

STAR OF THE APPRENTICE L.A. NUDE
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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**PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR
2007**

AND THE WINNER IS...
TURN TO PAGE 68

**NEW
HUMOR
BY
WOODY
ALLEN**

PLUS:
LIFE ON THE RUN
WITH A FUGITIVE
HACKER
DAPHNE MERKIN
ON JOHN THOMAS
CLASSIC HARLEY
SPORTSTERS
BOXERS DRESS
CASUAL
MAGIC CELL
PHONES

**TRUMP
THIS!
APPRENTICE
KRISTINE**

TAKES OFF
HER GLASSES
AND
EVERYTHING
ELSE

**D'OH!
AN ANIMATED
INTERVIEW
WITH
MATT
GROENING**

**20Q
DON RICKLES**





Woody Allen's films consistently demonstrate that we are living in a world governed by the absurd. This month he uses the pen to lampoon Hollywood's humbling ways with *This Nib for Hire*. In this story from Allen's new collection, *Mere Anarchy*, an unproven writer weighs the benefits of an easy paycheck against the specter of losing literary credibility. "Show-business salaries are so inflated that next to a normal salary they're like a pasha's or something," Allen has said. "It's unbelievable. But I'm not Hollywood wealthy—I never took advantage of the sellout opportunities I had. I've never agreed to do *Annie Hall II*." Allen's return to short stories comes more than 25 years after the publication of his last collection. "I like writing. It's therapeutic in the same way a patient in an institution is given finger paints."



In his book *The Fugitive Game* **Jonathan Littman** wrote about Kevin Mitnick, the man *The New York Times* called "cyber-space's most wanted" when he was eluding the FBI in 1994. The two met again for *The Invisible Digital Man*. "Now that he has served his time, Mitnick gives *PLAYBOY* the exclusive on his cyber *Catch Me If You Can* story," Littman says. "He fills in fantastic details he couldn't disclose while on the lam. The man is a genius."



Acclaimed essayist and critic **Daphne Merkin** examines cultural perceptions of the male member and revisits some phalluses from her past in *Penises I Have Known*, from the book *Bad Girls: 26 Writers Misbehave*. "With women being emotionally connected and not as susceptible as men to visual stimuli for erotic arousal," Merkin says, "I think the specific guy triumphs over the particular penis. Guys are lucky in that way."



"Mr. Warmth has always warmed my heart by calling me Clark Kent," journalist **Bill Zehme** says of Don Rickles. To mark the release of *Rickles' Book*, we reunite the friends for 20Q. "There's nobody sweeter who you'd expect to be otherwise," says Zehme, whose *Carson the Magnificent* will be published soon. "Rickles sat like a pussycat Buddha and spun golden tales for me. But as you'll see in the interview, his bite can still draw blood."



When Donald Trump sent lawyer **Kristine Lefebvre** packing during the sixth season of *The Apprentice*, we couldn't help but watch her walk away. It's his loss. This potent combo of brains, beauty and balls (metaphorically speaking) has served as an attorney for such clients as Shaquille O'Neal, Pamela Anderson and the Los Angeles Kings. Clearly she knows the art of the deal. "When I met her I found her quite striking," says **David Hochman**, who wrote her profile for *The Sorceress of the Apprentice*. "She's a very powerful lawyer with a strong yet feminine presence. In a list of her best attributes her incredible beauty isn't even number one. She is one of the headiest women I have interviewed for a pictorial, and she was very open about everything: why she was posing, what she fears in life, how she feels about the Donald now...."

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 Legendary computer hacker Kevin Mitnick spent nearly five years in a federal penitentiary for his ingenious computer crimes; today he advises executives on how to protect their companies from the current crop of cybercriminals. The author of *The Fugitive Game: Online With Kevin Mitnick* reconnects with the hacker, who for the first time reveals the dramatic details of his two-year cross-country flight from the FBI. **BY JONATHAN LITTMAN**
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 One of the most provocative pens ever to grace the pages of *The New Yorker* takes the matter in hand and makes a cultural, sociological and personal examination of the male member. **BY DAPHNE MERKIN**
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 The original Sportster debuted in 1957 and has enjoyed one of the longest production runs of any motorcycle in history. Take a two-wheeled ride through half a century of pop culture, high-speed thrills and death-defying stunts. **BY JAMES R. PETERSEN**
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 The second in our series of in-depth reports on the science of male sexuality examines the delicate and still mysterious process that first molds a bundle of cells into a boy and later pushes him through the wilds of puberty. **BY CHIP ROWE**
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 The iPhone gets all the hype, but today's sleek high-tech cell phones from Nokia, Sony Ericsson, LG and other companies offer better ways to reach out and touch someone. **BY SCOTT ALEXANDER**

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 Struggling author Flanders Mealworm may be getting his big break—the chance to novelize a film classic. Is this a case of opportunity going *nyuk, nyuk, nyuk*? Find out in this droll short story from a masterful new collection. **BY WOODY ALLEN**

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 Nearly two years after Katrina, the Gulf Coast still looks like a war zone. New Orleans is a shadow of its former self; Mississippi is in shambles. Did our costly adventures in Iraq keep the relief from coming? **BY FREDERICK BARTHELME**

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- 114 DON RICKLES**
 Mr. Warmth has kept us in stitches for decades. The octogenarian funnyman upholds the tradition as he talks about dining with Leno and Letterman, the Zen of Frank Sinatra and why his *Casino* co-star Joe Pesci is so scary. **BY BILL ZEHME**

interview

- 57 MATT GROENING**
 In creating *The Simpsons*, he unloosed one of the most influential pop-culture phenomena of our era. This month its 400th episode airs, just before the show gets a much-awaited big-screen treatment in July. Now the subversive wit behind Bart and Homer discusses the real-life inspirations for his characters, the celebrities who declined an invitation to appear on the show, the relaunch of *Futurama* and why life is (still) hell. **BY DAVID SHEFF**



COVER STORY

Donald Trump may have pink-slipped alpha-female lawyer Kristine Lefebvre on *The Apprentice*, but his erstwhile co-star has become our hot offering. Argues Kristine, "You can be a professional and still be a complete and sensuous woman." Indeed. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda helps Kristine with a rebranding; our Rabbit slips into something more comfortable.



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Like her pictorials, the choice was natural: Sara Jean is Playmate of the Year.

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Kristine Lefebvre, the sultry lawyer Trump inexplicably dumped, shows how she nixes business for pleasure. **BY DAVID HOCHMAN**



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With players like Kanye West and Johnny Knoxville and an arena's worth of Playmates, our Super Bowl party ruled.

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Miss September 1994 Kelly Gallagher is a judge on Bravo's *Top Design*; Athena Lundberg faces off with Janice Dickinson.

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Boxers Paul Malignaggi and Andre Berto join hip-hop mogul Damon Dash to sport casual street wear.

BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

this month on playboy.com

THE A-LIST

It's road-trip time as we name the best summer fests. playboy.com/Alist

ARE YOU PLAYBOY MATERIAL?

Submit your photos and find out. playboy.com/AYPM

MAGAZINE BLOG

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

THE 20Q ARCHIVE

Search the complete database of our long-running celebrity interview. playboy.com/20Q

BEST-DRESSED MAN ON CAMPUS

Apply for our sartorial student search. playboy.com/BDMOC

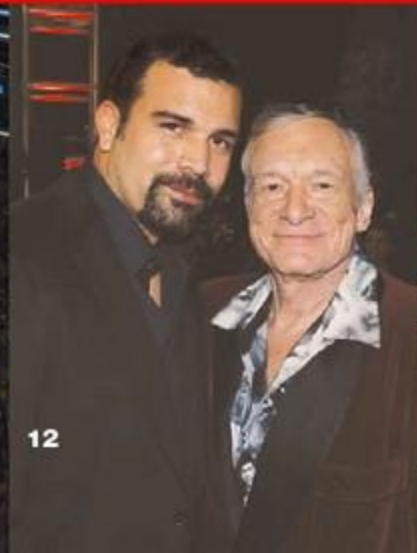
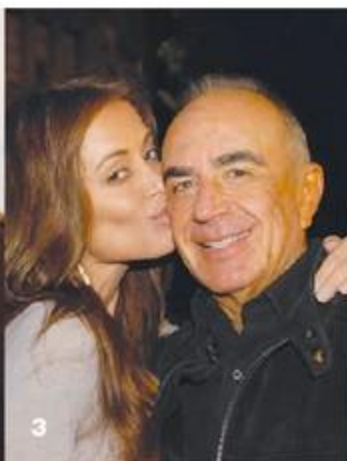


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FIGHT NIGHT AT THE MANSION

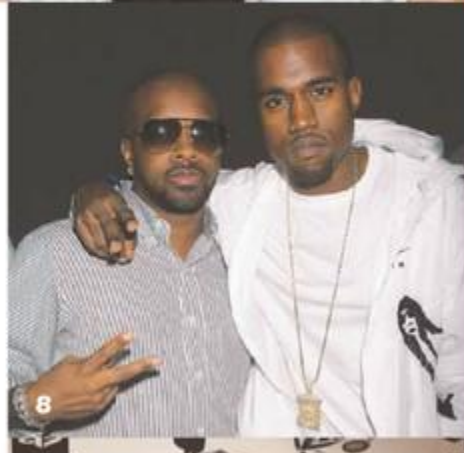


Best Damn Sports Show Period took to the road for the Best Damn Fight Night at the Playboy Mansion. R&B star Brian McKnight opened the event with the national anthem; the card featured heavyweights Timor Ibragimov and Tony Thompson in the main event and super middleweights Andre Dirrell and Kenny Kost on the undercard. (1) The Host with his knockouts Holly, Bridget and Kendra. (2) *Best Damn's* Rodney Peete. (3) Dream-team attorney Robert Shapiro and Playmate Ava Fabian. (4) Comeback kid Jeff Garcia and his wife, Playmate Carmella DeCesare. (5) Kost and Dirrell trade shots. (6) *Best Damn's* Rob Dibble. (7) The Red Sox's Coco Crisp. (8) Brian McKnight with Playmates Alison Waite and Monica Leigh and newly crowned Playmate of the Year Sara Jean Underwood. (9) Playmate Irina Voronina with UFC light-heavyweight champ Chuck Liddell. (10) Rob Schneider and friends. (11) Ring announcer Michael Buffer with guest. (12) *Desperate Housewives'* Ricardo Antonio Chavira says hello to Mr. Playboy. (13) Thompson and Ibragimov give the crowd a show.

SUPER SATURDAY NIGHT



With a ticket hotter than the big game's, Playboy's Super Saturday Night pre-Super Bowl party has been known to inflame passions, inspire romance and even influence political careers. This year rapper Lil Jon, with the help of a few dozen Playmates, hosted half the entertainment world at Miami's American Airlines Arena, which resembled a massive *Playboy After Dark* set with beds and cotton-candy machines. (1) Lil Jon with the Centerfolds. (2) Indy racer Danica Patrick with Playboy CEO Christie Hefner. (3) Amaury Nolasco from *Prison Break*. (4) Actor Paul Rudd and pal. (5) Adam Rodriguez of *CSI: Miami* with Playmates Janine Haebeck, Jillian Grace and Kara Monaco. (6) David Spade, looking for trouble. (7) Urban radio's couple du jour Kelis and Nas. (8) Hip-hop stars Jermaine Dupri and Kanye West. (9) Alpha jackass Johnny Knoxville tries not to break anything. (10) NFL quarterback Kyle Boller with Playmates Shallen Meiers and Stacy Fuson. (11) The lovely Kelly Monaco. (12) NFL legend Warren Moon. (13) Three's company: Taye Diggs, Jeremy Piven and Alyssa Milano.



THE COMEBACK KID

Thank you for the gorgeous cover shot of the equally gorgeous Mariah Carey (March). It's too bad she had on that sexy outfit—the necklace would have been sufficient.

Paul Williams
Ridgewood, New Jersey

I am a 24-year-old woman who has been subscribing for five years. I love all your covers, but I'm going to frame



Mariah Carey soothes the savage beast.

March's. I have been a Mariah Carey fan since her first album in 1990, so it is great to see my favorite singer on the cover of my favorite magazine.

Christine Henderson
Dallas, Texas

You ask Carey about being biracial, but technically she is triracial (her mother is Irish American and her father was African American and Venezuelan). *Triracial* and *quadracial* describe a lot of Americans these days.

Steve Brandon
Tucson, Arizona

THE ENEMY WITHIN

Mark Boal's fine article *The Real Cost of War* (March), about the efforts to discount the number of soldiers returning from the war with post-traumatic stress disorder, is a difficult read. I live in a city where almost everyone is "federally connected" (i.e., current or former military personnel or related to same), and we still see enraged, violent vets living on the streets.

Lowell Thomas Jr.
San Antonio, Texas

Boal's article implies Jacob Burgoyne acted alone in the killing of Specialist Richard Davis. In fact, three other soldiers were also found guilty in the attack. Boal's report has caused a lot of people to ask questions about PTSD in our soldiers and why it is being under-diagnosed. It's one more reason to bring the troops home.

Ian Steger
Bellingham, Washington

We love politicians who claim to support the troops, but we don't hold them to account when it comes time to actually support the troops. The current crop of Washington warriors seems better at creating disabled veterans than adequately funding veterans' programs or providing well-defined military objectives. What the nation needs is a surge of voter indignation.

Wayne Clauss
Oakland Gardens, New York

Boal badly mangles my views about combat-related PTSD, making it sound as though I consider the disorder to be a trivial matter. I most certainly do not. As a psychiatrist who worked in a veterans medical center for five years, I've seen patients ravaged by the effects of combat stress. The point I tried to make to Boal is that, as serious as PTSD can be, it is sometimes misdiagnosed. As a result, scarce resources are siphoned away from patients who need them most. To care about patients with PTSD is to worry about making diagnostic errors and deeming patients chronic when in fact their potential for rehabilitation is strong. Boal did PLAYBOY readers and veterans a disservice by scoffing at those clinical realities and ridiculing those who acknowledge them.

Dr. Sally Satel
Washington, D.C.

Boal responds: "Satel worries about a world in which PTSD is overdiagnosed by overzealous doctors, but according to the military's own studies, that is not the world we live in. The reality is that four out of five soldiers with the ailment don't get treated, and only a small percentage of soldiers are compensated for their combat-related mental illnesses. We are a long way from providing too much care."

I am a disabled Vietnam vet who has PTSD. I am not going to sit here and tell you there are no imposters when it comes to treatment and the payment of benefits. But those of us who ground

through the shit day after day and still managed to carve out a respectable life when we came home continue to be shortchanged. Why are those who have never been in combat entrusted to make decisions about those of us who have witnessed the worst mankind has to offer? I am withholding my name. Otherwise I'm sure someone at the VA will come after my benefits.

Name withheld
Amarillo, Texas

MULTILEVEL MIRACLE

People often use a cliché when considering get-rich-quick opportunities and miracle cures: "If it sounds too good to be true...." The key to the XanGo presentation and those of many other multi-level marketing operations is that they are designed *not* to sound too good to be true, or your reporter Jonathan Black would not have signed on (*Get Rich! Live Forever!*, March). One of my major concerns about XanGo is that it's promoted through testimonials as a cure-all even while the company claims it is not a medicine. To counter the lack of scientific evidence that XanGo can treat illnesses, sales reps argue that doctors consider the product a threat because it steals their customers. But who will shoulder the responsibility when someone is harmed by trusting the advice of an ignorant XanGo rep over a doctor's? If the matter were decided by a



It's not the money, it's the juice. And the money.

court, my guess would be the "independent" rep. Black's story is similar to those we've heard from other MLM survivors, many of whom were shamed into years of silence by their experiences.

Lindy Mack
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania
Mack moderates the MLM Survivors Club (mlmsurvivor.com/club.htm).

I just read your article on XanGo and am pleasantly surprised. MLM is usually

PROMOTIONAL PAGE

PLAYBOY PICKS

your guide for living the good life

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THE
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CITY LINKS

A TOAST TO TEE TIME

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For dates and times visit
tgcitylinks.com

dissed as a matter of course, but you are fair. I noticed one thing missing: more than 30 years' worth of scientific studies on xanthones and mangosteen that indicate how and why this botanical works.

Doug Leedy
Wooster, Ohio

There have been no clinical trials of the mangosteen's benefits. A study that finds xanthones in the fruit is much different from establishing that these compounds are helpful to humans or that they can be transferred via processed juice or capsules.

Your article helped me sign up five new distributors. I wish more people would give XanGo a fair shake. Mother nature holds the key to better living.

Dale Schindler
Plainwell, Michigan

Despite your skepticism, XanGo is the fastest-growing nutritional supplement in history because it works. My cholesterol is down, and I have gone from taking four medications to one. My girlfriend had cancer and was given four months to live. She drank a bottle of XanGo each day for a month, and her tumor disappeared.

Robert Card
Neenah, Wisconsin

Holy shit! We'll take 700 cases.

Yes, there is a business end to this product, but that is the American way. We do not lead our sales pitch with the financials. We lead with the juice. Once people try it, they tell everyone they know and you're in business.

Michelle Corteggiano
Traverse City, Michigan

Black's "failure" as a juice salesman is not surprising. Becoming an MLM distributor is simple and requires no real knowledge of health and nutrition. Many people sign up just so they can buy the product at a discount. Nearly all MLM companies selling health-related products exaggerate their value, and the vast majority of new distributors do not earn significant income. Health products that do have nutritional value, such as vitamins, are invariably overpriced. Those promoted as remedies are either unproven, bogus or intended for conditions unsuitable for self-medication. The best way to get antioxidants is from a balanced diet that includes lots of fruits and vegetables.

Dr. Stephen Barrett
Quackwatch.org
Allentown, Pennsylvania

HITS AND MISSES

How can you include Paris Hilton and Lindsay Lohan in *Playboy's 25 Sexiest Celebrities* (March)? One has the body of a 12-year-old boy and the

other the personality of one. I might have canceled my subscription based on this gross miscalculation of feminine allure, but you redeemed yourself with the other 23 selections.

David Shoffner
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Women who use their body to excel are the sexiest of all, yet your list does not have a single athlete. I nominate Maria Sharapova for 2008.

Wiley Cotton
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I love features like this because it's fun to second-guess. So here's mine: How can you exclude Christina Ricci? Just look at the ad for *Black Snake Moan* in the same issue, the photo that appears with your review of the film and your "Tease Frame" shot of her. If you don't want to stretch the list to 26



Christina, you're number 26. Call us.

spots, the Pussycat Dolls can go. I like them, but six women holding down one position is a little much.

Vincent D'Addio
Signal Hill, California

How can you ignore Salma Hayek's obvious talents?

Ron Bouchane
Las Cruces, New Mexico

No Jennifer Love Hewitt?

Brett Martin
Sparks, Nevada

Scarlett Johansson is a wonderful choice as the sexiest celeb. She's a marvelous piece of work and all natural.

Lee Carter
Lincoln City, Oregon

Read more feedback at blog.playboy.com.



PLAYBOY

after hours

babe of the month

Angela Chittenden

PERFECT GIRLS NEED
SWIMSUITS TOO

Among bikini designers, Beach Bunny Swimwear's Angela Chittenden (yes, she's also a model) has it easy. "I have a nice-looking group of friends," she says proudly, citing Playmate-customers Rhonda Adams and Nicole Marie Lenz, as well as supermodel Joanna Krupa. "I don't design swimsuits that will make my girls look better, because they're already hot. I'm not interested in tall and skinny. A voluptuous girl with boobs and a butt is what I think is beautiful. That's my taste, and I think that's 99 percent of men's taste." Amen, sister. Talking to Angela gives us the eerie sense of looking into a psychic mirror: Wow, she thinks about boobs and butts as much as we do. She's not quite as keen on nudity, though—her bikini bottoms are called Brazilians (not the kind of Brazilian you're thinking of, though one would certainly complement the other), which means they're narrow but provide more coverage than an "up-your-butt" thong. She's really anti-thong. "They're good for the bedroom, but I don't think they're too classy by the pool. They're very 1980s and tacky." She's insistent on opacity as well, a trait most women like in a suit. Most but not all, as Angela learned recently: "This woman called us the other day, saying, 'This suit is too thick. I need a see-through suit.' She was doing a photo shoot in Beverly Hills. I said, 'Well, most girls don't want them to be see-through.'"

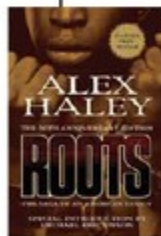
"Thongs aren't too classy by the pool. They're very 1980s."



required reading

Roots Redux

CELEBRATING THE ANNI-
VERSARY OF AN ESSENTIAL
BOOK AND MINISERIES



Alex Haley's *Roots* won a Pulitzer Prize, but more important, it reminded African Americans that they have a past. The 30th anniversary editions of the book and miniseries promise to expose a new generation to a leading figure in the PLAYBOY pantheon.

Haley conducted the first *Playboy* Interview (with Miles Davis), as well as some of the most significant, with, among others, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr. and George Lincoln Rockwell, the leader of the American Nazi Party who famously agreed to a chat only after being assured, by phone, that Haley wasn't Jewish. Read the Haley *Playboy* Interviews at playboy.com/magazine.



drink of the month

This Year's Model

THIS IS NOT
YOUR FATHER'S
BOOZEMOBILE.
IT'S BETTER

Summer's here—what's in your glass? We asked Audrey Saunders of Pegu Club, purveyor of the best original cocktails in Manhattan. "The sidecar is a classic," she says. "In our twist on it, the flavors of cognac and calvados, like an outer jacket, protect against any leftover springtime chill, but the green Chartreuse and pineapple juice make it warmer and sunnier. We sell a lot of these. By the way, the name Tantris comes from the opera *Tristan and Isolde*, but many customers think it's 'tantric'—and we let them."

**Tantris Sidecar**

1 oz. Courvoisier
VS cognac
½ oz. calvados
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. lemon juice
½ oz. simple syrup
¼ oz. pineapple juice
¼ oz. green Chartreuse

Coat the rim of a chilled martini glass with sugar halfway around (not everyone likes a sugared rim, Saunders explains). Shake all ingredients with ice in a cocktail shaker, strain into the glass and garnish with a lemon twist.

out of the mouths of babes

**The Real Thing**

"I'd never fake an orgasm in a relationship. I don't want a guy I'm going to bed with thinking he did something right if he most certainly didn't. I don't think it should ever be faked, not even during a one-night stand. You'd be doing him—and women everywhere—a favor by saying, 'Honey, this isn't working....'"

—Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks,
in *The Bunny Book: How to Walk,
Talk, Tease and Please Like a
Playboy Bunny*

unlikely stories

This Just In

THEY'VE REPLACED
THE FINE NEWS YOU
USED TO READ WITH
UTTER GARBAGE

Drew Curtis knows his crap. As founder of the blog *Fark.com*, he's the Net's king of links to useless journalism. In *It's Not News, It's Fark: How Mass Media Tries to Pass Off Crap as News*, he dissects this ubiquitous scaremongering and space-filling fluff. We asked for his favorite fake-news genres.

Overpriced food items. Mark up your hamburger 1,000 percent and every paper in the land will put your restaurant in its style section. Always get a quote from a rich idiot who bought the item and—believe it or not—enjoyed it.

We're due for a natural disaster. Really, it could happen any century now.

You won't believe what your teenage children are up to. Usually it's a weird drug or improbable sex party. Implication: The next generation is doomed—just as you suspected!

Women have posed naked for a calendar for charity. It isn't nearly as hot when, three paragraphs into the article, you discover they're of retirement age.

Jesus or Mary appeared on something. Toast, cookie pans, highway overpasses and so on. When appropriate, this story leads to another classic: Person buys stupid thing on eBay.

What if? Hyperbole about things that will never happen, such as, What if the space shuttle has to land in the California desert, overshoots, explodes and rains flaming debris all over L.A.?

Irony crime. Man calls police to report his marijuana stolen. Woman shows up to DUI hearing drunk, having driven herself there. Wintertime robbery solved because of tracks in snow.

celebrity pictorial



Bai Ling: Naked Again!

You remember Bai Ling—Chinese girl, slightly schizoid, mainly known for stray nipples and misfires sartorial. Had a small part in *Star Wars* that never made celluloid—An odd coda to June '05's cover pictorial, where she told us eight spirits were living inside of her. Now she's muse to a German-born fashion photographer, Udo Spreitzenbarth, who, in a show at the Berlinale, hung his five-foot-tall prints of Bai au naturel. One's above. At 8spirits.com view them all.

n word, please



Pimpin' With Piven

KATT WILLIAMS, THE JOKER IN THE HIP-HOP PACK, PLAYS THE RACE CARD, THE HEIGHT CARD AND THE DRUG CARD

Does "pimpin'" mean you have a stable of prostitutes from whom you extort money for protection? No, it means you work harder than me, and I make more money than you. Is your hair pimp hair? Yes, and my toenails are pimp toenails. How tall are you? Five feet five inches. Are you shorter than Lil Jon? Yep, he's five feet six inches. So you're not exactly "big" pimpin'. No, I'm big pimpin'. Penis size counts. What's the difference in height between you and Snoop? Not quite a foot. What's another difference? He has a much higher pharmaceutical tolerance. What's cool about getting shot? Nothing. What's uncool about it? Everything. How is marijuana different from other drugs? Weed isn't a drug; it's a plant. Who should smoke weed? Consenting adults. Who shouldn't? Children and idiots. In dollars, how much jewelry do you typically wear? \$175,000. What's more important for a pimp, a mink coat or jewelry? Jewelry is year-round; a mink is seasonal. What's the difference between pimp clothes and gay clothes? I'm a pimp, so I wear pimp clothes. If you're gay, you're wearing gay clothes. How do you like your women? Willing and able. How do you like your sex? Often and vigorous. How do you like your eggs? Scrambled with cheese. Do you think you use the N word too much? Do you think you ask a nigga too many stupid questions? Did Michael Richards use it too much? Nope—he didn't use it enough. Can a white person use it even once? Yes. Do you have any white friends? Yes. Who's your best white friend? Jeremy Piven. Why does a black man need white friends? To stay out of jail. Why does a white man need black friends? So he doesn't get his ass beat. Is it true that white people can't dance? Not absolutely true but true enough to be funny.

Katt Williams is currently readying his stand-up film, *Katt Williams: The Pimp Chronicles Pt. 2*, for theatrical release.

chopra bunch



Virgin Territory

MORE BIG NAMES COME OUT OF THE COMIC-BOOK CLOSET

Virgin Comics, a recently created property of the Branson empire, is bringing Hollywood and India together as only Deepak Chopra could. Say what? The New Age celebri-doctor serves as one of the house's "chief visionaries," and his son, Gotham Chopra, is editor in chief. A slightly batty setup has John Woo, Guy Ritchie and Nicolas Cage working with a Bangalore-based crew of illustrators. Woo's *7 Brothers* and Ritchie's *Gamekeeper* are on shelves now; Cage's *Enigma* is slated for July.



employee of the month

Exposed Nuptials

IF YOU'RE BUYING THE COW, DO IT IN STYLE WITH WEDDING PLANNER LAURA NICHOLE

PLAYBOY: How did you become a wedding planner?

LAURA: I used to model wedding dresses, and a wedding planner invited me to join her company. It sounded like fun.

PLAYBOY: We must plead ignorance of this particular field. What exactly do you do?

LAURA: I assist the bride with every detail: the venue, decorations, food and dress. On the big day I keep things running smoothly so the family can relax and enjoy the wedding.

PLAYBOY: Do all brides wear white?

LAURA: White isn't the norm anymore; the whole purity thing is over. I've had a couple of brides say, "I'm not wearing a white dress, because I'm not a virgin."

PLAYBOY: What's it like dealing with brides-to-be?

LAURA: It's fun, and most brides get very giddy—but of course I get the occasional bridezilla.

PLAYBOY: Do you like what you do?

LAURA: Yeah. I'm invited to a party every weekend. I get to dress up, eat catered food and dance. I always dance. I just like to move my body.

PLAYBOY: Have you already planned your own wedding?

LAURA: I have an idea of what I'd want it to look like, but so far I have yet to meet the man to sweep me off my feet.

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.

film clip



Knocked Out

THE NEW COMEDY *KNOCKED UP* REVEALS HARD TRUTHS ABOUT LOVE, SEX, BABIES AND THE ROPE LINE

Judd Apatow's comedy *Knocked Up*, one of this summer's more promising films, explores how having children makes men and women feel different—about themselves, about each other and about sex and love. In one scene a very pregnant Allison (Katherine Heigl) and her 30-something sister Debbie (Leslie Mann) go to a club they used to frequent to cheer themselves up. The bouncer (Craig Robinson) doesn't want to admit them.

BOUNCER: You want to come in? You got to go to the end of the line and wait like everybody else.

DEBBIE: I am not going to go to the end of the fucking line. Who the fuck are you? I have just as much of a right to be here as any of these little skanky girls! What, am I not skanky enough for you? You want me to hike up my fucking skirt? What the fuck is your problem? I am not going anywhere! You're just some roided-out freak with a fucking clipboard! And your stupid little fucking rope! You know what? You may have power now, but you're not God. You're a doorman, okay? You're a doorman, doorman. Doorman. Doorman. Doorman! So fuck you!

[The bouncer pulls her aside and speaks to her quietly.]

BOUNCER: I know. You're right. I am so sorry. I fucking hate this job. I don't want to be the one to pass judgment, decide who gets in. Shit makes me sick to my stomach. I get the runs from the stress. It's not because you're not hot. I would love to tap that ass. I would tear that ass up. I can't let you in because you're old as fuck for this club—not, you know, for the earth.

DEBBIE: What?

BOUNCER: You old. She pregnant. Can't have a bunch of old pregnant bitches running around. That's crazy. I am only allowed to let in five percent black people. That means if there's 25 people, I get to let in one and a quarter black people. So I got to hope there's a black midget in the crowd.

outback basic

Beer Lexicon: Wattle

Australians use wattle seed, an aboriginal staple with a coffee-like flavor, in muffins and ice cream. But the nutty stuff works especially well in beer, as we found when we tasted Barons Black Wattle Superior Wattle Seed Ale.



R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



Weapon of Mass Destructions

Built with **24 tons** of scrap steel from the World Trade Center, the Navy's amphibious assault ship USS *New York* (LPD-21) will be ready sometime this year. The vessel, which is being constructed in New Orleans, survived Hurricane Katrina.



Head Cases

Roughly **1 in 5** professional rodeo bull riders now wears a customized hockey helmet instead of a cowboy hat as a safety measure.

price check

\$3,001,501

Winning bid on eBay for the window and frame from which Lee Harvey Oswald (supposedly) fired to kill President Kennedy. They were sold by the original owner of the Texas School Book Depository.

Wrecking Balls

According to AAA, males behind the wheel run a **77%** greater risk of being killed in a car crash than female drivers.

Scrubs

The Institute of Medicine and Centers for Disease Control and Prevention found that only about **35%** of hospital employees consistently wash their hands before examining patients.

what they're thinking

It's Not How You Finish, It's How You Start

According to a *Glamour* survey, readers' sexual dreams would come true with:

More foreplay:

35%

More orgasms:

30%



Intelligent Divine

617 Christian congregations in the U.S. marked Evolution Sunday (the second Sunday of February) this year with special church services celebrating Darwin's theory of evolution.

Dirty Girls

Female office workers' keyboards and computer mice are infested with **3 to 4** times as many germs as those of male office workers.



Waning Moon

Scientists claim that due to decay from its orbit, the moon is destined to disintegrate in **5 billion** years.



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the best of the month

[PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: AT WORLD'S END]

Johnny Depp's off-kilter swashbuckler returns

After two *Pirates* flicks, you know the drill, mate. Johnny Depp swishes and staggers, works the mascara and spews insults like a tripped-out rocker. In this latest tale of skulduggery, Orlando Bloom, Keira Knightley and Geoffrey Rush sail to Singapore in search of a mysterious map that leads to the surreal afterworld of Davy Jones's locker, where Captain Jack Sparrow is trapped. With rumors swirling about whether Bloom's and Knightley's characters will be onboard for further sequels, Depp says of Sparrow, "I'll be in a deep, dark depression saying good-bye to him. I'll keep the costume and just prance around the house, entertain the kids." But Depp hasn't ruled out another go at the character: "If they had a good script, why not? I mean, at a certain point the madness must stop, but for the moment, I can't say he's done."

[OCEAN'S THIRTEEN]

Al Pacino raises the stakes for Ocean and his gang

Having raked in a combined worldwide haul of nearly \$800 million for their two previous capers, smooth criminals George Clooney, Brad Pitt, Matt Damon and director Steven Soderbergh are gambling that they've got at least one good heist left in them. Sure, the team jettisoned Julia Roberts and Catherine Zeta-Jones, but this time we have eternally hot Ellen Barkin working for Al Pacino, who plays a Vegas casino owner Soderbergh describes as a monster. Although plot details are being guarded like Bellagio's main vault, the action reportedly erupts when Pacino cuts Elliott Gould's character out of a massive deal; to deliver one hell of a payoff, Danny Ocean's boys not only reteam but join forces with former archnemesis Andy Garcia. Says Garcia, who plays suave casino owner Terry Benedict, "The process of making this was very high-energy. It's hard to say much without giving away the movie, though. You don't want to be reading that stuff before you see the film."



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[EVAN ALMIGHTY]

Can Steve Carell carry the costliest comedy in history?

Back in 2003 Steve Carell stole scenes as the egotistical news-caster in *Bruce Almighty*. Now a big deal after *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* and *The Office*, Carell stands front and center in this special-effects bonanza rumored to be—at an ungodly \$175 million—the priciest comedy ever. Carell plays a TV anchor turned congressman who is tapped by God (Morgan Freeman) to build a Noah-style ark before the arrival of another great flood, making his wife and three boys wonder whether he's actually hearing voices from on high or, you know, just hearing voices. "This is the first family movie with full frontal nudity," says Carell, "so we're very proud of that. Well, okay, maybe it's just of the animals, but I'll do what I can to sell tickets. Maybe we'll put all the full-frontal stuff in the too-hot-for-TV cut of the DVD." As for the hearsay about a budget of biblical proportions, Carell says, "It's expensive but not anywhere near what some of the reports said it cost. If people enjoy it, who's to say it was a bad investment?"

[FANTASTIC FOUR: RISE OF THE SILVER SURFER]

The superhero quartet faces a new threat

"It's got big action sequences—five or six of them," says Julian McMahon, who reprises his role as the nefarious Dr. Doom from the 2005 box-office hit. This sequel pits him against the comics world's first family (played by Ioan Gruffudd, Jessica Alba, Chris Evans and Michael Chiklis) as he attempts to lure the havoc-wreaking Silver Surfer to the dark side. Although the first film didn't receive much critical love, *Nip/Tuck* antihero McMahon insists the new flick is more fun. "The last time we saw Dr. Doom he was heated, frozen, boxed in and shipped off," he says. "So the first section of the new movie has him coming out of his casket, being pissed off at the Fantastic Four and trying to get the powerful Silver Surfer on his side. I did my part to make Dr. Doom as evil as possible." Is he evil enough for another sequel? McMahon laughs. "Well, just the name Dr. Doom means it's probably not going to end well for him."



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[SICKO]

Health care undergoes a Michael Moore operation

Oscar-winning muckraker Michael Moore, who has taken on guns, 9/11 and General Motors, now takes aim at our \$1.5 trillion health care and pharmaceutical industries. The polarizing director, whose website received more than 19,000 letters when he solicited accounts of people's experiences with HMOs and drug companies, says, "To read about the misery people are put through on a daily basis by our profit-based system was both moving and revolting." The film, which Moore describes as a "comedy about 45 million people with no health care in the richest country on earth," has already irked the mighty drug industry. But Moore claims that when companies learn the names of the families who have spilled the beans, something fascinating happens. "The people we're filming have had a 100 percent success rate at getting whatever they need from HMOs, pharmaceutical companies, whatever," he says. Let the mudslinging begin.

also showing

Hostel: Part II

(Lauren German, Bijou Phillips, Heather Matarazzo) In this brutal sequel, three American girls studying abroad wind up as prisoners in an underground torture club frequented by rich men with wacko appetites. Battling for survival, our heroines learn the club owners' tentacles reach internationally.

Our call: A banquet of blood for gore hounds, sadists and fans of director Eli Roth. If you have a low tolerance for pain, plan an exit strategy. You saw the original, right?

Knocked Up

(Seth Rogen, Katherine Heigl, Leslie Mann, Paul Rudd) Judd Apatow, writer-director of *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, strikes again with this laugh machine about a TV entertainment journalist (Heigl) who gets preggers from a one-night stand with an aimless 20-something (Rogen). Should they pair up or move on?

Our call: The laughs are raunchy, Rogen aces his shot at stardom, Heigl proves she's fast on her feet, Mann and Rudd make memorably miserable marrieds, but it all feels way too long.

1408

(John Cusack, Samuel L. Jackson, Mary McCormack) This hair-raiser from a Stephen King story has Cusack checking into a hotel's infamous room 1408, thinking he'll debunk tales of supernatural calamities that have befallen 56 of the room's prior occupants. The horror hotel lives up to its gruesome rep.

Our call: Quirky Cusack can sometimes seem too cool for the room, but he's in the right place at the right time for this shriek-and-shudder fest that often delivers the goods.

A Mighty Heart

(Angelina Jolie, Dan Futterman, Will Patton) Brad Pitt produced this real-life drama starring Jolie as Mariane Pearl, wife of *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl. In 2002 she searched Pakistan for her missing husband, who was researching a story about Muslim fundamentalists, and discovered he had been murdered.

Our call: Noble intentions, authoritative filmmaking and a volatile torn-from-the-headlines subject may not overcome the controversy of Jolie's casting as a woman of mixed race.

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dvd of the month

[THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR: SEASON TWO]

Hef's girlfriends show why three's a charm at the Mansion

The nonstop Playboy party rages on. In the second season of the top-rated E! reality show, the titillating trio of Holly Madison, Bridget Marquardt and Kendra Wilkinson takes viewers on some crazy adventures around the world with our Editor-in-Chief in tow. See Hef's leading ladies prepare for his 80th birthday bash, accompany him on a European vacation, hit Sin City for Kendra's wild 21st birthday celebration and christen the new Playboy Club at the Palms. Continuing to lay out in living color the atmosphere and escapades that take place behind the scenes at Hef's house, this three-disc set of extended, uncensored episodes is a voyeuristic delight. These girls have heart and ambition and an instinct for fun. Once you get to know them better, you'll wish they really did live next door. **Best extras:** Commentary by the threesome, bloopers, 48 deleted scenes and a few clever Easter eggs.

★★★★ —Robert B. DeSalvo



THE GOOD GERMAN (2006) George Clooney, a reporter in post-World War II Berlin, becomes caught in a web of intrigue. This 1940s-style thriller is rich with poignant present-day parallels. **Best extra:** Bad German—you must wait for the special edition. ★★★ —Greg Fagan



FACTORY GIRL (2006) Sienna Miller plays Edie Sedgwick, the proto It girl of Andy Warhol's Factory. Despite game performances—and the rumored on-screen sex between Miller and Hayden Christensen—the film fails to isolate Edie's "it." **Best extra:** A commentary track. ★★★½ —G.F.



DIRECTOR'S SHOWCASE: TAKE TWO These four new-to-DVD cult movies are superb examples of genre storytelling. The standouts are Sidney Lumet's epic on police corruption, *Prince of the City* (1981), and Ulu Grosbard's *Straight Time* (1978, pictured),



a harrowing crime melodrama starring Dustin Hoffman. Also included are Alan Myerson's *Steelyard Blues* (1972) and John Badham's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* (1981). **Best extra:** Hoffman's *Straight Time* commentary track. ★★★ —Matt Steigbigel

ILLEGAL ALIENS (2007) Anna Nicole Smith does a comic turn in her last film, a camp sci-fi romp that could have been called *Earth Girls Are (Very) Easy*. Smith is part of a trio of curvaceous space cadets trying to keep bellowing baddie Joanie "Chyna" Lauer from destroying the planet. **Best extra:** A goofy "Making of." ★ —Buzz McClain



SCARFACE (1932) Howard Hawks and Richard Rosson's hard-boiled gangster landmark stands triumphant on DVD. Fans who prefer the original to Brian De Palma's celebrated 1983 version will savor its precode charms. Paul Muni dazzles as the titular mobster, a charismatic sociopath modeled on Al Capone. *Scarface* brims with killing, dabbles in incest and seethes with lust and power. **Best extra:** An alternative, more cautionary ending. ★★★ —G.F.



SCANNER

CHIPS: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (1977) Enjoy a nostalgia trip with toothy highway patrolman Ponch (Erik Estrada) and his partner as they ride their motorcycles into trouble on California's freeways. ★★★

RED SHOE DIARIES: SEASON ONE (1992) Soft-core czar Zalman King's Showtime series explores the innermost desires of women on the verge of an erotic meltdown. Plenty of flesh for fantasy is on display. ★★★

ALPHA DOG (2007) Inspired by real events, this disturbingly humorous portrayal of gangsta wannabes exposes loose morals and decadent excess. Justin Timberlake brings some humanity to this redemptionless tale. ★★★½

THE FOUNTAIN (2006) Darren Aronofsky's time-traveling mind-bender about Hugh Jackman's quest to secure Rachel Weisz's love is both visionary and half-baked. ★★★½

MEMORY (2005) Medical researcher Billy Zane is exposed to an unknown drug that gives him the 35-year-old memories of a child killer in this competent but forgettable thriller with Tricia Helfer and Dennis Hopper. ★★

★★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look
★★★ Good show ★ Forget it

tease frame



No one has accused wild child **Bijou Phillips** of being shy, and we're so okay with that. The April 2000 *PLAYBOY* cover model has had a string of edgy roles in movies like *Havoc* and *Bully* (pictured). She'll next test her lung power as a college coed studying abroad who makes a horrible lodging error in *Hostel: Part II*.

road trips

[MANDO DIAO]

Late-night debauchery keys songwriting on Swedish rockers' new LP

Mando Diao emerged when the Libertines and Hives were ascendent, with a sound equally ragged and catchy. And aside from Pete Doherty of the Libertines (and, these days, Babyshambles), nobody else can toss off perfect punky pop songs one after another the way Mando songwriters Gustaf Norén and Björn Dixgård do. Here Norén discusses the combo's new album.

Q: Your latest LP, the band's third, is called *Ode to Ochrasy*. What's ochrasy?

A: It's our word for the strange time between finishing a show and going to bed. We coined it after we'd been playing a lot and found ourselves living like vampires. We go on at 11 or 12 at night, and even though we get out of bed a few hours earlier, it's only onstage that we really wake up. That's when our day begins. When you live like that, you meet a lot of strange people—not many normal folks are out at three in the morning.

Q: What kind of people do you meet?

A: Lost souls, I would say.

Old sailors with tales from strange places, a pretty junkie with more stories in her head than she can carry, even a self-described terrorist. In Japan we went to a newly opened bar where the floor was covered with flowers—when someone opens a bar there, friends and family send flowers. After we drank a bottle of whiskey, the chubby bartender stripped to a thong, put on a huge fish mask and danced on our table, jumping up and down with this scary laugh. Everything is fucking ochrasy in Japan.

Q: How did all that end up affecting the songwriting for your album?

A: We began to feel more like folk musicians, storytellers going from town to town. That changed us. Before, we were telling our stories—you know, it was us against the world all the time. It was party music and booze music. Now we had all these different characters to write about, and each story had to be told a specific way.

Q: How's the ochrasy in the States?

A: People are so open and easy to talk to. We always look forward to ochrasy there.



[KEY PARTY]

America's premiere jazz archive label releases another excellent set

In 1978 pianist Andrew Hill cut more than two hours of solo music at a studio in Berkeley. A brilliant album was released from those sessions by a small California label that later disappeared, and the music was apparently lost to the ages. The rest of the sessions were found, however, and—along with the original recordings—restored to their glory by Mosaic Records, which has made its mark reissuing jazz collections in limited-edition boxed sets. The three-CD Hill sessions are



exquisite; it's intriguing to hear Hill's compositions unfold in his peculiarly irregular fashion. For Mosaic, this work is nothing unusual. It is one of those rare labels whose recordings you can buy simply on the strength of its name. Focused in its content, dedicated to quality and committed to music, Mosaic serves as an example to other archivists in an environment in which so much amazing music has been lost. It shows there is still money to be made in creative rediscovery.

indie summer

[HOT TUNES]

Every month, we sort through the latest crap to bring you the cream of the crop. Here are 15 surefire tracks—and what's special about them. Enjoy.

"Alien in My Belly," Wax Tailor Spooky trip-hop from French downbeat specialist. Femme vocals, eerie effects—the works.

"Books From Boxes," Maximo Park Brittle ballad-like track from perhaps the most interesting recent U.K. band.

"Caroline Goodbye," Colin Blunstone From Water label's reissue of *One Year*, the 1971 solo LP by this voice of the Zombies.

"Alone Again," Illinois Taut, winsome rock with keyboards that evokes Spoon and the Shins and points to a bright future.

"The Harder Ships of the World," Keren Ann This simple, plaintive dirge continues Keren's streak of heartfelt acoustic winners.

"Black Magic," Jarvis Cocker The riff and background vocals from Joan Jett's cover of "Crimson & Clover" anchor this gem.

"Roll On," Dntel Need some Jenny Lewis? She's on this track, atop cool Postal Service–like electronic whimsy.

"Casino," Gore Gore Girls Rollicking girlie guitar-and-hand-claps in the vein of Holly Golightly, the Chalets and the Pipettes.

"Cuz I'm Jazzy," Guru's Jazzmatazz Guru and Slum Village flow over string swells and Hammond organ bursts.

"Almost Ready," Dinosaur Jr. Original lineup re-creates the guitar *whoosh* that made the band six-string heroes back in the day.

"Ice Cream (Comets remix)," New Young Pony Club Electro-fried version of the sex-on-wheels indie club anthem.

"To the East," Electrelane This (and the entire new LP) outdoes Stereolab at its kraut-rocking drone-pop sound. *Sehr gut.*

"Need Some Air," Black Rebel Motorcycle Club From BRMC's best LP yet, this successfully mashes melody and menace.

"Block Party," Chuck Brown The jazziest of the original D.C. go-go innovators adds bits of funk and hip-hop to his mix.

"Sister Rosetta," The Noisettes Cross the Gossip with Yeah Yeah Yeahs, speed the whole thing up and you get this cracker.

gaming on the go

[CALLING SOME PLAYS]

The world's most prevalent gaming device is already in your pocket

Today's cell phones pack as much processing power as a typical desktop computer did in 1998. And the games designed for them have been steadily improving—from near brain-dead *Bowling* and *Breakout* clones to fully 3-D shooters, adventure games and more. Plus they're inexpensive (about \$5, depending on the carrier), they can be downloaded as easily as a new ring tone, and you already own the hardware. Here's what you want in your pocket today:

LOST (pictured top left, gameloft.com) resembles the classic *Pitfall* more than it does ABC's cryptic hit series. Not that we're complaining. Playing as lead character Jack and starting at the beginning of season one, you must save fellow survivors, find crucial items and, most important, avoid the smoke monster. You'll use your noggin, but this title is more about quick hits than quick wits.

SCENE IT? MOVIE EDITION (bottom left, namcogames.com) is like an on-demand bar trivia game. A continuous lightning round, *Scene It?* fires multiple-choice questions as you and up to three

friends score points based on speed, winning streaks and of course accuracy. At the end players are ranked from Studio President to Best Boy (you don't want to be Best Boy). With new

questions downloaded regularly from its server, the game won't get stale. **TIGER WOODS PGA TOUR 07** (top right, eamobile.com) brings you to Pebble Beach and five other hot links with visuals that pack nearly the same punch as the Wii version, including course flyovers and 3-D views. The multiplayer matches are missing, but the long Tournament mode will keep you plenty busy. **TOM CLANCY'S RAINBOW SIX VEGAS** (bottom right, gameloft.com) may not be a sophisticated military sim like its big brothers on the PlayStation 3

and Xbox 360, but it has a great old-school aesthetic. The action-adventure is broken into varied game modes, from 2-D run-and-gun missions to sniper-style shooting and bomb-dismantling puzzles. No multiplayer here, either, but the fast pace and variety are good for bite-size on-the-go mayhem.

—Damon Brown



[A TOMB WITH A VIEW]

A decade (plus) with the lovely Lara Croft

One of our favorite starlets has an anniversary coming up: Lara Croft turns 11 this fall (though in our minds she's always been over 18), and while most people celebrate events at the decade mark, this is the games industry. *Lara Croft Tomb Raider: Anniversary* missed Lara's big day by six months, so it's due out this month, a nice, round 10.5 years after her 1996 debut. What are we supposed to do, not celebrate? Over the years, Lara has had her boobs done and her hips trimmed, changed her hair and apparently hired a stylist (compare the top and bottom images at right if you have any doubts), but that's only natural for an actress who's been working this much. Since her video-game premiere in the original *Tomb Raider*, Lara has appeared in games for the PC, Mac, PlayStations 1, 2 and Portable, Pocket



PC, Xbox and Xbox 360, Sega Saturn and Dreamcast, every Game Boy iteration since Game Boy Color, GameCube and even Nokia's ill-fated N-Gage gaming phone. Her loving parent, Eidos, has also provided a slew of flesh-and-blood avatars, including the incomparable current incarnation, Karima Adebibe (far left), who underwent training in combat and deportment before taking on the role. Lara was memorably portrayed by Angelina Jolie (near left) in two forgettable films and inspired *Generation X* author Douglas Coupland

to write *Lara's Book*, a paean to her charms (and the most literate fan fiction ever produced). *Anniversary* is a current-gen quasi-remake of the original *Tomb Raider*, featuring high-resolution models of its scenarios (not to mention of Ms. Croft herself) along with all-new gameplay.

—Chris Hudak

out this month

SPIDER-MAN 3 (PC, PS2, PS3, 360, Wii) As the movie hits theaters, everyone's favorite swinger spins his way onto consoles, with incredible open-world web slinging and crime fighting, plus epic *God of War*-like boss battles. Yum.

TOUCH THE DEAD (DS) We don't care why it's taken so long to get a shooter this touch-screen-centric for the DS; we're just glad it's here in all its gory zombie-blasting glory. Addictive, funny and more than a little gross.

THE NEW YORK TIMES CROSSWORDS (DS) Those craving a more cerebral digital experience can work their way through more than 1,000 past versions of the puzzle of record by writing answers onto the screen. No erasers, no remorse.

CUBE (PSP) You're a cube working your way across other cubes that are arranged into a challenging series of obstacle courses in this trippy exercise in spatial relationships. Psychedelic, original, portable. We like.

FORZA MOTORSPORT 2 (360) The meticulous racing sim gets a next-gen makeover with killer looks, more cars and new tracks, including Sebring and Suzuka. With real-time damage and wear, this is as realistic as racing gets.

subversion of the month

[PALAHNIUK'S PLAGUE]

His latest novel, *Rant*, is an oral biography of patient zero

Q: Your books present a view of a culture in steep decline. Do you feel as though you're holding out a sign that says DANGER?

A: Not really. It's more like I'm looking into a mirror and saying, "Danger, you idiot!" Any mistakes I parody are my own first.

Q: Many of your characters crave "real" experiences. What makes manufactured ones so detrimental?

A: A manufactured experience tends to separate you from other people. It's so market-tested that it will never be extreme. The consumer becomes a spectator, with no chance for self-expression or self-discovery. Television and films have portrayed such a narrow spectrum of human experience that we're quickly forgetting how smart, brave, strong, patient, creative, loving and horny a human being can be.

Q: *Rant* is quite a subversive work. Has our government taken an interest in you?

A: I do enjoy an annual IRS audit, but my paperwork is always in order.

Q: What are the advantages and disadvantages of having such a rabid fan base?

A: Advantages: stories they tell me. Amazing, true-life stories: teenage experiments that left their genitals scarred for life, prom dates that became gang rapes. Folks feel safe telling me their own worst experiences. They don't worry about being judged or dismissed. So people might wait hours to be alone with me and tell me things television or films will never dare depict but books can. The disadvantage is the physical task of meeting so many folks on a tour. Some book signings last more than seven hours, until after 2:30 in the morning. Later, when people show me pictures of myself snapped on camera phones, trying to smile in my sixth hour of signing, I look like an anatomy-lab cadaver.

Q: Your fans refer to themselves as the Cult. What flavor of Kool-Aid would go best with a Chuck Palahniuk book?

A: Is Vicodin a flavor?

—Interview by Andrew Bradbury



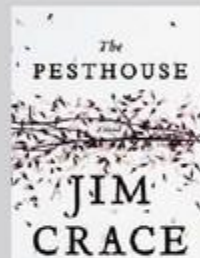
after the fall

[THE PESTHOUSE]

Do British writers understand America better than we do?

This disorienting dystopia set in a future America—part *Mad Max*, part Hollywood Western—opens late one night outside Ferrytown, a river crossing where migrants desperate to reach the Atlantic pay outrageous sums for the meager hospitality of the locals. As if that weren't unpleasant enough, a nearby lake belches a poisonous cloud that descends on the town and wipes everyone out. Everyone, that is, except Margaret—a woman quarantined in a "pesthouse" because she has a feared contagion called the flux—and Franklin, a tall migrant holed up nearby with a bum knee.

The two orphans join forces, flee to the coast and fall in love—in the process encountering the ruins of the industrial era, religious fanatics and vicious slavers. Crace, a British writer with a muscular way with words and a less than sunny disposition (his previous books include *Quarantine* and *Being Dead*), is after more than a gripping story. *The Pesthouse* turns history on its head: Instead of opportunity and manifest destiny, Crace's America is a nightmare of manifest misery. The reader gets no clues about the causes of the country's collapse, but Crace presents a compelling picture of an America betrayed by its overfetishization of rugged individualism and of Americans paradoxically at their best when cutting against the grain. —Bill Vourvoulas



the erotic eye



MARC BAPTISTE NUDES • Marc Baptiste

This collection of nudes from noted photographer Baptiste is of a softer, more reflective tone than his commercial work. Enveloped in diaphanous natural light, the gamine beauties here are perched on beds, windowsills and chairs. Emitting gazes that are poised between doe-like innocence and ferocious cometherness, these women are at once seductive and forbidding: We may admire their subtle beauty; we would be wise to approach with caution.

—Matt Steigbigel





Whiskey Island

Trek to the end of the earth for the undiluted scotch experience

ISLAY (that's *EYE-lah*, laddie) is a mecca for malt-whiskey aficionados. This rugged Hebrides island off the western coast of Scotland is so covered with peat that the water runs brown, smells like smoke and makes single malts taste like a liquid campfire. Seven famed distilleries dot the island's rocky coast, and each produces a whiskey with flavors and depths of smoke that vary dramatically from one another—from the gentle whiff of Caol Ila to the rollicking powerhouses of Laphroaig and Ardbeg. Between May 26 and June 3 the island throws a peerless single-malt tasting event, the Islay Festival of Malt and Music (feisile.org). Where to retire after one too many a dram? The Bowmore Distillery (pictured), dating from 1779, recently renovated five of its buildings into four-star luxury accommodations ranging in size from the one-bedroom Mashman's Cottage to the Old Bakery, which can sleep a football squad. Bowmore sells its entire line on-site, from the 12- to the 30-year-old, as well as signed rare bottles. Other Islay must-sees: the ancient Celtic ruins (book a tour with local Christine Logan, "Lady of the Isles," at christine@ladyoftheisles.co.uk), and the Harbor Inn overlooking Loch Indaal, where from a window-side table you can watch the day's catch being brought ashore. Rates at Bowmore run from \$125 to \$500 a night. Check bowmore.com/cottages.aspx for availability.



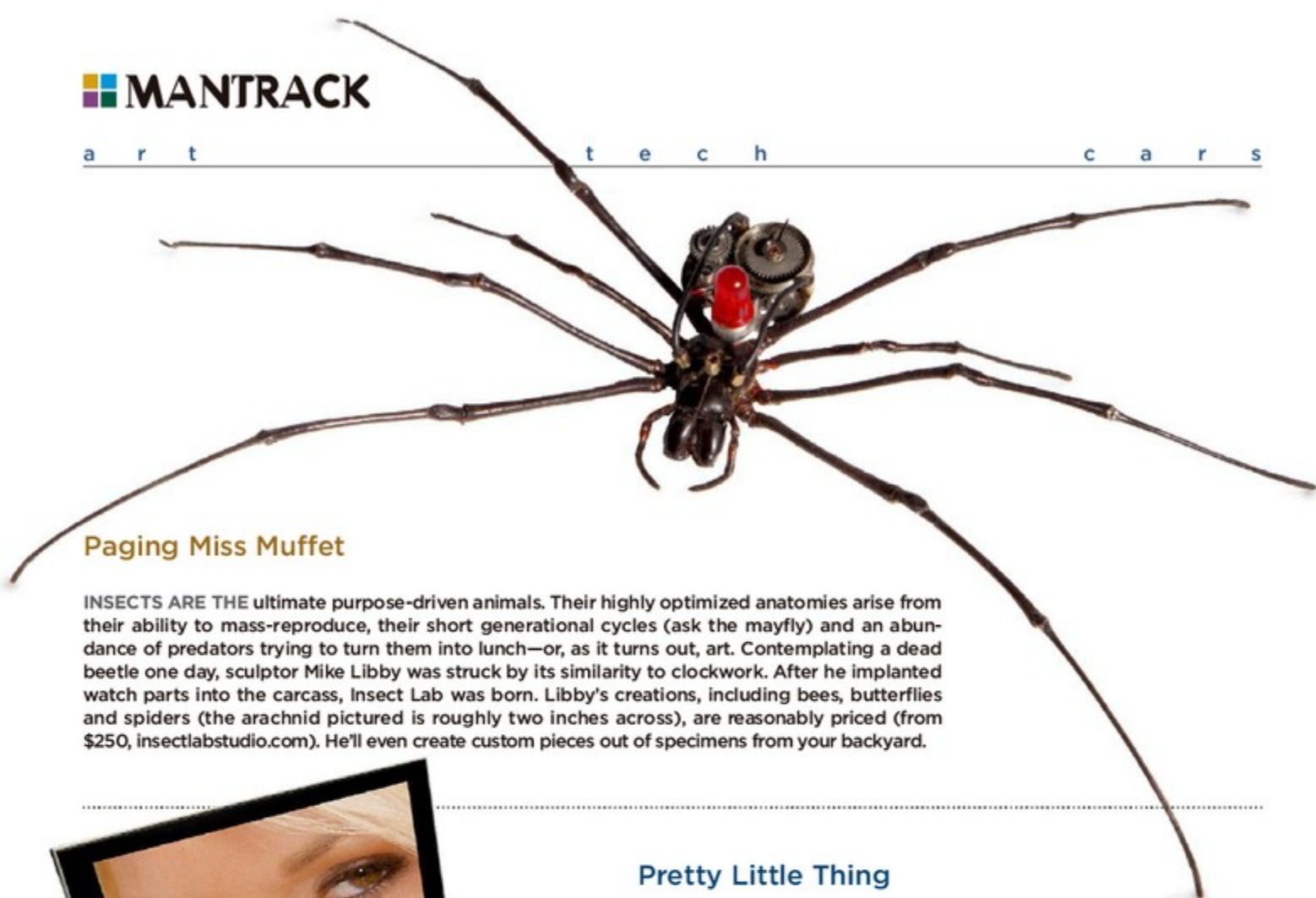
Gotta Have It

SPONTANEOUS ROMANCE is the best kind—especially if you've thought ahead. Six things every guy should have in his home at all times: 1. A bottle of chilled bubbly. Moët & Chandon's White Star (\$25) is a great standby. 2. Condoms of your choice (we stick with the ol' faithful Trojan). You don't want to get caught with your pants down. Let us rephrase that.... 3. A copy of Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue*, slightly predictable but hard to beat as far as mood music goes. 4. Massage oil. We recommend Kama Sutra Vanilla Cream Oil of Love (\$10, amazon.com). 5. Candles of the nonperfume-y kind. 6. An extra toothbrush. Even if you live with a woman, you never know when she might bring home a friend.

Self Server

YOU DON'T USE your stereo to do your taxes, so why store your music and movies where you keep your spreadsheets? Niveus's Rainier Edition Media Center (from \$3,200, niveus.com) is a computer built for the living room, leveraging Windows Vista's enhanced media capabilities to feed your entertainment system all the digital goodness it deserves. This unit will store everything you've got and more, and it can send pics, audio and video to up to five stereo or TV setups at once. Plus, its extruded-aluminum chassis acts like a massive heat sink that cools the server's guts without a noisy fan.





Paging Miss Muffet

INSECTS ARE THE ultimate purpose-driven animals. Their highly optimized anatomies arise from their ability to mass-reproduce, their short generational cycles (ask the mayfly) and an abundance of predators trying to turn them into lunch—or, as it turns out, art. Contemplating a dead beetle one day, sculptor Mike Libby was struck by its similarity to clockwork. After he implanted watch parts into the carcass, Insect Lab was born. Libby's creations, including bees, butterflies and spiders (the arachnid pictured is roughly two inches across), are reasonably priced (from \$250, insectlabstudio.com). He'll even create custom pieces out of specimens from your backyard.



Pretty Little Thing

THE WHOLE POINT of laptops is that they can go anywhere—and that means more than just being small and light. Of course Toshiba's Portege R400 (from \$2,600, toshiba.com) is available with Wi-Fi and Bluetooth for connecting on the go, but if you opt for the built-in cellular antenna, you can use the Net when out of router range. What's more, the swiveling screen can fold into a touch-screen tablet configuration, letting you use a stylus to click around the web or take handwritten notes. The fact that this flexible wonder is small and light (with a gorgeous piano finish) doesn't hurt matters either.

The Future Is Now

AS FAR AS technology goes, there has never been a more exciting time in the world of automobiles. The race to dream up performance and efficiency enhancements is moving at breakneck speed. Case in point: We test-drove the new Lexus LS600h L on the company's desert proving ground in Arizona. The combination of a five-liter V8 and a high-output electric motor summons a full 438



bhp, making this the most powerful hybrid sedan ever. Top speed is a very comfortable, electronically governed 130 mph. The car features low-beam LED headlights (a first on a production car), Bluetooth, XM radio and a technology called the Advanced Pre-Collision System, which brakes the car automatically when it senses an oncoming obstruction—all while producing 70 percent fewer emissions than competitors in its class. Sorry, there's no kitchen sink. Price tag: in the neighborhood of \$100,000; info at lexus.com.

The Playboy Advisor

Can you explain how therapists test a person for heterosexuality? I read that the Reverend Ted Haggard, the prominent Colorado minister who preached against homosexuality but admitted to having sexual contact with a former male prostitute, was declared "completely heterosexual" after three weeks of therapy.—J.H., Dallas, Texas

We would love to know what intense procedures brought the formerly conflicted Haggard back to the folds. Maybe he stared at photos of Playmates. But the home test for heterosexuality is fairly simple: Grab some lube, stroke your erection and see who shows up in your fantasies. (If women consistently do, you can download an official Certificate of Complete Heterosexuality at playboyadvisor.com.) The more rigid laboratory test involves scientists showing you porn while they monitor a strain gauge attached to your penis. If blood flow increases when you see men having sex, you're gay. If blood flow increases when you watch porn involving women, you're straight. So far there has been no evidence of men who flow both ways. The situation appears to be different for women, who according to one study have increased blood flow to their genitals when shown any type of sexual image. That's why we love them so. At any rate, we challenge Haggard to take the peter-meter test at our expense.

When my wife and I go out to a nice restaurant, I stand when she leaves and returns to the table. I know my wife appreciates it, but other diners look at me as if I'm crazy. Also, what is the protocol when dining with another couple? I don't want to show up the other guy.—M.C., Garden Grove, California

Standing is a polite gesture, but you diminish its power through repetition. It also announces to the room that your wife is going to the loo. Naturally, you should stand until she is seated. But when she excuses herself midmeal, you need only complete what we call the half-assed lift: Grasp the armrests and lift your butt an inch off the seat. You can also scoot your chair back slightly. Simply shifting your center of gravity in this manner is sufficient to say, "I had every intention of standing, but you're already up and on your way." The half-assed lift also works when dining with couples, because the other guy will instinctively mimic you.

A female reader argued in February that while men always complain that they don't get enough sex from their wives, it's "never mentioned" that "women find it unacceptable to have a marriage filled with sex but without love and affection." Your response—that men do want love and affection but can do without the drama when it comes to sex—is on target, but you should also have noted that men connect emotionally to their mate through sexual intimacy. You can tell a woman you love her, buy her gifts, flirt with her, do



the chores, etc., but these things do not provide a man with the mental or physical connection he craves. For men, sex is the ultimate way to please their mate. As for wanting to be seduced, I bet that reader's partner romanced her before they married; she did the same for him. Afterward she lost interest in sex, and he then lost interest in her, but somehow it's all his fault.—B.H., Tucson, Arizona

The deficit of desire that typically occurs in relationships after about two years always produces passionate responses. Read on for more.

Men complain that women won't have sex, but in my experience the opposite is true. My girlfriends and I notice that when we first get into a relationship, both parties are all about "Let's get naked." But after a few months it turns into "Not tonight, dear. My back (knee, head, etc.) hurts"—from him! The chief complaint I hear and that my girlfriends report is, "All you want to do is fuck. Don't you ever get tired?" This is not a local issue; I have friends in other states and various tax brackets who say the same thing. What's a girl to do? And where are the hot, horny guys who want sex with the same woman for more than two weeks in a row?—D.S., Jasper, Arkansas

Unless you're withholding crucial details, such as the fact that you and your girlfriends date only men who work double shifts or that you initiate sex by whispering, "Let's make a baby," we can't explain it. To be honest, we're not sure we believe you.

I'm not the type to ask for advice, but the letter from the woman about men not wanting love and affection prompted me to write. I have been married to my high

school sweetheart for 17 years. The only time we have sex is after we fight about our rarely having sex. To my wife's credit, she has tried hormones and counseling, but nothing seems to awaken her libido. So she writes it off, saying I just need to accept that she is not a sexual person and be grateful she is a good mother and friend. I find my wife extremely desirable, which only makes this more difficult. I tell her how attractive she is, but she never says the same about me. She fails to understand how much this affects me. How long can I remain faithful in this situation? I'm afraid that all it will take is another woman showing interest.—W.M., Chandler, Arizona

*We just finished a challenging book you and your wife will find useful. Actually, she'll find it life-affirming and you'll find it mostly aggravating (as we did), but it is sure to start a conversation. In *I'd Rather Eat Chocolate: Learning to Love My Low Libido*, Joan Sewell describes how her husband did everything he could to romance her, before finally asking, "Do you not like sex?" Sewell had to admit her indifference. The reason they are still married is that the explanation she offered for her lack of interest was "I don't know," rather than "I don't care." She began to search for answers in advice books, which suggested spontaneity, quickies, date nights, talking dirty, all the usual suspects. When considering testosterone supplements, Sewell wondered why the burden of the desire deficit is so often placed on women; why does no one suggest men take estrogen supplements to curtail their obsessive fantasies? Eventually Sewell and her husband made a contract that gave her control over their sex life but guaranteed him regular stimulation. However, she agreed to be intimate—a striptease, maybe a blow job or hand job, occasional intercourse—only as long as she found it "easy and fun," meaning she could walk out at any moment, leaving him to finish alone. In the end, Sewell relishes her role as a dominant. She also learns her partner is much more fun to be around when he's having regular orgasms that involve her.*

While cooking dinner for a few friends, I opened a bottle of wine and had the cork split on me and fall back into the bottle. Someone suggested pouring the wine through a coffee filter, which wouldn't be too classy when I'm entertaining a date. What should be done in that situation?—M.B., Rochester, New York

Cap the bottle, set it aside and open another. The cork won't affect the taste, and you can later pour the wine into a decanter through a wine funnel that has a strainer. You could also use a cork retriever, a \$5 tool designed to fish out floating pieces. If this happens often, the problem may be your corkscrew. Raj Kanodia of Corkscrew.com, who has collected the tools for 20 years and sells the latest and greatest models, recommends a two-step waiter's wine opener because it allows you to pull the cork

straight out. Many corks split because the worm is inserted at an angle, and the cork bends when removed. It especially doesn't help if the cork is dry—so don't store the bottle upright.

I am 20 years old and never want to have kids, so I went to a urologist and had a vasectomy. How do I break the news to future girlfriends? How long into the relationship should I wait before I tell them about this?—C.H., Phoenix, Arizona

Aren't you a little young to be losing your heirs? The women you'll date over the next few years probably won't be thinking too much about their future family life, so you can wait longer to reveal your decision than you may be able to in your late 20s. Should any of your relationships start to drift toward exclusivity, immediately bring up your not wanting children. That's usually a deal breaker, but it's better not to waste too much of her time or yours. You don't need to mention the vasectomy, because she won't believe you anyway.

Your advice in February on where to place a radar detector should have included a cautionary note that the devices are illegal in Virginia and D.C. and that hanging anything from your windshield is against the law in Minnesota and California. I place my detector on top of the passenger seat and secure it by lowering the headrest. This keeps the device somewhat disguised while allowing it to see out of the front and back.—G.J., Reston, Virginia

You're speaking hypothetically about your detector placement, right? We thought so. Besides the restrictions you mention, federal law prohibits truckers from using detectors anywhere. In Canada they are legal only in Alberta, British Columbia and Saskatchewan.

In answer to the guy's question in February about what's wrong with being a 24-year-old virgin, nothing is inherently wrong with it, but a woman expects a guy to have some erotic expertise by a certain age. Most of us had our fill of five-minute sex in high school. Not to mention that if he would like his first sexual partner to be a virgin as well, the odds get slimmer for him the longer he waits.—T.W., Orlando, Florida


This could work out well if he meets a woman who is turned on by the idea of deflowering a virgin. On the downside, the lucky winner will have a hard time getting rid of him.

You recently discussed the trouble some couples have getting a good night's sleep when sharing a bed. I have been married for 52 years and have always slept well. The trick is to place twin beds side by side. I don't disturb my wife when I roll over, and she doesn't bother me when she pulls up the covers. If she doesn't make her bed, it's not my problem. There is even room for three people when the bed is used sideways.—P.J., Seattle, Washington

Thanks for writing. We know how much you enjoyed sharing that last fact.

My wife doesn't like me to go down on her, but I love it. I have to wonder if I'm just not any good. Do you have any tips?—H.N., Nashville, Tennessee

A man's technique can always be improved as long as he gets constructive feedback. Some women are uncomfortable with cunnilingus because they are self-conscious about their vulva, believing it to be ugly or smelly or whatever. A guy's response, of course, is, "Are you kidding?" You may want to share with your wife some of the tips offered by Playmates Deanna Brooks, Penelope Jimenez and Serria Tawan in the newly published Bunny Book. Here's what they have to say to women about receiving oral sex: "Our best advice is to lie back, close your eyes and enjoy it. Don't worry about how you look down there, what kind of scent you have or how long it takes. That kind of thinking will only psych you out. If you must, give him gentle direction. Show him with your finger exactly where and how fast to go. Serria has been known to demonstrate using her thumb as a stand-in for her clitoris. 'I give him a diagram on a model,' she explains. 'First I lick my thumb, then I have him lick it and check his technique.' When a man is giving good head, you have to let him know by moaning, giving a slight hip movement, moving his head gently. If he loses it, request he go back to that amazing thing he was doing with his tongue before. If you feel like you're getting close, say, 'Don't stop, oh God, I'm



DOMINATION IS
THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

going to come, please don't stop!" That's better than getting bitchy because you lost the orgasm and whining, "Why did you stop?" We would add that sometimes all a woman needs to get into cunnilingus is to make it part of a long, deep body massage that eventually brings your face between her legs. That's our move, anyway.

I'm a groomsman in a friend's wedding and am not sure what to give him as a gift because he hasn't registered anywhere. I thought about giving him cash, but he has owed me \$1,700 in back rent for more than six months, so any money I give him will come right back to me (maybe). I also thought about forgiving the debt, but he has shown no inclination to make payments. I'm honored to be part of the wedding and don't want the money to get between us.—N.S., Seattle, Washington

Too late. That's unfortunate because even if he is short on cash, with a few token payments your friend could have prevented the damage he has caused your relationship. Seventeen hundred dollars is far too much to spend on a gift, and cash is something grandparents give, not groomsman. The bride has most likely registered, so do some detective work—i.e., ask her—and select something modest for the couple. Your service in the wedding party (and the expenses you incur) is a gift as well.

Male porn actors often spank the woman's pussy before going down on her.

Do women enjoy having their genitals slapped?—J.M., Cedar City, Utah

Given the thin line between pleasure and pain, we're sure some women enjoy it, but we would wait for a specific request. If we had our way, porn studs would spend less time spanking vulvas and more time massaging clits.

Like a lot of men, I wear a suit to work every day. But it's starting to feel as if I'm in uniform. Every other guy at the office looks the same—we're an army of suits. How can I liven things up without looking foolish?—H.M., San Jose, California

Look out, because the trend this fall will be monochromatic. Our fashion director, Joseph De Acetis, believes this may be a reflection of increasing globalization: A businessman who travels from New York to Tokyo fits right in when his suit is slate gray or slate blue-gray. The trend toward monochrome may also be a reflection of the challenging economy: Men who spend a lot of money on clothes are buying less, so what they do purchase tends to be of great quality but neutral in color. At the same time, we're seeing more designers focus on creative accessories. They recognize that men who must wear a uniform are putting their personality into shirts, belts, shoes, pocket squares, socks and portfolio cases.

My wife and I have been experimenting with soft swinging, which means we swap with other couples but engage only

in manual and oral sex. The first time I came with another woman, I assumed she might not want me to finish in her mouth, so I alerted her by tapping her shoulder. But my wife says the guy she was with just let go with no warning. What is the proper etiquette for notifying a woman who's giving you head that you're ready to come?—M.A., Dayton, Ohio

The problem with tapping her shoulder is that she has to know tapping her shoulder means you're about to climax. That's why saying "I'm coming" is the best method (we know it in several languages). However, the ultimate blow job never involves a signal, because it's distracting for a guy at the height of ecstasy to refocus his brain for a moment to "warn" his partner. Ejaculating is always more fun when you can fire at will.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com. The Advisor's latest book, *Dear Playboy Advisor*, is available at bookstores, by phoning 800-423-9494 or online at playboystore.com.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

HELP WANTED

NEARLY TWO YEARS AFTER HURRICANE KATRINA,
THE GULF COAST STILL LOOKS LIKE A WAR ZONE

BY FREDERICK BARTHELME

Here we are closing in on two years after Katrina, and our Gulf Coast—from New Orleans and points west to Biloxi and points east—is still in shambles. The folks who live in the few FEMA trailers that actually reached the Gulf Coast and aren't parked in a big sea of trailers up in Arkansas, and the kids who suffer from the FEMA trailer-park depression remarked about on TV, and the people who fled New Orleans and don't really *want* to go back—all these people would like your attention for a moment.

Maybe they are not as tragic-looking as they were back when, but they are still around, still struggling, still living about half a life because there's only about half a world on the Gulf Coast, the rest having been shattered two years ago. Maybe I'm jaded. Maybe I'm thinking that if we'd dropped 363 tons of money along the Gulf Coast instead of into Iraq, I'd feel better about what we're doing along the Gulf Coast *and* in Iraq. Imagine what that money could have done had it been delivered to the people by the people and for the people. But instead our fearless leaders sent it to Iraq, the better to shore up our cardboard government there. Not to mention our cardboard government here.

When I wonder why this has happened, I can conclude only that we're all to blame. We allow it to happen. We allow our government to run amok, allow Dick Cheney and his herd of bozos to run the government and the plastic heads in the news business to decide what's what while we sit and watch the parade. The newspeople think we're a nation of idiots who want a freak show every 15 minutes, because they live in a phony world where freak shows are prized. Their world teeters between the real world we live in and the brain-dead fantasy world where the president and his cronies roost.

In this world, news is shiny, transgressive, bleeding and not here yesterday. So instead of paying attention to the boneheaded lack of progress in New Orleans and along the Mississippi coast (which today is just about as wrecked as it was two weeks after Katrina), the news folks shore after any new sideshow act that comes along.

I was once told the

human brain is like a length of galvanized pipe. When you're a kid, the pipe is empty, so you can slam a lot of stuff into there and it stays. But as you grow older, the pipe fills up. So when you put stuff into the front end, something tends to fall out the back end. Frankly, I thought this was a lot of hokey. I thought the brain was a relentlessly complex, protean and adaptive machine that had capacities far beyond galvanized pipe.

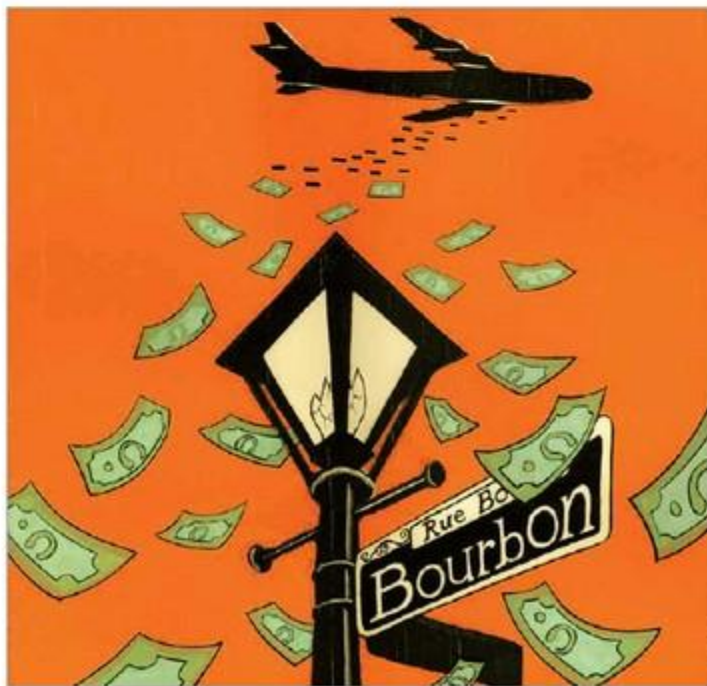
But maybe I was wrong. I've noticed that when you put John Mark Karr in the brain, people on rooftops in New Orleans fall out. When you put in Dick Cheney shooting his pal in the face, the lost millions along the Gulf Coast fall out. When you put CHILD WITH TWO HEADS FOUND IN URUGUAY in the front of the brain, our government's funding of Sunni terrorists falls out the back. Pretty soon the brain seems *exactly* like a length of galvanized pipe.

We have several problems these days, and one of them is healing the country after Hurricane Katrina. I'm not suggesting we ignore the other problems, but we need to give this one its due. New Orleans is a shadow of itself. It's now the site of turf wars, where factions with powerful vested interests try to outthink each other, where people have to march in the streets to get help from the police to cut down on the gunfire, not to mention the doubled murder rate. And the New Orleans that's coming back, the one barely apparent now, is some kind of phony remake of the real New Orleans. It's not at all the crazy gumbo that was there before. It is going to be *gentrified*,

folks. Any word you can think of that's less like the genuine New Orleans?

Mississippi is in many ways worse off. Nothing's been done there. It may as well be September 15, 2005. Piles of debris, trash in the trees. There's a swath a quarter mile inland from the beach and running the whole 30-odd miles of the Mississippi Gulf Coast that is flattened, block after block of rubble.

Some may argue that's a good thing, great for economic development, great for entrepreneurs and casinos and jobs and the tourist trade as the coast gets rebuilt as a destination. But the fact is, nothing has been done. I wouldn't mind their



REALITY FIGHTS: THE FUTURE OF WAR

A TALK WITH MILITARY THEORIST MARTIN VAN CREVELD

By Robert Levine

turning the coast into a Vegas-like Wonderland South, if only someone would start the recovery. But no one has. Everyone's waiting on the president and his people, and the president and his people have too much trouble on their hands in Iraq.

These good folks down here would like to remind you that America needs our help. And Iraq doesn't really want our help. Tonight I saw a soldier on television. He said it was a lost cause over there. That we may as well let them fight it out and then come back and try to give them a hand.

So here's yet another reason to quit the doomed war: We need to rebuild our country, which was hit by a bona fide natural weapon of mass destruction almost two years ago and has been wobbling around in a daze ever since.

I am certain New Orleans and the coast will recover just as soon as we get this recovery thing in gear. It takes a while, you know. And there's the little problem of about half the people who left New Orleans not having returned and of that gentrification, which will change how that splendid, old, rotten, low-down, swinging city appeals to the American people (tourists). It's possible that Americans, fun-loving dudes that we are, may not really like the "new" New Orleans. But maybe that's a problem for another time, *after* the recovery gets up on its hind legs and pushes forward at full throttle.

When will that be? Any minute. Tanks and Humvees will roll down Interstate 59; C-47s will fly into Louis Armstrong International Airport filled with money left over from Bush's adventures in Iraq. There will be soldiers stationed all over New Orleans to cut down on the sectarian violence, drug murders and killings of teachers and other civilians already manning the New Orleans green zone. There will be heavy equipment from Halliburton and choppers only occasionally shot down by celebratory rifle fire. It will be a great time in the old town when the people go marching in.

I can't wait. I am waiting. We've been waiting for a couple of years, even though nobody has noticed. We haven't been able to catch anyone's eye in D.C. or Baton Rouge or Jackson. But I am certain help is on the way because this is a "great nation" that "has its own." We don't go screwing around with other countries when our own country has been wounded. We take care of business, don't we? We "git 'r done," don't we? That's how I know the recovery will begin any minute now. This is America.

President Bush and his military advisors can't say no one warned them the war in Iraq wouldn't be over when Saddam's army surrendered. Martin Van Creveld, an Israeli military theorist whose books are required reading for U.S. Army officers, has long argued that the wars of the future will be waged against "groups we today call terrorists." Van Creveld, who teaches at Hebrew University in Jerusalem and lectures around the world, believes the West's organized armies are ill prepared to fight such conflicts.

In *The Changing Face of War: Lessons of Combat From the Marne to Iraq*, a new book that traces the history of military conflict since the early 20th century, Van Creveld points out that in the past five decades, well-equipped armies have

almost always failed to defeat ragtag local insurgencies. Think of France in Algeria, the Soviet Union in Afghanistan and the U.S. in Vietnam or, more recently, Iraq. Van Creveld has called the current war in Iraq the most foolish since Emperor Augustus sent his legions into Germany in 9 B.C. and lost them. "If I were Bush," he tells **PLAYBOY**, "the truth is, I would shoot myself for having involved the U.S. in this war and having more than 3,000 dead young Americans on my conscience."

PLAYBOY: Your book opens with this line: "The mightiest, richest, best-equipped, best-trained armed forces that have ever existed are in full decline." Is that always true or just in situations such as Iraq?

VAN CREVELD: It's true in many situations. It's true in the sense that armies

are no longer vital to a country's existence. All you need, basically, are a few submarines carrying nuclear weapons. It's true in the sense that armies have been declining in size. Proportionate to the world's population, 15 percent as many soldiers are in uniform today as there were 60 years ago. In terms of military equipment, the loss is even greater. And in terms of their inability to fight guerrilla wars, armies are in full decline.

PLAYBOY: You point out that counter-

insurgency efforts since World War II have almost always failed, but you mention two that succeeded using very different strategies: in Northern Ireland, where the British treated terrorism as a criminal rather than a military matter, and in Hama,



where Syrian president Hafez Assad had the army brutally raze one of his own cities. Does that mean this kind of war can be won?

VAN CREVELD: It's not necessarily a lost cause. I pointed to two different extremes of how to do it. As I explain in the book, most countries don't have what it takes to do one or the other, because both take great courage and professionalism, and the first requires great restraint. So most countries switch from one approach to the other, and the results are always the same.

PLAYBOY: You've said the war in Iraq was a mistake. What could we have done differently to achieve a better result?

VAN CREVELD: One way would have been making Operation Shock and Awe 20 times bigger than it was and saying that anybody who resists will be

shot along with his whole family. But the U.S. didn't do it that way; it went in to help the Iraqi people. They went in as nice human beings, and within days it was coming apart. The U.S. was constantly apologizing for the collateral damage it had done.

PLAYBOY: Most people critical of the war think we've created too much collateral damage.

VAN CREVELD: I think the U.S. caused relatively little collateral damage. But the worst thing it did was to apologize. How can you win a war if you apologize? If you want to win a war, you have to show you're prepared to do anything. Even before the U.S. started the war, it was promising it wouldn't do this and wouldn't do that.

PLAYBOY: How much of that was the result of domestic and international pressure?

VAN CREVELD: It was a result of nobody knowing why America was going to war in the first place. I quote Machiavelli on this: "A just war is a necessary war." And given the balance of forces, given how far Iraq is from the U.S., given how weak Iraq had become after the first Gulf War, this war was not necessary and it was not just. So if you go to war with a bad conscience to begin with, you find yourself apologizing.

PLAYBOY: What do you think the U.S. should do in Iraq now that Iraq is on the verge of civil war?

VAN CREVELD: The war in Iraq is hopeless, so the real task left to the U.S. is to make sure it doesn't spread. Once you get out of Iraq, which I'm sure you will, you'll have to stay in Kuwait and Jordan. The important thing is to prevent this from spreading. Let's hope that can be done. If you look at Afghanistan during the Soviet invasion, the war never spread to Pakistan in a big way, so it's not hopeless. You have a chance of holding the line in Kuwait and Jordan.

PLAYBOY: You make a compelling case that future conflicts will involve organizations like Al Qaeda rather than countries. But what about Russia and China, both of which have become more assertive?

VAN CREVELD: I would never argue that you'll never see another war between states. I'm a historian, so I can talk only about what has happened in the past 60 years, and no first- or second-rate powers have fought each other—for very good nuclear reasons. If there is a threat, it is wars of very big states against much smaller ones. Iraq is a good example. But we have reached the point at which almost anybody can

build nuclear weapons, and experience shows that wherever nuclear weapons make their appearance, wars between states take a steep decline.

PLAYBOY: Do you see this as a positive development?

VAN CREVELD: I'm inclined to think nuclear weapons are the best thing that has happened to humanity, and I'm not alone in this. The point was made for the first time by political scientist Ken-

Rumsfeld's revolution in military affairs is just so much hot air.

neth Waltz, and I agree with him: Without nuclear weapons, I'm pretty sure we would have had World War III by now. Nuclear weapons are the only thing capable of putting those quarrelsome creatures called humans in their place. During World War II, between 40 million and 60 million people were killed. So if the alternative is nuclear weapons, I prefer nuclear weapons.

PLAYBOY: In a 2005 interview you said, "Obviously we don't want Iran to have nuclear weapons, and I don't know if they're developing them, but if they're not developing them, they're crazy." Explain what you meant by that.



An enemy invulnerable to technology and nukes.

VAN CREVELD: Since the Americans went into Afghanistan, Iran's strategic situation has deteriorated sharply. Look at it from the point of view of Iran: You are surrounded by hostile forces, and in the White House is a guy who considers you part of the Axis of Evil, who has repeatedly threatened you and who has invaded your neighbor. As a third-world country with a population of 80 million and hardly any industry to speak of, you can't match him conventionally. So you

build nuclear weapons as fast as you can, and you try to get through the period before you have them by bluffing.

PLAYBOY: Can the world live with a nuclear Iran?

VAN CREVELD: The U.S. has lived with a nuclear Soviet Union and a nuclear China, so why not a nuclear Iran? I've researched how the U.S. opposed nuclear proliferation in the past, and each time a country was about to proliferate, the U.S. expressed its opposition in terms of why this other country was very dangerous and didn't deserve to have nuclear weapons. Americans believe they're the only people who deserve to have nuclear weapons, because they're good and democratic and they like Mother and apple pie and the flag. But Americans are the only ones who have used them.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't an Iranian nuclear weapon be terrible for Israel?

VAN CREVELD: We Israelis have what it takes to deter an Iranian attack. And I think we are in no danger at all of having an Iranian nuclear weapon dropped on us. We cannot say so too openly, however, because we have a history of using any threat in order to get weapons. And it works beautifully: Thanks to the Iranian threat, we are getting weapons from the U.S. and Germany. I think some people in Israel are deliberately exaggerating our fears because it prompts the response, "Oh, those poor Jews. They're going to have the Holocaust again. Give them weapons."

PLAYBOY: Before we went into Iraq, Donald Rumsfeld was talking up a "revolution in military affairs," the idea that the U.S. could fight wars with more technology and fewer troops. Those theories obviously didn't work in Iraq. Is there anything to them?

VAN CREVELD: The theories are correct if you're talking about war by one state and one army against another. But any country that is able to develop and use that kind of technology will also be able to build nuclear weapons. So in that sense it is all a waste of money because, as we see in Iraq, when you're talking about unconventional warfare, this whole revolution in military affairs is just so much hot air.

PLAYBOY: You make a logical case about how counterinsurgency efforts almost always fail. You're widely read by our military. Why didn't the U.S. listen?

VAN CREVELD: It beats me. I know some of the military leaders personally, and they're certainly intelligent people. I find it difficult to believe anyone could be so foolish as to think they could go into Iraq.

READER RESPONSE

CLUB FED

Thanks to **PLAYBOY** for exposing our government's hush-hush cost-overrun alcazars in Iraq ("Sand Castles," March), which some call the *Wolfie-schlösser* ("Wolfie's castles"), after Paul Wolfowitz. One speculates they'll be used as fortified palaces for the jun-



A pool at Camp Taji, near Baghdad.

keting nonservers who so cavalierly sent our troops there as if the invasion had anything to do with the war on terror. Who wants to bet we'll be ordered out democratically once the Iraqis—any Iraqis—take over? Take an overnight bag, Wolfie!

Philip Riggio
Aventura, Florida

SCHOOL DAZE

I was upset to see a letter in the March "Reader Response" that alerted parents to a website about how to opt out of sharing their kids' information with military recruiters. I am so tired of liberal Americans demanding that the military protect their right to spit on the military. Did you know we live in one of the few countries in the world that does not require military service of all its citizens? One of the benefits of mandatory service is that it gives citizens who don't have connections to the military a taste of what it means to put their family and friendships on hold to take up arms in order to secure the freedoms of their country.

R. Blair
Dallas, Texas

THE FUZZ

Recent letters to the editor address problems between police and citizens. I submit the issues go deeper than that. In the context of trials, I have observed police officers lying about

something I saw with my own eyes. I have seen lawyers for the defense and the prosecution lie about the facts of a case. I have a copy of a deliberately false police report written by a sheriff's deputy and designed to protect his buddy from the consequences of his actions. I currently perceive the police forces of this country as no better than a Los Angeles street gang, protecting only their own. The incredible difference is that these gangs are publicly funded. My county in Nevada, I am told, has a multimillion-dollar budget for the sheriff but can't seem to find money to take care of its senior citizens. I did not serve more than 20 years in the military to defend our way of life only to see it come to this. Shame on all of you who say "I'm just doing my job" while you violate laws to protect your buddies.

Jerry Harvey
Beatty, Nevada

RADIO HEADS

Pardon me, but your hypocrisy is showing. In "Christian Radio Invasion" (February) you intimate how awful it is that Christian radio uses FM translators to build networks. Apparently you're against all censorship except that of your political opponents. Bully for them for using a loophole. If you don't like it, use the political process to close it. Better yet, stop whining and take advantage of it yourself. In America the same loopholes are available to all. If you don't use them, that's your problem.

Alan Gertonson
Indianapolis, Indiana

Your piece on media conglomeration ("Serving the Public," February) prompted me to write. My wife and I have hosted a show called *A Darker Shade of Retro* at flashbackalternatives.com for more than two years. As an Internet broadcaster as well as a musician, I need to raise awareness about an issue close to my heart. On March 2, 2007, the Copyright Royalty Board announced new royalty rates for Internet radio stations in response to heavy petitioning by the Recording Industry Association of America; these rates are retroactive to January 1, 2006. The future of Internet radio is seriously threatened. Internet radio stations will now be subject to much higher licensing fees. On aver-

age, each station will have to pay 1.75 cents for every listener each hour. In other words, a station with an audience of 500 listeners will pay roughly \$210 a day, or \$76,000 a year, which is about 10 times more than stations pay now. And since these fees are retroactive, the change will force most broadcasters into bankruptcy. Let me put things into perspective: Popular stations with an average of 1,000 listeners currently pay about \$1,500 to \$2,500 a month to stay on the air; now they will owe an additional \$12,000 for each month they were on the air last year. Because of the new fees, only high-profile broadcasters like AOL will prevail, and only the most mainstream programming will remain available. This will have a negative impact on bands and independent record labels, as many Internet radio stations have become instrumental in promoting new artists and indie labels by helping them establish a fan base. Artists and labels need to be aware that this avenue of exposure is about to become a thing



Radio control: Web broadcasters doomed?

of the past. The days of Internet radio seem numbered. Whether you live in the U.S. or not, these rulings affect you. Something can be done to attempt to revoke these new regulations: Write as many letters to Congress as you can to force an appeal. Also check out savenetradio.org for more information.

Andreas Gregor
a.k.a. DJ Formaldehyde
Toronto, Ontario

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

NEWSFRONT



Abuse of Star Power

MUNCIE, INDIANA—Not much about CBS's short-lived reality-TV program *Armed & Famous* clicked. For the show, celebrities including Erik Estrada, Jack Osbourne and La Toya Jackson joined the Muncie police force. Now, months after *Armed & Famous* was canned, it has emerged that some of the showbiz cops participated in a questionable SWAT raid during filming and are named in a recently filed claim against the city. The grounds are all too familiar: The team raided the wrong address. Lyndsay Clements, a 22-year-old college student, alleges excessive force was used when the SWAT team mistakenly entered her apartment and cuffed and questioned her. She also claims a search of her apartment was illegal. After team members removed Clements from her home, Osbourne, accompanied by Jackson, questioned her out front.

Nuts!

NEW YORK—A storm has broken out over the use of the word *scrotum* in *The Higher Power of Lucky* by Susan Patron, this year's winner of the Newbery Medal, one of the most prestigious honors for children's literature. After *The New York Times* covered the controversy, an e-mail disseminated by Random House's First Amendment Committee (Patron's publisher is a subsidiary of Simon & Schuster with no connection to Random House) noted, "The article fails to mention that *scrotum*, which occurs on the very first page of the novel, is the proper, nonvulgar word for an anatomical body part." The uproar should highlight the fact that books are constantly under fire at schools and public libraries. In 2005 (the most recent year for which numbers are available), the American Library Association logged 405 official "challenges," or formalized attempts to ban a book. And as one can guess from the latest skirmish, the challenges frequently have to do with sexual openness. Among the 10 most cited books are *It's So Amazing! A Book About Eggs, Sperm, Birth, Babies and Families* and *It's Perfectly Normal*, an introduction to puberty, as well as such classics as Judy Blume's *Forever*, J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* and Robert Cormier's *Chocolate War*, all opposed as a result of—what else?—sexual content.

Freedom Fight

LONDON—Exiled leaders of Iraq's gay community suggested at a conference that death squads are systematically killing homosexuals with the tacit approval of the new government. Ali Hili, who fled Iraq and now works for U.K.-based

OutRage!, described what he called sexual cleansing: "Iraqi LGBTs are at daily risk of execution by the Shia death squads of the Badr and Sadr militias. Members of these militias have infiltrated the Iraqi police and are abusing their police authority to pursue a plan to eliminate all homosexuals in Iraq. This is happening with the collusion of key ministers in the Iraqi government." Hili says five members of his advocacy group disappeared in November 2006; another group, Rainbow for Life, says a dozen of its members were kidnapped and killed.

Church and State Mate

KUALA LUMPUR—The state government of Terengganu, in Malaysia, plans to recruit informants to help ferret out un-Islamic behavior, which includes such things as unmarried couples kissing or holding hands. "Some of these spies could be waitresses or even janitors at hotels, acting as auxiliary undercover agents for our religious department," says Datuk Rosol Wahid of the state's Islam Hadhari and Welfare Committee. "Accurate details are required for the enforcement officers to act, otherwise they could be pouncing on married couples." Last October police operating under a similar committee in another Malaysian state raided the vacation rental of a non-Muslim American couple, having mistaken them for unmarried Muslims in "close proximity."



MARGINALIA

FROM THE RESPONSE

by New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg's office to the two top local Catholic clergymen who said the city's Valentine's Day giveaway of 26 million condoms would "degrade societal standards": "With all due respect to Cardinal Egan and Bishop DiMarzio, we feel differently."



FROM A REVIEW on

Slate.com by Meghan O'Rourke of *Unhooked: How Young Women Pursue Sex, Delay Love and Lose at Both*, by Laura Sessions Stepp: "When girls and psychologists defend hooking up—or argue that she's overemphasizing its downsides—she responds with rhetorical insinuations. After one girl who enjoyed noncommitted sex enthuses, 'If sex was that good with Nicholas, imagine what it will be like with my husband,' Stepp responds, 'But how would she find that husband?' In the 1950s, parents got concerned when girls 'went steady' instead of playing the field, but Stepp is convinced this 'new' habit of playing the field will warp girls' hearts and make it impossible for them to settle down when the time comes. 'It's as if young women are practicing sprints while planning to run a marathon,' she worries. That metaphor of practice for a grueling competition says a lot about both the phenomenon Stepp is describing and her blinkered perspective. What her own reporting suggests but she doesn't seem to see is that if there is a problem, it isn't that young women are separating love and sex. It's that they are blurring sex and work: The hook-up culture is part of a wider ethos of status-seeking achievement. As one girl puts it, 'Dating is a drain on energy and intellect, and we are overwhelmed, over-programmed and overcommitted just trying to get into grad school.' So they throw themselves into erotic liaisons with the same competitive zeal they bring to résumé building."

FROM A DECLASSIFIED British National Intelligence Estimates report about Iraq, published in 1983: "The Saddam Hussein regime is likely to pursue policies more favorable to the United States than any successor regime.... Saddam Hussein's removal could usher in an extended period of instability in Baghdad.... Any post-Saddam regime is almost certain to fall into factional fighting."



ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, 1917-2007

A FINAL CONVERSATION WITH THE GREAT AMERICAN HISTORIAN,
IN WHICH HE DISCUSSES THE UTOPIAN TENDENCIES OF OUR PRESIDENT

By Kevin Buckley

Not long before he died, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. asked me about the well-being of a mutual friend who had lost his job. I assured Professor Schlesinger that our friend was okay and that life where he had worked was hellish. "People are quoting Herman Kahn," I said, citing the author of *On Thermonuclear War*. "Kahn said, 'After thermonuclear war, the survivors will envy the dead.' Our friend is much better off out of there."

But Schlesinger corrected me: "It wasn't Herman Kahn who said survivors of nuclear war will envy the dead," he said. "It was Nikita Khrushchev, and I'll tell you why I'm sure. Khrushchev said it in a speech in Moscow. *The New York Times* reported it, and President Kennedy read it. President Kennedy always seemed to read *The New York Times* before anyone else. He called me at home. In fact, President Kennedy woke me up and read me what Khrushchev had said about the survivors envying the dead. Then President Kennedy said, 'Why can't you and Sorensen [Theodore, a White House colleague] write stuff like that for me?'"

We resumed our conversation of the past many years. Typically the subject was the passing scene, the headlines, what we'd heard. We would discuss what he would write for *PLAYBOY*, where I was his editor. The ongoing conversations were always exhilarating. Where else could I hear about President Kennedy as a demanding editor, pushing a writer for better copy?

Three weeks before Schlesinger died, we sat down to discuss his next piece. In a little over an hour we covered enough ground for a dozen more articles and eventually worked out a tentative headline—HOW WARS END—for what he had to say about the war in Iraq. Schlesinger died before he'd finished the essay, but his comments that day stay with me.

Under President George W. Bush,

he said, there would be no end to the war, and that, after all the calamities of his policy, is exactly the way Bush wants it. The "surge" strategy, which was billed as a new approach, is, in Schlesinger's view, more of the same. It is based on politics rather than on military circumstances. "The surge will extend the war to the 2008 elections," Schlesinger said, with Bush claiming progress, promising victory and asking for patience, regardless of what happens. A miracle could occur, Schlesinger said, but evidence would suggest a worsening situation for all concerned—except terrorists who continue to exploit the war for



purposes of recruitment. The so-called new strategy is, in fact, a political sham, part of a new blame game for the 2008 elections. The president, said Schlesinger, can "dump the whole mess he and the Republicans created into the arms of the Democrats."

Schlesinger went on to say that Bush's rejection of the Iraq Study Group "confirmed for me Bob Woodward's thesis that Bush is in denial. His only fleeting concession to reality in Iraq was the departure of Rumsfeld. Bush is a true believer." The professor added, "He regards himself as the instrument of the divine purpose."

Schlesinger noted that Bush is inclined to ignore sound military

advice and then place responsibility for decisions on people in uniform.

We talked a bit about demagoguery, and the conversation returned to Bush, whom Schlesinger called a utopian. At various points the professor referred to Napoleon, Franklin Roosevelt, Lyndon Johnson, Clark Clifford, James Baker and Robert Gates. He did not hesitate when I asked him to name the figures from history Bush most resembles. "Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin," he said, because all three viewed themselves "as a culmination of history." Bush is like Hitler, Schlesinger added, "because of his mastery of human psychology, and Stalin because of his commitment to ideology. But Bush is a benign utopian, and Hitler and Stalin were dystopian. Bush is a short-run utopian, who believed he could have his vision overnight and at very little cost."

Schlesinger continued, "I mean, I sympathize with him when he says freedom and democracy are everywhere desirable. But in many places cultural obstacles remain. Take for example the inferior status of women in Muslim countries. I share Bush's optimism and his belief that human dignity requires freedom and democracy. But it is a question of long-run utopianism versus short-run utopianism."

Toward the end, speculating about how and when the Iraq war will end, Schlesinger said, "One hundred years is a small episode for groups that have been waging war against one another for 1,500 years. American troops are permanent provocations to the militias and will perpetuate the problem; withdrawal could lead to chaos. But Iraqis could also possibly be scared into cooperating. History can turn up heads or tails."

We went to our last lunch together with the vision of America's fate turning and glinting in the sunlight. "We're all utopians in the long run," he said to me.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MATT GROENING

A candid conversation with the brains behind the Simpsons empire about Marge's sex appeal, Homer's lust for life and Bart's drug-addled future

The Simpsons, the show Time magazine named the century's best television series, airs its 400th episode this month—an astonishing feat for any show, let alone an animated series about a yellow dysfunctional family. The Simpsons has outlasted Friends, Seinfeld and Cheers. Accolades for the show include 23 Emmys and lavish praise from critics. “It raised the bar for all TV sitcoms,” according to the Los Angeles Times. The show's creator, Matt Groening, “will go down through the ages as one of the most influential figures in the history of television,” in the estimation of National Public Radio. And this summer the long-awaited Simpsons Movie hits theaters. As Homer would say, with a Duff beer in his four-fingered hand, “Woo-hoo!”

The Simpsons has been a television trailblazer skewering social and political folly, but mostly it has been hilarious fun. Of course not everyone has approved. It has countless die-hard fans—as obsessed as Trekkies—but The Simpsons has succeeded in gaining the attention of prominent detractors as well, from religious leaders to the first president Bush, who publicly bemoaned the show's values. “Americans should be more like the Waltons and less like the Simpsons,” he said. Americans disagreed, at least if the ratings are an indication: The Waltons lasted nine years; The Simpsons is still going strong after 19.

One is hard-pressed to name a celebrity who hasn't made a cameo on The Simpsons. The list

includes Elizabeth Taylor, U2, Johnny Carson, Stephen Hawking, Frank Gehry, Meryl Streep and Hugh Hefner. The Simpsons characters have become heroes and role models. Bart, of course, is the quintessential underachiever (“and proud of it”). Beehived Marge, Homer's wife, is an unlikely sex goddess. (Groening once cracked, “Marge Simpson nude” was the number one Internet search of 2002.) And then there's Homer, an inspiration to laggardly, beer-drinking, sexist, doughnut-and-ice-cream-eating males everywhere. “It's not easy to juggle a pregnant wife and a troubled child,” he said in an early episode, “but I managed to fit in eight hours of TV a day.” His motto: “Never try.”

In addition to The Simpsons, Groening created Futurama. The Simpsons was a hard act to follow; at the time, Groening said, “Now I know how Paul McCartney felt when he started Wings.” But Futurama lasted five seasons and was a critical favorite, called “the funniest show of the 31st century” by Entertainment Weekly. It still airs in reruns, along with what seems like infinite Simpsons episodes, and new Futurama shows are currently being produced for the series' return to television in 2008.

For nearly 30 years Groening has also written a weekly comic strip, Life in Hell, which appears in 250 newspapers and magazines. Like Groening's other works, the strip has spawned merchandise and books, including the

irresistible Love Is Hell and Work Is Hell.

Groening grew up in Portland, Oregon, where his father, Homer, once told him, “You can't draw.” (His mother is Marge. Two of his sisters are Maggie and Lisa. Two other siblings didn't make it onto The Simpsons.) After graduating from high school he attended Evergreen State College before moving to L.A., where he began penning Life in Hell in 1977. He self-published and distributed the underground strip while working as a music critic, chauffeur and ad copywriter.

Groening conceived The Simpsons on the spur of the moment, before a pitch meeting with the producer and director James L. Brooks. In 1987 the cartoon debuted on The Tracey Ullman Show, on which it ran for three years before Fox spun it off.

From it and his other ventures, including licensing items from T-shirts to Bart dolls, Groening has made a fortune. He is divorced and has two children, Homer (called Will) and Abe. (They are the Will and Abe of the forthcoming book Will and Abe's Guide to the Universe.) He admits to being a frustrated rock-and-roll musician and, with fellow authors Dave Barry, Stephen King and Amy Tan, is part of the Rock Bottom Remainers, a band that plays for charities.

Contributing editor David Sheff, who conducted our April interview with Bill Maher, met Groening at his Los Angeles production studio.



“I love it when I'm in a store and somebody drops his keys and says, ‘D’oh!’ But I was once pulled over by security at the airport and given the full inspection. A little kid pointed and went, ‘Ha-ha,’ like Nelson. It was annoying as hell.”



“South Park at its best is some of the most astonishing TV ever made. There's a sense of healthy competition between the various staffs of the cartoon shows. But as far as I'm concerned, the more cartoons on TV the better.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS

“I appalled some of my friends with how undisciplined I was as a parent. My kids talked back to me, and I laughed it off. Now they tell me I'm not funny anymore. My son said he wishes Seth MacFarlane were his father.”

"It quickly becomes apparent where Lisa and Marge get their heart and soul," Sheff says, "but even more where Bart and Homer get their irreverence. Hardly a moment goes by without a wisecrack. Posing for the pictures to accompany the interview, Groening deadpanned, 'Now for the unsexiest photo ever to run in PLAYBOY.' He warned our photographer, 'Be sure to take the picture from the waist up only. I'm aroused.'"

"It's no surprise that Groening is funny, but he is also thoughtful, gracious, self-deprecating and humble. Throughout the interview he made a point of sharing credit for the success of *The Simpsons* with his collaborators, including the show's writers and animators. He said it slightly embarrasses him to get all the attention but then added with a shrug, 'Oh well, it's part of my job. I'm the show's supermodel.'"

PLAYBOY: With 400 episodes under your belt, are you still involved in making the *Simpsons* TV show every week?

GROENING: If I don't have a competing project, I'm very involved. But often other deadlines are looming. Right now the *Futurama* writers are working on new episodes of the show, which will be back on the air in 2008. We're barreling down the final stretch of *The Simpsons Movie*. About once a week, on Thursday, I suddenly remember I have a weekly comic strip to write. Still, I try to make sure I'm there for the TV show at the very last part of the process, the final sound mixing, when we make our last-minute tweaks the Tuesday before Sunday's broadcast. Many other people deserve more credit than I do and more than they receive, though. I'm just the one who goes out there and puts my foot in my mouth.

PLAYBOY: You have been talking about a *Simpsons* movie for years. Why now?

GROENING: The idea of doing a movie always sounded good, but it was such a huge amount of extra work. Coming up on the 400th episode and the 20th anniversary of *The Simpsons'* debut on *The Tracey Ullman Show* in 1987, we thought we should do the movie now.

PLAYBOY: How was making the movie different from making a TV episode?

GROENING: Jim Brooks and the *Simpsons* All-Stars, as we sometimes call ourselves, got together and wrote the movie sitting in a room that's too small. We've been banging chairs against each other's fingers for the past two and a half years. A single episode of *The Simpsons* has enough incidents to sustain a conventional live-action movie. Taking an episode and keeping the same velocity for 90 minutes would probably wear people out, so we're playing around with the pacing. No, we're not padding it with a lot of songs. We tried. And to answer

your other question, no, there are no dancing penguins. We want to justify people paying admission, so the animation is more ambitious and the story has greater scope. It does have an environmental and political theme, just like at the beginning of the *Simpsons* series when I decided Homer was a safety inspector at a nuclear power plant.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose that job for Homer?

GROENING: I thought the idea of a nitwit like him working at a nuclear power plant was funny.

PLAYBOY: Does their long-term exposure to nuclear radiation explain why your characters have never aged?

GROENING: Actually, it's why the *Simpsons* have yellow skin.



We turned down *Simpsons* slot machines because we thought, You have to draw the line somewhere.

PLAYBOY: Why do they have yellow skin?

GROENING: Originally they were black-and-white outlines. For TV they needed color. I thought the conventional weird pink that passes for Caucasian in animated cartoons would look repulsive. It always bothered me that Walt Disney made Mickey Mouse a Caucasian mouse. It's freakish. So when it came time to give them skin color, the animation colorist, Gyorgyi Peluce, chose yellow skin. She has never gotten proper credit.

PLAYBOY: What inspired the strange Simpson hair?

GROENING: It's just the way I drew them. I know it's a very odd look. I always thought what was memorable in cartoons was characters you could identify in sil-

houette. That's why the *Simpsons* have distinctive hairlines. Bart has the picket-fence spiked hair. If you see it in silhouette, you can't mistake it. This is my advice to cartoonists: If you want to invent a memorable cartoon, draw characters that can be identified in silhouette.

PLAYBOY: You named the *Simpson* family after your parents and siblings. Were they flattered or horrified?

GROENING: I think it's an ongoing mixed bag shading toward nightmarish. Back at the beginning we all fantasized about various aspects of fame and wild success and wouldn't it be neat to name cartoon characters after our families. Well, I did it. I just didn't think through the consequences. I named Homer after my father,

Homer, and my mother's name is Margaret; Marge is what many people call her. I have a sister Lisa and a sister Maggie. When she was very young, Maggie did actually walk around in a blue sleep suit, incessantly sucking on a pacifier. I also have a brother Mark and a sister Patty, whom I did not name characters after.

PLAYBOY: Do they feel left out?

GROENING: There were just too many people in my family. They lost the drawing.

PLAYBOY: How tall is your mother's hair?

GROENING: In the 1960s it was very tall. She denies it, but I have photos.

PLAYBOY: Was it ever blue?

GROENING: It was not blue. That's another tribute to Gyorgyi Peluce.

PLAYBOY: Given Homer's notable lack of motivation, love of doughnuts and beer, and slim intelligence, why would you name your own son Homer?

GROENING: Homer the cartoon character and Homer my son were born around the same time. I named my son Homer in part trying to prove to my dad that I had the best intentions. I wasn't just trying to get back at him for some perceived slight.

Also I love the name Homer. When I was wheeling him around in a stroller when he was very small, though, people would ask my baby's name, and I'd say, "Homer." They'd burst into laughter, thinking I was joking. They'd get horrified looks on their faces when they realized I wasn't kidding.

PLAYBOY: Was your father much like his cartoon namesake?

GROENING: Not at all. My dad had hair and a chin.

PLAYBOY: Are their personalities similar?

GROENING: One of the great things about the character Homer, unlike my real father, is that he is ruled by impulse. We are self-effacing and guilt-ridden and try to do the right thing and fail. Homer, though, doesn't

bother. He wants whatever he wants at the moment, with all his heart. My dad was nothing like the character. He was accomplished and brilliant. He worked as a filmmaker, cartoonist and writer and was an amazing artist. He had an astonishing life.

PLAYBOY: Did he end up looking at his namesake as a tribute, or was he appalled?

GROENING: He loved *The Simpsons*. The only thing that offended him was the time the Simpsons' car broke down in the desert, and Homer made Marge carry the deflated tire back to town while he waited behind. My dad said Homer shouldn't have done that. He was very perturbed by it. I said, "But he strangles his kids! You aren't bothered by that?"

PLAYBOY: When *The Simpsons* became popular, was it unsettling for your family to share the characters' names?

GROENING: Strange things happened. Someone returned a Bart Simpson doll to my family. They thought it was lost because my name was printed very large on Bart's ass.

PLAYBOY: How much of you is in Bart?

GROENING: Bart is a combination of myself and my older brother, Mark.

PLAYBOY: But no one would describe you as an underachiever.

GROENING: Yes, I'm a little more motivated than Bart is. Maybe a little smarter. In fact, I worry about Bart. I think he's headed for juvenile delinquency. Bart as a teenager will probably be pretty sad, drug abuse and all.

PLAYBOY: What traits do you and Homer share?

GROENING: A love of beer, ice cream and doughnuts.

PLAYBOY: Krispy Kreme or Dunkin'?

GROENING: We did an ad campaign for Winchell's, actually. I wrote the slogan. Homer holds up a doughnut and says, "Doughnuts made me what I am today." They used it, and I was just thrilled.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever concerned about exploiting the Simpsons?

GROENING: Concerned that I didn't exploit them in every way possible? We have turned a few things down, believe it or not. I know it's hard to tell. We turned down *Simpsons* slot machines in Vegas because we thought, You know, you have to draw the line somewhere. I had a rule that none of my *Life in Hell* characters would ever endorse anything—except Akbar and Jeff, who would endorse anything. A beer company made plans to have an Akbar-and-Jeff party train that would go down to Florida. If you were

seen with an Akbar-and-Jeff tattoo, you'd be invited to party on a yacht. But then the beer company read in *Rolling Stone* that Akbar and Jeff are gay midgets and said, "The deal is off."

PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever approached you to sell Duff, Homer's favorite brand of beer?

GROENING: A company in Australia started putting it out, and Fox swiftly took action to shut it down.

PLAYBOY: Are you pleased that so many lines from the show have become part of the popular lexicon?

GROENING: Sometimes it's good, and sometimes it's annoying. I love it when I'm in a store and somebody drops his keys and says, "D'oh!"



Matt and his ladies (as seen by the artist himself).

But I was once pulled over by security at the airport and given the full inspection. They tore through everything, and a little kid went by, pointed and went, "Ha-ha," like Nelson. It was annoying as hell.

PLAYBOY: What's the genesis of Homer's d'oh?

GROENING: It was written in the script as "annoyed grunt." Dan Castellana, who does Homer's voice, did a version of the sound that the character actor James Finlayson did in old Laurel and Hardy movies. He'd squint with one eye and say it with a long, drawn-out high-pitched noise. Dan shortened it.

PLAYBOY: What's the origin of Bart's "Eat my shorts"?

GROENING: It came from the sixth grade.

It's what kids used to say. "Don't have a cow, Homer" came from my younger sisters, Lisa and Maggie. They used to say "Don't have a cow, Homer" to my dad. They called my dad Homer, which I never dared. For me the idea of kids calling their dad by his first name is like kissing the pope.

PLAYBOY: Do your children call you Matt?

GROENING: Pops—when I'm lucky. One told me he doesn't want me to be his dad anymore. He wants *Family Guy* creator Seth MacFarlane.

PLAYBOY: Have you been surprised by the guest stars you've managed to wrangle for *The Simpsons*?

GROENING: It's an astonishing list. I can barely believe the people we've had on the show—Bob Hope, Kirk Douglas, Elizabeth Taylor, George Harrison, Ringo Starr, Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, the Ramones. Hugh Hefner had the Bunnies working as research scientists in the basement of the Mansion. Elizabeth Taylor was on twice. Once she played herself; the other time she played the voice of Maggie saying "Daddy," her first word. We did 24 takes, but they were always too sexual. Finally Liz said, "Fuck you," and walked out.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to the recording sessions when celebrities are on the show?

GROENING: When I can. I was there for Mick Jagger, but I missed Keith Richards. My favorite line from that episode was Mick, as the guy running a rock-and-roll fantasy summer camp, looking over the expenses late at night, saying, "We've got to find a cheaper oatmeal." I

also showed up for my all-time-favorite guest star, the author Thomas Pynchon. I wanted to meet him so I could lord it over my snotty intellectual friends.

PLAYBOY: Conan O'Brien, who was a writer for *The Simpsons* before he got his own show, has been back.

GROENING: Having him come back after escaping from the writers' room and getting his own TV show was a high-water mark.

PLAYBOY: Who has declined an invitation?

GROENING: We were once told Prince wanted to do the show, so we wrote him a script. It didn't work out, because his chauffeur had written a script too, and Prince wanted to use that one. Also, we were told the investors in Planet Hollywood—Arnold Schwarzenegger, Bruce

Willis, Sylvester Stallone, whoever—were willing to do the show if we mentioned the restaurant. We wrote a script for them, but it turned out that some publicist made the thing up. We got our vengeance: We slammed Planet Hollywood on the show.

PLAYBOY: Are there any sacred cows when it comes to subjects you wouldn't tackle on *The Simpsons*? You regularly make fun of religion.

GROENING: One of my favorite jokes is Homer seeking refuge in a church from a mob and the Reverend Lovejoy saying, "Well, maybe you should go become a missionary in the South Pacific." Homer says, "I'm not religious. I never paid attention in church." The mob is chasing him, and Homer runs away, yelling, "Save me, Jesus!" He can't remember the guy's name. We also did a parody of a commercial about the new Catholic Church that was shot like a beer commercial. [in an announcer's voice] "The new Catholic Church. We've changed." Fox asked us to change it to Presbyterian because they would be less likely to come after us with pitchforks.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever come after you with pitchforks?

GROENING: Often.

PLAYBOY: Homer has said, "A woman is like a beer." What else about women can we learn from him?

GROENING: A lot of men have thanked me for a Chief Wiggum line. He gives Marge a ticket, and as she drives away he says wistfully, "Why are all the beautiful ones crazy?"

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize Homer and Marge's sex life?

GROENING: We didn't do the standard sitcom device of the wife not wanting to sleep with the husband. Marge is attracted to Homer. They have a healthy, if goofy, sex life. They giggle a lot. In my experience there is not quite as much lascivious laughter in bed.

PLAYBOY: Has Homer ever cheated on her?

GROENING: He and Ned Flanders went to Las Vegas and got drunk and woke up in a hot tub, married. I wanted Homer and Flanders to be naked in the hot tub, but we ended up being cautious. They woke up married to Vegas floozies and fled. There were no consequences whatsoever. We did later refer to Homer's "Vegas wife," and last season we had a funeral for her. Marge was mad, but she went.

PLAYBOY: Did Homer confess?

GROENING: I can't remember. Here's the weird thing about having done 400 episodes: I have only a certain amount of space in my brain for *Simpsons* knowledge.

PLAYBOY: Does it astound you that other people know more about *The Simpsons* than you do?

GROENING: Many fans do. There are a bunch of websites. One is Nohomers.net, which has the most vocal fans. They often act like spurned lovers if they don't like something. They notice everything. With *The Simpsons*, you are rewarded for paying attention. If you don't pay atten-

tion, fine, the show will roll by you. But if you do pay close attention, there are all sorts of secret little details.

PLAYBOY: Do you take credit for shows that followed: *Family Guy*, *South Park* and even *SpongeBob*?

GROENING: After *The Simpsons* came a bunch of creator-driven animated projects that don't look like anything else on TV, though they have their own style and pacing and rules.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite?

GROENING: *South Park* at its best is some of the most astonishing TV ever made. I love the episode about Mel Gibson. The *South Park* kids go to see *The Passion of the Christ* and feel ripped off, so they journey to Malibu to meet Gibson to get their money back. It was almost anticipatory. Mel Gibson is depicted as this underpants-wearing lunatic doing cartwheels.

PLAYBOY: It has been reported that you and your colleagues at *The Simpsons* loathe *Family Guy*. Is it true?

GROENING: There's a sense of healthy competition between the various staffs of the cartoon shows. But as far as I'm concerned, the more cartoons on TV the

*We didn't do the standard
sitcom device of the wife not
wanting to sleep with the
husband. Marge is attracted
to Homer. They have a
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better. I'm glad to see them out there.

PLAYBOY: In an episode called "Cartoon Wars," *South Park* attacked *Family Guy*. One bit had the show's cultural references picked at random by a manatee.

GROENING: I'm glad *South Park* went after someone other than us. They can be vicious.

PLAYBOY: When he was asked about it, *South Park* co-creator Matt Stone said, "It's not like we're Biggie and Tupac."

GROENING: Yeah. Thank God cartoonists are wimps. If you make a cartoonist angry, you're going to wind up in a cartoon. There are usually no drive-by shootings.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it ironic that Fox owner Rupert Murdoch, known for his conservative politics, has broadcast one of the most liberal shows on TV for almost two decades?

GROENING: When I met him, he said he liked the show. He seemed sincere. Yes, there were little dollar signs in his eyes, but he does seem to be a fan. He's been on. He introduced himself as "the evil billionaire tyrant Rupert Murdoch."

PLAYBOY: Is it unsettling or just ironic to be

part of the same company as Fox News?

GROENING: Fox News gives me a headache and not even so much for its political content but the spinning logos and American flags and music designed to scare you shitless. Who needs it? We make fun of Fox News on the show. The most fun we had was putting a news crawl like theirs across the bottom of the screen. It said things like "Rupert Murdoch: terrific dancer," "Brad Pitt plus Albert Einstein equals Dick Cheney," "Study: 92 percent of Democrats are gay," "The Bible says Jesus favored capital gains cut."

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction at the network?

GROENING: We were forbidden ever to do it again. Fox said it would confuse viewers. I don't see how you would think it's real news on a cartoon show, but we'll see.

PLAYBOY: When you spread a liberal message by way of Fox, do you feel subversive?

GROENING: It's fun anytime you can piss off a right-wing lunatic, but it's also fun to piss off a left-wing lunatic. In fact everybody on the show is concerned about not being preachy or heavy-handed. We try to mix it up. Sometimes we go for satire and take a point of view we don't agree with. In one of our classic shows Marge successfully gets the violent version of *Itchy & Scratchy* banned from television. As a result, children actually go out and play in the sunshine and have a good time. We're saying the direct result of heavy-handed censorship is this pleasant outcome, which is obviously something we were being completely sarcastic about.

PLAYBOY: *The Simpsons* seems to take special delight in skewering Republicans.

GROENING: Ever since I was a kid the Republican politicians have seemed like villainous buffoons. Since Richard Nixon. He was such a cardboard villain. All these guys since seem to be more of the same. I have this obsession with Nixon. On *The Simpsons*, Milhouse is named after him. On *Futurama*, we made Nixon's head in the jar president of Earth. George W. Bush seems to me equally cartoony, and we've only barely begun to take him on. More to come. But the *Simpsons* staffers don't agree with one another politically. I'm at one end of the spectrum with a few other people on the left, but we've got some rabid Republicans, too. At this stage, though, there are no pro-war people on staff that I can think of. Anybody who was a supporter of Bush has abandoned him at this point. They're too embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned *Futurama*. Why does your sexy leading female character have only one eye?

GROENING: I didn't want to animate women who looked as if they were being drawn by horny animators. I wanted to go for something a little more subtle. The standard depiction of a sexy woman in science fiction is tank top, buxom, two eyes. So I thought, Okay, one eye. Can we make one eyeball sexy? I think we did,

(continued on page 145)

KEVIN MITNICK IS THE MOST NOTORIOUS HACKER IN THE WORLD. SOME SAY HE IS ALSO THE MOST DANGEROUS. HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW HE STAYED A STEP AHEAD OF THE FBI UNTIL FINALLY, INEXPLICABLY, HE MADE A SIMPLE MISTAKE THAT BROUGHT HIM DOWN

THE INVISIBLE DIGITAL MAN

BY JONATHAN LITTMAN

The master of ceremonies takes the microphone in the tastefully appointed ballroom to announce a special guest. "I'm pleased to tell you that we have Kevin Mitnick with us today," the MC tells the exclusive audience of 150. "Kevin is a legendary hacker gone straight."

Mitnick, a chunky man with thick, matted hair and wearing a dark suit, jubilantly lifts his arms overhead to cheers and laughter. "He's managing his own security company," continues the announcer. "You may have seen him on *60 Minutes*. He's got a great career going now that he's gone straight. We're all happy about that! So please welcome Kevin Mitnick!"

The applauding guests are executives and top managers of a major high-technology firm. Outside the windows are the velvety practice putting green and posh clubhouse of one of the world's most exclusive seaside golf resorts. The past couple of days the guests have been regaled with golf, fine dining, deluxe accommodations and the most expensive corporate speakers money can buy. But the attendees won't be teeing up this afternoon.

Kevin Mitnick is not typical corporate-lecture fare. He spent nearly five years in a federal penitentiary for his computer crimes and led the FBI on a wild two-year cross-country chase. Today he earns in

the low six figures by advising executives on how to protect their companies from the current generation of ingenious but reckless geeks. Brilliant and self-taught, Mitnick possesses a deep, intuitive knowledge of the backbones of communication and commerce, everything from phone switches to cellular networks and computer operating systems. I first talked to Mitnick when he was a fugitive in the mid-1990s, and I wrote a book about his case, *The Fugitive Game: Online With Kevin Mitnick*. Now that the final terms of his probation have ended, Mitnick has decided to speak to *PLAYBOY* and for the first time reveal the most dramatic part of his tale: his life on the run from the FBI.

Kevin Mitnick loves to perform. He takes the podium at the golf resort and gleefully proceeds to demonstrate the crowd's electronic vulnerability. He invites a gray-haired woman up, raps out a few quick keystrokes on his giant laptop and in 30 seconds flashes her Social Security number and home address on a giant presentation screen. That was so much fun, Mitnick merrily asks whose driver's license the audience would like to see. He passes on George W. Bush and instead flashes his hands over the keys to broadcast the first president Bush's Texas license to the group. After that he requests another guinea pig.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

STAIRWAY





With trepidation, a man hands Mitnick his personal cell phone. In less than a minute, after pressing some keys on his laptop and the phone, he magically makes the man's calls appear to come from the White House.

While Mitnick dials a number on a ballroom phone, he issues a disclaimer: This is just a demonstration, the ex-convict insists. He has cloned Citibank's telebanking system to show how easily a customer could be fooled into handing over enough information to empty his or her bank account. "Welcome to Citibank automated service," oozes a woman's silky voice. "If you have a debit-card number, press one."

Mitnick jauntily presses one and jokes, "Anybody have a debit-card number they want to share?" Nervous laughter rocks the room.

For his next trick Mitnick hands a tall blonde a pinkie-size USB storage device to plug into her laptop. He warns that any unknown storage device—a gift or something found in a parking lot—could be a hacker's ploy.

On the giant presentation screen, the woman's laptop directory appears. "You don't mind me looking through your hard drive, do you?" Mitnick chuckles, getting laughs.

She's nearly shaking. "You can stop now," she says.

Mitnick wraps it up, and Frank Abagnale, the legendary reformed master imposter and con artist (played by Leonardo DiCaprio in *Catch Me If You Can*), takes the microphone and gives another of his highly sought-after performances. Mitnick sits with me in the back, enjoying the show. When Abagnale finishes his performance, Mitnick stops to say hello—one artist to another—and hands him a thin metal business card, bearing his name, with pieces that appear to break away. He asks Abagnale if he recognizes it.

Abagnale grins and says, "Yeah, it's a lock-pick set."

On July 4, 1994 *The New York Times* put Mitnick's story on the front page and branded him "cyberspace's most wanted."

The Justice Department and some of the world's largest computer and cell phone companies considered Mitnick an electronic terrorist. "Here was somebody running amok through the Internet, exposing all the vulnerabilities from social engineering to technical intrusions," says David Schindler, the former federal prosecutor who oversaw the effort to catch Mitnick. "When you talk about this veritable tornado of fraud, the scope of what he was doing, the brazen nature of it, the broader implications, there was the sense that he was the wake-up call."

Mark Rasch, another former prosecutor, says Mitnick became a bogeyman. "If we were going to run nuclear power plants and do our billing and insurance online, we needed to feel it was safe, and Kevin shattered our illusion," says Rasch. "Not just Kevin Mitnick but all the Kevin Mitnicks out there."

Beyond the prosecutors, it's difficult to convince people who had intimate dealings with Mitnick to discuss the damage he inflicted. Motorola, Nokia, Sun and virtually every other victim refused to comment for this story. An FBI spokeswoman said the lead agent on the case didn't see "the benefit to the Bureau" of discussing Mitnick. Who can blame them? Mitnick cleverly acquired the cell phone numbers of the FBI white-collar crime squad tasked with capturing him and tracked their movements and their calls to other agencies. That brazenness is not something the FBI appreciates. Suspects don't generally investigate the Bureau.

But today the hacker appears to have left his colorful criminal past behind. Having done his time, Mitnick found his skills and notoriety could fuel a lucrative second act. His passport bears the stamps of 34 countries, and in the past few months he has lectured and hacked legally in Moscow, Bogotá, Barcelona and Johannesburg. Mitnick makes a nice living advising U.S. agencies (including the Social Security Administration and NASA) and corporations around the world on how to shore up their digital defenses.

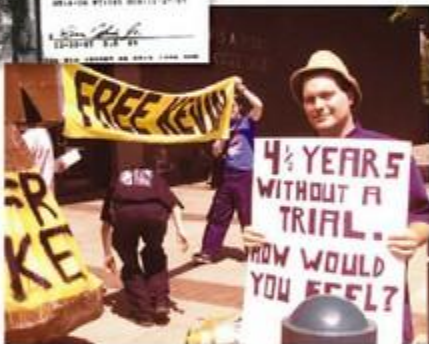
Mitnick was a popular guy in prison. A Colombian drug kingpin offered him millions to electronically alter his records for an early release. Ed Bradley visited him in jail for the first of two *60 Minutes* interviews. Once out of prison, Mitnick was invited to testify before Congress and then in 2004 did the unthinkable for a devout antiauthoritarian: He helped police identify a student making bomb threats to his high school. Though the FBI plastered a promotional plug from Mitnick on the cover of its most recent computer-crime survey, some critics refuse to believe he has gone straight. "He doesn't acknowledge the malicious nature of his crimes," says Ira Winkler, an Internet security expert who formerly worked for the National Security Agency. "He has a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality."

The irony of the Mitnick saga may be that his extraordinary skills made him a target. In pushing back against the FBI and a mysterious Japanese security expert, Mitnick learned too much about how the government and those who do its bidding track outlaws. The trouble that led to his two years as a fugitive began in 1991. The 28-year-old Mitnick was trying to go straight, counting the days until the end of his probation stemming from a 1988 conviction for swiping code from Digital Equipment Corporation.

One day, out of the blue, he received a call from Eric Heinz. (continued on page 133)



DENVER OFFICE WELCOMES
ERIC WEISS joined the firm as a computer operator April 29. He earned his U.S. degree in Business Administration. In his free time he enjoys working out, bicycling and movies.



From top: Kevin Mitnick is led into court in North Carolina following his 1995 arrest. During his two years on the run, Mitnick stole the identity of Eric Weiss (chosen because his name resembles the given name of Mitnick's idol Harry Houdini) and found work at a Denver law firm. A faxed copy of a driver's license Mitnick obtained for Eric Heinz, the alias of an FBI informer who tried to entrap him. Supporters in 1999 protested that Mitnick had been held for nearly five years without trial. Security specialist Tsutomu Shimomura (bottom right) tracked the fugitive hacker to Raleigh. Today Mitnick (bottom left) is a highly paid consultant.



"I thought you could only rent these rooms by the hour."

SARA JEAN IS PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR 2007

THIS GOLDEN GIRL WAS YOUR OVERWHELMING CHOICE

It was springtime of 2005. Our crew of photographers was motoring across the West in search of beautiful women to appear in a *Girls of the Pac 10* pictorial. They visited Arizona State, USC and other campuses renowned for their student bodies. Among the hundreds



Sara Jean Underwood, an Oregon native, is a nature lover from birth, and she's all for treading lightly on this earth. "If I drove a Hummer I'd be such a hypocrite," she says. We figured this hot 2007 chili-red Mini Cooper S convertible would suit her, not to mention the \$100,000 prize that comes with Playmate of the Year honors.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





of hopefuls who turned up at our test shoots at Oregon State University was a young blonde named Sara Jean Underwood. Possessed of a curious blend of confidence and wholesome girl-next-door appeal, she immediately caught our attention. The more we looked, the more beautiful she became, yet this flaxen-haired lovely was so unassuming about her appearance that she was surprised when we found ourselves fumbling around her.

Not only did Sara appear in that pictorial, she was featured on the cover as well. Ten million readers saw through the body-painted Beavers jersey she was sporting and soon clamored for more. Less than a year later, Hef chose Sara to become Miss July 2006. And now here she is again—a little older (she's 23) and even more stunning—as PLAYBOY's 48th Playmate of the Year.

Raised in a tiny town in Oregon, Sara currently lives in Los Angeles, a stone's throw from the Mansion, in the Playmate House. Her housemates are fellow 2006 Playmates Alison Waite (May) and Janine Habeck (September). "We're attached at the hip," Sara says. "Their support for me is genuine." Sara has put her education on hold, but she's keeping her priorities in order. "I have four classes left," she says. "To go to school for four years and not finish would be insanity. It's too important to me. But this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and I don't want to stretch myself thin trying to do too many things. I work my butt off for Playboy, doing promotions, signings and meet-and-greets. Whatever Playboy needs of me, I plan to be there 100 percent."

Sara is at heart a country girl, and for this pictorial we saw fit to shoot her outdoors beneath a big sky, where she is most comfortable. One look at any of these shots and you quickly sense her inward beauty—that curious blend of confidence, sexuality and wholesomeness that struck us the first time we met her. "I'm not an actress," Sara says, smiling, "and I don't pretend to be. I'm fine with just being myself. It comes easy."

Life at the Playmate House with Alison and Janine is wonderful, Sara says, but there is one thing lacking in her life. Get ready for a shock: "We have the hardest time meeting guys," she confesses. "Men don't approach us, so we go out and end up dancing by ourselves. I'm a regular girl, and I want to meet a regular guy, somebody sweet, family oriented, intelligent and genuine. Is that too much to ask?" Given all the PMOY votes Sara received from our readers, there is no doubt she is and will forever be a coveted creature. We predict her dancing-alone days will soon be over.







Your votes helped Sara become the 2007 Playmate of the Year. "It blows me away that people would take time out of their day to vote for me," she says, flashing that adorable smile of hers. "Readers wanted me to win for whatever reason, and it's so touching. I will never forget why I am here and how I got this title."





See more of Sara Jean's original Playmate pictorial
at cyber.playboy.com.

THIS NIB FOR HIRE

TRADING YOUR MUSE FOR A HOLLYWOOD
HUSTLER IS WORSE THAN A POKE IN THE EYE

BY
WOODY ALLEN

It is said Dostoyevsky wrote for money to sponsor his lust for the roulette tables of St. Petersburg. Faulkner and Fitzgerald too leased their gifts to ex-schmatte moguls who stacked the Garden of Allah with scribes brought west to spitball box-office reveries. Apocryphal or not, the mollifying lore of geniuses who temporarily mortgaged their integrity gamboled around my cortex some months ago when the phone rang as I was adrift in my apartment, trying to tickle from my muse a worthy theme for that big book I must one day write.

"Mealworm?" the voice on the other end barked through lips clearly enveloping a panatela.

"Yes, this is Flanders Mealworm. Who's calling?"

"E. Coli Biggs. Name mean anything to you?"

"Er, can't say it actually—"

"No matter. I'm a film producer—and a big one. Christ, don't you read *Variety*? I got the number one grosser in Guinea-Bissau."

"The truth is I'm more conversant with the literary landscape," I confessed.

"Yeah, I know. I read *The Hockfleich Chronicles*. That's on account of why I want we have a sit-down. Be at the Carlyle hotel 3:30 today. Royal Suite.

(continued on page 140)







PHOTOGRAPHY
BY GUIDO ARGENTINI

penises i have KNOWN

SMALL, HUGE, SHORT, LONG, RED, WHITE, BLUE, VEINY, CURVED, CIRCUMCISED, UNCIRCUMCISED, FRIENDLY, THREATENING, UNDENIABLE. A CELEBRATED BELLE-LETTTRIST CATALOGS THE MANY SPLENDORS OF THE MALE MEMBER

I. SIDLING UP TO THE MATTER AT HAND

The problem, for starters, even before we get to the fact that it's difficult—impossible, even—for any single manifestation of this indubitably male organ to live up to its reputation, is how to deal with the word itself so that we're not all blushing or smirking. *Penis*. If you say it quickly, pass your eye over it glancingly as though it were not a Rubirosa of a word, you have accomplished nothing other than a grown-up game of peekaboo: I don't see you, big feller, bulging over there in the middle of the sentence. If, on the other hand, you give the thing its due and enunciate it fully, *pee-nus*, draw it out, acknowledge that it is an awkward quasi-scientific coinage, pretending to be at ease with itself under the enormous metaphoric burden it carries—bearing the weight of the phallocentric world between its legs—you are left having to deal with the (often incredulous) attention you have drawn by insisting that everything, but everything, is a stand-in for the phallic principle: cars, buildings, pencils, tails, fruit, literary images, even certain flowers like the anthurium. Take Dylan Thomas's "The Force That Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower": It can be read as a poem

about the life-giving power of a divine force, or in my view, it can be read as a poem about the life-giving force of penises, the surging motile energy of the male orgasm.

But here I am, getting stuck in an *apologia pro vita erotica mea* before I have even begun to observe that there are penises so memorable you never get over them—J.C.'s for instance, a perfect edition worthy of my rapt contemplation, or so it seemed to me when I lay next to him on his 1970s-style platform bed on an unmemorable Manhattan side street years ago. And others you would like to recall (the one belonging to your first lover, the one who cracked your geode, as the man with the red socks put it) that seem to have eluded your visual grasp through no fault of their own. How to talk about your personal history with penises without sounding Mae West-sassy (the old "Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?" routine). Or all fluttery and awed, like a hitherto untouched heroine in a bodice ripper—or perhaps like the touched but hitherto unorgasmic heroine of D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—by the supernal Otherness of the thing? "Now I know why men are so overbearing," Constance Chatterley

BY DAPHNE MERKIN

says of her gamekeeper, Mellors, or, more specifically, of Mellors's penis, which he refers to as his John Thomas, as though it were indeed a third person in the room, observing the action: "But he's lovely, *really*. Like another being! A bit terrifying! But lovely, *really*!"

There are countless designations for *penis*, of course, just as there are many terms for its equally klutzy-sounding female counterpart, the graceless *vagina*. (Given a choice, I'd pick *cunt* over *pussy*, notwithstanding John Updike's observation by way of his vagina-focused anti-hero Rabbit Angstrom that "cunt would be a good flavor of ice cream.") These designations include all those one-syllable terms that sound like blunt, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am objects, such as *dick*, *prick*, *cock* and *dong* (I've never trusted the erotic sensibility of women who use the word *cock* as opposed to *dick* and *prick*, which sound less grandstanding), as well as the half amused, half abashed Yiddish approximations like *schmuck* and *putz*. "Putz is worse than schmuck," Maggie Paley declares in *The Book of the Penis*, a veritable font of information

in the presence of this subject. Despite their apparent demystification, penises themselves retain an odd aura of unspeakableness. For all the huge strides we appear to have taken in our discussion of sex—mainly by making it into a discussion about body and gender—the discourse doesn't seem to have advanced much since Lytton Strachey first dropped the word *semen* into one of those Bloomsbury discussions he and his friends, including Virginia Woolf (then Stephen) and her sister Vanessa, used to have in one another's houses on London evenings in the early 20th century. Which is why trying to talk about penises still feels, even after Erica Jong's zipless fuck, Monica Lewinsky and *Sex and the City*, like smashing through glass, as though one were daring to touch a precious and lovingly curated object behind its protective pane with the audacity of mere language. To talk about penises as a woman is to turn yourself into an outlaw and the conversation into smut even before we've gotten to the age-old question of whether size matters. (Once and for all: Of course it does, although in less significant and

manage to move the conversation more radically forward than most. There may be something laughable about the way Mellors and Lady Constance talk about his John Thomas in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, but there is also something both daring and poignant about Lawrence's attempt to win over his straitlaced and corseted readers to his rhapsodic spin on the liberating effect of erotic nakedness. His late phase, which includes *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the short novel *The Man Who Died* (first published, by the bye, as *The Escaped Cock*) shows him having taken a decisive step beyond what speculum-gazing Kate Millett and others have decried as his worship of the phallus into a more psychologically expansive view of carnal matters.

Lawrence may have been singular among his contemporaries for naming women's body parts and for attempting to depict female orgasm, decades before Norman Mailer and Harold Brodkey got around to trying their hand at it. But discussion of men's body parts by *male* writers had been in evidence centuries before Lawrence came along, even if it

TO TALK ABOUT PENISES IS TO TURN YOURSELF INTO AN OUTLAW AND THE CONVERSATION INTO SMUT EVEN BEFORE WE'VE GOTTEN TO THE AGE-OLD QUESTION OF WHETHER SIZE MATTERS.

on points of lesser and greater interest, including the etymology of *penis*, which is Latin for "tail" and a relatively late entry into the vernacular. (She adds that the two terms "are now used almost entirely to mean jerk.") Not to overlook Humbert Humbert's fancy description of his throbbing pecker: the "scepter of my passion," which he allows his first love, Annabel, to hold "in her awkward fist." I've always warmed to *johnson* myself, and the ironic—or what I take to be ironic—majesty of *rod* speaks to the 18th century serving girl in me. And yet there is something about the word *penis* in all its obdurate two-syllabled out-there-ness (I'll take one penis, if you please) that seems to rise above itself, if only because the stiffly protruding quality of the first syllable (*pee*) followed by the curled-up flaccidity of the second (*nus*) seems to mimic the dynamic of charge and retreat embodied in the piece of male anatomy being alluded to.

To be sure, this extended patch of throat clearing—or if you will, this high-minded introductory musing on the strictures of our erotic lexicon—is nothing but a symptom of the larger predicament of inarticulateness that I, an ordinarily voluble creature, find myself facing when

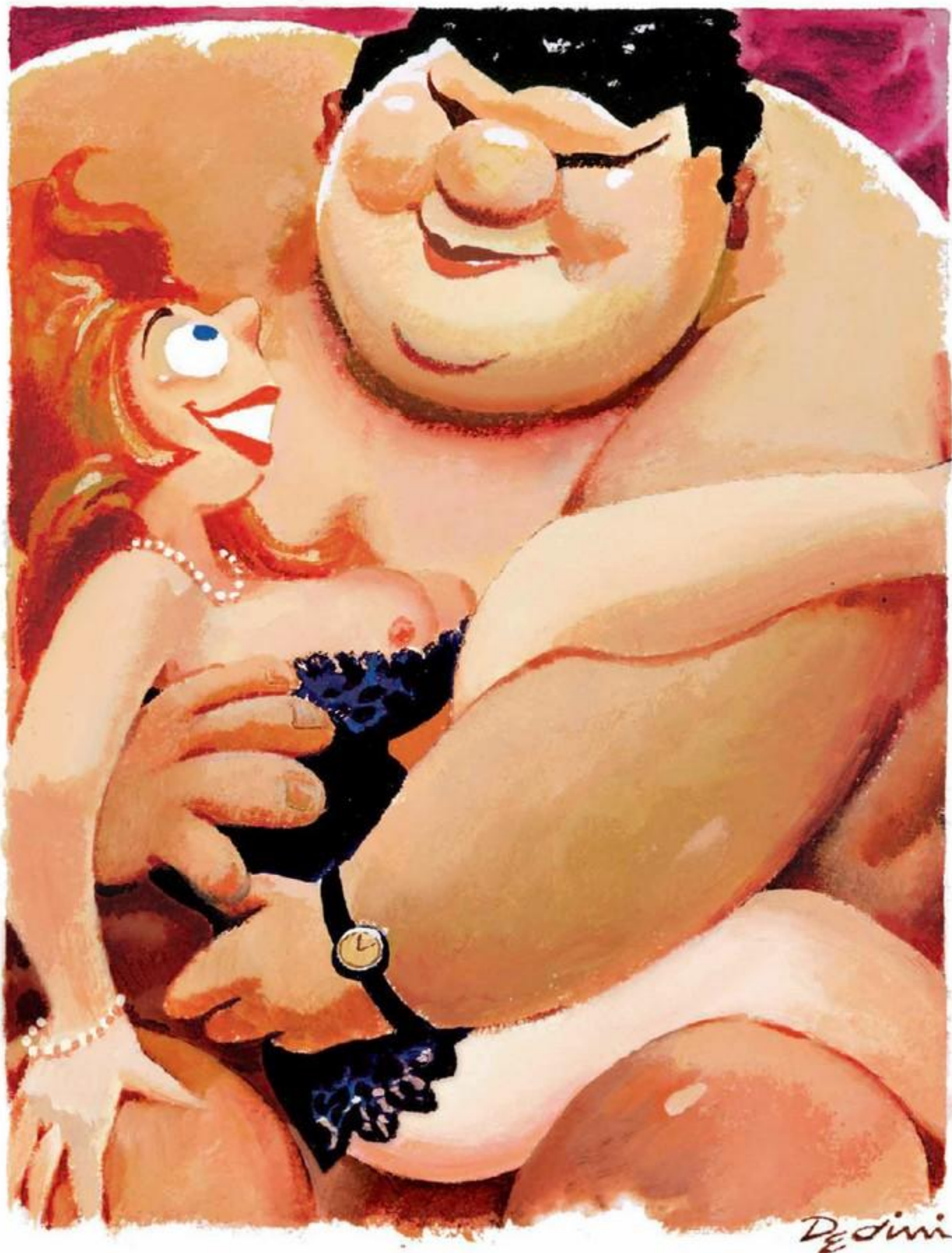
subtler ways than men may think.) For instance, Ernest Hemingway's infamously strutting account in *A Moveable Feast* of being called upon to reassure F. Scott Fitzgerald that his equipment was adequate despite Zelda's ballbusting insinuations—the anecdote comes from a chapter with the insufferably coy title of "A Matter of Measurements"—seems bogus on many accounts, not least of which is the suggestion that anxieties about the male signifier to end all signifiers can be put to rest in quite so concrete a fashion. But the topic makes for easy send-up, as in the brand of condoms that offers a variety of prophylactics (the Nightcap, the Weekender and the Extended Stay), all in boxes with the word *huge* printed on them.

Penises, that is, deserve to be worshipped or envied—or if need be, encouraged—but they don't deserve to be nattered on about. This is still sacred male territory, and women enter it at their own literary peril. The potholes are everywhere you look, waiting to trip you up into porn or parody, or perhaps the high-gutter baby talk of D.H. Lawrence. Which is not to suggest that Lawrence didn't, despite what is clearly a complicatedly ambivalent attitude toward women,

was coded or euphemistic. It was, rather, the existence of female writers who alluded to *women's* body parts that was noticeably absent. So Virginia Woolf could observe in a speech she gave to an audience of 200 women in January 1931 (almost a year after Lawrence's death) that it would take another 50 years before "men have become so civilized that they are not shocked when a woman speaks the truth about her body." Whether or not we have arrived at this juncture depends, I suppose, upon your sense of how shockable we remain under our contemporary posture of jadedness, but please do note that Woolf's speculation makes no mention of a woman speaking the truth about *his* body. It is as though this was a possibility not even to be hinted at except on a different planet than the one men and women are destined to live on together. Which puts us right back where I began, unwilling to consign myself to the outpost of raunch yet unsure whether a seat will be found for me inside the clean, well-lit rooms of polite company.

II. THE MATTER AT HAND

It is to be asserted, then, that very few women talk (continued on page 124)



"You're my first sumo date, so be gentle."

50 YEARS OF THE HARLEY SPORTSTER

Cruising through half a century of pop culture, land-speed records and death-defying stunts on two wheels



The original Sportster, 1957.

In the clutter and kitsch of American culture, not many ideas survive the test of time. Consumer products that outlast their 15 minutes of fame are few and far between. The Fender Telecaster. The Louisville Slugger. PLAYBOY. Now you can add another to the list: the Harley-Davidson Sportster. Celebrating its 50th birthday this spring, the Sportster has had one of the longest production runs of any motorcycle in history. You can trace its evolution through company catalogs and patent numbers, but a myth is more than the mechanical details. The Sportster has had a lasting impact on pop culture; it is a lens through which we can view 50 years of American history. Somewhere along this time line you became aware of motorcycles and specifically the Sportster. Shall we go for a ride?

BY JAMES R. PETERSEN



The King on a Harley in the late 1950s.

•**1957:** William S. Harley and three brothers, Arthur, Walter and William Davidson, made a name for themselves building big bikes with V-twin engines. They founded their

company in Milwaukee in 1903, and by the 1950s their machines had welded together the terms *motorcycle* and *rebel* (see the shot of Elvis, above). In 1957 the company unveils a new bike—the XL Sportster—with an all-new Harley engine (the first

883 cc overhead valve) and a new four-speed transmission. Its 40 horsepower is enough to hurtle the bike down the road at 92 miles an hour. Cost: \$1,103. Unlike other Harleys, it has the chain on the right side rather than the left. The company produces 1,983 units the first year and sends another 418 (designated XLA) to the U.S. Army.

•**1958:** Harley-Davidson unleashes the XLCH (for “competition hot”). The new model features a smaller, 2.5-gallon “peanut tank” to reduce weight for competition. With the so-called eyebrow headlight and dual staggered exhaust, it defines the look of the Sportster.

•**1962:** In its first major magazine test (*Cycle World*), the 50-horsepower Sportster reaches a top speed of 122 mph.

•**1965:** Hunter S. Thompson turns an article assignment for *Harper's* magazine into his first book, *Hell's Angels*.



Sonny Barger on his Sportster in 1965.

Angels: A Strange and Terrible Saga. Riding Thompson's soft tail, *The New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, *The Nation*, *True*, *Esquire* and *The Saturday Evening Post* haul the Angels onto the media stage, along with their Harleys. In

turn, 27-year-old Hell's Angel Sonny Barger sends a telegram to President Lyndon Johnson, offering to volunteer

"a group of loyal Americans for behind-the-lines duty in Vietnam. We feel that a crack group of trained guerrillas could demoralize the Viet Cong and advance the cause of freedom. We are available for training and duty immediately." The photo of Barger atop a Harley Sportster (opposite page) is now available as a fine-art print from hdart.com for \$350.

• **1969:** St. Louis-born racer Leo Payne pilots his significantly tweaked Sportster, the Turnip Eater, to 201 mph on the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah, surpassing the record for a non-streamlined motorcycle by 43 mph.

• NBC debuts *Then Came Bronson*. Tough but sensitive actor Michael Parks plays Jim Bronson, journalist and pilgrim. Bronson rides a red-orange Sportster, with an "eye of God" emblem on the gas tank and a sleeping bag on the handlebars,

through a two-hour pilot and 26 episodes. The adventures have titles like "The Old Motorcycle Fiasco" and "Your Love Is Like a Demolition Derby in My Heart." Parks sings the theme song, "Long Lonesome Highway"—and it makes the charts.

• **1970:** Harley introduces the XR-750 racing motor, and a destroyed version of the Sportster becomes a flat-track and TT legend. Road-going versions pump out 90 horsepower, more than double the original Sportster's muscle.

• In the hands of a master, the Sportster gives us another American icon. Stunt rider Evel Knievel had gained national attention of



The Sportster plays a starring role in *Then Came Bronson*.

the "there's no success like failure" kind when he crashed trying to clear the fountains at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas on a Triumph. Switching to a Harley XR-750 Sportster, he dons a red, white and blue jumpsuit with cape. Today an Evel Knievel Sportster from 1972, plus cape and uniform, resides at the Smithsonian.

• **1971:** Knievel announces he is going to become an action-figure hero. In a press conference he says, "Next year the Ideal Toy Company is going to make a lot of Evel Knievel toys. One toy I'd like them to make is my own idea. I think it's the most super toy in the world. You wind it up, it goes like a little bugger, goes across the floor, grabs this little Barbie doll, throws her on the floor, gives her a little loving, jumps back on the motorcycle and goes whizzing out the door, screaming, 'G.I. Joe is a faggot.'" The Evel Knievel action figure, stunt bike (a Sportster without the name) and accessories earn the Ideal Toy Company



\$300 million.

• Bruce Brown releases *On Any Sunday*, perhaps the best motorcycle movie ever. Most people remember the film's dirt-bike desert-race antics and some guy named Steve McQueen.

But the camera also follows Mert Lawwill's American Motorcyclist Association title defense, which he made on an ironhead Sportster XR-750. The film also captures Cal Rayborn setting a world land-speed record of 265.492 mph in a Denis Manning streamliner (pictured bottom) at the Bonneville Salt Flats. A Sportster engine powered the missile, which now resides at the Motorcycle Hall of Fame Museum in Pickerington, Ohio.

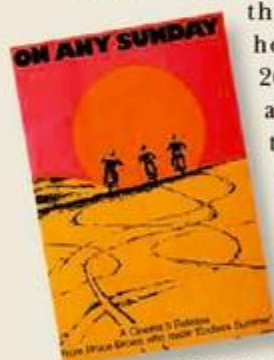
• **1972:** Swelled perhaps by Knievel's antics, sales of Sportsters jump from 10,775 to 18,150 in one year.

• **1977:** William G. Davidson, scion of one of the founding fathers, designs the XLCR—the Sportster as a 1970s-cool 1,000 cc café racer. All black, the bike produces 61 horsepower and a top speed of 100 mph. It appears in the May 1977 issue of *PLAYBOY* with the comment "This is what a motorcycle should look like." Harley produces only 3,124 units, and the XLCR is dropped from the line after two years. It is now one of the most collectible Harleys.

• **1986:** The company continues to refine the bike, introducing two new power



Evel Knievel, head over heels for his Sportster.



This baby set a world land-speed record: 265.492 mph.



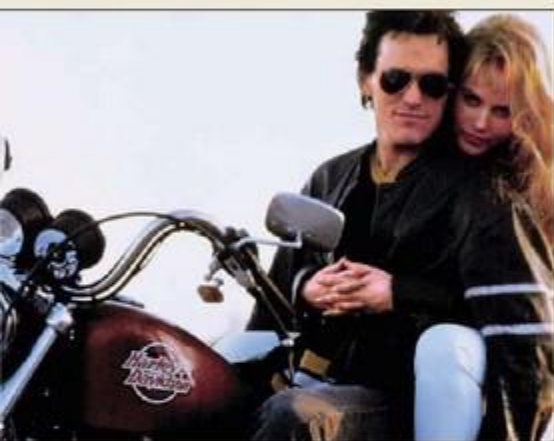
Don't try this at home (we mean the cape).

plants—the Evolution 883 and 1100—which become the backbone of the Sportster line.

•**1987:** With a featured role in the movie *Mannequin*, starring Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall, the quintessential

biker's bike goes mainstream.

•**1990:** Johnny Depp plays a greaser



Nicole Kidman wraps around Matt Dillon in 1995's *To Die For*.

in the John Waters-directed 1950s biker spoof *Cry-Baby*. Making cameo appearances: former porn star Traci Lords, Iggy Pop and a Harley Sportster (Depp's choice of ride, naturally).

•**1991:** Can you say "heavy metal"? During the Judas Priest Painkiller tour, frontman Rob Halford rides a Sportster onstage during the tune "Hell Bent for Leather." Blinded

by a dry-ice fog at a Toronto gig, he crashes into a drum riser, tumbles from the stage and then continues, heroically finishing the show with a busted nose. Now that's what we call rock and roll.

•**1995:** Aspiring television broadcaster Suzanne Maretto (Nicole Kidman) hires three teenagers to kill her husband (Matt Dillon) in Gus Van Sant's *To Die For*, based on a true story. Does the title refer to the Harley Sportster that plays a supporting role?

•**1996:** The Sportster gets a meaty 1,200 cc engine. The top-of-the-line XLH 1200S boasts an \$8,360 price tag.

•**1998:** The Guggenheim Museum in New York City launches a groundbreaking exhibition called *The Art of the Motorcycle*. The show becomes the museum equivalent of a rock tour, playing in Chicago, Las Vegas and Bilbao, Spain. Three Harley Sportsters are featured in the exhibit.

•**2004:** Harley-Davidson introduces rubber-mounted engines to reduce wear and smooth the ride. The company sells more than 70,000 Sportsters in the



Johnny Depp and a Harley Sportster star in *Cry-Baby*.



Unlike Andrew McCarthy, the Sportster is here to stay.



Judas Priest's Rob Halford onstage in 1983. Hell-bent for leather, indeed.

calendar year.

•**2006:** Harley-Davidson improbably becomes a bargaining chip in international politics. When Kim Jong Il threatens to build and test a nuclear device, the United States announces plans to ban exports of such items as iPods

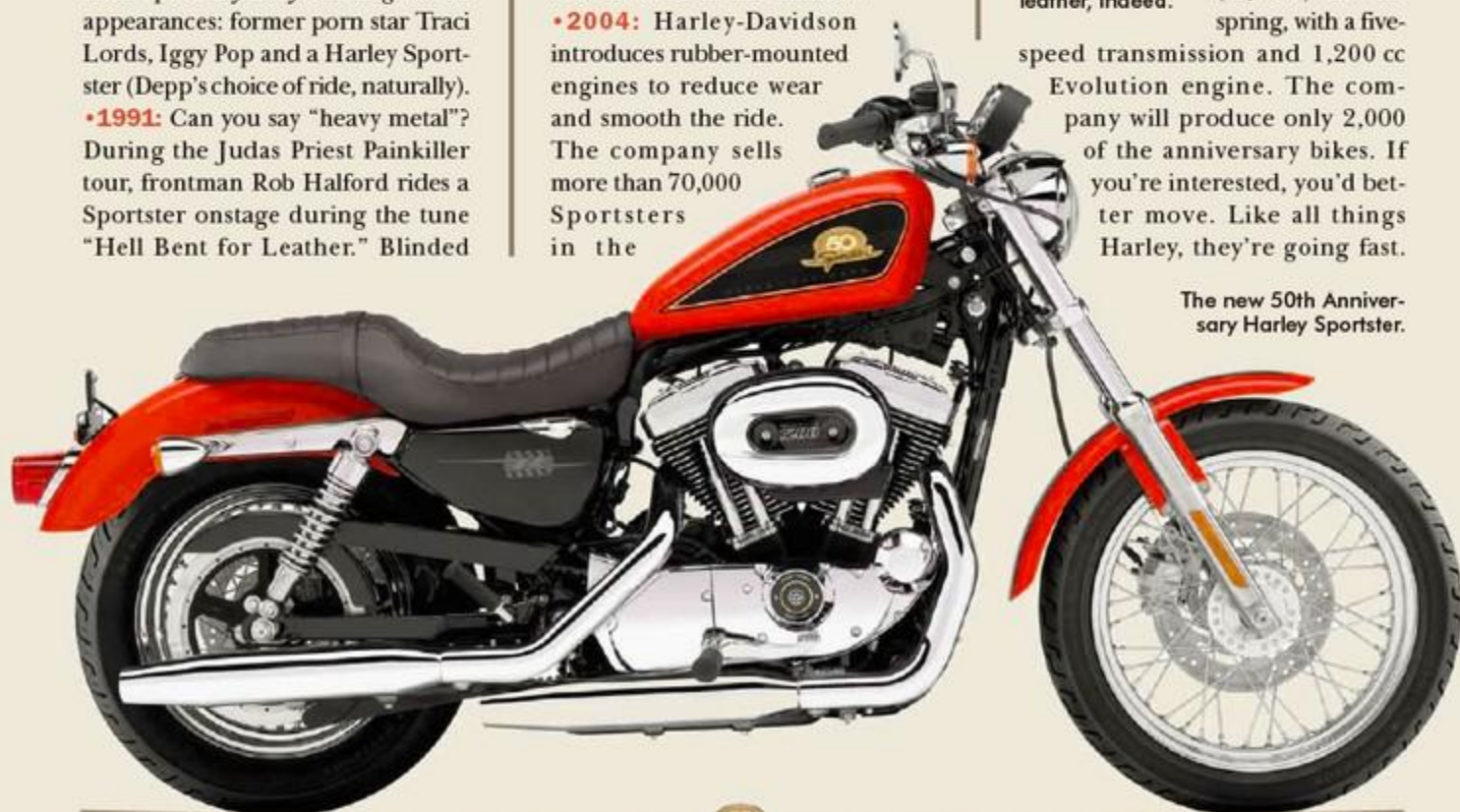
and Harleys to North Korea. News stories about the ban show pictures of Harley Sportsters.

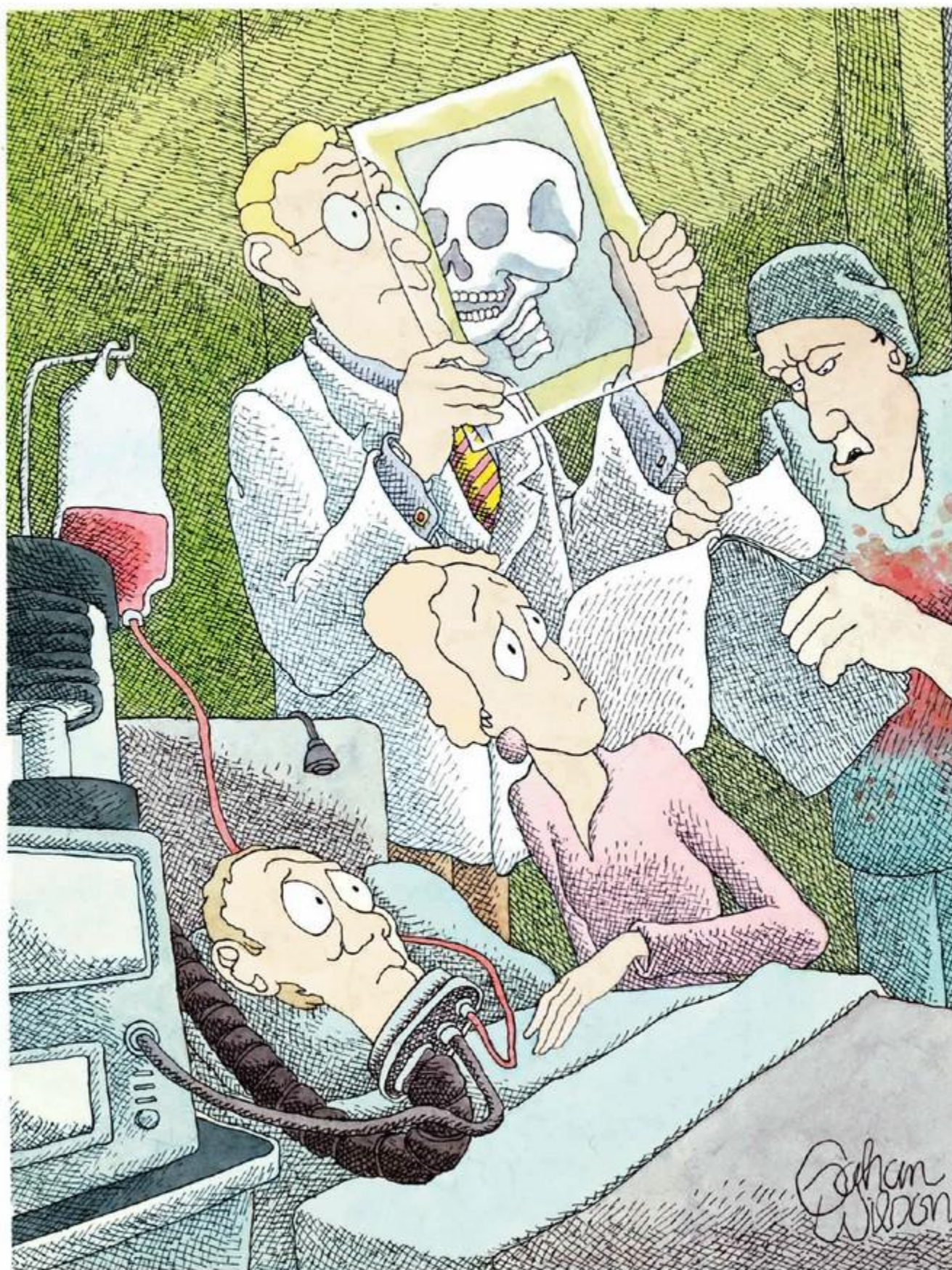
•**2007:** To celebrate the Sportster's golden anniversary, Harley-Davidson releases the 50th Anni-

versary model (pictured below, \$9,780) in the spring, with a five-

speed transmission and 1,200 cc Evolution engine. The company will produce only 2,000 of the anniversary bikes. If you're interested, you'd better move. Like all things Harley, they're going fast.

The new 50th Anniversary Harley Sportster.





"I think we got all of it."

BADA BINGER

MISS JUNE IS A SMALL-TOWN GIRL
WITH BIG-CITY DREAMS



Sun-kissed Brittany Binger has just returned from a bodyboard adventure at Manhattan Beach, a short drive from her home in California. With her hair tousled from shore breezes and some grains of sand still visible on her coppery skin, she looks every bit the quintessential California girl. People tell her she resembles a young Denise Richards, which flatters her. But before the 20-year-old model moved to the Golden State last year, she was leading a less Pacific lifestyle on her parents' dairy farm in a small Ohio town. "I love animals," she tells us. "I used to wake up at five in the morning, follow my dad around and name all the cows." From the looks of her, Brittany's farm-girl days are behind her.

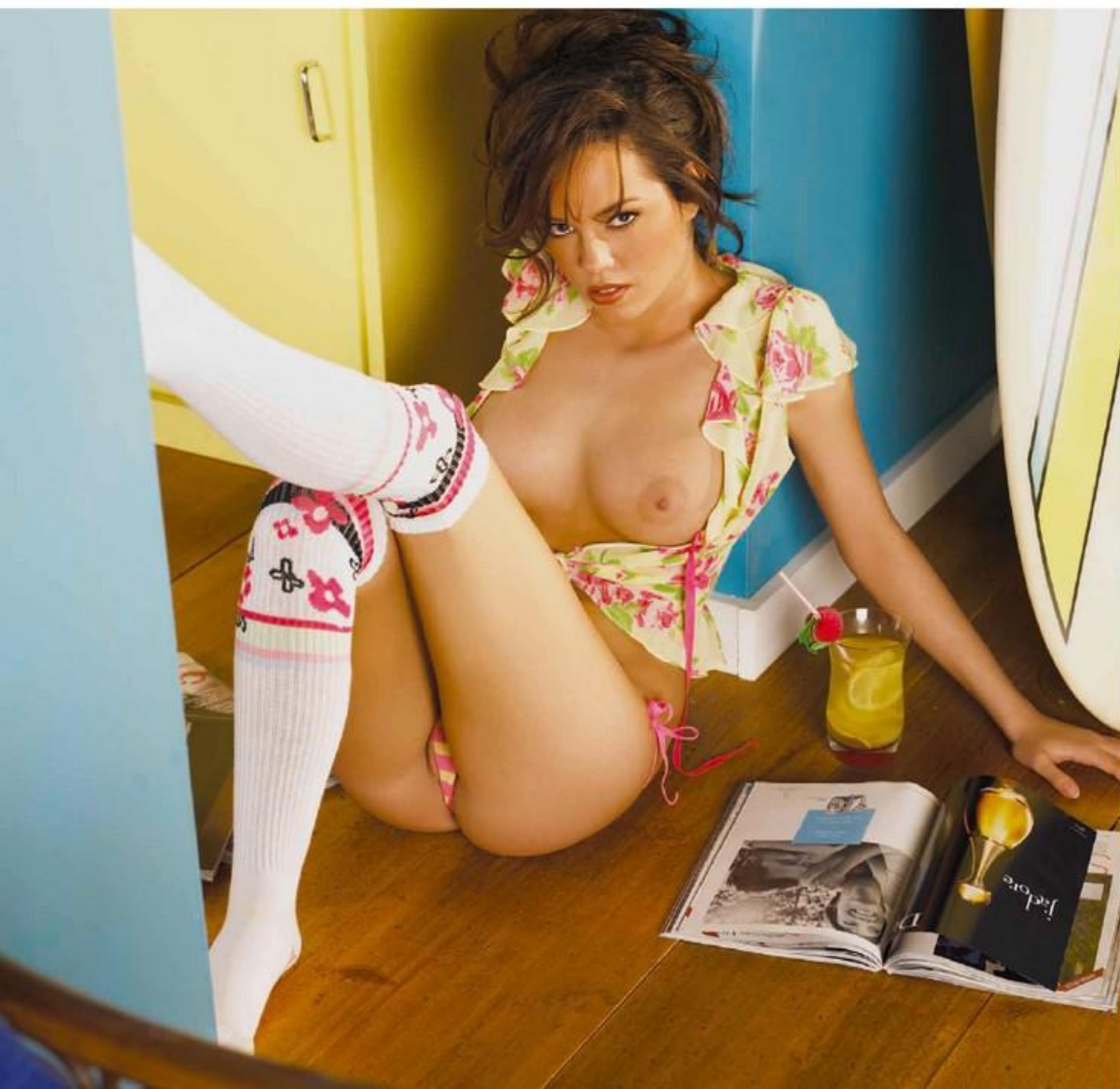
Miss June is a natural in front of the camera. "My grandma is a photographer, and she submitted my pictures to a modeling agency when I was 14," she says. Her exotic features—the result of a German-Cherokee heritage—as well as her love affair with the lens led to steady modeling work and a recent *CSI: NY* appearance. A few more TV performances and she'll have her SAG card. She may have quickly acclimated to her new environment, but Brittany is still a small-town girl at heart. "I'm down-to-earth, kind of goofy and a homebody," she confesses. "I don't go out to clubs. I was rowdy in my teens and got it out of my system. Now I'm the one who gets beeped at by irate people for driving too slowly."

Brittany's plans for the future: more work, more California sunshine and, someday, a family of her own. "What I want is to find joy in the basic things that are important," she says. With a head that wise atop a physique that luscious, there's little doubt Brittany will find all she's after and more.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA











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





MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Metropolitan



Brittany Singer

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Brittany Binger
 BUST: 34B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35
 HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 112



BIRTH DATE: 3-24-87 BIRTHPLACE: Belleveue, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To be successful in whatever I do, get married, have a family one day + just be happy.

TURN-ONS: Quiet, mysterious guys; confidence; Sweet, funny, smart guys; a nice mouth; talented + successful men.

TURNOFFS: Lying, poor hygiene and men who are loud and cocky, lack confidence, have no sense of humor OR are overly muscular.

SPORTS I HAVE PLAYED: Volleyball, softball + gymnastics.

MY FAVORITE BOOKS: To Kill a Mockingbird + The Outsiders.

TV SHOWS I NEVER MISS: I love the UFC fights. They're my new favorite!

PEOPLE I'D LOVE TO MEET AND WHY: Halle Berry because she's so classy and also from Ohio, OR Timbaland because I love his music!

THE PET I WANT TO GET: I need a puppy! Moving from a farm full of animals and then having none at all is a bit of a difference!



My sixth-grade school picture!!



All natural with my curly hair at the age of 13.



One of my first modeling pictures at 14.



MISS JUNE

PLANET'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Brittany Singer

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

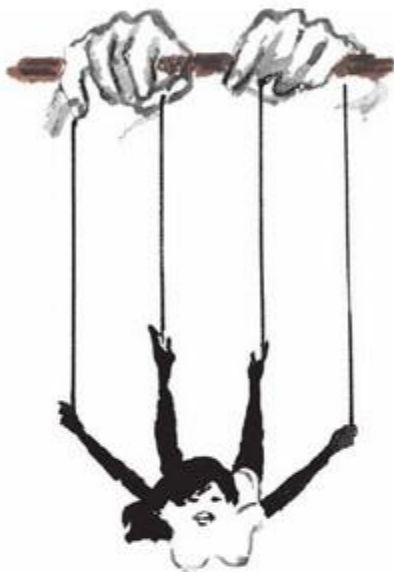
Why did Britney Spears shave her head?
She wanted the drapes to match the carpet.

A DA stared at the jury, unable to believe the not-guilty verdict he'd just heard. Bitterly he asked, "What possible excuse could you people have for acquitting this maniacal criminal?"

The foreman answered, "Insanity."

"I could understand that," the DA said, "but all 12 of you?"

Our *Unabashed Dictionary* defines a nocturnal emission as a snoregasm.



During a wedding rehearsal the groom and best man, two longtime friends and notorious playboys, began to compare conquests. The groom looked over the crowd and said to his best man, "You know, except for my future wife, my two sisters and my mother, I've made love to every woman in this room."

"Well then," his friend said, "between the two of us we've had them all."

Did you hear about the farmer who couldn't keep his hands off his wife? He fired them.

A man walked into a doctor's office without an appointment. "Would you like to tell me your problem?" asked the pretty receptionist.

"I need some information from the doctor," the man said. "It's rather embarrassing.... I have a large and almost constant erection."

"Well, Doc is busy today," the receptionist cooed, "but maybe I can squeeze you in."

A cop pulled a man over for weaving across two lanes of traffic. He walked up to the driver's window and asked, "You drinkin'?"

"That depends," the driver said. "You buyin'?"

Why is being in the military like getting a blow job?

The closer you get to discharge, the better you feel.

A husband was watching late-night TV when he heard a loud scream from the bedroom. He ran in just in time to see a man leap out the window. His wife yelled, "That guy just screwed me twice!"

"Twice?" the husband said. "Why didn't you call me when he was screwing you the first time?"

"Because until he started the second time," the wife replied, "I thought it was you."

Two bikers were standing at adjacent urinals in the Southwest when one glanced over at the other and said, "I'd bet that you were born down in Tuscaloosa, Alabama."

"You would win that bet," said the second man in surprise.

"And I'd bet you were circumcised by old Doc Steadman," the first continued.

"Yeah," replied the astonished man, "but how on earth did you know that?"

"Well," the first said, "old Doc Steadman always cut them on the bias, and right now you're pissing on my shoe."



Wally Neuman

Two former college roommates met at a bar to catch up on each other's lives. "So how's it going with the ladies?" one of the men asked the other.

"Women to me are nothing but sex objects," the other answered.

"Really?" asked the first.

"Yeah," the other replied. "Every time I ask for sex, they object."

Good news: Your wife meets you at the front door wearing a sexy negligee.

Bad news: She's just coming home.

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.



Kawenss







THE SEXUAL MALE, PART TWO:

ARE WE NOT BOYS?



IN THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF REPORTS ON THE SCIENCE OF MALE SEXUALITY, WE EXAMINE THE DELICATE AND STILL-MYSTERIOUS PROCESS THAT CREATES A BOY AND YEARS LATER TRANSFORMS HIM



BY CHIP ROWE

On May 25, 1983 Dr. Mary Calderone took the stage at the Sixth World Congress of Sexology in Washington, D.C. to talk about an ultrasound image she had been given that clearly showed a 29-week-old fetus with a hard-on. A sonographer in New London, Connecticut had first recorded prenatal erections five years earlier—all seven of her subjects were sucking their thumbs—but Calderone hoped to put the discovery in context. A pioneering sex educator (she argued in her 1970 *Playboy* Interview that rudimentary sex education should begin in kindergarten), Calderone saw fetal erections as firm evidence that we are sexual beings from the beginning. Ultrasound technicians would later observe erections in fetuses as young as 16 weeks. In other words, a man gets wood soon after blood reaches his groin and months before he draws his first breath.

YOU GESTATE LIKE A GIRL

The making of a male starts simply enough. If the head of the sperm that fertilizes a woman's egg contains a Y chromosome, it joins with an X chromosome she supplies to create a boy (XY). If the sperm carries an X, they form a girl (XX). Beyond that, much of the process remains a puzzle. In 1990 scientists discovered a gene on the Y chromosome called SRY, which gets the male cascade started, although it has been suggested that its role may be only to suppress a second, as yet undiscovered female gene dubbed Z. The next step is the activation of the gene Sox9, which is present in both genders but sees action only in males. A third gene, Fgf9, then cranks up the volume of Sox9, rattling the windows and eventually leading to the creation of testicles. Cell biologists at Duke University discovered last year that Fgf9 has another vital function: It turns down the volume of a girl-making gene known as Wnt4. If SRY isn't present, Sox9 and Fgf9 remain quiet and Wnt4 (which may well be the elusive Z) takes over, resulting in the formation of ovaries.

Those are the basics. But there are exceptions, such as the rare man who doesn't have a Y chromosome. He is XX, a genetic female, yet still grows balls. How can this be? In some cases SRY is present on the X chromosome contributed by the father. In others Sox9 initiates the march toward maleness, although the beat isn't as loud and often results in men who can't produce sperm. This past October a team of Italian scientists announced the discovery of yet another part of the equation. While examining four brothers who don't have an SRY among them, researchers found each had a mutated Rspo1, a gene that appears to team up with Wnt4 to stifle the male-making power of Sox9. In this case, Wnt4 waited for backup that never arrived, and four sisters became four brothers.

There are many more genes along the route of the Cajones Express and a lot of chatter back and forth. The conversation continues until about the seventh week of your existence, when the signal finally reaches the

ILLUSTRATION BY MIRKO ILIC



A MORE POTENT FACT IS THAT BOTH MALE AND FEMALE GENITALS DEVELOP FROM THE SAME TISSUE. IT'S MUCH LIKE AN EPISODE OF *IRON CHEF*: TWO MEALS CREATED FROM THE SAME INGREDIENTS.

sexless blob of tissue known as the gonads. Its cells are believed to be bipotential, meaning they aim to please. If the signal is a grunt, the cells gurgle and pop and reassemble into testes. Initially perched near your kidneys, these two balls will churn out the powerful hormones that will craft your penis, scrotum and everything else. Alfred Jost, an endocrinologist working in Paris shortly after World War II, first demonstrated how important these androgens are in creating a man by cutting off the microscopic balls of fetal rabbits—a feat in itself. Even though the rabbits still had a Y chromosome in each cell, they developed into fully functional females capable of giving birth. This and later research persuaded many scientists that female is the default gender—Adam comes from Eve's rib. To produce a boy, nature must break the mold with a bath of testosterone. This premise has leaked into gender politics, with commentators portraying males as either enhanced or deformed versions of the base model. But as researchers learn more about fetal development, many reject both views as incomplete. For ovaries to form, a number of active processes are required; it's just that scientists know even less about them than what goes into making a boy. If nothing at all happened, you wouldn't end up as a girl but as a miscarriage.

A more potent fact is that both male and female genitals develop from the same tissue. It's much like an episode of *Iron Chef*: two meals created from the same ingredients. In a boy the gonads develop into the testes and sperm tubes; in a girl they become the ovaries and its tubes. The tissue that becomes the penis and scrotum develops in women into the clitoris, which has been found to extend three or four inches into the body. The foreskin is the clitoral hood. The urethra is homologous to the smaller lips of the vulva; the scrotum is the larger lips. The Cowper's gland, which produces precome, is the female Bartholin's gland, which contributes to vaginal lubrication, and the male prostate is the area in women commonly known as the G-spot. Both genders have nipples because they develop before the great divide. Do you see where this is heading? While having vaginal intercourse, you are penetrating an inverted version of yourself. The philosophical notion that sex unites parts of a whole and makes us one fits nicely with reproductive biology.

Jost's experiments with rabbits led scientists to wonder whether slicing the balls off a human male fetus would cause it to develop into a fully functional female. Of course such an experiment would be barbaric, but in the 1950s scientists discovered mutations that seemed to have done it for them, producing women who appear from every angle to be female but are genetically male, with a Y chromosome in each of their cells. An XY woman begins her development in the womb as a male complete with testes but changes course because her cells cannot absorb male hormones. The fetus has to do something with the excess

androgens, so it converts them to the primary female hormone, estrogen. The result is a tall woman with small hips, large breasts, clear skin and great hair. Indeed, the first XY women identified in the 1950s were all stewardesses or models (and perhaps pin-ups), and it's the sort of build that has invited speculation about a number of Hollywood actresses. Tests conducted before the 1996 Olympics revealed that eight of the 3,387 female athletes were XY, raising the question of whether having a male chromosome provides women with a competitive advantage. The XY women, who were not identified, were all allowed to compete.

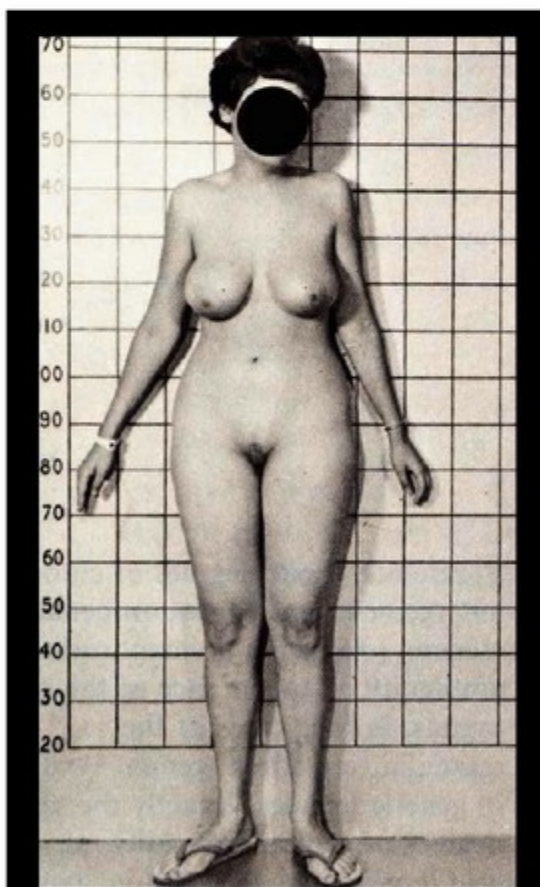
The discovery of XY females especially intrigued Jost because they are always sterile, with shallow vaginas that lead nowhere. The male rabbits he castrated in the womb developed ovaries and every other organ needed to produce offspring; XY women, who keep their testes, do not. Years earlier Jost had implanted testicular fragments into female fetal rabbits before sex differentiation and found the animals became male inside and out. Simply injecting testosterone, however, led only to male genitalia. He concluded that the testes must produce not only testosterone to mold the penis but a second hormone that switches off a man's inner girl—that males are not only masculinized but *defeminized*. And he was right. Each embryo starts its journey with two carry-ons: the Müllerian ducts, which become the uterus, upper vagina and fallopian tubes; and the Wolffian ducts, which become the tubes in which your sperm are created and carried to the penis. As you develop, your balls produce three crucial hormones. Testosterone crafts the penis and helps mold the brain. Another hormone causes the

testes to be pulled along two temporary canals by the gubernaculum (a ligament named for the rudder on a Greek ship) and dropped into the scrotum. And a third substance, known as Müllerian inhibiting hormone, or MIH, makes your Müllerian ducts shrivel. In fact, you're sitting on your discarded pussy right now—it rests behind your scrotum and under your prostate. The power of MIH can be seen in those rare cases when a fetus doesn't produce enough and a man is born with a womb.

EARLY AROUSAL

Since the discovery of prenatal erections, in 1978, scientists have learned much more about them. In the most ambitious fetal-erection study of all time, Japanese researchers checked 12 full-term boys every minute for an hour and reported that 42 percent had at least one erection, with the longest lasting 17 minutes. Another study revealed that fetuses have regular erections during deep sleep, just as they will throughout their lives. Scientists believe these sleep erections, which occur in adults every 90 minutes or so, are a systems check by the brain, which never knows when the fire will need wood—even inside Mom.

Many of the 185,000 boys born each day have erections as they emerge. It's an exciting time. That



This woman, photographed in John Money's gender lab, is a genetic male with internal testes. Because her cells could not process androgens, he became a she.

infants get hard-ons rather frequently has never been a secret to new parents, but it wasn't until 1937 that a Yale professor of child development documented precisely how often they occur. With the help of three assistants, he observed nine newborns in a maternity ward for 10 days and counted 1,663 events. Since a boy doesn't produce sperm until puberty, why does he have or need the ability to get hard? Perhaps these early erections occur simply because everything is in place. Or they may be calisthenics designed to tone and maintain muscles and nerves that will later be used for reproduction. Whatever the reason, a boy soon discovers that his arms are just long enough to provide an assist now and then. This even occurs in the womb: Obstetricians have observed fetuses of both genders touching themselves for minutes at a time. It's a special moment in a boy's life, the first in a lifetime of gropings. After observing 170 mothers and their babes, Dr. René Spitz reported in 1949 that the infants with more-nurturing mothers touched themselves more often. The more you are loved, the more you love yourself.

Scientists have long debated at what point a child's reflexive diddling can be called masturbation. Some researchers speculate the threshold is crossed when a boy is able to stroke himself long enough to elicit a response elsewhere in his body. Based on observations of 66 infants and toddlers through one-way glass, two New York psychiatrists concluded that the first acts of "focused pleasure" are reflected in the child's expression of excitement, flushed skin, rapid breathing and perspiration. (The research is described in their book *Infantile Origins of Sexual Identity*.) Alfred Kinsey felt you couldn't call it masturbation until there is evidence the child anticipates "reaping an erotic reward." Regardless of what's going on inside their heads, many preschoolers quickly master the mechanics. Dr. Milton Levine of New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, one of the few physicians to address the issue in print, reported in 1951 that between the ages of two and a half and five many boys in his care had learned to wrap a hand around their erection and knead it. Further, parents told the pediatrician their sons would lie on their stomachs and writhe on the floor, even while absorbed by the television. "This is reminiscent of the early rocking of infants," Levine observed, "for these boys lie on their stomachs with their hands at their sides, raise themselves slightly from the bed or floor and propel themselves forward and back." This behavior is sometimes misdiagnosed as a medical problem even today because it's not something parents expect or perhaps want to see. In 2005 four neurologists reported on 12 preschoolers—all girls—brought to a Rochester, New York clinic for "movement disorders." After investigations that included videotaping the children, the researchers concluded the girls were engaged in "gratification behavior," a term the doctors found went down easier with parents. They noted that the distinction between masturbation and seizures can be difficult to recognize because both involve a glassy-eyed, fixed gaze. But the conditions can be distinguished by the fact that the child does not become annoyed when interrupted during a seizure.

If scientists are tentative in approaching self-stimulation, they are even more cautious in asking whether prepubescent boys are capable of orgasm but simply lack the motivation or coordination to make it happen. (There has been speculation that male thrusting during intercourse is reflexive and occurs on occasion in toddlers when they feel amorous.) If you trust the memories of college students, early climax does occur. In a survey of 303 students conducted by Dr. John Bancroft of the Kinsey Institute and two colleagues, 12 percent of women and 13.5 percent of men recalled having their first orgasm before puberty, with the average age among these groups being 8.5 years for females (the earliest at the age of four) and 9.6 years for males (the earliest at the age of five). In easily the most controversial finding in his 1948 best-seller, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, Kinsey reported that infants as young as five months can reach climax, appearing to have the same physical reaction as adults—flushed skin and tightening muscles, followed by a sense of calm. However, Kinsey did not report that his sole source for this information was a child molester who kept meticulous records of his abuse of 28 babies and similar numbers of children of every age up to 15. The man claimed that the younger the child, the more easily the boy seemed able to achieve multiple orgasms.

This area of Kinsey's research "should properly be treated with great caution," Bancroft warns on the Kinsey Institute website. "The data leaves us with some fundamental questions, and not surprisingly, there has been virtually no further evidence to answer them." The questions include, he says, whether the ability to climax before puberty influences later sexual development and what mechanism makes multiple orgasms, if they do occur in preteens, virtually impossible for boys after they mature? What is normal?

CHILDHOOD INNOCENCE

That has never been an easy question to answer. Over the past century Americans in particular have embraced the notion that children are asexual until puberty—or marriage. Some of the blame for this fallacy lies with Sigmund Freud, who in 1899 famously theorized that a boy passes through oral, anal and phallic stages of development before shutting down his libido at the age of five. (Decades later the German sexologist Ernest Borneman proposed a pre-oral phase he called

THE ULTIMATE INSULT

EVERY BOY FEARS BEING LABELED A FAG



Sociologists who study the interactions of boys are struck by how often they accuse one another of being "fags." The term isn't meant literally (many teenagers insist they would never use it around a classmate they knew to be gay) but as a forceful version of *nerd*—a failed male. When Ann Coulter described Democratic presidential candidate John Edwards as a "faggot," she was using the slur in a way most boys would understand—implying not that Edwards sleeps with men but that he's weak. In 2003 a sociologist labeled this the "Eminem exception" because the rapper insisted he uses *faggot* in the same way. Barrie Thorne of the University of California at Berkeley notes that increased usage of the insult as boys get older corresponds to their discomfort with touching each other. "Kindergartners and first-graders touch each other with ease—arms around shoulders, hugs, holding hands," she says. "By fifth grade, it's reduced to poking or giving five." By high school the bashing is so relentless that a sociologist who spent 18 months observing boys at a suburban California high school called her resulting book *Dude, You're a Fag*.

It's powerful stuff, part of a continual challenge among boys to demonstrate their old-school masculinity. Adolescents are told repeatedly what males and females are supposed to be like but often have a hard time admitting that's not what it's like for them, says Deborah Tolman, director of the Center for Research on Gender and Sexuality at San Francisco State, who has spoken with hundreds of them. "Girls focus on their bodies and make sure people think they're smart but not too smart, strong but not too strong," she says. "They're supposed to look sexy but not sexual. For boys there is even less leeway in what constitutes appropriate masculinity. If you stray too far, you risk being called gay. You are threatened with isolation. It can be brutal and violent."

cutaneous—from the Latin for “skin”—during which the entire surface of an infant is his primary erogenous zone.) A boy remains asexual until puberty, Freud wrote, because he comes to realize he desires his mother but fears his father’s violent reaction should he find out. Although Freud’s latency period has been shown to be bunk, early sexual development remains a sensitive topic. To determine what is normal, U.S. researchers must rely largely on the memories of adults or the observations of mothers, although scientists in Europe have quizzed preschoolers directly about what they know. Toddlers first understand there are two genders, then learn that gender is determined by more than hairstyle or dress, and finally advance to games of doctor or “let’s pull down our pants” (still fun as an adult). In recent years biologists have stepped in, arguing that the slow burn of sexual maturity flames up as early as the age

transformed physically by 10, parents sense something has changed. This is when boys learn the mechanics of intercourse, when they can first comprehend a joke about the snake in the grass. Usually children learn about sex not from parents but from older classmates, most of whom don’t have Ph.D.s in human sexuality. According to one survey, fewer than half the parents of kids under 12 had spoken to them about sex, compared with 91 percent who had discussed alcohol and drugs. Plus, a third of the kids whose parents said they had talked about sex with them couldn’t recall the conversation.

SEPARATION ANXIETY

At the same time hormones are shaping our brains to negotiate a lifetime of mingling, boys and girls part like the Red Sea. Children begin organizing by gender early. For instance,

ROUGH PASSAGES: TALES FROM OFF THE BEATEN PATH

Puberty is no picnic for anyone, but while browsing the dusty stacks I came across two coming-of-age stories that make my own seem like a Broadway musical. In 1979 Dr. Julianne Imperato-McGinley and three colleagues reported that they had identified 30 teenagers and adults living

in three remote villages in the Dominican Republic who, because of a genetic defect, had not sprouted penises until puberty. While in the womb, their bodies failed to produce an enzyme that starts the construction of the male genitalia. Most of the men had been raised as girls but realized between the ages of seven and 12 that they were different. At puberty their undescended testicles produced a hormonal surge that caused their voices to deepen, their balls to drop and their large “clits” to expand. The scientists noted that the men, sometimes ridiculed by other villagers as *guevedoces* (“penis at 12”) or *machihembras* (“first

woman, then man”), were able to get erect but could not reproduce through intercourse, as their urethral openings were located in their tails. Known as 5-alpha-reductase deficiency, the condition can now be identified at birth.

I also uncovered a report on the boys of Mangaia, the southernmost of the Cook Islands. During the 1950s anthropologist Donald Marshall lived there for more than a year. First the fantastic part: When a Mangaian boy reached puberty, he would be given instructions on how to give a girl head, suck her breasts and make her come while delaying his own climax. Next he would enter a period of *moetoro* (“sleep crawling”), during which he would sneak into girls’ homes to have sex with them. Both boys and girls were told to have intercourse with as many partners as possible to find the one who was most compatible. That all sounds great, until Marshall reveals the rest of the story. First, most homes consisted of a single large room. If they were awakened, members of the girl’s family—there might be a dozen or more—would not interfere. Instead, they listened to make sure the girl was being satisfied. So not only are you a 13-year-old kid having sex for the first time, your performance is being scrutinized by your partner’s parents and siblings. Second, before a Mangaian boy could become a man, he usually underwent a ceremony called *superincision*, in which his foreskin was cut open and retracted until the head was exposed. Finally, he often didn’t get to choose the young woman he married—nature did. Marshall notes that half the couples on the island wed because the girl had become pregnant. So maybe it wasn’t the best system.



The island of Mangaia: Teen paradise?

of six, when the adrenal glands begin releasing more androgens into the brain. Known as adrenarche, this is a lapping of waves before the tsunami. Adrenal puberty is responsible for acne outbreaks, body odor and the growth of pubic and underarm hair, as well as our first erotic feelings and fantasies, such as a crush on a teacher. “Freud had a word for the moment when you realize you are attracted to girls or, in some cases, boys,” says sexologist William Granzig. “He called it sexual cathexis. You don’t know what to do with this attraction at the age of five, but the particular culture in which you are raised will educate you about what is good and bad.” This cathexis occurs at such a young age that homosexuals, when asked when they first knew they were gay, invariably respond, “I’ve always known.” (Heterosexuals would say this too, but no one asks.) The influential psychologist John Money suggested that children very early on begin developing “love maps” that determine their later attractions and sexual appetites. According to Money, these maps are most vulnerable to damage by repressive adults when children are between the ages of five and eight.

The transformation from boy to man is well under way by the age of 10, when the typical adolescent has the same amount of testosterone as some adults and as much as 20 times more than younger children. In fact, the age of 10 is recognized as the start of adulthood in many cultures, including the U.S. for most of its history. (It was the age of consent for girls in most states until the 1880s.) Even if a child hasn’t

one study found preschoolers spent three times more of their playtime with classmates of the same sex; by the age of seven it’s 10 times as much. The split is most pronounced during the final years of elementary school. In the 1980s sociologists Barrie Thorne and Zella Luria observed this firsthand when each spent a year hanging out with nine- to 11-year-olds at schools in California, Michigan and Massachusetts as part of a joint study. Whether on the playground, doing schoolwork or standing in line, boys and girls mostly kept to their own. The girls shared intimate secrets and shoulders to cry on. The boys bonded by breaking rules, yelling “Shit!” or “Fuck!” as they played sports, for example. After ejaculating these words, boys would grow flush, wipe their hands on their jeans and look guilty. There are a number of entertaining hypotheses for the gender split, including that boys need to devalue femininity as they struggle to separate from their mothers. But Thorne, a professor of sociology and women’s studies at the University of California at Berkeley, says the structure of American schools, which segregate kids by age, is the most powerful influence. “The relationships between boys and girls in the neighborhood or at church, where older and younger kids mix, are usually quite different,” she says.

This is also the time when boys accuse one another of “liking” the most or least popular girls. They begin to chase girls on the playground, retreating after each foray to the safety of their island of friends. Teachers are (continued on page 130)



"I don't think this is the way you're supposed to play Cowboys and Indians...!"



PLAYBOY FASHION

presents

SUMMER



KNOCKOUTS

TWO PRIZEFIGHTERS DROP THEIR GLOVES AND
HIT THE STREET WEAR WITH DAMON DASH

THE CONTENDERS

ANDRE
BERTO

PAULIE
MALIGNAGGI

DAMON
DASH

★ FASHION BY ★

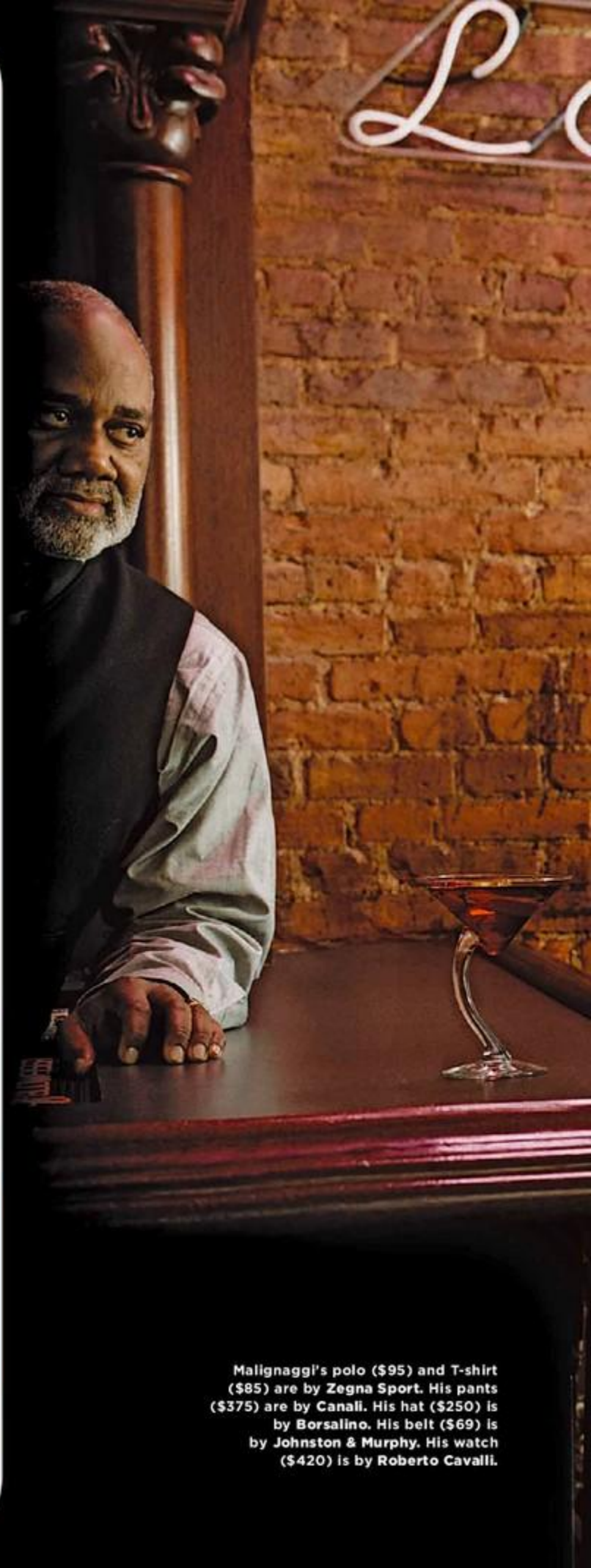
★ JOSEPH DE ACETIS ★ PAYAM ★

FASHION EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHER

STEVEN B. EKEOVICH
PRODUCER

★ KATHY KALAFUT
WOMEN'S STYLIST



Malignaggi's polo (\$95) and T-shirt (\$85) are by Zegna Sport. His pants (\$375) are by Canali. His hat (\$250) is by Borsalino. His belt (\$69) is by Johnston & Murphy. His watch (\$420) is by Roberto Cavalli.

Londel's

Paul
Malignaggi

IN THIS CORNER
OF THE BAR...

Junior welterweight Paulie "the Magic Man" Malignaggi is the owner of a 22-1 record and one of the most dangerous jabs in the ring. At Londel's Supper Club in his native New York City, Malignaggi punches up gray trousers and a pale polo with a golden T-shirt and a timeless piece of headgear. "I try to be flashy, just like my fighting style," he says. "My attitude may be low-key, but in terms of how I dress, I try to stand out."





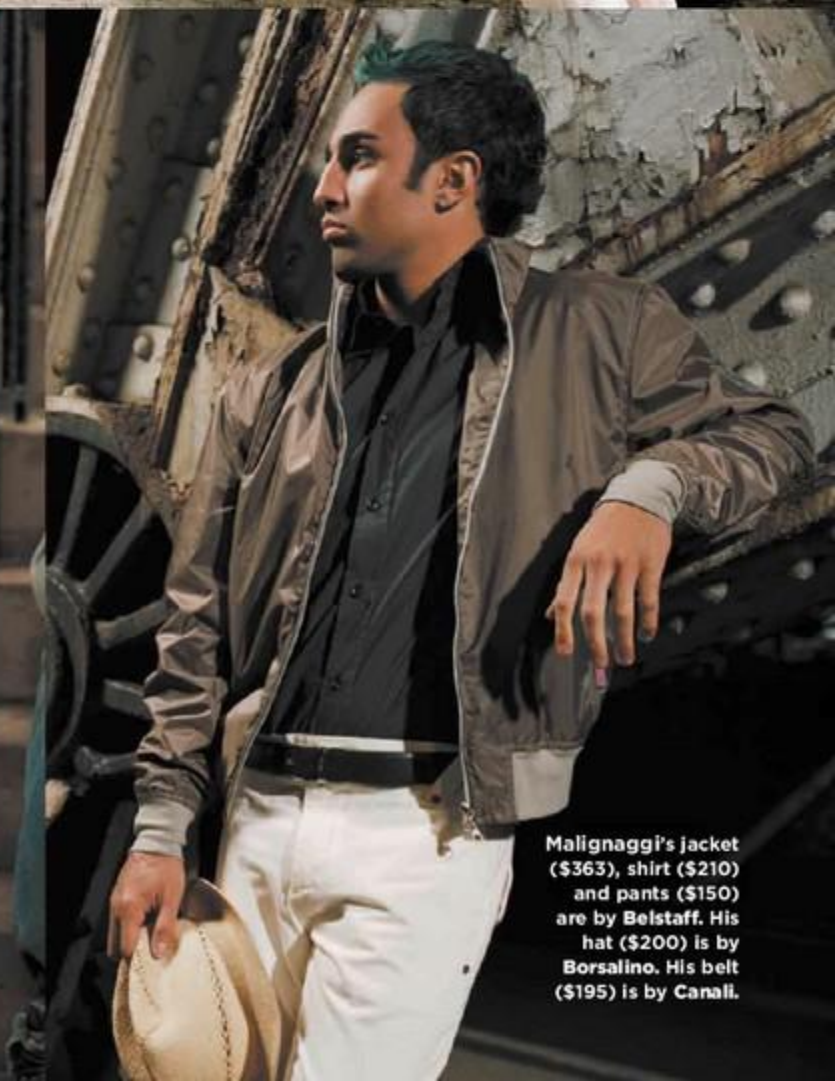
GOLDEN ALBUMS, GLOVES

Dash co-founded Roc-A-Fella records in 1995 and has since launched a parade of projects, notably Dash-DiBella Boxing Promotions and his clothing line, CEO. "Everyone seems to be wearing prints nowadays," Dash says. "I felt a little funny following that trend, so I started CEO to bring the sensibilities of classic style back."

Dash's sweater (\$100) and jeans (\$100) are by CEO. His belt (\$470) is by Bottega Veneta. Carlotta's dress (\$364) is by THREEAsFOUR. Berto's sweater (\$275) and pants (\$245) are by Canali. His hat (\$250) is by Borsalino. His watch (\$9,975) is by Rolex.



Malignaggi's jacket (\$350), sweater (\$2,285) and pants (\$825) are by Brioni. His hat (\$200) is by Borsalino. His belt (\$195) is by Canali.



Malignaggi's jacket (\$363), shirt (\$210) and pants (\$150) are by Belstaff. His hat (\$200) is by Borsalino. His belt (\$195) is by Canali.



Andre Berto

THE CONTENDER

Now 17-0, this pugilist has his eye on a belt (and our model Carlotta). "Boxers know better than to get in the ring with him," Dash says, "especially if they have something to lose—like a title." When Berto goes toe-to-toe he wears Dash's Pro-Keds gear, but after the fight it's a split decision. "When I step out, I put on nice urban wear or I get real dapper with cuff links and shined shoes," he says. "In boxing they call me a pretty boy. I take that as a compliment."

Berto's sweater (\$475) and pants (\$425) are by Isaia. His belt (\$69) is by Johnston & Murphy. His watch (\$2,550) is by Bell & Ross. Carlotta's dress (\$2,975) is by Versace. Her shoes (\$325) are by El Dante.

↓
FOR MORE ON DAMON DASH AND OUR SUMMER KNOCKOUTS
VISIT PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE.
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 141.



"Just jump right in when you see an opening."

ANNA-MARIE GODDARD

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

CONFIDENCE IS KING

Some women are insulted when men are too forward, but I like a confident man who isn't afraid to give compliments. I always love when guys tell me I'm beautiful. I really like New York men because they are direct and aren't afraid to blurt out things like "You must have come down from heaven," "What a great ass" or "You should be on the cover of PLAYBOY." Little do they know! That kind of confidence is one reason I've been with my lover for so long. The other is that a truly confident man doesn't get jealous. My guy never checks up on me or gets angry when I talk to other men, because he's never afraid I'm going to leave him.



GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD LUCK

Though I've had sex in public quite a few times, including in stairwells in Germany and Las Vegas, I prefer sex in private. I get carried away and make a lot of noise, and I don't want to worry about who may be watching. I always make time for sex: With my busy schedule, I generally end up doing it early in the morning. I'm usually still sleeping, but when he starts massaging my back and neck, I'm sold. I like a guy who takes his time during foreplay, which can begin before the clothes come off. When I have the time for a date, I love to go out for a nice light dinner, like sushi, and then see a Vegas show—it's so sexy to watch people dance. After the show we come home and watch an erotic movie, and once we're excited we make love on a beautiful king-size bed sprinkled with rose petals.

Anna Marie Goddard



◀ For 10 years Motorola has defined cell-phone style, from the tiny StarTAC of the mid-1990s to the RAZR of the past few years. Now comes the KRZR, which takes cues from the RAZR but is slimmer and more colorful (pictured in Fire Red). \$100 with two-year Verizon contract.

▼ Last year's Motorola Q smartphone is still one of the leading lights of the market. The news here is how Amp'd Mobile overhauls the phone's interface for its customers, foregrounding the Q's multimedia capacities and Amp'd's impressive original music and video content. \$200 with Amp'd contract.



SWEET TALK

A tour of today's cell-phone paradise—where an Apple is the only forbidden fruit

In January a certain computer maker announced it was introducing a phone. Since then we've heard nothing but panting anticipation. But when it costs \$600 with a two-year contract, we have trouble seeing the iPhone's allure. Sure, it's pretty, plays music and does other neat tricks, but so do all its competitors. Instead of carrying a phone that says "I have more money than sense," choose one of these to communicate style, sophistication and a refusal to follow.



▼ Nokia's N95 has some junk in its trunk but packs a five-megapixel camera, GPS, Wi-Fi and a slew of other techno treats. This thing is a Cadillac in every sense, including how it feels in your pocket. \$500 to \$600 with contract.

By Scott Alexander



▲ Sony Ericsson's k790 focuses on an often shortchanged area of phones: the camera. The k790 packs a 3.2-megapixel sensor into a compact body and features the company's distinctive camera-like backside. \$400, Cingular and T-Mobile.

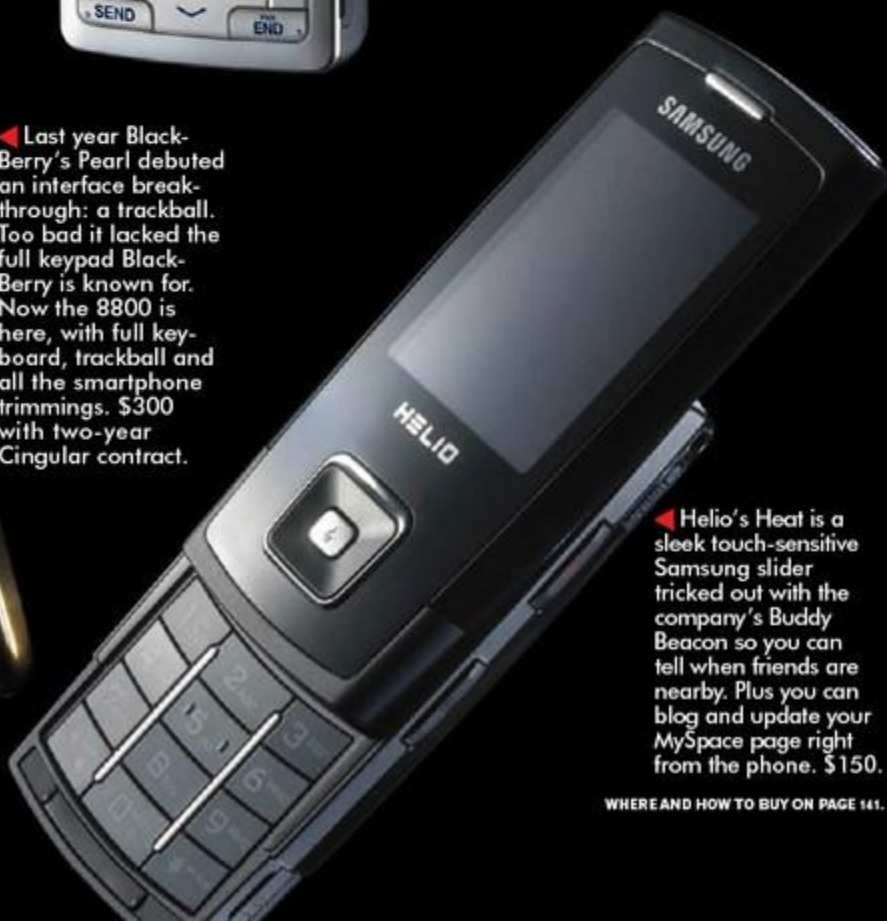
► We like our gadgets flexible, so we like Samsung's u740 a lot. It opens vertically for phone calls, but for web, video and texting it opens to the side, laptop-style (shown), offering a full QWERTY keypad in a slim form. \$150 with two-year Verizon contract.



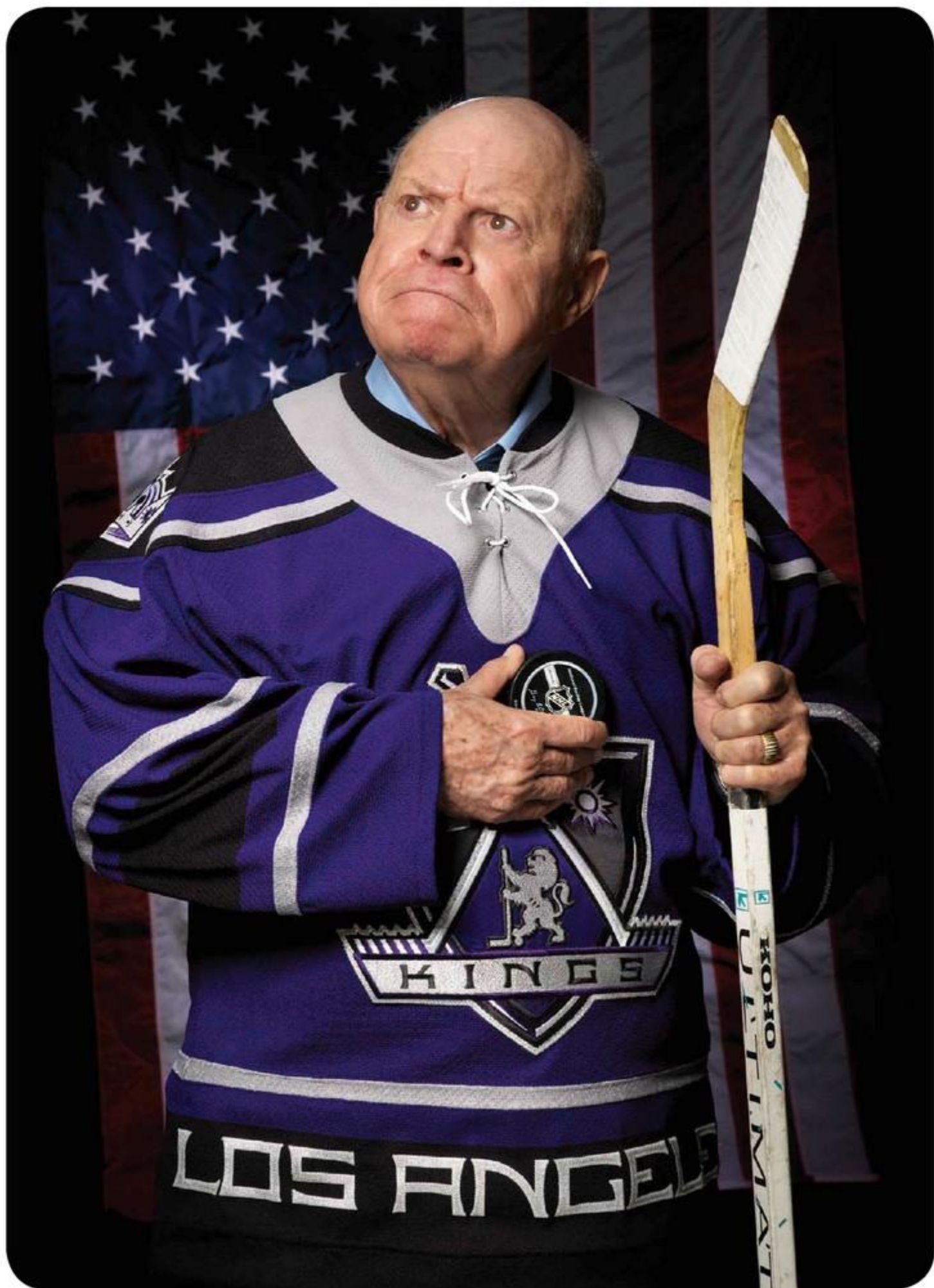
◀ With its unique swiveling screen, the LG VX9400 was born to show you video. And since it's compatible with Verizon's impressive new MediaFLO video-streaming service, you'll be able to catch up on Laguna Beach while you're poolside with a piña colada. \$150 with Verizon contract.



◀ Last year BlackBerry's Pearl debuted an interface breakthrough: a trackball. Too bad it lacked the full keypad BlackBerry is known for. Now the 8800 is here, with full keyboard, trackball and all the smartphone trimmings. \$300 with two-year Cingular contract.



◀ Helio's Heat is a sleek touch-sensitive Samsung slider tricked out with the company's Buddy Beacon so you can tell when friends are nearby. Plus you can blog and update your MySpace page right from the phone. \$150.



DON RICKLES

MR. WARMTH TALKS ABOUT DINING WITH JAY LENO AND DAVID LETTERMAN, ACTING WITH CLARK GABLE AND ROBERT DE NIRO AND THE NIGHT HE TOOK ON BILL GATES AND WARREN BUFFETT

Q1

PLAYBOY: What's funny about being an octogenarian?

RICKLES: The funniest thing about being 81 has been that I don't realize it. I had an 80th birthday party last year, and that was the only way I knew it was true. I don't feel 81, I don't act 81, and they say I don't look 81. My son Larry likes to go upstairs to my room, where I've got pictures on the wall of me with all the biggies. He'll walk through and do a status report on each one: "Dead. Dead. Dead. Critical. Serious. Hanging in there. Okay. And possibly a month, tops."

Q2

PLAYBOY: Since you and Mrs. Rickles have dined with television's greatest late-night talk-show hosts, give us your survey of their private eating habits.

RICKLES: Letterman is very much a recluse. I always kidded him on the show: "Dave, when are we going to have dinner together?" I'd make a whole big thing. Finally, one night Dave said to meet him over at the famous 21 restaurant. I couldn't believe it.

We went there, and the maître d' said, "Mr. Letterman will meet you down in the cellar." The cellar! Suddenly, it's dinner with Howard Hughes. It was a secret room in the wine cellar from the speakeasy days. The second time, I had dinner with him and one of his writers in a different cellar—I swear to God—this time down four flights of steps. Maybe he's related to Bela Lugosi. Johnny Carson was the same way. He was very uncomfortable among a lot of people. He was marvelous if we were just four or six but forget about any more at a table. And with Leno you feel as if you're in a diner: "A napkin? Where do you get those?" But remember, he likes to eat under his cars while he's giving them a lube job. Not a big gourmet guy, if you know what I mean.

Q3

PLAYBOY: What career advice can you give Triumph the Insult Comic Dog?

RICKLES: I've never seen the bit, but I've heard about it. I mean, the dog's a puppet with a guy's hand up its ass. No wonder it has mood swings! There's another guy who does insults, Lewis

Black. They say he's a lot like me. I don't know if that's true or not. I can take pride in saying I'm one of a kind. I think that's what made me successful. When I first started doing this, there were a lot of problems. People would say, "Who needs this guy?" To this day, I'm established, but people who don't know me personally think I'm going to walk up to them and say, "You're a hockey puck! You're a moron! You're a jerk! Get out of my life!" You know I'm not that way.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You brought the language an altogether new meaning for the term *hockey puck*. Can you figure out why it haunts you to this day?

RICKLES: I swear to God, if you can tell me, I'd love to know. I never stop hearing it—in New York, in particular, and also Chicago. I have no idea. I don't use "hockey puck" on the stage. As best as I can figure, it must have started way back when I worked in strip joints and had no ad-lib for guys who heckled me. I'd say, "Don't be a hockey puck!" That's how I think (continued on page 127)





THE SORCERESS OF THE APPRENTICE

NEW TASK? NO PROBLEM, SAYS LAWYER KRISTINE LEFEBVRE

BY DAVID HOCHMAN

One question comes to mind when you meet Kristine Lefebvre. As she strides into the room, extends her hand confidently (her grip is firm but warm) and gazes at you over those sexy smart-girl glasses of hers, you shake your head and ask, What man in his right mind would fire this woman?

Donald Trump didn't know what he was losing when he pink-slipped Kristine in the third-to-last episode of *The Apprentice* in April. Sure, she came off as "the bitchy lawyer," but Kristine was simply complying with the convention that every reality show needs an alpha female. And she certainly wielded her power gracefully. When Trump didn't provide enough swimsuit models for a runway show in one of the contests, Kristine snapped her five-foot-10 frame into a plunging halter suit and



sashayed down the catwalk on Santa Monica Beach. The result: Team Kristine won a trip that night to celebrate at the Playboy Mansion.

"After that, Mr. Trump couldn't stop carrying on about my body," Kristine says over a foamy latte at a Los Angeles cafe. She's dressed in black business attire with diamonds sparkling at her cuffs. "He'd say, 'Why are you hiding behind those suits? You should be a model!' I thought, Hey, am I auditioning to become a corporate executive or the Donald's eye candy?"

The truth is, Trump began obsessing about Kristine's looks the moment he saw her. It was her trademark glasses that confounded him. "I kept telling him they're more comfortable than wearing contacts, but he wouldn't stop," she says, adding that she has a pair for every mood or day of the week. "Finally

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



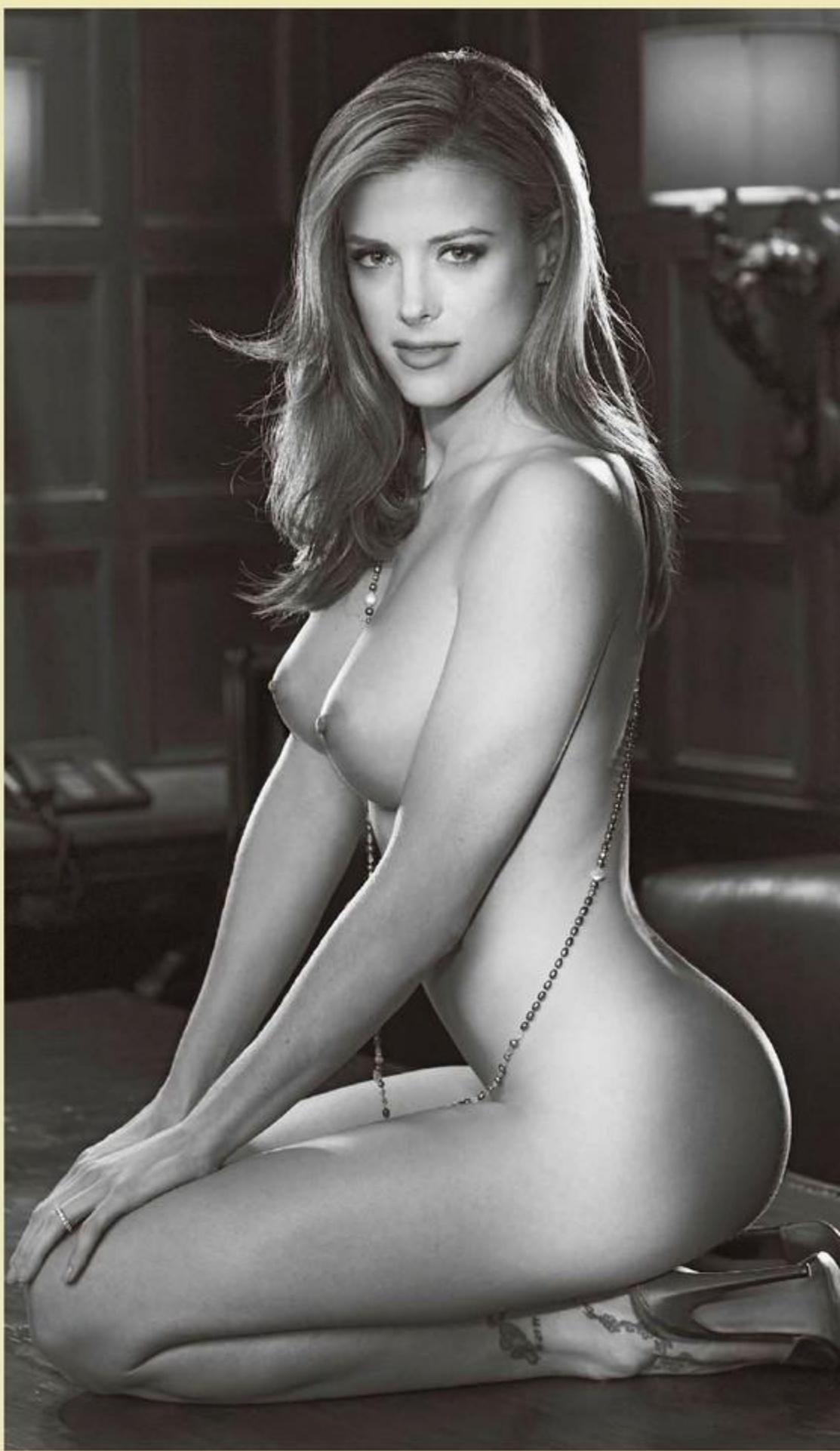
I had to say, 'Mr. Trump, the glasses are like my brand. I have my glasses, and you have your hair. Let's leave it at that.'

Not since Omarosa in season one of *The Apprentice* has a woman trumped the Trumpster quite like Kristine. In one episode she practically out-golfed him—and on Trump's own Los Angeles course, no less ("I don't think he'd ever seen a woman hit the ball like that," she says). And even when the billionaire fired her, Kristine got the last word in and let Trump have it. "He changed the rules by backpedaling on a promise he made not to fire candidates from opposing teams, and he needed to be confronted," Kristine says. "I don't think you get anywhere being intimidated by people." Then again, she's not one to carry a grudge. Says Kristine, "We saw each other a few weeks later, and it was all hugs and kisses."

That skill at winning over opponents is what makes Kristine one of the top lawyers in her field. Just the day before our interview, she closed a \$90 million merger. Clients over the years have included Dan Marino and Shaquille O'Neal, and she has developed a subspecialty the male partners in her firm deeply envy: Kristine inks contracts for many of the women who have graced these pages, including Pamela Anderson and Vida Guerra. "The girls trust me," Kristine says. "I don't think men have the same concerns about how much of a vagina will show in a photo or who's going to pay for a bikini wax. I get that if a girl is in high heels for six hours a day, she'll need a massage."

That's not to say Kristine hasn't had her difficulties in the buttoned-down world of law. Frequently she is the only female in a room of very conservative men, which can lead to awkwardness. "Some old guy will say, 'Honey, can you get me my coffee?'" she says. "I will absolutely get up and get it. He'll assume I'm a secretary, and when I start to lead the meeting he won't know what to do."

It's no wonder, then, that for all her abilities, Kristine has no trouble leaving work behind. She and her husband, celebrity chef Ludovic Lefebvre, a veteran of acclaimed L.A. eateries like Bastide and L'Orangerie, spend most of their free time sipping wine on the beach or hiking with their dog in the Santa Monica Mountains. In case you're wondering, Kristine doesn't cook. "Why bother?" she says. "The one time I tried to make something for



(text concluded on page 138)





"BEING INTELLIGENT AND BEING SEXUAL SHOULD NOT
BE MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE. MY BRAINS DON'T FALL
OUT OF MY ASS WHEN I'M NAKED."





See more of Kristine at cyber.playboy.com.

PENISES (continued from page 80)

To know what one's husband's or lover's penis really looks like is like carrying around a state secret.

about the specifics of penises: the too shortness, longness, thinness, fatness, curviness, redness, veininess, whateverness of them. Nice girls aren't supposed to take note of the individual penis in all its clinical details (its potential for beauty or hideousness as well as defining characteristics like length, girth and color)—for fear, I suppose, that the whole delicate scaffolding, the prerequisite of a cock-of-the-walk confidence if a man is to be able to perform in the bedroom, would come crashing down around us (some would argue it has already begun to happen, what with Bob Dole hawking Viagra on TV and the general cultural anxiety about the wilting of the male libido). Or perhaps it's simply that no woman wants to know what her husband's or lover's penis really looks like when seen through the keyhole, because it's too heavy a responsibility—like carrying around a state secret with you all the time, burning a hole in your pocket, imperiling future lives. An article I read in a women's magazine about how to maintain strong friendships advised readers not to step over the other person's "comfort zone" and went on to cite a conversation about penis size—in which a friend of the writer's revealed in a whisper over lunch that the man she was dating and whom she would eventually marry had a very small penis ("It's, like, miniature")—as its first and most glaring example of an inappropriate revelation. The writer felt burdened with this indiscretion forever after and can't, apparently, see this friend alone or together with her minusculely endowed husband without feeling overcome with mortification.

Indeed, I have sophisticated female friends who to this very day continue to insist there's no difference between one penis and the next. This claim always makes me feel morally suspect, as though I were a foot fetishist or a frequenter of bondage chat rooms—someone mired in trivial and immature considerations, measuring the circumference of a banana while everyone else has moved on to fretting about global warming. And yes, I know that on the grander existential scale, or even on the less-grand functional scale, it doesn't matter at all that much, but then again neither does breast size nor the shape of your ass, and men never tire of discussing these. One may conjecture that whereas the male gaze makes us femi-

nine, confirms heterosexual women in their sense of their own desirability by the very act of assessing it (weighing breasts like so many sacks of potatoes and coming up with ideal waist-to-hip ratios as if women were Barbie dolls made real), the assessing female gaze has the opposite effect. It unmakes the masculine principle in a man, threatens to render him into mere part-objects of desire (the breast standing in for the woman, the penis for the man) rather than a whole glorious being, He Who Does the Desiring. We in turn collude with men in treating the detached assessment of sexual organs as an exclusively male prerogative by looking away and talking of the ardor or duration of men's sexual performance rather than the prescribed nature of their equipment, whether crooked or straight, daunting or drooping.

Then again, there is no way *not* to take notice of what is often first perceived to be an absurd and even ungainly appendage—before, that is, its emblematic significance to the human race is factored in, like bonus points giving added erector-set value. Not even I, brought up in an Orthodox German-Jewish household where my mother went wild if I or any of my five siblings failed to put on robes ("dressing gowns," as we called them), could successfully overlook the penises surrounding me. It's one thing to deliberately blind yourself to the reality of your father's penis—which, with the exception of girls who happen to be brought up around nudists, is what I think most of us do. To the extent I wondered about my father's penis, I ascribed to it my feelings about him, which would have made his penis unlikable and scary at once (albeit not scary in a curiosity-inspiring way). But it's another thing altogether to overlook the penises of three brothers, especially if you happen to sleep in the same room with two of them until you are eight years old, at which point a psychiatrist suggests to your mother that it might be better for your already faltering mental health if you slept either by yourself or in a room with your two sisters.

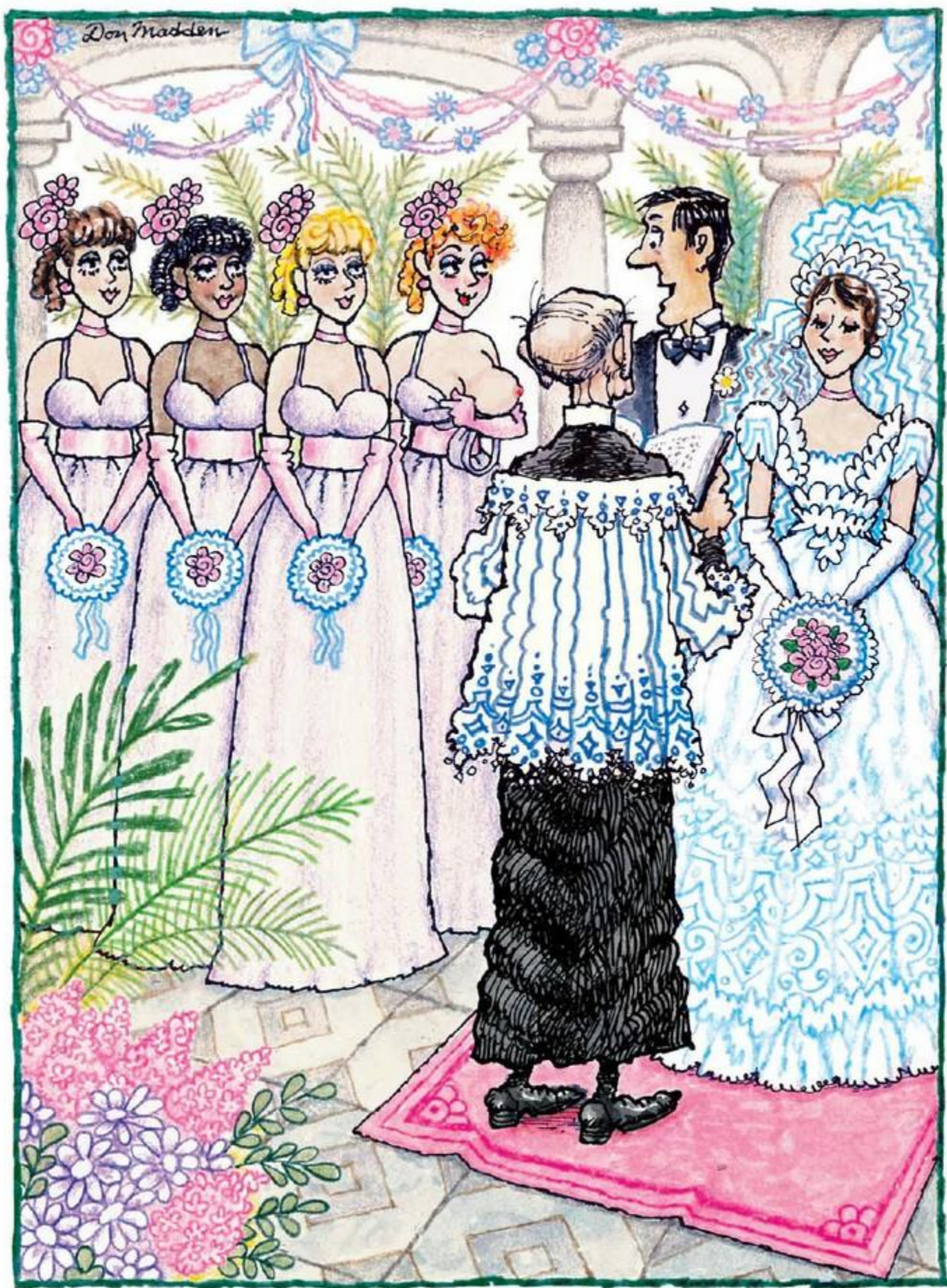
I don't know whether I suffered from any adverse comparisons I made between my own body and my brothers' bodies—whether, that is, I was affected by what used to go by the formal appellation of penis envy—but I do know I felt outmuscled by them and that I studied the crotch

of their pajama pants when I thought no one was looking; I was vastly intrigued by the odd way the cotton gathered in this area as though it were holding a small cluster of grapes while my own pajamas had to make no such accommodations. Years later I would be reminded of this disparity when I read one of Flaubert's tirades against the treacherous nature of women: "Women have no notion of rectitude. The best among them have no compunctions about listening at doors, unsealing letters, counseling and practicing a thousand little deceits, etc. It all goes back to their organ. Where man has an Eminence, they have a Hole! That eminence is Reason, Order, Science, the Phallus-Sun, and the hole is night, humidity, confusion." No wonder Madame Bovary gave up and swallowed arsenic.

And sometimes, it must be admitted, even *after* such calculations are made, after one has an idea of what penises can get up to, they still pose themselves as less than sublime. I think of a conversation I had not long ago, sitting around the kitchen table with my adolescent daughter and my 40-year-old Filipina housekeeper, concerning the physical noncharms of the penis. Of the three of us, I'm quite sure I was the only one who had seen an adult penis up close and thus could draw on the evidence of my senses rather than the evidence of visual images. But no matter: My daughter and my housekeeper were in cheerful agreement as to the unregenerate ugliness of penises—the sheer aesthetic silliness of the design, as they saw it, especially when you took into account the whole picture, including the surrounding hairiness and the existence of those two undignified balls.

I listened with some amusement to their remarks, envisioning us in a bawdy scene out of Chaucer, set in a dim, low-ceilinged room lit by sputtering candles rather than in my linoleum-floored kitchen awash in recessed lighting, three girls sitting around the hearth, speaking the unvarnished truth about men. But I also felt a slight sense of unease, even foreboding, at the dismissive tone that was being taken. What, I wondered, if men (any man, the father of three across the hall, say, or the doorman who guarded us from potential marauders and always greeted us as though he were genuinely happy to see us again) knew that they were being viewed in this way—that it was even possible to size up their most prized credential with so much irreverence?

I understood that my unmarried (and possibly virginal) housekeeper had little use for men, but how had I failed in transmitting to my daughter the necessary sense of gravitas about the subject, without which she would clearly be doomed, giving off the wrong signal, a



"I...d...er...er..."

slew of insufficiently dazzled pheromones? It wasn't, after all, as though I were consciously trying to raise a rampaging shrew, a Lorena Bobbitt or, going back several decades, a maddened man hater like Valerie Solanas, who first penned the *SCUM Manifesto* and then shot Andy Warhol. Heaven forfend. I had loved men in my time, including my daughter's father; I had loved penises, sometimes more than the men they were attached to. Presumably I would do so again, but meanwhile I saw the line I had to adopt. It was up to me to put matters right, to defend the maligned organ. "It's actually quite nice," I heard myself say as we all scraped the last of the mint-chocolate ice cream from our bowls. I moved gingerly from the particular to the general, trying to walk a line between a discriminating embrace and wholehearted sluttishness: "They sort of grow on you." And then as the coup de grâce, I—who had gone through life half resistant and half in thrall to men and their effect on me, especially in bed; who had resisted the "privileging" of the male sexual organ even as I marveled at its ability to transform itself from something soft and passive into something hard and driven and capable of filling you up like a stopper in a bottle—came out openly as an advocate. As my daughter and my housekeeper first stared at me and then at each other, I stated it baldly: "I like them." Just in the nick of time, I retracted a bit, lest I sound as if I were a come-one, come-all appreciator of penises, the sort of woman who liked all flavors of ice cream as long as they were cold. (If cunts would make a good flavor of ice cream, then so would cocks—take that, John Updike.) "I mean," I equivocated, "some of them."

III. THE MATTER IN HAND

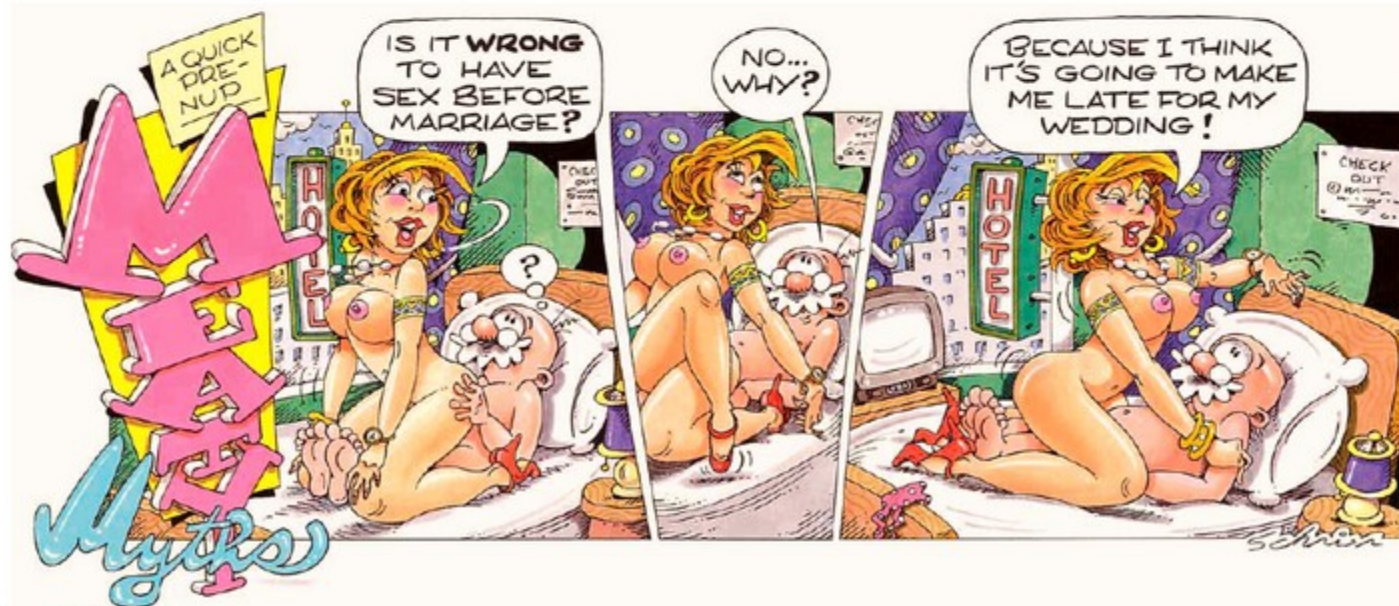
Sooner or later, it happens. They exert their charms, persuade you that your Hole needs their Eminence. Or if not

quite that, they prove indispensable to your feeling more vivid and less alone, no longer adrift in the vastness of the world but grounded in the snug fit of the erotic moment. In my case, the pivotal moment arrived, in the manner of many belated recognitions, with a compensatory force, so that for a while in the latter half of my 20s I found myself walking around in a haze of penis longing. After holding on to my virginity (at least technically) until the age of 25 with a slightly deranged fervor indicative of equal parts fear and desire, I acted as though I had awakened to a new morning. The world seemed charged not with God's grandeur, as the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins had it, but with the grandeur of erections. I liked the feel of a penis growing firm in my hand (it would be years before I was truly comfortable putting a penis in my mouth), and I loved the feel of an urgent penis inside me, pushing through beyond my usual barriers to the hopelessly receptive and wet Lady Chatterley core of me. I thought they—the confederacy of penises—were close to amazing in their ability to change shape in so dramatic a way. I imagined it to be a special effect that kept happening just for me, over and over again. It was hard to believe that other women—scads of other women—could produce this same result.

The penises I became acquainted with were uniformly circumcised—I had wandered away from my religiously observant upbringing, but not that far—yet early on I noticed small differences between circumcised penises, differences that turned out not to be so small. Once or twice I got out of bed midway because the penis in question was too big or stocky or hazardously curved, like a scimitar. Once I fled the Plaza Hotel because a minor movie producer with a legendary reputation as a cocksman not only appeared to be hung like the proverbial horse but had a slightly glazed look in his eye that, together with

his musings on the wonders of anal sex, scared me back into my clothes. Several years later this same man and I went to bed in a hotel in Beverly Hills, and I remember feeling appreciative of the vigor with which he made love, his penis no longer striking me as gargantuan but rather as generous.

I watched him afterward as he sat naked on the edge of the capacious hotel bed, singing some ditty he had learned in military school decades earlier. He began to get dressed by pulling on a pair of red socks, and for a moment, before he put on the rest of his clothes, I felt a great sense of loss. He was leaving me in my expensive room—taking his penis, which I had become fond of, with him. For a moment I thought of asking him to stay, or of asking him to leave me his penis as a memento. We women become quite attached, you know, which is both our triumph and our defeat. If I had to make a guess as to what it is that we become attached to, I would end up fumbling for the right words, talking in slightly abject terms about the feeling of being filled, which sounds suspiciously as though I believed in Flaubert's antiphonal Holes and Eminences, when what I really believe in is something vaguer, something along the lines of a certain kind of need being met by a certain kind of virile understanding. Not to get too Lawrencian about it, but I suppose I might say we are all composed of psychological Holes and Eminences and that sometimes a man comes along wearing red socks—or maybe it's really the penis by way of the red socks—and he's the one you've been searching for all these years. At which point you're a goner, and the penis on hand, whatever its workaday reality, looks like the very model you've been lusty after without even knowing it.



DON RICKLES

(continued from page 115)

it started. Now I've got hockey pucks up to my kazoo. I had a giant box of pucks in my garage, but we dumped them. By then I could've filled another box with Mr. Potato Heads after I did the *Toy Story* pictures. At least that was good for the grandchildren.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Is it true you've never told an actual joke?

RICKLES: I don't tell jokes. I'm not a stand-up. I'm not a guy who comes out and says, "Two Jews got off a bus." I'm not like that. The director John Landis, who's making a documentary about me with my son Larry, said something interesting: "Don, what you do is a theatrical performance." I realized that's as good a description as anything I've heard.

Q6

PLAYBOY: So anyone who calls you a stand-up does so at their peril?

RICKLES: I resent the label "stand-up," because it's not that way. It's my personality, and it's attitude. A lot of people who've never seen me think I'm going to be a horror show. And I'm not. I always say, "I'm the guy who goes to the office Christmas party and makes fun of the boss and everybody else, wipes everybody out, and Monday morning still has his job." I tell the truth and exaggerate things about people. That's what makes it funny. That's the whole secret.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Your breakthrough came with your first appearance on *The Tonight Show*, in 1965, when you greeted Johnny Carson with "Hello, dummy."

RICKLES: He's the one who gave me the nickname Mr. Warmth. Johnny knew how to play me like a master violinist. I can say truthfully that every time I went on *The Tonight Show* it became an event. He'd say, "How's your mother?" I'd say, "You don't like my mother! Why are you talking about my mother?" We'd go from there and do 20 minutes on my mother and his mother. I'd say, "Your mother is living in Nebraska, begging for money. What the hell is the matter with you? Send her the check!" Every time we'd get screams. I'd get off and they'd say, "Wow! Did you see Rickles the other night?"

Q8

PLAYBOY: You've acted in movies with some of the greatest stars of the last century, from Clark Gable to Robert De Niro. Did any of their tricks of the trade stick in your craw?

RICKLES: My first picture was *Run Silent, Run Deep*, with Gable and Burt Lancaster. Can you imagine? Lancaster would say, "You

know, Don, you've got to understand submarines on this picture. Very important. You have to know why the sub dives, why it comes up, why it stays at the bottom!" My head was spinning. I went over to Gable and said, "Clark, Burt was just telling me everything about the submarine so we can do our scenes. I don't know." Gable snaps, "Just do the dialogue. He's too serious. Just forget about it." In *Casino* I didn't go, "What's my motivation to be scared?" With De Niro and Martin Scorsese, they'd sit and discuss it. Scorsese would say, "Roll 'em!" and De Niro would walk through the casino with me and go, "Huhmhhgh-hrrhuhghhh." I'd say, "Hold it! I can't do this. The man mumbles. I don't need this. The man is a mumbler!" The crew would start laughing, and Scorsese would fall down, which was a problem because he's three feet tall to begin with. With Marty I would always say, "Get him a couple of phone books. I can't see him. I hate to work with a director you can't see."

Q9

PLAYBOY: How scary was it to do that psychotic *Casino* scene in which Joe Pesci beats you with a phone?

RICKLES: Joe gets carried away. He really believed he was that guy. I had on a rubber suit, and it still hurt. He hit me on the shoulders. If I didn't have the rubber suit, I'd be dead. In fact, after the scene was over, I said to Pesci, "Joe, go sit down and take a Valium." I still get a little nervous anytime somebody hands me a telephone receiver.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You're a believer in the lovely tradition of the preshow cocktail. What does it do for you?

RICKLES: The drink gives me a kick in the ass. You feel great. I go vodka rocks before a show. My road manager, Tony O., makes it for me, just like he did for Frank Sinatra when he worked for him on the road. And yet I don't drink at home at all. Never touch it, I swear to God. But when I'm working or at a dinner party, I have a few. It's a relaxing thing.

Q11

PLAYBOY: What are the advantages of putting off getting married? You were 38 when you took the plunge.

RICKLES: I guess I had my share of fun when I was single. Frank used to help me out a lot in that department, which should be a big surprise, stop the presses. One night I was sitting with a girl in the lounge of the Sands. I knew she was somebody I could score with if things went right. So I went up to him at his table and said, "Listen, Frank, I'm with this girl, and if you came over and said hello to me and her it would be a very big deal." He said, "No problem." So after a while he came over and

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said, "Hey, Don, it's nice to see you and this beautiful lady here." I looked up and said, very loud, "Frank, not now! Can't you see I'm with somebody?" He laughed his ass off. Then, as I like to say, he had seven guys pick me up and throw me out of the casino. That part didn't happen. But he loved to remind me of that story, rest his soul.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Since you flew with him often, describe the ring-a-ding kick of sharing a private plane with Sinatra.

RICKLES: Frank loved to fly. He always sat in the front of the plane. Every once in a while he'd say, "Tell Rickles I want to see him." I'd come up, and he'd point out the window and say, "Don, look at the way the sun sets. Look at the colors." This was after we'd had a few drinks, but he was serious. I'd have to sit there and go, "Um, yeah, Frank. Fantastic." It would be pitch-black sometimes—"Look at that sky, those dark blues!" I was so intimidated by him I'd say, "Yeah, it looks great." Then we had food on the plane. If they served dead dog, I'd say, "Delicious, Frank."

Q13

PLAYBOY: Once upon a time you had a huge fan named Elvis Presley. How did the King show you the love?

RICKLES: It was the strangest thing. I was onstage at the Riviera in Vegas one night, and he walked out from the wings, wearing his full white jumpsuit costume. He pulled out a piece of paper and said, "Don, can I

do a little poem in your honor?" Let's face it, he was weird. He started reading, "Let the birds sing in the trees"—whatever the hell it was; we're talking about 35 years ago. He finished, and then he gave me a little chain with a lightning-bolt medallion on it, which all his guys wore. The initials TCB were on it, which stood for Taking Care of Business. Cute. I gave it to my son, who was a kid back then, and he sold it to somebody. Today it's supposed to be very valuable. Anyway, Elvis gave me that, made a whole speech. I made a few cracks, the audience went crazy, and then he left. But he followed me like I was a hero. And I wasn't that old back then.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Las Vegas today is a different world from the Las Vegas you once knew. What do you miss the most?

RICKLES: Even though they say the wise-guys ran the place, the main thing I miss is the one-owner system. When it was great, every hotel had one guy you could go to and say, "I want to have a party." And it was, "Give Rickles and his family this and that." One guy made you feel very at home. Today if you have a cup of coffee it's, "Sign here and a copy here and another copy here." It's all corporations, all business. There's none of the camaraderie that made you feel special.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Another thing that's gone are the Vegas shows at five a.m., which you always made must-see entertainment in the old Casbar Lounge at the

Sahara. What was funny at that hour? **RICKLES:** With enough vodka, everything's funny at that hour. I did shows at 12, two and five in the morning. At five you never did the regular show; you just kidded around. It was breakfast over a bar where everyone was still drinking. That's why Liza Minnelli did a show at one o'clock in the morning in Vegas last year. She invited all the people from the different shows. She's trying to bring it back, but that's not going to happen. It's a different world.

Q16

PLAYBOY: What should a man understand about his mother?

RICKLES: I make no secret that I was a mother's boy, which always throws people. I say every night at the end of my act, "As long as you live, never forget your mother, because she'll never forget you." My mother was the Jewish Patton. She was very strong-willed, with a voice that grabbed you, just booming. She would walk into a room and take over: "How are you, my darlings?" I was basically shy and probably still am. I would be hiding behind a wall, but my mom, by being herself, made it so I could come out and be who I am. She gave me that strength. And she lived through me.

Q17

PLAYBOY: What does it say about your power that people hire you for private gigs with the hope that you'll destroy them?

RICKLES: That always breaks me up. They hire me but then give me instructions backstage. I just did one with Bill Gates, Warren Buffett and Steve Wynn in the audience. I was flown to Vegas and given a suite for two nights at Wynn's hotel, and I had to do only a half hour. My pay was 10 hours' use of a private-jet service to fly wherever I wanted. But I got the same thing backstage: "Don't make too much fun of Warren, and don't say anything about Steve's vision problems." And I've known Steve Wynn for 35 years! I said, "Why am I here? You hired me to do this, you schmucks." I'd never met Warren Buffett before in my life, but he was a great guy. His suit was wrinkled from the humidity. I walked up to him, pulled him into the spotlight and said, "Here's \$5—get the suit pressed. Whatever you need, sweetheart. Don't be bashful. I have more if you need the help; just call me." He laughed, thank God. I told Bill Gates, "How does a 12-year-old guy with all those little light-up toys become so rich? I don't understand it. Where's your wet nurse?" And with Wynn, I pantomimed him with the cane and the dog. I just made it up for a half hour, and now I'm using the private plane.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You've also spent time in the White House. How does your act go over in the Oval Office?



"Wanna trade later?"

RICKLES: I've met five presidents—Ronald Reagan, rest his soul, Clinton, Ford, the first Bush, Nixon. Each one did the same thing when we were introduced: They faded back like I was going to set fire to their pants. And then there was Jimmy Carter. Bob Newhart and I were led into the Oval Office, and there was just a sweater on the chair. The guy left! Newhart said, "It's you. He's afraid of you!" I told his vice president, Walter Mondale, about it. He said, "You mean he left? He didn't see you? I can't believe it. The leader of the Western world is afraid of—you?"

Q19

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been out-Ricklesed?
RICKLES: I was in New York, and this homeless guy came up to me and said, "Mr. Rickles, can you help me out?" I said, "Here's five bucks. Buy yourself a ranch." And I kept walking. But the guy came running after me with his hand out again, so I turned and said, "What is it?" He said, "Now I need cattle." I thought that was good.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Who can't take a joke?
RICKLES: People always ask if anybody ever wanted to get up and hit me. That's so ridiculous. At this stage of my career, some people may come to see my act not knowing exactly what I do, others come out of curiosity, and some people are devoted fans. But nobody comes to be in a rumble. The whole thing is that I'm never mean-spirited, and people can always tell that. I may not be for everybody, but I'm sure somebody didn't like Bob Hope, either. When you stand out and sell yourself, there's always somebody who won't like you. In the beginning there was always controversy, which I expected. "He said my uncle was fat. Who says that to my uncle?" It was unheard of. But nobody wanted to come up and kill me. And if they did, in those days I had my Italian manager, Joe Scandore, with four guys who had good noses and strong arms.

Read the 21st question at playboy.com/magazine.



"Vito, make a note—'The Kiss of Death' is no longer to be given by Dennis."

SEXUAL MALE

(continued from page 104)

less alarmed by these pursuits among younger children, but by fifth and sixth grade many girls have breasts, which appear to adults to eroticize the game. Thorne says this time is full of "moments of reframing" for boys. She recalls a girl who had been caught by a boy who pinned her arms to her sides: "She looked at him and said, 'You're hugging me,' and he let go immediately." Playground "rituals of pollution," a.k.a. cooties, are also interesting in that girls are far more often seen as afflicted. For boys, being touched by polluted (sexual) females becomes fraught with both danger and pleasure. In an act of betrayal, a boy may hold down a friend so he can be kissed.

As the hormones in the body and brain increase from a trickle to a flood, these antics come to an end. A boy's sense of identity as a male, his sexual response and his ability to form dyadic relationships—elements Bancroft suggests develop relatively independently—start to merge. Youngsters begin to go steady, tentatively at first, with infatuations that last only days or weeks. Rather than sharing found porn with their friends, boys retreat for private reflection. Slow dancing is introduced at parties, and first kisses are exchanged, prompting what for a boy feels like the hardest erection of his life. When I had my first lip-lock, at the age of 13, my corduroys nearly burst at the seams. Where does that energy go?

THE BIG CHANGE

Most men remember puberty as an uncomfortable time when their bodies fit like a bad suit, their voices cracked due to the thickening of their vocal cords, and girls ignored them in favor of the cooler ninth-graders, who were themselves ignored in favor of cooler seniors. You want to give that kid you once were a hug. Hang in there, buddy. He is an alien—half boy, half man. Adrenal puberty (which occurs only in humans and apes) has given him the desire to reproduce, and now gonadal puberty provides the means. For the typical boy, the renovations directed by the testicles begin at the age of 11 and a half—nine months after gonadal puberty begins for the average girl—but can start as early as nine or as late as 15. Some studies have found that boys who mature early have more self-esteem, success and lovers, while other research suggests they are more likely to become juvenile delinquents. So you can't win.

The drama of gonadal puberty lasts two to four years. As increasing amounts of testosterone circulate through the bloodstream, the downy

hair on your genitals thickens and expands. Follicles come to life on your neck, face, chest and back. You become stronger. About 50 percent of boys experience a temporary growth in breast size due to a surge of the hormones that cause the same effect in girls (with more pleasing results). You get sleepy later at night and have more trouble waking up. Your balls become five to 10 times larger as the tubes inside them grow in diameter and your germ line begins creating sperm at a blistering pace. Your penis lengthens, and your scrotum darkens. During late puberty you grow an average of 3.75 inches a year. Your body moves toward a ratio of 40 percent protein to 15 percent fat. (A girl's ratio is 23 percent protein to 25 percent fat.) It also begins to produce an abundance of red blood cells, meaning more oxygen can be distributed to burn energy. You work up quite an appetite. And of course the random hard-ons begin, popping up like automatic timers in a turkey. You can never predict what will set them off. In a study published in 1943, Glenn Ramsey of Indiana University asked 291 boys to list things that had given them erections. They mentioned the usual suspects, such

as dirty talk, nude women, porn and fantasies. But half the boys, mostly the 10- to 12-year-olds, also mentioned carnival rides, airplane rides, war movies, being late to school, book reports, riding at high speed in a car, playing a musical solo, fast elevator rides, being chased by police, big fires, electrical shocks, sitting in class, seeing their name in print, expecting a showdown with a bully, facing a long flight of stairs, looking over the edge of a building, hearing an adventure story, singing the national anthem, anticipating a scolding, taking a shower, riding a bike and getting a report card. Other than that they had no problems.

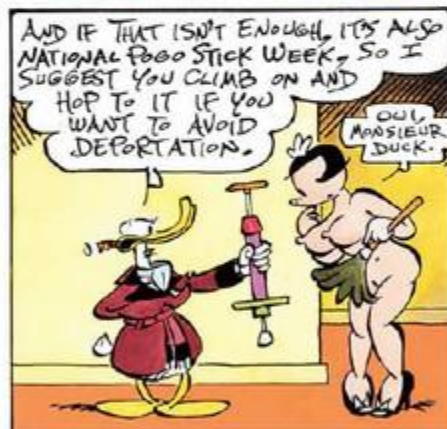
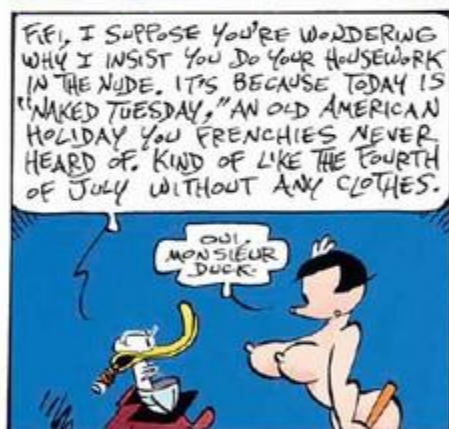
By the age of 12 or 13 everything is usually in place for you to fulfill your biological duty. In many cultures and eras you would get started soon after your first ejaculation (semenarche). One survey of 186 preindustrial societies found that most teens married within two to four years of reaching puberty, but an American adolescent typically waits as long as 15 years, which leaves plenty of time for masturbation. Even if you avoid touching yourself, the expanding line of sperm will escape in your urine or through nocturnal emissions—wet dreams.

These orgasms, created by your brain without benefit of stimulation, are a demonstration of who runs the show.

THE PULSE OF MANHOOD

How does your brain know it's time for *Extreme Makeover: Homeboy Edition*? Everyone has ideas. It may have an internal clock that counts down the days. Or perhaps the body sends a signal when it reaches a particular weight or fat-muscle ratio. Puberty may begin the moment a boy first consumes more calories than he needs to survive. It has even been suggested that teenage girls send a signal—a scent, perhaps—that says "Come and get us." It could be a combination of events. Whatever the trigger, the transformation corresponds with the secretion in the hypothalamus of gonadotropin-releasing hormone (GnRH), which pulses like a heartbeat every two or three hours during the day and more frequently at night as you sleep. GnRH is of interest to only a single tiny part of your body—the pea-size pituitary gland positioned above the roof of your mouth. Once activated, the gland releases its own specialized hormones into your blood that turn on the gears in your testicles. That's puberty in a nutshell. It's a delicate operation,

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



at least inside your head. GnRH is produced by a cluster of just 1,000 neurons (among a hundred billion) that are created near your sinuses and then march across your forebrain. As measured by GnRH pulses, your sexual maturation begins soon after, while you are still in the womb, continues until you're about a year old, then slows or stops (it's not clear which) for eight to 12 years. "This break is probably adaptive," explains neuroendocrinologist Tony Plant. "It evolved to give boys time to develop before being exposed to the powerful effects of testosterone, so they can acquire culture and such. The time off is useful for females because they cannot reproduce until their pelvic girdle has grown to a size that can accommodate a newborn's head."

Scientists who study puberty have been working backward, hoping to eventually locate the signal that activates the GnRH pulse. In 2003 researchers in Paris and at Harvard took a small step for mankind when they independently identified a puberty gene, GPR54. Both research teams discovered families in which a number of adult siblings and cousins had never reached puberty; each had a defective GPR54. In 2005 a team led by Plant documented the role of another gene, KiSS-1, which produces a protein, kisspeptin, that binds to and switches on GPR54. In experiments with adolescent rhesus monkeys at his lab at the University of Pittsburgh, Plant found he could induce puberty by injecting kisspeptin and waiting 30 minutes.

Once GnRH is pulsing again and gonadal puberty is under way, substances such as human growth hormone, leptin, insulin and melatonin regulate the transformation. (A recent Italian study found that the more time a child spends in front of computer

and TV screens, the less melatonin he produces, suggesting he may mature more quickly.) It's obvious when a boy physically becomes a man, but with the advance of medical technology, scientists are now able to observe what's in his mind at the same time. In 1990 Dr. Jay Giedd, chief of the Brain Imaging Center at the National Institute of Mental Health, launched an ambitious experiment: His lab began scanning the brains of 1,000 children every two years as they grew into adulthood. These images document a period of explosive growth that occurs in the average girl at the age of 11 and the average boy at 13.5, followed by a careful pruning of unused connections. (A similar period of growth and pruning begins in the womb and continues until a child is about 18 months old.) The expansion is particularly intense in the prefrontal cortex, which allows us to prioritize, think in the abstract, anticipate consequences and control impulses. It has been called the area of sober second thoughts. It's also the part of the brain that processes facial cues and body language. While the ability to interpret faces is in place shortly after birth, it's not until your 20s that you become adept at spotting subtle differences, such as those between fear and shock or recognizing that what a woman says isn't necessarily what she means. ("Of course I don't mind if you go to that bachelor party.") Giedd has found that many changes to the brain have nothing to do with the hormone rush of puberty but appear to be controlled by genes that are activated by some unknown trigger. "Two or three dice are thrown," Giedd says. The brain becomes increasingly elastic during this period, which may help us adapt as we are expected to fend for ourselves for the first time. Giedd also notes how a

boy's approach to the world changes simply but profoundly. "Before making any decision, his brain starts asking, 'Will this lead to sex?' It's a huge switch and predicts an enormous amount of behavior in mammals in general."

Some evidence suggests that the age at which children reach puberty has grown dramatically younger over the past few centuries. It is easy to document this trend in girls because sexual maturation is marked by their first period. With boys, scientists are left to guess when the sperm factory kicks on by measuring testicles or scanning for pubic hairs while digging through historical records for benchmarks. For example, when J.S. Bach directed the Leipzig boys' choir from 1723 to 1750, the voices of the singers typically did not break until the age of 18. By 1959 the average was 13.3 years. More recently, Giedd and other scientists have concluded that the mind does not mature until the early 20s and perhaps as late as 25. Together these developments put the coming of age of the body and brain a decade or more apart. "It's like turbocharging an engine without having a skilled driver," says Dr. Ronald Dahl, a professor of psychiatry and pediatrics at the University of Pittsburgh. Some people argue that this disparity is a good reason to keep teenagers ignorant of sex, because they are more likely to take chances that lead to pregnancy and STDs. But according to a team of social scientists who compared teen pregnancy rates in the U.S., Canada, the U.K., Sweden and France, this argument fails to account for the fact that teens outside the U.S. have lots of sex and don't get pregnant nearly as often. A key difference is that they are much more likely to use contraception.

Despite the perception that American teenagers are fucking like rabbits, most boys don't have intercourse until their final year of high school. In an anonymous national survey conducted in 2002 of 5,700 male high school students, 56 percent of the 15-year-olds said they had not yet had intimate sexual contact. By the age of 17, 36 percent still had no experience, but 52 percent had gotten a blow job, 47 percent had experienced vaginal intercourse, and 13 percent had experimented with anal sex with a female partner. The trip around the bases, from kissing to caressing breasts to genital petting to penetration, typically takes about two years (not necessarily with the same girl), with each stage viewed as a rehearsal for the next. Indeed, some researchers have found that having a girlfriend has more influence over whether a boy has sex than religion, parenting or peer pressure. To paraphrase Chris Rock, you're only as faithful to abstinence as your options.



"Sorry, but I had a premature ejaculation...before I left my apartment."



DIGITAL MAN

(continued from page 66)

a Los Angeles rock musician eager to talk about hacking. Through a trick at the phone switch, Mitnick gleaned the man's phone number and traced him to his home in an Oakwood apartment complex. Why would this hipster be staying at a place for corporate stiff? Within days Mitnick obtained a copy of the rental agreement and learned someone else paid the \$1,300 rent each month.

"We met at Hamburger Hamlet and started talking about our capabilities," Mitnick recalls. Heinz let slip about a secret phone-company system that Mitnick and his longtime cohort, Lewis De Payne, had never heard of. Mitnick quickly located and mastered the system. It was a hacker's dream: an internal Pac Bell system to troubleshoot phone lines that could be used for remote wiretaps.

So Mitnick monitored Heinz's phone. "We pop onto the line and hear him talking to some man," says Mitnick. "Then we hear him say 'Ken.' I hear my name, Mitnick. I'm freaking out. My heart's beating like crazy. This is 100 percent confirmation. Ken McGuire, the other man on the line, is an FBI agent. They're talking about evidence to get a search warrant."

Heinz was actually Justin Petersen, a thief the FBI paid to entrap hackers. Mitnick began tracking the whereabouts of Petersen and McGuire, his FBI control. He entered the cell numbers of McGuire and other agents into his scanner and tracked their movements throughout southern California. He knew where they lived, as well as their cover names, driver's license numbers and home addresses. The FBI wasn't happy. The Bureau had to keep moving its undercover operative to new safe houses after Mitnick kept cracking them. In December 1992, a year after Mitnick first spoke to Petersen, the G-men knocked on his door. The jig was up. They planned to revoke his probation and send him back to jail, but Mitnick had already split. On Christmas Eve he checked into a budget hotel in Las Vegas. He planned to stay a month, enough time to establish a new identity and fly away. But Mitnick didn't know that, in early January, Tsutomu Shimomura, a brilliant computational physicist at the federally funded Supercomputer Center in San Diego, would remind his favorite *New York Times* reporter that Mitnick was about to go free, noting that his "conditional release is up sometime around now, isn't it?" The FBI wasn't the only entity interested in the hacker's whereabouts.

So how does a wanted man escape the watchful eye of the FBI? He walks into the Department of Motor Vehicles as

one person and walks out as another. The character in *The Fugitive* couldn't have done better. Impersonating a cop, Mitnick phoned Oregon's DMV "looking for a suspect" and found the ideal target, a man who couldn't drive because of medical problems. Mitnick applied for a temporary license using this new identity. Then he picked up W-2 forms at Office Depot, invented a tax identification number for a phony employer and used these and other forged documents to apply for a copy of his new birth certificate. Soon he had an authentic driver's license, a Social Security card and a bank account under his new name. Mitnick headed to the library to select his next destination. With sunshine 300 days a year, glorious mountains, great skiing and plentiful jobs, Denver sounded like an adventure. Mitnick began to meticulously develop his cover. "People might start asking questions, and you can't give different answers to different people," he says. "I created a story for where I grew up, where I went to school and who my parents were."

As a boy Mitnick loved reading about spies, secret agents and magic. The identity he'd created was a fanciful concession to his first childhood hero. When his plane landed at Denver International Airport, tucked into his wallet was a new Social Security card and American Express checks made out in the name of Eric Weiss, an approximation of Ehrich Weiss, the given name of Harry Houdini.

Eric Weiss, a.k.a. Kevin Mitnick, was called in for an interview by the downtown Denver law firm of Holme, Roberts & Owen. The company checked his references, phoning Paul Michaels, president of Green Valley Systems. Michaels—actually Mitnick working from a pay phone in a nearby hotel—returned the call. "Eric is an excellent worker," Mitnick said, lowering his voice. "If he ever moves back to Las Vegas, I'd hire him in a minute."

The hardest thing during the crazy charade was to keep from laughing. Mitnick carefully laid the groundwork for this elaborate fiction: letterhead for the imaginary Vegas company and \$30 for a mail drop and an answering service. Mitnick got a second interview and the job as a computer operator. His capabilities soon endeared him to his boss: "She started calling me the law-firm hacker."

Mitnick would often stay until midnight, researching his defense with the firm's abundant law books and enjoying the comfortable furniture. He left few electronic fingerprints. He felt safe. Forty-three floors up, he hooked his scanner to his laptop and began intercepting the electronic serial numbers of cellular callers. He skipped from one account to another so customers would be unlikely to notice the extra phone

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charges. His cell and laptop became his mobile hacking launchpad.

Mitnick targeted Neill Clift, an Englishman famous for collecting software bugs on Digital Equipment Corporation computers. In spring 1993 Mitnick, posing as Derrell Piper, a noted security expert at DEC, began sending Clift e-mails. He claimed he was compiling a log of all the DEC vulnerabilities and needed Clift's assistance. To assure Clift he wasn't what he actually was, a notorious hacker, Mitnick raised the subject himself. "I didn't want him to start thinking, Could this be Mitnick? So I thought, Well, bring him up." As they began exchanging messages, Mitnick casually told Clift, "I heard this Mitnick guy was after you."

The tactic put Clift at ease, and he fell for the ploy, e-mailing the major vulnerabilities of DEC computers to the last person on earth the company would want to have them. "I'm still missing one more report," the hacker e-mailed Clift. "Please send me the \$getjpi bug report.... I forgot to include it in my request yesterday. It's been a very busy week." The thrill of conning Clift sent Mitnick soaring. Encouraged, he began contemplating a hack that would ultimately rock the security foundations of telecommunications giants around the globe.

Where did Mitnick's compulsion begin?
"My father divorced my mother when

I was three," Mitnick explains in a matter-of-fact tone. "She married four times—she had lots of boyfriends." Mitnick was shuttled through a series of apartments in the San Fernando Valley, and one stepfather beat him so badly that Mitnick was removed from the home. As a chubby teenager, he became infatuated with ham radio and became known for his on-air screeds. But the real precursor to his hacking came from another technology: At 16, Mitnick fell into heavy phone phreaking. "You'd call a number, enter a secret five-digit code and call anywhere in the world for free," he says. "I loved the illusion, the magic."

Mitnick hacked the switch that controlled many of the phones at the NSA, eavesdropped on a call and then decided that might not be wise. He wrote a program to swipe his teacher's password and leapfrogged from a high school computer into the University of Southern California's network to play computer games. On another occasion an adversary picked up his home phone one day to hear a recorded voice asking him to deposit a dime—Mitnick had turned it into a pay phone. Once, for kicks, Mitnick intercepted directory assistance in Rhode Island. Callers got mind-spinning listings. "That number is 555, 2 one-half 37," Mitnick says he deadpanned, loving it when

befuddled callers would ask, "How do you dial a half?"

Bored with school, Mitnick passed his GED and broke into one of Pac Bell's key buildings, only to be chased on the 405 freeway by investigators from the district attorney's office. "They pulled me out of the car, handcuffed me really tight," he says. He remembers being told, "We're going to teach you to stop fucking around with Pac Bell." Charged with grand theft, burglary and computer fraud, Mitnick received probation and a mandatory psychological exam. "Kevin feels indignant that authority figures often unjustly have the upper hand," the psychiatrist reported to the juvenile-court judge. "Kevin's preoccupation, if not obsession, is derived in part from the sense of power he gains, power which offers a sense of security and power which enables him to get even if he chooses."

Mitnick's early exploits were among the first to inspire theories of computer addiction. Tripped up in 1988 because he had nowhere to stash his digital loot but USC's computers, Mitnick was found to be a "very great danger to the community" by a federal judge, who sentenced him to a year in jail. DARK SIDE HACKER SEEN AS ELECTRONIC TERRORIST was the headline in the *Los Angeles Times*. "The final digits of his unlisted home phone were 007," wrote the *Times*, "reportedly billed to the name James Bond."

Mitnick's exploits had the ring of myth. Reporters wrote that he had caused millions of dollars of damage by breaking into DEC's computers, compromised the security of the NSA and trashed a judge's credit report. The most incredible story recalled the 1983 hit movie *WarGames*, in which the young Matthew Broderick nearly starts World War III. According to the *Los Angeles Times* story, "Steven Rhoades, a fellow hacker and friend,...said he and Mitnick broke into a North American Aerospace Defense Command computer in Colorado Springs, Colorado." Fearful the hacker could wreak global havoc with a single phone call, the judge subjected the 25-year-old to eight months of solitary confinement. "It was tough psychologically," Mitnick says. "They'd concocted all these rumors about me. I was scared, locked in that little room for 23 out of 24 hours, four blank walls to stare at. It was like being locked in a coffin."

Mitnick believes he became a scapegoat for society's unease with the spread of technology. His handle for a time was Condor, taken from his favorite film, *Three Days of the Condor*, the Sydney Pollack thriller starring Robert Redford as a technically savvy agent hunted by a corrupt CIA. Mitnick knows the appeal of myth. "I knew they would exaggerate my crimes to



"Originally, it was just to mask my feelings for Tonto."

make me the example. Based on what happened in the past, being held in solitary confinement and NORAD and all that bullshit, I knew I was a pawn in the game."

Six years after his confinement, leading a double life at the Denver law firm, Mitnick attempted one of his greatest hacks, the full details of which have never been published before. The treasure: Motorola's most valuable source code. Why? Why do men climb mountains? Mitnick hoped the code would enable him to create an untraceable cell phone. Invisibility was his goal. Pride also figured in it. Mitnick thought getting the Motorola code would be a notch in his belt, a trophy; also the Motorola MicroTAC Ultralite was niftier than his Novatel model. "It looked like the *Star Trek* communicator," he says. "That's why I went after it."

Possibly the most jaw-dropping aspect of the hack was its spontaneity. Aided by the cell phone in his hand, Mitnick improvised a preposterous con job. One snowy February day he left work a little early and began the 20-minute walk to his apartment. "People are more cooperative at the end of the day," he says. "They want to get out of the office." He dialed Motorola headquarters in Schaumburg, Illinois as he walked, eventually reaching the voice mail of a vice president, Paula D. (the names of all Motorola employees have been changed). She was on vacation, which was perfect. That meant she wouldn't unravel his fraud. Her outgoing message said to call her assistant for help while she was gone.

"Hey, Ann, how are you?" Mitnick said on his next call. "Listen, did Paula leave on her vacation yet?"

Mitnick identified himself as Rick from research. "She told me she'd send me a copy of the source code for the MicroTAC. She said I should call you if she didn't have time, and you would help me out."

Mitnick was working what he calls his "authority principle."

"What version are you looking for?" Ann asked.

Thrown for a loop, Mitnick took in his surroundings. Downtown Denver, the snow pouring down in thick flakes, cars honking. He should have called from an office. But he felt invincible.

"How about the latest and greatest?"

"Sure," chirped Ann.

She began typing as she searched. Five minutes passed. Mitnick grew concerned.

She came back on. "Version 9366. That's the latest."

"Fantastic," Mitnick said.

"Rick," she said, "there are hundreds of files. What do you want me to do?"

He shifted his tone. He had to train his retriever.

"Do you know how to use Tar and GZip?" he asked.

She didn't. Mitnick explained that the commands would compress the files into one. Would she like to learn?

"Sure."

Just like that, Mitnick became her tutor. He taught her to compress the files, cementing his authority, bringing "reciprocity" into play. He asked if she knew how to use the file-transfer program; she did.

As he neared his apartment, Mitnick wondered where to send the loot. He couldn't give her a normal host name; she'd realize it wasn't Motorola. Then it came to him: Give her the arcane numerical code for an Internet address outside Motorola.

But he hit a snag: Ann couldn't connect to the address. "I think this could be a security issue," she told him.

She put him on hold, presumably to get help. The minutes ticked by. Mitnick worried.

"Rick," she said sharply as she came back on, "you're asking me to transfer the source code outside Motorola."

Mitnick thought he was cooked—until she said her security administrator had told her she needed "to use a special proxy server." Incredibly, the Motorola manager held her hand through the final technical steps. Mitnick had reached the entrance of his brick apartment building. "I about tripped and fell." He stared at his phone in disbelief. In 20 minutes, on a lark, he had phoned Motorola and obtained one of its most valuable assets.

Mitnick rushed into his apartment and hooked his cell to his laptop. He checked his network stash, and there it was. "I couldn't stop there," Mitnick says. Emboldened by his success, he now wanted full access to the Motorola cellular-development network. To connect remotely he would need a user name, password and SecurID—a credit-card-size electronic token that generates a second password. Experts considered the security routine extremely tough to crack.

A blizzard raged outside Motorola's Schaumburg offices. Late one Friday night, Mitnick called its computer room, saying he was working on a weekend project and couldn't get into the office with all the snow and damn if he hadn't left his SecurID in his desk drawer. Mitnick asked the operator if he could hop over to his office and read off the random password. It didn't fly. Mitnick hadn't expected it to. "Since you can't get my SecurID," Mitnick asked, "do you have one available in the IT department?"

"Yeah."

"Could we use that one?"

The operator phoned his boss, letting Mitnick listen in. "I have Rick on the phone. He's with the cellular subscriber group. He's working on a special project. Yeah, I know him."

Mitnick smiled to himself. The operator was vouching for him.

The boss wanted to talk with Mitnick.

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"I really appreciate this," Mitnick said. "I understand it's outside anyone's scope."

Mitnick dropped a few names culled from a password file Ann had unwittingly sent him.

"This is unusual," the boss said, "but we can help you out."

Mitnick was in. But he wanted more. He could get only so far with these passwords, and they didn't allow him access to the code that ran Motorola's phones. So he hacked into a NeXT computer used by a few engineers who worked in the cellular subscriber group. He cracked their passwords, then phoned them at home. The first staffer was suspicious; Mitnick backed out. Then Earl R. answered.

There had been a computer crash, Mitnick told him. They were busy restoring the files. When would he need access?

Mitnick's "scarcity principle" in operation: Take something away, then give it back.

"Monday," Earl said.

"We're shooting for Thursday."

The man freaked. He had deadlines.

"Listen, if you don't tell anyone, I'll restore your files quicker," Mitnick offered. "I'll just need some information."

Mitnick verified Earl's account information, including his user name. Then he suggested picking a password.

"Never mind," Mitnick said. "Let's set it to your old one."

"Who are you again?"

Mitnick calmly repeated his alias.

"You're concerned about security," he said. "Hold on a moment. I'll get your application for your secure ID." He put the phone down and waited, ruffling some papers.

"I found your form. I'll tell you the password you wrote down [which Mitnick had just hacked]. Is that okay?"

"Sure."

"Mary."

Placated, Earl handed over his new password, and Mitnick thanked him and hung up. He logged in as Earl R., slipping behind Motorola's final layer of security. He found a program to extract the MicroTAC source code and began the download. *Poof!* It was one hell of a hack.

Indeed, in a report to the FBI, Motorola investigators stated that during the intrusions on February 19 and 20, the caller bypassed four separate levels of security.

Motorola was far from being the only corporate victim. By chance, Nokia had just come out with the first digital phone, and Mitnick had to have its code. He began cracking overseas computers. The Nokia investigators called it "hacking," and hacking in the U.K. led to a charge of hacking in Finland. On February 2 the FBI told the firm its source code had been found on a USC computer (where Mitnick had stored it); Nokia files had also been found in

fugitive," he says. "I didn't want to make him nervous."

In early 1994 prosecutor David Schindler convened a meeting at the FBI office in Los Angeles with the embarrassed and alarmed representatives of major cell phone manufacturers who had been hit in a spate of hacker attacks. There were no introductions. "I had to dole out aliases," Schindler recalls. "This guy was from company A, this guy was from company B. It was a quid pro quo. They wouldn't do it any other way." They all had the same goal: to stop the intruder or intruders from gaining access to R&D they feared might cost them hundreds of

millions of dollars in the marketplace if it fell into the hands of competitors or foreign governments.

Everyone suspected Mitnick. "It would be a pretty big coincidence if all of a sudden multiple hackers within days or weeks were looking for the same thing," Schindler says. Assuming Mitnick was behind the attacks, Schindler pondered his motives. "What's the purpose of gathering all this code? Is somebody sponsoring him? Is he selling it? From a threat assessment, what can he do with it?"

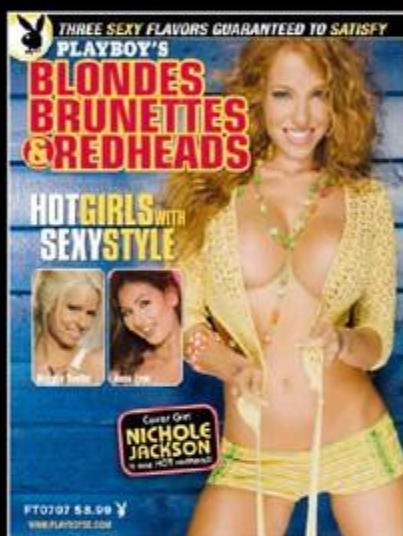
The intrusions only highlighted the FBI's limitations in fighting cybercrime. Mitnick boasted an electronic dossier on his pursuers: cell numbers, Social Security numbers, addresses, aliases.

In contrast, the FBI

knew relatively little about Mitnick. Then something unexpected threw the hacker off course. He was fired. The Denver law firm suspected he was consulting during office hours. Mitnick retired Eric Weiss and started the laborious process of stepping into a new identity he had been grooming for more than a year, Brian Merrill. A month later Mitnick took a train to Seattle, arriving late and checking into a downtown hotel.

On July 4 Mitnick's pager buzzed just after dawn, flashing 3—an emergency—and 000—the code for Mom. Mitnick phoned the Sahara in Las Vegas and asked the operator to page someone. Mitnick's mom, a waitress in Vegas, knew

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Colorado Springs. Finland's National Bureau of Investigation opened a case of international espionage, flying a detective to Los Angeles.

Mitnick meanwhile had made human connections. While hanging out on the Internet Relay Chat, an online channel where hackers trade real-time insults and attack scripts, Mitnick "met" JSZ. When Mitnick phoned him, JSZ took the call in the computer lab of an Israeli university where he was studying computer science. "He was mysterious," says Mitnick. "I didn't even know his full name." JSZ had gained full access to the networks of IBM, Sun and others. Mitnick didn't press for details. "I was a

her pseudonyms, so when she heard "Paging Betty Sue Miller," she knew her fugitive son was on the line.

Mom told him to find a copy of *The New York Times*. Mitnick stared in disbelief at his face on the front page—a scruffy booking photo taken a few years earlier. Under the headline CYBERSPACE'S MOST WANTED: HACKER ELUDES FBI PURSUIT, the story by *Times* tech reporter John Markoff began, "Combining technical wizardry with the ages-old guile of a grifter, Kevin Mitnick is a computer programmer run amok. And law enforcement officials cannot seem to catch up with him."

All along Mitnick had been keeping tabs on Ken McGuire, the FBI agent tasked with bringing him to justice. But he couldn't imagine the bigger threat that would come when he hacked a man whose role and motivations were less clear. It happened by accident. Mitnick decided to attack a fellow hacker who was under federal indictment. The hacker was selling a mobile hacker kit, software and accessories to transform the OKI 900 cell phone into a laptop-powered portable handheld scanner and wiretapping system.

Mitnick wasn't in the habit of paying for his software. He dropped in for an uninvited visit to the man's network and grabbed everything: personal e-mail, files, programs. Poring through his electronic spoils with JSZ, Mitnick hoped to discover that the hacker had reverse-engineered the OKI, taking it apart and putting it back together to unlock its secrets. Sure enough, he had, but the biggest surprise was that the eavesdropping kit was developed with the help of Tsutomu Shimomura. JSZ knew Shimomura by reputation only and told Mitnick he was arrogant, though in the dicey netherworld of hacking he was considered one of the cowboys wearing a white hat. So why would Shimomura help a hacker design a custom fix for counter-surveillance and eavesdropping? Mitnick and JSZ decided they needed to find out what Shimomura was up to.

On Christmas Day JSZ struck the computer of a friend of Shimomura's in Silicon Valley. First came the automatic spoof—a 16-second burst of packets that flooded the trusted server. The attack unlocked a signature footprint that acted like certified mail, acknowledging the receipt of a packet. The attack program fired packets at Shimomura's machine, packets that appeared to be coming from the trusted machine. Next came the fake acknowledgement—a veritable handshake. Duped, Shimomura's workstation thought it should trust this server. The attack program ordered Shimomura's machine to trust the entire Internet—a security expert's worst nightmare.

Mitnick was back in Denver. After narrowly escaping arrest by the Secret Service in Seattle, he had fled to southern California. This was a stopover on his

way to North Carolina. JSZ e-mailed him. "I usually don't celebrate Christmas," the Israeli hacker told him, "but I got you a present: I got into Shimomura's system." Mitnick ran to his computer. The Israeli had set up a back door, and just like that, Mitnick too was in—with full control. He shoveled as much of Shimomura's e-mail, data and security programs as he could into an online stash.

Culling through his spoils, Mitnick found e-mails between Shimomura and Markoff, the *Times* reporter, stretching back several years. They're close, they're buddies, Mitnick thought as he examined the long digital trail. He couldn't believe what he was reading. Shimomura had been in direct contact with the FBI for years. An FBI agent had even asked Shimomura what prizes should be given for a successful sanctioned hack into the Bureau's D.C. headquarters. And there was more: a secret channel. Markoff had an e-mail account on the computers at the federally subsidized San Diego Supercomputer Center. Shimomura was not only sending e-mails to the *Times*, inquiring into the activities and whereabouts of "Kevin" and "KDM," he was communicating with the reporter in a sector Shimomura assumed would be perfectly secure: his own seemingly impenetrable government computer network. It was quite a twist for Mitnick. The hacker was accustomed to outsmarting his pursuers with his electronic tricks. Now he wondered if a trap was being laid for him by someone other than the FBI.

A month later the attack on Shimomura made the front page of the *Times*. Markoff warned that the technique used to access Shimomura's computer "leaves many of the 20 million government, business, university and home computers on the global Internet vulnerable." The story caught fire. The U.S. Marshals' office issued a press release requesting the public's assistance in capturing Mitnick, reciting his alleged crimes, including the fanciful idea that he had compromised NORAD. Markoff profiled Shimomura in a dramatic article. "It was as if the thieves, to prove their prowess, had burglarized the locksmith," he wrote, "which is why Tsutomu Shimomura, the keeper of the keys in this case, is taking the break-in as a personal affront and why he considers solving the crime a matter of honor."

As the saying goes, the rest is legend. Shimomura met with representatives from the companies that had been victimized. A federal prosecutor in San Francisco gave Shimomura, a private citizen, extraordinary access to phone taps and traces, and from there it was a straightforward matter for the security expert to bring his quarry to the ground. On February 12, 1995 Shimomura flew to Raleigh, North Carolina, where Markoff joined him hours later. Shimomura started tooling around in a car with a Sprint cellular technician and a scanner, tracking Mitnick's cell phone



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calls. "I remember being furious when I learned a reporter was there," says David Schindler, the former federal prosecutor. "That gave me a window into the extent to which there was this parallel plan, that this was something more than the capture of Kevin Mitnick." After two years on the run Mitnick had gotten sloppy and hadn't even bothered to mask his calls. He'd only just arrived in Raleigh, and he knew how slowly the FBI normally moves. When agents knocked on his apartment door shortly after midnight, it was some time before he cracked it open.

In his story the next day, Markoff quoted Kent Walker, the San Francisco prosecutor, as saying, "Mitnick was clearly the most wanted computer hacker in the world. He allegedly had access to trade secrets worth billions of dollars. He was a very big threat."

Shimomura and Markoff promptly wrote the book *Takedown* and sold the movie rights. (The resulting film never played in U.S. theaters.) The security man and the reporter split more than \$1.5 million.

Four years passed before Mitnick and his lawyers were allowed to view the digital evidence. JSZ, who has never been identified, told Mitnick he had taken a job on Wall Street. Shimomura was heralded as a hero by the government and the media. Damage claims ran into the hundreds of millions of dollars, boosted by an FBI agent who told corporations to claim the entire development cost of their stolen software. After Mitnick had spent years in jail without being tried, a "Free Mitnick" campaign began in the digital underground, and hack-

ers defaced the *New York Times* website, demanding his release.

Mitnick eventually pleaded guilty to phone fraud and violating his probation; he served five years before being released in January 2000. Almost immediately Congress requested his testimony in a televised hearing. As the Associated Press put it, "The government that imprisoned the world's most infamous computer hacker for nearly five years sought his advice Thursday about how to keep its own networks safe from intruders." Mitnick was a hit, and the hacker began receiving speaking requests. After a fight in federal court, he earned the right to lecture and eventually consult for government agencies and corporations. Remember Frank Abagnale, whom Mitnick spoke with after they shared billing at the golf retreat? In the mid-1970s the government released Abagnale from prison early because it wanted him to train law enforcement agencies and companies to stop fraud. You can't help but wonder if things would have turned out differently had Mitnick been given that opportunity. It almost happened. I found an extraordinary footnote buried in the thousands of pages in the hacker's criminal file. When Mitnick was facing his first serious jail time as a teenager for breaking into USC's computers, a tall, monk-like security expert named Donn Parker had petitioned the court to use the young hacker's "intelligence and experience" to prepare a Justice Department report on preventing intrusions.

The judge thought it was a terrible idea.



"I see the lady has already selected an appetizer."

SORCERESS

(continued from page 119)

Ludo—I think it was coffee—I burned it."

As an Army brat growing up in Hawaii and Colorado, Kristine was always able to turn her passions into successes. She swam competitively at the age of six and later played on a Colorado state-championship soccer team. She earned power-lifting titles that led to a job at Hooters, where she was twice selected as a calendar girl. Later she modeled in Miami and Milan.

At 38, Kristine is still fit, even after a bout with cancer last year that tested her strength both physically and mentally. She says she's 100 percent healthy now, adding that the experience made her face each day with renewed enthusiasm. It also helped her make the decision when PLAYBOY came calling. "You go around only once, so why not take every adventure that comes your way?" she says. "Being an intelligent woman and being feminine and sexual should not be mutually exclusive. You can be a professional and still be a complete and sensuous woman. My brains don't fall out of my ass when I'm naked."

As for what her clients and fellow lawyers will think, she's not sure. Kristine is already a master of tailoring her look to the tone of a business meeting. "If I'm about to sit down with a group of investment bankers, I won't be wearing a top that shows off the angel tattoo on my back." But she adds that doing a pictorial like this may have advantages. "With men who already have an issue with how I look, it will help. Now that their fantasies about me are true, they won't be able to look me in the eye, which means I'll beat them hands down."

At the Playboy Mansion the night of her *Apprentice* swimsuit victory, Kristine once again showed her business acumen by making a beeline for Hef. "Most people see Hef and see the silk pajamas and the girls," she says. "I wanted to know about the man and how he built his empire."

Kristine will undoubtedly be building empires of her own in years to come. These days she's helping her husband open a big L.A. restaurant, and she continues to juggle law with modeling and charity work for such organizations as CHASE for Life, which raises awareness about infant and child CPR.

As for Trump, Kristine has no hard feelings. Even if she disagrees with his hiring practices, she respects his tenacity, candor and ability to get things done. There is, however, one nagging disappointment in not becoming part of Trump's inner circle, she says. It's not the big paycheck or the fancy corner office or the opportunity for big-time success. Kristine already has all those things. "What I'm sorry about," Kristine says, adjusting those sexy specs of hers with a sly smile, "is that I won't get to see Mr. Trump's face when he finally sees what was under my swimsuit."



NIB FOR HIRE

(continued from page 76)

I'm staying under the name of Ozymandias Hoon to stave off the local wannabes from inundating me with scripts."

"How did you get my number?" I inquired. "It's unlisted."

"From the Internet. It's there alongside the X-rays of your colonoscopy. Just materialize on cue, Skeezix, and pretty soon we'll both be able to ladle beaucoup skins into our respective marmites." With that he slammed the receiver into its cradle with sufficient velocity to buckle my eustachian tube.

It was not unthinkable that the name E. Coli Biggs would mean zilch to me. As I had made clear, my existence was not the glitzy whirlwind of film festivals and starlets but the spartan regimen of

the dedicated bard. Over the years, I had churned out several unpublished novels on lofty philosophical themes before finally being given a first printing by Shlock House. My book, in which a man travels back in time and hides King George's wig, thus hastening the Stamp Act, obviously ruffled establishment feathers with its bite. Still, I regarded myself as an emerging and uncompromising talent, and mulling over Biggs's command to heel at the Carlyle made me chary of selling out to some philistine Hollywood platypus. The idea that he might fantasize renting my inspiration to pen a screenplay at once disgusted me and piqued my ego. After all, if the progenitors of *The Great Gatsby* and *The Sound and the Fury* could warm their stoves courtesy of some prestige-hungry West Coast suits, why not Mrs. Mealworm's little bunting?

I was supremely confident my flair for atmosphere and characterization would sparkle alongside the numbing mulch ground out by studio hacks. Certainly the space atop my mantel might be better festooned by a gold statuette than by the plastic dipping bird that now bobbed there ad infinitum. The notion of taking a brief hiatus from my serious writing to amass a nest egg that could subsidize my *War and Peace* or *Madame Bovary* was not an unreasonable one to contend with.

And so, clad in author's tweeds with elbow patches and Connemara cap, I ascended to the Royal Suite of the Carlyle hotel to rendezvous with the self-proclaimed titan E. Coli Biggs.

Biggs was a fussy pudding of a character with a hairpiece that could only have been ordered by dialing 1-800-TOUPEES. A farrago of tics animated his face in unpredictable dots and dashes like Morse code. Clad in pajamas and the Carlyle's terry-cloth robe, he was accompanied by a miraculously fabricated blonde who doubled as secretary and masseuse, having apparently perfected some foolproof procedure to clear his chronically stuffed sinuses.

"I'll come right to the point, Mealworm," he said, nodding toward the bedroom, to which his zaftig protégée rose and weaved off, pausing a mere two minutes to align the meridians of her garter belt.

"I know," I said, descending from Venusburg. "You read my book, you're taken with how visual my prose is, and you'd like me to create a scenario. Of course you realize even if we got copacetic on the math, I would have to insist on total artistic control."

"Sure, sure," Biggs mumbled, waving aside my ultimatum. "You know what a novelization is?" he asked, popping a Tums.

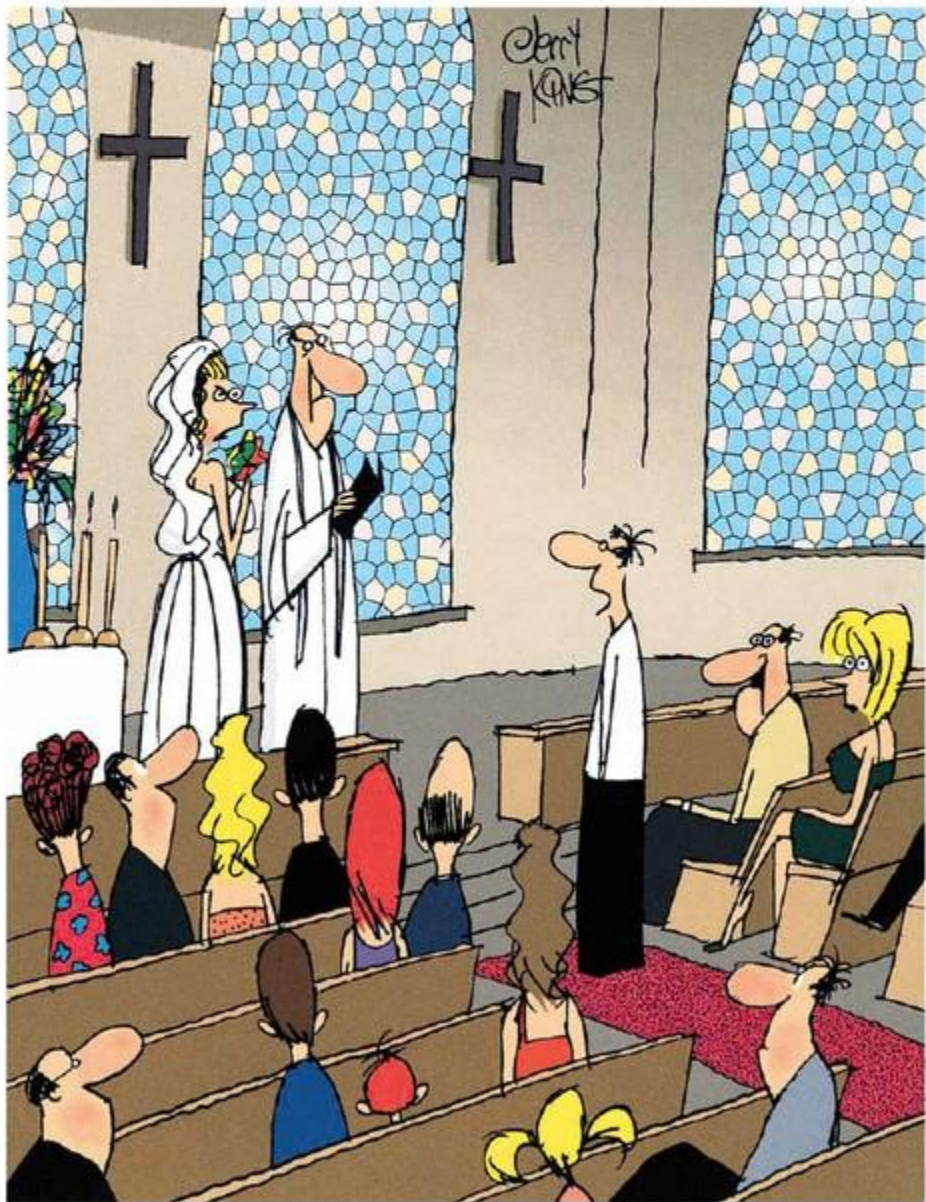
"Not really," I replied.

"It's when a movie does good numbers. The producer hires some zombie to make a book out of it. Y'know, an exploitation paperback—strictly for lowbrows. You've seen the *chozzera* you find in the racks at airports and shopping malls."

"Uh-huh," I said, beginning to sense a lethal tightness making its deceptively benign introduction into my lumbar region.

"But me, I'm to the manor born. I don't *hondle* with mere craftsmen. I meld exclusively with bona fides. Hence I'm here to report your latest tome caught my baby blues last week at a little country store. Actually I'd never seen a book remaindered in the kindling section before. Not that I got through it, but the three pages I managed before narcolepsy set in told me I was in the presence of one of the most egregious wordsmiths since Papa Hemingway."

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I've never heard of novelizations. My métier is serious literature. Joyce, Kafka, Proust.



"The groom called to apologize, but his bachelor party is still in full swing. He'll call you when it's over."

As for my first book, I'll have you know the cultural editor of *The Barber's Journal*—"

"Sure, sure, meanwhile every Shakespeare's gotta eat lest he croak ere he mints his magnum opus."

"Uh-huh," I said. "I wonder if I might have just a little water. I've become rather dependent on these Xanax."

"Believe me, kid," Biggs said, raising his voice and intoning slowly, "all the Nobel laureates work for me. It's how they set their table." Poised in the wings, his stacked amanuensis pushed her head in and trilled, "E. Coli, García Márquez is on the phone. Claims his larder is bereft of all provender. Wants to know if you can possibly throw any more novelizations his way."

"Tell Gabo I'll get back to him, cupcake," snapped the producer.

"And just what movie are you asking me to novelize?" I piped, gagging on the word. "Are we talking about a love story? Gangsters? Or is it action-adventure? I'm known as a facile man with description, particularly bucolic material à la Turgenev."

"Tell me about the Russkies," Biggs yelled. "I tried to make Stavrogin's confession into a musical for Broadway last year, but all the backers suddenly got swine flu. Here's the scam, tatellah. I happen to own the rights to a cinema classic starring the Three Stooges. Won it years ago playing tonk with Ray Stark at Cannes. It's a real zany vehicle for our three most irrepressible meshoogs. I've fressed all the protein I can out of the print—movie houses, foreign and domestic TV—but I suspicion there's still a little lagniappe to be bled from a novel."

"Of the Three Stooges?" I asked, incredulous, my voice glissandoing directly into a fife's octave.

"I don't have to ask if you love 'em. They're only an institution," Biggs pitched.

"When I was eight," I said, rising from my chair and slapping at my pockets to locate my emergency Fiorinal.

"Hold it, hold it. You didn't hear the plot yet. It's all about spending the night in a haunted house."

"It's okay," I said, dollying toward the door. "I'm a little late—some friends are raising a barn—"

"I booked a projection room so I could screen it for you," Biggs said, ignoring my resistance, which by now had morphed into sheer panic.

"No thanks. I may be down to my last can of StarKist—" I sputtered as the great man cut me off.

"Emmes, kid. If this is as lucrative as my proboscis signals, there's copious zuzim to be stockpiled. Those three ditsy vilda chayas cut a million shorts. One e-mail could secure the novelization rights to the whole shooting match. And you'd be my main scribe. You could salt away enough mad money in six months to

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 34, 43-44, 106-109, 112-113 and 150-151, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



SUMMER KNOCKOUTS

Pages 106-109: *Bell & Ross*, bellross.com. *Belstaff*, available at Bloomingdale's. *Borsalino*, 800-622-1911. *Bottega Veneta*, bottega veneta.com. *Brioni*, available at Brioni boutiques and Neiman Marcus. *Canali*, www.canali.it. *CEO*, 212-629-7050. *El Dante*, zappos.com. *Isaia*, 503-241-

5034. *Johnston & Murphy*, johnstonandmurphy.com. *Roberto Cavalli*, robertocavalli.it. *Rolex*, 800-36-ROLEX. *THREE-AsFOUR*, threeasfour.com. *Versace*, versace.com. *Zegna Sport*, available at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's.

SWEET TALK

Pages 112-113: *Amp'd Mobile*, ampd.com. *BlackBerry*, blackberry.com. *Helio*, helio.com. *LG*, lge.com. *Motorola*, motorola.com. *Nokia*, nokia.com. *Samsung*, samsung.com. *Sony Ericsson*, sonyericsson.com.

POTPOURRI

Pages 150-151: *Barking Irons*, barkingirons.com. *Bowflex*, bowflex.com. *Clocky*, nandahome.com. *Czar's Gold*, czarsgold.com. *Fujifilm*, fujifilm.com. *The Girls Next Door Workout*, playboystore.com. *Kawasaki*, kawasaki.com. *Kiehl's*, kiehls.com. *Weta Digital*, wetanz.com.

GAMES

Page 34: *Cube*, d3publisher.com. *Forza Motorsport 2*, xbox.com. *Lara Croft Tomb Raider: Anniversary*, eidos.com. *Lost*, gameloft.com. *The New York Times Crosswords*, majescoentertainment.com. *Scene It? Movie Edition*, namcogames.com. *Spider-Man 3*, activation.com. *Tiger Woods PGA Tour 07*, eamobile.com. *Tom Clancy's Rainbow Six Vegas*, gameloft.com. *Touch the Dead*, eidos.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 43-44: *Bowmore Distillery accommodations*, bowmore.com/cottages.aspx. *Insect Lab*, insectlabstudio.com. *Islay Festival of Malt and Music*, feisile.org. *Islay tour*, christine@ladyoftheisles.co.uk. *Kama Sutra*, amazon.com. *Lexus*, lexus.com. *Moët & Chandon*, available at liquor stores nationwide. *Niveus*, niveus.com. *Toshiba*, toshiba.com. *Trojan condoms*, available at pharmacies nationwide.

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spend the rest of your days sausaging out art. Just give me a few sample pages to confirm my faith in your brilliance. Who knows, maybe in your hands novelization will finally come of age as an art form."

That night I clashed fiercely with my self-image and required the emollient waters of the Cutty Sark distillery to beat back a waxing depression. Still, I would be disingenuous if I did not admit that I was palpated by the notion of vacuuming up enough scratch to allow the writing of another masterpiece without the onset of malnutrition. But it was not just Mammon crooning in my cochlea. There was also the chance Biggs's nasal compass had located true north. Perhaps I was the Mahdi chosen to legitimize with depth and dignity this runt of the literary litter, the novelization.

In a frenzy of sudden euphoria I bolted to my processor, and irrigated with gallons of black coffee I had by dawn broken the back of the challenging assignment and was champing at the bit to show it to my new benefactor.

Irritatingly, his DO NOT DISTURB did not come unglued till noon, when I finally rang through as he was masticating his morning fiber.

"Be here at three," he bade. "And ask for Murray Zangwill. Word leaked of my quondam alias, and the joint's awash with frenzied centerfolds panting for screen tests." Pitying the man's beleaguered existence, I spent the next hours honing several sentences to diamond perfection and at three entered his posh digs with my work retyped on a stylish vellum.

"Read it to me," he commanded, biting off the tip of a contraband Cuban cigar and spitting it in the direction of the fake Utrillo.

"Read it to you?" I asked, taken aback over the prospect of presenting my writing orally. "Wouldn't you rather read it yourself? That way the subtle verbal rhythms can resonate in your mind's ear."

"Naw, I'll get a better feel this way. Plus I lost my reading glasses last night at Hooters. Commence," ordered Biggs, putting his feet up on the coffee table.

"Oakville, Kansas lies on a particularly desolate stretch across the vast central plains," I began. "What's left of the area where farms once dotted the landscape is arid space now. At one time corn and wheat provided thriving livelihoods

before agricultural subsidies had the opposite effect of enhancing prosperity."

Biggs's eyes began to glaze over. His head was wreathed in a thick nimbus of smoke from the vile cheroot.

"The dilapidated Ford pulled up before a deserted farmhouse," I went on, "and three men emerged. Calmly and for no apparent reason the dark-haired man took the nose of the bald man in his right hand and slowly twisted it in a long, counterclockwise circle. A horrible grinding sound broke the silence of the Great Plains. 'We suffer,' the dark-haired man said. 'O woe to the random violence of human existence.'"

"Meanwhile Larry, the third man, had wandered into the house and had somehow managed to get his head caught inside an earthenware jar. Everything was suddenly terrifying and black as Larry groped blindly around the room. He wondered if there was a god or any purpose at all to life or any design behind the universe when suddenly the dark-haired man entered and, finding a large polo mallet, began to break the jar off his companion's head. With pent-up fury that masked years of angst over the empty absurdity of man's fate, the one named Moe smashed the crockery. 'We are at least free to choose,' wept Curly, the bald one. 'Condemned to death but free to choose.' And with that, Moe poked his two fingers into Curly's eyes. 'Oooh, oooh, oooh,' Curly wailed, 'the cosmos is so devoid of any justice.' He stuck an unpeeled banana in Moe's mouth and shoved it all the way in."

At this point Biggs abruptly emerged from his stupor. "Stop, go no further," he said, standing at attention. "This is only magnificent. It's Johnny Steinbeck, it's Capote, it's Sartre. I smell money, I see honors. It's the kind of quality product yours truly made his rep on. Go home and pack. You'll stay with me in Bel Air till more suitable quarters open up—something with a pool and perhaps a three-hole golf course. Or maybe Hef can put you up at the Mansion for a while, if you'd prefer. Meantime I'll call my lawyer and lock up rights to the entire Stoooge oeuvre. This is a memorable day in the annals of Gutenbergville."

Needless to say, that was the last I saw of E. Coli Biggs under that or any other alias. When I returned to the Carlyle, valise in hand, he had long since left town for either the Italian Riviera or the Turkmenistan Film Festival or possibly to check out the bottom line in Guinea-Bissau—the desk clerk wasn't sure. The point is, tracking down a mover and shaker who never uses his real name proved a far too daunting job for an ink-stained wretch named Mealworm, and I'm dead certain it would have been for Faulkner and Fitzgerald, too.



VON
ORHEK



PLAYMATE NEWS



WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY



Miss September 1994 Kelly Gallagher, now Kelly Wearstler (above right), is a leading interior designer and a judge on Bravo's *Top Design* (near left).

There it is in black and white on her Playmate *Data Sheet*: Kelly Gallagher lists bad design as a turnoff. Even so, it was a bit of a surprise to find her playing a judge on Bravo's *Top Design*, an elimination reality show in the mode of *The Apprentice* in which 12 aspiring interior designers compete for \$100,000 in start-up capital and a chance to rip up a room like Zeppelin. With a Nielsen-certified 1 million-plus viewers, *Top Design* is introducing Kelly to a new army of fans who consider the Playmate a fair and discerning judge. As one smitten viewer gushes, "Kelly, you are so awesome! You have great style and aren't afraid to



take chances. That is why you are the absolute best designer on the show!"

After her pictorial, Miss September 1994 started her own business, Kelly Wearstler Interior Design. The firm has become enormously successful and respected within the field, compiling exclusive credits that include the Viceroy resorts and the BG restaurant at New York City department store Bergdorf Goodman. Going beyond duvets and window treatments, Kelly has published two books, *Domicilium Decoratus* and *Modern Glamour*, and this year she's bringing her own line to retail. Seems our Centerfold has it all nailed down.

10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Among the most stunning Playmates ever, Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens has become an in-demand actress and model who regularly appears on both the big and small screens, as well as in print advertisements and layouts. Something of a modern Renaissance woman, she even writes a sex column for hotmomsclub.com.



LOOSE LIPS

"I'd have to kill you if I told you."—**Pamela Anderson**, on whether she had agreed to be abducted by Sacha Baron Cohen in *Borat*



FLASH MOB



From far left: Miss July 1997 Daphne Duplaix Samuel breaks into the lineup for Celebrity Locker Room's All-Star Night at the Mansion; PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon sways at the Palms; PMOY 2001 Brande Roderick comes out to play for the Bench Warmer toy drive; Miss June 2006 Stephanie Larimore hustles into Vegas's Studio 54; PMOY 1999 Heather Kozar, also at the Palms.



HOT SHOT



LINDSEY
VUOLO

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Steve Austin
of *The Condemned*

"My favorite Playmate of all time is Stacy Sanches, Playmate of the Year 1996. I like her because she's a Texas girl, she's tall and she's really well proportioned. She is also an extremely pretty natural beauty, not to mention very sexy."



Some women can be pretty without being sexy, but she has both qualities."

POP QUESTIONS: ATHENA LUNDBERG

Q: You were recently on *The Janice Dickinson Modeling Agency*. Janice has a nasty reputation for cutting people down. Why would you subject yourself to that?

A: It may sound strange, but I've always wanted to meet Janice Dickinson *because* she's so blunt and mean. I was curious what she would say to me in person.

Q: So you got your wish. Did she lay into you?

A: She wasn't so bad. She basically looked at me and said she didn't like my look, which was too PLAYBOY. Obviously!

Q: Clearly yours is a look we prefer. Were you disappointed?

A: I was most bummed out that I

didn't get to walk the runway, because I have a really good strut.

Q: So did Janice go after anyone else?

A: There was another model whose lips looked really big, like she had just gotten lip injections, and her lipstick was all messed up, so Janice latched onto that: "What's wrong with your face?" All the models were like, "Oh my God! I can't believe she said that!" It was pretty harsh.

Q: Will you still continue to model?

A: Sure. I just landed the cover of a lingerie catalog, and I just did a shoot for a clothing line.

Q: It seems as though that PLAYBOY look isn't so bad after all.



GAME ON!

Though Deanna Brooks says she prefers first-person shooter games, she passed and blitzed like a pro on the PS3 during Super Bowl week, beating the majority of her opponents on the Madden gridiron.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss November 2001 Lindsey Vuolo relocated to Athens, Greece to pursue her master's degree in public relations and communications through La Salle University.... Miss February 1999 Stacy Fuson and Miss May 2006 Alison Waite, with some help from a couple of German Playmates, donned their Bunny best to show off the new Playboy slots at the International Casino Exhibition in London....

PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed was spotted in London with her family reenacting the Beatles *Abbey Road* cover for an episode of *Gene Simmons Family Jewels*. The show's second season features Shannon and Gene undergoing face-lift procedures. Gene reports the footage is "like a



Stacy and Alison (center) at the International Casino Exhibition.



Shannon Tweed on *Abbey Road*.

biology class—more fascinating than gory." A comforting thought from a guy who drools blood onstage.... PMOY 1994 Jenny McCarthy lost to PLAYBOY cover girl Carmen Electra for this year's Razzie in the supporting actress category. It's an honor just to be nominated, we're sure.... Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott is the Mickey's poster girl for 2007. The brewing company reports it is "damn proud" to have her on board.



Jennifer Walcott is Mickey's girl.

MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com, or download her to your phone at playboymobile.com.

Guys don't write about relationships in cartoons. They write about violent fantasies that put women off.

but some guys don't like it. They like two eyes on their women. Some of the *Simpsons* writers have said my biggest mistake was making Leela a cyclops. Apparently guys like more than one giant eye in the middle of the face. Who knew?

PLAYBOY: Horny animators? Are they?

GROENING: Isn't it obvious? There has been an intent to arouse with cartoons and comics going back to Betty and Veronica in *Archie*. It's hard to beat Jessica Rabbit in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*? When it came time to design the women on *Futurama* I went on the Internet and looked up discussions of the sexiest women in cartoons. Surprisingly, a lot of people discuss this subject. There was no agreement on what was sexy, so I went my own way.

PLAYBOY: Who were considered some of the sexiest women in cartoons?

GROENING: Betty Rubble.

PLAYBOY: Not Wilma?

GROENING: No one likes Wilma. Everyone wants to sleep with Betty.

PLAYBOY: You have taken on sex in your book *Love Is Hell*. Is it?

GROENING: Yes. No. I don't know. It was. Often. A revealing thing is all those comic strips were making fun of self-help books but were secretly designed to help me.

PLAYBOY: How did they help you?

GROENING: Guys don't write about relationships in cartoons. They write about violent fantasies and stuff that puts women off. So I thought, I'll use my bunny rabbits and write about relationships and be vulnerable.

PLAYBOY: With the goal of getting dates?

GROENING: That's why guys do anything, no?

PLAYBOY: How has dating changed for you?

GROENING: I don't have to constantly mentally calculate how much is being spent at dinner. Also I don't have to worry that my car will break down and I'll have to get help from my date with the tire iron, which happened more than once. I've gone on two dates when I got a flat tire, and both times the women felt sorry for me and enlisted the help of surly, drunken passersby.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a girlfriend now?

GROENING: Yes. She's a photographer. I have thought it would be really cool to travel and do a book together—me, nude, on beaches around the world.

PLAYBOY: You were married for many years. After that was it strange to go back to dating?

GROENING: Yeah, dating's no fun. Unfortunately it's part of the process of getting to know someone. I once said, "Love is like a snowmobile racing across the tundra and then suddenly it flips over, pin-

ning you underneath. At night, the ice weasels come." A lot of people have that on their MySpace page.

PLAYBOY: If you had known we'd have Google and your comments would live forever online, would you have never said certain things in the first place?

GROENING: Yeah. Many. In many ways the future has turned out to be weirder than I imagined. I never thought I would be driving down the street and see the local taqueria with a banner in my handwriting advertising its taco platter, but my handwriting for *The Simpsons* has gotten loose on the Internet as a font. It has been downloaded and is used in movies, on books, in advertisements. In general *The Simpsons* is among the most bootlegged creative properties in the world. I find it much more amusing than the Fox lawyers do. If some bakery does a Bart Simpson birthday cake, Fox wants its cut. There's a Russian *Simpsons* coloring book that looks as though the guy who drew it was shown a picture of *The Simpsons* for five seconds, was never able to look at it again and dropped it from his memory. I had a large collection of Bart Sanchez ceramic figurines from Tijuana, but I lost dozens of them in the earthquake. Priceless, priceless treasures—gone. I have Bart yarmulkes from Israel and from Italy little glass Bart figurines peeing.

PLAYBOY: Are you proud?

GROENING: Sure.

PLAYBOY: You're even proud of the kids who emulate Bart?

GROENING: Especially.

PLAYBOY: You once said the only way you could justify all the TV you watched as a child was to make your own TV show. How much did you watch?

GROENING: If I were to look at a TV schedule for any weeknight in the 1960s, I'd go, "Yeah, I was watching." My memory goes back even further. I remember the premiere episode of *Dennis the Menace* in 1959, the animated opening sequence of this Tasmanian devil-like cyclone spinning out. I was so excited that there was an actual menace on television. If I had to go back to the first impetus for *The Simpsons* it would be that night in 1959 when that pilot episode was broadcast and this cyclone of a menace came out. It was a kid! I was so excited. It turned out to be this fairly namby-pamby pseudo-bad boy who had a slingshot but didn't ever seem to use it. Bart Simpson is basically what Dennis should have been.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents allow you to watch as much TV as you wanted?

GROENING: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Did you restrict your children's TV viewing?

GROENING: Not at all. It was my escape. I wasn't going to be a hypocrite.

PLAYBOY: Generally were you more or less permissive than your parents?

GROENING: I appalled some of my friends with how undisciplined I was as a parent. My kids talked back to me, and I laughed it off. Now they tell me I'm not funny anymore. I just assume they're kidding. As I said, my son said he wishes Seth MacFarlane were his father. So I annoy the hell out of other parents. I'm a really bad example. I'm the dad I wished I had. I try to let my kids have a good time.

PLAYBOY: What did you allow your kids to do that your father would have prohibited?

GROENING: I took my 15-year-old to see Margaret Cho and Sarah Silverman perform their stand-up comedy. It singed the hair off the top of my head. My kid laughed.

PLAYBOY: Do you make your kids do their homework?

GROENING: I ask them to, sure. I make vague gestures toward having them do the right thing.

PLAYBOY: Do they have a curfew?

GROENING: All the good stuff happens after midnight, let's face it—even as a kid. Ice cream certainly tastes better after midnight. There is a little bit of Homer Simpson in me, okay?

PLAYBOY: *Life in Hell* was written about L.A. Is it hell there?

GROENING: Yes, though that was really about L.A. when I first arrived here after college. I had a series of lousy jobs. My very first was as a movie extra in *When Every Day Was the Fourth of July*. I don't think I've ever admitted this. I played a member of a lynch mob. There is a vendor selling miniature electric chairs; one of the members of the mob gets into a fight with the vendor over the price of the electric chairs. There were other memorable jobs. I wanted to be a writer, so I looked in the help-wanted ads. I saw one that said, "Wanted: writer-chauffeur." I got the job. During the day I drove this retired movie director around, and at night I would ghostwrite his autobiography. He had made a couple of B Westerns and was obsessed with his mother. When I drove him around he would tell me, "This was the house where I went to Clark Gable's party." Then we'd go by the same mansion and he'd say, "That's where Laurel and Hardy lived." I don't think Laurel and Hardy ever really lived together. I got fired because I said he should write a little less about his mother.

PLAYBOY: What came next?

GROENING: I applied for a job at *TV Guide*, writing synopses of shows, and they told me I didn't get the job because I used the word *lesbian*. That's what the show was about, but they said, "*TV Guide* readers do not want to read that word." Instead I started working for the *L.A. Reader* [a now-defunct alternative 145

paper] and turned into a rock journalist. I just made stuff up. To this day I'm a frustrated rock journalist.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, you're also a frustrated rock-and-roll musician who occasionally plays with the Rock Bottom Remainders.

GROENING: Yes. We are coming up on our 15th anniversary. It's an all-writers rock group with Stephen King, Dave Barry, Amy Tan and many others. I take pride in being the least-talented member. I don't even play an instrument. I sing in the backup critics' chorus with Greil Marcus. That's how I snuck in. I had a tambourine at one point, but they took it away. The height of our life as a rock-and-roll band was performing at the Hollywood Palladium and having Bruce Springsteen come out for the encore of "Gloria." After the show, Bruce told us, "Don't get any better." It was great because we could actually fulfill that.

PLAYBOY: How did your early jobs lead to *The Simpsons*?

GROENING: First came *Life in Hell*. I worked at a photocopy place. A perk was that when I wasn't fighting with customers—an unavoidable part of the job—I was making copies of my comics. I copied them and took them around and sold them at a record store I worked at, which was another job. Then I started the strip in the *L.A. Reader*. That was 27 years ago. There were no talent scouts coming, so I

decided to publish my own book, which was the original *Life in Hell*. That's the one thing I still do completely on my own. I'll take full blame for everything, misspellings and all.

PLAYBOY: Because of that, does the strip hold a special place in your heart?

GROENING: It certainly gives the game away. "He really can't draw, can he?" I couldn't be hired to work on *The Simpsons*. *Life in Hell* is populated with rabbits by default. In high school I was drawing funny animals, and people couldn't tell if they were dogs or bears. I gave them long ears and people said, "Oh, they're rabbits."

PLAYBOY: Compared with *The Simpsons*, are you uncensored in *Life in Hell*?

GROENING: I went through a phase when I decided to systematically use every possible profanity. The strip kept getting kicked out of newspapers, so I stopped. At the very beginning I had to decide whether or not to give the rabbits genitals. Bugs Bunny is neutered. All those characters are, really; there's nothing down there. I tried drawing Binky Bunny with a penis for a while, but people were bothered by it. Akbar and Jeff appeared naked on the cover of *The Village Voice* with full frontal nudity. On *The Simpsons* we have shown Bart with full frontal nudity in a French laundry-detergent commercial. In *The Simpsons Movie* we can show things we do not show on

television. You will see nudity, but it's not who you want to see naked.

PLAYBOY: *The Simpsons* has brought in billions of dollars.

GROENING: Rupert Murdoch swims naked in one of those big vats of coins like Uncle Scrooge in the Donald Duck comics. We've got the videotapes, but as long as he keeps those royalty checks coming in....

PLAYBOY: Besides the fact that you don't have to worry about how much a dinner date is going to cost, how has wealth changed your life?

GROENING: My friends and I used to sit around when we had so little money that we had to split a burger at Astro Burger on Melrose Avenue and talk about what we would do if we ever had enough money to pay our rent on time. We wondered if we would live the way rich people were supposed to live or if we would live pretty much as we did then, except that we would have bigger piles of comic books and toys. Sadly, we've got bigger piles of comic books and toys.

PLAYBOY: *The Simpsons* has won numerous awards and accolades. Do any of them mean more than others? *Time* said yours was the best television show of the century.

GROENING: An executive at Fox said, "I'll go further. It's the best show in the history of the world." I went, "Wow." Our goal has always been to make each other—the writers, the animators and the actors—laugh. We're really glad when it turns out that a TV audience seems to like it too.

PLAYBOY: You've also been criticized by prominent people over the years. Were you surprised when the first president Bush said American families should be more like the Waltons and less like the Simpsons?

GROENING: We were delighted with such an Elmer Fudd-y line. He said it on a Monday. At the time, we were on Thursday night. We quickly did some animation so that on Thursday we had the Simpsons sitting in front of the TV, watching a tape of the actual George Bush saying the line. Bart turns to Homer and says, "Hey, man, we're just like the Waltons. We're both praying for an end to the Depression."

PLAYBOY: You've had many other critics. Former drug czar William Bennett criticized Bart.

GROENING: We were duly honored. He was wandering through a drug-rehab clinic and saw a *Simpsons* poster on the wall, and he told the addicts that wasn't going to help them. He said Bart wasn't a good role model. We love it when people go after us. America is full of people who love to pretend to be offended. It's always momentary, and it always passes. We respond in kind. It's the old Daffy Duck vs. Elmer Fudd thing. If someone wants to behave like Elmer Fudd, you have to come back at him just the way Daffy Duck would—with a big mallet.



Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

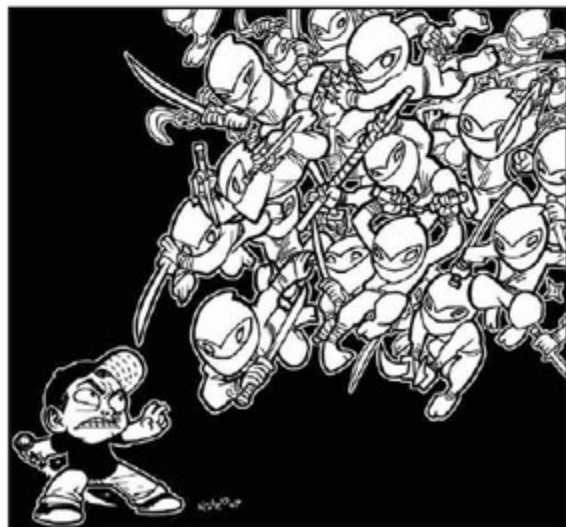


You've Got to Be Skidding

A drifting Porsche aims to steal the show from the Japanese

As it enters its fourth year, the Formula Drift Championship series is developing a nice little fan base in America. Part motor racing, part ballet, drifting is a sport in which drivers are judged on how quickly and how far sideways they can maneuver their tricked-out autos over a track. It began as an outlaw Japanese subculture (see *Drifting* in our July 2006 issue), and until now Formula Drift has featured Japanese cars. But this year, courtesy of ultrahigh-performance-tire maker Hankook and specialty-car maker JIC USA, a custom Porsche 993 GT2 will battle for the title.

A drifting Porsche is like schnitzel covered in soy sauce—a bizarre yet utterly delicious combo (take our word for it). The powerful screamer pictured here has a 3.8-liter twin-turbo six-cylinder engine rated at over 600 horsepower, plus oodles of high-end aftermarket speed equipment. The moment we saw this machine at a January press conference in Vegas, we knew it promised great theater. Team drivers include Kenji Yamanaka of Japan (who placed ninth out of 29 last year) and Tyler McQuarrie of California (13th). The action unfolds June 2 at Summit Point Raceway in West Virginia. See it on G4TV.



Geek off a Leash

MC Chris raps for the Internet generation and keeps it real without a record deal

Good rap music reflects the rapper's daily life, and for those who drop coin on vintage action figures instead of ice, MC Chris (mcchris.com) is the real deal. "My generation is into the web, toys and video games, and that's what I rap about," he says. (Example: "My backpack's got jets; I'm Boba the Fett. / I bounty hunt for Jabba Hutt to finance my Vette.") His break came in 2001 when his tracks were featured on Cartoon Network's *Sealab 2021*, and he later performed as MC Pee Pants on *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*. This year his fourth album, *Dungeon Master of Ceremonies*, premiered in the top 10 on iTunes' hip-hop charts, all without a record deal or any off-line promotion. "I fill a certain cultural void in hip-hop, and I am connected to my fans through the Internet," he says. "Record stores are obsolete."

Grapevine

All a Matter of Taste

The Black Eyed Peas' STACY "FERGIE" FERGUSON has a lot of things going for her, but modesty isn't one of them. She bragged about her breasts and buttocks (or "lady lumps") in the hit "My Humps," then touted her feminine flavor in "Fergalicious," stating plainly that "the boys wanna eat it." We keep searching for the metaphor in that line, but we can't find it.



JEFFREY MANTZUANA/REUTERS

Happy Happy Joy Joy

Our favorite image from *Vanity Fair's* skin-heavy Hollywood issue of a year ago was JOY BRYANT's diamonds-and-nothing-else glamour shot. Should she care to take another, we could probably make space.

WIREIMAGE.COM



My, My, Miss American Pie

Don't give us that look. We didn't tell MENA SUVARI to get 'em out in the middle of a crowded stretch of Miami Beach. Here's something we've learned about stars: They're born show-offs.

KURTIS/REUTERS

Wunderbra

Germans are beside themselves over COLLIER FERNANDES, the Portuguese-Indian-Hungarian face of music channel Viva. Her second German *Maxim* cover touted her as DEUTSCHLANDS HEISSESTE TV-MODERATORIN, and we'd be fools to argue.

MAURICIO AMOR



Coffee, Tea or Me?

In 2005 designer Christian Lacroix revamped Air France's stewardess uniforms. We don't imagine this frock from his latest collection will ever get off the runway—barring a revival of the defunct Hooters Air.



GETTY IMAGES

CLIPIN.COM

Spare the Rod, Spoil the Fun

As Gaia, brash and lusty servant of Titus Pullo on the HBO series *Rome*, ZULEIKHA ROBINSON runs afoul of the lady of the house and needs disciplining by Titus. In this case, cruelty yields to kinky kindness.

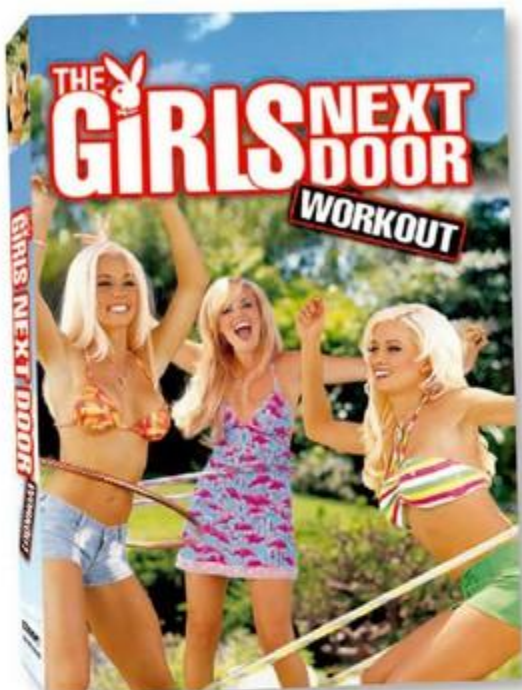


CLIPIN.COM/STYLING



Belgian Warbles

A statuesque model from Tintin territory, LYNN VERLAYNE is embarking on a second career as a musician. She sings and plays piano in New York City nightclubs. Really, she does—we have pictures of her playing the piano. But we thought you'd like this one better.



EASY ON THE EYES, HARD ON THE ABS

Way back in 1982 Jane Fonda created the first successful mass-market workout video. Its unique formula? Women watched it to get in shape, men watched it because Jane still had it at 45, and no one got mad if the tape was left in the VCR. Now substitute short shorts for that frumpy leotard and our own stunning Holly, Bridget and Kendra for Barbarella, and you've got *The Girls Next Door Workout* (\$15, playboystore.com). The DVD features a 10- to 20-minute workout routine from each of Hef's favorite blondes, performed—where else?—at scenic spots around the Mansion.



HELL AND HIGH WATER

The rumor mill whispered that Kawasaki had developed a ludicrously fast Jet Ski. Well, it's true. The new Ultra 250X (\$11,500, kawasaki.com) has a 250-horsepower supercharged four-cylinder engine based on the Kawasaki Ninja superbike's. The most powerful personal watercraft on the market, it can hit 70 miles an hour in mere seconds. The editor who tested this baby had to order himself new shirts, as his arms are now 42 inches long. Yes, you can still do all those social things—put your girlfriend on the back, bounce the kids around, cruise the beach in the shallows in search of bikini babes—and then you can go out and scare yourself silly.

ROUGH STUFF

Run by two brothers, Barking Irons is a small fashion company that crafts rings out of old 19th century silverware. Inspired by the lawless streets of the Five Points (where *Gangs of New York* is set), they're perfect for a night out with your lowlife cronies at whatever saloon or brothel you fancy. For an added statement, file your teeth into sharp points. Pictured: the Nautical Ring and Liberty Ring (both \$295, barkingirons.com).



BUZZ KILL

When you first met Clocky (\$50, nanda.home.com) in our August 2005 issue, it was but a prototype. Now it's in production and ready to roll—literally. When this little stinker's alarm blares, it leaps from your bedside table and scrambles around the room on two speedy wheels, forcing you to chase it down. By the time you catch Clocky, you're so harried you may need an A.M. scotch to calm down, but you're very much awake.





FACE FACTS

Digital-camera screens keep getting larger, but they still can't show you if your drunken officemates have their eyes closed in a group shot. Fujifilm's FinePix Z5fd (\$300, fujifilm.com) can. Smart software picks out the faces in each picture and instantly zooms in on them so you can check important details quickly. It uses the same technology for autofocus to ensure that it focuses on faces and not the scenery.

SLEEPLESS IN...WHERE ARE WE?

A few tricks can take the edge off a redeye. We find an indulgent shave alleviates it immensely. Matched to the task, Kiehl's offers an opulent Lite Flite Shave Cream (\$17) for the brush. It's buttery and comes in a tub that packs easily, unlike a mug and soap. Start with a bit of shaving oil (\$18), slap on the cream, follow with moisturizer (\$25) and add a touch of Eye Alert (\$20), all available at kiehls.com. Good. As. New.



FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Centuries ago Peter the Great, founder of St. Petersburg in Russia, had a favorite vodka that he slurped. A couple of years ago some investors found the recipe for his vodka and, in celebration of the city's 300th anniversary, created the Czar's Gold brand using the original formula and water source (Lake Ladoga, outside St. Petersburg). Czar's Gold is now one of the official vodkas of the Kremlin, and it's beginning to show up in American shops (about \$35, czarsgold.com). Try it chilled with a hottie named Olga.

NEED A LIFT?

If you buy your own exercise equipment, it can take up half your house. Simplify the situation with Bowflex's SelectTech dumbbells (bowflex.com), which let you keep an entire set of weights in the space usually occupied by just one pair. To adjust your routine, simply dial in how hard you want to work, whether low weight and high rep or vice versa, and lift them out of the base. Three configurations are available: two pounds to 20 pounds (\$149), five pounds to 52 pounds (\$400) and 10 pounds to 90 pounds (pictured, \$600).



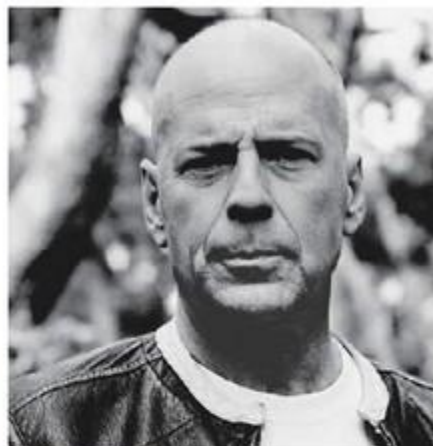
RAYGUN-OMICS

Commemorate an era that never existed with a weapon that never did either. One of three retro-futuristic masterpieces dreamed up by the lunatics at Weta Digital (Peter Jackson's effects company) in homage to the 1950s-matinee future, the FMOM Industries Wave Disruptor Gun (\$690, wetanz.com) weighs more than seven pounds and is made in limited runs of 500.

Next Month



CARE FOR A DIP?



LOOK WHO'S TALKING.



THE SUMMER OF LOVE, REVISED.



BUT HER FRIENDS CALL HER SANDY.

THE RED-HOT SUMMER ISSUE—PLAYBOY DELIVERS A BOUNTY OF WARM-WEATHER PLEASURES INCLUDING FAST GIRLS, FAST CARS, BLOCKBUSTER ACTION HEROES, BRILLIANT BEACH READS, A GRILLING TIP OR TWO AND A RETURN TO THE SUMMER OF LOVE.

AMANDA BEARD—THE RECORD-BREAKING SWIMMER LOSES HER SWIMSUIT FOR A MOUTHWATERING LAYOUT. **DANIELA FEDERICI** CAPTURES THE PHOTO FINISH.

BRUCE WILLIS—IN *LIVE FREE OR DIE HARD*, ONE OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF THE ACTION-HERO MOVIE RETURNS TO THE ROLE THAT MADE HIM FAMOUS. YIPPEE-KI-YAY, MOTHER-FUCKER! A RELENTLESS *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

THE DARK SIDE OF THE SUMMER OF LOVE—BOOMERS RECALL THE SUMMER OF 1967 AS A HALCYON PERIOD ACCENTED WITH FREE LOVE, SOFT DRUGS AND HAIR BESTREWN WITH FLOWERS. BUT INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER **FRANK OWEN** UNCOVERS A DIFFERENT STORY THAT TRACES THE ROOTS OF AMERICA'S CURRENT CRYSTAL-METH EPIDEMIC TO THE EPICENTER OF HIPPIEDOM, SAN FRANCISCO'S HAIGHT-ASHBURY DISTRICT.

THE GIRLS OF MONTAUK—AT THE FAR END OF LONG ISLAND SITS A TINY RESORT TOWN THAT HAS SOME OF THE MOST WINSOME WOMEN TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE. PEAK SEASON BEGINS NOW. PHOTOGRAPHY BY **MICHAEL DWECK**

STATE OF THE UNION—GODWIN POPE KNOWS THERE'S NO ONE IN AMERICA BETTER EQUIPPED TO BE PRESIDENT THAN HE IS. SO HOW DID HE END UP AS VICE PRESIDENT TO A CRUDE, INEFFECTIVE BUMPKIN? AND WHAT CAN HE DO ABOUT IT? AN EXCERPT FROM THE SATIRICAL NOVEL *THE COUP*, BY *PLAYBOY*'S **JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

THE GIRLFRIEND EXPERIENCE—ACCORDING TO *THE EROTIC REVIEW*, **NIKKI AVALON** IS AMONG THE MOST HIGHLY RATED ESCORTS IN VEGAS. WHAT'S HER SECRET? AS IN MANY INDUSTRIES, SUCCESS DEPENDS ON A GREAT PRODUCT COMBINED WITH GREAT SERVICE. A CURIOUS PROFILE BY **ERIK HEDEGAARD**

DANICA PATRICK—IN THE MIDST OF HER THIRD INDY SEASON, ANDRETTI GREEN'S PRIZE DRIVER IS HOTTER THAN A JALAPEÑO IN DEATH VALLEY. **JASON BUHRMESTER** CATCHES HER FOR A BLAZING 20Q.

THE OPEN ROAD—A CELEBRATION OF HITTING THE HIGHWAY, WRITTEN FROM BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE INCOMPARABLE FORD GT. AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, HERE ARE SOME GREAT PLACES—FROM MONTREAL FOR THE JAZZ FESTIVAL TO MOUNT HOOD FOR SNOW SKIING—YOU CAN DRIVE TO THIS SUMMER.

PLUS: ICELAND'S MIDNIGHT SUN, SWIMWEAR THAT WORKS AT BOTH BEACH AND BAR, AND MISS JULY **TIFFANY SELBY**.