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OF THE
O.C.

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WAXED
AND
WILD

**DENIS
LEARY**

DOES THE
F-ING
INTERVIEW

20^Q

**LUKE
WILSON**

WHY ARE WE IN
IRAQ?

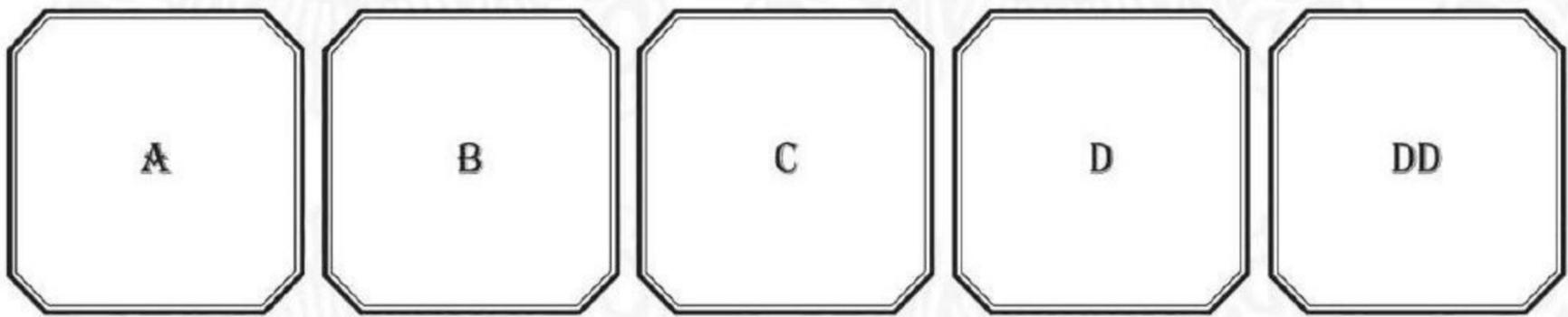
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NFL PREVIEW

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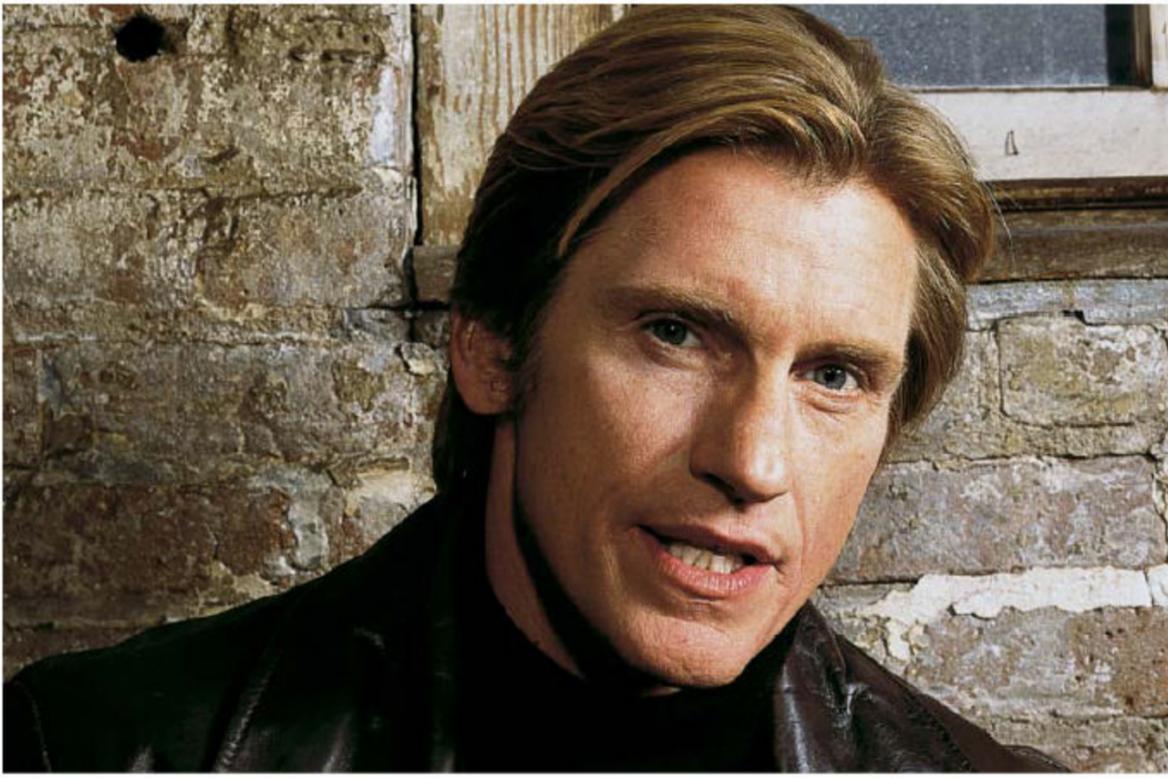
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"It was exhilarating to hear **Denis Leary** cut loose again," **Stephen Rebello** says of his *Playboy Interview* with the stand-up cum dramatic actor. "He is doing great work on *Rescue Me*, but the show's plot constrains his character. Leary fans like me have been missing the character that is Denis. You get the sense that his mind never stops processing the hypocrisy around him and eventually the weight of it all pushes him to explode into a tirade. For instance, he doesn't think blow jobs in the White House are a big deal compared with leading us into war under false pretenses. In fact, he believes actresses like Keira Knightley should be on call for presidential blow jobs. Leary is a modern-day Jonathan Swift, a satirist with a strong sense of outrage."



Though widely acclaimed for this year's *Why We Fight* (out on DVD), documentary filmmaker **Eugene Jarecki** felt his job wasn't done. He's back at it here with *Why Are We in Iraq?* "My film borrowed the title from Frank Capra's series made during World War II," he says. "Back then, when Capra asked why we fight, the answers were clear. Today we don't enjoy that national unity. Why not?" The answer is inside this issue.



Artist **Lara Tomlin** created the suburban-wife-swap illustration for this month's fiction, **J. Robert Lennon's** *Cul-de-Sac*. "I used yellows in the piece to show that the tryst is during the day," Tomlin says. "The communication is all through shared glances. The woman disrobing in the kitchen doesn't appear superhappy, while the guy has an expectant look on his face. And then the neighbor walks by. It feels deliciously deviant."



Returning to our *Forum* pages, **John Dean** offers "Radicals on the Rise," an essay based on his new book, *Conservatives Without Conscience*, which discusses how authoritarian leaders are poisoning our democracy. "We have always thought of autocracies as the enemy, as distant," Dean says. "Now authoritarians like Rumsfeld and Cheney have made their way into our system. We are in trouble."



Art enthusiasts have Paris, theater lovers have Stratford-upon-Avon, and style aficionados have Milan. The **PLAYBOY Fashion Department** traveled to Italy for the fall-winter menswear shows. While the media mainly covers the events from press row along the catwalks, our illustrious lensman **Harry Benson** went backstage to capture the authentic activity for *Fashion Milanese*. "On the runway, clothes often appear static," says Benson, who sat for his wife, Gigi, for the picture at left. "By going behind the scenes, we were able to see how the clothes fit when people are acting naturally, how real people might look and feel in the outfits." Benson also focused his camera on new trends and the threads of local visionaries and innovative designers.

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PLAYBOY

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He's the regular-guy actor who inexplicably dumps Uma Thurman in *My Super Ex-Girlfriend*. Now the real-life smart-ass cuts loose about his brother Owen, why he named his eyes Shorty and Kevin, and the joys of becoming fat and arrogant. **BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

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Everyone's favorite foulmouthed comedian shook the stand-up circuit in the early 1990s with his spirited satirical rants, which led to sold-out shows, boffo CD-and-video sales and movie roles. We chat with the still-edgy funnyman while he works on the third season of his wild, gritty television series *Rescue Me*, and he gets fired up about sexy nuns, the pleasures of profanity and why the president deserves free blow jobs. **BY STEPHEN REBELLO**



COVER STORY

What really makes a bikini float is the woman filling it—think Brigitte Bardot, Raquel Welch and cover model Monica Leigh. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda sheds light on the result of decades of swimsuit evolution. Our Rabbit is the missing link in Miss March's gold two-piece, available at playboystore.com and the Playboy Concept Boutique at the Forum Shops in Las Vegas (702-851-7470).

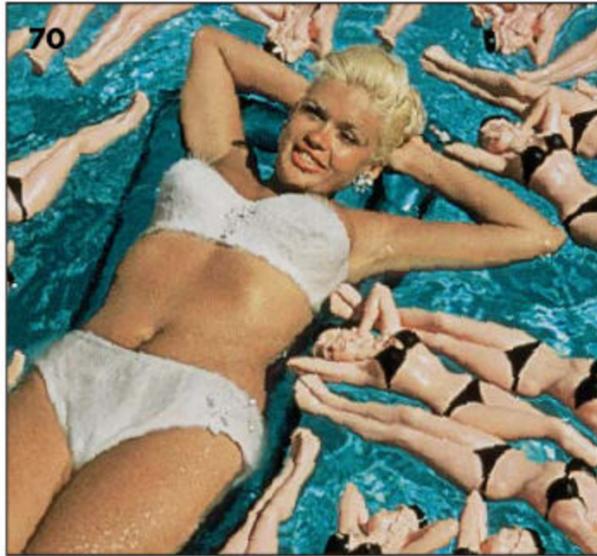


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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



LATE NIGHT WITH HEF

Just before his blowout birthday weekend, Hef stopped by *The Late Late Show With Craig Ferguson* (above) to hand the talk show host an invitation featuring images of the Man that span eight decades.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID

Hef rounded up the usual suspects to kick off his 80th birthday weekend with *Casablanca* Night. Each year, Mr. Playboy transforms the Mansion into Rick's Café Américain for a sultry soiree that captures the romance of the silver-screen classic.



FULL HOUSE

Stars aplenty gathered for the Urban Health Institute's Celebrity Poker Tournament held at the Mansion. Tara Reid shows Shannon Elizabeth how to work a pair (above), while Don Cheadle cleans up (left).



FOWL BALL

The DVD-release party for *Robot Chicken* (left), the series from Seth Green and Matthew Senreich, was held at the Mansion under the auspices of Mr. Playboy. At long last we can put to rest the question of why the chicken crossed the road.

WATCH THE HEATER

Stee-riker! Mansion resident hurler Kendra Wilkinson, seen at right with pitcher Brad Penny, threw the blazing first pitch in the Dodgers early-season 2-1 victory over the Cubs.

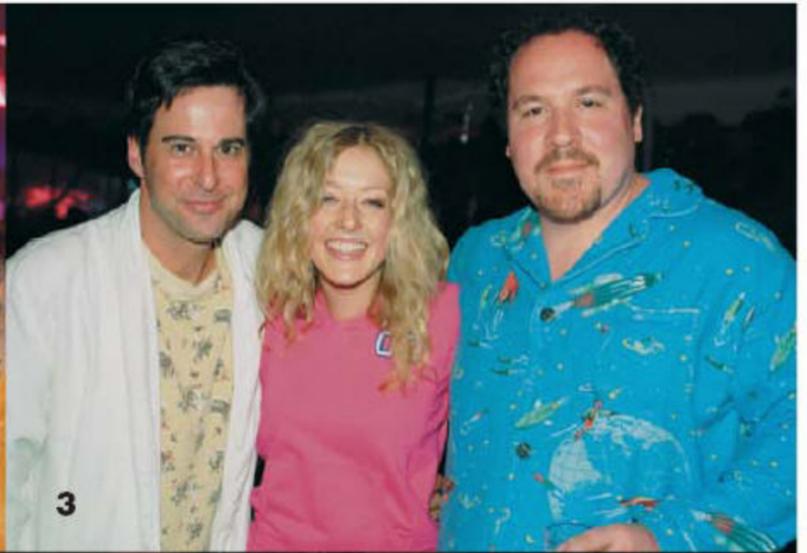


PLAYBOY RACING

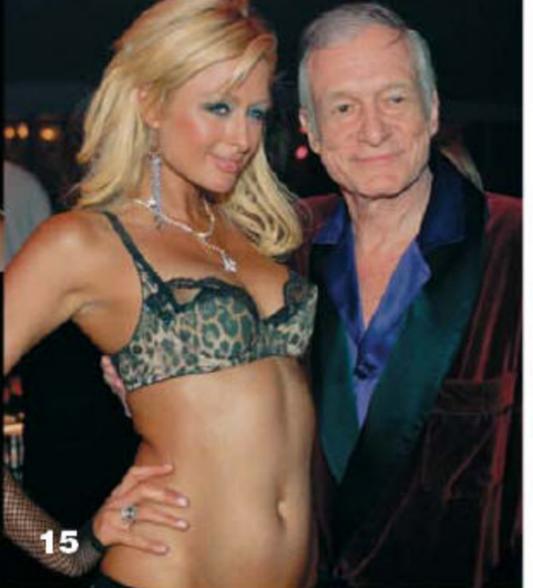
Hef and his girls joined the Playboy Racing Team at the Toyota Grand Prix on his birthday weekend. The Grand-Am Rolex contenders earned their first win at the Virginia International Raceway later that month.



Hef's **BIG BIRTHDAY BASH**



With the promise of countless Centerfolds and celebrities in attendance, everyone was clamoring for an invite to Mr. Playboy's 80th, where Oscar-winning group Three 6 Mafia kicked out the jams for the Host and his friends. (1) Hef with Kendra, Bridget and Holly. (2) Playmate Shanna Moakler and husband Travis Barker. (3) Actors Jonathan Silverman, Jennifer Flannigan and Jon Favreau. (4) The Donald with Palms impresario George Maloof. (5) Actor Michael Vartan and Playmate Karen McDougal. (6) Lakers owner Jerry Buss keeps good company. (7) Actors Justin Kirk and Paget Brewster. (8) *American Idol*'s Simon Cowell and Ryan Seacrest with Painted Ladies. (9) Mansion regulars Kato Kaelin and Jon Lovitz with guest. (10) Super-producer Brian Grazer. (11) Playmate Courtney Rachel Culkin and actor James Lesure. (12) Director Oliver Stone checks in with the Host. (13) Actor Shane West with Playmate Amber Campisi. (14) Producer Steve Bing and Alana Stewart. (15) Paris Hilton snuggles up to the birthday boy.



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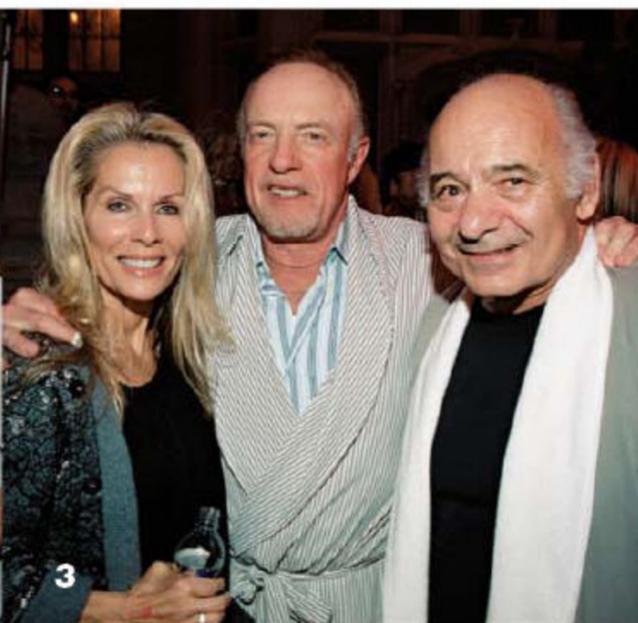
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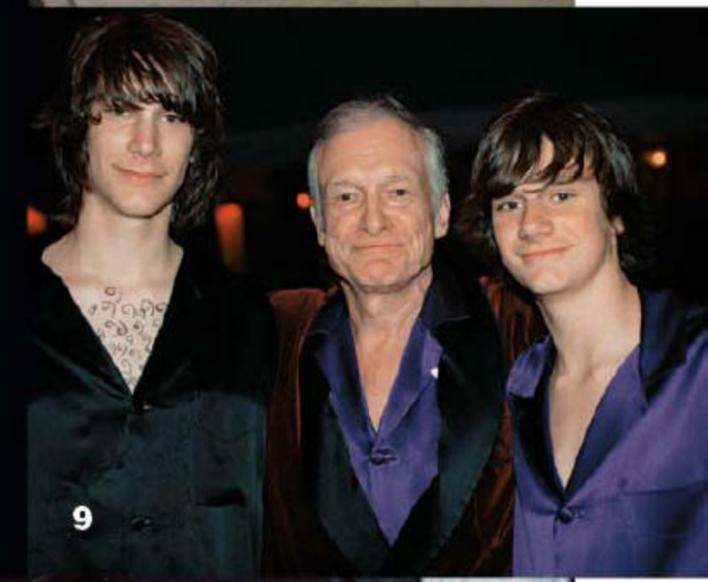


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Birthday surprises included Paris Hilton singing a sexy Marilyn Monroe-style "Happy Birthday" to Hef, girlfriend Bridget Marquardt popping out of a cake and performing a spell-binding striptease and Pam Anderson breezing in hot after her Pussycat Dolls show in Las Vegas. Meanwhile, another birthday boy, Marston Hefner, who was born on the same date as Hef, celebrated his 16th. (1) Farrah Fawcett gives the Man a kiss. (2) Nicky Hilton and *Entourage's* Kevin Connolly. (3) James and Linda Caan with Burt Young. (4) Playmate Carmella DeCesare with Jeff Garcia. (5) Man of action Vin Diesel and actress Rachel Sterling. (6) Actress Chantal Cousineau and funnyman Rob Schneider. (7) Hip-hop group Three 6 Mafia. (8) Bridget takes the cake! (9) Chips off the old block, Marston and Cooper Hefner. (10) Late-night host Craig Ferguson and Playmate Nicole Dahm. (11) Hef with pal Barbi Benton. (12) Jill and Tony Curtis. (13) Owen Wilson and guest. (14) Pussycat Pam, fashionably late.



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KEEP IT UP, AL

Are you telling me you didn't get a single positive letter about Al Franken after his February *Playboy Interview* (*Dear Playboy*, May)? This brilliant political humorist is only talking about the Bush administration's assault on human rights, civil liberties, free speech, the environment, the poor, the disabled and those people unfortunate enough to live in countries with oil reserves that richer nations covet. Considering how much there is to be upset about, Franken manages his anger much better than his critics.

Jay Castor
Paradise, California

In fact, we didn't receive any positive mail about the interview initially, but Franken's fans made up for it this month.

While I find it, uhhh, hard to, uhhhhh, listen to, uhhhhhhh, Franken sometimes, he's funny and insightful. But this is coming from a left-wing, "morally bankrupt" sheep. *Baa.*

Peter Solinski
Dallesport, Washington

The more Franken speaks the truth, the more bitter the response from the right. Keep it up, Al.

Wayne Shepherd
Silver Spring, Maryland

I am happy to see Franken get hammered. Like Michael Moore, he is on the extreme left, which I find as dangerous as the extreme right. Live in the center with us, Hef. Remember how the left-wing feminists have treated you.

Brian McMahon
Campbell, California

I'm confused. The far right has shown itself to be pro-censorship and antisex, so how can so many hard-core conservatives such as those who blasted Franken justify reading *PLAYBOY*?

Fred Breukelman
Dover, Delaware

We could use a wacko lefty senator.

Donald Gilbody
Boston, Massachusetts

Franken and people like him give me hope that we can get our country back on track. The vicious tone of the letters makes me wonder if a right-wing nut job called his fellows to arms.

Alan Henry
Washington, D.C.

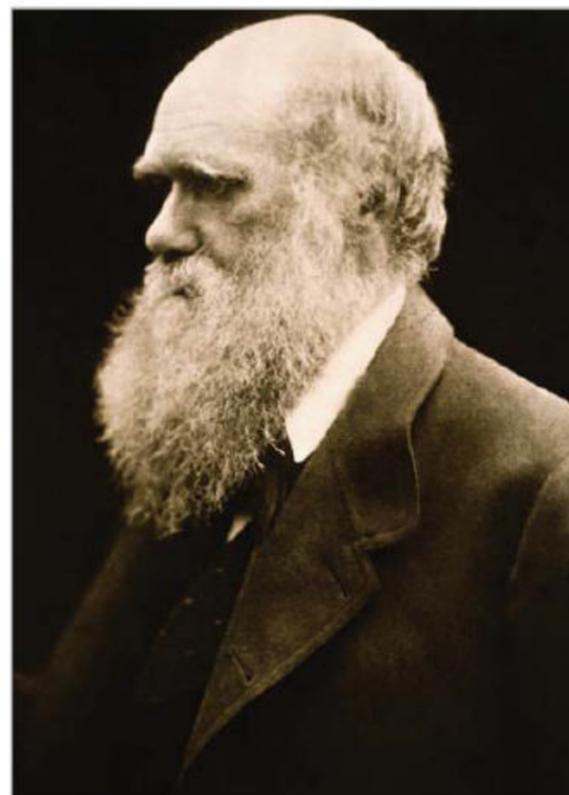
Franken says he prefers peace over war, compassion over vindictiveness

and sharing over selfishness. That doesn't sound so crazy to me.

Tony Smith
Yonkers, New York

SCIENCE VS. RELIGION

Michael Ruse declares that he wishes to find understanding between evolutionary biologists and religious people who accept evolution (*Faith & Reason*, April). He makes some good points but fails to grasp the real nature of the conflict. It's not just evolution vs. creationism. It's rationalism vs. superstition. Science encourages doubt, relies on evidence and progresses through empirical observation. It is nonsectarian; there is no separate Islamic, Jewish or Catholic science. Scientists who disagree do not blow each other up. Religion, in contrast, accepts "personal truths" based on faith rather than evidence and, while not static, cannot be said



Are Darwin's ideas still open for debate?

to progress in any meaningful sense. It is intensely sectarian. To many of us, then, a mind that accepts both science and religion is a mind in conflict. As to whether the views of Stephen Jay Gould, Edward O. Wilson, Richard Dawkins and other atheistic scientists have furthered creationism, let's be serious. These men have promoted evolution more than anyone since Darwin. Does anybody seriously think creationism would be dealt a serious blow if all of them suddenly softened their views on religion?

Jerry Coyne
Chicago, Illinois

Coyne is a professor of ecology and evolution at the University of Chicago.

As Ruse points out, this country has the largest number of Nobel laureates in the world. Strangely, it also has perhaps the largest percentage of people in the world who believe in astrology, the Bible code, communication with the dead and all kinds of crank science. Whether it is Phillip Johnson's amateurish assaults on evolutionary biology, Michael Behe's campaign to have his "irreducible complexity" accepted as a revolutionary discovery or William Dembski's pseudomathematics, all the arguments for intelligent design have a common feature: the complete absence of evidence. Pro-ID advocacy is generously funded by donations from ultra-conservative religious foundations. All this money has so far been spent on propaganda; ID advocates have not offered a single research program in any field of inquiry. That's why the Templeton Foundation, which supports studies of the interaction between science and religion, denied further funding to the pro-ID Discovery Institute. The campaign to put ID in public schools must be resisted by all who value science as an indispensable tool in the search for truth.

Mark Perakh
Hidden Meadows, California

Perakh, a retired professor of physics, is the author of Unintelligent Design.

If Professor Behe can't figure it out, then it must be God? You can't reason with an unreasonable person.

Fred Stieg
San Bernardino, California

I have no doubt that we are the end product of evolution. However, I have some questions to which I would appreciate answers from minds more knowledgeable about the process than my own: (1) Where do the directions embedded in stem cells that produce the trillions of cells composing all our various complicated body organs come from? Supersmart molecules? (2) Where did the music Mozart composed at such a young age come from? His molecules? (3) Why is the human act of procreation so damn pleasurable? If God willed it, did he make a mistake, in view of such consequences as adultery and STDs? God, I'm thankful to be alive and able to mull over such questions. Do we live in a fascinating universe, or what?

Frank Sganga
New Smyrna Beach, Florida

I am surprised that none of your contributors mention Gregor Mendel

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or Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Mendel was an Augustinian monk who did experiments in heredity using pea plants in the early 19th century; Teilhard was a Jesuit priest who wrote of evolution in part as an unfolding of consciousness (the noosphere) in *Le Phénomène Humain*. While the Catholic Church may be dogmatic, it has still produced some remarkable thinkers.

Wilfred DeVoe
Salem, Massachusetts

It is heartening to see skilled writers discuss evolution in an intelligent way. Now if only the other half of the U.S. would get a clue. It worries me.

Steve Thompson
Valdosta, Georgia

PROUD TO BE NUMBER TWO

The most popular class at the University of California, Santa Barbara is not Geography of Surfing but Human Sexuality (*Playboy's Top Ten Party Schools*, May). This makes sense in that everybody at UCSB has sex but relatively few take up surfing. It's amazing that UCSB is ranked behind only Wisconsin, given that the university and police have cracked down on parties. Kegs are banned on the beach, at parks and in frat houses. Even rushes are dry.

Andrew Menotti
Isla Vista, California

LIVER UPDATE

In May you printed an ultrasound from an Italian doctor that showed the Rabbit Head in a patient's liver. This is not so remarkable. I received my degree in ultrasonography from Southern Illinois University, where I also first began to read *PLAYBOY*. Technicians are taught to look for the bunny, which is the confluence of the right, middle and left hepatic veins into the inferior vena cava. There is a Rabbit Head in all of us.

Blake Randles
Kankakee, Illinois

SHARP-DRESSED MEN

Your comment in *Nine Steps to Better Fashion* (May) that "nothing exposes the general slovenliness of American men like traveling abroad" is dead-on. I visit Europe three or four times a year and see many "walking piles of laundry" in the airports. I was taught that if you have a good hat and shoes, you can go anywhere. Not everyone can afford \$3,000 suits, but Americans need to stop dressing like refugees.

Steve Hambright
Yukon, Oklahoma

THE REAL DEAL

The ridiculous state of our country and the irritating partisanship that

governs every decision is summed up by one sentence in *To Baghdad and Back With Dick Cheney* (May): "With a smile and a tilt of his head Cheney was able to convey that although he had never served in the armed forces he too was a regular guy from real America, not New York, L.A. or D.C." The irony of the first part of the sentence is almost too much to bear, but the second part reflects how deeply troubled we are. I was under the impression that every citizen of the U.S. is a real American.

Jonathan Banco
New York, New York

OZZIE'S SINS

Someone should inform Ozzie Guillen (*The Playboy Interview*, May) that



Guillen tells us a little about Ozzie Ball.

Sparky Anderson, who Guillen claims "lost almost every fucking year," had winning records in 12 of his 17 seasons with the Tigers, including 10 straight. When Guillen has accomplished that, I'll be interested in his take on managing.

Rob Thompson
Memphis, Tennessee

Guillen is a man's manager, an ace. Chicago is a winner because of him.

Anthony Carter
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Guillen says it bothered him when people said his team sucked. Then he says he doesn't give a shit what people say. Later he says players need to be selfish. Then he says they must sacrifice for the team. Apparently he believes that if you throw enough BS against the wall, some of it will stick.

Richard Donovan
Norway, Michigan



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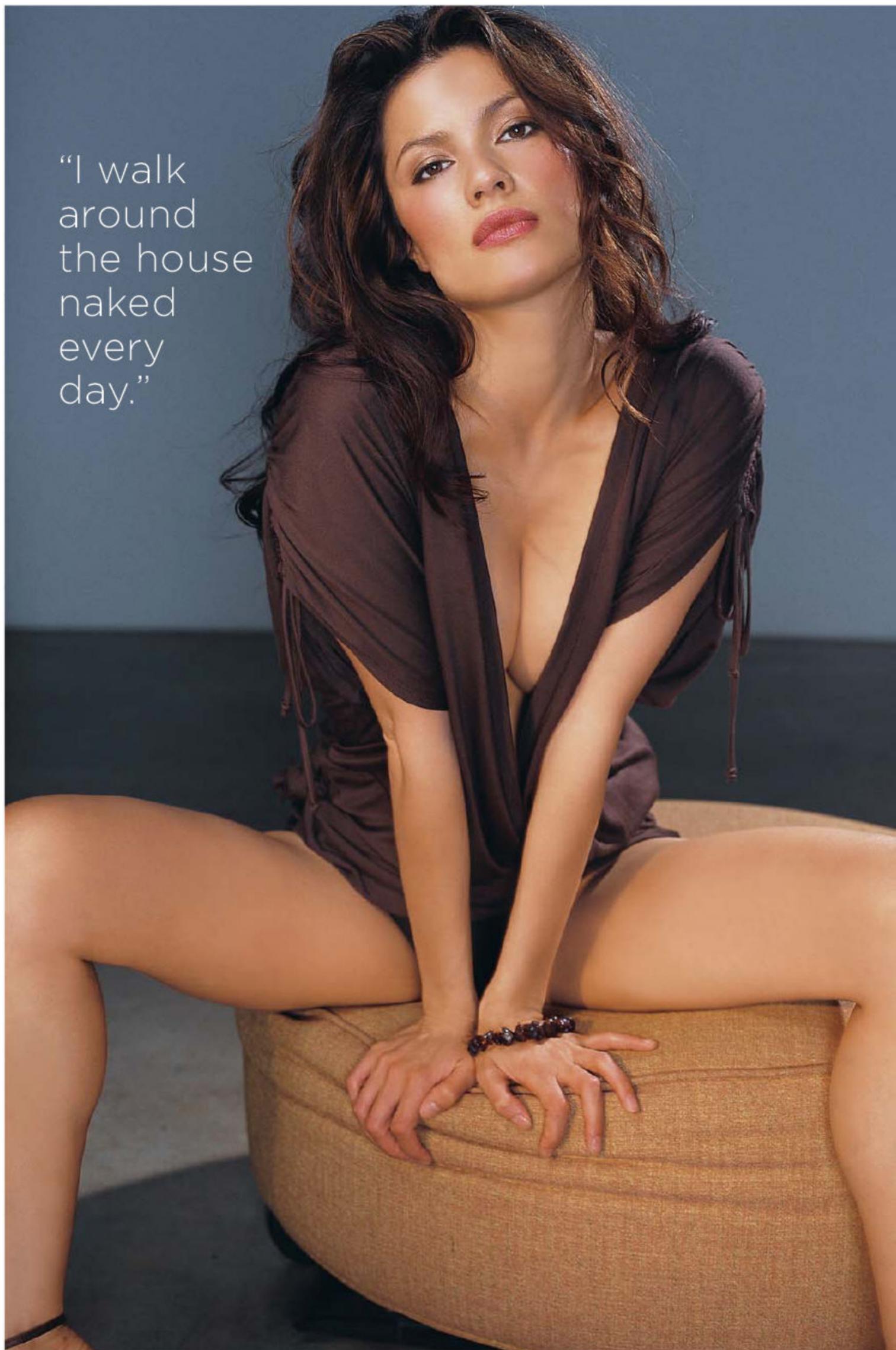
babe of the month

Natassia Malthe

DOA'S NINJA LEADS THE ATTACK OF THE BABES

PLAYBOY Editor's Rule #47: When you're interviewing an incredibly beautiful woman, the topic of video games is usually a non-starter. The passion for digital time wasting just isn't in the DNA of most models and actresses. But Natassia Malthe, co-star of *DOA: Dead or Alive*, the movie based on the Xbox game, is not most models and actresses. "I kick ass in that game," she boasts. "I beat Vin Diesel. He'll be so mad I told you that, but I don't care." For those unfamiliar with *DOA*, it's basically about agile, jiggy females beating the tar out of their enemies. "I love doing action because I'm very physical and athletic," she explains, as if we hadn't noticed. "I did gymnastics, ballet and track and field. And martial arts is one of my favorite workouts." Fans of mediocre punch-em-ups may remember Natassia from *Elektra*, in which she played the villainous Typhoid Mary to Jennifer Garner's antiheroine. "Jennifer is to die for," Natassia enthuses. "What a doll. I totally understand why guys fall for her—there's something amazing about her. I can say that because I'm amazing too." Later this year Natassia will appear in *Skinwalkers*, a werewolf flick we don't know much about. But it does give us a reason to ask about skin and walking. "Yeah, I walk around the house naked every day," she admits. "I think all my neighbors have seen me do it." Which brings up PLAYBOY Editor's Rule #1: Never underestimate the sex appeal of the girl next door.

"I walk around the house naked every day."



paging dr. derriere



Charting the Changes of Superior Posteriors

BRITISH PROFESSOR DAVID HOLMES, THE WORLD'S LEADING RUMP RESEARCHER, MEASURES ASS APPEAL WITH MATHEMATICAL PRECISION. HERE'S HIS TAKE ON A HALF-CENTURY OF CENTERFOLD CHEEK

Sally Todd, February 1957 "This is a decidedly 1950s bum—very womanly, very close to the ideal hip-waist ratio of 0.7. The buttocks hang like works of art."

Britt Fredriksen, June 1968 "The 1960s saw a shrinking of the waist and increased muscularity in the thighs. Here the bum is beginning to look upward, as it were."

Lenna Sjööblom, November 1972 "There's more bounce here—not womanly 1950s bounce but voluptuous bounce characteristic of the gravity-defying 1970s figure."

Teri Peterson, July 1980 "Big change. Roundness is giving way to leanness. There is clearance between buttock and thigh, and we see the actual bum muscles."

Laurie Fetter, May 2003 "She has the smooth contours of a racehorse without the overt muscularity. This shape would have been impossible in previous eras."

cashiers and loathing

Silent Bob Speaks

KEVIN SMITH'S SLACKER CLERKS RETURN TO THE SCREEN A DECADE OLDER AND NONE THE WISER

Clerks II finds protagonists Dante and Randal flipping burgers. Did you do any research into the fast-food world? I have 35 years of it under my belt, literally.

Why the change from convenience store to greasy spoon?

I wanted to force the characters to deal with change when they are resistant, and for that, corporate culture made sense. It is weird to think that when I made *Clerks* it wasn't odd to see some white kid behind the counter at a convenience store, but now that would be insanely foreign.

A producer talked you into changing the original ending for *Clerks*, which had Dante dying. Would that have stopped you from making a sequel?

We would have had Randal standing over a grave, reading from the *Necronomicon*, and then the skeletal hand of Dante would reach out from the grave and they would start talking about anal sex or something. Thankfully, we didn't have to go with that.

It's been said that the personal struggles of actor Jason Mewes, who plays Jay, served as a catalyst for the new movie.

Yeah, he was knee-deep in OxyContin and heroin, and I had told him if he ever cleaned up, I would put him in another movie. When he was six months clean, he asked me if we



would be doing a new Jay and Silent Bob movie. When I told him it was *Clerks II* he was like, "What the fuck, dude?" Then I said if he stays clean for five years, we can do *Jay and Silent Bob Go to Space* or some shit. He's three years clean now.

Did your *Jersey Girl* fiasco drive you back to *Clerks*?

No matter how good *Jersey Girl's* plot was, the big story was that Ben and Jen were in it and they were dating. Two people fucking on a movie set became bigger than the movie itself, and I didn't want that again—though if Dante and Randal were to start fucking in this age of *Brokeback*, that might be good for us.



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About Last Night...

WITH THE PRESEXUAL AGREEMENT, LAWYER RON SKOLER TRIES TO KEEP STARS FROM GETTING SCREWED

Pity the libidinous celebrity. It's getting to the point where you can't shag a groupie or a social-climbing boyfriend without a tape of the deed showing up online or at the video store. In an attempt to foil enterprising sex partners, entertainment attorney Ron Skoler has drawn up a "presexual agreement," which he says is a valid legal document that can be used to establish a sexual partner's state of mind and intent. It may also aid in obtaining injunctions against blackmail or the sale of private sex tapes. Skoler admits he first drew up the document only half seriously and is surprised at its popularity. The list of celebrities (all male) to whom he's issued a copy includes a 1980s sitcom star, a "recognizable" romantic-comedy leading man in his late 40s and numerous professional wrestlers, gangsta rappers and NBA and NFL players. It's hard to say whether the document would hold up in court; although hundreds of agreements have been executed, not one has been challenged. And wouldn't the act of presenting the document to a partner be a little...awkward? "Is it romantic? No," Skoler asserts. "Practical, yes. A mood killer? Maybe. But it's better than ending up in court."

Honeymoon's Over

GROOM: Whiskey, please. Double. Triple. Big. And whatever the little lady wants.

AIRPORT BARTENDER: And what does the little lady want?

GROOM: I dunno. Kick up the arse? Bucket of cyanide?

—Rufus Sewell, as a just-married Petruchio feeling buyer's remorse in a modern-day *Taming of the Shrew* (part of BBC America's *Shakespeare Retold* series)

blog of the month

An American in Kabul

Some people like to say "If I told you what I do, I would have to kill you." For me here in Afghanistan it is more like if I told you what I do, people might kill me. I have discovered the scene in Kabul: bars and brothels. I have been running with some people, not military but former military. Ex-patriots. They hate journalists but have taken a liking to me. Sometimes they buy me drinks. But the deal is I don't write anything about the holiday fear and loathing in Kabul. Most Chinese restaurants are actually brothels. You can take home a waitress or bartender for \$100 a night. New Year's it was between \$150 and \$200. I can't afford the ladies or the drinks. It's funny when we head out. This is the first time for me where going out means you bring a couple of full-auto AKs and flashbangs, and everyone is packing a nine millimeter. Maybe I'm just in a 50 Cent video.... I got offered some work as a sniper on Christmas Eve. I was so fucking down and out, I accepted.

—from the online diary of Shooter, an artist type who went to Iraq as an air-conditioner repairman and ended up an Afghanistan-based "ghetto journalist." See people.tribe.net/shooter-666/blog.

pub quiz

The Olde Frothingslosh Hot Seat

Beer lovers: Can you match the fine domestic malt to its hubristic slogan? (For more sudsational trivia pick up Christopher O'Hara's book *Great American Beer*.)



- 1. "America's Lusty, Lively Beer!"
- 2. "It's Blended... It's Splendid"
- 3. "The Beer Drinker's Beer"
- 4. "It's the Water"
- 5. "The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous"
- 6. "Makes Thirst a Pleasure"
- 7. "The One Beer to Have When You're Having More Than One"
- 8. "It's Kraeusened"
- 9. "The Age-Dated Beer"
- 10. "Whale of an Ale for a Pale Stale Male"

ANSWERS: A-6; B-10; C-3; D-9; E-2; F-1; G-7; H-4; I-8; J-5.



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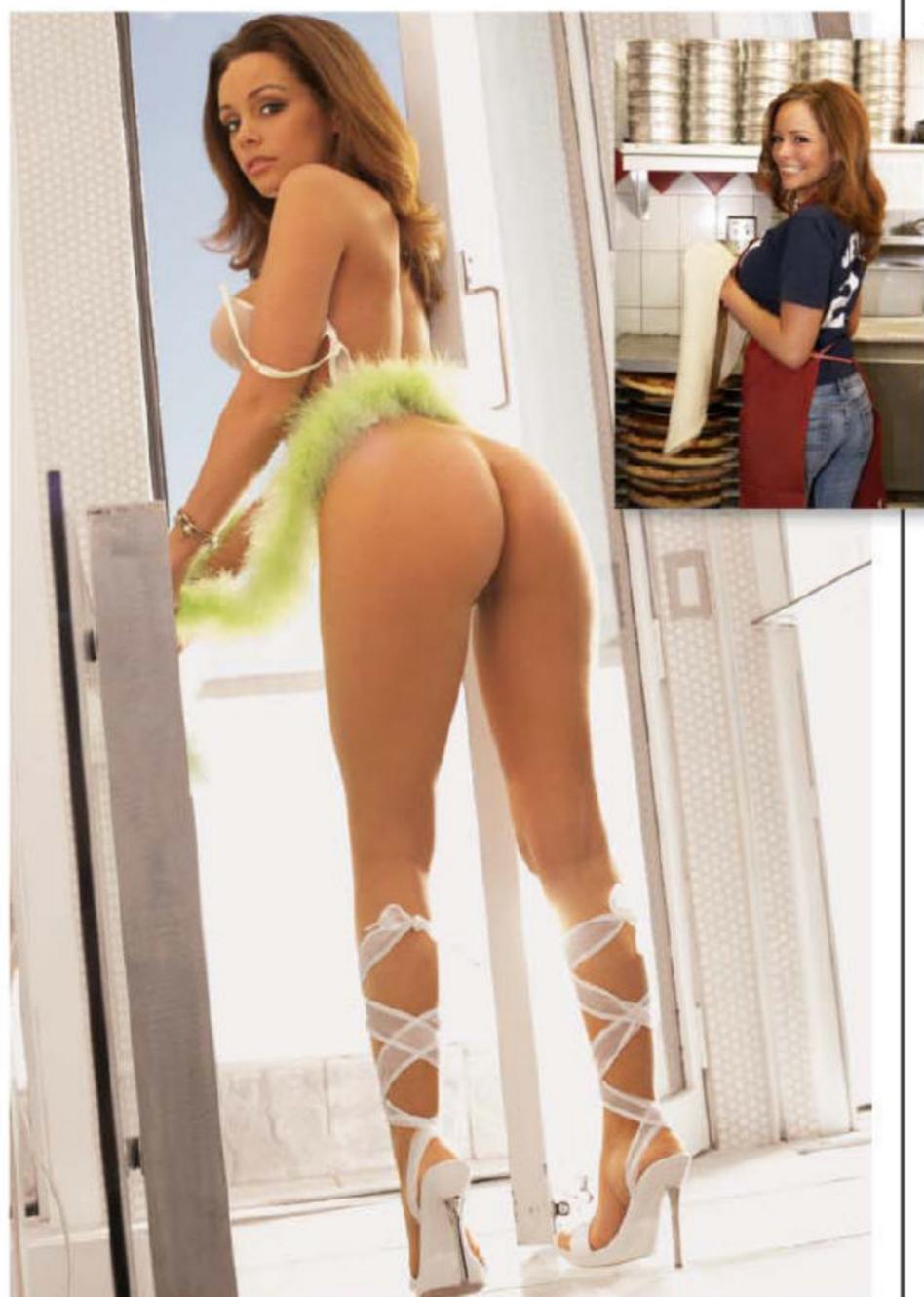
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employee of the month

Slice of Heaven

SAUCY PIZZA GIRL KRISTEN MARTINEZ GIVES US A DEEP DISH WITH EVERYTHING ON IT

PLAYBOY: Where do you work?

KRISTEN: Giuseppe's Pizza in upstate New York.

PLAYBOY: Do you get to toss the dough?

KRISTEN: I do a little bit of everything—making the pizza, working the counter and keeping the place clean.

PLAYBOY: You're a woman of many talents.

KRISTEN: Cooking and cleaning are the way to a man's heart.

PLAYBOY: Beauty's nice too. Do customers try to pick you up?

KRISTEN: I get hit on often. We don't have uniforms, so I usually wear something small and tight. You can't wear baggy clothes when you're cooking.

PLAYBOY: Of course not—safety first.

KRISTEN: But I don't wear anything too revealing, because I don't want to get in trouble with Giuseppe. My co-workers sometimes tell me my boobs are popping out, but even if you're making food, you should still look good. Maybe all sweaty but still good.

PLAYBOY: Actually sweaty *is* good. As are boobs.

KRISTEN: I'm a small girl, but I like having big boobs. I'm half Italian and half Puerto Rican, so I have a big Puerto Rican butt, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you vamp it up when you go out?

KRISTEN: I'm into big hair, big nails, glossy lipstick, four-inch heels and microscopic clothing. I go for the wild look.

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.

drink of the month

Fo' Swizzle

FROM TRINIDAD, A ROYAL PLEASURE IN THE GLASS

At the modern-day old-school saloon Little Branch, a basement joint in New York's Greenwich Village, bartenders wear sleeve garters and suspenders as they meticulously craft classics you've never heard of. It's no place to be cavalier—if you walk in and order a gin and tonic, you're missing the point. And if you're going to concoct this Trinidadian tradition, do it right or not at all.



Queen's Park Swizzle

(per Little Branch's Joseph Schwartz)

2 oz. Demerara rum
fresh mint, stemmed
½ oz. simple syrup
¾ oz. lime juice
Angostura bitters

Put mint, syrup and lime juice

in a glass and muddle lightly. Add rum, fill the glass nearly to the top with crushed ice, and add a dash of bitters. Swizzle well, top off with crushed ice, and garnish with a mint sprig and lime wedge. Serve with a straw.

this bird has flown

Airs Apparent

GARY LOURIS IS IN A BAND CALLED ~~THE JAY~~ HAWKS GOLDEN SMOG

After 20 years and seven albums, alt-country giants the Jayhawks have hung it up. So why is big bird Gary Louris okay with that? Because his other group, Golden Smog, has hit its stride with *Another Fine Day*. We asked Louris to reflect on life as a subgenre superstar.

On bringing country music to college kids in the late 1980s

It felt rebellious. At one of our first shows we played some Woody Guthrie and Hank Williams covers, all really loud and fast. Afterward the soundman said, "You guys just played a set of country music, and no one even knew it." It was like we had gotten away with something.

On that other pillar of alt-country, Uncle Tupelo

They were like our younger brothers—although I didn't know who they were at first. They'd come to our shows and follow us around. Then I saw them play and I was transformed.

On the oft-reviled term *alt-country*

A label can rally people, but it's also somewhat of a trap. I wish I had a dollar for every time someone said, "Hey, this new alternative country, it's going to be really big...."

On forming a "supergroup" with Jeff Tweedy (of Wilco and Uncle Tupelo) and Dan Murphy (of Soul Asylum)

Well, it's not like Golden Smog is the Traveling Wilburys. I remember an article that said, "This is the weirdest supergroup I've ever heard of because I don't know who any of these people are."



R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



DANIEL CHEN

Good Working Relationship

According to a study by Vault Inc., **32%** of white-collar workers say they have either an "office husband" or "office wife." An office spouse is a co-worker in whom you confide and with whom you spend excessive time, as you would with your significant other. As is the case in some real marriages, sex is not part of the relationship.

Same-Sex Ed

In 1998 just **4** public schools in the United States offered gender-separated learning; today the number is about **200**.

Swollen Pride

6% of condom users wear the extra-large variety, according to leading prophylactic manufacturers.

book of pointless records

Most People in a Soap Bubble

19, by the U.K.'s Sam Sam the Bubble Man. His wand was nearly **7** meters in circumference, and as stipulated by a *Guinness World Records* editor, all those enclosed were at least **5** feet tall.



Collect Calls

Depending on the state, up to **85%** of calls to gambling-addiction help lines set up for state lotteries are from people wanting to know how to play, why they lost or when they will receive their winnings.

Diner Cars

19% of meals in America are consumed in vehicles.

price check



\$202.50

Paid on eBay for a 1996 Notre Dame Academy yearbook containing photos of a young Katie Holmes.

Cash Out

The total purchasing power of the U.S. lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender population this year is projected to be **\$641 billion**.

Boss Hogs

10 to 1: Ratio of big-corporation CEOs' pay to that of the average worker in 1980.
430 to 1: Ratio of CEO pay to worker pay today. That's an increase of **4,200%**.

A Pain in the Grass

80,000 Americans are injured by lawn mowers each year. Most injuries are caused not by direct contact with the blades but by rocks and other projectiles hurtling out from underneath the machine.



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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[MIAMI VICE]

Expect more grit than neon in this update

TV in the 1980s seemed infinitely cooler once pastel-clad undercover cops Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas arrived in 1984 with the influential hit series *Miami Vice*. Director Michael Mann, the show's guiding force, probably figured his *Vice* days were behind him, but while Mann was making *Collateral*, starring Jamie Foxx, the Oscar-winning actor urged him to mount a kick-ass movie version of the show. Enter the reportedly \$200 million *Miami Vice* flick, featuring a brooding Colin Farrell, a smart stand-up Foxx, a dangerously sexy Gong Li and a beautifully endangered Naomi Harris in a tale that sends the heroes deep undercover to unmask international drug traffickers, bringing nasty consequences for both detectives' personal lives. One wonders whether Mann's movie version will be edgier and cut deeper than the T-shirt-under-the-Armani glitz of the TV original. Not to worry, says Foxx: "It's got weight. Michael Mann gives a look to all his films, and this one is charcoal-smoke gray. It's international because we go from Miami to Paraguay to the Dominican Republic to Cuba. It's a little bit of *The Last of the Mohicans*, a little bit of *Heat*, a little bit of *Collateral*. It's really deep and dark in some places."

"Miami Vice is really deep and dark in some places."

—Stephen Rebell

now showing

BUZZ

Lady in the Water

(Paul Giamatti, Bryce Dallas Howard, Jeffrey Wright) In M. Night Shyamalan's fantasy flick, apartment building superintendent Giamatti falls for a sea nymph found in the swimming pool. The motley tenants soon realize they must protect the mysterious beauty from monstrous creatures up to no good.

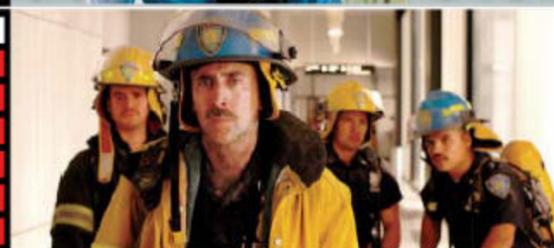
Our call: Our sixth sense tells us this one won't do for sea nymphs what Shyamalan's previous chillers did for ghosts and aliens, but Giamatti and Howard could supply some edge.



World Trade Center

(Nicolas Cage, Michael Peña, Maria Bello) Director Oliver Stone tackles the 9/11 search-and-rescue saga of two real-life Port Authority workers who charged into the towering inferno to rescue people, only to become trapped themselves. Rather than political finger-pointing, expect an emotional sucker punch.

Our call: It's a dicey subject by any standard—though Stone has hardly shied away from controversy—yet the human tragedy and triumph make the tale gripping.



Talladega Nights: The Ballad of Ricky Bobby

(Will Ferrell, Sacha Baron Cohen, John C. Reilly) In this laughter tailor-made for him, Ferrell plays a balls-to-the-wall NASCAR sensation, national hero and dumbass who partners with his childhood friend (Reilly) to face down a flamboyant French Formula One phenom (Cohen) out to steal their thunder.

Our call: After stalling out in too many shaky comedy vehicles, Ferrell fires up his engines with a great character to play and strong co-stars to spar with, including the hilarious Ali G.



My Super Ex-Girlfriend

(Uma Thurman, Luke Wilson, Anna Faris, Eddie Izzard) Thurman proves that hell hath no fury like a superhero scorned in this Ivan Reitman-directed action comedy. After she's dumped by everyday dude Wilson, the crime fighter known as G-Girl turns her ex-boyfriend's life into a nightmare of humiliation.

Our call: No CGI we've seen could possibly detract from Thurman and Wilson's cozy screen chemistry or the awesome sight of Thurman decked out in an array of sexy superhero costumes.



dvd of the month

[THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR: SEASON ONE]

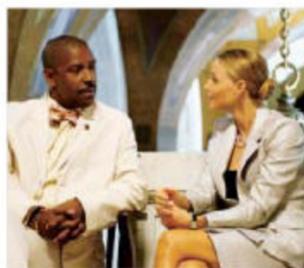
Hef's girlfriends take you behind closed doors at the Mansion

Dip into the unscripted, Grotto-grounded experience that is *The Girls Next Door* and see what it's like to be Hugh Hefner's three gorgeous girlfriends. Bridget Marquardt, Holly Madison and Kendra Wilkinson (pictured, left to right) won viewers' hearts on E!'s top-rated reality show, finally available on DVD. Watch the three share Hef, care for sundry pets and show the ropes to an influx of Playmates. The hit show reveals in healthy hedonism and sheds some light on the Mansion's larger-than-life mystique, but there's heart as well. All the girls open up about their anxieties, ambitions and affection for the Man. When Hef lets Holly drive his prized 1959 Mercedes 300SL roadster, you know the feeling is mutual. **Extras:** The unaired pilot, deleted scenes, photo galleries, commentaries and, our favorite, an uncensored mode that reveals the girls' figures sans pixelation. **★★★★** —Greg Fagan



INSIDE MAN (2006) The most disquieting aspect of Spike Lee's twisty heist-and-hostage caper is that you want both the sympathetic criminal (Clive Owen) who takes hostages at a Wall Street bank and the under-pressure detective (Denzel Washington) brought in to defuse the situation to come out on top. The top-notch cast, including Jodie Foster, Christopher Plummer and Willem Dafoe, works hard to sell the movie, and Lee dazzles with his energetic visual style.

Extras: Commentary by Lee, a conversation between Lee and Washington, a making-of featurette. **★★★★½**
—Buzz McClain



THANK YOU FOR SMOKING (2006) This king-size satire blows smoke in the face of Big Tobacco via a lovable yet despicable industry lobbyist (Aaron Eckhart). But the true genius of this tar-black comedy is that it elegantly makes its point without showing a single person lighting up. Rob Lowe is dangerously addictive as an agent who places butts in movies.

Extras: *America: Living in Spin* featurette. **★★★★**
—Kenny Lull



THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES COLLECTION (1939–1946) This deluxe leather-bound set contains all 14 Hollywood films starring the inimitable Basil Rathbone as Holmes with Nigel Bruce as his sidekick, Dr. Watson. The first two films (*The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*), based on classic Holmes stories, are set in the 19th century, but the duo time-warps to World War II for the rest. Whether hunting down Nazi spies, foiling Axis plots or just solving a multiple-

tease frame



murder case, the team was carried by the films' incredible atmosphere, mystery and humor into cinematic immortality.

Extras: Six audio commentaries, a restoration documentary, footage of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, photos, trailers. **★★★★**
—Matt Steigbigel



WEEDS (2005) The misadventures of a widowed mom (Mary-Louise Parker), who sells pot to support her two kids, open a Pandora's box of skewed suburban morality. This Showtime series's unorthodox portrayal of a neighborhood filled with self-absorbed parents, fast-living teens and a slew of stoners makes the show worth a toke. **Extras:** Marijuana mockumentary, herbal recipes, slapstick snippets. **★★½**
—Bryan Reesman



FINAL DESTINATION 3 (2006) This third entry still delivers gruesome fun, but the formula—temporarily psychic teen foresees an upcoming crash and manages to cheat Death, after which a peeved Death polishes off the survivors with contrived “accidents”—is getting tired. However, an ingenious DVD interactive feature allows viewers to torture the characters a little more by picking alternate footage at key junctures.

Extras: Filmmaker commentary, making-of featurettes. **★★½**
—Brian Thomas



Brainy, earthy **Maria Bello** is really Everywoman, even when she's boffing William H. Macy in *The Cooler* (2003), Ben Stiller in *Permanent Midnight* (1998) or Viggo Mortensen on the stairs in last year's *A History of Violence* (pictured). She still comes across as the pretty gal next door—the one you want to spy on. We can even imagine her telling us to undress as Dr. Del Amico on *ER*. Bottom line: We'll watch Bello in (or out of) just about anything, and we suspect she'll heat things up as Port Authority cop Nicolas Cage's wife in this month's *World Trade Center*.



fold a to b a



b



Relax Responsibly

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beat the heat



[GOOD VIBRATIONS]

The history of music for afterparties

Grizzled music journos of a certain age will try to tell you Brian Eno invented ambient music way back when. Bollocks. Modern chill-out music—trip-hop, ambient house, IDM, downbeat, whatever the hell else you want to call its kaleidoscopic iterations—began with just three albums, all of which celebrate their 15th anniversary this year: Massive Attack’s *Blue Lines*, the Orb’s *Adventures Beyond the Ultraworld* and Primal Scream’s *Screamadelica*. Massive’s soul-diva vocals, hip-hop breaks and dark atmospherics quickly produced imitators such as Morcheeba, Lamb and the Aloof. Perhaps more important, Massive spawned an entire scene in its hometown of Bristol, ensuring the rise of Tricky and Portishead (whose flawless codification of trip-hop nearly killed the genre—the band itself didn’t know how to follow up perfection). The Orb leaned heavily on dub but incorporated a techno spin on 1970s prog-rock noodling, giving the band’s meandering tunes (and those of its progeny) the perfect mellow groove for ravers and the jam-band set. With the help of producer Andrew Weatherall, Primal Scream created a blissed-out version of indie, redefining it for the age of acid house. Several labels—Mo’ Wax, Ninja Tune and Warp, for instance—kept up the pace of innovation in the wake of these LPs, and world music crept in through Ibiza’s ubiquitous influence and the successful Café del Mar compilations. But these three visions of late-night music—blurring the lines between dance-floor bassquakes, seductive lounge sounds and bedroom beats—set the stage for today’s broad chill-out scene, able to encompass everything from Dido to Klimek and Gotan Project to Flunk. —Tim Mohr

AFI * Decemberunderground

Over the past few albums this California group has effectively buried its mosh-pit past under drum samples, synths and eyeliner, turning its sound into Dead Can Dance with distortion pedals. On its latest, AFI hits the dance floor with “Miss Murder,” and singer Davey Havok wails over the urgent “Endlessly, She Said,” the best song yet in the band’s new hard-rock Goth style. It’s melodramatic, but the loud guitars and sing-alongs don’t give it all away. (*Interscope*) ★★★ —Jason Buhrmester



SKA CUBANO * iAy Caramba!

This project imagines how Cuban music might have developed in the 1960s had the 1959 revolution not isolated the island’s music scene from the rest of the Caribbean basin. Contributions from original ska trumpeter Eddie “Tan Tan” Thornton, London rude-boy players and musicians recruited in Santiago de Cuba make for a tasty summer cocktail. Horns blare with the energetic punch of *son* and mambo, while the backbeat is propelled by a ska throb. Dynamite. (*Cumbancha*) ★★★½ —T.M.



MORNING 40 FEDERATION * Ticonderoga

With their third album, these Ninth Ward convivialists have finally made a recording that captures some of the bacchanalian madness of their legendary live performances. In the cold, harsh light of day, the 40s are revealed to play a decadent mélange of punk, brass, burlesque and funk. Who knew their songs were so intelligent? Calling this feel-good music wouldn’t do the band justice. It’s a wonder this stuff is even legal. (*M80*) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



The key to a nice late-night sonic buzz is mixing things up. Create ebbs and flows and throw in tracks with unexpected sounds—a vintage Euro soft-porn sample here or a vocoderized vocal there—to keep the music out of the elevator and the party humming.

playboy playlist

- “Sunday,” Sia
- “Don’t Forget to Breathe,” Bitter:Sweet
- “Nikita,” Ralph Myerz
- “Follow My Riddim,” The Maxwell Implosion
- “You Hear That?” DJ Format
- “Le Vicomte,” Soel
- “Into My Soul,” Gabin
- “Over and Over,” Hot Chip
- “Easy Love,” MSTRKRFT
- “Another Excuse (DFA remix),” Soulwax
- “Thinking About Tomorrow (IPG Dub),” Beth Orton
- “In My Arms,” Mylo
- “Time for the Muse,” Ak-Momo
- “Our Dance,” Wax Tailor
- “Cowboys,” Portishead
- “Aftermath,” Tricky
- “Inhale,” Slowpho
- “Start Again,” Sissy

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game of the month

[ALL I WANT TO DO IS DIRECT]

A football game that takes place on the sidelines—where the action is

To anyone who has ever watched *Monday Night Football* and made an expletive-laden claim that he could do a better job coaching an NFL team: Your move. A very different beast from traditional football sims, EA's *NFL Head Coach* (PC, PS2, Xbox) is more about strategic thinking than fast reflexes. You oversee every detail of the grind of an NFL team's season, from scouting to practice drills to Sunday-night showdowns. Though you'll face interesting choices at every step (do you treat your star QB with kid gloves or hit him with some tough love?), this title truly shines on game day. Voice recognition lets you bark orders through a headset like a virtual Belichick, and based on your coaching your players will improve or decline during the season. Once you've marshaled the equivalent of the 1985 Bears, take them online against other would-be Ditkas to see whose living-room obscenities carry the most weight. ★★★ —John Gaudiosi



TORTUGA—TWO TREASURES (PC)

Piratical video games are generally anchored by two things: getting paid and getting payback. It's no different here, with players on a course for revenge against no less than Blackbeard. The chief flaw of pirate games is their tendency to devolve into seafaring business sims, but *Tortuga* is heavily rooted in action, both on foot and at sea. The ship-to-ship combat is layered with tactical options from boarding assaults to crude mine warfare. ★★★½

—Chris Hudak



MIAMI VICE (PSP) Don't expect pastel shirts and Dire Straits. This PSP-only outing is more *Collateral* meets *Heat*. Slick visuals and a control scheme that favors cover-based shooting let you pursue a crime-fighting adventure through the bowels of mobbed-up Miami. Co-op play via wi-fi can be used throughout the game, and during missions you can trade drugs or hack computers at various locations around town. Three-day stubble not included. ★★★

—Rob Singer



TITAN QUEST (PC) Unleash your inner Spartan warrior with *Titan Quest*, an action-heavy role-playing game set in fabled locations across the ancient world, from the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to the Parthenon. Your ultimate goal: Imprison the brutal Titan gods before they can wreak more havoc on humankind. Customizable heroes, more than 1,000 pieces of equipment and online multiplayer support give this game more than its fair share of Greek cred. ★★★

—Marc Saltzman



DEAD RISING (Xbox 360) This camp thriller tasks our photojournalist hero, Frank, with staying alive inside a zombie-infested mall. It's a career opportunity in disguise: Shooting great pictures can earn you special moves or even a Pulitzer, and you can use everything from cash registers to battle-axes to behead or disembowel your hideous, shuffling foes. Slightly repetitious button-mashing action aside, this is a sickeningly clever mix of brawn and braaiinns. ★★★½

—Scott Steinberg



handhelds

[GO PLAY OUTSIDE]

Portable products to keep your thumbs twitching all summer long

A note to our gaming brethren: It's bikini season, so don't settle for a cathode-ray tan. Rather, grab a bottle of sunblock, pour a glass of bourbon and lemonade, snag a chaise longue and get your game on poolside.

GET A GRIP

The **Nyko Charger Grip** (\$30, nyko.com) for the PSP is exactly what its name implies: a grip that charges your PSP with up to five hours of extra playtime. It's designed to feel like a PS2 controller, for those who thrive on consistency.



CAR MATE

Got music on your PSP? The **Griffin iTrip FM Transmitter** for the PlayStation Portable (\$50, griffintechnology.com) snaps on underneath the screen and wirelessly beams sound to a nearby FM radio.



CASING THE JOINT

Protect your PSP in style with the **Logitech Play Gear Street** (\$30, logitech.com), a carrying case you can wear like a messenger bag, hang over your shoulder or clip to a backpack. The polycarbonate shell provides a virtually indestructible home for your PSP and features slots for up to three UMDs and four memory sticks.



MULTIMEDIA MASTER

Enjoy your music, photos and videos on your Nintendo DS with the **Datel Media Player** (\$150, datel.co.uk), a four-gigabyte hard drive that plugs into the DS's Game Boy slot like a cartridge. The bundled software lets you convert your media for optimal DS playback. A PSP version is also available.

LESS IS MORE

Nintendo's sleekly redesigned handheld gaming system, the **Nintendo DS Lite** (\$130, nintendo.com), is two thirds the size of the original, weighs 20 percent less, has a brighter screen and can tap into Nintendo's free wi-fi service via nationwide hot spots. —M.S.



book of the month

[THE THINKING FAN'S GUIDE TO THE WORLD CUP]

Does soccer matter?

Equal parts travelogue, handbook and memoir, *The Thinking Fan's Guide* (edited by Matt Weiland and Sean Wilsey) aims to explore the obsessive, quasi-religious importance of soccer's global tourney among virtually all non-American denizens of the world. Writers such as Nick Hornby, Eric Schlosser, Dave Eggers, Aleksandar Hemon and Robert Coover each describe one of the 32 nations involved, typically through a filter of personal experience. (Sometimes very personal: Hemon relates how he nearly lost his virginity during the 1982 semifinal between France and West Germany.) While there are examples of the cloyingly romantic view of soccer that plagues the American intelligentsia ("Soccer's universality is its simplicity"), these are tempered by the likes of Hornby, who explains, for instance, England's ambivalent view of David Beckham: "We'd still prefer to be bombing the Germans; but after 60 years, there's a slowly dawning suspicion that those days aren't coming back anytime soon, and in the meantime we must rely on sarong-wearing, multimillionaire pretty boys to kick the Argies for us." Happily, the compendium also passes the Sparwasser test: No book about this year's Cup—the first in reunified Germany—would be worth a damn without the story of Jürgen Sparwasser and his late-game goal to lead East Germany to victory over West in their only meeting, in Hamburg during the 1974 World Cup. (West Germany went on to win it all.) For passing this test, Alexander Osang, who addresses Germany and Sparwasser, is our man of the match. ★★★



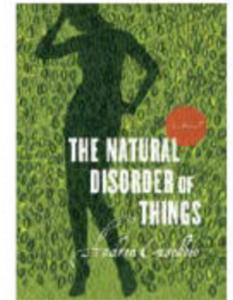
—Tim Mohr

THE NATURAL DISORDER OF THINGS

Andrea Canobbio

Revenge served cold drives this subdued, smart thriller, the first of Italian editor and novelist Canobbio's books published in the U.S. The title hints at the novel's events and narrative, in which a celebrated garden designer uncovers his late father's secret shame and ponders his own future with a *pazza* femme fatale.

★★★ —Camille Cauti

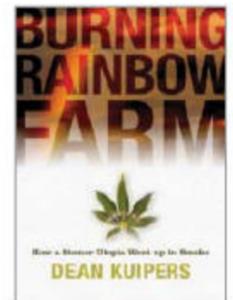


BURNING RAINBOW FARM

Dean Kuipers

Two gay pot-smoking Republicans set up a stoner utopia in Michigan that lasted eight years until the feds pulled a Waco. Kuipers narrates with passion, underscoring the lunacy of the war on drugs, but Barry Goldwater as the patron saint of dopers? Is Kuipers high?

★★★ —Bill Vourvoulis

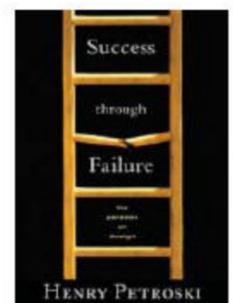


SUCCESS THROUGH FAILURE

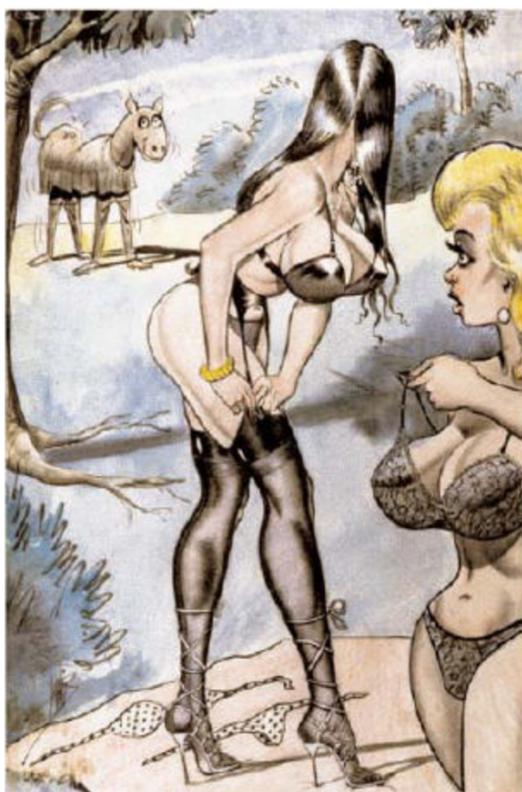
Henry Petroski

Over the course of his career, Petroski has proved it is possible to write well about engineering. Here, as usual, he impresses us with the elegance of his thinking. Citing examples from child-resistant packaging for medicines to long-span bridges, he shows how successful design is built on the back of failure.

★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



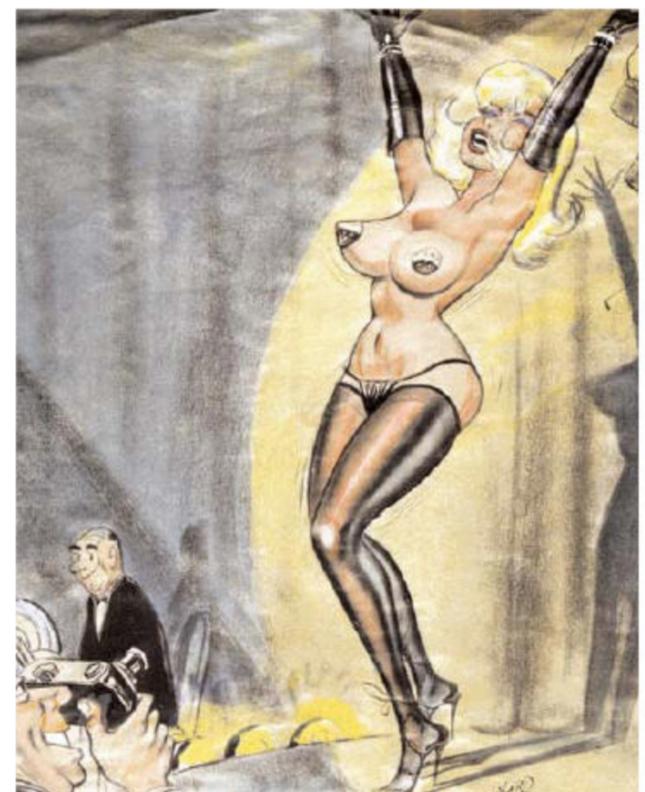
the erotic eye



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF BILL WARD

If Bettie Page is the queen of pin-ups, this Taschen collection makes the case for Bill Ward as her royal consort. His claim relies on the signature drawings he created in the 1950s and 1960s. The poses are traditional and the outfits standard-issue: stiletto heels, silk stockings and peekaboo peignoirs. Their distinction lies in the execution. Working with conté crayon on newsprint stock, Ward sculpted his women and brought a dizzying sheen to their fetishistic costumes. Highlighted with opaque white, the total effect is sensual, elegant and unlike anything else out there. Here, this classic material is fleshed out, so to speak, with an essay by editor Eric Kroll. A welcome companion to Fantagraphics's 2003 Ward monograph, this is an indispensable resource for connoisseurs of babes, boobs and pop culture. ★★★

—Lee Lorenz



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with wildlife. Of course, you can't go to Alaska without wetting a line. There's no better place in the world to land salmon; five different species of the fish enter the state's rivers each season by the millions. Should the call of the wild beckon, the lodge is affiliated with a business called Sky Trekking Alaska, which runs a 12-day March adventure to view the Iditarod (\$8,900 a person, skytrekkingalaska.com).

Fish Tales



WHEN THE FISH aren't biting and your bait's all cut, a good book is an immeasurable comfort. We're of course fans of Izaak Walton's classic 1653 masterwork *The Compleat Angler* (\$14), but lately we find ourselves returning to Roderick Haig-Brown's *To Know a River* (\$23), a collection of the writer's most elegiac essays on fish, flies and philosophy. If that's too introspective, *Hemingway on Fishing* (\$14) views the sport through Papa's gimlet eye. (Best tip: "A fluent monolog of Ojibwayian profanity" can be a great help.) For a taste of present-day piscatory prose, it's hard to beat Thomas McGuane. Start with *The Longest Silence: A Life in Fishing* (\$14).

All the Buzz

LIKE GOLF AND CHESS, fly-fishing takes a day to learn and a lifetime to master. The Alaska Fly Selection (\$190, amazon.com) from the aficionados at Umpqua will help you in your pursuit. It comes in a signature hardwood box packed with 81 flies designed by fly-tying luminaries such as Lawson, Clouser, Cook and Howell, and it allows us to say with some confidence that if you're still coming home empty-handed, it's your own damn fault.



Thinking Inside the Box

SHOW UP IN MONTE CARLO with the nylon-mesh luggage you had in college and good luck finding a bellboy who'll be seen with it. The silk-lined, hand-lacquered Orient suitcases from Globe-Trotter (\$620 to \$2,600, globe-trotterltd.com), however, send a very different message. That is, "I have come for your casino's money. Please have it ready when I leave."



Club Rules

WHEN YOU STROLL into New York's 10,000-square-foot Classic Car Club at 250 Hudson Street, you find a fleet of rolling thunder, a lounge with a stocked bar and plasma TV, and co-director Michael Prichinello smiling as he dangles keys before your eyes. The outfit is set up like a country club, only instead of driving golf balls you get to pilot a 1965 Shelby Cobra, 1969 Camaro SS/RS, 1977 Aston Martin V8 (pictured) and other rides for up to five days at a time. Don't worry about engine trouble: The staff mechanic, Mike, could make a bowl of spaghetti break the speed limit. The club's L.A. chapter opens this month, with a Miami branch to follow soon. Info at manhattan.classiccarclub.com.

The Write Stuff

A DISPOSABLE BALLPOINT is fine for doodling your way through your umpteenth budget meeting, but when it's time to ink that landmark deal, a pen that communicates stability and gravitas is required. This one, from Montblanc's 100 Year Solitaire Silver Granite collection (\$1,955 to \$2,700, montblanc.com), marks the Swiss company's centennial and will do the job nicely.



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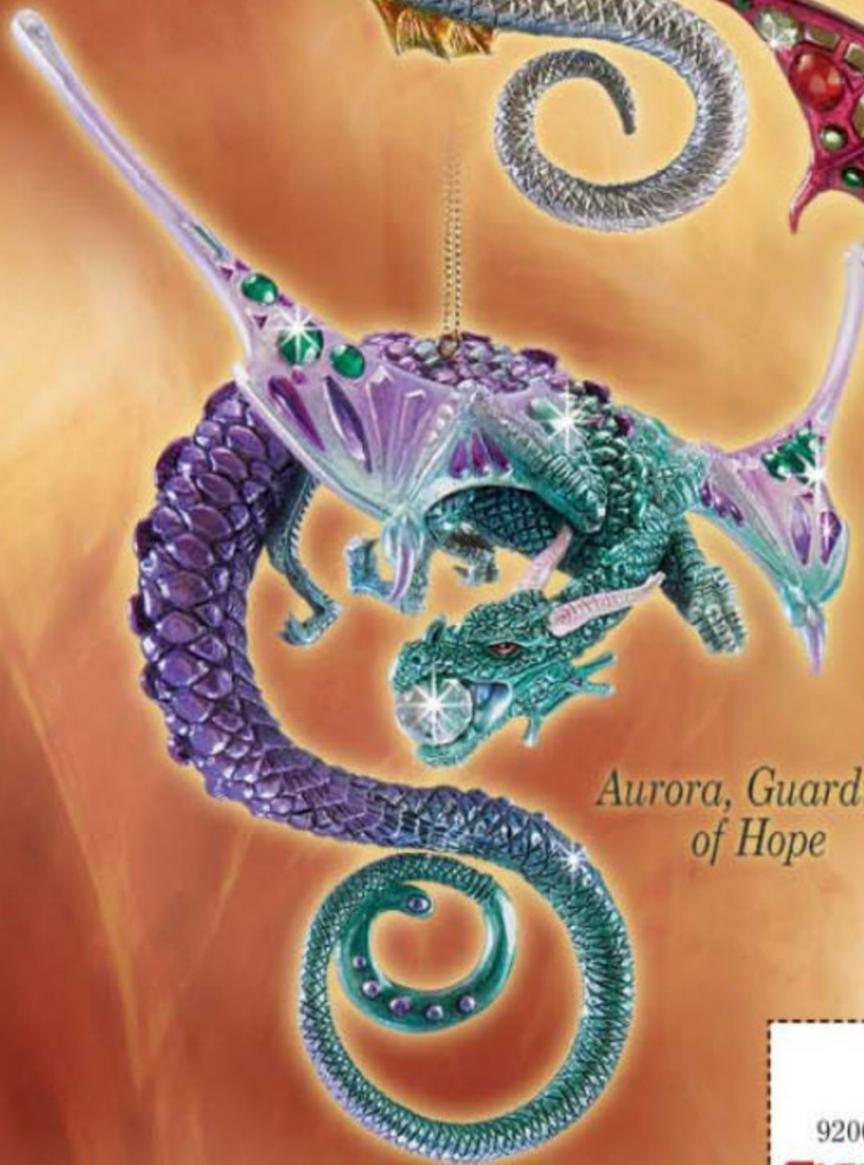
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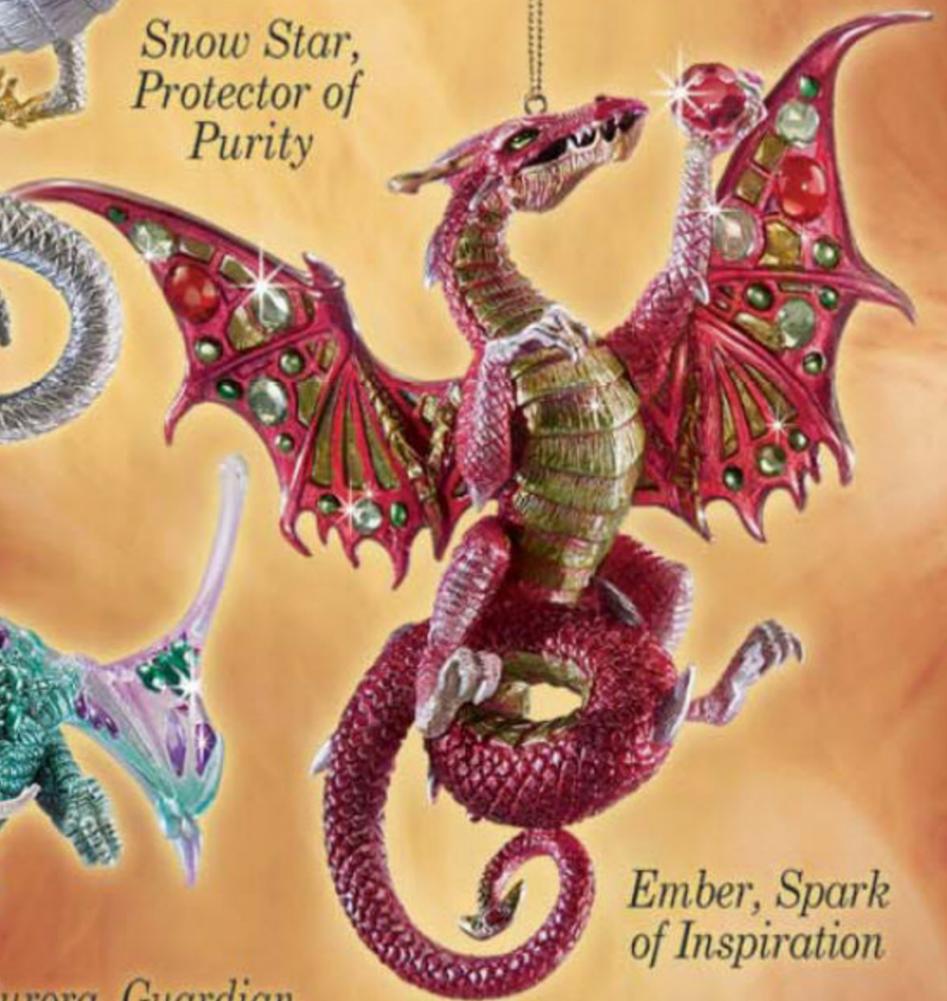
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Shoot the Moon

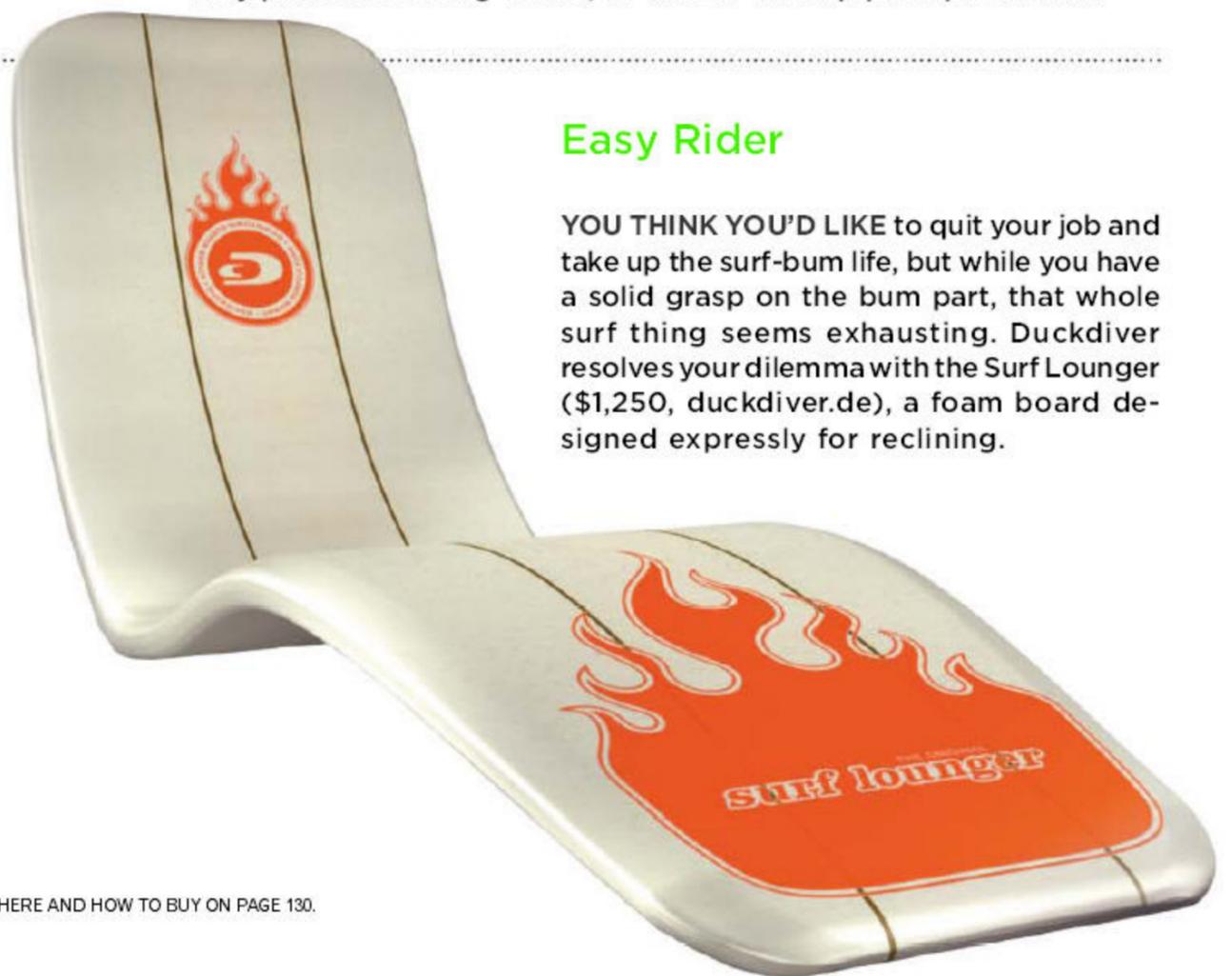
AFTER THE COMPETITION BEAT Sony to the punch with camcorders featuring a built-in hard-disk drive, we hoped the brains at the tech giant were taking notes. Turns out they were. Their first effort in the arena, the DCR-SR100 (\$1,000, sonystyle.com), doesn't disappoint, with a 10x optical zoom, 30 gigabytes of storage space (seven hours' worth at highest quality) and a fantastic usability-and-feel factor. It's the camcorder we hoped they still knew how to build.

When a Cigar Box Is Not Just a Cigar Box

PLAYED BY BLUES LEGENDS such as Blind Willie Johnson, cigar-box instruments date to the late 1800s. More than mere curios, Daddy Mojo's three-string gems (\$150 to \$190, daddy-mojo.com) come with a red-oak neck and a slide made from a liquor bottle, and they pack a booming sound, as well as an amp pickup. Smokin'.

Easy Rider

YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE to quit your job and take up the surf-bum life, but while you have a solid grasp on the bum part, that whole surf thing seems exhausting. Duckdiver resolves your dilemma with the Surf Lounger (\$1,250, duckdiver.de), a foam board designed expressly for reclining.



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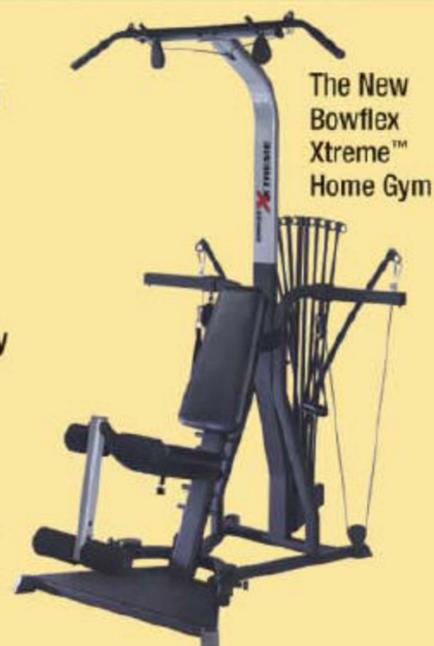
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The Playboy Advisor

Why do I get so turned on by listening to my wife as she becomes aroused and then climaxes? My moans and groans don't seem to have the same effect on her.—R.G., Atlanta, Georgia

She's reining you in. Evolutionary biologists suggest a woman's moans are designed to help her control your arousal, increasing her chances of capturing your sperm while minimizing the time she is vulnerable (i.e., when you're on top of her). What little research there is on vocalized sounds made during sex has found that men rate them as more arousing than women do and that women tend to make more of them. The topic screams for more study. For example, does a woman make less noise after her partner has ejaculated? Do the sounds of climax correspond with genital contractions? Scientists have found that people open their mouth more often during sex than during masturbation, which may be a response to the hyperventilation that occurs as they get aroused. Is moaning designed to increase this hyperventilation and improve the high? Perhaps the woman's moans dictate the rhythm of the man's thrusts. Are moans during clitoral stimulation different from those produced by touching the G-spot? Do women make different noises during masturbation? Do they moan less after menopause, when they can no longer become pregnant? Scientists can't rely on anecdotal evidence to answer these questions, but we sure as hell can.

How do you get a seat in the big poker tournaments shown on television?—R.P., Montreal, Quebec

The simplest method is to show up with the entry fee. The buy-in is \$25,000 for the World Poker Tour finals at the Bellagio (shown on the Travel Channel) and \$10,000 for the Harrah's World Series of Poker finals at the Rio (seen on ESPN). Many players win their seat in satellite tournaments held at casinos and online. Generally, the lower the buy-in, the more players you will need to beat. Two of the past three WSOP champions won their seat at PokerStars.com: Accountant Chris Money-maker went to the finals in 2003 after a \$39 buy-in on the site, and patent attorney Greg Raymer followed in 2004 after a \$160 buy-in. Players appreciate these qualifiers because \$10,000 is a lot of cash to risk when more than 5,000 other players are competing and only 10 percent will get at least their entry fee back. For example, Anthony Curtis, publisher of LasVegasAdvisor.com, was glad he won his seat at the 2005 WSOP with a \$30 buy-in at PokerRewards.com rather than using his own cash, because he lasted only 50 minutes. His early exit occurred in part, he admits, because he played more aggressively knowing his hands were being scrutinized on ESPN.

I have always had trouble reaching climax. My new boyfriend is sympathetic and has tried just about everything, but



it's such a chore. I lie on my stomach to masturbate. Could that have anything to do with it?—T.R., Cleveland, Ohio

*Perhaps. Men and women who masturbate while lying prone, particularly those who don't use their hands, frequently have trouble reaching orgasm with another person because they can't reproduce the sensation (see healthystrokes.com for a discussion). Laura Corn, the author of *101 Nights of Grrreat Sex*, tells us of her struggle with this. "I grew up masturbating on my stomach. When I began having sex, I could never climax. My breakthrough came after a boyfriend told me a story about Marilyn Monroe. After she met JFK, who had a history of back trouble, she was asked how it went. She replied, 'I think I made his back feel better.' My boyfriend explained that Monroe was known for having her partner lie on his stomach on the bed. She would then lie on her stomach on top of him and slowly rub her clit against his tailbone while whispering in his ear. I tried it with that guy, and although it didn't work with him, it did with the next guy, whom I'm still with 15 years later. I've since learned to come in many different ways, but I still enjoy making his back feel better. He enjoys it even more when I give him a mirror so he can watch."*

I've heard you should store Madeira only in an upright position. Why is that?—H.N., Phoenix, Arizona

Because the wines are so acidic they will eat through the cork and you'll be mopping your cellar floor with bread. "This usually happens only with older corks, but I've had a few accidents, so I store all my Madeiras upright, even the younger ones," says Man-nie Berk, owner of the Rare Wine Company (800-999-4342, rarewineco.com). Madeiras are unique in that they live forever, or close to

it. You can open a bottle of Madeira and not pour another glass for a year and it will still be complex. The wines are produced and aged on the island of Madeira, 360 miles west of Morocco. The oldest have been in barrels there for more than two centuries. For example, the Rare Wine Company sells a 1795 Barbeito Terrantez for \$2,500, although vintages from the 1970s and 1980s are available for less than \$100. Or for \$40 you can buy blended Madeiras that approximate the wines savored in New York, Baltimore and Charleston during the 18th and 19th centuries. Madeiras are sweet, though not as sweet as ports (their acidity balances things out), with an aroma of vanilla and roasting coffee and a tangy citrus finish. You should decant any Madeira and let it breathe for at least 24 hours. "It has spent its entire life oxidizing in the barrel, so after being in a bottle for a few years it will need to stretch its legs," Berk says. "It's remarkable how it will change in those few days."

You blew it! A reader in the April issue doesn't know what to do because his wife says she gets turned on only by intelligent conversation, and you suggest merlot? Here's some better advice: Talk to her, then listen to her. I'm sure if his wife had said she was turned on only by porn, that reader would have raced to the video shop and rented a dozen movies. Instead he gets an answer he doesn't like, so he ignores her and writes to you. Maybe if he becomes skilled at actually having conversations (how about reading a book now and then so he will have something to discuss?), he can transition to more risqué topics. Sorry, there's no easy way out. Fortunately for my husband, I prefer porn.—T.S., Chesapeake, Virginia

Lucky him. We appreciate your input, but it didn't sound as if that reader's wife was contributing much to the conversation either.

We know men fantasize about being with two women at once. What do women fantasize about?—A.O., Ottawa, Ontario

*Being one of the two women? We wish. In general, women are more likely than men to focus on emotional or personal characteristics and imagine things being done to them. Men more often focus on body parts and taking an active role. It's not clear whether this difference is biological, the result of socialization or some of both. When Nancy Friday began collecting women's sexual fantasies for her 1973 best-seller, *My Secret Garden*, many people believed women didn't have them. Friday showed otherwise. Common themes include being taken by a faceless stranger, showing off to an audience, being with another woman or being forced to submit (though some suggest that this is actually a domination fantasy—women imagine they are so desirable that men lose control). Two decades later Friday revisited the topic in *Women on Top* and found*

more women saying they fantasized about dominating a man, or men, which certainly can be seen as progress. Regardless of what scenarios get you going, people who report having more fantasies also tend to have sex more often, masturbate more often, have more partners and be wilder in bed.

I love the Advisor, but you have a screw loose if you think that, as you wrote in March, the pain of childbirth lasts only a day—i.e., men would gladly go through the experience if they could enjoy multiple orgasms as women do. Next time get your facts straight. A woman can be in labor for several days, and it often takes weeks to heal afterward. Your answer disrespected all women, including the one who brought you into this world.—B.L., Dublin, Ohio

It's still a good trade. Our mom agrees.

I perspire too much, but only when I'm not in a relationship. Whenever I have a girlfriend, it stops. Is this extra sweat designed to send out pheromones, or am I just insecure? Do you know how to correct it? It can be embarrassing.—W.L., Dallas, Texas

That's an interesting hypothesis. Do single guys sweat more? A substance in men's perspiration, androstenol, has been found to be pleasant to women, but it appears only in fresh sweat, and the woman must already be in your personal space to smell it. Once your sweat hits the air, it releases a steroid, androstenone, that has been shown to turn women off or, at best, has no effect. More likely, you're suffering from hyperhidrosis, which is thought to affect three percent of Americans. It can be caused by anxiety or a variety of conditions, such as diabetes and nerve damage. Usually it occurs all over the body. Primary hyperhidrosis, believed to be genetic, typically affects only the armpits, palms, face and/or feet. It occurs whether you are nervous or relaxed. Sweathelp.org describes some treatments. For example, getting Botox shots in each armpit every six months has been found to be effective in treating excessive sweat there. In your case, a stronger antiperspirant such as Certain Dri or Secret Platinum may help, or you can get a prescription for Drysol. One trick: Apply antiperspirant at night to your dry pits, then add another coat in the morning. For some reason this seems to improve the protection.

Here's a question about a topic you probably haven't covered before: becoming sexually aroused from drawing or viewing cartoons. Am I alone in my appreciation of a well-placed curved line? Also, do obscenity laws apply if it's, say, Minnie Mouse being defiled? I know this is far-out, but I'm not sure who else to ask.—D.G., Sacramento, California

Of course. We're here for you. You certainly aren't alone. Cartoons and comics constitute one of the few genres that can still push the limits. You have to read only a few collections of hentai to see that, or you can browse "dirty

toon" sites. (Did we really need to see Homer Simpson with Jessica Rabbit? That's going to linger.) This sort of thing has been around at least since the eight-pagers of the 1920s. It's easy to understand the appeal of imagining the dark side of beloved characters or exploring fantasies that can't be filmed. In the past the issue hasn't been obscenity as much as copy-right, such as when Disney sued a distributor of Wally Wood's Disneyland Memorial Orgy (paulkrassner.com). But times have changed. Occasionally a comic-store clerk in the South or Midwest is arrested for selling allegedly illegal comics. And a 2003 federal law makes it a crime to possess sexually explicit drawings or cartoons that depict characters who appear to be age 17 or younger.

Does being single affect whether you can get a job or be promoted? Could an employer interpret that status to mean you don't have social skills, can't commit or can't get along with others? Employers can check your credit history, so what stops them from finding out if you're married?—M.S., Miami, Florida

Legally an employer can't ask about your status and isn't supposed to consider it when deciding whether to hire you. Does it happen? Sure. But if there is a bias, it's against married people—particularly those with children. They will have obligations that come before work. Single people, especially those who aren't dating, are always on call. They're also much cheaper to insure.

I am married to a woman with a low sex drive and a big libido. I know that's an oxymoron, but hear me out. We make love about every six weeks. That's all she likes and wants. After a minute or two of foreplay she breathes hard, moans, writhes and screams, "I'm about to climax! Get it in!" She always has an explosive orgasm but never wants to come in any position other than missionary. Once I come, it's over until next month. I have tried to go down on her or slow the pace, but it's always wham, bam, thank you, sir. I would prefer sex more often, and I think she should want that as well, since she always has an orgasm. Unfortunately, she is seldom in the mood and won't be brought into it. What can I do?—D.S., San Diego, California

Perhaps the solution is to move the foreplay to aft. What would happen if you withdrew after your wife came and went down on her? Or turned her over for a massage? Or brought out a vibrator? Has she ever had or asked for multiple orgasms? This is her chance to let go. Men will work hard for their partner's pleasure—your wife should take advantage. Obviously you need to tell her how you feel and what you'd like to do, but discuss it outside the bedroom rather than in the heat of the moment. That includes addressing the deficit of desire, which is a common problem; one partner almost always wants more sex than the other. She may not realize how much this bothers you. Ask for her suggestions about how your marriage

can be more intimate in other areas as well as sex. We hope she responds as quickly and forcefully as she does to your touch in bed.

Is it okay to wear cowboy boots with a suit? Does it matter where you live?—T.D., Sacramento, California

Yes, and yes. Boots with suits look great in Nashville but less so on Wall Street, especially since Dallas was canceled. They're okay at an elegant barbecue, a casual Southern wedding or in Vegas. If you're inexperienced, keep in mind that boots work best with casual suits and pants that have no cuffs, a wider leg opening and thicker fabric so the top of the boot won't be outlined on your leg.

I saw something on TV about married porn stars. If they have sex all day at work, how can they enjoy it in a relationship?—A.W., Mt. Angel, Oregon

*In the same way you would enjoy a home-cooked dinner after eating lunch at a fast-food restaurant. The sex in porn is shot under bright lights, at weird angles, in starts and stops and with a crew hovering nearby. It's exciting but not intimate. Some performers say sex with their spouse is refreshing because it's vanilla; others say they push boundaries at home so it's something only they share. The husbands of female performers, who are often in the business themselves, tend to be aroused by seeing their wife with other men. Savanna Samson, for example, has been married for seven years to a wine merchant. (This year she released her own highly rated Italian red, Sogno Uno.) "He has always fantasized about seeing me with other people," she says. "I'd love to make him a little jealous, but it's not going to happen unless I were to go home with a co-star and not tell him." Her husband says, "It's her job but also a huge turn-on for me. We watch her movies, and she'll tell me, 'Honey, you'll love this next scene. I got so hot.'" Eric Masterson and Wendy Divine, who have been married for eight years and have performed separately and together in adult films for most of that time, say their private time is more playful and adventurous. "Because we go to work and have sex, at home it has to be more grandiose," Masterson explains on *Sexplorations*, a DVD set in the *Better Sex* series (800-955-0888, bettersex.com). "Jealousy still enters into it. You should always have that twinge." But Divine says the feeling has evolved from a sense of betrayal to a sense of longing. "It's not so much 'Hey, that person is having sex with my husband.' Instead it's 'I want to be that person because it looks like fun.'"*

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 PLAYBOY FORUM

RADICALS ON THE RISE

THE AUTHOR OF *CONSERVATIVES WITHOUT CONSCIENCE* WONDERS WHY WE PUT UP WITH AUTHORITARIAN LEADERS

BY JOHN DEAN

What in the world has become of conservatives and Republicans? I have been asking this question for a number of years now—not as a partisan but rather as someone who once pledged allegiance to this tribe and still considers himself a Goldwater conservative on many issues. These days self-described conservatives are right-wing radicals, and Republicans are theocratic. Why? And what makes them so arrogant, aggressive and self-righteous? What good is served by dividing the nation into polarized camps? Are we really safer from terrorism after having provoked almost the entire world to hate America? What has become of Congress's constitutional and institutional role of oversight, checking and balancing? Why do rank-and-file Republicans and longtime traditional conservatives tolerate the recent shift in the tenor of conservatism and the Republican Party?

Had I been schooled in the social sciences, I might have found my answers more quickly. I was unaware that social scientists have for many years been studying behaviors related to my questions. In the aftermath of World War II, half a century of research on authoritarianism commenced. Initially these studies analyzed why the people of Germany and Italy had tolerated the likes of Hitler and Mussolini, hoping to determine whether such authoritarian leadership could find footing within the United States. The short answer was yes.

Early in the process, scientists discovered the distinctive personality type attracted to such authoritarian leaders, and they published their findings in a 1950 book, *The Authoritarian Personality*. This research garnered considerable attention in its day, but because authoritarian rule in the United States had never loomed as a serious threat, with time less attention was paid to it. Yet the work continued. Watergate revived interest in this research because of the remarkable tolerance Ameri-

cans displayed for Richard Nixon's conspicuous abuses of presidential power. In 1981 Bob Altemeyer, a psychologist at the University of Manitoba and a leader in the field, published the first in a series of book-length reports on his work, *Right-Wing Authoritarianism*, which was followed by *Enemies of Freedom: Understanding Right-Wing Authoritarianism*, in 1988, and *The Authoritarian Specter*, in 1996. Here, I thought, I would find hard answers to my questions.

Better yet, Altemeyer was willing to tutor me. He has focused on personalities he labels right-wing authoritarians,

to distinguish them from the virtually nonexistent left-wing authoritarians. Right-wing authoritarians follow established authorities too easily and too long. They don't question authorities with whom they agree, and they are aggressive in support of those authorities. How aggressive? Being only slightly face-

tious to make his point, Altemeyer told me, "Many of them would attack France, Massachusetts or the moon if the president said it was necessary for freedom."

As I plowed through the findings about right-wing authoritarians, I began to catalog their personality traits. If the portrait that emerges appears less than flattering, remember that to these authoritarians the traits are quite attractive. Indeed they identify these traits in themselves. These men and women are typically conventional in their ways and highly religious with moderate to little education; their prejudices (particularly against homosexuals, women and religions other than their own) are often conspicuous; they are mean-spirited, narrow-minded and intolerant; they are uncritical in their thinking regarding their chosen authority and therefore often hold inconsistent and contradictory positions; they are prone to panic, highly self-righteous, moralistic and punitive; they throw the book at others when punishing; and they have little self-awareness. These people probably



DEMOCRACY, TORTURE AND EXILE

ALTERNATIVE PERSPECTIVES FROM A NOBEL LAUREATE

By John D. Thomas

have no qualms when the president says we must torture our enemies, conduct warrantless surveillance of Americans and engage in preemptive war. And they believe him when he says he is not creating new generations of terrorists that may haunt America for a century or more.

Still, followers are not as troubling as authoritarian leaders. Recent studies of so-called social-domination-oriented authoritarian leaders have added greatly to the understanding of authoritarian personalities. The profile traits of these leaders are again ones they readily acknowledge: They typically are dominating men who constantly seek personal power for themselves; they have an amoral view of the world; they intimidate and bully as a matter of course; they are faintly hedonistic and generally vengeful, pitiless, exploitive, manipulative and dishonest; they are highly prejudiced (racist, sexist, homophobic), mean-spirited, militant and nationalistic; they tell others what they want to hear, they will take advantage of suckers, and they often create false images of themselves to achieve their goals.

When Altemeyer identified these socially dominating authoritarians, his extensive testing for both leaders and followers soon revealed a heretofore unknown personality: men who tested high as both right-wing followers and social-dominating leaders. Altemeyer reports these personalities fortunately are rare, for they are ruthless and, in his words, scary. Because they test high on both surveys, he has labeled them double highs. Adolph Hitler was a prototypical double high, although certainly not every double high will have all the Führer's negative traits.

Employing typologies is risky, but having become familiar with the behaviors that constitute high-testing right-wing authoritarian followers, high-testing socially dominating authoritarian leaders and double highs, I now find it impossible to resist categorizing political personalities—and doing so has been nothing less than an epiphany. A few examples: Karl Rove appears to me a high right-wing follower, while Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and former Senate majority leader Bill Frist are socially dominating authoritarians. Dick Cheney is clearly a double high.

Altemeyer's types answer many of my questions about the direction of conservatism and the Republican Party and about why the changes I've found so disturbing are tolerated. Authoritarians are conservatives without conscience, and they want to take America to a place the great majority of thinking Americans—including Goldwater conservatives—do not want to go. Let's not follow.

In 1986 Nigerian Wole Soyinka became the first African to win the Nobel Prize in literature. But his life has been about more than words. Soyinka spent nearly two years in solitary confinement and many years in exile for his outspoken political views. In his new memoir, *You Must Set Forth at Dawn*, the 72-year-old activist recounts his literary life on the run.

PLAYBOY: As a longtime activist for democracy, what do you think of the current U.S. policy of exporting American-style democracy?

SOYINKA: It is exceedingly purblind. Not that there is anything fundamentally wrong with the way democracy is practiced in America. The American model, the Swedish model, the British model, traditional African models—there's nothing wrong with any of them. But the arrogant notion of thinking yours is the only model and

thereby proceeding in a kind of imperialist way—that is what's wrong with American action. And it's not just President Bush. It's not new. It has become most blatant under the Bush regime, but even some of the most admired past presidents, like John F. Kennedy, were also naive and insular in not recognizing that democracy can operate in a number of ways.

PLAYBOY: What have the Iraq war and the war on terror done to America's reputation in Africa?

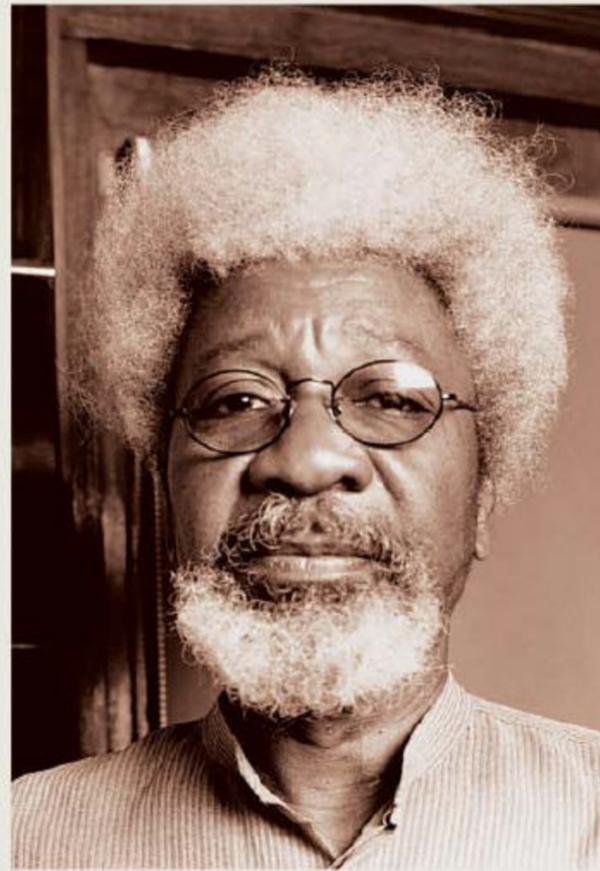
SOYINKA: They have had an embarrassingly negative impact. I say "embarrassingly" simply because those who are familiar with the United States know that within the realms of politics and academia, in business and technology, America has

some brilliant minds. So one wonders where they all are when the U.S. government commits such egregious crimes as it has in Iraq.

PLAYBOY: A number of Nigerian states have instituted Islamic law. Do you think radical Islam is positioned to have a major influence in Africa?

SOYINKA: Not just in Africa but in the whole world. In 1987 I was at a meeting in Paris of Nobel laureates, and I recognized that with the fall of

communism only one force would occupy the vacuum. I said then that religious fundamentalism would be the next potentially tyrannizing force the world would have to contend with. So it doesn't surprise me in the slightest that the aggressive muscle of religious fundamentalism has taken over. There is always a competition for turf among ideologies. One has to deal with it, however. That's our duty as human-



ists. While I preach tolerance, I am very intolerant of intolerance.

PLAYBOY: You have been a political prisoner. What is your take on the controversies surrounding Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo?

SOYINKA: If you send soldiers to battle without indoctrinating them about why they are going and what they are supposed to achieve—in other words, if you politicize them so they don't think they are going in as an army of occupation—you get horrendous abuses. What else would you expect?

PLAYBOY: You are not opposed to violent struggle, but does torture work as a tool?

SOYINKA: No, for me torture is not part of structured violence. I am not sentimental at all: I know violence will

remain part and parcel of social, political and national relationships. It's obvious. People must protect themselves. That is why it is necessary to have a kind of pragmatic philosophy of violence. The limitations and the responsibilities involved in engaging in a violent situation—whether you promote it or merely respond to other violence—need to be clear. Torture can never be part of the instrument of violence—in my philosophy, anyway. Torture is deliberate dehumanization.

PLAYBOY: You have been under surveillance for most of your adult life. Did revelations of government wiretapping in the U.S. shock you?

SOYINKA: Nothing shocks me. Those who are obsessed with power and control over others will always use any opportunity to promote their agenda. I am not downplaying security, I am not downplaying my understanding of the shock of September 11, and I am not trying to trivialize the responsibilities of any government toward the protection of its people. But so many aspects of the Patriot Act are, for me, just part of a general obsession with

domination and control of individual lives. Such Orwellian moves have no place in a democratic society.



A Nigerian mosque destroyed by sectarian violence.

MARGINALIA



FROM A SET OF TEXT MESSAGES

sent by San Francisco's Department of Public Health in response to people who text the department with questions: "if u hve sex, u can get an STD + not know it. Chlamydia, gonorrhea=no symptoms most of the time Dropin get chcked FREE."



FROM AN ABSTRACT for a session at the inaugural Conference on Disease Mongering: "In this conference observers will describe different forms of disease

mongering: aspects of ordinary life, such as menopause, being medicalized; mild problems portrayed as serious illnesses, as has occurred in the drug-company-sponsored promotion of irritable bowel syndrome; and risk factors, such as high blood cholesterol and low bone density, being framed as diseases. Informal alliances of pharmaceutical corporations, public-relations companies, doctors' groups and patient advocates promote these ideas to the public and policy makers—often using mass media to push a certain view of a particular health problem—resulting in health problems routinely being framed as widespread, severe and treatable with pills, as has happened recently with social anxiety disorder. Currently these alliances are working with the media to popularize little-known conditions, such as restless legs syndrome and female sexual dysfunction."

FROM THE REPORT "Below the Radar," published in April by Amnesty International: "Countries that allow CIA planes to cross their airspace and use their airports often cite the Convention on International Civil Aviation, also known as the Chicago Convention. They say they have no authority to question the reasons for the flight or to board the plane at an airport because of the clause in the convention that



allows private noncommercial flights to fly over a country or make technical stops there without prior authorization or notification. This appears to be one of the main reasons why the CIA rendition program relies on privately contracted planes rather than military or other official aircraft. However, the use of private planes does not give the CIA or any other intelligence agency the right to do anything it likes without interference. The Chicago Convention makes clear that every state has the right to require that an aircraft flying over its territory land at a designated airport for inspection if there

THE 2 MINUTE DRILL

TAPPED OUT

QUESTIONS FOR RUDOLF AMENGA-ETEGO

The Ghanaian lawyer was the recipient of a 2004 Goldman Environmental Prize. He fights the privatization of Ghana's water supplies, in what he calls a life-and-death battle.

PLAYBOY: How did this situation arise?

AMENGA-ETEGO: Here's how it works: In most cases, so-called specialists at the World Bank lend you money (or let you keep some of the money you already owe them) to improve your water system but only if you let one of the water multinationals—such as Veolia, Suez, RWE, Saur, Rand, Bechtel—run the system for profit. Desperate to get bits of debt relief or new loans, our government exposes itself to what amounts to blackmail.

PLAYBOY: Are there ramifications beyond Ghana?

AMENGA-ETEGO: This may sound like an issue with only regional implications, but it is not. My battle is your battle, and our crisis will be repeated around the world if corporations are allowed to take control of water supplies. Much is made of the rising cost of oil. But water faces a worldwide crisis as well,

one that will be greatly exacerbated if governments are not forced to act on behalf of their citizens. Even now Americans routinely buy bottled water at prices per gallon that exceed those of gasoline. Conservation is also a major issue—one purposely buried by private water companies. One fifth of all irrigation in the U.S. is achieved by pumping groundwater at rates that exceed those of replenishment, meaning that aquifers, such as the Ogallala in the Midwest, are rapidly being depleted. Yet these corporations have no incentive to conserve water. They operate on demand-driven policies: As long as someone is willing to pay, they are willing to pump. The problems the water industry poses in the U.S. are not limited to these areas. Increasingly the management of municipal water systems is subcontracted to private

firms, and the systems are being challenged by parallel private providers.

PLAYBOY: What can be done?

AMENGA-ETEGO: We must keep water in public hands, in the U.S. just as in Ghana and elsewhere.



MARGINALIA

are 'reasonable grounds to conclude that it is being used for any purpose inconsistent with the aims of the convention.' Given that renditions violate international human rights law, it follows that transferring or aiding and abetting in the transfer of a detainee in such circumstances cannot be a purpose consistent with the aims of the Chicago Convention."



FROM A SIGNING STATEMENT written by President George W. Bush about a piece of legislation stipulating that scientific information "prepared by government researchers and scientists shall be transmitted to Congress uncensored and without delay": "The president can tell researchers to withhold any information from Congress if he decides its disclosure could impair foreign relations, national security or the workings of the executive branch."

FROM AN ARTICLE in *The Wall Street Journal*, reporting from Akron, Ohio: "On March 19, 2005 about 200 mainly middle-aged peace marchers made their way through the streets of this city, stopping outside a Marine Corps recruiting center and an FBI office to listen to speeches against the Iraq war."



Close behind, police in unmarked cars followed them—acting on a tip from the Pentagon. For weeks prior to the demonstration analysts at the Army's 902nd Military Intelligence Group in Fort Meade, Maryland were downloading information from activist websites, intercepting e-mails and cross-referencing this with information in police databases. The Army's conclusion, contained in an alert to Akron police: 'Even though these demonstrations are advertised as peaceful, they are assessed to present a potential force-protection threat.'

FROM A MEMO written by FDA medical officer Curtis Rosenbraugh concerning deputy operations commissioner Janet Woodcock's objections to over-the-counter sales of the emergency contraceptive pill, commonly called Plan B

(the FDA is supposed to consider only the safety and efficacy of drugs it assesses):

"As an example, she stated we could not anticipate or prevent extreme promiscuous behaviors such as the medication taking on an 'urban legend' status that would lead adolescents to form sex-based cults centered around the use of Plan B."

AN OPEN LETTER
TO OUR READERS

What is the definition of a progressive? A good one may be "someone who admits to reading PLAYBOY." After all, as a reader pointed out in response to the angry letters we received regarding our interview with Al Franken, the magazine's first subscribers, in the 1950s, were by definition progressives. They wanted to read about sex at a time when Hef had to go to court to be able to send photos of bare breasts through the U.S. mail. Politics rarely reared its ugly head in those early issues; not until 1962, when we published the first installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* (which led to the creation of the *Playboy Forum*), did we systematically begin to define our beliefs.

Many readers who now write us to express dismay at our take on the world say they are longtime subscribers. This surprises us, since we have never wavered in our views. (Our positions on many important issues were detailed in our 50th anniversary issue, in January 2004.) One reader even cheered the fact that Islamic extremists had stoned the offices of our new edition in Indonesia, saying we deserved it because we are "liberal idiots." Yet he too says he is a longtime subscriber. What gives? Others insist we drop any mention of politics altogether and stick with "what we know"—nude women. First, PLAYBOY wouldn't be here today if we had concentrated only on nudes. Second, removing your clothes has always been a political act and, sadly, continues to be. Consider the response we received in Waco recently while recruiting models from Baylor University for a forthcoming *Girls of the Big 12* pictorial. Administrators warned all female students by e-mail that they would be suspended if they posed for us, even clothed. God, they said, disapproved.

Speaking of God, we are also perplexed by letters from readers who accuse us of disrespecting their Christian faith. For example, one reader pointed out a *Raw Data* statistic that noted 82 percent of Americans believe in a higher power. Given that number, he thought it curious that we would "run article after article on what an asinine belief it is." Asked for an example, he cited a "Marginalia" item in which we reprinted a text that argued for equal time for the Flying Spaghetti Monster in the intelligent-design debate. The outraged reader felt this type of "ridicule"

meant we didn't want him or other Christians as readers. Hardly. We have nothing against Christianity or any other belief. However, we do have a problem when the line between church and state is crossed and religious doctrine becomes law. Notably, Jesus himself took the same position.

As politics go, we're surprised so many readers expect us or any publication to provide "balance," which reflects a belief in the fallacy that there are two equally valid sides to every story. You see this in the debates over global warming and evolution. Thousands of scientists stand on one side of these issues, recognizing that global warming is a problem and that evolution is firmly established, while only a few detractors stand on the other. Some people contend we should grant the same amount of column inches to each side in the name of fairness. But failing to provide context isn't fair to readers or the debate. That said, we are always happy to

**"BALANCE" IS
A FALLACY:
THERE AREN'T
TWO EQUAL
SIDES TO
EVERY ISSUE.**

give space to those with whom we disagree, because it's a hell of a lot more interesting when our sacred cows and, yes, our stubbornness (we're all guilty) are challenged. In fact, we have repeatedly invited many political and social conservatives to make their case via the *Playboy Interview*. With rare exceptions such as Shepard Smith, Rush

Limbaugh and Bill O'Reilly, they refuse. Don't write us to bitch about a left-wing conspiracy because we haven't interviewed Ann Coulter; call Ann. (Ann, call us.) We never take this personally, because social conservatives have never been friends of PLAYBOY. We doubt anyone in the current administration is a fan, including Condi Rice. According to *U.S. News & World Report*, she ordered the State Department newsstand to stop selling PLAYBOY because, as one of her advisors explained, the magazine is "pornography that degrades women" and "could be seen as contributing to a hostile work environment." And you wonder why we aren't cheerleaders for the Bush doctrine?

Of course, no one has a monopoly on being small-minded or shooting from the hip. The mail has been decidedly negative about our interview with Smith, although, unlike with Franken, readers seem to focus more on what he said than on our decision to let him say it. But don't shoot the messenger, as they say. How interesting would any magazine be if it never pissed you off?

READER RESPONSE

CAPE CRUSADER

Robert F. Kennedy Jr. says we need a more independent, vigorous press willing to speak the truth ("Robert F. Kennedy Jr. Is Mad as Hell," April). Yet he says this in *PLAYBOY*, which is speaking the truth. Keep up the great work. If we can't get the clear truth from the news media, we'll get it from you.

William Mellon
Toledo, Ohio

I love hypocrisy in action. Kennedy spends almost a whole page telling us coal-fired power plants release poisonous mercury into our environment. He goes into a diatribe about all the health problems this mercury causes and how corporate fat cats are killing us. There's just one little problem: He was right there with fellow hypocrite Senator Ted Kennedy to oppose the wind farm off Cape Cod. Apparently he is pissed off about that mercury but not enough to spoil



RFK Jr.'s dream or nightmare?

someone's view of the Cape. Don't expect them to make the same sacrifices they will ask you to make—after all, they are Kennedys, and you are just a commoner who doesn't drive a car that gets enough gas mileage.

S.S. Golden
Hinsdale, New Hampshire

Kennedy offers an insightful analysis of how unrestrained corporate power threatens the environment. But given that human population growth exacerbates all other environmental problems, can this father of six children—three times a couple's replacement number—truly be considered an exemplary environmentalist?

Wayne Savage
Washington, D.C.



Political Manipulation 101: the USS Maine.

SHIP HAPPENS

I first read "Remember the *Maine*?" (May) without noticing the subtitle, "How governments manufacture outrage." When governments manufacture outrage, they are responding to the folks who elected them—if not for the common good then in order to stay in office. But no one elects the media. (We may choose to buy or subscribe to specific media formats, but it's often for purposes other than political guidance. I buy the *Sunday Washington Post* for the grocery coupons. I watch ABC News to monitor the enlargement of Elizabeth Vargas's boobs. I watch *Real Time With Bill Maher* because I enjoy political humor. I do not listen to conservative talk radio, because it offers no surprises.) When the media manufactures outrage, it's only for profit—though we all suffer the consequences when the outcome of media-manufactured outrage becomes more than governments and societies can manage.

Gene Phillip
Great Falls, Virginia

BUBBAS WITH BUSINESSES

I'd like to thank you for running the article "Greens With Guns," by Dean Kuipers (April). I've always thought the rift between hunters and environmentalists was a bit ridiculous, but his story is full of clear indications of why it exists. Conservation, the "new preferred term" as Kuipers puts it, is certainly not new. Hunters such as Theodore Roosevelt were conservationists before the parents of environmentalists were even born. Also, the use of terms such as *bubba effect* could hurt this budding reunion, as the intent is clearly to keep the hunters in a lower place than the environmentalists who use it. I have an MBA, own my own business and have

several other nonbubba traits, but even for hunters who fit the stereotype it's not the best term. Yes, hunters and those of us on the traditional side use stereotypes of our own that we need to drop, but it is unfortunate such a promising story is rife with language indicating how much further we have to go.

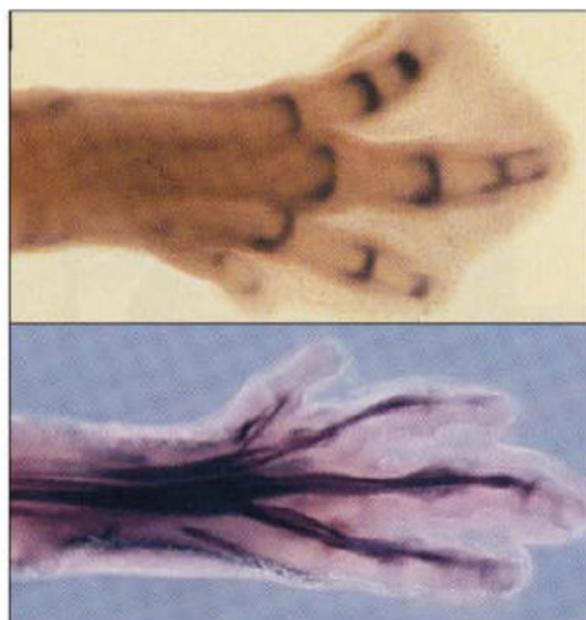
Michael Blank
St. Louis, Missouri

FAITH, REASON AND DARWIN

While it is certainly possible the universe was created by a "higher" intelligent being (*Faith & Reason*, April), once this philosophical possibility is acknowledged, what more is there to teach about it? Intelligent design is an inert proposition that does not imply any particular religious creation myth nor preclude the elaborate explanations of science.

Karl Kaiser
Altamonte Springs, Florida

It all comes down to the number of theories a person may hold to explain our existence. I place the supernatural one usually favored by religious zealots



More evidence of evolution's workings.

around number 11 on my list of possible explanations. In my experience, creationists are usually hard-pressed to come up with a number two on their own lists.

Jack Cassell
Mount Dora, Florida

Aside from religious belief, there is not enough evidence in favor of ID to justify teaching it.

Steven Rovnyak
Indianapolis, Indiana

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

WALLS DON'T WORK

POLITICIANS WANT TO BUILD A BARRIER ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER.
BUT WALLS ARE NEVER THE ANSWER

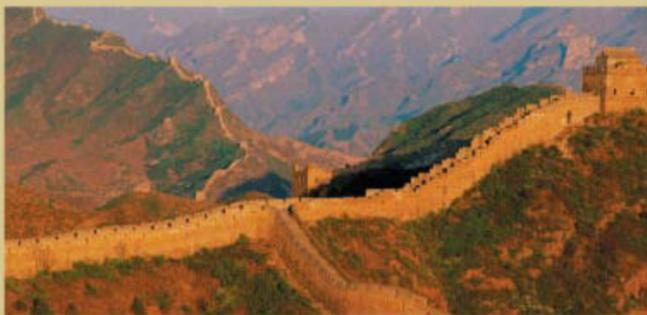
The rationale for building walls has been remarkably consistent: security. The Chinese sought to keep away Mongolian and Manchurian raiders. The Romans decided

their battle in northern Britain with the Picts was futile and wanted to secure a border. Even the East Germans called their ring around West Berlin an antifascist buffer against

Western capitalist aggression. But in each case the builder's government fell despite the wall. As Israel extends its curtain and we debate our own, it's clear walls don't solve root problems.



In August 2005 human cannonball David Smith was launched over the current border fence between Tijuana and San Diego.



◀ GREAT WALL OF CHINA

The wall addressed exterior threats but failed to stop the disintegration of the empire from within.

PALESTINE WALL ▶ To shield its extraterritorial settlements, Israel erected a wall well beyond its borders.



◀ **HADRIAN'S WALL** Built after the eponymous Roman emperor's 122 A.D. visit, it was indefensible by 367 because of the need for troops elsewhere.

BERLIN WALL ▶ Erected by the East German government in 1961, the barrier fell in 1989—along with the regime.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DENIS LEARY

A candid conversation with the fiery comic and Rescue Me star about sexy nuns, confusing drugs, life after death and his famous rants about everything

When comedian Denis Leary first stormed the comedy-club scene in the late 1980s, he saluted audiences with a defiantly raised middle digit, swilled beer onstage, chain-smoked and loudly savaged political correctness, vegetarians and pretentious rock stars. Part of a generation of young comics that included Jon Stewart, Colin Quinn and Sam Kinison, Leary was slammed by old-timers and prudes for his machine-gun barrage of four-letter expletives. But younger crowds bought his CDs, books and videos and packed his stand-up performances and one-man shows, such as *No Cure for Cancer* and *Denis Leary: Lock 'n Load*, both of which aired frequently on cable. His widely seen high-speed promotional rants on MTV about R.E.M. and other topics, along with his satiric anthem "Asshole," about the joys of being an all-American asshole, brought him even more fame.

And then there are his movies. Since 1993 he has bounced between roles in mainstream flicks like *True Crime* and *The Thomas Crown Affair* and smaller movies like *Wag the Dog* and *Jesus' Son*. He has also done voices for the animated smashes *A Bug's Life* and the two *Ice Age* films, and he produced the highly charged *Blow*. In 2001 he co-created, co-wrote, co-produced and starred in the well-reviewed, prematurely axed ABC cop show *The Job*. Three years later he was

back as the star and co-creator of *Rescue Me*, a serio-comic FX series about the gnarly personal lives of a group of post-9/11 New York firefighters; he also co-writes and co-produces it. The Emmy- and Golden Globe-nominated show is classic Leary—brutally funny, edgy and obsessed with sex, Catholicism, hypocrisy, guilt and death.

The second of four kids, Leary was born on August 18, 1957 to a hardworking Irish immigrant couple who had settled in Worcester, Massachusetts. His mother, Nora, was a housewife, and his father, John, a jack-of-all-trades, worked as an auto mechanic and for the gas company. A so-so Catholic-school student whose dreams of a hockey career were smashed when poor grades got him bounced from the junior varsity team, Leary found a new outlet by performing in high school plays. After graduating he won a full scholarship to Emerson College in Boston, where he studied acting and theater production. While teaching at the Emerson Comedy Workshop in 1982, he met student Ann Lembeck, and they later married. Acting jobs were scarce, so he began to scrounge for work at East Coast comedy clubs, where his friends Steven Wright and Lenny Clarke were already gaining stand-up experience and cash. Leary's stand-up gigs weren't plentiful, and club owners advised

him to tone down his language in the style of other up-and-comers such as Jerry Seinfeld and Jay Leno. He resisted. While in the U.K. for a weekend comedy gig in 1990, his wife gave birth prematurely to their firstborn, Jack, whose health complications forced the couple to remain abroad for months. To stay sane and solvent, he wrote *No Cure for Cancer*, a show that would become a controversial prizewinning hit at the Edinburgh International Festival in Scotland. Leary moved the show to New York at his own expense the following year.

While Leary was in New York shooting the third season of *Rescue Me*, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor **Stephen Rebello** to interview him. The two began their conversation on location in Harlem and continued it on a downtown limo ride to Leary's apartment and then to a studio. "He's smart, serious and focused," reports Rebello, "and his rants—on subjects ranging from dropped cell-phone calls to arrogant Manhattan drivers—were wildly entertaining. A pissed-off Leary is the best Leary."

PLAYBOY: On *Rescue Me*, your fireman character deals with post-9/11 stress syndrome, screws up his marriage, knocks up his cousin's widow and, when things get really bad, pours an entire bottle of vodka



"I did shitloads and shitloads of drugs. I tried everything, but almost none of it worked for me. Weed was never a good thing, because it kept me up all night. Coke was the opposite. It kind of made me like, 'I'm going to bed soon.'"



"I've seen some of Adam Sandler's movies because my kids watch them, but he does the same thing over and over. When some of these guys end up playing the retard-goofball crazy guy at 40, people say, 'This is weird.'"



"Catholic Church bling is outrageous. With the Italian Mafia disappearing, it's more evident than ever how much bigger the church is than the Mafia in terms of real estate. It has enough money to throw around to settle molestation suits."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRENNAN CAVANAUGH

over himself, fires up a cigarette lighter and nearly goes up in flames. Where does his demented worldview come from?

LEARY: I wish I could take credit for all of it, but a lot of it is actually based on real guys and real events. It's funny that lots of people have picked out that scene with the cigarette lighter, including some of the firemen the characters are based on. Obviously the reactions to that scene and to the show are especially complicated for people who know these characters are based on real people.

PLAYBOY: Who are they?

LEARY: My character is based on two good friends of mine. One is the technical advisor to the show, Terry Quinn, who I've known for 20 years and who's still a firefighter. I've never told the other guy that we based part of the character on him, and he's always telling me, "I don't know where you got that, but that's so fucking true." He doesn't see any of it. A lot of the shit you see on the show is literally what people went through with him, and we're afraid to tell him. The thing about television is that people project their own experiences onto the characters but don't necessarily come out and say they could be based on themselves or someone they know.

PLAYBOY: Your character gets regular visits from Jesus and from fire victims he couldn't save. When did Denis Leary last see God or dead people?

LEARY: I used to be incredibly cynical about people who talk about after-death experiences and how people came back in certain ways, but my experience has been that they do come back. It's actually an occupational hazard for firefighters because a lot of guys see people after they've failed to save them, especially co-workers. One time we were shooting a scene in which a little girl dies, and my character thinks she's still alive.

We were rehearsing, and the little actress had to go to the bathroom. While we were waiting, a real-life fireman standing next to me said, "God, she reminds me of this little girl who died on me last year. I've been seeing her every morning before I go to work." I asked, "What do you mean?" and he goes, "I just see her, man." A lot of firefighters who were down at ground zero tell me that's what they hope for, a visit or some sign.

PLAYBOY: Women love firemen, and you're playing one. How are you dealing?

LEARY: For years Terry Quinn and I have known Matt Dillon, who's a good-looking guy. But we have been places where women would walk right by Matt to get to Terry because he was wearing

a firefighter T-shirt. We'll go to a premiere or something, and women go fucking crazy. It's fucking insane in a good way. We kind of laugh about it, but I'm not complaining at all.

PLAYBOY: You've been married since 1989 to Ann Lembeck, who wrote episodes of your earlier TV show *The Job*, as well as the memoir *An Innocent, A Broad*. Does she complain?

LEARY: If it were the reverse, I'd fucking kill somebody. It sometimes bugs the shit out of her, but she's also a mom, so she's thinking that my getting attention is a good thing for our two kids. I think it's really fucking hard—almost impossible, in fact—for most straight men to live with



I think it's really hard—almost impossible—for most straight men to live with most straight women.

most straight women. Then on top of that, to keep the initial spark going is also hard. Obviously when you have children, it's this never-ending fucking story. But it helps if you've built that kind of life with somebody with a good sense of humor who knew you before you had money and fame and all that stuff. My wife is really fucking funny and gorgeous, which helps too. You've got to feel like you have an intellectual equal, because otherwise you just get fucking bored. Our relationship has always been another storm or a fucking land mine or something, but it's never been fucking boring.

PLAYBOY: *Rescue Me* is on FX, but it pushes the envelope like an HBO show in its language and situations. What do you make

of the FCC slapping a \$3.6 million indecency fine on CBS's *Without a Trace*?

LEARY: It's the sort of cyclone the religious right and conservatives have been pouring money into starting for ages. With the Bush administration in power, they feel they can take advantage of the atmosphere right now. Every time I see these people talking on C-SPAN, my reaction is always "Fuck you. I'm a parent taking care of my own fucking kids. You're in charge of yours." I think this is a battle they will ultimately lose. If the religious right and conservatives get everybody involved, either they're going to get a different conclusion from what they expect or we're going to live in two

different worlds, one where there will be TV for fucking grown-ups and one with these incredibly inane networks that conservatives can watch.

PLAYBOY: You mean networks with endless reruns of *Little House on the Prairie*?

LEARY: Yeah. Radio as we once knew it is already dead. I got satellite radio a year ago, not because of Howard Stern but for sports and music regular radio won't play anymore. The same thing can happen to regular network TV, which I don't watch either because it's so fucking bad. But I have friends whose shows I watch because I have to.

PLAYBOY: What's must-see Leary TV?

LEARY: Kiefer Sutherland on *24*. *The King of Queens* because Kevin James is so fucking funny, he makes me die laughing. I'm trying to catch up on *Lost* because I like it. *The Sopranos* is my favorite. When I saw this season's first few episodes, I went, "There go all the acting awards." Then I saw *Thief*, which is fucking unbelievable television, so now I think *The Sopranos* has some competition. FX has *Thief*, *The Shield*, *Nip/Tuck* and our show because the president of FX,

John Landgraf, came from other big networks, where he said, "I don't like any of this stuff. Why are we making it?" Now he does only the shows he loves. I wish my writing partners and I could come up with bad TV-show ideas so just one could become one of these pieces of shit that make money on a network for fucking 15 years. We're incapable, so we'd have to hire retards to do it for us.

PLAYBOY: What kind of clout have your show's Emmy and Golden Globe nominations brought?

LEARY: The Emmy nominations definitely make a difference in the show's profile. An Emmy win might make a little more difference, but just being in that mix is good. Fuck it, this award stuff isn't a horse race

where the fastest horse wins. It's partly political and partly handshaking and all that. I voted for Matt Dillon in *Crash* for last year's Oscar because I thought he was brilliant but also because he's an old friend. I voted for Philip Seymour Hoffman, but if somebody else in the best actor category were a good friend, sorry, my friend would get my vote.

PLAYBOY: Your TV show keeps firefighters' problems—their job burnout, how little they're paid, how under-equipped they can be—in the public consciousness. How much money have you raised through the Leary Firefighters Foundation, the organization you started in 2000?

LEARY: We're at about \$7 million or \$8 million. We ask the New York City department, "What do you guys need that isn't in the city's budget right now?" Last year it was a giant tank. It cost \$1 million, and we turned it over directly to the department. It has satellite equipment that allows the chiefs outside to communicate with the guys instead of having to wait to go into the building. It felt great to watch CNN and see they had driven the tank down to New Orleans after Katrina.

PLAYBOY: You became famous as a stand-up comic. Do you miss it now that you're doing the series?

LEARY: Once you've fallen in love with stand-up, you always want to go back to it. Doing a television series has made it impossible for me to tour, so I keep my comic muscles strong with charity gigs like the yearly one we do in Boston with my friend Cam Neely, who's a Hall of Fame hockey player. I host that, which means I have to do at least 30 minutes up front and another 30 along the way. I also do a yearly event in New York. Sometimes I do Michael J. Fox's private foundation event for Parkinson's, and this year, when I went overseas to push *Rescue Me*, I did a 10,000-seater in Dublin. I usually bring some young comedian the audience hasn't necessarily seen or who is about to become a star, like Dane Cook, who we had before anybody knew who he was. These gigs are high-pressure. It's not like you just go out there and fuck around. You have to make them laugh.

PLAYBOY: Do you prepare much?

LEARY: I make bullet points and just talk those out when I get onstage. I might think about five things in the course of the week or day—stuff that's in my head, stuff that's in the newspapers—but once I get onstage and say something about Bush or whatever, 18 other thoughts about him that I'd forgotten just come right out. That adrenaline kicks in, you're making those connections, and if the audience is with you, you go, "Aw, fuck, what about this and that?"

PLAYBOY: What compares with the thrill of doing stand-up?

LEARY: The closest thing to it is boxing. It doesn't matter what mood you're in, you've got to have your fucking wits about you or you'll get your head hit, which

FUNNY BECAUSE IT'S TRUE

But seriously, folks, no one can rant like Denis Leary



I would never do crack. I would never do a drug named after a part of my own ass.

I got two words for you, okay? Jim Fixx. Remember Jim Fixx? The big famous jogging guy? Jogged 15 miles a day. Did a jogging book. Did a jogging video. Dropped dead of a heart attack when? When he was fucking jogging, that's when.

I love to eat red meat. I'll only eat red meat that comes from cows who smoke, okay? Special cows they grow in Virginia with voice boxes in their necks. This is America. I want a bowl of raw red meat right now. Forget about that. Bring me a live cow over to the table. I'll carve off what I want and ride the rest home.

Racism isn't born, folks; it's taught. I have a two-year-old son. You know what he hates? Naps. End of list.

When I was teenager I wouldn't have gotten a steel bar put through my tongue. That is just one more thing for your dad to grab ahold of when he is pissed off at you.



I want coffee-flavored coffee. Coffee doesn't need a menu; it just needs a cup. I actually gave the coffee up once. I said, "I'm not going to have a heart attack in front of some 18-year-old haiku-writing motherfucker in a Starbucks."



I'm sick of my generation getting called the TV generation. "Well, all you guys do is watch TV." What did you expect? We watched Lee Harvey Oswald get shot live on TV one Sunday morning. We were afraid to change the fucking channel for the next 30 years.

I think we should take Iraq and Iran and combine them into one country. Call it Irate. All the pissed-off people can live in one place and just get it over with.

I don't have to spank my kids. I found that waving my gun around gets the point across.

We only want to save the cute animals, don't we? Yeah. Why don't we just have animal auditions? Line 'em up one by one and interview them individually. "What are you?" "I'm an otter." "And what do you do?" "I swim around on my back and do cute little human things with my hands." "You're free to go." "And what are you?" "I'm a cow." "Get in the fucking truck, okay, pal?" "But I'm an animal." "You're a baseball glove. Get on that truck."



I love these little facts. "Well, you know, smoking takes 10 years off your life." Well, it's the 10 worst years, isn't it, folks? It's the ones at the end. It's the wheelchair, kidney-dialysis fucking years. You can have those years. We don't want 'em, all right?

My biggest regret in life is that I didn't hit John Denver in the mouth while I had the chance.

"I'm just not happy, because my life didn't turn out the way I thought it would." Hey, join the fucking club, okay? I thought I was going to be the starting center fielder for the Boston Red Sox. Life sucks. Get a fucking helmet, all right? Happiness comes in small doses, folks. It's a cigarette or a chocolate cookie or a five-second orgasm. That's it.



doesn't feel good. I don't know a more democratic process than stand-up. Somebody brings you onstage and you say whatever the fuck you want. You have total freedom of speech—no interference, no editing, no limitations. It's my favorite thing, just you and everything in your brain versus everything in the audience's brains.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into stand-up?

LEARY: I went to St. Peter-Marian High School, and my grades were Ds. But this one nun, Sister Rosemary Sullivan, saved my life by forcing me to audition for *Mame* when I was 13. I got the part, and after that she talked me into doing other plays. My family didn't have any money and I didn't have much else in my back pocket, so by the time I was a senior, one of the nuns said I should go down and apply to Emerson, an arts college in Boston, where you audition and write an essay and SATs are secondary. I was like, "Yeah, whatever," but I fucking got a full scholarship. After graduation I wanted to act, but there aren't many theater jobs in Boston. Everybody was working shit jobs so they could get work onstage. Lenny Clarke's brother was running this talent show in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and I fucking couldn't believe it when I heard that Steven Wright, who lived around the corner from me, was getting paid 25 bucks a set. Lenny was doing a kind of stream-of-consciousness comedy onstage too, but he was basically a street-fighting maniac. Steven was the most incredibly shy, quiet guy, though he was really funny, and the comedy he was doing was like haiku. I thought, Fuck, if he can do it, I'll go up and talk. I don't give a fuck what happens. I'll get 25 bucks. I figured I'd get \$50 for both Saturday shows, and then I could always work the door for tickets.

PLAYBOY: How tough were the audiences in your early days?

LEARY: I was onstage at Carolines at the Seaport, doing stuff about Elvis being way more popular than Jesus, and I hear this guy grumbling at a table with his wife and another couple, all shit-faced. When I went into this vehemently anti-Kennedy bit, he started in, "I didn't come here to hear you talk about this shit." I said, "These people came here to listen to me talk about this shit, asshole." When he fucking got up and came right at me, I realized he had a gun. So I said, "Come on up onstage, pal," which is the best thing to do. As he came toward me, he tried to grab me, and the bouncer leaped up and got him in a bear hug, but the drunken wife jumped on the bouncer's back, punching and kicking him. So these three were swinging around onstage yelling until two other bouncers got the couple offstage and out of the club. The crowd was so good, I did another 10 minutes on the couple. When we were done with the set, I went upstairs, and a waitress told me some people from the first show were at the

front door, asking to be let back in so they could buy us drinks. Guess who. Classic drunken behavior.

PLAYBOY: Which comics influenced you?

LEARY: Once I saw Richard Pryor's concert, I thought, I didn't know you could say whatever the fuck is in your head and use those words. I knew George Carlin had just started doing that too, so to me they were the first two guys in that generation. I didn't really know about Lenny Bruce, who came before them. Carlin has to be considered the Babe Ruth of comedy. Even in his most recent special, there may be things I don't like, but while I'm laughing a part of me is going, Goddamn, why didn't I think of that? He talks about his view of the world, but you don't know anything about his private life. On the other hand, you knew everything that was going on in Richard Pryor's life because he acted it out onstage. For me, Pryor was the fucking be-all and end-all.

PLAYBOY: What are some of Hollywood's most inexplicable comedy careers?

LEARY: Some people get lucky. I mean, it's not a lack of talent; it's like they've

*You knew everything
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found this one thing they know how to make work. I've known Adam Sandler for years and never really understood his career. I've seen some of his movies because my kids watch them, but he does the \$20 million gorilla jobs where you kind of do the same thing over and over because that's how much money you get and that's what the audience expects. I would get so fucking bored, but some people seem to thrive on that shit, so who am I to say? It's like when my brother and I watched Jerry Lewis on TV, acting like a retard in the Martin and Lewis films and his first solo movies. He used to make us laugh our balls off, but we watched *Hook, Line & Sinker* and said, "He looks too old to do this." When some of these guys end up playing the retard-goofball crazy guy at 40, people all of a sudden say, "This is weird."

PLAYBOY: How much drugging did you get into on the comedy circuit?

LEARY: Oh, I did shitloads and shitloads. I tried everything. You know, it was the time. But almost none of it worked for me. Weed was never a good thing, because it kept me up all night. Coke was

the opposite. It kind of made me like, "I'm going to bed soon." The one time I tried quaaludes, I just literally fell asleep. I was never big on speed. I never did a lot of psychedelics. I had a couple of friends who were like, "We're going to trip. Do you want to come over and make sure nobody goes out the window?" and I was like, "What the hell are they doing this for?" It just wasn't my thing, though I tried mushrooms once and that was okay. A bunch of us went out to see a friend playing straight-ahead rock and roll, and it was really great, but we were over on the side, laughing our balls off during every song and getting dirty looks, which just made us laugh even more.

PLAYBOY: Did you get static for using so much profanity?

LEARY: The fucking assholes who ran the clubs were like, "Why are you talking like that?" It was that way for me and the guys of my generation—Chris Rock, Jon Stewart, Colin Quinn. All the owners wanted was someone like Seinfeld and Leno, the two clean comics working the clubs at the time. Everybody admired their ability to work a room—they did it much better than I could—but that wasn't our style. I wouldn't do it. Leno was a really good club comedian and wasn't as slick and homogenized as you have to be in the circumstances he's in now. Seinfeld was a fucking killer club comedian. A lot of guys wearing skinny ties were doing Seinfeld and Leno junior acts, doing what those guys did but nowhere near as well—like cover bands. They made shitloads of money in the comedy boom, but if a bunch of us are sitting around shooting the shit backstage at one of these charity gigs and somebody asks, "Whatever happened to blah blah blah?" it's "He went back to being a teacher."

PLAYBOY: Much has been written about you and comedian Bill Hicks, who died in 1994. People have accused you of appropriating his persona and material.

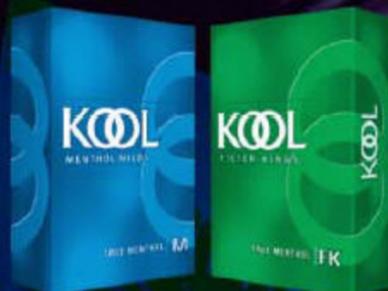
LEARY: That's a great story that people like to latch onto. When I came to New York from Boston, Bill was part of the Sam Kinison group, and I was part of the Lenny Clarke group. Kinison and Lenny exchanged the notion that Bill and I should see each other because we were going to love each other's act. Very quickly we got New York club owners saying, "You guys are too alike," while Bill and I were saying, "What are they fucking talking about?" It's the same approach to the subject maybe, but it's not the same act. Caroline Hirsch of Carolines comedy club in New York started booking us to co-headline, so one guy would open one show and the other guy would close, then vice versa for the next show. We had audiences laughing at both acts, as a lot of witnesses at those big New Year's Eve gigs we did can tell you. But as I've said many times, a fable is sometimes better than the truth.

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KOOL
BE TRUE.

PLAYBOY: You were the second of four kids in working-class Worcester, Massachusetts. What were you ranting about at an early age?

LEARY: The Catholic Church, for one thing. By the time I was 12 or 13, I was like, "Fuck these guys and the organization." These fucking priests had maids and butlers, and after Sunday mass they would put their golf clubs in their Lincoln Continentals and go golfing. We're living in a three-decker apartment, my brother and I are sleeping in the attic, and the priests are walking around our school hallways wearing those rings and shit. I mean, Catholic Church bling is outrageous. Today, with the Italian Mafia disappearing, it's more evident than ever how much bigger the church is than the Mafia in terms of real estate. It has enough money to throw around to settle molestation suits. Don't get me started on those guys. Anyway, most of my anger as a kid was directed at my older brother because we shared a room the entire time we were growing up.

PLAYBOY: What is he like?

LEARY: Three years older and much bigger, a football player. Nobody in the neighborhood would fight me, because they were afraid they would have to fight him. We almost drove my mother off planet Earth, we were so fucking out of our minds growing up, doing such crazy shit to each other that I was always in the hospital, getting stitches all over my body. Our apartment had a screened-in back porch with three wooden fire escapes down to the first floor, and one time my brother goes, "Get off the porch or I'm gonna throw you out the door and down the stairs." And then he did. He couldn't skate and never really played hockey like I did, so one way I could get back at him was to shoot right at his fucking head when he was playing goalie and wearing boots, because I knew he couldn't chase me. That was great public humiliation.

PLAYBOY: Did he wise you up about sex?

LEARY: No, that was Eddie Correlli, who was on my street-hockey team. He was in my class, but he'd been kept back a couple of times. He had a girlfriend before we did and passed the word along. There were always lots of girls around, mostly Irish girls from the neighborhood—easy access. From two to four P.M., during Sunday mass, a gang of guys would go down to the railroad tracks nearest the church, with a six-pack, cigarettes and
PLAYBOY: When the priest came down the aisle to say good-bye to the people, all we had to do was check to see who it was. That way when we went home, if we were asked who said the mass, we could say, "Oh, Father McGraw." One time we were just about to go and see who the priest was, when my old man pulled up. That put a fucking end to that.

PLAYBOY: What were your early sex experiences like?

LEARY: This girl and I would go into the

first-floor vestibule of her parents' three-decker and pretty much do everything. Her parents were always in bed, supposedly. Years later I went back to take my nieces to a St. Patrick's Day event, and one of the ladies organizing it walked by and said, "Denis Leary." And I went into a complete panic. It was the girl's mother, and I still had that what-if-she-finds-out thing. She goes, "You remember me, right? I remember you because you used to feel my daughter up." And I was like, My God, she heard everything. Of course she was awake and waiting for her daughter to come home. I spent the rest of the night avoiding her.

PLAYBOY: Who starred in your first erotic fantasies about celebrities?

LEARY: They were always triple-headers with Karen Valentine from *Room 222*, Susan Dey from *The Partridge Family* and Peggy Lipton from *The Mod Squad*. To make matters worse, a couple of years ago Peggy Lipton, who still looks fantastic, did the play *The Guys*, about post-9/11 firefighters, here in New York. Terry Quinn calls me one night and says, "You have to come to this restaurant." I do

Paris Hilton did a homemade porn movie—and not very good homemade porn. And I'm not talking about the way it was filmed. I'm talking about the actual sex.

and he's sitting there with Peggy Lipton, who he was dating. He was living the dream. Cindy Crawford is a beautiful, sexy chick, just naturally sexy. She doesn't have to do anything. I have a long list: Julie Christie in those movies from the 1970s—beautiful, very natural. That's what I always find sexy. I don't like anything fake.

PLAYBOY: Including implants?

LEARY: Don't like them. Never did. It automatically opens a can of worms because the woman obviously didn't like herself to begin with or chose to be with somebody who didn't like her to begin with. To me that's just a red flag.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on contemporary sexpots such as Jessica Simpson, Britney Spears and Paris Hilton?

LEARY: Maybe we're all just laughing at the idiocy of what Paris Hilton is doing. She did a homemade porn movie that actually increased interest in her—and, by the way, not very good homemade porn. And I'm not talking about the way it was filmed; I'm talking about the actual sex. Britney Spears is not my kind of music at all, but I went to a Jessica Simpson con-

cert and she was really nice to my kids backstage, taking pictures and the whole nine yards. She does have a voice, so I give her credit for that at least. I don't think Madonna's ever had much of a voice or songwriting ability or anything, so she never even made my radar.

PLAYBOY: Did you have erotic fantasies about nuns who taught you in school?

LEARY: Oh fuck, yeah. We had one nun who was hot-looking even in those old habits. She wasn't stern like the other nuns and talked to us about sex when she discovered us passing around a copy of *The Godfather* so we could read the scene of Sonny having sex with the bridesmaid. By Vatican II the nuns didn't have to wear habits anymore if they didn't want to, so this nun showed up wearing a skirt, a top and a crucifix but nothing on her head—fucking beautiful. After I graduated and went back to visit my mom, my brother and I were in the supermarket parking lot when I see this really hot-looking blonde get out of a pickup, wearing hot pants and sneakers. My brother goes, "That's the hot-looking nun. She had an affair with one of the other teachers, left the convent and now they're getting married." I was like, "Hell, she was obviously waiting for it. All we had to do was ask."

PLAYBOY: Your mother is still living, but your father died young. How did he die?

LEARY: He had gone back to Ireland on vacation. His favorite brother had just walked in, they had just shared a laugh about something, and he went just like that. He was really young, only 60. He had a funeral in the village he was born and raised in, then he was brought home and had a massive funeral here. People came to his wake and nobody knew who the fuck they were—college girls coming up and saying, "My car broke down on the expressway, and nobody would stop and help but your father." A couple of old ladies told us that when they couldn't afford to pay their gas bill, he paid it for the month. He loved the Beatles and so did my mother, but she really loved Dean Martin. To this day he is the person she's most impressed that I've met.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet him?

LEARY: He loved *No Cure for Cancer* and said, "Call up that kid. I want to meet him." I was in L.A. making a movie, and when I pulled up to the house, I was like, What kind of fucking practical joke is this? The door opened, and I recognized his ex-wife Jeannie, who he was back together with. Suddenly he comes sauntering in wearing a retro-cool Members Only jacket, and I'm thinking to myself, Holy shit, it's fucking Dean Martin. I almost collapsed because he looked just like my father—same size, thick hair, big hands, same glasses and personality. We had dinner and shot the shit all night. He was drinking 7 and 7s, but I wanted

(continued on page 140)

*As seen on the cover of this issue.
The Golden Circle String Bikini. Available now at*

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A critically acclaimed documentary film director continues
his examination of the day's most pressing question

WHY ARE WE IN IRAQ?

BY EUGENE JARECKI

In 1942 Frank Capra made a series of films called *Why We Fight* to explore America's reasons for entering World War II. People have asked me why I stole his title for my film. Actually I think I stole Capra's movie. Or at least I hope I did.

Capra was a great director, but more important he was a champion of democracy and a defender of the little guy. In *It's a Wonderful Life* George Bailey fights to save his small town of Bedford Falls from what is effectively Wal-Mart. In *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* Jefferson Smith battles until his legs give out to protect his beloved creek from damming by special interests. Throughout Capra's films the hero is a lovable everyday American struggling against dark forces of corruption in our society. And always America's first principles are at stake.

When he made the *Why We Fight* series Capra took his concern for democracy global. In seven gripping films tracing the rise of totalitarianism in Germany, Italy and Japan, Capra urged Americans to stand up and fight to defend democracy. The films have been called propaganda partly because they were financed by the U.S. government but also because they are deeply affecting and motivational. Even then America needed a reason to go to war, and who better than Capra to articulate it?

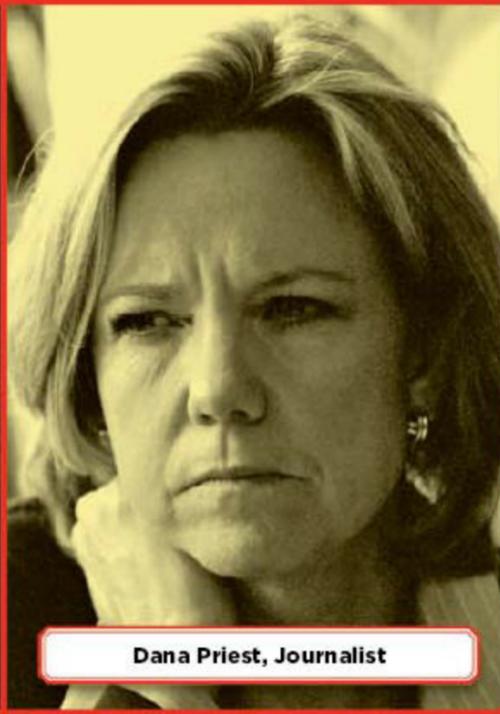
In those days, when Capra asked everyday people on the street why we fought, the answer was simple. The Axis powers were a threat to humanity, and opposing them was a moral imperative. Today the reasons seem far less clear.

What are we fighting for? I have asked nearly 200 Americans this question. Almost always the first answer out of anyone's mouth is "Freedom." In one way, that's natural, because for much of our history, and despite our shortcomings, America has been a staging ground in the global quest for freedom. At the same time, hearing identical answers to a complex question is troubling in a democracy. So I pressed further. "What does that mean to you?" I asked, and right away I discovered people's doubts. Just beneath the veneer of "freedom," clouds have gathered. I spoke to a nine-year-old kid who knew the word *Halliburton* and said, "It's the people who start the wars who know what they're fighting about." I spoke to a middle-aged store owner in Kansas who said he thought we were fighting for our ideals, or at least he hoped so. Everywhere I went, I found people struggling to reconcile their hopes for America with the reality they see. This sense of conflict deeply affected me and my film.

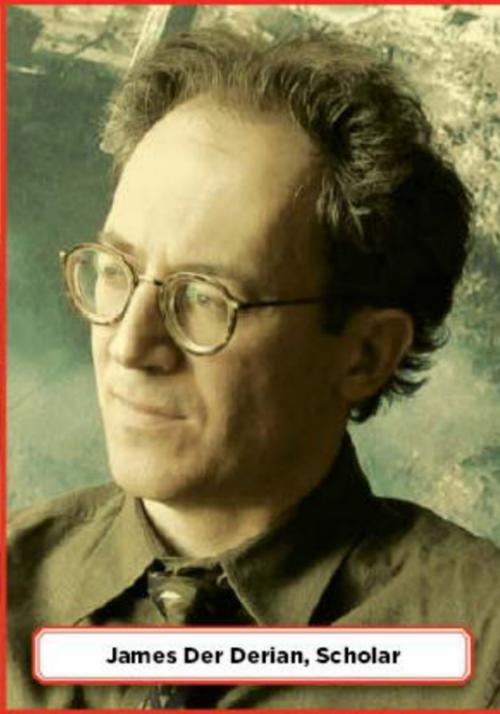
More than three years have passed since the start of the Iraq



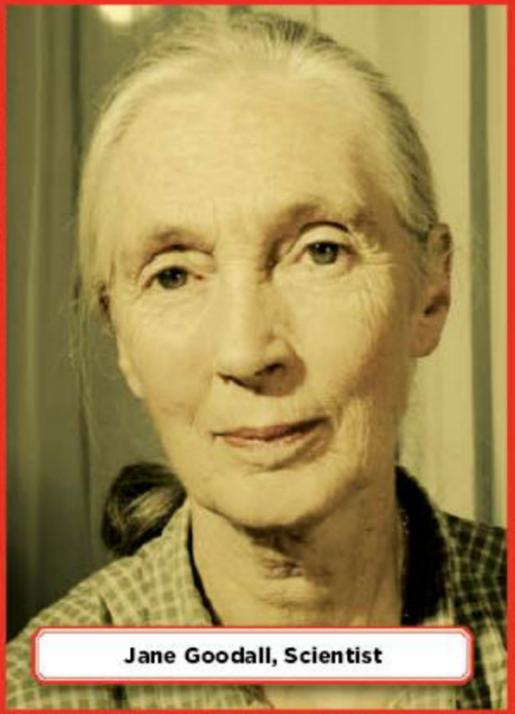
Amy Goodman, Radio host



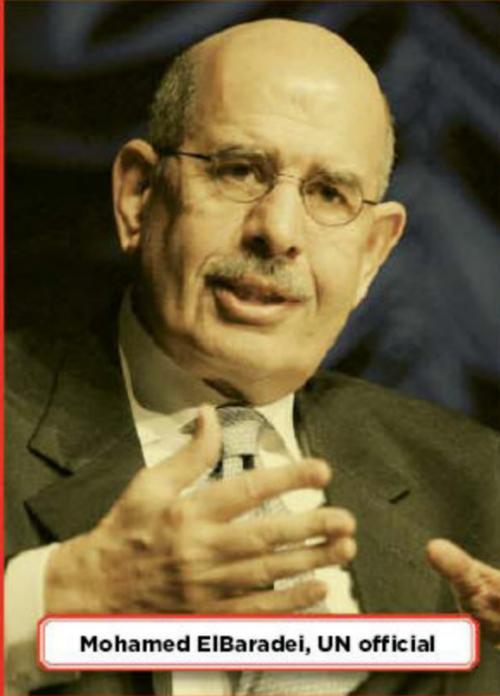
Dana Priest, Journalist



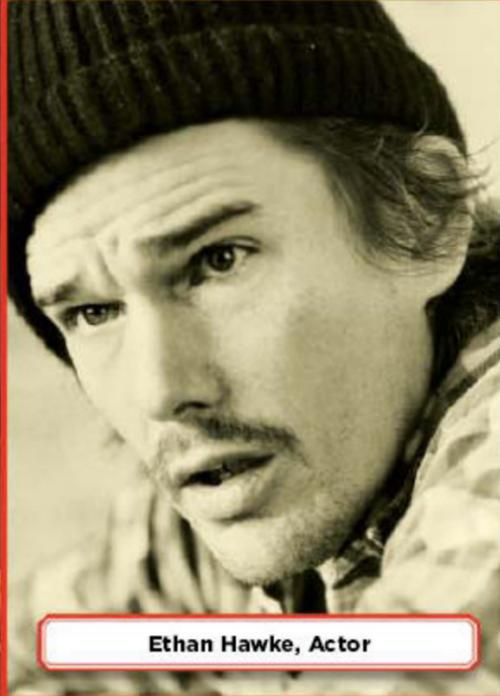
James Der Derian, Scholar



Jane Goodall, Scientist



Mohamed ElBaradei, UN official



Ethan Hawke, Actor



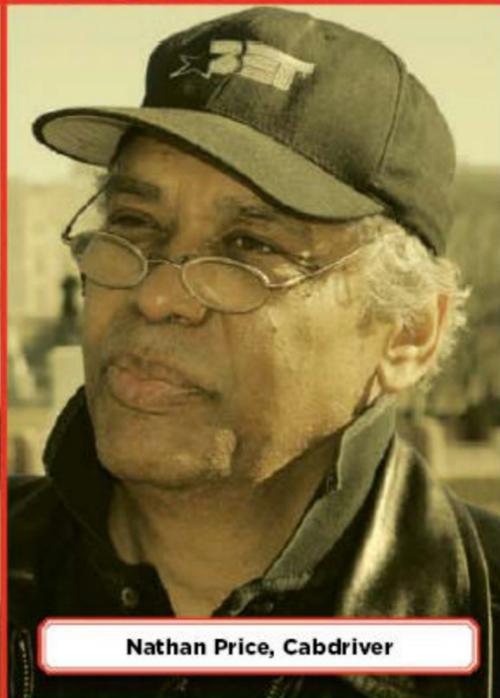
Jessica Lynch, Student



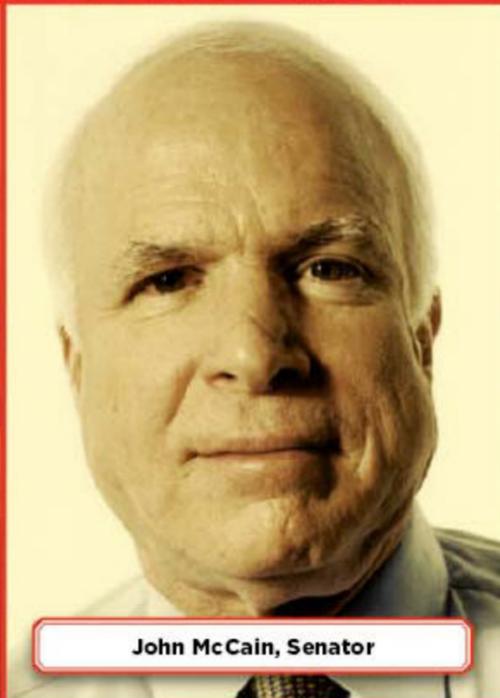
Lawrence Wilkerson, Soldier



Lindsey Graham, Senator



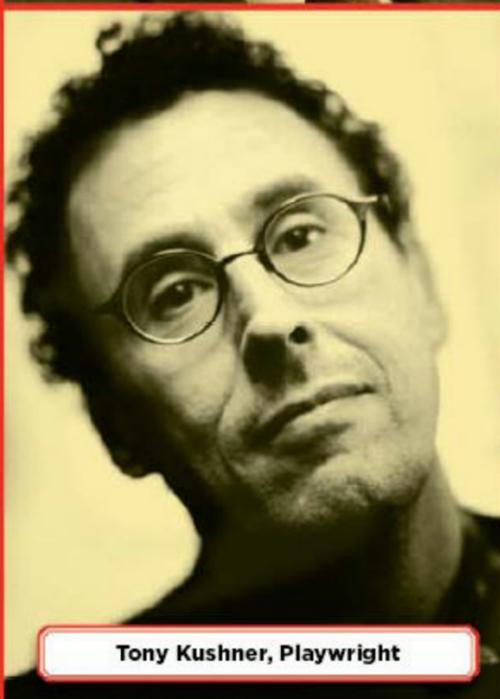
Nathan Price, Cabdriver



John McCain, Senator



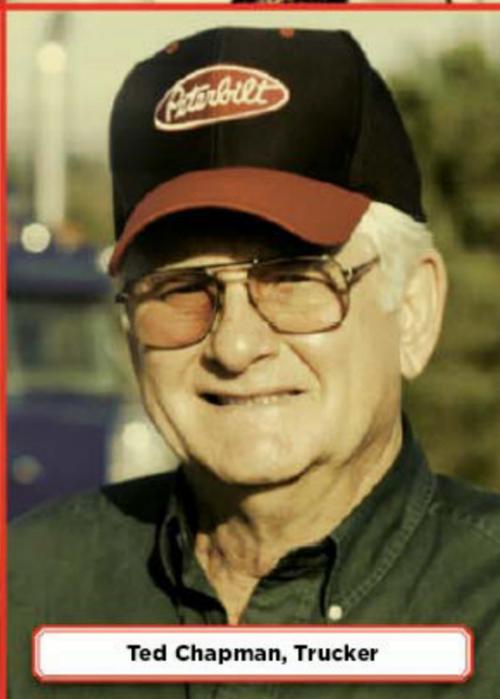
Steve Earle, Musician



Tony Kushner, Playwright



Ardeth Platte, Nun



Ted Chapman, Trucker



Cornel West, Scholar

“In this war military force has very limited application. We cannot win this war through imperial power.” —Senator Lindsey Graham

war, and there have been many developments—from the hopes represented by purple fingers to the danger of civil war to scandals here at home and rising new tensions abroad. In the Capra tradition, the interviews that follow represent a cross section of people sharing their thoughts during a time of war. I am grateful to them for their openness and for allowing me to capture their voices at this critical moment.

SENATOR LINDSEY GRAHAM Why are we fighting? I think we were dealt a blow that knocked us to our knees. We got up rightfully angry and committed to not letting it happen again.

I've served as a military officer and military lawyer for 20 years and have been on active duty for six and a half years while also serving in Congress. This interaction with men and women in uniform has helped me understand how the war is playing out among the National Guard and Reserves when the cameras are off. So there's the Lindsey Graham who's part of the Republican team and the Lindsey Graham with experiences outside politics, formed through nonpolitical associations.

Men and women in the U.S. military have pledged their allegiance to the Constitution in a unique way but are also human beings. As we debate why we went into Iraq and when we should leave, most military people would probably appreciate more coverage of the good things they're doing, but they don't feel threatened by the debate. Questioning policy and having an honest debate do not destroy morale. The American way is to question.

Some initial decisions about interpreting the torture statute were way out of bounds. If they became our country's policy, 60 years of protections we've adhered to would be eroded. Some Americans don't care what we do to these detainees. I understand that on an emotional level, but I've spent 20-plus years sticking to a set of values that rejects that way of thinking. If we permit the president to allow an interrogation method that is clearly outside international norms, what prevents the presidents of Syria and Iran from making those same findings against our people? The stakes are high.

One thing the United States had going

for it during World War II was unity of purpose. We are not a unified nation on Iraq. The president bears some responsibility for that. Preemption is a doctrine we've come up with in the war on terror: Hit them before they hit us. But one of the cornerstones of preemption is you've got to be right. Making unsupported statements about weapons of mass destruction is a body blow. Some people think they were used and manipulated. Some think this is a war not of necessity but of choice. I understand where they're coming from.

The bottom line is, in confronting my enemy there is a line in the name of safety that, if crossed, blurs the distinction between me and my enemy. In this war military force has very limited application. We cannot win this war through imperial power. If it is viewed as an exercise of imperial power by the U.S. to do away with all who oppose us, we will surely lose. If we're seen as an agent of good that is empowering moderate forces against intolerance and aiding those who are being oppressed, we will win.

AMY GOODMAN War is gore. It is suffering. It is death. It is hospitals overrun with wounded. That's what war is, and that's what we should see on television: the unfiltered war. We're not getting this.

The Pentagon has refined its control of the media to an unprecedented level. Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, the media-watchdog group, looked at the nightly newscasts on NBC, ABC, CBS and PBS in the week leading up to Secretary Powell's appearance before the UN Security Council and in the week afterward. During that period 393 interviews were conducted about war. Of those, only three featured antiwar voices. Three of 393—that is not a balanced media. That is a media cheerleading for war.

Once the war began, the networks put retired military officers on the air to give blow-by-blow descriptions of events from the Pentagon's point of view. Where were the peace activists? Where were the diplomats? Where were the doctors? We asked CNN's Aaron Brown where these voices were. He said, "I admit we came late to the peace movement. But

once the war starts, those voices are irrelevant." Irrelevant? How else would the Vietnam war have ended?

Tim Russert interviewed Donald Rumsfeld on *Meet the Press* and showed the famous handshake between Rumsfeld and Saddam Hussein. I thought, Finally Rumsfeld is going to be confronted on why he had been normalizing relations with Saddam, knowing he had used poison gas. So what did Russert ask him? "Mr. Secretary, you got to know Saddam Hussein. Where do you think he might be right now? What do you think he might be thinking?"

The media does not just let politicians off the hook but provides a forum for their message. What does George Bush's statement "You're with us or you are with the terrorists" mean to journalists? It means you have to make a decision. If the media stood up even for a moment, the standoff would end with the press winning. The politicians need the press more than the press needs the politicians.

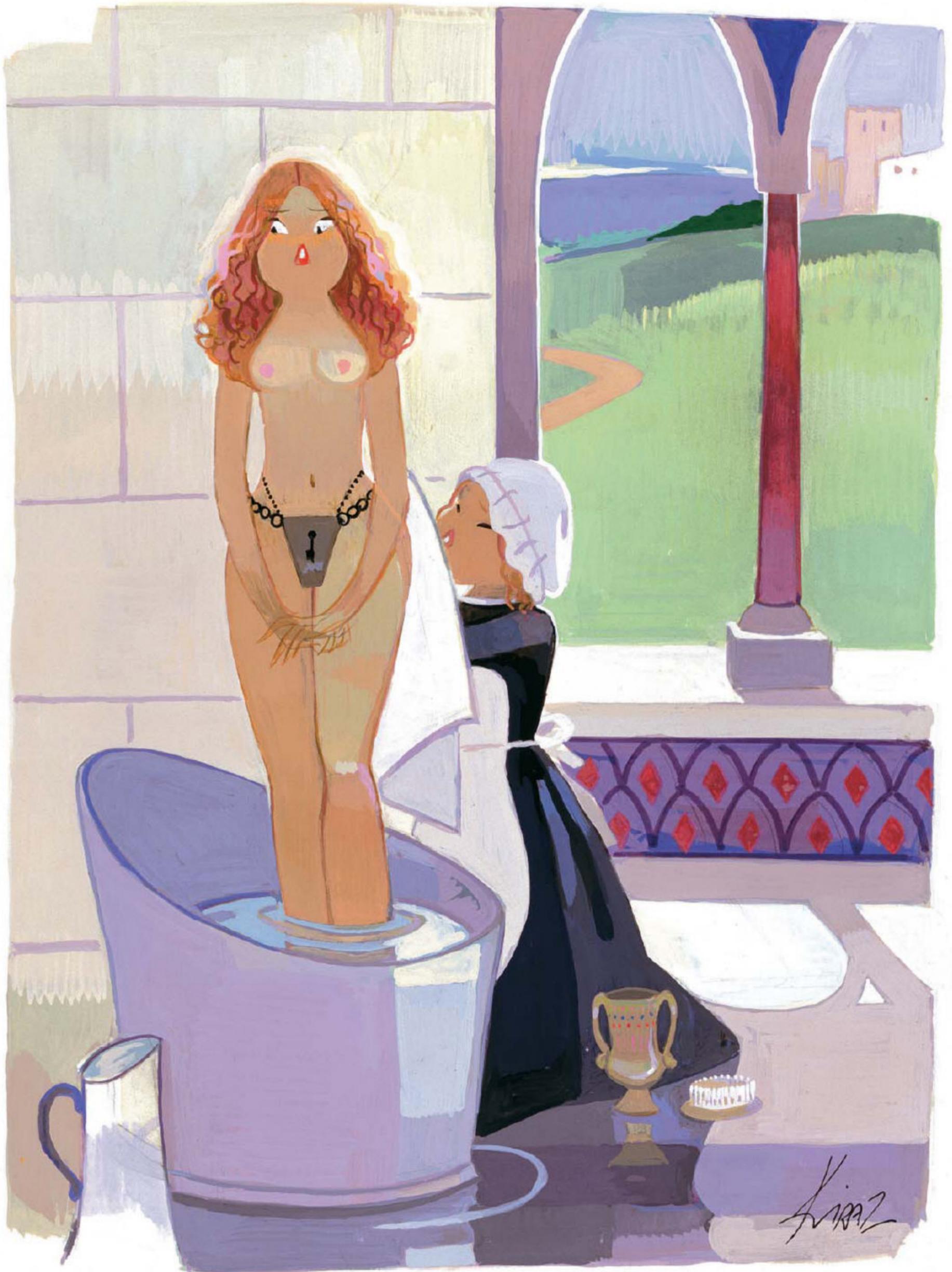
ETHAN HAWKE Something in us creates these wars. You can say this war is about oil, but consistency over time means it's not about specific political issues. Something else is going on.

I'm from Texas. I love cowboy hats and riding horses. No American idealizes all that more than I do. But when I see George W. Bush walking around in his cowboy hat, I feel it's time for some new kind of masculine identity.

Masculine identity has been ruling the world for a long time. You could make a case that it was needed at one time to keep people safe, build buildings, make roads and conquer nature. But that masculine thing has also led us to war. Men like to fight. Men like to feel as if their dicks are big. But because of globalization, I think in some fundamental way "Might makes right" is over. We're now realizing how interconnected we are.

My brother is a Green Beret in Afghanistan. I remember our parents taking us on trips to the Lincoln Memorial. We both wore shoulder holsters with toy guns, and we scoped out bad guys. He ended up really doing that, and I ended up pretending to. In the *(continued on page 112)*

“History is full of guys saying, ‘God, I was kind of pretending all that, and then my buddy really got shot.’” —Ethan Hawke



*“When my husband went to war he took the key to my chastity belt.
Now all my lover can do is look through the keyhole.”*



Here she is, sitting on a light-colored couch in her high-rise apartment in Los Angeles, with the California light shining in through the enormous windows behind her. At the moment, her T-shirt is riding up just enough to show a bit of belly the color of crème brûlée, and she's laughing—something she does a lot. We first saw her impossibly green eyes in *Clueless*, in 1995, when she played the sharp-tongued superhottie Dionne. Look at her now and it's clear: Stacey Dash hasn't changed a bit, except for the fact that she's even sexier than she was then.

"It's wonderful to grow up and into your own body," she says, a slight Bronx burr creeping into her voice. "You accept your flaws and start to love them." Flaws?

The latest from Stacey Dash's world: She appears in the recently wrapped *I Could Never Be Your Woman* (which hits theaters next month), portraying an actress in her 20s who plays a teenager on TV. Her co-star is Michelle Pfeiffer ("God, she is sexy," Stacey says). Having worked with such actors as Bill Cosby, Will Smith and Richard Pryor, Stacey likes to add a dash of humor to her characters, and this role is no different. Off the set she's also working on a lingerie line with a business partner. They're calling the company Letters of Marque, after the 17th century documents that governments of countries such as France and England would give to shipowners, authorizing them to attack and plunder vessels from enemy nations. "The name takes its inspiration from the pillaging of booty and stuff," she says. So...the pillaging of booty wouldn't have a double meaning, would it? Stacey leans forward, letting her hair fall in front of her eyes, and laughs. "It is lingerie, after all," she says.

Having grown up in the Bronx and attended northern New Jersey's Paramus High School, Stacey is an East Coast girl. No wonder she's living in a Century City skyscraper with such Manhattan-style features as a doorman. "I need to be here now, working as an actress, but once I get that thing done, I have to be in a penthouse on Park Avenue," she jokes. "You can't take the city out of the girl."



Stacey Dash—from Bronx babe to big-screen beauty

A DASH OF FLAVOR

From left: Stacey in *I Could Never Be Your Woman*, out next month, also featuring Michelle Pfeiffer; in her breakout role in *Clueless* (1995), opposite Alicia Silverstone; with Damon Wayans, who can't keep his hands off himself, in *Mo' Money* (1992).







Believe it or not, the stunning actress Stacey Dash thinks of herself as a bashful person. "I find I get a bit shy when I'm in social situations," she says. "Small talk drives me crazy, and L.A. is all small talk." Still, when it comes to her perfect body or her talent, she likes to stand out. "I'm not shy when I'm naked or in creative situations," she says.



Stacey's natural beauty and confidence made her first nude shoot a complete success. What's next for the New York native? She's launching her lingerie line during Fashion Week this year, and she's looking for a more serious acting role. "I want to do a gritty film, a drama," she says. "I'm finally feeling a little more grown-up."



See more of Stacey at cyber.playboy.com.

CUL- DE-SAC

FICTION BY **J. ROBERT LENNON**

Woodland Terrace was a cul-de-sac on the side of a hill in the upscale quarter of a university town in central New York state. You could get to it easily if you wanted; its entrance, a narrow, sycamore-shaded near-alley, lay mere blocks from State Highway 79. But there was no reason to go unless you lived there or were delivering something to the people who did. Only three houses stood on Woodland Terrace, and though they were by no means expensive or especially beautiful, the people who lived in them felt like they had gotten away with something. The street was quiet, buffered from the highway by houses, trees and a creek so that the occasional distant noise of a passing truck seemed a comfort rather than an annoyance, and between the end of the cul-de-sac and the next neighborhood lay an abandoned farm field and a jogging path. It was as isolated as a street could be in this small, high-density town, and the people who lived there liked it that way.

The first house on the left in the cul-de-sac was low, long and modern, and behind its louvered windows, for six hours of each day, sat a man named William Piven. He was 40 years old and a poet, and went by Bill, except on paper. He wrote one poem daily and had no other formal means of occupying his time. His wife was named Janeane Collum, and she taught art history at the college. This position was an avocation, not a profession: She was merely an adjunct. Her main source of income was her own personal fortune, which had come from her grandfather's, and now her father's, tobacco empire. Janeane smoked copiously and with great pleasure, and liked to say that she was employed in the family business after all. She was very pretty, with a humorous, round face and piercing gray eyes that she often kept only half open; her hair was long and prematurely silver, and she kept her body hidden by large loose blouses, baggy pants and caftans, giving the impression of an older woman who happened to look young. Her husband, on the other hand, looked like a prematurely aged youth. He still had

WHAT'S A
LITTLE WIFE
SWAPPING
BETWEEN
NEIGHBORS?





all his dark-brown hair and carried a perpetual faceful of beard stubble that outlined features sharp and alert and judgmental. He was simultaneously ingratiating and intimidating before he even opened his mouth, but when he did, the voice that emerged was deep and flawlessly modulated. He sounded a bit like a New Englander, though he was actually from Buffalo.

The next house, a mock Tudor, was occupied by Linda and Graeme Dock. They were from Christchurch, New Zealand, and a day rarely passed when they did not comment on that city's superiority to the one they presently lived in. Graeme also taught at the college; he was a botanist. He often described the New Zealand plant species he longed for and derided the local flora with delighted bitterness, gesturing with his cigarette, which, like his neighbor Janeane, he always held between the third and fourth fingers of his right hand. He liked to drink but thought Americans took drinking too seriously. He thought Americans took everything too seriously, but smoking and drinking especially. Nevertheless, he worried about his health every time he smoked or drank and often wondered if he was addicted to both. His wife, a dangerously thin, tan woman with sunken eyes, high cheekbones and fingernails bitten to the quick, spoke rarely except when asked a direct question and spent most of her time

HE FIRST LEARNED SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN HE HEARD THROUGH HIS OPEN WINDOWS A SORT OF STRANGLERED CRY.

in the spring and summer working in the garden, tending the very plants her husband despised. Little was known about what she did during the winter.

The third house was a Dutch colonial, and its inhabitants, Randy and Betsy McLaughlin, were new. They had moved here a year ago July, and it was now early September. They were middle-class Americans and very, very friendly. They both worked at the college—Randy in the hotel-administration school, where he taught classes on recreation marketing, employee management and memo writing; Betsy (part-time) at the college bookstore. Betsy was plump and cute and barely into her 30s; she had married young and retained many of the qualities she must have had in her student days. She was a good listener and had a winning smile. If she had opinions, she didn't reveal them to her neighbors. Randy, on the other hand, seemed rather dark in mood. He dressed in golf shirts tucked into belted chinos, though to Bill Piven's disappointment, he didn't play golf. He appeared disappointed by life but, like his wife, would never have said so if he was. He was round-faced and sharp-nosed, like a sundial. None of the neighbors liked him.

Not that any of them would have said so. Indeed, the people who lived on Woodland Terrace kept a respectable emotional distance. They socialized, of course; it was impossible not to. They even got together every once in a while for a potluck dinner or a few drinks on someone's patio, but you wouldn't have called any of them friends. It wouldn't even be necessary to mention these people at all if not for something that happened

at the end of September, which brought things to light that, with enough apathy and the slightest bit of obfuscating will, might forever have been kept secret.

●

Bill Piven first learned that something was wrong when he heard through his open windows the electronic bleep of a telephone, followed by a sort of strangled cry. It was a lovely day in late summer. He was in the middle of a poem, which is to say four lines through it. He had been writing it all morning, at a rate of about a line an hour, and what he had so far was this:

A garland of chimney swifts
decorates First Presbyterian.
Above the congregation
they worship mosquitoes,

He wasn't happy with it, but that was par for the course. He'd gone to graduate school to learn to write poems, and for a few years afterward had published them here and there, in small-circulation journals that paid in copies. Then, around the time he met Janeane at an avant-garde jazz concert, he sold a poem about a barn to a general-interest magazine read by a million people a week and was paid at a rate of a dollar a word. He decided then and there that he would never accept less for one of his poems, and so he began to tailor them to this magazine and sent them there exclusively. He'd been doing this, without success, for 13 years. Writing poetry had become a compulsion, and in fact he hated doing it, but he feared what not writing it would do to his self-regard, and so he endured.

The scream he heard on this day—he supposed that was what you could call it—had almost certainly come from the McLaughlins', which would mean that Betsy had made it. It was followed by silence, and he had almost decided to return to his poem when a car glided into the cul-de-sac, a police car, its lights flashing but its siren quiet.

Obviously someone was dead. It would turn out to be Randy. He was run down in a pedestrian crosswalk by a drug-addled economics major in a Lincoln Navigator. The student was driving without a license, which had been revoked after multiple DUI convictions, and would eventually hang himself in prison. But that was later. Bill watched two police officers enter the house, then emerge 20 minutes later with Betsy painfully hunched between them. She looked like she had developed both osteoporosis and rheumatoid arthritis in the space of 30 minutes. The officers helped her into the back of the car, then drove away.

When the car was out of sight, the phone rang. It was Linda Dock. She said, "Randy's dead. I heard them say so."

"Well," said Bill. He picked up his pencil and crossed out the fourth, then the third, second and first lines of his poem. "Come on over."

She hesitated. "It wouldn't seem right."

"I'll see you in 10 minutes."

He hung up, then he tore the page off his legal pad and dropped it into the trash. It didn't feel so bad. Poetry wasn't what he lived for; it was merely what kept him alive. What he lived for

(continued on page 142)



© Olivia

“Everybody into the pool...!”

PLAYBOY PRESENTS

THE

BIKINI

AT 60

THE SENSATION THAT ROCKED THE WORLD!



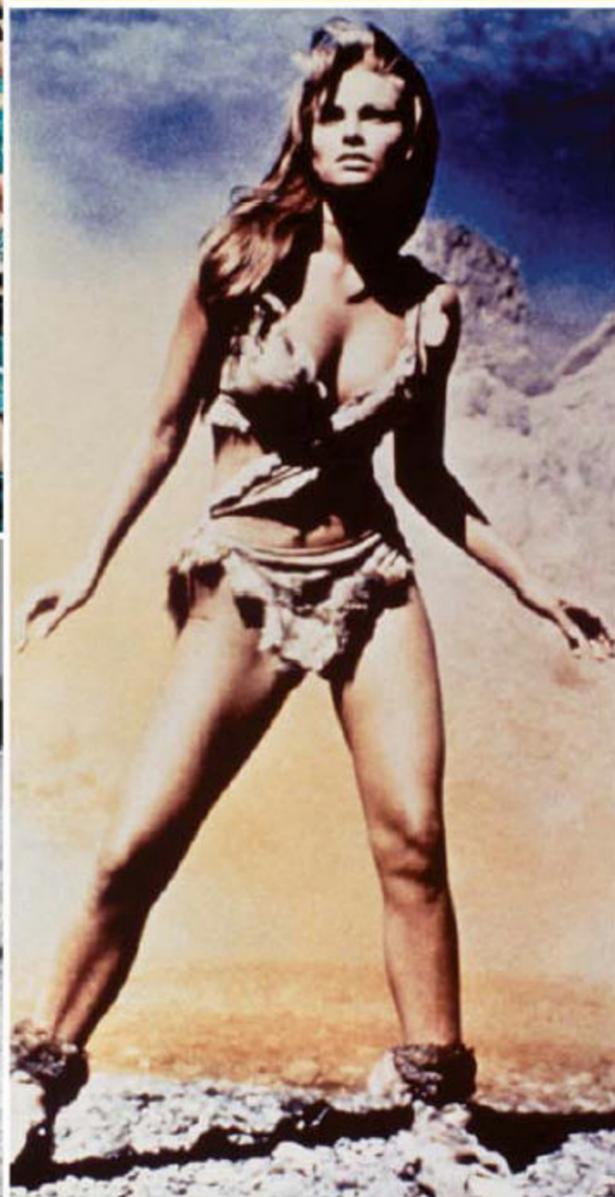
S

liced bread? For us, the standard of “greatest thing since” was eclipsed six decades ago with the advent of the sliced swimsuit. Since then the bifurcated garment that liberated women to flaunt their flesh has brewed a cultural mythology all its own, one involving Bardot and Brazilians, Andress and Avalon. How did two tiny pieces of fabric named after an atomic test site so shake up Western civilization? Read on.





THE NAVEL-BARING BIKINI WAS TOO RISQUÉ FOR THE MASSES DURING ITS FIRST YEARS OF EXISTENCE, BUT THANK GOODNESS PIONEERING SEX SYMBOLS FROM THE 1950S AND 1960S MADE THE SKIMPY SOFTWARE PALATABLE. OPPOSITE PAGE: MARILYN MONROE. THIS PAGE, COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: JAYNE MANSFIELD IN REPOSE (AND AGAIN IN HER GREENERY, RIGHT); BRIGITTE BARDOT MAKING A SPLASH AT CANNES; RAQUEL WELCH FILLING HER DINOKINI IN *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.*; URSULA ANDRESS, MEASURING A REPORTED 37½-22-35, IN HER IMMORTAL NUMBER FROM *DR. NO.*

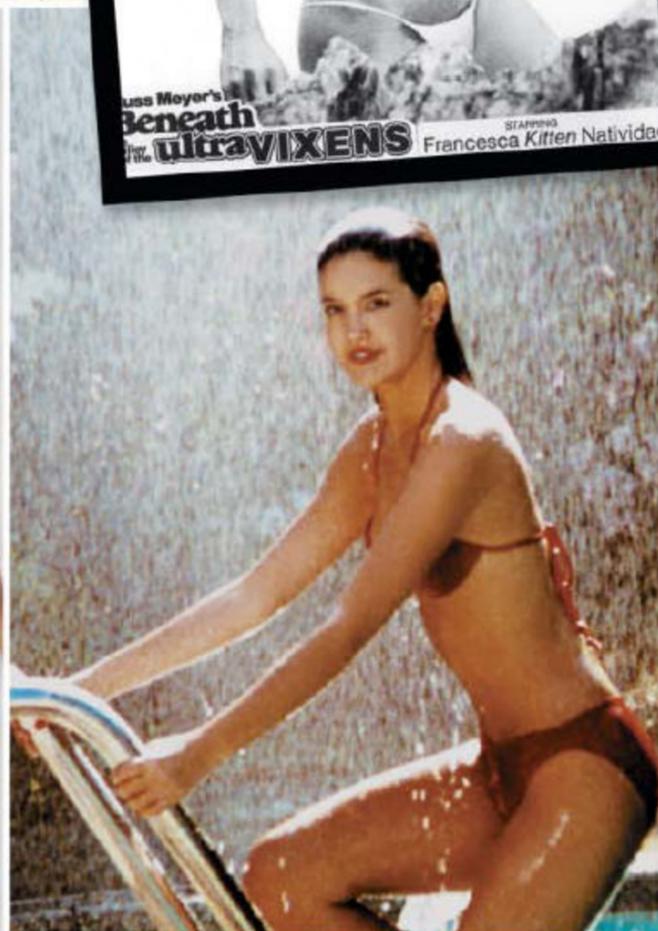


You don't have to be a dreamy Pollyanna to know that sometimes things just work out for the best. The Marshall Islands are full of atolls, and the military officer whose job it was to select an appropriately remote and minimally occupied target for the world's fourth atomic bomb explosion, in 1946, had his choice of bull's-eyes: Ailinginae, Ailinglaplap, Enewetak, Jabat, Jaluit, Kwajalein, Maloelap, Nadikdik, Namorik, Rongelap, Rongerik, Ujelang and Wotje, among many, many more. Fortunately, that brilliant bomber set his sights on Bikini Atoll, and on July 1 the bomb went off.

The law of unintended consequences has never been more firmly in effect than on that day. Half a planet away, in Paris—a dismal Paris still trying to rinse the gray Nazi occupation out of its system—a light went on in the head of Louis Réard. An automotive engineer whose professional ambitions had been diverted from the prosaic concerns of torque and horsepower, Réard was then running his mother's lingerie business and had set his eye on a more idealistic, philanthropic goal: He aimed to design the world's tiniest swimsuit for women. Earlier a similarly inspired humanitarian, Jacques Heim, had come out with a little two-piece bathing suit whose brevity he saluted with the name *Atome*. Heim was on the right track. The suit was small (though not quite small enough), and the name was nuclear without being a direct hit. Réard, however, had the right suit, and once the explosion in the Pacific took place, he had the perfect name. The Frenchman heard in the Micronesian island's name a word that not only contained the Latin prefix *bi*, meaning two, but would mean *va-voom!* in every language on earth. Just thank your lucky stars none of us has ever had to say, "Check out that chick in the ailinglaplap!"

WHEN PARIS FASHION MODELS REFUSED TO DON RÉARD'S INVENTION, THE DESIGNER CHOSE MICHELINE BERNARDINI (LEFT), A NUDE DANCER FROM CASINO DE PARIS, TO PROMENADE IN HIS TWO-PIECE.

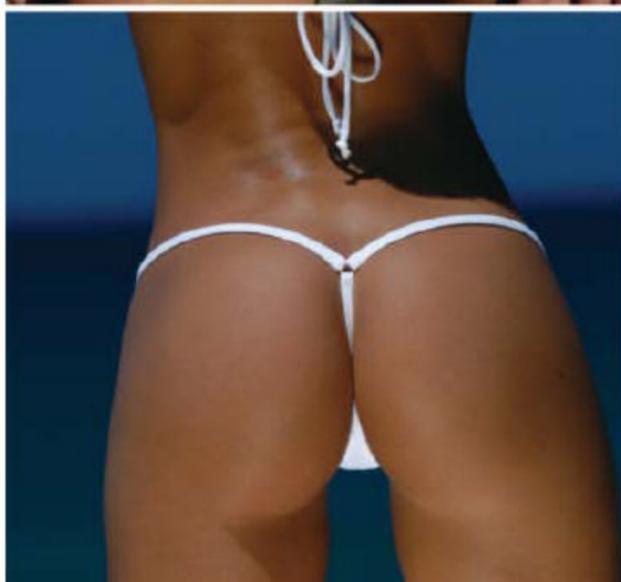
THE BIKINI ECLIPSED THE ONE-PIECE AND WENT MAINSTREAM CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CHERYL TIEGS IN A SWIMSUIT POSTER FROM THE LATE 1970S; NANCY SINATRA MODELING A TWO-PIECE; SUE LYON AS THE GAMINE TEMPTRESS IN STANLEY KUBRICK'S *LOLITA*; KITTEN NATIVIDAD ANIMATING A PUBLICITY POSTER FOR RUSS MEYER'S *BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRAVIXENS*; PHOEBE CATES IGNITING IMAGINATIONS IN *FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMOUNT HIGH* (WHICH BEGAN AS A BOOK FIRST EXCERPTED IN THIS MAGAZINE); CAMERON DIAZ BRINGING *CHARLIE'S ANGELS* BACK TO LIFE.



The bikini was slow to catch on. Throughout the 1940s Hollywood stars hit the beaches in midriff-baring two-piece suits, but the designs were so sufficiently structured that the actresses always looked more in danger of catching cold than of losing their virtue. The bikini was much more daring; as Réard said, "A bikini isn't a bikini unless it can be pulled through a wedding ring." In its original form it had a strapless top, its bottom rode high on the hips, and most provocative of all, it bared the belly button for all the world to see. One may think unveiling the umbilicus, common as it is, wouldn't cause such a stir, but people knew: If men could so readily gaze upon the vestibule of the temple of Venus, in no time they would be thinking of serving at its altar.

Left to itself the bikini might have foundered under the disapproval of rule makers at both the Vatican and *Vogue*. Luckily, the first Cannes International Film Festival, in 1946, gave the swimsuit the showcase it required. Where there is a film festival, there are starlets; where there are starlets, there are photographers; where there is a beach, there is pulchritude to be snapped. Eventually from among these beauties emerged the first great ambassadress of the bikini, Brigitte Bardot. Indeed, her big break came when she was 18 years old, in her second film, which was originally called *Manina, La Fille Sans Voile* ("Manina, the Girl Without a Veil") but, in an early example of the brilliance of no-frills branding, was retitled *The Girl in the Bikini* for its U.S. release. To see Bardot in a bikini was to see Eve in Eden—not merely beautiful but utterly nonchalant about being viewed in her nearly natural state. For the next decade, during which she would reign as one of the world's preeminent sex stars, Bardot was the bikini's partner in publicity. She allowed cameras to document her switch from a bandeau to an underwire, her premiere of the string brief, the wanderings of her bra strap as she snuggled with a boyfriend and ultimately the moment when she helped establish topless sunbathing on the beaches of St.-Tropez.

But if Bardot is the first lady of the bikini, surely Ursula Andress is its queen. One may be tempted to defend her claim on the basis of still photography alone, wherein her bikini-clad voluptuousness is placed on breathtaking display, but



OVER THE YEARS, THE BIKINI HAS BOLDLY GONE WHERE EVERY MAN WOULD LIKE TO FOLLOW, STAKING OUT NEW CONFIGURATIONS THAT HAVE LEFT LESS AND LESS TO THE IMAGINATION. LEFT FROM TOP: THE PEEK-A-BOO, THE TEARDROP, THE MINIMINI AND THE SLINGSHOT. IN *DIE ANOTHER DAY* (ABOVE), HALLE BERRY ACCESSORIZED HER OUTFIT WITH A DIVING KNIFE IN A SUITABLY EDGY TRIBUTE TO ANDRESS'S *DR. NO* CONCH-SHELLHUNTING GETUP.

that's like saying Babe Ruth should be in the Hall of Fame for nothing but his pitching. Andress, of course, starred in *Dr. No*, in which her leisurely bikinied emergence from the Caribbean helped start James Bond on his 44-years-long-and-counting career as a cultural character and box-office power. Britain's Channel 4 has ranked the scene as the sexiest screen moment of all time, and

neither Raquel Welch (dinokini, *One Million Years B.C.*), Carrie Fisher (Jabbakini, *Return of the Jedi*), Phoebe Cates (teenkini, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*) nor Halle Berry (spykini, *Die Another Day*) felt entitled to challenge the results.

Of course by the time Andress entered immortality the bikini was losing its controversial edge. Brian Hyland had a hit in 1960 with "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini," an irresistibly infectious ditty that, by gently poking fun at the anxiety of appearing nearly nude in public, did what the mocking of scary things always does—namely, make them seem less scary. Within three years the bikini stopped being a wholly owned sex-kitten subsidiary and,

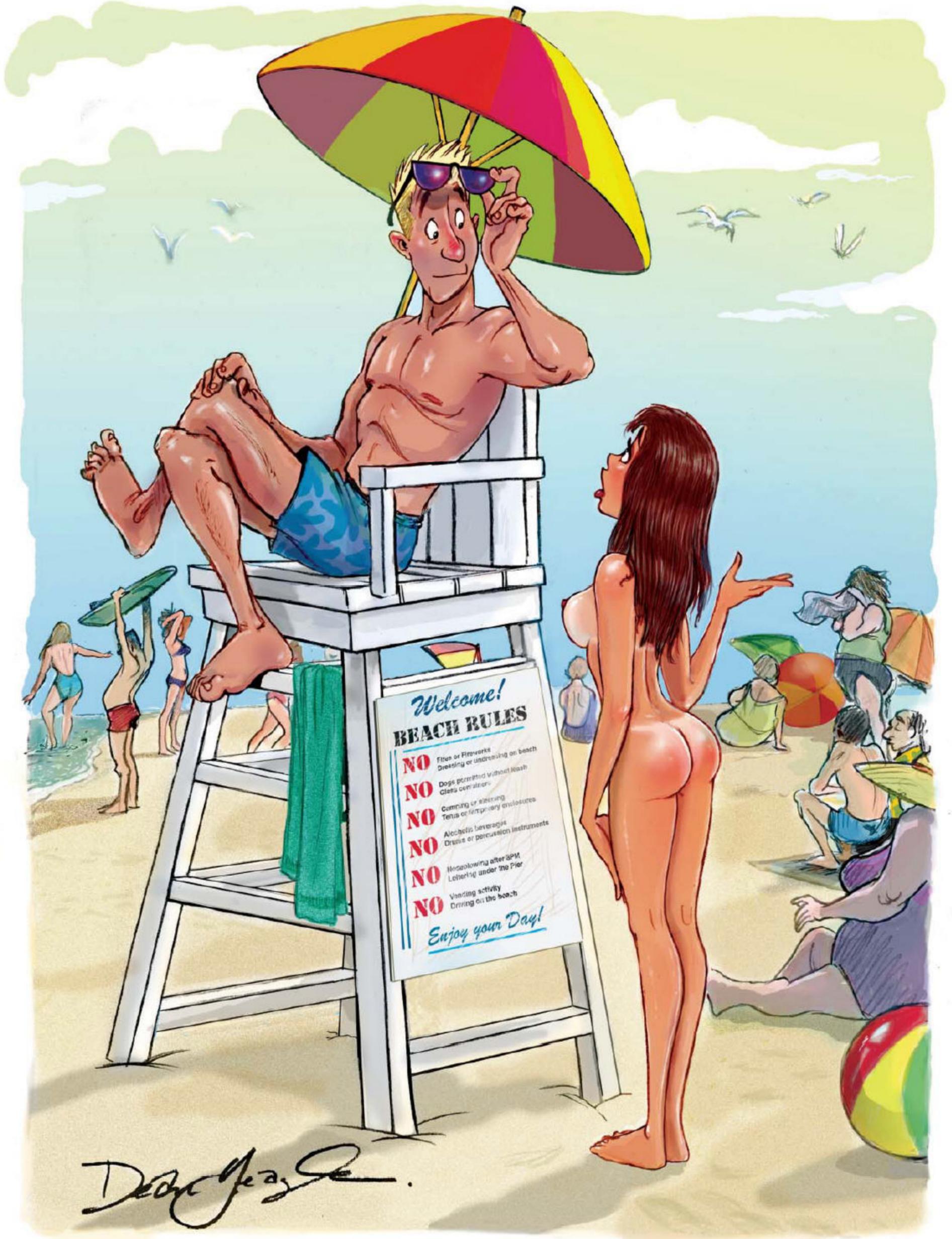
MONICA LEIGH
WRITES A
GLORIOUS NEW
CHAPTER IN
BIKINI HISTORY



THE BIKINI
KEEPS
EVOLVING.
FOR ALL
WE'VE SEEN,
WE HAVEN'T
SEEN
ANYTHING
YET.

via such films as *Beach Party*, *Bikini Beach*, *Beach Blanket Bingo* and *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*, became synonymous with Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello and the cream of America's fun-loving (and, let's face it, squarest) youth.

Perhaps it's most remarkable that, for such a tiny piece of territory, the bikini has continued to be the site of so much sensual creativity. One may think that, having seen the bikini, there's not much else to see. But there's the bikini with a strap hanging insouciantly off the shoulder, creating a compelling crescent of space between cup and breast. There's the bikini unclipped as the sunbathing wearer lies prone, birthing in the idle male mind fevered plots centered on startling the young lady to her feet. There's the bikini that requires a bikini wax and consequently leads to Doritos, Brazilians, sphinxes and other works of follicle art. There are designs cut low to showcase cleavage, bandeaux that reveal surprising underboobage, the high cuts that show thighage and the thongs that reveal *tout au naturel*—endless designs coupled with endless variations on femininity to produce eternal fascination. The bikini is 60, and we haven't seen anything yet.



"Have you seen a dog run by here with a string bikini in his mouth?"

by
Sloane
Crosley

**ALL ROADS
LEAD TO
BRAZIL**



Which way is the promised land? Ask a woman who's about to get waxed

became conscious that sweat was running down my neck. Whole blooms of it sprang up across my back like fireworks so that when I moved, the paper I was lying on moved with me. I cursed. I smacked my hand over my mouth. I spoke in tongues, some of them aboriginal in origin. This was my first Brazilian bikini wax. Though I couldn't bring myself to see how much more fleecing needed to be done, I guessed that slightly less than half my pubic hair was no longer with me. It had gone to a better place: the trash can. Suddenly the pain stopped. I remembered to breathe. I squinted one eye open. "What shape you want?" the waxer asked, thwapping my knee with a tongue depressor about to be quadruple-dipped in a vat of hot wax. Shape? "Sí," she said, "shape." On a woman who has just had a Brazilian, a thin area of hair remains. Yes, it has a shape. Not all airplanes land on the same strip. I recognized the question. The handful of times in my relatively unpolished life I've gotten my nails done, the manicurists have asked me the same thing. "What shape?" they say, pausing the file in midair. "Um, nail-shaped?" The question is always somewhat humiliating, like ordering a martini straight up without knowing what you'll get, or smoking a joint for the first time and attempting not to publicize your drug virginity. Preference indicates experience. And my preference was to shut my legs and get out of the situation entirely.

I have performed some combination of shaving and waxing at home for years, often with one leg up on the bathroom sink like a sadomasochistic ballerina. I plucked my bikini line once, a foray into the world of OCD that ended as poorly for the tweezers (which I threw out the win-

dow) as it did for me. I wish I could remember when my hair first started growing in. I distinctly remember wishing for boobs, nay, praying for them. I come from a long line of late-blooming large-breasted women. Our breasts are like the friend who comes late for drinks and gets hammered playing catch-up. But you don't wish for pubic hair as a child. I never took a Sharpie to Barbie's plastic crotch, though perhaps I should have. It may have prepared me for how fuzzi-centric the adult world is. The idea of removing genital hair always seemed arbitrary to me. Why not collectively decide it's sexy to pluck eyelashes out? What makes waxing worth it?

I was curious. Once I decided to have it done professionally, I knew I wanted the depilation of champions: the Brazilian. I also knew it came with risks. "We see it less with laser hair removal," says dermatologist Dr. Steven Victor, "but we still have about 100 patients a year who come in with problems resulting from waxing. Women with boils in their groin, painful cysts that have to be lanced and drained." It was the most disgusting sentence I had heard all day. Boils? People still get boils? I thought they went down the garbage chute of history with leeches and diphtheria. I also thought waxing was supposed to be a beauty treatment. The good news is that boil-resistant laser hair removal is all the rage. The bad news is that perma-zapping of any kind is risky and expensive, so there's still plenty of molten agony to go around. "I can take pain, and that shit is painful," says Leylah, 25, a stripper at Scores West in Manhattan. "When I started dancing, I used to wax completely because of the small thongs. But guys actually prefer a little hair on a woman's (continued on page 136)



A TOAST TO THE RICH MYSTERY OF
THOSE TRANSLUCENT POTIONS
KNOWN AS VODKA, GIN
AND DRY VERMOUTH

ALL CLEAR

BY RICHARD CARLETON HACKER

There's something comforting about a drink you can see through. For one thing, you know what's in it, or at least what's not in it. If it's served chilled and straight up, chances are it's vodka or gin. Both are the perfect pour for summer's clear sunny days and warm starry nights. Though you may know what's in your see-throughs, the origins of gin and vodka and the things that make every brand unique are not so clear. Herewith, a few facts to consider while you sip.

The word *vodka* comes from the Slavic word *voda* (*woda* in Polish), meaning *water*. Most experts believe it was first distilled in Russia by Viatka monks in the 12th century. It's been a lightning rod ever since. In the 1600s Orthodox priests claimed it was the drink of the devil, and some mornings we have to agree. A century later the illustrious Catherine the Great decreed that only noblemen could distill vodka. During the Russian Revolution, Lenin's henchmen took possession of the country's most famed vodka distillery—Smirnoff—and turned it into a garage. If there was one silver lining to the debacle known as the Bolshevik uprising, it was this: Vodka distillers fled Russia and introduced the spirit to America. Today, in an irony as strange as the Cold War itself, vodka is the most popular spirit in the USA.

So what is it exactly? Vodka is plain diluted alcohol that can be distilled from almost any crop, though traditionally wheat, corn, rye or potatoes are used. Although the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms

and Explosives officially defines it as a colorless, odorless distillate without taste, anyone who has sipped two different vodka martinis side by side knows that the boys at the BATFE haven't been going to the right bars. Anything can affect the flavor of a vodka—the water used, the choice of crop, the method of distillation, whether or not there's a beautiful woman sitting next to you at the bar. It can be made cheaply (since it doesn't need aging) or with great craftsmanship, and with infinite taste characteristics. That's why there are so many choices on the shelf at your local liquor store.

Heartier yet is gin, which is nothing but vodka infused with juniper and other botanicals. Gin was invented by Franciscus de le Boe Sylvius, a Dutch doctor, in the 1600s. The good doc used ingredients sailors were bringing back from ports all over the world—juniper berries, coriander, licorice, lemon—to flavor a liquor distilled from primarily malted barley. De le Boe called his concoction *genever* (Dutch for juniper). When the British parliament brought William and Mary over from Holland to assume the throne, gin followed. The Brits distilled their spirit from corn to make what became known as London dry gin, a smoother, dryer version of Dutch *genever*. Each of the early distillers—Beefeater, Tanqueray, Gordon's—had its own recipe, thus the differing flavor profiles of those brands.

In America Prohibition gave gin its boost. Since it doesn't need aging, gin can easily be made behind closed doors in large containers such as bathtubs (thus "bathtub gin"). Appropriately President Roosevelt toasted the end of Prohibition in 1933 with a gin

martini—the king of cocktails. Which brings us to the great romance between gin and vermouth. The martini was first described in *The Modern Bartender's Guide* in 1884. Hemingway is said to have reported on World War II carrying two canteens—one of gin, one of vermouth. We suggest a more refined approach. (See the wetware below.)

If you can't decide between vodka and gin, follow the lead of James Bond (always good advice), who called for three ounces of gin and one ounce of vodka in his martinis (along with half an ounce of Kina Lillet vermouth and a thin lemon peel). No wonder he was licensed to kill.



From left: ● **Campari Shaker by Matteo Thun for Alessi** Eleven inches high, crafted from glass and stainless steel, this beauty combines unique form and straight-up function (\$125, unichome.com). ● **Reyka Vodka** A full-flavored Icelandic love juice that's double-distilled from wheat and demineralized glacier water, then filtered through lava rock (\$23). ● **Jean-Marc XO Vodka** Made the old-fashioned way in small batches in copper-pot stills, this fantastic French vodka features hints of herb and almond (\$50). ● **Baccarat Brummel Highball Glass** Simple and elegant, shown here with equal parts vodka and Pama pomegranate liqueur over ice (\$95, baccarat.com). ● **SKYY90 Vodka** One of the purest vodkas available, SKYY90 is made of amber winter wheat and mountain water from the Sierras (\$30). ● **Plymouth Gin** Traditionalists swear by this oily, full-flavored classic. Plymouth fans, and they are legion, will notice the new packaging (\$23). ● **Tanqueray No. Ten Gin** Easy to find and as good as it gets, this juniper-heavy gin is named for the Tanqueray distillery's smallest pot still, known as Tiny Ten (\$30). ● **Baccarat Harmonie Tumbler** Swirl a top-shelf liquor in a heavy crystal rocks glass like this one, and the great existential dilemmas that haunt our universe will dissolve with your ice (\$95, baccarat.com). ● **No. 209 Gin** This smooth and floral mouthful, from a distillery on San Francisco's Pier 50, took us completely by surprise. It was first made in a Napa Valley barn, in a defunct still that was registered as number 209 in 1882 (\$35). ● **Spiegelau All Round Martini Glass** For the connoisseur the martini glass is nearly as important an ingredient as the gin or vodka. This one from Spiegelau is top-shelf (\$10, spiegelau.com). ● **Hendrick's Gin** A little cucumber essence gives this Scottish gin a unique flair. If Plymouth is for traditionalists, this gin's for the adventuresome. We recommend it chilled and straight with no vermouth (\$33).





"Such a cute little thing—what do you call it?"



NICOLE, NATURALLY

Miss August snapped herself and caught our attention

One sultry evening not long ago, while alone and seminude in a small room in a house in Athens, Georgia, beautiful Nicole Voss decided to take matters into her own hands. The 23-year-old set up a camera on one side of the room, fiddled with angles and began photographing herself, intending to send the fruit of her labor to *PLAYBOY*. "I had to hit the camera's timer button, count to 10 and hope for the best," she remembers. "I tried to imitate a pose from one of the issues, so I took quite a few shots, running back and forth. I'm so critical!"

Nicole's dash-and-pose approach caught us by surprise. Her stunning features—a blend of Greek and Swedish heritages—and her feminine charm are irresistible. We flew her to Santa Monica for a shoot, and the happy results sit before your eyes.

Miss August grew up a tomboy in Florida, playing sports and making mud pies, but now as a young woman she says she's embracing her "girlie-girl side." When we caught up with her, she had just moved into her new home in Athens and was in the middle of renovating it. "Home & Garden Television is my friend," she says. "I just started planting a veggie garden, some flowers and lavender. I had an impressive kiwi garden, but when I was having some land cleared, the guy totally bulldozed my kiwi bush. It's a sore subject." When she's not alone photographing her beautiful body, Nicole dabbles in real estate, and she travels to Sweden a couple of times a year to visit her mother. As for her sense of humor, she says she's no angel. "I can be very sarcastic, but I'm a good sport. You have to be. If you dish it out, you have to be able to take it. And believe me, I can dish it out."

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY STEPHEN WAYDA

















Nicole Voss

MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: NICOLE VOSS

BUST: 32C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 107 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 9-19-82 BIRTHPLACE: Ocala, FL

AMBITIONS: To live free - free of fear, free of authority and free of earthly restraints.

TURN-ONS: Intellect, athletic prowess and nonconformity. A good butt is so sexy!

TURNOFFS: Messy digs and cologne. I like to put my nose on a guy's neck without inhaling stinky cologne.

IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: Try designing and sewing my own clothes - I love original looks! Traveling - there are so many places I want to see!

ALL ABOUT MY PETS: I have three dogs. The smallest is a Jack Russell - rat terrier named Zen (see below).

THE BEST STRESS RELIEVERS: An hour of yoga, followed by a bubble bath. Taking my dogs for a long walk.

NEXT RISK I WANT TO TAKE: Skydiving!



In the sixth grade.



Entering my girlie-girl phase.



My little Zen.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two guys were chatting in a bar. One said, "Did you know that lions have sex 10 to 15 times a night?"

"Damn," bemoaned his friend. "Just my luck. I recently joined the Knights of Columbus."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a virgin as a girl who no's everybody.

A student asked his teacher, "Would you punish me for something I didn't do?"

"No, of course not," she answered.

"Good," the boy replied. "I didn't do my homework."



Two men waiting at the pearly gates struck up a conversation. "How'd you die?" the first man asked the second.

"I froze to death," said the second. "How about you? How did you die?"

"I had a heart attack," said the first man. "I knew my wife was cheating on me, so I showed up at home unexpectedly. I ran up to the bedroom and found her alone. Then I ran down to the basement, but no one was hiding there, either. Then I ran as fast as I could to the attic, and just as I got there, I had a heart attack and died."

The second man shook his head. "That's ironic," he said. "If you had looked in the freezer first, we'd both still be alive."

A housewife heard a knock at the door, and when she answered, a man asked her if she had a vagina. The woman slammed the door in disbelief at what the stranger had said. The following day the same thing happened, so she decided to tell her husband. The husband was outraged.

"Tomorrow I won't go to work," he said. "If the man returns and asks if you have a vagina, say yes, and I will be hiding behind the door."

The next day the same man came again, and when the woman opened the door, he asked if she had a vagina.

The woman replied, "Yes."

"Good," the man said. "Then please tell your husband to stop fucking my wife."

What's the difference between your wife and your job?

After five years your job still sucks.

A new priest was nervous about hearing confessions, so he asked an older priest to sit in on his sessions. The new priest heard a couple of confessions, then the old priest asked him to step out of the confessional for a few suggestions.

The old priest said, "Cross your arms over your chest and rub your chin with one hand."

The new priest tried this.

The old priest suggested, "Try saying things like 'I see, yes, go on,' and 'I understand,' and 'How did you feel about that?'"

The new priest said those things, trying them out.

Then the old priest said, "Now, don't you think that's better than slapping your knee and saying, 'No shit? What happened next?'"

Elton John has filed for divorce. Apparently he found out his new husband was having sex behind his back.

A man went into a gas station and asked for \$5 in gas. The clerk farted and handed him a receipt.



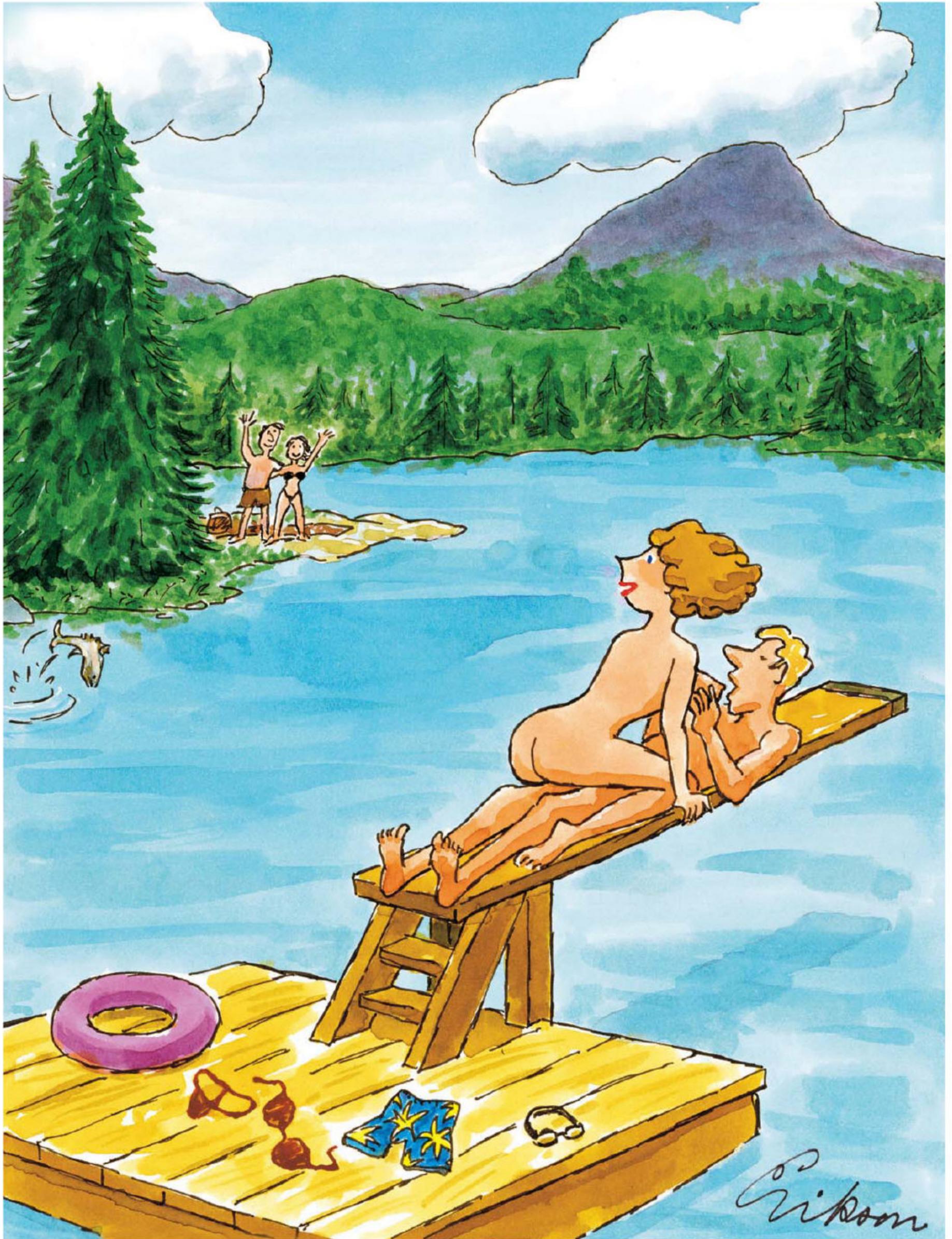
At his grandfather's memorial, a man said, "When I die, I want to die in my sleep like my grandfather. Not like the other passengers in the car he was driving."

One Saturday afternoon a man was sitting in his lawn chair, drinking beer and watching his wife mow the lawn.

A neighbor was so outraged at this, she came over and shouted at the man, "You should be hung."

To which he calmly replied, "I am. That's why she cuts the grass."

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.



"They've seen us. Now we'll have to go over and say hello."



2Q

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAKE CHESSUM

LUKE WILSON

SOME SMART-ASS COMMENTS FROM THE REGULAR-GUY ACTOR ABOUT HIS BROTHER OWEN, UMA THURMAN AND THE JOYS OF BEING FAT AND ARROGANT

Q1

PLAYBOY: In *My Super Ex-Girlfriend* you play a guy who breaks up with Uma Thurman after discovering she's a superhero. Do you really expect us to believe anybody would willingly dump Uma Thurman?

WILSON: Yeah, I know. It's not that believable, right? When we were shooting the movie, she would do something really crazy and funny, which I find so attractive in a woman, and I'd have to remind myself, "Now remember, Luke, you want *out* of this relationship." I had to draw on all of my acting training. One time I had a cabdriver who told me, "I don't buy that at all. You leave Uma Thurman? No, that wouldn't happen. I hope the movie's funny, but it sounds like horseshit to me." I had to agree with him. But I tried to use that to fuel my character's anger toward her in the movie. "Why *can't* I leave a woman like Uma Thurman?"

Q2

PLAYBOY: The premise—being punished by an ex-girlfriend with superpowers—is every man's worst nightmare. Will this movie put our minds at ease or make us more paranoid?

WILSON: Maybe a little of both. It's like *Fatal Attraction* in a lot of ways. It'll touch a nerve with men, but they'll probably get the wrong message from it. I remember when *Fatal Attraction* came out, most guys didn't walk away thinking, Hey, maybe it's wrong to cheat. They left the movie thinking, You've got to be careful with the crazy women.

Q3

PLAYBOY: If you had a choice, would you rather be the one who ends a relationship or the one who gets dumped?

WILSON: I'm always the guy who tries to keep it going. I'll just act worse and worse and wait for her to end it. Or I'll say something like "Come on, we can make it work" or "I can change, I swear!" But it never seems to convince her, and then I just feel bad for groveling.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You've remained friends with ex-girlfriends such as Drew Barrymore, who cast you in *Charlie's Angels* after your breakup. What's your secret?

WILSON: To be honest, I'm not that good at staying friends. I like to move on after a relationship ends. If I break up

with somebody, I don't want to see her or hear from her. Drew and I started out as friends, and I think that helps. I credit her with being the bigger person. Drew's the one who kept the friendship alive.

Q5

PLAYBOY: *My Super Ex-Girlfriend* isn't the first time you've been matched with a powerful woman. In other films, such as the *Charlie's Angels* and *Legally Blonde* movies, you've been the gushing, admiring boyfriend. Why are you always picked for these roles?

WILSON: I don't know. Once people get to know me and see that I'm very sarcastic and that I'll kid around to the point of being mean and will usually say something inappropriate, they can never understand why I always play the boyfriend. "How did *you* get to date Reese Witherspoon in *Legally Blonde*?" I don't know. It's just something I ended up doing.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Would you rather play less likable characters?

WILSON: Oh sure. I think I'm starting to do that now. *(continued on page 122)*



PLAYBOY'S 2006 NFL PREVIEW

WE FIRED 25 QUESTIONS AT A SELECT GROUP OF PRO FOOTBALL'S TOP PLAYERS, COACHES AND ANALYSTS. HERE'S EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE NFL BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

You're sitting at a table with a ham sandwich on a plate in front of you. Maybe there's a little potato salad on the side. Sitting around that table are more than 25 elite NFL players, coaches and analysts, each with his own sandwich. Big Ted Washington, the 365-pound nose tackle for the Cleveland Browns, likes salad for lunch, but never mind. Pro Bowl linebackers Lofa Tatupu and Keith Brooking are there. Panthers tailback DeShaun Foster is there. Rookie offensive tackle Eric Winston fidgets nervously as he gazes at the Super Bowl ring on Ravens head coach Brian Billick's finger. More than two dozen NFL heroes are sitting there waiting for you to ask any question you want. Go ahead, hold nothing back. Surely there are a few things you'd like to know about the NFL. Say...

What's the dirtiest thing you ever saw on the field? What's it like to be a rookie walking into a locker room full of football icons? The funniest thing you ever heard in a huddle? The toughest place to play on the road?

The scenario we've outlined may sound like a fantasy, but it's not. You're at that table right now. In our quest to get as close to the game as possible without actually having our eyes raked and our balls grabbed at the bottom of a pile (see question one), we gathered a stable of the game's finest and asked them 25 questions. Trust us, you won't get this kind of commentary on *SportsCenter*.

1 What's it like at the bottom of a pile when there's a fumble?

Julius Jones, RB, Dallas Cowboys: It's the worst. You've got guys diving headfirst at one another. You're risking a neck injury. That's the most dangerous part.

When you're on the bottom, they're going to do whatever it takes to get that ball—punch you, grab your balls. Anything goes as long as the refs don't see it. I got bitten once in high school and had to get a tetanus shot.

Lofa Tatupu, LB, Seattle Seahawks: It's a nightmare down there—finger in your eye, fishhook in your mouth. I'll admit I may twist some fingers, but I am not one of those groin grabbers.



2 Day to day, how much difference does it make to players whether they're on a winning team or a losing one?

Larry Tripplett, DT, Buffalo Bills: Being in the NFL is like being bipolar. When you win, it's unbelievable. I mean, you have so much riding on every game. People's livelihood can rest on each game, so when you lose, they go into a deep depression. And I'm not talking about just players but also the coaching staff, the front-office people, secretaries—everyone on the team.

Nick Leckey, C, Arizona Cardinals: You don't have to ask a

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

American Football Conference



NORTH PITTSBURGH

SOUTH JACKSONVILLE

EAST NEW ENGLAND

WEST KANSAS CITY

WILD CARDS INDIANAPOLIS, MIAMI

CHAMPION INDIANAPOLIS



National Football Conference

CHICAGO NORTH

CAROLINA SOUTH

DALLAS EAST

SEATTLE WEST

ARIZONA, NEW YORK WILD CARDS

CAROLINA CHAMPION

▶ SUPER BOWL XLI ★ CAROLINA OVER INDIANAPOLIS ◀

guy in the NFL if he's happy. Check his team's record. Right now every player's pissed unless he plays for the Steelers.

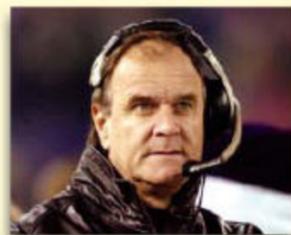
3 Max McGee famously played in Super Bowl I with a brutal hangover. Do players ever show up for games hungover these days?

Ted Washington, NT, Cleveland Browns: Oh yeah. You can smell it through their pores. They'll smell like a brewery. I've known players who can drink and play.



4 How much difference can a good coach make in a team's success?

Brian Billick, head coach, Baltimore Ravens: Not as much as you'd think. We get far too much credit for the wins and far too much blame for the losses. Coaches can do some tactical things; the ability to make the correct game-day call may make the difference in a game or two a year. But I believe what separates one coach from another is the overall process he dictates regarding the way a team practices, the way the players stay together and their mind-set. I think that has far more of an effect on the outcome than the ability to consistently make better tactical decisions than another coach.



5 What is it like to run a pass route across the middle when you know you're going to take a hit? Ever get pissed at a quarterback for throwing an ambulance ball?

Donald Driver, WR, Green Bay Packers: I think of which linebacker or safety is back there. If John Lynch or Ray Lewis is there, I need to focus on making the play on those guys, knowing I'm going to take a big hit. I look at it like this: You have to be fearless not just against the best guys but against anybody. As for ambulance balls, I have gotten mad, but there's nothing you can do about it. I've been playing with Brett Favre for the past seven years. He never apologizes. You get to the point where you know that's the way the game is played. Sometimes he has to throw it up there.



6 You're a linebacker, and a receiver is running a route over the middle. His eyes are on the quarterback. What's going through your mind?



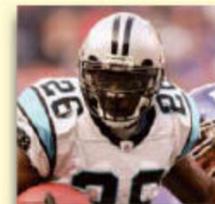
Keith Brooking, LB, Atlanta Falcons: I'm trying to knock his damn head off. As a linebacker you have to have that mentality. You have to first feel out whether you have a chance to make a play on the ball, and if you don't, you put it in that guy's head that he'd better think twice before he comes across the middle.

7 Do women throw themselves at NFL players? Give us some stories, please.

DeShaun Foster, RB, Carolina Panthers: Someone I know has a daughter in high school, and she wanted

me to autograph a pair of her panties. [Did you sign them?] No.

Trent Smith, TE, San Francisco 49ers: When I was with Baltimore there was this woman and, I think, her husband, waiting for one of my teammates. The guy said to the player, "It'd be an honor if you'd sleep with my girl." [Did the player leave with her?] No.



Eric Winston, OT, Houston Texans: When you make it to the NFL, you suddenly notice you're a lot more attractive. I don't know, maybe it was the new hair gel I started using.

8 Where's the toughest place to play on the road?

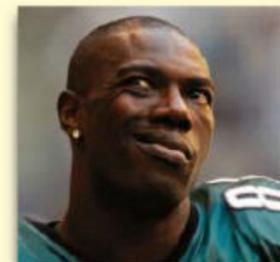
Keith Brooking: Philadelphia. Back in 2000 I tore a ligament and got carried off the field. The fans were throwing stuff at me, telling me my career was over, that I sucked. Most people have a little more sympathy for a guy getting carried off the field. My dad actually had a knife pulled on him in Philly. It's the only stadium I know of that has a jail in the basement. Those fans are brutal. At the same time, that gets me jacked up. I love playing there.

9 We're guessing we won't see Terrell Owens and Bill Parcells holding hands on the sideline in Dallas this season. Will there be fireworks or what?

Gil Brandt, NFL.com columnist and former vice president of player personnel for the Dallas Cowboys (1960-1989): Here's the real sticking point: Six weeks into the season, if the team is not doing well and Terrell Owens is not catching as many passes as he'd like, then



there may be a problem. Owens is used to playing in Philadelphia in the West Coast offense, where there's more opportunity to catch passes. But he probably realizes that if this opportunity goes out the window, it could be his last chance to make big money in the NFL.



Samari Rolle, DB, Baltimore Ravens: T.O. is the most misunderstood player. All he wants to do is play football. I'd take him on my team anytime. He just speaks his mind and gives his all.

10 Would a team shun a player who came out of the closet, even if he were a leader at the top of his game?

Kay-Jay Harris, RB, Miami Dolphins: Personally I think they would. I mean, they may say one thing, but when it comes down to it I think they may do another.

Trent Smith: Five or 10 years ago I could definitely see it being a huge deal. But the way the NFL is today, if a team sees a guy making plays all over the field and he can sell tickets and merchandise, I don't think his being gay would be a big deal.

11 What's the funniest thing you ever heard in a huddle?

DeShaun Foster: We really teased Jake Delhomme when he came back to the huddle with his pants ripped and his ass hanging out on live TV. He tried to play it off, but man, did his face turn red.

Samari Rolle: In Tennessee Eddie Robinson and Barron Wortham started to fight after someone went the wrong direction in a previous play. Barron actually swung. He didn't make contact, though. I thought that was pretty funny.

CARDINALS: Moving into a new stadium this season, the perennially pathetic Cards needed to sell tickets. So they signed Edgerrin James, a two-time NFL rushing champion. On draft day—hallelujah!—the 2004 Heisman Trophy-winning quarterback Matt Leinart was still on the board. Guess what. By May, season tickets to Cardinals Stadium were sold out.

PANTHERS: Carolina finished last season a running back away from the Super Bowl; injuries forced the team to play fourth-stringer Jamal Robertson in the NFC title game. On draft day Carolina picked arguably the second-best thoroughbred in college football, DeAngelo Williams, in the first round. The Panthers also signed six veteran starters in the free-agent market, including receiver Keyshawn Johnson.

SAINTS: New Orleans hasn't played a home game since 2004. Fans may not recognize the team that comes marching in for its Superdome opener against Atlanta. There's a new head coach (Sean Payton), a new Pro Bowl quarterback (Drew Brees) and a Heisman-winning running back (Reggie Bush). Which rusher will come out on top, Bush or Deuce McAllister? Wait and see.

VIKINGS: In each of the past two off-seasons, Minnesota has traded away its best player—first Randy Moss and now Daunte Culpepper. Coach Mike Tice was canned, as was the team's personnel director, Fran Foley. Four other starters bolted as free agents. What's more, quarterback Brad Johnson turns 38 in September.

BEARS: Start with the fact that Chicago had no first-round draft pick. With its first pick (second round) the team took a defensive back from that great football school Abilene Christian. The team still doesn't have a surefire quarterback, with injury-prone Rex Grossman slated to start. Luckily, they're in a weak division.

RAMS: St. Louis has a new batch of coaches, new systems to put in place and a bunch of stars who are old enough to collect Social Security. Plus, the team lost four starters to free agency. A tough schedule includes six games against playoff teams, including four against competitors in last season's conference championships—Carolina, Denver and Seattle (twice). We don't think the 10 rookie free agents St. Louis signed (including the son of actor Denzel Washington) will get the job done.



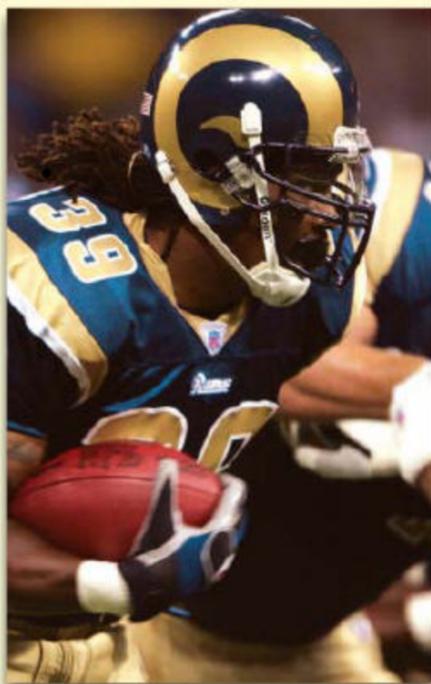
Keith Brooking: *I wasn't there, but here's what happened. It was Michael Vick's rookie year. He walked into the huddle and pulled a ChapStick out of his helmet and put some on his lips. Then he stuck it back in his helmet. He wanted everybody to know he was cool, that he wasn't nervous.*

Eric Winston: *It's actually more of a gross thing, but in college at Miami, offensive lineman*

Vernon Carey used to vomit all the time in the huddle. He never even took his mouthpiece out. He'd just throw some water in there. It was pretty nasty.

12 What's the dirtiest thing you ever saw on the field that a ref didn't catch?

T.J. Houshmandzadeh, WR, Cincinnati Bengals: *Redskins safety Sean Taylor spit in my face one time. I had recovered an onside kick, and he tried to hit me and I saw it coming. I said a few choice words about how we were winning the game, and he spit in my face. Then he did it to Michael Pittman in the playoffs.*



Samari Rolle: *When I was in Tennessee, we were playing the Steelers and linebacker Joey Porter was running down the sidelines to try to make a tackle. Our strength coach, Steve Watterson, threw a cup of hot broth on him. He denied it, but we all knew he did it.*

Lofa Tatupu: *I once dragged Steven Jackson down by his dreads. The next day there was a picture of it in the paper. I'm literally hanging in the air off his dreads. I didn't intend to do it. I hope he understands.*

13 Who's the dirtiest player in the NFL?

Anonymous: *Rodney Harrison. I hate him.*
Anonymous: *Hines Ward and Rodney Harrison. I think they're over the line.*
Anonymous: *Ray Lewis. I hear he goes after rookies.*



14 We've been told the quarterback of the future will be a running quarterback. We don't buy it. Do you?

Sean Payton, head coach, New Orleans Saints: *I am sure there will always be a future for a guy who can avoid the pass rush. Steve Young could run if the pocket broke down.*



But at some point the quarterback has to convert from inside the pocket if the defense chooses to keep him there. If a quarterback can't convert a third-and-eight from the pocket, he won't be successful in the league.

Gil Brandt: *It's really more about the quarterback's accuracy than anything else. People think of Steve Young as a scrambler, but he was one of the most accurate passers*

I've ever seen. A guy like Michael Vick doesn't struggle because he's a running quarterback; he struggles because he's not very accurate. You can't teach accuracy.

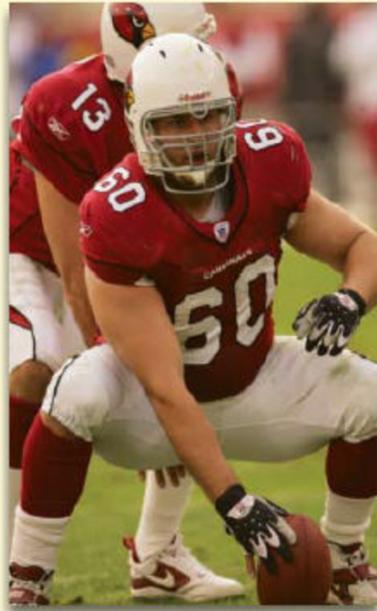
15 Who makes the call on whether an injured player should play?

Justin McCareins, WR, New York Jets: *It's mostly up to the player. We do feel pressure to play. It depends on the guy and his tolerance for pain. Most guys, if they can go, they're going to go. Coaches, teammates, trainers—they expect you to go. It's different when you can't play up to your ability or you're hurting your team by being on the field.*



16 What's it like being an NFL rookie?

Nick Leckey: When you come in, you're wide-eyed and everything's new. I grew up in Dallas, and suddenly Emmitt Smith was on my team. I played it cool. I didn't ask for his autograph. You know, you grow up watching these guys, and it's weird to see them in their everyday lives. They're normal people. It's amazing. You can call your coach by his first name. I'm still not used to that.



17 Does one coach have the reputation of being the absolute worst to play for?

Anonymous: Tom Coughlin. A total douche bag. You can throw Parcells in there too. He's like a fatter Bob Knight.



Anonymous: Coughlin. I'm glad he passed on me in the draft. I don't think he and I would have worked out. I hear with him if you're not five minutes early, you're late. And you can't take your helmet off; it has to be buckled even when you're on the sidelines. If we were kids, I would understand some of that, but we're men. Don't treat us like kids. With him it sounds like a dictatorship.

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18 What's one thing about the NFL that would surprise fans?

T.J. Houshmandzadeh: That 80 percent of the guys in the league would shine if they had an opportunity.

Lofa Tatupu: Hitting people and getting away with it is such a stress reliever. It's twisted, but it's true.

19 What don't football fans understand about trick plays? Why don't teams run more of them?

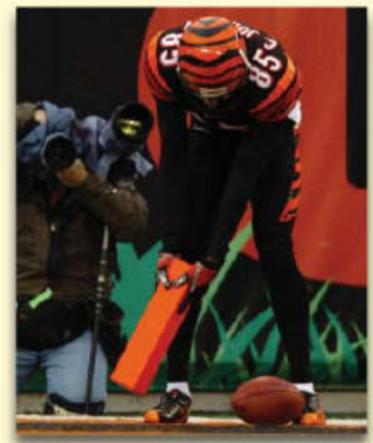
Brian Billick: A lot of trick plays don't work on a consistent basis. One thing about the Steelers—yeah, they have a reputation for running trick plays—is that a lot of the things they do are fundamentally sound. When you have a receiver like Antwaan Randle El, who is a former quarterback, you have some elements that make your offense very special. For the Steelers it all begins with the run. I promise you that every one of their trick plays begins with the legitimate threat of the running game.

Bob Bratkowski, offensive coordinator, Cincinnati Bengals: Trick plays can go either way. Teams that have great defense can afford to do more of them because they know they can get the ball back in three plays.

20 Does it piss you off when an opposing player does a stupid touchdown celebration?

Trent Smith: Not as long as it's original. I really enjoyed Chad Johnson's Riverdance, and I liked when Steve Smith did his diapering-the-baby routine.

Robert "Hammer" McCune, LB, Washington Redskins: It doesn't make me mad; it just gets me motivated. When you're playing at home? Someone doing something in your house? It's a disrespect thing.



21 Do players ever find that guys want to take them on in bars or clubs to show how tough they are?

Julius Jones: It happens. If you're out at a bar and some guy gets liquid courage, he may want to prove something to his buddies. You have to be smart. He's got nothing to lose. If you kick his ass, he's going to be on SportsCenter. When you've made it this far, you can't do something (concluded on page 126)

Who's up

AFC

Who's down

TITANS: With the team's two huge draft picks—NCAA champ quarterback Vince Young out of Texas and running back LenDale White from USC—sparks should fly from day one at the Coliseum in Nashville. Plus, Tennessee signed three free agents who walk in as starters: wideout David Givens, linebacker David Thornton and safety Chris Hope.

BROWNS: Coach Romeo Crennel has rebuilt his offensive line, which should make all the difference. Expect a career season from rusher Reuben Droughns, and quarterback Charlie Frye, who got much-needed experience at the end of last year, will probably have more time to make plays. Monster first-round draft pick Kamerion Wimbley, a defensive end turned linebacker, will wreak havoc on opposing offenses.

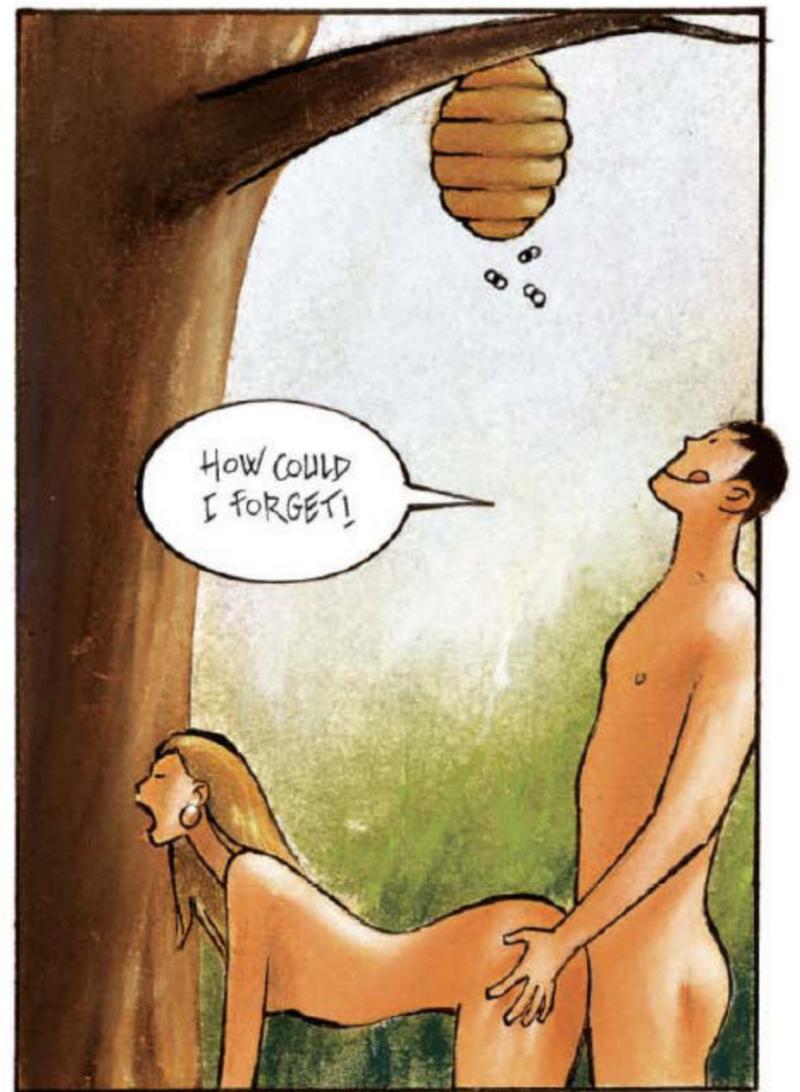
RAVENS: These birds no longer play the slam-the-door-shut defense that won them a Super Bowl in 2001. Or do they? This off-season the team signed Pro Bowl defensive end Trevor Pryce and drafted behemoth defensive tackle Haloti Ngata, making its big D sparkle on paper more than any other team's. The Ravens also added 1,000-yard rusher Mike Anderson.

PATRIOTS: Adam Vinatieri, the best clutch kicker in history (winning 20 games in 10 years in the final minutes, including two Super Bowls), left the Pats in the off-season to take a payday in Indy. Linebacker Willie McGinest and receiver David Givens also departed. All told, 10 starters from the Patriots' back-to-back Super Bowl-champion teams of 2003 and 2004 are gone.

JETS: A huge question mark hovers over quarterback Chad Pennington as he attempts to recover from his second rotator-cuff surgery in two years. The Jets passed on Heisman Trophy winner Matt Leinart at the top of the draft. Meanwhile, new coach Eric Mangini inherits a salary-cap quagmire. The Jets released four starters, including Pro Bowl vets Ty Law and Kevin Mawae, and traded their best player, defensive end John Abraham, to Atlanta.

RAIDERS: Oakland lost its finest defensive player, defensive back Charles Woodson, to free agency. Quarterback Kerry Collins is gone too. This year the team will be led by Aaron Brooks, who's seen better days, and even those days were mediocre. Where's Kenny Stabler when you need him?

Sting In The Tail



IVAN ARAUJO • JORGE G

FASHION **M**ILANESE

PLAYBOY MAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO THE MECCA OF MEN'S STYLE
FOR MILAN'S FALL-WINTER FASHION SHOWS

Ever since the Phoenicians first sent textiles to the boot, Italy has been the heart of *alta moda*. Accompanied by photographer Harry Benson, the PLAYBOY fashion department traveled to Milan to capture the madness, the brilliant design and the innovative trends on the runways and backstage. An exclusive look at the designers whose clothes are essential to la dolce vita.

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARRY BENSON

PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES



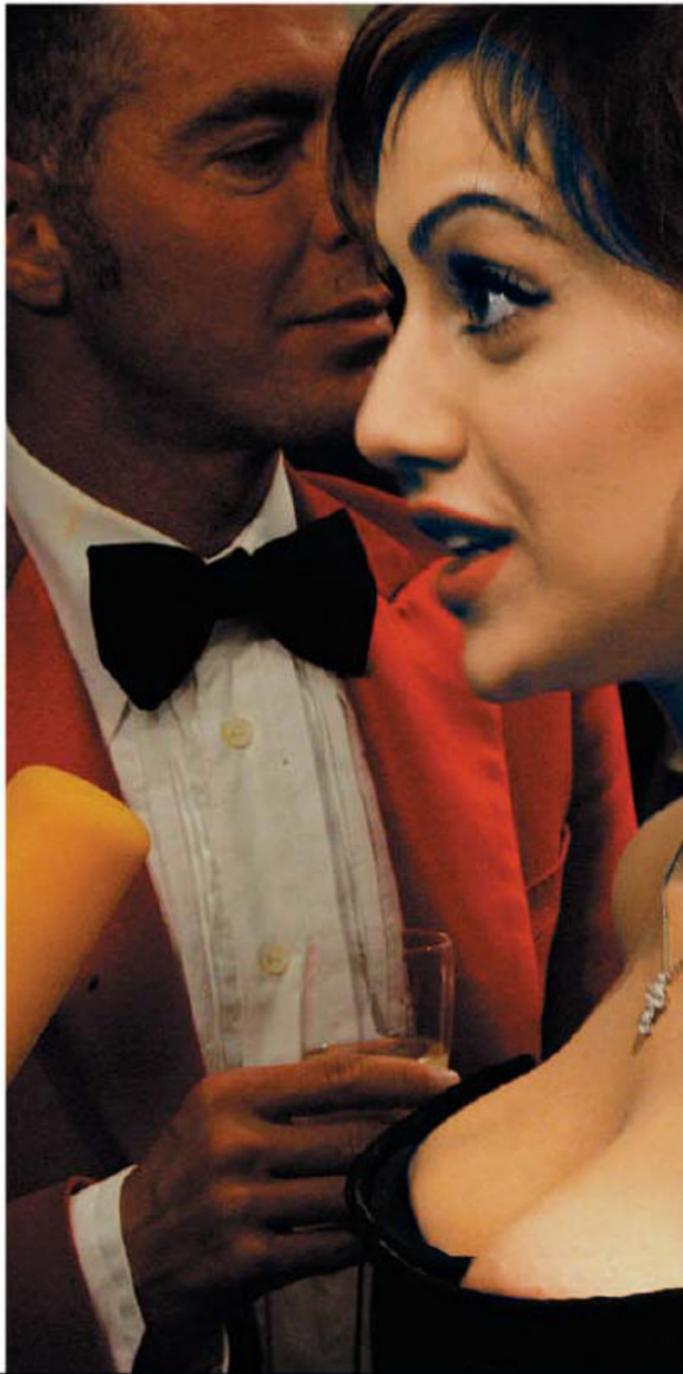


Arriving in Milan, our first priority is to pay homage to the custodians of the city's legacy as the epicenter of style. When the press swarms in, compliments are showered on Valentino Garavani (opposite page), founder of VALENTINO; his show features the flawless combination of French embroidery and Italian fabric. At the VERSACE runway show (above) an enthusiastic crowd witnesses the unveiling of nontraditional Italian leather jackets such as the full trench coat.

Giorgio Armani, the duke of Milan, built his own venue at ARMANI headquarters to show his collections four times a year. Situated in the center of the city, the showroom is the jewel of the fashion district. At a backstage welcome he gathers his models (below) before introducing the Armani line. The theme is Velvet Man, with Armani himself sporting a jacket of the fabric. It is the perfect expression of his smooth and easy touch.



THE VISIONARIES



A model sports a sharp look from VALENTINO (above left). The hushed blue of the jacket and tie is appropriate for early-fall business wear. DSQUARED incorporates British designs and trends into its fall-winter line. The crowning moment of the label's runway pomp and circumstance comes with Brittany Murphy's appearance as the queen of England (center). The designers at BYBLOS stay conservative with their color palette (right).

BACKSTAGE



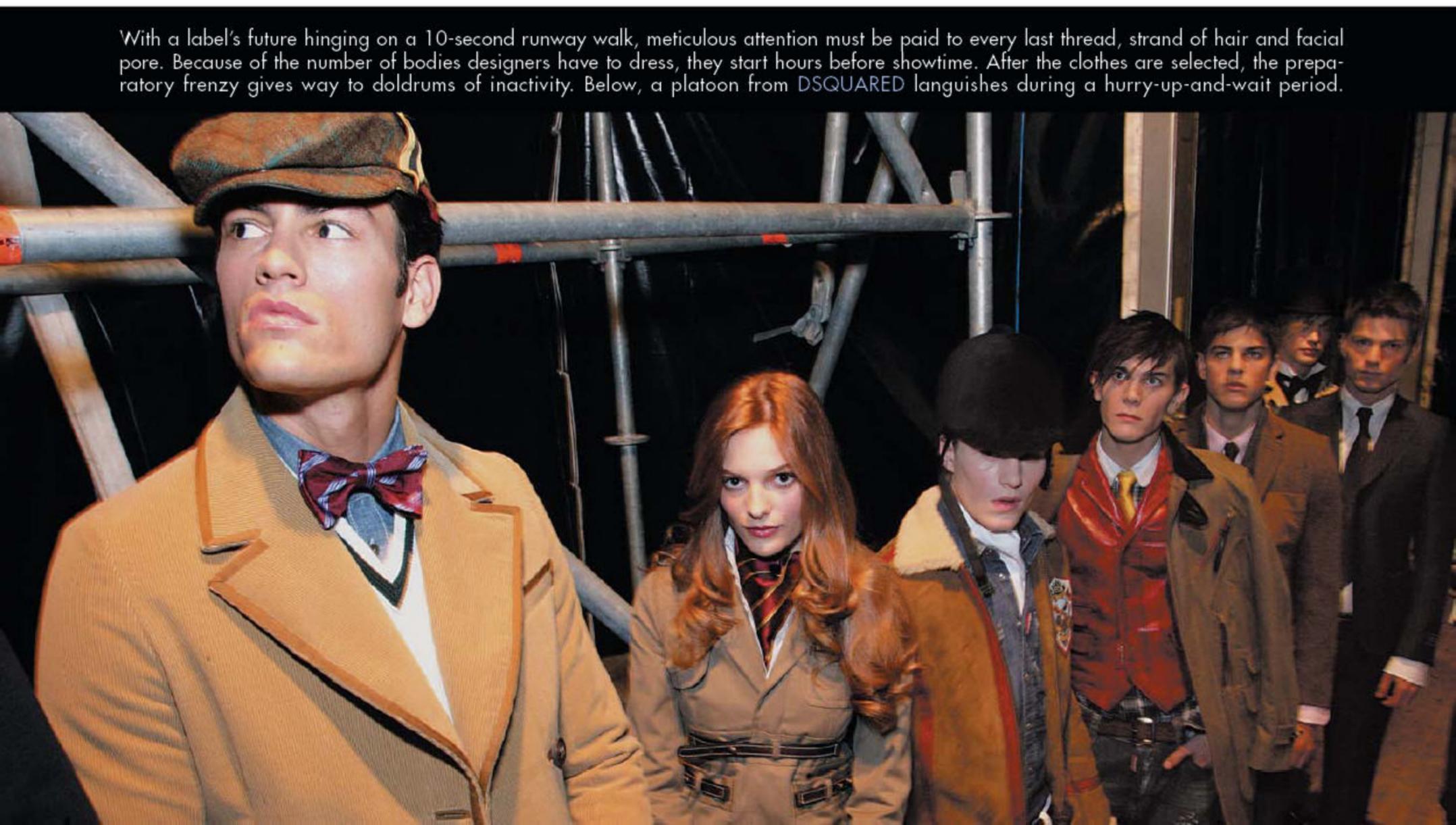
While the fashion crowd watches the shows from their seats, the real spectacle takes place backstage—a flurry of designers, celebrities, models, stylists and assistants creating the organized confusion that puts the best looks out on the runway. The energy and insanity that erupt compare to the excitement of a movie premiere or an opening night on Broadway.

Waiting to take the stage are three ARMANI models with three different looks (below). Fashion shows allow designers to display what inspires them. For example, they sometimes stuff wool pants into high socks to evoke Scotland, the source of the fabric. But that look isn't meant to be tried at home.





Milan's Fashion Week is an all-star event. The finest designers compete for the public's praise while top-tier male models flex their muscles. With thousands of dollars in modeling fees on the line, no other place packs so many bombastic personalities into such a tight space. Only the world's best models are invited to strut their stuff in Italy. Above, two OZWALD BOATENG models show off their bodies of work.



With a label's future hinging on a 10-second runway walk, meticulous attention must be paid to every last thread, strand of hair and facial pore. Because of the number of bodies designers have to dress, they start hours before showtime. After the clothes are selected, the preparatory frenzy gives way to doldrums of inactivity. Below, a platoon from DSQUARED languishes during a hurry-up-and-wait period.



TRENDS



The fashion world, like other creative fields such as music and literature, reacts to global concerns. Given the war in Iraq, it is no surprise to see military influences pop up on various runways. But this year's martial motif reflects a pre-nuclear and perhaps less threatening era. Another trend, completely unconnected to the first, is an unabashed adoration for the class and aplomb of high fashion from 18th and 19th century Great Britain.

When designers are inspired by certain national fashions, they'll typically use models from that country. BOTTEGA VENETA turns that idea on its head (or hat) by universalizing English sartorial splendor. The man above, for example, is dressed like a Brit but doesn't look Anglo, while the chap at left appears to have stepped straight off Savile Row.



What symbolizes an English gentleman more than classic evening wear of top hats and tails? Even though these Dapper Dans at DSQUARED (above left) are off the runway, they stay in character and give us the stiff upper lip. Models from BOTTEGA VENETA (top right) and JASPER CONRAN (bottom right) are decked out in nontraditional after-hours attire, but nearly every designer has cut peaked lapels into his formal jackets, an always stylish touch.

Visiting backstage at GAETANO NAVARRA's show is like being in a war room, albeit a hip one. At left, a foot soldier in a solid-color jacket and standard-issue Civil War cap goes civilian with a smart scarf. Thankfully, the blue beat the gray. In the center, perhaps the only thing that could make this flier more dashing is a biplane. At right, a political fashion statement on the seat of our pants. Nothing is more American than blue jeans.

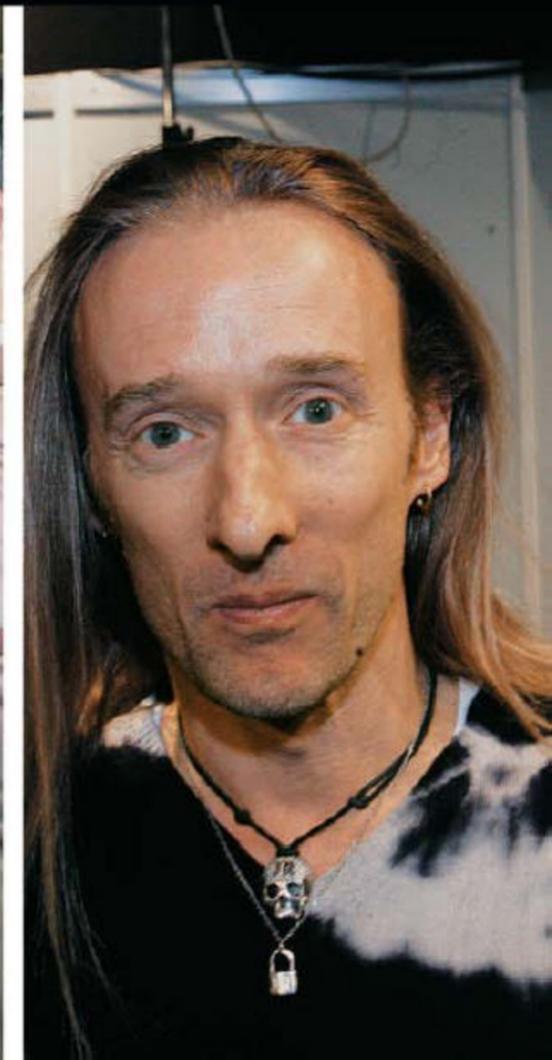
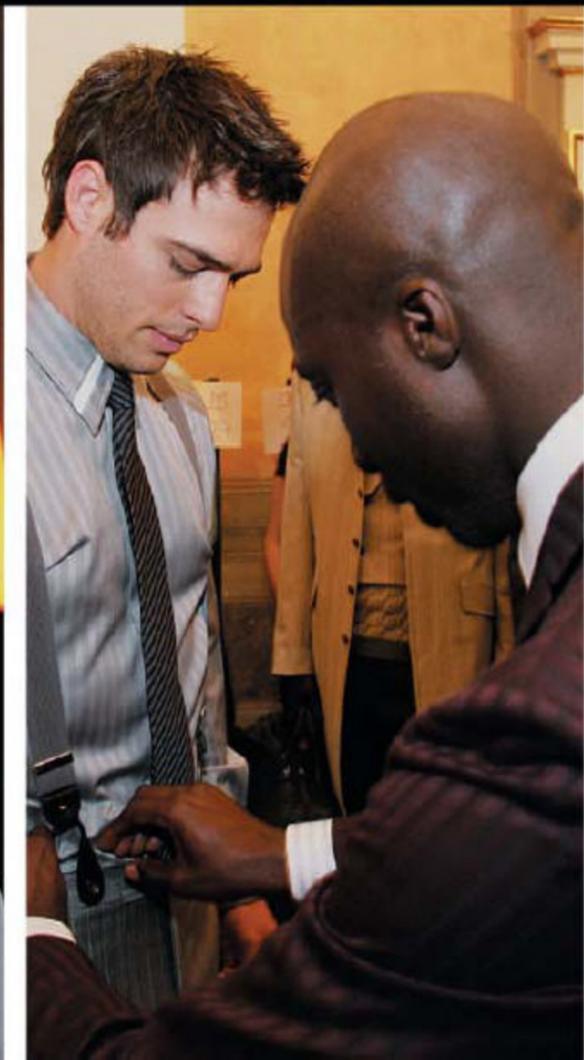




DESIGNERS TO WATCH

Canadian twins Dean and Dan Caten moved to Milan 15 years ago with the hope of making it in the world's toughest market. Having created industry buzz for the past decade with their men's line, DSQUARED (top left), they started 2006 in style. For a hip professional look (think PLAYBOY), no one beats OZWALD BOATENG (bottom left). JOHN RICHMOND's punk-inspired clothes (above right) come to the runway from the street.

Expect big things from the men below. From left: J.LINDBERG puts out classy, glamorous designs; OZWALD BOATENG marries unique energetic colors and tight masculine cuts; Tomas Maier of BOTTEGA VENETA builds ready-to-wear outfits that have a tasteful monochromatic look; JOHN RICHMOND is a fashion-world rock star and designs like one too—his clothes are meant to be on the stage.





Fashion is a verb that signifies constant change. Amid the hundreds of outfits and dozens of labels, a few standouts emerge. Here are some style impresarios who caught our eye; consider this an introduction to the designers who will help create your look in the future.



MISSONI has enjoyed a resurgence in its menswear line. The iconic women's couture house added much-needed color to Milan Fashion Week, layering patterns over stripes (above) and using subtle browns and vivid blues to make the outfits pop. Look to the label, known for its rich natural fabrics, for an earthy late-year outfit (right). The image below best represents J. LINDBERBERG's rock-and-roll style. Off the runway, these three models could easily be mistaken for a band backstage at a concert.



IRAQ (continued from page 58)

"I would hope the outcome of that fateful day would change, but I would do it again." —Jessica Lynch

movie *Training Day*, I pretend to be a tough guy. But when I see photos of my brother and his friends in Afghanistan, they're posturing and posing. We're all playacting the idea of a man who can't be fucked with, who stands up for what he believes. Yet history is full of guys coming back from war saying, "God, I was kind of pretending all that, and then my buddy really got shot."

One of the great things about my brother is he's willing to put his life on the line for his beliefs. I wish our government was more responsible with his willingness to do that.

DR. JANE GOODALL
PRIMATE RESEARCHER

As far as aggression and war are concerned, there is a great connection between chimpanzees and humans. If we assume a common ancestor existed about 6 million years ago—a sort of ape-like, human-like creature—then the behavior humans and chimpanzees share today was possibly present in that common ancestor.

I was born in England in 1934. I remember vividly the day Britain declared war on Nazi Germany. Although I wasn't old enough to understand war per se, I remember bombs falling and people being killed. Later we had U.S. troops stationed outside our house, and we took one of them in. Then he went off and got killed. So I certainly understood war very early.

I first came to Gombe, Tanzania in 1960, but not until almost 10 years into our study were we able to follow the chimps from the central part of their range. That's when I came to the realization that a primitive kind of war was going on among them. It was shocking and horrifying. The chimps could be extraordinarily brutal. I had thought they were similar to people but nicer. This made them seem even more like us. What's fascinating is that chimps' behavior during wartime differs completely from their behavior during normal periods. They may try to twist an arm off another chimp or drink blood coming from the nose of one of their victims. There are gang attacks. They leave victims to die of their wounds. They don't do these things ordinarily.

Many people have criticized me for talking about aggressive incidents among chimps. They're afraid we'll have people saying, "Well, we've inherited aggressive tendencies, and

therefore war and violence are part of our makeup, inevitable." I absolutely believe we've inherited aggressive tendencies, but we also have a far more sophisticated brain. We can control our genetic behavior to some extent. Most important, we've inherited characteristics of love and compassion and altruism. We have a far better sense of morality, so theoretically we can decide we don't have to go to war.

All we can do with our chimp data is say chimpanzees are more like us than any other living creature. And their aggressive patterns—swaggering and shaking the fist and throwing rocks and stomping and kicking—are very like ours. However, I would say the difference between our modern warfare and chimpanzee warfare is that ours is calculated, planned, armed warfare, whereas with the chimpanzees it's just something that happens. A chimp could never plan to torture anyone. So I would say our bad is worse, but equally our good is better.

JESSICA LYNCH
COLLEGE STUDENT, FORMER SOLDIER

I didn't feel like a hero, coming home. When I was a soldier it was just my duty to put on that uniform and go fight for our freedom. I think the Iraqis who risked their lives to help an American girl, and the American soldiers who risked their lives to rescue me, were heroes.

I'm from a little town called Palestine, West Virginia. Ever since I was small I had plans to go to college and become a kindergarten teacher. I didn't know a lot about the military. One day after high school some recruiters told us how we could travel. That was my hooking point, and my brother and I joined up.

When we left Kuwait and crossed into Iraq, we ended up on the wrong road and were ambushed. The last thing I remember is going really fast. Then I blanked out. I was told that from the time of the ambush to the time I awoke was approximately three hours, and in that time I was raped and beaten and left pretty much lifeless. What made those people do that to me and then turn me over to the good people, we will never know.

I awoke in a hospital, surrounded by Iraqis. I was very scared and in a state of shock. I had no idea where I was or why I was surrounded by Iraqis and not with my unit. As time passed I began to kind of trust them. They did

the best they could. One old lady sang to me and rubbed talcum powder on my back. That was very kind of her. They actually tried to return me to the Americans. They put me in an ambulance and headed toward one of the checkpoints. But the ambulance was fired on, so we turned back.

One night I heard helicopters and a lot of noise. I didn't know if it was U.S. soldiers or Saddam's Fedayeen. My scariest moment was not knowing who was outside that door. Then they were yelling my name: "Where's Private Lynch?" They were American soldiers and told me they were there to take me home.

Now I'm just an ordinary girl trying to make it through college. But after three years of our military being in Iraq, I think we have forgotten why we're there. At times I feel people even forget we have troops there. But there are plenty of reasons why we're in Iraq. One definitely is September 11; whether Iraq had something to do with what happened that day, I don't know. And I do think oil plays a part in it. And freedom. I guess it all comes back to freedom.

I'm not going to say whether we should be over there or not, because obviously I was a soldier and that's what I signed up for. My best friend was killed in this war—that should probably never have happened. I lost her that day with me in Iraq, and I will never have her back. But I don't think I'm against the war. I'm not totally for it, but I'm not against it. I want my friends home, but we have a job to do there right now.

If I could turn back time and do it all over again? Yeah, I would definitely join the Army. I would hope the outcome of that fateful day would change, but I would do it again.

DANA PRIEST
REPORTER, *THE WASHINGTON POST*; WINNER,
2006 PULITZER PRIZE FOR BEAT REPORTING

In the march to war and in the heat of battle, the news media always tends to rally behind the cause. That's never going to be different. When the stakes are high and American lives are at risk, it's hard to get critical stories on the front page. That's not a good thing. But I don't feel this is a particularly compromised moment for fairness and accuracy in reporting.

Fundamentally, we fight because we think it's the right way to maintain U.S. power and safety in the world. I don't think people go to war because they like violence. However, it's easier to go to war than it should be, because government bureaucracy has created a dominant military force. Alternatives to fighting don't look realistic, because we haven't made realistic alternatives.

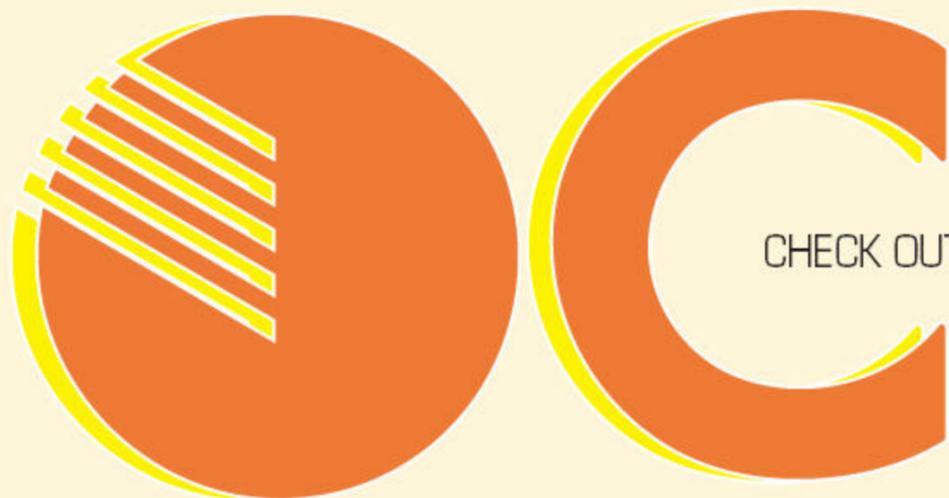
(continued on page 126)



"Hey, buddy, who's your HMO?"

REAL GIRLS

of the



CHECK OUT THESE CALIFORNIA ANGELS



First there was this place called Orange County. It was the home of Disneyland and Reagan Republicans and sprawling suburbs full of the sort of picture-perfect families Steven Spielberg likes to discombobulate. Then came this television show called *The O.C.*, which advanced the proposition that Orange County was actually a sexually charged wonderland packed from Dana Point to Yorba Linda with delectable women—and, by the way, that it should actually be called the O.C. Then an MTV reality series, *Laguna Beach: The Real Orange County*, came along and essentially said, “Uh-huh, that’s right!” Suddenly the home of John Wayne Airport was America’s hottest locale. We decided to check it out for ourselves. What did we discover?

They’re there! As we have long theorized, beautiful women are drawn to the beach, and with 42 miles of Pacific Ocean shoreline, there’s a lot of room for bronzed, toned bodies to baste languidly in the southern California sun. Applying sunscreen is considered résumé building, and residents surf as though it’s a job or, if not a job, something more important, like a calling or an art. When they’re away from the beach, local hotties nest whenever possible in outsize pool houses. They break up the day with trips to the personal trainer and the spa, and with sips of skinny soy lattes at a Starbucks with outdoor seating. At night the beauties descend on the area’s beachside bars and high-end eateries such as the seductive Sutra Lounge in Costa Mesa. There are still minivans full of families in the O.C., as well as mouse-eared tourists and, of course, oranges. But nowadays, as you can see, the county’s most succulent treats are its women.

Steamy Coloradan Sacha Rivera (left) just moved to Aliso Viejo, the heart of Orange County, and is excited to take on California as a print model. Opposite page, from left: Brooke Taylor, Natalie Marie, Chandi Mason and lucky Pierre van Oudtshoorn catch some rays and some waves in Newport Beach.







Nicole Albright (opposite page), a national champion cheerleader from Corona del Mar, displayed her great set of lungs in *The Hot Chick* and *Bring It On Again*. Meghan Gorton (above) has the seashore in her blood; she was born in Huntington Beach and has also lived in Georgia and Florida, but she has never made her home far from the beach.



Brooke Barnes (above) used to work as a ring girl during boxing matches at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas. Now she kicks back in Huntington Beach and aspires to be a full-time actress and model. She lives on the same stretch of sand as Kortnie O'Connor (opposite page), a 21-year-old loan processor who would rather be playing volleyball and meeting new people.





Knockout Lindsay Garren (above) stimulates appetites as general manager of her family's pizza shop and practices kick-boxing six days a week in Huntington Beach. Washington native Shannon Gilbert (opposite page) is a self-described happy-go-lucky girl with a sharp eye for beachfront beauties: She's a land investor in Newport Coast.



See more girls of the O.C. at cyber.playboy.com.

LUKE WILSON

(continued from page 97)

“Hi, I’m Everyman. I’m in my early 30s. I’m quirky, I’m disheveled, I’m a total slob.”

I just signed on to play the lead in a movie called *Barry Munday*, and my character is a womanizer. Sleeping around is his idea of a hobby. He ends up fooling around with a younger girl, and her father shows up and castrates him. [laughs] It was the first time I had difficulty describing a movie to my mother. When I told her about it, I tried to cough my way through the conversation. “And he [coughs] gets castrated.” “I’m sorry, what?” “Yeah, anyway, the movie’s about this guy’s journey.”

Q7

PLAYBOY: You spent your formative years at an all-boys school in Texas. How did you learn about women?

WILSON: I have no idea. I got a lot of very skewed, very bad information. Luckily, guys like us weren’t trying to break secret codes during World War II. What we thought and what was real were two different things. We’d talk about girls and say things like “They like it when you don’t take your time. Just go for it. What’s the worst thing that can happen? Her brother will kick your ass? So what? Trust me, Wilson.” Yeah, we didn’t have a clue what we were talking about. It was like, “Girls really like it if they see you up in a sycamore tree, staring into their bedroom window.” What the hell were we thinking?

Q8

PLAYBOY: You star in *Idiocracy*, Mike Judge’s upcoming science-fiction comedy in which everybody in the future is stupid. Does this seem like a realistic prediction?

WILSON: Definitely. The movie is obviously meant to be humorous, but I don’t think it’s much of an exaggeration. In one scene, I run into a theater showing the number one movie in America; it’s called *Ass*. It’s just a tight shot on a guy’s ass for three hours. The ass is passing wind, and people are rolling in the aisles with laughter. Part of it is just Mike Judge’s twisted imagination. But if you think about it, a movie like *Ass* could be a hit. *Ass* could be as big as *Beverly Hills Cop*.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Critics often say you play the Everyman in your films. Do you think of yourself that way, despite having more money, dating hotter women

and dressing better than the rest of us? WILSON: I don’t know about all that, but I do like to think of myself as a regular guy. It can be weird sometimes because it sounds like such an egotistical thing to say. But I haven’t changed. I still have the same tight circle of friends. I still like to spend time in Texas, away from the whole Hollywood thing. As for the characters I play, I guess it sometimes seems I get cast that way. I’m usually a guy in his early 30s who is quirky-looking and disheveled. It’s always a variation on the Everyman. I almost want to start introducing myself that way. “Hi, I’m Everyman Marty Friedman. I’m in my early 30s, I’m quirky, I’m disheveled, I’m a total slob. I’m lovable in a nonthreatening way. I’m the guy you’d want your sister to date if this were a movie.”

Q10

PLAYBOY: You claimed you gained a lot of weight for your role in *The Family Stone*. Was that a character choice, or were you just feeling lazy?

WILSON: Actually that was just something I joked about with David Letterman. I told him I’d gained 18 pounds for the movie and thought it was a really brave thing to do. Most actors are too vain to do something like that. Unless it’s Robert De Niro doing Jake La Motta in *Raging Bull*, you don’t see a lot of actors going out of their way to get fat. But it didn’t have anything to do with the movie. I was just letting myself go. I’m a little older and fatter now, and I’m not exercising as much. My lifestyle these days involves a lot of beer and pasta. But there’s something satisfying in letting your body go to hell. So maybe I won’t get offered the same kind of role as before. So what? I’m happy to play the guy in his mid-30s who may be a little unhealthy. “Fat and arrogant” is what I’m bringing to the script.

Q11

PLAYBOY: During high school you were something of a track-and-field star. Do you miss having thigh muscles that could crack a coconut?

WILSON: At the time, I did a lot of running, and I still hold school records for the 400- and 800-meter races. Those are 16-year-old records. I hate to sound like everybody’s all-American, but at this point something tells me those

records won’t be broken. If somebody breaks them, I want that kid tested for performance-enhancing drugs.

Q12

PLAYBOY: According to rumors, you have a long-standing rivalry with your brother Owen. There were even reports that you had head-butted him on the set of *Rushmore*. Is it safe to assume these stories are exaggerated? WILSON: I don’t think I’ve ever head-butted him. I’d probably remember something like that. It’s the sort of thing Owen would never let me forget. It’s weird: Nobody ever wants to hear that Owen and I are friends and just want the best for each other. Owen had a great response when anybody would ask him about me. They’d come up and say, “I’ve worked with Luke, and he’s great.” And Owen would say, “Fuck him. The guy’s a prick.” I think some people didn’t get his humor. They took it at face value. Maybe we should just give people what they want. We should find out where the hot nightclubs are and brawl in public.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You lived with Owen for most of your 20s. Is it just us, or does that have all the makings of a hilarious TV reality show called *The Wilson Brothers*?

WILSON: I actually lived with him for all of my 20s and some of my 30s. Yeah, it might’ve made a great TV reality show, but I don’t know how funny it would’ve been. It might’ve just been depressing. Here’s this guy who obviously can afford his own house, yet he chooses to live with his brother. It eventually got to the point where Owen said, “I want you out of here. Why don’t you take your quirky, disheveled self down the road?” I told him, “I’m looking for places. It’s harder than you think.” I even bought a house and didn’t move into it for almost a year. I just wasn’t ready to make the change. I had to feel comfortable in my own skin. [pause] Would you do me a favor and add “he snickers” in parentheses after that?

Q14

PLAYBOY: Why? Are you afraid of coming across as too touchy-feely?

WILSON: “Comfortable in my own skin” just sounds like something an actor would say. It’s like when actors do something to “stay grounded.” They’ll say, “Yeah, I work on classic cars. It helps keep me grounded.” Yeah, the other 22 hours of the day they’re a fucking asshole.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You, your brother Owen and actors such as Will Ferrell, Jack Black and Vince Vaughn have been dubbed



"You're known around the league as the old left-hander. Tell us just what that means."

the Frat Pack by the media. Do you actually call yourselves that?

WILSON: Oh God, yes. But the term doesn't seem to have the legs of the Rat Pack or the Brat Pack. It's not as cool. I think that's because it's clearly off the mark. You don't get the sense that Owen, Will and Jack are frat brothers. But the Frat Pack is more than just a name. We're a real organization. We've had a few meetings in Elko, Nevada. We talk about our upcoming projects, discuss initiating new members and spend a lot of time hazing one another. On some nights you can hear the paddles echoing through the canyons.

Q16

PLAYBOY: On the set of *Old School*, you named your eyes Shorty and Kevin, respectively. Have the names stuck?

WILSON: Oh sure. I talk about them as though they're people. Sometimes when working on a movie I'll say, "Kevin's kind of tired today. Can we cheat the camera toward Shorty?" Or "I slept on Shorty last night. Kevin's the go-to guy today." I'll squint Shorty in a movie when my

character is deep in thought or trying to make a point. It was just something I came up with to screw around and make Will Ferrell laugh.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Your characters in *Old School* and *The Family Stone* make some big mistakes while drunk. Just how much research does it take to prepare for these roles?

WILSON: I've definitely had too much to drink in my time. I grew up in a beer-drinking culture, but I've never been the wake-up-and-have-a-shot kind of guy. Wait—do you mean do I drink on a movie set? Oh sure, I've done that. It definitely helps to loosen up. I would never tell a young actor to do that, but luckily not many young actors look for my advice. There's a fine line between being sloppy and just feeling relaxed. If you're doing a drunk scene all day, you can't start drinking at eight in the morning and keep it up till eight at night. At least I can't. But those last three hours? That's when I tell the director to shoot my close-up, because I'm gonna be *bombed!* And I'll give a heads-up

to all my Teamster buddies: "We ain't goin' home, boys. We're hittin' the bars."

Q18

PLAYBOY: You had a thick, ratty beard in *The Royal Tenenbaums*, but you've been mostly clean-shaven in your movies since then. Did a traumatic experience make you swear off facial hair?

WILSON: No, having a beard was fun. I enjoyed looking like one of the Beach Boys on a downward slide. But it was itchy, and I probably wouldn't grow one again unless somebody asked me to. The beard gave me a new appreciation for Kevin and Shorty. I realized how much those guys mean to me. With the beard, I didn't have this great smile anymore. I didn't have high cheekbones or the smirk. All I had were Kevin and Shorty, and that's why I'm so loyal to both of them. You learn a lot when you have a beard. Like when a girl says to you, "My dad had a beard," the next thing you should ask is "And how was your relationship with him?" Because if Daddy was abusive, well, that's not very hot. Then the date is over.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You performed in Willie Nelson's video for "Maria (Shut Up and Kiss Me)." Is it possible to work with Nelson and not get a contact high?

WILSON: [Laughs] There wasn't any marijuana on the set as far as I could tell. But I will say this: I lost a Rolex and my favorite windbreaker during the shoot. I'm not kidding. I have no idea what happened to them. That is the dark underbelly of Hollywood. It was a rite of passage. If you spend any time with Willie Nelson and walk away with everything you showed up with, you've done something wrong.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You've played inept burglars in *Bottle Rocket* and *Best Men*. Have you learned from your characters' mistakes? If you were so inclined, could you commit the perfect crime?

WILSON: Possibly, but I have no interest. The odds are against you. With DNA testing and fingerprints—all that *CSI* stuff—I don't think it's possible to pull off the perfect crime anymore. Besides, being a criminal is a young man's game. But if I had to commit a crime, it would probably be identity theft. I'd be pretty good at that. "Would I really have his credit card, ma'am? You're welcome to call his accountant on Monday, but please, I just need to get into the Presidential Suite as soon as possible." My victim would have to be another actor. I could do a good Billy Baldwin impersonation. Or maybe Brad Pitt, but I'd have to get into better shape. I might be convincing as Errol Flynn or Clint Eastwood. And I could pull off Matthew McConaughey in certain Texas towns.



"My ex-girlfriend dumped me because she claimed I was childish. But we can talk about that after I go potty."





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NFL PREVIEW

(continued from page 102)

stupid. You'll ruin what you've worked for your whole life. There were times I should've turned away and didn't. I kind of got away with it.

Ted Washington: We're big targets. We go to a club or restaurant and people notice us. They always want to impress their women or the guys they're with. Most NFL players don't go out alone. We go with an entourage of two or three guys because in the back of your mind you're expecting something to happen. If you incite a riot or throw some blows, you're in trouble. You've got to be smart. I'm a big guy. If I get hit, it's going to take a lot to stop me.

22 Do players have fantasy teams?

Mike Williams, WR, Detroit Lions: Actually, yes. On our team it's big. We had a league last year. Roy Williams was the commissioner, making sure everybody updated their rosters and managed their bench. Kevin Jones was the only one who drafted himself. My guy was Marvin Harrison. My defenses were the Panthers' and the Cowboys', and we even played both teams in the real thing.

23 Pads have become much smaller over the years. You used to see Earl Campbell running down the field with shoulder pads as wide as a Volkswagen. Now the players are all sleek. What happened?

Ted Washington: When Earl Campbell played, football was 80 percent physical, 20 percent mental. Now it's 80 percent mental, 20 percent physical. There are new rules. You can't tackle this way or block that

way. When I got rid of the big pads and put on the girlie pads, I could get my job done more easily. Is it more dangerous? It can be. Guys adapt to their environment.

24 What happens in the locker room during halftime?

Chuck Bresnahan, defensive coordinator, Cincinnati Bengals: In this league more games are lost than won at halftime. Everybody splits up—offense, defense. All the adjustments are done in a short period of time; it seems like two and a half minutes. Guys have to get a drink and go to the bathroom. By the time everybody's together, you're scrambling. It's a high-tempo—not hectic—pace. Adjustments are made. The teams that handle that the best really do well in the second half.

25 Your favorite moment playing in the NFL?

Bill Romanowski, former linebacker: The big hits, for sure. I wish I could say I was so good I could aim and hit people in certain places, but in the NFL I literally just tried to get people down. You hear the crowd. The crowd knows when they've seen a great hit.

Donald Driver: My best moment was against the Oakland Raiders on a Monday night. Brett Favre's dad had just passed away. We all teamed up, got together. Everything Brett threw up there, our receivers caught. Everything he threw, we brought down. He played what I know for sure was the best game in his career. Every fan around the world was watching that game that night. Brett and the Packers played our best football ever.



IRAQ

(continued from page 112)

When you fashion the government so that the military is the only effective tool to get something done, you're always going to choose a military option.

The buildup of the military as the strongest element in the foreign-policy tool kit really got going under Clinton. He allowed the emasculation of the State Department. He came in not knowing how to salute, with aides who knew nothing about the military. Then he did the gay thing, which pissed off the military. So Clinton made amends by letting it do what it wanted, and the State Department became demoralized and underfunded. When Bush came in we had a weak diplomatic corps and a strong military institution. After 9/11 it became 10 times as strong.

Bush put Donald Rumsfeld in charge, and he understood the military had run amok. Rumsfeld said, "I am the boss here, and you guys are subservient to me." So civilian rule of the military was restored, which is a good thing, in theory. The bad part is they threw the baby out with the bathwater. They said, "Civilians rule, period. We're going to undervalue what the military tells us, because it has parochial interests."

When the military started to tell Rumsfeld this Iraq business was not going to be easy, he wrote it off. He and his whole cadre ignored basic truths developed over every postwar scenario since World War II. The military revolted in an amazing way.

The argument that the media didn't do its job is made only by Democrats. The right's argument against the media is that we've committed treason and should be locked up. It seems people have lost sight of our function, which is not to advocate for or against war; it's to try to figure out what the government is doing and whether it's telling the truth. Then you can decide if you want to go to war or not.

Inside *The Washington Post* the WMD issue was huge. It was a hard story to report because all the information was classified, but the reporters were consumed with trying to figure out whether the information was right or wrong. Look at what the media has done to uncover the interrogations and abuses. The media did all that.

Then, of course, we did run up against our own issues, against editors who—how shall I say it?—didn't position the stories where they should have been, though they appeared. As an editor, you have this incredible power to make a big impact depending on the placement of the story.

I'm an optimist by virtue of having gotten to know the whole range of people in the military and in the elected national-security apparatus, and they are all trying to do what they think is right.



They are all searching for ways to make this country safer. They're all working toward a value most of us would agree on. So though I see people making bad calculations, the system still has enough checks and enough contrarians that things will change over time. They're changing right now.

CORNEL WEST
PROFESSOR OF RELIGION,
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

It's difficult for Americans to be honest about our wars because we're rarely honest about being an empire. When you're so far removed from the reality of your own situation that you refuse to see your country's imperial, expansionist policies for what they are and see only such thin clichés as "manifest destiny" and "democratizing the world," this is a real problem. Yet it is impossible not to see the U.S. as a kind of empire. It's not the same as the Roman, British or Ottoman empires, but everyone in the world recognizes what we are. Go back to the founding fathers. Thomas Jefferson called America an empire of liberty.

What separates the American empire is this elevated self-understanding and self-image—freedom, democracy, equality. We're also a unique empire in that we tend not to want to occupy. Iraq is an anomaly in this sense. Bush is forcing Americans to recognize just how imperial we are. At the expense of all those innocent Amer-

ican soldiers and Iraqi brothers and sisters, he is shattering illusions.

America has grown wealthy. We've grown big. We've grown old. But we've yet to grow up. And growing up means looking in the mirror unflinchingly and acknowledging our imperial status.

My first recollection of American war was twofold. The civil rights movement was a kind of civil war. The four young sisters killed in Birmingham in September 1963 were really war victims, as was Martin Luther King. Then came Watts, Newark, Detroit. Outside our borders, of course, it was Vietnam.

My family was a Christian one deeply rooted in the King legacy, which meant

always looking for the best in America. Still, we always knew there were levels of mendacity and hypocrisy shot through America's past and present. Knowing this required the ability to hold America's ideals and hypocrisies together in the mind and retain the ability to function.

In the context of Vietnam we saw the best of America in those willing to tell the truth about it. People like Eugene McCarthy meant much. King after 1967 meant much. What is great about America has been those particular American persons and institutions that have focused on the humanity of those most vulnerable, reminding the country of its underside.

American goodness is a little different, something you find on the ground

Martin used to say the bombs dropped in Vietnam landed in the ghettos, he was not talking just about the budget. He was talking about a mentality. Think of the gangsterization of American society—the way our young people increasingly believe you resolve conflict with guns. Think of domestic violence escalating exponentially with cowardly men attacking vulnerable women. Consider the prison-industrial complex, in which you deal with problems by putting them away in violent, highly militarized sites.

Now from the very center of the American empire comes an aggressive new militarism and increasing authoritarianism with the Patriot Act and the spying and the lying and the justifying of torture of other human beings. It's a culture of violence. And no democracy can survive a culture of violence and militarism, because democracy is fundamentally about ensuring that ordinary people impose constraints on the arbitrary use of power from above.

SISTER ARDETH
PLATTE
ANTIWAR PROTESTER

I'm a religious sister, 70 years old, an ordinary citizen committed to witness what I believe is the righteous way for this country, no matter the consequences.

October 6, 2002 was our Feast of the Holy Rosary. That day two other sisters and I donned hazmat suits and went to a Minuteman III missile silo in Colorado. The president was threatening to use

weapons of mass destruction on "axis of evil" countries. We felt from our reading that this was a clear violation of the Non-proliferation Treaty of 1970 and a threat to murder God's people. We felt led by the Holy Spirit to stop a crime.

Missile silos are all in farmers' fields. To enter the site, we cut a link in a farmer's gate. We chose one out in the open so that anyone could see us. We wanted this to be a public act. We intended to expose, inspect and disarm—symbolically, lovingly—a weapon of mass destruction.

We used two major symbols: our own blood and hammers. Isaiah 2:4 says, "They shall hammer their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning



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among those whom Sly Stone called everyday people. It's not as visible and salient as it ought to be, but it is a countervailing force. It's one reason the Karl Roves of the empire haven't completely taken over even though our political system is so hemorrhaged. Russell Feingold says the American political system can be characterized as legalized bribery and normalized corruption. With such a system in place, the decency at work below has tremendous difficulty surfacing. But that doesn't mean it's not there.

War stands in the way of America's democratic values because resorting to violence to resolve conflict has repercussions far beyond simply the war. When brother

hooks. Nations shall not lift up sword against another nation, nor shall they train for war anymore."

We made crosses for the victims with our blood on the silo lid, then tapped gently on the silo with our hammers and prayed, "Oh God, teach us to be peacemakers in a hostile world."

After 45 minutes the military and the FBI came, 18 vehicles and a helicopter. They surrounded us with guns, handcuffed us and put us facedown on the ground. We were in federal jail for a week, then charged with sabotage of national defense materials, facing 30 years.

International-law professors testified at our hearing. They said under Nuremberg we were doing what citizens can do to resist crimes committed by our government. The judge determined we could not use international law or Nuremberg principles as arguments. Stripped of those defenses, we were found guilty.

Sister Jackie got 30 months. Sister Carol got 33 months. I got 41 months. We believe our actions were legal and that we had a duty to do this. War is a sin. Every pope throughout history has declared we should not participate in war. I feel my church has not fully absorbed that awareness. I don't think clerics in the U.S. stood strongly enough against the Iraq war and the bombings of Afghanistan. I'm sorry to say that.

TED CHAPMAN
TRUCKER OF THE YEAR 2005

War is no more than a fight out here on the road. If you're doing something to me or one of my friends and I step in, that's just the smallest amount of war that can be. And that just escalates into what's in Iraq, you see?

I truck. I've been trucking for 52

years. For the past 35 years, I ran out of North Carolina to California. Won Trucker of the Year 2005. A 51-year safe-driving record. Drove 6.5 million miles without an accident.

If you go to Iraq right now and interview 75,000 of the 140,000 boys over there, they'll tell you they're there for freedom. Others will say we're there for oil. I'd say it's for both of them. I'd bet my life it's for both.

The U.S. has always fought for freedom. I don't care if you're black or white, if it weren't for the wars we've had, you wouldn't have the freedom you have to be driving that truck, to marry who you want, to worship the God you wish. There's nothing like freedom. At the same time, we need that oil. The most disastrous thing ever to happen would be if all foreign countries would cut off our oil right now.

I'm an old country boy. When that 9/11 deal came, if George Bush had sat on his butt and said nothing, there would have been hundreds of thousands in the U.S. raising hell. Now President Bush says God is on his side because it's his belief. I don't think God's got a thing to do with it. The Book of John says the only way God deals with a man is spiritually. Wars are man's decision. God doesn't deal in wars.

DR. MOHAMED ELBARADEI
DIRECTOR GENERAL, INTERNATIONAL
ATOMIC ENERGY AGENCY;
WINNER, 2005 NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

I don't think we fight about religion or race but from a sense of insecurity. Human beings are like any species. Put them under severe conditions and you bring out the worst in them. Two billion people in the world live on less than \$2

a day. Almost three quarters of a billion people go to bed hungry. In the past 10 years 12 million people have died in developing countries as a result of armed conflict. Poverty creates the lack of good governance, and organized crime and terrorism.

We shut our eyes to the underlying causes of war. We see the symptoms, but by then it's too late. You then have to confront the problem through force, which is not a solution. You still need to sit together and address the issues.

The only viable forum for global cooperation is the UN. It is not perfect. It has corruption. Some dictators are sitting at the UN. But the UN is every member state getting together. It reflects the reality of our world, however imperfectly.

We need to learn some lessons from the Iraq war. I did not see Iraq as a clear and present danger. You obviously have to fight authoritarian regimes, but fighting doesn't mean you go to war against every dictator. During the war at least 100,000 Iraqis and more than 2,000 Americans have died. Is that the price we want to pay to get rid of every dictator?

In the Muslim world there's a lot of cynicism about U.S. motives. We all grew up with great admiration for the U.S. and what it represents: liberty, freedom of speech, a sense of fairness, due process. People still look to the U.S. to lead by example. If that leadership is not exercised, you get into a situation of chaos.

What's still so great about the U.S. is that it can correct itself. We have seen that a number of times—in Vietnam, in Watergate. The important thing is to learn from the mistakes and move forward. The debate right now about the war, which was not there two years ago, is very healthy. It's the beginning of the system correcting itself.

COLONEL LAWRENCE WILKERSON
FORMER CHIEF OF STAFF TO
SECRETARY OF STATE COLIN POWELL

We fight to protect our ideals. I could give you a host of uses of force I wouldn't support at all. But by and large I've supported some conflicts because they protected freedom, the human condition and the dignity of humans in general.

I spent a year in Vietnam. I believed the communists were attempting to subvert another people. I gave my men rah-rah talks saying we were fighting for freedom and democracy. My research since has indicated that Vietnam was a civil war. We intervened in another people's war under the misperception that we were rolling back communism. I look on my participation in the Vietnam war with some regret.

When you ask people to kill for the state, particularly for a democracy, you're asking them to do something that's not necessarily out of their character—because every man can be



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“My Boyfriend’s **SECRET** ... for Amazing **SEX!**”

As a faithful reader of your magazine, I just had to tell your readers about a recent experience I had with my boyfriend.

First, let me just say he is a great guy. **But, after dating for six months, it seemed he was having confidence issues in AND out of bed.** It was having a real negative effect on his sexual prowess and let’s face it, with any new relationship, it usually doesn’t last very long without a real strong sexual connection. My dilemma was that I really liked the guy.

Thankfully, I didn’t have to make a difficult decision because everything changed a few days ago. I came home from work and he basically tore my clothes off before I even made it through the door. Right there on the stairs he practically pounced on me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I definitely felt sensations I’d never felt before... in places I forgot existed. We made love for what seemed like an eternity. I never knew what some of my friends meant when they said the earth moved from having sex – I do now. **“I can honestly say it was the best sex I’ve ever had in my entire life!”**

When I asked him what was going on – what brought about the change – he wouldn’t answer me. So I did what any red-blooded American woman would do, I started snooping. It didn’t take me long to figure out his secret. In his underwear drawer under the “men’s magazines,” was a tube of **MAXODERM Connection**. After reading the fine print and finding the website, I went online to www.maxodermct.com to discover more about this magic in a tube.

MAXODERM Connection (of which I’m having my boyfriend buy a lifetime supply) is a lotion that’s applied topically to the most “intimate areas”. **An all natural mix of herbs and who knows what brings blood flow straight to the source – that’s when amazing things start to happen. He achieves harder, stronger erections and my orgasms go through the roof!** We aren’t into taking pills of any kind, not even aspirin – so I was relieved to find he was using something topical without any systemic side effects. Unless you want to think of great sex as a side effect, because that’s definitely what’s going on at our place – ALL the time!

So... please print this letter. Anyone who wants to experience mind-blowing intimacy has to try **MAXODERM Connection**. They need to tell their boyfriends, husbands or partners about this product. Or just “accidentally” leave a tube lying around for them to “accidentally” find. I really want to thank the woman who developed **MAXODERM Connection** – only a woman could design something that feels this good.

T.J.

T.J.
Phoenix, AZ



**“ I felt
sensations
I’d never felt
before
... in places
I forgot
existed.”**



P.S., Let your readers know I’m pretty sure they can still get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** of **MAXODERM Connection** with their order by calling **1-800-451-3621** or by visiting their website at www.maxodermct.com, and **FOR A LIMITED TIME**, you can still get **\$100 worth of FREE GIFTS** with your order that are yours to keep - no questions asked. Oh and even better, their product is backed by a **90 Day Full Money Back Guarantee**.

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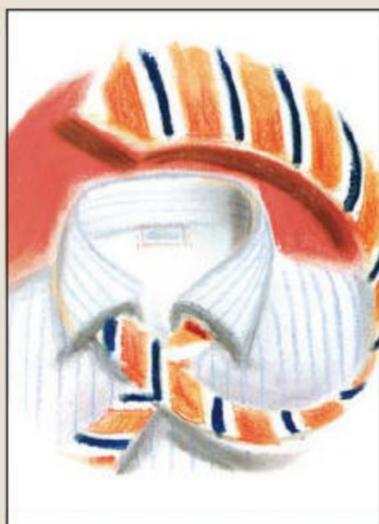
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GAMES

Page 32: *Datel*, datel.co.uk. *Dead Rising*, capcom.com. *Griffin*, griffin technology.com. *Logitech*, logitech.com. *Miami Vice*, vugames.com. *NFL Head Coach*, easports.com. *Nintendo*, nintendo.com. *Nyko*, nyko.com. *Titan Quest*, thq.com. *Tortuga—Two Treasures*, tortuga.cdvus.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 35-38: *Classic Car Club*, classiccarclub.com. *Crystal Creek Lodge*, crystalcreeklodge.com. *Daddy Mojo*, daddy-mojo.com. *Duckdiver*, duckdiver.de. *Fishing books*, available online and at bookstores everywhere. *Globe-Trotter*, globe-trotterltd.com. *Montblanc*, montblanc.com. *Sky Trekking Alaska*,



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Pages 104-111: *Armani*, armani.com. *Bottega Veneta*, bottega veneta.com. *Byblos*, byblos.it. *DSquared*, dsquared2.com. *Gaetano Navarra*, gaetanonavarra.com.

Jasper Conran, jasperconran.com. *J.Lindeberg*, jlindeberg.com. *John Richmond*, johnrichmond.com. *Missoni*, missoni.com. *Ozward Boateng*, ozwardboateng.co.uk. *Valentino*, valentino.com. *Versace*, versace.com.

POTPOURRI

Pages 154-155: *Bookcase*, hidden passageway.com. *Crown Royal*, available at liquor stores nationwide. *Cuff links*, eco-artware.com. *Japanese snacks*, jlist.com/snacks. *Lab Series*, labseries.com. *Lambretta*, lambrettawatches.com. *Paradigm*, paradigm.com. *Reef*, reef.com. *Vintage magazines*, 847-470-9444.

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a beast—but something contrary to their upbringing and education. When you do that you need every rule, every tool in your kit bag, to keep them from going overboard.

Often in your platoon the best killers, your best warriors, are those who will become your beast. They become people who will kill children and burn villages. So I have a particularly poignant understanding of the tools the lieutenant on the ground needs to keep people from going beyond the laws of war, as was done in Abu Ghraib, Bagram, Afghanistan and Guantánamo.

Nietzsche said, "If you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you." You go around the world to fight monsters. Be careful you don't become a monster. Do you recall any debates about torture in the years of the Cold War, when we really were under colossal threat? We are doing things now we didn't do even then. We didn't have the most powerful vice president in our history over on the Hill, pressuring congressmen to vote for torture. For me that was the straw that broke the camel's back. That's what made me go public.

After 31 years in the military, 16 working for Colin Powell, it was very difficult for me to speak out because it's estranged me from one of my dearest friends in the world. A lot of people think I'm still speaking for Colin Powell, but I'm not. We disagree fundamentally on a couple of substantive issues. For example, I believe, in the decisions regarding detainee abuse, that the president was unwitting and aloof from the details. Secretary Powell and I disagree about that. There are some substantive differences in our beliefs.

In the case of the Iraq war, what happened to diplomatic, economic, informational and other instruments of national power? Why did the military have to lead this change in policy? My critics will say it had to be abrupt, it had to be sudden. But if our real reason for going to war in the Middle East was to bring freedom to Iraq and by doing so help Lebanon, Syria, Israel and others, why didn't we say that?

Others will say, "Look, we're sitting on top of a quarter to a third of the known oil reserves in the world." That is very important. As long as the Western world drinks oil at the current rate, someone's got to make sure oil is being delivered. I can envision a day when, if the Middle East doesn't straighten itself out, we would bring back conscription and mobilize the country and whatever coalition we could, take the Arabian Peninsula and administer it in a trusteeship for the benefit of the entire world.

Today we are an empire. We have the potential to be an empire for good or an empire for bad. If it's an empire of force, it will fracture and fall apart. If it's an empire of knowledge, trade and

ideas—and uses the military instrument only occasionally and as necessary—it could last for a long time.

SENATOR JOHN MCCAIN
REPUBLICAN, ARIZONA

The whole issue now is preemptive war. The Bush doctrine is that preemptive strikes or conflicts, never contemplated in the past, now have to be contemplated under certain scenarios.

The greatest fear we have since September 11 is that some terrorist organization could get hold of a weapon of mass destruction and use it. So this leads now to the argument that if the threat is imminent we need to act militarily before tremendous damage is inflicted on us. Launching a preemptive strike against a nation that is an imminent danger and about to strike the U.S. is something everybody agrees with. Launching a preemptive military attack against a country that is not an imminent threat and losing American lives brings into question the whole neoconservative movement.

Neoconservatives sprang up in the 1970s after the Vietnam war, when there was a perception that liberals were dismantling our intelligence capabilities, destroying our military, being soft on communism, etc. And they have gradually evolved—and in some ways I am one, in some ways—in that the U.S. is the greatest force for good in the world. And we have an obligation, not to go out and fight and start wars and conflicts and intervene but certainly to do everything we can to spread democracy and freedom throughout the world. That seems to me not an unreasonable thing for the most influential and powerful nation in the world to be engaged in. Where the debate and controversy begin is how far does the United States go and when does it go from a force for good to a force of imperialism. As a result of the war in Iraq there are many allegations that the neocons cooked the books and made the case for war from flawed intelligence.

The deciding factor before launching a preemptive conflict is that there be a real, grave and imminent threat. That

case apparently is under great question now, regarding the war in Iraq. But fundamentally I agree with the so-called neoconservatives because I believe we can do a better job of helping people achieve democracy and freedom, and we should exercise this influence for good. But not by launching preemptive strikes and unseating people and doing bad things. By doing good things.

I think those who draw too great a comparison between this situation and Vietnam have forgotten many fundamental aspects of the Vietnam war. We were losing 350 Americans a week there. The Vietnamese were supplied by major superpowers—China and the Soviet Union. They had porous borders.

There's no doubt that the size of the post-war challenge in Iraq was grossly underestimated. There were premature celebrations of victory. That doesn't change the fact that we must prevail. We cannot afford to lose in Iraq. But certainly the American people were not fully informed.

STEVE EARLE
SINGER, SONGWRITER

Why are we fighting? I think as soon as there weren't warrior kings anymore, as soon as the people who decided to have a war weren't in harm's way, the whole political and social dynamics of war changed.

The first time I was aware of the Vietnam war was probably in 1962. My dad was in the Army and later became an air

traffic controller. I grew up in military towns. A lot of times my dad would be the only man on the block because the war was going on. I saw a lot of stress on military families, a lot of drinking, a lot of wives whose husbands were gone and a lot of kids who were home alone.

In high school I had an Air Force tropical fatigues shirt with an American flag sewn upside down on the back. My dad and I butted heads over that. A lot of it was about my behaving too much like my uncle, who had gotten busted once, but a lot of it was my dad being worried about losing his kid. As the war dragged on and I got closer and closer to draft age, and friends of mine started getting drafted and not coming back, my dad felt conflic-

ed. Eventually he believed he had been lied to about why the war was being fought and its progress as it wore on. He even told me one day, "You know what? You might want to think about going to Canada." The Vietnam war didn't end because I opposed it; it ended because people like my dad came to oppose it. People just got sick of sending their kids.

We lost that war, and we didn't lose it by proxy to the Soviets. We lost the war to the Vietnamese people. They kicked our asses. And you know something? Go to Vietnam for two hours today and you'll figure out that if the martians landed there tomorrow, the Vietnamese would kick their asses, too. They'd go

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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Iraq is dramatically different. Except for the loss of young Americans it is not a comparable situation. I don't know if you could draw a scenario in which we could have prevailed militarily in Vietnam given the circumstances under which we were fighting. I have every belief that we can and will prevail in Iraq.

The war will be won when we have a functioning—even a badly functioning—democracy in Iraq. But I expect the U.S. to be there militarily for a long time, to provide security. Very tough. But if we get a democracy functioning in Iraq, the days of the despots and the days of the religious extremists in the Middle East will be gone. It's a matter of time.

back down in the tunnels and stay there as long as it takes.

And you know what else? When they got done kicking the martians' asses, they wouldn't be mad at them, either. They're not mad at us. They've been getting occupied by everybody in the world for 1,000 years, you know? We were a speed bump. We were there for only 10 years. The French were there for 100. The Chinese, 1,000. The Vietnamese people are smart. They're not going to waste this period of relative peace and prosperity by being mad at anybody.

It's about karma. When you go fucking people over and trying to make other people live the way you think they ought to live, it bites you in the ass. The Brits are still hated in a lot of places because of the way they carried themselves when they were the world's most powerful country. So how we treat people during our moment is important.

Look at Iraq. Why are we there? We went because it was attackable, it had large oil reserves, and the Saudis were untouchable because of their relationship with the U.S. government. Plenty of people are oppressed and dying all over the world, and we don't lift a finger to help. They just don't happen to have any

oil. This is about maintaining a global community that we control financially. It's just another type of colonialism.

JAMES DER DERIAN

DIRECTOR OF GLOBAL SECURITY PROGRAM,
WATSON INSTITUTE FOR INTERNATIONAL
STUDIES, BROWN UNIVERSITY

I study war as a question of security. For many people, nuclear proliferation is the most important security issue. For others it may be global warming or avian flu. Getting killed in a conventional war is moving toward the bottom of the list.

My first encounter with war was during the Cuban missile crisis. I was all of six years old when my father showed me a makeshift fallout shelter with bottled water and canned food. He said, "If we have a nuclear war, you'll have to come down here with your mother and your sisters. You'll be in charge." It was terrifying and surreal. This first impression of war made its way into my current research: trying to understand how simulation blurs into reality and lowers the threshold for going to war.

War is at the avant-garde of the technological revolution. Today, with the help of Silicon Valley, technology makes it possible to fight from a distance, to

make war look clean and discriminate. You rarely see the bodies. Yet anybody who studies war knows that things rarely go according to plan.

With globalization and the permeability of borders has come a diffusion of threats. Security can neither be guaranteed by a sovereign state nor understood by a single science. Understanding security requires knowledge of economics, anthropology, sociology, psychology, biology and theology.

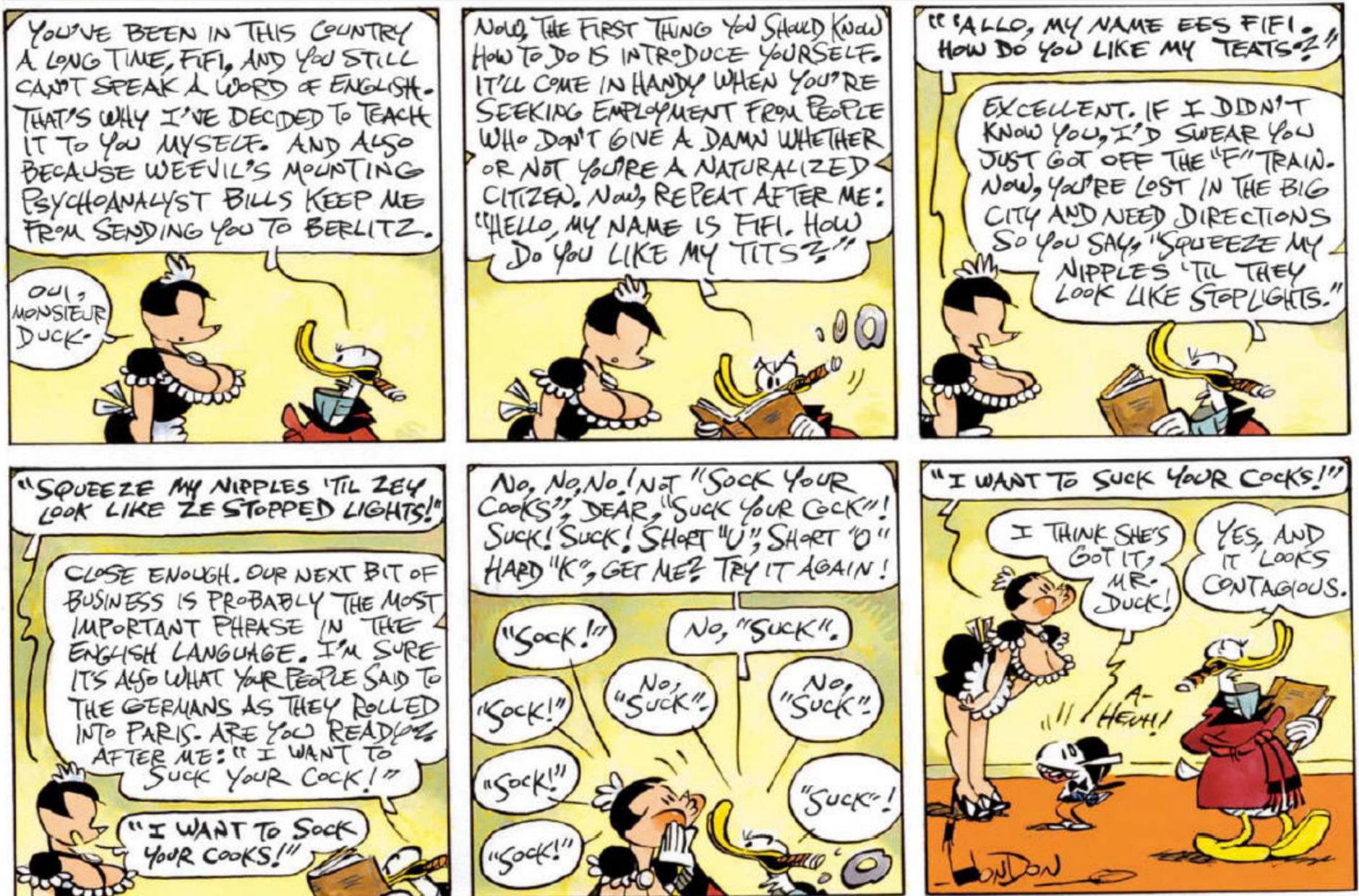
Global security today is not about securing borders. It's about learning to live with globalization: the acceleration of information flows, population flows, pollutant flows, criminal flows, everything. If you put all your faith in the military solution, you will never have an adequate civilian alternative. If you pick up the sword to fight the dragon, you have to be ready to become the dragon—and realize it won't be easy to morph back into the domestic creature you once were.

NATHAN PRICE

CABDRIVER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

I've been driving a cab for 34 years in the nation's capital. Driving here gives you a special kind of insight. You hear things in the front seat of a cab in D.C. that you

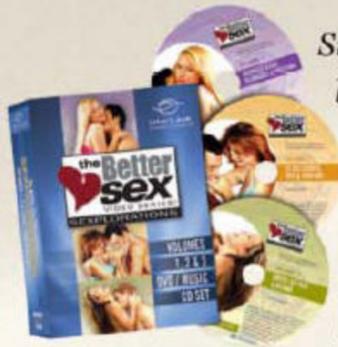
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don't necessarily read in the newspapers or magazines. In the 1970s and 1980s we used to ride a few people from Congress around, but we don't ride that many congressmen anymore. I guess now they have private transportation.

I was in the Air Force during Vietnam, stationed in Alaska. We were told there were very few deaths in Vietnam. The same thing was reported to the American press. Then all of a sudden, in the beginning of 1966, on the tarmac at Elmendorf Air Force Base I saw all these unpainted aircraft filled with so many dead bodies.

Those who go to war and are wounded or see others wounded see the injustice of it. The Vietnam war put a lot of disillusionment into me. It made me question other wars. Just why do we go to war? And what impact does profiteering have on the soldiers? Does it cause wars to take longer than necessary?

They say the Crusades were a religious endeavor, but when you look at them closely, you may say the Crusades were about securing trade routes from the Far East to Europe. In the Civil War the North disagreed with the South over taxation of the slaves, who were free labor. After World War II there were stories about how we knew the attack on Pearl Harbor was coming. Who knows? But we did gain a toehold in Japan afterward, and a huge influx of Japanese products hit this country. Again, cheap labor.

When I look at the allegations about Halliburton and Bechtel, I wonder if the war is for democracy in the Middle East or for corporations that make huge sums of money and give it to politicians. It pisses me off that young men die for some old man, most likely white. I think about how very few members of Congress have children in the military or have

served in war themselves. People who are higher-middle-income or higher-income, their children never have that threat of being killed in action. They're more likely to die of a self-induced drug overdose than in a war.

TONY KUSHNER

PLAYWRIGHT; SCREENWRITER, *MUNICH*

I believe war is a political evil. There is aggression in human beings, and people at times behave badly. But I also believe people are basically decent and have a kind of collective moral genius that keeps us going as a species. It's in our interest to survive, and I think people don't want war.

I was born in 1956, Jewish and gay in the Deep South. Growing up in the 1960s I came to understand America's role in the world through the lens of the Vietnam war. I saw that a great deal of what was progressive and bountiful in American life came at the expense of people in countries where there was neither political progress nor bounty.

I'm enormously proud of American democracy. This country has given birth to globally significant instances of the spreading and franchising of justice and equality. And God knows, I think people with purple fingers are great. But democracy is difficult, and I don't think it can be exported through force, which is why I believe the war in Iraq is wrong.

Sometimes military action is necessary. Over the years in some ways I've actually become more militarist. I wasn't entirely opposed to NATO intervention in the Balkans. It's hard to say this, but I genuinely feel a military response to Milosevic was appropriate. I don't think military action against Saddam Hussein is inappropriate. I just don't think it should be

unilateral, because I believe in the UN.

America acted more and more imperially toward the rest of the planet through the 20th century. But we're not suited to that kind of work in the way the British were in the 19th century. American democracy has created a new kind of human being, for whom the business of being an imperial power is not appropriate. We're not good at it. We do it ambivalently. It's antithetical to the American spirit, and consequently we tend to make a terrible mess when we try it.

What's fascinating is that preceding the Iraq invasion was the 60th anniversary of World War II and a lot of nostalgia for a time when we were fighting a "good war." And yes, if you overlook certain things like Dresden, Tokyo, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, it's absolutely appropriate to look back with great pride at what American GIs did during World War II. But it's also very dangerous. When Bush started talking about attacking Saddam, the analogies were that Saddam was Hitler. "We're fighting World War II again," the right was saying. It even invented the term *Islamofascists* to make the comparison. But equating Iraq after 10 years of sanctions with Nazi Germany on the eve of World War II is demented.

It worked partly because being the economic center of the planet has had an unfortunate effect on America. It's hard to talk about this because ignorance is a complicated thing. I mean, everyone notices that everything you buy now is made in China. You can ask what that means in terms of Chinese slave labor or the fact that the U.S. long ago stopped being a producing economy. Or you can choose not to ask those questions. And we deprive people of the tools to ask questions meaningfully because most young people get a crappy education.

I don't know what art does. If it asks legitimate questions, as I think we do in *Munich*, it can do some good. Until writing *Munich* I'd never written anything in which anybody is killed. And watching the filmmakers perform the scenes, even though it's all ketchup and air pumps and things, was hard. When you talk about targeted assassination or torture, it's easy to say it. It's easy to write it. It doesn't cost you very much. But we made this movie because we felt it could do things to erase the kind of comforting distance between people and violence when they talk about it.

The thing that gives me agency in the world, since I'm not president of the United States, is an indirect power. I'm a playwright, a screenwriter, I guess. I can make people have arguments at cocktail parties or have nightmares or good dreams. I don't think I change the world through my plays. I contribute to the only place where I think trickle-down theory works: in the arts. You start ripples.





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BRAZIL

(continued from page 77)

pussy, as long as it's not Amazon." I never thought I'd say this, but sadly, not everyone can have a stripper's mentality. "Women realize hair's not in and it's never going to be in," says Cindy Barshop, who owns the Completely Bare Spa on Manhattan's Upper East Side. True to its name, the spa stands by its conviction that sometimes Brazil isn't quite south enough. Barshop encourages women to go straight to the barren Antarctic. "Hair at all is not acceptable," she says. "Any hair."

I, for one, had held to the hopeful theory that men are like the wax itself: In order to perform, they need a little something to hold on to. What sober man wants to fuck a plucked chicken? Apparently lots of them. Two women were in the waiting room of the J. Sisters Salon on the day of my nonstop flight to Brazil, both tallish blondes, both with their heads buried in oversize magazines. They were the kind of women who look perfect naked except for their stiletto-mangled toes. The kind of women who spent more on undershirts last year than most people did on car payments. Above one was a framed picture of Gwyneth Paltrow smiling naked in a pool and cupping her breasts. "Thank you, J. Sisters!" it said, the salon's name scrawled in marker. "You changed my life!" I figured "by scarring me for the rest of it" had been cropped out.

The blondes were calm. Clearly this was not their first journey to the Southern Hemisphere. I sat on a pink chaise and mentally prepared my pelvic region for war. A smiling, legitimately Brazilian woman pulled me into a curtained room with a doctor's examination table in it. "Pull down your pants, and keep your shirt on," she commanded. Then she walked out of the room in an oddly respectful gesture, considering how naked she was about to see me. Men I had talked with before I went seemed concerned that

waxing would place me in an awkward situation. "It's so exposed, having a random head down there that's not attached to a dick," as one eloquently put it. This is perhaps indicative of a general male thought process concerning the vagina: Men see a vagina, they think sex. Doesn't matter what the context is. After having a Brazilian, I can assure you there's nothing sexual about hot wax being poured over your genitalia and removed at close range. Or if there is, it's not to be found on the Upper East Side. The only time I had a remotely sexual inkling was when the Popsicle stick came so close to the orifice in question that I thought, Where is that thing going?

No one tells you how hard waxing is on the knees. Having it done made me envious of paraplegics. You lie on a table with your legs spread apart, which normally wouldn't be a problem if you didn't have to touch your feet together and have a middle-aged South American woman lean on your thighs. It's a torture diamond. My Brazilian lady worked from the outside in, covering the wax with thin cloth and swiftly pulling backward. I soon realized you're not made to lie down for easy access; you do it so you're already horizontal in case you pass out. "Breathe," she tried to comfort me. "It does not hurt. It's the anticipation." I conceded this as accurate. As with men who snore, the snoring itself doesn't keep us up; waiting for the next snort does. I exhaled. She ripped. I screamed. It was most definitely not the anticipation.

As she scraped wax on hair I didn't know I had, I wondered if it was kosher to ask her to stop. Certain activities sour and become almost intolerable if done after a certain age. Downhill skiing. Watching *St. Elmo's Fire*. I can now add bikini waxing to my personal list. Apparently it becomes easier over time. I have a newfound respect for women who choose to do it enough that it truly doesn't hurt. Other people's pain thresholds are curious things. Kristen, 28, a teacher and

frequent waxer, describes waxing as "a necessary microsecond of pain." Alison, 28, a painter and one-time-only waxer, curses the process as "like being stuck in a mousetrap." "A Xanax an hour before helps," says Jacki, 30, a magazine publicist who waxes every few months. "I've never tried drinking, but I'll bet that works wonders."

Just when I thought our relationship had seen its worst, my Brazilian bully handed me one of my legs and said, "Take this." In no position to argue, I held my ankle to my ear as she wrapped my other leg around her neck.

Great, I thought, for her next trick she's going to rip me in half. She proceeded to pour baby powder on my bottom, which caused me some confusion. This combined (a) something mothers do to baby girls, (b) the infamous male desire for the prepubescent look and (c) the fact that this traditionally comforting act of powdering is followed immediately by pain. She pulled. "See?" she exclaimed. "Look how cute!" Fantastic. I was cute, and we were done.

As she walked me to the door, my legs still shaking, I asked what compelled her to get into this bikini line of work. "It's something women need," she said. Why? "Because they do," she shrugged. It got me thinking. When did we come to need it? Women are quick to equate waxing with modern-day corset wearing, as a practice the world will look back on in 100 years and marvel that we did this to ourselves. It gives you boils, for Christ's sake. Boils. But waxing isn't perfectly analogous to that earlier constraint. With the corset, women still had their hips. This logic would in fact make waxing much worse than its historical predecessor were it not for one important detail: Not everyone sees you naked. This is the core of what makes waxing sexy—the private mystery of it. "There are different categories of women," Leylah says. "Low-key women who do things simply, women who do things to be trendy and



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BY ROCKY RAKOVIC

AN INTREPID EDITOR AT A HOUSE OF WAX

TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY MEN HAVE A TOPIARY IN THEIR PANTS. THIS BRAVE MAN PUT DOWN THE CLIPPERS AND GOT A BRAZILIAN, OR AS IT'S APTLY KNOWN, A PLAYBOY

I'm lying on my back, and an attractive middle-aged woman is about to smear hot wax on my balls. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Before the main event, a few words of explanation.

While men as young as their 30s may not want to hear it, trimmed male pubic hair is the norm these days. Nearly every guy I know prunes the shrubs. Women groom for us and expect us to return the favor. The few who refuse to let society have them by the short and curlies defend themselves with some version of "By the time she sees you naked, it's pretty much a done deal." Yeah, but the details of the deal have yet to be closed. You don't want to lie facedown in a shag carpet; she doesn't want to thrust her head into a prickly bush.

The ability to grow pubic hair is a rite of passage for boys, along with taking the first swig of beer and copping the first under-the-shirt feel. At the moment men begin to grow fur, they are connected to their animal forefathers. By the time in high school when I actually started doing something with my puberty—while learning how the other half looks without clothes—I also found myself in the middle of the evolution of man. I bought designer jeans and body wash, stopped using a disposable razor and began shaving more than my face. It's not that females want pussified men, but the grooming curve has finally caught up to the male. Our fathers don't have more testosterone than we do because they let the forest grow; our generation just finally evolved and began to landscape it. And it feels wonderful—like skinny-dipping in your jeans.

"If you're such a fan of bald balls, why don't you get waxed?" said my boss with a sadistic smile. "I may even let you write about it." Apparently that challenge was the office sword-in-the-stone myth, originating as a potential stunt five years ago and undertaken by many whose interest flagged after one salon or another abruptly hung up. Well, times have changed, and the hairless trend has taken root. I had no problem scheduling an appointment at Shobha, on New York's Madison Avenue, which has recently made ball waxing a dedicated service.

Before fully processing what I was getting myself into, I had an appointment for later in the week. Soon I began to realize I had agreed—nay, had requested—to have a stranger apply hot wax to my pride and rip out its mane. The anticipation was overwhelming; I felt as if I had registered my boys for some sick Japanese game show. I couldn't sleep the night before. What if the heat from the wax impairs my ability to produce offspring? What if the beautician rips off more than just hair?

I washed thoroughly that morning. My waxer would scrutinize my package more meticulously than any female I'd ever dated had. At the suggestion of a friend, I trimmed, then spritzed some cologne on my boxers, found the

loosest-fitting jeans possible and made my way out the door. Before long I was a wreck. I ducked into a bar for a painkiller. While sucking down a beer, I considered going home or at least ordering a stronger drink. Then I thought, If women are doing this, what kind of man am I to feel this fear? Although you can never trust a clock in a bar, I knew it was time.

A sweet lady at the salon led me to what looked like a homey doctor's examination room. She ordered me to remove my clothes and lie down. I've never visited a whorehouse, but I imagine this is how a session begins there as well. Forgetting about physical pain for a second, I was suddenly concerned about the embarrassment I'd feel if I sprouted oak. Then came the bad news: "You shouldn't have trimmed. It's going to be more painful." Ouch. Contrary to my friend's advice (thanks, jerk), the waxer is supposed to trim to the appropriate length.

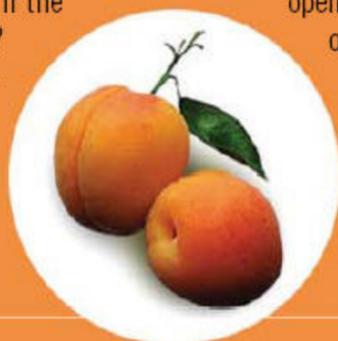
She bent my legs into an unfathomable position and sprinkled my bits and pieces with baby powder. I have never felt so vulnerable. I tried to go Zen, but all I could think about was Steve Carell in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*. My hands clenched down on the sides of the table. I bit my tongue. Then she applied hot wax to my not-so-happy trail. I could feel the wax draw my hairs to attention. She pressed a cloth on the area as if trying to sop up a spill. My breath grew short, and every muscle in my body flexed. I heard a rip, and that was it. I barely felt a thing.

I wanted to share my joy with someone, and since she was the only other person in the room, I did. "I'll tell you when it's going to hurt," she replied. She continued to work, touching me with gloved hands, hot wax and a cloth in places nobody had touched before, myself possibly included. Some areas seemed more tender than others. I let out a gasp and felt a twinge at certain times but nothing more. As it turns out, the hotter the wax, the quicker you want it off. The anticipation of pain never dissipated, but the blood-curdling moment I'd dreaded never came.

Strips of cloth carrying my DNA piled up in the wastebasket, and then we were done. She basted my plucked chicken with rosewater and applied cortisone cream. I was then able to examine the work in a mirror. There it was, the phallus pristine.

Gliding down the avenue as cocksure as ever, I felt a weight had been lifted from me—even if it was just an ounce or so. I knew I'd be taking another trip to Brazil in six weeks. Women have been frequent fliers for years and kept the destination to themselves. Though I wouldn't hesitate to rave about the experience to any open ear, it was clear at the time from the look on my face that I was walking around with the world's greatest secret.

Later, amid shirtless antics at a house party, pants became irrelevant and the secret was out. A woman voraciously propositioned me on the spot, but I had to decline—she wasn't waxed.



women like me." But they have one common thread. "You wax for yourself with the idea of being prepared for that someone special—a man or a girlfriend. But you wax for yourself."

After my Brazilian I went home, took off my clothes and stood naked in front of someone special: a full-length mirror. Something was missing. Not quite *Silence of the Lambs* missing, but missing just the same. Within a few days, however, I got used to it. I found bikini waxing inspires general hairlessness. I have never been so meticulous about shaving my legs as I was in the weeks following my pubic mugging. My eyebrows darted perfectly above my eyes. I was inexplicably inspired to purchase a loofah. I started walking differently, moving differently, even talking differently. I developed the kind of potty mouth attractive only on French whores and starlets. "Sorry," I said, "it's the motherfucking Brazilian talking."

Waxing also has its intangible advantages. Women can do few things for themselves immediately. Losing weight takes time. Tanning takes time. Perfect skin takes time. Waxing can in theory be done on your lunch hour. I have to say it made me feel less womanly, but it also made me feel more feminine. Femininity appears to be what occupies the space between prepubescent and womanly, and I think that's where waxing falls for the average woman. Doing it isn't about being a porn star, the same way growing pubic hair isn't about subscribing to *Ms.*

So what makes waxing worth it? Depends on who you ask. It's all about for whom the wax melts. "I feel as though the only person I get waxed for—besides myself—is my waxer," says Sophie, 35, a lawyer. "No one else pays remotely as much attention to my bits for a sustained period of time." At Agent Provocateur, a famously sexy and expensive lingerie store in SoHo, the *raison d'être* is to make women look and feel like sex on a stick. A silk thong is the only souvenir women are permitted from a trip to Brazil, which is why store manager Maria Ayala sees a lot of naked ladies who are in the market to become more naked as frequently as possible. "Most women who come into the store get waxed because you never know. It's like your grandmother always told you: Wear clean underwear in case you get hit by a bus." She had a point. Of course, that would mean I had waxed not so much for myself as for the bus driver, the paramedics and, if I'm unlucky, the mortician. It would mean the politically incorrect point of waxing is to make yourself fuckable to strangers—a slutbag reason if ever there was one. But who am I to argue? Here lies me, unconscious in the middle of the street with my dress up to my chest and my thong all askew. At least I am well-groomed.



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DENIS LEARY

(continued from page 54)

to be very cognizant, so I was nursing my beer. He kept asking, "You want another drink?" and I was like, "No, I'm good," and he goes, "What are you, a pussy?" I was like, My God, Dean Martin called me a pussy! Wait until the guys hear this. Besides Clint Eastwood, who I worked with on *True Crime*, it doesn't get much bigger than that. I also worked with Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman on *Wag the Dog*, but Dean Martin? That's a whole other world.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from working with Eastwood, Hoffman and De Niro?

LEARY: Working as an actor with people of that level, you think, It's definitely not a level playing field. De Niro made me want to be an actor in the first place. I was a huge Eastwood fan, had read all the books about him and told him I wanted to pick his brain. He let me sit and watch between shots and ask questions, which is how I learned how fucking easy it is to act if you do your homework and preparation before you get to the set. You don't have to waste the studio's money or your own time. Eastwood is like fucking John Wayne. He's been famous since I was born, but he's a gentleman's gentleman, an extremely cool guy with a

fucking great sense of humor. Everybody stayed in the same hotel, and at the end of the night we'd all go back and have drinks. He's a huge jazzman, and we had been talking about a couple of albums he hadn't heard. So on an afternoon off I went to a local jazz music store, got the two albums and just left them for him. That night on my hotel voice mail, it's "Hey, Denis. Clint. Hey, thanks for the albums, man. I've been dying to get these things. I owe you." I was like, Fuck, how do I get this off the phone and onto a tape recorder? I completely fucked it up by erasing it.

PLAYBOY: You often mention real people in your act. How would you handle a topic like, say, Barry Bonds and steroids?

LEARY: As a baseball fan, I don't give a shit about him. My problem with Barry Bonds began when he made comments that turned the idea of breaking an incredible record into a racial thing. Babe Ruth hit 714 home runs. Had he taken steroids and not been out of shape for half of his career, how many fucking home runs would he have hit? Guys like Ruth and Hank Aaron were amazing—especially because Aaron's not a big fucking guy—and they set the records Barry's ultimately going to break. So if I were Hank Aaron, I'd be fucking ripshit. In 1999 my son and I were at the All-Star

Game at Fenway Park, and when Mark McGwire knocked 12 out of 13 balls over the Green Monster, my son asked, "Dad, is he on drugs?" What am I supposed to say? I don't know if he is. I don't know Bonds, but from what I've read and seen, he seems so egotistical and arrogant—always has been, even before the steroids—that I don't think he has it in him to come clean and tell the truth. He's going to find himself in a real fucking hell storm. Do you really want the record, knowing how you got it, knowing Hank Aaron is still alive and working in baseball? I wouldn't. Fuck that.

PLAYBOY: Should Americans accept the probability that every future politician will have used drugs and had extracurricular sex?

LEARY: If I were suddenly the top man on the planet, had the plane and the world's biggest army and all, pretty much what I'd ask the outgoing president first is "Where's the pussy? What time is the blow job?" This is how democracy should work. We should expect free blow jobs for the president right from the beginning. If you work as a White House intern, you're blowing the president; that's just the deal. Balance the budget like Clinton—extra blow jobs. Hollywood starlets should be made available to the president. If he's doing a good job, Keira Knightley gets told, "Part of your job is to fuck the president or at least blow him; then we'll put you in a big movie." With a female president, it's "Mel Gibson is coming over at four to fuck you and take a picture with you, then he's off to make his next movie." Bush is supposedly the closest we've had to the perfect family man who goes to church and all that, yet he's one of the biggest fuckups who has ever been in office—a true moron when it comes to leading the country. If that's a perfect guy, I'll take the flawed guys.

PLAYBOY: Your 1994 movie *The Ref* had you playing a thief who holds an insufferably dysfunctional family hostage. It should have ignited your movie career but wasn't a hit.

LEARY: That movie not doing well is still a sore spot. I kept saying it had a fucking shitty title and we should start making lists of other titles. But Teddy Demme, the director, kept saying, "I like the title," and Disney ended up going with it, which is one way they killed the movie. The other way was with a bad release date. I will always love Jeffrey Katzenberg, the former Disney studio president, because he called me and Teddy after the release and said, "I take full responsibility. I should have demanded you guys change the fucking title."

PLAYBOY: Has your TV success brought you more movie offers?

LEARY: Most movies suck, even the independent ones. Hollywood is like baseball: Hit three good movies out of 10 and you're a Hall of Famer. I don't think like those guys who say, "I'm hot again, so I've



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got to get back into a big movie." It's a lot of work and pressure for Kiefer on *24* and a couple of my friends on *The Sopranos* to do movies, but they're not writing their shows, like I am. *Rescue Me* is the equivalent of doing six movies from February to the end of August. I met with director Adrian Lyne about playing the other guy in *Unfaithful*, and when I asked him how many takes he does, he said, "That depends on how we're feeling." I walked away thinking, No fucking way. I turned down Martin Scorsese, who I love and respect as a filmmaker, for this movie he just made with Nicholson, *The Departed*. He wanted me to shoot on weekends while I was doing *Rescue Me*, but I didn't want to be in the position of fucking myself over trying to make him happy or vice versa. I have plenty of work, and I don't really need the money.

PLAYBOY: So what's next after *Rescue Me*?

LEARY: I have a couple of movies I want to

write and one I'm in the middle of. I have another idea for a television series. I won't star in it, but I'll produce and write the pilot. I also have to finish writing a book that pretty much sums up my take on the world: *Kiss My Irish Ass*.

PLAYBOY: One of your punch lines is "Life sucks. Get a fucking helmet." Do you follow that advice?

LEARY: I have friends who jump out of planes, but I'm not jumping out of a fucking plane even if it's on fire. I'm addicted to adrenaline, juice and competition, but I get that through playing hockey. Most of the time I don't even wear a helmet when I play, which seems ridiculous because if you don't pay attention, you'll get your fucking head chopped off. If I had the choice, I'd want to die either laughing or fucking. Both at the same time would be excellent.



CUL-DE-SAC

(continued from page 68)

these days, he thought as he watched Linda Dock beeline across Woodland Terrace, was screwing Linda Dock.

Meanwhile what had happened was making its way through the campus grapevine. Janeane Collum received several e-mails that bore the bad news. She didn't need to be here today—it was Thursday, and she only taught Monday, Wednesday and Friday—but she always came to campus between eight and two because she didn't like being at home when Bill was writing his poem. The news of Randy's death was unwelcome, and she might have gone home immediately out of some desire, some obligation, to comfort her grieving neighbor, except that she was waiting for her lunch date to show up. And sure enough, he did.

"Randy McLaughlin," said Graeme, filling her office doorway like a security guard. He must have run here; he was panting.

"I know."

He hung his head. "I suppose we ought to just go home."

She considered. Outside, the arts quad looked entirely normal, the students strolling, checking their watches, sleeping under trees as if nothing untoward had happened. The college was large enough to absorb a professor's death with barely a ripple. She said, "No," and Graeme waited a moment. "No," she went on eventually, "let's stay."

"Are you certain?" he asked, surprised.

She did love his accent. "Yes," she said. "What else are we going to do?"

"I suppose you're right." He let his hands fall from the doorjamb. "Meet you there in 10, then?"

"Ten minutes."

He left. *There* was the Rakin Hotel, the training ground of the hotel-management school where Randy McLaughlin worked and in front of which he had just been killed. Janeane paid for a room there three afternoons a week, in cash, under a fake name. She passed the 10 minutes doing what she always did when she had to wait to meet Graeme, and that was shop online for towels. She had found a bed-and-bath retailer that sold an incredible array of colorful, thick, fluffy towels, and she clicked through the photographs of happy, comfortable people wrapping the towels around their bodies or pressing the towels to their faces. She thought briefly about Randy McLaughlin and about the incredible weirdness of his death and then got up. There was a mirror on the back of her office door, and she looked into it. She lifted up her blouse. After a moment's thought she took off her bra so that there wouldn't be lines pressed into her back and breasts when Graeme



"Round these parts, pal, a quickie really is a quickie...!"

undressed her. Then she put her blouse back on, stuck the bra on her bookshelf and headed over to the Rakin Hotel.

Bill Piven and Linda Dock did not know that their spouses were sleeping together. Janeane Collum and Graeme Dock did not know that their spouses were sleeping together. Each couple—that is, each illicit couple—had discussed the possibility and dismissed it out of hand. Bill had said to Linda, “Do you think Graeme is screwing anybody?”

“Not me,” said Linda. “He doesn’t like skinny women. He likes chubby women.”

“Like Janeane,” said Bill.

“Not quite *that* chubby,” said Linda, which irritated him. His wife was only chubby compared to Linda, whose effortful emaciation made all women seem heavy by comparison. Lying in bed, Bill could, by gripping her at the ribs, lift her into the air above him. He found this very exciting. He said to her, “She’s not very chubby,” and Linda said, “Sorry, no, I suppose not,” and Bill said, “When would she have an affair? She’s never home alone,” and Linda said, “When indeed.”

And Janeane had once said to Graeme, “I wonder if Bill and Linda are having affairs,” and Graeme had replied, “You mean with each other?”

Janeane had laughed. “Oh geez, no, I didn’t mean that.” They were smoking as many cigarettes as they could before two o’clock, the time of Graeme’s class.

“Well, it’s not impossible. Though I can’t imagine it.”

“No. God.”

“They must see each other during the day, though, mustn’t they? She’s outside in the garden or sitting staring out the window.”

“He has to see her, up in his attic.”

“Still, I doubt it,” Graeme said in a summary tone.

“God, yes, so do I,” she replied, lighting a fresh cigarette.

It is tempting to wonder what the four might have thought if they were to have discovered their spouses’ affairs, and it is probably the fact that none of them would have much cared that caused them to willfully blind themselves to the possibility. Because if everyone was fucking everyone else and nobody much cared, then the entire arrangement of the neighborhood was a ridiculous pretense, and they might as well just give it up and swap. Or all of them leave altogether. And of course they couldn’t do that.

The reason being that they all had children. Bill Piven and Janeane Collum had a daughter, an inexplicably cute and chipper 10-year-old named Nancy. The Docks had two lanky, quiet sons, 11-year-old Ian and 12-year-old David. The McLaughlins had a three-year-old and a five-year-old, Hannah and Peter. In the summer, these

children filled up their parents’ days; academic life made the summer months seem endless and empty, and everyone emerged from them frustrated and angry. It was a year ago, in fact, that the affairs began, right after the summer ended, when all the ill feelings that had been pent up for months were set loose. With Janeane and Graeme it had been a chance meeting at the hotel cafeteria; with Linda and Bill it had been some frank staring at each other out the windows until one of them (Linda) just came on over. From three o’clock onward, each day belonged to the children and the cuckolded spouse, and then in the morning, the affairs started up again. Nobody enjoyed the weekends, the children least of all. Nancy didn’t like the older boys, and they didn’t like Nancy. Hannah and Peter, however, played together in apparent harmony.

When the police car returned at around 2:30, it was Hannah and Peter (gathered from preschool and kindergarten) who emerged first, followed by the two officers who had come earlier. While the children stood motionless in the overgrown grass (and it was going to get a lot more overgrown than that, Bill thought as he watched), the officers coaxed Betsy, with great effort, from the car and led her to the door. The children were forced to follow behind. It occurred to Bill that Betsy was not going to have an easy time of it.

“She looks terrible,” Bill said.

“I reckon you would too,” Linda muttered, pulling on her shorts, which had to be belted to stay up.

“Maybe.”

There was an audible pause in the sound of her dressing, and then he heard the chime of her belt buckle. “You’re cruel.”

“Maybe,” he said. He was naked. He looked down into the wastebasket, where his aborted poem lay crumpled. He didn’t care a whit for it, nor did he feel the need to write another. He felt buoyant and shameless.

“Get dressed,” Linda said. “She’ll be home any moment. Don’t make this day any worse.” And she left without saying good-bye.

Bill Piven *was* cruel. He knew this about himself—he was a poet, after all; they’re supposed to know things about themselves—but had chosen somewhere along the line to enjoy it rather than be bothered by it (or, God forbid, correct it). His father had been an account representative at an industrial-lubricant factory and made his living pestering, cajoling and badgering his clients into buying things. He pestered Bill as well, about his clothing, his ambition, the way he spent his time. “Take that shirt off,” his father would tell him when he left home on a date. “Here,” he’d say, having found a replacement, “wear this,” and he would throw the shirt at his son’s face. The

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It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

family went on miserable budget vacations to time-share villages where his company had a deal. "You don't want to play volleyball?" his father would demand. "Who the hell are you anyway? Everybody's playing volleyball. Play volleyball." "What do you want to walk in the woods for? Bring a gun! Come back empty-handed and you can eat weeds for dinner. Kid wants a walk. Walk home, if that's what you want." As a teenager Bill was hounded by a horrible, seething rage; he ground his teeth nights and his school locker was dented in six places. It didn't occur to him at the time that it was his father he was angry at; he figured he was mad at the government. Until, that is, just before graduation. Bill had decided to matriculate at an itty-bitty liberal-arts college in Ohio, and his father said, "Little pissant college. You'll never work a day in your life. Nothing but hippies and homos, and I bet you end up

being both," and Bill, dressed in his cap and ill-fitting gown, his mother kneeling at his feet with a mouthful of straight pins, grabbed him by the lapels and threw him through a sliding glass door.

Not that being able to name his hatred did him any good. He spent a semester getting into fights and was threatened with expulsion. Then he discovered pot. He smoked every day, and his personality changed. He spoke very quietly, so that people had to come close to hear him. He never asked questions, only made calm, firm, unimpeachable statements. "Dance with me." "You drive." "Get out." "Marry me." His primary recipient of such statements used to be Janeane, but she had grown tired of them. She responded "Yeah, yeah" to almost everything he said. Now he mostly talked this way to Graeme. "Golf tomorrow," began a typical conversation.

"I promised Linda I would help with the Japanese maple."

"I've got us an 8:30 tee time."

A sigh. "I'm in no mood for it."

"Don't be a pussy. See you then."

And always he came. Bill loved capitulation, loved the entire process: the dogged chopping, the moment of silence, the splintering wood, the victim's fall. If he had suspected that Graeme was humoring him—that he considered Bill Piven to be a pathetic, sneering little wanker with a masturbatory scribbling habit and a wife he didn't deserve—it would likely not have lessened his satisfaction one bit. Even if he was nothing but mush inside, his bullyism was a vault around him.

And Graeme was, in fact, humoring him. He enjoyed playing golf with this pushy twerp; his resistance was a put-on. When Bill reached into his golf bag for the sack of weed he kept there—when he turned around to Graeme with a challenge in his eye and his rolling papers in his hand—Graeme only pretended to object. "Not here," he primly muttered, as if someone might be watching, as if this hypothetical person might actually care. "Do you want to get us kicked out?" Bill Piven would shake his shaggy head and chuckle a snotty chuckle. "That's what you're most afraid of, isn't it? Getting kicked out. Barred from paradise. Deported. Toughen up, neighbor. There's more to life than being afraid of losing." And lose he did, on the golf course anyway, because Bill Piven actually cared about winning and Graeme didn't.

But Graeme was indeed afraid—that much Piven had got right. Everything felt provisional to Graeme: his green card, his lecturer's status, his health. Everybody in his family of laborers and farmers was gouty, everyone had arthritis, everyone had heart trouble. Graeme Dock was a big man, the picture of health to other people (especially to Janeane, which is what first attracted her), but he felt like a weakling, his mind trapped in the bulky body of a doomed freak. Sometimes he wished he would just go ahead and get gout or arthritis or have a heart attack so he could quit worrying and merely suffer. The only time he felt strong was when he was with a woman, but Linda, who had lost 30 pounds in two years and who shrank from him when they passed in the hall, had apparently come to fear his strength, and he was loath to exhibit it around her. Janeane, on the other hand, squealed with delight when he flung her onto the hotel bed. That sound was the most gratifying thing he heard on any given day.

He was glad to have a friend like Bill Piven. Piven was an asshole, and Graeme liked being friends with an asshole; it seemed to him very American. So did hanging around with one's next-door neighbor and screwing his wife. So did all this golfing. "So you golf," Graeme had said to him, when



"I specialize in sand removal from hard to reach areas."

they first met. "Golf," Piven replied, "is not a verb. One *plays* golf. I play golf." "So you don't golf, then," Graeme came back flatly, and the flash of irritation on his neighbor's face was his first lesson in Bill's antic volatility.

As for Janeane and Linda, they didn't like each other at all—Janeane finding her neighbor to be stuck-up, asexual and emotionally stunted, and Linda regarding Janeane as ditzy, blowsy, fat and loud. Yet because they were women and because their husbands would never do it, they went together to the McLaughlin house some weeks after Randy's funeral to check in on Betsy and see how she was doing. Both felt guilty about not going over sooner, but they didn't know her well, her kids were still little, and she still spent a lot of time thinking and talking about them, which was a major turn-off, friendwise. But when she opened her door to Linda and Janeane, it was a bright and cheerful hello with which they were greeted, as though she had been really looking forward to seeing them, and as if that weren't disconcerting enough, she immediately launched into a frenetic monolog punctuated by sudden jerks of her hands, both of which wore latex gloves and one of which also clutched a paintbrush drooling with the orange-pink flat interior house paint that half covered the living-room walls.

"As you can see, I've been doing a little redecorating. I know it must seem strange especially since you'd think I'd've had enough change in my life these past few weeks, but in a way it's very therapeutic, having this thing to do, and I find the color soothing, and anyway I need to do *something* while the children are at their grandparents', and I'm hoping that when they come back it will be like, it will seem like, almost as if we're starting a special new life, that there will be a sense of renewal rather than loss—I mean, there will definitely be a sense of loss, I mean, I'm feeling it now for sure, and the children maybe even more, Randy being their father—but in addition to that I'm hoping there will be a renewal feeling. Like that life goes

on and there is more of it to live, and, though they will never have a father again, that there are other things in life to experience besides having a father, or for me, a husband. Though I suppose I don't rule out remarrying someday, not that this is something on my mind just now, except for the fact of my mentioning it. Mostly I am in a grieving sort of stage now and a painting stage; mostly I'm crying inside over what happened, but on the outside I'm coping very well as you can see and hardly crying on the outside at all, except at night when I can't sleep. Which is usually, but whatever!" She invited them into the kitchen for some coffee that she never actually got around to mak-

Janeane's reckless hospitality and eager to see her forced to take responsibility for it.

"Um," Janeane said, "I guess that's okay."

Bill did the cooking. He always did; he was the best cook of the four, as he often reminded everyone, adding that there was no point in eating inferior food when his own was available. Everything he made had to be filled with exotic ingredients and overwhelming seasonings, in compensation, Graeme surmised, for the soothing buffer he placed between himself and real experience, and in accordance with an epic self-absorption that prevented him from imagining even for

a moment how his actions might inconvenience other people. "What a bloody bastard," Graeme muttered to his wife when they found themselves alone in the kitchen getting drink refills. "I'll bloat like a beached whale tonight," Linda tittered in response, for once in agreement about her lover's behavior, for in addition to poisoning the food, Bill had devoted himself entirely to Betsy McLaughlin's comfort, jumping to his feet whenever she seemed at a loss for something to eat or drink and responding to her every utterance with lurid solicitousness, nodding and grunting in satisfaction as if she were a Nobel laureate or pornographic movie. It was obvious that she was turning him on,

and though Linda was probably as disgusted by this as his wife, her own relationship with him had the advantage of being secret and so she didn't have to be humiliated as well.

In spite of Bill's performance, Betsy herself remained the star of the evening, having arrived in the same clothes she'd spent the day working in and emitting a bitter aroma of house paint, flacid deodorant and nervous perspiration. She ate like a horse despite her newly acquired gauntness, leading everyone to wonder if she was barfing it all up after each meal, and she managed between mouthfuls to keep up a pretty much constant flow of embarrassingly candid chatter.

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ing. Instead, absently, she gave them juice. "With the kids away it'll spoil, oh, you don't want it? That's all right I'll pour it down the drain." It was Janeane who suggested that the families all have a picnic together or, since the weather was beginning to turn, maybe a dinner, a potluck dinner.

"Potluck for us, I mean," Janeane added. "You won't have to cook or bring anything at all."

"Great, I really would appreciate that. How about tonight? I haven't made any plans for tonight."

"Tonight? I don't know—"

"Tonight will do well for us," Linda said, speaking for the first time, irritated at

"It's funny but I really miss sex with Randy—I mean, of course I do, but I have to admit I'm a little obsessed by it, and it isn't even like we did it very often or even at all in the past few months on account of his job being so time-consuming and the children exhausting us all day and waking up all the time at night. I mean I'm actually, if you can believe it, in a kind of autoerotic sort of fog these days at the same time that I'm so miserable. At any rate I think I'm rediscovering myself, sort of uncovering things about myself I'd either forgotten or never wanted to notice, certain I guess you could say habits of thinking and acting and ways I trick myself into not accomplishing anything, to the extent that when the kids come home tomorrow I'm worried they'll hardly recognize me, I'm so totally energized by grief. At any rate it's gonna be weird, ha-ha!"

Every few minutes Bill would extend a question, a request for elaboration or clarification, that would trigger another five or 10 minutes of monolog. And with the children banished to Nancy's bedroom for a video, this left plenty of dynamic space for significant glances, which were exchanged at some risk back and forth among the members of the group.

Graeme, to Janeane: *Divorce him.*

Linda, to Bill: *I'm still here.*

Bill, to Graeme: *She's a live one!*

Janeane, to Bill: *Enough already.*

A few days later, the weekend mercifully over, Graeme suggested to Janeane that maybe Bill was going to attempt to seduce Betsy McLaughlin and that perhaps this wouldn't be such a bad thing. "It would certainly justify this, wouldn't it?" he said, gesturing over their bodies on the hotel bed. "And you could kick him out for good."

Miffed, she said, "I don't need him to fool around to have a reason to kick him out."

"So why don't you?" He was nervous saying this; he'd long wanted to.

"There are reasons not to," she replied after a moment.

He might have asked what they were but had the good sense to keep mum. He wouldn't have liked the answer: that Bill Piven was smarter than Graeme Dock, his intelligence worked like X-ray vision on other people's motivations, and it provided Janeane with an endless supply of fascinating and hilarious adult conversation. In all matters except those in which he was personally implicated, he was swift as an arrow, and Janeane precisely the kind of person—unabashedly credulous and open to surprise and delight—to guide him to his target. They were like a comedy team, performing only for themselves. Their marriage's essential function functioned still, so what if he thought she was too fat? So what if he looked to her like an invalid and embarrassed her at dinner? But sweet, worried, strapping Graeme didn't want or need to know any of this. Janeane said, almost as an afterthought, "Don't rock the boat."

He sighed and reached for his pants. "Righto," he spat.

Meanwhile Linda Dock was having some trouble getting hold of Bill Piven. She could see him moving around in his studio, scribbling on his legal pad. She could even hear the phone ringing through their windows as she called. She knew she was being weak; every time she dialed she could feel her soul shrink. She wanted Graeme to commiserate with—he held her up, he protected her, he made her feel that her frailty was noble and good. But of course she couldn't do that. It would crush him if he knew; it

would confirm his worst fears. (As it happened, she didn't know his worst fears; she wasn't privy to his nightly horrors, his visions of the boys being consumed by fire, of imprisonment and torture, of impoverishment.) Her job was to react and be soothed, not to make waves. But everyone wants power, and Linda Dock had power over Bill Piven. She flitted around him like a butterfly, pollinating his masculine self. Her attention transformed him from shambling oaf to conquering knight, or so he once said in his poetic way that she had to admit annoyed her somewhat.

So what in the hell was he doing now? He wasn't writing poetry, that was certain—his pencil was going like mad, he had to have three pages by now. She watched until he got up to pee, waited 30 seconds, then called again. "What," he said.

"I've been trying to call you."

"I know."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

She waited for him to say something else, but nothing was forthcoming. She felt a sudden disgust: not for him but for herself, her thinness, her weakness. She wanted to throw up. She said, "Oh, forget it," and hung up. And threw up.

Just as well, Bill thought; the time had come to act. He tore the pages off his legal pad and brought them into the kitchen to burn. He opened the window over the sink and held a match to the yellow paper. Words curled in on themselves. *And then she took his hot red cock in hand and said to him, This looks good maybe I should....* When only ash was left, he cleaned the sink and inhaled deeply from the open window. Yes, her children were in day care. He hoped she would be as she had been at dinner. Unwashed, pungent, frenetic. He walked out the door and crossed the street diagonally to the McLaughlin house.

In her kitchen, Linda Dock groaned and bit her lower lip until it bled.

He knocked. She answered with startling swiftness. "Hi, come in, I was just about to start in on the kitchen, but you can tell me what you think of this idea I have, I think it's going to be good, over here I'll put...." Yes, very good, even if she wasn't sweating and looked quite clean in her gray tracksuit, which, he noticed, clung to her in very appealing ways. She sat him down at the table, offered him no food or drink. Good, yes, no need for any of that. "Randy never did want anything changed, he was so sentimental, he never let me throw away a single stuffed animal even though we had a hundred that the kids never touched, my God, I wish people would realize that there are something like a million times the amount of stuffed animals in this world than are needed, where are they all going, you have to ask

(concluded on page 149)



"Why did you let me sleep so long?"

PLAYMATE NEWS



CENTERFOLD'S SUDSFEST

"Seeing my fans at any event makes what I do mean a whole lot more," Kelly Monaco says. She must have been completely bowled over at the Daytime Emmy Awards, which packed the inside and outside of the Kodak Theatre in Los Angeles full of admirers. Reuniting with *Dancing With the Stars* host Tom Bergeron, the radiant



Kelly Monaco co-hosts the Daytime Emmy Awards.

brunette co-hosted the 33rd edition of the annual gala, held in L.A. this year for the first time. In a theater full of soap-opera celebs, daytime wisecrackers and even a Muppet by the name of Grouch, the pair kept the ceremony flowing without a hitch.

In addition to shepherding the event, Miss April 1997 earned a nomination as outstanding lead actress in a drama series (her second Daytime Emmy nod) for her portrayal of Samantha McCall on *General Hospital*. She lost to a wor-

thy competitor: Kim Zimmer, who plays *Guiding Light*'s Reva Shayne Lewis Spaulding Lewis Cooper Lewis (a name that could make sense only in the context of a soap). Still, *General Hospital* took the outstanding drama series category with a record ninth win, while Kelly's co-star Anthony Geary won the award for best lead actor.

Of particular interest to PLAYBOY readers, the awards show included a profile of Kelly. In it she revealed that she was initially reluctant to compete



on *Dancing With the Stars*, the show that helped propel her career, and that she was forced to live in her car after arriving in California to pursue an acting career. "You feel down and out, and you have your last dollar in your pocket and you think it's all over," she explained. "It's never over. I'm proof you can make anything happen."

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Luscious is the word that comes to mind when we review **Debbie Boostrom's** August 1981 pictorial. From her red lips in the opening shot to the rest of her delectable layout, Debbie was made for PLAYBOY. Even before becoming a Playmate, she appeared in our 25th anniversary issue as part of the Playmate search that discovered Candy Loving. Debbie later appeared in the first Playmate Play-offs.



LOOSE LIPS

"I want to feel like a billion bucks, not a million."
—**Carol Bernaola**



WHITES & STRIPES



Is it coincidence or conspiracy? Hot Playmates stay cool in breezy summer looks composed of tight white pants and short striped dresses. From far left: Victoria Fuller shines at ArcLight Cinemas in Hollywood; Shauna Sand is succulent at Citrine in West Hollywood; Serria Tawan is luminous at ArcLight; Lauren Michelle Hill shuttles into LAX nightclub in Hollywood; Teri Harrison plays at Django in New York City.



HOT SHOT



TIFFANY TAYLOR

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Penn Jillette

—magician



My favorite Playmate is Miss January 1982 **Kimberly McArthur**. Oh my goodness.

When I first got pay cable, *Young Doctors in Love* and *Easy Money* were playing over and over, and I watched her scenes every time they were on. I still get hot when I see a Santa suit. Her favorite authors include Ayn Rand and three out-of-the-closet atheists. I think that makes her perfect. A rack like that and an atheist objectivist? Goddamn."



POP QUESTIONS: BARBARA MOORE

Q: You have a new adult revue in Vegas. That must be a fun project.

A: It's so exciting to be the star of *Headlights & Tailpipes*. I'm on nine billboards around Las Vegas, and my picture is draped across the Stardust.

Q: Who is the audience for the show?

A: Primarily men. Some bring their wife or girlfriend. I know there are a lot of female car buffs, too, but the majority are men.

Q: Tell us about the automotive theme.

A: Everyone relates to cars, whether through a memory of their first car, the



car they grew up with or their dream car. I know I have many memories of my dad's old Studebaker.

Q: Are you a car buff?

A: I've always loved Corvettes, and my dad was into them too. I just bought one in red. I'm young and single and have the need for speed, so a Vette is perfect for me. I get a lot of attention when I'm in it.

Q: No kidding. So this show sounds like a good fit for you.

A: I love cars, I love to dance, and I love my new home in Las Vegas. Life could not be better!

TAKING ONE FOR THE TEAM



What are the odds? In Madison Square Garden, an arena that seats 18,200 fans, Playmate of the Year 1997 Victoria Silvstedt took a shot in the mouth from an errant puck during the first period of a New York Rangers–Buffalo Sabres game. Victoria was sitting near center ice with NASCAR driver Jeff Gordon and model Ingrid Vandebosch. The sporting Centerfold, who's married to WCBS-TV New York sports director Chris Wragge, turned down medical attention and hung in to watch the home team come from behind to win 5–4. The rally was made possible through the brilliant efforts of Silvstedt's fellow Swede, Ranger goalie Henrik Lundqvist. For her troubles, the team rewarded Victoria with an autographed jersey after the game.

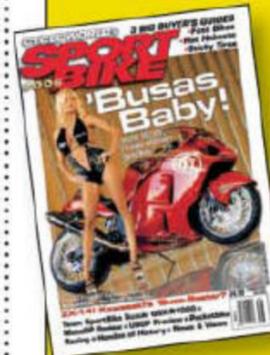
PLAYMATE GOSSIP

It was a dynasty like no other. From 1999 through 2005 six Playmates—**Jaime Bergman, Angela Little, Neriah Davis, Heather Kozar, Lisa Dergan** and **Stacy Fuson**—held the title of beer hostess with the mostest, the St. Pauli Girl. This year the Playmates passed the torch to an admirable rival in *Cyber Girl* **Brittany Evans** at an event hosted



Who's that St. Pauli Girl?

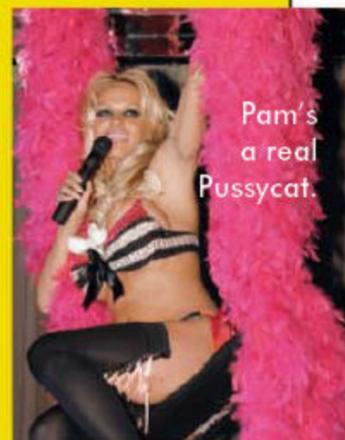
by Playmates **Deanna Brooks, Miriam Gonzalez** and **Shallan Meiers** at the Mansion.... *Vroom! Vroom!* **Cassandra Lynn** landed



Cover girl
Cassandra Lynn.

the cover of *Sport-Bike*, a special edition published by the bike-enthusiast magazine *Cycle World*.... **Pam Anderson** joined the Pussycat Dolls for a performance in Las Vegas, where the economically clad super-

Centerfold sang and shook her moneymaker at Pure nightclub in Caesars Palace. Will this turn into a regular occurrence now that Pam owns a condo in Sin City?... She did it! The Supreme Court ruled that **Anna Nicole Smith** is free to pursue a portion of her late husband's estate in federal court. Justice John Paul Stevens said in his opinion that her appeal was an "easy case" to decide.



Pam's a real Pussycat.

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.

CUL-DE-SAC

(continued from page 146)

yourself. At any rate I was thinking of tearing out these cabinets and replacing them with——”

“Take off your clothes,” said Bill Piven.

“With nice ones with glass panels, what was that?”

“Take off your clothes.”

Her mouth hung open, not in surprise but because that’s where she had left it. She coughed quietly, made a small musical noise, a wordless remark. “That’s what I thought you said. Anyway the question is whether the cabinets are adequate as they are. After all, I could paint them, and maybe glass doors could be added”—and she unzipped her sweatshirt and discarded it on the floor—“but I don’t know what sizes they come in, if they’re in standard sizes or if you have to get them custom-made”—and now her white T-shirt, a bit stained around the collar he was pleased to see, came up over her head, and she unlatched her bra and let it fall with the other things—“or if it would be cheaper to simply get the new cabinets all at once, with the doors and everything. Where do you want this to happen?”

“The cabinets?”

She was untying the drawstring on her sweatpants. “Us having sex. That’s the deal, right, you’re here to have sex with me?”

“Yes.”

“I’d say the bedroom, but Linda can see right in our window and there’s no curtains, I don’t know why I never got around to that, Randy would say ‘Oh, we have nothing to hide,’ but of course Linda looks at me like she wants to eat me, I want to hide everything from that woman. And so should you, I suppose, I’m sure she’s jealous as all get-out. So the living room, I’ll draw the shades.”

“Jealous?” He couldn’t believe it: She was naked. She looked terrific. All naked women looked terrific.

“Of you and me having sex? Because you two usually have sex?”

“Do we now?”

“Yes. What are you doing still dressed? This was your idea, wasn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Go to the couch. I’ll get the windows.”

He obeyed, dazed. He marveled at the wonderful diversity of opportunity in life, the way nothing could be predicted, the way the imagination could never compare to the magnificent inventiveness of circumstance. She fell into his arms on the fluffy white sofa. She was still talking.

What she was thinking, though, remained unsaid. She had wanted this for so long: not necessarily sex and not necessarily Bill, but the feeling of being desired by people from the outside world. She had long been the object of desire to the children, to Randy; their need had enveloped her, held her, soothed her and suffocated her. Running her hands through Randy’s hair as he kissed her

breasts, she often marveled at its whorls and patterns, how similar they were to the children’s, which for years she had traced with her fingers as she nursed them. None of the three of them, not Randy nor the children, ever noticed they were the same on top. The shape of their hair, how it sat on their heads, became the shape of their desire. It drew them to her and oppressed her.

She had envied the Docks and the Piven-Collums, envied them their casual cynicism and ironic neighborliness and vicious joshing. She envied the cocktails they sometimes made one another on winter afternoons and, once she noticed what was going on, envied their affairs. She was not attracted to Bill Piven (too scruffy) nor to Graeme Dock (too nervous), but she envied them their compulsions, their passionate anger and fear. She envied the risks their women took in defying them, and she envied their children, who were grown and at school and functioned perfectly well without their parents around.

It was almost a shame, she thought as she pulled Bill Piven to her and licked his stunned and haggard face, that she didn’t care anymore. Certainly it would disappoint Bill when she told him she never wanted to do this again. But she had found, at the very moment when at last she might be drawn into their circle, that she no longer wanted anything but what she had, that there was more to be made—indeed, far more than there was time to make it—of herself, of her home and her children and her mind. Randy was dead and she was miserable, but she

was alive, and there wasn’t any room in that life for her pitiable neighbors. Soon their world would go to pieces, and they would all dry up and blow away, and she would be left with her fatherless children to endure in this place. Because she was staying in the cul-de-sac—she would be its queen. Come summer she would lie alone in the back lot in the middle of the night, gazing up at the stars, her stars, and nothing else would matter, and the worst pain would be behind her while for her neighbors it would just have begun.

Tomorrow Linda Dock would drop off her boys at school and on the way out open a certain locker in the fifth-grade hallway and slip a folded note into a certain backpack. And tomorrow afternoon, while stuffing her library books into the backpack, Nancy Piven would find the note and read it, and it would tell her for certain that what she’d long suspected was true (though not in so many words), that her parents and her parents’ friends were not quite real, that their status as figures worthy of respect was entirely arbitrary, and that the only authority—and the only responsibility for what she did in her life—was her own. She would not show the note to her mother. She would stuff it into the trash before she even got on the bus. She would cry, but only a little, and would be finished before she got home. She would decide that she would never say a word about it, even if it proved to be true, and she would let them love her for as long as they needed to.



“Wow, look at the time! Let’s pick up next week with how you feel like a ticking time bomb.”

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Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



Wind Sprints

Briton Richard Jenkins is on a quest to nail a wind-speed trifecta

I've always enjoyed flying, sailing and driving, and this wraps it all up into one coherent project," says Richard Jenkins of his high-speed land sailer, the Windjet. Jenkins began work on the vehicle while studying engineering in London and spent two years testing it on airfields in the U.K., where it hit 120 miles an hour, surpassing the 116 mph record. (Because of a technicality, his speed didn't qualify as an official record.) Now, after several

runs in Nevada, his team is giving it another go in southwestern Australia. But that's only one third of Jenkins's plan. In early 2007 the engineer will chase the record on ice (143 mph) in a modified Windjet, then later on water (46 knots) with a seaworthy version of his baby. As for what affects the outcome, "it's a combination of good engineering and the luck of the weather," he says. Not to mention a healthy helping of balls.



Hell-Bent

The world's most offensively enlightened podcast is killing old-school radio 25 minutes at a time

Starting a podcast is easy. Starting an entertaining podcast is anything but. Mark Yoshimoto Nemcoff began by recording rambling, angry thoughts into an MP3 player during his drive to work. A year later his podcast, *Pacific Coast Hellway*, has evolved into a drum-tight 25 minutes of twisted sketch comedy, focused rage and slamming tunes that takes seven writers, producers and voice actors eight man-hours to produce each weekday. Imagine Howard Stern dropping acid with Trey Parker and Jon Stewart while driving around downtown L.A. and you're nearly there. Some 200,000 episodes a month go out to subscribers, and the show is featured on Sirius Satellite Radio's podcast lineup (channel 102). Subscribe for free at pacificcoasthellway.com.



Cruz Missiles

We love this shot of Portuguese model **MARISA CRUZ** in an outfit that definitely makes a statement. It is possible she's put it on backward, but we're not about to point that out.

Scarlett, Frankly

She's kept a low profile since ABC's doomed *Push, Nevada*, but **SCARLETT CHORVAT** is a former "next big thing" who deserves a second chance. After all, cheekbones like these don't exactly grow on trees. Look for her in the upcoming Heather Graham-Jeremy Sisto indie flick *Broken*.



EYEVINE/ZUMA PRESS



There She Is

Here's *Access Hollywood*'s **MARIA MENOUNOS**, a former Miss Teen USA Massachusetts, proving what we've always said about pageants: There really should be a see-through party dress category.

© JIM SPELLMAN/GETTY IMAGES



GETTY IMAGES ENTERTAINMENT

Hiding in Plain Sight

She makes earnest fare such as *Finding Neverland*, but we say RADHA MITCHELL is hotter than you think. Can someone get this woman a sexy role? Quick, before she makes *Silent Hill 2*.

Suck a MC

What's so intriguing about hip-hop groupie KARRINE STEFFANS's porn DVD? Hint: Her nickname (and the video's title) is *Superhead*.



PATRICK HOELCK

Asian Subcontinent

Why is cleavage glamorous, yet the same effect around back is taboo? It's a good question—one Bollywood hopeful SOFIA HAYAT isn't afraid to ask.



GABOR SCOTT/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD.



JAMES VEYSEY/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD.



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A TASTE OF JAPAN

Nobody does sweet like the Japanese—how else do you explain Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima (left)? There's a culture that devotes serious R&D to some seriously odd products. Like, say, a green-tea-flavored Kit Kat. Or the indescribable ultrataste of caffeine-charged Black Black Gum. (It's mint but not as we know it.) Then there's Meltykiss, a fudge-like substance we're convinced was left by aliens on top of Mount Fuji, and it's not to be missed. For a great selection (30 cents to \$25), see jlist.com/snacks.

HAIRY SITUATION

Lab Series's Root Power Treatment shampoo (\$24) and hair tonic (\$40, labseries.com) purport to strengthen and thicken hair, making it more pliable and resilient. How? A main ingredient is creatine, the stuff Mark McGwire said helped him snag the single-season home-run record—at least until that whole BALCO thing came to light. In any case, the Lab Series line is legal and preferable to dumping a postworkout protein shake on your head.



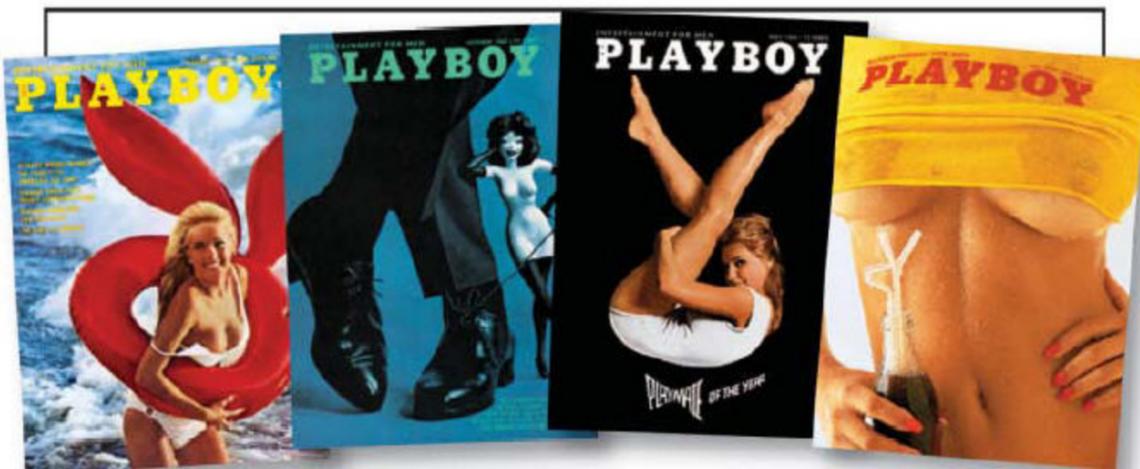
MISSING LINKS

During your next purge you may ask yourself, What am I going to do with all this crap? One company has devised a brilliant solution. Eco-artware.com offers a treasure trove of reclaimed and recast found objects from innovative designers. Its supply of sterling-silver cuff links includes 14 different styles, such as Lucky 7 dice (\$88) for cleaning up in Vegas, buffalo nickels (\$58) for High Plains drifting and vintage watch movements (\$110) for your next Swiss rendezvous. The rest of the men's accessories line is equally smart, as this money clip made from a circuit board (\$12) proves. Matching cuff links, luggage tags and a business-card case are available so you can avoid syntax errors of any kind.

FLIP OUT

We can assure you no iguanas were harmed in the making of this sandal—just a steer. Reef's Leather Smoothy, shown here in Iguana (\$34, reef.com), features a leather foot bed and strap embossed with a reptile-skin pattern, plus its three-ply EVA construction provides great arch support. It's beach cool, and with some good denim this mandal will transition well to nighttime drinks at a breezy Mexican seaside bar.



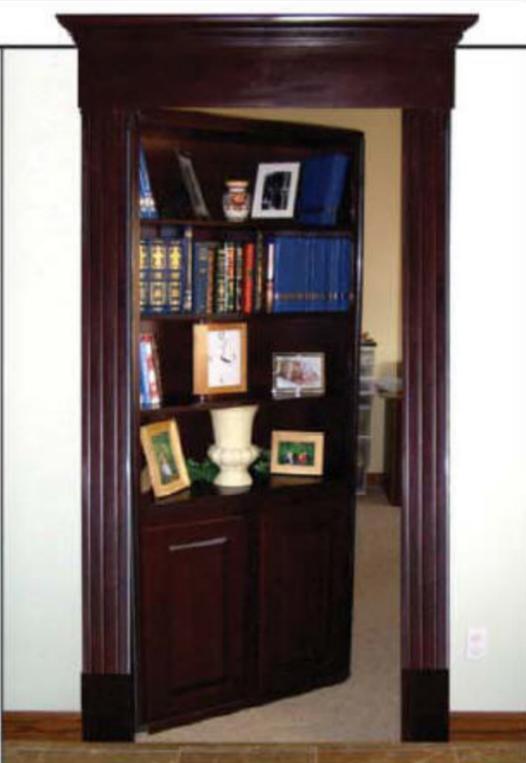


NICE RACKS

Bob Katzman began collecting magazines on November 22, 1963, the day JFK was assassinated. His hobby became an unmanageable obsession, and now his Chicago-area store, Magazine Memories, stocks about 100,000 top-condition issues of more than 40 titles (\$5 to \$5,000, 847-470-9444), including PLAYBOYS going back to 1954. Old PLAYBOYS are also available at playboystore.com.

HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT

In the past, secret passages were solely the purview of *The Munsters*, English noblemen and *Scooby-Doo* villains. Now you too can add a swiveling fireplace, rising staircase or false bookcase (from \$10,000, hiddenpassageway.com) to your pad. Don't have an entire room to devote to your horrifying secret research? A tilted candlestick (\$300) can reveal something as pedestrian as a safe or as exhilarating as a giant map of global Pez-dispenser trading.



CIAO, MUST SCOOT

In the 1960s modish Italian scooters delivered both freedom and fashion on the cheap to a generation that cared more about being fabulous than fast. Lambretta helped define the putt-putt landscape from 1947 to 1971, and recently the brand has been revived for a series of watches paying homage to the art deco lines of its iconic horseless chariots. The time-pieces begin at \$80, but that's a small price to pay to put a little *Quadrophenia* on your wrist. More info at lambrettawatches.com.



HIGH-OCTANE FUEL

So you don't have enough lead in your foot to make the NASCAR circuit. The next best thing: Throw *NASCAR 06: Total Team Control* into the Xbox, fuel up from a Crown Royal Speedway Collector's Series bottle and battle your way to Victory Lane. (Directions: Make a left, make a left, then a left....) The Canadian whiskey bottles are customized with 22 NASCAR track logos (pictured, the Allstate 400 at the Brickyard) and are available at liquor stores near each speedway.



ROCK MUSIC

Most outdoor speakers fail either aesthetically or sonically. That's why we're happy Paradigm is finally in the game. Its new Rock Monitor 60-SM speakers (\$500 a pair, paradigm.com) seem like ordinary garden stones but can handle up to 70 watts apiece. With one-inch titanium domes and six-and-a-half-inch mineral-filled polypropylene bass-midrange cones, they can definitely rock out.



Next Month



THESE GIRLS NEXT DOOR LIVE ON ONE HOT PROPERTY.



A RELIEF PITCHER BALKS AT KIDNAPPERS' DEMANDS.



RARE RIDES.



HECKUVA INTERVIEW, BROWNIE!

MICHAEL BROWN—THE FALL GUY FOR KATRINA HAS RISEN IN PUBLIC FAVOR BY EXPOSING GOVERNMENT INCOMPETENCE. IN HIS *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* WITH **DAVID SHEFF**, THE FORMER FEMA HEAD CALLS FOR BUSH TO PUBLICLY ADMIT THE COUNTRY IS UNPREPARED FOR THE NEXT MAJOR DISASTER AND INVITES A SECOND-GUESSING CONGRESSMAN TO BITE HIM.

EVA LONGORIA—THE *DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES* VIXEN TALKS FIREARMS AND G-STRINGS WITH **STEPHEN REBELLO** IN 20Q.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR—IT'S ALWAYS BEEN HARD KEEPING UP WITH THE HEFNERS, AND NOW THAT YOU'VE MET THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR, IT'S EVEN WORSE. WE THOUGHT THE LEAST WE COULD DO IS INVITE YOU TO THE MANSION TO CELEBRATE SEASON TWO OF THE TV HIT WITH A NEIGHBORLY PICTORIAL.

THE UNLUCKY MOTHER OF AQUILES MALDONADO—PITCHING FOR THE ORIOLES WITH HIS MILLION-DOLLAR ARM, MALDONADO IS THE GOLDEN BOY OF VENEZUELA. THAT IS, UNTIL CRIMINALS KIDNAP HIS *MADRE*. FICTION BY **T.C. BOYLE**.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW—FIND OUT WHICH SQUAD WILL BE PARTYING AT THE FIESTA BOWL, THEN CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PLAYBOY ALL AMERICA TEAM. HOW SHREWD IS **GARY COLE** AT ASSESSING TALENT? LAST FALL

HE SINGLED OUT ANTONIO CROMARTIE, A DEFENSIVE BACK WHO HAD STARTED ONLY ONE GAME. THIS SPRING CROMARTIE BECAME THE 19TH PLAYER CHOSEN IN THE NFL DRAFT.

LOATHING IN A LETTER—LAST YEAR **HUNTER S. THOMPSON'S** ASHES WERE SHOT OUT OF A CANNON. NOW COMES ANOTHER BLAST, A MISSIVE HE FIRED OFF 25 YEARS AGO TO ARTIST **RALPH STEADMAN** AFTER STEADMAN COMPLAINED ABOUT HIS SON. THE PARENTING ADVICE FROM THE GOOD DOCTOR MAY BE WEIRD, BUT IT STILL HOLDS TRUE TODAY.

NATALIE REID—SHE WENT FROM STRIPPING AT SCORES TO LIVING A SOCIALITE'S LIFE, SIMPLY BECAUSE SHE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE PARIS HILTON. YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES.

DOWN IN THE COAL MINE—WITH HALF THE COUNTRY'S ELECTRICITY COMING FROM COAL, MINING JOBS ARE NOT ABOUT TO BE OUTSOURCED TO MUMBAI. **PAT JORDAN** DESCENDS INTO THE SHAFT AND DISCOVERS THAT THE STEREOTYPE OF MINERS AS EXPLOITED HICKS IS OUT-OF-DATE. THESE ARE INTELLIGENT MEN WHOSE INCOMES CAN REACH SIX FIGURES—AND WHO GAMBLE WITH THEIR LIVES.

PLUS: EXCLUSIVE SPORTS-CAR EYE CANDY; THINK SMART, DRESS SMART; AND SEXY MISS SEPTEMBER **TIFFANY SELBY**.