eyes.

out a game called *Warhawk* in 2007. What they've put together is a game that plays like a shooter, but involves air and land vehicles. It also has real-time strategy – which could go terribly wrong, but doesn't.

So, the story goes like this: it's set in the future, it's about off-planet miners in search of a new power source called Rift Energy, also known as blue gold. There is a rush by prospectors to stake claims on far-off planets. Problem is, people who get overexposed to the Rift become, sigh, zombie-like rageaholics called Outcasts. No matter, they serve a purpose. The more you kill, the more "money" you make. And "you" is Emmett, a Rift Salvager, who goes from planet to planet, cleaning up the mess and rescuing prospectors. Emmett has a slight Rift mutation, but it's just cosmetic, so no super powers here. He's pretty blegh as a hero. I didn't really care for him, because he comes off entirely emotionless. However, he's teamed up with a

The big seller for *Starhawk*, though, is the creation of structures and fortresses. The more Rift Energy you rack up the better your options of creating bunkers, watchtowers, interlocking walls and so forth. These buildings come with gun turrets and sniper rifles and friendly troops, machinery like jeeps, speeder bikes, jet packs and the mechs. Now, the mech is called a Hawk, a two-footed robot mixed with a star-fighter jet. It's an awesome machine that destroys everything so impeccably that it can bring tears to the eyes.

The single player mode is somewhat easy and simple, and the multi-player angle is phenomenal; it's a game that has longevity. Still, it could be far more seeped in plot and galactic philosophy, but that's just me projecting my labyrinthine extraterrestrial ideologies. *Starhawk* is good – I give it that, but beside the mechs, it needs a character I care for. Let's see about that when the sequel comes to ground. 

BRAND • DEVELOP • MARKET

KEOMAN

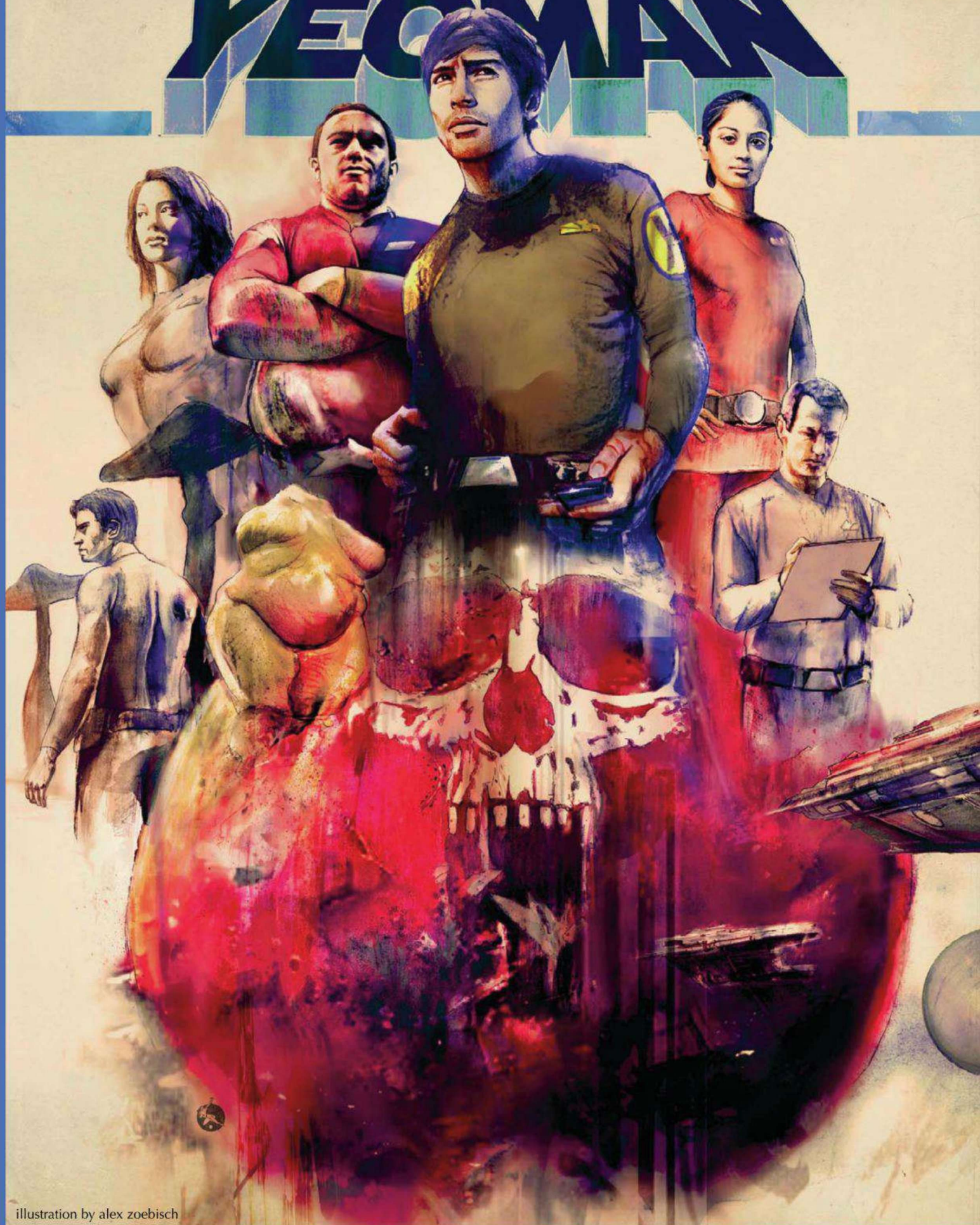


illustration by alex zebisch

THE LOWEST-RANKING MEMBER

of the away team to a new planet, he can expect to be **SPACE-MONSTER MEAT** or prey to **FLESH-EATING GOO.**

IN SHORT, HE'S DOOMED.

Can he outsmart the script?

by charles yu

WE REACHED THE FINAL FRONTIER TODAY.

Again.

No one wants to be the first to say it out loud, so it's one of those things where we have cake and beer and everyone mouth-smiles at one another while our eyes are all *Does anyone even know what is going on anymore?* As in, *This is cool, for real it is, but seriously, what the hell?* I'm on the observation deck looking at it. The last world. Am I excited? Sure I am. I'm excited. Even if this is the 17th time we've been here. I guess technically we're still searching, but lately, to be honest, it has started to feel less like searching and a bit more like wandering.

MONDAY

Monday mornings they announce the crew members for the week's away team, and it's always the same: captain, the XO, the medic, the Security Chief, the ethnographer and an unnamed yeoman.

This week's yeoman: me.

Also: The yeoman always dies.

Here's what I don't get: Why six? Why not five? Week in and week out they send six of us down knowing, *knowing*, only five will come back. What's so special about six? Is it because there are six spots in the transporter bay? Really. That's it. We can't just let that spot go empty. We can't let that spot go empty, but we have the holographic casino running all day and night. I mean, really? We can't just stick some equipment in there? An extra bag of food, maybe, or an empty sack for moon rocks. Some extra toilet paper. For God's sake, anything.

Galactic HR assigns me a Coping Specialist.

We meet over breakfast in the nonofficers' mess.

He orders a Denver omelet, a bowl of cereal with two percent milk, an English muffin, grapefruit juice, coffee and a Yoo-hoo.

"You should have something," he says. "Breakfast is the most important meal of the day."

"How old are you?"

He says he's 12, but if I had to put money on it, he's 10, 10 and a half, tops. Galactic starts them young, while they're still optimistic, then trains them in a plot simulator that reenacts old TV episodes. They think all problems can be resolved in an hour, including commercial breaks.

"Anything you want to talk to me about?" he says with his mouth open. He stuffs a forkful of scrambled egg and bell pepper in there.

"I'm good," I say.

"Suit yourself."

I watch him eat way too much, way too fast. When he's done, he wraps his English muffin in a napkin for later and hands me his card, tells me to call him if the whole meaningless-death thing starts to bum me out.

"Or if you start to experience fear-of-death symptoms," he says. I ask him what a fear-of-death symptom might be. He thinks about it for a second.

"Pretty much just fear," he tells me. "Also extreme fear."

"Here's the thing," I start to say. I want to tell him that I'm married, that in less than three months I'll be a father, that dying this week would really throw a wrench into our family planning. I want to say all of it, but for some reason I can't bring myself to say it. He wouldn't care anyway. So instead, I tell him he has a little piece of ham on his shirt.

"Score," he says and pops it into his mouth.

Over dinner that night, I try to figure out how to explain it to my wife.

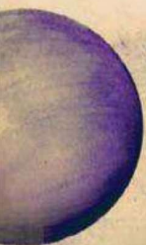
"I'm probably going to die later this week."

"So, no movie night?"

"I'm serious."

"So am I. I've been looking forward to seeing that one."

"The away team. They posted the list this morning. I'm on it."



She puts her fork down and doesn't say anything for a while, just sits there running her hand over the horizon of her pregnant belly.

"There's a small insurance policy," I say. "I got a packet from human resources. Let me go get it."

When I come back into the room with the folder, she's putting on her coat.

"Um?" I say.

"This is bullshit. We're not living off of a death benefit." This isn't how she talks usually, but then again, she's 28 weeks pregnant. She is not messing around. "I'm going to see the captain."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," I say. "You can't do that. You're not even wearing pants."

"You are not dying for this shitty job," she says, and she's right. It hurts to admit it, because this was my dream job when I was a kid. "I love you, but yeah, I said it. Your job sucks. This sucks. Living in a converted closet sucks. You even kind of suck. The only thing that doesn't suck is this baby that we are going to have."

"Okay," I say. "I'll talk to him."

That night I lie awake, staring out into the cosmic background radiation, listening to my wife snore, feeling the heat rising off of her skin, trying to figure out what I could possibly say to the captain that would make him think I'm worth saving.

"IT'S THE AGE OF SCIENCE FICTION," HE SAYS. "WHAT WE ARE CAPABLE OF HAS SURPASSED OUR INTUITION ABOUT WHAT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE."

TUESDAY

We're in the transporter bay. We beam down. Such a weird feeling. I wonder if anyone else is as excited as I am, but then I realise how dumb that is. Of course they aren't. They do this three times a week, and they're all bored of it. They're management. Soft and comfortable. People have been whispering that the captain's Lycra has been looking a bit tight around the middle ever since they instituted free soft-serve in the officers' dining quarters. It's hard not to notice.

As we're dematerialising, the captain starts in with the monologue.

You can tell when he's going to start with this nonsense because he sucks in his stomach a little. Then he touches his chin and checks his hair a couple of times. And then he gets that off-into-infinity look. *It's the Age of Science Fiction*, he says. Everyone avoids eye contact.

He always does this in the transporter because we're not allowed to move during molecular calibration.

He says, *We have reached the point where our knowledge of the world now exceeds our ability to believe it, to believe what we are seeing, to believe what we are able to do.* He has a way of speaking in italics. He says, *What we are capable of has caught up to and surpassed our intuition about what should be possible. We have surpassed ourselves.* And even though I've heard this monologue 5,000 times over the ship's speakers, and even though I know it was written by the ship's speechwriter, I can't help but feel just a little inspired, to remember just a little bit of what I felt

looking at the poster in the recruiting office that day when I signed up for duty, imagining what it would be like to explore the universe.

And then we rematerialize on yet another world populated by sentient goo, and there's green glop everywhere, and it's oozing, which is how the glop procreates, and in the process of oozing, it makes a kind of groaning sound, and overall the whole planet smells like sulfur and even though it's hard, I try to remember that each and every place in the cosmos is an opportunity for discovery and that each and every life-form is a treasure and a marvel and a wonder, and I take out my Life-form Analyzer so that we can catalog this wondrous, marvelous, slimy goop.

On the surface, we look to the captain for a plan. "Meet back here in an hour?" he says, shrugging his shoulders. "Just throwing it out there."

Everyone mumbles agreement and wanders off. The medic heads for the lip of a nearby crater formation, pretending to look at readings on his handheld. The Security Chief says he's going for a run. The XO is working on her résumé. She should have her own ship and everyone knows it. Instead she's stuck as number two for the booziest captain in the fleet.

The captain strolls off, practicing a new monologue he thought up in the shower this morning.

That leaves the ethnographer and me. She doesn't look thrilled.

"Lieutenant Issa," she says, a little stiff. She says she's going to head over to a

nearby cave and see if she can learn anything about the mating process. "You can follow me if you want," she says.

I watch Issa collect slime samples for a while, with a very serious look on her face, but that gets boring, so I wander over toward a nearby rock formation. There are weird noises coming from behind it. I look back at Issa to see if she hears it too, but she's focused on her work, so I keep going toward the noise. As I get closer, I hear what sounds like the captain, in distress.

"Sir?" I say, walking around to behind the rock – and wow. Not what I expected to see.

The captain jumps up. Actually, he sort of jumps up and back and off of whatever he was crouching over, and now he's standing, flushed, with a wild look in his eyes and a fistful of goop in each hand. Next to him is what appears to be a little sculpture that the captain has formed with his hands, out of goo. A little goo-person.

"You didn't see anything, yeoman," he says, but not in a menacing, abuse-of-rank way. Even now, getting caught doing whatever it was he was doing, he's charming. I guess that's why he's captain.

"Let's keep this between us dudes," he says and winks at me. I say "yes, sir" and try not to think too hard about what the captain was getting ready to do.

WEDNESDAY

Another mission today. Another chance for random death. I don't think it'll happen just yet, still a little early in the week, but who knows? Yeomen have died on Wednesdays. Hell, yeomen have died on

Mondays. We die. It's the job. It's actually in the job description, so I can't say I wasn't warned.

Duties and responsibilities, Yeoman, Second Class:

- Assist in collection of soil and vegetation samples.
- Be prepared to die for no good reason.

We beam down and split up. I tag along with Issa again. She collects samples. I try to assist her.

"What are you doing?" she says.

"Trying to assist you?"

"Please stop."

"Look, I know you actually have a role to play. The thing is, I don't. I'm the yeoman, and I know you're kind of new as an officer, so I don't know if you know what being yeoman means in terms of my situation and all, but if you don't let me pretend to be helping you, I don't know what's going to happen to me."

Issa looks over at the XO, who seems to be sort of watching me, trying to figure out if I'm actually doing anything.

"All right," Issa says. "Pick that thing up and sort of wave it around in this general area."

I tell her thanks.

We work for a while in silence, or rather, she works and I pretend to work, and it feels good, having a job to do, a purpose, even if it is a fake purpose.

It's late when we get back. We go through the ion scrub and then debrief, and by the time I get back to my quarters, it's past two in the morning. My wife's in bed. I slip off my uniform, slide under the thin blanket and drape my arm over her hip.

"Did you talk to him yet?" she says without looking at me.

I don't say anything.

"You're just going to let this happen. To yourself. To us, to your kid."

"What am I supposed to say?"

"How about 'Hey, captain, I don't feel like dying for no reason this week. You cool with that? Everyone cool with that?'"

"It's not like, you know, official. It's not like they're planning for me to die," I say, but even as I'm saying it, I'm remembering the slightly crazed look I saw in the captain's eyes yesterday, playing with his goo-woman, and I get a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach.

THURSDAY

Today's world is a wet one, filled with vapor-based life-forms. One breath of the atmosphere will cause you to know the answer to every question you have ever asked yourself. Where am I? Why did I do that? Was I right? Do they like me? Do I deserve love? Am I going to heaven? Why do I keep doing this? An answer for every question. All the answers at once. Not a pleasant fate, so we all put on our gas masks. No one really wants to know the whole truth.

And, of course, there's goo. The captain seems to visit only places with goo these days.

I wait all morning for a good moment, but the XO is still watching me, so I have to pretend to be studying the environment. I make a face that I think of as Hmm, This Life-Form Is Super Interesting.



Reach for Recovery

Breast Cancer Care

Reach for Recovery is an International breast cancer support group founded in the USA in 1952 and active in SA since 1967.

Our aim is to create awareness about breast cancer and educate as many people as possible about the importance of early detection.

All Reach for Recovery volunteers have themselves undergone surgery for breast cancer and have received thorough training to enable them to visit patients post surgery in hospital or at home. All visits are made at the request of the doctor or the patient herself.

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- practical and emotional help and a variety of pamphlets are available
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- a small pillow for under the arm as well as a cotton bag for the drain

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Reach for Recovery is built on a simple yet universal principle: that of one woman who has experienced breast cancer herself giving freely of her time and experience to assist and support another woman with breast cancer.



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After lunch, I get my chance. Everyone is taking a smoke break except for the Security Chief, who is doing yoga. The captain tells everyone he's going to take a leak and wanders off behind a grove of 20-foot mushrooms. I wait a couple of minutes, then I follow him back there.

"Hey hey, look who it is," he says.

"Captain, I need to ask you something."

"Of course. Anything for my buddy. Assuming you've kept your mouth shut. Have you? Of course you have. Look at you, you lump," he says. And I'm thinking, *He's calling me a lump?* I've got four inches on him, easy, although admittedly that's not saying much. I could definitely kick the captain's ass – or probably, definitely probably.

"Okay, sorry, that was mean. What do you want, man? Make it quick. This goo isn't going to make love to itself."

I watch him play with the goopy substance, sculpting and forming it into what I assume is a shape that he finds attractive.

"It's Thursday."

"Yeah, so?"

"I'm the yeoman."

"Ah, yes," he says. He stops what he's doing and turns to look at me. "You want to know why you have to die."

"Yeah. Uh, yes. I mean, yes. Sir."

"Look, I'm not saying I'm happy about it. Or that I like it. I'm just saying, you know, it makes for a more interesting report. If stuff happens. As you can see," he says, gesturing toward his gooey girlfriend, "it's really freaking boring out here. And if central command ever realizes that, they'll cut my budget and I'll end up sitting behind a desk. So I need stuff to happen."

"I get that stuff has to happen. But, with all due respect, sir, I don't know if you know this, but my wife and I, we're expecting."

"Oh, boo hoo. What am I going to do, kill Issa? Have you seen her? She's superhot. Kill my medic? Then how would I get my Vicodin, silly? You're the yeoman, dude. Do your job and die."

FRIDAY

No mission today, so in the morning I go down into Records. I find the quietest corner and ask the computer to pull up files on "Deaths, Weird."

Three-hundred seventy-one weird deaths came up, and they're all yeomen. Yeoman Rhee died on XR-11uu7S, a water planet. Died of thirst. Drowned. Died of thirst while drowning, which doesn't sound suspicious at all. The ship's log says the captain made a grab over the side of the raft, but sources close to the incident report that it "wasn't much of a grab." Yeoman Allen died of Leuchin fungus that got ahold of her mind, and she wouldn't get back into the transporter area. At least according to the official report. As the ship pulled away, her mind was being eaten by the fungus, each of her memories being stored forever in a fat cell of the creature, to be replayed forever in an endless loop. I read for hours, into the evening, and they're all like that. Plausibly random-sounding deaths that the captain could not have foreseen or prevented that, on further inspection, sound like exactly the kind of thing that would be cool to report in a captain's log.

I tell my wife what the records say. She just looks out the porthole and doesn't say anything. We both understand what I have to do. I've got to find a way to avoid dying, but if I actually manage to do that, we don't know what would happen to her. She's got to get off the ship tonight.

We eat dinner from the replicator in silence. I start to do the dishes, but she says why bother. I help her pack a small suitcase. She's not mad at me anymore, she's way past that, but the fact that she's not crying is more than a little surprising. Sort of troubling.

Walking through the ship, we try to act casual, like we're on our way to the medical bay for an appointment. When we get to the right place, we look around briefly and then duck into the cramped area where trash is held before it gets ejected out into space. We find an empty shuttle pod and I help her in. I try to give her one final kiss, but she just looks at me, so disappointed, and slaps my face gently.

"I'm not going to die, okay?" I say. "I'll find you somehow."

"I love you," she says. "But you're an idiot."

We hear someone coming and she shuts the hatch and I press the eject button, and then she's gone.

SATURDAY

It's a weird place to be. I'm not even mad about it anymore. I get it. This is my role.

We beam down safely and I breathe a little sigh of relief. At least it's not the transporter.

We do our usual thing, and by 3:30 in the afternoon the thought is starting to creep into my head. Maybe. Maybe I'm the one, the only yeoman to ever survive his whole week on the away team. Maybe I'm not just another yeoman after all. It would be so easy to find out. I could take off this mask, breathe in this atmosphere, and in an instant I would know. Maybe it is my destiny to make history. If only I weren't so afraid of finding out what I really am, afraid of what the answer might be.

Around 6:15, the captain gathers us up, gives us a little parable about what we learned here. The thought is definitely in my head now, but I don't even want to entertain it. More time goes by, and I'm thinking, Here I am. I'm still here with 15 minutes left.

It's eight minutes to seven when the captain says it. "You," he says to me. Still doesn't know my name. I wonder if I even have a name.

"Captain," I say.

"I need your help collecting some samples," he says. "Over there."

Everyone tries to pretend they don't know what's happening, but as I'm walking away, I look back and catch them watching us with grim looks on their faces.

We walk for a while. Far enough away so that, presumably, the rest of the team won't be able to hear whatever horrible thing is going to happen to me. "Over there, behind that huge space-thingy." He actually calls it a space-thingy.

"You're like not even trying anymore," I say.

We go around the huge space-thingy and there, standing in front of us, is my wife, in all of her full-bellied glory, next to the shuttle pod I put her in yesterday.

"You, wha, how, uh?" I say. "You flew that thing?"

"Ugh, sometimes I can't believe I married you," she says. "The on-board computer, dummy. Hello? Technology? You don't even have to know how to do anything anymore to have your own ship." She looks at the captain. "Isn't that right, chubs?"

The captain has a look in his eyes, half terrified, half in love with her, and I have to admit, she does look pretty incredible. I'm not sure if it's the light of the six moons or some molecular effect caused by the composition of this planet, but she is literally glowing, and for half a second I suspect that I might have married and reproduced with an alien goddess.

"What's going on here?" I say, and it starts to dawn on me.

"Yesterday, when I was in Records, you –"

"Went to see the captain, yeah. We struck a deal. I told him I'd prefer that my husband not die by himself on an empty planet," she says. "And he clearly doesn't want to be captain anymore."

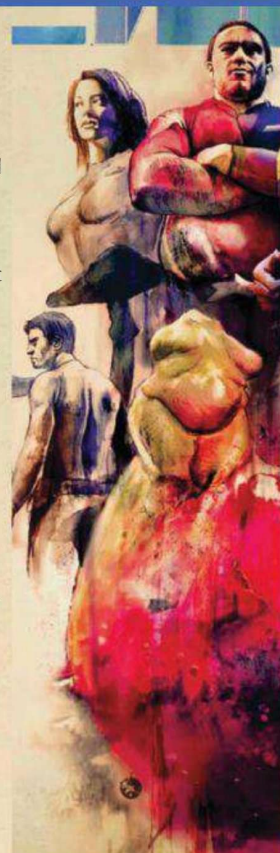
"It's a win-win," the captain says, getting into the trash pod. "Your wife's a smart woman."

"What are we going to tell the crew?" I say.

"Trust me, you lump. The crew is not going to care."

SUNDAY (AND BEYOND)

In the end, the official report listed the cause of the captain's demise as "Death by Space-Thingy." An inquiry was made by internal affairs at central command, but that was quickly wrapped up when it became clear that all the crew members' stories were consistent. *Yeah, man, the space-thingy just totally came up and got him.* The captain got to live out the rest of his years alone, on that planet, humping a pile of alien goop or whatever it is he wanted to do. The ship's officers voted to give my wife a commendation, which she gladly accepted, and a job offer, which she declined. (Although, as a favor to her, they did make me Yeoman, First Class, which came with a new uniform and a little more in the paycheck every week, just enough to cover movie night.) We had a party to celebrate our new captain, the former XO, and as usual there was cake and beer, but it was different because, for the first time in a long time, we felt like we were searching again. In her first official action as our new captain, she admitted that we were totally lost, which everyone knew but the previous captain had been unwilling to admit, and she said that our new destination was home, wherever that might be, and we all agreed that it was as mysterious and noble a pursuit as any, and we all set our sights that way, hoping it would still be there if and when we found it. ▼





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THE SCENE

Spaceport America, Virgin Galactic's headquarters in the windswept desert of New Mexico. The time: a few minutes past noon on a fall day in 2010. A gathering of some 500 people – including Buzz Aldrin (the second man to walk on the moon) and a couple dozen future Virgin Galactic customers – sat listening to the company's billionaire founder, Sir Richard Branson, speak of the new space frontier, when a vision appeared in the sky. At first it was a mere glint, a metallic speck reflecting sunlight thousands of feet up. Then, as it descended like some great ivory bird, it revealed itself: Virgin Galactic's *WhiteKnightTwo* spaceship, three fuselages joined by a long, arced wing that seemed to go on and on, much like the smile on Branson's face.

"This is history," he said. "We're making it right here, right now."

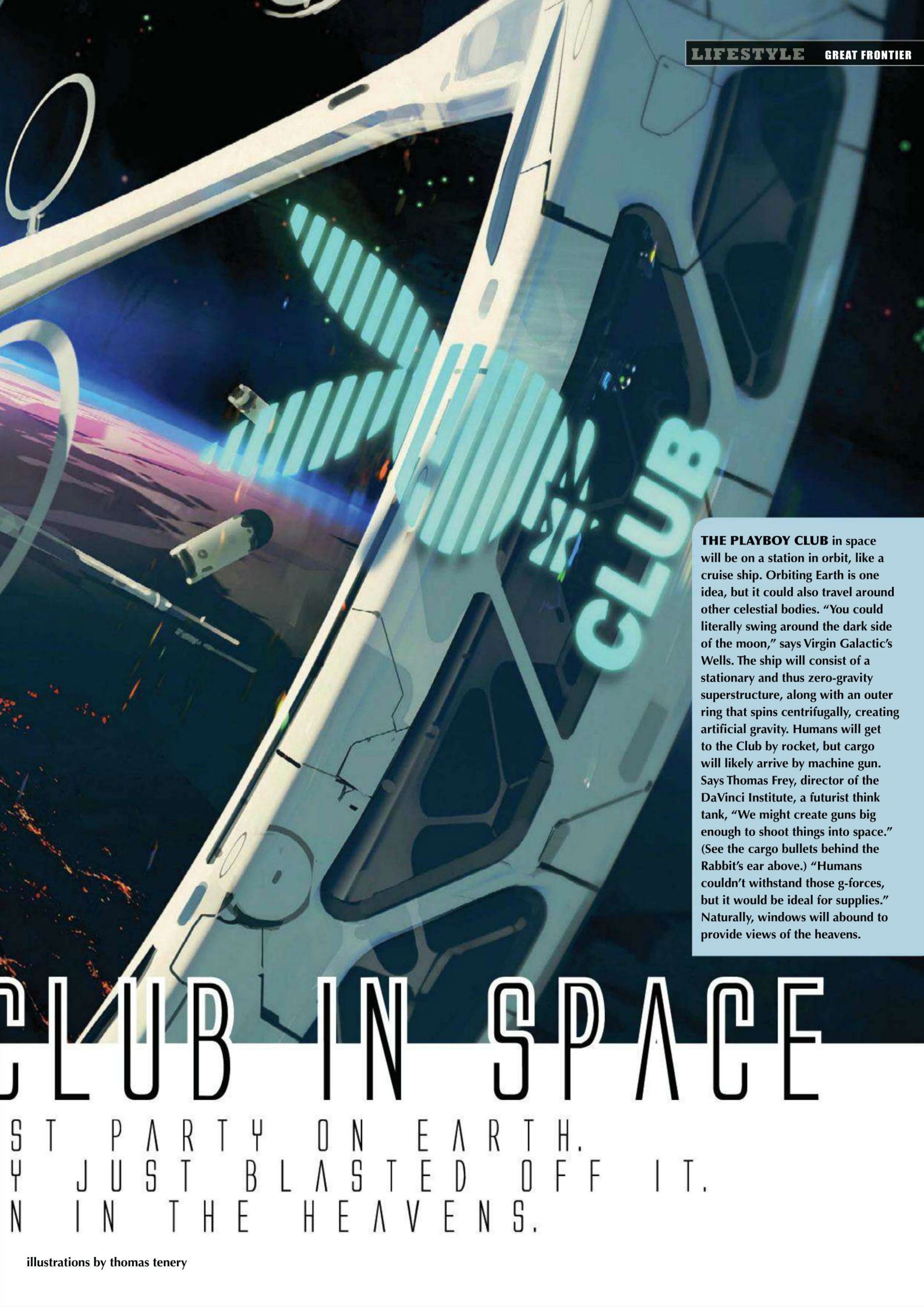
When the ship landed, the first civilian spaceport was christened.

At the beginning of the first space race, in the early 1960s, Hugh Hefner started opening PLAYBOY Clubs and publishing the magazine's iconic "pad" features. So at the dawn of the new space race, as corporations rather than governments vie to be the first to launch pleasure-seeking civilians into the heavens, we created the first renderings of a new celestial mecca. With the help of futurists and rocket scientists – including Virgin Galactic's head designer, Adam Wells – we imagine a PLAYBOY Club in space. Here's your exclusive ticket to a party that's out of this world.

THE PLAYBOY CLUB

IMAGINE THE WILDE
NOW IMAGINE THAT PARTY
WELCOME TO HEAVE

by aj baime and jason harper

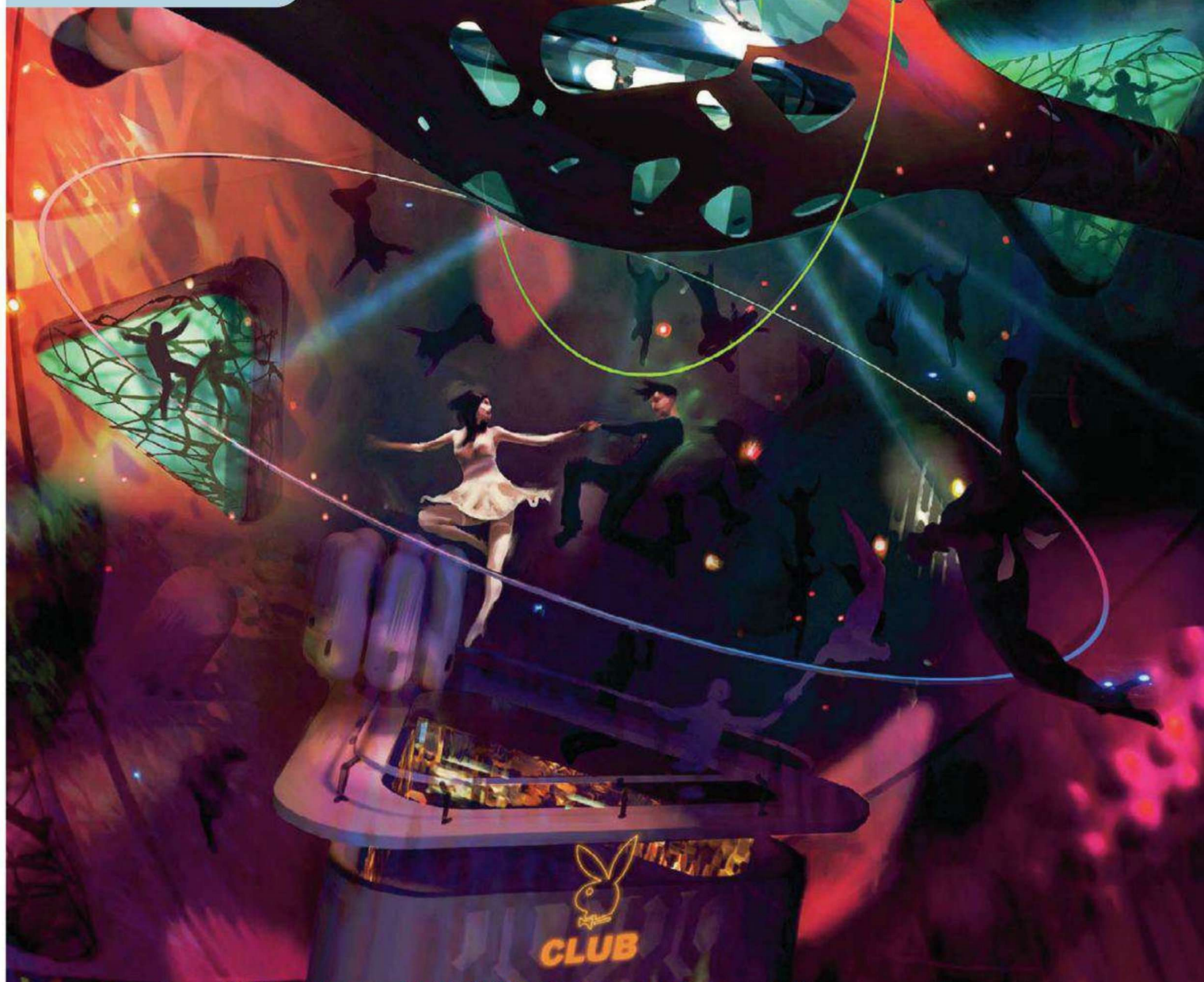


THE PLAYBOY CLUB in space will be on a station in orbit, like a cruise ship. Orbiting Earth is one idea, but it could also travel around other celestial bodies. "You could literally swing around the dark side of the moon," says Virgin Galactic's Wells. The ship will consist of a stationary and thus zero-gravity superstructure, along with an outer ring that spins centrifugally, creating artificial gravity. Humans will get to the Club by rocket, but cargo will likely arrive by machine gun. Says Thomas Frey, director of the DaVinci Institute, a futurist think tank, "We might create guns big enough to shoot things into space." (See the cargo bullets behind the Rabbit's ear above.) "Humans couldn't withstand those g-forces, but it would be ideal for supplies." Naturally, windows will abound to provide views of the heavens.

CLUB IN SPACE

ST PARTY ON EARTH.
Y JUST BLASTED OFF IT.
N IN THE HEAVENS.

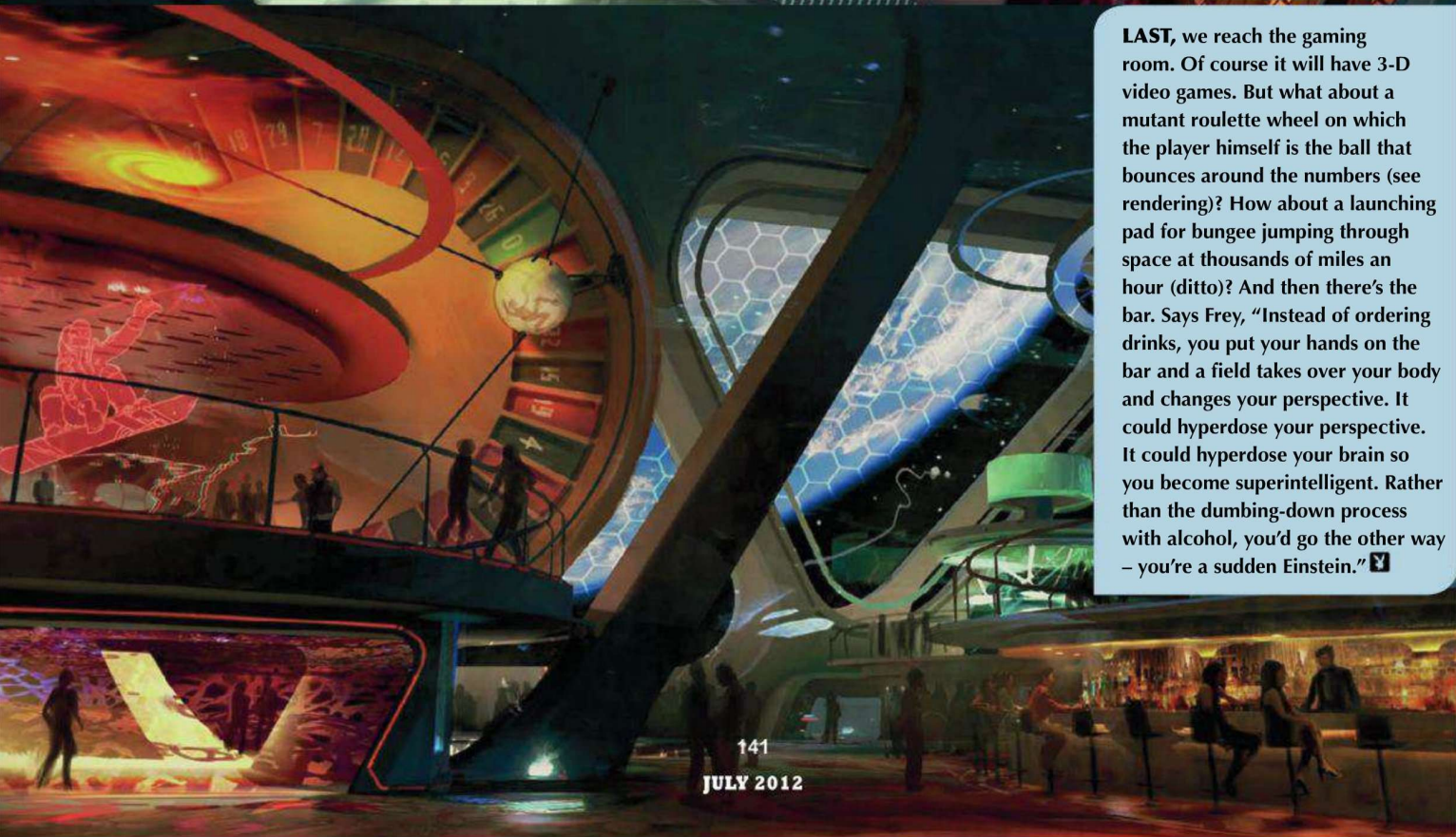
THE DANCE CLUB is the one room on board with no windows. It is a totally encompassing zero-gravity psychedelic experience. Frey envisions trampolines on the walls "so you can ricochet around, bouncing into one another like in a three-dimensional mosh pit."



WE IMAGINE the restaurant has gravity, to prevent chaos. "A big turnoff for most people in space is cold interiors," says Frey. "They don't find the *Star Wars* look inviting." These interiors are warm and elegant. According to Frey, organic printers will produce food: "Attached to the printers are vats of organic material," he says. Stan Kent, a rocket scientist formerly with NASA and now with Boeing's satellite division, says, "Hanging off the restaurant are zero-gravity transparent bubbles [top left]. That's our space farm." One bubble holds plants, all growing toward the centre, with light fed by the sun and mirrors. Inside the other are fish. No need for gravity underwater.



SPEAKING OF celestial bodies, personal quarters will serve as the first zero-gravity sex suites. Kent uses the term *POD*, or “pleasure orbital dome.” The entire Kama Sutra will have to be reimagined according to the rules of zero-gravity physics. Huge windows will offer views of Earth. Frey suggests digital wallpaper that changes according to your mood. But coitus in space will take some practice. Kent points out that “for every action there will be quite an opposite reaction. If you thrust into someone and aren’t holding on, they’re going to fly across the room.”



LAST, we reach the gaming room. Of course it will have 3-D video games. But what about a mutant roulette wheel on which the player himself is the ball that bounces around the numbers (see rendering)? How about a launching pad for bungee jumping through space at thousands of miles an hour (ditto)? And then there’s the bar. Says Frey, “Instead of ordering drinks, you put your hands on the bar and a field takes over your body and changes your perspective. It could hyperdose your perspective. It could hyperdose your brain so you become superintelligent. Rather than the dumbing-down process with alcohol, you’d go the other way – you’re a sudden Einstein.” **Y**

A full-page portrait of actor Chris Evans. He is standing outdoors with his arms crossed, wearing a blue and white plaid button-down shirt over a grey t-shirt. He has a short beard and is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is a bright, hazy sky with some clouds. In the top left corner, there is a yellow starburst graphic containing text. At the bottom, there is a dark horizontal band with the name 'Chris EVANS' in white and purple script and serif fonts respectively. The page number '142' is at the very bottom center.

OUR NEW
DIGITAL
EDITION

WITH EXTRA
CONTENT

Chris
EVANS



by jason buhrmester

It's not easy being a superhero. Just ask Captain America about self-doubt, being starstruck, dealing with the press and what he's learned from therapy.

Q1

PLAYBOY: The Avengers is your second turn playing Captain America. After two movies in the red, white and blue costume, is there anybody on the Avengers team you would trade fashion statements with?

EVANS: God, yeah, absolutely. Pretty much anybody, though some days Robert Downey would have to get into the Iron Man suit, and that looks pretty difficult. But outside of that, the Thor costume looks pretty comfortable. The Hulk has a great deal. Whenever he Hulks out, he just wears those little green CGI jumpsuits. It looks comfy as hell.

Q2

PLAYBOY: You turned down the role of *Captain America* several times. Why didn't you want to do it?

EVANS: They wanted a six-picture deal, and the worry about a six-picture deal is that it can potentially be spread out over 10 years. So you're making a decision for the next 10 years of your life. Films typically work one at a time. If one movie explodes and your life changes, you're afforded the opportunity to take a break, if you need it, to get your head back on straight. The fear I had was that I was compromising this control. That's terrifying, man.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Is it true Robert Downey Jr took you under his wing and helped you?

EVANS: When we started filming *The Avengers*, *Captain America* had not come out yet, and my big concern with *Captain America* was the press. I love doing one-ones. This feels like a conversation. This feels normal to me. But when you get on a stage, all of a sudden you feel like, man, there are 100 people just looking at you. It's a little bit of a strange feeling. Your heart starts pounding, and that's scary. Downey was good at just making me feel calm, saying, "Look, you're not alone in this," and helping my confidence.

Q4

PLAYBOY: This is the third time you've worked with Scarlett Johansson. Is it possible to be around her and not lust after her the entire time?

EVANS: She is a beautiful lady. She really got blessed. I love that girl, man. She's like my sister. I've known her for 10 years. She's just one of the smartest people I know. It's great when someone with a razor-sharp intellect wants to have fun. A lot of my buddies who like to have fun are a little lowbrow, and that's fun. It's enjoyable, but you can laugh at only so many farts.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Aside from a long relationship with Jessica Biel, you always seem to be single. Are you picky, or are you just enjoying yourself?

EVANS: I guess it's a perfect combination of things. I'm incredibly picky, but that doesn't mean I look for perfection. I like strange things. I wish you could see some of the girls I have genuinely had crushes on in my life. They're not the girls you would assume. My friends cannot figure out the girls that, for some reason, I fall for. It's a unique blend of traits, and on top of that, I'm really enjoying myself right now. I like being able to do what I want to do. If I want to sleep until three today, I'm gonna sleep until three. If I want to go to Vegas this weekend, guess what – I'm going to Vegas. That's a tough thing to walk away from, and so it has to be the right person. The pickiness makes that an uphill battle.

Q6

PLAYBOY: So what kind of women do you like?

EVANS: I like girls who are self-deprecating. I like girls who make fun of themselves. If you can't poke fun at yourself, what are you? I love making fun of myself, so I need a girl who can do that and mean it. And I like generosity. I like compassionate people. I'm not looking for some businesswoman who's out there making millions and just here to take the world by storm. I just want someone with a good soul. That's about it. The rest I'm really flexible on. I like a good ass, though. I will say that. It's PLAYBOY, right? I can say that? I like a big ass.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Taking all of that into consideration, admit to at least one celebrity crush.

EVANS: I used to be in love with Sandra

Bullock when I was growing up. Sandy B was my girl. I remember seeing *Speed* when I was in seventh grade and just thinking, That's her. I can't say I know her, but from what I've heard, she's fantastic.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You grew up outside Boston. Your father is a dentist. How's your dental hygiene?

EVANS: People think, Oh, he's making you floss and brush your teeth. No, it wasn't like that; on the contrary, actually. I could complain freely. You could openly tell him when something hurt.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Your mother has been known to defend you on the Internet when she sees you being slighted. Should Captain America have his mom fighting his battles?

EVANS: Yeah, she's one of those moms. She gets a little up in arms. The Internet is a big place where a lot of people can voice their opinions, and my mother chooses to pick fights with random people from all over the world who don't have the nicest things to say about me.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You were involved in a local theatre growing up, a program your mother still runs. Boston doesn't sound like the friendliest place for a young boy who loves theatre. How rough was it?

EVANS: I played sports as well, which helped. For the most part, when they wanted to give me a hard time, they'd come to my shows and heckle and razz. It wasn't as bad as it could have been, I'm sure.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Your brother is gay. Do you support gay marriage?

EVANS: Are you kidding me? It's insane that civil rights are being denied people in this day and age. It's embarrassing, and it's heartbreaking. It goes without saying that I'm completely in support of gay marriage. In 10 years we'll be ashamed that this was an issue.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You were a senior in high school when you lost your virginity. That seems kind

I just want someone with a good soul. That's about it. The rest I'm really flexible on. I like a good ass, though. I will say that. It's PLAYBOY, right? I can say that? I like a big ass.

of late for a good-looking guy.

EVANS: Look at pictures of me growing up. It wasn't always the way it is now. It was a bumpy road for me. But I think about that. There were kids doing a lot more than I was in high school. I just wasn't there, I guess. I lost my virginity senior year. It happened one time and only one time.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Before your senior year of high school, you moved to New York City by yourself to pursue acting. What was your plan?

EVANS: Prior to that summer I wrote letters to maybe six or seven different casting offices and said, "Look, I'm 16. I'm trying to learn. I'll work for free." A couple of places called back, and I got an internship. It was the casting office for *Spin City* back when Michael J Fox was on. I spent the whole summer answering phones, setting up actors on auditions, and by the end of the summer I was pretty friendly with two or three agents I had talked with on the phone. I said, "Listen, I'm an actor. I know I'm just Chris from Bonnie's office to you, but I'm an actor. Can you give me five minutes to come down and read for you?" They said, "Fine." A couple of them were like, "Yeah, let's work together. Let's do this." But I had to go back to Boston to finish my senior year, so they said, "Hurry back. Get back for pilot season," which starts, roughly, in January. So I doubled in a couple of classes and graduated in January of my senior year. I went back to New York, got lucky and got a pilot.

Q14

PLAYBOY: How did the other kids react when you came back for your senior year after living in New York all summer?

EVANS: It was the greatest. Really, 1999 was such a good year. I graduated from high school, I went to New York, I got a pilot, we shot the pilot for *Opposite Sex*, the pilot got picked up. I came back home to Boston in March or April, done with school and waiting to go to LA in August. I would just stroll into school around noon and see who I could get to cut with me. It was great. I don't think it will ever get better than that.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Are you sure? Things sound pretty damn good right now.

EVANS: It's different, you know? Come on, I was making some horrible show on

Fox, making not the best money in the world, but I was so happy, so happy. Things are different now, and I'm very grateful and very blessed. But man, that year was just — I don't know. There was something great about it. It was all brand-new. There were no consequences. There was nothing to worry about. You were free to make mistakes. It's all optimism. You're not jaded.



Q16

PLAYBOY: *Not Another Teen Movie* was your first big starring role. What was the first thing you spent money on?

EVANS: It's kind of embarrassing. I think it was a Sean John velour jumpsuit, which tells you a little bit about me in 2000. What an idiot. I think if you actually watch the *Not Another Teen Movie* DVD, we do cast interviews and I'm in a velour Sean John jumpsuit. If I showed up in that today, my publicist would say, "No, absolutely not." I think I took my two roommates and got them jumpsuits as well. It was so ridiculous.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Your big break came playing Johnny Storm in *Fantastic Four*. How bad did you want that part?

EVANS: Oh, pretty bad. I had a couple of bad auditions for that one. I went in one time and just blew the audition and left. I called my agent, and he was like, "Yeah, it's not going to go any further," and I said, "No, I need another audition." The first one I just screwed up, you know? That's what happens sometimes. My fault. The second time, I got in there, and five minutes into the audition, the director had a call on his cell, and he was like, "It's okay. Keep going," and he went out and took the phone call. I was reading the scene with the casting director and the video camera, and I was like, "Well, this isn't right either." But I got one more shot at it, and luckily it worked out.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Are there any roles you lost out on that really upset you?

EVANS: I remember I really wanted that movie *Fracture* that Ryan Gosling ended up doing. I had a really good audition, and the director and I had gotten along incredibly well. He called me and said, "Listen, you're my guy for this thing." But Ryan was on the way up as well, and I think he just read it and liked it. And Anthony Hopkins was in it. You can't beat working with him.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You're a die-hard Boston sports fan. Has your celebrity afforded you access you only dreamed of as a kid?

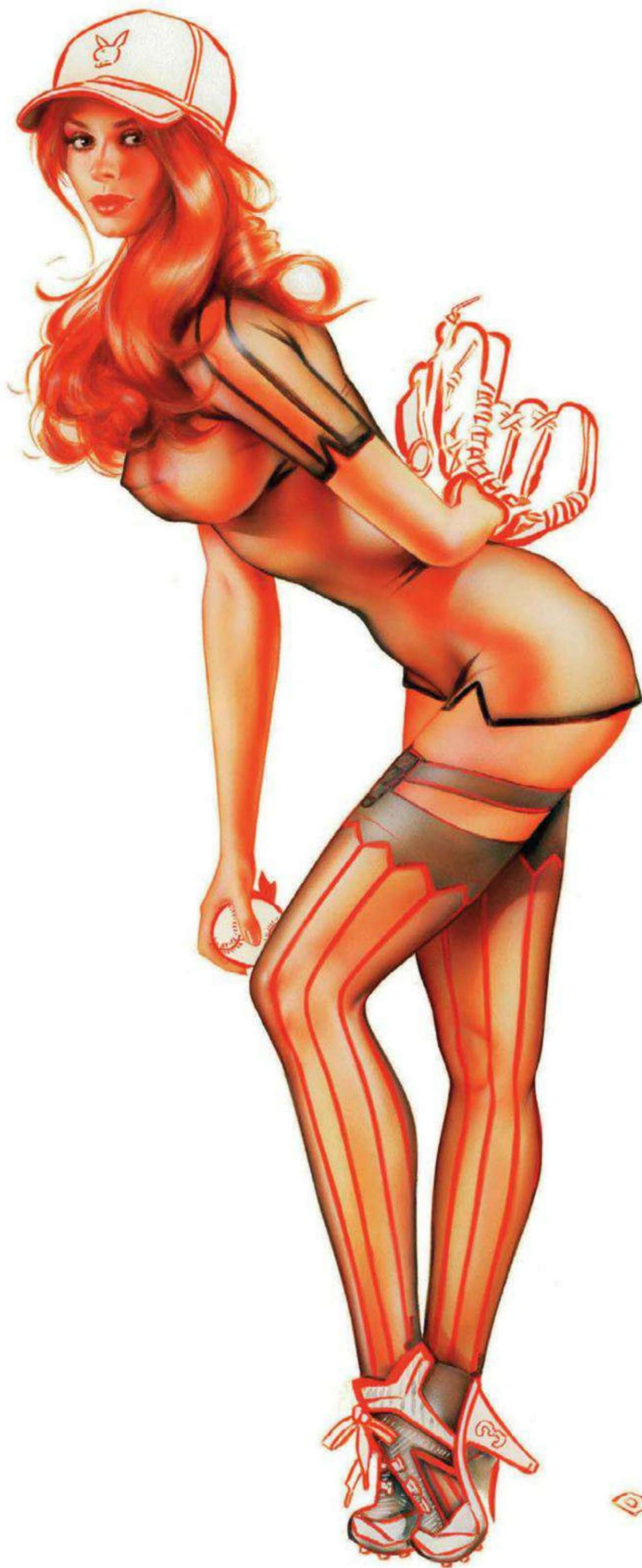
EVANS: Sports is the one thing I get giddy about. I get really excited. I do not keep my composure well when I meet athletes. I can meet any actor in the world and say, "Hello, how are you? Nice to meet you," and maintain a level of sensibility. I met Kobe once and did not play it cool. I met Michael Jordan once. I don't even know if he'll remember it. It was like the best experience of my life. I was at Atlantis in the Bahamas one weekend doing some celebrity bullshit, whatever it was, and a party was going on at one of the clubs.

This is right after *Fantastic Four* had come out, and on the edge of the VIP section was Michael Jordan. He had his little table there, and he just went, "Hey, hey!" He kind of got the bouncer's attention and said, "That kid's okay." He waved me in, poured me a drink and said, "My kids love you." I did not play it cool. Thank God I wasn't too drunk at that point, because I might have gone in for a hug or something.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You went into therapy after agreeing to play Captain America. What did you learn about yourself?

EVANS: What did I learn about myself? Well, that I'm not the only one who feels overwhelmed. Everyone deals with these feelings, at some level or another, in some way. **E**



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"He's a sucker for low and inside...!"

Kate Lovemore - Miss March
2012



Amy Tara Bridger - Miss April
2011



The Jenzen Twins - Misses April
2012



Victoria De Lima - Miss June
2011



Tshego Seakgoe - Miss May
2011



Yolandi Wiggett - Miss February
2012



Imogene Meyer - Miss January
2012



Jade Fairbrother - Miss September 2011



Aamz - Miss May 2012



Kandra Van Der Bank - Miss October 2011



Bianca Golden - Miss June 2012



Cyndy Stroebe - Miss November 2011



Yolandi Malherbe - Miss July 2011

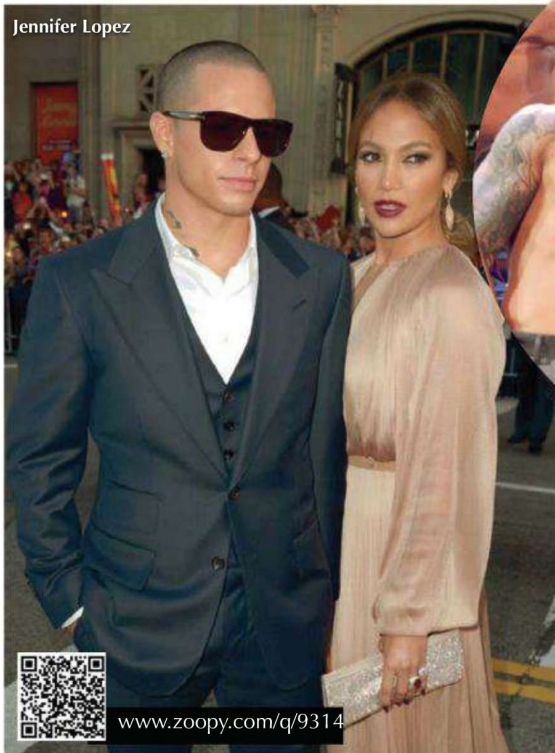


Mpho Tsila - Miss August 2011

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ZOOPING & SNOOPING

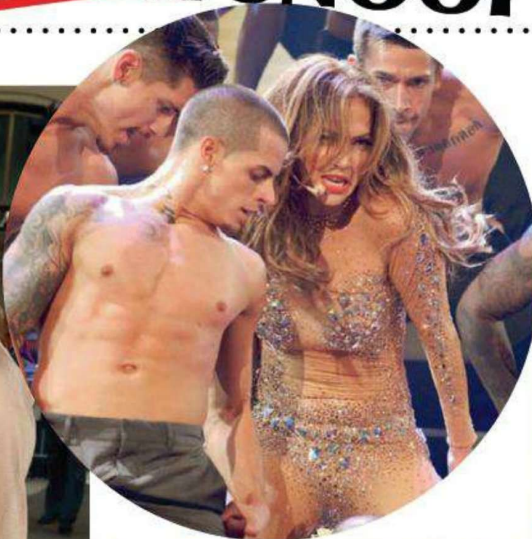
Jennifer Lopez



www.zoopy.com/q/9314

JENNIFER LOPEZ' BOYFRIEND CASPER SMART DENIES PENIS TATTOO | LAUGHS OFF RUMOUR

Jennifer Lopez's toy-boy, Casper Smart has laughed off rumours that he had Jenny from the block's name tattooed on his penis... Well, "Jennifer Lopez" is a pretty long name! He might only have space for "JLo."



Candice Swanepoel



CANDICE SWANEPOEL TWEETS NUDE PHOTO

Victoria's Secret model and home-grown beauty, Candice Swanepoel tweeted a naked photo of herself standing in front of a wall with her perm flowing down to her booty. Not that you'd really focus on her hair.

AKA



www.zoopy.com/q/9404

CHRIS BROWN AND DRAKE GOT INTO A FIST FIGHT... AND

Chris Brown and Drake got into brutal fist fight over Rihanna at a club in New York. Chris Brown got his jaw cracked, his bodyguard got his head scalped and innocent bystanders were seriously injured. Just another week night really. #Thuglife



Chris

Drake



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PLAYMATE CORNER



KATE

Miss March 2012, Kate Lovemore celebrated International Surfing Day in June with a stunning pic that caught the eye of our fans around the world. (Perhaps not quite as much as a video of her a few weeks earlier when she lost her bikini top). Kate was also caught strutting her stuff recently at the opening of new Durban club Vogue, modelling a number of bikinis to the sultry beats of Dino Bravo, then letting her hair down and partying the night away with Durban's finest, alongside singer Chiano Sky and socialite Jen Su.



KANDRA

Miss October 2011 Kandra van der Bank was over in India for the Indian fashion week, modelling with some of the biggest names in the business, including Triumph and Soei. She also found time to explore the IPL, local culture and sights, and had nothing but praise for her time there: "All the tastes, flavours and vibrant colours from around the world combine into one in the heart of India. To the heat of the sun, to the heat of all the amazing spice aroma food to the heat of the vibe of the people – India never sleeps."



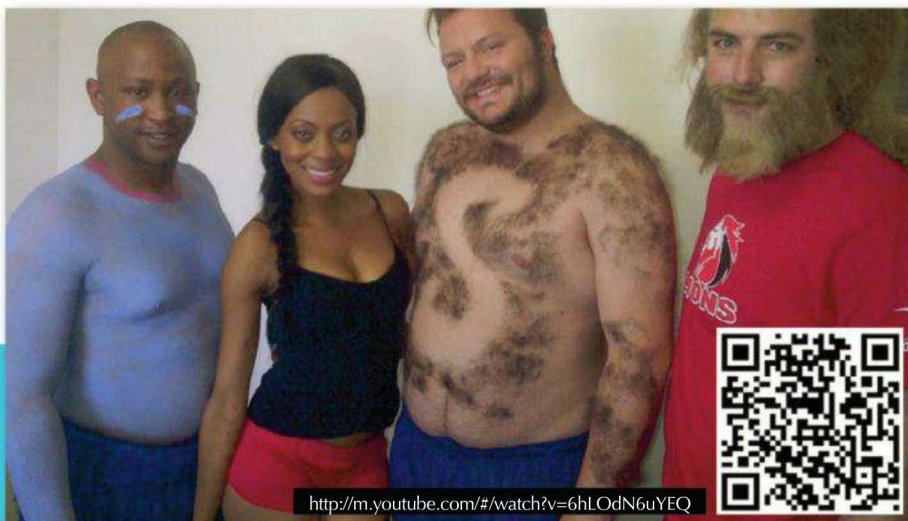
WENDY

Playmate Wendy du Toit recently did a dancing shoot with Photographer Allan Riedel displaying her love for Latin and ballroom dancing. She has also been named as the face for Edenware Latex clothing. Who can resist a lady in tight latex?



TSHEGO & VICTORIA

Playmates Tshego Seakgoe and Victoria de Lima had a ball filming as part of the new music video for Afrikaans music star Robbie Wessels. Judging by the pictures, much fun was had by all involved!



<http://m.youtube.com/#/watch?v=6hLOdN6uYEQ>



ADVISOR

Send your questions to advisor@playboy.co.za.
We'll get the best in the field to give you some great advice...

When I'm at a club, I find it quite hard to meet and talk to women. I am tall, dark and reasonably good-looking. It's not that women never look at or talk to me, it's just that it seems that this is as far as it ever goes. I'll buy a drink or dance with her, but that is it. My friend tells me I must be much more aggressive. This is probably the problem, but how do I know what is too aggressive – without getting slapped? - KS, Durban

Biologist Timothy Perper spent more than 900 hours watching single men and women interact at bars. He claims that there are five stages to courtship encounters: the approach, talking, the turn, the touch and the synchronisation. Usually, the woman approaches the man. If there is interest, the two turn to face each other (thus shutting out the competition). Then the couple accidentally touch each other - i.e., one picks a piece of fluff from the other's shoulder. Says Perper, "It's amazing how much fluff accumulates in singles bars." When the flirtation goes nuclear, the two start to mirror each other's moves. She sips when you sip, you cup her breast, she fondles your genitals. (Just kidding on that last bit. At least we think we are kidding.) Perper says that most men miss these cues. "About 90 percent can't tell the difference between politeness and flirting. It's a myth that men are the sexual aggressors in our society." So our advice: keep a jar filled with fluff that you can sprinkle on your shoulder before going out. And keep your eyes open.

Have you ever encountered the sexual phrase "boxing the compass"? What does it mean? - FL, Bloemfontein

There is a scene in a Walter Matthau movie in which he spends the day in bed with a woman, "boxing the compass." He tries to find a sexual position for each axis of the bed. It applies to other pieces of furniture as well. The next time you enter a new setting with a lover, try to imagine an erotic use for every item in view. Make a pact not to leave until you've done it in the shower, on the dressing table, in the chair, on the coffee table, hanging from the chandelier, on the stairs, in the closet, under the bed, in the garage, in the foyer. You don't have to have an orgasm in each position or place, just some form of sexual contact. You can do this to tired old settings to revitalise your

sex life. When you're done, everything you see will remind you of sex. That will lead to even more sex. It's a vicious circle.

Why is it that if a man reaches orgasm in less than two minutes, he's called a premature ejaculator, while if a woman reaches orgasm in less than two minutes, she's called hot and responsive? It seems unfair. - BR, Newlands

We think you're onto something. Why is it that a man who takes two hours to reach orgasm is called a stud, while a woman who takes two hours to reach orgasm is called frigid or the victim of an insensitive lover? Sexual stereotypes don't take into account the infinite variety of lovers. Leave your stop-watch and box of labels at the bedroom door and you'll have a lot more fun.

Because I travel for business, I have to lug around a portable computer. I get frustrated with having to recharge the battery constantly. Is there anything I can do to make it last longer? - JA, Ermelo

If you recharge a common nickel cadmium (NiCd) battery before it's completely dead, you're shortchanging yourself – it won't have so much life again. NiMh batteries last longer, but Lithium Ion is the way to go these days, with no memory and great power characteristics. You can also get power-management software that helps you keep an eye on your energy supply.

Recently, I spent a good deal of money on a pair of black wing tips that I wear practically every day. My girlfriend says that I shouldn't wear the same shoes two days in a row – something about their needing to breathe. If they are

really good shoes, shouldn't they be able to take daily wear? - HW, Tshwane

Sorry – leather shoes should not be worn day after day. You'll save yourself money in the long run by investing in a few pairs of good shoes and rotating them. Your girlfriend is right; leather does have to breathe. As a skin, it traps moisture and needs at least a day after being worn to dry out naturally. Otherwise, the leather will become mouldy and eventually crack. Other tips to make your shoes last: keep them polished, as it will help them resist dirt and water. Store them on shoe-trees to keep their shape. And always repair shoes as needed; worn heels will throw your body out of alignment causing the shoes to stretch out of shape. ☑

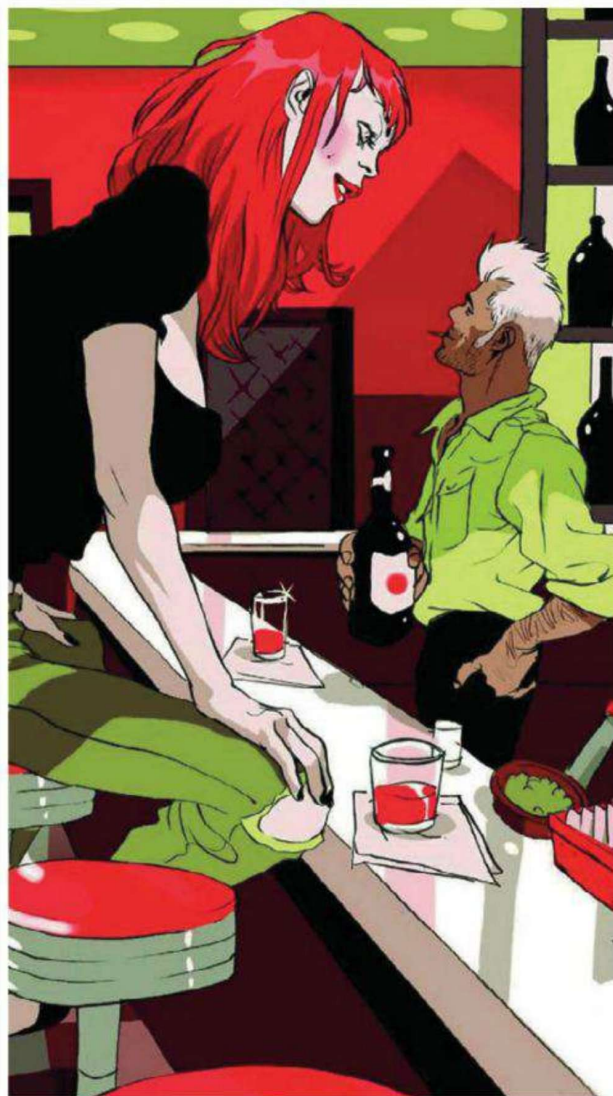


illustration by tomer hanuka

[NEWS]

360°

[EVENTS]



LISA SEIFFERT VIDEO

Get a glimpse of cover model Lisa Seiffert's shoot. If you want to see more, sign up for the PLAYBOY CyberClub via our website www.playboy.co.za.



BEHIND THE SCENES WITH PLAYMATE

Bianca Jolder

If you loved Miss July's pictorial, go see her behind the scenes video from the photoshoot. Thanks Kyle White.
<http://www.playboy.co.za/?cat=51>



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CHILLI BAR EVENT & LAUNCH



Our good friend, Sonny Naidoo, hosted Playboy South Africa at The Chilli Bar for a party in Southfield, Cape Town recently. We wish him great success with the launch of his new venture, the Chilli Bar Knysna Lounge, in July. If you are on your way to the Knysna Oyster Festival, join us for the most fun you can ever imagine at any PLAYBOY party. Rumour has it that Mark Lottering and friends will be in the house.



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JULY 2012



PARTY WITH PLAYBOY



The events schedule for the month of July is looking good. We'll be criss-crossing the country at Tiger Tigers nationwide: Pretoria (19 July), Durban (20 July), Fourways (27 July), Cape Town (28 July). You can also find us at Hollywood Nightclub on 21 July in Cape Town.

R.I.P. TIM HOUGHTON



"I'm never going to let myself die old. On a bike, in a rally car, or under a PLAYBOY model, perhaps."

Tim lived his life the way he wanted to. He smiled his knowing smile as others fretted or jibed, and that character illuminated the very spirit he would pour onto paper, in his articles about adventure, courage and heart.

Even if Tim were tasked with writing his own obituary, he would have made us laugh before ripping up the paper it was printed on and using it to roll his next cigarette, mischievously grinning ear to ear.

Tim Houghton was a dedicated friend, a brilliant writer and a creative inspiration to all of us who were fortunate enough to know him. We will miss you dearly.



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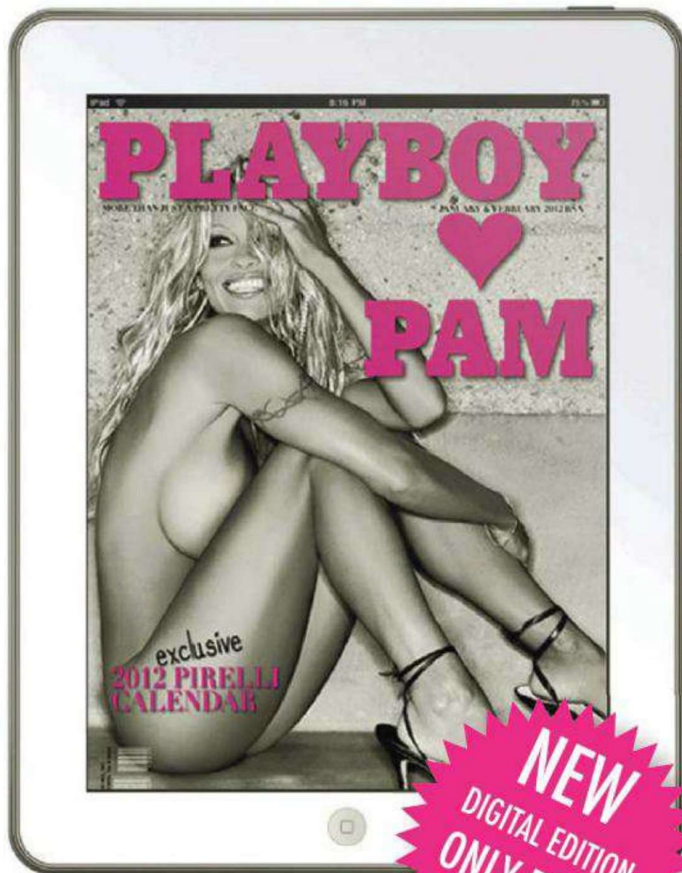


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ROLE PLAYING

by richard mulholland

When I was 16 years old I discovered the wonderful world of fantasy role-playing – from damsels in distress and heroic elves to dungeons and dragons – role-playing was what I was doing while my peers were getting laid.

I find this somewhat ironic as role-playing is now something I do while I'm getting laid. Gone are the dungeons and damsels in distress only to be replaced by... well sometimes still dungeons and damsels in distress – but I digress.

Role-playing is interesting, and not just in a Japanese college girl meets tired businessman kinda way. More in a the-roles-we've-been-trained-to-play-since-we-were-kids way.

If I turn the page of just about every other male magazine these days (and probably most of the female ones) I see only one archetype of a man. He has a smile that would give Dentine advertising execs an erection, a six-pack that would make Breweries proud, and the dress sense that gay men everywhere would kill for. That's all okay though, the bigger problem for me is that this guy is a man's man of the highest order, he's a high-flying millionaire executive that spends his weekends running marathons, his evenings as a volunteer fireman, and every other

Sunday he helps out at the local kids charity.

He's playing the man role perfectly.

There's a problem though. This somewhat historical idea of a man only works if he's paired up with a somewhat historical idea of a woman – and that, my friends, just ain't about to happen.

Look, you could suggest that your better half leaves the man stuff to you; after all, there's still a ton to be done in the kitchen. You could suggest that. You just shouldn't, unless of course you want to see how effective she really is with those kitchen knives. The upside is, she probably knows how to get the blood out of your shirt. (Launder in cold water for 15 minutes. Add ammonia if needed – you're welcome.)

You see, contrary to popular opinion, women apparently are able to think for themselves; they have ideas even. The scary thing is that I've come to realise a few things of my own: their ideas are better, as are their operational skills, so is their work ethic, and their ability to execute.

Shit.

Where does this leave us?

Don't stress about it too much lads, all is not lost, that jam jar ain't gonna open itself y'know.

So, what does this all have to do with role-playing though? Lots. The gender roles we've been

The gender roles we've been playing have changed. The women know this; it's just taking a little longer for the penny to drop for us.

playing have changed. The women know this; it's just taking a little longer for the penny to drop for us.

I met this couple at a dinner party recently, she's the up-and-coming executive at one of SA's big banks; he, on the other hand, is currently an out of work builder – and by currently, I mean for the last two years.

It turns out that every day this woman gets up, goes to work, and wins the bread. The husband, meanwhile, gets up, hits the gym, ostensibly tries to get work, and maybe potters around the garden. All good so far. However, this is where things get interesting.

At some point in the dinner party (after the halloumi, grilled, but before the steak), we got to discussing the things that we would or wouldn't do around the house, "Just don't ask me to do the shopping," our gym buddy laughed, "I hate that."

Everyone laughed with him. Everyone, except his wife. You see he's not joking, he really does believe that doing the shopping is, and I quote, emasculating. I shit you not.

Some time later, after a few more bottles of wine (red), it came up that she had better not expect him to be a stay-at-home dad when their kid arrives in a few months. He's happy to be a dad, and to stay at home, just not to be a stay-at-home dad – that's just not cricket. What blew me away were the nods of approval from some of the other men around the table.



I'm shocked, but I get it, that's how (many of) our parents did it. Dad went to work, Mum got us ready for school, Dad came home, Mum prepared dinner. The system worked fairly well, there were a finite amount of tasks to be done, and a finite amount of hours to do it in. Mum and Dad simply divvied it up and everything worked fine.

So, the way I see it is, if one person is at the office all day earning money, the other person has to pick up the slack at home. It's not about gender

roles, it's about time.

I asked the guy over dessert (crème brûlée) how he would cope if his wife quit her job to look after the kid. He said that that just wasn't an option at the moment. I then gave him my best knowing stare with eyebrow raised, but alas, it was a waste of a perfectly good eyebrow – the guy just didn't get it (and if his wife's face was anything to go by, he won't be getting it at home in the near future either).

The sad reality is that this guy isn't alone; hell, he's not even in the minority. There's one of him at just about every dinner party you'll ever attend. Seriously, as my mate Craig says, every dinner party has someone that everyone else thinks is a douchebag. If you can't spot him – it's you.

The bottom line is this: the traditional gender roles are about as relevant today as the fax machine. Sure, we all still have them, and occasionally they get used, but we all know it's just a matter of time.

My recommendation is this: leave the role-playing for the bedroom, it's a heap of fun, and those French maid outfits are as sexy as hell (especially when she's wearing it). For everything else, if it needs doing, and you have time, get it done. It's not emasculating and may actually help you get some. Of course, if getting some doesn't interest you, there's always Dungeons and Dragons. 🐉

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WINK TILL NEXT TIME



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