

ULTIMATE COLLEGE ISSUE PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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BARE CLASS BEAUTIES GIRLS OF THE PAC 10

VIDEO GAME
PREVIEW
SEXY NUDE
DIGITAL
DREAMGIRL
TRADING
CARDS
NUMBERS
1-4 INSIDE

NASCAR
BLOWOUT
ONE WRITER
TWO WRECKS
200,000 FANS
A TALLADEGA
CRASH
COURSE

SARA JEAN
OREGON STATE
UNIVERSITY

20^Q OZZY OSBOURNE

PLUS:
COLLEGE
FICTION
AND
COLLEGE
FASHION

SEX ED
BY THE NUMBERS

101 COLLEGE
GIRLS REVEAL ALL

NAMES
PICTURES
NUMBERS

GEORGE CARLIN
REHABBED AND
RECHARGED
THE **COMEBACK**
INTERVIEW



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PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Light girl

BUST: 34C WAIST: 26 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTHDATE: 11/8/80 BIRTHPLACE: Miami, Florida

AMBITIONS: To find the ultimate Mojo Master!

TURN-ONS: Poetry, music, dancing, virgins, romance, holding hands, guys who smell good

TURN OFFS: Tattoos, weightlifters, bad literature, and one-night stands

FAVORITE THING TO HAVE ON: My flowery skirt and yellow tank top with sandals

MY CLOSEST FRIENDS: Earth girl, Fire girl, Ice girl, Shadow girl, and my dog Eli.

THE MOST UNUSUAL PLACE I'VE HAD SEX: I'm saving myself for the right man ☺

FAVORITE HANG OUT: Lincoln Road Mall in Miami

FAVORITE MOVE: The Knuckle Suckle - It's when a guy comes up to you and kisses your hand. Makes me melt.



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"Me at age 3!"



"My best friend, ELI!"

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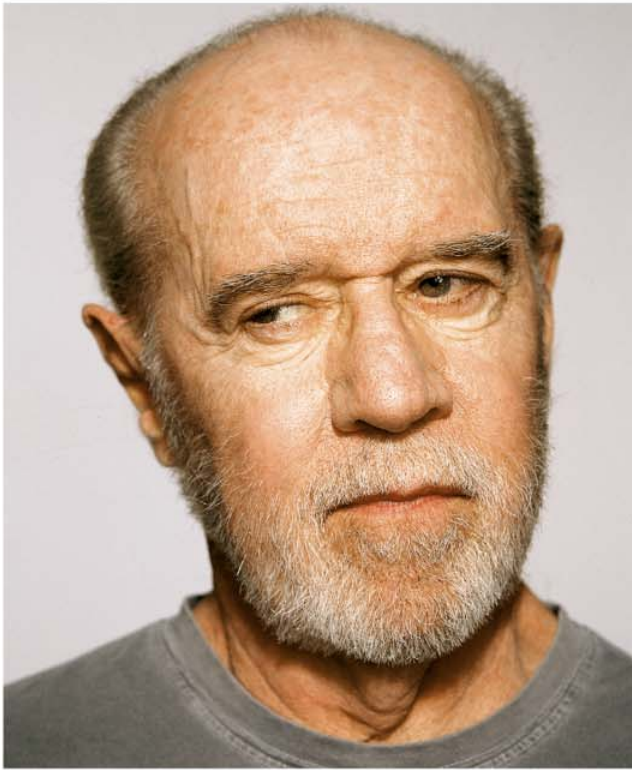
GUARANTEED

12

YEARS OF AGING

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Shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker and tits are the seven words that landed comedian **George Carlin** in the Supreme Court in 1978. As Howard Stern can no doubt tell you, the High Court upheld the FCC's right to ban these words. Ever since, Carlin has continued to push the boundaries of comedy and culture. "I have been doing this a long time, and nobody has been this unedited, unguarded," says **David Hochman**, who conducted this month's *Playboy Interview* with Carlin. "He was funny, intense and thoughtful. He is obsessed with ideas. And in him you see that fine line between madness and genius." Little-known fact: Carlin's very first comedy album—recorded in 1960 with his original partner, Jack Burns—was called *Burns and Carlin at the Playboy Club Tonight*. Welcome back, motherfucker.



Talk about fish out of water. College professor **Mark Winegardner**, author of *The Godfather Returns*, and four staunch blue-state types piled into an RV and headed off to Talladega Superspeedway for a *NASCAR Crash Course*. The result? "I am totally hooked," he declares. "Just to hear the cars makes your dick feel like it has grown two inches. No wonder Ernest Hemingway used to say that there are only three sports—bullfighting, mountaineering and auto racing—and that everything else is just a game."



The University of Wisconsin's **Kevin A. González** is this year's winner of our annual College Fiction Contest, with *Statehood*. "Parts of the story are drawn from personal experience," he says. "When I was 10 I began spending a lot of time in bars with my dad. I went to Catholic school, and while most of my classmates were at church on Sundays, I would be watching football or playing darts at some bar, drinking nonalcoholic beer with my dad and his friends. Even though I saw things that a 10-year-old kid shouldn't see and did things a 10-year-old kid shouldn't do, I had a blast." González heads to the University of Iowa's Writers' Workshop this semester.



Senior Editor **Scott Alexander** assembled this month's *For Love of the Game*, a reader favorite since last year's pixelated Centerfold. "Initially, gaming was something we thought we were supposed to grow out of," says Alexander. "I mean, how many times can you save the princess from King Koopa? But the industry has matured." And rest assured: Nude game girls are back. "This year we had eight of gaming's hottest ladies printed onto trading cards. A panel of four is in each issue of the magazine, and if you collect both sheets, you can put them together to form a giant image on the back. We're not playing around here."



Photographer **Nick Cardillicchio** has shot Michael Vick, A-Rod and Dale Earnhardt Jr. This month he fixes his lens on new fall styles in *Playboy's Back to Campus Fashion*. "With the camera angle," he explains, "I tend to shoot from a little lower, which comes from my background of photographing athletes and album covers. When you are dealing with those guys, they are larger than life. I like to carry that over into my fashion photography." To get a larger-than-life look for yourself, check out the clothes in his feature.

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PLAYBOY

contents

features

- 62 EARNST GOES TO COLLEGE**
College students still know how to have a good time (just examine the rest of this issue to see how), but the sun is swiftly setting on the days when young scholars were expected to sow their wild oats. With lawsuits pressuring schools to crack down on irrational exuberance, college life is turning into pre-middle age. We look at who pulled the plug on the party and ask why so few students think it even matters. **BY RICHARD MORGAN**
- 78 FOR LOVE OF THE GAME**
Video games have more byte than ever. Here's the best of what's coming this fall: the hottest games, the next-gen systems and, back by popular demand, nude shots of the sexiest video game gals—this time on trading cards.
- 84 NASCAR CRASH COURSE**
The author of *The Godfather Returns* drafted four of his literary friends, revved up an RV and hit the Talladega Superspeedway intent on a weekend of observing varieties of NASCAR fanatics. Then they went native and came away hooked. **BY MARK WINEGARDNER**
- 102 COLLEGE SEX 101**
Want to know what that pretty girl in lit class really thinks about sex? Get a clue from our unscientific survey, in which 101 flesh-and-blood coeds come clean about bedroom tricks, cheating and fantasies. Want a preview? Somebody wants to play the serving wench if you'll be Captain Jack Sparrow.

fiction

- 74 STATEHOOD**
A 12-year-old boy's father and the barflies at the neighborhood watering hole school him in street smarts and playing darts in this coming-of-age story by PLAYBOY's College Fiction Contest winner. **BY KEVIN A. GONZÁLEZ**

the playboy forum

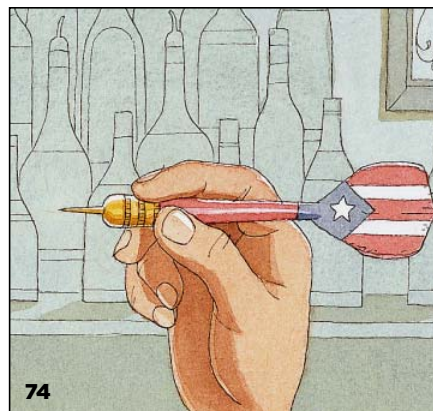
- 45 A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING**
The World Bank's primary purpose is to alleviate poverty in underdeveloped countries. As a result it has a major influence on those nations' policies. The bank's new head is former deputy secretary of defense Paul Wolfowitz. Many wonder if he'll use the bank as bluntly as he used the Pentagon to advance conservative political causes around the world. **BY MOISÉS NAÍM**

20Q

- 108 OZZY OSBOURNE**
He raised hell with Black Sabbath, allowed cameras inside his home to capture him as a goofy dad for *The Osbournes* and continues to rock on the Ozzfest tours. Nothing can slow down the Prince of Darkness, not even a near-fatal ATV accident. Now he drops in and drops a few dozen F-bombs while talking about rehab, pink coats and the afterlife. **BY ALISON PRATO**

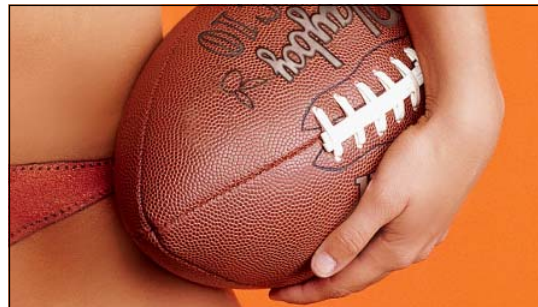
interview

- 53 GEORGE CARLIN**
After five decades in comedy, considerable substance abuse, three heart attacks and a landmark appearance before the Supreme Court, this comic legend is sharper than ever. He comes clean here about why he recently exploded at a Las Vegas audience, what parts of his life he'd like to erase and why he hopes heaven is like watching CNN. **BY DAVID HOCHMAN**



COVER STORY

Cover girl Sara Jean from Oregon State and painted lady Victoria Thornton from Arizona State are just two of the sexy students in our Pac 10 shoot who are making us high on higher education. Senior Contributing Photographer Army Freytag captured the coeds on and off campus; Mark Frazier painted the student bodies. Our Rabbit puts himself in a position to be blitzed by the beauties.



PLAYBOY®

contents continued



66



84



78

pictorials

- 66 SPELLBINDER**
Wiccan wonder Fiona Horne conjures the true magic of witchcraft as she communes with nature in her birthday suit.
- 88 PLAYMATE: AMANDA PAIGE**
This University of Virginia sociology major earns extra credit for keeping the library stacked.
- 120 GIRLS OF THE PAC 10**
We asked the most comely students to leave their books, clothes and inhibitions back at the dorm.

notes and news

- 11 THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY**
Andy Garcia and Jamie Foxx enjoy the Playboy Jazz Fest; Playmates skydive with the troops.
- 12 MANSION FROLICS**
Pink, Formula One driver Jenson Button and Jennifer Tilly party with Hef at the Mansion.
- 119 CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: PILAR LASTRA**
Want to impress Pilar? Just learn to flip knives in the air.
- 157 PLAYMATE NEWS**
Pamela Anderson unveils *Star Struck*; Lauren Anderson explains what makes her feel like a naughty schoolgirl.

departments

- 3 PLAYBILL**
- 15 DEAR PLAYBOY**
- 19 AFTER HOURS**
- 37 MANTRACK**
- 43 THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**

- 100 PARTY JOKES**
- 137 WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 161 ON THE SCENE**
- 162 GRAPEVINE**
- 164 POTPOURRI**

fashion

- 110 PLAYBOY'S BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION**
A bit of style in the classroom separates the men from the boys. Find the balance between functionality and individuality—and bask in her affection.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
- 116 VARSITY VANITY**
Here's an honor roll of personal grooming products.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

reviews

- 27 MOVIES**
Cameron Crowe's *Elizabethtown* is "a character smorgasbord"; George Clooney's powerful *Good Night. And, Good Luck.*
- 28 DVDS**
Strangers crawl from the wreckage of racism in *Crash*; Danny Elfman's favorite soundtracks.
- 32 MUSIC**
Towers of London mash up British punk and big-haired metal; the talented MC Remy Ma.
- 33 GAMES**
Mortal Kombat: Shaolin Monks is a sprawling adventure; build your tagging skills in artist and designer Marc Ecko's new game.
- 34 BOOKS**
Fill up on fall's best graphic novels; the definitive collection of Helmut Newton photographs.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



PLAYBOY CELEBRATES ALL THAT JAZZ

This summer the annual Playboy Jazz Fest at the Hollywood Bowl attracted the world's finest musicians and actors. *The Tonight Show's* Kevin Eubanks (left, with Hef) acted as master of ceremonies for the two-day music festival. Andy Garcia (below) couldn't resist jumping onstage to jam with Cuban mambo king Israel "Cachao" Lopez. Jamie Foxx (right) couldn't resist the ladies.



SIN CITY ESCAPADES

What happened in Vegas couldn't stay there once Jenny McCarthy began hosting Playboy's *Party at the Palms* on E! Right: Jenny and a group of bathing beauties urged Palms Casino Resort guests to join the fun.



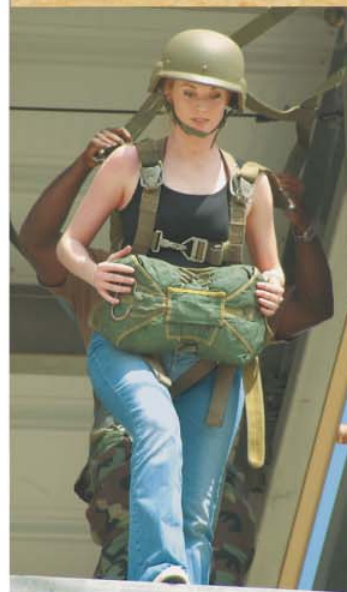
A TRIBUTE TO A GRAND FILM

Dennis Hopper (left, with Hef and his girls) hosted a Mansion screening of his 1971 opus *The Last Movie* to benefit Grand Classics, an organization dedicated to preserving films. Below from left: Serena Scott Thomas, Gina Torres and Laurence Fishburne also supported the cause.



CENTERFOLDS IN THE SKY

When it comes to giving thanks to our armed forces, Playmates soldier on. Above: Marketa Janiska, Christina Santiago, Julie Cialini and Shallen Meiers visited with troops at Fort Bragg to lift their spirits. Left: The 82nd Airborne Division returned the favor by lifting Shallen and the other girls 14,000 feet in the air to skydive.



PLAYBOY MANSION FROLICS



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6

Another memorable month in Hef's charmed life. (1) Mr. Playboy, with girlfriends Kendra, Holly and Bridget, gets ready to limbo at Kendra's luau-themed birthday bash. (2) Shanna Moakler and Travis Barker of *Meet the Barkers*. (3) The host and Pink. (4) Playmate Colleen Shannon. (5) Playboy.com Cyber Girls Lana Kinnear, Kate Brenner, Aubrie Lemon and Jessica Kramer. (6) Jennifer Tilly with the Man. (7) Playmate Jillian Grace leaves no doubt that she's a natural at the Mansion. (8) Country star Joe Nichols rocks out with Playmate Julie McCullough. (9) Playmate of the Year Tiffany Fallon, Hef and Rascal Flatts's Joe Don Rooney. (10) June cover girl and actress Bai Ling at the invite-only Grand Classics screening held at the Mansion. (11) *Getting Played* star Dorian Gregory mugs for the cameras before the movie. (12) Stephen Dorff poses with Bridget and Kendra before the screening. (13) Hef and one of his party passengers, Formula One driver Jenson Button.



7



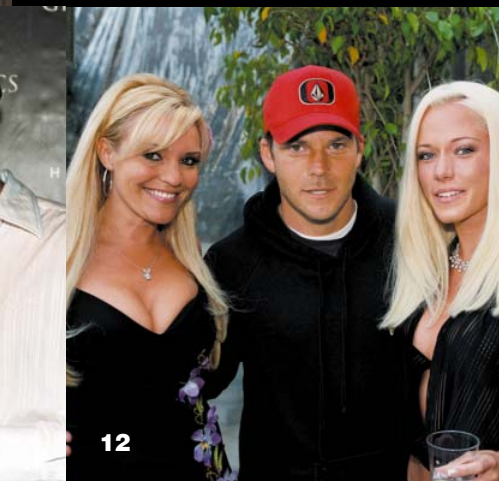
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10



12



13



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BRANDO'S LAST STAND

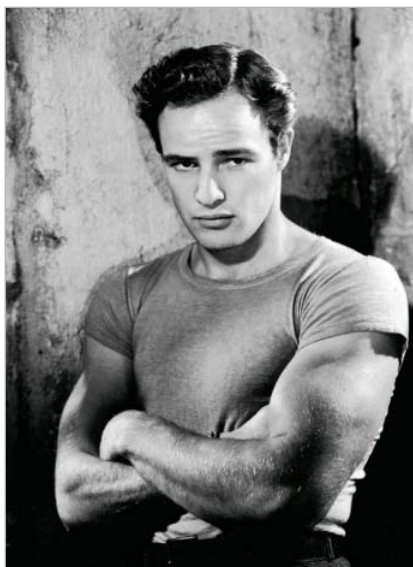
Peter Manso's disturbing article *The Fall of the House of Brando* (July) serves as a reminder that when a lion dies, the hyenas, jackals and vultures gather for the feast.

Jerome Garger
Yachats, Oregon

As an attorney for the estate of Marlon Brando, I found your article rife with inaccuracies. For example, court records show that no claim was ever made against the estate by Yachiyo Tsubaki and that Jay Kanter never "demanded the return of waterside bungalows in Bora-Bora." You state that Brando's Mulholland residence was valued at \$10 million in July 2004 when his will was filed for probate, but in March 2005 a probate official appraised it at \$3.9 million. You state that by February 2005 the executors "had moved forward with the sale" of Tetiaroa, Brando's Tahitian atoll; records show there were never any plans to sell it.

Elizabeth Bawden
Beverly Hills, California

Because this is a controversial story, we were careful to qualify our reporting and seek comment from all sides of the issue. The claims we mentioned include both



Marlon Brando: What a mess he left.

those filed and those that were expected to be filed. Specific plans for Tetiaroa remain unclear, but the estate was reportedly working with a developer who said that by 2008 the atoll would be home to a \$40 million resort called the Brando. Clearly not everyone is happy with the way the estate is being handled. This past summer, after a public auction of Brando's personal effects, a law-

yer for his son Christian said, "There are many things I don't think his father wanted sold. Christie's got first pick while his children were still grieving."

COMPETITIVE TOSSING

You overlook a classic game in "The Lawn & Sport of It" (*After Hours*, July). In Baggo, each player tosses a beanbag toward a board with a hole near its top edge, about 20 feet away. A bag in the hole is worth three points. A bag on the board scores one point. When opponents make tosses of equal value they cancel each other out. You can play even while holding a beer in one hand. The official website is baggo.com.

Ben Thomas
Lewisville, Texas

MARILYN FOR PRESIDENT

I enjoyed *Marilyn Revealed* (June), but Neal Gabler perpetuates the myth that a studio executive invented the name Marilyn Monroe. In fact, it came out of a brainstorming session between Norma Jeane and fellow Fox starlet Laurette Luez. Norma Jeane liked the name Marilyn but could not decide on a surname. The friends went down a list of presidents: Marilyn Washington, Marilyn Adams, Marilyn Jefferson, Marilyn Madison, etc. I heard this story directly from Luez, who was a close friend of mine. She is gone now and, sadly, mostly forgotten. For her sake I wanted to set the record straight.

Richard Aldrich
Napa, California

CLIPPED AT SECURITY

The Blue Nile Money Clip Knife (*Mantrack*, July) is great, but here's a word of warning: Don't carry it through airport security. I lost mine when a screener called it a weapon. When I protested he asked if I wanted to make my case to the police.

Stan Lichtenstein
Alameda, California

THE END OF DAYS

I collect doomsday scenarios at my website, www.exitmundi.nl, so I thoroughly enjoyed your article on natural disasters that could do us in (*Seven Deadly Disasters*, July). It's a shame you don't include the most dangerous natural disaster of all—humans. Examples: (1) At the bottom of many oceans lurks a nasty booby trap—methane released by bacteria and trapped inside vast sheets of clathrates. If ocean temperatures continue to rise, this methane could escape, triggering a grisly chain

reaction called runaway greenhouse. (2) As many as 20 nations have nukes. An all-out nuclear war between rich and poor nations (roughly North vs. South) could dip parts of the world into a nuclear winter. (3) Some scientists fear that if we continue to slam particles into one another in heavy-ion colliders, it could lead to exotic phenomena such as the collapse of the quantum vacuum,



What in the world will finish us off?

which would blow up the universe. It only has to happen once.

Maarten Keulemans
Leiden, the Netherlands

CROSSOVER DRIBBLE

I don't understand your applause for the New York court decision that prohibits cross-dressers from using women's restrooms (*After Hours*, July). If you are embarrassed at having a cross-dresser among your subscribers, let me know so I can cancel.

Name withheld
Fort Walton Beach, Florida

We're not embarrassed, but the women in the restroom might be.

EVERYTHING OWEN

Based on his responses in the *Playboy Interview* (July), Owen Wilson floats through life on pity, disguises his lack of anything insightful to say by quoting others and likes 7-Eleven uniforms. Yawn. Your interview is a letdown, but thanks for trying.

Laura Pearson
Randolph, Massachusetts

It's a pleasure to hear from a celebrity who is devoid of bullshit. Thanks, too, to Wilson for reminding me of that



UNLIMITED
PLAY



Samuel Beckett quote. I will encourage my kids to "fail better" in the hope that they'll be as well-rounded and spiritually centered as Wilson seems to be.

Frank Stepnowski
Cinnaminson, New Jersey

TOUCH OF MAGIC

Thank you for the wonderfully artistic layout of Karina Lombard (*Karina*, July). The photography by Markus Klinko & Indrani is magical.

Maggie Williams
Los Angeles, California

ROLLING, ROLLING, ROLLING

I tried the technique of rolling my clothing in my luggage as Scarlett Johansson suggests in *20Q* (July), and it works magnificently. I am grateful to her for making my life simpler.

Suze Rivera
Waldorf, Maryland

SUPERFANS

After five excellent issues in a row I have to report my gratitude. The covers have been the best since my subscription began in 2002. Keep the girls and the good writing coming. I read it for the articles—most of the time.

Welsch Christian
Luxembourg City, Luxembourg

The Playmates so far this year have been the sexiest since 2000.

John Pathy
Toronto, Ontario

Your provocative and classy July issue is the best since the 50th anniversary.

Thomas Heil
Panama City Beach, Florida

SCIENCE VS. RELIGION

Regarding *The Meaning of It All* (May): Suggesting that God created the universe, directed evolution or regulated the forces of nature to create preconditions for life merely leaves a more complicated question: What force created God? If the religious thinkers can't answer that question using scientific principles, they need to shut up.

Pieter Quartero
Edmonton, Alberta

Trying to conform the Bible to reality is always difficult. There is no dome over us with stars attached. More species exist today than could possibly have fit on an ark. Fossils, carbon dating and other evidence suggest our universe has been here for billions of years. On the other hand, the big-bang gang seems unwilling to consider eternity. Specifically, what happened before the big bang? One suggestion is that all the matter in the universe compressed, creating horrendous

pressure that led to the big bang. Another is that, after spreading outward, matter will reverse direction and again be pulled into the center, leading to another big bang. If the process is eternal, there has to have been an infinite number of bangs. Perhaps we should think of the universe as God's yo-yo—out, in, out, in, out....

Paul Alter
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Playmate Qiana Chase is gorgeous (*The Great Chase*, July). But how about a photo that shows off what you describe as her "warm, high-wattage smile"?

David Lokosh
Renton, Washington

Here you go. Now don't say we've never done anything for you.



Qiana Chase brings a smile to our face.

My husband and I were pleasantly surprised to see Qiana's beautiful brown skin and textured hair. Please show us more ebony ladies.

Amber Lane
Baltimore, Maryland

Qiana looks great! Hef, if you need help broadening PLAYBOY's appeal to reach a more urban audience, let me know. I have a Ph.D. in bootyology.

Shaun Talley
Whitewater, Wisconsin

THE BEST BUD

I am a marijuana grower who has been dealing for 30 years. In *High in the Canadian Rockies* (July) you refer to triple-A bud as "the finest marijuana British Columbia has to offer." It may be the finest sent to the U.S., but the best bud is kept here and sold locally.

Plantation Patty
Vancouver, British Columbia





UNLIMITED HUSTLE

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by marc eckō
Footwear

★ SIGNATURE SERIES ★

Fast Joe



How Dirty Boys Get Clean.
NEW AXE SHOWER GEL



PLAYBOY

after hours

Babe of the Month

Rebecca Mary

THIS GIRL'S NOT AFRAID
TO FLY THE JOLLY ROGER

Every man likes a girl who'll take it off, but let's not forget the virtues of putting it on. "I like anything having to do with costumes," says swimsuit and lingerie model Rebecca Mary. "I was in the opening scene of *What Women Want* as a burlesque dancer with a sequined outfit and big feathers in my hair. I always dress sexy for Halloween—the past two years I was a pirate. If I'm going to have a costume hanging in my closet, it might as well be something hot. Maybe I'll wear it again." Makes sense—after all, what good is trick-or-treating if you're not going to keep the booty? Rebecca's acting résumé also includes the film *Town & Country*, with Warren Beatty ("God, he was hot"), and skits on *The Man Show*. "We did a spoof of Hooters restaurant called Beavers," she recalls. "We played waitresses in little tank tops with no bottoms. We had on skin-colored shorts, but they blurred them so that on TV it looked like we were nude down there." Her real dramatic calling, though, might be that of scream queen. "I do have a set of lungs on me," she says. "People don't believe how loud I can scream, especially when I'm pissed." Anything but shy, Rebecca prides herself on her approachability and takes the time to respond to fan e-mail from visitors to Rebeccamary.com. "Some girls have diva attitude without diva status," she says. "I'm a fun, genuine person. I'll talk with everybody."



"We played waitresses in little tank tops with no bottoms."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIE CHILDERS

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KOOL
BE TRUE.



Lulu in Cyberspace

EIGHTY YEARS LATER, SCREEN SIREN LOUISE BROOKS BARES IT ALL

She was the sex bomb even the Jazz Age couldn't handle. Her name may not be as recognizable as Marilyn or Brigitte, but Louise Brooks's cultural significance is hard to overstate. The model for the flapper ideal (her famous bob was the official party-girl cut of the day), Brooks was a pioneering actress and a free spirit brimming with appetites and attitude. While still a teenager Brooks made a splash as a featured girl in the Ziegfeld Follies. By 1925 she was in with Manhattan's smart set—celebrity intellectuals such as Robert Benchley and H.L. Mencken—while romancing Charlie Chaplin; by 1926 she was a Hollywood star. In 1928, as the talkie era loomed, Paramount denied Brooks a raise, and she walked. In Germany, she starred as the antihero Lulu in director G.W. Pabst's *Pandora's Box*. The film was not a success in its day but is now considered a cult classic of the silent era, and her turn a landmark performance. When she refused to dub a silent she'd made, *The Canary Murder Case*, she was blackballed in Hollywood for her insolence. She made two more films in Europe (including *Diary of a Lost Girl*, another Pabst project), after which her career was effectively over, a casualty of her refusal to play by anyone's rules. Brooks returned to movies later in life as a critic, and a 1979 *New Yorker* profile ("The Girl in the Black Helmet") ignited interest in her legacy. The collection of essays she published three years before her death in 1985, *Lulu in Hollywood*, is a sacred text of Tinseltown lore. Recently, fabled nude photos of her (left) have turned up, and experts we consulted say they're legit. Digital prints of the pictures are going for about \$10 on eBay.



Deanology

A QUICK STUDY OF HOLLYWOOD'S BRIGHTEST BRIEF CANDLE

Dates: Born February 8, 1931; died September 30, 1955.

Bullfighting: Before he caught the speed bug, Dean's main obsession.

Sigma Nu: Dean's fraternity at UCLA. He was kicked out for fighting after less than a year.

The Little Prince: Dean's favorite book.

Rogers Brackett: Homosexual advertising executive Dean lived with in L.A. and New York. Brackett used his showbiz connections to advance Dean's career.

Pier Angeli: Italian actress Dean dated. Far from a studio fabrication, their relationship was both sexual and volatile.

Marijuana: Dean's drug of choice.

Little Bastard: Name Dean gave his Porsche Spyder.

Donald Turnupseed: College student driving the car Dean crashed into.

"That guy's gotta stop. He'll see us.": Last words, spoken to Rolf Wutherich, who was thrown clear.

\$10,000: Dean's salary for *East of Eden*.

East of Eden, Rebel Without a Cause, Giant: Dean's only major films.

Somebody Up There Likes Me: Dean's "next" film; the starring role went to Paul Newman.



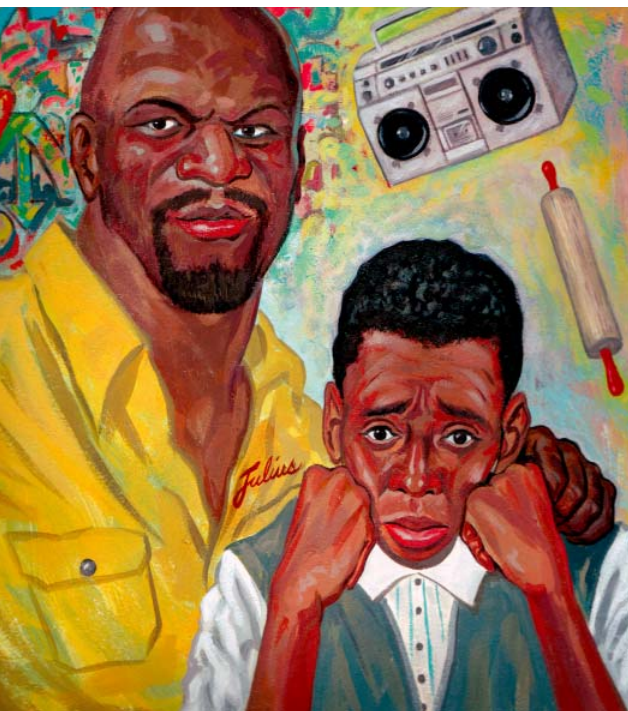
Coffee, Tea or Freedom?

The Bill of Rights—now you see it, now you don't. The Lost Civil Liberties Mug isn't just a handy vessel; it's also a poignant reminder of the havoc being wreaked on the Constitution by the Patriot Act and other edicts. Fill it with a hot beverage and watch your rights magically melt away. Made by the fretters at philosophersguild.com.

Quote of the Month

"I'd [pose nude for PLAYBOY] for \$67, but lunch has to be included, and a ride. Being scared of nudity is retarded. A lot of the things wrong with this country just stem from other people not being able to think straight."

—Jane Wiedlin of the Go-Go's in *The Advocate*



DAVID BRINLEY

Is the Sitcom Back?

AT LAST, SOMETHING LAUGHABLE

It's a new TV season, and something funny may actually be going on. Critics are high on NBC's *My Name Is Earl*, on which Jason Lee plays a goofy lottery winner, and CBS's *How I Met Your Mother*, with Josh Radnor as a clueless bachelor. But the hot show is UPN's *Everybody Hates Chris*, the story of Chris Rock's youth as told by Chris Rock. Terry Crews, who plays Chris's father, gives us the scoop: "It's 1982, and we've just moved from the projects to the Bedford-Stuyvesant part of Brooklyn. Chris is a nerd. He's the only black kid at Corleone High School, which is all Italian. He's got one Italian friend who's also a nerd—mutual ass-kickings make friends out of anybody. I hold down four or five jobs at a time—dry cleaning, tire repair, parks service, anything. I'm trying to get my family to a better place, and we've got problems making our bills. These are issues that haven't been addressed on a sitcom since *Roseanne*. In most sitcoms today, everybody's rich. Money's the last thing anyone would want to discuss. But *Everybody Hates Chris* is different. It's brutally honest. Chris knows people would feel cheated if he didn't put it down honestly."

The Chairman and the Dean

"Frank Sinatra idolized very few men—but Dean was certainly one of them. It was complicated. Frank was a softie under a brass exterior, a mama's boy who never felt, despite his many conquests, that he was manly enough. Dean was a man's man, a big jungle cat, totally easy in his skin."

—from Jerry Lewis's memoir *Dean & Me: A Love Story*



Life of Ryan

THE ROCK PRODIGY RETURNS

It's a busy year for Ryan Adams. After releasing *Cold Roses* in May, he's putting out *September* this month and expects to have a third disc, *29*, on shelves by year's end.

Playboy: *September* has more of a country feel than your other recent records. What were you listening to that influenced you?

Adams: It does have a lot of pedal steel, but I can't listen to other music when I'm trying to make my own al-

bum. I was watching a lot of old Woody Allen movies.

Playboy: Why put out three albums in one year?

Adams: I don't think about that. I wrote all these songs—what am I going to do, wait? Hold on to them? That makes no sense to me.

Playboy: Yet some people say you deliver quantity over quality.

Adams: Critics all think they're the greatest producers in the world. They'll tell you exactly what you should have done with your record. When I put out *Cold Roses* as a double album, some of them said it should have been a single album. Instead of 18 songs, just pick the nine best ones. Thing is, one person is going to tell you to pick these nine, and someone else is going to say the other nine. I think critics have become unnecessarily harsh in the past few years. I don't get it—Coldplay put out *X&Y*, and because Coldplay is so big right now, critics feel they have to rip it apart. You can't listen to critics.

Playboy: About 18 months passed between *Rock n Roll* and *Cold Roses*—for you, an eternity. Why the layoff?

Adams: I was touring for *Rock n Roll*, and at a show in Liverpool I fell off the stage about nine feet down and broke my wrist. For a long time I couldn't play guitar. I couldn't hold a pencil. I couldn't squeeze a lemon. There was no muscle pressure.

Playboy: How's your playing now?

Adams: A lot different. I don't have the strength to play bar chords anymore, which is what you have in a lot of punk songs. I'm learning a different style—more like a Django Reinhardt jazz style.

Playboy: You played with Phil Lesh recently. Were you a Deadhead?

Adams: Hell yes. Honestly, it made me a little nervous thinking about it—being up there with Phil Lesh and playing all Jerry's parts.

Gangland Bangin'

Explicit sex in *Grand Theft Auto*? Sort of—the so-called "hot coffee" hack lets *GTA*ers play a steamy minigame. Critics were outraged that developers may have slipped in the extra action, but we're perplexed. The game is about stealing cars and shooting people. Giving your old lady a paint-peeling orgasm? That's a *good* thing.



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DANIEL CHEN

Student Bodies CLASSMATES UNCLOTHED

At thefacebook.com, thousands of college students post pictures and soul-baring profiles of themselves. But for an intrepid cadre of boys and girls at Northwestern University, that's not enough. Members of the subgroup Naked Facebook take it all off, covering their goods with a minimal prop. For some the object reflects their interests: Music major Kyle Oliver obscures his flesh-tone trombone with a music stand. For Tom Peter, who hid his privates behind a houseplant, posting his pasty alto together was au naturel. "I've always been into public nudity," he says. "I streaked a 650-person lecture class and passed out doughnuts naked in the library."

Cheerleader of the Month

Tampa Babe

BUCCANEERS SPIRIT SLINGER VICTORIA VODAR GETS HER RAH-RAHS OUT

PLAYBOY: Do you like cheering for the Buccaneers?

VICTORIA: It's a lot of fun and a lot of hard work. Sometimes we practice four times a week. But I like pumping up the crowd.

PLAYBOY: Any perks?

VICTORIA: We have the best seats in the house.

PLAYBOY: So you're really following the game?

VICTORIA: Yeah, I love football. You have to pay attention because you don't want to cheer when something goes against your team. During tryouts we had to take a football quiz.

PLAYBOY: Do guys hit on you at the game?

VICTORIA: Yes, they will try to get your attention by yelling something crazy, but you just keep smiling and cheering.

PLAYBOY: What can we say—a girl with a nice set of pom-poms is every guy's fantasy.

VICTORIA: And we just got new uniforms that are more revealing. Check us out in the photo gallery at buccaneers.com. Fortunately I haven't had any wardrobe malfunctions—yet.



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

Tip Sheet

meanderthals \me-AN-dur-thols\ *n*, aimless, slow-walking pedestrians who mindlessly get in everyone else's way on sidewalks, in malls and in crosswalks, often while preoccupied with a cell phone.

Beasts From the Southeast

BITTER RIVALRY, FRUITY REVELRY

On October 29 the Florida Gators play the Georgia Bulldogs in Jacksonville, an event known as much for the pregame tailgating as the actual football action. It's billed as the World's Largest Outdoor Cocktail Party, which raises the question, What will you be drinking on game day? We have a couple of suggestions. Divide into teams and come out swigging.



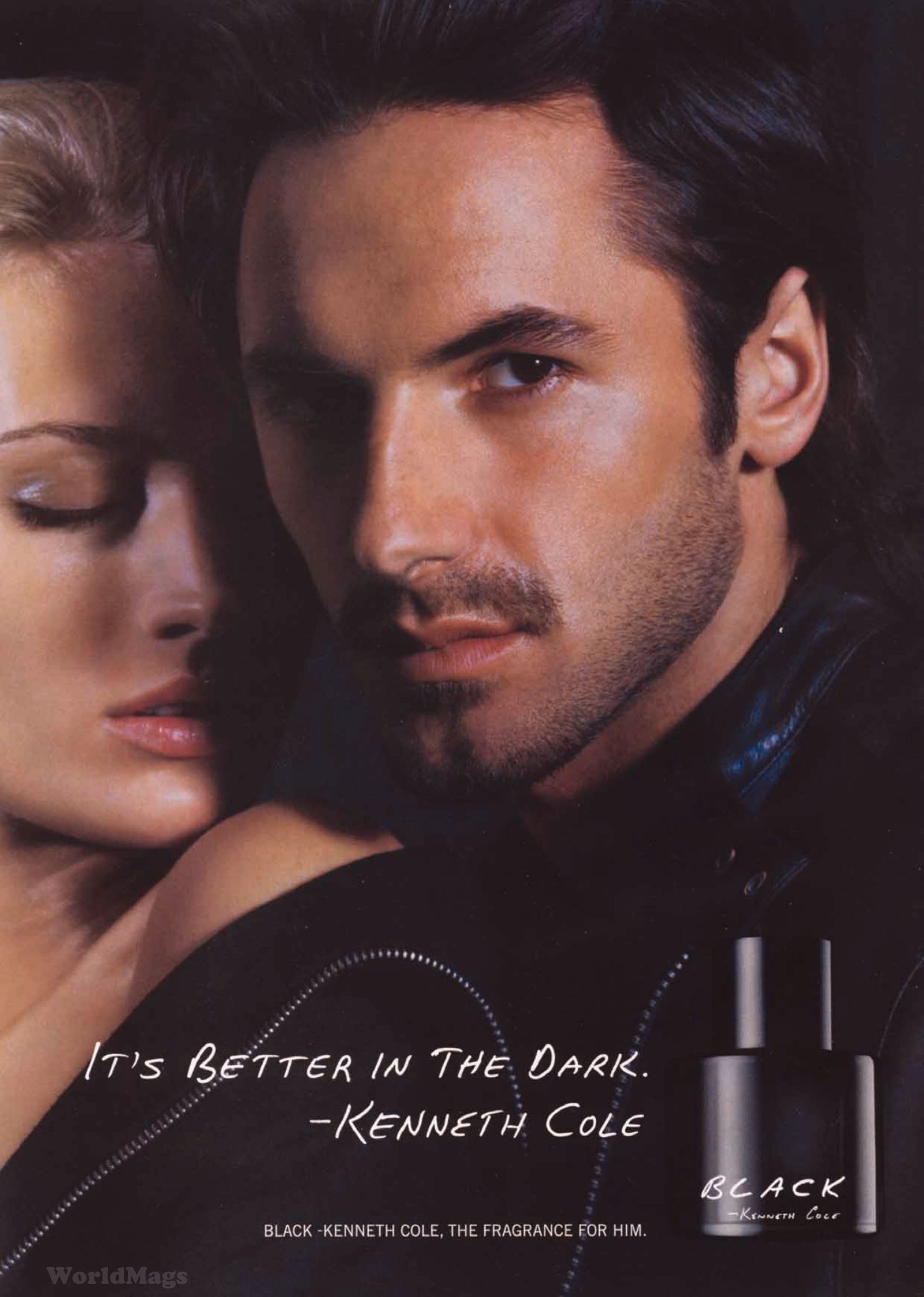
The Green Gator
(recipe from L.A.'s House of Blues)

In a mason jar filled with ice cubes, combine 1½ oz. Midori melon liqueur and ½ oz. coconut rum. Top off with pineapple juice. Garnish with glow stick.



The Bulldog Highball
(a classic)

In a highball glass filled with ice cubes, combine juice of half an orange and 2 oz. dry gin. Top off with ginger ale.



IT'S BETTER IN THE DARK.
-KENNETH COLE

BLACK -KENNETH COLE, THE FRAGRANCE FOR HIM.



LIFT HERE TO EXPERIENCE
BLACK -KENNETH COLE

EASILY SUEDE? -KENNETH COLE



YOUR FREE GIFT

WITH ANY BLACK -KENNETH COLE FRAGRANCE PURCHASE OF \$59.00 OR MORE
EXCLUDING GIFT SETS. WHILE QUANTITIES LAST.

R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



Booked on a Feeling

At least **20%** of American police departments have employed psychics in a criminal investigation.

Ruff Life

The average dog costs its owner about **\$48,000** in food and care over the course of its lifetime.



Little Volks

Business 2.0 magazine reports that eBay users in Germany buy one garden gnome every **6** minutes.

Book of Pointless Records

Longest Cigar

62 feet, rolled by Patricio Pena of Puerto Rico. The staggering stogie comprised **20** pounds of tobacco and **100** leaves.

Clean Money

Percentage of films released with an R rating: **51.4**
Average profit made by R-rated films: **\$6.9 million**
Percentage of films released with a G rating: **4.1**
Average profit made by G-rated films: **\$79 million**

Look Out, Cancer

At **13** years of age, Safura Abdool Karim is the youngest person to be published in *The South African Medical Journal*. Her study investigated the condition known as PlayStation thumb.

Dead Air

The average American household receives more than **100** TV channels, but the average viewer watches only **15**.

Price Check

\$26,400

Paid at auction for an ink squiggle drawn by artist Tom Friedman on a 12-by-18-inch sheet of paper. The work was described in the Christie's catalog as "starting an old dry pen on a piece of paper."



Thrust Worthy

Average horsepower of automobiles preferred by men: **367**
women: **172**



Frazzled to Death

A person can suffer a fatal overdose on **5** grams of caffeine—that's about **33** strong cups of joe.



Uplifting Story

Breast-cancer activists in Cyprus are collecting **90,000** bras to form a **37-mile** chain. Among celebrity donors: 75-year-old Baroness Betty Boothroyd, Britain's former speaker of the House of Commons, who sent in a red number she described as "rather tarty."

How Offensive

In 2004, Division II Pittsburg (Kansas) State set a new single-season college-football scoring record with **774** points. The previous high, Harvard's **765**, had stood since 1886.

What sort of man wears Playboy?



PLAYBOYSTORE.COM

R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[ELIZABETHTOWN]

Director Cameron Crowe shows his emotions

Writer and director Cameron Crowe describes his latest film, *Elizabethtown*, as “a character smorgasbord.” Featured atop the menu is an emotionally closed-off industrial designer played by Orlando Bloom. Feeling suicidal while en route to his father’s Kentucky funeral, he has an almost-affair with a relentlessly upbeat flight attendant (Kirsten Dunst) who sends him on a life-changing road trip. In the wrong hands such raw material could get syrupy, but Crowe’s previous movies *Jerry Maguire* and *Almost Famous* successfully navigate similar emotional waters without appearing maudlin. “This movie was inspired by my wanting to write about my dad and by learning about my family’s roots after he died,” Crowe says. “I think audiences don’t get pissed off by authentic emotions in movies. Only when they’re cynically done do people smell it.” Whether the movie will soar or sink is mostly on Bloom’s shoulders, says Crowe. “I totally needed an actor with a big heart. To get somebody to play a generous version of suicidal—somebody who isn’t self-obsessed, with a brow forever furrowed deeply—brother, that is the shortest list going. I dig Orlando, who’s a young 28. You’d love to see the wonder and innocence hang around for a little bit longer. Maybe he’ll hold on to it.”

“Audiences don’t get pissed off by authentic emotions.”

—Stephen Rebell

now showing

BUZZ

Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang

(Robert Downey Jr., Val Kilmer, Michelle Monaghan) This hip directorial debut from *Lethal Weapon* screenwriter Shane Black stars Downey as a small-time thief and Kilmer as a badass gay private eye. Struggling actress Monaghan draws the duo neck-deep into mayhem, murder and Hollywood in-jokes.

Our call: A hit at the Cannes film festival, this twisted joyride comes off like Raymond Chandler on Viagra with a Vicodin chaser. And it’s good news for Kilmer’s sagging career.



Wallace & Gromit—The Curse of the Were-Rabbit

(voices of Peter Sallis, Helena Bonham Carter, Ralph Fiennes) After a series of knockout shorts starring the man-and-dog duo, director Nick Park finally unleashes a full-length film featuring our heroes running their own humane pest-control company, Anti-Pesto, and trying to outwit a slick schemer (Fiennes).

Our call: If anybody can undo the curse of paint-by-numbers animated flicks like *Shrek* and *Madagascar*, it’s Oscar winner Park, whose *Chicken Run* ruled the roost.



2 for the Money

(Al Pacino, Rene Russo, Matthew McConaughey) After college-football star McConaughey suffers a career-ending injury, he develops a spooky skill for predicting winners. That’s a talent Pacino, the godfather of bookies, can appreciate. But things turn ugly when McConaughey’s Midas touch suddenly falters.

Our call: With a tight script (by Dan Gilroy), a crackling cast and an edgy director (D.J. Caruso, who did *The Salton Sea* and TV’s *The Shield*), this gamble should pay off nicely.



Good Night, And, Good Luck.

(David Strathairn, George Clooney, Robert Downey Jr., Patricia Clarkson) In George Clooney’s sophomore directorial outing, set during the Red scare, Edward R. Murrow (Strathairn) lays himself and his network on the line to topple the country’s most powerful witch-hunter, Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Our call: Clooney has made a first-rate movie—in glorious black-and-white, no less. His political leanings are also black-and-white, and much of the film will be stingingly relevant for some.



dvd of the month

[CRASH]

Strangers crawl from the wreckage of racism after their lives collide

In this ambitious film employing a multistory plot and a multiethnic ensemble, writer and director Paul Haggis brings the Los Angeles melting pot to a low boil. Risking comparison to such contemporary classics as Robert Altman's *Short Cuts* and Lawrence Kasdan's *Grand Canyon*, Haggis's film—a polished, perfectly cast, thought-provoking gem—is more than the sum of its inspirations. The various plot threads radiate from police detective Don Cheadle, whose car is hit in a scene that brackets the film. “We crash into each other just so we can feel something,” he says. At first this seems like a somber reference to L.A.’s antipeds-trian car culture, but Haggis extends the metaphor through a series of cross-cultural collisions. The director also gets moving performances from Larenz Tate, Matt Dillon, Thandie Newton and others.

Extras: Running commentary by Haggis and a making-of featurette. ★★★ —Greg Fagan



KINGDOM OF HEAVEN (2005) Battle-hardened 12th century knight Liam Neeson comes calling for Orlando Bloom and informs him that he's his long-lost father. The elfin archer from *The Lord of the Rings* soon swaps his blacksmith's tools for a broadsword and we're off to the Crusades. You can almost buy Bloom's rapid ascension from horseshoe maker to ultimate Christian guardian of Jerusalem, thanks to director Ridley Scott's spell-binding touch.

Extras: Interviews and “The Pilgrim's Guide,” which provides historical notes in streaming text while you watch. ★★★ —G.F.



FAMILY GUY PRESENTS STEWIE GRIFFIN: THE UNTOLD STORY! (2005) Having survived two cancellations, TV's cult-cartoon classic tries a feature-length DVD featuring sinister baby genius Stewie, who takes a hiatus from his plans of world domination and matricide to seek his real father.

This unrated DVD beats the anticipated edited TV version. **Extras:** Commentary and still galleries. ★★★ —Kenny Lull



DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (2004) TiVo, a newly energized ABC and five comely TV actresses owe *Desperate Housewives* creator Marc Cherry a tremendous debt of gratitude. His brainstorm—a campy prime-time soap opera about suburban women trying to raise families, deal with kinky sex, solve a suicide mystery and get jiggy with the hired help—has captivated a nation. Teri Hatcher, Felicity Huffman, Marcia Cross, Eva Longoria and Nicollette Sheridan are having a grand time on Wisteria

Lane; we just wish their bedroom antics weren't tempered for TV. **Extras:** Unrated bonus features including extended episodes, alternate endings and featurettes about fashion, the finale and the show's firestorm of popularity. ★★★½

—Buzz McClain



THE INTERPRETER (2005) Sydney Pollack turns in a disappointing political thriller. UN interpreter Nicole Kidman overhears a plot to assassinate a visiting African tyrant, and federal agent Sean Penn tries to protect her despite the secrets she's hiding. **Extras:** The usual commentary and behind-the-scenes footage, but the highlight is a featurette on the UN building itself. ★★★½

—Brian Thomas



THE NEW BATTLESTAR GALACTICA: SEASON ONE (2004) No longer a cheesy *Star Wars* rip-off, the Sci Fi Channel's reimagining of the 1970s space opus adds depth, structure, characters and, yes, budget. Picking up where the 2003 miniseries left off, the show focuses on 12 human colonies searching for the mythical planet Earth. With *Star Trek* on hold, this series fills the space-nerd black hole. **Extras:** The four-hour miniseries, deleted scenes and commentaries. ★★★ —K.L.



tease frame



Selma Blair has been offbeat eye candy in a vast array of uneven films, including *Cruel Intentions* (1999), *Legally Blonde* (2001), *Hellboy* (2004) and, as a bazooka-bosomed stripper named Ursula Udders, *A Dirty Shame* (2004). But we liked her controversial topless turn in Todd Solondz's *Storytelling* (2002, pictured), in which her character encourages her professor—and just about everyone else—to sexually exploit her. Catch Blair in *The Fog* remake as she slips into the sultry-voiced role made famous by Adrienne Barbeau.



LEFT: Recruits at Camp Miller take target practice throwing their flags at a simulated Not Miller Lite drinker.

**★★ I'D FLAG MY MOTHER
IF I SAW HER DRINKING
THE WRONG BEER ★★**



ABOVE: Veteran and future Hall of Famer Chad Einschnitzel waxes poetic about the Tenets of Great Taste.

"Great taste is something I was born with," says Veteran Miller Referee Chad Einschnitzel. "Now I'm helping other people find it." Every year, Einschnitzel helps run Camp Miller, where a select few are trained in the fine art of taste defense. "I can think of no higher calling. When you replace someone's beer with a Miller Lite, you're not just giving them a beer that's great tasting and less filling, you're giving them 12 ounces of integrity." Each year, thousands arrive with the hope of becoming a beer ref like Einschnitzel. However, only a few will make it. "I think a lot of the recruits look to me as a father figure. Or at least an uncle." Those lucky enough to graduate are then sent out into the field to call beer penalties. Roughing the Palate. Ineligible Beer in the Cooler. The list goes on. Says Einschnitzel, "No Miller Lite, no mercy."

★★
**WITH GREAT
TASTE
COMES GREAT
RESPONSIBILITY**

★★

Miller
Good call.

Live Responsibly
©2009 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

critical collector

[MUSIC THAT MAKES THE MOVIES]

Composer Danny Elfman gives us the score on the best film soundtracks

As the lead singer of 1980s New Wave outfit Oingo Boingo, Danny Elfman sang, "It's a dead man's party/Who could ask for more?" Director Tim Burton, for one, could; his dark sensibility meshed perfectly with Elfman's fantastical scores for movies such as *Beetlejuice* (1988), *Batman* (1989), *Edward Scissorhands* (1990) and *The Nightmare Before Christmas* (1993). Elfman teamed with Burton twice more this year for *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and *Corpse Bride* (pictured bottom). We asked Elfman to list his favorite movie soundtracks from his personal DVD collection. "This is really rough," he said. "Being a complete Gemini schizoid, I have lots of ties." There's no tie for his all-time favorite: *Psycho* (1960, pictured top), with a soundtrack by Bernard Herrmann. "It's so daring and simple and lean and perfect. No wasted notes, no excess—in short, the exact opposite of me. For number two, a tie between *North by Northwest* (1959) and *Vertigo* (1958), both by Herrmann. *Vertigo* is moody and romantic; *North by Northwest* is full of energy and thrills." Third place is *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (1951), also by Herrmann. "Okay, so I'm a huge Herrmann fan," he admits. "This is the first film score I ever noticed as a child." Elfman also likes the music for *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935), by Franz Waxman, and *King Kong* (1933), by Max Steiner. "They helped define the parameters of a new art." Scores for *The Godfather* (1972), by Nino Rota, and *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962), by Maurice Jarre, round out his list. "They are the most melodic, epic, get-under-your-skin-and-stay-with-you-for-the-rest-of-your-life scores ever written."

—B.M.



special additions

A closer look at some outsiders, dark thrillers and an American hero



Director Francis Ford Coppola's new cut of *The Outsiders* (1983) restores 22 minutes to the picture, which he had sliced in the rush to distribution. New, too, is a more appropriate rock-and-roll score and a cast commentary that features C. Thomas Howell, Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, Rob Lowe and Patrick Swayze. A second disc offers a trip back to Tulsa (the film's setting) with *Outsiders* author S.E. Hinton.... Anyone with a taste for bone-chilling psychological thrillers should consider **The Val Lewton Horror Collection**. The boxed set features nine of the producer's best films, including the bad-kitty classic *Cat People* (1942), *The Seventh Victim* (1943), *I Walked With a Zombie* (1943, pictured center), *The Ghost Ship* (1943), *The Curse of the Cat People* (1944), *Isle of the Dead* (1945) and *Bedlam* (1946). Robert Wise offers comments on *The Body Snatcher* (1945), and William Friedkin provides commentary for *The Leopard Man* (1943).... **To Kill a Mockingbird** (1962) gets a special-edition treatment that focuses on Gregory Peck, whose character Atticus Finch was declared the number one film hero by the American Film Institute in 2003. Featured clips include testimonials from his daughter, Cecilia, and co-star Mary Badham. The Peckathon continues on disc two with *A Conversation With Gregory Peck*.

—G.F.



SCANNER

THE AMITYVILLE HORROR (2005)

A supposedly true haunted-house story, which is the foundation of this creaky remake, crumbles as buff psycho dad Ryan Reynolds dons cheapo bloodshot contacts, chops wood and then stalks his family with an ax. ♫½

HOUSE OF D (2004) Writer and director David Duchovny relates a coming-of-age tale from his Greenwich Village past. There are good moments, but the film suffers from tiresome sentimentality and Robin Williams doing his patented mental-retard shtick. ♫

PRETTY WOMAN: 15TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL EDITION (1990) If the 10th anniversary edition of this romantic romp wasn't enough, see Julia Roberts morph into America's sweetheart all over again as she charms the pants and the wallet off Richard Gere. ♫½

WHIRLPOOL (1949) Ice queen Gene Tierney stars in this devious film noir, playing the wife of a rich psychoanalyst who tries to keep her kleptomania under wraps by taking treatment from a sinister hypnotist. ♫

HOUSE OF WAX (2005) Paris Hilton and pals fall victim to a set of knockoff killers right out of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Put your player on repeat to see her get impaled over and over, just like in her *other* grainy video. ♫

ROBOTS (2005) This botched marriage of CGI animation and lame humor seems like regurgitated leftovers from the cutting-room floor of *Futurama*. Not even funnyman Mel Brooks can keep this heap from short-circuiting. ♫

UNLEASHED (2005) After being raised in isolation like a slave dog, Jet Li beats everyone around him senseless in a blurred ballet of violent wushu when his gangster boss takes off his dog collar. Li puts the bark back in B movie. ♫

THE OFFICE (2005) NBC got off to an unoriginal start in its transplant of *The Office* with a nearly joke-for-joke remake of the British show's pilot. Yet the American *Office* finds itself in subsequent episodes thanks to the uniquely funny Steve Carell. ♫

★★★★ Don't miss
★★★ Good show

★★ Worth a look
★ Forget it

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real rock



[ANARCHY IN THE U.K.]

Towers of London, kings of the gutter

With all the ironists, art schoolers and synth noodlers out there, it can be hard to get hold of the genuine item: rock and fucking roll. Take the Darkness. Your little sister's going to go straight out and buy its new album this month. But to us, the Darkness is a bunch of tight-panted hipsters making a joke of 1980s glam rock. Sorry, but if we feel like drinking beer—from a can—and doing doughnuts in the parking lot, we want a band that plays its three chords and screams its dumb antisocial screeds with sincerity. That's exactly what Towers of London do. These East End urchins, raised on Motley Crue's *Too Fast for Love* and the Sex Pistols' *Never Mind the Bollocks*, spent the past year mashing up 1970s British punk with big-haired Los Angeles metal and terrorizing the British Isles with a string of arrests. We know, we know: There's a new English band playing the latest retro flavor every week. But we like this one: The Towers' debut album, *Blood, Sweat and Towers*, shows a proper appetite for destruction. In fact, this is the best warm-up for a Friday night of boozing and troublemaking since Axl and the Gunners staggered off Sunset Strip. (TV7) ♫♫♫ —Jason Buhrmester

MY MORNING JACKET * Z

This Kentucky combo has spent years escaping the alt-country tag by breaking into new musical areas. Z's spacey keyboards and throbbing drums again push the envelope. The Clash-inspired reggae pogo of "Off the Record" is a bold breakthrough for an already adventurous band. (ATO/RCA) ♫♫ —J.B.



REMY MA

There's Something About Remy

Her classic verse on "Lean Back" left us wanting to hear more from this protégée of Big Pun. And here she proves to be one of hip-hop's most talented MCs. With beats from Cool & Dre, Swizz Beatz and David Banner, this is a sure hit. (SRC/Universal) ♫♫♫ —Dean Gaskin



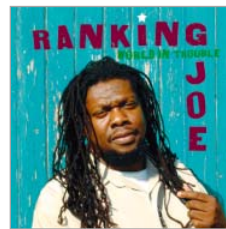
BETTYE LAVETTE * Hell to Raise

The singer of the northern-soul classic "Let Me Down Easy" gets the Solomon Burke treatment on an album of songs by Lucinda Williams, Sinéad O'Connor, Aimee Mann and others. Joe Henry's pared-down production suits LaVette's gritty vocals, which are as good as Tina Turner's when she was with Ike. (Anti-) ♫♫ —Tim Mohr



RANKING JOE * World in Trouble

As a 1980s dancehall DJ, Joseph Jackson ruled the Blood & Fire sound system. Producer Ryan Moore had the brilliant idea to return Joe to a Kingston studio with the likes of Style Scott and Chinna Smith. This new music is even better than the old. (M) ♫♫ —Leopold Froehlich



sunday-morning music

A thin line separates the revelry of Saturday night from the piety of Sunday morning. Nowhere is this more evident than in music. Often, in the case of rock and roll and rhythm and blues, little other than a few changes in lyrics distinguishes profane musical forms from their spiritual counterparts. From the harsh Delta prayers of Son House and Fred McDowell to the spirituals of Little Richard and Sam Cooke, Southern sacred music has always been driven by a passion that can surprise secular ears. Over the years, mandolinist Marty Stuart has made a respectable name for himself as a country musician. But with *Souls' Chapel* (*Superlatone*) he returns to the house of the Lord with a dozen gospel hosannas. This isn't your typical church

music, though—it's Mississippi church music. Showcasing brilliant vocal harmonies and Kenny Vaughan's impeccable guitar work, this album proves Pentecostal songs can be as tough and expressive as anything you'd listen to in a barroom on a Saturday night. Here you'll find echoes of Pops Staples, Tennessee Ernie Ford and rockabilly Elvis, but the playing of Stuart and his Fabulous Superlatives offers more than a grab bag of musical references. The real power in Stuart's performance derives from the purity and forthrightness of his emotion. This is perfectly honest music. *Souls' Chapel* will change the mind of anyone who thinks devotional songs are only for the meek and timid—it's guaranteed to send shivers down the spine of every sinner.



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game of the month

[BULLETPROOF MONKS]

Mortal Kombat takes the fight out of the arena and onto the streets

Since 1992 successive versions of the spectacularly bloody *Mortal Kombat* fighting franchise have been serving up ever more creative ways to decapitate and humiliate your opponents. But let's face facts: You can extract someone's spine only so many times before it gets old. Rather than rehash, the newest in the series, *Mortal Kombat: Shaolin Monks* (Midway, PS2, Xbox), takes the action out of the familiar one-on-one face-off that almost all fighting games employ and frees it, *Double Dragon*-style, to deliver a sprawling, explorative adventure positively packed with old-school cooperative arcade brawling. You and a friend take control of Liu Kang and Kung Lao to decimate hundreds of ogres, monsters and minions, facing off against bosses such as Baraka, Goro and Reptile along the way. New tag-team combos provide a plethora of new fatalities, giving this intense and nostalgic joyride a fresh perspective. Finish him!

★★★★

—John Gaudiosi



SPARTAN: TOTAL WARRIOR (Sega, GameCube, PS2, Xbox) History and mythology collide in ancient Greece as you take command of an army of soldiers and hack and slash your way through battlefields filled with Romans, skeletons and giant rampaging stone statues. The hand-to-hand action is intuitive, new weapons and magical powers bestowed by the gods keep things interesting, and a variety of mission types gives the adventure a surprising level of depth.

★★★★

—J.G.



SERIOUS SAM II (2K Games, PC, Xbox) If you played the original *Serious Sam*, you don't need us to tell you to buy the sequel. If you didn't, here's a tip—go buy the sequel. *SSII* is packed to the rafters with freaky, frenetic action, as giant robots and massive swarms of strange beasts descend on little old you and your arsenal of improbably powerful weapons (including a hand-held cannon and a bomb-laden parrot). It's chaotic, cartoonish and over-the-top fun.

★★★★ —Scott Alexander



MYST V: END OF AGES (Ubisoft, Mac, PC) More than 10 years ago the original *Myst* rocked our world with its gorgeous environments and mind-bending puzzles. It's about time we had some closure. This fifth installment wraps up the popular point-and-click adventure series, challenging players to restore the lost empire of the D'ni civilization. New features include a free-move control scheme, multiple endings and new kinds of puzzles. The slow-witted need not apply.

★★★★ —Marc Saltzman



INDIGO PROPHECY (Atari, PC, PS2, Xbox) Today in New York City ordinary citizens are suddenly turning homicidal (as if we'd notice). Figure out why in this cerebral pulp thriller come to life, as you control four characters, including the detectives and the killer. The pace is utterly different from that of most console games. There isn't a rocket launcher or plasma gun in sight, and every one of your actions affects the story's overall outcome. Bloody, creepy and satisfyingly gritty.

★★★★½ —Adam Rosen



pixel profile

[TAG, YOU'RE IT]

Marc Ecko made his bones in fashion. Why is he making a game?

In 1993 Marc Ecko started his career by selling a few T-shirts featuring his graffiti designs. Since then his clothing brand, Ecko Unlimited, has grown into a major force in the fashion world. Now he's returning to his first loves, graffiti and games. *Marc Ecko's Getting Up: Contents Under Pressure* (Atari, PC, PS2, Xbox) tasks you with building your tagging skills to earn respect and become the ultimate New York City graffiti artist.

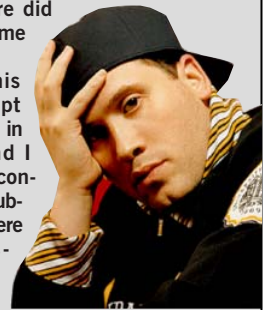
PLAYBOY: Where did *Getting Up* come from?

ECKO: I had this idea for a script kicking around in my head, and I shopped the concept to game publishers. They were outright dismissive, like, "What makes this fashion

guy think he can make a video game?" I wasn't feeling the love, to put it mildly.

PLAYBOY: So how did the game eventually get made?

ECKO: I hooked up with Bruno Bonnell, chairman of Atari. I think he liked that I



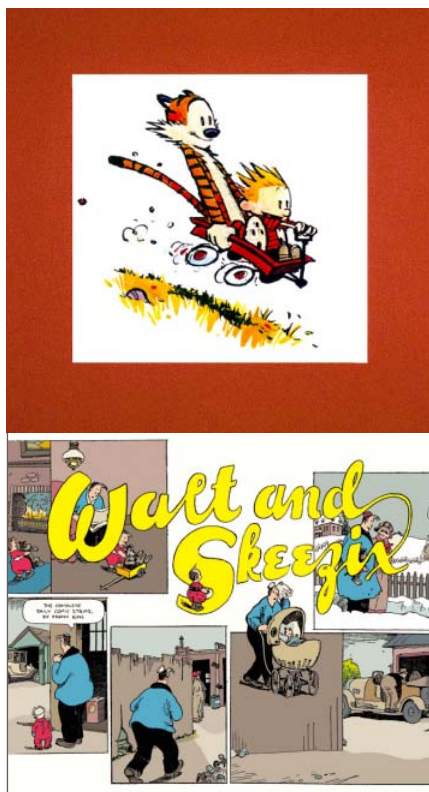
was an outsider, and he realized it was worth the risk because other things weren't necessarily working. He said, "What the hell—all these other guys who claim to be geniuses aren't succeeding." So he decided to give this kid a chance.

PLAYBOY: We always figured your forte was clothing, not video games.

ECKO: I feel the medium is underutilized and misutilized. This industry is primed to be challenged, and the time is right for outsiders to get in. I meet with producers, directors and screenwriters, and they don't want to talk about films; they want to talk about games. If I can act as a conduit to bring some of that talent to the table and do it on our terms, that's what I'll do. This is our first pass, and I'm very pleased with the results. We have a lot more games coming.

—Scott Steinberg

books of the month



[A FEAST FOR THE EYES]

Fill up on fall's best graphic books

Now that graphic novels have crossed over into the mainstream, publishers are turning their attention to antecedents of the form: cartoons and comic strips. A century ago the Sunday paper was the equivalent of TV, radio and the Internet rolled together. **The World on Sunday** (Bulfinch) is the work of Nicholson Baker and Margaret Brentano, who have assembled 144 pages from Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*, including cartoons, paper-doll cutouts, bound-in sheet music and watercolor inks (kids could touch a wet brush to the paper and color in the "Flags of Great Nations and Soldiers").... Bill Watterson's *Calvin and Hobbes*, which graced the pages of American newspapers from 1985 to 1995, may have been the last great comic strip. The three-volume **Complete Calvin and Hobbes** (Andrews McMeel) offers 23 pounds of its enchanting world.... Frank King's *Gasoline Alley* may be the best syndicated comic strip ever. **Walt and Skeezix** (Drawn & Quarterly) lovingly collects two years' worth of the strip.... If you're interested in modern graphic novels, check this out: The concept for Brian K. Vaughan's *Ex Machina* is far-fetched (an accident allows a man to telepathically communicate with machines), but go with it and you'll be treated to a two-fisted blend of superhero action and political debate. The new collection, **Ex Machina: Tag** (WildStorm), spans issues six through 10. Pick up the first volume, too.

FIDDLERS * Ed McBain

This is the 55th—and, it turns out, the final—chapter in McBain's 87th Precinct series. The author also known as Evan Hunter died earlier this summer. Fortunately it's a fine swan song: a great plot and realistic hard-boiled-detective dialogue. (Otto Penzler/Harcourt) 🍷🍷🍷 —Jessica Riddle



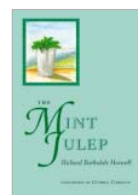
THE LAST TRUE STORY I'LL EVER TELL John Crawford

This memoir by a National Guardsman in Baghdad is no account of heroics. It's a grimy tale of sewage, gore and monotony broken by danger and rare moments of friendship with fellow soldiers and Iraqi civilians. (Riverhead) 🍷🍷½ —Rebecca T. Miller



THE MINT JULEP * Richard Harwell

Brandy or rye? Bruised or crushed mint? You'll finish reading this meditation on the mint julep in the time it takes you to drink a round (okay, maybe two). This new hardcover (the original was published in 1975) is a must for any drinking man's library. (University of Virginia) 🍷🍷 —A.J. Baime



erotic eye



PLAYBOY: HELMUT NEWTON

Helmut Newton

Although he was clearly a master of the feminine form, Newton (1920–2004) will be remembered best for his invention of an erotic world, a beguiling mix of Prussian opulence and Cap d'Antibes severity. Here, in 176 pages of the photographer's work for *PLAYBOY*, we are transported to a fantastic place where dreams seem to come true. With a foreword by Hugh M. Hefner and an introduction by Walter Abish, this may be the definitive Newton collection to date. (Chronicle) 🍷🍷🍷

—Leopold Froehlich



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Literary Road Trips

Why plan an itinerary? Your favorite authors have taken care of that for you.

- Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*: Head from Los Angeles to Vegas via Mars. You'll need a lawyer and an industrial-strength liver.
- Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*: From New York to San Francisco via the Big Easy. Times being what they are, we recommend taking the Bentley over hitchhiking.
- Jim Thompson's *The Getaway*: Rob a bank in Beacon City, then head for the Mexican border with the law on your tail. Hide out in caves and giant piles of manure.
- Miguel de Cervantes's *Don Quixote*: Literature's greatest road trip, bar none. Travel by mule from La Mancha through Spain's wine country, making such an ass of yourself that you will be remembered forever.

Turning Right

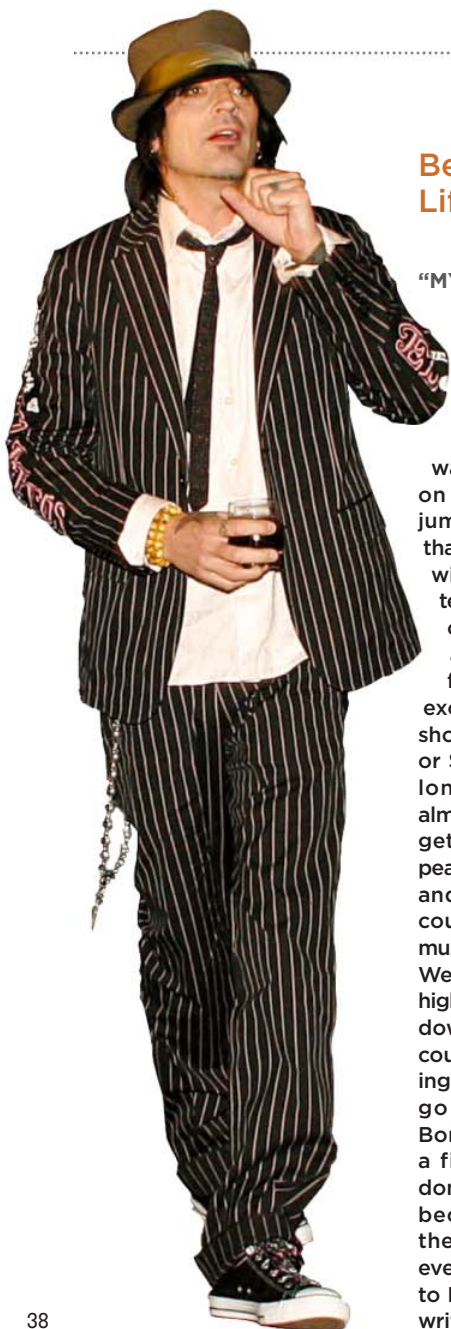
WHEN YOU DON'T know where you are, a GPS system will tell you where to go, but when you already have your bearings, it just kind of sits there. That is, unless you have the handheld TomTom GO 700 (\$900, tomtom.com), which, thanks to built-in Bluetooth, also acts as a hands-free speaker for your cell phone. A tap on the screen lets you answer calls and voice-dial so you can keep your eyes on the road. And speaking of easy on the eyes, we like the intuitive perspective view Tom Tom offers more than the overhead angle most other systems provide.





About Time: Casio Oceanus Atomic

FOR PRECISION TIMEKEEPING the Swiss have nothing on the cesium atom, which reliably oscillates 9,192,631,770 times a second—the basis of the flabbergasting accuracy of atomic clocks. Casio's new line of Oceanus watches (\$350 to \$600, casio.com) syncs with the atomic clock at the National Institute of Standards and Technology via radio signals, meaning you get better accuracy than with a Swiss movement at a fraction of the cost. Plus, it uses solar power to keep on ticking; even if you leave one in a drawer for a year, as soon as it hits the light you'll be working off the same time NASA uses for a shuttle launch.



Best Day of Your Life: Tommy Lee

"MY PERFECT DAY would take place on Bora-Bora, in French Polynesia," says the Motley Crue drummer and star of NBC's *Tommy Lee Goes to College*. "I'd wake up in a hotel room on stilts over water and jump in for a swim. After that I'd have a cappuccino with a shot of Jägermeister, which tastes like Irish coffee, and puff on a cigarette—a hearty breakfast indeed. Then a dark, exotic-looking girl would show up, an Adriana Lima or Salma Hayek type with long hair and gorgeous almond-shaped eyes. We'd get a morning buzz from peach bellinis and mimosas and play around. Playing could be fucking, writing music or cruising on a boat. We'd go up to the island's highest peak and hang glide down to the beach so we could feel like birds coasting along. For dinner we'd go to Bloody Mary's, a Bora-Bora spot that's like a five-star joint but you don't have to wear shoes, because there's sand on the floor. The rest of the evening I'd chill and listen to Bob Marley and maybe write a song or two."

Power Players

IF YOU WANT YOUR STEREO to sound better, you break it up. You get a separate preamp and power amp, or you get monoblocks, discrete amps dedicated to each speaker. If you're Krell Audio, you take it even further. Krell split the monoblock in two, launching the Evolution One monoblock power amp (\$50,000) and Evolution Two monoblock preamp (\$40,000), which isolate the power supplies from the electronics for greater sonic purity. That means you need all four boxes below to power one speaker, and if you want stereo, you'll need to scrape up another \$90,000. Your music, however, will sound the way Angelina Jolie looks. Drool at krellonline.com.



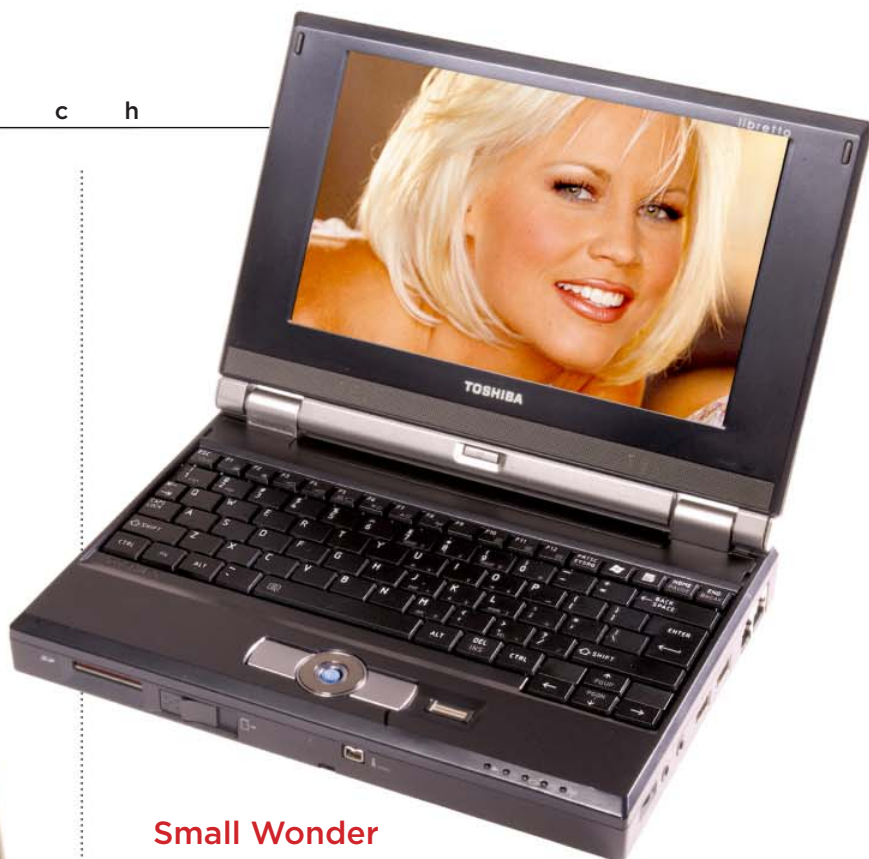
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Message in a Bottle

A FEW FACTS about vintage champagne: (1) Less than a quarter of the bubbly produced in France is deemed good enough to be called vintage. (2) A vintage bottle will have a year on it (nonvintages are blends of several years). (3) Whenever Krug releases a new vintage, such as the 1990 pictured here (\$240), it's a good time to stop by a fine wine shop. Krug's latest is flowery, crisp and perfectly balanced—vintage champagne like you read about (say, right now). Should you need to take tasting notes, pick up the Krug by Omas fountain pen, made of sterling and retired Krug barrels (\$990, omas.com).



Small Wonder

WE'VE ALWAYS SAID we'd consider carrying a laptop full-time when we couldn't tell if it was in our bag or not. Thanks to Toshiba's new Libretto U100 (\$2,100, toshiba.com), we're considering it. Just 2.1 pounds and the size of a small hard-cover book, the tiny tapper packs a 1.2-gigahertz Pentium M processor, a 60-gigabyte hard drive, an improbably satisfying 7.2-inch screen, Wi-Fi and Bluetooth. All that's missing is a note to remind you that your laptop's in your bag.



Bright Idea

"WE DIDN'T THINK it would ever really work," says a rep from the British design firm Suck UK about its Glow Brick (\$45, gnr8.biz). But it did. What you see here is a real lightbulb filled with glow-in-the-dark pigment and suspended in a five-and-a-half-inch-tall acrylic brick. The lamp soaks up the sun all day and will light up your life for five hours after dark—no electricity necessary.





The Power of Playboy!



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***"When all was said and done,
one unit emerged as the staff's favorite:
Escort's SOLO S2"*** –AutoWeek

AutoWeek magazine recently had a better idea for a radar detector test. Instead of the usual quick test with simulated radar encounters, AutoWeek decided to perform an in-depth, real-world test.

The first long-term test

During an extensive two month evaluation, twelve AutoWeek staffers tested nine radar detectors in all types of driving, from "cross-country adventures" to daily commutes.

A long-term test like this reveals more than a simple chart. They judged real-world performance, including detection range, ease of use, and resistance to false alarms.

The bottom line: If you could choose any radar detector, which one would it be?

Their winner? SOLO S2.

"The Solo S2 clearly falls into a class of one... it's little short of an engineering miracle."

–radartest.com



2 months of testing 1 winner

AutoWeek tested nine radar detectors in both daily driving and cross-country trips for over two months.

They concluded:

"Battery-powered Solo's straightforward controls, small size, and ability to pick up radar and laser as well as filter out false signals (plus its lack of a tether-like cord) made it comparable to having a second set of alert eyes riding shotgun."

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–Sport Compact Car

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The Playboy Advisor

This past weekend a group of friends and I went to Cancún. One evening we stumbled into a strip club and found that the dancers there smelled exactly like the strippers back in the States. In fact, the women at clubs in Nevada and California all seem to wear the same perfume. It's a scent I've never smelled on a woman I've dated. Is there a secret combination of oils and pheromones that strippers use to separate men from their money?—T.F., San Luis Obispo, California

*It's no secret—it's baby lotion. Jennifer Axen and Leigh Phillips, authors of *The Stripper's Guide to Looking Great Naked*, explain that dancers often mix their favorite scent with lotion to get better coverage and help the perfume last longer. It's known as the angel-devil mix because the smell is both familiar and sexy.*

What is the best way to prepare for a job search?—S.D., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Have you checked your references? Many people are surprised to learn that past supervisors and co-workers aren't saying the nicest things about them. Job hunters typically become suspicious only after a few interviews go well but don't lead to offers. Companies such as Allison & Taylor (allisontaylor.com or 800-651-2470) will call your references, offer a vague explanation about doing an employment verification and make sure you aren't being dissed. The standard fee is \$79 a reference. Heidi Allison says that although employers tell managers to provide only basic data—especially about an employee who was fired—many yak away. Even those who are relatively discreet may still make damning comments, such as "Let me get the legal file to see what I'm allowed to say" or, when asked to rate a skill, "Can I give a negative number?" Other screeners echo Allison's advice to job hunters, which is never to omit a job from your résumé nor any of your past bosses from your list of references. Instead address trouble spots in the interview by saying such things as "He's not my best reference because we had some disagreements." That's one reason not to list references on your résumé; you'll have a better chance of making a good first impression before any calls are made. The latest trend among employers is to phone an applicant's ex-assistants. Says Allison, "They check under you instead of over."

I am an adult-film producer having trouble finding a girlfriend. I'd like to meet a woman who is not in the industry, because I would get jealous if my girlfriend had sex with another guy, even on camera. I know that sounds hypocritical. I've been with nearly 100 women, all of them one-night stands. Sometimes it's difficult for me to enjoy sex or stay hard because I look at porn and interview models for 100 to 120 hours a week. You know how it is when you come home and see something that



reminds you of work and you get annoyed? That's my situation. Any advice?—C.T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*You're suffering from libido overload. Porn is fun, but an overdose can make unscripted sex with an actual human being seem disappointing. Producer Adam Glasser, a.k.a. Seymore Butts, had similar problems meeting women, which Showtime documented during the first season of *Family Business*. Most of the women he met through online dating sites found his work interesting but not enamoring. (Glasser is currently seeing one of his ex-assistants, who became a performer.) There are women who won't have a problem with your job, but it may take some effort to find them. It may also be wise to be discreet ("I work in video production") until you have a chance to make an impression. One thing is certain: You won't meet anyone outside the business if you're immersed in it 17 hours a day. You also won't be very interesting at dinner. Stop working on weekends and find a hobby that doesn't involve genitalia.*

In June you responded to a letter from a reader who was still having dreams about his first love 20 years later. You suggested that this woman was a "ghost" who symbolized his anxiety about being rejected. As a psychology professor at California State University who since 1993 has studied lost loves and their effect on relationships, I feel you may have underestimated the power of his teenage attraction. In a survey I conducted of more than 1,000 people who had rekindled relationships after at least five years of separation, two thirds had reunited with loves they'd lost when they were 17 years old or younger. More than 70 percent stayed together after reuniting. In a more recent survey of 1,300 adults who never tried to reunite with a

lost love, 30 percent said they would like to and 18 percent said they would leave their spouse if their lost love showed up. In general, men express much stronger emotions about these relationships than women. I would advise anyone who wants to see a lost love again for "closure" or to "catch up" to be careful. What seems innocent can destroy even a strong marriage. This is not a fantasy, as an affair with a relative stranger or even a co-worker may be; it is a love that was interrupted. When I first started my research, 30 percent of the respondents who reconnected with a lost love said the reunion led them to cheat on their spouse. Because the Internet makes it so much easier not only to find lost loves but for these initial contacts to develop in a seemingly casual way, that figure is now closer to 80 percent. There's more information as well as a message board at lostlovers.com.—Nancy Kalish, Sacramento, California

Thanks for writing. We've lost and found a few loves, though it's never the same the second time around because both people have changed. If she hasn't, we're suspicious.

I have a laptop with wireless access, but in some parts of my house I can't get a connection. Is there any way to extend the range?—L.K., Tempe, Arizona

Often the fix is as simple as moving the router to another spot or placing it higher in the room. Any metal, stone or concrete between your router and the wireless card in your laptop will affect signal strength. If repositioning doesn't help, experiment with a booster antenna or repeater. Typically these work only with the same brand of router, although this year Hawking Technology introduced a universal repeater. If you're using an 802.11b router, consider upgrading to 802.11g. You'll still be limited to about 75 feet under normal conditions, but the transmission will be faster. The next standard, 802.11n, is expected by the end of 2006 and should have a more dramatic effect on range. HomePlug, another emerging standard, allows you to use your home's power lines as one long cable, meaning you can plug a wireless network access point into any outlet.

I am a college student and virgin struggling on the dating scene. I am well-read and can be witty but have no skills at the approach—those 30 seconds when you smile and try to make an impression. Also I feel that by introducing myself I am admitting to a girl that I'm interested, which gives her the upper hand and makes me feel vulnerable. Do you have any tips for the initial approach?—V.D., Phoenix, Arizona

You're putting a lot of pressure on yourself in a time and place in which this should be easy. You live on a college campus, which presents loads of opportunities (classes, study groups,

bars, coffee shops, social clubs, etc.) to get to know women in casual environments that don't require you to audition. Your next girlfriend may not even be a woman you are initially attracted to but someone who becomes more attractive as you get to know her. That's what you're hoping for as well, right? We understand your frustration, but focus on being young and having fun, and the rest will flow your way. *Pity the rest of us who have to work the room in the real world.*

Many years ago I was an avid audiophile with a budget that allowed me to purchase Dahlquist DQ-20 speakers, Hafler amps and preamps, and a moderate JBL subwoofer. Recently I purchased a high-definition TV, so I find myself switching gears into home theater. Unfortunately I can't afford to replace my entire sound system, so I would like to keep my mint-condition equipment for a 5.1 system—or at least the Dahlquists. I have a budget of about \$2,500 for an A/V receiver, center and rear speakers and possibly a new subwoofer. All the salesmen tell me my Dahlquists are old technology and I have to buy everything new. I'd rather supplement what I have than start over. What do you think? I'm sure this is a dilemma many people face.—D.H., Slatington, Pennsylvania

Okay, here's the plan: The Dahlquists were superb in their day, but it may be tricky to find rear speakers to complement them now. Their treble can be a little soft, so don't get anything too bright. You can do without a center speaker. Replace your Haflers with a multichannel receiver from Outlaw or NAD. If you plan to use your system primarily to listen to music, upgrade your subwoofer with something from Outlaw or Hsu Research because the technology has improved dramatically in the past decade. If you plan mostly to watch movies, the JBL is sufficient. If you decide to sell the Haflers—and you may have to in order to fully implement our suggestions—insist on top dollar. They're popular components in the anachrophile market. But we suggest you hang on to them if you can, because you'll kick yourself if you decide to return to two-channel.

I picked up a copy of the June issue—the first I have ever read—because Bai Ling was on the cover and she's an Asian chick like me. I read the *Advisor* column, and it is great. And you cuss! How cool is that? I thought PLAYBOY would be a raunchy magazine, but I was wrong. Since I'm writing, I thought I'd ask a question: Does this dress make me look fat?—L.P., La Grange, Illinois

Are you kidding? You look fucking great!

In June you wrote that a rise in a woman's basal body temperature indicates she is ovulating. The rise actually indicates she has finished ovulating. I am dealing with infertility and monitor my BBT closely. I wouldn't want women to think they can screw as much as they want until the temp rises without getting pregnant, or to wait until after the temp rises to try to make a

baby, because that would be too late.—K.W., Elizabethtown, Kentucky

Thanks for the clarification. Readers should understand that a fertile woman can get pregnant at any time, even during her period and even if she's on the pill. Unless you want to be a parent, caution is always advised.

My wife and I are expecting our first child. She told me she had read that when a member of the Huichol tribe of Mexico goes into labor she ties a string around her husband's testicles. As the pain of the contractions increases, she tugs on the string so her husband can share in her agony. Please tell me this isn't true, because my wife doesn't need these ideas in her head.—P.T., Atlanta, Georgia

That's a good one. We checked with Stacy Schaefer, an anthropology professor at California State University at Chico who specializes in gender roles among the Huichol tribe. She says it's not true. If God wanted men to share in the pain of childbirth, she would have made it easier for us to have multiple orgasms.

I know you're supposed to change your oil every 3,000 miles in most circumstances, but what about the car's other fluids?—A.H., Dallas, Texas

Providing hard and fast rules is difficult because so much depends on the make of your vehicle and how often and how far you drive. MotorWatch.com tried to establish guidelines by creating a chart that outlines intervals for severe and normal driving. It immediately drew criticism from the site's 48-member technical committee, with advisors representing automakers who say the intervals should be longer and mechanics who insist they should be shorter. The guidelines state that drivers who generally make trips of 10 miles or less in each direction should have their coolant/antifreeze changed every two years or 24,000 miles (whichever comes first) with conventional coolant and every three years or 36,000 miles with long-life. Brake fluid should be changed every two years or 24,000 miles on cars with antilock brakes and every three years or 36,000 miles on vehicles without them. Power-steering fluid should be changed every three years or 36,000 miles. Transmission fluid should be changed on automatics every three years or 36,000 miles and every 10 years or 100,000 miles on manuals. If most of your trips are longer, you can wait three years instead of two (or 36,000 miles instead of 24,000), or five years instead of three (60,000 miles instead of 36,000) for fluid changes. If you're driving a mix of short and long distances, the intervals are somewhere in between.

You wrote in June that swingers clubs don't admit single men. Though this is true of a handful of clubs, most welcome single men as long as they behave. My wife and I rarely play with single guys, but we know quite a few who are active in the lifestyle. The successful ones make friends early in the evening rather than waiting until the play starts. Anyone, including a

single woman, who becomes pushy is asked to leave. Even no-strings sex requires people to follow basic etiquette.—D.L., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Despite your personal experience, most clubs don't admit single men. You only have to browse the listings at nasca.com, the website of the North American Swing Club Association, to see that. Clubs that welcome single men typically do so only on certain nights, so you end up with a crowd of mostly guys. Fun! Traditionally, single women have been admitted for free to balance the ratio, but gender-discrimination laws are putting an end to that. (In fact, NASCA had to revise its own guidelines last year to specify that it admits only male-female partners to its events after a gay male couple that was refused entry threatened to sue for \$1 million.) NASCA president Robert McGinley says allowing too many single men drives couples away. "You always get single guys who argue that couples love having spare men around," he says, "but even at couples-only parties there are lots of guys who will happily fill that role." He also says the presence of single men can irritate swingers who value the honesty of the lifestyle. They assume the guys are alone because they're cheating on their partners.

In June you stated you knew of only one ongoing coed masturbation party. Since 1987, however, my husband, Tom, and I have been hosting them on at least a monthly basis in Tampa and Orlando. We started Club Relate (clubrelate.net) after we went to a swing party and masturbated, which we both love to do, and the club told us it wasn't allowed. Couples and singles interested in attending our parties must complete a two-hour orientation during which they talk about their masturbation experiences, and they must agree to our club rules: no drugs, no smoking and always be polite by saying, "No, thank you, but thank you for asking." We have as many as 40 people at each party, and we keep the ratio at no more than two men to every woman. People can have sex, but most are content with touching. One thing we teach newcomers is how to give a "butt jiggle," a light touch that brings blood to the pelvic area. Adults can learn so much about sex by watching and doing, and we love sharing what we know.—Lynda Gayle, Orlando, Florida

We're sorry to have overlooked you. The best thing about masturbation parties is that you never come alone.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.





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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

THE WORLD BANK EXISTS TO HELP POOR NATIONS,
BUT IT DOESN'T ALWAYS TURN OUT THAT WAY

BY MOISÉS NAÍM

The World Bank isn't really a bank. You can't get an account or a loan there unless you are a country. But not every country qualifies—you must be a poor country. In that sense the designation *world bank* is a misnomer. It also isn't the world's bank in other important ways. The United States, the bank's major shareholder, customarily appoints its all-powerful chief executive officer, most recently naming Paul Wolfowitz, former deputy secretary of defense, to the post. And the U.S. Treasury, State Department and White House—all situated a few blocks from World Bank headquarters—often use the bank to reward America's allies and penalize its adversaries. When the Soviet Union was an adversary, it had no relationship with the bank. After Communism collapsed, Russia and its former satellites were immediately invited to become shareholders, thus gaining access to significant financial support. Cuba gets nothing from the World Bank, but the Palestinian Authority receives plenty of support without even being a country.

The U.S. holds 16.4 percent of the bank's shares, Japan about eight percent. Germany, the U.K. and France each have slightly more than four percent, and most of the other shareholding nations each hold less than two percent. Because all major decisions require 85 percent of the vote, the U.S. can veto any initiative. (Last year the bank funded 245 projects, worth \$20 billion.) So why not call it the American Bank? Because the U.S. can only block decisions; it cannot make the bank's 183 other shareholders do its bidding.

The Bush administration learned this the hard way when the situation in Iraq evolved differently from what the president and his advisors, including Wolfowitz, had anticipated. Despite the fact that the World Bank has far more institutional expertise in dealing with poor countries, failed states and national reconstruction challenges than the Pentagon, no World Bank personnel are currently based in Iraq. U.S. taxpayers have until now footed the bill to underwrite the rebuilding of Iraq because the Bush administration was convinced it wouldn't take much time, money or blood to



stabilize the country after it toppled Saddam Hussein. The administration assumed it didn't need to persuade a reluctant world to support its invasion. There was no need to enlist the help of international organizations like the World Bank, which in any case it regards as slow and inept. Bush came to power with deep suspicions about and even disdain for the work of multilateral institutions. His first Treasury secretary, Paul O'Neill, argued that the World Bank had mostly failed and could be saved only through major surgery. Why rely on bureaucrats when you have the U.S. Marines?

The official name of the World Bank is the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Founded in 1944, during the waning days of World War II, its mission was to help speed Europe's reconstruction, a task it performed with particular effectiveness. After that the bank shifted its attention to the alleviation of poverty in underdeveloped countries, where its performance has been far more controversial. Because its loans are conditional on such things as shifting public funds from

the military to education, the bank often has a significant influence on the political policies of its debtors.

The World Bank has long been the subject of criticism. Critics from the left accuse the bank of requiring borrowing countries to institute harsh "structural adjustment" and "fiscal austerity" policies that hurt the poor and impose on them the values and priorities of the bank's rich shareholders, particularly the U.S. The right views the bank as a wasteful bureaucracy that often gives bad advice and holds too favorable a view of policies that rely on government rather than private business. Some non-governmental organizations want the bank to enforce stringent environmental policies; others argue that such an approach would stifle growth. Some want all lending to be contingent on progress on human rights and corruption, while others claim this could destabilize countries such as China and Pakistan. Some push for trade and investment, while others defend a guarded posture for poor nations. Religious organizations oppose any funding

for contraceptives or sex education, while health advocates say this is equivalent to favoring genocide in Africa and other AIDS-ravaged regions.

Its nature (as an institution owned by governments) and activities (its direct or indirect influence over the political policies of borrowing countries) will always render the bank controversial. But the White House added fuel to the fire by nominating Wolfowitz, one of the chief architects of the aggressive U.S. strategy toward Iraq. The announcement caused consternation among the bank's shareholders and its 9,300-member staff. Will Wolfowitz use the bank as bluntly as he used the Pentagon to advance conservative political causes around the world? Will he eliminate any pretense that the bank is a global institution and fully convert it to the American Bank, another weapon in the arsenal of U.S. dominance?

No doubt Wolfowitz will change the place during his tenure, which should last at least five years and possibly even a decade or more. World Bank presidents enjoy immense autonomy. Each has left a mark on the institution, sometimes to its detriment. Each has discovered problems for which preconceived solutions prove inadequate. Each also inherited a staff that includes a large pool of the world's top specialists, as well as bureaucrats who have survived many attempts to make them more nimble.

Mostly, however, World Bank presidents discover the world. Few other institutions—whether the Pentagon, J.P. Morgan or Congress (which groomed previous World Bank presidents)—provide the global perspective the bank affords its leaders. It's a world where staggering poverty coexists in intimate proximity with tremendous wealth, a world of surprising and often invisible progress and failure. Ingenuity, creativity and dignity cohabit with seemingly endless misery, illness, hunger, ignorance and violence. After a few weeks at the helm of the bank, one finds it intellectually impossible and emotionally unbearable to imagine that any nation acting alone can solve the problems that threaten us all. It will not take long for Paul Wolfowitz of the World Bank to become a different person than Paul Wolfowitz of the Pentagon. The bank will change him more than he changes the bank.

Moisés Naím, one-time minister of industry for Venezuela and former executive director of the World Bank, is editor in chief of Foreign Policy magazine.

HIT MEN, JACKALS AND GLOBAL LOAN SHARKS

THE GRIM REALITY BEHIND FOREIGN AID

In his book *Confessions of an Economic Hit Man*, John Perkins reveals the sinister side of foreign-aid packages. He worked for many years at a U.S.-based engineering firm, using his economics expertise to help secure building contracts from international aid agencies, including the World Bank. We asked him about that process—and how corporations twist it to their advantage.

PLAYBOY: In your book you talk about your career as an economic hit man. Can you explain that term?

PERKINS: It isn't an official term any more than *spook* is an official term. My official title was economist, then chief economist. *Economic hit man* is a tongue-in-cheek term, but it describes us pretty damn well.

PLAYBOY: What does this job entail?

PERKINS: The job of an EHM is to identify third world countries that have resources our corporations covet, such as oil, and arrange large loans to these countries through such organizations as the World Bank. The money from these loans will go to big U.S. corporations—construction companies like Bechtel and Halliburton, suppliers and manufacturers like General Electric—that will build large infrastructure projects such as power plants, dams, ports and industrial parks in these third world countries. Ultimately the countries will be stuck with a huge debt they usually can't repay. Then we economic hit men go back to the country and say, "Look, you've incurred a lot of debt and can't repay it. Now you owe us a pound of flesh. Sell your oil to our oil companies cheaply, vote with us in the next UN vote," and so forth.

PLAYBOY: Don't power plants and dams help the recipient country?

PERKINS: The projects benefit the very rich of that country. The poor are

not going to get any electricity in the cardboard shacks they live in along the canals of Jakarta or in the slums of Rio de Janeiro.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying our foreign aid is distributed with EHM goals in mind?

PERKINS: It's a subtle system that allows most Americans to believe foreign aid is altruistic when in fact a great deal of it is not altruistic at all. It helps the owners of our big corporations and a few corrupt and wealthy families in developing countries become much richer.

It's been used as a vehicle for building empire. Using institutions such as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, economic hit men have managed to build the world's first global empire, and we've done it primarily without the military.

PLAYBOY: Why bother with subtlety when we

have a powerful military?

PERKINS: Just as I entered the EHM world, in the early 1970s, it was becoming apparent that we were losing the war in Vietnam. It was obvious the military solution didn't always work. We knew we couldn't use the nuclear option because of the Soviet Union, but the limited-war option we used in Vietnam wasn't effective. Robert McNamara, having been secretary of defense and having played a major role in Vietnam, was acutely aware of how limited we were from a military standpoint. So when he was installed as head of the World Bank in 1968, it was important to him to see how we could use economics instead of the military. McNamara played a huge role in bringing this shift around and tying the World Bank to EHM tactics.

PLAYBOY: The new personal bankruptcy laws Congress passed in the U.S. this year lock individuals into debt just as EHMs seek to lock in



STEVE BORSWICK

third world debt at the institutional level. Is this a domestic application of the EHM philosophy?

PERKINS: I used to explain the international-debt game to audiences by telling them the following: "If I were your banker and enticed you into accepting a loan I knew you couldn't repay because I wanted to obtain a favor from you later on, I'd be committing a criminal act, and you could use the bankruptcy laws to get off the hook." I would continue, "Unfortunately

this is not the case in the international community. The corporatocracy writes the international banking and commerce laws, and they see to it that placing developing countries in such heavy debt that they become our virtual slaves is perfectly legal." I have to cringe now at my naivete. Rather than rewrite the international laws to comply with the logic of the old personal-bankruptcy laws—which was what I was plugging for—the corporatocracy pulled off a major coup and convinced our Congress to model the new personal bankruptcy laws after the international ones. These new laws make you wonder what will happen to all those people who no longer have the protection they had under the old bankruptcy laws. Are we going to build debtors' prisons around the country?

PLAYBOY: The levels of debt the current administration has accumulated look like EHM tactics in reverse. Is the U.S. immune to the pressures it has used to gain leverage over other countries?

PERKINS: The fact that the U.S. has become the world's single largest debtor nation doesn't concern the corporatocracy as long as the dollar is the standard world currency and they have the sole right to print dollars. You may recall that in the early 1970s, the Nixon administration took the dollar off the

gold standard. It was a bold and calculated move that, among other things, enabled corporations and the U.S. government to assume huge debts without having to worry much about repaying them. All they had to do in a pinch was print more money—a rather enviable position. The concern today is that petroleum, in a way, has replaced gold. If OPEC demanded payment in some currency other than the dollar, such as euros, and if China, Japan or a coalition of other creditors decided to call in its U.S.



How will Wolfowitz run the World Bank?

debt in euros, the corporatocracy would be in deep trouble. That, of course, is one reason the U.S. invaded Iraq. Saddam Hussein was threatening to invoke the "euro option," to trade oil for euros. By attacking Iraq the administration figured it could take better control of Middle Eastern oil. In addition, Washington

has expressed its desire to take over Iran and essentially return that country to the days of the shah. Building the fence of empire around Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait would virtually ensure that the dollar retains its power and that the corporatocracy can continue to pile up debt.

PLAYBOY: Given the effectiveness of EHM tactics, why would the administration turn to such heavy-handed techniques to accomplish its goals?

PERKINS: The indiscreet military invasion has always been an option. Remember, in 1989 we unilaterally and without provocation invaded Panama, a country without an army but one that was threatening to allow Japanese rather than U.S. companies to build a new sea-level canal—a project that would have been the largest engineering job in modern history. And then we attacked Iraq in early 1991. In fact, those two invasions strengthened the EHM leverage.

ONCE YOU'RE HOOKED, YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

Voters in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador, Uruguay and Venezuela elected presidents who ran on nationalistic, anti-U.S.-corporation platforms. Once in office, several of these presidents began to back down. Why? "Every one of those men," Perkins says, "remembers what happened to other Latin leaders who opposed the U.S.: Arbenz of Guatemala, Allende of Chile, Roldós of Ecuador and Torrijos and Noriega of Panama were each overthrown by CIA-sanctioned coups, assassinated,



invaded or imprisoned. You can be a person of great integrity, but once in power you will be visited and reminded of all those before you who have gone down. You will be reminded especially of Noriega. He did not die a martyr. Instead he was captured and thrown into a U.S. prison, where he still rots. If this isn't enough to convince you, you might be kidnapped or sequestered like Aristide of Haiti and Chavez of Venezuela—feel the barrel of a gun against your temple, be reminded you have children."

MARGINALIA



FROM A DEPOSITION

by Brigadier General Janis Karpinski about alleged abuses at the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq, which she oversaw for five months:

Q: Did any of your MPs tell you about any of these issues, such as naked detainees in the cells?

A: The MPs would sometimes say that a prisoner went on a hunger strike but that it lasted only a day before he heard the rattle of the MREs [meals ready to eat] and decided instead to take his clothes off. The MPs took them away so he wouldn't hang himself but gave him an extra blanket. I specifically talked to the juveniles because after one time they brought some in and I saw a kid that was—he looked like he was eight years old. He told me he was almost 12. He told me his brother was there with him but he really wanted to see his mother, could he please call his mother? He was crying. But I never saw anything that was abuse or could be considered abuse.

FROM A LETTER

written in 1812 by newlywed Lucy Todd to her sister Dolley Madison, from a collection of the first lady's correspondence published by the University of Virginia:

"How is my dear brother-in-law James? Tell him I hope he misses me at meals and takes his usual walk to and fro in the little sitting room in the evening—ah! and when he kisses you—he was always so fearful of making my mouth water—tell him I get kisses now that would make his mouth run over."



FROM A GUIDE called "Sing the National Anthem With Confidence" by Mike Borts, who has performed more than 350 times before sporting events: "(1) Know the words cold with no hesitations. If you miss a lyric, you could end up on a bloopers video with Carl Lewis and Robert Goulet. (2) Time constraints don't allow you to add your own melodic interpretations. Generally I am asked to keep it under 1:20 for the U.S., 1:10 for Canada and 1:30 for Mexico. (3) If the microphone fails, just keep singing. (4) Don't look at yourself on the JumboTron. (5) Ask if the team does unusual tributes. For example, Baltimore Orioles fans scream 'O's!' during 'O say does that....' You should have seen me jump when 43,000 people shouted when I was singing at Camden Yards."

(continued on page 49)



BORTS

READER RESPONSE

PLAYBOY ON THE PLANE

I was discreetly reading a copy of PLAYBOY while flying on Southwest from Albuquerque to Las Vegas when the flight attendant said to me, "You need to put that away. I think it's inappropriate." When I politely refused, she disappeared for a few minutes, then returned to tell me, "The captain says that if you don't put the magazine away we will



Are you, the PLAYBOY reader, welcome here?

have security waiting for you when we land." I've read PLAYBOY on many flights with many carriers and have never had a problem. What's going on?

Dustin Drorbaugh
Portland, Oregon

So now we're a security threat? This isn't the first time a flight attendant has asked a reader to put away the magazine; besides Southwest, we know it has happened on American and United flights. The major carriers that will comment say they don't have policies that ban PLAYBOY. But they give their employees so much latitude to police what passengers read that they effectively do have bans. American and United even tell us that a passenger quietly reading PLAYBOY may be guilty of sexual harassment by creating a "hostile work environment." Practically, not much can be done. Despite being regulated by the U.S. government as common carriers and having received billions of dollars in subsidies, the airlines apparently believe they are not obliged to honor the First Amendment.

WHO CAN MARRY?

Several states have passed laws defining marriage as a union between a man and a woman, but how does the law view transsexuals? Can a man and a woman marry if both were born male but one had a sex change? This might seem nitpicky, but if people are intent on defining marriage it would make

sense to be as specific as possible about the definitions of man and woman.

Ryan King
Madison, Wisconsin

Good question. In most states a person can change the gender on his or her birth certificate after a sex-change operation, paving the way for a heterosexual union. The exceptions are Kansas, Ohio, Tennessee and the 32 counties of the fourth district of Texas, which includes San Antonio. The district provides an instructive example of why laws that restrict certain adults from marrying are not useful. In 1999 a court there ruled that chromosomes, not genitalia, are what matter and invalidated a marriage between a man and a transsexual woman. Phyllis Randolph Frye, a Houston attorney who specializes in transgender issues, notes that because of the ruling, straight transgender couples (e.g., two people born male, one of whom becomes a woman) can't marry in the district, but gay or lesbian ones often can. In fact, just a few months after the court decision, Frye helped secure a marriage license in Bexar County for a lesbian couple because one of the women had been born male.

CHURCH VS. STATE

The recent Supreme Court decision concerning religious displays on public property again stirred the debate about the separation of church and state. Having no respect for public ethics and morals is the problem with our society today. Capitalism has been corrupted into an ethos of materialism. The resulting hedonism is ruining this country, not the restriction of religion in public places. We need to return the study of



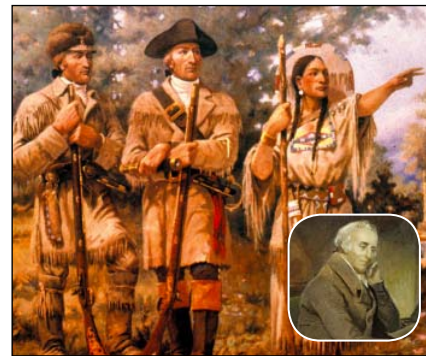
God bless the First Amendment.

philosophy to our schools and spirituality to our religions. Otherwise we will be sowing the seeds of destruction for our social experiment.

Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

QUITE A RUSH

Here's another tidbit about Dr. Benjamin Rush's contributions to our nation ("Secrets of Our Founding Fathers," July). As president, Thomas Jefferson commissioned Rush to aid in the medical readiness of the Corps of Discovery (a.k.a. the Lewis and Clark expedition). Rush provided numerous medicines, including 50 dozen of his patented Thunderclappers, an explosive purgative he claimed could cure a number of ailments. Each pill was composed of calomel (six parts mercury to one part chlorine) and jalap. Recently, archeologists working in Lolo, Montana excavated an area believed to have been used by the expedition as an encampment. Although they stopped in Lolo



Dr. Rush (inset) and his explorer patients.

for only a few days, the handful of men deposited enough mercury into the soil under their outhouse that it has remained there for two centuries.

Nick Hogan
Missoula, Montana

MORE ON OUTSOURCING

According to my experience, Ted Balaker is wrong when he claims in his July letter that nearly 70 percent of jobs lost to outsourcing stay in America. After NAFTA went into effect, the company I work for lost 200 of 500 positions in Pennsylvania to Mexico. More recently it opened a factory in China and closed its plants in Georgia and California. For every success story Balaker offers there are thousands of failures. As a union worker I'm all for fair trade, but these agreements benefit only the corporations that write them.

Bill Herbert
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

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

NEWSFRONT



The First Lick Is Free

Lawmakers are accusing two candy companies of luring kids to drugs with colorful lollipops flavored with hemp oil. The suckers can be sold legally because they don't contain THC, the ingredient in marijuana that produces a high. The confectioners play up the weed connection, however, by boasting that the sweets "taste like the real deal" and that "every lick is like taking a hit." ICUP of New Jersey distributes Pot Suckers; last year Spencer Gifts sold 110,000 at \$2 each. California-based Chronic Candy markets its lollipops in \$5 "nickel bags" and also sells chewy treats called Lcky Sticky Buds. Both companies say their products are harmless novelties marketed only to young adults. That hasn't satisfied legislators in Georgia, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey and New York who are pushing for bans.

Divine Intervention

NEW ORLEANS—For years renegade public-school teachers and administrators in one of the city's most conservative parishes have taken it upon themselves to teach students about Jesus. In May the ACLU took the parish school board to court for the fourth time in 11 years over issues of prayer and proselytizing. The most recent case involves a student teacher who says she was forced out after complaining that a fourth-grade teacher had led her class in prayer. The ACLU has asked a judge to jail parish teachers and administrators who continue to defy earlier rulings in which courts told them to knock it off.

Constitution Day

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Last year Congress created Constitution Day, to be celebrated on September 17, the anniversary of the document's signing. The law requires every school receiving federal aid to acknowledge the holiday by, for example, passing out fliers, holding an assembly or adding to lesson plans. Some education groups argue that the mandate violates the Constitution by undermining states' rights to determine school curricula.

Wiccan Woes

A county judge in Indianapolis ruled that a divorced father who practices the Wiccan religion may not share his beliefs in any way with his nine-year-old son. The judge said because Wicca is "nonmainstream" it could confuse the boy, who attends a Catholic school. In Chesterfield, Virginia a Wiccan witch asked the county board of supervisors if she could give the invocation at

a meeting. The supervisors refused, arguing that because the invocation is for the spiritual benefit of the board and not the public, its practice of inviting only religious leaders who worship "a divinity consistent with the Judeo-Christian tradition" does not violate separation of church and state. A federal court agreed.

Hot Buttered Cop Porn

What's up lately with cops and porn? An internal audit by the New Zealand Police revealed that 20 percent of the data stored on its computers consisted of hard-core material, including 5,000 photos. (At left, the pained chief makes the announcement.) In Houston the city fired two officers for harassing a woman they had stopped for drunk driving. One officer allegedly downloaded nude photos of the woman from her cell phone to his PDA; his partner later called to ask her out. South Carolina prosecutors charged an ex-Holly Hill cop for allegedly telling two women driving with suspended licenses that he would let them go if they undressed while he taped them. A Colorado Springs officer resigned following charges by a gay dancer that the cop asked him to strip to his leopard-skin G-string so he could take photos. Investigators found 100 snapshots in the officer's home of other scantily clad men. They say the cop also had a habit of asking underage male drinkers to remove their shirts so he could "check for tattoos."



MARGINALIA

(continued from page 47)

FROM AN AUCTION on eBay of a canceled Washington state license plate that reads F DUBVA: "I had it on my car for four months before receiving a letter from the Department of Licensing informing me that it had determined the plate to be 'offensive to good taste and decency.' The plate has changed my life. I receive comments all day while driving around, usually a middle finger or a thumbs-up." Bids reached \$1,526 before eBay stopped the auction, saying it requires plates to be out of circulation at least five years.

FROM AN ACCOUNT in *The Washington Post* of a presentation that Senator Tom Coburn (R-Okla.), a family doctor, gives to his staff each year about STDs: "Many staff members have questions after his lectures. 'You keep mentioning the word monogamy,' a young woman once asked. 'What is that?' 'That's when you have sex with only one partner,' Coburn explained, to which she replied, 'You mean at a time?'"



A LIST OF the 10 most harmful books of the 19th and 20th centuries, compiled for *Human Events* by a panel of 15 conservative scholars: (1) *The Communist Manifesto*, (2) *Mein Kampf*, (3) *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, (4) *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, by Alfred Kinsey, (5) *Democracy and Education*, by John Dewey, (6) *Das Kapital*, by Karl Marx, (7) *The Feminine Mystique*, by Betty Friedan, (8) *The Course of Positive Philosophy*, by Auguste Comte, (9) *Beyond Good and Evil*, by Friedrich Nietzsche, (10) *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, by John Maynard Keynes.

FROM REMARKS BY Indra Nooyi, president and CFO of PepsiCo, at the Columbia University School of Business commencement: "As I grew up and started to study geography, I remember being told that the five fingers can be thought of as the five major continents. Africa is the little finger, not because of its size but because of its place on the world's stage. The thumb is Asia: strong, powerful and ready to assert herself. The index finger is Europe, because it pointed the way for Western civilization. The ring finger is South America. It symbolizes love and commitment. This leaves the long middle finger for North America and, in particular, the United States. The middle finger anchors every function that the hand performs and is the key to all of the fingers working together. Each of us in the U.S. must be careful that when we extend our arm, in either a business or political sense, we take pains to assure we are giving a hand, not the finger."



NOOYI

FORUM

FIVE WINNING POLITICAL BLOGS

FOR LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTER, A PLACE TO HANG ONLINE

BY DANIEL RADOSH

BLOG	BRING IT UP WHEN...	WHAT TO SAY	SOUND BITE
LOW CULTURE 	SOMEONE CLAIMS THAT Wonkette.com is the funniest political blog. LowCulture.com was launched in 2003 by Jean-Paul Tremblay, Matt Haber and Guy Cimbalo, three smart-ass New Yorkers who also design websites and CD sleeves.	THIS BLEND OF political and entertainment satire specializes in humor so black you're afraid to laugh and so ironic that you're sometimes not exactly sure why you did. Postings are tagged as either "shallow" or "grave."	"DEAR MOM AND DAD, Greetings from Camp X-Ray where if the food doesn't kill ya, something else probably will! Ha ha ha. Just kidding. Our counselors are really crazy! One night they threw water balloons at us while we were sleeping! We all laughed a lot, but then we realized they got my Holy Koran wet, and I got mad. But they apologized and promised all of us a pizza party! (Once a counselor accidentally splashed pee-pee on my bunkmate's Holy Koran, and we had an ice cream party.)"
MATTHEW YGLESIAS 	SOMEONE CLAIMS THAT DailyKos.com is the best liberal blog. Yglesias, who studied philosophy at Harvard, is a staff writer for <i>The American Prospect</i> . He posts at yglesias.tpmcafe.com.	YGLESIAS BRINGS big-picture thinking to the most wonkish policy discussions. He's interested in the ideas behind the nuts and bolts and does as much as anyone online to promote a progressive worldview.	"DURING EARLY 2003, France bashing was a useful way to distract the public from the serious questions being raised about the advisability of invading Iraq by stigmatizing all opposition to the war as objectively pro-French, but there doesn't even seem to be a cynical purpose to it at this point. It's just the descent of conservatism into pure resentment (a French word, yes, but it comes to us in English through the German Nietzsche) divorced from any real aims."
CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS 	SOMEONE CLAIMS THAT Power Line (powerlineblog.com) is the best conservative blog. Captain's Quarters is the creation of customer-service manager Edward Morrissey. It's located at captainsquartersblog.com.	THE QUICK AND clever Morrissey leaves gleefully partisan analysis with doses of gleefully partisan humor. Not content to rely on linking to news reports, Captain Ed rolls up his sleeves and does his own reporting when it's called for.	"THE PUBLIC IS given a steady diet of films and television entertainment that relentlessly portrays Republicans as Snidely Whiplash characters and Democrats as the heroes. Hollywood Republicans have to hide in the shadows to get work. Michael Moore strings together a series of lies and dishonestly edited clips to make his paean to Leni Riefenstahl, <i>Fahrenheit 9/11</i> , and the Hollywood community hails him as a hero, while conservative Mel Gibson makes an apolitical movie about Jesus Christ and gets figuratively crucified for it."
BUZZMACHINE 	SOMEONE CLAIMS THAT Instapundit.com is the most influential blog. Jeff Jarvis, BuzzMachine.com's creator, is a former critic for <i>TV Guide</i> and <i>People</i> and one of the founding editors of <i>Entertainment Weekly</i> .	NOBODY SEES THE future of blogging as well as Jarvis, a relentless (if sometimes excessive) advocate for the blogosphere. Because he's respected by both the left and the right, Jarvis often sets the baseline for the debate on the burning topics of the day.	ABOUT CONGRESSMAN James Sensenbrenner III (R.-Wis., pictured far left): "Just when you think this indecency fetish in Washington can't get sicker, another legislator with a stick up his ass opens his mouth (and the stick protrudes): 'The chairman of one of the entertainment industry's most important congressional committees says he wants to take the enforcement of broadcast decency standards into the realm of criminal prosecution.' If I were on television and said 'Fuck Sensenbrenner,' I could not only be fined up to \$3 million a day but he would have me go to jail. Well, fuck Sensenbrenner."
HIT & RUN 	SOMEONE CLAIMS THAT the Volokh Conspiracy (volokh.com) is the best libertarian blog. Hit & Run, which is written by the staff of <i>Reason</i> ("free minds and free markets"), is online at reason.com/hitandrunk.	UNDER THE BANNER CONTINUOUS NEWS, VIEWS AND ABUSE, these caustic, sarcastic, thought-provoking libertarians pick fights (sometimes with one another) and sacrifice sacred cows.	"WHEN THE CLUB'S dancers took everything off, the patrons would be given sketch pads and pencils. According to the management, that transformed the strip club into an art studio. Philistines all, Boise's cops cited a technicality: that the dancers 'weren't posing, they were dancing.' What? There's no post-historical wiggle room in the verb to pose? Hint to management: Next time claim it's theater."—Charles Paul Freund.... "The <i>New Republic</i> polled leading conservatives about how they 'feel about evolution and intelligent design.' I am pleased to note that evolution wins by a landslide!"—Ronald Bailey

THREE SHADES OF SEXY



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From the incomparable PLAYBOY archives comes this trilogy of volumes, each devoted to a certain pulse-quickenning hair color. Beauties of every tress are captured in these classic collections of color photographs that feature heartfelt introductions by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor James R. Petersen and witty quotes sprinkled throughout. At once evocative and whimsical, this handsome collection will make any gentleman smile—whether he prefers a blonde, marries a brunette or has always had a thing for a redhead. Hardcover. 6"x 8". 128 pages each.

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"DOUBLE MARTINI"

by YVES BEHAR

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE CARLIN

A candid conversation with the outspoken comic about his onstage meltdown, his stay in rehab, the state of the world and why he's not all that angry (really!)

Considering the number of brain cells George Carlin has barbecued over the years, we're astonished at how much firepower is left inside that head of his. As the comedian approaches 70, the lounge-lizard hair is grayer and the old ticker is faulty (he's had three heart attacks already), but his mind is eternally churning fresh ideas and raw insights, mainly about how completely fucked we humans really are.

Last December, just after losing his temper with an audience in Las Vegas, Carlin stopped sniping at the rest of us long enough to cast a cold eye on his own shortcomings—namely, prescription-drug and alcohol addictions. With his third comedy book, *When Will Jesus Bring the Pork Chops?*, ascending the *New York Times* best-seller list, Carlin checked himself into Promises, an A-list detox facility in Malibu, where 30 days of therapy and soul-searching (along with an antidepressant or two) gave him the reboot he needed to end more than five straight decades of substance abuse. Now he's raging on the road again, sharpening his barbs at comedy clubs across America in preparation for his 13th HBO stand-up special, *Life Is Worth Losing*, to air live from New York's Beacon Theater on November 5. Although he's won four Grammys, has a wall of gold records and has sold more than 2 million books, Carlin has enough new material

on his hard drive—some 2,800 files' worth—for perhaps 70 more years of edgy comedy.

Still, Carlin will forever be known as the man who forced the Supreme Court to utter the words "shit," "piss," "fuck," "cunt," "cocksucker," "motherfucker" and "tits." In the landmark 1978 case *FCC v. Pacifica Foundation*, the Court ruled that Carlin's best-known routine, "Seven Words You Can Never Say on Television," was indecent and that the FCC could ban those choice expletives from radio and TV during hours when children might be listening.

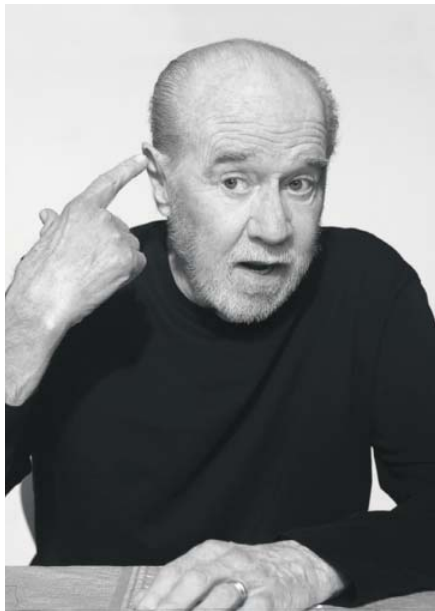
Born in 1937, Carlin grew up on the edge of Harlem in New York City and was raised with his older brother by their single mother. He dropped out of high school at the age of 17 and joined the Air Force; he was court-martialed three times, once for taking a nap inside a parked B-47 bomber. He started his professional career as a disc jockey near the Air Force base in Shreveport, Louisiana and, after letting his hair grow in the decade that followed, became a comic voice of the burgeoning counterculture, with characters such as Al Sleet, the "hippie-dippie weatherman." In 1975, jacked out of his mind on cocaine, he hosted the first episode of a promising new TV program called *Saturday Night Live*.

Writer **David Hochman** (who last interviewed Donald Trump for *PLAYBOY*) recently

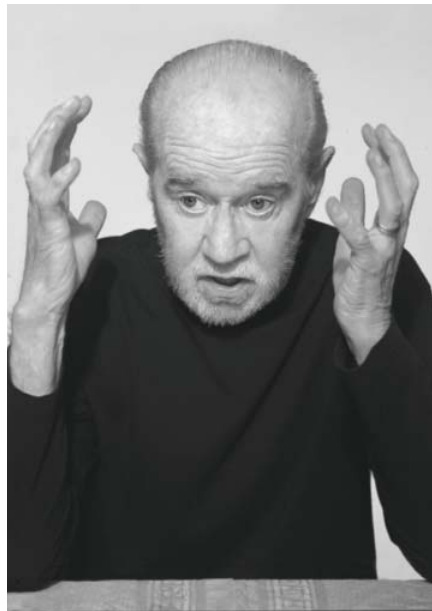
caught up with Carlin on the road in Las Vegas. Hochman's report: "Carlin called me seven times before the interview, partly because he was nervous but also because he was excited to finally have a lengthy format in which to discuss rehab, drug use, his marriage, his new girlfriend and the many problems of our time. We met in the Presidential Suite at the Stardust, but the old-school vibe creeped him out. So we ended up talking backstage and at the pristine condo he owns nearby. Wherever we were, one or two of his TVs were tuned silently to CNN.

"George's act was a little rusty, mainly because he was in rehab when he should have been rehearsing. But at the interview table he was electrifying, almost going into a trancelike state as he threw himself headlong into passionate rants. Not one idea escapes him. He keeps small Post-its everywhere, and as soon as something—a joke, a word, an absurdity—comes to him, he'll jot it down and then enter it into one of his four Apple computers. He even has an iPod dedicated exclusively to his recorded thoughts. And the man has hours and hours of thoughts."

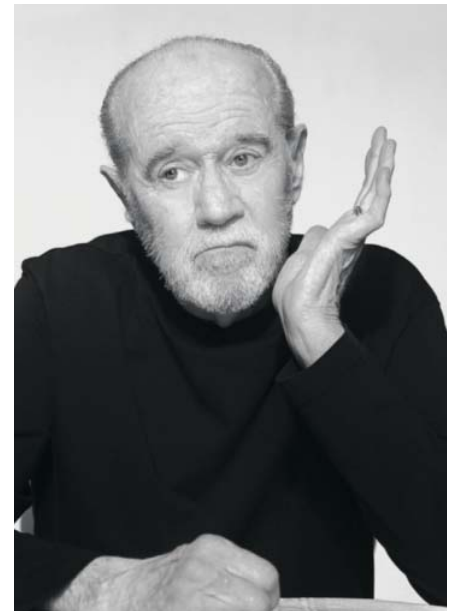
PLAYBOY: The last time you were in Las Vegas you called your audience moronic, and someone shouted, "Stop degrading us!" What was going on?



"During my cocaine years I was a moron because cocaine kicks up that sexual drive. But even with the coke, sex had to be with someone I was attracted to. So there was a degree of honor in it, albeit a very small degree."



"Republicans would love to make this a theocracy and have America be a kind of Taliban state. But they can do only what they can do, and that leaves room for fuckers like me. I love this country. I love that I get to talk like this."



"Nobody knew the extent of my habit. I lied as you do when you're an addict or an alcoholic, and I deceived everyone, including the doctors. If I told the truth, the secret would have been out and I would have had to deal with it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

CARLIN: While Vegas audiences can be wonderful when there's a younger crowd, 80 percent of the time you get these fucking overweight schlubs from the Mississippi Valley. And they're a fucking bother because they have no imagination and no appreciation for unusual, creative themes in comedy. They think everybody should be like what you see on television. They're fucking horrified when they hear some of my subjects. I said something about that. I said, "I can't wait to go back east, where the real audiences are," or something like that. I've said that to audiences before. Usually I say, "There are three types of people who come to my shows, and you're the third type, and it ain't fucking good, folks." The trouble is, a local gossip columnist was in the audience, and he used some sensational language to make a story out of it. Suddenly it became a fucking "meltdown."

PLAYBOY: Is that what pushed you into rehab?

CARLIN: Oh, I'd made that decision long before that night. [laughs] Here's the deal with me: I was 67, and I didn't like having a habit anymore. I got tired of running. I began smoking pot when I was 13, so technically I had a 54-year buzz. I stopped smoking pot 20 years ago, but that's when the Vicodin and wine took over. And the wine turned into a bottle-and-a-half-a-day deal, and I noticed the number of Vicodin creeping up to four, five a day. Mind you, that's nothing to brag about by rehab standards. Some of the guys in there were taking 50 Vikes a day and burning down their house and backing into police vans and shit. I felt almost unworthy. But it's your personal bottom that matters, and I definitely suffered the affliction every addict suffers. I just couldn't stop. The addiction had more power than I did, and that's the sign of a real problem. Plus, for me, there were just too many requirements: finding the drink, counting out the fucking pills to see how many days were left before the prescription ran out. "Okay, if I renew five days early, the insurance will cover it and the pharmacist won't say anything. So five days early, at four a day, that's 20 extra. Hey, I can have six today!"

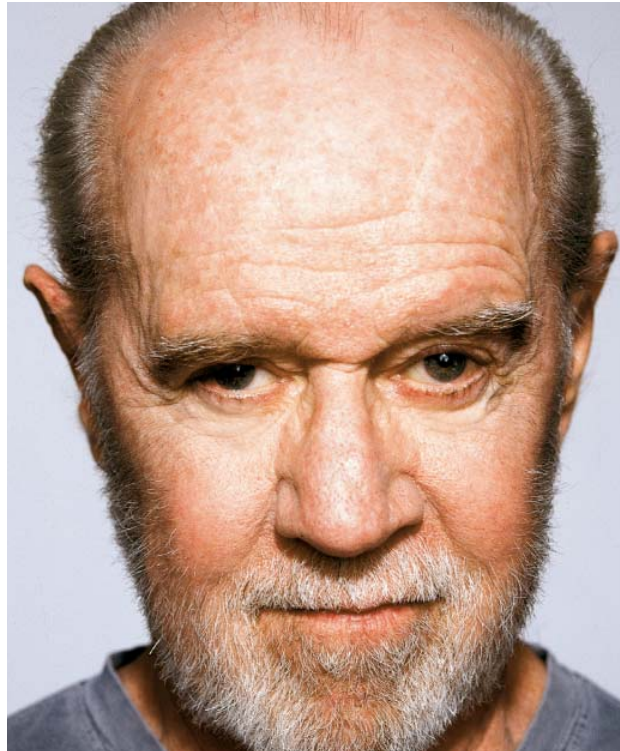
PLAYBOY: Was there an intervention of some kind?

CARLIN: No. And I would have just translated friendly advice as nagging or interfering, or I'd have thought, Leave me alone; I know what I'm going to do about this. Besides, nobody knew the extent of my habit. I lied as you do when you're an addict or an alcoholic, and I

deceived everyone, including the doctors I was getting the prescriptions from. The thing is, if I told the truth, the secret would have been out and I would have had to deal with it. So I bullshitted everyone and played down the amounts, the need, the effects.

PLAYBOY: What were the effects?

CARLIN: It was a slight opiate high. When I would wake up—and I'm not one of these fucking guys who just spring out of bed at full speed—I'd say, "Oh fuck. I have all this shit to do today," not always looking forward to it. So I would stumble around for a while, and then inevitably I would take a couple of Vicodins. About half an hour later I wouldn't feel any of that negativity. It was an absence of a



Angry is getting into a fistfight, which I've never done. Angry is losing your temper. Angry? Not me.

certain downness. Then eight hours later I would take two more. At night I'd usually have a little bit of wine, say, before a show. But I certainly wasn't a wine connoisseur like that guy in *Sideways* or anything. I just wanted the buzz. I never drank enough to slur my speech or stagger, but the wine calmed me down; then a little more would help me fall asleep afterward.

PLAYBOY: You still play 150 club dates a year. Does a little Vicodin make a place like Akron or Scranton more tolerable?

CARLIN: The truth is, I feel better sober than I felt when I was using and feeling good. I never did a 12-step program before, and it was great to go someplace where for 30 days I was assured of not having anything near me, no tempta-

tions, and where I'd have a network of people who would pull me away from my addictions so I could put my wishes into play. But here's the biggest surprise: Sobriety is not a struggle for me. I don't have a yen and I don't have an urge. Intellectually, if I'm in the supermarket and I pass the wine section, I say, "Oh yeah, remember when you used to do that?" and I keep moving. The last thing in the world I would do is walk into some place and get a glass of wine, because what the fuck would be the reason? As they say in AA—it's clichéd now, but it's true—"One drink is too many, and a thousand are not enough." And there's another cliché—AA's full of them because they serve a purpose—that goes,

"When the train hits you, it's not the caboose that kills you; it's that first car every fucking time," which I thought was very wise. There would be no future in opening that door or those bottles again. For what reason? I feel wonderful now.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever worry that stopping drugs would screw with your creativity?

CARLIN: There comes a point when drugs start to hinder rather than help. A psychiatrist once very generously told me, "George, you're brilliant despite the fact that you use drugs." He said drugs were probably getting in my way. I believe that was true.

PLAYBOY: Cocaine was your drug of choice in the 1970s. How do you look back on those years now?

CARLIN: Well, if you're already anal and left-brained and fucked up with this tendency to be obsessive-compulsive, then the cocaine feeds that. I would organize everything. I once had all my screws and bolts and nuts and washers and nails on the floor of my garage and just sat there matching them all up. Or I'd sort through my fucking record collection. [talking fast]

"Shall I arrange this by genre or by band name? What about soloists? Do they go separately? Well, Roger McGuinn has a separate album, but he was in the Byrds. But then he was also in Buffalo Springfield. Oh shit! But so were the guys from Crosby, Stills & Nash. Oh fuck me! Here's Neil Young! What the fuck do you do with fucking Neil Young?" [laughs] And next thing you know, you're outside cleaning the front lawn with a toothbrush. It was a fucking mess.

PLAYBOY: Yet here you are at 68, still kicking, still working and clean as a whistle. No harm, no foul, right?

CARLIN: Well, I'll tell you, people always say in these interviews, "Is there anything you regret or anything you would do

differently?" I've always kind of defiantly said, "No, nothing." But now I know a little better. I think if I could magically go back and change a portion of my life, I would erase those five or six years of cocaine abuse, for a multitude of reasons. First, the cocaine made me ignore my finances and my business interests, which put me in a giant hole with the IRS and damaged my ability to have a reasonable net worth.

PLAYBOY: You owed close to \$4 million in back taxes at one point, right?

CARLIN: It started at about a million and went to about \$3 million. But it's the penalties and interest that kill you. Plus, there are always current taxes to pay. It never stops. I had a lien on my house for 20 years. So it was very difficult, and it was a character builder. The sad thing is, if I had had more presence of mind, I might not have let that happen.

PLAYBOY: In 1975, on a trip to Hawaii, your 11-year-old daughter, Kelly, made you and your wife, Brenda, sign a contract to stop snorting cocaine for the rest of the trip. Does it make you sad now to think of a child in that position?

CARLIN: It was a terrible fucking cruel, unthinking, unloving thing for any parent to have done, to put Kelly in that situation. That's my biggest regret in all this. If it hadn't been for the cocaine, I wouldn't have put Kelly through the trauma of her mother and father fighting like crazy and being on drugs and being maniacs in front of her. It was pretty awful. I had Kelly working with me on these sick strategies to deal with Brenda. After all, I was the more sober drunk. [laughs] Brenda would start drinking early, so we'd hide her car keys if it was after a certain hour—say, noon. Rehab wasn't an option back then, so you did what you could. One time I told Kelly, when she was probably too young to fully understand, "I may have to make believe to Mom that I'm going to leave her. I don't want you to get scared. I'll just be right down the hill at that little hotel. Don't worry." Again, if it hadn't been for the cocaine, I think I would have dealt with Brenda directly, issued an ultimatum. But instead she had to hit bottom. She backed my BMW through the lobby of a hotel. That was as good a reason as any to get cleaned up, and she spent 22 years clean without a slip. But as I look back now, it put all that pressure on Kelly.

PLAYBOY: What's your relationship with your daughter like today?

CARLIN: Kelly is now in her early 40s. She's in a good marriage. She's a psychologist with a master's in Jungian depth psychology, and she will probably go for her Ph.D. She has worked through a lot in her own therapy, all of this scarring and damage. And she and I have put a lot of stuff on the table together to try to heal some of this, which we think we have. And we move on.

PLAYBOY: What impact did Brenda's death from cancer, in 1997, have on you?

CARLIN: Well, I didn't get terribly emotional about it. First of all, I'm very much a realist and a practical person, and Brenda had been sick for quite some time. If you have any imagination at all, you find yourself imagining outcomes. Even if a person you're with isn't sick, you occasionally think of what life without them would be like. But it was not pleasant by any means. She had been stabilized with chemotherapy, but then things took a rapid turn. They kept her alive an extra 12 or 18 hours, apparently just for me to get back in from the road. And by the time I got there it was gruesome. So it was no picnic, but my tears

were fairly contained. I felt them—I cried and everything—but I didn't go to pieces from the whole experience. I had kind of rehearsed it in my mind.

PLAYBOY: And then, a year later, you had a new girlfriend.

CARLIN: Sally and I met at a bookstore. Her dog came over and chose me.

PLAYBOY: Dogs do have a keen sense of smell.

CARLIN: They must, because Sally is the love of my life. I must say that as solid and as good as I thought my marriage was with Brenda—and we kind of lived in détente after a while because she had been sober about 22 years and I was still

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drinking and whatnot—there wasn't a lot of emotional connection during those years. But when I met Sally lightning struck. That's not to denigrate Brenda or my relationship with her, but with Sally it's that teenagers-in-love thing all over again. We wear these Jupiter rings and call ourselves the king and queen of Jupiter. It's our planet and we reign over all things Jupiterian. It's all about Jupiter, baby! [laughs]

PLAYBOY: What do you now know about women that you wished you knew at, say, 20 or 25?

CARLIN: Mostly it has to do with communication. Never sit on your feelings. Those

couples who never fight, they're the ones you have to watch out for. Something's got to give. If you're talking about picking up chicks, I was never a cunt man or a swordsman or any of those things. I was never the guy saying, "Oh boy, I'd like to fuck her." Certainly I would see women and *think* that. But I wasn't the guy who came to the party and immediately locked eyes with someone and then had her in the fucking coathouse the next 10 minutes. I'm Irish Catholic, so there's inhibition there. I didn't take the Catholic part very seriously as a kid, but you can't shake the Irish part too easily. And you know, Irish foreplay is "Brace yourself, Bridget."

PLAYBOY: But for the sake of oral history, can you recount your hottest groupie experience?

CARLIN: I was never really that guy. During my cocaine years I was a moron with my behavior when I was out on the road, because cocaine kicks up that sexual drive, and I did what a lot of people did at that time. But honestly I don't remember a whole lot. Even with the coke, sex had to be with someone I liked. She had to be someone I was attracted to, not just to her ass or something like that. So there was a degree of honor in it, albeit a very small degree.

PLAYBOY: How has the sexual landscape changed since then?

CARLIN: It's actually a weird time for sex. Sex is all over the place in this culture. It's wide open. Compared with the 1960s, when it was merely an aspect of youth culture—free love and all that—it's a virtual sexual carnival out there now. You've got the Internet, strip clubs, porn stars on the radio. Even regular television is all cleavage and legs and asses and hot policewomen on *CSI*. You go into any hotel and you can buy movies in which the mailman shows up with a big hard-on and suddenly he's fucking three women at a Tupperware party—and it all goes straight to your hotel bill.

PLAYBOY: Is that progress?

CARLIN: I'm not sure. It's commercialism, sales, cash in somebody's pocket, which is what this fucking country revolves around. But at the same time we have this supercharged religious and puritanical aspect of our culture. We are the most religious country in the world. Europe looks at us like we have dicks growing out of our foreheads. They can't understand what the fuck is wrong with us with all this religious bullshit. Let's leave actual spirituality over on the side; that's a different thing. You know, you get these people now who say, "I'm not religious. I'm spiritual." Fine. But religion in this country has become a complete distortion and exploitation of the spiritual urge. It's ruled by charlatans who tell us what God thinks about us. God doesn't like our bodies, and we shouldn't like them. Our bodies are sinful instruments, especially the sexual parts and the bathroom parts. Feel guilty, America. Be afraid, America. God wants you to be ashamed! And these opposing forces—the chaste and the unchaste, commerce and religion—battle it out.

PLAYBOY: And let's not forget politics.

CARLIN: That's where it gets interesting. Politics is where all this shit comes together to totally fuck over the little guy. Bear with me; this is a large point. You have the religious right steering this country now, led by its head fuck in the White House. And to keep these religious people happy, George Bush and the people he's put in power operate through various arms, including the FCC, which controls commercial television and radio. So Howard

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Stern will say “pussy” or Janet Jackson will flash her tit, and the FCC sends down a shitstorm: “That’s indecent! God doesn’t want you to look at that!” Now add in the business element and things get really crazy. Advertisers want to appear righteous and moral because they don’t want to scare away customers. They certainly can’t appear to be too loose with their sexual standards. Oh no. People don’t want to think they’re buying a tit with their bar of soap, right? Yet here’s the big secret: The Republican machine—the people with the money, the people who own everything, the people who run these businesses—loves that there’s sex all over the place, because it doesn’t want people sitting around thinking about what’s being done to them. It doesn’t want people thinking about how bad they’re getting fucked by a system that abandoned them a generation ago. It wants people distracted.

PLAYBOY: So instead of giving poor people tax breaks—

CARLIN: It gives them toys—three-wheeled all-terrain vehicles and snowboards and cell phones with cameras, anything to take their mind off what’s being done to them, that they’re being bent over and reamed up their asshole every day of the week. This fucking country is rigged against the little guy. It’s been rigged against the little guy for a long time. So the machine tries to distract you. All this Howard Stern shit, all this Janet Jackson’s tit shit, any shit at all that keeps people’s mind off the real shit that’s going on, has a function, serves a purpose.

PLAYBOY: So you see no worth in protecting family values?

CARLIN: I’m all for protecting the family—doing the right thing by people, doing good for the working poor and for children. But what these fucking religious right-wing Republican cocksucker fuckheads don’t remember is that Jesus Christ—who they look to, Jesus Christ, who they trot out all the time—actually said, “Do something for these fucking poor, sick, hungry people. If they’re sick, fix them. If they’re fucking hungry, fucking feed them.”

PLAYBOY: We take it you’re paraphrasing Jesus.

CARLIN: Jesus would have fucking gone straight to these religious shitheads and said, “Let’s change this shit, people.” He wouldn’t have given a fucking tax break to cocksuckers like me and people with all kinds of money. And I’m just okay. What’s happened with money in this country is sinful. *Billionaire* is a common word now. Not that I give a fuck if people are rich, but don’t be giving a lot of shit back to them with tax breaks. Let them fucking help somebody who needs it. Isn’t that the deal here? Isn’t the deal humanity? Come on, people!

PLAYBOY: Jim Carrey once said you were his anti-role model because he didn’t want to be so angry at your age. Aren’t you tired of being angry?

Spawn of Carlin

They’re angry, they’re smart, they’ve suffered for their art



Lewis Black **Currently:** *The Daily Show*’s senior curmudgeon. **Tragicomedy:** Gave up career as a serious playwright when he realized there was more money in telling people what pisses him off. **Mad as hell about:** Everything, including you, you moron. **Carlinesque trait:** Unhinged delivery makes well-crafted, often brainy material seem like extemporaneous bitching.



Sarah Silverman **Currently:** Trying to get her film *Jesus Is Magic* to a theater near you. **Tragicomedy:** Constant use of ethnic slurs occasionally causes problems. **Mad as hell about:** Stubborn body hair. “I’m a hairy ape. Admittedly, a hot hairy ape.” **Carlinesque trait:** Will say fucking anything, with a smile. **Quote:** “I was raped by a doctor, which is so bittersweet for a Jewish girl.”



Alonzo Bodden **Currently:** Developing TV series; winner of NBC’s *Last Comic Standing* 3. **Tragicomedy:** NBC discarded *Last Comic Standing* 3 before the final episode aired. **Mad as hell about:** Dating, stupid people, nature. **Quote:** “This guy invited me to go camping. Camping? Why would I work hard all year to go out and pretend I’m homeless?”



Doug Stanhope **Currently:** Trying to shed clunky “guy who used to be on *The Man Show* but not the *Fear Factor* guy” nickname. **Tragicomedy:** Former mullet hairdo. **Mad as hell about:** Censorship, hypocrisy, people who frown on paying for sex. **Quote:** “There should be no vice laws. Every vice is already a punishment in itself. You smoke cigarettes, you get cancer, you die. You don’t need a ticket.”



Marc Maron **Currently:** Embittered lefty surrealist on Air America Radio’s *Morning Sedition*. **Tragicomedy:** Had to put on a happy face for early-1990s gig on Comedy Central’s *Short Attention Span Theater*. **Mad as hell about:** Self. **Carlinesque trait:** Can start a bit with “You know how....,” then tell a story that nobody in the audience relates to but laughs at nonetheless.



Carlos Mencia **Currently:** Stars on Comedy Central’s *Mind of Mencia*. **Tragicomedy:** His childhood—he was the “quiet one” among 18 children. **Mad as hell about:** Racial profiling, the Catholic Church, political correctness. **Quote:** “Why don’t they put Hispanics on reality TV? ‘Cause we’d win! They would tell my father, ‘You gotta eat pigs’ snout and bulls’ balls.’ He’d go, ‘That’s my favorite!’” —Josh Robertson

CARLIN: Yes, he did say that in a *Playboy Interview*, and I saw it, and I'd correct him in the following manner: I like Jim a lot. He's extremely talented, and he's a good fucking human being. But he misread the thing as anger. It's not anger. Angry is getting into a fistfight, which I've never done. Angry is losing your temper and regretting it. People who have been around me for 20 minutes or 20 years will tell you they've never seen me angry. Now, I can get irritated like anyone else—in traffic, on a slow line in a store, at a dumb clerk. Hey, that's natural, especially when you're an efficient human being and you like things to go properly. But angry? Not me.

PLAYBOY: Then what is it? How do you classify your vitriol?

CARLIN: It's dissatisfaction and disappointment. I'm disappointed that my culture let me down. I feel betrayed by the people in this country. They're dumb. They're just fucking stupid. They don't know how to protect themselves and operate in their own interest. I'm telling you, my fucking species let me down a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you haven't voted since 1972?

CARLIN: That's right, for George McGovern. It doesn't matter if anybody votes. Kerry wouldn't have been any different than Bush. One of the most interesting things in politics is that we always worry about censorship from the right because that's the standard formula, but suddenly it's barreling in from the left, too, from the campuses in the East and the intellectuals via political correctness. I think when you go out of your way to protect so-called minorities and disaffected people by altering the language used about them, by calling people "differently abled" or whatever shit it is, you're saying they're not strong enough to handle anything on their own. The left thinks it's protecting people, but it's actually insulting them, whether they're handicapped people or blacks or lesbians. But the bottom-line message is still the same, whether from the left or the right: "You can't handle life unless we, the white, paternalistic, educated, wealthy community, help you by altering the game plan." And that's just fucked.

PLAYBOY: Is there a politician you think could make a difference?

CARLIN: I'll tell you who's an interesting figure: Eliot Spitzer, the attorney general of New York. He's very articulate and bright, makes smart alliances and goes after the right targets. I'd love to see him rise nationally, but the politicians would figure out some way to destroy him. They'd say, "Well, his sister was a lesbian in Venezuela, and she contracted the syph and gave it to a nun who was in with the terrorists." I'm telling you, politicians do what they want. The people who own this country own the land that counts and control the corporations and

all the sources of news and information. Big chemicals, big oil, big insurance, big accounting, big banking, energy—the rich control everything, and they bought the Senate and the House a long time ago. They bought the statehouses. They bought the city halls. The judges are in their back pockets. These people have convergent interests: How can we make more money and get things our way? Reduce government regulation. Reduce our taxes and increase the burden on the general fucking public regardless of its health or safety or well-being. It's property over people, and that's why I'm not getting in my car and driving to some fucking high school gym to punch a hole in a piece of paper.

PLAYBOY: Since the news seems to be skewed depending on which channel you watch or which newspaper, magazine or blog you read, how do you figure out what the truth is?

CARLIN: You can't, and that's why people have begun looking to the distorters for the truth—to Jon Stewart, who I love and think is brilliant, and to *The Onion*. But all news is distorted today. What's presented

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to us as news is a fabrication or at least a manipulation of reality. The problem with these fucking people—these network anchors or whatever—is that they need access. All these fucking people who cover Washington or anything a reporter covers need to know they can get interviews. You don't fuck up your access if you're one of these people. So you play a delicate game. You don't embarrass your sources; therefore, you don't reveal certain things. You don't ask hard questions, so you're compromised from the start.

PLAYBOY: Explain something to us, then. If this country is so averse to provocative viewpoints, why do your books consistently become best-sellers?

CARLIN: We're schizophrenic. Of course the Republicans would love to make this a complete theocracy and have America be a kind of Taliban state where they have strict control over behavior and whatever titillation there is in news, advertising or entertainment. But they can do only what they can do, and that leaves room for fuckers like me. That's why I love this place. I love this country. I love the things it has given me, and

I don't mean a nice car. I'm not really wealthy by any means because I had a long struggle with the IRS that defeated that purpose. But I do well, and I love that. But I love more than that. I love that I get to talk like this. I think this is fucking great. And there will come a day when folks won't get to talk like this. You can see that on the horizon if certain things break certain ways.

PLAYBOY: Why not take to the airwaves with your ideas? Do you ever think about pulling a Howard Stern and doing a show on satellite radio?

CARLIN: Not really, because what would I say on the second day or in the second week or the third month? The celebrity platform has been badly abused, mostly by Hollywood people on the Leno show who say, "I'm really passionate about this fucking project." Who cares? But let me say a few words about Howard: Howard's great. Howard's doing the right thing. And Howard's going to make a fortune for himself—not that that's the important thing, but Howard has pioneered again. He's a smart and savvy guy who found a niche, a big important niche—a male following he knew how to play to. I always liked him, but I was never comfortable doing his show because I never fit there. I didn't have lurid stories to tell about my own life. If I had, I might have been a little antsy about telling them. I could never give his audience the kind of red meat it wants. But when I listen to Don Imus I hear a slightly more thoughtful discussion going on and guests who are interesting to me, not just people showing their knobs or talking about whacking off. Back in 1992 Imus saw a show I did at Carnegie Hall on HBO, *Jammin' in New York*, and he got on the air and gave it a great review. So I called to thank him, and I said, "You know, I do *Howard Stern* sometimes. I don't really fit in there, Don. Can I call in to your show every now and then?" He said, "Come on in anytime," and all that shit. So I started that relationship because I feel it's a better fit.

PLAYBOY: You never quite fulfilled your long-standing dream to become a movie actor. Your TV shows get canceled, and you get only bit parts. How frustrating has that been over the years?

CARLIN: Movies have been a nice sideline, but that's about it. I'm passionate about showing off, and I'm just fine doing that onstage and in my books. I'm a kid who quit school in ninth grade who needs to show people he's smart. I have this need to prove my brainpower. I'm long since past the real need; now it's just a habit. But I'm still the same little show-off who in fifth grade stood up in the class meeting and sang "Mañana," the Peggy Lee song, a cappella at Corpus Christi grammar school in New York City.

PLAYBOY: So that was your earliest comedy gig? What did the nuns think?

CARLIN: I was a good learner and a good student and I could answer any of the questions they asked, so the nuns left me alone. But in my spare time I'd look around and go, "Well, what the fuck. Hey, Joey, watch this." You become a fuckup, you know, by pushing and bending the rules all the time. You try to make the other guys laugh and you're disruptive. So that was my big sin. The sisters kind of winked at it, and I could see it was good to be yourself and have ideas. Soon my natural need to entertain took other forms, such as imitating famous people—Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson—making up routines and imitating commercials and newscasters and stuff.

PLAYBOY: Did that make you popular?

CARLIN: With the kids, yeah. With my mother, absolutely not. She couldn't stand it in the beginning. My behavior was always rewarded by two things: people's attention and approval. As a kid who was alone in his house a lot because of family circumstances, I needed attention and approval. I needed to know the world thought I was cute and clever and a smart kid. So I got that. It was an unspoken thing. I didn't put words like this together in my head; it just happened. Like a sunflower leaning toward the sun, I became approval-tropic. I started to bend that way.

PLAYBOY: You've said you don't remember your father, who died when you were eight. Any sense of how his death contributed to the person you are today?

CARLIN: My mother and father were separated many times before I was conceived. Two months after I was born my mother realized my father's drinking wasn't going to stop no matter what he said. He was also a bully, and he beat my older brother. My mother was spared because she had four brothers and her father was a policeman. Nevertheless, I spent much of my childhood in fear of his coming to our door. The routine was that my mother, my brother and I would be sitting at the kitchen table. If there was a knock on the door, my mother would stiffen up and fear would come over her face. She would mouth the words to me, "Go look under the door." So I would get down on my hands and knees and look under the door. If I saw a woman's shoes, I could say, "Who is it?" and open the door and get my mother. If I saw a man's shoes, I said nothing. I'd just walk back and whisper, "Man's shoes." And we'd just wait silently for the person to leave. I think that made me a realist, actually.

PLAYBOY: What did it mean to you when he died?

CARLIN: It didn't mean anything to me. I was coming home up the hill singing "Jingle Bells"—it was Christmastime—and I came up to the apartment. Mom sat me down and showed me the death notice, a simple, small notice from the *New York Journal American*. I read it and

said, "Uh, yeah?" And she said, "Do you want to go to see him or go to the funeral?" I said no. My brother said, "Definitely not," because he hated the fuck. I didn't have any emotion because I never had any emotion about him to begin with, so his loss was just a nothing. I did know that it made my mother feel better, and we never had to worry about the door again.

PLAYBOY: In your last *Playboy* Interview, almost 24 years ago, you were pretty angry with your mother. Did you make peace with her before she died?

CARLIN: My mother always had a great sense of entitlement toward me, and we

had a difficult relationship. I had to kick her out of L.A. twice. She thought she would just come to California and move in with me and be my lifetime houseguest. And that was not going to happen, because she was a troublemaker. She would get in between people. For instance, even though she never drank in her life she started becoming my wife's drinking buddy. She pitted one person against another, and she had some unpleasant parts to her personality, which were reflected in that 1981 interview. I didn't make peace with her, quote-unquote. But when she finally came to California I got her an apartment near

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the ocean in Santa Monica. She was melodramatic, and she would call and say, "I never hear from you. I never see you. You've dropped me out of your life." I had her in that place, and I was taking care of her, this and that. She had a little life and people around her there, but that wasn't enough. She wouldn't have been satisfied unless she was living in the room next to me. What's happened, with the passage of time since 1989 when she died, is that I look back at the fullness of her life, not at the parts that intruded on my peace of mind. After all, she raised two boys in New York City basically by herself through the end of the Depression and World War II. She earned what amounted to a man's salary in pretty good advertising jobs. And she was quite an individual, a very colorful woman. She was larger than life—melodramatic Mary, I call her—and the woman taught me how to command a room.

PLAYBOY: Did your mother ever come around to enjoying your comedy?

CARLIN: She came around in a single afternoon. Here's what happened: We lived on the same street as the church, and one afternoon some nuns came up to her after I'd appeared on the Johnny Carson show. They didn't hear anything dirty, but they knew the content. They said, "Oh, Mrs. Carlin, isn't it wonderful how George is getting so popular? He's doing so well." My mother, affecting the embarrassed good Catholic woman, said, "Oh yes, Sister, but you know, the awful language—" And they said to her, "No, Mrs. Carlin. You don't understand. He's using these words to teach something. He's making a social comment." And my mother said, "Then you're not upset?" "No, no, no, no, no." Well, let me tell you, once my mother knew the church had let her off the hook, she was the proudest fucking mother of a star you ever saw.

PLAYBOY: You did *The Tonight Show* as guest and guest host more than 130 times during Johnny Carson's reign. What's your favorite memory?

CARLIN: One time I hosted, and I was full of cocaine. I had David Carradine on the program, and he was wearing some sort of diaphanous, half-Buddhist spiritual garb. He sat on that panel cross-legged, and I believe he was tripping on acid. My memory of it is this: I would ask him a question and he would answer the next question. I would say, "So how are you doing these days?" And he'd say, "Uh, my two brothers." Then I'd say, "So who was in this movie with you?" Or he'd say "a Chevrolet," and a question about a car would come into my head. I'm sure it was the coke playing tricks on me. In fact, I ran into David once and asked him about it, and he looked at me like I had a turd hanging out of my head.

PLAYBOY: Are you more of a Leno guy or a Letterman man these days?

CARLIN: The trouble with comedy is there's a lot of subjectivity. You love five people and hate five people. And you can't understand how the other person can't like a guy.

PLAYBOY: Come on, George. Jay or Dave?

CARLIN: I'd say I like Letterman a little better than Leno because he has that antishow thing going. He's kind of the non-TV host TV host. And he has a perversity and grouchiness I can relate to. I like Jay a lot, but it's tough. Johnny was the ideal model. He had a wonderful way about him. He had an impish quality people loved; he could kind of wink and get the laugh and still not take part in it. He was bright and quick. The world changed around him, but he never let the world change him. His show was a town square for America in a way that today's late-night shows can never be.

PLAYBOY: Which comedian makes you laugh these days?

CARLIN: Lewis Black. He has a great mind and a great way of presenting his dissatisfaction with things. Comedy is all about surprise—you get to thinking this is going to happen and instead that

*I'm passionate about showing
off. I'm a kid who quit
school in ninth grade who
needs to show people he's
smart. I have this need to
prove my brainpower.*

happens. That's funny. You're caught with your guard down and you laugh. I like Lewis's relentlessness. I love his overkill. I love the fucking sledgehammer. Lewis wields a mighty sledgehammer.

PLAYBOY: But most comedy today is pretty moronic, isn't it? Your generation had some great comedians, people who offered a view of life. Bill Cosby was cheerful and Richard Pryor was dark, but at least they gave you real views of the world. Today, people just do bits, quick reactions to things. How do you characterize the state of comedy today?

CARLIN: My comedy developed in the 1940s and 1950s, and the 1950s especially were a time when comedy stopped being safe and stopped focusing on "kids today" and "my wife's shopping habits." For the first time comedy became about saying no to authority. It was about individualism and people who had identities of their own and weren't just telling jokes—Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl, Dick Gregory, Bob Newhart, Shelley Berman, Nichols and May. And there are a few more in there—Jonathan Winters and Lord Buckley, who wasn't a

big figure but was very important to comedians. That evolved into Second City and the type of comedy that led to *Saturday Night Live*. Then the 1980s saw the comedy-club boom. People discovered they could take a fairly inexpensive storefront, put in cheap furniture and a bad sound system, pay the comics very little if anything, and then keep the whiskey money. These clubs exploited comedians in front of a hundred simple brick-wall backdrops, and it really hurt comedy. You had a lot of clubs, so you needed people to perform in them. You'd get these guys whose friends told them, "You, Joey, you're a fucking pisser. You ought to be a comedian." Then in the 1990s clubs became about getting somewhere else—how can I use this to get into the movies or land a sitcom? So your friend Joey was suddenly Harry the neighbor or the delivery boy in every sixth episode of some stupid sitcom. Which isn't to say great comedians didn't come up through the clubs. Letterman came out of them and so did Robin Williams and Jerry Seinfeld. But I think too many people were plucked from there and asked to do too much. I'm resentful that Eddie Murphy doesn't do stand-up anymore; he's a fucking brilliant stand-up. So is Steve Martin, one of my all-time heroes. But there's always hope for comedians. You know why? These comic fuckers live a long time. You notice how long fucking George Burns, Groucho Marx, Milton Berle and all these cocksuckers lived? I think it's because comedy gives you a way of renewing life energy. There's something about the release of tension that comes from being a comic, having a comic mind, that makes you live forever. Only the offbeat ones die young: John Belushi, Freddie Prinze, Andy Kaufman, Bill Hicks, Sam Kinison and now Mitch Hedberg, another great one. These people all had very different universes to offer us, and they've all been taken away.


PLAYBOY: Where's your comedy headed? What will the new cleaned-up George Carlin sound like?

CARLIN: Pretty much the same, but I'm always thinking of new shit. I have two more HBO shows I'd like to do. Then I have a Broadway idea about a stage-struck kid in Manhattan, namely me, who was on his own because his mother had to work. He had the run of the island. I'd love to do that. Then there's a fourth book coming. That will be more specialized ranting and raving about America and its government and crazy fucking people. And then you do today's work. Today's work always comes first.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything funny about getting older?

CARLIN: The older you are, the more noises you make. Standing up, sitting down—it's like you need a fucking

(concluded on page 144)

A man and a woman are posing together. The man is shirtless, wearing a black robe with a repeating Playboy bunny logo pattern, and holding a martini glass. The woman is wearing a pink off-the-shoulder top and matching pants, also with the Playboy logo pattern. They are both looking towards the camera.

What sort of man wears Playboy?



PLAYBOYSTORE.COM



Earnest

goes to

College

INTERNSHIPS. TRIPLE MAJORS. PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE. FEAR OF FAILURE. FOR THE UNDERGRADS AT UPTIGHT U, COLLEGE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

BY RICHARD MORGAN

WE'RE (NOT) GOING STREAKING!

It's midnight on April 18, 2005, and a gaggle of students wearing skimpy outfits and body paint runs whooping through the quads of the University of Michigan. The event is called the Painted Mile, a new tradition at U of M. More accurately it's a new twist on an old tradition. It used to be that kids by the hundreds would strip down to their cross-trainers and sprint as one majestic, fleshy mass. It was called the Naked Mile.

This is the way the fun dies. In 2001 *Rolling Stone* picked the Naked Mile as one of "31 Fun Reasons to Go to College" and acclaimed it as a tradition that "will probably never die." The following year, after a flood of e-mails from administrators warning that streakers would be branded as sex offenders for life, fewer than 20 kids showed—most wearing underwear. Three were arrested for indecent exposure. The 2003 edition of the Naked Mile was a car with a handful of nude students driving along the streak's path. In 2004 U of M alumni held a surprise run (on a different day) at which 13 participants were actually naked.

As college antics go, nothing seems more emblematic

than streaking. It's entirely pointless, requires no brain-power or equipment and in its way reinforces the pleasant notion that this is your last chance to let it all hang out. I graduated from North Carolina State in 2001, and streaking was just something you did. I streaked my campus. I traveled 20 minutes away to the University of North Carolina—Chapel Hill and streaked its campus. The kids who didn't streak refrained out of modesty or because they thought it was pointless or, I suppose, because they thought it was immoral. The decision was theirs to make based on personal preference, not under threat of litigation. The idea that you could get into any kind of real trouble for good old collegiate nudity would have been deemed ludicrous.

So why are paint-splattered kids in their shorts and sports bras running in Ann Arbor? Why do they bother? It's one thing to give up on a tradition when draconian punishments are being doled out; it's something vastly different to embrace the watered-down substitute activity as if it were just as good.

Vastly different, that is, for people of a certain age. For today's college kids the difference is marginal. A technicality. Nothing worth getting



in trouble over. Across the country schools are replacing the fine fun they used to serve with the equivalent of Folgers Crystals, and students are drinking it up all the same. This is Fun 2.0—cleaner, more stable and without the bugs that plagued earlier versions. Better in many ways but suspiciously light on the fun part.

Perhaps most surprising is that students don't seem to mind. They just go on their way, keeping their eyes on the ball, their nose to the grindstone and their shoulder to the wheel. Surely it would be simplistic to dismiss this generation as one that doesn't know how to have a good time, and this issue offers abundant evidence elsewhere that at least 101 college girls out there would enliven almost any get-together. But this is a generation of people who have spent their predictably eclectic lives being mini-vanned from recitals to soccer practice to band camp to Boy Scouts and are now embracing their role as eerily cheery résumé-building leaders of tomorrow. They've lived lives of structured achievement, and they know the underside—expanding anxiety, stress and humorless careerism.

JUST A FEW GOOD APPLES

The fundamental problem with saying anything about college social life is that everybody in the system is moving. Everyone starts out awkward; everyone gets cooler. Each senior class winces at the dorkiness of each freshman class and looks back on its own first days on campus through rose-colored Wayfarers. As much as the veterans like to bag on the young 'uns, their assessments are hardly comprehensive. Really, how different are today's freshmen from the babyfaces of 20 years ago?

Very different, according to UCLA's Higher Education Research Institute, which has conducted the Cooperative Institutional Research Program Freshman Survey since 1967. The data compiled over that period are the single most valuable resource on the attitudes and habits of college students. Administrators use the survey results to tailor their campus policies; Congress uses them to shape national educational policy. This past January's survey contains data on 300,000 incoming freshmen at more than 400 colleges.

In a nutshell, colleges aren't getting the raw material they once were. Only

45.5 percent of freshmen reported drinking beer sometime in the year leading up to college, after last year's record low of 44.8 percent and a high of 73.7 percent in 1982. Just 51.9 percent consumed liquor or wine, after last year's record low of 50.7 percent and the all-time high of 67.8 percent in 1987. Perhaps the most shocking statistic falls under the rubric of general partying. Asked how many hours a week they'd spent partying, 39 percent of students said they'd partied less than one hour a week. Actually, only 15.2 percent said less than one hour—23.8 percent said they hadn't partied at all.

It's a tragic image: a newly arrived freshman, number-two pencil in hand, choosing between a box that says "less than one hour" and one that says "not at all." It's the difference between not getting out much and

locking oneself in the basement. Of 2005's freshmen, 23.8 percent were sure of it: They had not partied at all during their senior year in high school, not even accidentally.

They're sitting ducks.

PARTY'S OVER

Nobody has to tell college administrators that the late 1980s and early 1990s were the heyday of college partying; they lived through those years, some as university employees, others as students. They were aware of the rickety legal foundation on which campus social policies rested, and they saw it crumble.

Few kids recognize the names of Scott Krueger and Elizabeth Shin, but every college administrator does. After Krueger died of alcohol poisoning in the Phi Gamma Delta (also known as Fiji) frat house in 1997, MIT shelled out \$6 million to his parents—the largest wrongful-death sum a college has ever paid. After going through psychological counseling at MIT for a year, Shin committed suicide by setting herself on fire in 2000; her parents are pushing for a wrongful-death suit as well. Krueger and Shin together have made colleges ultraparanoïd about lawsuits related to two major facts of student life: alcohol and stress. Schools have quietly ramped up counseling services like you wouldn't believe,

and they have firmly expunged sowing wild oats from the curriculum.

It's a 180-degree turn from the way campus behavior was once viewed. The school grounds used to constitute a kind of safe zone. Underage drinking, fighting, general mischief—it all received, if anything, a slap on the wrist. Rules from the outside world were suspended, largely for the outside world's benefit. Colleges would rather have strange things going down within their walls than students causing trouble all over town. (If you must pass out on the grass, please do so on the quad, not some poor citizen's lawn.) Now colleges see pranks and parties as lawsuits waiting to happen. Don't get it out of your system; just get out.

This gradual purge of campus revelry had already begun when I was in school. Parties were shooed off campus to bars, thus absolving the school of respon-

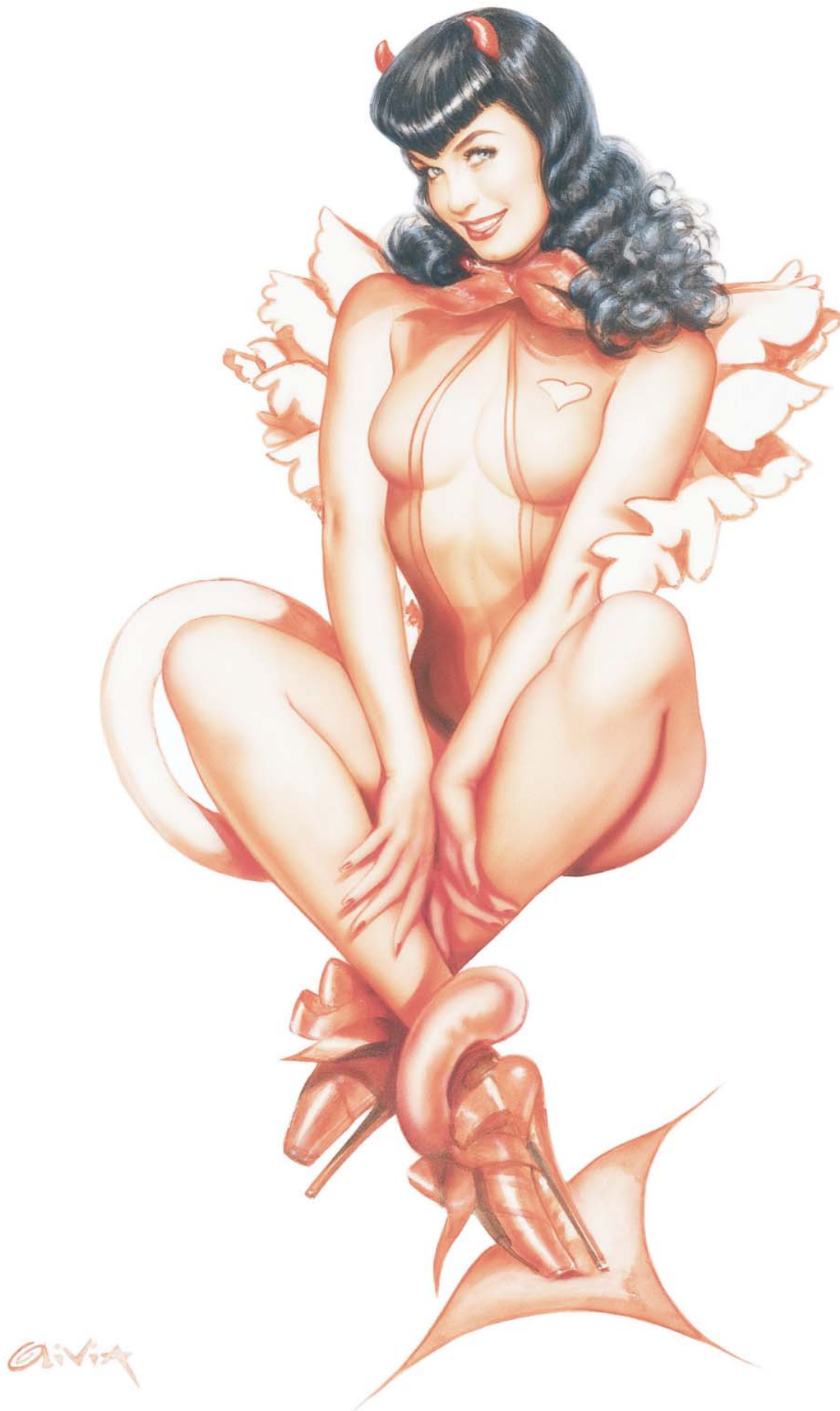
sibility for underage drinking. Rules limiting how many people we were allowed to have in our rooms, among other things, made dorm life uncomfortable and drove many

of us off campus—not just across the street but across town—to better avoid harassment from campus police. During my sophomore year the university tried to co-opt tailgating at football games, sponsoring bands and providing food while strengthening open-container rules and policing other rambunctious behavior. Eventually the school forbade a handful of friends to hang out in the parking lot with their truck bed open—even if they weren't drinking.

NC State was hardly alone. After a crackdown at the University of Washington in Seattle, an aggressively enforced noise ordinance essentially killed student house parties. Students make do with bars and clubs. "But no matter how great a bar or club is, you don't own it. It won't ever be as fun as a house party," says Alicia Lazzarini, who graduated from UW this summer with three jobs, two majors and a half minor. She barely remembers the wild street parties on Greek row from her sophomore year.

Then there's Ian Latta, a poetry major who also graduated from college last summer. He says one of his hopes was to have an undergraduate experience "imbued with activity and a sense of place." That's why he agreed to become the head of a student-owned and -run college dorm alternative, Le Château, which ran afoul of its (continued on page 72)

WHEN ADULTS RESORT TO SCARE TACTICS TO BULLY STUDENTS, THE EFFECT IS SOUL CRUSHING.



"I'm feeling a little devilish tonight...."

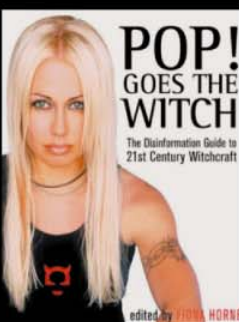
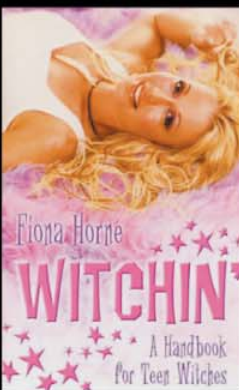




SPELLBINDER

Witchy woman Fiona Horne spreads her charms

BY ROBERT B. DESALVO



For some, witchcraft is what happens when Nicole Kidman wiggles her nose; for others, it's a figment of hysterical imaginations in an Arthur Miller play. For Fiona Horne—author, actress and witch—Wicca, or witchcraft, is a life-affirming spiritual path. “I’m a spiritual person,” says Fiona. “What defines my practice is honoring nature as sacred, recognizing both a god and a goddess. The spells I perform promote a positive approach to living.” The Australian beauty became a witch as a teenager and continued practicing through the years she sang with the techno-rock band Def FX. She emerged from the broom closet in 1998 when her band broke up and she decided to write the first of her six books on witchcraft. She’s a gentle advocate of her beliefs. “I would never say to anyone, ‘I have all the answers,’ because I don’t,” she explains. “But I’ll say, ‘Look over here. There’s a nice view you might enjoy. Why not stay and look awhile?’”

For Fiona, witchcraft entails pursuing healthful activities such as pairing up, which she explains in her upcoming book, *Bewitch a Man*. Don’t be put off by the title. “Guys can read it and flip it around to apply to women, too,” she says. “In my book *Magickal Sex* I describe how our ability to reach orgasm in a sacred ritual state is the best magic—it always works. Sex magic to witches is like saying a prayer, only it’s a lot more fun. The strange irony of our having such a healthy attitude about our sexuality is that we don’t become promiscuous. The opposite happens because it’s about quality, not quantity. If you’re in a committed partnership, sex can only get better.”

With her bewitching self-assurance Fiona has apparently charmed Hollywood’s casting directors. Look for her next as Henry Winkler’s girlfriend in *Unbeatable Harold*, in the opening scene of the thriller *Cult* and on this month’s pay-per-view special *Ghost Encounters: The Queen Mary*, in which she and a psychic hunt for ghosts on the world’s most haunted ship. So far the move to the States has greatly helped her career. “America is a phenomenal land of opportunity,” Fiona says. “I’m so grateful that this country has welcomed me. My work visa even says I am an alien of extraordinary abilities. I love it!”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD MCLAREN



Wiccans like Fiona have a positive attitude about all of nature's wonders, including uninhibited nudity. "The naked body is divine," she says. "There's nothing better than getting outside in the open air with nothing on, feeling the breeze all over your skin and being at one with the elements. It feels natural, fun and good, so witchcraft is very healthy for my self-confidence and self-appreciation. We wear so many masks in society, and people make judgments based on what we wear. But when we're naked, we're all just god-goddess creatures. I really love getting my gear off!"



Fiona joined a naturist, a voodoo priestess and a vampire when she was a co-host of the reality game show *Mad Mad House*, now showing on the Fox Reality channel. "The contestants walked away with more than prize money—they gained a profound appreciation of their lives," she says.







See more of Fiona at cyber.playboy.com.

COLLEGE (continued from page 64)

They've been walking through metal detectors and opening backpacks for security since middle school.

neighbors. They complained about a rumored meth lab in the basement and a wild barbecue that ended with a pig carcass being dragged down the street. (Latta disputes both claims.) They also complained that people had congregated in the backyard, that more than three people swam in the pool simultaneously and that residents in the house washed their dishes too loudly. Somebody said he just generally felt uncomfortable walking his dog past Le Château. Lawsuits were filed, including one from a professor's husband citing mental anguish and property devaluation.

"It was all walking on eggshells," Latta says. "We couldn't plan anything without fear of our neighbors fucking it up or the university getting on edge. It got to the point where we budgeted for the fines we might receive because of neighbors calling the police."

Latta, by the way, didn't live in some generic college town; he lived in Berkeley, the college town. His university is among the best in the country, and his neighbors reside in the bluest of the blue states. It's a world of liberals, hippies and, apparently, lawsuit-happy grouches.

Latta tried to avoid trouble. He began cracking the whip: no more music after 10 P.M., no more beers in the vending machine and definitely no Jacuzzi added to the pool. It didn't matter. "Once it got to be a big PR liability for the students and the university, the co-op association ended it," says Latta. Le Château was handed over to grinding grad students who were much more likely to wash their dishes quietly.

THANK YOU, SIR. MAY I HAVE ANOTHER?

So what's the problem here—not enough keggers on the quad? When students, or their parents, shell out \$30,000 a year for tuition, what's wrong with discouraging the worship of the great porcelain god?

Well, the assault on partying has a downside. When adults resort to lawsuits and other scare tactics to bully students like Latta, the effect is soul crushing. Nobody wants to be expelled, fined, jailed or even ridiculed. Yet the zero-tolerance policies some schools have implemented specify harsh penalties that hardly ever fit the crime. In Ohio, for example, riotous celebrations following Ohio State football victories

prompted the governor to order mandatory expulsions and two-year financial-aid bans—without exception—for "misconduct" wherever "four or more others are acting." Suddenly kids who once consented to have their knapsack inspected are bending over for the full cavity search—and paying for it. In October 2004 Atlas Trieu, a University of Arizona senior, was booted out of his dorm for possession of a weapon: chopsticks. The University of Kansas has forbidden the water fights that were once part of something called Loopy Day.

Unsurprisingly the crackdowns are often coordinated with local authorities. At my school in 2000 the city of Raleigh went after a long-standing blowout known as Brent Road with both a zero-tolerance policy and a "nuisance party" ordinance. As described in the newsletter of the NC State Parents & Families Association, "Those arrested are transported to a processing center for fingerprinting and a mug shot. A magistrate will determine the conditions of release." By my senior year Brent Road was almost nothing. I remember driving up, seeing a lot of police and no one in the street and simply driving off. Wasn't happening.

"Few people wake up, look in the mirror and say, 'I'm a coward. I'm going to buckle under,'" says Alan Charles Kors, a University of Pennsylvania professor who is also president of the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education, a First Amendment advocacy group. "The process is more subtle, just a blending into the environment. Students have rolled over and played dead. It takes a rare, principled student to litigate for his or her rights, to stand alone and maybe be ridiculed or shunned, especially when paying a fortune in tuition." Kors regrets the passivity he sees on campus. "When I was in college, no way were the gay activists and college Republicans not going to offend each other," he says, "but there was energy and excitement. College is supposed to be a place to explore. That doesn't happen at today's universities."

Kors, whose organization has launched a war on speech codes, finds it ironic that those who promulgate zero-tolerance policies are members of a generation that walked around high on pot and LSD. "American students today are victims of a generational swindle," says Kors. "The same folks who fought for free speech are fighting for speech codes now. The same

folks who experimented their asses off with drugs, sex and politics—and expected to be treated like adults—are infantilizing students. When I speak to students, the thing they talk about most is the indignity of being a student on campus today."

SAFETY FIRST

Swindlers or not, these people—the same ones who once argued against trusting anyone over 30—are now in charge. They have the authority. And why not trust authority? It has done some pretty swell things for today's students. For one, authority has provided them with the most privileged upbringing in human history. It has also protected them, insulating them as much as possible from nightmares (however unlikely) like the Columbine shootings, which happened when the class of 2005 was in high school, and the 9/11 attacks, which happened when they began college. These kids have been walking through metal detectors and opening backpacks for omnipresent security guards since middle school; such practices perhaps explain why a generational profile of current college students, published by the American Association of Collegiate Registrars and Admissions Officers, reports that students today "are disconcertingly comfortable with authority. Half say they trust government to do what's right all or most of the time—twice the share of older people answering the same question in the same poll."

Authority tells these grade-inflated, buckled-up, sports-camped collegians that they have been given every advantage necessary to lead a wonderful life. All they have to do is manage not to fuck up, which means today's students are full of fear—the fear of failure.

Meet Jed Ferguson, a University of Oklahoma senior. He leads a Bible study group with his fellow frat brothers in Lambda Chi Alpha, umpires 20 hours a week at Little League games, worked at a nonprofit that sends children's books to third world countries, worries about his father's health and is staying a virgin until marriage. This finance major (with a minor in entrepreneurship and venture management) has about 400 friends at the college networking site thefacebook.com, no tattoos or piercings, and a 3.72 GPA. In other words he's all-American normal, verging on saintly. Humble, polite, driven, well-rounded, you name it—a son to make any parent proud.

But for all his accomplishments and admirable attributes, Ferguson doesn't sound happy. "There are consequences for your actions whether you realize it or not," he says. "You can mess up really big. Bad things do happen. Nobody gets off scot-free." His biggest concern is having

(continued on page 138)



"What makes you think we were having sex while I was driving?"

PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

STATEHOOD

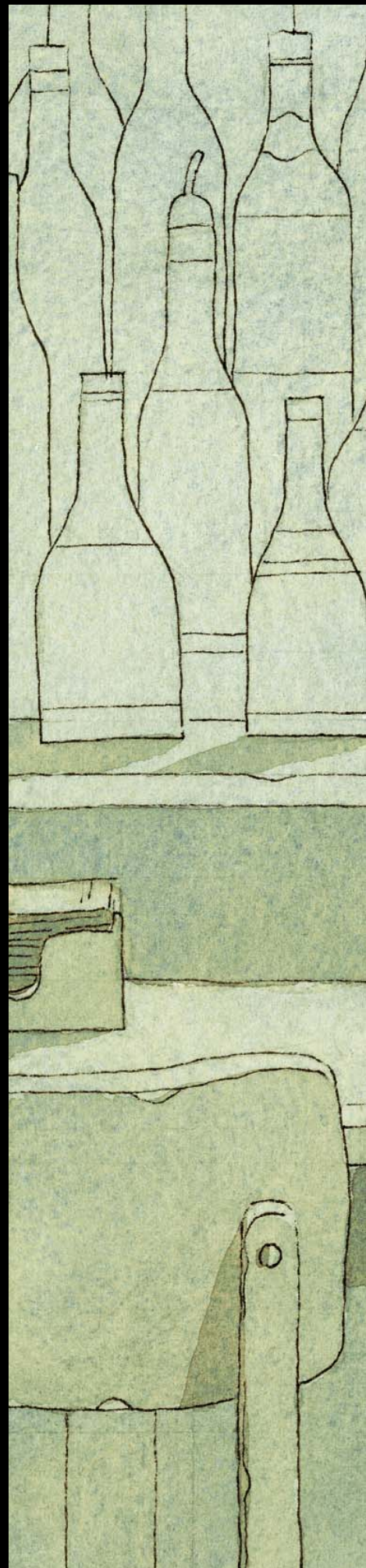
BOOZE, BARFLIES AND BULL'S-EYES—SCHOOL'S OPEN AT DUFFY'S BAR

FICTION BY **KEVIN A. GONZÁLEZ**

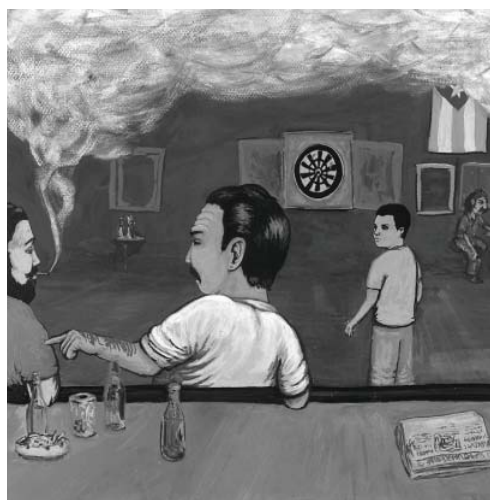
It's your 12th birthday and you're halfway through your fifth O'Doul's. You're keeping score, kneeling on the stool beneath the blackboard, ready to dodge any dart that bounces off the wire. At Duffy's, the bar is also the front desk. Your father sits there, telling stories. He's the only local in a crowd of expats, and they all listen to him. "Washington," he says. "Supreme Court. The World Series of lawyers. I kicked ass." "Cassius Clay," he says. "KO'd Coopman in five. I was there. Ringside." "Raúl Julia," he says. "We sang at the Chicken Inn. The two of us. Calypso. Before he was famous. And then he died." He always bows his head after Raúl Julia. He stretches his thumb and index and cups his forehead. His hand shields his face like a visor. He points at a soggy *San Juan Star* headline. Any headline. "This," he says, "is why Puerto Rico should be a state." He's got a winner on the dartboard, but if no one tells him he's up, he'll keep talking all night. You know he'll keep talking all night.

You imitate the shooters when the bar is empty. You know everybody's style. Warren Z. holds the dart up to his forehead like he's a sailor on the lookout post. He's got a wooden leg. Nobody knew about it until a dart bounced off the bull's-eye rim and stuck to him, through his jeans. He just kept walking, dart stuck to his leg, feeling no pain. Pete Gibbons does a double take: He touches the dart to his cheek and opens his mouth. From a side angle he looks like a video-game ninja that throws up darts. His wife, June, never hits the dartboard. Instead, she hits the wall. The Camel poster. The blackboard. The scorekeeper's stool. Once, she punctured the red part of the neon Budweiser sign and made it bleed. You don't keep score when she plays. No one does: It's too dangerous. Jimmy Joe Baker

ILLUSTRATION BY ANUJ SHRESTHA







stands on one leg and trembles. Dirty Dave clacks his tongue three times before each shot and his bad breath sprays out. Oscar Beefeater holds his gin and tonic in one hand for balance. Norm, the bartender, lets the darts explode out of his wrist. "Wrist," he says, trying to teach you. "Wrist, wrist, wrist." He grabs your wrist in his hands and moves it back and forth like a fulcrum. "Wrist!" he says. "See? Wrist." He's one of the worst shooters. Your father brings his dart back over his shoulder like he's throwing a football. He owns Hammer Heads. You own Hammer Heads. Everyone owns Hammer Heads. Warren Z. sells them. He's also a bookie and the darts league president and a real estate agent. He looks like a weasel.

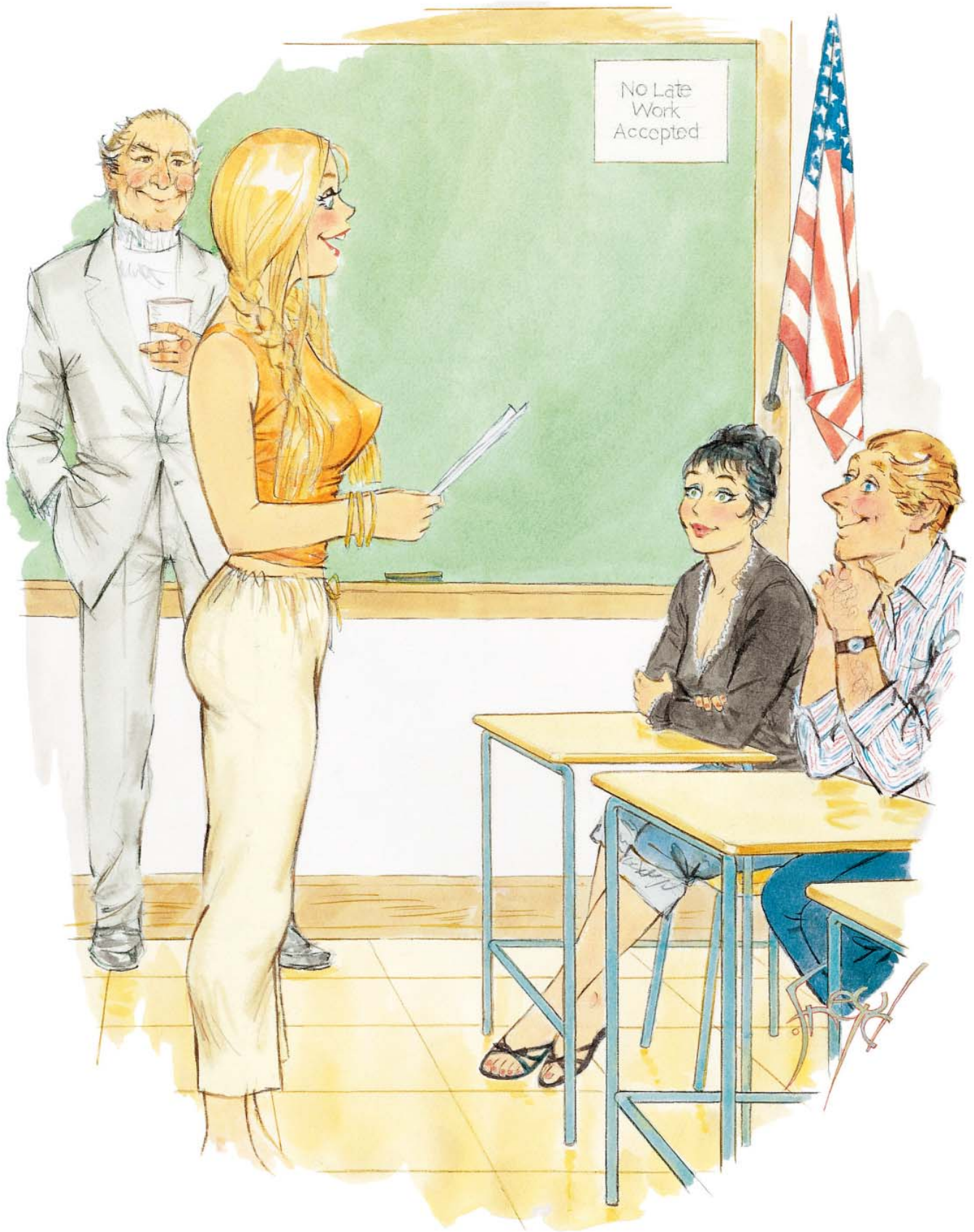
The shooters take turns buying you O'Doul's as a reward for keeping score. Pretty Pat, one of your father's girls, gives you a 20 for your birthday. She tells you to bet it on the illegal video slot machine. If you win, you keep half. If you lose, you lose nothing.

Your father has four girlfriends. You keep their names straight. You never let on that you know what you know. "So discreet," your father tells his friends. "This kid, he'll juggle six skirts someday." In English class the nun asked everyone to describe themselves using one adjective. "Pretty," Nicole said. "Fast," Edgardo said. "Smart," Julio said. "Discreet," you said. "Discreet?" the nun said. You winked. "You know," you said, "discreet." She sent a letter home to your mother, and that's when you forged your first signature. Your mother keeps busy bending and rebending clothes hangers, trying to record the perfect answering-machine greeting, flicking all the light switches on and off 22 times after putting her mama's-boy new husband to bed.

Pretty Pat tells you which buttons to push and how many times. You hit all fruits. You hit three triple bars across the middle and play the bonus round. You keep trying to hit the cherries, the ones that pay the best. You play till after the croupiers file in from the hotel casinos, which close at three. You lose everything. Duffy's never closes.

On the way to Pretty Pat's she stops to pee in the Banco Santander parking lot. There's a soft couch at her place. You've slept on it before. Your father tosses you a pillow. "No sweat, Tito," he says. "You'll pop those cherries someday." He steps into the bedroom and shuts the door. Laughter leaks through the door frame. The next morning your father asks if you saw Pretty Pat peeing by the bank. If you saw her. The glowing relief. The almost (continued on page 130)

It's not just the top-notch writing that makes *PLAYBOY* superior to other magazines, but also the illustrations that accompany many of our articles and each piece of fiction. That's why we believe in encouraging and supporting the artists of the future. For the 19th consecutive year, we asked the students in Marshall Arisman's illustration class at New York's School of Visual Arts to submit artwork to complement the winning piece of college fiction. We were most intoxicated with winner Anuj Shrestha's visual interpretation of the story. Shrestha, who graduated in May with an MFA, has illustrated children's books and contributed editorial cartoons to financial magazines in London. Honorable mention goes to the six runners-up, whose masterpieces are pictured here. Clockwise from top left, the artists are Phil Harris, Sung Yoon Choi, Paul Hoppe, Hyewon Yum, Steven Tabbutt and Adam Kidder.



"My essay is titled 'Who I Did on My Summer Vacation.'"

For Love of the Game

Games are smarter, funnier and better looking than ever. Can't their critics lighten up?

Rodney Dangerfield is dead, but the torch has been passed. Now it's video games that don't get no respect. Trust us: We're intelligent, livesaving adults, and frankly, offering apologies for our love of video gaming is getting old. As anybody with a game system can tell you (and that's almost anyone these days), the video game medium is every bit as wonderful and every bit as horrible as books, movies and TV.

Perhaps it's the terminology. You read a book, but no matter how high-minded a game may be, you still "play" it. But is assembling a planet's ecosystem really playing? What about storming the realistically rendered beaches of Normandy?

We're tired of the critics. We're here to celebrate a medium that every year surpasses itself. Get ready for new forms of storytelling, stunning new machines and some of the hottest women ever to shoulder a plasma rifle. Come on in. We're not playing around.

Look at her wrong and she'll lop your head off. Valkyrie returns in *Gauntlet: Seven Sorrows* (Midway, PS2, Xbox).

Slouching Toward Hollywood

Games and movies have been flirting for years. Now they're sealing the deal



Doom, the movie version: Blown-to-bits is the new black.

Thus far Hollywood has had a less than stellar track record going from game to movie (see *Super Mario Bros.* and *House of the Dead*). But as interactive production values rise, game writing improves and plots thicken, leaving Hollywood with clearer blueprints to work with and making us cautiously hopeful for coming adaptations of *Doom* (starring the Rock), *Silent Hill* (directed by Christophe Gans), *Dead or Alive* (directed by Cory Yuen) and *Halo*.

But the biggest clue to Tinseltown's recent interest in gaming may be found in gaming's newest trend—raiding Hollywood's back catalog. In the coming year we'll see games of *Taxi Driver*, *Scarface*, *The Godfather* and *From Russia With Love*; while some will be stunning, it's hard not to wonder why they're being made. Good games require a certain level of depth, and it feels as if the popcorn movies get shallower each year. In the first half of 2005, total box office was down more than six percent, and studios sweated out the summer in a panic. By year's end Hollywood will probably match 2004's \$9.5 billion take, but the gaming industry is predicting sales upwards of \$10.3 billion. Are games, with their longer shelf life and higher price tag, more compelling for both producers and consumers than movies based on the same content? Given the choice of watching Vin Diesel grunt and sweat for two hours or being Richard Riddick for 15, we know which one we'd choose.

—Chris Hudak

Video games, once the chunky band-camp dweebs of the entertainment world, have done some fast growing up in the past decade—methodically hitting the gym, sneaking off for spectacular cosmetic surgery and hanging out more and more with the Hollywood It list. Of course Hollywood and video games have been buddies since the Atari 2600, but we've gone from accepting a featureless stick man as Indiana Jones to knowing that every popcorn movie that goes more than 20 eph (explosions per hour) will have a game tie-in. We've had great games from awful movies (*Chronicles of Riddick*), and vice versa (*Enter the Matrix*), and seen the stakes for original games rise as top-tier Hollywood talent creates new material. Screenwriter John Milius (*Apocalypse Now*) penned the dialogue for *Medal of Honor: European Assault*, and John Singleton helmed the upcoming game *Fear and Respect*, which stars Snoop Dogg. In 2006 John Woo will bring his ultrakinetic style to *Stranglehold*, along with a jaw-dropping virtual likeness of Chow Yun-Fat as Inspector Tequila. That's right, the unofficial sequel to *Hard-Boiled* will be a game, not a movie.



John Singleton and Vin Diesel.



My, how you've grown! We've gone from a bunch of dots in a hat as Indiana Jones (inset) to startling likenesses of Chow Yun-Fat (above left).

Clash of the Titans

In the next three months roughly 1,000 games will come out. Most will suck. These won't



Need for Speed: Most Wanted. Outrun the cops.



Call of Duty 2: Normandy in your living room.



Hint: Don't trust Fredo; he'll break your heart.

Returning champions

Battlefield 2: Modern Combat (Electronic Arts, PS2, Xbox) Broadband-enabled bloodshed for up to 24 soldiers at a time. *Burnout Revenge* (Electronic Arts, PS2, Xbox) Speeding into oncoming traffic has never been more fun. *Call of Duty 2* (Activision, PC, Xbox 360) Experience World War II from the front lines. Flabbergasting. *Need for Speed: Most Wanted* (Electronic Arts, GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360) Pimp your ride next-gen-style and do, ahem, doughnuts around wide-eyed police. *Perfect Dark Zero* (Microsoft, Xbox 360) The long-awaited return of the fully revamped superspy Joanna Dark. *Prince of Persia III: Kindred Blades* (Ubisoft, GameCube, PS2, Xbox) New moves and new monsters from one of the best series in recent years. *Quake 4* (Activision, PC, Xbox 360) This plot-based installment is more of a sequel to *Quake 2* than to *Quake 3*. *Soul Calibur III* (Namco, PS2) The venerable fighter is back, this time as a PS2 exclusive. *Tomb Raider: Legend* (Eidos, PC, PS2, PSP, Xbox, Xbox 360) Lady Lara gets a complete makeover, from her guns to her gazongas. *Tony Hawk's American Wasteland* (Activision, GameCube, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360) Skate or bike your way through a sprawling, seamless version of L.A. No load times slow your roll. *We Love Katamari* (Namco, PS2) Wonderfully silly, unfathomably strange. More, please.

Promising newcomers

Bully (Rockstar Games, PS2, Xbox) The folks behind *Grand Theft Auto* switch to school-based bad behavior. *50 Cent: Bulletproof* (Vivendi Universal, PS2, Xbox) The rapper's alternate-universe biography if he hadn't gotten a record deal. *Full Auto* (Sega, Xbox 360) Turbocharged next-gen driving, plus car-mounted weaponry. *The Godfather: The Game* (Electronic Arts, PC, PS2, PSP, Xbox, Xbox 360) You're a Corleone. Oh, by the way, duck. *King Kong* (Ubisoft, GameCube, PC, PS2, PSP, Xbox, Xbox 360) The tie-in to Peter Jackson's remake lets you both run for your life and be the big ape himself. *Okami* (Capcom, PS2) Command a watercolor wolf in this Japanese calligraphic dream come to life. *Shadow of the Colossus* (Sony, PS2) Scale and slay 16 city-size beasts. *Stubbs the Zombie in Rebel Without a Pulse* (Aspyr, Mac, PC, Xbox) Eat brains, amputate limbs and terrorize mankind. hilariously morbid. *The Warriors* (Rockstar Games, PS2, Xbox) Make it to Coney Island before your skull gets caved in by kitschy 1970s New York City street gangs.



Quake 4: Can somebody call the exterminator?

Virtually Perfect

Life got you down? Simulate a new one!



The Movies: Live or die by the box office.



Sociolotron: Get your freak on.

Time was, city planning and farm management were the stuff of simulation games. Times have changed. In *The Movies* (Activision, PS2, Xbox) you build and run a studio from the silent era up through Michael Bay, managing everything from the lives of your stars to film production and marketing. In a stroke of genius the game makes it easy to create full-length, exportable animated films with little effort. But not all games worry about such petty concerns as plot or goals. Some of the most interesting simulators just give players an empty canvas and stand back. *Second Life* (Linden Lab, Mac, PC) lets you create a virtual person,



Flying fish in Second Life.

then live life online with thousands of other people's creations. Open-ended tools let users make nearly anything—from homes that mimic the effects of schizophrenia to schools of autonomous fish and theaters that stream real-world indie films. Then there's the online *Sociolotron*, a.k.a. Disneyland for perverts. Users come for the hard-core sim sex but stay for the venereal diseases, rampant crime and blood- and semen-worshipping religions. Just remember, that nubile young thing is probably an overweight mouth breather who lives in his mother's basement. The most anticipated sim game on the horizon, though, is *Spore* (Electronic Arts, PC). Wil Wright, the guy who made living itself a hobby with *The Sims*, has finally made a game that's literally about everything. Use evolution to create a food chain one cell at a time, building up to global and galactic conquest. Do we still call it simulation if it hasn't happened yet?

—Brian Crescente



Spore: Eugenics isn't just for evil scientists anymore.

PSPicks

The best bets on Sony's miniature fun maker, the PSP



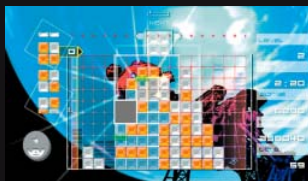
Everyone's favorite swinger.



Infected: Bloody good fun.



SOCOM: Shoot to thrill.



Lumines, or as we call it, thumb crack.

Games you may have missed

Ubisoft's *Lumines* fuses the mind-numbing addiction of block puzzling with gorgeous graphics and hypnotic techno tunes. Electronic Arts' *Tiger Woods PGA Tour 2006* scores a hole in one with great courses, graphics and controls. If you prefer your golf cartoony and arcadey instead, take a swing at Sony's entertaining *Hot Shots Golf: Open Tee*. Four great ways for speed freaks to get their jollies: Namco's drift-heavy *Ridge Racer* shows off the PSP's technical prowess, while Sony's *Wipeout Pure* delivers a futuristic spin on the genre; Electronic Arts' *Need for Speed Underground: Rivals* and Rockstar Games' *Midnight Club 3: Dub Edition* both do street racing, with *NFSU* skewing more for the purists and *Midnight Club* for the hell-bent loonies. Konami's *Coded Arms*, loaded with 30 weapons, is the first first-person shooter for the PSP. Sony's quirky *MediEvil: Resurrection* blends the macabre with the silly and stars an undead warrior who can detach limbs to use as weapons.

Titles to watch for

Electronic Arts' *SSX on Tour* will bring its snowboarding-on-steroids formula to the smaller screen. Rockstar Games' *Grand Theft Auto: Liberty City Stories* casts you as an up-and-coming thug out to earn cash and gain respect. Two titles, *Death Jr.* and *Daxter*, finally offer platform-style adventure games for the PSP. The first stars the grim reaper's mischievous teenage son; the second has half of the popular PS2 team Jak and Daxter. Rid New York City of zombies in Majesco's *Infected* while spreading viruses of your own. Military buffs will want to strap into Sony's *SOCOM: U.S. Navy SEALs Fireteam Bravo*, which offers the tactical action, huge maps and multiplayer modes we've come to expect from the series. Electronic Arts' *Burnout Legends* brings the vehicular mayhem, while Sega's *Virtua Tennis: World Tour* is civilized, if spectacularly addictive.

—Marc Saltzman

Playing With Your Head

A look at games that should be but aren't

• *Stickball*. Realistic pro sports games are fine, but what of classic street games? *Stickball* places the player in the streets of midcentury Brooklyn to do battle. Cars provide bloody baserunning challenges, and foul balls bounce down alleyways littered with broken glass.

• *Super Happy Ferret Fun!!!* In the subgenre of brightly colored Japanese insanity, a ferret comes to your house and throws trash around, stopping only to cry and wet itself. Chase it away with your glowing sword before it spawns. Then there is a dance party.

• *Saving Private Raptor*. Dinosaurs join the greatest generation. Pick your favorite and storm Omaha Beach. T. rex has natural strength, but its freakishly tiny hands cannot pull the pin on a grenade. The pteranodon has cool leathery wings but lacks stamina. We like the triceratops for its innate hatred of Nazis.

• *Hearth Tycoon*. The player starts by building a virtual fire, earning points for glow, warmth and coziness. Better players move on to more challenging levels: the outdoor grill on a windy day, the life-sustaining campfire on a doomed arctic expedition and, the ultimate mission, torching the Malibu mansions of the rich and famous.

• *Magicians vs. Detectives*. A showdown between the masters of logic and the masters of deception. Choose from a variety of wizards, mesmerists and top-hatted magicians, or from detectives ranging from hard-bitten alcoholic ex-cops to spry old ladies who love cats. Online team multiplayer a must.

—John Hodgman



Here they are, four of the eight exclusive Playboy's Women of Gaming trading cards. The remaining four cards in the set can be found in other copies of this month's issue. (Be sure to check the cover to see which of the two subsets is inside.) Put all eight together and you'll be able to reveal the big illustration on the back.



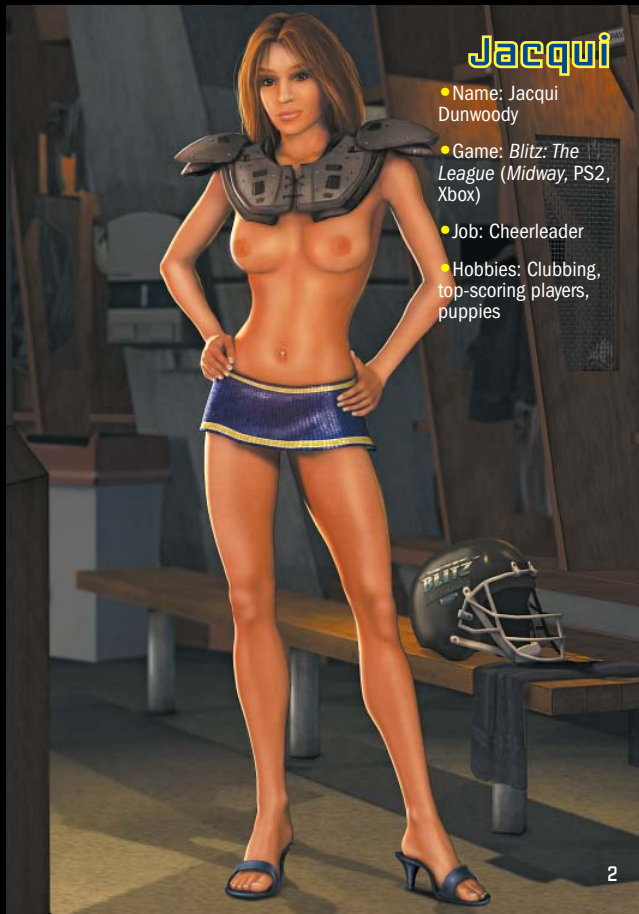
Avalon

- Name: Avalon
- Game: *Hellgate: London* (Namco, PC)
- Job: Eviscerating the demons of underground London
- Hobbies: Sword sharpening, ritual bathing



Jacqui

- Name: Jacqui Dunwoody
- Game: *Blitz: The League* (Midway, PS2, Xbox)
- Job: Cheerleader
- Hobbies: Clubbing, top-scoring players, puppies



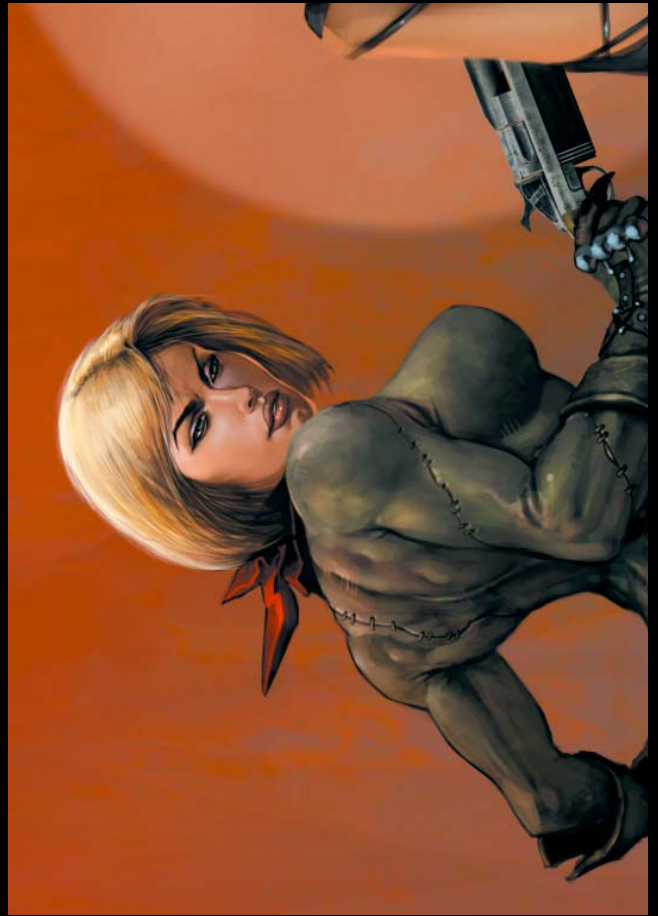
Carla

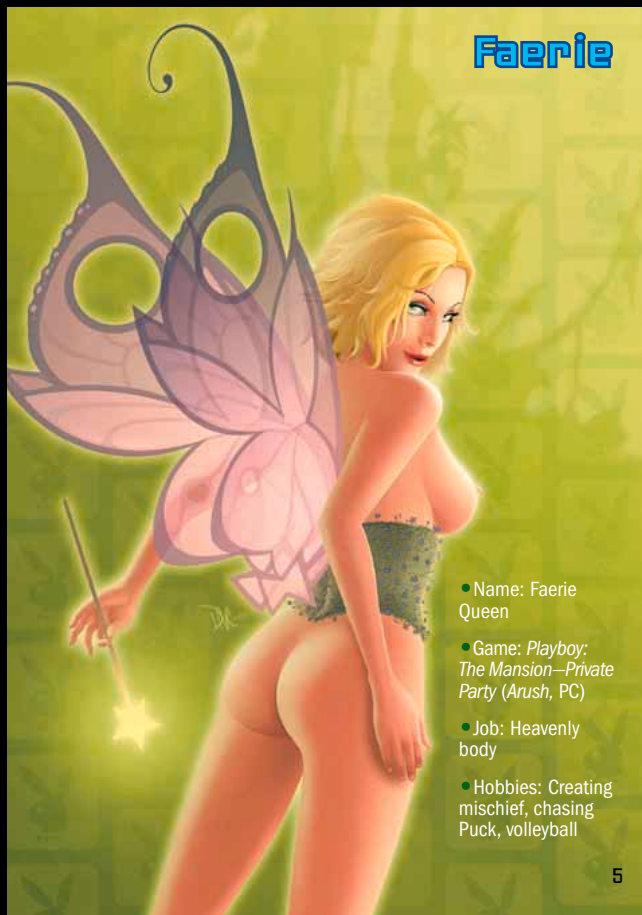
- Name: Carla Valenti
- Game: *Indigo Prophecy* (Atari, PC, PS2, Xbox)
- Job: Police detective
- Hobbies: Working out, making men squirm



Tala

- Name: Tala
- Game: *Darkwatch* (Capcom, PS2, Xbox)
- Job: Bringing about hell on earth
- Hobbies: Corrupting your soul, drinking the blood of the innocent





Faerie

- Name: Faerie Queen
- Game: *Playboy: The Mansion—Private Party* (Arush, PC)
- Job: Heavenly body
- Hobbies: Creating mischief, chasing Puck, volleyball

5



Oracle

- Name: The Oracle
- Game: *God of War* (Sony, PS2)
- Job: Dispensing wisdom and powers to heroes
- Hobbies: Getting kidnapped, diaphanous clothing, augury.

6



Alexa

- Name: Alexa Thompson
- Game: *50 Cent: Bulletproof* (Vivendi Universal Games, PS2, Xbox)
- Job: Newspaper journalist
- Hobbies: Pilates, helping street-wise hustlers uncover international conspiracies

7

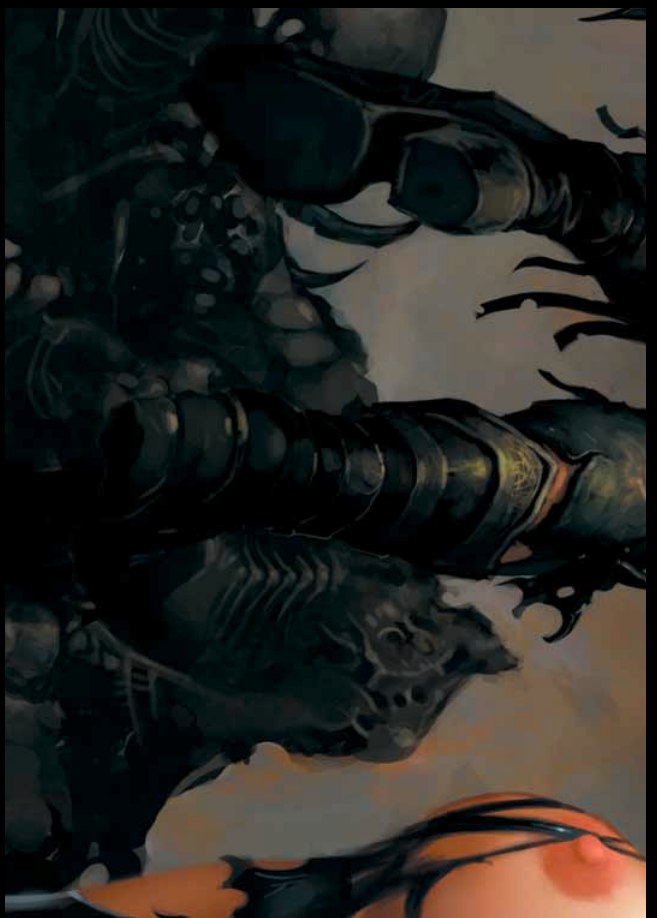
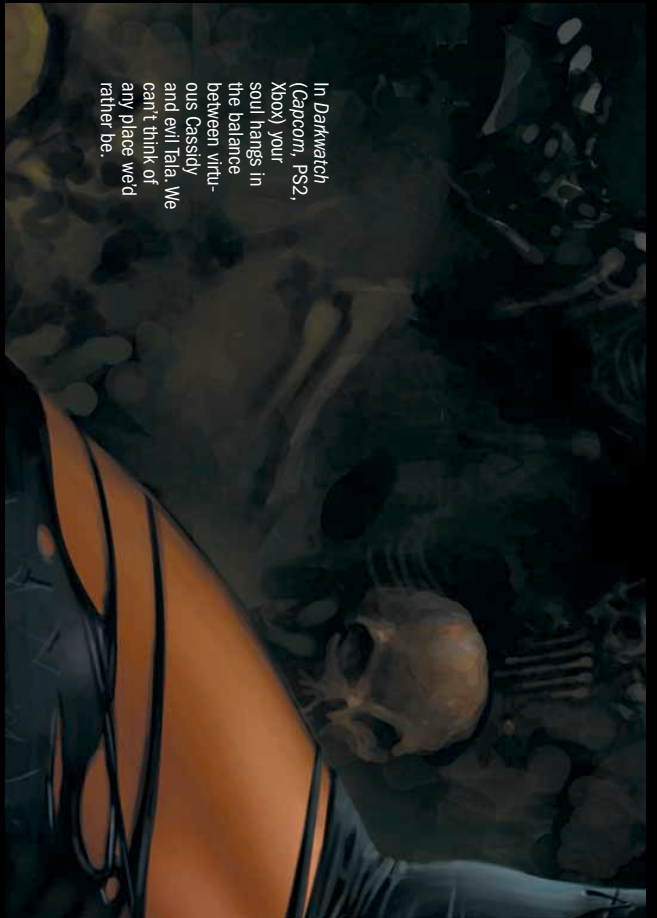


Cassidy

- Name: Cassidy Sharp
- Game: *Darkwatch* (Capcom, PS2, Xbox)
- Job: Policing the old West's undead
- Hobbies: Wooden-stake sharpening, fending off lonely prospectors

8

In *Darkwatch* (Capcom, PS2, Xbox) your soul hangs in the balance between virtuous Cassidy and evil Tala. We can't think of any place we'd rather be.



Generation Next The three biggest gaming companies are trying to kill each other again. And we get to watch

The hardware side of the video game business is unforgiving, as anyone with a console from (or stock in) Atari or Sega can tell you. In 2001 Microsoft went up against Sony's seemingly unstoppable PlayStation line and muscled its way into the market through a combination of great product and rampant spending. The Xbox was the most powerful game console ever made, sporting a built-in hard drive and Ethernet port, both firsts. It didn't come close to dethroning Sony in the first go-round, but it did what mattered—establishing credibility with gamers. Welcome to round two. Microsoft's brand-new Xbox 360 is due sometime this November, well before next-generation machines from Sony and Nintendo (both expected in 2006). In almost an exact inverse of the previous scenario, Sony will have a more powerful console coming out later, while Microsoft reaps the benefits of getting to market first. Nintendo, as always, is concentrating on fun; the company seems happy to make scads of cash in third place and doesn't seem too bothered with what its behemoth brethren are up to. Since this kind of intense competition for market share drives major technology innovation while forcing prices down (Sony and Microsoft will probably both sell their new machines at a loss), this generation will give consumers absolutely ridiculous bang for the buck—which isn't to say the machines will be cheap. You'll still likely have to drop between \$300 and \$500 to pick up one of Sony's or Microsoft's new systems in the first year or two after their respective releases. Here's how they stack up as of now. —Rob Levine

Microsoft

Nintendo

SONY

Current Score



Xbox came out swinging with the best graphics of the current console generation, as well as impressive exclusives such as the *Halo* franchise. It's well behind Sony in pure numbers but very competitive in monthly sales.

The GameCube is technologically impressive, compact, well-designed, a bargain at \$100 and the home of Mario, Zelda and their many cuddly friends. Nintendo offers inventive games but fewer titles for adults. GameCube lags behind its rivals in market share but has a valid business strategy that makes money.



PlayStation 2 is today's market leader by a huge margin, with over 60 percent of worldwide market share. Though the least powerful of the three current consoles, it's the first stop for several huge franchises.

The Next Level

Out this November, the Xbox 360 will feature a three-core Power PC-based CPU capable of a teraflop of processing power, along with an ATI graphics processor, a hard drive and deep Xbox Live integration. Some Xbox Live features will be available free of charge.

It's called the Revolution; here's hoping it lives up to its name. A big draw for the new box is the promise of downloadable games from previous Nintendo machines.



The innovative new Cell processor powers Sony's PlayStation 3. Toss in an Nvidia graphics chip, a high-definition Blu-ray DVD drive, Wi-Fi and ports for six USB devices as well as SD and CompactFlash memory-card slots, and you've got one slick hunk of silicon.

Strategy Guide

Long-term, Microsoft wants a firm beachhead in your living room. The next generation of the outstanding Xbox Live will let you make phone and video-chat calls with other Livers. Look for integration with MS's Media Center OS for easy PC-to-entertainment-center bridging.

Nintendo seems very happy to create the odd little games that me-too companies won't touch. *Nintendogs* and *Electroplankton* are both nigh unclassifiable. In addition to accessing the massive back catalog, we just want to see what falls out of Nintendo's mind next time.



A sequel to *Super Smash Bros.* should be ready for launch, and a new *Mario* game is already in the planning stages. *Zelda* is a perennial favorite, and the *Metroid* series can be relied upon to rock.

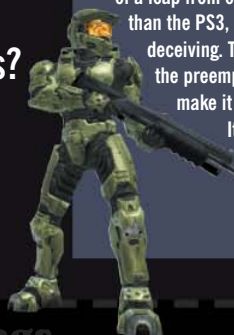
The PS2 was also a cheap DVD player, which helped its sales immensely. This "supercomputer for computer entertainment," as Sony Computer Entertainment head Ken Kutaragi calls it, will be a serious media machine for the digital age—and a major statement for the company.

What Plays Where

We've been promised *Need for Speed* and *Dead or Alive* at launch. This makes us happy. Look for exclusives such as *Perfect Dark: Zero*, *Project Gotham Racing 3* and the new *Gears of War*. We're taking a week off when *Halo 3* comes out.

Sony has some of the biggest big guns on the gaming landscape, and they're all coming out to play, with new iterations of *Tekken*, *Metal Gear Solid*, *Devil May Cry*, *Grand Turismo*, *Killzone* and *Final Fantasy* likely. Formidable.

Worth Your Quarters?



Though the Xbox 360 looks like less of a leap from current consoles than the PS3, looks can be deceiving. Top-tier titles and the preemptive launch will make it difficult to resist. It'll be hard to play PS2 when you could be playing next-gen.

Depends on how much you like Mario and Zelda. While Nintendo's had a hard time shaking its kiddie image, its retro gaming seems aimed at 30-somethings, so perhaps there's still hope for a denser crop of grown-up titles. Also we can almost guarantee there will be something shiny and weird and only for the Revolution that you simply must play.

The graphics that Sony's been showing off are truly stunning, though it's early yet and some may be little more than pretty movies. Still, the Cell processor looks hot, and the inclusion of a Blu-ray player may give the PS3 an edge, even with its late-to-the-dance debut.







NASCAR CRASH COURSE

FIVE CAR DUMMIES COLLIDE WITH HARD-CORE FANS. SMASHING!

BY MARK WINEGARDNER

Twilight dissolves over the Alabama pinewoods. I wheel our third-rate motor home into the gravel parking lot outside Talladega Superspeedway and barrel toward where I imagine the infield to be—the site, legend has it, of an ancient Indian burial ground. It's also the biggest infield in all of NASCAR, a place whose atmosphere my friend Boudreaux, a great American poet, will

later describe as a cross between Mardi Gras and a National Scout Jamboree, as administered by the Italian post office.

"That's the entrance there," says T.C., riding shotgun.

Behind us, Boudreaux, Googs and Norwood set down their beers and crane their necks for the first glimpse of track. We pass 400-odd RVs parked here outside turn three. In front of us is Michael Waltrip's hauler, a semi



NASCAR's image as a sport for rednecks has crashed and burned. Its popularity is rising among women, African Americans and Latinos.

tricked out with a blue-and-yellow paint scheme similar to Waltrip's number 15 car.

"Who's 15?" Norwood asks.

"Deep down inside," Googs says, "we're all 15."

"Michael Waltrip," I say. I've been studying.

None of us has been to a race before. Until recently none of us had watched one on TV. None of us could fix a carburetor (I, for one, don't know where it is). Most of us have household incomes of more than \$100,000. None of us votes Republican.

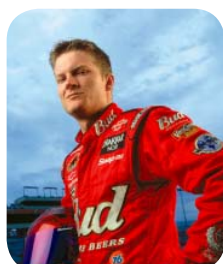
Two of us are Yankees, three Southerners. We're professors at Florida State University, except for T.C., who is married to one. Three of us are poets. Boudreaux, the most senior and accomplished of these, is from Baton Rouge and has volunteered to be our cook. Norwood, from Mississippi, used to date the runway-model sister of the Jenks twins (see the July/August issue of *Playboy's College Girls Nude*); now he directs our creative-writing program. The third poet, T.C., from New Hampshire, got his nickname on the way to Talladega—he served as navigator, and just as he was mock seriously claiming "total credit" for getting us there, he got us lost. Googs is an Atlanta native and a psychologist whose research on why people kill themselves has won him, among many other honors, a Guggenheim Fellowship. I'm a novelist from Ohio. I did spend the first seven years of my life in a trailer, but don't get the wrong idea. It was a double-wide.

Waltrip's hauler rolls across the track toward the distant garages.

"Boys," I say, "we're goin' in."

"You can't go in," says the guard.

"We've got credentials," I say.



DALE EARNHARDT JR., #14

"Nobody but drivers and crew can go in this way until six A.M. tomorrow."

The guard points. The parking lot reveals itself as a queue 400-odd RVs long. We take our rightful place at the rear. No one seems to be laughing at us, but for the rest of the night I don't see another vehicle make the same mistake we did.

"We're the stupidest people here," I say.

"A lot of the latest research on the human mind," Googs says, "is pretty counterintuitive."

We wait. We make friends with Bill, an oil-field worker from Galveston who has parked his luxurious fifth wheeler beside us. I can't see how he could afford this rig until I realize he lives in it. He has his family with him. "I'm a Gordon fan," he says, tugging his Jeff Gordon cap, "in a trailer full of Junior lovers."

"Counterintuitive," says T.C.

"Damn straight," Bill says.

"Uh-oh," Norwood says, standing over our tiny grill, where Boudreaux is making us some kick-ass marinated chicken. "My beer's on fire."



Everyone has heard that NASCAR is not just for rednecks anymore, but who believes that?

Sure, its top circuit, sponsored for years by a tobacco company, is now called the Nextel Cup Series. Of the top 50 drivers this year, only 16 are from the

former Confederacy. Nine of those are near retirement.

NASCAR has studies showing that it's the fastest-growing sport among blacks and Latinos. That indicate its fans make slightly more money than Americans as a whole. That 40 percent of its fans are women. That they are distributed geographically about the same way all Americans are: 20 percent in the Northeast, 24 in the Midwest, 19 in the West, and 38 in the South. That its per-event TV ratings are second only to the NFL's.

NASCAR's second-largest TV market is New York City—which may soon host a race. A NASCAR race has as much economic impact on its host city as the Super Bowl. Except that most NASCAR cities host two races a year. Every year.

Who are these new fans? I didn't know a single one.

On a whim I typed NASCAR into Amazon.com and bought the first two books that came up: *NASCAR for Dummies* and *Chicken Soup for the NASCAR Soul*. I began watching the races on TV.

When I told friends and colleagues I'd started following NASCAR, some said they'd been meaning to check it out and see what the fuss was all about. But the typical reaction, said with incredulity or revulsion, was "Why?"

It's just a bunch of cars going in a circle, they'd say. Dismissive turds.

"Ever been to a race?" I'd ask.

As *Chicken Soup for the NASCAR Soul* predicted, they'd always say no.

I'd tell them I was planning a trip to the biggest, fastest track: the 2.66-mile, 33-degree-banked oval at Talladega.

"Count me out," said a literary critic I work with. (I hadn't considered counting him in.) "I can't think of anything more miserable." *(continued on page 144)*



JEFF GORDON, #14



MICHAEL WALTRIP, #15





OPEN PAIGE

There's nothing scary
about it—Miss October is
carving herself a ripe future

Amanda Paige of the University of Virginia is pondering the subject of her thesis with an attitude that is anything but cavalier. "I think I'm going to write mine about artificial reproductive technology and how it's changing family dynamics," says the brainy 21-year-old sociology major. "Now a couple can have a baby who has many parents. Who's really the parent—the egg donor, the person who's raising it or the person who carried it? It's really interesting." Interesting indeed, especially when these matters are being weighed by someone who can be as effervescent as Kate Hudson with puppies. But it's easy to see where Amanda gets her serious side: Her dad is a cardiologist, and her mom's a nurse. Was there ever any pressure to follow in their footsteps? "My parents never encouraged me to be a doctor, because my dad worked such crazy hours," she says. "My mom wanted me to be a nurse, but I hate hospitals and blood." But Miss October may be willing to play the part on Halloween, one of her favorite holidays. "It's a way of dressing slutty without getting in trouble," she grins, "so I dress sexier. I was a Greek goddess and a sailor girl. This year I want to wear a little Goldilocks outfit with sequins, like Britney Spears did once. Hey, you've got to get attention somehow!"

Miss October hardly has to exert herself to grab gazes, as she recently discovered on a night out in Los Angeles with Hef and his girlfriends. "It's difficult to explain to your



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



Feeling déjà vu? Revisit Amanda in the October 2004 *Girls of the ACC* pictorial. "It was awkward posing nude at first, but everyone put me at ease," says Amanda. "You know they're making you look your best."



friends," she says. "It's weird to be put on a pedestal and have people take pictures of me, because I'm just a normal person. Why would they want my picture?" (You see? Even the smartest people can have surprising gaps in their knowledge.) Amanda's hair falls over her eye and she blushes slightly when we ask if she's ever caught someone's gaze and tried to get him to cross the room. "It just happens," she says. "I prefer guys to approach me but not in a sleazy, cheesy way." With her studies and sorority commitments, how does she make time for romance? "It's not too difficult if he's experiencing the same thing. There is an understanding, so when you do see each other between classes or on the weekend, it's more intense." What would Miss October do with all that intensity if she didn't have to share a house with three roommates? "I made myself a bubble bath, with candles, a few weeks ago, and it was sensual and romantic. It would be fun to walk into a house and discover that a guy has lit all these candles for you and has covered your bed with rose petals. But I suppose I'll have to wait until after I graduate for that." Really? Somehow we think Charlottesville is going to be teeming this fall with guys carrying roses, candles and copies of *The Journal of Artificial Reproductive Technology*.













MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Amanda Paige

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Amanda Paige

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 117 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 10/28/84 BIRTHPLACE: North Carolina

AMBITIONS: To pursue modeling before attending law school, but most important I eventually want to become a devoted wife & mom.

TURN-ONS: Intelligence, Southern accents, family-oriented guys, pretty eyes, a good smile & someone who can make me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Cheaters, arrogance, bad keth, guys without any goals in life.

WHY I LOVE VIRGINIA: The beautiful scenery & changing seasons, sweet tea, Southern gentlemen & the rich history.

BEST ROMANTIC GETAWAYS: Venice, Paris, Napa Valley, anywhere tropical.

ETHNIC BACKGROUND: Swedish, English, German.

FAVORITE MOVIE: I can't pick just one, but my favorites are Blow, Legends of the Fall, Fried Green Tomatoes, Goodfellas.



7th grade - JV cheerleading.



Age 13 - my FAVORITE hobby: riding my American saddlebred horse.



My high school graduation!!!

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Amanda Taige



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A middle-aged couple had two stunningly beautiful daughters. The couple decided to try one last time for the son they'd always wanted. After a few months of attempting to conceive, the wife became pregnant. She delivered a healthy baby boy nine months later. The joyful father rushed into the nursery to see his new son. He was horrified to find the ugliest child he had ever laid eyes on. He told his wife, "Look at the two beautiful daughters I fathered. There's no way that's my son. Have you been fooling around on me?"

The wife smiled sweetly and said, "Not this time."



A thief broke into the Louvre and stole several famous paintings but was caught when authorities found his van by the side of the road. "I don't believe it," the police captain said. "How could you plan such a bold robbery, then get caught so easily?"

"Simple," the robber answered. "I didn't have Monet for Degas to make the Van Gogh."

BLONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: What does a blonde call a blow job in a Honda? Her Civic duty.

In an attempt to put a new patient at ease during a checkup, a gynecologist decided to strike up a casual conversation. He noticed the label on her sandals read HECHO EN MEXICO. So he asked his patient, "When were you in Mexico?"

She replied, "You can tell all that from a pelvic exam?"

Although George W. Bush doesn't drink alcohol anymore, he still enjoys playing bartender. He invented a cocktail that calls for two ounces of scotch with a dash of cocaine. It's called an Evil Dewar's.

A wife went to see a therapist and said, "I've got a big problem, Doc. Every time we're in bed and my husband climaxes, he lets out this earsplitting yell."

"My dear," the shrink said, "that's completely natural. I don't see what the problem is."

"The problem is," she complained, "it wakes me up."

A cabdriver picked up a nun. When she got into the cab, the driver couldn't stop staring at her. "I have to ask you a question," he said, "and I hope you won't be offended."

"My son," the nun said, "I've seen too much of the world to be offended by anything you might say. What is your question?"

"Well," he said, "I've always had a fantasy of being kissed by a nun."

The nun smiled and said, "I'll grant your wish on two conditions. First, you must be single, and second, you must be a Catholic."

The cabdriver became very excited and said, "Yes, I'm single and I'm Catholic."

"Okay," the nun said. "Pull into the next alley."

The nun fulfilled his fantasy with a kiss that would make a hooker blush. But when they got back on the street, the cabdriver began to cry. "My dear," said the nun, "why are you crying?"

"Forgive me," the cabdriver said. "I lied. I must confess; I'm married and I'm Jewish."

The nun replied, "That's okay. My name is Kevin, and I'm going to a Halloween party."

A woman told her psychiatrist that she'd fallen in love with her vibrator. "It's not as bad as it sounds," she said. "It's just an on-again, off-again relationship."

What do you call a nanny with breast implants? A faux pair.



Wally Neiman

How many Republicans does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

None. They'll just let their children take care of it.

The latest high-tech gadget out of Silicon Valley is sleek, eight inches long, made of white plastic and has women happily singing out loud. It's called the iPod.

What do you call a prostitute with her hands up her skirt?

Self-employed.

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



"I told you we should have given them treats!"

college sex 101



Forget physics and French. What college students study most is sex, and here's homework help. For those who ask, "What's she thinking?" meet 101 real coeds who, in a wholly unscientific survey, spill the beans.

1 Are you single?
62% Yes
38% No

2 What kind of panties are you wearing at the moment?
47% Thong or G-string
16% Boy shorts
23% None
13% Bikini
1% Granny

3 What pubic hairstyle do you have?
61% Bare floor
13% Brazilian
22% Landing strip
2% Hitler mustache
2% Power muff

4 Have you ever posed for a naughty photo on someone's camera phone?
53% Yes
47% No

5 Have you ever made a sex tape?
31% Yes
69% No

6 If a guy asked you to watch porn with him, would you?
98% Yes
2% No

7 Have you ever hooked up with another girl?
55% Yes (NB: 9% answered "Just a kiss.")
36% No



CARMEN, HAMPTON COURTNEY, ILLINOIS MIA, VIRGINIA PAM, PENN STATE NICKY, MARQUETTE CASSANDRA, ARIZONA JESSICA, UCLA NATALIE, VIRGINIA TECH JENNY, MARYLAND KRISTI, PENN STATE



ISIS, TEXAS AMY, TEXAS-EL PASO LINDSAY, EMORY JULIA, CALIFORNIA NATALIE, DUPAGE CRYSTAL, S.F. AUSTIN STATE DARCY, WEST VIRGINIA J'TIA, ILLINOIS SARAH, OREGON WHITNEY, OKLAHOMA



CHARLOTTE, GEORGIA ANGEL, WISCONSIN AURORA, WISCONSIN BRANDI, MICHIGAN BRIANA, VIRGINIA DEVON, VIRGINIA TECH ASHLEY, ARIZONA MARY, CLEMSON JACQUELIN, INDIANA JASMINE, CLEMSON



KATHLEEN, INDIANA KRISTIN, INDIANA MADISON, WAKE FOREST NIKI, OHIO STATE NOEL, WAKE FOREST NONA, NORTH CAROLINA REIKO, VIRGINIA RHONDA, DUKE SARAH, MICHIGAN STATE STEPHANIE, INDIANA



ARIEL, ARIZONA ALALIA, DUKE JASMINE, ARIZONA TARA, UNLV KATI, WASH. STATE MEGAN, ARIZONA CAMILLE, HOCKING JENNIFER, STANFORD CARRIE, COLORADO TIANA, STANFORD



ALISSA, MISSOURI CATHERINE, GEORGIA ANNE, IOWA STATE APRIL, TEXAS TECH VICTORIA, U. MASS. D'NARA, OKLAHOMA STATE ASHLEY, TEXAS AMBER, NW VISTA LINDSAY, OKLAHOMA STATE ELLE, KANSAS



DELORES, COLORADO KATHY, CALIFORNIA NANCY, COLORADO CHRIS, NORTH CAROLINA JESSICA, OKLAHOMA STATE KRISTIN, KANSAS KRISTINE, OKLAHOMA LAUREN, MISSOURI NICOLE, IOWA STATE SARAH, KANSAS STATE



TRISTYN, KANSAS STATE ARIEL, VIRGINIA NGOC LY, OKLAHOMA STATE CAREY, KANSAS MARY, E. MICHIGAN TANA, TEXAS TECH SVETLANA, LONG ISLAND NICOLE, OHIO STATE HEATHER, ARKANSAS LORI, W. MICHIGAN

8 How far do you go with someone you just met?

- 14% Nowhere
- 21% First base
- 28% Second base
- 14% Third base
- 15% Home run
- 8% Doubleheader

9 Have you ever flashed your breasts in public?

- 75% Yes
- 25% No

10 What's your favorite term for hooking up?

- 29% Hooking up
- 17% Getting some (or getting: ass, busy, down, you some, it on, jiggy wit' it)
- 10% Fucking, fucking around, just plain fuck, we fucked, random fuck
- 5% Doing it, doin' the nasty, doing the grown-up

4% Bone, boning, boning down
2% Booty call, booty buddy
23% Miscellaneous gerunds: necking, napping, snogging, shagging, mingling, playing, pulling, shacking up, screwing, rolling in the hay, having fun, having sex, knocking boots, messing around, making porn magic, bumping uglies, fulfilling your needs

10% Other miscellaneous phrases: laid, action, playtime, gone fishing, *bow-chicka-bow-wow*, wild monkey boom-boom. "Anything goes as long as you let me be in control at all times, because that's what turns me on." "The look in my eyes says it all." "I did the walk of shame this morning."

11 Which of these have you experimented with? (Mark all that apply.)

- 70% Sex toys

- 50% Role-playing
- 46% Anal
- 38% Threesomes
- 18% S&M
- 11% Orgies

12 What one bedroom trick do you wish every male PLAYBOY reader knew?

37% Something involving technique: "The longer the foreplay, the better the sex." "Naughtiness is a must." "It really doesn't matter how big it is—it just matters how you use it." "Jackrabbit sex is a no." "Girls do not like to be jackhammer-fucked all the time." "Try yoga poses." "The pump-and-swivel." "The Texas Twist." "Throw a girl on the bed and do her from behind while tickling the front." "Learn to switch positions in bed without your dick falling out."

22% Something involving his mouth: "Kiss the neck." "You don't have to clean my ear out like your tongue is a Q-tip." "Don't slobber." "Know exactly how to put your tongue on my clit." "Blow on me gently when you're down there." "Do anilingus." "Every man should talk to his woman." "If a man whispers low in my ear and tells me what he's going to do, it gets me wetter than ever."

14% Something involving fingers: "Touch all the parts, not just the ones you think are important." "There are two G-spots on a girl—find both of them!" "I wish they all knew to finger the pussy and the ass when eating out a girl." "When we sit on your face, we like a little peekaboo in the back door with a finger."


12% Something involving accessories: "Good lighting can make the mood." "Play romantic music, like Sinatra." "The wonders of ice on skin." "Do it in front of a mirror." "Kama Sutra balm feels good when the guy puts it on his tongue and licks my clit." "It's hot to use a dildo and a dick at the same time." "A vibrator in the bed is not a threat." "Sex is dirty! Keep Kleenex or wipes by the bed for the girl."

8% Something involving his approach: "Be subtle." "Take charge. Push me against the wall and pull my hair." "Pay attention to how the girl responds to what you are doing." "Don't keep doing something that isn't working." "Don't forget about me just because you're done." "Don't forget that it's all about the girl." "Deliver an orgasm, then tactfully leave."

7% Something involving the clitoris: "It's all about the clit."

13 What fantasy have you been too shy to tell your boyfriend about?

22% One involving power and control: "Tie me up, baby!" "I want to be spanked hard and have my hair pulled." "Blindfolded fun." "I want him to dominate me." "I would like to try to become the dominant one and see what it's like." "The guy slightly overpowering me and



"A girl can't give away the best secrets, but my favorite is undoing a buckle and jeans with just my mouth—zipper and all. The guy will freak out."

—Davin Lexen, 20, the University of Texas at Dallas (left)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIU

"Anything goes as long as you let me be in control at all times. That's what turns me on. I know what I like and what makes me come."

—Amanda Cruz, 24, the Art Institute of Fort Lauderdale (right)



holding my arms down." "Forced entry."

20% One involving new people: "Hooking up with another girl." "A threesome with this chick at work." "I want to try DP before I am married." "I want to bring another couple in for a night." "I want to have orgies and play with girls." "I always wonder what they do at their fraternity meetings—I secretly wish it was me." "The one he's not included in."

18% One involving new tricks: "Trying anal sex." "Hitting it from the back." "Biting." "I want him to watch me pleasure myself." "I want him to masturbate in front of me." "I want him to go crazy and pull my hair." "Create our own porn." "Videotape a girl eating me out."

14% One involving new identities: rock star and groupie; teacher and student; Captain Jack Sparrow and the bar wench; secretary; French schoolgirl; stripper; whore

10% One involving new locations: "The library." "A parking garage." "An elevator." "The shower." "I want to come home from work and walk in the door and have him throw me on the kitchen table and have some hard-core sex all over the house on top of random furniture and appliances." "I'm on top, riding him, while he's lying on his bed in front of the big screen with a beer in his hand."

16% "There are none."

14 Would you sleep with someone in order to... (Mark all that apply.)

34% Make yourself famous
32% Land a dream job
27% Make someone jealous
19% Get a good grade
14% Earn money
47% None of the above

15 Have you ever cheated on your boyfriend?

50% Yes **50%** No

16 Which male celebrities would you cheat on your boyfriend with? (Mark all who apply.)

54% Brad Pitt
26% Justin Timberlake
23% Usher
20% Adam Brody
50% Write-ins: David Beckham, Orlando Bloom, David Bowie, Tom Brokaw, Nicolas Cage, George Clooney, Sean Connery, Tom Cruise, Johnny Damon, Johnny Depp, Vin Diesel, Eminem, Colin Farrell, 50 Cent, Colin Firth, Hugh Grant, Jake

Gyllenhaal, Josh Hartnett, Hugh Hefner, Johnny Knoxville, Ashton Kutcher, Jude Law, Heath Ledger, Matthew McConaughey, Ewan McGregor, A.J. McLean, Chad Michael Murray, Conan O'Brien, Terrell Owens, Ryan Phillippe, Seann William Scott, Tyrese, Mark Wahlberg, Paul Walker, Tom Welling, Shane West, Prince William, Pharrell Williams, Billy Zane

17 How can a guy tell if your orgasm is real?

22% I shake.
14% I scream.
12% I get wet.
12% He can't.
8% I get quiet.
8% I tighten up.
8% My toes curl up.
4% I never had one.
12% Other: "If I don't leave. Because if I get up and leave, then I didn't have one and I have to go finish the job myself."

18 Have you ever performed sexual acts while your roommate was sleeping in the same room?

66% Yes. "But she only pretended to be sleeping." "But she's jumped in before." "And there have even been times in the middle of the day when she wasn't sleeping."

19 How old were you when you lost your virginity?

3% "Too young."
3% 13
6% 14
18% 15
23% 16
15% 17
22% 18
4% 19
4% 20
2% Still a virgin

20 How many sex partners have you had?

2% 0
38% 1–5
23% 6–10
8% 11–15
10% 16–20

4% 21–30
3% "Enough."
8% "It's a secret."
4% Don't know

21 Which of the following people have you slept with? (Mark all who apply.)

73% Your ex
12% Your friend's boyfriend
9% Your boss
9% Your roommate
1% Your professor or teaching assistant
21% None of the above

22 In the bedroom, what's your best move?

40% Oral sex: "I am the master of the slow blow job." "69, baby!" "Deep throat." "Apparently I give great head."
33% Taking charge: "I'm aggressive with them." "He likes it when I'm in control." "My whole routine: lap dance, blow job, sex, blow job, sex, blow job, sex, blow job, sex."
12% Teasing: "I like unzipping his pants with my mouth." "I like rubbing my boobs all over him—chest, face and especially penis." "I took belly-dancing lessons—he still raves about that."
8% Positioning: "Facedown, ass up—woo woo!" "Doing squats on a dick." "Horseback riding him." "Legs over my head." "During doggy style, fondling his balls and rubbing his nacho." "I do like



"In my most recent fantasy I played a French schoolgirl, complete with a sexy pair of glasses and white stockings."

—Cameron Haven, 22, Florida State University (above and below)

the hula girl on the dashboard—writhing back and forth."

5% Talking dirty

2% Hand jobs: "I like to give the reach-around." "I have a secret stroke."

23 Which of the following female celebrities would you like to have sex with?

57% Angelina Jolie

22% Britney Spears

12% Paris Hilton

4% Beyoncé

33% Write-ins: Christina Aguilera, Jessica Alba, Pam Anderson, Brianna Banks, Penélope Cruz, Geri Halliwell, Salma Hayek, Elizabeth Hurley, Jenna Jameson, Nicole Kidman, Joanna Krupa, Lucy Liu, Eva Longoria, Madonna, Josie Maran,

Shanna Moakler, Ashley Olsen, Tara Reid, Julia Roberts, Jessica Simpson

24 Have you ever had a one-night stand?
70% Yes **30%** No

25 What bedroom habit do you wish all guys would give up?

21% Thinking he's Ron Jeremy: "I hate it when guys push on my head while I'm giving them head." "The tackiest thing is when a guy puts his hands behind his head like he's a pimp." "Finishing on my face—yuck!" "Don't ask to be called Daddy!"

19% Selfishness: "I hate it when he comes too quick and I haven't gotten mine." "Guys shouldn't fall asleep right after sex, because we girls know that

those few minutes you took to come could not have made you that tired."

14% Noxious fumes: "There is nothing worse than a guy who farts in bed."

14% Amateurism: "I hate that gay look guys give when they know they're about to have sex." "Breast groping—it doesn't do what you think it's doing."

13% Bad communication: "Dirty whispering—I feel like I'm being molested by a pedophile." "Talking about feelings." "Asking for blow jobs. If I want to give one, I will."

10% Uncleanliness: "Bad breath." "Scratching their balls."

7% Rushing: "I hate no foreplay."

2% Getting nailed: "It really irritates me when a guy is fingering you and he hasn't clipped his nails."



Fine



IVAN IBAÑEZ • JORGE G





THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS RATES REHAB FACILITIES, PONDERES
HIS DEATH AND EXPLAINS WHY HE WON'T WEAR PINK

Q1

PLAYBOY: Which is the real Ozzy, the goofy dad on *The Osbournes* or the Prince of Darkness?

OSBOURNE: The performer you see onstage is not the guy you see on *The Osbournes*. At home I'm just dad. I don't walk around my house in fucking stage clothes like so many fucking people do. I don't lip-synch like so many fucking people do. What you see on the TV show is the real me. That's not made up. I stopped doing the madman fucking rock-and-roll thing as the kids got older. You know the funny thing? When *The Osbournes* started, some people didn't even realize I was in a fucking rock-and-roll band.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt pigeonholed as the crazy rock star who bites the head off bats?

OSBOURNE: Yeah, but trying to get away from the Prince of Darkness is the hard-

est fucking thing. I'd like to sing songs that are mellower. I'd like to do an acoustic album. I don't want to be screaming when I'm fucking 60. But all the record company is interested in is my looking like a fucking madman with cherry juice running down my face and some fucking bat bullshit. They go, "Ozzy, are we gonna call your new album *The Son of Fucking Death*?"

Q3

PLAYBOY: What's your biggest extravagance on tour?

OSBOURNE: I fly around in a Learjet. I stay at the Peninsula Hotel. I have money. I have houses all over the world. I came from having nothing to living in Beverly Hills. I've got a house in Malibu, a bunch of houses in London, a farm in England. Sometimes it makes me go, Fuck, I am a lucky guy. With Black Sabbath and the bands I was in prior to Sabbath we took buses, and the longer the bus journey, the better. I was more interested in doing

more drugs and drinking more booze and smoking more cigarettes. On long rides I could get more cocaine up my fucking nose or take another bottle of fucking Vicodin or Percodan. Now if I'm on a bus for more than an hour, I'm ready to fucking slash my wrists.

Q4

PLAYBOY: What's your best quality as a father?

OSBOURNE: Being there for them. When I was a practicing drug addict and alcoholic my wife became the mother and the father. Mine is the only job I can think of where the more fucked up you are when you show up for work, the more the audience goes, "Fuck, it's gonna be crazy!" But there's a downside to that after the show is over. Sharon held it all together. When we first met, she was as crazy as me, and as a matter of fact she used to drink as much, though she didn't do drugs. Then one day she said, "I can't" (continued on page 155)

PLAYBOY'S BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION

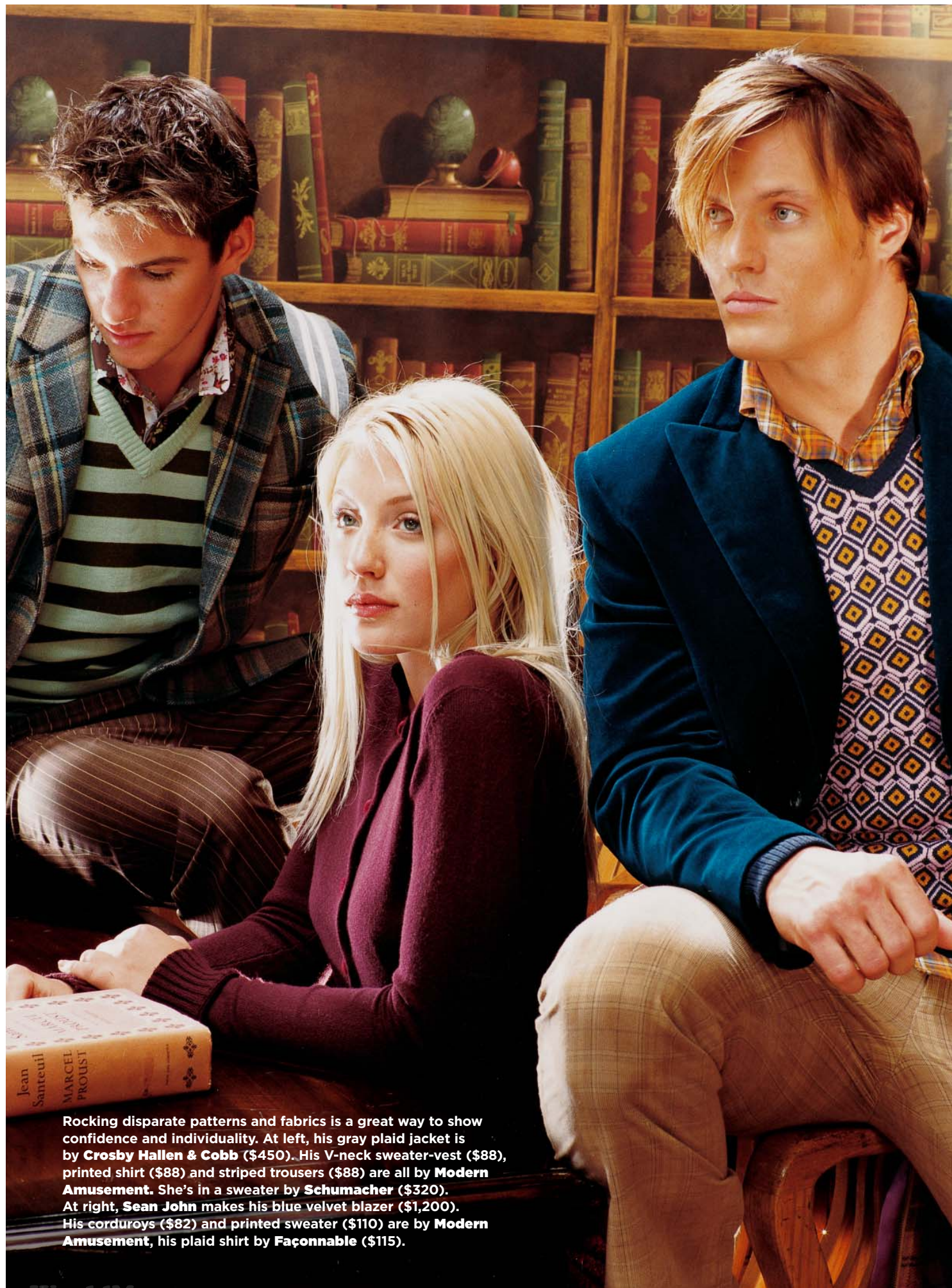
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NICK CARDILICCHIO
PRODUCED BY
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

DEMONSTRATING A
BIT OF STYLE IN THE
CLASSROOM IS WHAT
SEPARATES THE MEN
FROM THE BOYS

FASHION BY
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

The yellow zip-front sweatshirt
is by **Op** (\$69). The gray corduroy
pants are by **Gsus Industries**
(\$105). His long-sleeve polo
is by **Ellesse** (\$76), and the
orange thermal underneath
is by **J. Crew** (\$40).

PLAYBOY
FASHION



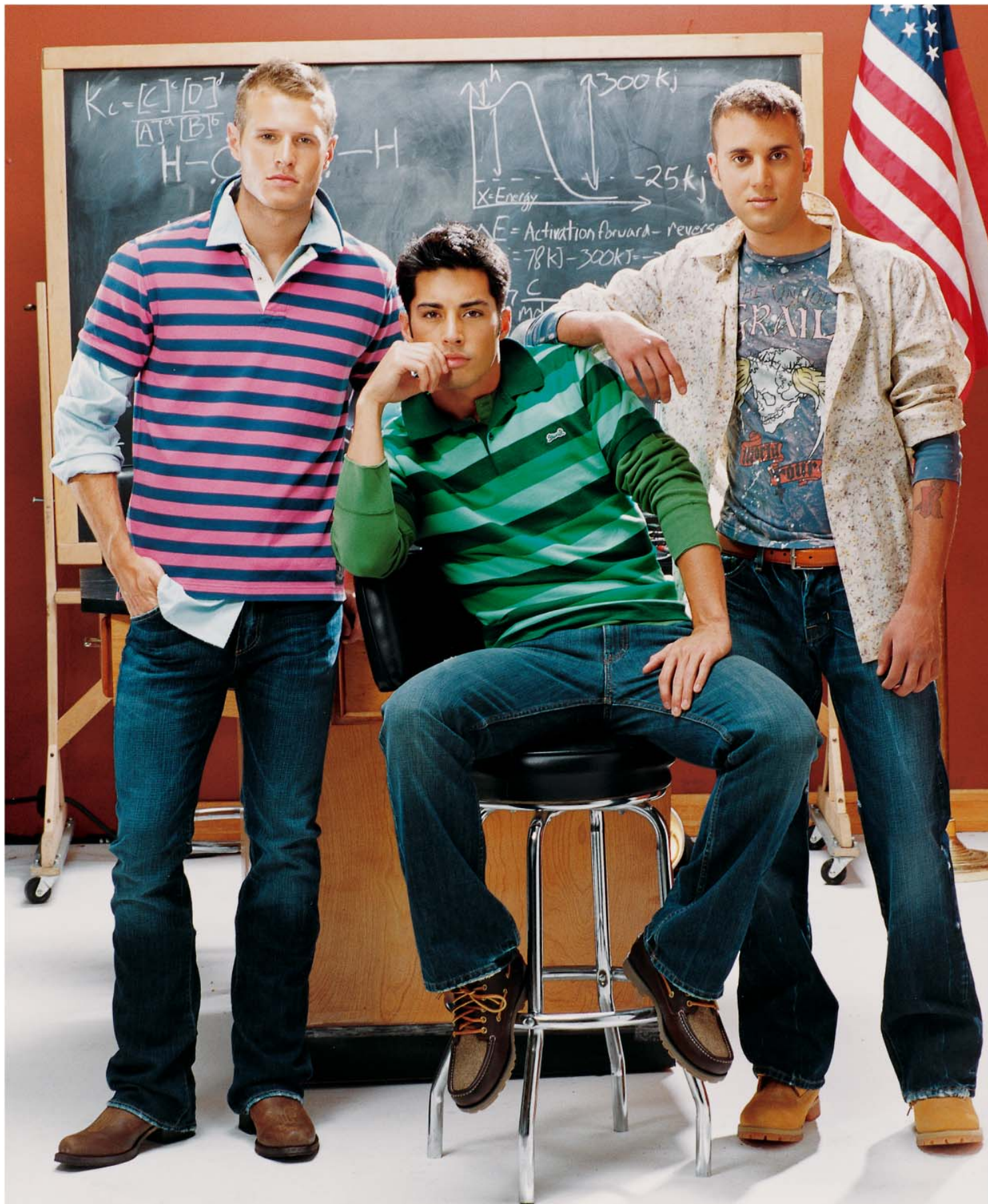
Rocking disparate patterns and fabrics is a great way to show confidence and individuality. At left, his gray plaid jacket is by **Crosby Hallen & Cobb** (\$450). His V-neck sweater-vest (\$88), printed shirt (\$88) and striped trousers (\$88) are all by **Modern Amusement**. She's in a sweater by **Schumacher** (\$320). At right, **Sean John** makes his blue velvet blazer (\$1,200). His corduroys (\$82) and printed sweater (\$110) are by **Modern Amusement**, his plaid shirt by **Façonnable** (\$115).

The white track jacket is by **Rocawear** (\$78), and the navy warm-up pants are by **Ellesse** (\$70). In the locker is a red track jacket by **Brooks** (\$48). The digital video camera on the top shelf is the SC-X105 by **Samsung** (\$800).



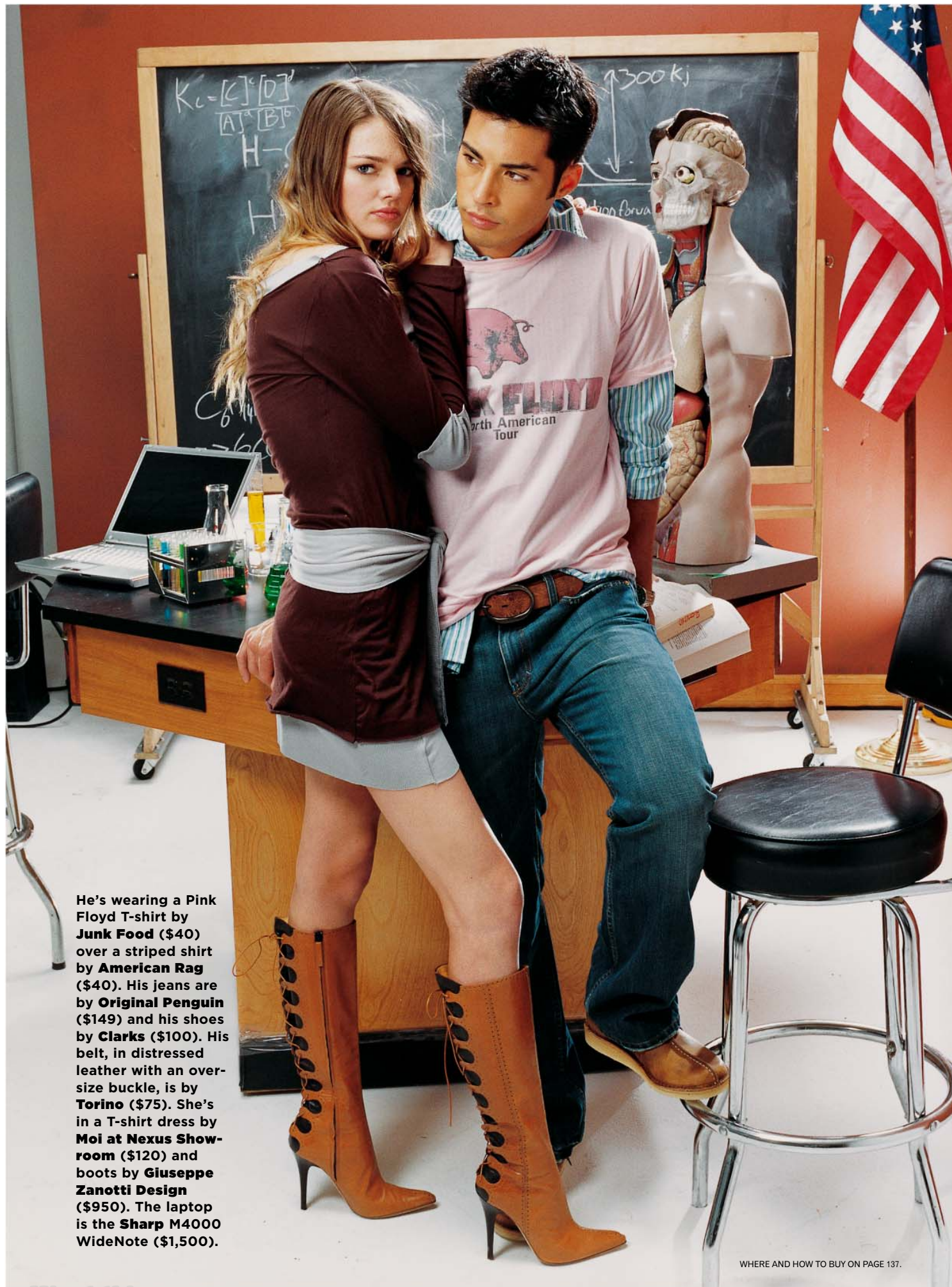
Getting the functionality you need doesn't have to mean sacrificing the look you want. Below, his fitted mock turtle-neck (\$35), striped shorts (\$35) and wind- and water-resistant zip-front jacket (\$55) are all by **Under Armour**. At right, he's in a T-shirt (\$20) and wind- and water-resistant track pants with mesh lining (\$50), both by **Under Armour**. His sneakers are by **Adidas** (\$75).





At left, the striped polo is by **J. Crew** (\$40), and the light blue, white pinstripe shirt beneath is by **Redsand** (\$45). His jeans are by **Chip and Pepper** (\$190) and his boots by **Frye** (\$365). In the middle, he's wearing a striped **Le Tigre** polo (\$54) over a green **J. Crew** henley shirt (\$48). His jeans are by **Agave** (\$165), and his boots—with tweed details—are by **Sperry Top-Sider** (\$90). At right, **Earl Jean** makes the floral-print shirt (\$175) and **Grail** the printed long-sleeve T-shirt (\$120). His jeans are by **Salvage** (\$180) and his boots by **Timberland** (\$145). His belt is by **Robert Talbott** (\$135).

WOMEN'S STYLING BY MERIEM ORLET



He's wearing a Pink Floyd T-shirt by **Junk Food** (\$40) over a striped shirt by **American Rag** (\$40). His jeans are by **Original Penguin** (\$149) and his shoes by **Clarks** (\$100). His belt, in distressed leather with an over-size buckle, is by **Torino** (\$75). She's in a T-shirt dress by **Moi at Nexus Show-room** (\$120) and boots by **Giuseppe Zanotti Design** (\$950). The laptop is the **Sharp M4000 WideNote** (\$1,500).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 137.

VARSAITY VANITY

THESE DAYS THE TRANSITION TO MANHOOD ALSO MEANS CREATING A GROOMING ROUTINE. HERE'S HOW TO DO IT

TOP ROW from left: **DR. GALEN LATHER SHAVE FROM C.O. BIGELOW** (\$14) conditions skin with the added benefit of clearing your nasal passages. The mentholated shaving cream combines eucalyptus oil, aloe, shea butter and allantoin. The **BRAUN CRUZER3** (\$60) is an all-in-one styler and trimmer ideal for navigating around beards and getting rid of your soul patch. It's available at shaveyourstyle.com. Next to the glass of scissors is **KEN-NETH COLE REACTION** (\$55), a woody citrus fragrance. It's elegant and sophisticated, just like that girl in your literature class, and it gives good wood—hints of musk and sandalwood emerge as it dries. **GEL PURIFIANT POUR LE CORPS BY CK ONE** (\$15) is a French-inflected body wash enriched with panthenol; it sounds good and smells even better. MIDDLE ROW from left: The hair fiber cream from **MICHAEL JORDAN GROOMING** (\$8) comes in a plastic container convenient for travel or the gym. In the heat of passion—if you're doing it right—your body will sweat in more places than your under-

You made your move, and now she's making hers. She says she's freshening up? That's code for checking out your bathroom. The money you spent on dinner will be a wash if she doesn't like what she sees in your medicine cabinet. After all, she has groomed and waxed herself to perfection. If she can't be sure that you're taking care of your body, how will she know you can take care of hers? Fortunately we've assembled products here that will allow you to take advantage of advances in men's grooming without making your bathroom look as though it belongs in a sorority house. A few tips: Keep the Astroglide in the nightstand drawer. Also, soap is a dirty four-letter word; swap the moisture-stripping mainstay for a body wash that conditions as it cleans. Do the same with old-fashioned shaving cream. Spend more time on looking and feeling good and she'll take her walk of shame to the serenade of the guilt birds singing your praises.

arms, so mist yourself with **AXE DEODORANT BODY SPRAY** (about \$5). **BRUT DEODORANT WITH TRIMAX** (\$3) creates the illusion of being freshly showered for 24 hours. Chapped lips suck! **MEN'S VITAMIN LIPSAVER FROM MOLTON BROWN** (\$16) staves off dehydration. BOTTOM ROW from left: **CORDUROY FROM ZIRH INTERNATIONAL** (\$58) is the only wale you should wear from now on. Aside from a copy of *Maxim*, the worst sign of immaturity for her to find is soap on a rope, so cut the strings and pick up **THE BAR BY DERMALOGICA** (\$18). The **POST-SHAVE AND TONER BY BULLIE** (\$19) soothes skin with ginseng, black tea and chamomile, as well as amino acids and comfrey. Stop stealing your girlfriend's products and pick up **NIVEA FOR MEN DOUBLE ACTION FACE WASH** (\$6), a gentle foaming cleanser that's soap-free and enriched with conditioning agents and vitamin B5. Before you break out a razor, prepare your skin with this **HOT TOWEL PRE-SHAVE TREATMENT FROM BILLY JEALOUSY** (\$22). Steamy stuff, no?





"I guess you girls are kind of wondering why I asked you to be here this morning in your garter belts and high heels."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

PILAR LASTRA

A CUT ABOVE

Romance is the ultimate form of foreplay. I've been spoiled by romantic men. When I was just a kid, the boys in school would write me poems. One of my all-time favorite dates was when a guy took me to a junkyard. It felt like he had whisked me away to Disneyland. He gave me a big box and told me to take whatever I wanted. He got turned on watching me get all dirty. The best gift I ever received was a guitar, but the guy should have gone the extra mile and gotten me lessons, too. A lot of men make the mistake of thinking they need tons of money to do something romantic, but any woman would just melt over a simple picnic with wine and sandwiches. I also love it when a guy cooks me dinner, especially if he can flip knives in the air and catch them.



I love to be kissed on my tummy. Too often men kiss only the breasts and what's down below; they skip the region in between. I also love to be kissed where the neck and earlobe meet. And there's nothing sweeter than waking up to find my man kissing my back.

Pilar Lastra

GIRLS of the PAC 10

Oh, if Pac-Man were alive today...



Tari Gaffney—USC

Year after year, colleges have raised enrollment standards, and nowadays the competition is keen. The Barbie-esque sorority girl attending school for an MRS degree is a relic of a bygone era; the dolls you meet on campus this century all have functioning brains. The girls of the Pac 10 are scholars; they are studying to become lawyers, surgeons, engineers and business executives. Precocious Layla

Andrew (page 129) will even graduate from the University of Arizona before she sees her 20th birthday. We asked the most engrossing of these students to put down their books, hair and inhibitions and step before our cameras. Having seen the results of this Pac 10 shoot, we'll give every college-bound senior Horace Greeley's famous advice: "Go west, young man." The study dates there will surely stimulate more than your mind.

Above: Tari Gaffney is a nanny who likes sex and reading, in that order. Opposite: The Sun Devils cool off. Chelsea Rae studies nursing, Erin Maupin interior design, Nikki Mae and Leah Daiye kinesiology, Nicole Davis psychology and Casey Lee communications. Both Sallie Hogan and Tanya Sucken say their favorite class at ASU is Human Sexuality.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIU, MIZUNO AND DAVID RAMS





Top row: Chelsea Rae, Erin Maupin, Nikki Mae. Middle: Nicole Davis, Leah Daiye. Bottom: Casey Lee, Sallie Hogan, Tanya Sucken—ARIZONA STATE



Piper Alicia, Courtney Lynne
ARIZONA STATE



Cynthia Popper—CALIFORNIA
WorldMags



Jacqueline Daniels—WASHINGTON STATE



Kate Bradshaw, Emily Chi, Alexa Eileen, Carrie Rose,
Bianca Rose—WASHINGTON



Opposite, from top left: Piper Alicia and Courtney Lynne are Sun Devils who look more like sun goddesses. Courtney is working toward a doctorate in psychology. "I love taking my puppies to the park," she says. We're happy when she takes her puppies anywhere. Jacqueline Daniels wants "to work with juvenile delinquents in an equine-facilitated therapy program." Opposite, from bottom left: Cynthia Popper is aiming to write the great American novel. Meet the girls who make the Huskies pant: Kate Bradshaw fights for human rights with Amnesty International. Emily Chi maintains that "the best place to pick up guys is at a frat party." Alexa Eileen hates cold Washington nights, so someone please hold her. Carrie Rose and Bianca Rose, alas, are not kissing cousins. This page: Victoria Thornton is the painted lady on our inside cover. She's a sophomore at ASU and hopes to become a sex therapist. Her only complaint about school is the large size of some of her classes; regardless, we're sure she stands out. Robin Caitlin is a Beaver who wants to become a famous interior designer—and dam is she built.



Victoria Thornton—ARIZONA STATE

Robin Caitlin—OREGON STATE



Jessica Holiday—USC



Jocelyn Houston—ARIZONA STATE



Abigail Precioso—ARIZONA STATE



Nicole Allyn—WASHINGTON



Bella Mendes, McKenzie Brighsen, Alex Glass
OREGON



Juliette Rose—UCLA



Catherine Kelly
CALIFORNIA

Opposite, clockwise from top left: Jessica Holiday majors in sociology and practices yoga, which makes her quite the social butterfly. Jocelyn Houston reports she has no problem with her journalism classes or with finding a date. Nicole Allyn's favorite class is art history—clearly she drew our attention. Abigail Precioso has made the dean's list since freshman year, and she easily makes ours. Above: You will need a hot car and the right game plan to take out one of our Ducks, but here's some data to work with: Bella Mendes is a vegetarian, McKenzie Brighsen frequents Starbucks and Alex Glass likes Thai. Above right: Juliette Rose majors in women's studies at UCLA. Left: Catherine Kelly spends six hours at a time reading in the library, where you can check out more than just books. Right: Kierstin Kim enjoys the lesser-known strip backgammon.



Kierstin Kim—UCLA



Ashley Hayworth—USC



Erica Maland—STANFORD



Clockwise from above: Ashley Hayworth wears the USC gold just off the shoulder. Stanford's Erica Maland is the coxswain on the crew team and an eyeful on a table. When not hanging out in pool halls with their shirts off, Shannon Mary dances ballet, Katerina Kovac likes to snowboard, Jennie Camozi sings in the shower and Shannon Kai cooks. Oksana Ryazantseva moved to the United States from Estonia five years ago—both continents felt the shift in temperature. Leah Russo studies communications at Arizona and enjoys pudding wrestling; suddenly spooning sounds more intriguing. Center: Our cover girl, Sara Jean, reclines on a silk slipcover. She studies business and likes the small-town feel of the OSU campus. She giggles coyly about being called a Beaver. As is the trend with many collegians these days, Sara has a part-time job. She supplements her income by waiting tables on the weekend, so the wildest nights on her schedule are Tuesdays and Thursdays. Man, we miss college.





Shannon Mary, Katerina Kovac, Jennie Camozi, Shannon Kai
WASHINGTON STATE



Oksana Ryazantseva
ARIZONA STATE



Sara Jean—OREGON STATE



Leah Russo—ARIZONA



Melanie Redwood—STANFORD



Esmeralda Smith—UCLA

Above from left: We wish Melanie Redwood didn't always have to lug books around, but she is trying to get into med school. Esmeralda Smith is a self-proclaimed geek who studies at coffeehouses. "The library is a fashion parade. I guess if I wanted a date I would go there," she says. Below left: Isabella James tutors—play dumb. Below right: In a utopian society Trojans and Bruins get along just like this. Tanya Carmichael knows four languages and makes us speak in tongues, Esmeralda is back with the perfect study group, Ellen Seigny could pass for Helen of Troy, Brittany Krystle is a gem of a coed, Ashley kickboxes to stay in shape, Phuong Ly is a bio major, Juliette collects art, and Jessica is the cutest class clown. Opposite, from left: The friends you make in college last a lifetime—just ask Layla Andrew. Emelie Starkey's goal is to have sex on WSU's 50-yard line. Now that's a field of dreams.



Isabella James—WASHINGTON



Top: Tanya Carmichael (USC), Esmeralda Smith (UCLA), Ellen Seigny (USC), Brittany Krystle (UCLA), Ashley Hayworth (USC). Kneeling: Phuong Ly (UCLA), Juliette Rose (UCLA), Jessica Holiday (USC).



Layla Andrew and friend
ARIZONA



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at cyber.playboy.com.



Emelie Starkey—**WASHINGTON STATE**

STATEHOOD (continued from page 76)

You're spending December with your father while your mother's on her honeymoon.

pleasure. You nod. "How her eyebrows," your father says, "unraveled." You keep nodding.

You're spending December with your father while your mother's on her honeymoon. You haven't seen him since the divorce. Fourteen months, and he shows up in a Bronco with a glove box full of country music. Boxcar Willie. Moonshine Willy. Willie Nelson. He sings their songs out loud, badly. "Why," you ask, "are they all named Willie?" His building is beside Andy's Cafe, where they sell drugs instead of coffee. It's across the street from Duffy's and Burger King and the Travelodge. He's got a caved-in double bed, no sheets, no visitors. Many sirens pour through the windows at night, compliments of Andy. Sometimes you visit your grandfather in his mansion. Your father brings him chocolates from Domenico's and waits for him to die. You go to Duffy's every day. Your father always takes the Bronco, because after midnight the Burger King is open only for drive-through. Duffy's has an early-bird breakfast at six, and the late-shift hotel workers come in. Sometimes you're still there. Sometimes your father rear-ends Mitsubishis at the drive-through. "Whiskey River," Willie sings, "take my mind."

Happy hour is from four to six, both A.M. and P.M. Matilde, the owner, won't give you your O'Doul's at two-for-one because they're nonalcoholic. She busts your father for legal advice and gives him a drink as a consultation fee. She refuses to give refunds for the pinball machine. A full rack has only eight ribs on Tuesday, Rib Night. On Wednesday five mixed drinks get you a half-priced appetizer. On Thursdays the San Juan oldies station broadcasts live from the dart room. They have a 20-song lineup and Duffy's is always tuned in. At any time of day there's a 10 percent chance they're playing "My Girl" by the Temptations or Del Shannon's "Runaway." You hate Thursdays. Monday is darts league night, new to Duffy's. Your father was a Reef Crabber until your mother had him arrested at the Reef Bar & Grill for refusing to pay child support, and he was too embarrassed to ever go back. He was a Dunbar's Viking until Phil Hunt pointed at you and said, "Who's this little prick and what's he doing here on league night?" and your father hit him with a bar stool and got 86ed from Dunbar's. Norm, the

bartender, started the Duffy's Devils, and he keeps telling his teammates that the secret's in the wrist. They're in last place. The other teams call them the Wristies. "Tito!" your father jokes, "Wrist! Wrist!" He makes a masturbating motion with his hand. He's a Devil.

Frankie bartends on weekday afternoons and league nights. She's got fake tits. "Go," your father tells you. "Give her a hug. Feel them." She's another of his girlfriends, but she's not like the others. She's your friend. She knows what's going on. She lives in one of Duffy's guest rooms with Linda, a waitress. Sometimes you take naps on her bed. Sometimes she looks after you while your father is out with Sherry, girlfriend number three. Sherry is married to Counterfeit Bill. Counterfeit Bill says he was asked by Reagan to run for governor of California, but he was too busy inventing a kind of packaging foam. In her room Frankie teaches you five-card draw. Seven-card stud. Six Back to Five. Pregnant Threes. She teaches you Free Enterprise. Take It or Leave It. Guts. Murder. She hands you a bottle of strawberry Boone's Farm. "Don't tell," she says. "I always wanted a kid." There are two beds and HBO and a stained hair drier screwed into the wall. "Ante in," you say. It's your pinball allowance against her tips. You never take anything if you win. "Ask me anything you want," she says. "Anything."

You're the official Devils scorekeeper because your math is better than everyone else's. You solve arguments. "Tito!" they say. "Two triple 18s and a 20?" "One-twenty-eight," you say. "Tito!" they call again. "Five 17s and a bull's-eye?" "Wrist!" you say, and they all laugh. "One-ten," you say. "One-ten."

After the Devils get skunked, you shoot by yourself while your father fucks Frankie in her room. Late into the night you walk back and forth, from line to board, shooting, retrieving. If halogen lights could tan, you'd be blistered. Your Hammer Head flights flash by like hubcaps. You develop your own style. It's not all about the wrist. It's elbow. Stance. Finger placement. Follow-through. It's practice. It's vision.

On Christmas Eve your father takes you to Plaza Las Américas shopping center. He makes you stand in front of

the giant imported pine tree in front of Woolworth's. The stifling scent floods the mall's ducts. The red letters of Woolworth's shine into the fountain, and it looks as if they've sunk to the bottom. "Look at the tree," your father says. "And close your eyes." You do everything he says. "Tomorrow," he says, "we'll be right here again. In front of this tree. Tomorrow." You open your eyes. He tells you not to ask any questions. On the way to Duffy's you tell him how much you hate all the Willies.

Your mother's mama's-boy husband's son is obsessed with Super Nintendo. After school starts up, he comes over every weekend. "Be nice to him," your mother tells you. "His mother is a lesbian." They've put bunk beds in your room. You have to eat pork chops every Friday because it's the kid's favorite. You're watching the Cubs on WGN Chicago: tie game, bottom of the ninth, Sandberg at the plate. "There's a drive!" the announcer yells. "It might be! It could be! It—" Your mother's mama's-boy husband's son turns on *Zelda*. You scream. He screams. You hit him. He hits you back. You pull *Zelda* out of the Super Nintendo and toss it over the balcony, 11 flights. Everyone agrees it's a good idea you start spending weekends with your father.

On Saturday mornings you play football on the beach. Your father has a good arm but no depth perception. He lost an eye in high school. The glass from his glasses splashed into the pool of his retina. It was a drinking accident, a brawl. "The background is always flat," he says. "I don't know what a sunset looks like." In the afternoons you watch college football and eat french fries at Duffy's. Norm lets you control the remote. At night you shoot with the shooters. No one calls you "that little prick."

At four A.M. you tell your father you're tired and he tells you that you have a brother. He's a day older than you. His name is Pepito. He's half Japanese. He has a black belt in karate. Also, he's a better dart shooter than you. Also, he can throw the football farther. Also, he's invisible. "Invisible?" you say. "Or imaginary?" "How dare you," your father says. "How dare you say that about your brother when he's sitting right there." He gestures toward an empty stool. He waves at the empty stool. Then he speaks to it. "Don't worry, Pepito," he says. "Tito doesn't mean it." "Tell him," you say, "that I say he's an asshole." Your father turns toward the empty stool. He waits five seconds. He starts laughing. "Oh, Pepito," he says. "Pepito, I can't tell Tito you just said that about him. He's my son too, remember? And yes, you may be right, but I just can't repeat what you just said. It's just too hurtful." Your



MARTY
MURPHY

"I just knew you were going to be a lot of fun in the sack!"

father turns back to you, grinning. "Tell him," you say, "to go fuck his father."

In school you get all A's. This is never a problem. "Your English," the nun from English class says, "is remarkable." During class you practice your dart-shooting style with a pencil and she thinks you've raised your hand. She happily calls on you. You tell her it's all one big mistake. "What's the mistake?" she says. "Everything, Sister," you say. "Everything's a mistake." Some girls suddenly have breasts and older boyfriends. You start buying condoms at Duffy's men's room for a dollar and selling them at school for two. Everybody wants one, especially the older boyfriends. You make friends with the eighth-grade class. You make the basketball team. You forge everybody's parents' signatures when they get in trouble. Your mother quizzes you the day before tests. She throws the notebook at you if you don't know the answers. There are many sponges in her sink. One for spoons. One for forks. One for knives. One for pans. One for plates. One for spatulas. One for the other sponges. They are color-coded. "Goddamn you," she says, "if you mix them up."

You gamble the condom profit against Frankie. She serves you Boone's Farm with ice when she's working and you're discreet about it, acting like it's Hawaiian Punch. Frankie doesn't live at Duffy's anymore. Her roommate, Linda, left Puerto Rico. Everyone *wa-wa-wa-wa*-wonders why she went away, but you know why it was. You were at your father's the Sunday morning he got the call. No one knew Linda was pregnant: not your father, not even Frankie. She needed someone who spoke Spanish to deal with the adoption. Your father rushed her to the hospital, Johnny Cash on the tape deck. "I fell

in," he sang, "to a burning ring of fire." You were there when the nurse brought the baby by mistake and Linda put her hands over her eyes. "Take it away," she cried. "I don't want to fucking see it!" A local celebrity couple with connections got the baby. "Blond, blue eyes," the doctor told your father in Spanish, smiling. "You sure you don't want it? Those are very, very hard to come by."

Frankie now lives in her boyfriend's trawler at San Juan Marina. His name is Troy, and they've been together for 12 years. She tells everyone they have an "open relationship." You don't know if there's such a thing as a closed one. Your father sits with Troy at the bar, telling stories. "The eye," your father says, "I lost in Nam." Troy asks him where he was stationed. "I," your father sips his drink, "don't like to talk about that."

Frankie keeps feeding you Boone's Farm on the rocks. You finger your Hammer Heads' points inside their case, in your pocket. You can't shoot till the league game ends. You can't be in the league till you're 18: There was a motion to make an exception. The team captains were on your side. Your father convinced the bar owners, all but the Reef and Dunbar's, and they've started letting you play in their weekend tournaments. Warren Z.—bookie, dart salesman, real estate agent, league president—made the case against you. "No exception for Tito," he said. "Then we'd have to let in every underage kid who wants to play." He said it as if there actually were other underage kids who wanted to play. Your father started calling him Weasel, and it's caught on. "Hey, Weasel," people say, "you got this week's lines?" You pull your darts out of the case. Frankie is serving Weasel a vodka tonic. She shoots you a wink. You wink back. Weasel is wearing beige Dockers over his wooden leg. You can't remember which leg it is.

Eenie, meenie, minie, moe: You think this will be funny. You shoot a Hammer Head at his left leg. Before it lands, you shoot another. He screams. He screams again. Everyone looks at you and you can see yourself, reflected off a rusted mirror that has a beer bottle drawn inside it, and you know exactly what everyone is thinking. Who the fuck do you think you are, laughing at jokes you don't get? Who the fuck do you think you are, you little prick?

Matilde has removed the dartboard and put a bumper-pool table in the space. Everyone refuses to play bumper pool. Your father hates Matilde more than ever. June Gibbons was killed by a drunk driver in front of Duffy's. The drunk driver was a rich 18-year-old girl with a father in the Senate. She got off scot-free. The *San Juan Star* staff writers can't let it go. THE FIRST MURDER, the "Viewpoint" headline says, IS ON THE HOUSE. Your father holds up the paper. "This," he says, "is why Puerto Rico should be a state." Pete Gibbons sits on the corner stool beneath the TV, saying nothing. Your father is helping with the civil suit. In the old dart room the scorekeeping blackboard now says RULES FOR BUMPER POOL at the top. Matilde filled the whole thing out in laborious cursive. It took her an entire afternoon. One night you erased everything but the title. Beneath RULES FOR BUMPER POOL you wrote "Bump. Bump. Bumpetty Bump. Then bump again." Matilde is still searching for the culprit. She can't find a good bartender from two A.M. till 10. Outside there's a drought and it's the hottest summer anyone remembers. The ceiling fans do lazy laps. Matilde is a sweaty trigger.

Your father's foot slips on the gas and his Bronco wrecks another Mitsubishi at the Burger King drive-through. He signs over another check to some teenager, happy to trade a taillight for a few hundred: no questions asked, no numbers exchanged. The drive-through workers call this "the Bronco lottery." Drawings are at least once a month. Afterward you and your father sit on the caved-in bed, munching Whoppers. "Why," you say, "do these gringos come here? Why Puerto Rico? What do they want?" Your father finishes chewing and swallows.

"Nothing," he says. "And that's why." He says Norm was a big shot at Microsoft until his son OD'd. He says Linda got pregnant by a married man in Texas and couldn't bring herself to abort. He says Pretty Pat's husband left her for a Prettier Pat. He takes another bite. "Who are these people?" you want to know. Your father shrugs his shoulders. "What about Frankie?" you say. "That," your father says, a bite of Whopper tumbling in his mouth, "I don't know." He swallows and sips his Coke. "But there's always something."



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WorldMags

In nine months you've won more than \$500 in darts tournaments. Your father says Pepito has won more than \$10,000, but he competes internationally, he's in a whole different league altogether. The trophies all say your name, the date, the bar and the sponsor, usually a beer brand. You're a better shooter than your father, but you can't beat him one-on-one. Your father says Pepito always kicks his ass. You bring home a new trophy almost every other Sunday. Your mother arranges them by date. By height. By beer sponsor. Domestic and imported. Before she goes to bed she opens and closes all the cupboards, cabinets, closets. "What are you looking for?" you ask. "Nothing," she says. "Go to sleep."

You don't like Captain Liz, girlfriend number four. When your father goes home with her, you ask to stay with

Frankie. After her shift you walk to San Juan Marina and she holds your hand. Troy is asleep in the V-berth of the trawler. You sit in the flybridge, drinking Boone's Farm. You start playing with the steering wheel. "Your father," Frankie says, "I thought he might have been someone for a second." You push the depth-finder button on the console. It lights up: nine feet. "Mira!" she says. "I'll be right back." She climbs down the ladder and into the boat. *Mira* is the only Spanish word she knows. The tone in which she says it sounds like scolding. She returns with a small jewelry box. She pulls out a joint. She lights it. You take a swig from the bottle. "Here," she says. "It's the best shit they've got at Andy's." You take a drag. This is the one thing your father told you not to do.

"I feel," Frankie says, "like I could tell

you anything." You look up at the sky. You cough. There are never any stars in San Juan. "Do you think I'm pretty?" Frankie says. "Yes," you say. "I used to be," she says. "Why," you ask, "are you here?" You hand her the joint. She takes a long, slow drag. "I don't think," she says, "you want to know." She gives the joint back to you. The bottom of the sea is nine feet below you, but you're much more than nine feet above it. She tells you she was raped in the Everglades. She tells you Troy tracked down the rapist. She tells you they dumped the body somewhere between Fort Lauderdale and Bimini. You don't say anything. Her eyes blaze, dry, through the smoke. She says she's happy she got it off her chest. Then she asks if you'd like to see it. "What?" you say. "See what?" "Oh," she says, "my chest."

On Christmas Eve you return to Plaza Las Américas. Woolworth's has become Macy's and the fountain beneath the Christmas tree is not wide enough to reflect the entire blue *M*. "Close your eyes," your father says. "Remember how just yesterday I told you we'd be standing here again today? That was just yesterday. And tomorrow we'll be back again. In front of this tree. This same tree." The year is a cascade of instants you suddenly can't recall. On the way home you look out the car window and try to freeze the moment. A torrent of streetlamps. A billboard for Tele-Once's evening news. Merle Haggard on the stereo, "Going Where the Lonely Go." Your father's hands gripping the wheel. His wrinkled knuckles. You vow to remember it forever.

At 13 you become a nationalist. You start reading political philosophy. Your mother arranges the books alphabetically. Bastiat. Berríos. Bolívar. Burke. You buy T-shirts with portraits of patriots and poets on the front. Albizu Campos. Martí. Fidel Castro. Corretjer. You start using the phrase *Yankee imperialists*. "What have I done," your father says, "to deserve this?" You don't let each other finish sentences. You are both unyielding and blind. "Why," your father says, "can't you be more like Pepito?" "You mean you don't want me to exist?" you say. "Well," he says, "if that's what it takes to get you to stop wearing Che Guevara on your chest, then yes, I don't want you to exist." Then he says, "But don't think for a second that Pepito isn't real."

Your father has moved in with Captain Liz. There are two bedrooms and one is sometimes yours. Your rich grandfather isn't dead yet, and your father is running out of cash. He gives consultations for free drinks. His specialty, once civil rights, becomes DUI law. Captain Liz's husband is in jail. Together they smuggled dope from South America in a 24-foot Pearson, but she was never charged.

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Steffanie Seaver is a noted researcher, and columnist devoted to couple's, health and sexuality.

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The dope paid for the apartment. She wants everyone to know she really is a licensed captain.

You still get all A's in school, but your mother lets you study by yourself. You start dating a girl a year older than you. You skip a few darts tournaments to take her to dances. Movies. Minigolf. Sometimes, on the weekends, you stay with Frankie in the trawler and get high and mess around. Sometimes you don't think anything is real, that there's a camera in every corner of your room, where the ceiling meets the wall, filming your every move. Your mother skips around the house so as not to step on the cracks of the tiles. She no longer cooks pork chops on Fridays: The husband has moved back in with his mama.

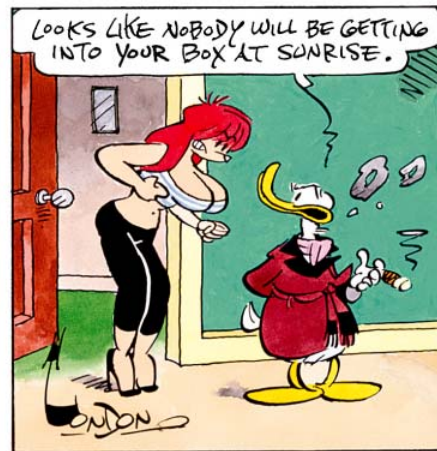
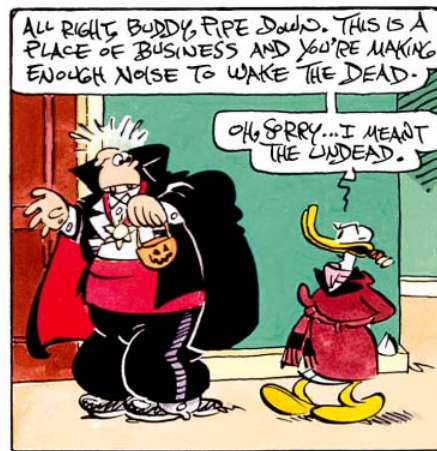
Norm calls your father at Captain Liz's and says it's an emergency. You drive with him to the station, Billy Ray Cyrus on the tape deck. Matilde is under arrest for having an illegal video slot machine at Duffy's. She grips the bars of the holding cell. "A cigarette," she says. "I need a cigarette." There are lines running through her face and bags under her eyes. "So," your father says, "you want a cigarette?"

He pulls out a pack of Marlboro Lights. "How bad do you want it?" He slides a cigarette out of the pack and holds it up. "What do you want from me?" she says. He clutches the cigarette between his thumb and index finger and dangles it just outside her reach. "I want you," he says, "to get rid of bumper pool."

You've won eight straight games of Called Cricket against your father when Counterfeit Bill, your father's girlfriend's husband, walks in. "Is Matilde here?" he says sneakily, and she's not. He asks your father if he can have a moment. They sit at the bar. Bo Diddley leaks out of the oldies station. "I need some legal advice," Bill says. Your father lights a cigarette. He orders a fresh drink. "I love the fried shrimp here," Bill says. "You ever had it?" Your father shakes his head. "Last night," Bill says, "I asked Matilde if she would give me some of her batter, the kind she uses for her shrimp, so I can make it at home for me and Sherry, and she said yes, to just ask the bartender for it when I left. And then when I left, around three, I asked the bartender for my batter, and the bartender told me to go fuck myself. So I told him to go fuck

himself. Then he kicked me out, pushed me out the gates. This was all in front of people, you know. All those guys from the casinos were here. My wife was here. It was fucking humiliating." He looks as if he's just about to cry. "Bill," your father says, "the bartender's new. He probably had no idea what the hell you were talking about. Matilde probably forgot to tell him, that's all." "I don't care," Bill says. "I want to sue. I want you to take my case." Your father looks at you and rolls his eyes. "Sue on what grounds, Bill? Tell me, what's your case?" Bill's hands snake through the air. "I was humiliated," he says. "I want punitive damages. Don't you think I deserve something? I mean, what do you think?" Norm looks at you from behind the bar and shrugs his shoulders. Your father takes a sip of his drink. "I think you batter grin," he says, "and bear it." Norm bursts out laughing. Bill stands up and kicks his stool. He calls your father an ambulance-chasing asshole. A shameless motherfucker. Your father says nothing. You can hear the Bo Diddley lines falling from the ceiling between Bill's curses: Got a tombstone head and a graveyard mind / "Dirty

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



cocksucking spic." / I lived long enough and I ain't scared of dying / "Son of a spic whore." Your father doesn't move, his arms perched on the bar like surrendered weapons. Bill kicks his stool again and it falls apart. Then he leaves, sobbing. Hey, hey—who do you love?

The next day, when you walk into Duffy's, Matilde is pacing back and forth, talking to the cops. There is a pool of blood on the men's room floor. The steel towel rack has been ripped off the wall, and it is bent and bloodstained, jutting out of the trash can. The two A.M. bartender is nowhere to be found. A policeman soaks up a sample of blood. "Counterfeit Bill?" you say. "Maybe," Matilde says. "Norm said he made some scene the other night." She hires someone to clean the mess and calls the *San Juan Star* to place another ad for a bartender-receptionist. "I," she says, "have just about had it with this shit."

Your basketball team makes it to the finals of the McDonald's Tournament. You're down by two with three seconds left. Your father and your girlfriend are there. You introduced them before the game. Somehow the ball ends up in your hands, and you miss at the buzzer. "Pepito," your father says, "would've hit that shot. Then the team would've won." You look away. "Well," you say, "it's a shame he's not real." Later that night you ask him what he thought of your girl. "You're wasting your time," he says. "Pepito already fucked her." On your next date you threaten to leave her if she won't have sex with you. When she bleeds, Pepito dies. You try to forget her name, but it follows you down every hallway.

When you walk into Duffy's, Matilde is singing along to the radio. She is tending bar and gives you and your father drinks on the house. There are no bags under her eyes and no lines running through her face. "What," your father says, "are you so fucking happy about?"

"I sold," she says. "I sold this shithole to the Travelodge." Your father looks as lost as a child. You look around. On the walls are rusted mirrors with the names of beers written inside them. There is a dartboard whose black numbers have turned white and a pinball machine that tilts if you look at it and always a 10 percent chance of the Temptations or Bo Diddley or Del Shannon singing in the background, and 16 rooms with HBO and stained hair driers screwed into the wall. There are coasters that look like giant hosts, chipped and stacked by the lemon bowl. WELCOME TO PARADISE, says a sign behind the bar. NO BULLSHIT, says another. UNATTENDED CHILDREN, says the last, WILL BE SOLD. You look at your father. You smile. You're trying to remember how long it's been since you were a child.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 33, 37–40, 110–115, 116–117 and 164–165, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

GAMES

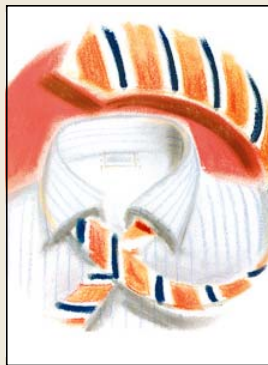
Page 33: *Atari*, Atari.com. *Midway*, midway.com. *Sega*, sega.com. *2K Games*, 2kgames.com. *Ubisoft*, ubi.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 37–40: *Bentley*, bentleymotors.com. *Casio*, casio.com. *Glow Brick*, gnr8.biz. *Krell Audio*, [krellonline.com. *Krug by Omas pen*, \[omas.com\]\(http://omas.com\). *Krug champagne*, available at fine liquor stores. *Libretto U100*, \[toshiba.com\]\(http://toshiba.com\). *Tom Tom GO 700*, \[tomtom.com\]\(http://tomtom.com\).](http://krellonline.com)

PLAYBOY'S BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION

Pages 110–115: *Adidas*, [adidas.com. *Agave*, \[agavejean.com. *American Rag*, 800-343-0121. *Brooks*, \\[brooksrunning.com\\]\\(http://brooksrunning.com\\). *Chip and Pepper*, \\[chipandpepper.com\\]\\(http://chipandpepper.com\\). *Clarks*, \\[clarksusa.com. *Crosby Hallen & Cobb*, available at Opposite inventura, Florida. *Earl Jean*, 212-226-8709. *Ellesse*, \\\[ellesse.com\\\]\\\(http://ellesse.com\\\). *Façonnable*, available at Nordstrom. *Frye*, \\\[fryeboots.com\\\]\\\(http://fryeboots.com\\\). *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, 212-650-0455. *Graill*, available at Fred Segal in Santa Monica. *Gsus Sindustries*, available at Pieces in Brooklyn, New York. *J. Crew*, \\\[jcrew.com\\\]\\\(http://jcrew.com\\\). *Junk Food*, \\\[junkfoodforever.com\\\]\\\(http://junkfoodforever.com\\\). *Le Tigre*, available at Nordstrom. *Modern Amusement*, \\\[modernamusement.com\\\]\\\(http://modernamusement.com\\\). *Moi at Nexus Showroom*, \\\[nexusshowroom.com\\\]\\\(http://nexusshowroom.com\\\). *Op*, \\\[op.com\\\]\\\(http://op.com\\\). *Original Penguin*, \\\[originalpenguin.com\\\]\\\(http://originalpenguin.com\\\).\\]\\(http://clarksusa.com\\)\]\(http://agavejean.com\)](http://adidas.com)



Redsand, redsand.com. *Robert Talbott*, roberttalbott.com. *Rocawear*, [rocawear.com. *Salvage*, available at Fred Segal in Santa Monica. *Samsung*, \[samsung.com. *Schumacher*, available at Tootsies in Houston. *Sean John*, \\[seanjohn.com. *Sharp*, \\\[sharpssystems.com. *Sperry Top-Sider*, \\\\[sperrytopsider.com\\\\]\\\\(http://sperrytopsider.com\\\\). *Timberland*, \\\\[timberland.com\\\\]\\\\(http://timberland.com\\\\). *Torino*, \\\\[torinoinc.com\\\\]\\\\(http://torinoinc.com\\\\). *Under Armour*, \\\\[underarmour.com\\\\]\\\\(http://underarmour.com\\\\).\\\]\\\(http://sharpssystems.com\\\)\\]\\(http://seanjohn.com\\)\]\(http://samsung.com\)](http://rocawear.com)

VARSITY VANITY

Pages 116–117: *Axe Deodorant Body Spray*, available from mass merchandisers nationwide. *Billy Jealousy*, billyjealousy.com. *Braun CruZer3*, [shaveyourstyle.com. *Brut Deodorant With Trimax*, available at retailers nationwide. *Bullie*, \[bulliecare.com\]\(http://bulliecare.com\). *CK One*, available in department stores nationwide. *Dermalogica*, \[dermalogica.com\]\(http://dermalogica.com\). *C.O. Bigelow*, \[cobigelow.com\]\(http://cobigelow.com\). *Kenneth Cole Reaction*, available in Kenneth Cole stores nationwide. *Michael Jordan Grooming*, available from mass merchandisers nationwide. *Molton Brown*, \[moltonbrown.com\]\(http://moltonbrown.com\). *Nivea for Men*, available at mass merchandisers nationwide. *Zirh International*, available at Bloomingdale's.](http://shaveyourstyle.com)

POTPOURRI

Pages 164–165: *Biotherm Homme*, biotherm-usa.com. *Borsalino hats*, jihatcenter.com. *Everio G series*, jvc.com. *I've Never...?*, ivenevergame.com. *Laird's Applejack*, available at fine liquor stores. *Last Bag*, clubglove.com. *Mario Bava: All the Colors of the Dark*, bavabook.com. *Palm*, palm.com. *PowerSquid*, thinkgeek.com. *Russell's Reserve*, available at fine liquor stores.

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At Ivy League schools, egos are particularly brittle. How special is a B-minus student? Not very.

money to help his parents pay for college; being successful comes in a close second. Nonpractical majors like English or art history are, he says, "admirable for furthering personal growth and expansion, but that's for people with superstrong gifts in a specific talent or art. I don't have that." So he talks about his participation in the J.C. Penney Leadership Center, an elite campus business program that shows "how to apply what you're learning" by "sharpening your skills." He owns three suits and 15 ties.

But let's be clear on this: Ferguson is a different kind of student, and he knows it. He thinks he's a better breed. "You see people who went to college in the 1970s or 1980s, and they're clearly washed up, cracked out, burned-out," he says. Then he uses the worst slur in college vocabulary: "Just failures, you know?"

I didn't know anyone in college quite like Ferguson. Some of my classmates were driven, some religious and some stressed-out. But I can't remember anyone who was all three at all times.

DON'T KNOW MUCH...

Avoiding failure often translates most immediately into getting good grades. Pushing herself to graduate summa

cum laude from Yale in 1998 appealed to author Alexandra Robbins, but she admits she mastered studentship rather than studying—or, to paraphrase Mark Twain, she let her schooling get in the way of her education. "I knew how to play school," she says. "I was good at the game, and I worked my ass off. But I freaked out when I got to the real world and realized how much I had been misleading myself when I was in the college bubble. It's fine to have goals, but understand that nobody—nobody—cares about your GPA after you graduate."

In fact, grades are often meaningless well before the cap-and-gown ceremony. Rather than measuring aptitude or at least interest in a field, grades serve more to reassure students that they're still special. At Ivy League schools, packed with kids who have aced every book report and math quiz they've ever turned in, egos are particularly brittle. How special is a B-minus student? Not very. But when a grade-inflation scandal erupted in 2002 after *The Boston Globe* noticed that 91 percent of Harvard kids were graduating with A-minuses or better, many at the school defended the grading policy. Students feel entitled to

those inflated grades, and administrators are reluctant to deflate them. No kid—and no kid's tuition-paying parent—wants to go to sleep with an A-minus and wake up with a B-flat.

It's a logical progression. When I was in college, professors were unhappy that their grading statistics were posted like batting averages. You could find out the percentage of A's an instructor awarded, as well as how often (if ever) he or she issued Fs. It encouraged shopping for easy graders over taking interesting or useful classes. As the Internet permeated campus, sharing old exams and papers became rampant among the tech-savvy. This wasn't old-school cheating; these weren't slackers trying to stay in school without studying. These were good students trying to look even better.

Anything to avoid being average, which is just another way of saying failure. That's college today.

STUNT ACADEMICS

Ask Dustin Harber, who graduated from the University of Wisconsin this summer with four majors—Asian studies, computer science, Japanese and math—while having worked two part-time jobs and taken trips to Japan. He says his drive is to "look well-rounded for grad school," but he's also a little self-conscious. "I don't go bragging. Sometimes I just say I have two majors. I don't want to get into it and have people think I'm a library psycho. Or



"It's not what you think."

REMEMBERING THE MASTER



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I immediately qualify the description. I'm an average college student; I just happen to have taken four majors."

He's not kidding. And he's not uncommon. "This whole utilitarian approach to education is clear," says Linda Sax, a director at the UCLA institute. "It's clearly a part of students' lives, their attitudes. Everything is immediate and has a purpose. There just isn't time for reflections and conversations that don't have specific goals."

Gaudy as a quadruple major seems, it's not untoppable. In 2002 both Northeastern and West Virginia University graduated their first-ever quintuple-major students.

A WALK ON THE MILD SIDE

If any place could be immune to this lamefest, it should be New York City, where people don't take shit—especially at NYU in Greenwich Village. For a century the neighborhood has been known for sexual experimentation, drug use and dissent the way Wall Street is known for money. Broadly speaking, one notices that everybody there is hip and attractive. The bars, packed with hipsters in their mid-20s, stay open until four A.M. Afterparties in shoebox apartments and on rooftops rage till dawn or noon.

Yet even in the Village, it seems, college can suck. "People don't know what it's like," says Mike Diaz, who graduated this past summer. "They don't know what college has become. I see a movie like *Old School* and I feel I'm missing out." Diaz admits NYU isn't a total morgue, but he's troubled by the absence of youthful indiscretion. "It's like students are dressing up as adults. I mean, they are adults, but it's like they're dressing up as 30. College life now is the way I feel middle-aged life is supposed to be. And it shouldn't be like that. It should be this big bang that creates the rest of your life. It should be crazy."

NYU's renowned music program was a draw for Diaz, who is skilled at both piano and saxophone. He picked up a philosophy minor and joined the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity. All good signs,

it would seem: The kid likes expressing himself, stops to smell the roses and knows how to have a good time. But it's not that simple. The music major he planned as a freshman morphed into a music-business major by graduation. He doesn't actually play instruments much anymore; he had been nervous about playing music in his room because RAs kept coming by to tell him to keep it down. And his TKE brothers throw practical, kegless parties, charging money at the door that goes toward membership fees to the national office.

Diaz also interned at a corporate law firm specializing in bankruptcy and real estate; he put together marketing brochures the firm uses to lure clients. He is currently obsessing about the LSAT—he aimed for 160 but got 155, the lowest score he had deemed acceptable—and his chances at law school. For now he has opted not to go straight to law school, in favor of both building experience and earning money as a paralegal. He says he became a philosophy minor only because he thought it would help his law school chances. "I don't think you can get into law school without at least a minor," he says.

VARSITY BLUES

Acceptance of authority, fear of wasting time, focus on goals, gold stars for everyone—these don't just make Jack a dull boy, they also make him a wonderfully low liability. Really, could there be a more sinister way to keep students under control than to keep them spread paper-thin? Sort of able to play an instrument. Sort of good with Spanish. Sort of popular. Sort of athletic. Sort of smart. Sort of active in the community.

"I want everything to be fun, but there's always something to worry about," explains Diaz. When he says this, his posture shuffles. He straightens his cap, squares his shoulders and sits up. His face tightens, and his eyes harden. He looks older. "I wouldn't feel good about having my parents handle tuition and then just leave me to live my life."

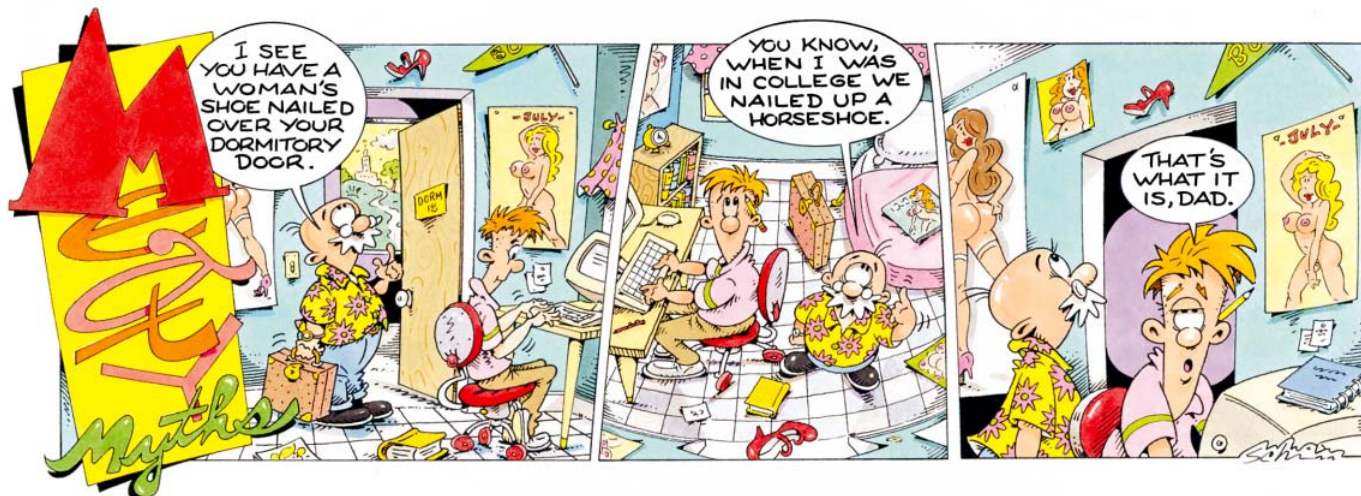
College is depressing, literally. About

one in four students is diagnosed with depression, according to an American College Health Association study released in November 2004. That's up from one in 10 in 2000. In the same study 40 percent of college men and half of college women reported feeling so depressed that they had "difficulty functioning" one or more times during the past school year. Similarly, a 2003 Kansas State University study of 10,000 college students at more than 100 colleges found that, between 1989 and 2001, the number of students with documented depression doubled, the number of suicides tripled and the number of students popping psychiatric pills shot up from one in 10 to one in four.

NYU is in a particularly tight spot. In 2003 and 2004, six students fell to their death, and five of the incidents were ruled suicides. Fears of an epidemic spurred nervous officials to try to get inside students' heads, to spot trouble before it boils over. But it's hard to know how cautious is too cautious. "If they say you're emotionally unstable—and they can pretty much say this for whatever reason they want—you get kicked out of school 'for your own safety,' or at least you get flagged—flagged then booted," Diaz says. "Nobody gets, you know, 'unflagged' or whatever." A cynical snarl skitters across his face and he pinches the air as he speaks, as if holding certain odious words and phrases with tongs.

GET USED TO IT

Today's stressed, depressed college students are tomorrow's adrift adults. Remember Alexandra Robbins, the alpha Yalie? She's now a noted critic of college life who has authored exposés on sorority culture and Yale's Skull and Bones society. In her latest book, *Conquering Your Quarterlife Crisis: Advice From Twentysomethings Who Have Been There and Survived*, she looks at 20- and 30-somethings who are crippled by doubt and depression over their to-do-list lifestyles and offers antidotes to the plague of hypercompetition. As opposed to



the “What have I done?” midlife crisis, the quarterlife crisis often involves an inability to get started. “We’re confronting our identity when we still have the freedom to change things, instead of when we’re 40 and stuck with the decisions we’ve made,” Robbins says. “A lot of people go to school—especially grad school or law school—just because they don’t know how to do anything else.”

Other quarterlifers seem to be making their way in the big world but are dogged by dissatisfaction. “It’s never a bad thing to plan ahead,” says Robbins, “but young people get in trouble when they think it’s a sign of weakness or failure if, for example, they don’t accomplish something by a specific age—promoted by 25, married by 28, home owner by 30. It’s ridiculous.” Hypercompetitiveness is becoming hyper-unhealthy, Robbins says. “It’s a train wreck waiting to happen. Nobody should be living the life he or she planned as a 20-year-old kid.”

DOUBLE-SECRET PROBATION

Perhaps nowhere has the change in college culture been more pronounced than in Greek life. *Animal House*, *Old School*, *Van Wilder*—hell, *Revenge of the Nerds*—college fun has always fed off going Greek. Unfortunately, thanks to drinking and hazing deaths in their 1980s heyday, “a lot of Greek societies now tell students, ‘We’re only two lawsuits away from extinction,’” says Thomas Pitchford, a former fraternity advisor for Greek life at the University of Maryland. “Some colleges have just abandoned Greek life.”

Numbers from the Center for the Study of the College Fraternities are grim. A 1992 survey found an average of 558 fraternity members and 168 pledges at each participating school. In 2000 the average school had just 356 fraternity brothers and 126 pledges.

After the national disgrace—both moral and financial—of losing more than a few multimillion-dollar lawsuits, the Greek system is changing. Seeing what he calls a downward spiral in the 1990s, Jon Williamson, executive vice president of the North American Interfraternity Conference, a trade association for the nation’s 300,000 frat brothers and 4.5 million frat alumni, says Greeks decided in 1995 to invest millions into stomach-pumping alcohol from frat rows nationwide. Today an estimated 20 percent of the country’s 5,000-plus frat houses are dry.

A Harvard study released in March 2004 set at 34 percent the proportion of colleges that have banned alcohol on campus for any student, regardless of age, and at 43 percent the proportion of schools prohibiting alcohol in all campus residence halls. Forty-four percent of all colleges restrict the use of alcohol during at least four of the following standard events: home sports games, tailgate parties, home pre- or postgame parties, homecoming, on-campus dances or con-

certs, on-campus banquets or receptions and even alumni events.

It’s not as though college students could possibly benefit from a wild swing into the irresponsible hedonism of alcoholic coma, date rape and hazing death—parents and college lawyers can calm down. But colleges may benefit by taking a step back from their hyperbolic propaganda on rigor, excellence and achievement. Slackerdom and failure have their place in learning as well. To pretend otherwise runs the risk of forcing students to feel awkward about what was once praised as self-discovery and promotes an unrealistic desire to emerge in full splendor at the top of the heap. There is a give-and-take to all the pressures at work in undergraduate social life; the more attention paid to multiple majors, GPAs, student-body elections and the like, the less can be paid to developing a sense of humor, a personal philosophy and a play ethic as well as a work ethic.

In a January *New York Times Magazine* cover story about the demise of Greek life on campuses, much is made of Northwestern University’s pooh-poohing a screening of *Animal House* at a philanthropic event co-sponsored by a sorority and a fraternity. Perhaps administrators feared that students would be energized by Bluto Blutarsky’s speech, which is either famous or infamous, depending on your idea of what college life should be. “What the fuck happened to the Delta I used to know?” Blutarsky asks his cowed frat brothers. “Where’s the spirit? Where’s the guts, huh? ‘Ooh, we’re afraid to go with you, Bluto. We might get in trouble.’ Well, just kiss my ass from now on. Not me. I’m not gonna take this.”

SHAVING CREAM AND OTHER DELIGHTS

Zac Corker, a 2004 Harvard grad and the mellow son of a Hawaiian coffee farmer, took it for four years before convincing administrators to hire him after graduation to install a disco ball in the ivory tower as the university’s fun czar. His goal is to officially energize students’ party life in the most unbridled yet committee-sanctioned manner imaginable. Confetti rations, to be sure, are increasing at the Ivy League icon.

While an undergrad, Corker had built a reputation as an able party planner and started a much-needed website called HahvahdParties.com. With one of the site’s co-founders heading to Alaska to work in a fishery and another jetting off for med school, Corker dropped the Peace Corps and his work with the Kerry campaign to take the helm of Harvard’s social life. He petitioned deans to give him an administrative role in social organization, which they did in December with the creation of an annual fellowship.

Corker had earned his stripes, as well



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as the trust of Harvard administrators, by treading a fine line. His parties weren't dangerous, but they weren't lame, either. He knows which cocktails to serve—he mentions the blue hawaiian and something called the magnum 313—but he also knows booze alone won't do it. If the occasion demands several cases of shaving cream (a favorite accessory) and a kiddie pool, so be it. "A fun time is not predicated on how much alcohol is there," he says. "Anyone who thinks that is just wrong. Just absolutely wrong." But he also told the student newspaper that there are three party formulas: (1) bad party + alcohol = bad party; (2) good party + no alcohol = good party; and (3) good party + alcohol = legendary.

Corker's crowning glory as a student was the Harvard State Party, which used the promotional tagline "Ever wanted to party like they do at that state school you could have coasted through?" Harvard has no fraternity houses, no student center and no fun mascot (founder John Harvard, described at Harvard.edu as "a pilgrimlike figure in 17th century dress," hardly counts). But on Veteran's Day 2003, Corker and company pulled out the big guns—a kid in a gorilla suit, a fog machine and some Christina Aguilera tunes—as about 450 Harvard State stu-

dents shunned elitism and got all low-brow with their bad selves.

"There's an intellectual battle over social life in college, about what it means. Do extracurricular activities count? Does having dinner at your professor's house count? Or is it just a beer in hand?" Corker says, adding, "In the past few years we've seen a shift to professionalism. People don't take chances—won't take, you know, that French class just for the sake of intellectual exploration. Intellectual exploration doesn't look too focused on a résumé." He says with regret that students have abandoned or ignored the wisdom of the adage "Learn to fail or fail to learn."

Who knows what the runners will do at Michigan this April. If they don't use body paint, maybe they'll just print T-shirts with the word *naked* on them. After all, one symbol's as good as another.

EPISODE IV: A NEW HOPE

Which brings us to Hamilton College in upstate New York. Past the now-dry SUNY Binghamton lies the tiny village of Clinton, where some kids carry the torch for an era of mindless fun that seems dead but may be only power-napping.

One day in late February Pete Holzaepfel, who graduated from Hamilton this summer, was busy hanging a banner

promoting the debut of his documentary film. Nearly half the campus showed up to watch *Buff & Blue*, a seat-of-their-pants video made during fall break as the self-titled Hamilton College Varsity Streaking Team competed cheek-to-cheek with unsuspecting rivals. The conference tour, by the numbers: 12 colleges, five states, five days, one 30-foot RV, 18 students (men and women), three campus-security arrests and some dumbass fines that were quickly dropped. Unlike fake Michigan-style streakers, the Hamilton team went full throttle. Squawking and maintaining a V formation, it swooped down on campus lawns across New England like an Abercrombie & Fitch photo shoot gone horribly insane. The team ran naked through rugby and soccer games. Through classes. Through cafeterias. Through libraries, being sure to hush gawking bookworms. On one campus it led a naked fake orientation tour, using a bullhorn to offer typical, vague comments about what such-and-such building was used for, as the team sauntered along, casually taking in the campus as if the members were actual prospectives.

Asked what he thinks his streaking career may do for his future, or what he even plans to do postcollege, the tall and charismatic Holzaepfel (who was also student-body president) laughs. "I'm going to be a senator," he says while hanging a banner depicting a naked masked man running from a ball of fire. "Well, I dunno, but maybe a senator."

For the first time, I felt as though I was talking to a college student. Thank God.

Something else that makes the Hamilton situation heartwarming is the reaction of administrators to the streakathon: They were cool with it. So cool that they allowed the streakers to use the school's world-class auditorium, then signed off on an on-campus after-party and after-afterparty that plowed through five kegs and 30 cases of beer from nearby Utica, a brewing town. At one point the afterparty band made an open call for nudity; about a dozen men and women obliged, stripping and drinking and having fun.

Watching the party run its course, two of the team's top streakers—Adam Bedient, a 2004 grad, and Craig Moores, class of 2005—wondered what it all meant.

"Maybe this'll fizzle out," said Moores. "So what? Who cares? We're not trying for a legacy. It's just stupid. We get naked and run around. How stupid is that?"

"We didn't want to do something to last for the ages," Bedient added. "We just wanted to have a good time for ourselves. It's hilarious that we just showed a movie about our streaking to half the campus, and tonight we're having two parties and a band paid for by T-shirts we sold about this dumb hobby. *That's* fun."



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GEORGE CARLIN

(continued from page 60)

lubricant. I agree with Bette Davis, who said, "Getting old is not for sissies." But it's just aging, so I say, "Fuck it." There were handicaps to being 10, there were handicaps to being 40, but the richness of memory, the richness of acquired and accumulated experience and wisdom, I won't trade that. At 68 I'm every age I ever was. I always think of that. I'm not just 68. I'm also 55 and 21 and three. Oh especially three.

PLAYBOY: In one routine you say, "God can't be perfect. Everything he makes dies." What do you want your tombstone to say?

CARLIN: I used to think it should say, "He was too hip for the room," meaning, of course, this earth. [laughs] But now I'm thinking something along the lines of "Geez, he was just here a minute ago."

PLAYBOY: How do you imagine heaven?

CARLIN: The best afterlife for me would be to be able to sit comfortably and watch the world on a kind of heavenly CNN—

to be able to have my remote and say, "Okay, there's an uprising in Spain. Let's watch that." Or to watch China finally take over the fucking world. Because there's a billion of those motherfuckers, and they're going to eat our lunch. I would love to get the thousand-year view on the decline of the European birthrate or the Muslimization of Europe that's taking place or the explosion of Latin American culture in the western United States. Just sit back and watch. India and Pakistan each have nuclear weapons, and they fucking hate each other. I'm telling you, somebody is going to fuck somebody's sister and an atom bomb is going to fly. And I say fine. I just like the show. This world is a big theater-in-the-round as far as I'm concerned, and I'd love to watch it spin itself into oblivion. Tune in and watch the human adventure. It's a cursed, doomed species, but it's interesting as hell. That's what I want heaven to be. And if it's not like that, then fuck it. I'll just kill myself.



"I never forget a face...yours gives lousy head."

NASCAR

(continued from page 86)

That may have been the moment I became a NASCAR fan.

At 5:30 Thursday morning, a wake-up horn sounds. A newspaper is delivered to our windshield wiper. Boudreaux makes a pot of coffee so strong my fillings pick up a satellite zydeco station.

A man named Scooter knocks on our door. "Inspection!"

We show him that we aren't hiding anyone in our tiny bathroom and produce our tickets. There are two; Boudreaux, Norwood and I have credentials.

"Got 'em on you?" Scooter looks like a runty linebacker newly launched on a lifetime of going to seed.

We tell him we have to pick them up, and as he probably knows, the credentials trailer doesn't open for three hours.

"Don't matter," Scooter says. "Nobody gets in without a ticket or a pass."

He says we can't even walk in, without the motor home, even with passes. Scooter tells us to stay put until he talks to somebody about our situation.

We ignore him. He never comes back.

T.C. rubs his hands in manly glee and climbs behind the wheel. He and Googs get to drive over the actual track to our space in the red zone. We wave. We nurse our coffee, homeless. A woman with the same job as Scooter tells us we'll be able to walk in after all (though the entrance she specifies will turn out to be the wrong one). We stand in a long line and finally get our credentials—Cold Passes, which get us into the garage and pits but only between races. A Hot Pass gets you in most anywhere, anytime. I'm not sure where the fabled Hard Card gets you, but I'm guessing that to glimpse such wonders brings the risk of being turned to stone.

As we walk around the outside of the speedway, we hear the day's first race car.

The sound!

TV can't capture it. That guttural, pistol-shot Doppler howl freezes us in our tracks. Then I practically break into a sprint to get inside.

At a tram outside the proper tunnel, we're told we can't get on, whereupon a driver boards it and takes us inside. We then have to transfer to a different tram. We ask three different track workers where the red zone is and get three different answers, all of them wrong. We circle the infield twice before we find it.

I see no one as confused as we are.

By now a dozen cars are buzzing around the track. They're from the Busch Series—more or less the triple-A circuit, except that a lot of the Nextel Cup drivers race in it too, mostly to go

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to school on the track. The Busch time trials are today. Tomorrow will be the Cup time trials. Saturday: the Busch race. Sunday: the main event.

We stare fascinated at the practice session, not trying to divine meaning from it—that's best left to the drivers, crew chiefs and squadrons of aerodynamic engineers—but just soaking up sound and sensation. TV also doesn't give you a clue about how fast these cars seem when you're only a few yards away.

When practice stops we amble down to the pits and witness a big reason NASCAR has become such a phenomenon.

The garages are swarming with hundreds of gape-mouthed, camera-toting fans stroking tires, stealing lug nuts and seeking autographs (stacks of free eight-by-10-inch trading cards sit outside each driver's hauler just for this purpose).

This, in effect, is the locker room for the cars. In other sports' locker rooms, ask for an autograph and mean people will seize your credentials. And heaven help you if you speak to someone doing any work at all, even stretching. But here, while crews clamber around fresh-from-the-track cars, idiots like me can come up to a uniformed mechanic and ask what a certain doohickey is. He'll answer politely.

Other than NASCAR's fan-friendliness, here, for (and from) the novice fan, are its charms:

- *It's simple.* It's like chess: You couldn't master its intricacies in 10 lifetimes, but you can learn the basics in 10 minutes. Plus, each race has only 43 drivers, less than half of whom seem to stand a chance of winning. The drivers' careers tend to be long, and career-ending injuries are surprisingly rare (though when they happen, they're doozies). Because there are so few personnel changes, following NASCAR closely is arguably less time-consuming than following one NFL team casually.

- *It's American sports (and maybe America) in a nutshell.* It's loud and fast, and it smells like money. It's both an individual sport and a team sport. It's more of a gladiator sport than football—the drivers are in helmets and fire suits, unknowable, genuinely risking death—yet still has the appeal of sports such as golf, tennis and post-steroidal baseball, in which the athletes look like slimmed-down versions of their fans. The cars are ostensibly models from Dodge, Ford and Chevy that regular schmucks can afford.

- *Dale Jr.* He's news whether he wins or finishes last. He has almost single-handedly broadened the sport's appeal. (Give an assist to his father's ghost.) He's had success, but several active drivers have been more successful. His legions of fans love him because he seems so real, though his image may be as shop-built

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as his car. But hell, whose isn't?

• **Sunday naps.** As with basketball, all you need to see is the fourth quarter. Like golf, it's on TV almost every weekend. But golf, restful as it is, can't compare to the televised white noise of race cars.

You know those crappy sport coats nice restaurants lend to underdressed slobes to embarrass them? That's our motor home. It boasts a huge decal on the side with a smiling family in a meadow and a toll-free number underneath.

Unlike most of the RVs here, ours has no sound system, no captain's chairs, no TV and no ladder so we can get up on the roof. The converted school buses—which also put us to shame, even the rusty ones—have big party decks assembled on their roofs, complete with railings. The whole infield experience is about being up on the roof.

As qualifying starts, an identical motor home pulls into the spot next to us. Five guys from Missouri who went to college together. One's in banking, one's in computers, two are in real estate, and one has just finished law school. "Nice RV," says the new lawyer, nodding our way.

I presume he's commiserating. "I can't believe there's no ladder," I say.

He nods. "Fuck that."

He and the banker produce two-by-fours and a saw. Ten minutes later, they've fabricated a ladder.

"Boys with blocks," Googs says. He's talking to all the guys at all the campsites, the ones with the margarita machines and outdoor plasma TVs, the ones tooling around on motorized bar stools and the ones firing up portable barbecue pits—everything here that comes in handy and provokes even minor pangs of envy. Or major ones, like what's provoked by the millions of dollars' worth of hot rods we're all here to see.

I watch our neighbors carrying chairs and beer up to their roof.

At least we have Boudreaux. He's grilling steaks.

The race cars are now zooming by one at a time, trying to qualify, their fine gradations of speed inscrutable to the novice. Even so, even from my lousy ground-level lawn chair, I'm transfixed. And also beer-buzzed.

There's a Boudreaux's Butt Paste car driven by Greg Sacks, who used to race regularly on both of the top circuits but who has been mostly absent since a 1998 wreck in Texas. The paste is for babies. Sacks clocks the 42nd-fastest time.

"So he's in?" our Boudreaux asks.

"So you'd think," I say.

"Don't 43 cars make the field?"

"They do." I explain that many drivers make the field automatically, either because of where their team is in the points standings or because they've won a cup series championship.

Boudreaux pokes at the steaks. He's done his homework too, but only what he can read in *The New York Times*, which covers NASCAR in the same defeated way it covers Christian publishing. "So because NASCAR is a privately held company owned by one family," he says, "they just make up the rules as they go?"

"I'm sure it's fair," I say, "if we understood the sport better."

"Or at least," Norwood says, "it's what the people want."

"If we understood the people better," Googs says and hands us each another beer.

Maybe you've been a NASCAR fan for years. You're a car guy. You're irked by the new fans who don't know NASCAR lore or what a crankshaft is. The sport's growth makes you feel affirmed yet invaded—not that you'd use a Dr. Phil word like *affirmed*. (Dr. Phil, by the way, once took a ride in Gordon's car and almost crapped his roomy gabardines. So I'm guessing he's a NASCAR fan.)

Maybe you go back to the days of bootlegger turned champ Junior Johnson (or to the 1965 article Tom Wolfe wrote about him for *Esquire*). The creation myths of rock and roll and stock

car racing both feature men their mamas named Robert Johnson, whose otherworldly gifts emerged from the dark roads of the South. How can you be a fan of one loud American pastime and not the other? Resistance is futile.

Or maybe it was another ex-bootlegger who caught your imagination: Tim Flock, who not only has the best winning percentage in NASCAR history (21.2 percent) but also ran several races with a rhesus monkey along for the ride.

Maybe for you it goes back to the 1979 Daytona 500, the first to be televised live on a broadcast network. The race received terrific ratings, perhaps the product of a blizzard that socked the Northeast.

That, plus the spectacle of the race's aftermath.

Donnie Allison and Cale Yarborough, dueling for the lead on the final lap, smashed into each other. Racing legends Richard Petty, A.J. Foyt and Darrell Waltrip, half a lap down, found themselves in a mile-long sprint for the win, which went to Petty. It was also Dale Earnhardt's first Daytona 500; he led 10 laps and finished eighth.

As Petty took the checkered flag—his sixth at Daytona—Allison and Yarborough leaped from their ruined cars, shouting at each other. Then Allison's brother Bobby pulled up and got out. Helmets and fists flew. Greatest day in NASCAR history.

Or maybe you tuned in for the 2001 Daytona 500, the first race of the first entirely televised season on the broadcast networks. Maybe you saw a popular victory—the first ever, in 463 starts, for gangly, lovable Michael Waltrip, in his first ride for team owner Dale Earnhardt—become the worst day in NASCAR history, when Earnhardt, in third behind his son and the streaking Waltrip, slammed into the wall on the final turn of the race and was killed instantly.

Maybe, like me, you weren't watching but were later bewildered by the scale of the grief Earnhardt's death triggered. You saw all the #3 stickers and the van murals and couldn't help being intrigued by what a strange thing had happened. Babe Ruth didn't end his career by dying on the field while playing in the ninth inning of the seventh game of the World Series.

Friday would have been Earnhardt's 54th birthday. Talladega is the site of his final victory. He was 18th with five laps to go when he ran up the middle of a three-wide pack, rubbing steel and drafting his way to victory.

Dale Jr. has ruled this place of late. In the previous seven races here he's won five and finished second twice, including last fall, when Gordon won under a caution flag. Junior's army of outraged fans—and the related army of



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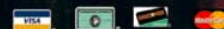
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virulent Gordon haters—carpeted the track with trash.

Junior's been having his problems all season, though, especially in qualifying. The pole goes to Kevin Harvick; Gordon is second. Junior qualifies a dismal 36th.

We spend the better part of the day in the garages.

For a long time we tag along with a crew from EA Sports, the video game company, there to film little inserts to

drop into a new game—real two- or three-lap situations that put players behind the wheel to try to equal or improve on a driver's performance, with advice from the real racers they're pretending to be. The drivers are enthusiastic interviewees because their questioner is Kenny Wallace, a journeyman driver known more to casual fans as an engaging host on the Speed Channel, and because the game is so accurate in its details that a great many drivers use it as a training tool.

Drafting along in EA's slipstream, we even get into the private RV lot, where Wallace has come to interview Greg Biffle. The lugubrious Biffle has two sweet-tempered boxers that look a lot like him. At the age of 36 Biffle is having his breakout year, with a chance to win every Sunday for the whole season, too.

"When you gonna spend the million five?" Wallace points at Biffle's motor home, teasing him about going rock star on all their asses.

"Never," Biffle says.

Wallace laughs. "Good for you," he says, then interviews him about all the things he did to hold off "a hard-charging Jimmie Johnson" in a race earlier this year.

Outside Waltrip's hauler, Waltrip and Wallace put on a tall guy-short guy comedy routine, and the anticipated video game player is asked if he can "change history" and—unlike Waltrip's result last week—outduel Kurt Busch and win the race in Phoenix. Waltrip looks at the camera, pretends to be near tears and mouths, "Please!"

We get to the alley behind Gordon's hauler. He steps outside only when he's assured that people are blocking him from view. Still, a mob gathers. Gordon is the only racer who has sat in for Regis Philbin and hosted *Saturday Night Live*. He's tiny, built more like a poet than my poet friends. As he's finishing, two imperial storm troopers duck into his hauler. "Gordon's on the dark side!" yells a man in a #8 hat.

"Hey, he's got Yoda on his hood," a Gordon fan retorts. Which is true for this race—the new *Star Wars* opens in a few weeks. "Yoda's got the Force with him."

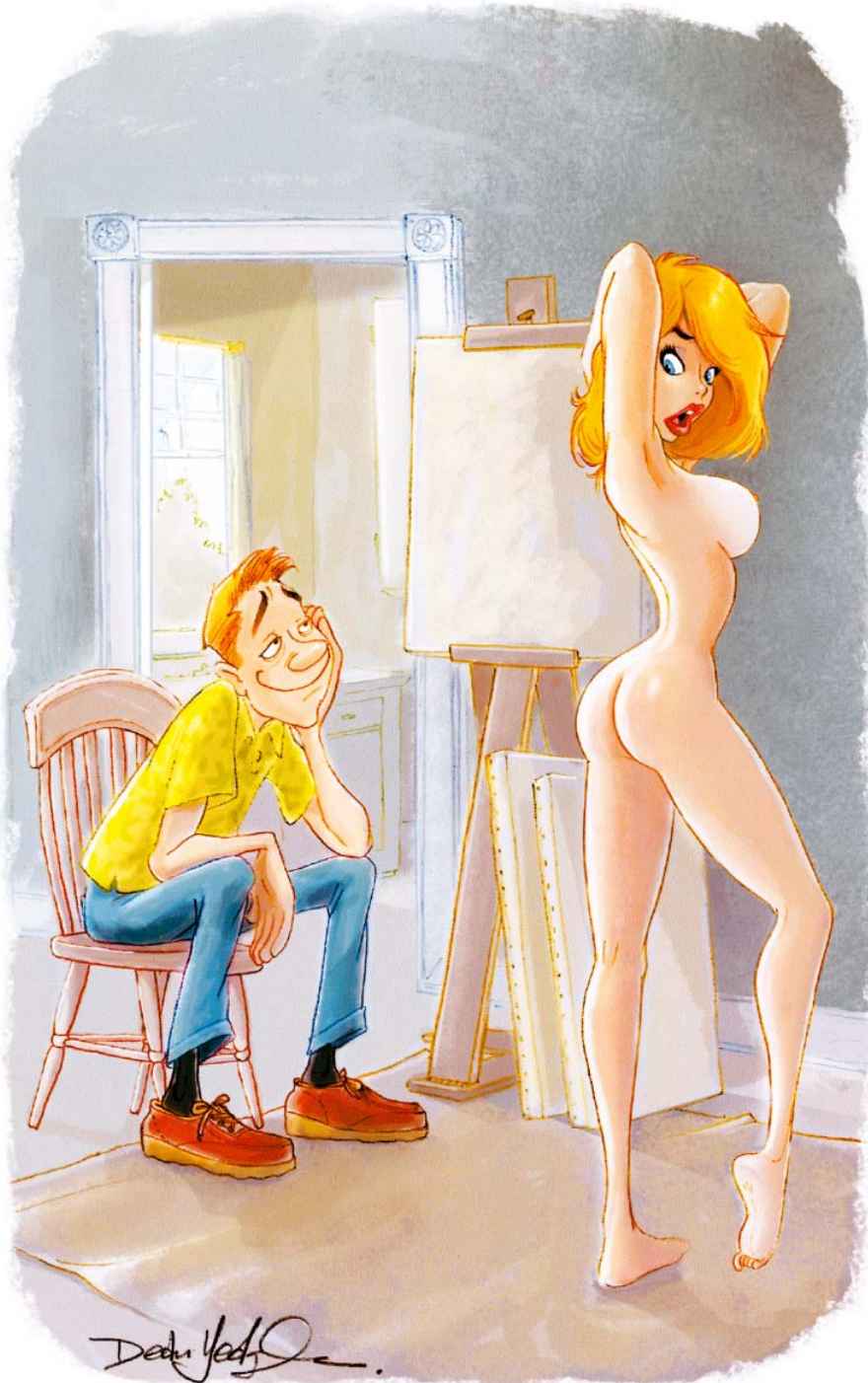
"Yoda's a fag," says the Junior fan.

As Googs said when we drove onto the parking lot, deep down inside, we're all 15.

Talladega is the fastest track in NASCAR, though we won't know how fast. In 1988, after the lap record reached 212.809 miles an hour and Bobby Allison brutally crashed into a retaining fence, NASCAR began putting a restrictor plate between the carburetor and the intake to limit the cars' horsepower—and with it, the chances that they'll sail like missiles into the grandstands.

Because of the plates the cars are almost identically fast, which means racing here is about drafting. Drivers can catch or lose a slipstream and gain or drop 10 places in the blink of an eye.

Toward the end of such races, as drivers gun for the win, someone almost inevitably makes a tiny mistake, moving an inch beyond the line he should be driving within, and there comes a massive, horrible pileup known as the Big One. No one will say—even when very drunk—that he comes to see the Big



"I realize this is a hobby...but shouldn't you at least buy some paints?"

One, but when a dozen or so drivers bite it, nobody turns away.

I am admiring strangers' decks. I give out low, envious whistles. These men are only too happy to give me a look-see.

"Ever seen the Big One?" one bus owner asks me.

"It's my first time," I say.

He shakes his head. "Go on up," he says.

The paint scheme replicates that of Dale Jr.'s car. The man tells me—as every bus owner does—about the auction where he got his bus and the things he's done to trick it out.

"It's a work in progress," he says. Every bus guy says that, too.

Up top, I marvel at the view. This, as usual, gets me an invitation to come back and watch the race from here. "I may take you up on that," I say, intending to.

But back at our campsite T.C. and Norwood are on the roof of the rental next door. On its other side is a motor home full of federal agents. Googs and Boudreaux have bonded with them. They have two huge satellite-fed TVs on a table outside, one tuned to a Braves game, the other to the NBA playoffs.

It's as if a switch were thrown and everyone had become very special new friends.

Boudreaux passes out Dominican cigars. Everybody takes one.

The shaved-headed alpha male among the agents points out a table laden with food and several coolers full of beer. "You want something, take it." He loops a muscled arm around me. "Don't ask. It'll piss me off if you ask. Just take."

"They're going to let us use their ladder!" Norwood calls down.

The guys from Missouri nod in agreement. We'll always have a buddy around to move it back and forth.

At a certain point we rise, lock up and move en masse to Talladega Boulevard—the access road that runs lengthwise through the middle of the infield—where the real party supposedly is.

It's a low-rent Bourbon Street with a similar 80-to-20 ratio of gawkers to exhibitionists. Unless flashing is the only way you're able to see in-person breasts for free and you're therefore willing to elbow through a mass of bead-wielding drunken men, this is more trouble than it's worth. But, you know, Godspeed and all that.

One question, though. Men with cameras are everywhere. The web sports a zillion Mardi Gras and spring-break flashing sites, but how can none be devoted to NASCAR infielders? Is it because NASCAR is a privately held company that somehow makes up the rules for this, too?

Saturday we suffer torrential rains and 40-mile-an-hour winds—only a fifth as

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

fast as the cars but plenty stiff when you're cowering inside tents and RVs, recalling images of flattened trailer parks.

We distract ourselves with beer and the delicious pasta dish Boudreaux whips up. Googs reads a biography of Faulkner. I'm reading an oral history of porn.

"Shitter's full!" says T.C., doing his best Cousin Eddie.

"Old black water, keep on rollin'," Norwood sings.

Our water and sewer tanks are tiny. We've been using public toilets and taking a tram to the cinder-block building where the unheated showers are. But the storm has kept us in.

The infield is a little city, rain or shine. Women come by pulling red wagons full of daily newspapers. ATVs tow carts stacked high with bags of ice. Flatbed pickups with thousand-gallon tanks of potable water can fill you up for \$20. Happily, a diesel honey wagon, also for \$20, relieves us of both our gray water and our black water.

Late in the day the rain stops, and the Busch race takes place after all. The first eight laps are run under the yellow to dry the track.

"That track's not dry," Norwood says as the race goes green. "This can't be safe."

A few laps later, while I'm looking through my binoculars at the cars in turn one, my friends slap me on the shoulder, and I look up to see the aftershocks of the Big One, a 16-car pileup in turn one.

The race is stopped for about 20 more minutes.

When it resumes, one of the severely damaged cars, driven by Martin Truex Jr., goes on to win the race. It's a popular victory; Truex isn't just last year's Busch champion but also Dale Jr.'s boon pal.

After the race we wander down to Talladega Boulevard. Bless the hearts and First Amendment rights of every party animal who chooses to dress like a penis and beg strangers to let the puppies breathe, but before long I decide to go see how the other half lives. I head toward turn three, over the track and outside to the vast acres of satellite campground.

The scene is an homage to decamped Confederate troops on liberty (well, except for the presence of women, canned beer, horseless carriages and Skynyrd tunes). Thousands of hot, filthy, sopping-wet true believers huddle around bonfires, too drunk to know how miserable they are and, even if they *do* know, too committed to care.

Men in flooded campsites race empty coolers across shallow ponds. Bets are laid, but no one makes it across.

Sunday is a perfect day for racing, or so I hear someone say on the scanner I've rented. It comes with big dorky headphones—just like the crew chiefs wear!

On TV you see a shot of the race and you don't particularly question it. If it's a lousy shot, moments later there's a replay of what you missed. But to be at a race, at least for the first time, is to feel at all times as though you're looking at the wrong thing. Wherever you're standing, whatever you're watching—however compelling it is—you are dead certain there's something to see or do that's better.

For example, as the fans are herded out of the pits, I return to our motor home to haul provisions to the roof. Boudreaux, however, ducks into the Weber grill hospitality tent, where he finds himself standing next to the winningest driver of all time, Richard Petty. Petty tells Boudreaux to get himself a T-bone. "Is that okay?" Boudreaux asks.

Petty shakes his head. "But nobody'll say nothin'." Petty walks off eating a medium-well steak with his bare hands.

I could have been there.

The scanner won't fix problems like that, but it may keep me from looking the wrong way when the Big One comes. For about 50 bucks I'm able to hear the radio broadcast, the TV feed and the radio transmissions of every driver in the race. I don't have to listen to what the Man wants me to either. The choice is mine, all mine!



Mike Williams

"Oh! Shrewd move! Shrewd move!"

A

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It's hard to imagine why Major League Baseball is too stupid to put microphones on the managers and let the fans hear what gets said. Scramble the feed to the other dugout if need be, but let the fans in on the game! Or the NFL, the fan-unfriendliest of them all—why doesn't the No Fun League let us hear the plays called? I refuse to believe it's impossible. Other sports just don't love you the way NASCAR does.

By about one, most of us are so awash in anticipation (tempered by the metaphysics of ice-cold Sunday-morning beer) that when Miss America butchers the national anthem nobody boos. In his invocation a racetrack preacher tells us the Big One is coming.

Then Adam Sandler, the grand marshal, overremotes his command for the gentlemen to start their engines and says he's off to get himself a turkey leg.

Soon the pace laps start.

Watching on TV, I'd thought the only reason to have more than one pace lap was to create a commercial for the pace car. But in person, each time the cars roll by in formation, our hearts beat faster. After the third one my building desire to unleash the horsepower circling around me is so strong that I'd have used it for pure evil.

The green flag comes out, and presumably the crowd roars. I can't hear it. It's the biggest crowd I've ever been in, but the throaty rebel yells of 155,000 race fans are no match for the 30,000-horsepower thunder of 43 race cars, a sound that drills into you and fills a place in the white-hot center of your being. For 60 percent of NASCAR fans, that place is up inside you, due north of your nut sack.

With Yoda's lightsaber leading the way, Gordon takes the lead, pulling the tightly bunched pack behind him,

as the engineer of an unstable, three-wide, 14-deep, 190-mile-an-hour about-to-blow locomotive.

Soon I'm scanning from driver to driver so compulsively that surely madness will follow me the rest of my days. I feel at all times as if I'm listening to the wrong thing, but I'm too far behind the velvet rope, too *happy*, to care.

The sudden reversals of fortune caused by restrictor-plate racing reveal themselves early. By lap nine Brian Vickers has caught a seam and shot from 37th to ninth. By the 11th I hear Kevin Harvick, who started on the pole, tell his people he needs to "get some air"—which apparently means the car is running hot and needs to be out of traffic—which he accomplishes by slipping all the way back to last place. Eighteen laps later he's fighting his way toward the lead.

Dale Jr. also charges up through the pack and by lap 47 is battling Jimmie Johnson for second place. Tony Stewart comes up and chivalrously rams into the back of Junior's car, bump-drafting him past Johnson and Gordon. On hundreds of metal roofs, thousands of Junior's red-clad fans go ape shit. Gordon retakes the lead seconds later. Wadded-up Bud cans sail skyward from the frustrated hands of the Dale Jr. faithful. Norwood uses the distraction as cover and, so as not to trouble anyone to move the ladder our way, quietly urinates into a Bud bottle. By the time he's finished, Junior has fallen to 35th.

Gordon has mild tire woes, and Harvick takes the lead. Junior seizes on a couple of good grooves and a great pit stop and on lap 90 passes Harvick. Two laps later Gordon's back in front.

Then, on turn one of lap 132—racing four-wide smack-dab in the middle of the lead pack, dead-bang in my line of vision—I see Dale Jr. bump Mike Wallace's car from behind, swerve almost imperceptibly and *bam*: It's the Big One.

In an eyeblink, 25 cars—more than half the field—plow into one another, sending up plumes of acrid white smoke followed by an eerie postcrash relative silence. Crippled cars slither down the high-banked track toward the muddy infield grass like wounded animals looking for a shady place to die. Sirenless ambulances rush to the scene. A Fox News helicopter hovers menacingly over Alabama's newest junkyard.

We're looking at 2 million, maybe 3 million bucks' worth of damage.

Ten drivers are taken to the infield hospital.


"Shit," Norwood says.

"Freshly farted fucking sons of whores," Boudreaux says.

"Shit," Norwood marvels, laughing the way you do when you narrowly miss being in a wreck yourself. He's a fan now too; I can tell.



"Forget the candy, lady. Show us your tits!"



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HOW TO TALK **NASCAR**

When at the Circus Maximus, do as the Romans do. When at the Talladega Superspeedway, grab a beer, crank up some Skynyrd and watch a bow tie draft a blue oval until the lead car gets loose and causes the Big One. That is, once you've studied up on NASCAR track speak and learned enough to lose your rookie stripe.

APRON The paved flat section between the racing surface of the track and the infield.

THE BIG ONE A huge car wreck. We're talking millions of dollars' worth of damage in seconds. Keep your eyes glued to the pack or you'll miss it.

BLUE OVAL A Ford race car. The name comes from the company's symbol, which we'd say is more like an ellipse.

BOW TIE A Chevrolet race car. Derived from the Chevy symbol—the only tie the NASCAR dress code allows.

BRAIN BUCKET A helmet, something anyone driving in a circle 190 times at 190 miles an hour needs. Often the perpetrator of a mullet.

DRAFTING A fancy word (and concept) for tailgating. Describes the aerodynamic effect that allows a car following closely behind another to take advantage of the lead car's "draft" or "punching hole" and travel faster using less fuel and with less wind resistance.

FIELD The cars on the track.

GRID The order of the cars in the starting lineup.

GROOVE The best route around the racetrack, usually denoted by a dark trail of tire residue.

HAPPY HOUR Racers' last official hour-long practice session the day before a big race. Usually followed by an actual happy hour of Coors Light and Jack.

HUNG OUT TO DRY When a race car falls out of the draft at a superspeedway like Talladega or Daytona, where drafting is vital.

LIFT The act of slowing down, as when you lift your foot off the accelerator.

LOOSE Describes a car whose back tries to overtake its front while going into or out of a turn. Though looser cars tend to be faster, they may spin out of control—similar to many ex-girlfriends.

MAN ON THE MOVE A driver who is consistently passing cars and moving to the front of the pack.

MARBLES Pieces of tire, gravel and other debris that collect on the outer edges of the track and cause cars to lose traction.

POLE The first and best starting position on the grid. Given to the fastest qualifying car, it's the inside, foremost position.

ROOKIE STRIPE A yellow stripe on the rear bumper of all NASCAR rookie cars. It lets other drivers know who the newcomers are.

RUNNING ON RAILS Refers to a car that drives and handles perfectly, as if it were a train.

SCUFFS Tires that have been used for a couple of laps in order to heat them up and wear down the tread. Once the rubber cools, it hardens and gives a different handling effect to the car.

SHOE A race car driver. An up-and-coming driver is called a hot shoe.

SLICKS Racing tires without tread.

SPLASH 'N' GO A short pit stop that lasts just long enough for the driver to get a splash of fuel.

STICKERS New tires. The manufacturer stickers are still on them.

TIGHT Describes a car whose front wheels lose traction and continue straight even though the wheel is turned. Also known as "push." Tight cars don't steer sharply enough through turns.

TURKEY WALK When a car wobbles from side to side going into a turn. Not to be confused with the stumbling gait of a fan who's had too much Wild Turkey.

—Baylee Simon and Adam Bryant

NASCAR stops the race. Crews begin removing the cars and debris and making battlefield repairs to the energy-absorbing outer wall.

I ask Googs if he's seen enough racing to have an opinion about the relationship between people who kill themselves and those who drive these cars.

Googs purses his lips, then takes a long pull from his Natural Light. "NASCAR drivers and people who die by suicide are the same," he says, "in that they've both developed the ability to stare down death. Suicidal people do it with previous, less serious self-injury. Drivers do it by driving. Suicidal people develop that ability because they want to use it; they feel so much a burden on others that they want to die. The drivers develop the same ability, but they do it for fun and of necessity. They develop it because they *don't* want to die."

On an official NASCAR channel I hear that none of the drivers is hurt.

After a 42-minute delay the green flag comes out. Soon Gordon's in front again. On lap 182 Waltrip and Harvick draft their way past Gordon, who's hung out to dry and seems in danger of falling back into the pack. I dial up his channel. His crew chief says there's plenty of time. Gordon marvels at how good his car is. The next time it goes past me it's a fucking bullet.

On turn three Gordon ducks low around Harvick and immediately swerves high toward the wall and around Waltrip.

He'll lead the rest of the way, a victory sealed on lap 186 when, coming out of turn two, a Less Big One KO's Gordon's most serious challengers, including Johnson, Harvick and Dale Jr., who seems to have caused it. After the race I listen on my headset as he calls Johnson an idiot and blames him for both big crashes.

An eventful race but nothing compared with one in 1973, when racing legend Bobby Isaac swung his car into the pits while leading the race and, with tears in his eyes, told his crew chief to find another driver. A quiet and apparently sane man, Isaac claimed he'd heard voices. "Get out of the car," the voices said. Isaac obeyed. He never said the voices were from the Indian burial ground, but he was part Native American, and when he wouldn't talk about it, others did. He never returned to Talladega.

Unlike us. By the time I take back the scanner my pals are getting ready to queue up on Talladega Boulevard, eating Boudreaux's chili and waiting for the track to cool down so we can leave. But they're already talking about coming back in October, when with any luck some other new fans will assume the roles of the stupidest people here.



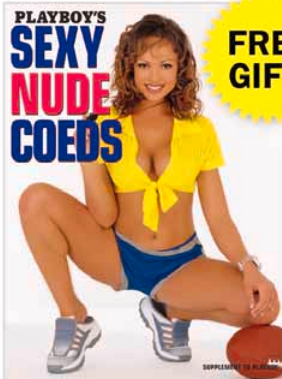
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Ozzy Osbourne

(continued from page 109)

do this anymore. I hate the way I feel." I thought, Okay, she'll stop for a few days, and she'll be back. But she never drank that way again. Me, I just couldn't stop. I've cleaned up my act a hell of a lot. I don't smoke. I don't drink. I don't do drugs. I don't womanize.

Q5

PLAYBOY: How many rehab facilities have you been in, and which are the best and the worst?

OSBOURNE: I've lost count. When my ass was on fire, when I'd fuck someone up or go crazy and everyone was chasing me, and my wife had left home and the kids were screaming and I was never allowed into the house again, I'd check in. Betty Ford is a good one. And a place called Promises, in Malibu, which is like a fucking Hollywood camp resort for wealthy fucking lunatics. Hazelden, in Minnesota, is a really hard one. They do not fuck around. I checked out because it scared me. They use a thing there called tough love, where they're like, "You fucking piece of shit!" I was like, "I felt like a piece of shit before. That's why I'm paying you all this money. You don't need to tell me every day." Another bad one is a place called Steps that I think closed down. They modeled it after Auschwitz.

Q6

PLAYBOY: How do normal patients react when there's a celebrity in rehab?

OSBOURNE: There's no special room for you. You go into a group. My job is being a professional people pleaser, so I was always more about clowning around and making people laugh. I thought, If I make them laugh, they're not going to jump on me. As soon as they'd jump on me or get close to the real me, I'd back up and run out the fucking back door. To let someone know your deepest, darkest sides—to know how you really feel—takes time. Some people go in and drop their shield and get the program, but I could never understand that. I wouldn't learn a damn thing. I would go through the motions and be a good boy, and Sharon would be impressed and I'd get out. It wouldn't be long until I got fucking fucked up again.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Did you hate having to make your own bed?

OSBOURNE: I didn't give a fuck. It's what you do in there. Making the bed is just a physical act; it's whether you make the bed in your head that matters.

Q8

PLAYBOY: In group therapy did people have a hard time understanding you?

OSBOURNE: Yeah, because sometimes when I'm talking I speak faster and faster, so they'd go, "Can you slow down?" But the thing about slowing down, it's like doing a fucking prison sentence. Rehab was an expensive way to fucking waste time.

Q9

PLAYBOY: What's the hardest part about being sober?

OSBOURNE: Staying sober. I don't want to drink anymore, and I don't want to do drugs anymore. I have a traveling counselor with me now. He's fine-tuning a bit. People with addictive personalities have different thought patterns. In my head I'll go, My wife's late: She's had a car crash, she's dead, she's in a mortuary. She's like one minute late. I'll think, She's fucking run off with some other rock star. My head creates havoc—I can't fucking take pain in life anymore, so screw it. Now I'll just do some reading or writing or go to one of these group meetings. So far, so good, but I'm not gonna blow my trumpet too much. Mind you, this is the longest time in my life that I've been sober. Today is 17 months. It took me 20 years to get here.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Jack and Kelly have both been in rehab. Does that make you feel like a failure as a parent?

OSBOURNE: No, it was the best thing that happened in a lot of ways. It made me stop and think, Am I okay? Am I really okay? Jack's two years and five months clean and sober. I got fed up with being a fucking loser all the time. I don't really

like to harp on it because once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Were you flattered or insulted when you heard Colin Farrell may be playing you in the movie of your life?

OSBOURNE: Who the fuck is Colin Farrell?

Q12

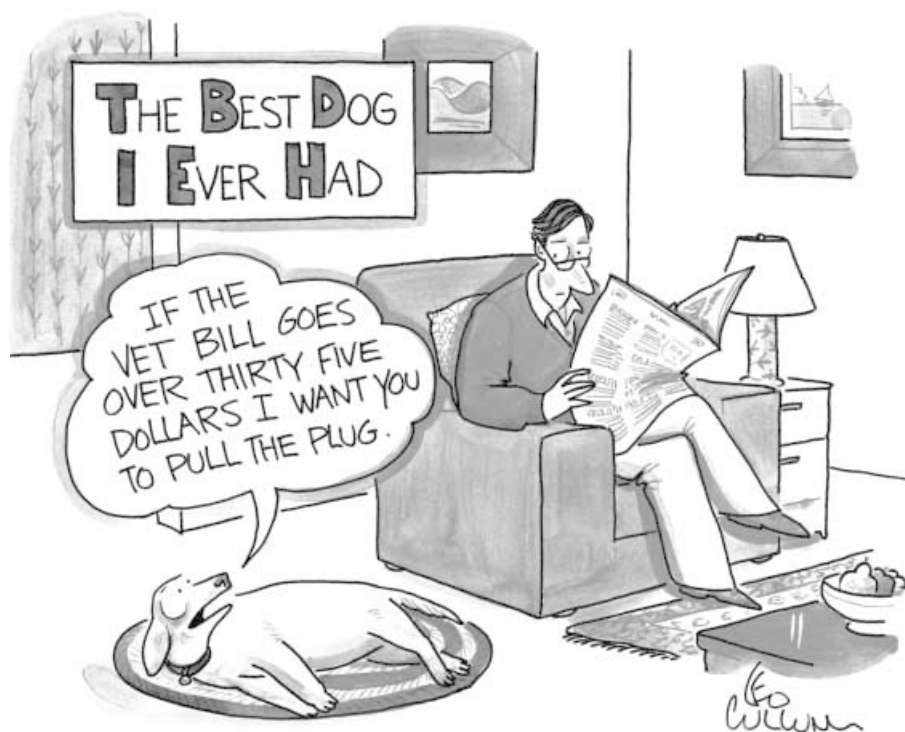
PLAYBOY: He's a big star these days. Honest. But we've also heard Johnny Depp is interested in the role. What advice would you give them about playing you?

OSBOURNE: I happen to think Johnny Depp is a fabulous actor. I just watched that pirate film, and he's got Keith Richards down to a fucking tee. He looks just like Keith Richards. If I were an actor and I were going to portray another guy who's still alive, I would do a lot of research on him and also with him. I'd find out what his childhood was like. I'd go back to where he lived and talk to people who knew him as a kid.

Q13

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Horatio Sanz's impersonation of you?

OSBOURNE: Horatio was on Sharon's talk show. He didn't know I was backstage. I went up to him and said, "So you're the fucker who does me." He was all embarrassed. I just sat and laughed at him. I get a kick out of it, but do I look that fat? They always have some big over-fucking-weight guy doing me. I'm not Chris Farley. I may be a bit chubby and have a bit of love handles, but that's about it.



Q14

PLAYBOY: Do you own any jeans?

OSBOURNE: Yeah, but the wife won't let me wear the fucking things.

Q15

PLAYBOY: When's the last time you went to the Gap?

OSBOURNE: No idea. I hate shopping with my wife. It's an ongoing battle. A couple of days ago she must have tried on a thousand pairs of shoes. I said, "Are you turning into a millipede? You've got more fucking shoes than an Army barracks." If you said, "Tattoo your eyeball or go shopping with your wife," I'd fucking stick the needle in my eye. I absolutely fucking hate shopping with my wife. If I want a black shirt, my wife has to go through every fucking black shirt—and every white shirt. I'm like, "Get

me out of this fucking place." In Los Angeles when you go shopping, they go, "Oh, this would look nice on you." I go, "It's fucking pink! The Prince of Darkness has a pink fucking coat on?" I like the flamboyant look, but I don't think it goes with the fucking image. And how much is it, by the way? Only \$22,000. And made by some fucking one-legged Japanese fucking designer.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Having been married for so long, what kind of marital advice would you give to Britney Spears and Kevin Federline?

OSBOURNE: It's a rocky road. I'm forever in pursuit of the person who wrote the words "And they both lived happily ever after." He must have been smoking some serious crack. It's not

all happy. Some days we fucking don't talk. Some days we're like two kids. Some days we're fucking not even on the same planet. But you get on with it, you know? I did a good job of fucking up my first marriage through drugs and alcohol and thinking I was king of the fucking universe.

Q17

PLAYBOY: How many brushes with death have you had?

OSBOURNE: Every day from the age of 19 to about 55. I didn't go for a drink, I went to get fucking smashed. At the height of my drug addiction Sharon would get on all the doctors and say, "I don't give a fuck if he comes into your office with his legs hanging off. Do not give him any narcotics." I'd take half a pint of pure codeine and honestly think, I'm fucking dying. I couldn't breathe. That's what happens when you overdose on codeine or opiates. You get respiratory failure and you stop breathing. I'd be sweating like a pig all night, but I'd get through it. I overdosed every day. I was hospitalized a few times. I've done some monumentally fucking dumb things. I've set my bed on fire more times than I haven't. I used to pass out all the time with a cigarette in my hand.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Have you gotten back on an ATV since your near-fatal accident?

OSBOURNE: No. I will never, ever ride another motorcycle as long as I live.

Q19

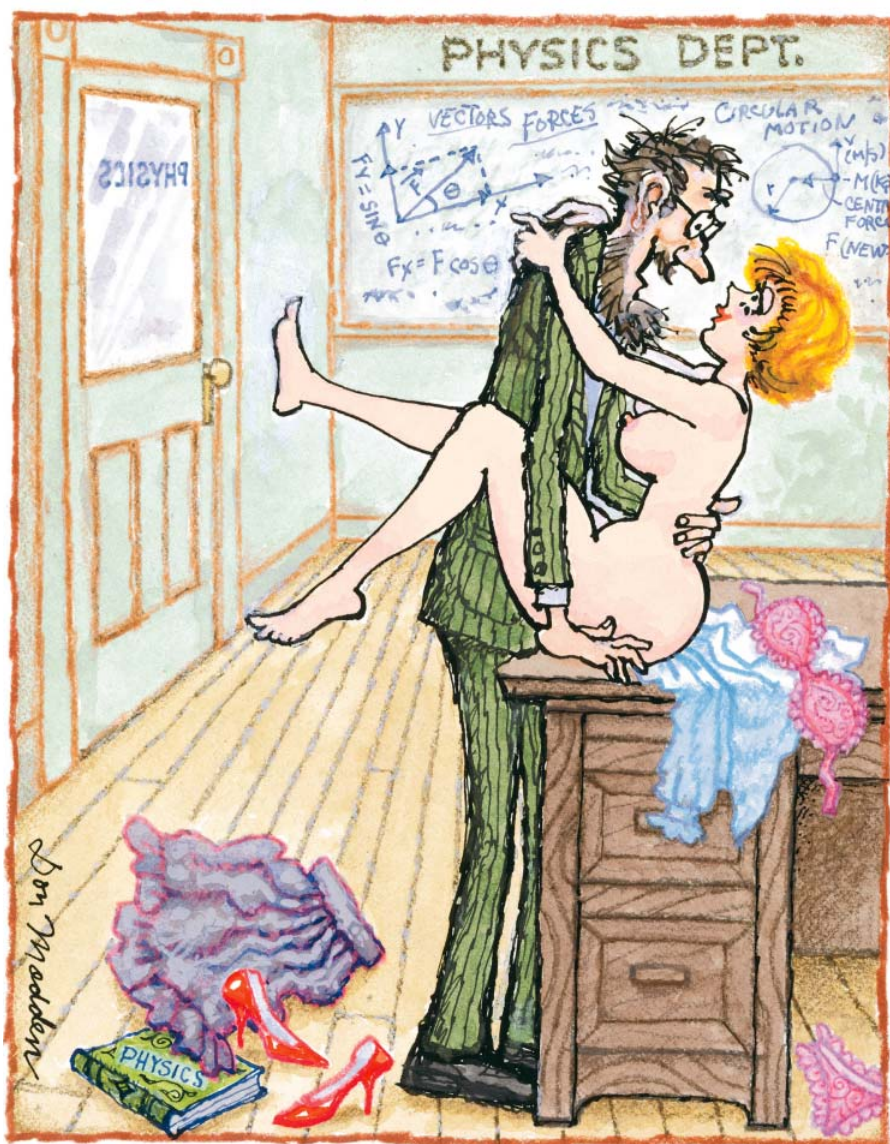
PLAYBOY: Do you believe in the afterlife? Heaven? Hell?

OSBOURNE: I don't know. Nobody's ever come back and said, "Hey, it's pretty cool up there" or "You know, it's fucking hotter than fucking shit down there. You've got to shovel coal." I don't think I believe in that stuff. It's for people with morals. People have asked me, "Did you see the light?" I saw a light, but I think it was just my coming out of my coma. I believe there's a higher power. I believe in a power greater than myself that's fucking way more powerful than me—the ocean, the world, the universe.

Q20

PLAYBOY: What do you want your funeral to be like?

OSBOURNE: When I do go I don't want there to be morbid fucking crying people. I want people to celebrate my life. Get me in the ground as soon as you can. You can cry all you want, but I ain't coming back. I don't think there are any fucking return tickets.



"Now remember, Miss Thomas, the laws of physics say that for every action there must be an equal opposite reaction."

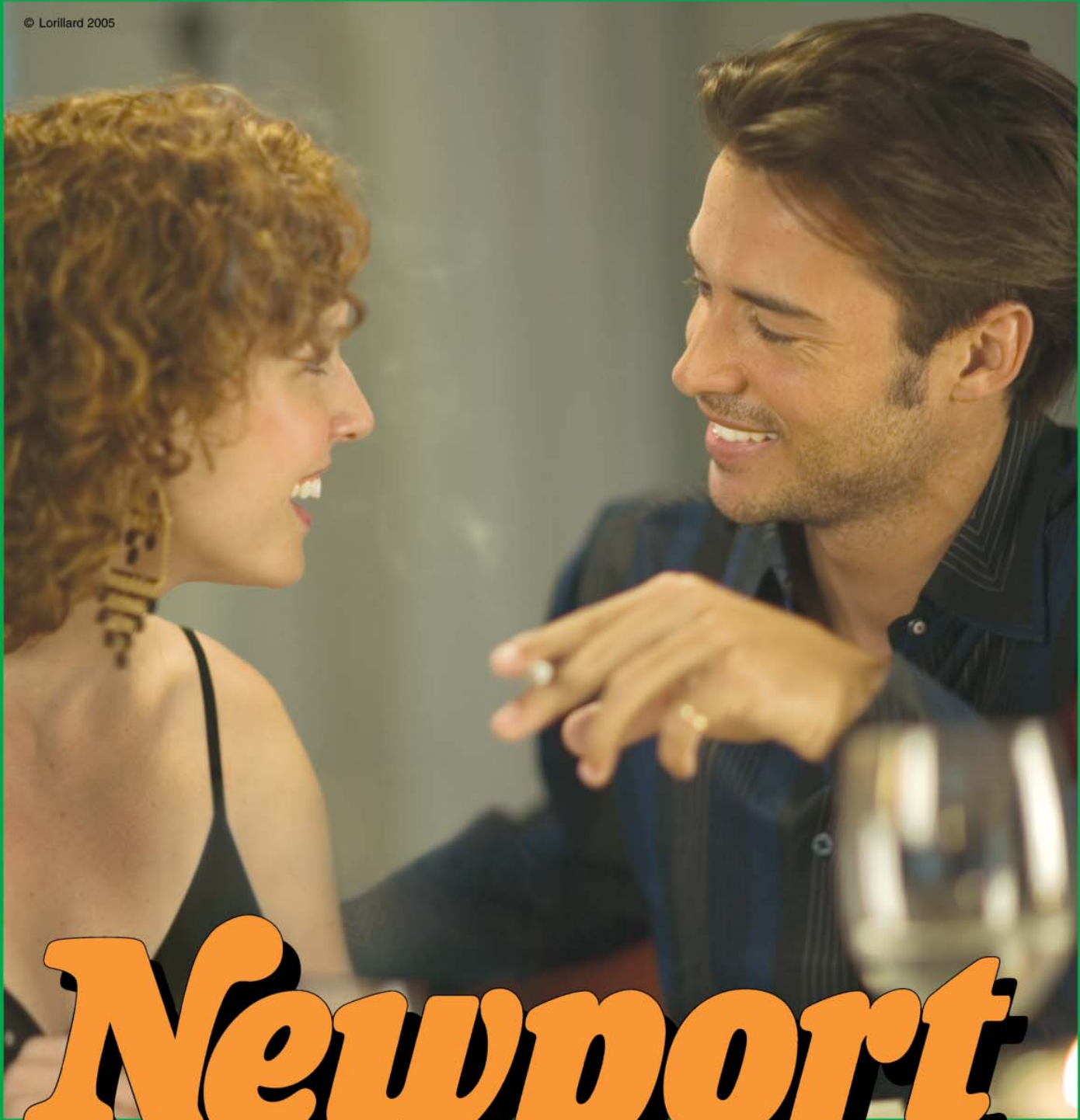


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PLAYMATE NEWS



PAM-DEMONIUM HITS BOOKSTORES—AGAIN!

Many say the finest first line in literature is "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times," from Charles

Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*. Turns out there's a new contender on bookshelves. Pamela Anderson's new novel, *Star Struck*, begins, "Why do my nipples hurt?" Move over, Chuck. Pamela hopes *Star Struck* follows the example of her earlier novel, *Star*, and reaches the *New York Times* best-seller list. Though Pam has attained this mark of legitimacy, she doesn't exactly imitate the literary lions who preceded her. Pam, for example, doesn't isolate herself in a dark, dank garret and write by the light of a candle. She edits her work while listening to her iPod. And paparazzi won't catch her in the writer's customary cardigan sweater. Indeed, Pam often writes in the nude. "In fact," she recently e-mailed us, "I'm wearing only a towel right now."



(Additional e-mails regarding the color of the towel, whether she had just gotten out of the shower, whether her hair was wet or dry, etc., have yet to be answered.) *Star Struck* continues the sexploits of Star Wood Leigh, the character the world grew to love in *Star*, as she engages in a whirlwind affair and crime spree with bad-boy musician Jimi Deeds. We couldn't help but notice that Jimi bears a striking resemblance, in both

Pam's last book reached number eight on the best-seller list.



attitude and appearance, to Pam's on-again, off-again beau, Tommy Lee. And when the *New York Post* reported that Pamela and Tommy were engaged, we wondered if *Star Struck* is really a love ode to Tommy. But Pam says our hunch is way off: "Jimi is a huge concoction of multiple men." Okay, Pamela, you've never

led us astray before. But we have to wonder if she was teasing us when we asked what book every personal library should have. Her answer: "The Bible."

10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Alicia Rickter isn't merely Miss October 1995. She was also the 500th Playmate to appear on our pages. Five years later she followed in the footsteps of other famous Playmates and donned a red swimsuit for *Baywatch*. She later appeared in *Buying the Cow*, a movie that also starred Alyssa Milano and Jerry O'Connell. This past January Mets catcher Mike Piazza hit the greatest home run of his life when he married Alicia. But don't tune in to a Mets game expecting to catch a glimpse of baseball's sexiest wife in the stands; Alicia is busy studying to become a child psychologist. She can expect to see a sudden rise in the number of consultation requests.



CENTERFOLD MATCHUP: THE 1990S

The 1990s brought us Nirvana and Viagra. But our favorite memories involve the Centerfolds pictured here. While we don't expect you to remember the name of Brandon Walsh's psycho girlfriend on *Beverly Hills 90210* (answer: Emily Valentine), we do think you can identify some famous Playmates from the decade, even with question marks over their faces. Turn the page for the answers.



HOT SHOT



JULIE CLARKE

POP QUESTIONS: LAUREN ANDERSON

Q: You won Fox's *Girl Next Door*: Search for a Playboy Centerfold. Tell us some off-camera gossip.

A: I'm a good girl, but I heard about some girl-on-girl action in the hot tub.

Q: Have your other TV appearances been as memorable?

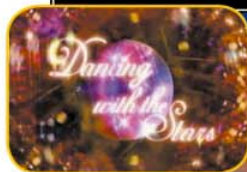
A: I was on *Fear Factor* last year. I was terrible. I had to climb a 50-foot pole attached to a truck that was careening down a road. I fell off within eight seconds. But things are better now. I'm on a show called *TV Host* and appearing on Spike TV. I'm also auditioning for movie roles.

Q: Who's your leading man?

A: My boyfriend is a 21-year-old basketball player. I love that he's younger than me. Being with him makes me feel like a naughty schoolgirl.



BALLROOM BEAUTY



When ABC's *Dancing With the Stars* became the surprise hit of summer, *Time* magazine blamed the public's fascination on the thinning ozone layer. Nonsense. We know people were tuning in to study Miss April 1997 and *General Hospital* star Kelly Monaco, who outdanced John O'Hurley to be crowned champ. In one episode her top nearly fell off, but she managed to hold it up. She didn't learn that move from us.

YO MAMA IS SO HOT....

Say hello to another Barker. Playmate Shanna Moakler and Blink-182 drummer Travis Barker, stars of MTV's *Meet the Barkers*, announced they are expecting a baby in December. The couple already has a one-year-old son and is raising Shanna's daughter from her previous relationship with Oscar De La Hoya. Papa Barker already has a plan for what he'll say when the kids grow



up and ask about Shanna's pictorial. He told a reporter, "I'd say, 'Your mom was a bomb! She was a fucking hot chick.'" Shanna will also teach her children to feel pride about PLAYBOY. Of the Mansion she says, "It is a place where women are celebrated. They are made to feel empowered and safe and, most important, beautiful." No wonder the twosome are regular visitors chez Hef.

CENTERFOLD MATCHUP ANSWERS



Miss May
1996
Shauna Sand



Miss December
1992
Barbara Moore



Miss September
1995
Donna D'Errico



Miss December
1997
Karen McDougal



Miss January
1998
Heather Kozar

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Bono may command the attention of G8 politicians, but Anna Nicole Smith (below) knows how to get a crowd to focus. She appeared at Live 8 in Philadelphia.... In other music news, Playmate of the Year 2005 Tiffany Fallon is engaged to Joe Don Rooney of Rascal Flatts.... Everyone wants to meet Shanna Moakler.

She has made guest appearances on ABC's *Jake in Progress* and NBC's *Joey*.... Pamela Anderson helped Richard Branson mark Virgin Atlantic's 21st birthday. Her gift? Arriving at the bash in a sexy red outfit (which her breast later popped out of).... Playmate turned St. Pauli Girl turned actress Stacy Fuson appeared on HBO's *Entourage* opposite Jeremy Piven.... *The Village Voice* made Stephanie Adams (near right) its cover girl to celebrate Gay Pride Week.... Kara Monaco partied with Velvet Revolver's Slash at WJRR's annual rock fest in Orlando.... Victoria Fuller has a trifecta of reality-TV projects: She appeared on Bravo's *Battle of the Network Reality Stars*, VH1's *Reality Rehab* and E!'s *Kill Reality*, which spotlights the filming of the sci-fi thriller *The Scorned*.... It's not all about parties and posing.



Anna lives it up at Live 8.



Pride week cover girl.



Girls gone wild for charity.

Several Playmates (above) took part in a fund-raiser at the Mansion for the It's All About the Kids Foundation.

cyberclub

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.



2005 Playmate of the Year DVD

Tiffany Fallon

She drives a pickup truck, loves sports and has an absolutely knockout body. Could Tiffany Fallon be any more perfect? The answer is yes, because now she can add the title of 2005 Playmate of the Year to her ample list of attributes! See the sexy brunette show off her Southern accents in a way that'll have you whistling Dixie with delight! DVD extras include behind-the-scenes footage from Tiffany's sizzling magazine photo shoot! Full nudity. 60 min.

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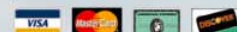


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FLESH^{FOR} FANTASY!



A. NEW! All lined up for love. Pink lace panels with ribbons attached grace the front of this black sheer mesh cami with ruffle trim. Matching boy short has detachable garters. S (1-3), M (5-7), L (9-11), XL (13).
10004 Pink Panels Cami Set \$49
9222 Black Sheer Thigh-High Stockings \$9

B. NEW! Put as little between you and her as possible. This light and airy, 100% silk chiffon chemise in angelic white is as close as you'll get to skin-on-skin contact. V-front. Adjustable straps. Imported. S (2-4), M (6-8), L (10-12).
10000 Sheer Silk Chemise \$34

C. NEW! It's better in Brazil. This sheer stretch mesh bra and thong subscribe to the South American fashion attitude that women should display as much of their bodily charm as possible. Bra sizes: S/M (1-5), M/L (7-11). Thong is one size (fits up to size 12).
10135 Brazilian T-Bra \$24
10136 Brazilian Thong \$16

D. NEW! Her hemline goes down, your temperature goes up. This chemise's asymmetrical bottom drapes delicately from her right hip to her left thigh. Includes matching thong. One size (fits up to size 12).
10133 Spliced Chemise \$29

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 Brandi Roderick without
 the stockings in the Cyber Club.
<http://cyber.playboy.com>

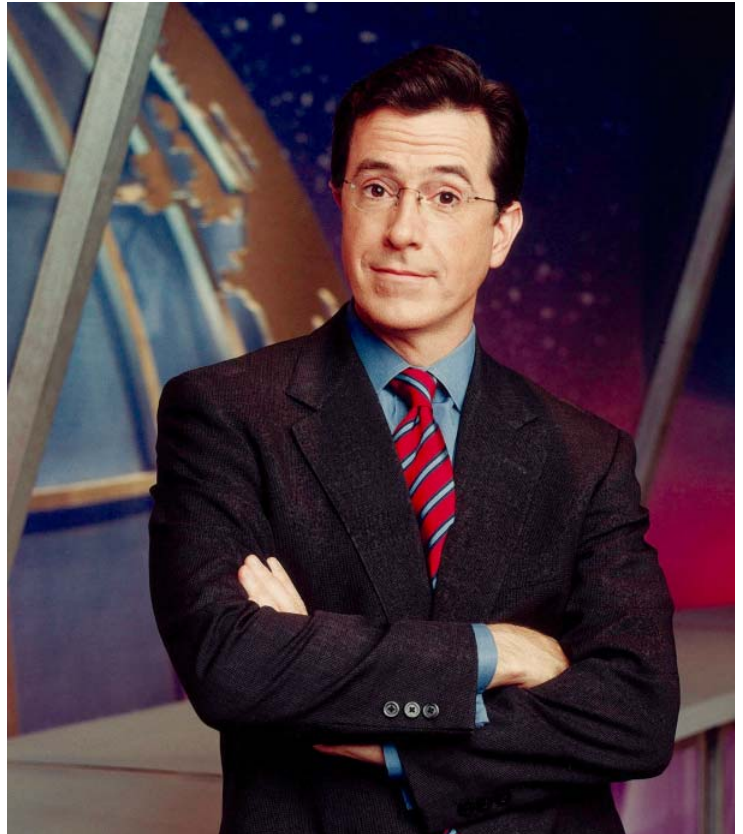
Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

Anchors Away

Nightly news anchor Stephen Colbert—finally there's a journalist you can trust

First he earned his satirical stripes as a globe-trotting correspondent for Comedy Central's *The Daily Show*. Now Stephen Colbert is repaying that debt by stabbing Jon Stewart and company in the back. "That show is so done," says Colbert. "It's had a good run, but there's a new sheriff in town." Starting October 17, the 41-year-old comedian assumes the anchor's chair on *The Colbert Report*, a Comedy Central series that will air right after *The Daily Show*. The new program will be a parody of—and a loving tribute to—the nightly shout-fests that have become the wallpaper of cable TV news. "Bill O'Reilly's got a real simplicity that I admire," Colbert says, sizing up his rivals. "I like the cut of Anderson Cooper's suit, and I'm a huge Stone Phillips fan, for his neck." A veteran of the Chicago improv circuit, Colbert briefly worked as an on-air personality for ABC's *Good Morning America* before landing at *The Daily Show*. Now, in an era when partisan shills and former male escorts have been caught trying to insinuate themselves into journalism, he explains that there couldn't be a better time to launch his show, "because we're not really broadcast journalists." Says Colbert, "Fraudulence seems to be the coin of the realm, and we've got it in spades."



MP3 Player

What has 12 million ears, more than 10 petaflops of computing power and a billion-watt smile? Adam Curry and his podcaster army

Radio in America is fucking dead," proclaims Adam Curry between sips of scotch and soda by the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel. "Commercial FM and AM have become corporate wastelands. Gone are the days when a DJ would discover a hot new band, then lock himself in the booth and scream, 'Damn it, I'm gonna keep playing this record until you love it as much as I do!'" After first and second acts as one of MTV's star VJs (who famously quit on the air in 1995) and an Internet entrepreneur, Curry, 41, is now known as the Podfather thanks to the pioneering role he's played in developing the Internet audio phenomenon known as podcasting. Easy and cheap to produce, podcasts are radio shows recorded in MP3 format and posted on the web by, well, anyone. Their content can (and does) consist of anything from comedy to music to soundscapes from remote places. And with no FCC oversight, nothing can stop those who want to create X-rated diaries or naughty bedtime stories. Curry helped create a program called iPodder that allows users to subscribe to podcasts they like and have new episodes automatically downloaded onto their MP3 players. His own podcast, *Daily Source Code*, became an instant online hit in 2004. Last May he began hosting a new all-podcast program on Sirius satellite radio featuring his picks for the best in homegrown audio. His new project, Podshow.com, will help creative minds "produce, post, distribute and market" their programs. Apple's decision to include podcast features in iTunes is one of many promising signs for podcasters, indicating that Curry may once again be on the winning track. "People are starved for good audio experiences," he says. "We're going to deliver them."

Grapevine

Baby, You Can Wash My Car

Yes, JESSICA SIMPSON is a star, but as we see on the set of her recent music video, the Duchess of Hazzard isn't the sort of diva who'd order an assistant to wash her car. How can a director make Bikini Jessica look even sexier? Crank up the air conditioner!



Grand Slam

Showing off a feminine side that's as strong as her backhand, tennis queen SERENA WILLIAMS caused a racket on a Miami beach.

Although sister Venus carried home the Wimbledon crown this year, Serena clearly has no shortage of loving cups to display in her trophy case.



Sheer City

JESSICA ALBA, star of *Fantastic Four*, shows off her fantastic duo at the MTV Movie Awards. She plays the Invisible Girl in the movie, but she's an eyeful everywhere else.



The New Miami Heat

The best lingerie, like this frilly number by Arianne Lingerie, leaves little to the imagination. Here's hoping this style starts a fad that's not confined to just the bedroom.



MARC SPINALE/REUTERS



SIMON FERREIRA/STARTRAKSPHOTO.COM

Dances With Women

Performing with her dance group, the Bombshell Babes, CARMEN ELECTRA shows she's still a Pussycat Doll at heart. In this outfit, there's nowhere to hide her inner sex kitten.

Model Behavior

Proving the dangers of smoking and drinking are overstated, supermodel KATE MOSS posed as a poster child for vice during a Cannes photo shoot. There are several deadly sins that we'd like to see Kate explore more fully.

LANDOV



STEVE TORRES

Charlie's Backstage Angel

Meet TARA FULLER, who works as Drew Barrymore's stunt double. Because Drew wasn't available to pose for us this month, Tara stepped in. Her unsuited look suits us just fine.



THE NAKED TRUTH

All of us have secrets in our past. It's time to expose them in the name of having a good time. This new version of I've Never...? (\$20, ivenevergame.com) repackages the classic drinking game as a board (and drinking) game. Get your friends together, fill the refrigerator with booze, and come clean about what you've done in the sack. And in the Jacuzzi. And on your desk at work. Think of it as Trivial Pursuit, only instead of, say, the Civil War, the facts revolve around what happened between you and Susie Monnalongo. What you've done dictates what you have to do (i.e., drink). A couple of playing guidelines we might suggest: Don't invite pathological liars or the paranoid to the party. Oh, and there's no rule against playing one-on-one.



SHOOT THE MOON

When JVC released the first swappable-hard-drive-based camcorder last year, it aimed to let you shoot longer without having to switch out your media. This time around, the question is, Why switch out at all? The new Everio G Series shooters (\$800 to \$1,000, jvc.com) sport internal 20- or 30-gigabyte hard drives that let you shoot at DVD quality for seven and 10.5 hours respectively. (The 30-gigabyte model holds a staggering 37 hours at lowest quality.) Hook one up to your TV and you've got instant access to all your footage for guests, and when you run out of room (which, if you shoot judiciously, should be sometime around 2010), you simply dump the contents onto your PC using USB.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

We're difficult when it comes to electronics. Give us a gadget that keeps track of our whole life and is the size of a deck of cards and we'll ask, "Is there one that plays video?" Turns out there is. Palm's new LifeDrive PDA (\$500, palm.com) sports a huge (for a handheld) color screen and a four-gigabyte hard drive as well as all the usual functions, so you can store music and whole TV shows for your commute, along with your phone numbers and appointments. Happy?



STIR IT UP

A couple of suggestions for fall drinks: Laird's Applejack (\$15) from America's oldest family-run distillery (it's in New Jersey, of all places). Try it instead of whiskey in an old fashioned or a manhattan. For bourbon fans Wild Turkey has released its Russell's Reserve 10-year-old (\$28), crafted by master distiller (and Kentucky legend) Jimmy Russell. Drink it straight or on the rocks; it's too good to mix.





CREAM OF THE CROP

The next time a woman complains that your skin is like leather, tell her to put her money where her mouth is. Biotherm makes a lotion for every part of the body, so she can rub you down from head to toe to her heart's desire. Pictured: T-Pur Active Anti-Shine Moisturizer (\$21), Happy Legs Icy Leg Gel (\$18), Aquapower Body Gel (\$21), Cleansing Gel for Normal Skin (\$16) and, for added je ne sais quoi, Wonder Feet (\$14). Available at biotherm-usa.com.

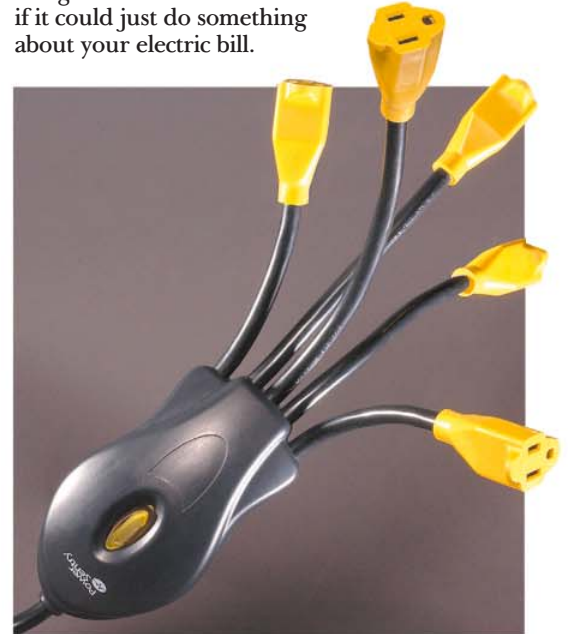


TOP FLIGHT

Heading off to play the famous Cape Kidnappers golf course in New Zealand? Enjoy that layover in Djibouti. And Cape Town. And Sydney. Where's your caddy when you really need him? We tested out a handful of the best golf club travel bags and chose the Last Bag by Club Glove (\$269, clubglove.com), a favorite of pros on the tour. The outer nylon shell and high-impact plastic shield will protect your clubs from disgruntled baggage handlers, and the inline-skate wheels make those O.J.-style airport sprints a breeze.

UNLIMITED POWER

There's nothing our appliances and gadgets can't do, except all fit into a normal power strip. Those bulky plugs so many gizmos come with can reduce your plug-in potential by half—unless you get yourself a PowerSquid (\$15, thinkgeek.com). Its bright idea: Put each socket on its own flexible line so your appliances don't crowd each other out, then throw the whole thing onto a four-foot cord. Now if it could just do something about your electric bill.



THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR HAT

Blame it on JFK. According to legend, when he showed up bareheaded for his 1961 inauguration, the hat vanished as a staple of men's wardrobes. Today the fedora is a statement. At the right time, with the right suit, you can't go wrong. Moreover, there's nothing like a fedora on a lady who's wearing nothing else. Pictured here: a fur-felt fedora from Italian manufacturer Borsalino (about \$300, jjhatcenter.com).



MONDO BAVA

Italian director Mario Bava was one of the first to realize that if you throw a masked killer and a lady in a cocktail dress together you have a movie. Author Tim Lucas delves deep into Bava's world with *Mario Bava: All the Colors of the Dark*. Spread over 1,000 sumptuously illustrated pages, this hardcover (\$120, bavabook.com) is the be-all and end-all on one of the most influential horror-movie directors. Bonus: an introduction by Bava fan Martin Scorsese.



Next Month



HEF'S THREESOME.



DREAM DATE.



ENDLESS ENERGY?



KELLY MONACO CUTS A RUG.

THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR—HOLLY, BRIDGET AND KENDRA, HEF'S TRIUMVIRATE OF GIRLFRIENDS, ARE THE STARS OF THIS HOT NEW REALITY SERIES ON THE E! NETWORK. OUR UNINHIBITED PICTORIAL HAS A HUGE ADVANTAGE OVER THE BOOB TUBE: NOTHING IS BLURRED OUT.

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DOWN LINEMAN—BARRET ROBBINS CAME CLOSE TO BEING A SUPERSTAR CENTER, BUT THE OAKLAND RAIDER'S BIPOLAR DISORDER CUT SHORT HIS CAREER. HE WAS SHUNNED BY HIS TEAM AFTER HIS CONDITION CAUSED HIM TO VANISH ON THE EVE OF THE SUPER BOWL. LATER HE WAS FORCED OUT OF FOOTBALL AND WAS SHOT BY POLICE ATTEMPTING TO HALT ONE OF HIS RAMPAGES. **PAT JORDAN** DETAILS ROBBINS'S DOWNWARD SPIRAL AND REVEALS HOW FOOTBALL DEALS WITH THINGS CORTISONE CAN'T FIX.

HARRY AND THE GIRL-GIRL SCENE—MEETING YOUR IDOLS IS A RISKY BUSINESS IF THEY FALL SHORT OF YOUR STANDARDS—PARTICULARLY IN THE SKIN BIZ. EMOTIONALLY VULNERABLE FICTION BY **GLEN DAVID GOLD**

JAMIE FOXX—LAST YEAR'S OSCAR WINNER HAS COME A LONG WAY SINCE *IN LIVING COLOR*—NOW HE MAKES US LAUGH AND CRY. IN NOVEMBER'S *INTERVIEW*, FOXX ANSWERS BILL COSBY'S CRITICISMS AND REVEALS MORE OF TOM CRUISE'S QUIRKS. BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

DANCING QUEEN—MISS APRIL 1997 **KELLY MONACO** SIZZLED ON THIS SUMMER'S HIT *DANCING WITH THE STARS*. A LOOK BACK AT THE *GENERAL HOSPITAL* HEART-STOPPER'S TRIUMPHANT FORM.

THE STRANGE HERESIES OF THOMAS GOLD—DOES AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SOURCE OF ENERGY EXIST? GOLD, AN ICONOCLASTIC SCIENTIST, DIED IN 2004 BEFORE HE COULD PROVE HIS DISSIDENT THEORY THAT A GIGANTIC FIELD OF ABIOTIC GAS EXISTS UNDER THE EARTH'S MANTLE AT DEPTHS NO TRADITIONAL WELL HAS EVER TOUCHED. THE THEORY IS GAINING VALIDITY, AND IF IT'S TRUE, THE IMPACT WILL BE ENORMOUS. **SONIA SHAH** DIGGS DEEPER.

STEVE CARELL—HE ISN'T THE WORST BOSS IN THE WORLD, BUT HE PLAYS ONE ON TELEVISION. 20Q BY **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

PLUS: A PATRIOTS CHEERLEADER'S POM-POMS, PILLOW TALK WITH **AUDRA LYNN**, TRICK POOL SHOTS, OVERCOATS AND A FEAST FOR YOUR EYES IN MISS NOVEMBER, **RAQUEL GIBSON**.

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