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**CHRIS
TUCKER**
INTERVIEW
ON WEED,
THE N WORD
AND
**IMUS
WHO?**

ACTRESS
**GARCELLE
BEAUVAIS**
ROCKS THE CAMERA
NAKED

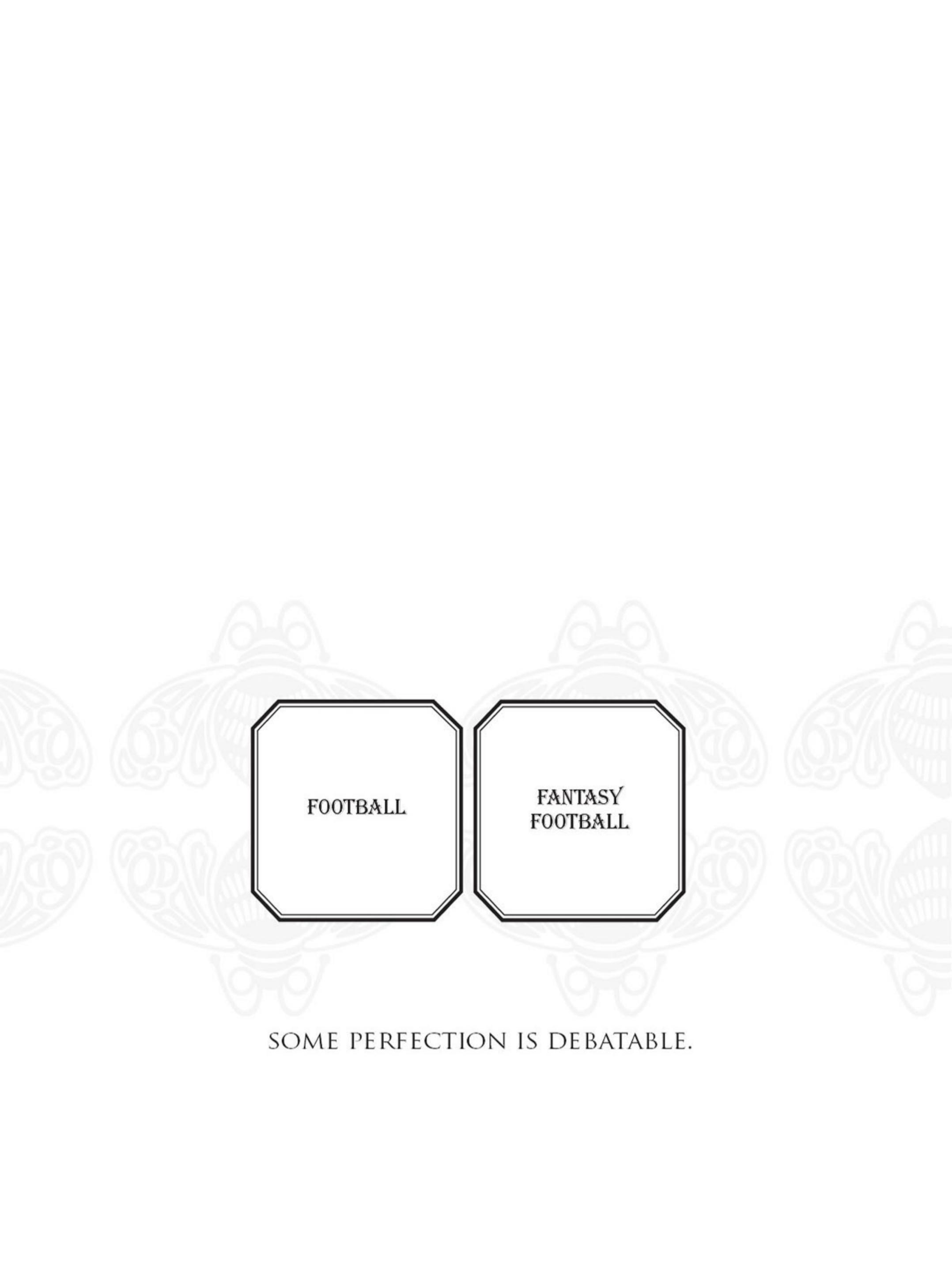
**JEFF
GREENFIELD**
BUILDS THE PERFECT
PRESIDENT

20_Q
PAUL RUDD

**GREASE:
THE
NEW
GASOLINE**

MORE:
BARRY HANNAH
JESS WALTER
TODAY'S FASHION
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For a guy on the job, **Eric Spitznagel** had a lot of laughs interviewing *Knocked Up*'s **Paul Rudd** for 20Q. "One thing I learned was you shouldn't necessarily believe everything that comes out of Paul's mouth. He told me about meeting Michael Caine and how Caine told him he was a callipygian ideal—in other words, he has perfectly rounded buttocks. The story is completely untrue, but Paul told it without so much as cracking a smile. His background may be as a classically trained Shakespearean actor, but he can sell a joke." During the interview, Spitznagel also noticed Rudd smelled a little musky and asked if he was wearing the Sex Panther cologne he made famous in *Anchorman*. Rudd responded, "As far as the PLAYBOY readers need to know, all I'm wearing is cologne and moon boots."



"It's unfortunate that I learned something through booze," **Barry Hannah** has said. In *No Fare No Well* the acclaimed writer recalls a bad breakup caused by his taste for drink—an agonizing split, since in this case it was not only a lover but also a town he'd fallen for. "I have even embraced the bad. I'm not a masochist, though. The wrong towns, the wrong woman: All of this has become part of me."



National Book Award finalist **Jess Walter** contributes this month's fiction, *We Live in Water*. The unconventionally sweet father-and-son story is set in the lawless Idaho panhandle of the 1950s. "Idaho was one of the last states to be tamed," Walter says. "At that time, the area was still the Old West, rife with gambling and prostitution. I thought setting the story there would make a profound statement on fatherhood."



"Voters always say they want someone to work across party lines. This time they mean it," says **Jeff Greenfield**, senior political correspondent for CBS News and author of *Building the Perfect President*, in which he examines the qualities of a strong leader. "With advisors now shaping everything from the candidates' sense of humor to their list of favorite books, uncovering the real person is a chore. For me, it is a gut judgment."



Deborah Harry, Gloria Steinem and **Garcelle Beauvais-Nilon** all have something in common: They worked as Playboy Club Bunnies. "Garcelle always knew PLAYBOY was part of her destiny," says **Dave Itzkoff**, who sat with her for *La Belle Beauvais*. "She said she knew she would eventually pose for the magazine. She has even kept her Bunny ID card, and she can still do the Bunny dip." Though the Haitian-born actress spices up the big screen as FBI agent Julie Bascombe in this summer's *I Know Who Killed Me*, we've had a crush on our cover girl ever since she played Fancy on *The Jamie Foxx Show*. "Garcelle is still recognized on the street for her role as Jamie Foxx's love interest," Itzkoff says. "People yell out 'Fancy!' when they see her, and though she's very down-to-earth, it could mean more than one thing."



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PLAYBOY

c o n t e n t s

features

- 54 BUILDING THE PERFECT PRESIDENT**
The number of possible presidential candidates in 2008 is creeping toward two dozen, but like each of us, they all have shortcomings. If we want a perfect president, we're going to have to build one. Laying out a blueprint is CBS News's senior political correspondent, who cherry-picks a set of vital virtues from a group of unconventional exemplars. **BY JEFF GREENFIELD**
- 64 NO FARE NO WELL**
Barry Hannah is known for his taut prose style, his singular contribution to Southern Gothic literature, and tempestuous, extended bouts with his inner demons. In this unsparing essay, Hannah describes his break with Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the town that has been both his haven and his hell. **BY BARRY HANNAH**
- 70 ENTERTAINING THE FUTURE**
After the next decade's worth of changes, your iPod will seem like a Victrola. The world of entertainment will fit in your pocket, be everywhere you want to be and bow to your command. **BY SCOTT ALEXANDER**
- 100 THE GREASECAR WAR**
On the road today are some 20,000 cars with converted diesel engines running on fuel that is clean, renewable and free: used fry grease. Sadly, to get this planet-saving source of energy in your car, which the government says is against the law, you have to steal it out of Dumpsters. Our intrepid reporter becomes a revolutionary on the green frontier. **BY SEAMUS MCGRAW**

fiction

- 88 WE LIVE IN WATER**
In 1958 Oren Dessens has an affair with a crime boss's wife, steals money from the man's safe and then promptly disappears. Decades later Oren's son attempts to discover his father's ultimate fate in this story of familial love and loss. **BY JESS WALTER**

the playboy forum

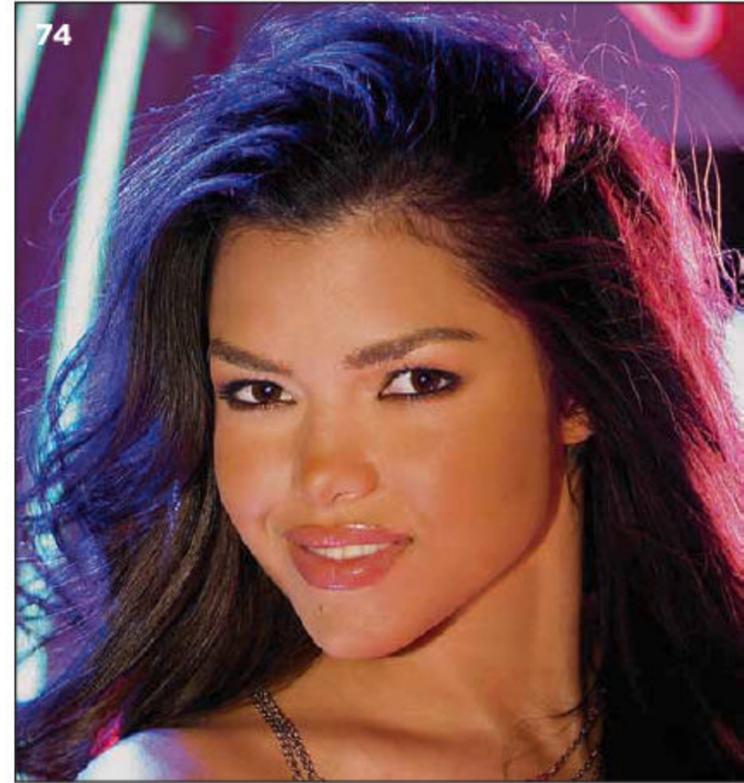
- 39 VIRTUAL PEOPLE POWER**
The Internet was founded on the principle that it must not discriminate against or give preference to content or users. When BellSouth and other large companies tried to impose the first Internet tolls, the American people fought back. **BY TIM WU**

20Q

- 68 PAUL RUDD**
He broke out with *Clueless*, dabbled in Shakespeare, married Phoebe on *Friends* and currently balances successful careers in edgy indies and blockbuster comedies. Now the disarmingly funny actor talks candidly about getting paid to make out with Michelle Pfeiffer and expresses his regrets about dissing Coldplay in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*. **BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

interview

- 45 CHRIS TUCKER**
Though absent from the screen for the past six years, Tucker remains one of Hollywood's most bankable stars, earning upwards of \$25 million to reteam with Jackie Chan for *Rush Hour 3*. The fast-talking funnyman reveals his serious side as he discusses his African activism adventures, the reason he'd now turn down Quentin Tarantino and why he believes he'll never lose his edge. **BY MICHAEL FLEMING**



COVER STORY

Haitian stunner Garcelle Beauvais-Nilon starred as the sultry romantic foil on *The Jamie Foxx Show* before making an impression as a spirited assistant DA on *NYPD Blue*. With her upcoming projects like the thriller *I Know Who Killed Me*, it seems this model's ship has come in. Garcelle gets decked out for Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda; our Rabbit anchors on her starboard side.



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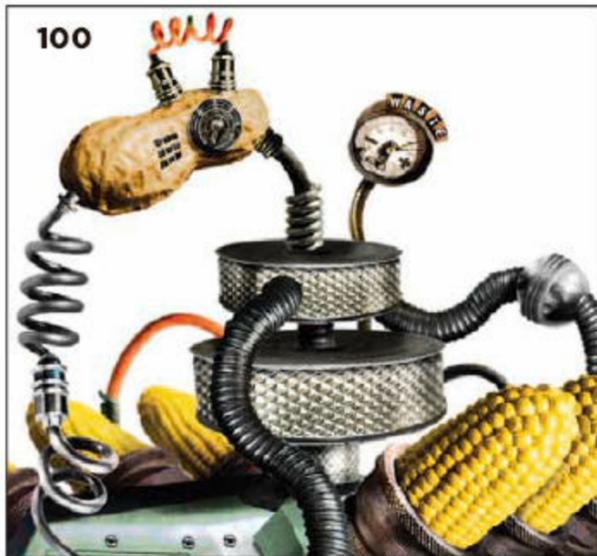


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Stars Paris Hilton, Ludacris and Jennifer Tilly came out to help Hef celebrate his 81st birthday in Vegas and to support charity events at the Mansion.
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A business wardrobe should be built like an investment portfolio—with sensible, educated decisions that add up to luxury. We show you the way. **BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

this month on playboy.com

THE A-LIST

Soak in the view as we name the 10 best beachfront hotels. playboy.com/alist

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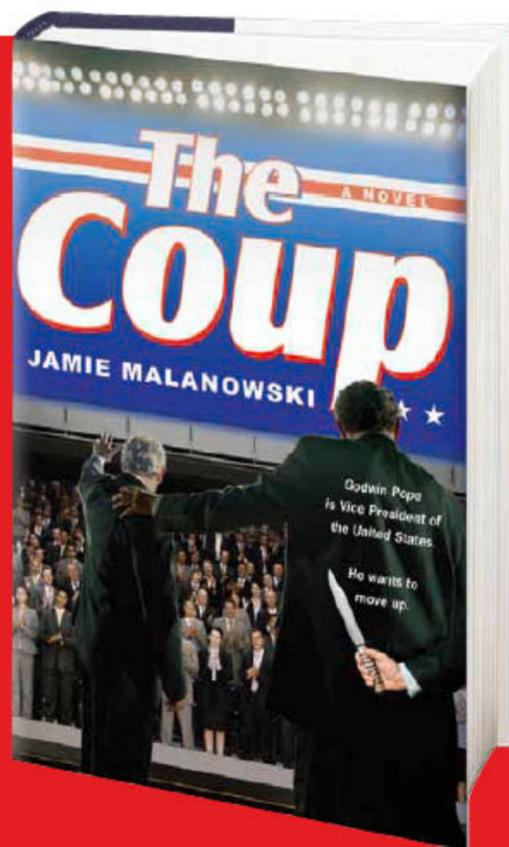
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



OF ALL THE GIN JOINTS IN THE WORLD

Rick, er, Hef transformed the Mansion into Rick's Cafe Americain to celebrate his 81st birthday with an intimate *Casablanca*-themed party with Holly, Bridget and Kendra by his side. Here's lookin' at you, kid.



PLAYBOY GOLF SCRAMBLE

The Chargers' David Binn and the Eagles' A.J. Feeley (above), along with actor Christopher McDonald (below), were some of the stars joining amateurs, pros and Playmates for the Playboy Golf Scramble Finals, a weekend-long tournament that culminated in a party at the Mansion.



PLAYBOY AT THE PALMS

Sinatra used to say, "I'm for whatever gets you through the night." Like the Sands during the Rat Pack days, the Playboy Club at the Palms attracts a who's who among today's celebrities, including Kevin Spacey and Laurence Fishburne (right), Shaquille O'Neal (below left) and rocker Axl Rose (below right).



LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

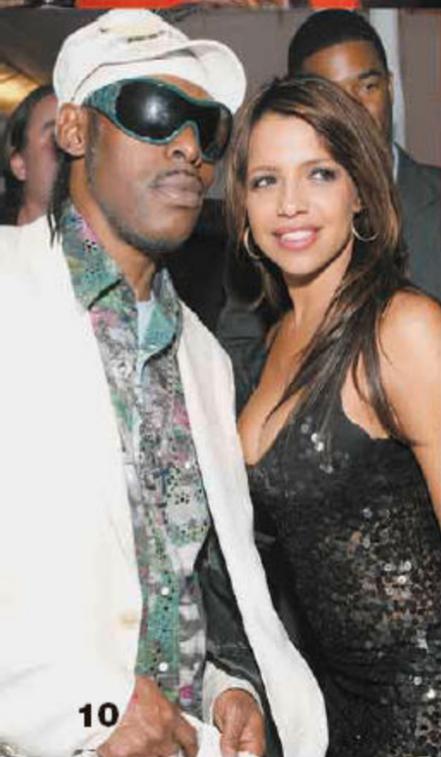
"Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines!" That was the call from Grand Marshal Hef to start the Toyota Pro/Celebrity Race in Long Beach. Kendra (bottom right) competed against celebs such as George Lucas (bottom left) as Hef, Holly and Bridget cheered her on.



**HANGIN'
WITH H&F**



Field trip! Holly, Bridget and Kendra hosted Hef for his 81st-birthday weekend in Vegas, where the quartet partied at the Palms. Back at the home- stead, celebrations filled the month. (1) At the Palms, the girls present Hef with a cake featuring the foursome. (2) Miss April Giuliana Marino and Jon Lovitz. (3) Miss September Janine Habeck and David Hasselhoff. (4) Paris Hilton wishes Mr. Playboy a happy 81st. (5) Lakers honcho Jerry Buss gives Hef a cake at a game. (6) NFL stars Tony Parrish and Jason Bell with Miss February Heather Rene Smith at the Golf Scramble party. (7) Randy Spelling and David Weintraub attend a Sigma Alpha Mu benefit for the Alzheimer's Association at the Mansion. (8) Three 6 Mafia performs. (9) Mena Suvari and guest. (10) Coolio and PLAYBOY cover girl Vida Guerra attend a Kiss & Tell benefit for underprivileged children at Hef's place. (11) Kendra with Ludacris, who performed. (12) Shannon Elizabeth places a bet at the Urban Health Institute's Celebrity Poker Tournament at the Bunny house. (13) Card sharks Phil Laak, Jennifer Tilly, Annie Duke and Don Cheadle.



THE DISH FROM NASH

Steve Nash of the Phoenix Suns is articulate, pro-peace and a nonwhiner (*Playboy Interview*, May). If he believes that makes him a "cheeseball," bring on the Ritz crackers.

Heather Williams
Lake Jackson, Texas

I just finished reading your interview and need to clear up some misconceptions. When it came time to negotiate Steve Nash's contract in 2004, then-coach Don Nelson and I met with Steve and his agent. We left believing he would be a Dallas Maverick for the rest of his career. A few hours later Steve called my office. I remember this vividly. I wrote down what he said as he said it. He never gave me an exact amount; all he would tell me was that the Suns' offer was north of Mike Bibby money. As I mentioned numbers, his only response was, "Higher." I under-



The \$66 million man, post-haircut.

stand why he wouldn't come out and tell me the exact deal if the Suns' owners were sitting there. I respect and appreciate that he phoned me, but it was never a negotiation. Steve's agent had this planned before we ever met. During our meeting, all he had to do was say, "That number will not get it done." In the end, of course, it was Steve's choice. Like Nashie said, no one is perfect. That's the way this business is; you can always handle things differently. As I have told him since, life is a lot longer than a basketball career. Steve may not like me now, but I will be there as a friend long after his career is over.

Mark Cuban
Dallas, Texas

STEAKING A CLAIM

I visited Crescent City Steaks for the first time after seeing it listed in "America's Top 10 Steakhouses" (*Mantrack*, May). While it makes a good steak, I wouldn't want your readers to think it is the best New Orleans has to offer. I recommend visitors first hit Dickie Brennan's, Emeril's Delmonico, Shula's and Morton's.

Glenn Fitzner
New Orleans, Louisiana

As someone who has eaten steak in 48 states, I think your panel had a rookie tour guide. In Atlanta, it should have chosen Chops. In New York, the clear choice is Peter Luger or the Old Homestead. Your choice, Sparks, attracts mostly tourists drawn by the notoriety of Mob boss Paul Castellano's 1985 killing. I don't find murder appetizing. Finally, I am surprised the panel left out the Stock-Yard in Nashville.

Derek Ackerman
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

Thank you for including my restaurant, El Raigón, on your list. The challenge facing steakhouses today is to expand beyond the all-male, expense-account, martini mind-set. Healthy grass-fed beef is an entirely different proposition than the traditional 16-ounce, corn-fed cholesterol bomb.

J.P. Thieriot
San Francisco, California

GONE TOO SOON

Thank you for bringing some dignity to the otherwise tasteless media attention given to Anna Nicole Smith after her death (*Remembering Anna*, May).

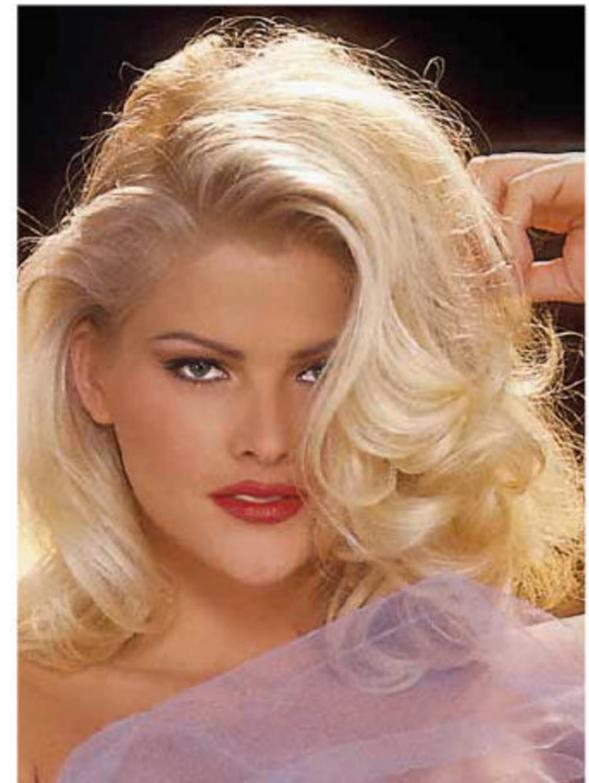
Colleen Davis
Las Vegas, Nevada

It is hard to exaggerate the effect Anna Nicole's Guess ad campaign had on me and my friends. Supermodels such as Cindy Crawford and Claudia Schiffer never appealed to us with their faux reinterpretations of the 1950s bombshell. Madonna was vainly trying to be the next Marilyn Monroe, but her bulging triceps and six-pack gut didn't cut it. One day, just as the terrifying waif movement led by Kate Moss was gaining force, our prayers were answered—a bodacious blonde who was nearly six feet tall with complete curves. She looked sophisticated and commanding, but she was also a lovable goofball. Anna Nicole was a living piece of pop art: bold, annoying, dazzling, bizarre, at times bombastic and excessive but ultimately, like Jayne

Mansfield, a beautiful blonde inferno and an American original.

Amanda Casabianca
San Francisco, California

I am struck by Anna Nicole's photo with Bettie Page. Like her, Bettie caught the public eye before going through some rough times and finally reaching



Anna Nicole always grabbed our attention.

a crossroads in her life. Perhaps Anna had yet to reach her crossroads.

Charlie Foege
St. Louis, Missouri

Wouldn't it be nice if the biological fathers of all children born to single mothers were as anxious to claim parenthood as the men who claimed to be Dannielynn's father were?

Stephen Gilmore
Charlotte, North Carolina

I am a female baby boomer. My life took a much different course than Anna Nicole's, but I felt a sense of loss when she died. I did not feel I was getting the true picture of her life until I read your remembrance.

Sherry Woods
Kansas City, Kansas

BOOTLEG SEX

I found *Sex in Iran* (May) compelling, but it left me wondering about the rate of STDs in that country. How about the availability of birth control? Are many children born out of wedlock? Are abortions allowed?

Theodore Belling
Winston, New Mexico

Pari Esfandiari responds: "It's hard to say how many Iranians have STDs; there are no

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reliable numbers, *The UN estimates that as many as 160,000 people in Iran may have HIV, and the numbers have been increasing. Most are thought to have acquired the virus through prostitution or by sharing needles while injecting drugs. Government clinics provide free condoms, birth-control pills and sterilization, which is unique among Muslim countries. If a single woman becomes pregnant, the couple is usually forced to marry. However, because it's acceptable to be a divorced single mother, the divorce rate is rising. If marriage is not possible, the woman may have an abortion (legal only if her health is threatened during the first 120 days of pregnancy, before the fetus is thought to have a soul), hide the pregnancy or pretend to be married before giving up the child, or even leave the country.*

I am amazed to learn that the sexual revolution is alive and well in one of the world's most strong-armed theocracies. It's reassuring to see that Iranians are not afraid to explore life, love and fun even in the face of severe punishment.

Roger Banker
Midwest City, Oklahoma

Raised in the U.K., I encountered my first copies of PLAYBOY in the late 1960s, displayed on coffee tables in the family rooms of suburban middle-class homes in Tehran. Women and children casually perused the magazines, occasionally remarking on the attributes and poses of the models. The Centerfolds and Hollywood stars were the only embellishments on bare plaster walls. No one seemed to be either affronted or particularly titillated by these displays. This was consistent with a comfortable frankness in mixed company about bodily functions. There were strong taboos against premarital sex in that it represented for a female and her parents a loss of bargaining power in marriage contracts. Given the entrepreneurial spirit that is alive and well in Iran and a general predilection for the artistic, unclad female form, it is hardly surprising that there is a flourishing market for a sex DVD.

Paula Drew
Randolph, New Jersey

*Drew, an anthropologist, contributed the chapter on Iran to *The Continuum Complete International Encyclopedia of Sexuality*, available at kinseyinstitute.org/ccies.*

A NEW FALCO FAN

Thank you for introducing me to the work of Edward Falco. Few authors pack such an emotional wallop in so few pages as he does in *Winter Storms* (May). The last story to affect me in this way was Joseph Conrad's "The Lagoon," which I read in high school.

Jim Briscoe
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

GIRLS OF CONFERENCE USA

I purchased the May issue because I heard people talking about it on campus here at the University of Houston. You couldn't have chosen better than Mandy Calloway (*American Beauties*).

Forrest Long
Houston, Texas

What's up with the demure pose by Taylor Reid of Southern Methodist? Is she shy? Is she worried about getting kicked out of her religious school? Covering up a body like that is a sin.

A.J. Sample
Des Moines, Iowa

I'm not sure how much money has passed from my pocket to the Playboy



Carrie Gene lights up a room.

empire over the past 30 years, but Carrie Gene's smile makes the entire investment worthwhile.

Dan Rivard
Pontiac, Illinois

Please make Carrie a Playmate. Don't make me beg. P.S. Okay, I'm begging.

John Coyle
Cleveland, Ohio

That didn't take long.

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

How could you lie to me like this? As a longtime subscriber, I have seen many breasts. If Playmate Shannon James (*May Flower*, May) is a C cup, I'm Hugh Hefner.

Mark Falcone
Las Vegas, Nevada

Mark, let's say you're a PLAYBOY editor. A Playmate sits down with you to fill out her Data Sheet. She notes she is a C cup. Are you going to pull out a tape measure?

Read more feedback at blog.playboy.com.



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P L A Y B O Y

a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

Sallie Toussaint

PLANNING A MÉNAGE À TROIS? SHE'LL BRING THE BAGUETTE

You saw this former Miss USA World on the verge of a threesome with Jack Nicholson in *The Departed*, but the sex scene was too hot for theaters. "I was wearing an appendage," says Sallie, not wanting to use the words *strap-on dildo* so early in our chat. "I was in an amazing corset that pushed up my girls. There was S&M—the other woman was tied up. There were votive candles, like in a church, and a beautiful painting of Pope John Paul II. It was fabulous." Sallie didn't expect to get the part; in fact, she had decided to ditch acting for law school. "Then I got a call in the middle of the night," she says. "'Martin Scorsese and Nicholson want to meet you in person in Brooklyn. Tomorrow.' I dressed conservatively, and they still kept telling me how beautiful I was—particularly Nicholson. It came at the right time because I was so done with this industry. I was a real smartass." Sallie's sardonic wit makes her a one-woman straight-talk express. She rolls fearlessly into subjects such as masturbation ("One should frequently love oneself") and genetics ("My mom has huge breasts. My whole family is well-hung"). She also specializes in disarming, disturbing and, on occasion, disciplining the male sex. She erupts in laughter when she recalls her appearance on Bill O'Reilly's show: "When Bill saw me he did a double take. I gave him a look that meant 'Don't you dare try to talk over me. I'll put you over my knee and spank you.'"

"I'll put you over my knee and spank you."



talking heads



Wake-Up Calls

ANDREA LOWELL IS A SPECIAL EDITIONS MODEL. KEVIN KLEIN IS SOME DUDE. TOGETHER THEY'RE THE PLAYBOY RADIO MORNING SHOW

What is your role on the show? **ANDREA:** I'm the T&A. **KEVIN:** I try to get Andrea and the Playmates naked. *What's the worst thing about the show?* **ANDREA:** Kevin treats me like I'm his personal groomer. **KEVIN:** Sharing a chair with *Night Calls Radio* host Ginger Lynn. It's always sticky. *Do you really take your clothes off while you're on the air?* **ANDREA:** You betcha! **KEVIN:** I took off my shoes once, but Carmen Electra asked me to put them back on. *Do you get aroused during the show?* **ANDREA:** Of course! **KEVIN:** Every day. But that's not saying much. I get aroused doing laundry, too. *Do you want to have sex with your co-host?* **ANDREA:** No, he's much too hairy. **KEVIN:** Absolu—I mean, of course not! I love my girlfriend. *Have you ever had a threesome?* **ANDREA:** Oh, come on—who hasn't? **KEVIN:** I haven't. *How many vibrators do you own?* **ANDREA:** More than 20. **KEVIN:** Let's see...zero. I own zero vibrators. *What do you do if a guy pinches your ass in a bar?* **ANDREA:** That depends. Sometimes I like a good ass-pinching. **KEVIN:** Actually, I try to stay out of West Hollywood these days.

Catch The Playboy Radio Morning Show on Sirius 198. In the morning.

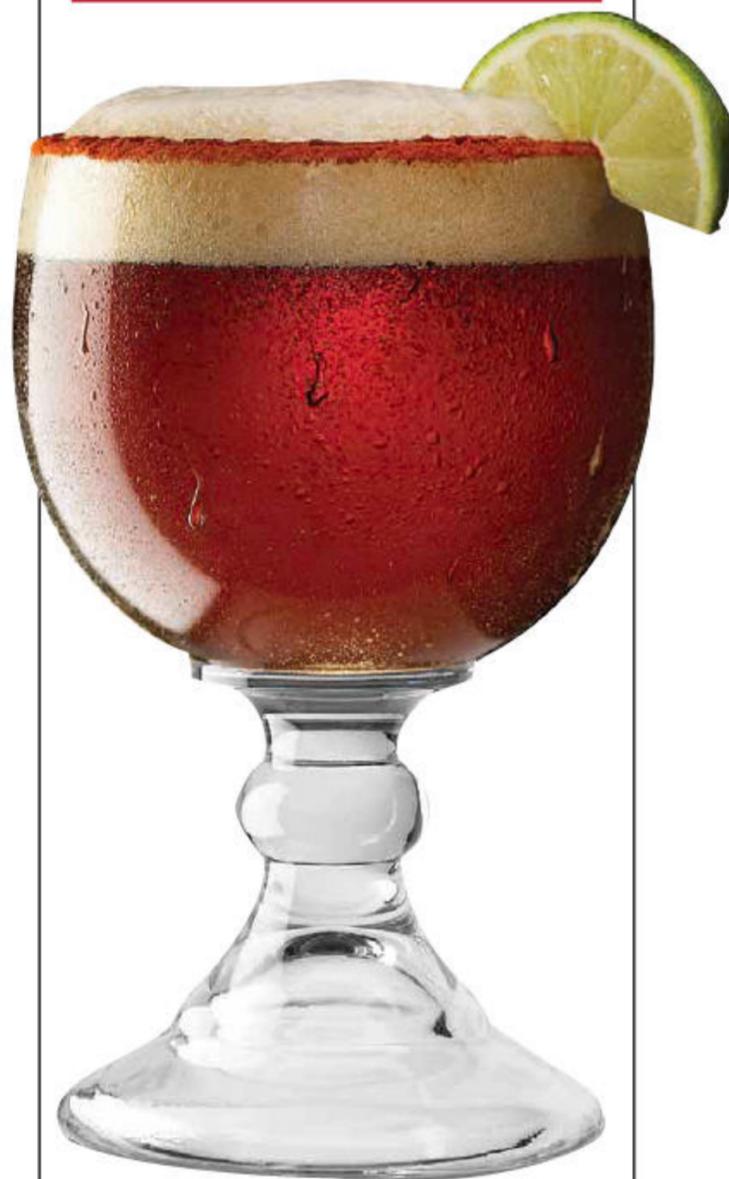


Stand-Up Gal

"I will kiss on the first date if the guy really impressed me and turned me on. But it won't be hot and heavy. And I'll try to do it standing up. Lying down and kissing, even on the couch, leads to trouble. I said 'try'; I fail sometimes."

—Miss November 2002 Serria Tawan, in *The Bunny Book: How to Walk, Talk, Tease and Please Like a Playboy Bunny*

drink of the month



En Fuego

ADD SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER SIZZLE TO YOUR CERVEZA

A cold Mexican beer on a hot day is one of life's simple pleasures, but that doesn't mean you can't goose it up when the mood strikes. The michelada is a simple and tasty beer cocktail. We know, *beer cocktail* is a frightening if not blasphemous phrase. Don't worry; there's no heavy mixing going on here—it's probably more accurate to think of a michelada (a good one, anyway) as a beer that has simply been spiced up. Our recipe, deemed the best in town by *The Austin Chronicle*, comes from El Chile Cafe y Cantina.

Michelada

- Chili powder
- Juice of two Persian limes
- 3 dashes Tabasco sauce
- 1 dash Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce
- 18 ounces Dos Equis or Negra Modelo beer

Rim a 20-ounce schooner glass with chili powder. Add lime juice, Tabasco and Worcestershire. Fill the glass with beer, add chili powder to taste (El Chile tells us "only a few dashes") and garnish with a lime wedge.



employee of the month

Gentlemen Prefer Bronze

PERSONAL ASSISTANT TO HAWAIIAN TROPIC FOUNDER RON RICE, LARA HAWORTH IS A SUNNY DELIGHT

PLAYBOY: What does your job entail?

LARA: I'm Ron Rice's secretary, friend, nurse and frequent party date. I go to his house every day to take care of things, like his travel, medications, errands and finances. I'm his right hand.

PLAYBOY: His right hand, eh?

LARA: Yes, but before you read too much into that, remember the right hand is the clean hand. The right hand also doesn't know what the left hand does.

PLAYBOY: Understood. We're sure Rice does fine for himself.

LARA: I've seen girls fight each other to sit on his lap!

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

LARA: Traveling to beautiful places and planning parties.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a busy job. How do you find time to keep that lovely Hawaiian Tropic tan?

LARA: We have a tanning bed in the house. If I'm too busy to use it, when someone asks me why I'm not bronze, I tell them our sunscreen is just really effective.

PLAYBOY: You have found time to stay in terrific shape.

LARA: Thanks. I'm an athletic girl, which keeps my body toned. My idea of a perfect Sunday is to play football, but if I can't play it, I'll sit down, drink beer and watch football on TV.

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.

body language

Why They Call Them That

RANDOM ETYMOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE ABOUT NAMES FOR BREASTS

The female breast may be the most nicknamed body part—or possibly a close second to Sir Martin Wagstaff. No surprise, then, that Charles Hodgson's *Carnal Knowledge: A Navel Gazer's Dictionary of Anatomy, Etymology and Trivia* touches on them numerous times. Here are some lovelies to whip out at your next cocktail party, assuming you don't hang out with a bunch of...

BOOBS—In 1949 *boob*, meaning woman's breast, appeared in English, having likely evolved from *bubby* (first recorded in 1686), a form of the German *bubbi*. And Germans have some of the nicest *bubbis* in the world—just look at Heidi Klum and Claudia Schiffer.

JUGS—The use of *jug* to mean container shows up in 1536. In 1569 it appears as a nickname for Joan. Those two jugs didn't become a pair of womanly milk vessels until 1957.

KNOCKERS—In the early 1800s a knocker was a pigtail. Did its swinging motion recall the sway of unfettered breasts? It beats our previous best guess: that a woman's soft and warm knockers were so named for the noisy brass thing hanging on your front door.

TITS—The use of *teat* to mean nipple dates back as far as 950 A.D., but using *tit* to mean the entire breast didn't appear in print until 1928. *Titillate* comes from the Latin word for tickle and is not etymologically related to *tit*. Yeah, but they're not complete strangers, either.

Going Ape

"You can really make a comparison between an athletic event and this because this is four days of alertness and paying attention. Not as hard as doing a decathlon or a triathlon but still very, very hard."

—Donkey Kong player Brian Kuh describing an epic *Donkey Kong* tournament in the competitive-gaming documentary *The King of Kong*, out August 17 in New York, Los Angeles, Austin and Seattle

hot hands



Play Mates

Poker's status as a manly pursuit has lately taken a hit, now that raising and bluffing and trying to find an inside straight are fun for all. Revisit the un-PC yesterdays of playing cards with *Stacked Decks: The Art and History of Erotic Playing Cards*, out this month from Quirk Books.

No. 11
The HEARTBREAKER Series

Reel 'er in!



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Editors' Review
9.0 out of 10

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what they're thinking



According to *Women's Health* magazine, **86%** of women think a five o'clock shadow is not "hot."

Doctors With Borders

New rules that require proof of U.S. citizenship for Medicaid coverage will save the state of Colorado **\$300,000**. Implementing the rules will cost **\$2.9 million**.



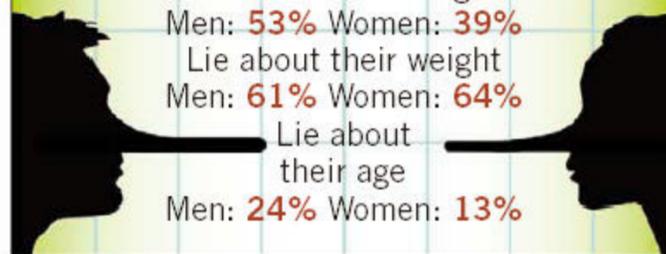
Fall of the Machines

13 people are killed each year when vending machines fall on them.

Better See a Picture

According to a Cornell University study of online daters, the percentage of respondents who:

Lie about their height
Men: **53%** Women: **39%**
Lie about their weight
Men: **61%** Women: **64%**
Lie about their age
Men: **24%** Women: **13%**



Oh, Brother

There are currently **32** closed-circuit TV surveillance cameras located within **200 yards** of the flat where 1984 author George Orwell once lived.



Drug Money

Health Canada, the Canadian national health department, buys medical marijuana from a licensed grower for **\$290.67** a kilo, then resells the drug to Canadian citizens officially permitted to use it for **\$132.63** per 30-gram bag (plus tax), or **\$4,421** a kilo. The government's profit exceeds **1,400%**.

price check



\$5.5 million

Price paid at the Barrett-Jackson Collector Car Auction in Scottsdale, Arizona for Carroll Shelby's 1966 Shelby Cobra "Super Snake." It was the highest price ever paid at auction for an American car.

Dumb Like a Fox

On a quiz designed to test TV watchers' knowledge of current events, **54%** of *Daily Show* and *Colbert Report* viewers passed by answering at least two thirds of the questions correctly; **35%** of Fox News watchers did the same.



Jackpot!

Workers removing the **2,350** slot machines from the Sands Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City after its recent closing found **\$17,193.34** in tokens and money that had fallen or rolled under the machines over the years. By law, New Jersey receives a cut of **8%**.

Erotic Erudition

To raise money for Vienna's main public library, the city's administrators have set up a sex hotline. Callers pay **53 cents** a minute to listen to a well-known local actress read scintillating passages from the institution's collection of more than **1,200** works of erotic fiction, dating back to the 18th century.





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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[THE SIMPSONS MOVIE]

D'oh! Springfield has a cow on the big screen

Twenty years after the Simpsons' TV debut on *The Tracey Ullman Show*, our favorite four-fingered yellow dysfunctional family and sly social satirists are finally shuffling into multiplexes as the stars of their own animated feature. Although its makers are keeping plot details under tight wraps, the movie, which features series regulars Dan Castellaneta, Julie Kavner, Nancy Cartwright and Yeardley Smith, is about a Homer-induced calamity on a mass scale. James L. Brooks—who produced and helped write the film and has won three Oscars and 19 Emmys in his career—admits, “Homer screws up worse than he ever has. That’s about all I can say except that the movie will look like *The Simpsons*, but it’s better.” This means no state-of-the-art 3-D or other gimmick, but, says Brooks, laughing, “it is an epic journey, both inner and outer.”

“Homer screws up worse than he ever has.”

We live in the shadow of the show’s best extended visual jokes, but there’s at least one sequence involving Bart that ranks right up there with the best things we’ve ever done.” Asked what makes the movie more than a couple of good multipart *Simpsons* episodes, Brooks says, “There’s a story, and we did things visually that we always wanted to do but were never able to, like having a ton of characters in the same scene. Most of all, though, we’re very true to the show.”

—Stephen Rebell

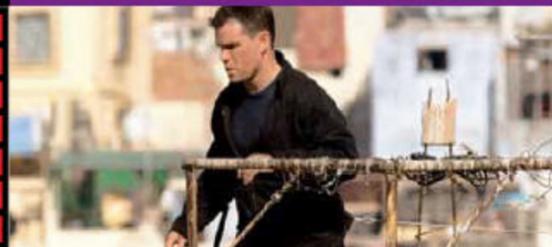
now showing

BUZZ

The Bourne Ultimatum

(Matt Damon, David Strathairn, Joan Allen) In this third *Bourne* spy thriller, Damon tries to unravel the mysteries of the organization that morphed him into a lean, mean killing machine. This messes with the schemes of shadowy government man Strathairn, who retaliates by unleashing a new breed of assassins.

Our call: Secret government agencies, twisted international conspiracies and mind control? You couldn't pay us to stay away from this adrenaline pump in a summer of CGI overkill.



Talk to Me

(Don Cheadle, Chiwetel Ejiofor, Martin Sheen) Cheadle plays flamboyant, motormouthed ex-con Petey Greene, who turned his life around and became an iconic talk-radio personality in Washington, D.C. during the 1960s. His power-to-the-people raps both inspired the black community and courted controversy.

Our call: Front and center where he belongs, Cheadle has a field day playing a funny, complex and dynamically larger-than-life urban folk hero. His performance should generate awards talk.



Rush Hour 3

(Jackie Chan, Chris Tucker, Roman Polanski) The Laurel and Hardy of action comedies reunite when Tucker, now demoted to traffic cop, botches Chan's pursuit of a Chinese ambassador's assassin. The chase leads the duo to Paris, where they clash with the *flics*, agents of the Chinese Triad and each other.

Our call: Chan and Tucker could spark comic chemistry at an accountants' convention, so even if this isn't their finest *Hour*, here's hoping their next team-up doesn't take another six years.



Stardust

(Charlie Cox, Robert De Niro, Michelle Pfeiffer, Peter O'Toole) Neil Gaiman's best-selling novel goes widescreen with Cox journeying to Fantasyland to retrieve a fallen star. He encounters a piratical airship captain (De Niro), sons of a dying king (O'Toole) and a powerful witch (Pfeiffer) frantic to restore her youth.

Our call: *Layer Cake* director Matthew Vaughn strays out of his kiss-kiss, bang-bang comfort zone and sometimes strains too hard to hit a Douglas Adams-meets-*The Princess Bride* groove.



dvd of the month

[300]

The sword-and-sandal genre roars back to life with this visual masterpiece

"Madness? This is Sparta!" growls King Leonidas (Gerard Butler) as he and his band of 300 spear-wielding, superbuff marauders take on a seemingly infinite army of Persians. Giblets fly and heads roll in yet another stunning film version of a Frank Miller (*Sin City*)

graphic novel, this one based on an actual 480 B.C. battle. Amid the brutality is fiery Queen Gorgo (Lena Headey), luscious enough to bend an iron codpiece, but director Zack Snyder doesn't linger on her long before we're back to standard-setting CGI carnage. The film's historical accuracy may be shaky, but its impact is six-pack solid. **Best extra:** Director's commentary.

★★★★½ —Buzz McClain



ZODIAC (2007) David Fincher's unsettling portrayal of the Zodiac manhunt features a superb cast and moody look and proves that real-life killers can be even creepier than invented boogymen. The scariest part? No extras are included. ★★★★★

—Bryan Reesman



HOT FUZZ (2007) The *Shaun of the Dead* crew does for buddy-cop movies what it did for zombie flicks—with hilarious results. **Best extras:** Outrageous outtakes and deleted scenes. Also available on an HD DVD/DVD combo disc. ★★★★★½

—Brian Thomas



FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS: THE FIRST SEASON (2006) This TV series about a small American town and its high school football team connected with critics and fans of the 2004 movie. **Best extra:** A making-of-the-final-episode featurette. ★★★★★

—Matt Steigbigel



THE LIVES OF OTHERS (2006) This Oscar-winning German thriller concerns a policeman who discovers the goal of his eavesdropping is to bag his boss's romantic rival. **Best extra:** Director's commentary. Also available on Blu-ray. ★★★★★½

—Greg Fagan



tease frame



Sienna Miller is no stranger to controversy. The actress met former beau Jude Law on the set of 2004's *Alfie* (pictured), where he clearly saw something he liked. She allegedly had real on-screen sex with Hayden Christensen in *Factory Girl*, but they both deny it. Look for her next in the fantasy epic *Stardust*.

blu dawn

It's okay to feel Blu about the next-generation format war between HD DVD and Blu-ray. Since its debut last year, Blu-ray has taken the lead in disc sales, studio support and number of titles. Every Blu-ray disc (BD) we tested surpassed its standard DVD cousin with jaw-dropping audio and picture quality. If you have an HDTV and want to test Blu-er waters, here are the 10 best reasons to dive in:



- 1. CASINO ROYALE** (2006): The clarity of the construction-site chase and exotic settings is one reason this Bond gem was the first BD to ship 100,000 units.
- 2. PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: THE CURSE OF THE BLACK PEARL** (2003): The disc includes a BD-only feature that lets you build your own documentary about real-life pirate lore.



- 3. PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: DEAD MAN'S CHEST** (2006): The high-def interactive pirate game "Liar's Dice" on disc two is BD-exclusive booty.
- 4. THE DEPARTED** (2006): This year's Oscar winner for best picture includes deleted scenes with intros by commentary-shy director Martin Scorsese.
- 5. THE DESCENT** (2006): You won't miss any gory details in this spelunking shocker loaded with exhaustive extras, including an HD cave dive.
- 6. SUPERMAN RETURNS** (2006): This BD soars with nearly three hours of in-depth documentaries and 10 additional scenes in HD—all on one disc.
- 7. GOODFELLAS** (1990): Scorsese's Mob classic looks as recent as *The Departed* thanks to this remastered BD stuffed like a cannoli with extras.
- 8. PLANET EARTH** (2006): This four-disc set of the acclaimed BBC series features awesome natural wonders and is simply the best wildlife program ever.
- 9. THE PRESTIGE** (2006): With this much picture resolution, you still can't see what tricks are up the sleeves of dueling magicians Hugh Jackman and Christian Bale.
- 10. BULLITT** (1968): The film is almost 40 years old, but its infamous San Francisco car chase has never looked better. Supplements include "Steve McQueen: The Essence of Cool."

—Robert B. DeSalvo

dynamic duo



[THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS]

Pair amazes again on *We Are the Night*

Not only are the Chemical Brothers the last band standing from the 1990s Brit boom, they continue to get better with each record. The exquisitely off-kilter new LP is an instant classic, featuring guest spots from Midlake, Fatlip and Willy Mason and a collaboration with Klaxons that is the best thing that band has ever done. Hell, there's even a song about dancing salmon. Whatever chemical Tom Rowlands and Ed Simons are using, every band should be on it. So we checked in with the funky faux siblings.

Q: Your most recent album, *Push the Button*, seemed quite political—the first record like that in your career. This one has none of that. What's the story?

A: Of all the records we've done, that one was the most connected to the real world. It was gritty. We just couldn't ignore all the things that were happening in the world. We liked the duality of it: You could hear "Galvanize" in a club and get off on it, but you could also listen to it as meaning something. We wouldn't tell you what it means, but it's there if you want it. This new album is like a fantasy record.

Q: Despite the resurrection of the single as the dominant form of music consumption in the MP3 era, this is very much an album. Why?

A: We still like putting out 12-inches and the immediacy of getting DJs a slab of vinyl and working a club. But we like albums that can take you somewhere. It's interesting to have a story and a journey on an electronic record. We make a lot of music, find things that work together, create a mood, a framework. That's the culmination of all the music we've made: We create a narcotic, enveloping experience without the need for actual narcotics.

JAZZ LOVE SONGS AFTER DARK

Why is most good music made for nighttime? This two-CD set of ballads is designed for postprandial enjoyment. *Jazz Love Songs* covers the waterfront, ranging from Coleman Hawkins to Nnenna Freelon. It's the perfect accompaniment for your late-night prowls. (Playboy Jazz) ★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



BONDE DO ROLE * With Lasers

Following *CSS*, this is the second new Brazilian band to break via hipster circles rather than the world-music scene. And no wonder: It mixes *baile* funk with the vintage girlie Miami bass of L'Trimm (or, more recently, Fannypack) and the super-trashy aesthetics of dancey digipunk acts like Le Tigre. (Domino) ★★★½ —T.M.



VELVET REVOLVER * Libertad

This flashy second act rocks as if the frontman didn't just finish another stint in rehab, though the menace sometimes feels manufactured. Singer Scott Weiland is in a Bowie-T. Rex groove, and Slash brings the bluesy guitar he left off the debut album. *Appetite* it ain't, but rock and roll it is. (RCA) ★★★ —Jason Buhrmester



SPOON * Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga

This brilliant Texas band's soulful, moody indie rock exists totally outside trends and scenes, which, when you can write songs like these, is a good thing. This LP is as archetypally classic rock as Spoon's previous two albums, with keyboards vying prominently with guitars. Another timeless beauty. (Merge) ★★★½ —T.M.



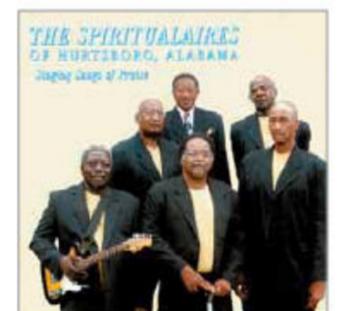
STEREO TOTAL * Paris-Berlin

This veteran boy-girl duo is the greatest musical export of the coolest city on the planet. The Berlin combo's underground party music is a zany mélange of rockabilly and surf, lo-fi German New Wave and fey French pop, all run through a blender of modern tech effects. *Superfantastisch*. (Kill Rock Stars) ★★★ —Tim Mohr



THE SPIRITUALAIRES

Singing Songs of Praise
As one of the last remaining quartets from gospel's golden age, these old-timers from Hurtsboro, Alabama lay out their songs with languid soul. The harmonies are magical, and the guitar playing is perfect. This is the best hangover music of the 21st century, by far. (CaseQuarter) ★★★ —L.F.



download lowdown

[SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL]

Screw *Madden* (yeah, we said it). These small and cheap downloadable console games offer fresh, fast fun

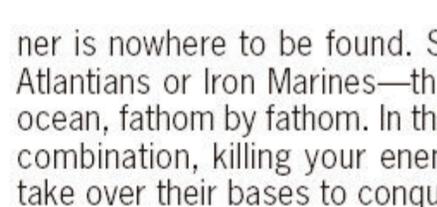
High-def graphics and multimedia capabilities are nice, but for our money the biggest innovation of next-gen consoles is their ability to download new games directly. These quickies provide as much or more buck-bang as their full-priced brethren.

CALLING ALL CARS (pictured top left; PS3, \$7) Criminals are on the loose. Your job is to hit them with your car, then get them to jail before a rival steals them from you. Manic multiplayer and over-the-top weapons make this the PlayStation Network's first must-play. **3D ULTRA MINIGOLF ADVENTURES** (360, \$10) A refreshing change from yet another digital Pebble Beach, these three absurdly themed 12-hole courses—Old West, Classic Carnival and Outer Space—compose one of the best golf games of the year. **WARHAWK** (bottom left; PS3, price TBD) Part flight combat, part driving game, part third-person shooter, this tense 32-person battleground delivers killer multiplayer action. Note there is no single-player campaign; your only option is to play online. **FLOW** (PS3, \$8) Gorgeous to look at



and listen to, this spare, artful game allows you to navigate as an aquatic creature and eat other beasties to evolve. Not quite a game and not quite a screen saver, it does something no other game ever has: calms us down.

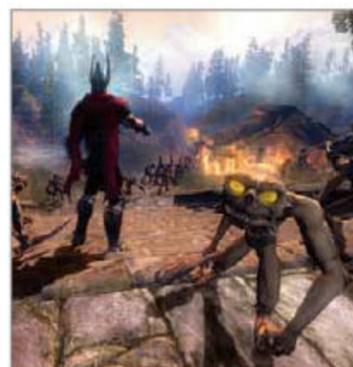
CLONING CLYDE (top right; 360, \$10) Save you and you and you from an evil Rube Goldberg-esque cloning lab in this humorous puzzler. Think *Lemmings* with explosive chickens. **HEAVY WEAPON: ATOMIC TANK** (360, \$10) Harking back to the visceral simplicity of the 8-bit coin-op era, this shoot-'em-up is all action, all the time. You can upgrade your tank after each mission, and by the end, you're a neo-con's wet dream. **UNDERTOW** (bottom right; 360, \$10) Earth has flooded, and Kevin Costner is nowhere to be found. Select your faction—Nemoidians, Atlantians or Iron Marines—then go undersea and conquer the ocean, fathom by fathom. In this shoot-'em-up, real-time strategy combination, killing your enemies isn't enough: You'll need to take over their bases to conquer each level. —Scott Jones



ENEMY TERRITORY: QUAKE WARS (PC) This tight shooter adds a heaping helping of team-based strategy to *Quake's* fragtastic formula and comes up a winner with five different character classes, online battles of up to 32 people, diverse terrain and a host of killer vehicles. PS3 and 360 versions are currently in development. ★★★½ —Damon Brown



OVERLORD (PC, 360) For anyone who ever wanted to punt a hobbit, here's your game. An entertaining blend of role-playing and real-time strategy, it gives you intuitive control over an array of minions waiting to do your dirty work. And dirty it gets as you wreak havoc on all the world's cute things and plot your return to power and dark lordliness. ★★★ —S.A.

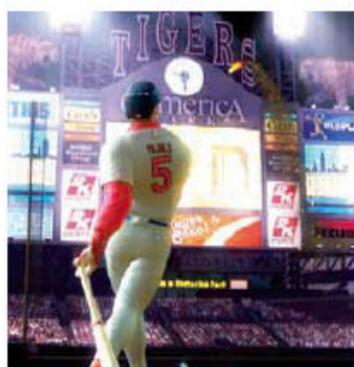


LAIR (PS3) Using the PS3's tilt controls to great effect, the epic *Lair* fuses aerial combat on dragonback with ground-based fighting against armies of sword-wielding soldiers. The gorgeous single-player adventure has many memorable highlights, such as hopping from dragon to dragon in midair and stomping on rows of angry warriors. ★★★½ —Marc Saltzman



NINJA GAIDEN SIGMA (PS3) Sony loyalists, rejoice. *Ninja Gaiden*, one of the original Xbox's bright lights, has been reworked for the PS3. The notoriously challenging action-adventure now has updated HD graphics, Ryu can wield two huge *katana* swords, and Rachel, who's handy with a giant war hammer, is now playable too. ★★★ —John Gaudiosi

THE BIGS (PS3, 360) Not one to rest on its licenses, 2K Sports offers its second MLB game of the season. *MLB 2K7* focuses on a more simlike experience, but *The Bigs* is all about having fun and making spectacular plays (without becoming absurd). This is the one you'll want to play with your friends, if only for the home-run derby in Times Square. ★★★½ —Scott Alexander



CALL OF JUAREZ (PC, 360) This first-person shooter ode to spaghetti Westerns has its share of gaming clichés but is worth playing for its innovations. Although controlling two characters (gold-hunting fugitive Billy and vigilante Reverend Ray) and making whip-assisted leaps are entertaining, it all falls just short of spectacular. ★★★ —Scott Steinberg



summer reads

[BEYOND THE BEACH]

Meet vampires, visit a brothel, go to the Super Bowl in August

We can't always do what we want or hope to do with the summer months—we have to spend too much time at work—but the books we've chosen here provide a range of vicarious adventures guaranteed to stop time. *Soon I Will Be Invincible* by Austin Grossman—An array of idiosyncratic superheroes does battle with a failed, obsessive but determined villain. This witty debut novel is sure to please fans of Lethem and Chabon and remind you that smart prose can be as vivid as any graphic concoction. *X-Rated Bloodsuckers* by Mario Acevedo—The hero of this whodunit is an Iraqi Freedom soldier turned vampire turned gumshoe. The plot tests credulity here and there, but the snappy dialogue (pun intended), the pace and the porn stars (supernatural and otherwise) who populate the book more than compensate. *Havana Blue* by Leonardo Padura—Few contemporary writers understand noir as well as Padura, and far fewer convey Cuba with such grit and sensuality. This third installment in the Mario Conde series tracks the disappearance of our police-lieutenant hero's boyhood friend while navigating the usual deceptions and pitfalls (a femme fatale included) on the way to the discovery. *The Coup*



by Jamie Malanowski—You've heard about disgruntled civil servants, but what if the malcontent is vice president of the U.S. and has enough smarts to undo the people's choice and claim the Oval Office for himself? Meet Godwin Pope, an antihero worthy of Machiavelli and the star player in a biting, sexy satire of American political life and the peddlers, wonks and sycophants who make it go. *Sin in the Second City* by Karen Abbott—If there was a golden age of brothels, the early 1900s was it. And the most infamous was the Everleigh Club in Chicago. Abbott provides all the atmosphere and alliances, sex and scandals a voyeur could want, as well as a broader view of America at the turn of the century, when two madams had a city on its knees. *Fanatic* by Jim Gorant—A *Sports Illustrated* writer makes a quest of attending 10 premier sporting events in the U.S and U.K. The result is a fist-pumping mélange of races, home runs and touchdowns. It will make you wonder why you're not at the game—any game—right now. *Bad Luck and Trouble* by Lee Child—It's hard to believe this is Child's 11th Jack Reacher caper and harder to believe there's not a hackneyed line or tired trope in it. Child tests Reacher's mettle as a leader, investigator and general good guy as never before, with enviable attention to detail, tempo and character.

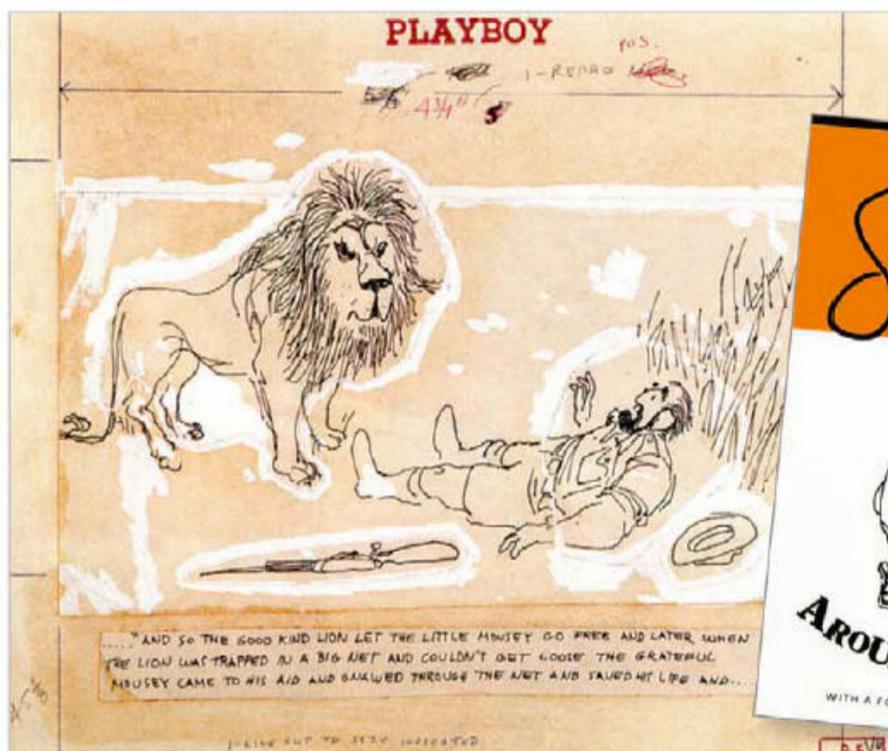
David Chen

shel's sojourns

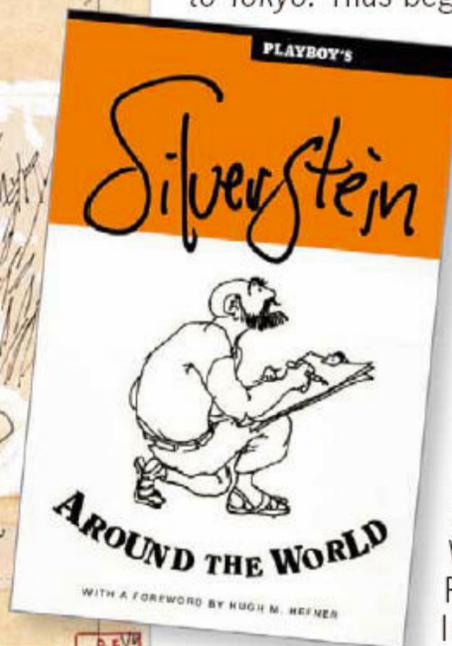
[SHEL SILVERSTEIN]

Dispatches from PLAYBOY's most beloved cartoonist

Despite his initial success in Chicago as a cartoonist for a fledgling magazine called PLAYBOY, Shel Silverstein decided in 1957 to go back to Japan, where he had enjoyed acclaim as a cartoonist for *Stars and Stripes*. It was Hugh Hefner's idea for Silverstein to submit accounts of his travels for publication in PLAYBOY. "The notion was that Shel would be our traveling representative, sending back recollections in the form of cartoons," says Hef. Silverstein was unsure at first about taking the assignment, but the Editor-in-Chief talked him into giving it a try. Silverstein filed his first batch of commissioned drawings



shortly thereafter, and they were published in the May 1957 issue as *Return to Tokyo*. Thus began a long and fruitful relationship that led to 23 articles for the magazine. Compiled here for the first time, along with never-before-published art and photos, the wide-ranging articles that make up *Playboy's Silverstein Around the World* represent a tour de force by a comic master. Whether he was in Red Square or on Fire Island, Silverstein always humanized the relationships between cultures—and did so with a self-deprecating charm that makes his cartoon persona a sympathetic Everyman. —Leopold Froehlich



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American Beauty

Feast your eyes on a homegrown supercar

QUESTION: WHAT DOES 200 miles an hour on the freeway feel like with the top down? **Answer:** the prelude to a prison term. But if you get the car pictured here—the Callaway C16 Cabrio—out on a racetrack or a desert highway in Nevada where you can open it up without fear of Officer McTicket, you're in for the ride of your life. The car comes courtesy of Reeves Callaway, the son of Ely, who founded the golf company. Reeves's Connecticut-based outfit, Callaway Cars, specializes in rides that can keep up with Europe's best. He has fielded Le Mans racing Corvettes for years and offers a limited number of consumer cars. The new C16 is born a Corvette, then completely restyled. Under the hood: a six-liter supercharged V8 that delivers 616 bhp and 582 foot-pounds of torque. That translates to a tire-melting 3.5-second zero-to-60 sprint. With paddle shifters in hand, you can click from gear to gear (six of them) faster than you can blink your eye, which you won't want to do at speed, trust us. When you need to slow down, the massive 355-millimeter disc brakes stop on a dime. You don't even have to turn the key to know this automobile is something special—a whiff of the German leather seats will tip you off. Expect to drop \$200,000 for this beauty, as Callaway will produce only 150. The car comes with a five-year, 100,000-mile warranty, and you can have it serviced at any Chevy dealer. More info at callawaycars.com.



In a Froth

SUMMER IS BEER SEASON, and every year it gets better. The craft-beer revolution's steady spread across North America means that more innovative breweries are offering more hot-weather brews with flavors that go way beyond Bud's. With tantalizingly fleeting apple notes, Canada's **Unibroue Éphémère** (about \$6 for 750 milliliters, unibroue.com) leaves you wanting more. **Ommegang Witte** ale (about \$6 for 750 milliliters, ommegang.com) is a refreshing Belgian-style white beer that we're pretty certain is the first brew to compare itself to orange-chiffon cake. Inspired by sour, syrup-flavored *Berliner Weisse* beers, **Dogfish Head Festina Peche** (about \$2 for 12 ounces, dogfish.com) packs a peachy punch. The original American *Hefeweizen*, **Widmer** (about \$2 for 12 ounces, widmer.com) bites hopper than its German cousins. Temper it with a lemon wedge.

Shoe In

IS IT A DRESS SHOE? Nope. A sneaker? Not really. How about a driving moccasin? Uh-uh. It's Versace's Sport Shoe (\$535, versace.com), with a retro running-shoe outsole, a driving-moc feel and a bold nameplate on patterned black leather. It's the ideal shoe for clubbing on the French Riviera. All you need is a pair of these and one phrase: *Voulez-vous danser avec moi?*





Golden Touch

ACCESSORIES LET YOU make a statement without murmuring a word. But while gold tooth-fronts seem to be the preferred embellishment of the day, we like something more subtle, such as these Sfera cufflinks (\$3,900, bottegaveneta.com) from Bottega Veneta. Known for its woven-leather accessories, the house weaves these half-spheres out of fine 18-karat-gold filament that whispers, "The world is yours."

Espresso: the Master Class

IF YOU'RE GOING to do a thing, do a thing. If that thing is espresso, do it with Gaggia's masterpiece, the Achille (\$1,300, gaggia.com). Unlike the automatic gizmos we've seen recently, with which anyone can make horrid espresso, here the quality of espresso you produce is proportional to your skill. Connoisseurs will find the Achille's lever-operated design affords absolute control over application of water to grounds, essential if you seek espresso nirvana. It's not just coffee, it's a way of life.



Amped Up

CHEAP IPOD DOCKS are rampant these days. Most are simply dreadful. Roth Audio's Music Cocoon MC4 (\$750, rothaudio.co.uk), though, is anything but. This retrofuturistic marvel infuses any source material you throw at it with the warmth that comes only from vacuum-tube amplification. It sports an iPod dock on top, as well as a one-eighth-inch minijack and RCA inputs for plugging in whatever source you like. Pair it with a decent set of speakers and enjoy the fireworks.



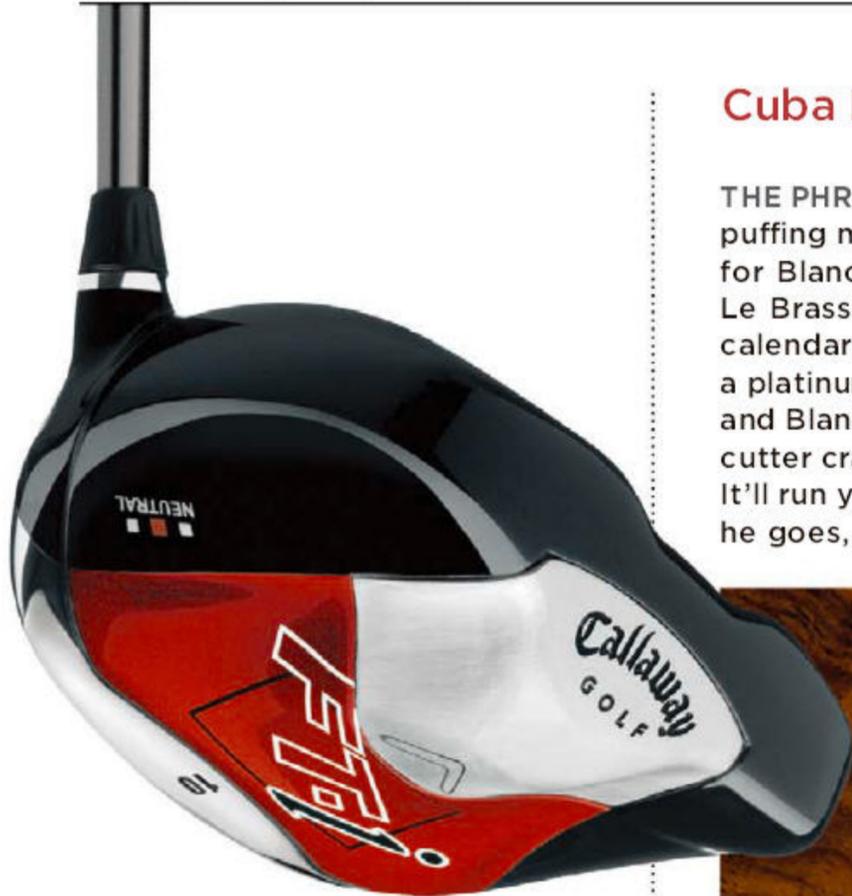
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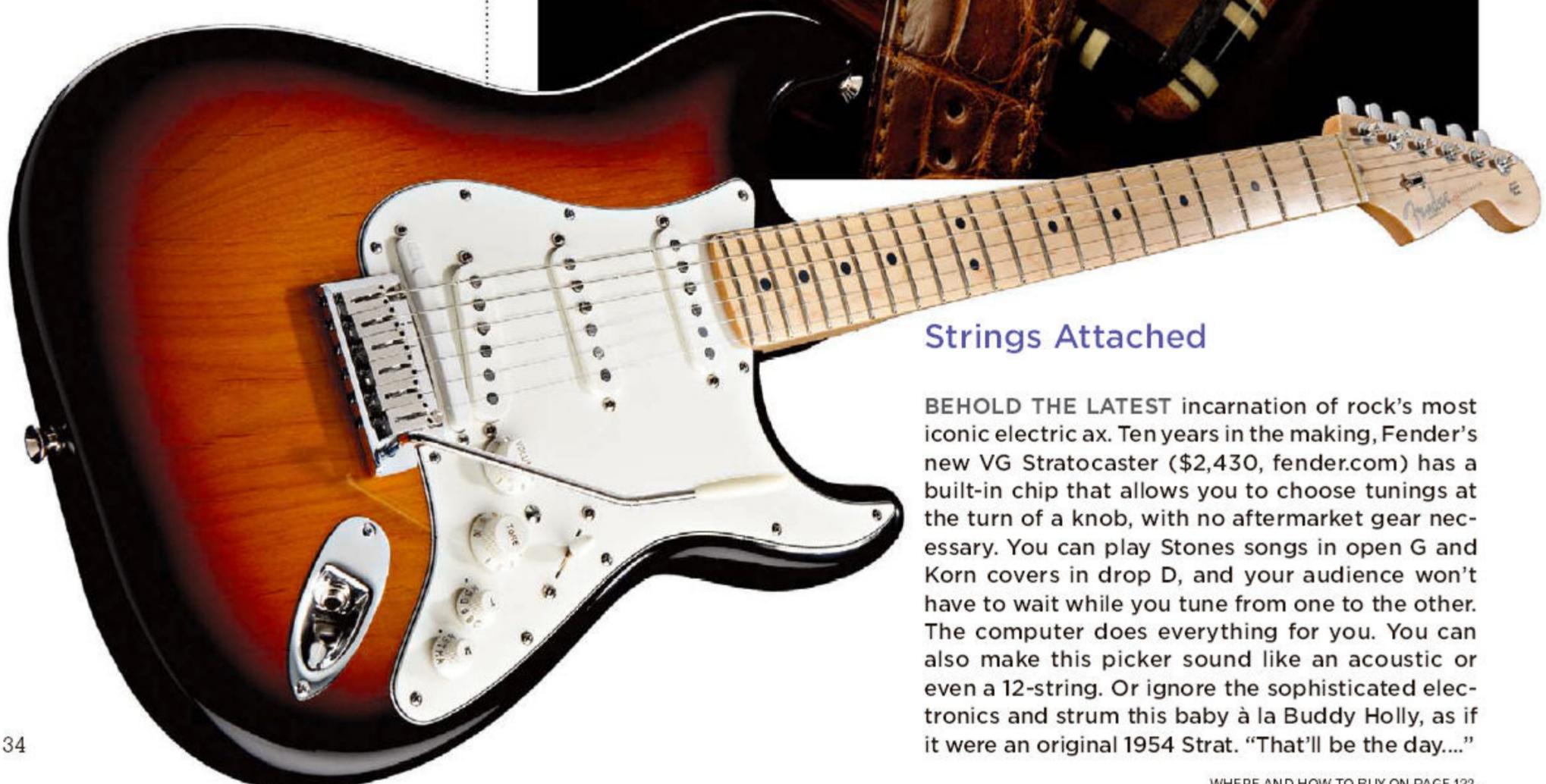


Designated Driver

OF ALL GOLF clubs, drivers are the most fetishized, with new editions coming out every season. This year has been all about brazenly shaped “geometric” models. Now that we’re well into the summer, Callaway’s FT-i (\$500, shop.callawaygolf.com) seems to be pulling ahead of the others. Yes, you will hit farther, but the operative word here is “forgiving.”

Cuba Libre

THE PHRASE *pre-Castro Cuba* conjures images of debonair Rat Pack-ish high rollers puffing magnificent cigars while draped with leggy *cubanas*. Such is the inspiration for Blancpain’s Havana dial watch (www.blancpain.com). Part of the company’s Le Brassus line, the piece features a brown 42-millimeter dial with a perpetual calendar that tells the month, date, day and moon phase. It’s packed by hand into a platinum case with a double sapphire crystal. There are only 150 of these babies, and Blancpain sweetens the deal with a walnut humidor, as well as a desktop cigar cutter crafted to resemble an antique watch lathe—all peerless conversation bait. It’ll run you \$64,100, but consider that Castro won’t be around much longer: After he goes, you’ll be right on time when Havana beckons once again.



Strings Attached

BEHOLD THE LATEST incarnation of rock’s most iconic electric ax. Ten years in the making, Fender’s new VG Stratocaster (\$2,430, fender.com) has a built-in chip that allows you to choose tunings at the turn of a knob, with no aftermarket gear necessary. You can play Stones songs in open G and Korn covers in drop D, and your audience won’t have to wait while you tune from one to the other. The computer does everything for you. You can also make this picker sound like an acoustic or even a 12-string. Or ignore the sophisticated electronics and strum this baby à la Buddy Holly, as if it were an original 1954 Strat. “That’ll be the day...”

MONDAYS ARE TEMPTING

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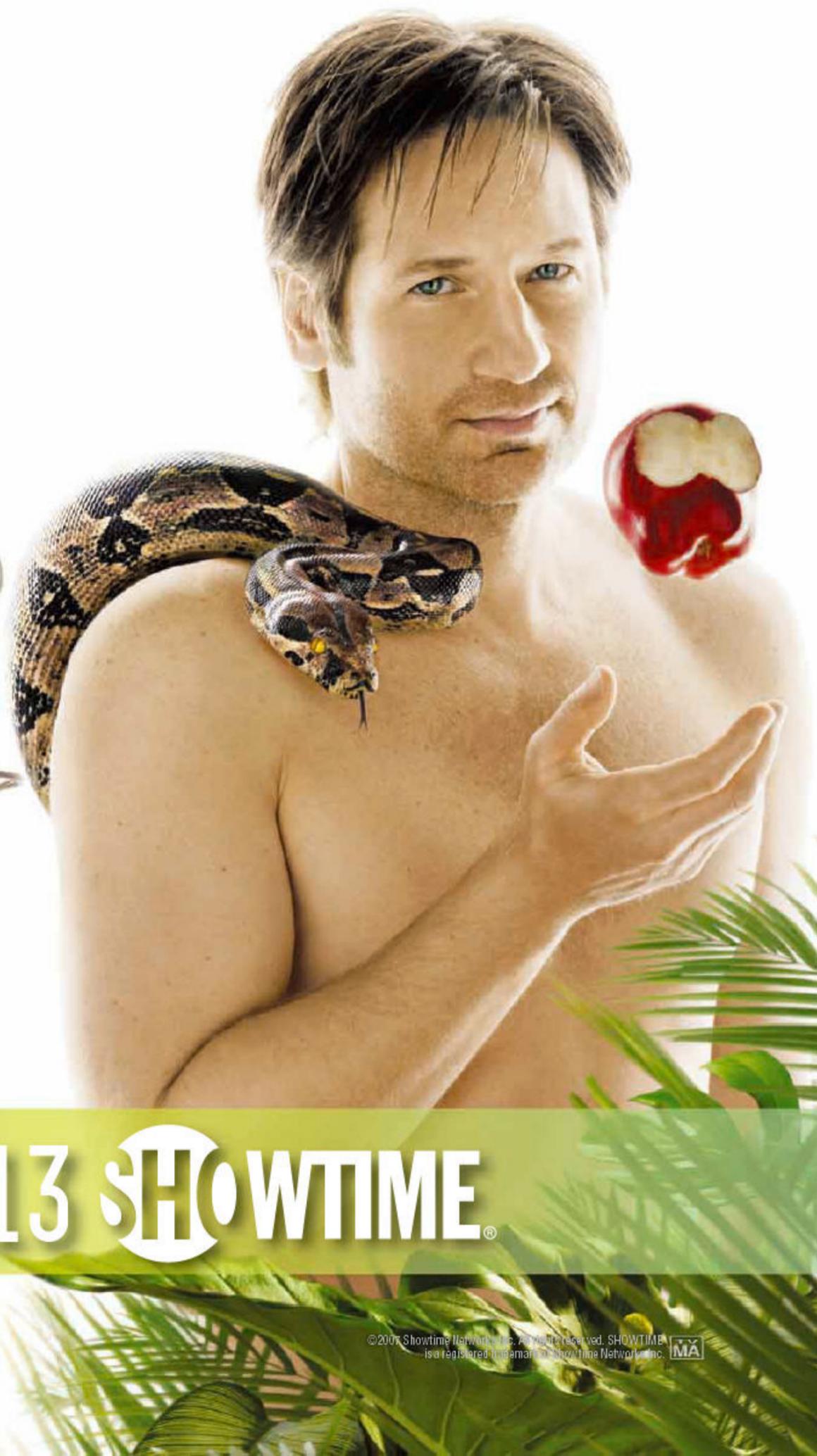
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The Playboy Advisor

In the past the Advisor has suggested tracing the letters of the alphabet with one's tongue when performing cunnilingus. Here's my advanced method: First, ask your partner to lie down with her lower back on a pillow to raise her hips. Start with gentle caresses and light kisses along her inner thighs and vulva. When she is good and wet, trace the lowercase letters *a* through *g* over the clitoris. Move farther down on her vulva and repeat the same sequence with capitals. Complete the alphabet, alternating between top and bottom as you learned in school: lowercase on top and uppercase on the bottom. The letters *G*, *T* and *W*, both lower- and uppercase, are particularly inviting. She may prefer the capitals to be wide and sweeping, narrow and tight or a mix of the two. Remember, slower works best. If you do it well, I doubt many women will last past *M*. If this catches on, perhaps the saying "She's a 10" will become "Wow, she's a 10, and I'll bet she's a *W*."—G.D., Manhattan Beach, California

Why do we feel like playing Scrabble? Read on for a counting exercise.

Have you heard of the rule of nines? During intercourse, a man makes nine shallow thrusts and one deep one, followed by eight shallow and two deep, seven shallow and three deep, etc., until he reaches one shallow and nine deep and begins again. In my experience this is not as methodical as it sounds. The longer shallow sequences get me off, after which my husband starts again with deep thrusts, which get him off.—M.H., Atlanta, Georgia

This sequence is said to be an ancient Taoist sex trick. The man is not supposed to withdraw but instead maintain a "seal" with his partner. Couples are advised to coordinate their breathing with each stroke; he exhales, she inhales. Alternative methods are three shallow, one deep; six shallow, two deep, etc.; one centimeter, then two, then three, etc.; or simply continuing with nine shallow and one deep until you reach 1,000 (good luck). The chief reason these tricks can be so satisfying for the woman is that they force her partner to slow down, although the shallow thrusts are also more likely to indirectly stimulate her clit. In most cases, thrusting deep, hard and fast—a technique guys pick up from watching adult movies—will feel like a jackhammer to a woman. Instead, a man should attempt to tease his partner with his erection as deftly as he does with his fingers or tongue.

My husband and I have always fantasized about sharing our sex life with another male but have never felt comfortable meeting people online. While web surfing a few months ago I read a post in which a woman described hav-



ing phone sex with another man while she had intercourse with her husband. My husband and I have since tried this several times, sometimes with a speakerphone but usually with me holding the receiver. The men talk dirty, request sex acts or stroke themselves while they listen to me moan. It's fun, but having someone physically in the room with us is still on my mind. We've been posting to adult dating sites to find men for phone sex, but I still don't feel comfortable actually meeting anyone that way. What do you recommend?—R.A., Marietta, Georgia

If you're uncomfortable with meeting someone online, hook up with a community of like-minded people who get together in the flesh. There are swinger groups in most cities (visit nasca.com). Many people fear that if they attend an event, they will have to swap, but in fact you can just mingle. Once you describe what you're after, there will be no shortage of men willing to assist with your fantasy. Keep in mind that a third party always brings his or her own expectations, so it's best to map out the encounter as well as you can beforehand.

I don't want the battery in my new laptop to end up lasting only five minutes. How often should it be recharged to give it the longest life?—N.S., Livingston, Scotland

*A battery's lifespan is much less affected by the frequency of recharges than by heat. The optimal temperature for lithium-ion batteries is about 60 degrees. The temperature inside a laptop case is closer to 113 degrees, so you're at a disadvantage the moment you power up. That's why, says Isidor Buchmann, author of *Batteries in a Portable World* (buchmann.ca), you should use a laptop only on hard surfaces where the rubber feet allow the battery to be ventilated. Also, never leave your*

computer anywhere it will be exposed to sweltering or freezing conditions, such as in your car. If you keep your laptop plugged in most of the time, store the battery in a cool place (e.g., your refrigerator) with a 40 percent charge. Unlike the nickel-based batteries found in older laptops and phones, which last longer if you drain them about once a month, you do not need to discharge lithium-ion batteries—it's necessary only to calibrate the computer's fuel indicator. When you first buy a laptop, drain the battery and then fully charge it to set the upper and lower limits. Repeat the exercise after about every 30 recharges.

Three of my close friends (two men and a woman, all of whom were attendants at our wedding) are freezing out my husband. They ignore him at parties and even attempt to pull people away from him. They don't acknowledge him, even while they treat me well. Now we aren't being invited to get-togethers, and I barely see them anymore (my husband refuses to see them at all). When I confronted the female friend, she said nothing was wrong and that my husband was overreacting. When I asked another friend, he said he hadn't noticed anything. Yet people outside this group say they have seen it. Is there any way to heal this rift?—A.F., Chicago, Illinois

Yes. Your husband needs to stop cheating on you. We hope we're wrong about that.

What is your opinion of monogrammed shirts? I interpret them to mean new money rather than old-world class.—A.B., Indianapolis, Indiana

*A proper monogram is rarely observed by anyone but the gentleman wearing the shirt, because it's small (with letters no more than a quarter-inch high) and positioned on the pocket or in that area and hidden by the jacket. According to Alan Flusser, author of *Dressing the Man*, the more chic (read: European) positioning is four to five inches above the waistline on the left. Once you start adding initials to collars or cuffs, observers may judge you to be lacking in savoir faire.*

In April a reader wrote to say he masturbates while fantasizing about a female friend. You suggested that women do the same thing when thinking about male friends. It's true. Any attractive guy we meet is fair game, but close friends are especially arousing because we can better imagine their mannerisms, voices, scents, etc. While I can't vouch for every woman, I'm sure many get their rocks off this way.—D.S., Pullman, Washington

Next time, just invite him over.

Maybe I'm unusual, but it would be a turn-on to hear that a guy masturbates while thinking about me. I'd expect a

comment like that to come from someone I'm sleeping with, but I suppose it could be a bold pick-up line. If I like the visual, I may masturbate to the thought of a guy masturbating to the thought of me.—A.B., Austin, Texas

Does that qualify as a threesome?

Here's another thought about the letter in May from the woman who asked why her husband couldn't come when she blew him but climaxed almost immediately when they swapped partners with another couple. You attributed his reaction to the novelty of the situation, but I can guarantee that the husband was watching intently as his wife gave head to the other guy. I would imagine that had as much or more to do with his reaction. His wife should try describing to him how she would suck off a mutual friend and measure his reaction.—S.S., Syracuse, New York

That's very perceptive. The phrase "sensory overload" comes to mind.

Here's my advice for her: Fifteen minutes into the blow job, rub a lubed finger (no nails) over his anus. When he's comfortable with that feeling, insert your finger a little and continue this slow progression to the point where you are massaging his prostate. That should produce the desired result. Your husband may express guilt about what took place, but a good time will be had by all.—F.P., Wyndmoor, Pennsylvania

You said something in there about a blow job? The modern heterosexual male need not feel guilty about being penetrated.

Do you make a martini extra dry by increasing or decreasing the vermouth? I have discussed this with friends and bartenders and have never gotten a definitive answer. My research suggests the original martini was made with Italian sweet vermouth, so it wasn't until the introduction of French dry vermouth that you could make a dry martini. Since every bottle of French vermouth I have seen says "extra dry" on the label, it would seem that adding more would make the martini drier. Others have told me that vermouth, being a wine, is mostly water, so to make a martini extra dry one needs to use less vermouth. I'm confused.—E.T., Willington, Connecticut

*Although martini lovers still can't agree on how best to mix one, there's no argument that dry indicates less vermouth. One of our favorite stories about Winston Churchill is that he made an extra-dry martini by pouring gin in a glass and glancing across the room at the vermouth. You're right about the early history of the cocktail. In his book *Big Shots: The Men Behind the Booze*, PLAYBOY liquor editor A.J. Baime notes that the immediate predecessor of the martini, the martinez cocktail, created in the 1860s at San Francisco's Occidental Hotel, contained sweet red vermouth and Old Tom gin. "The ratio was four to one," Baime says. "By that I mean four*

parts vermouth to one part gin." As the martini evolved, the slightly sweet Old Tom gin was displaced by London dry gin, and red vermouth by dry white vermouth. Over the decades the vermouth evaporated from the recipe to the point at which the typical martini of the 1950s was eight parts gin to one part vermouth. We asked Baime for his pour, which is three shots of gin with half a shot of vermouth, stirred with crushed ice and left to sit for a minute before it's strained into a thin-stemmed martini glass and dotted with a couple of big juicy olives.

Shame on you guys! In May you told a reader who had asked his wife for a threesome, "You proposed, she declined. Forget it." As a professional dating advisor I tell men not to appeal to a woman's logic and reason but to approach her about their fantasies when she's in a sexually oriented state. When she's cold, a woman will default to her "that would be slutty" programming, which prevents her from being adventurous.—C.X., San Francisco, California

It's true that arousal lowers inhibitions, and that plus a little booze is how spontaneous threesomes occur. But here the encounter was being booked in advance. So even if a woman entertains the idea when she's "warm," she has to remain committed after she cools down.

In April a reader claimed his ex-girlfriend had snapped in half a CD that contained X-rated photos of her. She must have Amazonian strength, because I have found CDs to be virtually indestructible.—E.H., Macomb, Michigan

How many have you had to break? After his letter appeared, the guy sent us a photograph of his ex. She's a bodybuilder.

A reader wrote in April to say he has a fetish for spike-heel boots but that his wife won't wear them in public without covering them with flared jeans. After I made fun of her for tucking her pants into her boots, my girlfriend pointed out that this has become all the rage. Maybe the reader can show his wife a few photos of celebrities doing this.—A.T., Los Angeles, California

Thanks for sharing. We are always touched when readers help each other get laid.

What is the etiquette regarding leftover items from a party? A guest brought a case of beer to a Super Bowl party I hosted. Everyone drank the beer I provided, so his case was never cracked. Should I be insulted if he takes the beer home or calls the next day to ask about it? What if a guest brings wine, chips, a blunt or his swinger girlfriend? I think all items should be offered for consumption and any unused ones become property of the host.—M.M., Athol, Idaho

That's the protocol, although girlfriend sharing is a separate invitation. Any food, drink or cigars carried over your threshold are gifts, making it beyond tacky to reclaim them. On the

other hand, after parties we've hosted, we are often left with more booze and munchies than would be healthy to consume. If the host asks you to take leftovers home, it's okay to accept, especially since the offer is usually made only to friends who stay to clean up.

Sometimes after sex with my girlfriend I have what appears to be precome dripping from my penis. Is there such a thing as postcome? Is it something to worry about?—M.C., Fresno, California

Not at all. After you ejaculate, some semen remains in your urethra. As your penis shrinks to its passive state, it leaks out. A key difference between pre- and postcome is that, according to several small studies, precome does not appear to contain sperm. Instead, it is likely designed to cleanse and lubricate the urethra before ejaculation.

About 12 years ago I started having an odd sneezing problem. It sometimes happens when I have difficulty expressing emotions, but more often it occurs when I am in bed and trying to convey fantasies to my wife. Sometimes it happens just by my thinking erotic thoughts. My ex-girlfriend used to make a game of it and call me on the phone to talk dirty until I sneezed. It was funny for a while, but as I get older the sneezing has gotten more intense. I'm a healthy 36-year-old male with a normal sex life and no hidden traumas from childhood. Am I just losing it?—D.P., Chino Hills, California

*You'll be relieved to know that is a relatively common occurrence. In fact, we received another letter soon after yours from a reader whose husband sneezes whenever she undresses in front of him (when he doesn't sneeze, she'll know there's trouble). The condition has been called honeymoon rhinitis. It appears to occur when the parasympathetic nervous system, which helps regulate your heartbeat and other organ functions, is overwhelmed by strong emotions, anxiety, stress or sexual arousal. This surge causes the erectile tissue in your nose to swell, resulting in sneezing and/or the sniffles. When asked in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* about a 60-year-old man who sneezed repeatedly after sex, one allergist recommended antihistamines or, if that didn't work, the prescription nasal spray Atrovent.*

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



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

VIRTUAL PEOPLE POWER

CORPORATIONS WANT TO CHARGE TOLLS ON THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY. ORDINARY AMERICANS ARE SAYING NO

BY TIM WU

Over the past year, network neutrality has become an unusual cause célèbre. It has been talked up by Moby, endorsed by Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama and even inspired demonstrations. What's the fuss about?

Network neutrality refers to a fundamental design feature of the Internet that dates from the 1970s. It is the principle that says the Internet should not, as far as possible, discriminate against or give preference to content, application or users. Carriers treat your grandmother's website with the same egalitarian dispatch as they would microsoft.com. The result is a Net that's highly decentralized, libertarian and roughly meritocratic. Lonelygirl15 can compete with *American Idol*, and a blog can compete with CNN. That's mostly by design, not accident.

The phrase *net neutrality*, however, would probably still be an academic obscurity if not for the Bell companies. For most of the Internet's history, the Bell companies (Verizon, AT&T, BellSouth, etc.), despite owning most of the wires on which Internet content travels, sat on the sidelines as common carriers.

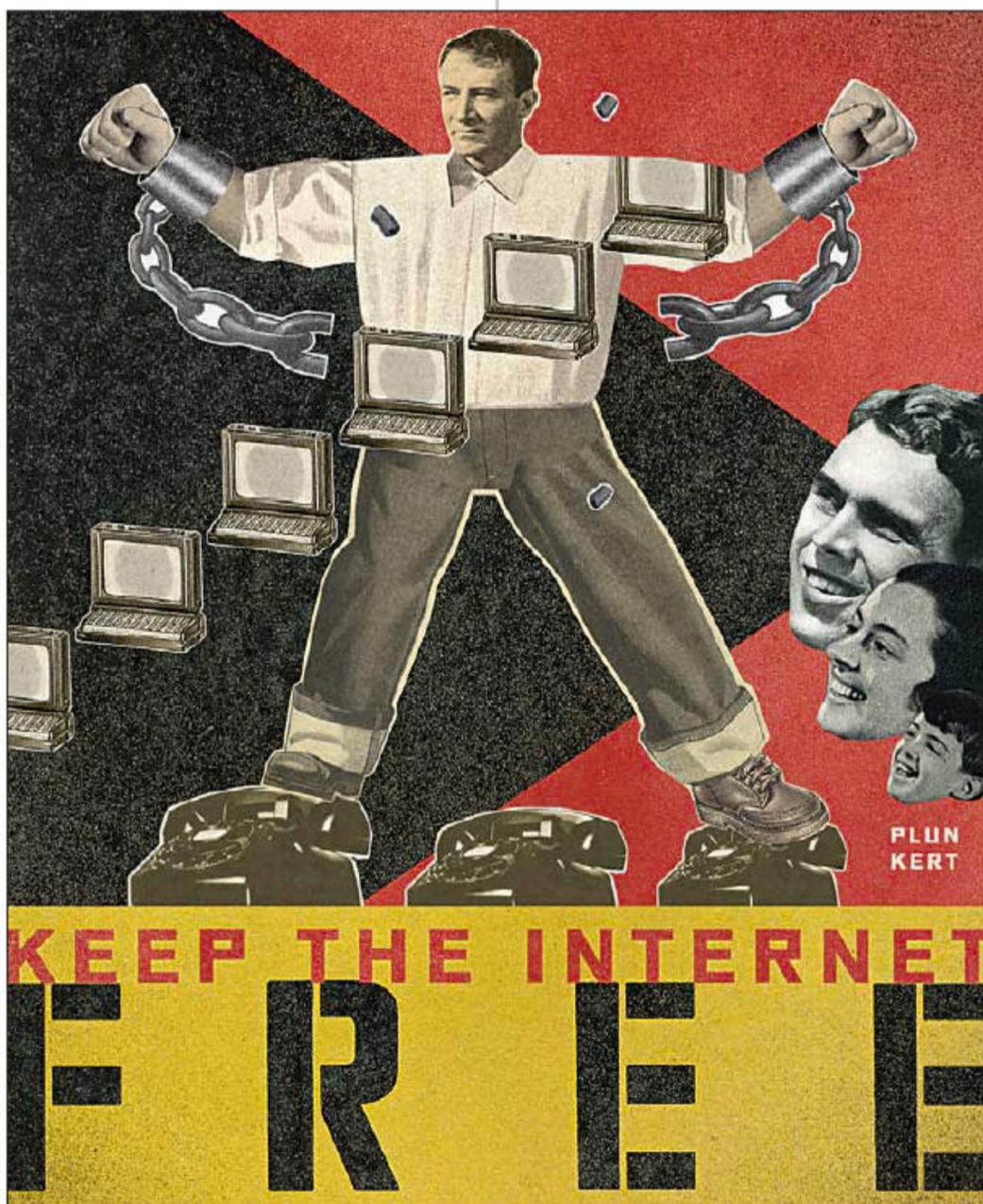
That's because, thanks to a long pattern of abusive behavior, AT&T had been split into eight pieces by an antitrust court in the 1980s and put into a legal "cage" that barred it from interfering with the Internet. But in the early 2000s, after decades of lobbying, the Bells staged a comeback, breaking out of their cage. They persuaded the government to exclude both their services and the cable industry's broadband systems from the anti-discrimination rules that had kept the network neutral. Many of the hard-won rules from the 1984 AT&T breakup were abandoned 20 years later. On November 30, 2005, BellSouth announced plans to impose the first Internet "tolls," that is, charges for senders to

reach customers in a "guaranteed way." Today, whether you write a blog or you're Google, you don't pay to reach readers. Nonetheless, the Bells planned to institute new fees for those who wanted to reach "their" customers. AT&T chief executive Ed Whitacre put the matter in stark terms: "What Google and Yahoo would like to do is use my pipes for free, but I ain't going to let them do that. For a Google or Yahoo or Vonage or anybody to expect to use these pipes for free is nuts!"

The Bells' plans threatened the special place the Net occupies in the popular psyche. Today the web is where everyone gets a chance to try to reach the masses, whether by political movement, startup or blog; it's where people dream of becoming rich and famous or of changing the world. And when that dream is threatened, people get angry. In early 2006, feeding on the reaction to the Bells, a broad and seemingly odd alliance of groups—including the Christian Coalition, Moveon.org and the Gun Owners of America—put together Savetheinternet.com, a consortium

to preserve net neutrality. The group managed to attract more than a million petitioners and even touched off protests. Despite the responses, the pro-neutrality coalition faced political defeat. The House Committee on Energy and Commerce, debating telecom reform in April 2006, rejected a proposed neutrality amendment by a 34–22 vote. The Senate soon followed and began to settle on a bill, sponsored by Senate Commerce Committee chairman Ted Stevens (R-Alaska), that stripped the government of any power to block tolling plans. The coalition to save the Internet had Craig from Craigslist and 1.2 million other members, but it didn't have the votes that counted.

By summer 2006 it looked as if nothing could stop the toll-



HOW OUTSOURCING HURTS OUR MILITARY

TROOPS HAVE LOBSTER BUT NOT ENOUGH ARMOR

By Robert Bauman and Dina Rasor

booth plans. But the Bell lobby had power only when the public wasn't paying attention. The coalition's widely publicized political defeats prompted the mainstream media to cover the issue. *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart* ran a segment on net neutrality, ridiculing Senator Stevens's description of the Internet. "The Internet," said Stevens, "is not something that you just dump something on. It's not a big truck. It's a series of tubes." Stewart said of Stevens, "You don't seem to know jack shit about computers or the Internet, but hey, that's okay—you're just the guy in charge of regulating it." The old men in the Senate were prepared to let the Internet change with only the barest understanding of what they were doing. As fall began, regular politics and net neutrality began to intersect. Democratic strategists realized the issue was a Republican weak spot, and Representative Nancy Pelosi pressed it in speeches. The Stevens bill stalled. In November the Democrats won back Congress, and the antineutrality bill sank.

The tables had turned by December 2006, as AT&T found itself in a tricky situation. The company that had threatened to charge Yahoo to use its "pipes" needed FCC approval to complete its long-planned merger with BellSouth. Wary of AT&T's record, two of four unrecused FCC commissioners demanded that AT&T commit to net-neutrality rules (the fifth commissioner, Robert McDowell, recused himself under government ethics rules). FCC commissioners Michael Copps and Jonathan Adelstein presented AT&T with an ultimatum: agree to neutrality rules or give up the merger. But the company held out, refusing to submit to anything that sounded like net neutrality. Finally, two days before the end of 2006, AT&T capitulated and agreed to the nation's first legally binding net-neutrality rules—at least for a period of 24 months.

The lesson to be learned? Internet politics are developing their own "third rails," rights that firms and governments mess with at their peril. The Bells spent more than \$50 million on lobbying in 2006 but were beaten by a largely unfunded user uprising. The Internet has become rooted in our imagination as a free place—and also as a utility as essential as our roads and electric grids. As history shows, when the people start to think that way—whether about free speech, Social Security or taxation without representation—the normal rules of politics no longer apply.

By now you have heard many stories of the failures to supply our troops in Iraq with what they need to fight effectively and survive: too little body armor, lack of armored Humvees and even shortages of basics like boots, air conditioners and clean water. At the same time, allegations of highly inflated costs, waste, fraud and abuse by

sight personnel in Iraq to monitor and control the contractors' actions. In the rush to war, overseers were left behind, and few have trickled into the country since the occupation, crippling the Pentagon's ability to control costs and review contractor performance.

This may sound like a problem for bean counters, but it has implications



contractors in Iraq have surfaced and become a focus of attention in the media and Congress. With the total cost of the war approaching \$400 billion and the largest contractor, KBR, a former division of Halliburton, running up bills that will soon reach \$26 billion on the major service contract in Iraq—referred to as LOGCAP, short for the Army's Logistics Civil Augmentation Program—the public and the troops have to ask, What happened?

In the byzantine world of military procurement, it usually takes years for Congress and the public to find that out. But in this war, returning soldiers and disillusioned contractor employees are giving us a first look at why the privatization of the military supply chain has failed: There have not been enough government over-

on the battlefield, too. In the course of researching our book we found that spare parts important to helicopters, tanks and other vehicles are not pushed to combat units, which causes shortages that affect the military mission. Soldiers in the desert were doing without; they were at times reduced to drinking water designated for showers. American truck drivers attempted to get supplies through hostile areas, using shoddy trucks with no spare tires. Other contractor employees have tried to persuade their bosses to inform the Army that troops had been showering in water more contaminated than the Euphrates River.

The problems have their genesis in decisions made years ago and are the unintended consequences of congressional and executive-branch

actions taken after the Cold War. During the 1990s a combination of acquisition-reform legislation, Vice President Al Gore's "reinvention of government" initiative and defense-industry pressure resulted in large budget and staff cutbacks among the Pentagon's contract-oversight personnel. The Defense Contract Management Agency, which administers military contracts, had its staffing levels cut by more than 55 percent; the Defense Contract Audit Agency, which audits military contracts, saw its staffing levels reduced by more than 40 percent. Even before 9/11, oversight personnel found it difficult with such diminished numbers to monitor the normal levels of contracting work. By 2002 funding for LOGCAP, then primarily used for work in the Balkans, was maintained at a somewhat controllable \$60 million or less, and the money was obtained through standard Army operations and maintenance budgets. Oversight was still limited, but in a peacekeeping environment with few threats of violence to supply convoys, the effort to monitor contractor performance was much less difficult than in Iraq's hostile peace-enforcement environment.



Once the decision was made to use LOGCAP to support military operations in Iraq, high-level Army logistics officials realized that this mother of all service contracts would grow much faster than before—and in radically new directions—presenting tremendous risk to government coffers. Even with this knowledge, officials did not increase oversight personnel levels, and the existing staff was unable to perform even adequate control and monitoring responsibilities in Iraq.



Because LOGCAP costs grew at such a fast rate, its funding—previously handled through regular Army appropriations—had to be accomplished through the emergency supplemental appropriations process. LOGCAP's costs would have to compete with monies needed to purchase essential combat equipment and supplies for such efforts as up-arming Humvees to better protect soldiers. With LOGCAP contractor KBR threatening to stop transporting supplies to the troops in Iraq because the Army was slow in

paying its invoices, much of the supplemental money had to be allotted to fund the contract. The more money was funneled to feed the LOGCAP beast, the less was available for combat equipment in the theater—and to fund increased oversight staffing.

The funding problems spawned by LOGCAP's rapidly increasing costs have led to what the Government Accountability Office has found to be Department of Defense mismanagement of the contract. Service agreements such as LOGCAP are cost reimbursable and require a significant level of oversight to ensure that the incurred costs are rea-

sonable and proper. While soldiers get steak and lobster and six types of ice cream on secure bases in Iraq under LOGCAP, the price for these luxuries can preclude the acquisition of combat equipment and life-support supplies for the battlefield. As one

soldier told us, "We will have to win the war with soft-serve ice cream."

By early this year, auditors had found more than \$10 billion in questioned and unsupported costs out of the \$57 billion in contracts they reviewed. Without more oversight, the contractor bills promise to keep rising, almost unchecked.

How do we reverse the Pentagon's fall into this abyss as it tries to fund contractor services in a battle zone? The Pentagon should return to an all-military supply chain and stop using contractors on the battlefield to transport supplies.

Contractor services have to be limited to secure, fortified bases and other behind-the-lines jobs. Congress needs to regain control of the supplemental appropriations process by requiring overseers that will show how the military plans to use the money and ensure there is enough to purchase combat equipment and to fund adequate oversight staffing and contractor bills. This may require contractors—especially KBR—to go on a billing diet, but it is important in controlling costs. Finally, Congress must require sufficient oversight staffing levels to monitor these billions of dollars and regain accountability.

Bauman and Rasor are the authors of Betraying Our Troops: The Destructive Results of Privatizing War, published by Palgrave Macmillan.

MARGINALIA



FROM AN ARTICLE

by Christopher Mark O'Brien in *Green Living* magazine: "Beer is the well-spring of my hope. It's not that I am simply drunk on the fleeting kind of optimism that comes from imbibing good beer. I am optimistic because the craft-brewing movement is steering society toward sustainability. Brewers are perfecting solutions to the global social and environmental problems we face today. The act itself, of drinking good beer, does contribute to my generally cheerful outlook, but it is the accomplishments of dedicated beer activists that give me hope for an enduring shift to sustainability. Small local breweries and brewpubs are innovating closed-loop systems that shift society away from wasteful, polluting, oil-dependent business practices. Brewers are using small-scale technologies, developing local markets, reducing packaging and shipping requirements, making use of locally available materials and radically reducing overall waste. The craft beer movement is, in short, putting into practice a sustainability model called bioregionalism."



FROM THE BOOK

Feasting on the Spoils, by Seth Hettena, detailing the life and times of Randy "Duke" Cunningham, a California Republican who pleaded guilty in 2005 to accepting at least \$2.4 million in bribes while serving as a U.S. congressman: "There is a rich history of congressional corruption, but never before had a member of Congress been convicted of graft on such a staggering scale. 'In sheer dollar amount, he is the most corrupt,' deputy House historian Fred W. Beuttler said a few days before the sentencing. 'The scale of it is unprecedented.' Cunningham's larceny harkened back to the robber barons of the 19th century and the *Crédit Mobilier* affair of 1872."



FROM A DESCRIPTION

of the State Armory and Arsenal in San Francisco—bought for \$14.5 million by bondage-themed porn production company Kink—in a *New York Times Magazine* article about the company and its director, Peter Acworth: "The armory, which is on the National Register of Historic Places, is a 200,000-square-foot, brick, castle-like colossus in the Mission District. It had been abandoned by its only tenant, the National Guard, in the mid-1970s. After 30 years of disuse, its underground horse stables and ballroom, officers' quarters, pool and banks of (continued on page 43)"



READER RESPONSE

CHEERS, MATE

Congratulations to PLAYBOY Indonesia on winning its court case. I hope your magazine prospers there and continues the fight against prudery and hatred of the human body. It is so sad to hear about the violence done to people like your Indonesian editors, who want to express beauty and promote physical love.

Anthony York
Sydney, Australia

MARTIAL PLAN

In May's brief article "Martial Law Returns," you complain about President George W. Bush trying to gain more control over the National Guard in order to make it easier to declare martial law. Complaints like this cause people to hate liberals. To this day, ignorant people are critical of the federal government's response in getting the National Guard deployed after Hurricane Katrina, not realizing that



Should the president control the Guard?

the National Guard is primarily under the control of state governors. As you mention, this is because the federal government is not allowed to use the Army to police its citizens. Now you complain about the legislation granting the federal government more power—a direct result of complaints like yours after Hurricane Katrina. Democrats on the warpath worked to make the Katrina aftermath a partisan issue, blaming everything on President Bush, and it worked. Either you want the federal government to have more control over the National Guard, or you don't. Make up your mind.

Chris Beasley
East Lansing, Michigan

FRANKEN FODDER

Curtis White is only half joking (Al Franken calls it "kidding on the square") when he refers to himself rhetorically as an extremist ("The Truth About Al



Franken lauds Senator Paul Wellstone.

Franken," May). An extremist by nature thinks in terms of absolutes, leaving no room for anything in between. Franken says he loves America; White, undertaking the daunting scholarly quest of defining love, is unsure whether he loves America. He holds the extremist view that love must be either perfect or nonexistent. White seemingly fails to grasp the concept that one can love certain aspects of one's country while also acknowledging its many imperfections. It is easier for him to indulge in a paranoid fantasy wherein "Al Franken conspires with conservatives to create authoritarianism" and all politicians are exactly alike. Franken frequently cites the late senator Paul Wellstone as a political role model, and White's suggestion that there is no essential difference between Wellstone and, say, Rick Santorum serves only to highlight the absurdity of his argument. His essay is an empty gimmick designed to promote his new book, which I am not going to buy.

Luke Pola
Portland, Maine

PATRIOT ACT?

I suppose we've all been reading the news. The Supreme Court voted five to four to knock women's rights back several decades. Well, not quite, but it has built the coffin and pounded in the first of many nails. The ruling doesn't ban abortion (yet), but it upholds the ban on a certain abortion method. The judgment doesn't change the outcome of abortion, and it has no effect

at all on the woman's health or the fetus's chances of someday becoming a Republican. The banned method is called intact dilation and evacuation; it involves removing the fetus intact as opposed to dismembering it while it's still in the uterus, then pulling it out. Opponents deem this a partial-birth abortion and argue that the dignity of the fetus must be preserved. The fetus must die with honor. Are you kidding me? Perhaps they should drape a tiny American flag over the dismembered bits before scraping them out. In justifying the ruling, Justice Anthony Kennedy fed words to the press like *morals*, *ethics* and *respect*—ignoring the glaring fact that the ruling saves not one life. It does, however, open the door to future faith-based antiabortion rulings. This is the same thinking that lets people watch Michael J. Fox shrivel up on prime-time TV while they fight stem-cell research. It makes me wonder what "life" implies to so-called pro-lifers: At what point is a life worth saving in this instance? Only after you've made *Back to the Future 4*? I see. Sorry, McFly, your life doesn't work into their equation. How far are we going to take this? They'll have you believe life begins before a cell even knows what kind of



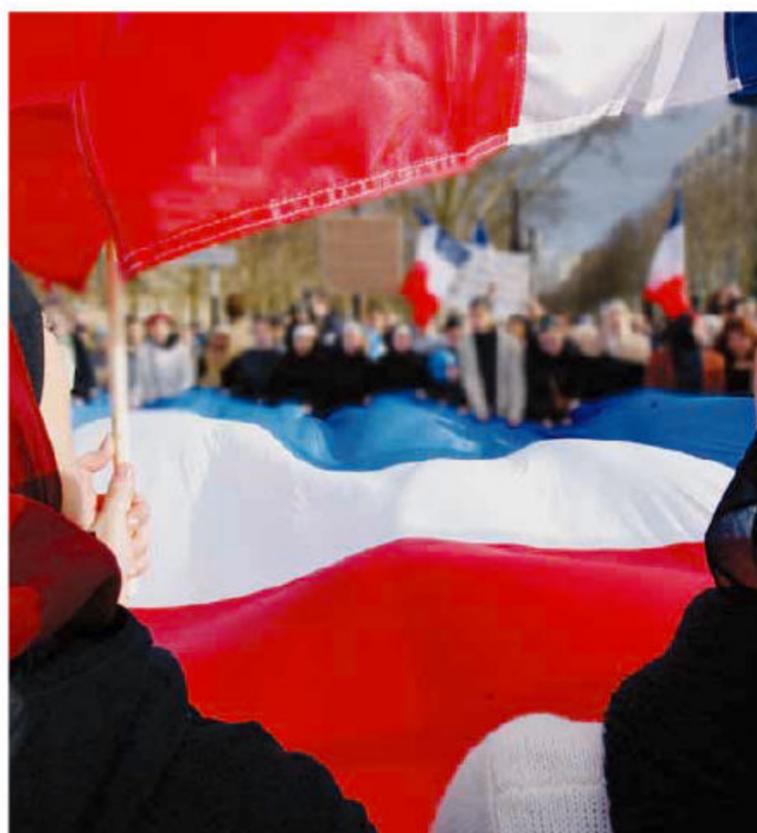
The Supreme Court is chipping at Roe.

cell it will be. A stem cell has the potential to become a life—yes, I get it—as do my millions of sperm. What legislation will you pass to preserve their dignity? Must I wear only the finest silken stars-and-stripes drawers so any accidentally spilled swimmers can dry, crust and flake off with dignity?

Tim Johnson
Hanover Park, Illinois

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

NEWSFRONT

**Ce N'est Pas une Vierge**

PARIS—Apparently because of a surge in religious feeling among its Muslim minority, France is seeing a boom in hymenoplasty—a \$2,000 to \$4,000 surgery to re-create physical virginity by sewing closed a broken hymen. French doctors say demand has significantly risen in recent years from both first-generation immigrants and Muslim women born in France who feel they must appear to be virgins when getting married rather than risk transgressing traditional values. “The surgery is an attack on women’s dignity,” explains professor Jacques Lansac, head of France’s National College of Gynecologists and Obstetricians, who considers such procedures performed at state hospitals to be violations of the legal separation of church and state. “We will not take part in a market that places value on the moral quality of a woman.”

Tripped Up

VANCOUVER—Andrew Feldmar, a 66-year-old Canadian psychotherapist, was denied entry to the U.S. after border guards Googled him while checking his passport and found a 2001 article he wrote concerning the therapeutic use of LSD; the piece also mentioned two acid trips Feldmar had taken in the 1960s, one in Canada and one in the U.K. After being detained for several hours, Feldmar was fingerprinted for an FBI file and told he could never again enter the U.S. unless he applied for a waiver from the Department of Homeland Security. “This is about the marriage of the war on drugs and the war on terror, and the blind, bureaucratic mindset it encourages,” said lawyer and University of Ottawa drug-policy specialist Eugene Oscapella. “Government surveillance in the name of the war on drugs and the war on terror is in danger of making us all open books to zealous governments. As someone mentioned at a privacy conference I attended in London several months ago, all the tools for an authoritarian state are now in place; it’s just that we haven’t yet adopted authoritarian methods. But in the area of drugs, maybe we have.”

Four-Wheelin’ Fundamentalism

JERUSALEM—At least 30 public bus lines operated by municipal authorities across Israel are segregated as “modesty buses,” with women forced to sit in the back, separate from men. Favored by ultra-Orthodox Jews, the gender segregation has raised ire among critics who say adherents to religious conservatism should run private services if they wish to institute religion-based rules on

transport lines. “I wasn’t trying to start a revolution,” says Naomi Ragen, who is suing over the segregated buses. “All I wanted to do was get home. I was in downtown Jerusalem and saw a bus going straight to my neighborhood. I got on and sat down in a single seat behind the driver. It was a completely empty bus, and all of a sudden, some men started getting on, ultra-Orthodox men. They told me I was not allowed to sit there—I had to go to the back of the bus.”

Hypocrisy Update

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Deputy Secretary of State Randall Tobias resigned at the end of April after admitting he was a client of alleged Capitol Hill madam Jeane Paley. Tobias, who insisted he had “no sex,” only massages, is 65 and married. Until his resignation he was the Bush administration’s most prominent proponent of abstinence programs abroad while holding several positions, including one overseeing U.S. AIDS-relief efforts. He had also advocated making foreign aid dependent on denouncing prostitution.

**Out of Step With the World**

MEXICO CITY—At nearly the same time the U.S. Supreme Court ruled on partial-birth abortion and began to erode abortion rights protections established by *Roe v. Wade*, lawmakers in Mexico’s capital voted 46 to 19 to legalize abortion, despite pressure from the local Catholic church and the Vatican.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 41)

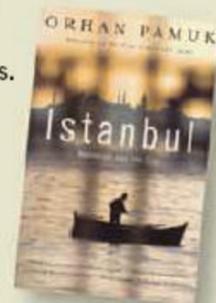
urinals, hockey arena-like drill court with 70-foot ceilings and stadium seating—all of it—had attained a look of palatial depravity. It was the exact aesthetic Acworth and his directors had been struggling for so long to build from scratch.”

FROM AN INTERVIEW with Michael Moore in *Rolling Stone* magazine: “I was filming outside the country recently, and people in other countries are so polite. They say, ‘We don’t hate America—it’s just the government.’ I have to stop and say, ‘I have to tell you something, folks. We have a slogan: Of, by and for the people. Don’t let us off the hook so easily. The government is only there because we elected them.’ Sure, after 2000 you could say that Bush didn’t represent us, because he clearly didn’t get the most votes. For four years you could say, ‘Please don’t blow up the plane I’m flying on! We the people did not elect this guy.’ But in 2004, a year and a half into this illegal war, the American people spoke with a loud voice: ‘We want more of this.’”



FROM A PRESS release from IBI, manufacturer of Virtue perfume, issued earlier this year: “Based upon an inspired biblical formula, the perfume is designed to be a reminder of God, Christ, spiritual self and soul. ‘We turned to the Bible to seek inspiration about which items to include and became convinced that a formulation would reveal itself,’ explains Rick Larimore, IBI’s chief executive officer. ‘Creating Virtue has been a journey and adventure through fragrance and scripture, with remarkable miracles confirming our choices.’ Virtue’s subtle blend includes top notes of apricot (the real ‘forbidden fruit’), pomegranate and fig that transition to a gentle heart of iris, warming to a golden base of rich, exotic woods of frankincense, myrrh, aloe and spikenard.”

FROM AN ACCOUNT of his childhood home in the book *Istanbul*, by Nobel Prize-winning author and Istanbul resident Orhan Pamuk: “Sitting rooms were not meant to be places where you could lounge comfortably; they were little museums designed to demonstrate to a hypothetical visitor that the householders were Westernized. A person who was not fasting during Ramadan would perhaps suffer fewer pangs of conscience among these glass cupboards and dead pianos than he might if he were still sitting cross-legged in a room full of cushions and divans. Although everyone knew it as freedom from the laws of Islam, no one was quite sure what else Westernization was good for.”



ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL

THIS SIMPLE CONCEPT SHOULD AT LEAST BE REFLECTED IN PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, RIGHT? THE EVIDENCE PROVES OTHERWISE

It's a basic part of what makes us Americans: the belief, enshrined in the Declaration of Independence, that no one person is better than any other. We have no aristocracy and no caste system and even adhere to the fiction of a classless society. But in

practice, things are different. Even among government and public institutions—which surely should uphold the legal and moral codes of our hallowed founding documents even when others do not—this egalitarian ideal is subverted left and right.

Stratified disbursements of public funds to victims of 9/11 were a glaring example; instead of dividing funds equally, thereby acknowledging that all lives are of equal worth, payments were tied to victims' earning potential. Below are more dispiriting examples.



Walter Reed's Building 18 housed soldiers wounded in Iraq; reporters found many of the filthy, derelict rooms (left) had moldy walls and were littered with trash and dead vermin. At the same facility, government VIPs stay in executive suites in Ward 72.



As far as we're concerned, theft is theft. But not only are suspects of so-called white-collar crimes prosecuted lightly, white-collar convicts are treated better. Just compare Martha Stewart's prison cell (left) with this overcrowded California prison.



Customers wealthy enough to use a helicopter service (left) between New York City and its airports can bypass security lines thanks to an on-site Transportation Security Administration station. The rest of us must queue at airport security checks.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHRIS TUCKER

A candid conversation with the Rush Hour star about Don Imus, hanging out with Bill Clinton and Bono and why he just doesn't work that much

When Chris Tucker takes the screen alongside Jackie Chan this summer as the lethal-tongued cop James Carter in *Rush Hour 3*, the understandable reaction of most of America will be, *Where the hell has he been?*

Tucker hasn't appeared on-screen in six years, and he has made only three films since 1998—all of them *Rush Hour* movies. Yet he remains one of America's most bankable stars. His spike in salary—\$2 million for the first, \$20 million for the sequel and \$25 million against 20 percent for *Rush Hour 3*—is one of the most dramatic in Hollywood history; he earns as much for a film as Eddie Murphy, Jim Carrey, Adam Sandler, Will Ferrell and Ben Stiller. While they cash checks once or twice a year, Tucker, 35, seems more intent on turning movies down, everything from the *Any Given Sunday* role that launched Jamie Foxx to the *Pink Panther* remake that Steve Martin turned into a hit.

"I'm not advocating six-year screen absences, but there is a reason *De Beers* doesn't flood the market with diamonds, and Chris hasn't hurt himself by leaving his audience wanting more," says New Line president Toby Emmerich, who oversaw several attempts to make *Rush Hour 3* before finally getting Tucker to sign his contract.

His brief list of movie credits doesn't mean he hasn't been busy, however. Like a fast-talking, far hipper *Forrest Gump*, Tucker has traveled the world and turned up in the center of major

events. When Kanye West shocked a Hurricane Katrina fund-raiser audience on live TV with a charge that President Bush didn't care about blacks, Tucker was right there. When Bono and Bill Clinton barnstormed Africa, raising awareness about AIDS and other problems, Tucker rode shotgun. When Michael Jackson stood trial on charges that he molested a cancer-stricken 13-year-old boy, Tucker was in the courthouse, testifying on Jacko's behalf.

Tucker, who is from Decatur, Georgia, was the youngest of six children in a working-class family. His mother was involved in the church; his father owned a janitorial service. The class clown found an outlet for his electric wit on the stand-up stage. Working Atlanta clubs by the age of 17, Tucker got his big break a few years later in L.A. when a killer set on HBO's *Def Comedy Jam* showcase got him his first movie role: 90 seconds in *House Party 3*. It led to *Friday*, in which he played Ice Cube's weed-happy sidekick; turns in *Dead Presidents*, *Jackie Brown*, *Money Talks* and *The Fifth Element* followed. Then came *Rush Hour*, in which his corrosive humor proved a perfect complement to Jackie Chan's fists and feet. The culture-clash comedy grossed \$247 million worldwide, and the sequel did even better at \$329 million. His wealth has given him the ability to travel, be picky about film roles and spend more time in Los Angeles with his eight-year-old son, who

lives with his mother. Tucker, who has never married, also maintains a home in Atlanta.

PLAYBOY sent Michael Fleming to catch up with the elusive movie star. "We met the first time at the Beverly Hills Hotel," reports Fleming. "Tucker was completing the final few weeks of production on *Rush Hour 3*, which was three weeks over its production schedule. We talked several more times, and at each meeting Tucker wanted to show his serious side. He probably has the most complex reaction to fame and success I've ever encountered."

PLAYBOY: Since 1998 Eddie Murphy has starred in 16 movies, Ben Stiller in 19, Adam Sandler in 13, Jim Carrey in 10 and Will Ferrell in 14. You have made three, and they are all *Rush Hour* movies. Don't you like making movies?

TUCKER: I hadn't planned to be away this long, but nothing came by that sparked my interest. I know people wonder. They say, "What is he doing? Why is he just doing *Rush Hours*?" It wasn't on purpose. But I have a long career ahead of me. I don't pay attention to what everybody else is doing.

PLAYBOY: But what exactly have you been doing?

TUCKER: Living my life. Traveling. Then when a movie comes along and I feel I



"I hadn't planned to be away this long, but nothing came by that sparked my interest. I know people wonder. They say, 'What is he doing? Why is he just doing *Rush Hours*?' It wasn't on purpose. But I have a long career ahead of me."



"I think we should be able to hear what people think, about black people and white people. It's good to know. If that's how Don Imus feels about blacks, we need to know; then we can decide to listen to him or not."



"I was with Bono in Ethiopia. He's way more visible than I am around the world, but in Africa they were like, 'Chris! Chris Tucker!' In some places more people recognized me than the biggest rock star in the world."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

can do my best and have fun, I take it. I thought *Rush Hour 3* would be fun.

PLAYBOY: But it has been about six years since *Rush Hour 2*. That's a long time to be unemployed.

TUCKER: Look, I love to create on the set. I just had other stuff to do. Your life reflects on your work.

PLAYBOY: With such long gaps, though, might your audience forget you? Might you become less bankable?

TUCKER: I believe my fans will be there. As long as you do your best when you do work, people will come see your movies. On the other hand, if you do a lot of stuff for the wrong reasons, you lose them. I'm confident that when I do movies, even if they are 10 *Rush Hours*, they're going to be the best 10 sequels you're ever going to see.

PLAYBOY: Don't you get rusty?

TUCKER: If you do a lot of movies, you can better yourself by seeing what you did wrong and correcting it, but you don't have time to come up with something different. By the time I did *Rush Hour 3*, I'd evolved as a whole different person. I did have to go on the road as a comedian, though, to get my timing back. I did 20 cities before I started *Rush Hour 3*, and then I was ready to go.

PLAYBOY: After six years how was it to work again with Jackie Chan?

TUCKER: Jackie Chan and I have this great chemistry. We're both so different. He's the best at what he does. I think I'm the best at what I do. Put it all together and it's a perfect mixture.

PLAYBOY: Where do you rank Chan and Tucker in the long list of Hollywood movie buddies?

TUCKER: Mel Gibson and Danny Glover in *Lethal Weapon* are first. Second are Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte in *48 Hrs.* Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder in *Stir Crazy* are third. We rank below them.

PLAYBOY: How many flops does a star get before he's in trouble?

TUCKER: Not many. If you do a movie you love and it doesn't make a bunch of money, people say, "He was trying to be creative." But if you do a lot of stuff that doesn't mean anything, people get tired of you.

PLAYBOY: You once said if you're young and black and you do a bad movie, you're finished. Is there a different standard for African-American actors?

TUCKER: I don't know when I said that, but I don't think it's a black or white thing. You've got to do good movies that people want to see. If you make

flops, I don't think you'll be making many movies, no matter who you are.

PLAYBOY: When you're out in public, do your fans still recognize you?

TUCKER: I go to the mall and they call me by my characters' names. "James Carter!" I'm like, "Man, my name is Chris Tucker." Or they say, "Hey, Smokey!"

PLAYBOY: You played Smokey, a character with a certain fondness for marijuana, in *Friday* in 1995.

TUCKER: Just yesterday two white teenagers came to my house. I don't get much company, so I looked out the peephole. I was in my housecoat. I had a do-rag on my head. They said, "We're your neighbors. Do you want to smoke some weed?" Then they started quoting from



Jackie Chan and I have great chemistry. We're both so different. Put it all together and it's perfect.

Friday. "It's Friday. You ain't got no job! You ain't got shit to do." So I've got neighbors' kids knocking on my door, looking to smoke weed with Smokey.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

TUCKER: No way. I don't smoke weed.

PLAYBOY: Chan almost killed himself doing stunts in his movies. Is there peer pressure to keep up with him?

TUCKER: At the beginning it wasn't peer pressure; I was just up for the challenge. I said, "He does his own stunts. I can too." Not anymore. I let him do all the dangerous stuff for *Rush Hour 3* and let my stuntman do mine.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been hurt on a set?

TUCKER: I got carpet burn in a fight scene in the first *Rush Hour*. Jackie yanked

me along on my back. Another time I jumped onto a moving bus. I did crazy stuff for the first *Rush Hour* because I wanted to keep up with Jackie.

PLAYBOY: How about the fight scenes? Who would come out on top if you and Chan were to have a real go at it?

TUCKER: I would whup Jackie's ass.

PLAYBOY: Isn't he a martial-arts master?

TUCKER: I don't think he's that strong. And I talk more junk.

PLAYBOY: How would that help?

TUCKER: I would wear him out. "Bring it on, Jackie. Come on!" I wouldn't let up. Eventually Jackie would say, "I don't want to deal with this," and he'd walk away.

PLAYBOY: Your fast talking doesn't always help. Two years ago a cop gave you a speeding ticket that, according to the press, wound up costing you \$6,500.

TUCKER: In California you get pulled over, and the cops will let you go because they recognize you—they've seen your movies. But this happened in the South. The guy didn't know who I was. I'm saying, "Hey, man, haven't you seen *Rush Hour*?" I actually had a copy of the movie in the trunk. He looked at it and said, "You don't look like that guy standing there with the Chinese guy." I really *was* late for church, but nobody seems to believe it.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps that's because the church in question was 200 miles away.

TUCKER: Yeah, I had no business trying to get there with the amount of time I had. I was in the wrong. It's why I sped.

PLAYBOY: But \$6,500? Who gets a \$6,500 speeding ticket?

TUCKER: That's about what I paid. The police wanted to make an example of a famous person.

PLAYBOY: What were you driving?

TUCKER: A Bentley GT.

PLAYBOY: At what speed?

TUCKER: A hundred and change. Nothing crazy.

PLAYBOY: Nothing crazy?

TUCKER: It was Sunday morning. Nobody was on the road. I wasn't driving out of control. And that's nothing for that car.

PLAYBOY: For *Rush Hour 3* you made \$25 million against 20 percent of the gross, with a deal for another film that will pay you another \$20 million. You earned \$2 million for the original. That's probably the largest leap in salary an actor ever made between three movies.

TUCKER: My movies have done well, so I get paid well.

PLAYBOY: *Rush Hour 3* fell weeks behind its shooting schedule. In some reports, you were responsible because you insisted on rewriting your scenes.

TUCKER: It's not at all true. They went over schedule because it's a big movie

and they shot a lot. It didn't have anything to do with me.

PLAYBOY: How much improvisation occurred during shooting?

TUCKER: The original movie was all improv. The most memorable thing from that was one line everyone remembers. When I first meet Jackie, I say, "Do you understand the words that are coming out of my mouth?" Everybody repeats that quote. It's on their cell phones. There are many others in the first *Rush Hour*, like "Don't ever touch a black man's radio." That led to "Don't ever jump in front of a black man in a buffet line" in *Rush Hour 2*.

PLAYBOY: In the first *Rush Hour* you and Chan both use the *N* word. Lately there's been a lot of criticism of those who use it, even as a joke.

TUCKER: It's a personal choice. I don't want to say the word on TV, and I had a big issue with it in *Rush Hour 3*. It wasn't in the original script, but it was in a later version. When I read it, I said, "We shouldn't say it. We'll have a lot of kids watching. We don't need it." It became a big discussion, but it was dropped. The joke really wasn't that funny. I try to watch what I do and say, especially with this movie. But the decision to use the word or not is up to the individual.

PLAYBOY: It's spoken repeatedly in your memorable scene with Samuel L. Jackson in Quentin Tarantino's *Jackie Brown*. Jackson

defended his use of the word when Spike Lee and others objected to its use in a movie made by a white guy. Did you agree?

TUCKER: Back then I wasn't even thinking that much about how words like that affect people. But I do now.

PLAYBOY: What would you say if the movie were offered to you now?

TUCKER: I wouldn't do it. I don't know how old I was then, but I'm a different person now. Hopefully, we evolve as we get older. Hopefully, we better ourselves. No, I wouldn't do that dialogue now.

PLAYBOY: You were standing next to Kanye West during the Hurricane Katrina telethon right before he said President Bush doesn't care about black people. What did you think of his statement?

TUCKER: Kanye didn't tell me he was going to say it. I didn't know what to think. I don't know if what he said helped any. It was definitely shocking. But maybe it did help, and maybe he was the right person to say it.

PLAYBOY: How did it help?

TUCKER: By waking people up. The people in New Orleans needed help, and nobody was helping them. I didn't realize then how bad it was, but he had a lot of information. It was the right place to say it, on national TV for everybody to hear.

PLAYBOY: Race came up recently when Don Imus called the Rutgers women's basketball team "nappy-headed hos." Would you have fired him?

TUCKER: I don't know what he deserved, but it was blown up into something much bigger than it needed to be.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you find it objectionable?

TUCKER: Sure, but none of us would have known what he'd said if they hadn't made it into such a big thing. How many of us actually listened to the guy? I didn't. I heard about it on the radio, and I thought they were talking about Allen Iverson, because their names sounded similar and I didn't know who Imus was. I'm thinking, Allen Iverson has gotten in trouble again? Obviously, this guy Imus has some problems. It's immature of him to have said that. You might say things when you're a kid, but you'd like to think people evolve. But who cares?

PLAYBOY: Have we become overly sensitive about what's all right to say and what isn't?

TUCKER: I think we should be able to hear what people think, about black people and white people. It's good to know. I don't think we should censor. If that's how Don Imus feels about blacks, we need to know; then we can decide to listen to him or not. People who feel the same way he does should have the freedom to listen to him. We've got to be careful about judging one another. You could be onstage and say something you don't normally say. Something can come out wrong.

PLAYBOY: When *Seinfeld's* Michael

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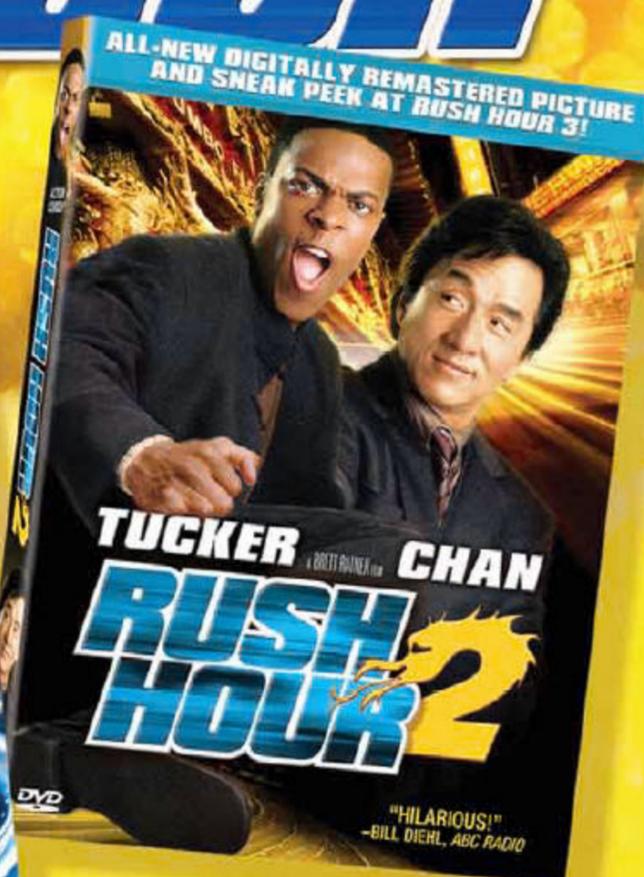
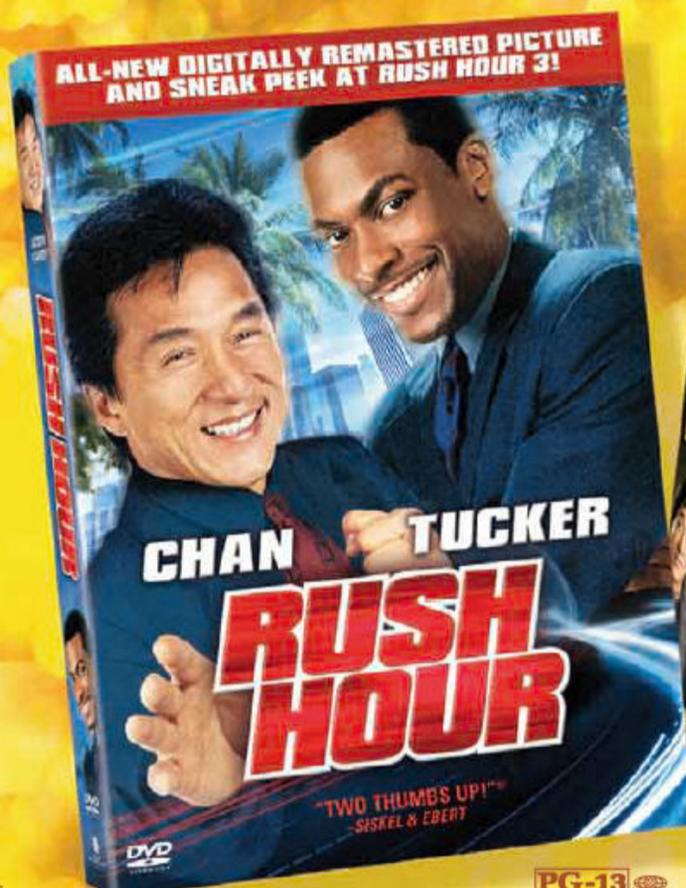
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PG-13
SEQUENCES OF ACTION/VIOLENCE
AND SHOOTINGS, AND FOR LANGUAGE

PG-13
ACTION VIOLENCE, LANGUAGE
AND SOME SEXUAL MATERIAL

The \$20 Million-Plus Club

Who makes the big bucks? You'd never guess from their humble beginnings

Tucker made his film debut as the outlandish promoter Johnny Booze in Kid 'n Play's campy *House Party 3* (1994). Though he was on-screen for only a minute and a half, those 90 seconds clearly scored: A mere eight flicks later he earned \$20 million for *Rush Hour 2* (2001).



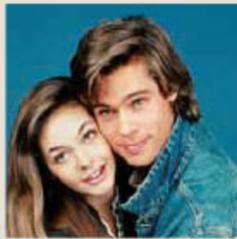
The highest-grossing lead actor of all time got his break playing Kip/Buffy Wilson on the sitcom *Bosom Buddies*. Tom Hanks donned a dress and collected \$189,000 for the entire series, which lasted only two seasons. Things got better—rumor has it he'll earn as much as \$49 million for the follow-up to *The Da Vinci Code*.



With lines like "Another slam-erino!" Johnny Depp became a teen idol on *21 Jump Street*. Uncomfortable with his status as a heart-throb, he quit the show. But shedding that image is hard: The 44-year-old *Pirates* star won a Teen Choice Award last year, and teenage girls still hang posters of him on their bedroom walls.



He didn't shoot J.R., but Brad Pitt arrived with a bullet by playing Randy, actress Shalane McCall's boyfriend, on *Dallas*; McCall and Pitt also dated offscreen during the *Dallas* years. Since then, Pitt has lost the feathered hair and romanced other co-stars—and in the past four years his films have grossed more than \$1 billion.



As the only white male in the original *In Living Color* cast, Jim Carrey often played the foil in sketches, but he also played the memorable Fire Marshal Bill. Carrey had the last laugh, though: He was the first comedic actor to earn more than \$20 million for a film (\$39 million, to be exact), with *The Cable Guy*. —Rocky Rakovic



Richards went on a racist tirade against a heckler, was it something that just came out wrong?

TUCKER: Obviously he was frustrated that his stand-up wasn't working, and the guy was being rude. He wanted to hurt the guy as much as he could. I don't know if he meant what he said, but he said it. Let it go, though. He apologized. I think he learned his lesson.

PLAYBOY: In his *Playboy Interview*, Jamie Foxx admitted he was losing his edge after he started making money. He said he was humbled into working harder when a young Chris Tucker followed him onstage and whipped a lethargic crowd into a frenzy. Other comics have lost their edge when they became successful. Could it happen to you?

TUCKER: I don't think so. I've experienced so much unbelievable stuff since I became famous. Hanging out with Michael Jackson. Michael and Barry Gibb singing songs together while we were watching the Oscars. Then I went with Michael to watch Prince perform. Michael Jackson is saying [high voice], "Well, what do you think?" What do I think? I'm sitting here with the king, watching Prince! This is *off the hook!* Or I'm hanging out with Bill Clinton on *Air Force One* when he was president.

PLAYBOY: What does Chris Tucker talk about with Bill Clinton?

TUCKER: He's got more charisma than I've ever seen in anybody. He knows everybody. He's like James Bond. I started imitating him on a trip to Africa. He liked it so much, he made me do it in every country we went to. He was like [imitating Clinton], "Tucker! Tucker! Come over here, Tucker! Do that impression for President Olusegun Obasanjo!" So here is the president of Nigeria and his delegation—the heads of his army, everybody—watching me. [as Clinton] "I'm absolutely honored to be here in your country. I wish Hillary could be here. We love your country." The president of Nigeria is looking at me, and then he smiles. [imitating Obasanjo] "That's very funny! Very funny! What a funny guy!" Then they leave me there and go in the next room for a private meeting.

PLAYBOY: You'd served your purpose?

TUCKER: I was the clown in the palace. He says [as Obasanjo], "Get the clown and everybody else something to eat. Come here, Mr. President, and let's talk." Later President Clinton would whisper to me [as Clinton], "I know where Bin Laden is, Tucker, but you can't tell nobody."

PLAYBOY: You have also hung out in Jordan with King Abdullah. How did you meet him?

TUCKER: I met him at some functions. We had mutual friends. He's a regular guy.

PLAYBOY: The king of Jordan is a regular guy?

TUCKER: Well, a regular guy who owns his own country.

PLAYBOY: You stayed in his palace. How

does it compare with the Four Seasons?

TUCKER: It's the most beautiful place in the world. You can see Egypt on one side and Israel on the other. You see out over the sea. He not only has this unbelievably beautiful country, but when you go out on the water with him, submarines are following.

PLAYBOY: How do you address him?

TUCKER: I had to figure. Do I say "King"? "Your Majesty"? I found out you do call him Your Majesty, but for me it became "Yo, Majesty."

PLAYBOY: Was the king a good tour guide?

TUCKER: I'm a Christian, and after he told me about places where Jesus walked and all this historical biblical stuff, I told him I wanted to see it. He made it happen—like *that*. He took me in a helicopter over the desert down the Jordan River to a stone city carved between canyons. We landed in the middle of the desert. He turned off the helicopter. There was such a feeling of complete silence that it scared me, man. I told him to turn the helicopter back on. Tell you the truth, it was the single best night I had in my life.

PLAYBOY: A guy could get spoiled traveling like that.

TUCKER: The best thing is to have a friend with a plane. I'd rather jump on somebody else's plane. That's my thing. You don't have to worry about anything. Just be the entertainment. My problem is that I have more luggage than the person who owns the plane. They might need to leave their skis behind to fit in all my luggage. It makes you a little uncomfortable on a long flight, knowing that a person had to leave their luggage off their own plane, but it's cool.

PLAYBOY: How often do you hang with royalty?

TUCKER: I went to the house of the crown prince of Bahrain. He was another fun guy. Michael Jackson and I went to Dubai together and hung out at the palace there, too. Even Michael was blown away by the place. They had to kick me out. They came to me and said [in a Middle Eastern accent], "The king is leaving tomorrow, and you have to go too." Well, he's coming back, ain't he? But they said, "You have to go *now*."

PLAYBOY: Do you ever make it outside the palace walls?

TUCKER: I was with friends in Lebanon. I needed a haircut, so I went out to get one and found myself in an alley. I learned they don't cut hair with clippers; they use a razor. Now, the people were nice. I never felt like I was in danger. But I'm by myself and basically the only black man in Lebanon, in an alley with a razor blade pressed against my neck. I'm thinking, Lord have mercy, I hope this isn't it.

PLAYBOY: How was the haircut?

TUCKER: It was the best haircut I ever had in my life. And the most exciting haircut I ever had in my life.



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PLAYBOY: What's dinner-table conversation like when you are hanging out with Middle Eastern kings and princes? Do you discuss Iraq and Israel?

TUCKER: They deal with that stuff 24/7. With me, it's a good time for them to escape that. I ask them, "What's it like owning your own country? What's it like having your own army?" They ask, "How is it working with Jackie Chan?"

PLAYBOY: How are black people treated there?

TUCKER: I never felt racism, but most of the time I wasn't walking the streets. I was hanging out with the king or the crown prince.

PLAYBOY: You've used your friendship with Michael Jackson as stand-up material and have done impersonations of him. Do you worry about offending him? Do you run them by him first?

TUCKER: With him or anyone, I never say something that will be like, "Hey, that's messed up," when they hear it. If I'm going to say something, it won't be mean. I don't want them saying, "Damn, I thought he was my friend!"

PLAYBOY: Does being nice restrict you as a comedian?

TUCKER: I still say stuff nobody else could say. Nobody else could talk about going to the movies with Michael Jackson and hanging out with Bill Clinton. No other comedian could say they've done that.

PLAYBOY: What's it like to go to a movie with Jackson?

TUCKER: You sit there quietly because if people in the theater know Michael is there, the whole place will erupt.

PLAYBOY: How does he avoid being recognized?

TUCKER: Most of the time he has some kind of disguise on or a hood over his head. Otherwise his fans always trip out.

PLAYBOY: You testified in court when he was charged with child molestation. Did you have qualms about testifying?

TUCKER: I knew that family and was subpoenaed. I just went up and said what I had to say. It wasn't as if I was on anybody's side. They made me come to court.

PLAYBOY: But you testified that you had warned Jackson about the boy's family. You told him, "Be careful. I don't like the vibe here." Because of the multimillion-dollar payout Jackson made to a child years before, a lot of America would say your advice should have been to cut kids out of his circle completely.

TUCKER: I really don't want to talk about it. All I had to do was go to court when they asked me to come. They asked, "How did you know the family?" That was it.

PLAYBOY: After the beating his image has taken, does Jackson seem depressed?

TUCKER: He's doing good. Michael is a genius, a creative being in a whole other reality. He's been famous so long that he's on a different level. We're going to see a lot more from Michael.

PLAYBOY: Lately you've spent more time in Africa than on movie sets. What prompted those trips?

TUCKER: Actually, I have been to 12 or 13 different countries in Africa, and I've gone on trips with Bono, Paul O'Neill—when he was Treasury secretary—President Clinton and Colin Powell.

PLAYBOY: Has it changed you?

TUCKER: I love going there. I found a purpose there. I love the kids. Some U.S. doctors and I are going to partner with the Chris Tucker Foundation and try to help. There are 12 million orphans in Africa. We're going to try to improve health care and education. Going to Africa broadened my perspective and made me realize that the world is not all about me. It's not about making a bunch of money. Knowing that people there don't have clean water to drink and how so many kids don't have parents, it makes you grow up. It makes you care.

PLAYBOY: Do people recognize you in Africa?

TUCKER: I was with Bono in Ethiopia. Surprisingly, they were more familiar with me. He's way more visible than I am around the world, but in Africa they were like, "Chris! Chris Tucker!" It was

*Nobody else could talk about
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No other comedian could say
they've done that.*

something to know that in some places more people recognized me than the biggest rock star in the world.

PLAYBOY: Other celebrities, including Angelina Jolie and Madonna, have followed you and become involved in Africa.

TUCKER: We first went to Africa when nobody was going. Bono and I did an MTV documentary in Ethiopia, Uganda and other countries. Suddenly it was like, "What's going on in Africa?" It became okay to go. We helped connect America with Africa through a young generation. Angelina Jolie started adopting kids from Africa, and I feel a lot of that is because of Bono. On my side, a lot of hip-hop artists connected me with Africa and said, "I didn't know that was going on there." Now you've got all the hip-hop and R&B artists—Alicia Keys, Jay-Z—going. I think it has made a difference. There needs to be a trickle effect that spreads to India and countries in Europe that are less fortunate.

PLAYBOY: Jolie and Madonna have adopted African children. Have you considered following them?

TUCKER: I feel I can do better by going there, touching the kids, telling them

there is a big world out there, giving them hope and telling them to keep dreaming—that whatever they want in life can happen. I know I can't adopt every kid in Africa. If I adopted one, I would have to put all my energy into that one kid. For me, it's better to go to African schools and talk to the kids and touch their hands and give them my autograph. I can make them laugh and tell them it's possible to get whatever they want in life.

PLAYBOY: You once planned to do a movie in which you'd play the first black president. What happened?

TUCKER: It never came together the way I wanted it to. It had to be funny, but I didn't want some stereotype—acting up at White House cookouts. He needed to be someone like Barack.

PLAYBOY: Could Barack Obama make the premise obsolete? Could he win?

TUCKER: I don't know. I think the country has become more open-minded, and people want a leader who can make them feel comfortable. They don't care what color, I hope.

PLAYBOY: You're a comedian, an actor and an activist. Which impresses women more?

TUCKER: Comedy. When you're a comedian, you're being seen. You're more in touch with everyday life, more likely to meet a girl and make her laugh. You've told her everything about yourself onstage. Movie stars play characters, but comedians are real. You're constantly using your mind. You know how to segue yourself into a girl's heart, into her mind.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get carried away and become swept up in that Paris Hilton-type fast lane?

TUCKER: We all do. You go through that phase—it's so much fun—and then you get over it.

PLAYBOY: What's the hardest thing about having a serious relationship once you're famous?

TUCKER: Trust. In high school you had to work to let a girl know you were interested, to get her interested in you. There was a whole courtship ritual, and you knew she was there because of you. When you're famous, you say, "What's your name? Give me your number." You forget about the beautiful things you did when you were younger. Now the first thing a woman sees is Chris Tucker the movie star. I can be in denial about that. I was for a while. But if you make movies, you'll be a popular guy. Who wouldn't want to date a movie star? Who wouldn't want to take Halle Berry out? The downside is it's just much harder to trust.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you haven't married?

TUCKER: That's part of it but not all. But trust is a real problem. How do you know? You don't. You might bump into some good girls and never take it to the next level because you don't know.

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PLAYBOY: Would you like to get married?

TUCKER: I do want to, but maybe what I have to do is not look for it at all.

PLAYBOY: You're the father of an eight-year-old boy. Did fatherhood change you?

TUCKER: Yes, it changes you. It makes you watch what you say. I have made a choice not to use certain words.

PLAYBOY: Your character in the movie *Friday* smokes a lot of pot. Are you okay with your son watching?

TUCKER: He's seen the film, and he understands it was a role in a movie. I don't try to keep my son or anybody away from what I've done. Even then I played that character the way I wanted to. He doesn't carry around a 40-ounce. He isn't rude. He smokes weed, but he doesn't harm anybody. He's just a guy who likes to have fun and smoke a little weed. He's young, and that's reality. Everybody smokes weed at a certain point in life and feels there's nothing wrong with some herb. That's why people related to him so much. We captured something that happens in real life.

PLAYBOY: You travel on private jets now, but you grew up in a working-class family of six kids. Vacations must have been different when you were your son's age.

TUCKER: We went to Florida a few times. I felt it was the most exciting time of my life. We rolled up like the family on *Good Times*, me with my Mr. T T-shirt on. It would be hot, my mom would put that grease on us, and we couldn't wait to get to the beach and the hot sun.

PLAYBOY: You were the youngest of six. Which of you won the fight for the window seat?

TUCKER: I was the youngest, so fighting my brothers and sisters for the window was like Cuba messing with America. I knew my place: I went right in the middle. I was just happy to be in the car, going somewhere. "Y'all fight if you want to, but I'm going to sit right here on the hump."

PLAYBOY: Which sibling did you fight with most?

TUCKER: My brother Dexter, who is next to me in age, haunted me most. We were always stuck together like cell mates. We always fought, and each one would swear he'd won. We'd try not to hit each other in the face, then cross the line once in a while and swear we'd never speak to each other again.

PLAYBOY: Did you run to Mom for protection?

TUCKER: Yeah, but when my mom or my dad came home and we were fighting, they'd whup both of us. We'd plead our case, but they didn't care who started it. My daddy, he would whup you in a minute. He had his own janitorial service, so we used to clean up McDonald's, Burger King, office buildings and restaurants at night. I used to half do the job. Sweep those french

fries under the table—but nicely, so you wouldn't see them. My dad would come along and pull everything out. He'd say, "Look at all this!" I'd say, "It was clean until you started messing it up." Then he'd give me a whupping in front of everybody.

PLAYBOY: Do you discipline your son the way your dad disciplined you?

TUCKER: I'm not sure that's a good thing. I don't whup my son. Maybe a little when he was younger, but I'm a different type of dad. I talk to my son, tell him not to do stuff that I used to do. But whup him? Nah. He's a good kid.

PLAYBOY: In one of your comedy routines, you said, "When you're in high school, you're your mama's baby, but when you graduate, you're that nigga walking around the house." Did your parents pressure you to go to college?

TUCKER: I barely got out of high school. School was a little difficult for me—and boring. But I was smart. By 10th grade I knew that I wasn't going to college and that I had to get a plan. I said, "Mama, don't worry about me wasting your money, because I'm not going to

I barely got out of high school. School was difficult for me—and boring. By 10th grade I knew that I wasn't going to college and that I had to get a plan.

college." All around me people were saying, "I'm going to college." I said, "You go ahead." Or they'd say, "I'm going into the Marines or the Air Force or the Army," and I'd say, "I definitely ain't doing that, because you got to get up way too early."

PLAYBOY: What led to show business?

TUCKER: I loved watching Richard Pryor in *Stir Crazy* and Eddie Murphy in *48 Hrs.* I was fascinated with movies. By 10th grade I said, "That is what I'm going to do." I didn't actually tell anyone.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

TUCKER: Because I didn't want them to mess up my dream. Being from Atlanta and telling people I was going to be a stand-up comedian and an actor? It was pretty far-fetched.

PLAYBOY: When did you first perform on a stage?

TUCKER: One time in high school I got in trouble and was sent to the principal's office. The secretary, who was overseeing a talent show, was saying, "We don't have a host." So I said, "I'll do it." It paid \$35. I remember telling my first joke and

getting a laugh. It was the best feeling I'd had in my whole life.

PLAYBOY: How often were you in trouble?

TUCKER: So much that the principal and I became so tight and saw each other so often, we'd talk about *his* problems. I was just trying to get by. I'd cheat off people's tests, and when the teacher caught me, I'd say, "At least I'm trying!"

PLAYBOY: You worked church into your early comedy routines. Was church an important part of your life?

TUCKER: We went every Sunday. Sometimes I slept through it, but it was a part of my family's life.

PLAYBOY: You once opened a stand-up comedy club with your family in Atlanta and then banned liquor sales in it. Was that on the advice of your pastor?

TUCKER: Nah, that was just an excuse to close the place down because we were losing so much of my money. We weren't making any money, so I had to do something to get the place closed. I got rid of the liquor, and that did the trick.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn about working with family?

TUCKER: Don't work with your family. I'd go to the club, nobody would be there, we'd make no money, and yet everybody would be driving a new car.

PLAYBOY: When did you first get on a professional stage?

TUCKER: As soon as I graduated from high school, a comedy club, the Comedy Act Theater, opened in Atlanta. I sat right in the front. There was a spotlight so bright, you could see everything—the spit coming out of the comic's mouth. I will never forget that moment. It was almost spiritual. I said, "I've got to do this." It became all I focused on, and I got onstage for amateur nights, which were every Tuesday.

PLAYBOY: How did you do when you first performed?

TUCKER: It took time to develop material worth standing ovations, but I did well enough to know I was on the right track. I got laughs. They didn't boo me. I was quick. I did only, like, three minutes: Two quick jokes I knew would get laughs, and then I got off the stage. They were like, "Ha-ha... hey, where'd he go? I want to see him again." I had to get off quick because I didn't have that much material. I got real popular. People knew I'd be funny and then I'd be gone. It was like teasing them.

PLAYBOY: Did it take you a long time to get good at stand-up?

TUCKER: I was naturally good at it, like it was an instinct. As the youngest of six kids, I always had to cause a commotion to get some attention. I just developed that into stand-up.

PLAYBOY: When did you know you had arrived as a stand-up?

TUCKER: I'll never forget it. It was when Richard Pryor came to one of my shows
(concluded on page 122)

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Building the Perfect President

So many candidates, so many shortcomings. If we want an ideal president, maybe we're going to have to build one, piece by piece

By Jeff Greenfield

In the world of comic books, it's easy to turn an orphaned, homeless newsboy into a superhero endowed with the finest attributes of the gods. Just ask any pre-baby boomer geezer who grew up with Captain Marvel. By simply uttering the magic word *shazam!*, Billy Batson was turned by a lightning bolt into "the world's mightiest mortal, armed with the wisdom of Solomon, the strength of Hercules, the stamina of Atlas, the power of Zeus, the courage of Achilles and the speed of Mercury."

In many ways the president is our national superhero. It would be nice if we could select that man or woman by uttering a magic word and thereby endowing him or her with the outstanding virtues of the greatest gods. Unfortunately, the Constitution sets out a different process. Still, suppose you could fashion a perfect president by gathering the most laudable, significant virtues of the men and women you most admire, not necessarily or even preferably politicians but people, real and fictional, who demonstrate a character trait you'd want a president to have. To whom would you turn and why?

This exercise is a lot trickier than it may seem: A characteristic can be a strength or a weakness. As Doris Kearns Goodwin shows in her book *Team of Rivals: The Political Genius of Abraham Lincoln*, one of Lincoln's greatest strengths was his empathy, his ability to put himself in the shoes of another. But empathy can also lead to paralysis. Think of Jimmy Carter, about to order a rescue mission to free the embassy hostages in 1980, fretting over the possible deaths of the Iranian captors and worrying over whether they were volunteers or conscripts. Or consider Senator John McCain's well-deserved reputation as a maverick. When he ran for president the first time, in 2000, only four of the 55 Republican senators—the men and

women who had served with him and presumably knew him best—endorsed his run. Was this proof of McCain's inability to work with his colleagues or proof of his independence, his refusal to play the same old bankrupt political game? (He's doing a lot better with the Republican establishment this time. Is that proof of maturation or surrender?)

Conviction is always a much-admired trait in a president; it's always damaging when a candidate for the office can be portrayed as someone who twists in the wind, whether it's George McGovern as a weather vane in 1972 or John Kerry as a windsurfer in 2004. "You may not always agree with me," George W. Bush said during that campaign, "but you'll always know where I stand." Yet when a president "stays the course" right into a brick wall—a brick wall called Iraq, for example—that "moral clarity" looks more like pigheaded stubbornness blindly following the path that leads straight to the Big Muddy.

How about "thinking outside the box" (to use one of corporate America's wretched contributions to the not quite English language)? In *President Kennedy: Profile of Power*, Richard Reeves's splendid day-by-day account of that abbreviated administration, the author suggests JFK's impulsive instincts and "a certain love of chaos" played out not just in his private life but in his impatience with bureaucratic niceties. This impulsiveness, this impatience with the normal chain of command, Reeves suggests, may have led JFK to end-run the bureaucracy and look for out-of-the-box fixes in Vietnam. But that same distrust of protocol and the chain of command caused him and his brother to doubt the assurances of the military chiefs during the Cuban Missile Crisis. It led them



to respond to a conciliatory first letter from Soviet premier Khrushchev rather than to a later, bellicose note. It allowed them to use backdoor diplomatic channels to Moscow. And these decisions may well have averted World War III.

This is no doubt why prize-winning historian David McCullough, whose work includes biographies of John Adams and Harry Truman, had a short, crisp, blunt answer when I asked him if one can judge potential presidents. “You can’t,” he said. “You can’t know what kind of leader they’re going to be.” What you can do, McCullough said, is see if they have the traits that will serve them well “when the chips are down.” And those traits may not be all that obvious.

For instance, what about intelligence?

“If you gave all the presidents an IQ test,” says McCullough, “the highest score would probably belong to John Quincy Adams, the most purely intelligent of all the presidents. He was a fine man, but he wasn’t a particularly strong or effective president.” Woodrow Wilson—author, professor, president of Princeton University—is another president who would have scored very high on an intelligence meter but whose capacity for political navigation was on a par with the skipper of the *Exxon Valdez*. Contrast that with, say, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who seemed so superficial to his friends and family that they joked his initials stood for Feather Duster Roosevelt. But he had, in the classic words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, “a second-rate intellect but a first-rate temperament,” which matters a whole lot more.

So what traits to assemble for an ideal president? If you look at just our past leaders, you would want Lincoln’s vision, Theodore Roosevelt’s energy, FDR’s optimism, Truman’s

worst moment of his career, Torre somehow remembered Tim Wakefield, the Red Sox pitcher who had given up the pennant-losing home run to the Yankees a year earlier, and called the visitors’ clubhouse to congratulate him. Later, at the press conference, Torre acknowledged the crushing nature of the Yankees’ collapse but philosophically pointed out that the veteran Wakefield would get to pitch in the World Series for the first time. Besides, if you’ve successfully dealt with Yankees owner George Steinbrenner for more than a decade, dealing with tyrannical congressional committee chairmen and foreign dictators should be a snap.

One of the most difficult combinations to find in a leader is a blend of determination and breadth of learning: something between the take-no-crap attitude that can sometimes lead to bullheaded blindness and an appreciation of complexity that can sometimes lead to paralysis by analysis. Offered for your consideration: **Anthony Zinni**, the retired Marine Corps general who once headed U.S. Central Command, the unit that is responsible for all U.S. military operations in the Middle East, and who served as a peace envoy, promoting discussions between Israel and Palestine.

Zinni is not likely to be mistaken for the chairman of an Ivy League political-science department. A “big-shouldered, weight-lifting working-class Philadelphian,” as *The Washington Post* once described him, Zinni has spent a lifetime dealing directly and forcefully with adversaries. He was wounded and almost bled to death more than 37 years ago in the Que Son mountains in Vietnam, west of Da Nang. He still believes there are “parts of the world that need their ass kicked.” But

A leader must blend determination and breadth of learning, a take-no-crap attitude and an appreciation of complexity.

plainspokenness, JFK’s cool detachment and Ronald Reagan’s sunny disposition. If you look at the current field, you would pick McCain’s courage, Barack Obama’s eloquence, Rudy Giuliani’s tough-minded leadership and the experience of Governor Bill Richardson and Senator Hillary Clinton.

But why confine ourselves to the world of politics? If we broaden our field of vision, we can find men and women outside of politics who embody qualities we’d want in any president of any party.

You’d surely want a president who is unflappable, who knows how to put the crisis of the moment in perspective, who doesn’t take out his or her frustrations by lashing out at subordinates who can’t fight back. (Bullying was one of Lyndon Johnson’s most prominent, least appealing traits.) You’d want the kind of steadiness embodied by **Joe Torre**, now in his 12th year as manager of the New York Yankees. When the camera focuses on Torre in the dugout, it is impossible to know if his team is leading by 10 runs or trailing by a dozen. Watercoolers and batting helmets are safe from physical abuse. More significant, his players are safe from verbal abuse. Torre will wait for a private moment for a tough conversation. “I don’t want someone striking out and then having the TV camera on me throwing something, because I’ve been in that position,” Torre told me in an interview. “And I’ve been in the dugout when managers have done that. To me, players don’t appreciate it, because they’re doing the best they can.”

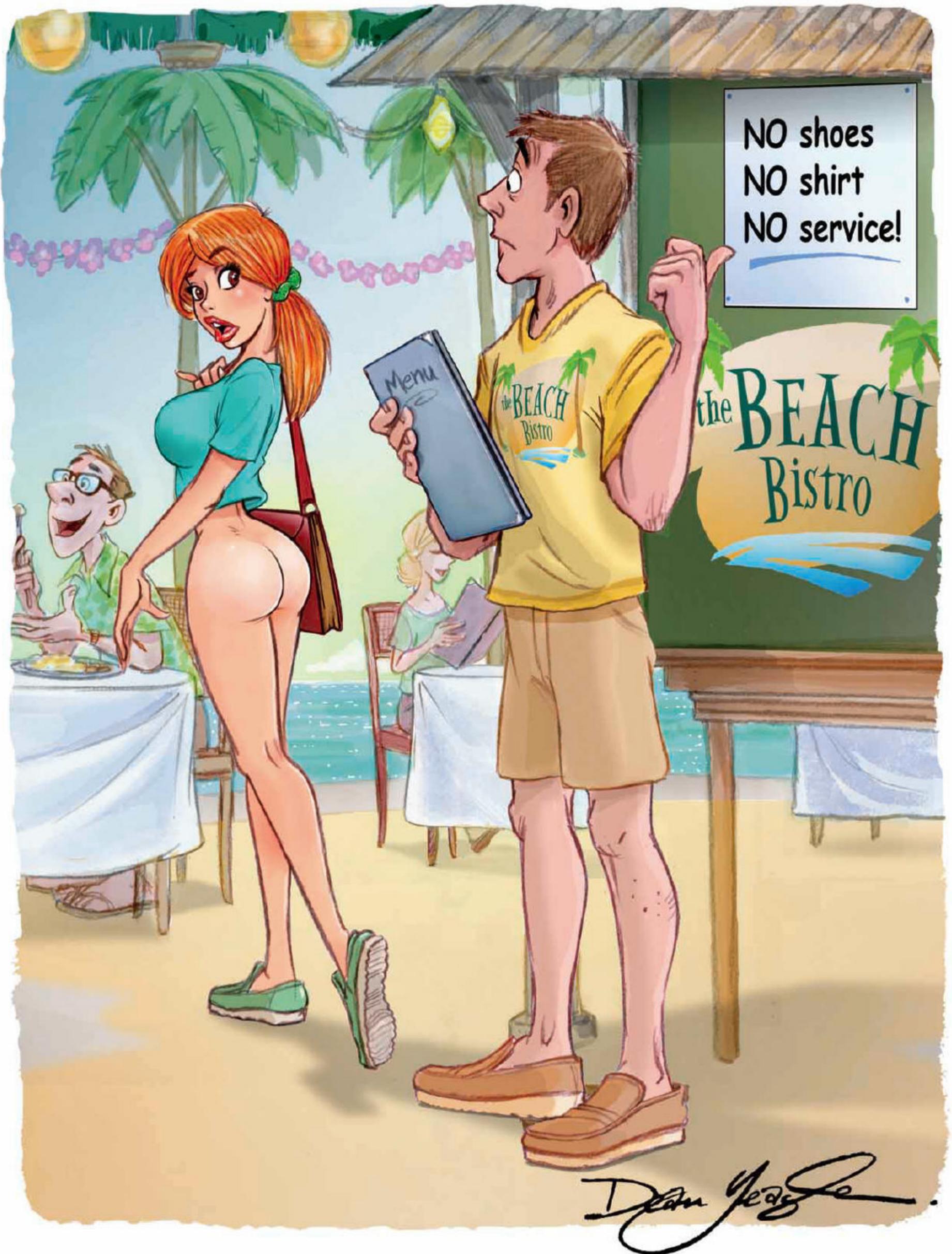
Torre also has the ability to find a grace note even in the toughest moments. In 2004 his team suffered the worst meltdown in sports history: losing the pennant to the Boston Red Sox after taking a 3–0 lead and then dropping four straight games, the last two in front of shell-shocked fans at Yankee Stadium. After the game, in what must have been the

from the beginning of his career he has tried to understand the terrain on which he was working—or fighting. When he first went to Vietnam, 40 years ago, Zinni lived not with Americans but with the Vietnamese; he learned their language and culture, much as he did years later as a military commander and diplomat in the Middle East.

Zinni is a critic of the Iraq war, but his doubts about it did not begin after Saddam was deposed and things began to turn sour. “I think a weakened, fragmented, chaotic Iraq... is more dangerous in the long run than a contained Saddam is now,” he observed in 1998. His contingency plan for invading and occupying Iraq, drawn up in 1999, called for a detailed province-by-province civilian occupation authority to guarantee civil order, the sort of force that was utterly absent in 2003, to disastrous effect.

Like Torre, Zinni has another trait a president would do well to emulate. To quote *The Washington Post* again, “Zinni has a reputation as a patient and good-humored commander, popular with those who serve under him. ‘You have to stay level,’ said Zinni. ‘Everybody triggers on the emotions of the commander. If you’re steady, they’re steady.’”

The kind of effort Zinni made—to know the history, terrain and people of dramatically different cultures—is critical for a president and not only because it can help avoid disaster. It can also lead to the kind of thinking, at once modest and radical, that literally changes millions of lives for the better. In 1976 **Muhammad Yunus** was a freshly minted Ph.D. teaching economics in Bangladesh. After a nationwide famine left the people in the village where he was living destitute and in debt to loan sharks, Yunus paid off their debts—the debts of 42 people—and told the villagers to repay him “when they could.” (continued on page 123)



"So...?"

AVON LAKE

THEATRE

1

FEATURING

2

RACHEL VICKI SARAH

3

FEATURING

4

RACHEL VICKI SARAH

MPUTER

P
FIRE
LANE

AVON
MOTOR OIL



SMALL-TOWN Triplets

The Satterfield sisters
are
three of a kind

Stop rubbing your eyes—you're not seeing triple. Nor are you being fooled by some kind of Photoshop magic. Meet the Satterfield triplets (bottom right, from left): Vicki, Sarah and Rachel, identically beautiful 23-year-old blondes from a small town near Lake Erie in Ohio. Not long ago the girls sent a letter and some photos to Hef. Four days later they got a letter back saying, "Come to the Playboy Mansion." The girls had never been outside Ohio. What better place to go for an adventure?

When we sat down for a chat with the triplets, Vicki told us straight up, "You can ask us any question. We're not shy." The answer is no, they have never all been with the same guy at the same time. But Rachel and Sarah once gave a threesome a go. "We were out having a good time," Rachel tells us. "All of a sudden we were at a hotel with a guy, and we were clowning around. All good fun, you know. We were laughing at the guy because he couldn't do anything. He'd had too much to drink. He missed out on the opportunity of a lifetime." Has a better reason for moderation ever been suggested?

Seeing triplets this hot leaves most men tongue-tied. "We don't go out a lot, but when we do we tend to have a lot of problems," says Vicki. "People come up to us, guys and girls, and say, 'Oh my God, are you twins?' And we're like, 'No, we're triplets.' Everywhere we go people are like, 'There's three of that girl!'" A tip for would-be wooers: "I hate when guys say, 'You're prettier than your sister,'" Vicki tells us. "That's the last thing we want to hear. Because if he were talking to one of my sisters, he'd say the same thing."

So how do you tell them apart? "I have two dimples," Rachel says. "We're like the Girls Next Door," Vicki adds. "Sarah is kind of like Holly. She's the first one, you know. And Rachel always tries to be pretty and likes to organize things and throw parties, so she's like Bridget. And they tell me I'm like Kendra." To sum it up: "We're all the same but different." Got it.

As for the future, these curvy triplets are California dreaming. "We're all dancers and entertainers," says Vicki. "We need to be in L.A. We want to go back to the Mansion. We want to be in PLAYBOY. Our long-term goal is to be Playmates." They're off to a good start.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG









See more of Vicki, Sarah and Rachel at cyber.playboy.com.

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**NO
FEAR**

**NO
WRENCH**

Sure, leaving Las Vegas is hard, but if you're an award-winning fiction writer and an unrepentant reprobate, leaving Tuscaloosa is a lot harder

TUSCALOOSA, 1974-1979

WRITTEN AND DISTILLED BY BARRY HANNAH



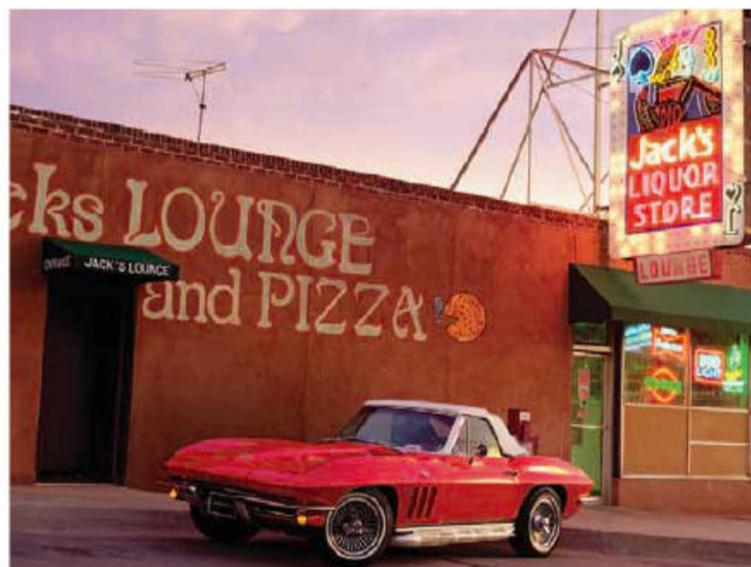
It is not by desire, but I am now of the age of the Ancient Mariner, grabbing at your arm at the mouth of a dark alley, speaking of my own dead sea, my own phantasms, once people but now figments warped in a ball of dark molten glass. Among them are a few treasonous academic wretches, but mainly they are precious loved ones—my children, my lost wife, my hearty supporters, my fellow addicts now gone old, nuts or dead. A few warning voices cried out, but I could not listen. By age 33 I was gone into perfect alcoholism. This is a common tale to the world but uncommon to this cookie who thought he was tough and had a glib, nihilistic answer for those lesser ones, you know, ignorant of my mission. You will not have to say, "Unhand me, graybeard loon," because my grip on you is kindly and loose. Either my story stands or you walk.

Only now can I put into words my mission and my own unflinching arrogance. Now that I'm the age of old hero Bob Dylan, who, last I looked, passes as a slimy midget at a square dance, with that pencil-thin mustache and Hank Williams death coat. The age of other hero Keith Richards, seen lately wearing bass lures in his hair, a pal of mine pointed out. These durable roadmen have earned their couture by work in song and dance, of course, while mere screeders like me get the hand-me-downs from Picasso. I had no plans for living past 40, still don't, and it seems a good time to just jump in and be a goddamned fool. But older dudes with gray ponytails or pearl studs in their ears embarrass me. I do recall dressing for my mission in Tuscaloosa, sometimes in coat and tie as I stumbled, but smartly, you understand, to the saloon or liquor store that opened the earliest. What mission?

I attached a nobility to my hard drinking. It brought more fools into focus and illuminated my friends into angels. I believed my courage, vision and art were tied to the countless bottles and glasses I upended. Much fortitude was required from me, lonesome on God's mission, although, God knows, who was he? More likely a drunk himself whose vocation was hiding from us, thereby assuring his myth. A few soldiers of art were given birth to light up, even burn our given portions of this earth and make it happy or at least wiser. Rough, even unto lunacy and breakdown, was the way. Because God was tired, his mistakes had brought terror in their wake, and he needed an eon on the

lam. His son had proved this earth would break him, heart and body. This Christ himself retired mysteriously to the desert for meditation and recovery from ignorant and cruel men. Back in the world, betrayed by a close friend, he made it only to age 33 before the hatreds of church government and the Romans brought on his torture and nailing to the rugged old cross. He died more quickly than those around him, calling out that his father had forsaken him. His brief life and then death by what some might construe as suicide pointed to holy fatigue over this screaming, violent, stupid world. I counted myself as no Christian then, but is it any mystery why I played Dylan's *Slow Train Coming* endlessly through four worn-out vinyls?

At my own 33, I was given the rest of my life to amaze and discomfit the unchanged fools evermore, and I was a snob, although I'd have fought with anybody who called me one. None could avail against me or weigh on my ears. I had ready answers. I was a made writer.



Walker Percy, Shelby Foote, Donald Barthelme, Philip Roth and John Cheever had declared this truth in print, on book jackets. I loved this big town and believed I was bringing students close to their own sacred instincts. I spat on techniques and devices. Still do. My colleagues had voted almost unanimously for my tenure and promotion to professor. I was a friend to man. But this was a small matter. I kissed no ass. I can hear my tinny roars from here, an awful prelude to DUIs, jail, hospitals and the state's own nuthouse, which, I sense, sat on the edge of the campus itself. A wonderful irony until I was hauled there by gentle policemen to whom I protested I was a war hero and kind. But I had shown an empty revolver in some berserk lecture about the six movements of a story. With that .22 magnum I blew in the floor of my MG convertible to let out the rainwater. But worse, I'd shot a hunting arrow into the front door of my estranged wife's house to protest my love. My children

were rightly kept from me where I lived in the green shack almost on the railroad tracks. Such was the din inside myself, I don't recall any noise.

Fired by the university, I wore this dismissal by idiots as a badge of pride. With student thieves, check bouncers and the raving castaways of the drug stream, I was attempting a comeback as a punk rocker at 37. I must assure you, as my bandsmen and girlfriends in love with ruin did me, I remained rock-righteous, stoned by mediocrats. Nothing much registered. I waited sincerely for the check for a million from the Publishers Clearing House sweepstakes. I opened no other correspondence.

It was a long four-year good-bye to Tuscaloosa I lived. I waited two years for my literary talent to return, the talent that had won me an intense cult (and cult only) around the country.

Totally without talent, but in physical necessity, I wrote a small book called *Ray* in asthmatic, expressionistic vignettes combed into handsome form by my brilliant friend and editor Gordon Lish, to whom I owe lifelong thanks. Gordon was a hard drinker himself in those days. He knew the love, loss, impotence and raving, and he was, sui generis, the master of the echo. Too much said is too much dead. Negative space is your friend. I never reread my books, in fear akin to panic that I could never return to such grace as I had early on. It was only years later that I could thank Gordon fully for what a masterpiece of editing he'd done on the bleating scattershot of this book.

I'd lost everything, but I had Gordon. Pride and snobbery kept me drinking, but they also kept me upright, convinced I was even better now torn to pieces. And only a monster, in my case, could not give thanks on his knees to his blood kin—brothers, sister, bewildered and crushed parents, nephews—who traveled hundreds of miles again and again to assure me I was still their good tiger, worth saving, even though they had to be horrified by my insane self-appointed bungalow at the tracks, instruments lying all around, sheets nailed to the floor, women much too young for me lounging in or fleeing the precincts, my ragged bandsmen sworn to sing my novel in punk rock, some of them trash so long now you could not imagine their having essences from which to decline.

It is a good thing I did not know I'd hit bottom, but I can now recall with clarity when it was. I was in the Bryce asylum drying out

yet again when my father came to the ward door and they let me out to the foyer to talk with him. He was white-haired, handsome, fedora in hand but stooped in grief.

"Son, I'm just an old man. I can't make these trips anymore. Where did we fail you?" With his hand on my shoulder, he broke into tears, a rare act for the tough guys of the Depression and World War II.

"It's not your fault, Daddy," I said.

His sorrow should have floored me, but once out of the bin (they couldn't hold you if you scored same on a truly dumb psychological test), I got drunk instantly and returned to the door of the ward with a huge box of cigarettes for the poor fellows still locked up. Oh, my children, what a grand specimen I was. I recall a big wad of arms of the insane reaching for me, mouths screaming thanks. These poor souls, and me free out on the roads like a Lincoln burning premium. "Hannah's out! The Captain is out!" yelled

but next was the curious magnetism of the little city where junk housing will run right smack up to beauty in the form of Greek Revival eruptions or the magnificent front quad of the university campus. It is a city that has been, and is trying to go, everywhere. It was once the state capital (much Queen This and Queen That) but appears to have been abruptly halted by overhead bombers, wave after wave, saying, "Just forget it." Out of those bomb bays fell cells and clots of student housing, hives of premade crack dens and rotting WWII box homes rammed window to window, with multiple suburbs of "country club" estates (laundromat, pool, tennis-court bacheloramas) and an outright nasty university "strip" without even a fair bookstore. The nasty and the sublime are in a quarrel. The thing is, I'm a small-town creature, and this was my first adult city. I inhaled it, knew it by dark crooked alley, by wide

is impossible to ask forgiveness again. In those close to you, love turns to concern, to pity, to dry understanding (the coup de grâce), then to nothing. You are a braying doorstop. I remember being ushered politely out of one fancy bar by the owner, who thought I was not, well, ready for the establishment. He would bring me drinks outdoors. How special, I thought. I was wearing nothing but a long leather overcoat spattered white by paint from freshening my slum. Yet I had my own servant. I carried a torch for my wife long after divorce, in fact long after her evaporation. She ceased caring whether I would be a monk or an astronaut. Curing cancer would not bring her back. Worst of all, she was forever beyond apology or amends. My children gathered back to me once I was clean, but 30-year-old phantoms are all over me on reentry to a big town that wanted to be gracious to me, to laugh

You turn beast by causing confusion and pain to others, then drinking yourself into righteousness. In those close to you, love turns to concern, to pity, to dry understanding, then to nothing.



my acolytes in the shack when I returned. Some had stolen, some had given. The place had been cleaned up by one of those sweet girls who slept with me out of pity, I think. Back, feisty, arisen!

My dad wanted me out of this town bad, and I did leave for Hollywood work, got a nice option sale on *Ray* that saved me from pennilessness, and I became healthy near the beautiful green Pacific. I was a bum screenwriter, however. Robert Altman gave me a slight piece of work but can never know how much he restored my pride, even as I failed and came to know I was cut out only for fiction. He didn't care. I did. I was next to genius, and this man invited me into his wooden Malibu mansion, where, in a Plexiglas tower, seagulls all around me, I failed and was brought coffee by a Spanish maid. Then the benevolent John Leggett of the Iowa Fiction Workshop found me and brought me out there. He must have learned I was straight and knew I needed another chance.

But let me explain why leaving Tuscaloosa was hard. It is the physicality of the place, mansions and shacks, both of which I knew well. Foremost I would be absent from my children altogether in California,

genteel street. The people in the university are not just "cosmopolitan" (so what?); they are smart. Gay Talese went to school here. On the south side of town, on Jerusalem Heights, sits world-famous Archibald's barbecue, where you get your order with only white loaf bread on the side, served by women whose behinds are so vast there's not even a memory of a butt. Didn't I say nasty and sublime, one never far from the other? I loved the choices; I romped in the mess. Here I once had an English Tudor mansion and a new blonde wife with eyes blue like spring sky in Nebraska, where she grew up. She had a girlish laugh that just hollowed you out with gratitude. I had a gorgeous and nasty city to love. I sat a principedom of literary fame. Then turned beast and threw it all away.

I was by no means too good for this place. I was this place, I dressed for this place, colleagues and students loved me, and I loved them back. I lost so much here that, still, I'm already saying goodbye when I drive into its city limits to visit my daughter and her husband, always a sweet time. But the pain is too much. You turn beast by causing confusion and pain to others, then drinking yourself into righteousness. You repeat this so much it

with me, to share its best with me. I get the shivers, the dread.

It is a heavily trafficked city of almost 90,000, blue collar in the main, but home to 16,000 university students, and in 1974 to Paul "Bear" Bryant, whose football team is number one in the nation. He is a myth who smokes Chesterfields and drinks bourbon, sometimes heavily. His myth permeates the town so deeply that even my gay barber, with a butterfly tattoo on his throat, alerts me in a whisper to an update on the Bear, a man I love too: Bear has told his team he will avoid drink in honor of their efforts to lift themselves to a higher spiritual plane of blocking, tackling, passing and running through the line of the powerful teams of the Southeastern Conference, toughest in America. Bama just lost a rare game and its violently loyal alumni throughout the nation are baffled and angry, blaming the players for not heeding the guidance of Saint Bear, who always takes the blame for a loss. Please stop this frame, right here in the barber's chair on the university strip. The physicality of the town drew me in, I have said. I mean precisely its physical, balls-out athletic force, my friends, and (concluded on page 134)



"Prepare to drop anchor..."





THE CLUELESS STAR TALKS ABOUT MAKING OUT WITH JESSICA ALBA AND MICHELLE PFEIFFER, DEFENDS HIS FEUD WITH COLDPLAY AND SPINS A HILARIOUSLY WARPED FANTASY ABOUT AL PACINO

Q1

PLAYBOY: In the biblical comedy *The Ten*, your character is in a love triangle with Jessica Alba and Famke Janssen. Isn't that like picking between a bundle of cash and a slightly bigger bundle of cash?

RUDD: Yeah, that's really a win-win situation, isn't it? It's funny, because that wasn't even the part I was supposed to play. I originally had another role, but because it's an independent movie and the cast was so big and the director was trying to figure out all the schedules, I ended up working with Jessica out of circumstance. She could shoot only on certain days, and the role of her lover hadn't been cast yet, so I ended up switching parts to do it. It wasn't such a bad consolation prize. I made it seem as though I was being a team player for the film, but deep down I was plotting and scheming to do those scenes with Jessica.

Q2

PLAYBOY: You also have a supporting role in Judd Apatow's recent film *Knocked Up* as a husband in a loveless marriage. Did that make you more or less optimistic about your chances of making your marriage work?

RUDD: At times it felt as if we were filming a documentary. My wife would keep a checklist of things about me that piss her off, and she'd say things like "Oh, here's one for Judd: Pick up your fucking coffee cups!" That's the kind of marriage we have. We can talk openly about how the other person drives us absolutely crazy. It gets a little awkward for a while, but then we see it in a movie and we can laugh about it again. I think that's ultimately what it means to be in a healthy, good relationship. [long pause] But seriously, we're doomed.

Q3

PLAYBOY: In *I Could Never Be Your Woman*, you play a 20-something guy who is pursued by an older woman. Did you take the role because you believed in the project or for the chance to make out with Michelle Pfeiffer?

RUDD: A little of both, actually. She's definitely one of the most beautiful women on the planet, and there were times during the shoot when I'd stop myself and think, They're paying me to kiss Michelle Pfeiffer. What the hell is going on? I must have really good karma. I must

have saved some puppies from a burning building in a previous life or something. On the very first day of shooting we did a scene in which both Michelle and I are in our underwear, and I'm straddling her and taking pictures of her with my cell phone. That was day one. It was amazing and a little uncomfortable.

Q4

PLAYBOY: We understand the amazing part, but how was it uncomfortable?

RUDD: I don't care if you studied at Yale or what kind of theatrical training you may have, there is no way you could not be.... I don't mean in a crude way, but it was just like, "Oh my God." You know what I mean? I'm not sure if I should say anything else. It was a very cool first day at the office, let's just say that.

Q5

PLAYBOY: *I Could Never Be Your Woman* is your second film with Amy Heckerling, who directed you in your breakout movie, the teen comedy *Clueless*. You've gone from playing a guy trying to have sex with his younger (continued on page 126)

As viewers vote with their eyeballs and take control of the content they consume, the media, entertainment and information landscape is being turned on its head. Welcome to the future. Oh, and by the way, you're in charge

You're at a Cubs game. Ahmet Assan is at bat, and you wonder how often he has hit against left-handed forkballers in the past two years. After a short mumble into your headset, the stat pops up, projected by your glasses above left field. The flashing arrow next to it offers video of Assan's last five at-bats. They're still scratching and spitting down on the diamond, so why not? Hey, what song is playing behind that clip? Oh right. It's that Jack White track where he mixes Stravinsky and the Sex Pistols, then slices in with his guitar on top of it all. Interesting stuff, but you've kind of been over him since he married Madonna. Still, that track has been popping up a lot lately; everyone you know must have added it to their lists at once. Actually, you heard it last night when you were playing Fifth Life and finally nailed that sick jump off the Golden Gate Bridge and onto the deck of a ferryboat with your Ferrari. When you uploaded footage of your stunt to the feeds, you knew it was good; you just didn't know it would be good enough to win free Cubs tickets. Oh wait, the Cubs—who's at bat again?

From Gutenberg to the advent of television, on through the Walkman and up to our flat-screen, broadband present, the influence of media and technology on one another has driven an astonishing level of innovation, with innumerable unexpected consequences. The next 10 years will make the past 50 look as if they were stuck on idle. Let's take a look at some of the interesting paradigms that will govern our lives in the future and the people and technologies that are creating them.

• **EVERYTHING PLAYS EVERYTHING** The basic types of content we consume today are the same ones we've been taking in for the past 100 years: audio, video, still pictures and text. What's radically changing is our access to them,

DISAPPEARING ACT We love technology and the new experiences and abilities it enables, but we ache for a time when we don't have to think about it anymore. As long as we're devoting energy and attention to accessing content, we're not fully engaged with the content itself. The best interfaces create the least drag on your attention. Ultimately, we look forward to the day when taking a picture or requesting a news story is as natural as picking up a glass of lemonade.



By SCOTT ALEXANDER

both in terms of how they're delivered and how we choose what to watch. If your current MP3 player doesn't play video, your next one will. The one you get after that will deliver news and other information in real time. You'll know it by its nickname: "my phone." It will deliver information through a screen on your desk or through headphones when you're on a treadmill, accepting your voice commands to retrieve more content. Your televi-

sion will offer a different slice of this pie, tilted toward your entertainment needs. All of this will also be available on your game system, not to mention your PC—which, to reiterate, may also be your phone. In short, no longer will it be a question of which device is needed to play which types of content. The question will be which one is most convenient. Think of all your media, communications and data as a persistent cloud of information that

THE FUTURE IS (ALMOST) NOW

We don't yet live in entertainment nirvana, but some of today's gad-

gets show us how we'll get there. Here are eight we'll look back on as the grandparents of our superconnected future. From top:

OQO Model 02 (from \$1,500): This fully featured PC weighs less than a pound, runs Vista and fits in your pocket. We're rooting for the thing to get smaller, to the point at which the screen and keyboard slough off. Then you'll off-load the display to something useful (your glasses or a tiny built-in projector) and issue most commands via voice. Much of your storage will be on the network, and it will have a high-speed, always-on wireless Net connection.

Apple TV (\$300): Apple's sleek box puts the world of Internet content on equal footing with *Lost* and *CSI*. Like most Apple products, it's made to serve the best interests of humans, not vice versa.

Microsoft Zune (\$250, not pictured): This digital media player has Windows fluency and Wi-Fi, but its true potential has been hamstrung by unimaginative software. Its sole nifty trick is passing songs to other nearby Zune users. Wake us when we can browse YouTube and shop for music on it.

MOTOROKR 59 headset (\$130): Using different devices for phone calls and listening to music is silly. Motorola remedies that and gets rid of the wires to boot. Bluetooth lets you enjoy

tunes while your iPod stays in your briefcase. If a call comes in on your phone, a press of a button fades the music and you can chat using the built-in mike. In the future, devices like this will also enable voice control over web browsing and other media.

Sony Reader (\$350): The first mass-market electronic paper product still looks like a PDA and is only black-and-white, but this is how we'll read *The New York Times* in 2015. E-paper fatigues the eyes less than traditional displays, and flexible (i.e., foldable and rollable) models are possible.

TiVo Series3 HD DMR (\$800): Aside from the television itself, TiVo has done more than any other device to change people's relationship to their media. The latest box can record in HD, be programmed remotely from a computer or cell phone and receive Net content alongside regular TV.

Apple iPhone (\$500 to \$600):

Between its high price and inevitable kinks, the first iPhone may not be the one to buy, but it is an important step toward hybrid computing-entertainment-communications devices. When the third generation hits, we're in.

Headplay Personal Cinema System (\$500): We've seen many gadgets that put visual displays into eyewear. Headplay gets the best result but in a package still too bulky for on-the-go use. Once it can be shrunk into our glasses, we'll all have 10-foot screens in front of us whenever we need to Google someone.



ALMOST THERE We need only a few more breakthroughs to reach media bliss: always-on wireless broadband connections, large flexible portable screens (or retinal projectors) and an attitude change among piracy-spooked digital-rights holders so they stop punishing their paying customers with absurd usage restrictions.

accretes around you based on various rules and choices. Different devices will tap into this cloud at any given moment to retrieve any number of relevant cross-sections from it.

•YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (NOR DO YOU WANT TO) First we have to stop carrying our houses on our back. Twenty years ago portable CD players looked sexy next to clunky tape players. Today, a wallet full of CDs looks Stone Age next to an iPod. Ubiquitous high-speed wireless Internet connections to our gadgets will end our foolish desire to tote large amounts of data around with us. The sooner we accept that we'll never carry it all, the sooner we'll be able to actually have it all. Some small amount of storage (under 10 gigabytes) will remain onboard our devices, but the days of physically carting around 80 gigabytes of music are numbered. High-speed wireless networking will allow us to access whatever we like on demand, whether it's paid-for content we've stored in a digital locker or ad-supported content we can browse at will. Hard-drive maker Seagate already offers online storage along with its traditional hardware products, and companies like Media-Max specialize in online lockers for your

media files, which you can access from anywhere with a Net connection.

With wireless broadband, the subscription-based music systems (à la Rhapsody, Yahoo! Music and the new Napster) start to look far more attractive. Similar models for video content are bound to follow. Once these systems go ad-supported and wireless, they take on an eerie resemblance to old-school radio and television. Only this time, instead of the networks, we are in the programmer's seat. And Jon Stewart is our Milton Berle.

•GRADE-A CHOICE Consider the options you have today if you want to watch Comedy Central's *Daily Show*. You can watch a new episode when the network airs it or view reruns of last night's show at other times of the day. If you have TiVo, maybe you record the show to watch at a convenient time. Or perhaps you transfer that file to a video-enabled portable media device like an iRiver Clix, a Creative Zen Vision or a PlayStation Portable. If that's too much trouble, you can buy individual episodes through the iTunes Store for \$2 a show (or \$10 for 16). You can watch those files on a computer or an iPod, or you can use an Apple TV box to put them up on your big screen. If big screen is your goal, though, maybe you want to buy through the Xbox Live account on your 360. Finally, depending on your carrier and where you live, you can catch it on your cell phone in surprisingly high-quality streaming video. Truly, we live in a golden age for fake news.

The real news here, however, is not the number of choices but what these choices mean. For Comedy Central, having all these different distribution streams means consumers have more chances to watch its shows, a key concern in an age when the program's target demographic could be doing any number of things—studying, playing video games, updating a MySpace page,

having sex—at 11 o'clock at night. "When distribution becomes democratized, your brand has to talk with a thousand voices," says Ron Bloom, CEO of the Internet media company PodShow Inc. "You have to show up everywhere people are, instead of people showing up where you are."

The advantages for content creators are substantial. Meeting consumers on their own terms strengthens consumers' relationship to the brand, making the company's content more valuable in advertising terms. At the same time, the channel can directly charge those purists who don't want their art tainted by commerce and prefer to pay for commercial-free content. But every silver lining comes wrapped in a dark cloud. For Comedy Central it's the looming question of how it can justify its marketplace position as gatekeeper between Jon Stewart and his fans. With the new distribution models offering entertainers like Stewart shockingly simple access to their audience, soon the Comedy Centrals of the world will need to prove they can do something for the Stewarts rather than the other way around.

•HAIL, KING CONSUMER! With these technologies in place, the stage is set for a complete transition to user control. If you like the current model of TV just fine, ABC would love to plan a couch-bound Thursday evening for you (though on that Thursday you could watch shows originally aired on Sunday, Tuesday or any other night of the week). If

the only person who understands your media needs is you, you can customize your intake to an extremely fine degree, choosing from among hundreds of channels and a gazillion programs and podcasts. (Us? We'll take a little *John From Cincinnati*, add some vintage *Knight Rider* and some cricket from Mumbai and top it off with Jake Shimabukuro's

ukulele version of "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" from Google Video.)

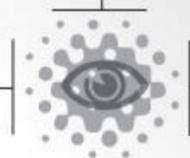
Or you could use what may be the most compelling model and let friends and experts whose taste you trust figure it out for you. This comes thanks to a technology called RSS, or Really Simple Syndication. As the name implies, RSS is a simple system for packaging a piece of content. It allows you to order what amounts to a subscription to a site, a critic, a series of videos or a general topic. It could be the posts at your favorite blog, a single writer at your favorite site or anything anywhere that mentions your name. The infinite malleability of RSS feeds means you can subscribe to content selected by other people in the aggregate (say, everything all the guys in your bowling league or poker club are looking at) or individually (everything a critic you admire recommends). In the future, some PLAYBOY subscribers may read our reviews pages each month to see which movies, TV shows, books and games we like, while others may simply have those recommendations delivered to them automatically. Using such recommendations means you spend far less time aimlessly channel and web surfing and consume far less aimless programming. All of which makes you a far more effective content director of Radio Free You (not to mention Movie Free You, Newspaper Free You, etc.).

•MASS CULTURE IS DEAD, LONG LIVE MASS CULTURE When consumers are in the driver's seat, mass culture undergoes a fundamental shift. In the old TV and radio model, content was created at the top and spoon-fed to consumers through limited access points. Aaron Spelling would say to Fred Silverman, "Three girl detectives work for an invisible guy named Charlie, see?" and the next thing you knew, every 17-year-old girl in America had a Farrah Fawcett haircut. Now, however, content can be created anywhere by anybody and succeeds based on its value to consumers, not just because it's the only game in town. Spelling may have been the last of his kind.

"This is going to be looked back on 100 years from now as the golden age of media," says Neal Tiles, president of G4. A tech-oriented cable channel, G4 has been aggressive in its efforts to both podcast its television shows and feature up-to-the-minute Internet content in its on-air programming. When rated solely by cable viewers, G4 probably ranks somewhere deep in the 40s against other stations. Online, however, G4 had half a billion views of its content in 2006.



DEFER TO THE GROUP The only practical way to sort the content created by millions of people is with—you guessed it—millions of people. It turns out social networking has a practical purpose after all. The sites above will house tomorrow's tastemakers.



Looking only at online, Tiles estimates this makes G4 third among cable channels online, after ESPN and MTV.

Of course, when scrappy upstarts get a seat at the table, other companies fall out of the loop. For example, once NBC distributes its prime-time programming predominantly through the Internet, how will the network's local affiliates survive?

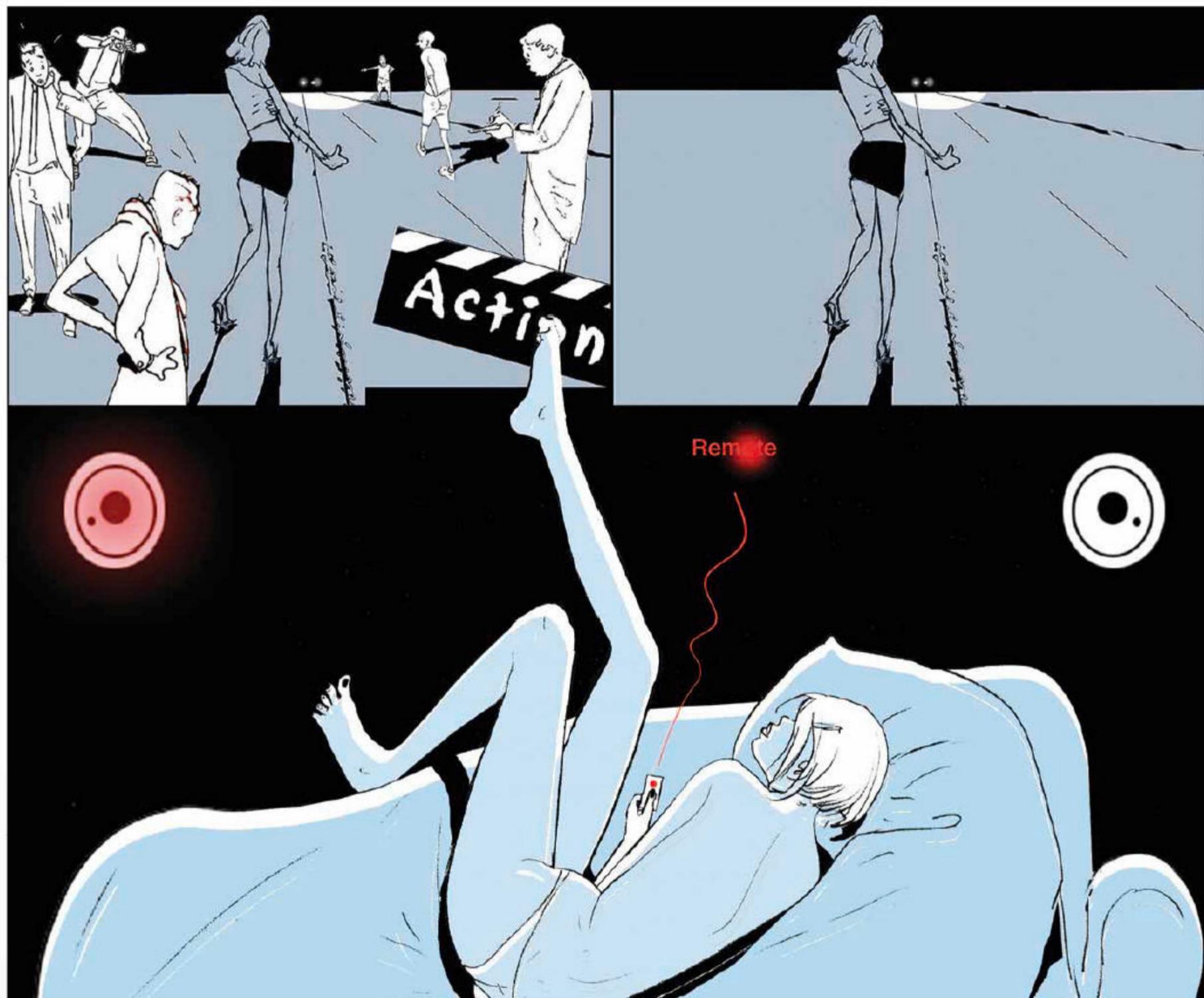
•**EVERYONE'S AN AUTEUR** The democratization of content creation and delivery means the professionals will be competing not just with each other but with every schmuck who thinks he's Steven Spielberg (or Lenny Bruce or Lou Reed). Many will be morons who light themselves on fire on a dare, but for every thousand boneheads, we'll get

a *Blair Witch* or a *Borat*. And the most sophisticated content filter ever seen by mankind—millions of individual human minds, each with an opinion about what's compelling—will push the good stuff to the surface. New voices will have to rely far less on luck than on talent, which will lead to an explosion of quality content a network executive could never have come up with. Combine that with a system that lets you retrieve and view any of this content anywhere at any time and you end up with a remarkable new era of leisure and self-expression. We couldn't be happier.

For every thousand boneheads, we'll get a *Blair Witch* or a *Borat*. Millions of human minds will sift out the good stuff.

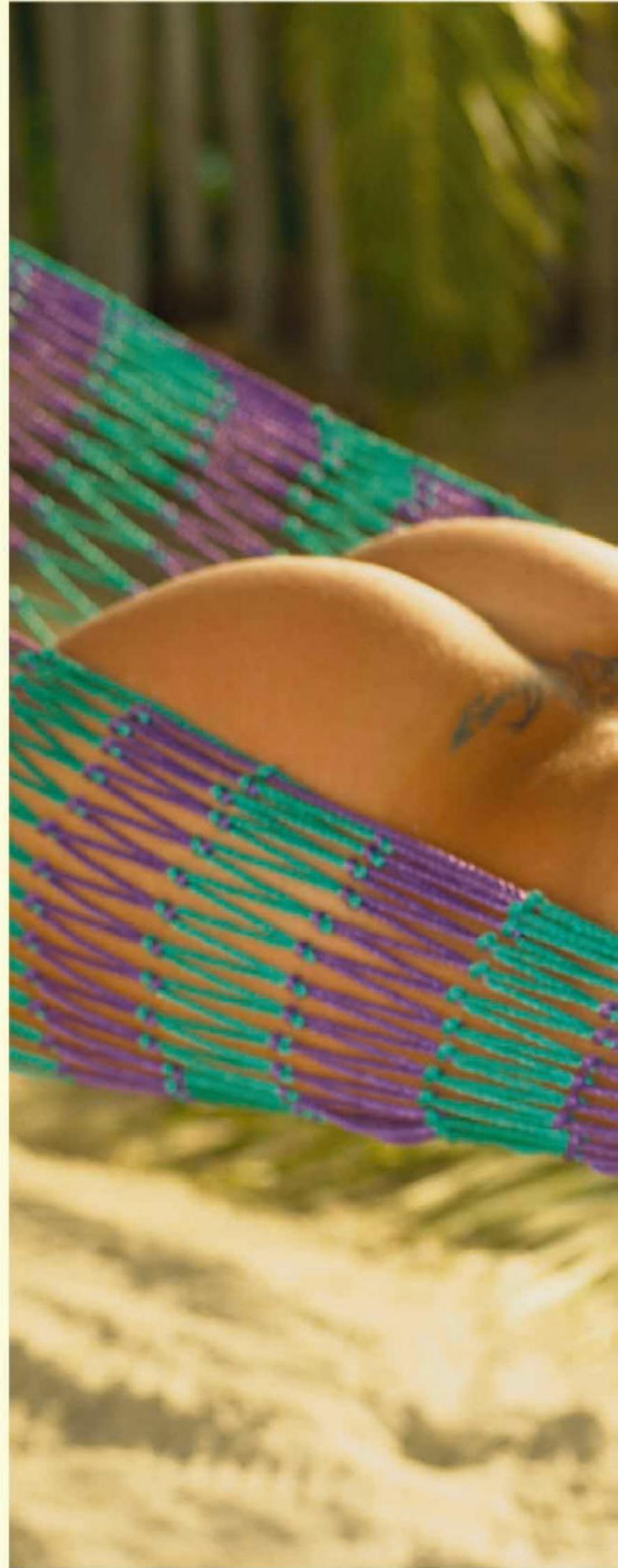
As you're leaving the game, you catch a beautiful brunette in the corner of your eye. Your gaze lingers, and the profiler in your glasses takes note, running a facial scan and searching for connections. Too bad they're not so strong. You both played soccer in high school and belong to three of the same level-three friend networks, but you can't work with any of that—you'll just look like a

stalker. Then, when she turns her head and catches you staring, your eyes meet for a moment. You've already thought better of pushing the connection, but she speaks first. "Hey, aren't you the guy who jumped his Ferrari off the Golden Gate Bridge?"



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISTVAN BANYAI

A MILLION LITTLE PIECES Technology allows content to be consumed anywhere and created everywhere. Cheap equipment can turn today's bedrooms and basements into tomorrow's production studios, and today's passive consumers into tomorrow's maverick auteurs.



SKY'S THE LIMIT

NO CHANCE OF CLOUDS IN MISS AUGUST'S FUTURE



Tamara Sky has been called the world's hottest DJ and "the turntable goddess," but we like to think of her as Miss August. Born and raised in Puerto Rico, the 22-year-old bronze beauty moved to Miami three years ago and discovered the city's sizzling nightclub scene. Listening to those thumping beats, she came down with a case of spin fever. Tamara practiced up to five hours a day for a month before landing her first DJ gig. Soon after, she met her manager, Dove, who booked her a second gig—in Cancún. Miss August has since deejayed in Europe, Central America and throughout the U.S. She's always on the

move, so much so that she doesn't know where home is anymore. "Coming up this year," Tamara says, "I have Dubai, Ibiza, France and South Africa on the agenda." She has also recorded her first vocal track and would like to try acting. "I want to do action movies," she says. "I'm into fighting and used to do kickboxing and jujitsu. I have five brothers, so I was always hanging with the boys. I'm kind of a tomboy. When I deejay, I have to dress like a girl, but otherwise I like to wear sweatpants and big T-shirts. I like to be comfortable and usually borrow pants from my guy friends." We suspect volunteers are already lining up.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA











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



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Jamara Sky

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: TAMARA SKY

BUST: 33 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 109

BIRTH DATE: FEB. 20. 85 BIRTHPLACE: PUERTO RICO

AMBITIONS: MODELING, DEEJAYING, ACTING, SINGING, DANCING, PHOTOGRAPHY, DESIGN (GRAPHIC, FASHION, INTERIOR).

TURN-ONS: MUSIC, THE BEACH, SHOPPING, BREAKFAST, FRUIT, SHOES, SPORTS, CUDDLING.

TURNOFFS: ANIMAL CRUELTY, DRUGS, CIGARETTES.

FIVE PLACES WITH GREAT NIGHTLIFE: MIAMI, COSTA RICA, LONDON, LOS ANGELES, DUBAI.

WHAT I MISS MOST ABOUT PUERTO RICO: MY FAMILY.

THE KEY TO MY SUCCESS: I BELIEVE GOD GAVE ME THE MOST AMAZING PARENTS A GIRL COULD EVER HAVE.

SPORTS I LOVE TO PLAY OR WATCH: VOLLEYBALL, BASKETBALL, SOCCER, KICKBOXING, SKATEBOARDING, SURFING, MOTOCROSS.



EIGHT YEARS OLD.



I SUCKED MY THUMB UNTIL I WAS 17.



FIFTEEN YEARS OLD — PARTY IN P.R.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A priest was performing last rites on a dying man. "Renounce the devil!" he said. "Let him know how little you think of his evil!"

The dying man said nothing.

The priest repeated his order, but still the dying man said nothing.

"Why do you refuse to renounce the devil?" the priest asked.

With a gasp, the man said, "Until I know where I'm heading, I don't think I ought to aggravate anybody."

Our *Unabashed Dictionary* defines *mourner* as "a nooner, only sooner."



Laura Bush bought George a parrot for his birthday. She told Dick Cheney, "The bird is so smart, George has already taught him to pronounce more than 200 words."

"Wow, that's impressive," Cheney said. "But you do realize he just says the words; he doesn't really understand what they mean."

"That's fine," Laura replied. "Neither does the parrot."

Did you hear they found a new use for sheep in West Virginia?

Wool.

What's your excuse for coming home at this time of the night?" a wife said to her husband.

"Dear," he answered, "I was golfing with friends."

"What?" she countered. "Until two in the morning?"

"Yes," he said. "We used night clubs."

A redneck died and left his entire estate in trust for his widow. However, she can't touch it until she turns 14.

Two accountants were discussing a colleague's interest in one of the firm's new secretaries.

"I don't get it," said one. "She's an airhead—nothing is going on upstairs."

"That may be true," replied the other, "but I don't think that's the floor he's getting off on."

How does a blonde turn on the lights after sex?

She opens the car door.

A schoolteacher asked a student, "If your father earned \$1,000 and gave half of it to your mother, what would she have?"

"A heart attack," the boy answered.

One afternoon a rich man was riding in his limousine when he saw a poor man and his family on the roadside, eating grass. Disturbed, he ordered his driver to stop, and he got out to investigate.

"Sir," the rich man said, "collect your family and bring them into the limo. You can eat at my estate tonight, and you can have your fill."

"Thank you for your kindness," the father said as the family entered the car.

"Think nothing of it," the rich man said. "We haven't mowed the lawn in a month."

When I'm gone I want you to marry our neighbor," a man said to his wife on his deathbed.

"Why our neighbor?" his wife asked. "You've hated him all your life."

"Still do," gasped the husband.

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned," a woman said in the confessional. "Last night my boyfriend made mad, passionate love to me seven times."

The priest thought and said, "Squeeze seven lemons into a glass, then drink the juice."

The young woman asked, "Will this cleanse me of my sins?"

"No," the priest answered, "but it will wipe that smile off your face."

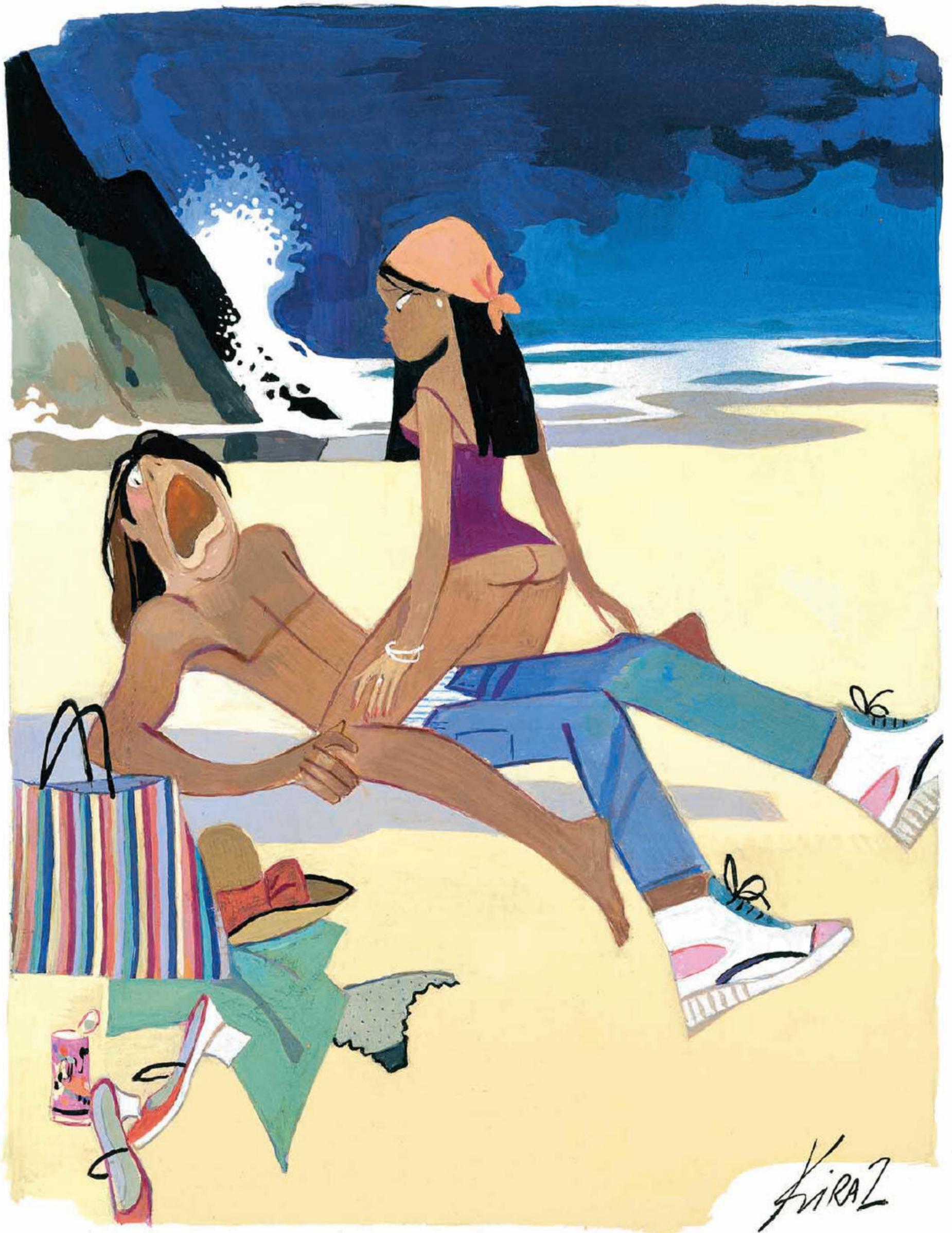


A little boy walked toward his parents' room at night after hearing strange noises coming from inside. He looked through the keyhole and said to himself, "And she gets mad at me for sucking my thumb."

A married woman was growing frustrated at her husband's lack of interest in sex. To add some pizzazz to their sex life she slipped on crotchless panties and made her move. "Want some of this?" she purred to him.

"Are you kidding?" he replied. "Look what it did to your underwear."

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.



KIRAZ

"Are you having an orgasm or is it a crab?"





W E
L I V E I N
W A T E R

BEING A GOOD FATHER CAN BE MURDER

BY

JESS

WALTER

1958

Oren Dessens leaned forward as he drove, perched on the wheel, cigarette in the corner of his mouth, open can of beer between his knees. He'd come apart before, a couple three times, maybe more, depending on how you counted. The way Katie figured—every fistfight and whore, every poker game and long drunk—he was always coming apart, but Oren didn't think it was fair to count like his ex-wife did. Up to him, he'd only count those times he was in real danger of not coming back. Like that morning on the carrier.

"Dad?"

He'd technically been at war the whole nine months he was out, but he'd been in danger only that one time, a month before the end, a beautiful dawn in open water, up for a smoke, alone as a man could feel, the planes huddled at one end of the gray flight deck like birds, wings up. The rest of the world, in every direction, seemed like bands of varying blue except for a thin gray line where the sea and sky met, and then a single smoking plane fell out of nowhere—no Japanese carrier or base anywhere nearby—just a lost Zip falling out of that deep blue like a single raindrop, twisting for the deck, coming so close Oren could see the red suns on the wings before the thing dropped harmlessly off the stern—an osprey going for a fish.

"Dad?"

But no matter how you figured trouble, there was no doubt this time. He was in some shit. And not like that morning on deck. This time he was the lost plane, spiraling and smoking. Oren downshifted. The Merc's cockeyed

headlight beams met and crossed ahead. On either side the dark trees leaned over the narrow road, and the headlights made it seem like a pine tunnel. Wasn't much farther, Oren thought. Flett would be there already, fixing things. He hoped.

"Dad?"

Oren glanced at the kid, whose feet dangled over the edge of the bench seat and the scratchy Indian blanket he'd put there to keep the springs from popping through the torn upholstery. Michael was four, middle of three kids, only boy, and the only kid Oren got in the divorce. It had been his lawyer's advice: If he didn't want to pay so much, he needed to take a kid. So he got the boy. "Yeah?"

The kid's head was tilted to the side. "Do we live in water?"

Oren dragged his cigarette. "What?"

"Do we live in water?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do we live in water?"

"I don't...I don't know what you mean."

"I mean do we live in water?"

"You mean like in the rain or something? In the ocean?"

The boy stared at him.

"I don't..." Oren took a pull on the beer.

"Do you mean *can* we live in water?"

"No. Do we live in water?"

The clearing had snuck up on Oren, and he slowed, came into the cross of narrow country roads, nothing but dark walls of trees in four directions and Flett's roadhouse in the center of this clearing, the big one-story, low-slung building with no windows and a stumpy sign that read TWO BRIDGES. A single lightbulb pointed back at the sign, night bugs frantic in the dim light. Oren pulled the Merc into the parking lot, with the cackle of rubber tires on gravel.

He took a breath. "Listen. I gotta run in this place for a minute."

There were five other cars parked outside, including Flett's Chevy and that bitch of a red Cadillac Ralph Bannen drove. Okay. Flett must be in there trying to smooth things with Bannen, working out some kind of arrangement. Earlier that day Oren and the kid had driven out to Flett's new house overlooking the lake, and while the kid hung out in the basement, Oren had explained to Flett how bad he'd messed up, how he'd been nailing this guy's whore of a wife and how once on a drunk she happened to mention her husband had a safe in the house. Oren guessed right off the wife's birth date as the combination. He'd only taken a little money, but the guy apparently counted every night and hit it out of the wife that Oren had been over. The whole time Oren told this story, Flett just stared, until he finally said, *What guy, Oren?* And when Oren told him Ralph Bannen, Flett just shook his head. Bannen ran book and women at half the

clubs in the panhandle, including Two Bridges. After yelling at him, Flett had suggested that he'd go alone to the roadhouse, talk to Bannen and then have Oren come down after he fixed things up. So Oren sat at Flett's house for an hour while the boy played in the basement. And now here they were.

Oren dragged his smoke and stared at the kid again—blond like his mother, round-faced, big floppy eyelashes. He looked so much like her, Oren wondered how he could like the kid so much.

HE'D ONLY TAKEN A LITTLE MONEY, BUT THE GUY COUNTED EVERY NIGHT AND HIT IT OUT OF THE WIFE THAT OREN HAD BEEN OVER.

"Sit tight," Oren said. "I gotta see this man. Don't get out of the car. You hear?"

The boy stared at him expectantly, as if waiting for the answer to a question, and that's when Oren remembered the boy had asked one. "Look, I don't know what you were talking about before, Michael," he said. "Do you mean can we breathe in water?"

"No," the boy said, as plainly as if he were asking for a sandwich. "Do. We. Live. In water?"

Oren pulled smoke again. And then he surprised himself by laughing.

1992

The numbers clicked to a stop, the tank full, and Michael replaced the nozzle and screwed the gas cap back onto the rental. He craved a cigarette. It was all he could do not to go into the convenience store and buy a pack. Two years and still...maybe he'd just feel this need forever. He started the car and pulled back onto the highway, shocks hunching up on the blacktop. It was more developed out here than he'd imagined, businesses all along this stretch, the grubby outskirts of a resort community: tavern, little grocery, machine shop, Western-boot store, sawmill, wrecking yard and a couple of nicer mobile-home parks. From the news story, he'd imagined it as more

remote than this, forested and dark, not a civilized string of small businesses.

Locals called the area Two Bridges, this unincorporated strip of businesses connecting the northern and eastern shores of the lake, overgrown with restaurants and tourist stores—and on the busiest corners, the place Michael had come to see, the oldest thing in the area, Two Bridges Resort.

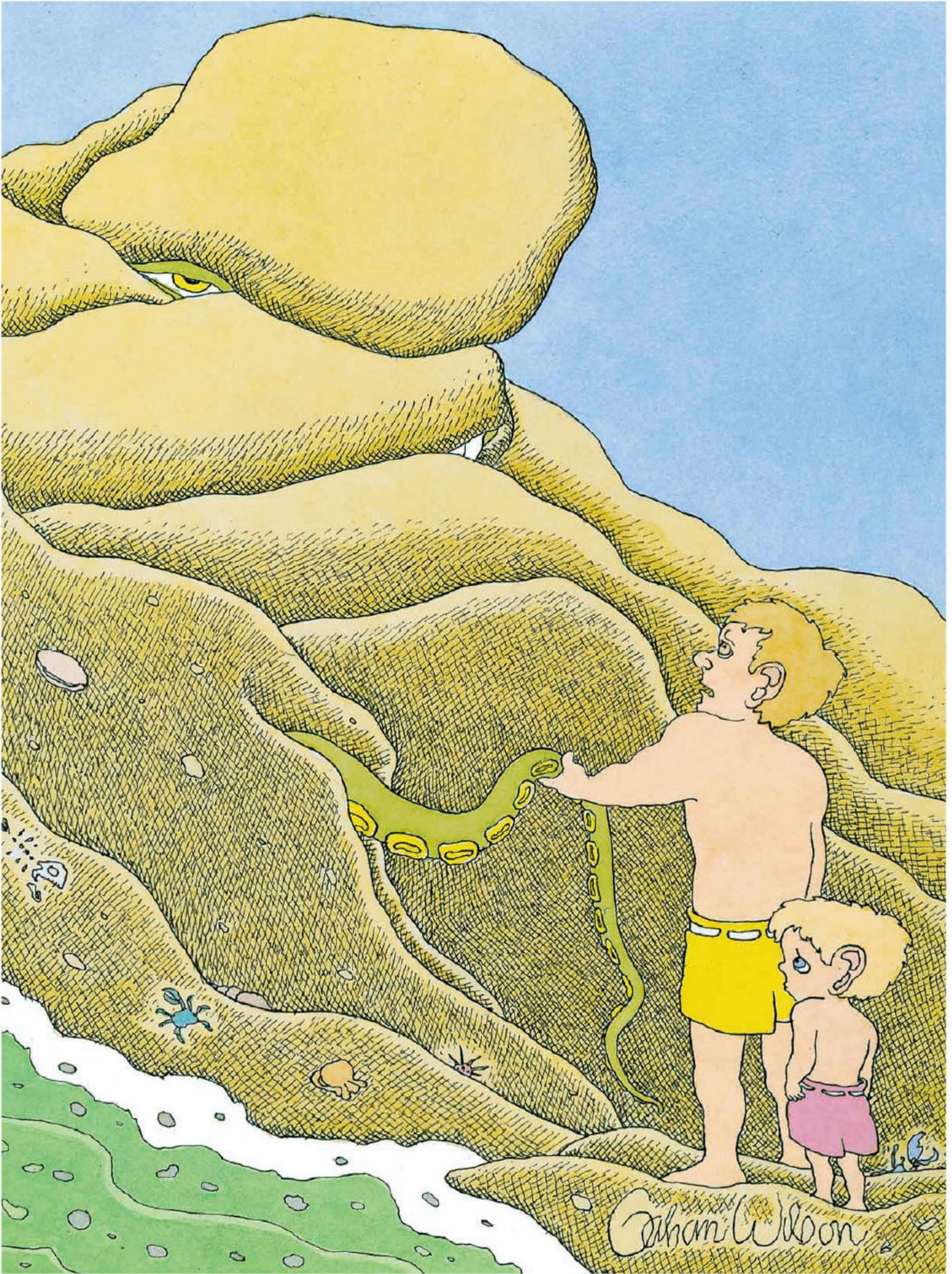
The resort comprised three newer buildings: a Western-themed restaurant and lounge in front with faux wagon-wheel windows, a general store that sold driftwood and Indian art, and the hotel out back, a big eight-story Vegas-style tri-sided structure with a sign promising LAKE VIEWS!

Michael got out of the car, grabbed his briefcase and walked down a sidewalk past the restaurant, between landscaped strips of grass, toward the front door of the hotel. The desk clerk showed him into an office overlooking the hotel lobby, on a mezzanine directly above the front desk. A few minutes later a woman came into the room, mid-30s, short and plump with dark hair and a round bosom, and introduced herself as Ellie Flett. It was the woman he'd talked to on the phone. "You're the lawyer from San Francisco who wanted to talk about his father?"

"Yes." He offered his hand. "Michael Pierce." And it occurred to him that he hadn't really thought about where to start or, for that matter, where to go once he'd started. He reached into his briefcase and pulled out a news story that a clip service had found for him in the Spokane newspaper, just over the border from the lake, a story published four years earlier: "Historic Two Bridges Resort to Expand." The story was about the construction project, but it referred to the resort's history as a roadhouse and home for gambling and prostitution before this side of the lake was developed. As he handed the story over, Michael saw that his hand was shaking.

Ellie Flett didn't seem to notice. She took the story and pointed over his shoulder to the same story, laminated and framed on the wall behind him with a handful of other clippings. Michael didn't expect this to be so hard.

"My mother died two years ago," he said. "She raised my sisters and me. We never knew our father. It was something we never talked about. There were no pictures, nothing. She remarried when I was 10. A good man, my stepfather. Shane Pierce," he added, explaining his last name. And as true as all of this was, it seemed like something other than the point of this visit, and he rubbed his brow, confused by the disconnect he felt from this seemingly intimate information. "After my mother died, my sister found this" (continued on page 112)



"Looks like this fellow you came across could be bigger than we thought!"



The suit (\$2,895) and bag (\$2,990) are by **VALENTINO**. The shirt (\$195) is by **BOSS SELECTION**. The tie (\$135) is by **JOHN VARVATOS**. The pocket square (\$65) is by **MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI**. The shoes (\$495) are by **HARRYS OF LONDON**. The watch (\$1,075) is by **ORIS**. The suite is in the **HOTEL GANSEVOORT**, Manhattan.

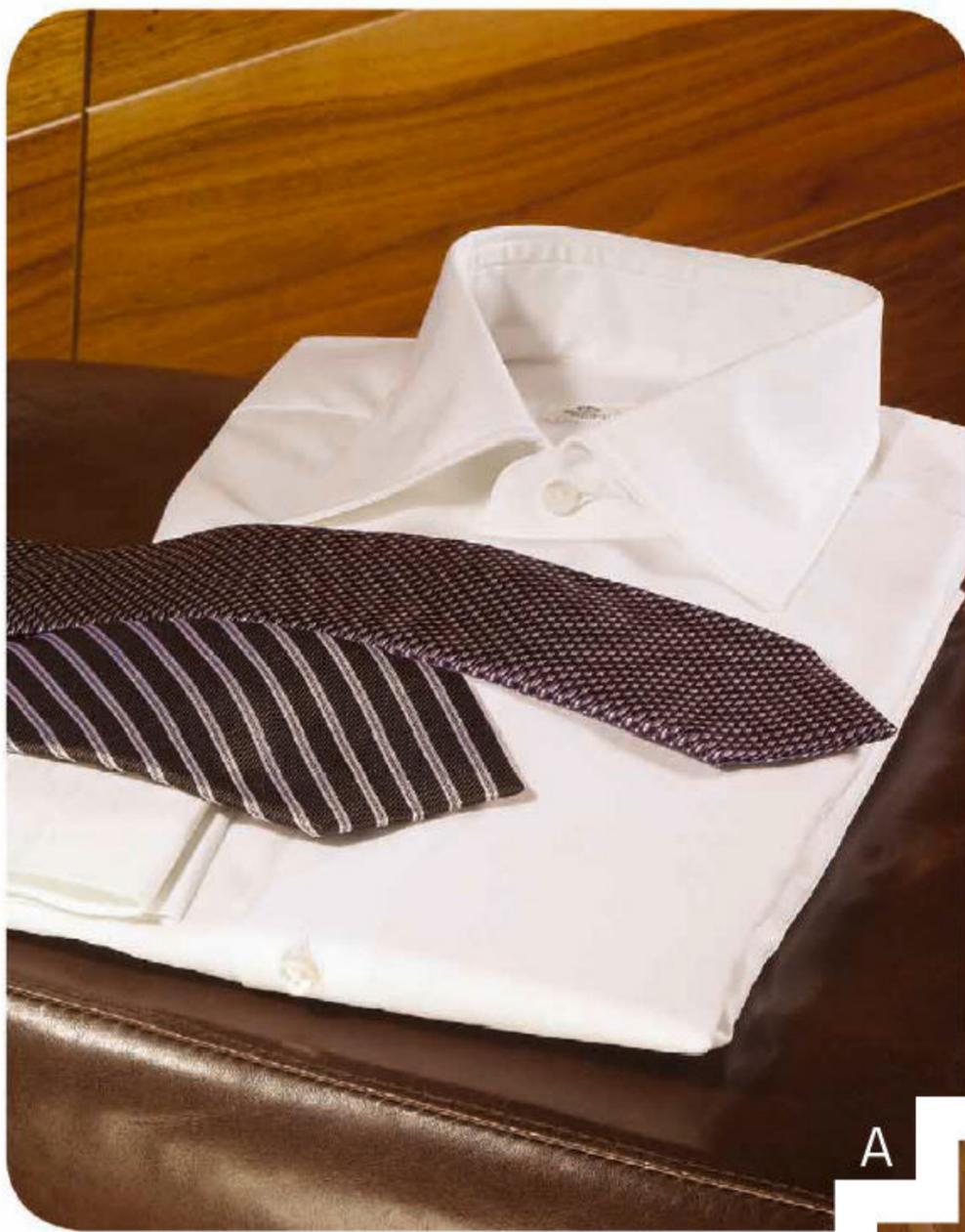
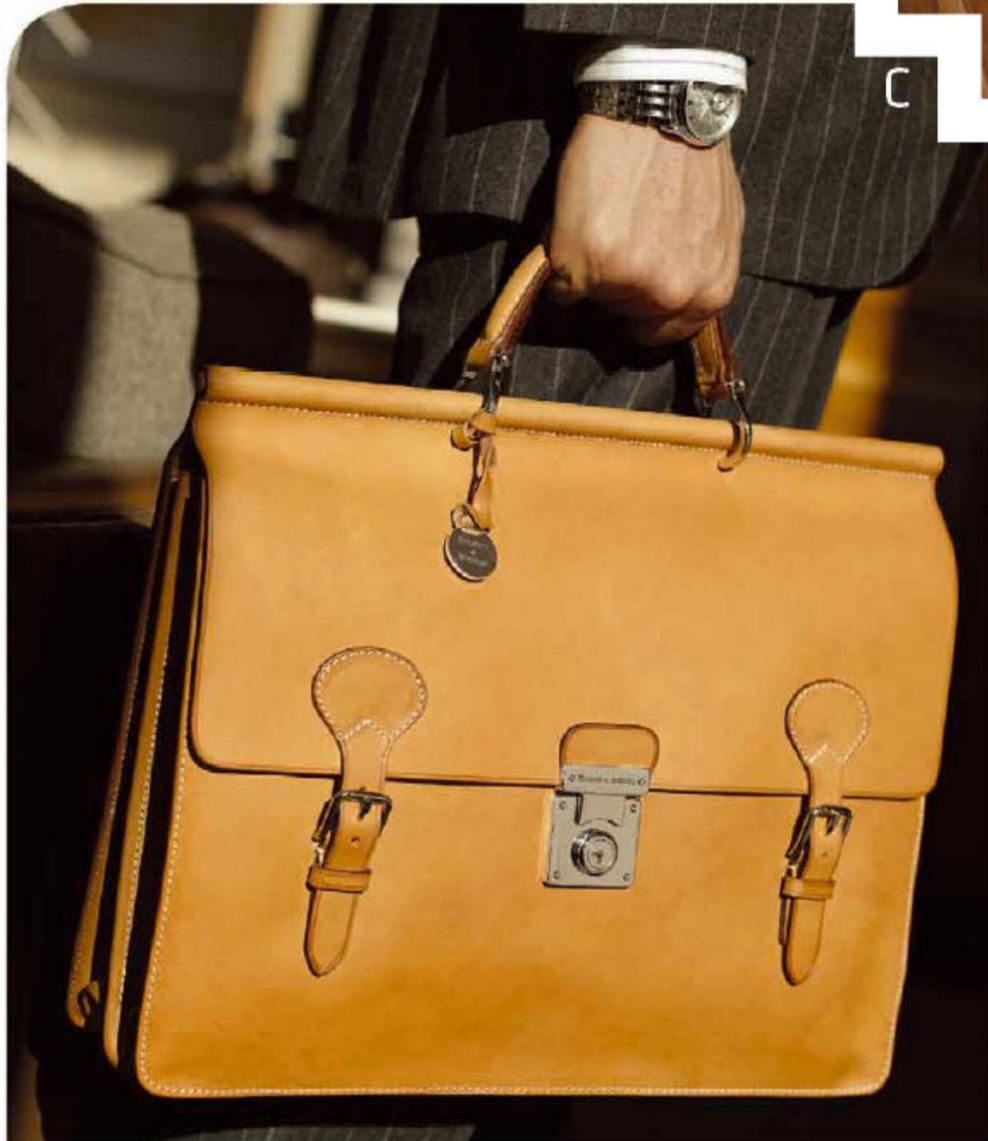
PLAYBOY RECOMMENDS

A business wardrobe should be compiled like a smart investment portfolio—with sensible, thoughtfully chosen assets that eventually lead to a life of luxury. Think of your appearance as a long-term venture. Impetuous players who chase trends in the market or in fashion can be left holding either worthless Enron stock or a closet full of capri pants. We have sifted through the current offerings to present to you the finest custom-made shoes, the hippest thin neckwear (the new “power tie”), the sharpest of this year’s suits and other staples of a savvy dealmaker’s suitcase. The decision about what makes it onto your shopping list is, of course, yours. But what master of the universe could ever resist the right insider tips?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARK PLATT

FASHION BY
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

PRODUCED BY
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

**A****B****C****D**

A Handmade in Naples, this is the dress shirt of choice for Italian royals from the House of Savoy. The shirt (\$630) is by **BORRELLI ROYAL COLLECTION**. The silk ties (\$125 each) are by **DUNHILL**.

B For a change of pace, diversify your funds with a sterling-silver money clip. The watch (\$2,025) is by **ORIS**. The cuff links (\$395 a pair) and money clip (\$265) are by **DUNHILL**.

C A leather brief means business. The briefcase (\$625) is by **DOONEY & BOURKE**. The suit (\$995) is by **BOSS BLACK**, and the shirt (\$195) is by **BOSS SELECTION**. The watch (\$1,725) is by **ORIS**.

D Otabo digitally scans each foot to create a truly unique pair of shoes. The shoes (\$435) are by **OTABO**. The bag (\$425) is by **MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI**. The socks (from top, \$8 and \$25) are by **GOLD TOE**.



You can always buy a new suit, but face it, you have to make your skin last a lifetime. Take care of it with these products. On the shelf, from left: The shaving soap and tray (\$28) are by **ESHAVE**. The fragrances are R.S.V.P. (\$60) by **KENNETH COLE** and Oud Wood (\$165) by **TOM FORD**. The bay rum shampoo-body wash (\$12) is by **C.O. BIGELOW**. The eye cream (\$58) is by **JOHN VARVATOS SKIN**. On the counter, from left: The shaving cream (\$36) is by **JOHN VARVATOS SKIN**; the shaving set (\$245) is by **ESHAVE**. The lotion (\$25) is by **BOSS SKIN**; the antiage cream (\$42) is by **LANCÔME MEN**. The fragrance is Black Walnut (\$58) by **BANANA REPUBLIC**. The aftershave (\$42) is by **BURBERRY LONDON**. The Pure-Formance hair oil (\$25) is by **AVEDA MEN**; the lotion (\$5) is by **EVERY MAN JACK**. The hydrator (\$27) is by **LAB SERIES**. The shower gel (\$25) is by **USHER**.



E Men are turning to gray suits. Here are the select shades. The suits, from left, are by **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA** (\$2,395), **HAGGAR** (\$250), **BOSS BLACK** (\$995) and **CANALI** (\$2,295). The shirt (\$225) and pocket square (\$70) are by **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA**.

F The weekend bag has become the power player for today's businessman. It's small enough to use as a carry-on and large enough to use as a carryall (and not look like a purse). In today's bull market, leather is the way to go. The weekend bag (\$1,900) is by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**.

G A lizard-skin belt adds texture to an overlooked piece of clothing. The most important part of selecting a belt is making sure it doesn't clash with your shoes. The second is fit. Use a middle hole to buckle; the others are just the entourage. The belts (from left, \$190, \$75, \$70) are by **TORINO**.

H A refined two-button suit is a blue-chip garment. It works in any season and for any occasion. The suit (\$2,395) is by **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA**. The shirt (\$630) is by **BORRELLI ROYAL COLLECTION**. The tie (\$135) and pocket square (\$65) are by **MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI**. The belt (\$95) is by **TORINO**.



E



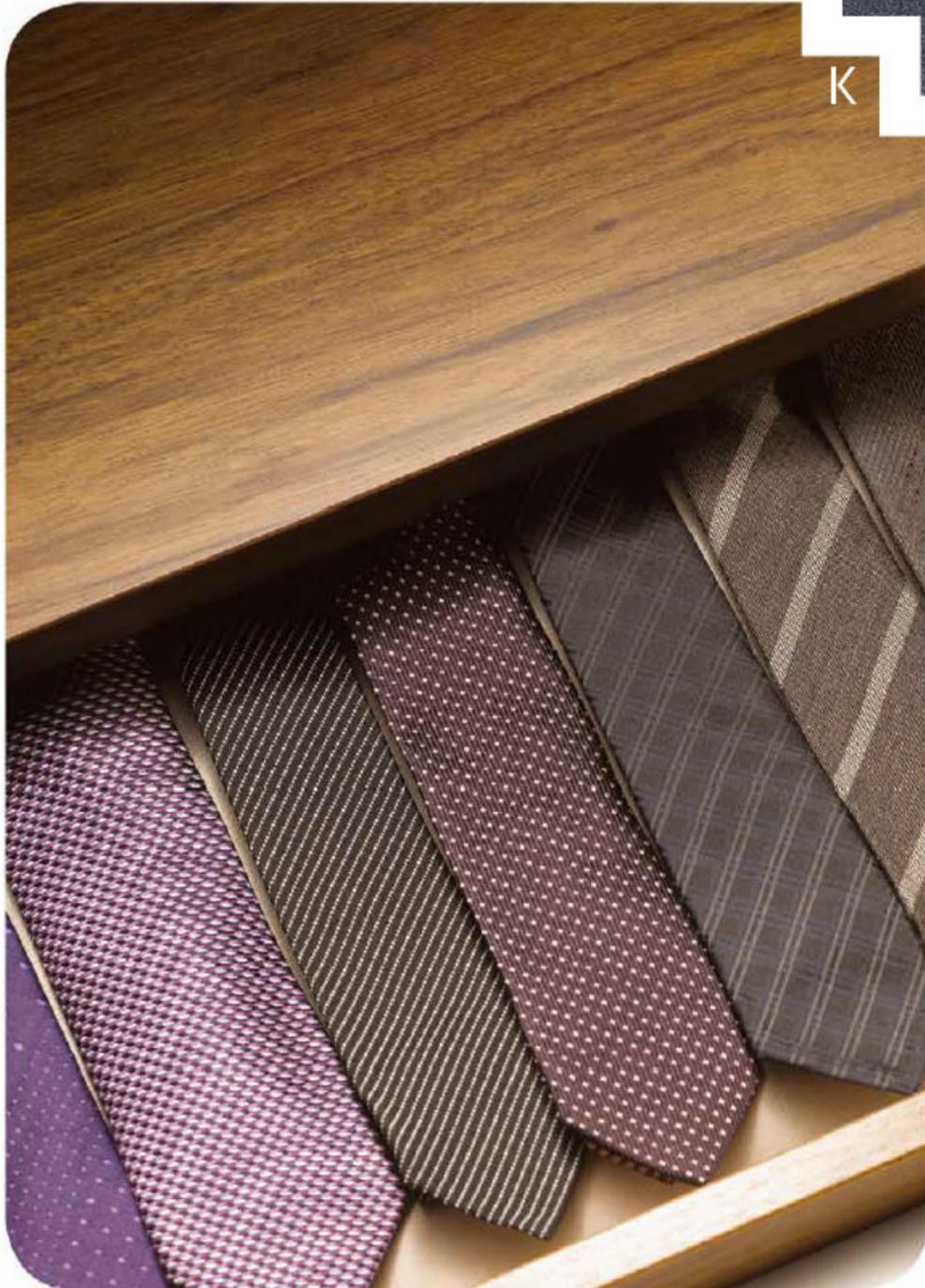
F



G



H





Pack carefully. If the finest custom-made shirt is wrinkled, it's just another wrinkled shirt. Clockwise from left: The button-front shirt (\$295) is by **CANALI**. The dopp kit (\$225) and brown sweater (\$285) are by **DOONEY & BOURKE**. The gray chinchilla sweater (\$1,200) is by **ARNOLD BRANT**. The wallet (\$430) is by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**. The belts (\$190 each) are by **TORINO**. The suitcase (\$595) is by **SAMSONITE BLACK LABEL**.



Hour to hour, it's always essential to keep a close eye on the ficker. A leather watch is the sign of a true gentleman. The leather should be a close match to your shoes, belt or wallet. The watch (\$1,495) is by **MONTBLANC**. The wallet (\$320) is by **VALENTINO**.

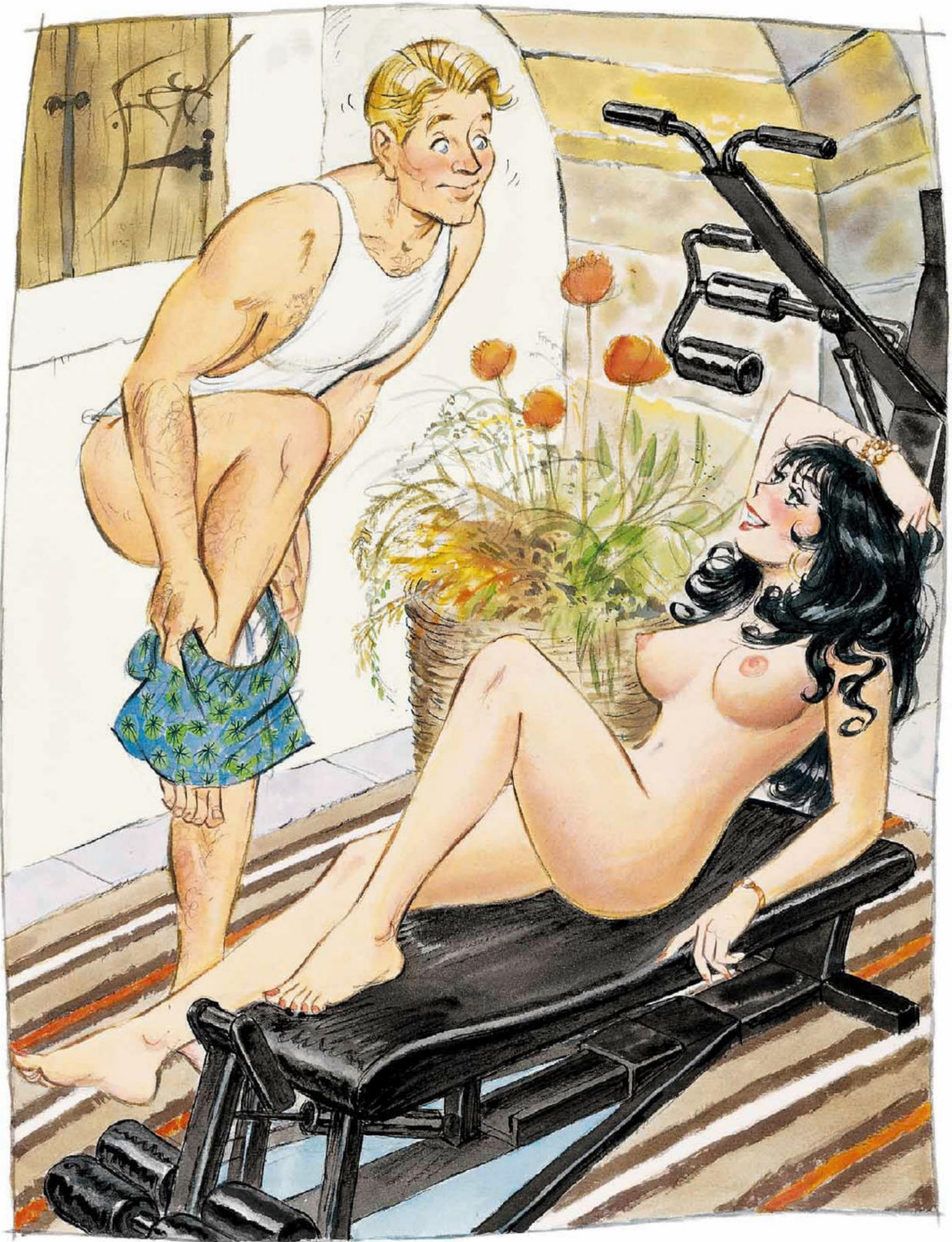
It's okay to own a nice inexpensive suit. It's not okay for it to look cheap. Buy a contemporary cut; make it look priceless with a strong shirt and tie. The suit (\$250) is by **HAGGAR**. The shirt (\$390) is by **BORRELLI**. The tie (\$135) and pocket square (\$65) are by **MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI**.

K Ties, from left: purple dotted (\$95) by **BOSS BLACK**; purple-and-silver inlay (\$125) by **DUNHILL**; black with thin diagonals (\$135) by **JOHN VARVATOS**; purple with pink dots (\$95) by **BOSS BLACK**; charcoal crosshatch, gray diagonal and solid gray (\$135 each), all by **JOHN VARVATOS**.

L Berluti is a French bespoke shoe shop that uses the world's finest leather for its footwear. Despite the shoes' delicate, glossy look, the handcrafting that goes into each pair makes these a long-term investment. The shoes (\$1,200) are by **BERLUTI**. The bag (\$2,600) is by **BOTTEGA VENETA**.



FOR MORE RECOMMENDATIONS FROM PLAYBOY FASHION, PLEASE VISIT PLAYBOY.COM.
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 122.



"I don't know—I've never used it for exercise."



FORE!

I don't have to do much to turn a man on. That seems to happen without my trying—I just take off my top. I love kissing, and I like it *slow*. I start with a couple of pecks and then gradually begin to make out. Kissing is a dance, not a fight, and I get really turned on when a man pays attention to how I kiss him and then kisses me back the same way. Next, I love when he moves on to other areas of my body. Two of the most sensitive parts of my body are my neck and spine—I love getting my back tickled. Paying attention to my entire body, not just my erogenous zones, proves you're a generous lover who cares about more than just getting yourself off. When a man explores my entire body, it tells me he cares. My philosophy is that you are with me to please me and I'm with you to please you. If you do it right the first time, I will keep coming back for more. But if you're selfish, you're going to have to find somebody else. How do you know if you're doing it right? Easy: Listen to the noises I make. That, and I'll grab your hands to keep you from moving on.



READ THE CENTERFOLDS ON SEX ARCHIVE AT PLAYBOY.COM/COS.

ON THE TABLE

I love simple things, like when a man opens the door for me or hands me the salt and pepper shakers so I don't have to reach across the table. It's great when a man makes eye contact with me and asks about my life rather than staring at my titties the whole time as he talks about himself. I'm put off by a guy who brags about how much money he makes. I know so many men who live in crappy one-bedroom apartments but buy a Mercedes and a Rolex on credit just to appear like a big man. If a man has to be fake, I'll assume he's compensating for other deficiencies, like being small in the pants.

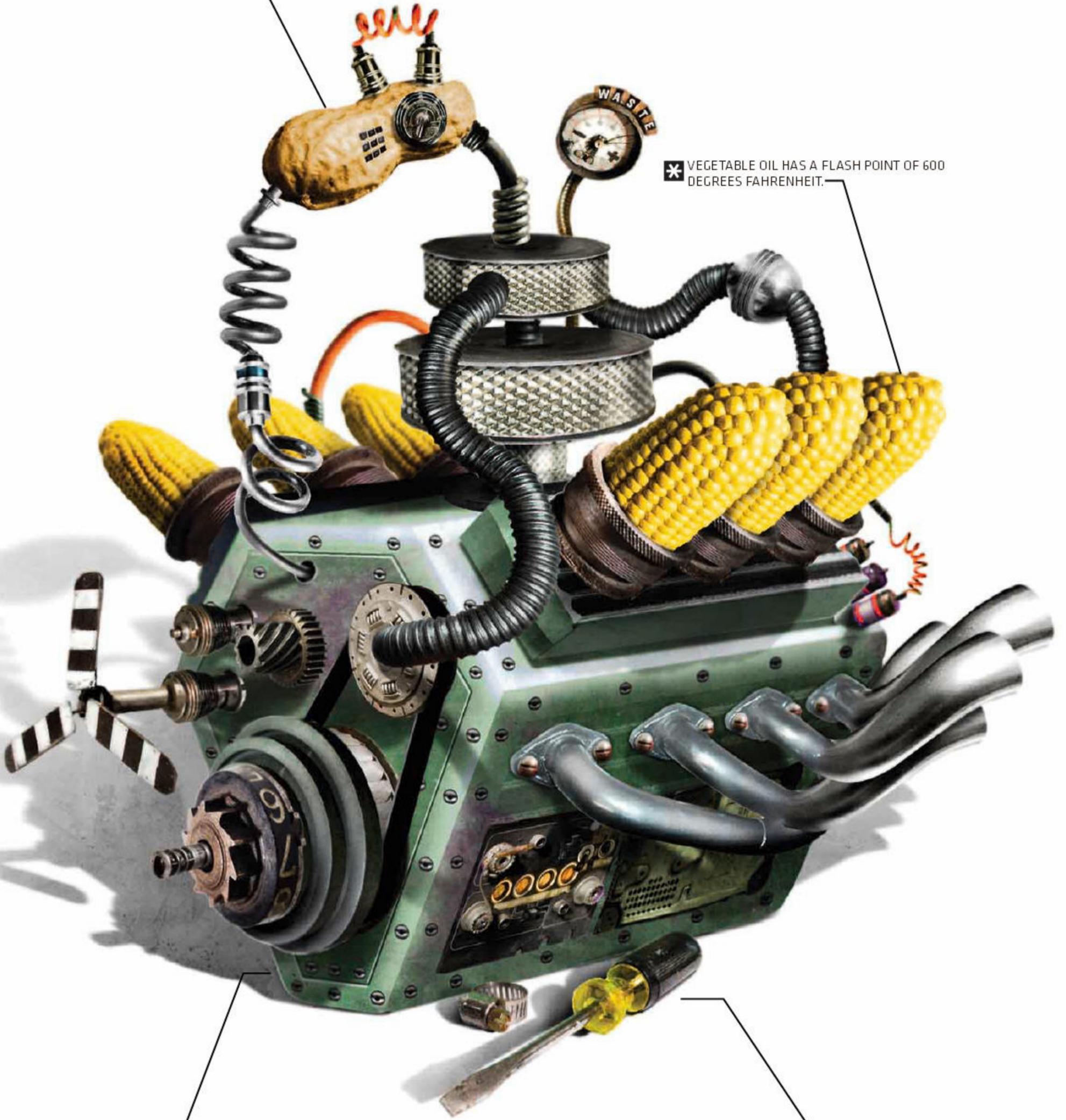


* RUDOLPH DIESEL ORIGINALLY DESIGNED HIS ENGINE, IN 1892, TO RUN ON PEANUT OIL.

* VEGETABLE OIL HAS A FLASH POINT OF 600 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.

* OLDER MERCEDES AND VW DIESEL ENGINES ARE THE BEST CANDIDATES FOR CONVERSION.

* A DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT TO CONVERT A DIESEL CAR TO RUN ON USED FRY OIL COSTS ABOUT \$1,000.





The Greasecar War

It's a little after six on a frigid February morning, and my ancient olive-green Mercedes is doing its typical diesel death rattle as it skitters across the black ice. The old girl doesn't like to be up at this hour of morning, not in the dead of winter. Neither do I. I slide the car around the still-dark corner of a middle-of-nowhere strip mall, park behind a pizza place and do a quick scan of the alley. I need to make sure I'm alone. I am about to commit a crime.

Silently I slip out the door and pull my blue denim barn coat tight. From the trunk of the car I grab a five-gallon can, along with my fetid measuring cup and a pair of surgical gloves. I steal over to the waste-oil drum and fight off a wave of revulsion as I peer inside. There are bits of food and

God knows what else floating—drowning—in that thick glop. Reaching inside, I fish out the big chunks and toss them aside. I'll clean those up when I'm done. And then, one cup at a time, I transfer the waste oil into my fuel can.

I keep telling myself that I'm a revolutionary on the green frontier, that the five gallons of waste oil now infusing my clothes with the stink of old *zeppole* and french fries well past their prime will ultimately propel my Mercedes 160 miles down the road.

As I dump the last globs of grease into my can, I feel a set of eyes burning into my back. I hadn't seen the guy in the bread-delivery truck pull up. I had been too busy trying not to vomit into my fuel source. But now I can see him taking

stock of me. A look somewhere between disgust and pity crosses his face.

"I use it to run my car," I say.

"Oh," the man responds.

I might just as well have told him spacemen ate my socks.

"That's nice," he says, hurrying back into the cab of his truck and ramming the sliding door shut.

I'm not sure when the idea first hit me to try vegetable oil as a fuel source. It was probably around the time gasoline first edged toward \$3 a gallon. As a family, we were burning about \$150 worth of the stuff a week, and it dawned on me that in the course of my career as a crime writer I had known hard-core junkies who spent less every day to support their habit than I was spending on mine.

I had read about conversion systems that allow cars to run on used french-fry oil, mostly gee-whiz newspaper features that depicted the fry boys as colorful eccentrics. But those fry boys had some compelling engineering on their side. In fact, in 1892, when Rudolf Diesel, a debt-ridden paranoiac, designed the engine that now bears his name, he planned for it to run on peanut oil and even predicted in 1912 that while “the use of vegetable oils for engine fuels may seem insignificant today...such oils may become in the course of time as important as the petroleum and coal-tar products of the present.”

By all accounts, his first foray into the field was less than successful. The peanut-oil diesel engine that the Otto Company unveiled at the Paris International Exposition in 1900 smoked and hissed and was generally considered unreliable. Diesel died 13 years later—an apparent suicide—and so too did his vision of an engine powerful enough to plow the fields, harvest its own fuel and cart the rest to market.

In recent years Diesel’s idea has been revived, driven partly by a desire for a cleaner fuel and more so by a desire, as those who study such things put it, “to stick it to the man.” In some cases vegetable oil can propel a car for 70 miles a gallon while producing fewer particulate pollutants than either conventional diesel or gasoline. It also has the advantage of being renewable and domestically produced, offering drivers the ability to opt out of the petroleum-based economy.

Then, of course, there is the cost. The roughly 3 billion gallons of waste vege-



Tacee Webb’s *Lovecraft* has virtually cornered the market on fry-grease conversion kits in L.A. Among her clients: Mandy Moore and Governor Schwarzenegger.

table oil generated every year by American bistros and hotels is considered almost a toxic substance, and those restaurateurs too ethical to flush it down the toilet are often forced to pay a waste hauler to cart it away. In yet another of the peculiar ironies of American commerce, the fry grease your mother always warned would ruin your complexion is sometimes rendered and used in makeup. In other cases it’s converted into animal feed and pet food.

Given a chance, however, many of those restaurateurs will gladly give away their waste vegetable oil to, say, a guy like me.

The instant I understood the facts, I was committed to the cause. I was determined to find an old car and convert it to run on fry grease. I am not alone. There are some 20,000 drivers on the green front, among them Hollywood beauty queens and a certain governor named Arnold.

Justin Carven sits behind his desk in his cluttered office on the second floor of a converted factory in the

The rear end of Schwarzenegger’s Hummer, which is rigged to run on vegetable oil.

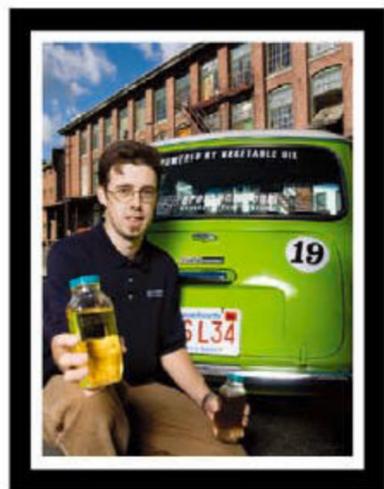
village of East Hampton, Massachusetts. He is buried under a mountain of flow-charts and sales projections. The office mongrel, Olive Oil, snores beneath the desk, and as I peer over the wall of documents, I can’t help but imagine the number of trees it took to produce all that paper.

Carven is the founder and CEO of Greasecar, one of the nation’s largest and fastest-growing companies specializing in waste-vegetable-oil conversions. Starting at \$1,000, his company will sell you everything you need in one box to turn a diesel car into a grease burner. Lanky, bespectacled and nearly the same age as my wheezing old Mercedes, Carven was just a kid seven years ago when he scraped together \$1,500 and set off across the country in an 18-year-old VW fitted with a conversion system he had developed. His goal: to prove veggie oil could be a viable fuel.

“I realized that the only way this was going to be taken seriously was if we could commercialize it and sort of prove it in the U.S. market,” Carven says.

Fishing enough oil out of restaurant Dumpsters to keep himself on the road, he made it most of the way before an oil leak—which had everything to do with the infirmity of his car and nothing to do with the fuel—cut the trip short. The stunt generated some buzz. “There were a lot of people expressing interest that, if such a thing were available, they would want to buy it,” he says. “Of course, turning that into a business that pays the bills is a longer

(continued on page 128)



Justin Carven, CEO of Greasecar, with his veggie-oil-powered 1979 Austin Mini.



HOW IT WORKS

THE VEGGIE-OIL ENGINE EXPLAINED

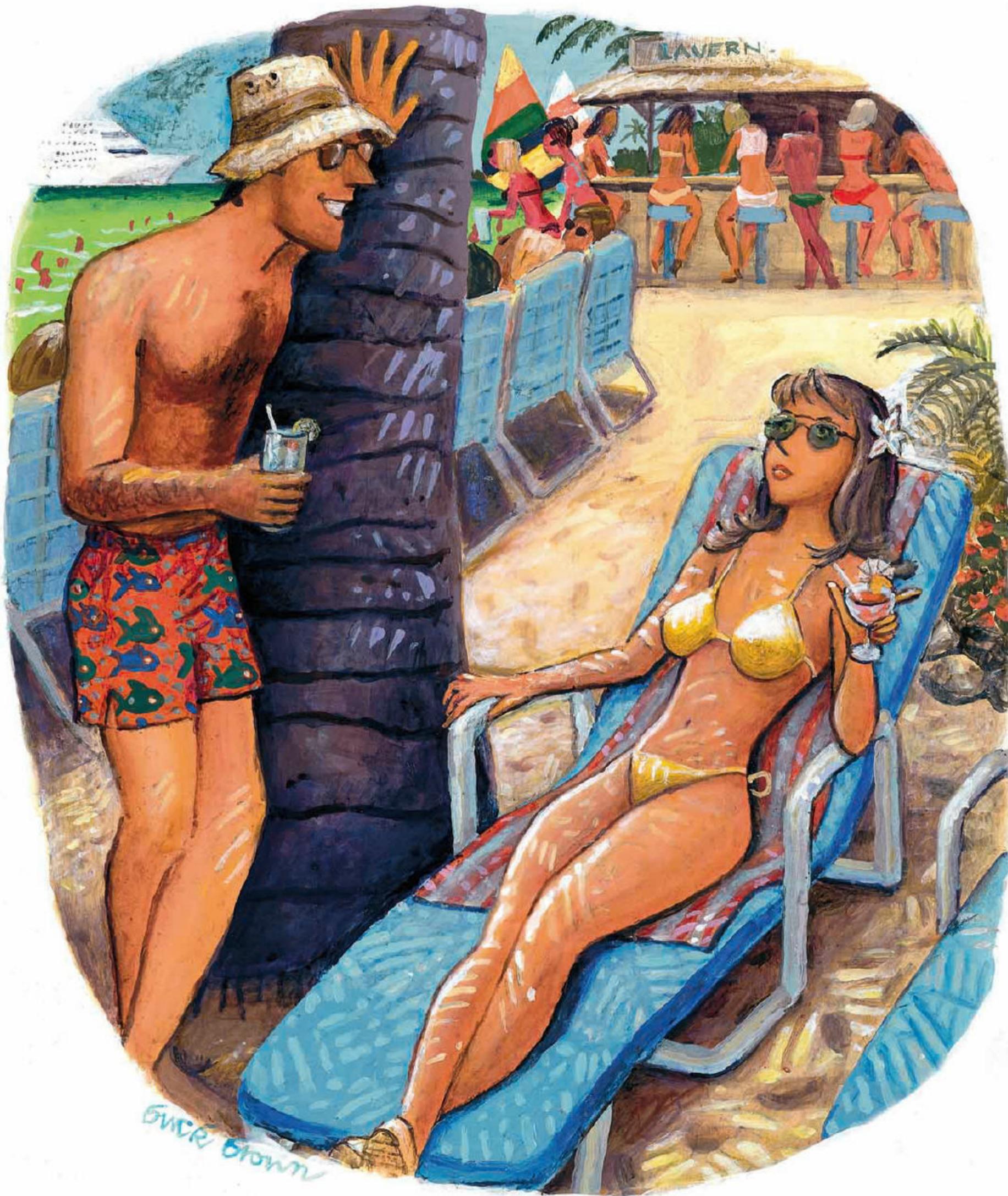
A veggie-oil vehicle begins with a diesel engine. In diesels, fuel is injected into the combustion chambers just as in gasoline engines. Highly compressed air is then injected. The heat of this compressed air (rather than the spark of a spark plug) ignites the fuel. To run a car on veggie oil, the most popular method is to use two fuel tanks: one with the veg, another with straight diesel (all provided in a cheap conver-

sion kit, pictured). You start the car on regular diesel. The heat of the engine warms the veggie oil to about 160 degrees, reducing the viscosity; otherwise the oil is too thick to burn. Once your car is at its regular running temperature, you flip a switch (mine is mounted in my ashtray). Veggie oil is then fed into the engine. It has a very high flash point—600 degrees. (If you get it that hot on your stove top and toss in a spark, it

will flame.) One caveat: You must be sure to “purge” the engine before shutting it down. This forces regular diesel fuel back through the engine and the lines to flush out the veggie oil, which, once cooled, could gum up the injectors and the fuel pump. I keep a 55-gallon drum for fuel in my garage. I pour used french-fry oil through a 10-micron cloth bag twice to filter it, which takes about two weeks.

—S.M.





"You know what I like in a woman? Me."



LA BELLE BEAUVAIS

SCREEN SIREN GARCELLE BEAUVAIS-NILON'S SHIP COMES IN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

BY DAVE ITZKOFF

Before she was turning heads on television as a sharp-tongued desk clerk and a strong-willed assistant DA, Garcelle Beauvais-Nilon was just another stunning model struggling to prove she could be more than a pretty face. She wanted to act. One day she got word that Aaron Spelling, the executive producer of *Charlie's Angels* and *Beverly Hills 90210*, was casting a new prime-time soap opera about the inner workings of the fashion industry. She would be perfect, she figured. There was only one problem: "My agents said, 'They're not going to cast any black models,'" Garcelle recalls. "And I thought, You've got to be kidding me."

Garcelle showed up the next morning at Spelling's offices in Los Angeles with a letter addressed directly to the legendary producer. He must have been impressed. Within days she was cast in her first starring role, in a series called *Models, Inc.* The show didn't last long, but Garcelle did.

As she tells the story now, years later, Garcelle smiles between sips of cranberry juice. We're in a private corner of the bar at the W New York–Times Square hotel. She's dressed plainly in blue jeans and a gray tank top, but still, security spotted her the moment her leg swung out of the taxi, a fact that accounts for our private booth,



secluded even from the hotel's swanky clientele. She says she is not the person people think she is. The woman we've come to know and love as Francesca "Fancy" Monroe, Jamie Foxx's sultry romantic foil on *The Jamie Foxx Show*, and as the uncompromising assistant district attorney Valerie Heywood on *NYPD Blue* doesn't regard herself as the sort of person who kicks down doors to get what she wants. "I hate confrontation, and I cry at the drop of a hat," she says with a self-deprecating laugh. "It's bizarre. The roles I get as an actor are tough, and I've had to learn to play that, because it wasn't in me."

Not tough? We're not buying it. Garcelle has faced obstacles at every turn. She was only seven years old when her family emigrated from Haiti, where she was born in the town of Saint-Marc and raised in the capital, Port-au-Prince. She ended up in the chillier climes of Peabody, Massachusetts. She learned to speak English by watching *Sesame Street*. Her classmates had never seen anyone who looked like her before. "I remember kids coming up and touching my skin because I was the only black kid in school," she says. "That was kind of daunting."

When she was 16, Garcelle and family moved again, this time to sunny Miami, where a scout promptly discovered her. She was



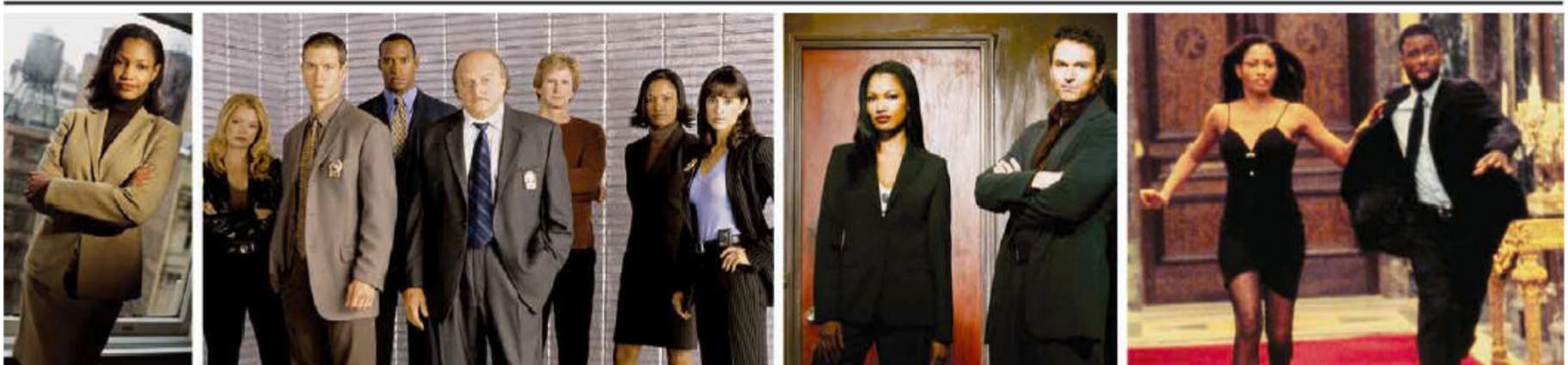
recruited by Ford Models, through which she gained entrée into one of the most glamorous and competitive industries in glamorous, competitive New York. Garcelle didn't get steady work right away, but she had a plan B: She got a fake ID (she was only 17), donned a pair of rabbit ears and a powder-puff tail and landed a job as a waitress at New York's Playboy Club (this was the mid-1980s). "I was Bunny Garcelle," she confesses. "I still have my ID card."

Soon she was booking print campaigns, strutting on runways and parlaying her modeling into acting jobs. John Landis saw her potential and gave her a small part in *Coming to America* (watch for Garcelle as a flower girl tossing rose petals at Eddie Murphy's feet). Michael Mann cast her in the video for Peter Wolf's "I Need You Tonight" and episodes of *Miami Vice*. She guest-starred on sitcoms from *The Cosby Show* to *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.

As Garcelle climbed her way up the Hollywood ladder, she found herself struggling with the limited opportunities the entertainment industry offered black actors. She explains, "They usually say, 'We're going in another direction.' It could mean anything—it could be because of color, or it could be because they want Halle Berry or Gwyneth Paltrow. So you never really know." When Garcelle was presented with roles written specifically for people of color, she discovered there were other biases to overcome. "They'd say, 'Oh, she's not street enough; she's not black enough,'" she says. "I didn't want to play the ghetto girl. We have so many stereotypes already that I didn't want to contribute to them."

Garcelle earned her breakout role on *The Jamie Foxx Show* in 1996. For five seasons she starred opposite the future Oscar winner, who she says has "the most energy of anyone I've ever met. Jamie would fly out on a Thursday after rehearsal, do stand-up all across the country, party—and when I say party, I mean *party*—and show up on Monday with the craziest stories you've ever heard. You're like, 'How do you do all that in one weekend? And who are these girls?'"

(text concluded on page 134)



Don't mess with the man, particularly when she's beautiful. Garcelle played the gritty but gorgeous assistant DA Valerie Heywood on *NYPD Blue* (left, solo and with cast). She also appeared in the ABC series *Eyes* (center, with co-star Timothy Daly) and starred opposite Chris Rock (right) on the big screen in *Bad Company*. Check out his face; he knew she was stealing the show.











See more of Garcelle at cyber.playboy.com.

WATER (continued from page 90)

After the years of cheating on Tracy, maybe it was just muscle memory with him, the guilt.

note in her things." Michael handed her a faded slip of yellow paper covered in small printed letters, as if a shy child had written the note.

"Katie, Sorry I couldn't take the boy after all. I got in some trouble. Just like you said. He's a good boy. Tell him I said so. You tell him it's okay he can do anything he wants.

Oren.

I'll come back when I can."

Ellie didn't look up from the note. "This was your father?"

"Oren Dessens," Michael said. She showed no reaction to the name.

Ellie turned the page over. Stamped in light blue ink on the other side of the narrow strip of paper were the words *Two Bridges* and, running down the left-hand column, the numbers one to 15.

"This is a betting slip," Ellie said. One corner of her mouth went up. "I used to see these around the house when I was a kid."

She stared at the slip like an old family picture. And then she laughed. "Back in the old days, before all the money flooded into the valley, they used to take sports betting out here. Games were written on a chalkboard, and these numbers corresponded to each game on the board." Ellie smiled at the memory and then looked down at the betting slip. "*I'll come back,*" she read.

"*When I can.*" Michael finished. He felt uncomfortable and glanced up at her.

"I guess he didn't come back," she said.

"No," Michael said. There was some other part to all of this, something about his own divorce, but Michael didn't know how to tell that part. "I was surprised about my father saying he couldn't take me after all," he said instead. "My mother never mentioned my living with him. Shane, my stepfather, said the only thing my mother ever said about Oren was that he was a gambler and a drunk who took off for good when I was four. She heard he put out on a ship, and she figured he died of syphilis somewhere."

Ellie was staring at him in a way that made Michael feel exposed.

"But," Michael said, "naturally, when I found the story about this place..." He didn't finish and wondered, naturally...what? Did he expect to find his father here?

Ellie looked back at the betting slip. "Look. I've got a meeting. A conven-

tion we're trying to get. But...do you want to talk to my dad?"

"Your dad?"

"Tim Flett. He bought the place in the 1950s from the original owner, probably about the time you're talking about. He's not in the best of health, but his mind is still sharp. Maybe he remembers your father."

They made an appointment to meet again in an hour. Michael left her office, took an elevator to the eighth floor of the hotel and stood in the hallway, looking out. From the top floor, he could see the lake in the distance and the two highways parting at a 90-degree angle from each other, skirting the shores of the lake and disappearing into a blur of commercial development.

Again, it wasn't the way he'd pictured it, and it seemed odd to him that he'd pictured anything at all. Maybe it was Oren's note: *I got into some trouble*. Or the news story, which made reference to the dark history of the place: the Western toughs, the gamblers and hookers. But he imagined other things, too: headlights and Indian blankets, a bright shimmering wall.

On the top floor, Michael found he had cell phone coverage again, and he listened to a new message from Tracy: "I know you're in Idaho. I just wanted to tell you that I'm leaving Megan's *Baby-Sitters Club* books on the built-in in the living room." And then she paused. "She's worried about having something to read when she comes to your house." The words *your house* were a kick to Michael's stomach. Tracy felt it too. On the message, she became clipped. "I hope you find what you're looking for, Michael."

He pressed the button to delete the message, but as her voice faded, Tracy said, "Oh, and one more..." but she was gone. He tried to call her and got no answer.

He met Ellie in the lobby. "You can ride with me," she said and started for the front door before he could answer. She wore a soft black leather coat, and as he followed her out to the parking lot Michael shifted uneasily. After the years of cheating on Tracy, maybe it was just muscle memory with him, the guilt.

"This whole area is different than it was 30 years ago," Ellie said as they drove away from the resort. "There were only two cabins on this side

of the lake when I was born. Now they're like tract homes. Secondaries a mile from the lake go for \$400,000. Our little crop-duster airport is full of private jets." She said a couple of minor celebrities' names conspiratorially, the same ones Michael had read about in his research, almost as if the names themselves had become tourist attractions.

They drove away from the crossroads, down the southbound four-lane highway, past an Indian casino, its parking lot jammed with cars. "This side of the lake was all forest back then," she said. "It was the untamed side." Michael thought about telling her that that was how he'd pictured it. But what would be the point? "My dad tells some pretty wild stories," she said. "Crazy how much can change in 30 years."

He'd had that thought recently too—how far removed he felt from a father who fought in World War II and gambled at roadhouses. "I remember driving from Tahoe one time," Michael said, "and going through the Donner Pass and thinking that just a few generations before, it was impassable, turned people into animals. And now I can just...drive through it. Like any stretch of highway."

They drove a few more miles and then cut along an access road winding down a hillside above the shoreline. Ellie drove slowly past cute signs with nautical themes and stacked mailboxes above clusters of cabins and A-frames.

"My dad built the first cabin on this side, in 1955," Ellie said. She turned off the road, and they came around a huge boulder to the back of a modest, wood-frame building with windows facing the lake and stairs down to the rocky shore. Michael had the strange sensation of seeing what he'd imagined. "Thank you for doing this," he said.

Ellie turned off the car and stared at the house. "That time of my father's life fascinates me," she said. "It's hard to reconcile the stories he tells with the sweet, silly man he is now." She opened her door and paused. "Oh. Before we go in...there's something you should know about my dad. It can be jarring if you're not prepared for it."

1958

Bannen slapped him like he was a damn woman. Oren Dessens spun and fell against the craps table, cheek stinging. He scurried backward beneath the table and against the scratchy cedar wall. He put his hands up as Bannen stalked toward him. "Wait, wait. Just listen to me—"

"Oh. He wants me to listen." Bannen spoke over his shoulder to nervous hacks of laughter. The place was nearly empty, just the handful of Bannen's



*"When I was going down for the third time all I could think of was...
going down for the third time."*

usual ass-sniffers, tough guys as long as they were together. It was dark, all the lights shut off except the one behind the bar. Bannen's thick jaw was clenched, and his white hair had come out of its straight furrows and was falling down in his eyes. "You believe this guy? Steals from me and now he wants me to listen to him. You believe this son of a bitch?"

Oren looked up at Flett, standing beside the craps table, his shoulders turned a few degrees. He was fingering some chips and staring at his shoes. Oren had foolishly believed Flett could run interference for him, plead his case to Ralph Bannen. Now Oren saw there was no way Flett could do that. And he didn't really blame him. Flett was in no position to get him a deal. He owned the roadhouse, but it was Bannen who ran book out of it and who paid off the sheriff, Bannen who brought the whores up from Wallace and who muscled the guys who couldn't pay. Oren had thought he was pleading his case to the house by going to Flett, but Bannen had always been the house. And it was Bannen's ex-whore wife he'd banged and Bannen's safe he'd broken into. He remembered something that Flett always said: Only three kinds of trouble out here—money,

women and Ralph Bannen. And he managed to hit 'em all with this.

He started to pull himself up against the cedar wall and felt a sharp kick to his side that lifted him and dropped him to the floor again. A cowboy boot. Oren thought it might have split his ribs. When he could open his eyes, he looked up to the pinched face of Rutledge. Rutledge, who he'd run down to Lewiston not three weeks ago to fish steelhead. Jesus. This was bad. The guys, five of them including Bannen and Flett, stood circled around him, a pack of dogs. Oren wheezed.

"So what do I do?" Bannen asked. He looked around the circle, grim male faces with shadowy evening beards, eyes darkened by the dim lights in this room. "What about you, Timmy? What would you do with a guy like this?"

Tim Flett was Oren's age, 33, their birthdays just two months apart. Oren wondered why this would come to him now, maybe because it was the only thing. Otherwise they couldn't be more different. Tim Flett was a local, grew up in his daddy's sawmill and lived a mile from where he was born. Oren was a roamer, from Montana originally, who'd skipped along

the Highline after the war, then down into the Idaho panhandle and into Washington. Tim was a settler, took the money he'd inherited from his old man, bought this roadhouse and built his home on the lake. Oren couldn't settle for anything, even a perfectly good girl like Katie. Always scratching for money, losing jobs, chasing trouble, Oren wondered if he could've been a guy like Tim Flett, living above the surface instead of always below.

"Shoot, Ralph. I don't know," Flett said. He was a pretty big guy himself, with short red hair curled tight on top and cheeks and neck that were always scarlet. But he wasn't *big* like Bannen, whose chest heaved in and out as he breathed.

"No. Come on, Timmy. Tell me." Bannen looked around. "This is your place. What would you do to a guy who dicks your wife so he can steal from you?"

Oren didn't dare correct him. Bannen's wife had been one of the sweeter whores Bannen ran before he took her out of commission, and getting *her* had always been the point. The safe was an afterthought. No, he'd taken only a little of Bannen's money, but he'd had every last bit of the man's wife.

Flett made eye contact with Oren and then looked away. "Since he came in on his own, I'd just hit him around some," Flett said quietly, "maybe break something." He looked at Oren again and seemed to want him to know this was the best he could possibly do. "And then he's gotta get so far outta town that not only do you never see him again, you never hear his name again."

So that was the play. It was, Oren saw, as much defense as Flett could offer on his behalf. And at that moment, sucking air through the pain of broken ribs, his face burning, staring up at Ralph Bannen, Oren was grateful for it.

"I don't know," Bannen said way too quickly, and Oren went cold. "I don't think that'll do it for me, Timmy. I know this piece of shit is your friend, but that just...just don't do it for me."

That was when Oren moved. He moved like he moved in poker, not thinking about it until he did it, the way he never looked at his cards until it was his bet, because if he had no idea what he had, then no one else would be able to read him. He jumped, grabbed hold of the leg of the craps table and pulled it over between him and Bannen. And then he had to find a spot through the semicircle. Flett, of course. It was the only play, and Flett seemed to know it. Oren hit his friend full in the chest with his shoulder and the man gave, stumbled backward into a blackjack table behind him. Rutledge grabbed for him, but Oren spun and was out the door. It was cold outside. He'd come out the back door, opposite side of the parking lot, and he ran as fast and as low as he could into the trees. At first he couldn't tell if anyone was behind



"Are you sure you didn't give him the wrong pill?"

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him, but then he could hear voices and the crunch of brush.

They were chasing him. Oren ran like an animal, scrambling and darting, almost on all fours. The air burned his lungs. He tripped over something and scratched himself, but he barely slowed. Tree limbs swatted at him. It was so dark in these woods that when his eyes finally adjusted he found it nearly impossible to believe he hadn't run full into a tree. They were thick all around him, and he moved like a kid running through a crowd of—oh shit.

Oren came to a stop, panting.

Goddamn it! He looked back over his shoulder. Michael was in the car. Bringing a four-year-old to Two Bridges—what was he thinking? He wasn't, that's what. He could've easily taken the kid to Katie's for the night. Earlier in the evening they'd been at Flett's house, and Flett had even suggested leaving

Michael there, in the basement with the aquarium. He should've done that. "You see how much he loves them fish," Flett had said. "He'll be fine."

Maybe Flett would find the kid and take him home. Even Bannen, asshole that he was, wouldn't take out adult business on a kid. Would he? Oren needed to keep moving. Make his way south to the highway, to Hayden. Maybe boost a car.

He began running again, but the adrenaline was fading and his broken rib cut him with each inhale. He saw a crease in the hillside and could hear water trickling. He ran down and found an old logging road hacked into the forest, two lines of faint tire tracks. Where the road crossed the creek, they'd put in a culvert, a round section of corrugated no bigger than a man could crawl through. Oren dropped down to the creek bed, just above the waterline, and ducked into it. There was just a trickle of water. He

could stay here till morning. He thought about his escape and felt a sort of pride. It seemed big to him, epic, the kind of story men would repeat through the ages. He'd nailed Bannen's wife and gotten away with it. That kind of story attached itself to a man forever. That is, if anyone ever found out about it. It was black dark. Oren closed his eyes.

He pictured the boy sitting in the car again. "Don't move," he had told the kid when he went inside to straighten things out. And the kid wouldn't move. He'd only had Michael for three months, since the divorce went final, but he was a good kid. He did what he was told, and most of the time he sat in the apartment Oren rented in Coeur d'Alene, staring out at the traffic on the street like it was a damn television. Shit, the kid might sit in that car forever. What was the crazy question he'd asked on the way out here from Flett's house? Water. Oren laughed to himself as he crouched in the culvert, icy creek flowing around the rubber of his boots.

What if Flett didn't find the boy in the car? What if they spent all night looking for Oren? Michael would sit there all night. It was cold out here. What if Michael came looking for him? He pictured Bannen grabbing his kid, and Oren felt something hot rise in his throat.

He couldn't stop his thoughts, which were like another broken rib.

They'd never expect him to go back. He told himself this, but it was stupid justification.

He wasn't going back because it was the smart play.

He was going back because of the boy.

Son of a bitch, this makes no sense, Oren thought, as he edged himself out of the culvert, thinking of that Japanese plane again and the way it just fell out of the sky.

1992

Tim Flett lay like a stranded whale on a massive brown leather couch in a room overlooking the lake, watching a big-screen television that had been planted in front of the fireplace mantel. It was hard to see where the couch ended and where the old widower began. He was, as his daughter Ellie had explained outside, a mess—the result of runaway diabetes and a strep infection that had almost killed him. He was missing his left leg to the knee, his right foot and parts of three fingers on his left hand, and he was wearing an eye patch over his left eye beneath thick glasses. But that was not to say there wasn't a lot of Tim Flett: massive, great foothills of haunches rising into a rolling stomach covered with big gray sweats and bare arms dimpled and pinched beneath gray sheets of skin, rising to the thick red folds of his neck and chest. He breathed like two men snoring. His hair was red, short and



Andrew Berg

"I've always been a Darwinist, but she can only be explained as intelligent design of the highest order."

curly, and it was hard to tell it from the mottled skin on his neck and head. He looked up from the TV and smiled.

"Hiya, sweetheart," he said to his daughter.

Ellie introduced Michael, who looked around the cabin's main room. Three big windows looked out on the bay. The walls were cut from halved logs, and the room was rustic, like a small lodge, with stuffed fish and family pictures competing for wall space. Next to the couch was a big solid-looking portable toilet and on the other side of it a dormitory refrigerator. Ellie and Michael sat in matching recliners across from him.

"Forgive my appearance," Tim Flett said. "I'm donatin' my body to science. One piece at a time."

Ellie smiled, and Michael wondered how many times she'd heard that joke.

"Did the nurse come by this afternoon, Dad?"

"She's a nurse?" Tim Flett asked, looking at Michael for a reaction. "Well, that explains it. I thought she was just a really clean hooker."

When Flett was done laughing and there was a lull, Michael reached in his briefcase for the news story and the betting slip. Ellie watched him. "Dad," she said, leaning forward. "Michael is trying to find out about his father." And then she told the story: how Michael's mother had died a year earlier, that he was the middle of three kids, even his father's name. "Did you know this man, Oren Dessens?"

Tim Flett's eyes shot to Michael's. And the hand with the missing fingers seemed to rise on its own accord to rub the big man's jaw. "You're Oren's boy?" He looked past Michael, out the window to the lake. And then his eyes fell on Michael's face again and seemed to search it for something. "Christ. Oren Dessens's boy."

Michael rose and handed him the betting slip. Flett took it with his good hand, which shook with the effort. "I ain't seen one of these in..." He trailed off, turned it over and read the note. "Jesus," he said. He looked at Michael again, and his night crawler of a bottom lip quivered. "Oren Dessens's boy. Jesus."

"I'm trying to find out what happened to him," Michael said, and at that moment he felt a charge of adrenaline. It was so odd to be in a room with a man who'd known his father. "Do you know..." Michael asked, "what happened to him?"

Flett looked up, his eyes bleary. "Not really," he answered after a long pause. "Not after he left here. There was some trouble the night he wrote this." His skin reddened. "Oren took some money from this woman and her husband. He came out here to have me straighten it out, but the guy he owed the money to was a hard guy." He looked at Ellie. "I ever tell you about Ralph Bannen, honey?"

Ellie shook her head. "I don't think so."

"And my father. You don't know where he went?"

Flett was staring out at the lake, smiling, and at first Michael didn't think he'd heard the question. But he cleared his throat and answered. "Said he was going to Seattle to catch a boat. Merchant Marine."

Flett looked at Michael, held his eyes and then looked away again. "Your father used to talk about the places he saw in the Navy. Different islands. Australia and I don't know. Samoa. I'd never been nowhere but Washington and Montana, so your dad might as well have been talking about Mars. But after he left, I always pictured him living on one of them

islands, sleeping with the dark girls and cheating the locals at poker."

Michael kept asking questions—What kind of man was his father? What did he like to do? Were there any other friends he could suggest looking up?—but Flett's answers got shorter and shorter: He was a good man. He played cards. No friends. Finally he stopped answering altogether, just shrugged. Then he looked over at Ellie and gestured at the toilet next to his couch. "I need to use this. Gimme a minute."

Ellie offered to show Michael around. They walked outside and down the exterior wooden staircase, the rail badly in need of stain. The water lapped silently

against the riprap, and a dock lifted and fell slightly.

"I'm sorry he couldn't help you more," Ellie said.

"It's okay," Michael said. "At least he knew him."

"What will you do now?"

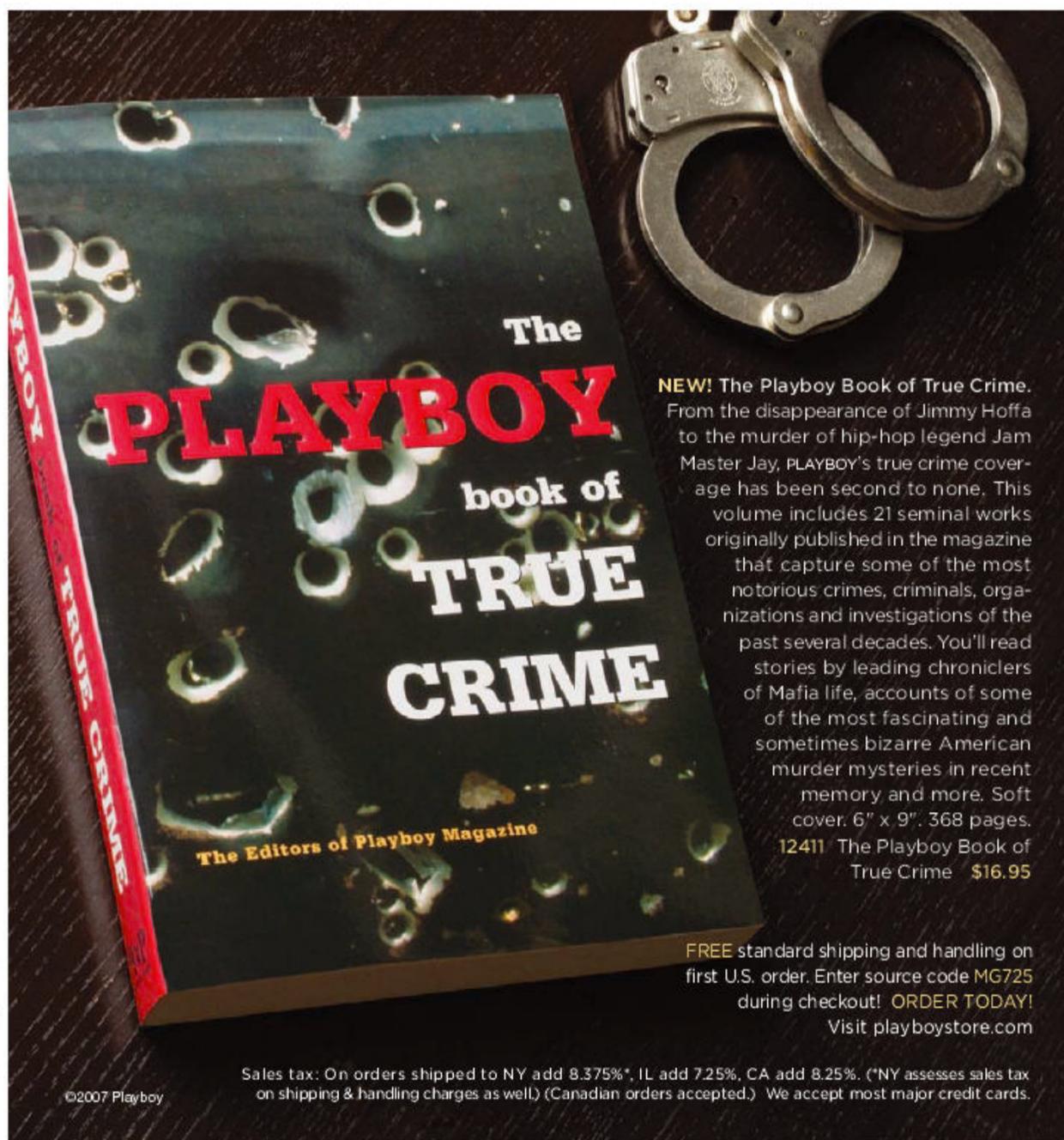
"I guess I'll go to Seattle, see if they keep Merchant Marine records there."

Ellie was staring at him. "Can I ask you something? You said you've been looking for your father the last four months."

"Yes."

"But you said your mother died a year ago. So what happened four months ago?"

Michael looked down and smiled. "My wife and I split."



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"Big old guy. Bigger'n me, even. His back looked like a damn barn. Last time I saw your dad," Flett said, "was that night. Bannen wasn't the kind of guy you could stay in town if you'd screwed him." Flett stared out at the lake. "He run your dad off."

"This guy my father owed money to," Michael said, "is he still alive?"

"Ralph?" Flett frowned. "No. Bannen's wife fixed him with his own baseball bat not long after, maybe six months. SOB bled to death. Took him all night to die. He'd been pounding on her for years. She only did two years for clubbing him, even though she hit him four times and didn't call nobody for hours."

After a moment Ellie said, "I'm sorry." Michael shrugged. That was such an odd phrase—*My wife and I split*—so matter-of-fact and impermanent, making it sound no different than *My wife and I joined a softball team*. So what was the truth? That he threw his life away? That he self-destructed and threw away the whole goddamn thing? That his daughter was worried about having books to read at his house? Michael stared at his hands. "A hole opened up."

"What?" she asked.

He was surprised that he'd spoken. "Nothing," he said. But he finished the thought: A hole opened up and he had to know what was inside it. So he picked and picked until the hole was huge and then everything sort of...fell in—him, his wife, his kid and this fragile life they'd built at the edge of the hole. And that's why he was here, because he'd begun wondering if maybe his father hadn't fallen into the same hole.

Chop rolled over the surface of the lake.

Michael looked down the shoreline at nodding docks, at ski boats rising and falling against log pilings. "It's nice up here," he said.

"It's quiet," she said, as if it were the same thing.

They went back into the house through the basement and were start-

ing up the steps when something caught Michael's eye in a room just off the stairs. He pushed open the door to a small bedroom. An empty fish tank ran the length of one wall, a big aquarium eight feet long, like a coffin. The water had been drained, and all that was in the tank was a wire brush, a pump, some fake seaweed and a little ceramic turtle. Michael stood at the door a moment and then stepped into the room, empty except for a bed, a dresser and this wall-length fish tank. He reached up and put his hand against the cold glass.

"This was my room when I was a kid," Ellie said, looking around.

"There were lights," Michael said quietly, his hand against the glass.

"In the tank? Yeah."

"Blue lights," he said.

"My dad put the tank in before I was born. He loved fish." She laughed. "I always thought the lights made the fish look like ghosts, but I didn't have the heart to tell him how much this tank scared me. You must have had one too."

A faint current seemed to connect Michael to the glass, a dying memory dissolving in the very moment he remembered it, like a dream he awakened to, trying to recount it in the morning as it faded (*fish gliding in blue...*).

Then it was gone, whatever it had been—daydream, memory, trick of the mind—and Michael Pierce let his hand fall from the glass. He remembered Tracy saying in her message that Megan had left some books on a shelf, and at that moment he wanted to go home and run his hand over the spines of those little books.

"No," he said to Ellie. "I didn't have one of these."

They went back upstairs, to where Tim Flett was working the remote control, running through channels on the television. He didn't look up.

Michael put his card on the little end table next to the old man. "Before I forget, if you remember anything else about my father, maybe you could call me."

Flett seemed changed, hardened somehow. "I said he put out on a boat in Seattle."

"No, I just mean if anything else comes to you—"

Tim Flett's eyes shot from the TV to Michael to the window. "I told you," he said sharply. "He put out on a goddamn boat!"

"Dad!" Ellie scolded. And then to Michael, "I'm sorry. He must be tired."

"It's okay," Michael said. He looked back at Flett. It was as if the old man were finished, as if he couldn't even bear to look at Michael anymore. And even though Michael had a hundred more questions, he had his answer. He followed Flett's eyes to the window and beyond to the dark, still lake. Michael thought, Whole worlds exist beneath the surface. And maybe you can't see them, but you know they are there.

1958

They rode silently toward Flett's house. Bannen drove his Caddy alone in the front seat. Oren sat in back, trying not to breathe too deeply. Sitting on either side of him were Rutledge and the other man, Baker, he barely knew.

The road to Flett's cabin was hardly more than tire tracks in the trees. They came to the house, lights on, casting white tips on the surface of the lake.

Oren had run into the three men on his way back to the roadhouse, stepping out of the trees with his hands up, pleading with them, explaining that his kid was in the car. Bannen told him Flett had already taken his kid back to the lake house, and it came to Oren that he could've just stayed in the woods. They hit him around a little more and then dragged him back to the car.

Baker and Rutledge pulled Oren out of the car by the arms. His head hung to his chest.

Flett came out of the house, looking concerned. He wouldn't meet Oren's eyes.

"Where's Michael?" Oren asked.

"Downstairs," Flett said without looking at him. "He's fine."

"Look. I need you to take him home,



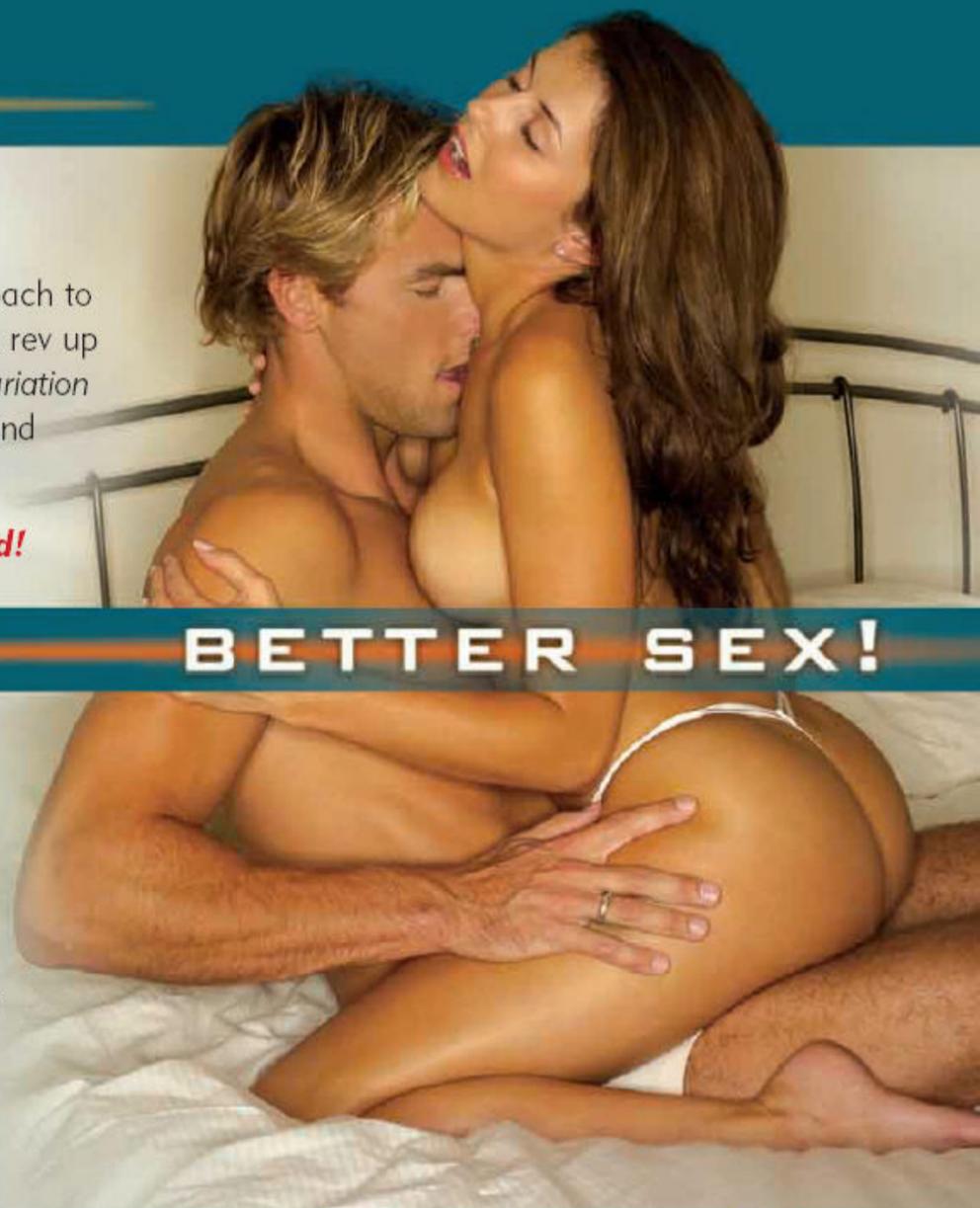
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Tim," Oren said. "Take him to Katie's. Will you do that for me?"

"Oren," Flett began.

"Come on. I don't want him to see this."

Flett considered the request. He pulled Bannen over to the edge of the house, beneath the porch light, and turned so that his back was to Oren. He spoke quickly, gesturing with his hands. Bannen seemed to listen.

"I know I got a beating coming," Oren said quietly to Rutledge and Baker, who held his arms. "But don't let him go too far. I mean...if it starts to look bad——"

But he didn't finish, and they didn't say anything. Oren took a deep breath, and it felt like another kick in his side. "Christ. Do you sharpen them boots, Rutledge?"

"Sorry, Oren," he said.

Bannen and Flett came back. "You got two minutes with the kid," Bannen said.

Oren, with Baker and Rutledge still on his arms, followed Flett into the house and down the stairs, into the bedroom on the right. And there was

the boy, staring into Flett's giant aquarium, tropical fish swimming around in the blue light, a big square-headed whiskered thing probing the glass and a skinny one with streaks of gold and a flitty little yellow one that darted in among the phony rocks. Michael was so close his nose almost touched the glass, and his face was as blue as the fish as he watched them swim the way he watched traffic out the window of Oren's apartment, the way he looked at Oren in the car, the way he looked out at the world. Oren recalled that the boy had spent an hour down here earlier in the afternoon, before they drove to Two Bridges.

Do we live in water?

He watched the fish come to the end of its blue world, invisible and impassible, turn, go around and turn again as he sensed another wall and another and on and on. It didn't even look like water in there, so clear and blue. And the goddamn fish just swam in his circles, as if he believed that, one of these times, the

glass wouldn't be there and he would just sail off into the open.

Oren put his hand on the kid's shoulder. Michael turned.

"We ain't like fish, Michael," Oren said. "You can do whatever you want. If that's what you meant."

The kid looked back at the tank.

Oren turned to Flett. His throat felt tight. "Will you take Katie a note?"

Flett nodded and handed him a betting slip and a pen. Oren concentrated on the note. He wrote carefully. He signed his name and then thought of one more thing to say. "I'll come back when I can." It gave him a kind of courage. He finished the note and handed it to Flett, who wouldn't meet his eyes.

"Listen," Oren said to Flett, "if this goes bad, I got a boat in Seattle."

"Oren," Flett said, "if there was anything I could——"

"No. Listen to me," Oren said, his voice cracking. "I'm goin' on a boat. Anyone asks. I got a boat in Seattle. Okay?"

Finally Flett nodded.

They moved back up the stairs, Flett and the boy first and him and Baker and Rutledge behind. If he was going to run, this was probably his best bet. But Oren knew he needed to see the boy get in that car first.

Bannen was smoking. God, he wanted that cigarette. But Bannen just dropped it when Oren came out. Flett opened the passenger door to the Chevy, and the boy climbed in. He looked out the window at Oren, gave a little wave. Oren's chin quivered, but he felt brave again, as if Bannen couldn't touch him. Oren waved back, the guys standing close to him but not holding his arms, trying to make it seem casual.

He watched Flett's car back up, turn and head down the drive. The hands gripped Oren's arms again, and Bannen went to the trunk of his car. When the big man returned with a bat, Oren's head fell to his chest. He strained then, but he knew.

Rutledge and Baker tightened their grip, and Oren's feet scratched at the dirt driveway. He could just see dawn start to break on the foothills above the lake, but Bannen wasn't likely to wait. The first swing took him in the lower back and folded him. Oren lost whatever breath he'd had and felt something give in his hip. The hands let go of him and he dropped to the ground, pawing for his breath. He closed his eyes and tried to find something to look at in his mind. He came back to that morning on the carrier, the blue sky and the ocean and where they met, that endless line. Everything that isn't sky and water lives for a moment in that little gray band. Above and below it, the blue stretches forever.



“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. 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 is applied topically to the most “intimate areas”. **A delicate blend of ingredients, it helps improve stimulation directly at 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.

TJ
Phoenix, AZ



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



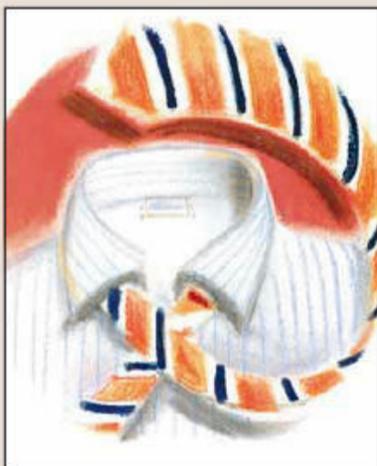
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*P.S., Let your readers know I’m pretty sure they can still get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** of **Maxoderm CONNECTION** with their order by calling **1-800-993-1433** or by visiting their website at www.maxodermct.com, and **FOR A LIMITED TIME**, you can still get **\$200 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**.

WHERE &

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 28, 31-34, 70-73, 92-97 and 142-143, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 28: *The Bigs*, 2ksports.com. *Calling All Cars*, available online through PS3. *Call of Juarez*, ubi.com. *Cloning Clyde*, available online through Xbox 360. *Enemy Territory: Quake Wars*, activation.com. *Flow*, available online through PS3. *Heavy Weapon: Atomic Tank*, available online through Xbox 360. *Lair*, playstation.com. *Ninja Gaiden Sigma*, available online through PS3. *Overlord*, codemasters.com. *3D Ultra Minigolf Adventures*, available online through Xbox 360. *Undertow*, available online through Xbox 360. *Warhawk*, available online through PS3.

MANTRACK

Pages 31-34: *Blancpain*, www.blancpain.com. *Bottega Veneta*, bottegaveneta.com. *Callaway Cars*, callawaycars.com. *Callaway Golf*, shop.callawaygolf.com. *Dogfish Head*, dogfish.com. *Fender*, fender.com. *Gaggia*, gaggia.com. *Ommegang*, ommegang.com. *Roth Audio*, rothaudio.co.uk. *Unibroue*, unibroue.com. *Versace*, versace.com. *Widmer*, widmer.com.

ENTERTAINING THE FUTURE

Pages 70-73: *Apple*, apple.com. *Headplay*, headplay.com. *Microsoft*, zune.net. *Motorola*, motorola.com. *OQO*, oqo.com. *Sony*, sonystyle.com. *TiVo*, tivo.com.

PLAYBOY RECOMMENDS

Pages 92-97: *Arnold Brant*, available by special order at 800-263-7848. *Aveda Men*, aveda

.com. *Banana Republic*, banana-republic.com. *Berluti*, berluti.com. *Borrelli*, borrelliretail.com. *Borrelli Royal Collection*, borrelliretail.com. *BOSS Black*, hugoboss.com. *BOSS Selection*, available at Hugo Boss boutiques. *BOSS Skin*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. *Bottega Veneta*, bottegaveneta.com. *Burberry London*, available at fine department stores nationwide. *Canali*, www.canali.it. *C.O. Bigelow*, available at select Bath & Body Works stores. *Dooney & Bourke*, dooney.com. *Dunhill*,

dunhill.com. *Ermenegildo Zegna*, zegna.com. *eShave*, eshave.com. *Every Man Jack*, available at Target stores nationwide. *Gold Toe*, available at Macy's and Bloomingdale's. *Haggar*, available at Kohl's and JCPenney. *Harrys of London*, available at Louis Boston and Wynn Las Vegas. *John Varvatos*, johnvarvatos.com. *John Varvatos Skin*, johnvarvatosskin.com. *Kenneth Cole*, available at Kenneth Cole boutiques and department stores nationwide. *Lab Series*, labseries.com. *Lancôme Men*, lancome.com. *Massimo Bizzocchi*, available at Massimo Bizzocchi, NYC. *Montblanc*, montblanc.com. *Oris*, oriswatches.com. *Otobo*, otobo.com. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, 212-759-3822. *Samsonite Black Label*, www.samsoniteblacklabel.com. *Tom Ford*, tomford.com. *Torino*, available at Oak Hall in Memphis and Boyds in Philadelphia. *Usher*, available at Macy's beginning September 2007. *Valentino*, 800-997-0140.

POTPOURRI

Pages 142-143: *Ar+Cook*, macys.com. *Brookstone*, brookstone.com. *Creative*, creative.com. *Java Pop*, javapop.com. *Jeff's*, sodaking.com. *Jones*, jonessoda-store.com. *The Knot*, shotoftheknot.com. *Lawn-Bott*, lawnbott.com. *Leica*, leica.com. *M-Audio*, m-audio.com. *Swissbicycleboard*, swissbicycleboard.com. *Waiialua Soda Works*, sodaking.com.

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CHRIS TUCKER

(continued from page 52)

and told me I was funny. This was early on, and he was in a wheelchair, but he was still communicating well. It just blew me away.

PLAYBOY: What was your biggest break?

TUCKER: I moved to L.A. at the time *Def Comedy Jam* was really hot. I did the first stand-up special. It was seven really good minutes. That was all I had, but a lot of people were watching. After that I was able to tour and make a living. One of the producers of the *House Party* movies saw *Def Comedy Jam*. I got a little part from that, and I got an agent from that cameo. Then I heard about *Friday*.

PLAYBOY: How did you land that role?

TUCKER: I auditioned. They knew of me from the comedy circuit, and they were looking for new blood. I was so ready to move on to film. I had been up against D.L. Hughley for a TV series about bike messengers in New York. He got it after the third audition. When we were walking out and I felt like the world was ending, my manager told me I'd gotten *Friday*. I was so happy because I didn't want to do TV. We made *Friday* in 20 days on no budget, and I nailed that, too.

PLAYBOY: Your stepping-stone to *Rush Hour* was *Money Talks*. Its original director left because he didn't like your style. What happened?

TUCKER: Steve Chase—I think that was his name—was a good commercial director. He misunderstood me, and we just didn't get each other. I come from stand-up, and I like to improv a lot. That probably made him nervous because his directing style in commercials was to script everything out. Brett Ratner came in two weeks before we started shooting, and we've also worked together on the *Rush Hour* films.

PLAYBOY: How about the original *Rush Hour*?

TUCKER: After *Money Talks*, New Line and I wanted to do a bigger movie, and they wanted me to buddy up with Jackie. New Line had distributed his old movies and wanted to put him in an American film. They were considering Martin Lawrence and Wesley Snipes, too. I was blessed to get it. It put me in this position. Making people laugh is actually a difficult thing, but you get so much gratification when you do it right. It's worth more than gold.

PLAYBOY: And if they're going to pay you a Tom Cruise-size salary every now and then?

TUCKER: That's fine too. And I need it because, as you've pointed out, I don't work that much.



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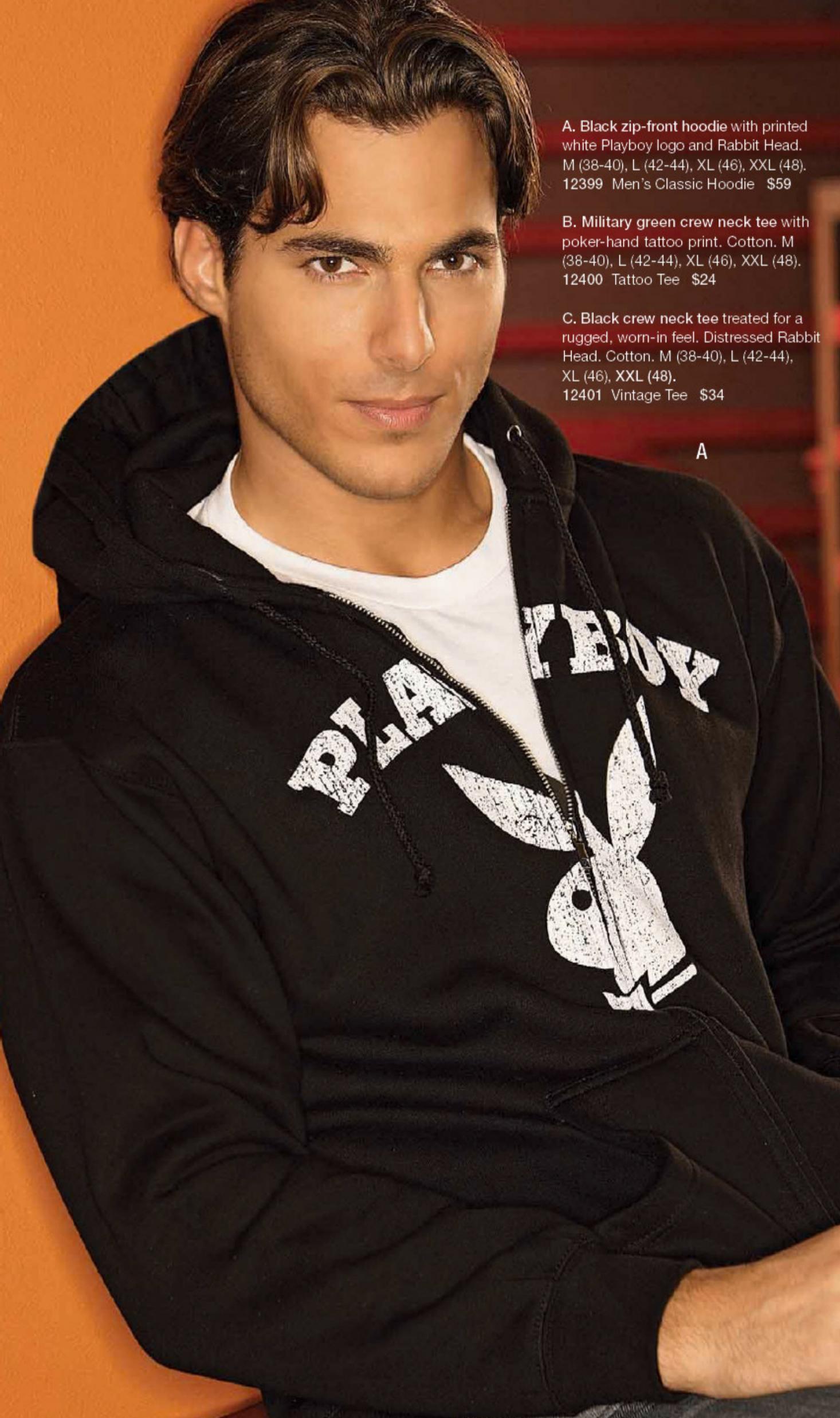
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Perfect President

(continued from page 56)

The total amount of his beneficence to the 42 villagers—the total amount—was \$27. From that gesture was born the idea of microcredit: lending very small sums of money to people without any collateral or credit history but whose values ensure they will put those small sums to good use. Yunus had to throw out every assumption about lending to the poor; for example, he had the borrowers pay back tiny sums on a daily basis to build up their confidence step-by-step and help him spot potential trouble before it grew bigger. He also required prospective borrowers to organize and become collectively responsible for one another's debts. Initially a Bangladeshi bank helped manage the loans, and Yunus had it reach out to women. In a culture that traditionally held women in purdah—i.e., kept out of the public arena—this may have been the most revolutionary idea of all. Still, Yunus understood the culture enough to encourage female employment inside the home—weaving, for example—which would pose less of a cultural threat to the communities. Today Yunus's Grameen Bank lends some \$800 million a year in Bangladesh. The money goes for everything from seeds to farm implements to sewing machines so that women can make and sell clothes. The repayment rate stands at 98 percent.

"Conventional banks look for the rich," Yunus has explained. "We look for the absolutely poor. All people are entrepreneurs, but many don't have the opportunity to find that out."

Today the Grameen Foundation has spread beyond Bangladesh and is at work in 22 countries. Its efforts have spearheaded a movement that aims to reach 100 million families worldwide, a goal that will likely be reached before year's end. Even more significant for any potential president confronting the maddeningly slow pace of American bureaucracy is how rapidly microcredit can be put to work. When a young Arkansas

governor named Bill Clinton wanted to try the idea in the mid-1980s, a bank official told him it would take six months to set up such a program. Yunus told Clinton it could be in action the next day.

Could such an impulse be replicated in the United States with the help of a president who has Yunus's vision? Could neighborhoods in the grip of endemic poverty, with all that implies—jobless men, broken families, children raised in a culture of hopelessness—be convinced that real root change is more than a pipe dream? That was the essence of Senator Robert Kennedy's attempts in his Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration project.

eral impulse to treat the poor as helpless victims rather than as assets.

A president launching a new antipoverty effort today would do well to borrow heavily from the worldview of the Reverend **Floyd Flake**. As pastor of the Greater Allen AME Cathedral of New York, the 62-year-old Flake presides over the most significant economic presence in South Jamaica, the largest black neighborhood in the New York City borough of Queens. It boasts a Neighborhood Preservation and Development Center, a 725-plus-student private school and an 800-member workforce that makes it one of the top three private-sector employers in the borough.

More notable is Flake's contrarian ideas about what to do for the inner-city poor,

a view that put him at odds with most of his colleagues in the Congressional Black Caucus during the decade he served in the House of Representatives (he left in 1997). Flake's theme was empowerment: "Not forever seeing ourselves as victims, not forever seeing ourselves as having to be dependent on the social network, which will one day go bankrupt.... If we give them jobs, we create housing for them. If they develop an appreciating asset, which is called a home, then no matter what happens, from that base they can go back in and borrow that money from themselves to send their kids to school." This, he told me, is why he refused to take on the pastorate of his church unless the congregation agreed to

build its own schools.

"Of course they supported that idea," Flake said. "Then when I started seeing the results coming out of my school versus surrounding schools, I realized it is not a matter of the kids not being able to learn but a matter of expectations and the historical problems in the system. And I saw that here I built homes and we put people in home ownership, and I saw the difference in attitude of people toward family and community and the whole stabilizing effect of ownership."

Now imagine, Flake said to me, a president who was determined to demonstrate the power of such ideas to inner-city America and understood, as Yunus did

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Begun in 1964 and still operating, the effort has aimed to bring together the residents of a poor Brooklyn neighborhood with people of wealth and influence from outside it in an ambitious enterprise that embraces everything from the rehabilitation of homes and the neighborhood to the nurturing of private enterprise. Had Kennedy lived to become president, this idea, in the form of community-development corporations, would likely have been the centerpiece of his antipoverty campaign: an effort to avoid the failures of top-down government-run programs that run roughshod over neighborhood concerns, as well as avoiding an all too familiar lib-

in Bangladesh, the need for dramatic, visible evidence that the promise of change is more than an empty election-year pledge. Imagine a president flying into Newark early one morning, heading into one of the empty lots owned by the federal government and announcing an urban homesteading program to offer that land to entrepreneurs at rock-bottom rates—or at no cost at all—in return for their commitment to develop housing or private enterprises that would put neighborhood residents to work. Imagine the president hopscotching across the country—from Cleveland’s Hough neighborhood to the South Side of Chicago to Detroit or Watts or East Los Angeles by nightfall—with the same promise and with young inner-city entrepreneurs on hand to accept the first of these urban land grants. What would that do to help upend the culture of victimization that grips these neighborhoods? My conversation with Flake took place more than three years ago. It still sounds like a pretty good idea to put on the next president’s first-month to-do list.

When historian McCullough looks at potential presidents, one of his touchstones is adversity. “I think we should judge candidates for the presidency by how well they’ve handled defeat in their lives,” he says. “It has nothing to do with prior affluence. Theodore Roosevelt was raised in the lap of luxury, but he knew the tragedy and the possibilities for injustice and grief and failure in life. He endured a boyhood struggle with asthma, which was supposed to kill him, and suffered the death of his wife and mother on the same day.”

Franklin Roosevelt was enjoying all the perquisites of wealth and aristocracy when he was struck with polio in 1921. John Kennedy almost died in World War II, after his boat was sunk, and the injuries he sustained left him in almost constant pain for the rest of his life. George H.W.

Bush almost died in a World War II plane crash and lost a daughter to leukemia.

So how would we want a president to absorb the hammer blows that life has brought? Consider two very different examples: one a daily presence in millions of American homes, the other a fictional embodiment of grace under pressure.

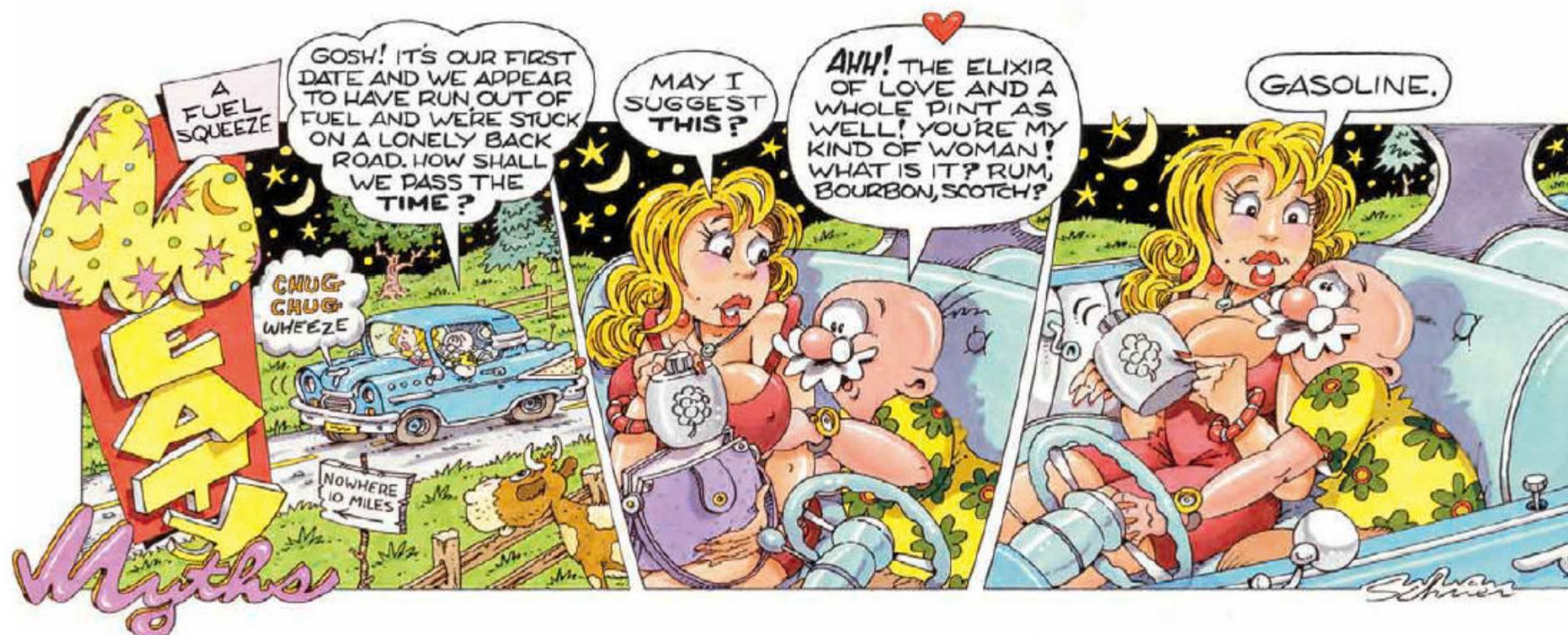
To call Oprah Winfrey a television talk-show host is a little like describing Arthur Rubinstein as a piano player—accurate as far as it goes but without context. A more accurate measurement may be the 53-year-old Winfrey’s inclusion on two *Time* magazine lists: as one of the 100 most influential people in the world and one of the most significant individuals of the 20th century. A poor Mississippi farm girl, a survivor of abuse and molestation, Winfrey has turned her television show into something of a secular religious-revival gathering, what Lee Siegel, writing in *The New Republic*, has called “a racial utopia based on the exchangeability of colorless human pain.... In Oprah’s universe, democracy is defined by the number of people who are ‘empowered’ by knowing that their sadness and frustration are shared by other people—a lot of other people. Oprah has said, ‘If there’s a thread running through each show we do, it is the message that you are not alone.’” She has also offered more tangible rewards, at least to those who see her in person. On more than one occasion she has stunned her studio audience with surprise gifts including vacations and automobiles.

To Winfrey’s critics, her phenomenal success is all part of American culture’s dangerous fascination with the self, an unhealthy focus inward. But in recent years Winfrey has extended outward, around the world. When a South African school that taught abused and violent children was threatened with insolvency, she wrote a seven-figure check to keep it alive—and shamed the government into providing support. Later she put up \$40 million to build the Oprah Winfrey

Leadership Academy for girls south of Johannesburg (and was attacked for making the school both too lavish and too strict). It is, I think, another part of her overarching message: “I know what you are going through. I have been there myself. I have overcome; so can you.” And before you mock the notion that a TV talk-show host has anything to contribute to an ideal president, ask yourself what happens to presidents who seem unable to connect with citizens on a visceral, emotional level.

When John Kennedy observed that life is unfair, he was talking about a decision to deploy reservists to a European hot spot, thus disrupting their stateside lives. He had no idea he was providing an epigraph for his own truncated story. In a larger sense he was speaking a truth we don’t usually want a president to acknowledge. “We are by tradition an optimistic people,” McCullough correctly says, but we need a president to understand that every one of us is at permanent risk from illness, injury, natural disaster, historical forces and the everyday malice of friends and neighbors. To recognize the tragic in life and to persevere in the hope of shaping something better is a necessary ingredient of greatness.

Thanks to the imagination of novelist James Lee Burke, who has been called the William Faulkner of crime fiction, we have the example of David Robicheaux to offer our next chief executive. Robicheaux, like his creator, is a child of the Texas-Louisiana Gulf; in the course of 15 novels, he has gone from a police officer in New Orleans to a sometime detective in New Iberia, enduring enough trials to make Job’s life seem like a walk on the beach. His father, who worked on offshore oil rigs, is killed in an industrial accident. His mother abandons the family for life on the streets and is murdered. While in the throes of alcoholism, he loses his first wife to a rich man. His second wife is murdered by drug



dealers, and he loses his third wife to disease. He nearly dies in Vietnam, in a war he comes to believe is a venture conceived and guided by fools. The land he loves, its environment and its moral moorings are corrupted by greed. Yet he endures fearlessly. (No Robicheaux novel is complete without a scene in which Dave confronts a villain in the midst of his ill-gotten comfort in a mansion or country club and calls him out for the evil he has done.) He presses on, surrounded by ghosts of his and the country's past, with a full understanding that even those he cares for, even those he loves, are capable of sinful, even criminal behavior. His politics blend a fierce love of country with a fierce anger at what has been done to it. His inherent patriotism, in fact, is what fuels his anger. As Burke once wrote, speaking for himself, "The strength, resilience, courage and compassion that are inherent in every aspect of the American value system remain unchanged. Unfortunately, our greatest weakness and vulnerability are still with us too—namely, our willingness to place our faith in charlatans, flag-waving demagogues and upscale hucksters who would turn the Grand Canyon into a gravel pit."

If this is liberalism, it is liberalism rendered in a language we haven't heard from progressives since Truman was in office.

As it turns out, presidential qualities abound outside the political arena. Do we want someone who can energize the sclerotic federal bureaucracy, who can persuade, cajole or bully this leviathan to adapt, change and respond? What about **Louis Gerstner**, who came to IBM in 1993 when the once-mighty company was on the verge of disintegration and who quickly realized that the core corporate culture had to be reinvented, root and branch? When he left a decade later, IBM was a company with a completely different structure, a completely different product and a healthy bottom line. Gerstner's account of his IBM life is called *Who Says Elephants Can't Dance?*—not a bad way of looking at the federal government. And what about **Anne Mulcahy**? Unlike outsider Gerstner, Mulcahy was a 24-year lifer at Xerox when she became CEO in 2001, when the company had \$17 billion in debt. After her massive budget cuts, a wholesale reinvention of the product line and a decision to market instead of ignore the products its research labs had invented, Xerox is now in the black.

Do we want a president with a genuine sense of humor? It has been a powerful political asset, from Lincoln's store of backwoods tales, FDR's mocking defense of his "little dog Fala" from Republican attacks and the twinkle in JFK's eyes as he parried with the press corps to Reagan's solemn promise when confronted with the "age issue" during his debate

with Walter Mondale not to "exploit... my opponent's youth and inexperience." Humor works because it helps reassure the public that the finger on the button is not attached to the soul of a zealot. More than that, says McCullough, it demonstrates "that they can take the storms better; a sense of humor derives from an understanding of life."

If we want a president whose humor is laced with affection, then turn to **Billy Crystal**, whose one-man show *700 Sundays* reflects both the quirks and foibles of his family and friends with unabashed love. Or look to **Bill Cosby**, who has been working that same stand for close to half a century. Neither falls victim to false sentimentality; when Cosby compares the academic success of Vietnamese refugees with that of his own children, asperity is part of the mix. You'd also want a president whose humor shows a sharp appreciation of pretense and hypocrisy, who knows full well that the emperor's wardrobe is often skimpy. So throw in a healthy dose of **Jon Stewart**.

And even in this antirhetorical soundbite age, we want a president whose words speak to the best of our aspirations. ("With malice toward none...," "The only thing we have to fear...," "Ask not what your country...," "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down...") Mario Cuomo was right when he said, "We campaign in poetry." And if Shelley was right when he called poets "the unacknowledged legislators of the world," then why not turn to our contemporary poets—the best of our songwriters—to put some grace notes into the process? Imagine a president who could reach us with the lyrical power of a **Paul Simon**, a **Smokey Robinson** or a **Bruce Springsteen**.

This is a disparate group, to be sure, but it is united, I think, by one overriding quality: authenticity. Americans have always been willing to think the worst of their politicians. ("Suppose you were an idiot; suppose you were a member of Congress; but I repeat myself."—Mark Twain) But if there is one conviction that stretches from left to right today, it is that the people who seek to lead us are as much products as people, processed into acceptability by an army of consultants, spin doctors, wordsmiths and marketers. By contrast, the men and women whose traits we've selected are in every sense real. The words they speak and sing, the ideas they advance, the way they deal with other people and with institutions large and small reflect an honest assessment of what they confront, where they mean to go and how they mean to get there.

There may be a more important quality to have in our next president, but I can't imagine what it would be.




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I had really long hair. I thought I was cool-looking, but I actually looked like Yahoo Serious.

stepsister to a guy trying to have sex with somebody older. Does that feel like a step forward or a step back?

RUDD: It's a pretty obvious leap forward, don't you think? Kind of a natural progression. What's left? Necrophilia, I guess. It'll be like *The Sixth Sense*, but I'll be saying, "I fuck dead people." Either it'll be a big hit or it'll ruin my career. I suspect the latter.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You spent most of your childhood in Kansas City. What's your favorite thing about K.C.?

RUDD: I really like Kansas City, and I go back there whenever I can. I have a theory about that city: At any time, you can turn on the radio in Kansas City and hear "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood. And I'm not even throwing out a random reference to be funny. It's like living in a time warp. "Bad to the

Bone" is something that keeps the city alive. It's our musical sustenance.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Aside from the obvious safe-sex methods like condoms, do you have any tips on avoiding an unwanted pregnancy?

RUDD: Besides avoiding sex altogether? Because I think that's almost 100 percent effective. Well, let me think. There's the proper Christian answer, which you don't hear a lot but I think is mentioned somewhere in the good book: If you're worried about getting pregnant, try anal sex. That should do the trick. They don't tell you that at Bob Jones University, but it's true.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You worked as a DJ and an MC at bar mitzvahs, and you became famous for something called the Donnie the Dweeb dance. Please explain yourself.

RUDD: Oh God. That happened after a particularly long day. I was doing back-to-back bar mitzvahs, and I think I just hit the point of no return. I was losing my mind, and I just started dancing, mocking my own job. It was this awkward dance move where I stuck my ass out in a weird way and just flailed my arms around. It was so popular that my boss said I had to keep doing it because the kids were always asking for it. It was just awful. And to make an embarrassing story even more embarrassing, I was about 20 years younger than most of the guys who did this kind of thing for a living. But I was the "hip" DJ. All the other DJs wore tuxedos, but I wore shorts and Doc Martens because I thought they made me look like Angus Young from AC/DC. And I had really long hair. I thought I was cool-looking, but now I realize I wasn't in any way cool. I actually looked like Yahoo Serious.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Your first film was 1992's *A Question of Ethics*, and you used the screen name Kenny Chin. Were you that unsatisfied with the finished product?

RUDD: That's a really horrible story too. It was my first acting job out of college, and I was told it was an industrial film for schools or something. On the last day, we shot a scene in which my character realizes the error of his ways. After we finished it, the producer came over and said, "That was great, but let's try an alternative ending." They gave me the new script, and it was all about being saved and "Thank God I've made the right decision, because otherwise I would have been going to hell"—really hard-core born-again Christian stuff. So I said, "I'm not comfortable with this, because I'm Jewish." And they said, "Well, you're an actor. Act like you're born-again." I was so green and naive. I felt as though I'd been tricked into being in a Christian film. I finally told them I wouldn't say it. It was the only time I've ever said no to a director. They released the movie anyway, and I asked them to use the name Kenny Chin.

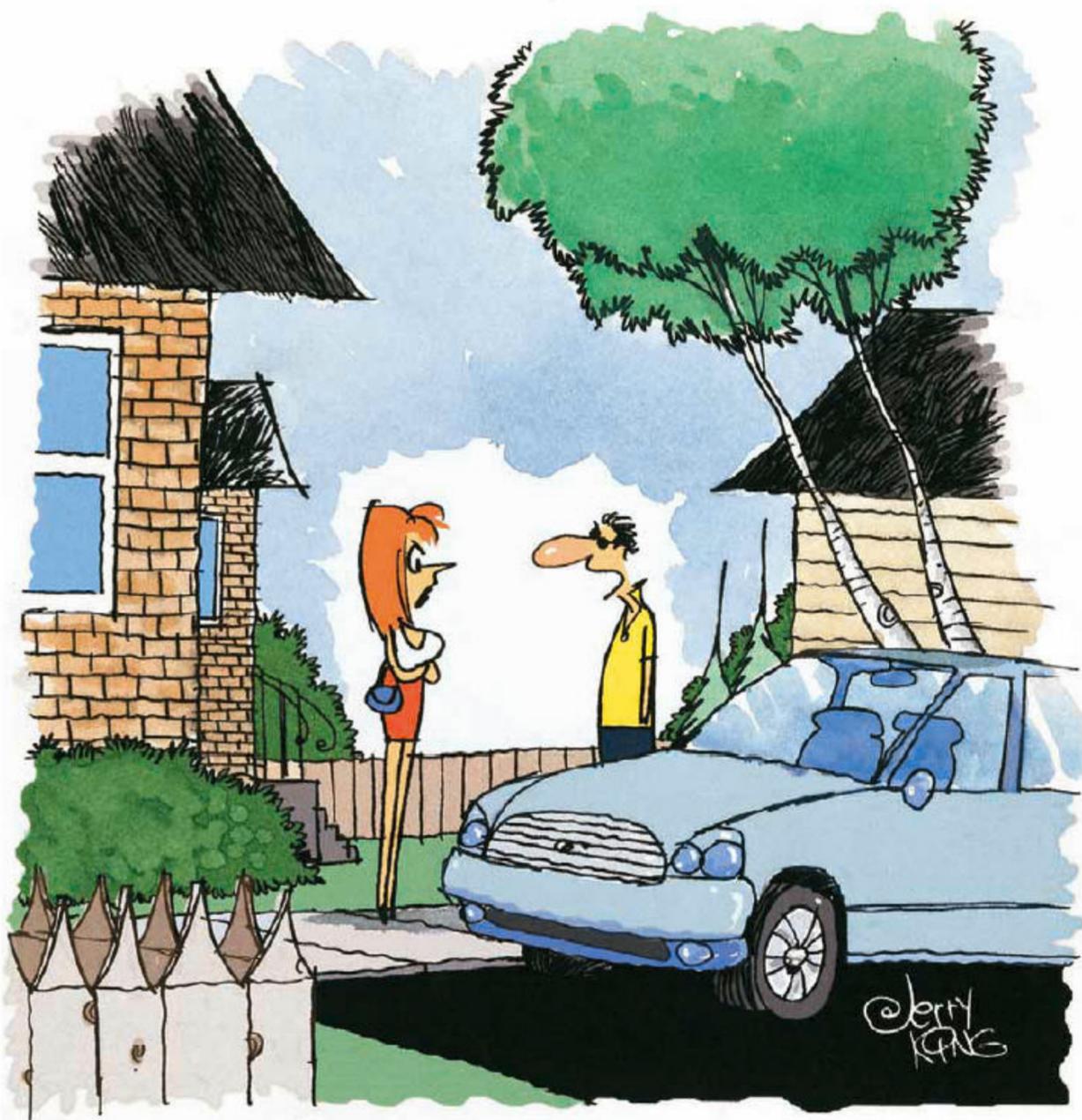
Q10

PLAYBOY: You almost didn't get to use Paul Rudd as your professional screen name, because another actor was using it. How did you finally win your own name?

RUDD: The first Paul Rudd retired from acting not long after I got into the business. He was a respected actor in New York during the 1970s, and he was happy to give the name to me. He actually wrote me a letter, and it was really nice. He asked if I had a son. People ask me all the time if he's my father, but we're not related at all. I'd love to meet him, though.

Q11

PLAYBOY: During your first few years as an actor, you did some staggeringly awful



"Why must you bring it up every time we get into an argument? Sometimes I regret sleeping with three of your friends."

movies, such as *Halloween: The Curse of Michael Myers*. Is there one movie you still look back on and wonder, "What the hell was I thinking?"

RUDD: Well, there are plenty of stinkers in there. But they were all enriching and worthwhile episodes in my life, and I value them all in different ways. The *Halloween* sequel seemed like the most humiliating choice at the time, but I got to talk on set with Donald Pleasence about Harold Pinter plays. I mean, how cool is that? At the time, though, I was really upset. I look back at it now and I love it. It helped me become a little less precious and pretentious.

Q12

PLAYBOY: How much does Los Angeles depress you?

RUDD: I have many good friends who are completely centered and normal, and they love living in Los Angeles. But when you're in the entertainment industry, there's this complete saturation, and I didn't want to be surrounded by it all the time. I was born in New York and always had an affinity for the East Coast. I don't think it's normal to live anywhere where it's 70 degrees and sunny all the time. Many people think it's paradise, but it's fucking hell to me. I'm not kidding. "Don't you hate the cold in New York?" Absolutely. That's why I live there. Because when it gets warm, I feel pleasure in ways you don't understand, Mr. Santa Monica. You have to go through the shit to appreciate the good.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Even when your film career began to take off, you continued to perform on Broadway. But unlike a lot of movie actors turned theater thespians, you've never done full-frontal nudity. Why have you refrained from flashing your junk on the Broadway stage?

RUDD: I've often said I'd like to do a play in which I'm totally naked, but each and every time the director and the cast have insisted I put clothes on. A few times I was fired from a production because I did a full-frontal nude scene at the very first performance and they said it was inappropriate. I'll tell you, the cast of *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* has regretted it ever since. [laughs] In all seriousness, I'm pretty care-free about stuff like that. If it were something classy, I'd show the old D&B. And by D&B I mean, of course, "dick and balls."

Q14

PLAYBOY: You've also dabbled in quite a bit of Shakespeare, such as Baz Luhrmann's adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet* and a 1998 stage production of *Twelfth Night*. Are you drawn to Shakespeare for the integrity or as an excuse to wear tights?

RUDD: I wear tights in everything, even if you can't see them. I actually like Shakespeare plays because they're some of the most incredible stuff ever written. I just

love being able to say those lines. If you know what you're saying, the effect it can have on an audience is just divine. And the tights are a little bonus, a cherry on the top, if you will.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your real passion—auto racing. This past February you competed in the Cadillac Super Bowl Grand Prix and lost to Leanne Tweeden. Was that a blow to your ego?

RUDD: Hell, no! My goal was actually to come in last place, honest to God. I wasn't even sure if I wanted to do it, but when I found out it was a charity event for the Make-A-Wish Foundation, I couldn't say no. The race was early in the morning and I was hungover, and some of the celebrities who took part were weirdly hard-core about it. They came in early just to test out the track. I was like, "Dude, come on! It's for Make-A-Wish!" So I thought I'd just drive as slowly as I could and come in last. "Hey, look at me! I get to ride in a fun little car!"

Q16

PLAYBOY: A few years ago you were asked to return to your alma mater, Shawnee Mission West High School, to talk to the drama students about acting. What kind of advice did you give them?

RUDD: I honestly don't remember what I said. I was probably drunk. I didn't get up there and pontificate about life in the theater or anything like that. I mostly just answered their questions as seriously as I could, believe it or not. I told them—and I firmly believe this—that if you really want to be an actor, you should do a play. Because more than acting school or classes, you're going to learn everything you need to know just by doing a show and doing it every night for the entire run. And then I said, "Well, I've got to go now. I'm needed on another multibillion-dollar Hollywood movie set. I'll see you later at the craft-services table. Oh, wait, I guess I won't."

Q17

PLAYBOY: You did an exaggerated imitation of Al Pacino's *Scarface* character in the *Reno 911!* movie. If you ever run into Pacino, do you owe him a debt of gratitude or an apology?

RUDD: First of all, thank you for recognizing that it was purposely awful. I haven't run into Pacino since shooting that film, but even if I tried getting in touch with him, I don't think he'd return my calls. He's still pissed off about *Anchorman* because my character was a blind guy who was always saying, "Hoo-wah!" You may not know this, but we started out together in New York in the late 1970s. It was him and me and Bobby D. and Marty. We lived together in a studio apartment in Hell's Kitchen, back when we were all still struggling. Here's the weird thing about Al: It could've been 90 degrees, and he'd still be wearing a scarf. But that

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using old restaurant grease or over-the-counter canola—is illegal.

During a phone conversation, Environmental Protection Agency spokesman John Millet says, in those cold and clinical terms favored by Washington bureaucrats, that “vegetable oil has not been registered as a motor-vehicle diesel fuel under 40 CFR 79. In addition, no motor vehicle manufacturer has obtained EPA emissions certification for a motor vehicle to operate on vegetable oil. Thus, introduction into commerce of vegetable oil for use as a motor-vehicle fuel would violate the Clean Air Act and EPA regulations.”

What’s more, he says, “no alternative-fuel conversion kits to modify motor vehicles to operate on vegetable oil have been certified by the EPA.” It should be noted that, in the seven or so years since grease technology first started to turn up on the streets and highways of America, the EPA has prosecuted no one.

Still, for Carven’s vision of veggie oil as a mainstream fuel source to be realized, laws will have to be rewritten. For the past two years, he has been working with engineers in the EPA’s Troy, Michigan compliance office, trying to establish a set of protocols that can be used to test the technology and the fuel.

Cars are the second-largest carbon dioxide polluters in the States. (Coal-burning power plants are the first.) Scientists say this CO₂ is causing global warming. It is raising the amount of carbon in our atmosphere; with deforestation, this carbon is not being reabsorbed fast enough into the earth’s natural biocycle. We’re changing the chemical makeup of the air we breathe and not for the better, and cars are the major culprit. The EPA has conducted studies on a fuel called B100, a kind of processed, enhanced veggie oil called biodiesel, and found that, when burned in a car engine, it produced almost no sulfur (the stuff that causes acid rain) and about half the smog-forming hydrocarbons of conventional diesel. Among the items Carven has submitted to the EPA to bolster his case is a 2004 study conducted by independent researchers on roads in San Diego County. It found that vegetable oil released nearly 30 percent less carbon monoxide than diesel and generated between 37 percent and 41 percent less particle pollution (smoke). While the bureaucratic jury is still out at the EPA regarding used restaurant fry oil, with its General Tso’s chicken chunks, almost no expert out there believes that, if properly filtered, it is not cleaner than what we burn on our roads today. Never mind that it’s free, renewable and would allow America to collectively raise its middle finger to the Middle East.

Even some automakers, the same guys who will void your warranty in a heartbeat if you install one of these grease sys-

tems in your new car, are intrigued by the possibilities. As Keith Price, public-relations manager for product and technology at Volkswagen North America, put it, “We at VW are delighted that older and higher-mileage Volkswagen diesels are the official tuner car of the stick-it-to-the-man set. Sproutheads and tree huggers have always had an affinity for our brand. We’re delighted and amazed at the ingenuity—but ultimately the fuel conservation and the reduced dependency on foreign oil—that some of our more fringe owners practice.”

In fact, VW officials have gone so far as to give Carven and a few others a sneak peek at the new ultraclean diesel engine VW plans to begin importing to America next year, so the greasers can get a head start on designing systems to run the thing on veggie oil.



When I finally decided to do my conversion, I settled on Carven’s Greasecar system and selected a car specifically with that kit in mind—a turbo-charged 1982 Mercedes 300SD that I picked up for \$1,200. Most aficionados of grease believe older diesels, with their more expansive fuel injectors, are better candidates for conversion than newer, more fuel-efficient models. As an added bonus, there are no warranties to be voided when the factory-installed fuel lines are cut and grafted to run vegetable oil. But unlike most in my demographic, who tend to select more subdued vehicles, I picked a jet-black Mercedes with a leather interior and enough chrome bling on the wheels and fenders to make a Mafia don bite a knuckle with envy.

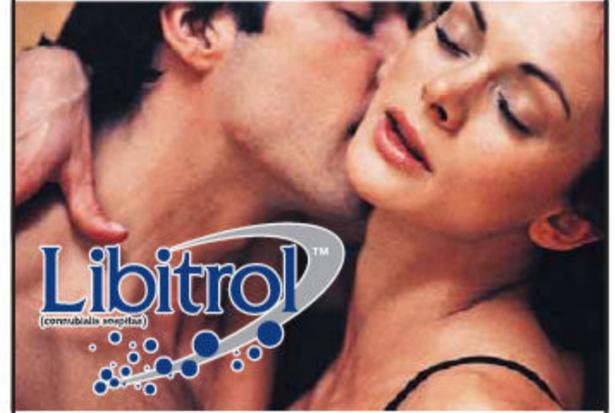
Still, I planned to do the conversion on the cheap, opting not to spend the \$900 to have a company-approved mechanic install the system. Besides, Greasecar had promised it was a simple operation, well within the capabilities of any moderately talented backyard grease monkey.

While I’m not completely inept, mechanical skills have never been my strong suit. Most of what I know I learned from my father, a man who, as far as I know, never completed a single significant wrench job in his life. I had my doubts when I arranged with several friends, none of them mechanics, to spend a weekend on the process.

For two days we labored as a team, drilling holes here, feeding tubes there. So obsessed was I with the idea of using food-based products to power my car, I insisted we use only food products to complete the job, going so far as to slather the connections with bacon fat rather than conventional petroleum-based grease. My bemused co-workers indulged me. They were true believers, and I think I had convinced them, falsely, of course, that I was too.

Then finally it was Sunday, and after some 20 man-hours of labor we stood

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back and admired our handiwork. Every connection, every wire, every switch was placed right where it should be, just as it had appeared in the almost indecipherable schematics of the installation manual. It was a thing of beauty.

I slid the key into the ignition and turned it halfway, waiting for the glow plugs, those mysterious devices that take the place of spark plugs in a diesel engine, to warm up enough to ignite the fuel. Then, trembling with anticipation, I turned the key the rest of the way. The car grunted like a rutting elk and then fell silent. I tried again. Nothing. And again. Nothing.

Over the next 10 days a steady stream of socket-wrench Samaritans and I tried everything we could to get the beast started. The following weekend I found myself shelling out the \$900 to get the mechanic over to my driveway. By the time he left, we had at least identified the problem: A \$15 primer pump—original equipment in the car—had given out during the conversion process, and as a result of all our attempts to kick over the engine, we had fried the fuses that feed power to the glow plugs. It was, I was told, an easy and inexpensive

fix, one that would cost about \$135 if done by a mechanic. I pushed the car up the driveway, taking the extra precaution of chocking all four wheels with cinder blocks.

Of course, I forgot to put the car in park. I also forgot to put on the emergency brake. And that was why, on the following morning—after arranging with a towing company to carry the car off to a local Mercedes infirmary to have it fixed and after removing two of the cinder blocks—I stood on my driveway, watching with horror as my Mercedes 300SD, now valued at more than \$4,000, began to roll back toward the edge of a small cliff behind my home.

A searing panic spewed through my gut. I threw every ounce of my 160-pound middle-aged frame against the rolling Mercedes before giving up. All I could do was watch as the 7,826-pound behemoth, one of the heaviest passenger cars of its generation, headed toward the cliff, gaining terminal velocity.

There was, I can now see in hindsight, a certain grace in the way it hurled itself over the precipice. But at that moment, the operatic beauty of the scene was lost on me. Perhaps I wasn't pure enough of

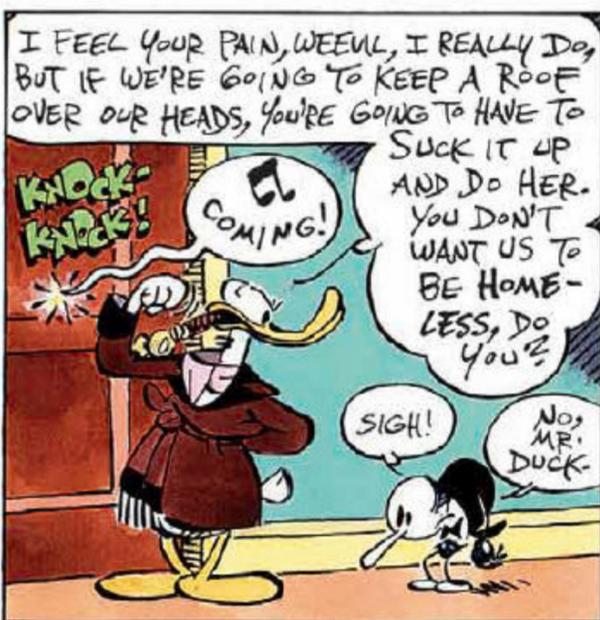
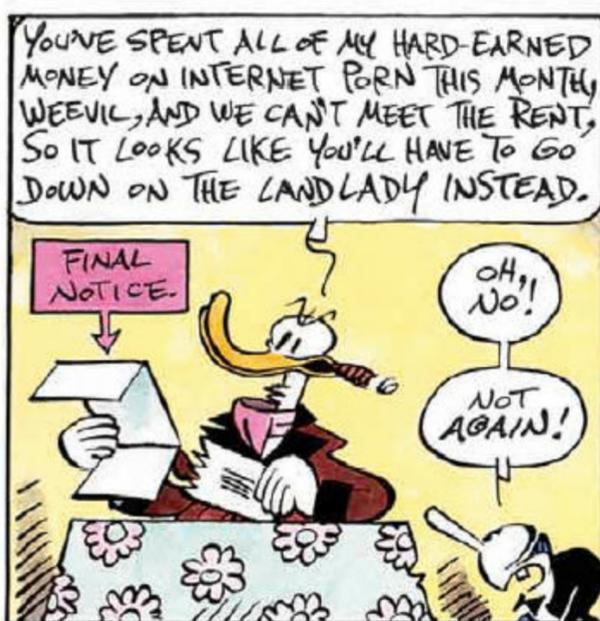
heart. After all, I was in this mess not trying to save the world but trying to save a buck. As I knelt beside the wreckage of the Mercedes, watching as its 100 percent soy lifeblood trickled out onto the cold stones, I wondered whether the Birkenstock-shod nymphs and dryads of the waste-vegetable-oil world had sensed I was not a true believer in their movement and were punishing me.

A few days later, after a brief period of mourning during which I went through the five stages of grief, I acquired a slightly older, considerably drabber 1980 300SD with modest fabric upholstery and a blown engine. I paid \$500 for it. Then I paid a local mechanic another \$1,200 to transplant the belatedly repaired engine from my crumpled Mercedes into it, plus another \$600 to transfer the various components needed to make it run on veggie oil.

This time I turned the key and the engine burst into song. At last it was done. I was officially a fry boy.

There is a wrinkle to this story. It is called biodiesel. It is a completely different kind of fuel. Biodiesel: a fuel composed

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



of mono-alkyl esters of long-chain fatty acids derived from vegetable oils or animal fats. Essentially it is a processed veggie oil sold in grades from B2 (two percent biodiesel, 98 percent straight diesel) up to B100 (100 percent biodiesel, zero straight diesel). It has its own lobbying and trade group, the National Biodiesel Board. The EPA has certified use of this stuff at grades of B20 and below, meaning the fuel has to be 80 percent straight diesel to be legal. Biodiesel is sold today at some 1,200 gas stations across the country. Willie Nelson brews his own brand. It can be used in a diesel car without any modifications.

The National Biodiesel Board claims biodiesel sales have increased from 25 million gallons in 2003 to 250 million gallons last year. (That is but a fraction of the roughly 40 billion gallons of diesel burned on American roads each year.)

The National Biodiesel Board is not fond of us fry boys. As Jenna Higgins, spokeswoman for the board, informed me with more than a hint of contempt in her voice, "Well, we sort of understand that there are people out there who want to take control of their own impact on the environment and their own use of petroleum. If hobbyists want to tinker around with this and experiment with raw vegetable oil, that's certainly their choice."

Higgins warned that those of us on the raw-veggie-oil fringe run the risk of gumming up our engines with all manner of unstrained fats, not to mention running afoul of the law.

It is true that fry connoisseurs need to pay more attention to maintenance by keeping fuel lines and filters clean. But the raw-grease community is undeterred by the National Biodiesel Board. Grease enthusiasts say that even with federal subsidies biodiesel is still slightly more expensive than petroleum diesel. And though the biodiesel board says it fully expects to have five percent of the nation's on-road diesel market within the next eight years, at the moment, in most places, the stuff can be hard to come by. What if you don't live near one of the 1,200 stations that carry it? There are

that many grease-chucking restaurants in Brooklyn alone.

Nor does biodiesel seem to have any more friends among car manufacturers than grease does. Though most auto and truck manufacturers permit the use of some biodiesel in their vehicles, almost all of them cap the amount at five percent before they will void warranties, meaning 95 percent of what you're burning is straight, old-fashioned diesel.

With its government support and public-relations operation, biodiesel also has no stick-it-to-the-man appeal. Big Bio feels all too much like Big Oil.

No one knows that better than Tacee Webb, who worked in the fashion industry before she decided to take the

exactly the same as a head shop. We can put this conversion kit in your car and we can sell you a box of vegetable oil, but if we pump it, we get fined."

The truth is, Webb doesn't expect to get in any trouble. Lovecraft, which recently opened a branch in Portland, Oregon and is planning to expand its operation to San Francisco and Seattle, has an ace in the hole. One of its outlaw clients is none other than Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger. Last fall he brought in a Hummer and had it converted in Lovecraft's garage, Webb says. We doubt Schwarzenegger is doing any Dumpster diving. But burning supermarket-purchased veggie oil is still against the law.

"Is the governor going to fine himself for pumping fuel into his car?" Webb asks. "No."

Schwarzenegger did not respond to requests to be interviewed for this story, but his press people in Sacramento did everything they could to downplay any notion that the governor, who recently ordered California to develop the toughest emissions standards in the country, is engaged in an act of civil disobedience. Spokesman Bill Maille insisted Schwarzenegger burns only EPA-approved biodiesel.

In other words, the governor may have bought the automotive equivalent of a bong, but he'd never dream of putting anything illicit in it.

Besides, Maille says, Schwarzenegger is "mostly driven around by the California Highway Patrol. As governor, he is very active and travels extensively and is, you know, provided with a staff to drive him around, a protective detail, as you would imagine, and...." Maille's voice trails off before he finally gives up, reciting a litany of the governor's environmental accomplishments in the hope that the incantation will drive away any further uncomfortable questions.

Terry Tamminen is not nearly as reticent. As secretary of the California Environmental Protection Agency 131

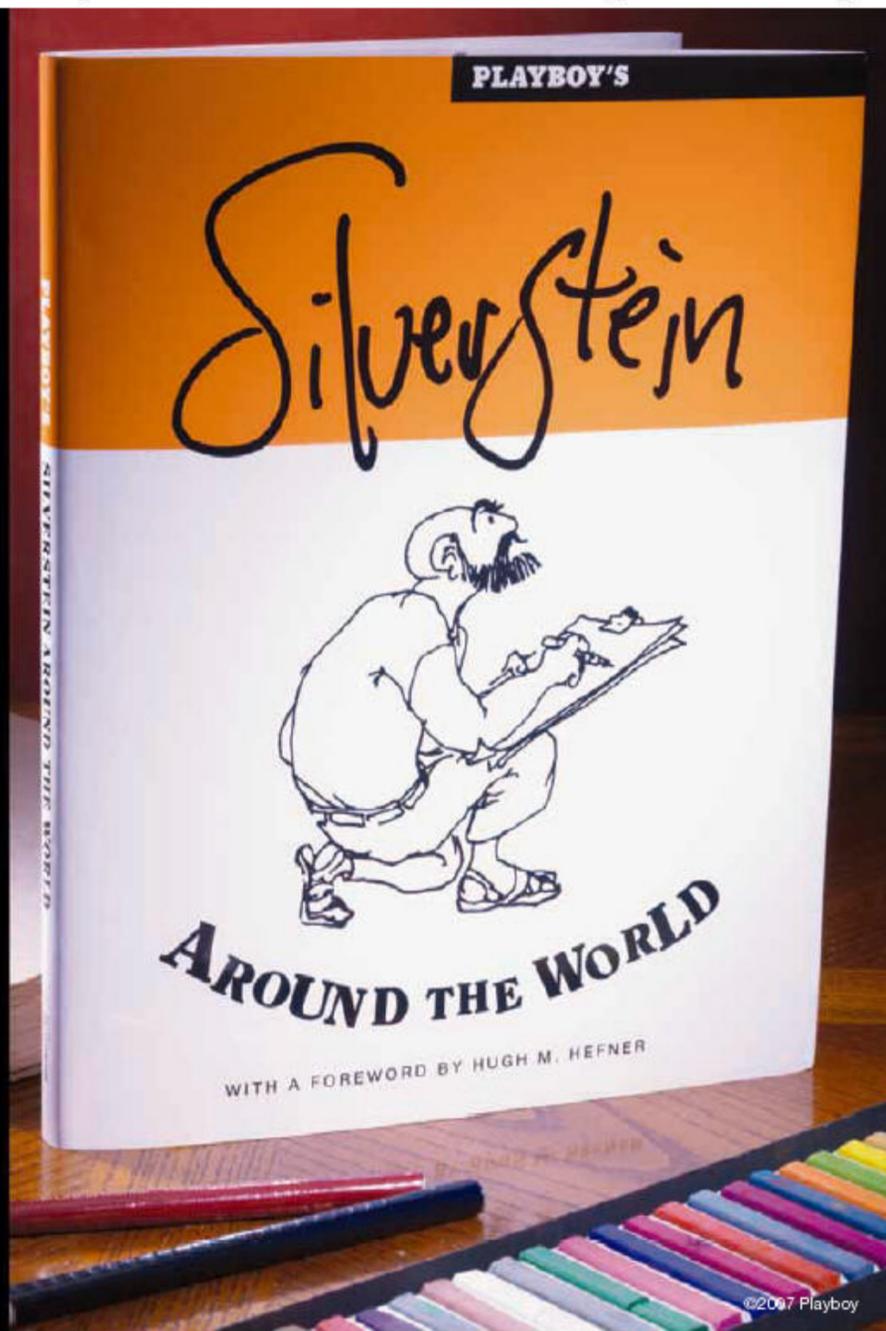
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reins of Lovecraft, a boutique waste-oil-conversion-system company that, over the past year, has virtually cornered the market in Los Angeles. Its office, located on Sunset Boulevard in Silver Lake, has already done more than 1,300 conversions, mostly on old Mercedes and VW cars, and counts among its clientele more than a few young stars—among them Mandy Moore, who, Webb says, now tools around L.A. in a "very hot little dark-cherry-red 300CD turbodiesel."

"There's an underground, almost urban-myth quality to this product we've managed to capture and put into a box," Webb says. She's almost giddy with the excitement of it all. "It's illegal. We are operating a biofuel company that is

during Schwarzenegger's first term and still one of the governor's most trusted advisors, Tamminen first turned the governor on to the forbidden world of grease-fueled cars. I caught up with him during a tour for his new book, *Lives Per Gallon*, an exploration of the hidden costs of the petroleum economy.

"I think this is one of those situations in which the people are out in front of their leaders," Tamminen says. And Schwarzenegger, he notes, is right out there with them.

"We're carrying on a great American tradition, but instead of throwing tea into Boston Harbor we're saying, 'Let's throw the oil barons out the window and put our transportation destiny into our own hands,'" Tamminen says. "Isn't it great that all these years we've been lied to by these bastards, and now in fact we can power our cars with waste material from a restaurant or with 99-cent-a-gallon canola oil from Costco?"

Tamminen admits that, in the end, yes, the governor is breaking the law. "I think this is on a par with when a California football team competes against a New York football team, and the two governors bet a case of oranges against whatever the hell it is they have in New York." That's a small price to pay, he says, to have someone in political power show leadership on the issue.

But until the government finally catches up to the renegades and legalizes veggie-oil cars, those of us on the frontier are still officially outlaws—grease-soaked freedom fighters battling side by side with the Terminator

for the future of the planet. Or at least for a few gallons of free fuel.

Beneath all that outlaw panache, however, drowned out by the distant rumblings of Carven's longed-for pickups with 40 foot-pounds of turbo boost, another problem nags. For the fry-oil fringe, the issue is best articulated by Carl Bielenberg. Every movement has its messiah. Bielenberg founded the waste-veggie-oil movement—quite by accident.

Bielenberg lives in the north woods of New England. He is everything you would imagine a biofuel pioneer to be. A quiet, studious MIT-educated mechanical engineer who spends what little spare time he has studying the history of the long-abandoned American canal system, he began working three decades ago to find a way to feed malnourished villagers in sub-Saharan Africa. He had heard about Rudolf Diesel's early work and knew that various European agencies had been experimenting with vegetable oils, without much success, as a potential fuel for generators and other devices. The idea intrigued him, he says, and he began tinkering.

"I experimented first with some Chinese air-cooled diesel engines—stationary engines, the kind that might run an electric generator or an irrigation pump," Bielenberg says. When those results showed promise, he started importing jatropa-plant oil from a project in Nicaragua. There were some drawbacks, but in the end, his ideas laid the groundwork for entrepreneurs and inventors like Carven, who worked with Bielenberg for a time overseas before starting Greasecar.

It never occurred to Bielenberg that his early efforts to help feed the world's hungry would spark the creation of a new industry. In fact, he never bothered to patent any of his inventions. Even now, as the movement he helped trigger spreads, Bielenberg says he is both amazed and repelled by what he set in motion. He tries not to be judgmental when I explain Carven's idea about cornering the veggie-fueled monster-truck market.

"Yeah, I can see why Justin would think that, and he may well be right that that's the way to increase his market share," Bielenberg says. All the same, he finds it troubling. "I've had people pull into my driveway with a four-wheel-drive Dodge pickup with a 300-horsepower Cummins engine and say, 'Can you convert mine to run on vegetable oil?' I tell them, 'I can do that, but it would break my heart. Vegetable oil is a food. Why would you feed so much of it to a machine that uses so much and for so little real purpose?'"

I have to confess, even after talking to Bielenberg, a big part of me still wanted to impress Tacee Webb. But I understood Bielenberg and felt for him. He is honest. He is ethical. He used air-cooled engines from China fueled by vegetable oil from Nicaragua to empower African villagers. The guy is a goddamn saint.

He is also right. As we've done with everything else in American society, we're in danger of taking this positive technology, this clean, renewable fuel source, and supersizing it. It is perhaps the nature of our culture, one that demands everything and demands it in excess.

It has been six months since I finished work on my car. As I write this, I now have some \$6,500 tied up in a 1980 Mercedes, a car so old the *Kelly Blue Book* no longer publishes its estimated value but would probably fetch about \$1,300 if hawked by a particularly aggressive used-car salesman.

So much for doing the conversion on the cheap.

But the thing is, I don't care. After some 20,000 largely trouble-free miles fueled by waste vegetable oil, I've started to take pride in the fact that little by little I'm opting out of the petroleum-based economy. I get about 32 miles to the gallon, and my car is no less powerful than it was before conversion.

Of course, the next time I am hit with a major expense, I'll no doubt want to chuck it all, maybe even buy a Hummer, secure in the knowledge that someday I'll be able to fill it with \$15-a-gallon gas and take it on a joyride across the sun-baked deserts of Antarctica.

But at the moment, I've become a true believer. And the nymphs and dryads of the waste-veggie-oil world are smiling on me.



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NO FARE, NO WELL

(continued from page 66)

most definitely its football. I felt one with the team, felt like busting somebody up, felt like streaking into the end zone after hauling in a bullet pass midstride on a post pattern. I was still in decent physical shape and won at tennis against stiff and much younger competition. I surrendered bodily to the Crimson Tide, loved its out-of-control fans, hoarse and limp after a bashing-good win in Birmingham. Loved the Jack Daniels on ice, maybe a little Coke thinning it, in the paper cup. You're sunburnt even in sweet October. Please could I begin again when I left that barber's chair,

all freshened up for any party, ready for love and too much sunshine?

This town had me in one beautiful hug. I remember now commiserating with the barber over the Bear's drinking problem, but we knew he'd lick it. This was nothing to a myth.

Christ, even us little people could lick a little habit like that.

Good-bye, good barber. I'm bigger than I let on. I love even queers, for instance. I'm on a mission.

And in fact I knew heaven 10 years later when I saw my father and I was sober. My dad wore the checkered fedora the fans of Bear Bryant wore all over the USA.



"I thought she ran away to join the circus!"

GARCELLE

(continued from page 106)

Garcelle passed on the *Jamie Foxx Show* role at first. Who knew that this stand-up comedian named Jamie would become the phenom we know today? Even when she signed on, she wasn't expecting the ride to last long. "We thought if we did 13 episodes, we'd be lucky," Garcelle says, laughing. "We ended up doing 100 episodes." Though their TV characters became romantically entwined, Garcelle says a real-life relationship between her and Foxx would never have worked. "We were both single at the time, and there was a lot of chemistry," she says, "but we were great about not crossing the line. When I got engaged three weeks after the show ended, he was like, 'What, you couldn't wait?' Jamie, I know your lifestyle—not for me."

Right before taking the plunge with Mike Nilon, a talent agent at CAA, Garcelle joined the cast of *NYPD Blue*, the long-running crime drama that sometimes called for her to appear without her legal briefs. As brave as she'd been with her career choices, Garcelle says the show's occasional nude scenes were frightening. "You're in a room with 10 people you don't know and the actor you're working with, and even though you have pasties on, they don't really hide anything," she says. "Even if he's the nicest guy, it's still awkward."

Her PLAYBOY photo shoot, however, was a different story. "Of course I was nervous about doing it," says Garcelle, "but the crew was great. They made me feel so comfortable. By the second day, my stylist was like, 'Do you want your robe?' And I had to think about it, like, Oh yeah, right."

Fans can next see Garcelle in the Lindsay Lohan thriller *I Know Who Killed Me*, which hits theaters July 27. Show business, Garcelle says, "is like a love-hate relationship. The process is tough, but when you're working you're madly in love. I've proven to myself that I can keep working. I think I've come a long way."

To her list of accomplishments Garcelle can now add that she's one of a growing number of women of color who have graced PLAYBOY's cover, a roster that includes Naomi Campbell, Traci Bingham, Robin Givens and Darine Stern, whose iconic October 1971 appearance was named one of the magazine industry's top 40 covers of the past 40 years, in 2005. "When I tell people I'm on the cover, they do a double take," Garcelle says, laughing. "It's such a big deal. And I say, 'Document it now so I can show my grandchildren—with tape over certain parts.'"



PLAYMATE NEWS



TOTAL KNOCKOUT

Playmates turn up in the most extraordinary places. Tiffany Fallon, for one, co-hosts *IFL Battleground* every Monday night on MyNetworkTV. The broadcast fight league pits two teams of mixed martial artists against each other for a good new-fashioned slugfest. "I wasn't very familiar with mixed martial arts until I got involved with the IFL, and I've just grown to love it," the 2005 Playmate of the Year says.

Mixed martial arts blends elements of strategic combat sports such as jujitsu, wrestling and kickboxing and is by many accounts the fastest-growing sport in the world. An opponent can be beaten in several ways, most often by knockout, submission (via a joint lock or choke) or a judge's decision. Tiffany, for one, prefers a long, close contest. "I do



IFL Battleground's Tiffany Fallon tags her co-host, Bas Rutten.

like it to go the distance," she says. "I've seen fights that last 30 seconds, but the further the fight goes, the more exciting it is for me." How did she land the gig? Certainly, her telegenic visage helped, but the Centerfold also has a degree in sports management, which qualified her for the assignment. Right now she wants to learn more about what it takes to become a fighter. "Eventually, I would like to train, but I haven't found enough time yet," she says. You can catch Tiffany and the IFL Championship semifinals airing August 27 and September 10.

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

At just above five feet tall and just under 100 pounds, Miss August 1967 **DeDe Lind** was a shy L.A. girl. Despite her reserve, something about the Centerfold resonated with readers, especially U.S. soldiers in Vietnam; DeDe reportedly received more fan mail than any other Playmate. In a March 1996 follow-up pictorial, she said *PLAYBOY* "broadened my mind and helped me as a person." The pleasure was ours, DeDe.



LOOSE LIPS

"In the beginning, God created the earth and rested. Then God created man and rested. Then God created woman. Since then, neither God nor man has rested."

—Deanna Brooks



BABES IN PARTYLAND

From left: **Brande Roderick** enchants at the Wizard World Los Angeles convention, **Tamara Witmer** flutters at Social House in Las Vegas, **Donna D'Errico** burns down the House of Blues in West Hollywood for Operation Doggy Drop, **Victoria Silvstedt** poses at the Tommy Hilfiger show during Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week in New York, and **Tiffany Taylor** bewitches at Wizard World.



HOT SHOT



MONICA LEIGH

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Russell Mitchell

—from *Build or Bust* and *Biker Build-Off*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima**. I'm a huge fan of Asian women, and she's got curves in all the right places."



POP QUESTIONS: IRINA VORONINA

Q: You star in *Saul of the Mole Men* on Adult Swim. Isn't it a spoof of children's live-action TV shows from the 1970s?

A: It's inspired by *Land of the Lost*. A geologist, Saul, and his crew take a drill ship on a government mission to the center of the earth, and they crash. Saul finds me there, and our adventures begin.

Q: Lucky guy. Did you know of *Land of the Lost* in Russia, where you grew up?

A: No. Before reading for the part, I rented a DVD that helped me understand the premise.

Q: Tell us about your character.

A: Fallopia is a mutant mole person, and

the mole people think she's very ugly because she looks nothing like them. They are big hairy monsters, and Fallopia is me in a faux-fur bikini. We shoot against a green screen, and in one episode I had to fight attacking birds, so I was basically kicking air the entire time.

Q: Is this your first time in a fur bikini?

A: I shoot for a lot of Halloween costume companies, so I have worn a fur bikini before, but I actually get to swim in it for the show.

Q: Is there any interspecies heat between Saul and Fallopia?

A: There is a back-and-forth mutual attraction, but we never really hook up.



TAKE 'ER FOR A SPIN

For the Speed Channel TV show *Unique Whips*, Pam Anderson took her beloved Airstream trailer to customizer Will Castro. When she returned to pick her baby up from the shop, she found it festooned with wall-to-wall white pleather and a stripper pole. Va-va-vroom!



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

South of the border, Miss December 2000 **Cara Michelle Armour** runs the holistic retreat *Baja Life Camp* in Baja California Sur, Mexico.... Farther north, Centerfold and realtor Miss March 1990 **Deborah Driggs Gaylord** reports that business is booming in Park City, Utah.... Seeing double? Miss January 2004 and the world's sexiest DJ **Colleen Shannon** landed a double cover with *LA Direct Magazine*.... Playmate of the Year 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** attended her first Kentucky Derby, where Miss November 1981 **Shannon Tweed** placed \$100,000 of Gene Simmons's cash on a horse. No word on how it finished.... Miss September 2002 **Shallan Meiers**, Miss June 2006 **Stephanie Laramore** and Miss February 2007 **Heather Rene Smith** traveled down under to



LEROY NEWMAN



Colleen Shannon on the cover of *LA Direct*.

Australia for a goodwill tour and to help launch the new Playboy store in Auckland, New Zealand.... Miss May 1983 **Susie Scott Krabacher** is publishing a book this October about her philanthropic work in Haiti.... Putting the legs in legacy, Miss May 2003 **Laurie Fetter**, Miss December 2005 **Christine Smith**, PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** and Miss August 1986 **Ava Fabian** were some of the Playmates on hand to launch the Playboy Legacy Collection at Republic in L.A.... Miss May 1961 **Susan Kelly** recently returned to California after a nine-year stint in the Netherlands.... Lastly, our condolences to the family of Miss August 1963 **Phyllis Sherwood**.



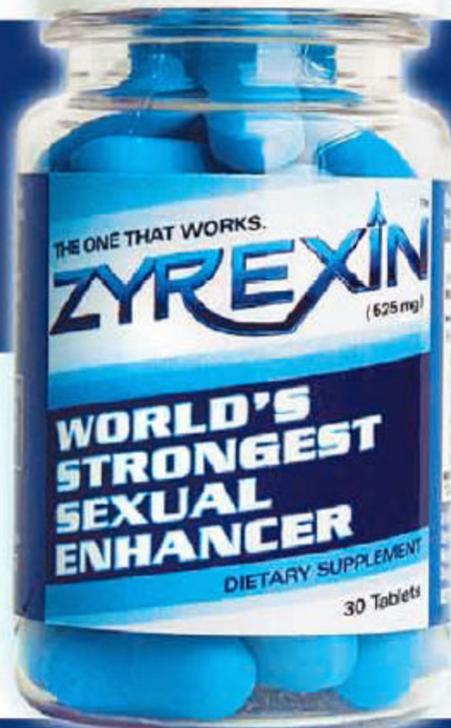
Playmates gather for the Playboy Legacy Collection.

MORE PLAYMATES

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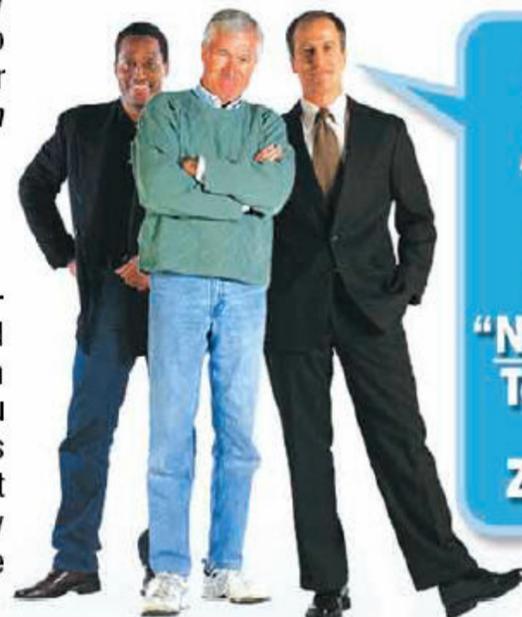
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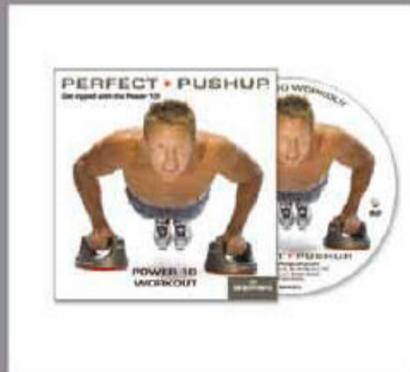
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WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

Vicious Cycles

Daredevil bikers the Crusty Demons, at home in the sky or the dirt

A man who jumps motorcycles 75 feet in the air can be called a lot of things. Sane is not one of them. "We've rented volcanoes; we've ridden on Easter Island and Machu Picchu," says Jon Freeman. In 1994 he and his partner, Dana Nicholson, blew the lid off the underground freestyle motocross scene with the landmark video *Crusty Demons of Dirt*, a searing compilation of motorcycle skill and lunacy. "There was nothing like it in the industry," Freeman says. "It had no racing, just people trying to one-up each other." Three years (and two films) later came the first freestyle motocross competition, which in 1999 became part of the X Games. "Travis Pastrana jumped all the way out into San Francisco Bay," recalls Freeman. "They took his prize money, but he didn't care." Freeman and Nicholson have remained the sport's dominant documentarians, and their videos have spawned a touring show. Their 14th DVD, *The Chaotic Chronicles of the Crusty Demons of Dirt*, is available at crusty.com.

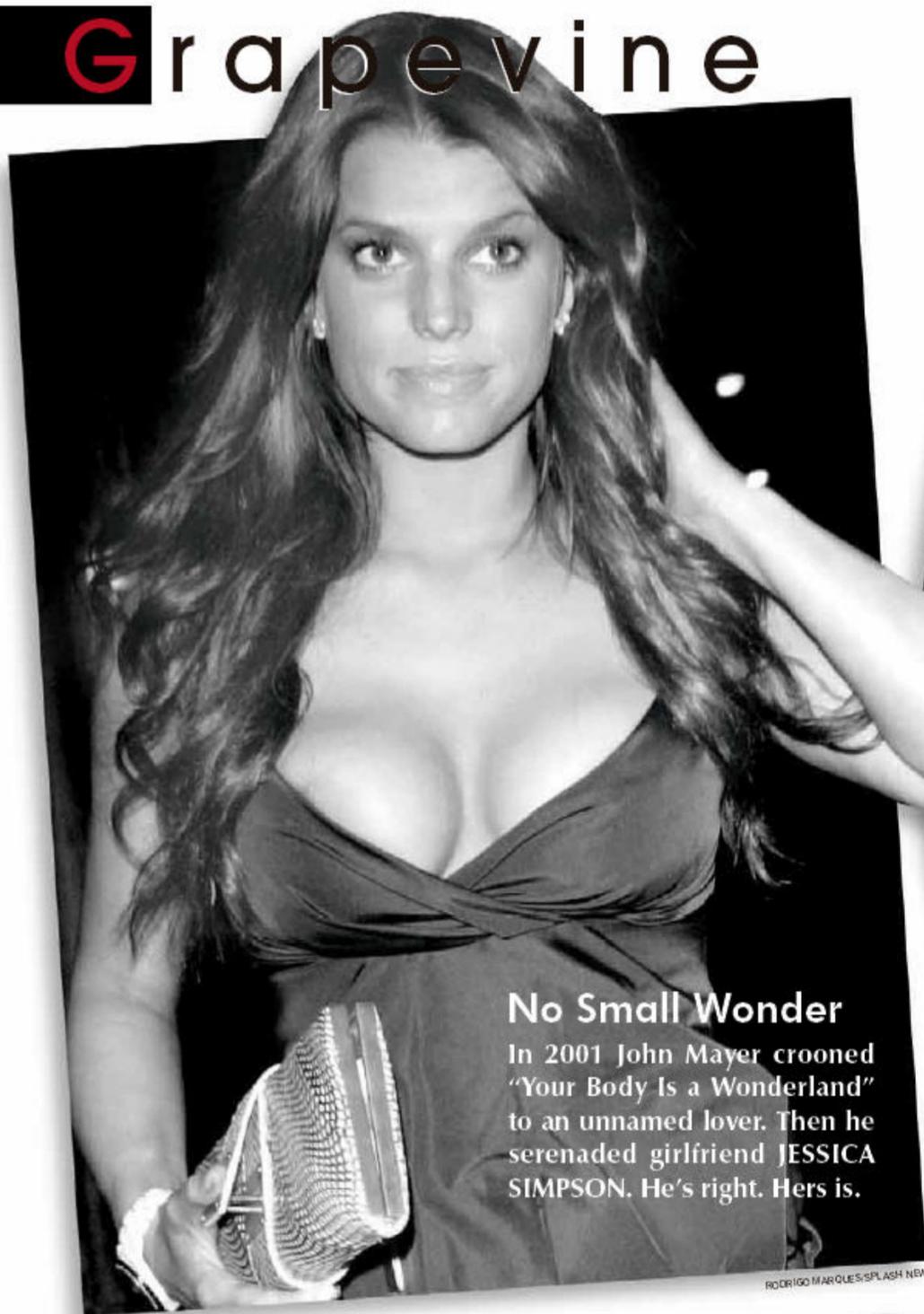


From Candy to a Baby

Can an ex-stripper from Minneapolis conquer Hollywood? Only if she has an interesting name. Meet Diablo Cody

Diablo Cody's 2005 memoir, *Candy Girl: A Year in the Life of an Unlikely Stripper*, gave readers a witty, unflinching look at her experiences taking it all off. David Letterman was smitten (look for the clip on YouTube), as were critics generally; if they'd had a stack of dollar bills handy, they would have tossed them onstage. *Candy Girl* ended up attracting enough attention to get Cody's other projects in front of director Jason Reitman, whose bracing 2005 comedy *Thank You for Smoking* made him a Hollywood player. The result? Production wrapped this past spring on *Juno*, a dark comedy Reitman directed from Cody's screenplay about the relationship between an accidentally pregnant teenager and the Gen X couple that wants to adopt the baby. Reitman paired Cody's words with actors Ellen Page as the pregnant Juno and Jennifer Garner and Jason Bateman as the couple. Look for it to hit the festival circuit this fall, with a theatrical release to follow. "When you read a screenplay where every time the writer has to make a decision, the decision is unexpected, that's special," said Reitman in an interview. "That's really rare, and that's what caught my attention." Don't be surprised if you see a lot more from Cody in the coming year. She's developing another movie script for Warner Bros., as well as a half-hour sitcom for Showtime based on a concept from Steven Spielberg, who got in touch after being similarly wowed by her offbeat sensibility. The way we see it, she's living proof that good things start to happen whenever you take off your clothes.

Grapevine



No Small Wonder

In 2001 John Mayer crooned "Your Body Is a Wonderland" to an unnamed lover. Then he serenaded girlfriend JESSICA SIMPSON. He's right. Hers is.

RODRIGO MARQUES/SPLASH NEWS



Galaxy Breasts

Observers ponder the "Beckham effect"—just how will he impact MLS? The same could be pondered of VICTORIA BECKHAM, the world's most glamorous footballer's wife. Will her cheekbones and chest conquer La-La Land as they did Manchester and Madrid?

DARREH BANKS/SPLASH NEWS



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Hot Tamales

We're not Latin-music aficionados, but we enjoy a good *fiesta de los pechos gigantes*. At the 2007 *Billboard* Latin Music Awards, singer and actress NINEL CONDE (left) and actress MARLENE FAVELA (above) took the plunge; Miss Universe 2006 ZULEYKA RIVERA (right) brought admirable side boob.



Push 'Em Down, Pull 'Em Down, Waayy Down

Here's the story on the Las Vegas Gladiators arena-football team: It stinks. Kindergarten teacher ADEL, a Las Vegas Goddesses cheerleader, looks as though she'll try anything to rally the troops. No panties? No problem.

REUTERS



Also Known As Bozophobia

What creeps *Grapevine* out? Clowns. That's why we love model SAVANNAH COSTELLO. She's in the forthcoming straight-to-DVD horror flick *Fear of Clowns 2*. It's scary because it's real.



Penalty for Public Hotness

For showing off at Thailand's movie awards, actress and student CHOTIROS SURIYAWONG was sentenced by university officials to community service—reading to the blind for two weeks. Holy braille!

MICHAEL BANN



MIXED UP WITH THE RIGHT CROWD

Everyone wants to be the DJ. Not only do you command the vibe of the party, you get to bob your head to the beats in self-absorption while wearing a pair of badass headphones. Of course, you can't do any of that without a killer vinyl collection and serious skills. M-Audio's Torq MixLab (\$100, m-audio.com) solves both problems. This pared-down mixing board hooks up to your computer, and the accompanying software can draw on all the MP3s on your hard drive to bump the party, automatically beat-matching them so you sound like a pro. The board lets you apply a variety of popular effects to each track, cross-fading between them for maximum boom-bap. Now all you have to do is practice your self-satisfied nod.

ROBOCHOP

We know, *The Jetsons* promised you a jet pack. To tide you over until it arrives, here's the next best thing: a robot that mows your lawn. We should talk about the features and abilities of the LawnBott Evolution (lawnbott.com), but we think we'll just let its basic existence sink in. It's a robot that *mows your lawn*. Seriously, this is the best \$2,500 you'll ever spend. Plus, that Henderson kid will now think twice before he sneaks into your backyard.



A MUSICAL MEDITATION

Creative has been pumping out MP3 players since the iPod was just a gleam in Steve Jobs's eye (sorry, make that his "revolutionary" eye "that changes everything"). Its latest, the Zen Stone (creative.com), is, like the concept of Zen itself, most compelling for what it lacks—which in this case is size, weight and price. The teensy one-gigabyte player retails for just \$40. At that cost, it's not unreasonable to buy one for each genre of music in your library or gift them to your friends as thoroughly modern mix tapes. Hell, since they cost so little, we propose that whenever you see someone else with one, the two of you should trade players (wordlessly) and walk away. Now that's what we call Zen.

POP CULTURE

Cola, lemon-lime, root beer—what a snooze. A wide world awaits the adventurous soda swiller. Java Pop's Espresso Coffee Soda (\$5 for four, javapop.com) is go juice with sparkle. Jones stuffs Bazooka into a bottle for its Wonka-esque Blue Bubble Gum (\$29 for 12, jonessodastore.com). Jeff's Orange Dream (\$1, sodaking.com) is pure liquid Creamsicle. Mango soda from Hawaii's Waialua Soda Works (\$1, sodaking.com) packs a deeply tropical pop. Drink up.



PULP FRICTION

As we've always said, when life hands you lemons, make a cocktail. The head of this bulbous zinc citrus reamer from Ar+Cook (\$20, macys.com) will drain the life essence (a.k.a. juice) out of any lemon or lime unfortunate enough to cross its path. Ar+Cook has 48 other stylish kitchen tools, each available with a zinc or titanium finish. Collect them all and start your own Museum of Modern Kitchen Art.



DELIGHTFUL WEATHER YOU'RE HAVING

The less a gadget asks of us the better, which is why we love the Five-Day Wireless Weather Forecaster (\$85, brookstone.com). It's all give and very little take. Pop two AAA batteries into it and the whizzy wonder immediately goes to work, pulling in weather information from AccuWeather broadcasts from pager towers. It displays your area's current temperature, conditions, highs, lows and five-day forecast and even has a magnet on the back so you can stick it right on your fridge.



DOING THE ELECTRIC GLIDE

Today's hippest accessory isn't a low-emissions tailpipe—it's no tailpipe at all. Get around town without layering the streets in soot on a Swissbikeboard (\$2,500, swissbikeboard.com). This electric scooter goes 12 miles an hour and can travel up to 24 miles on a single charge. What's more, the bikeboard is a modular system that lets you pop off its frame and slap it onto a variety of bases made for wakeboarding, snow gliding or nonmotorized scootering, all of which allow deep, snowboard-like turns. Additional bases cost from \$500 to \$700.



SHOOTING STAR

Leica's latest compact snapper, the C-Lux 2 (\$500, leica.com), is a 7.2-megapixel marvel that offers intuitive operation, a generous 2.5-inch screen, minimal shutter lag and the company's legendary optics. Its Intelligent ISO system detects when your subject is moving and adjusts the shutter speed. Combine that with a built-in optical stabilizer and you've got a photographic insurance policy against your third martini.



WHAT IT IS IT IS KNOT

If you like your whiskey strong and Irish but are looking to branch out, the Knot (\$24, shotoftheknot.com) will kiss you like a drunken bar wench (and, at 100 proof, can get you into as much trouble). It's an Irish whiskey liqueur. Butterscotch notes may smoothe the ragged edges of this junkyard dog, but it's still a man's drink. As company spokesman Mickey puts it on the website, "Here's to you. Unless you are some kind of giggling idiot who likes to high-five, drink light beer and talk rubbish." Cheers.



Next Month



POLYMER-AMOROUS PICTORIAL.



PLAYBOY'S PRESEASON PICKS.



JAIME PRESSLY: LET 'ER RIP.



BOX-OFFICE BABE CHRISTA CAMPBELL.

REDCLOUDS—AT THE REDCLOUDS WEBSITE, AVERAGE AMERICANS ARE TURNING INTO ARDENT EXHIBITIONISTS. BY BARING THEMSELVES BOTH IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR HOMES AND ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB, THESE PEOPLE ARE FINDING A FREEDOM THAT HERALDS THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION 2.0. **JOHN H. RICHARDSON** INVESTIGATES.

CHRISTA CAMPBELL—KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, BECAUSE SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE SCARED THE PANTS OFF THE STAR OF A SLEW OF UPCOMING SLASHER PICS (INCLUDING THE NEW *DAY OF THE DEAD* REMAKE). SHOUT ALL YOU WANT—THE CURVY SCREAM QUEEN BARES ALL IN A PULSE-QUICKENING PICTORIAL.

CLIVE OWEN—THE BROODING BRIT HAS BECOME THE GO-TO GUY FOR COMPLEX ROLES THAT REQUIRE STAR JUICE. BUT IT WASN'T ALWAYS EASY. WHEN HE WAS GETTING STARTED HE WAS VIRTUALLY BLACKLISTED FROM THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY. **STEPHEN REBELLO** NABS THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW.

JAIME PRESSLY—YOU'VE SEEN HER PICTORIALS IN PAST ISSUES, BUT THE THING TO KNOW ABOUT JAIME IS THAT SHE'S AS COOL AS SHE IS HOT. THE EMMY-NOMINATED ACTRESS FROM *MY NAME IS EARL* DISCUSSES THE WINDING ROAD TO FAME AND THE MANY STRANGE STOPS SHE HAS TAKEN ALONG THE WAY. 20Q BY **STEPHEN REBELLO**

PLAYBOY'S 2007 PIGSKIN PREVIEW—CAMP IS UNDER WAY, AND YOU CAN SMELL IT IN THE AIR. *PLAYBOY'S* **GARY COLE** RETURNS WITH THE ONLY COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW YOU EVER HAVE TO READ.

RUBBER RULES—AFTER SEEING THESE SHOTS OF VINYL-CLAD VIXENS BY LONGTIME *PLAYBOY* CONTRIBUTOR **BYRON NEWMAN**, WE CAN'T HELP BUT STRETCH OUR IMAGINATION.

TELLER SPEAKS—THE SILENT HALF OF PENN & TELLER DISCUSSES THE OFFBEAT IDEAS AND TASTE FOR TRICKERY THAT MADE HIM ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MAGICIANS. **FRED SCHRUEERS** FINDS AN ASTONISHINGLY ARTICULATE MAN BEHIND THE ENIGMATIC SMILE.

AMERICAN MUSCLE—THE MUSCLE-CAR RENAISSANCE IS THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO DETROIT SINCE THE SUV. RESIDENT GEARHEAD **KEN GROSS** GOES UNDER THE HOODS AND BEHIND THE WHEELS OF VARIOUS PRODUCTION BEASTS AND THEIR PRECOCIOUS PROGENY.

A MATURE STUDENT—THREE-TIME O. HENRY AWARD WINNER **TOBIAS WOLFF** IMAGINES AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AN OLDER STUDENT AND HER INTRIGUING FEMALE PROFESSOR. THEIR CONVERSATION, WHICH BEGINS INNOCENTLY ENOUGH, RUNS HEADLONG INTO SOME DISTURBING REVELATIONS.

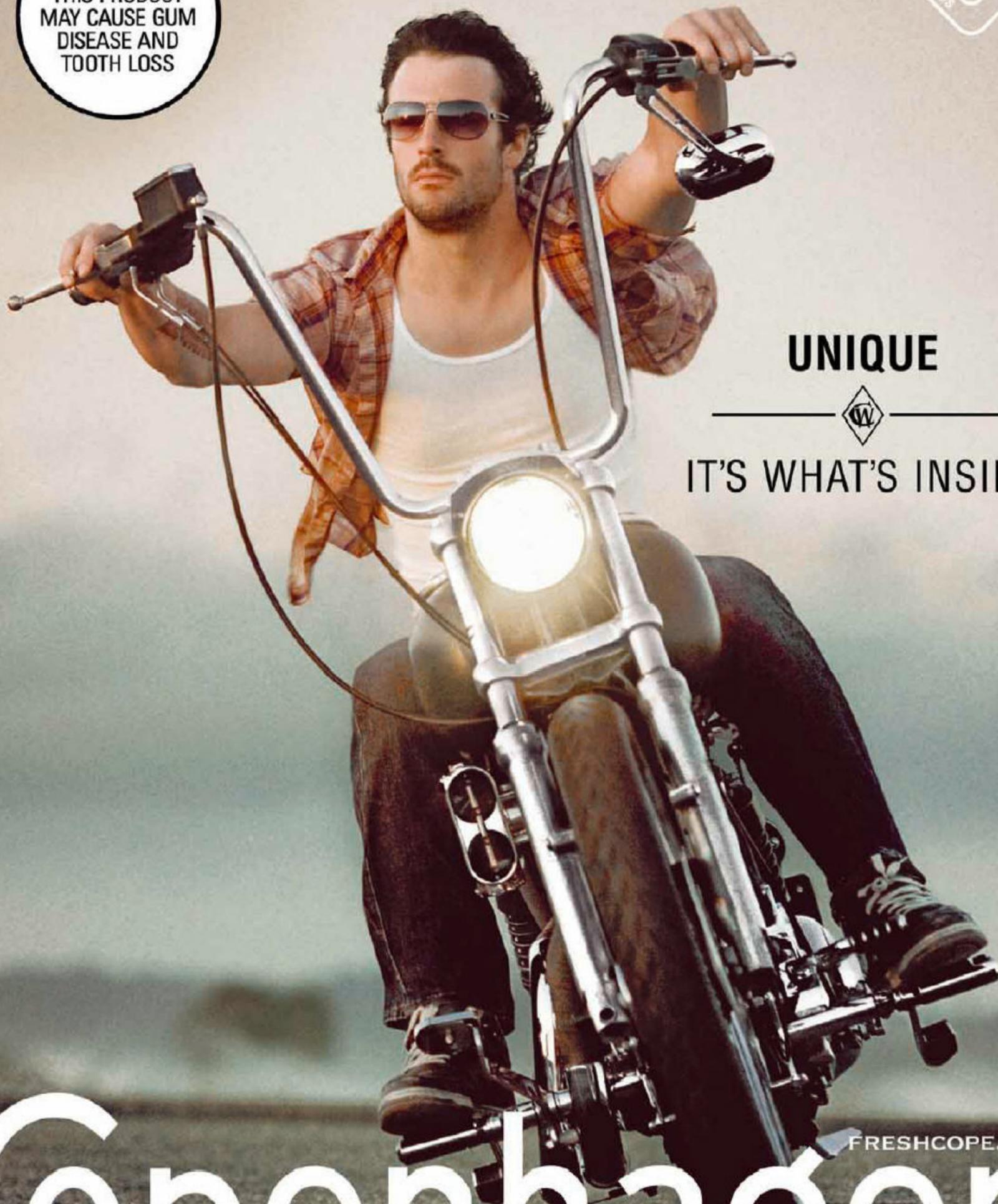
FALL FASHION FORECAST—HOW DOES YOUR FALL FASHION MEASURE UP? *PLAYBOY* REVIEWS THE CURRENT MADE-TO-MEASURE TREND, WHICH GIVES A BESPOKE FEEL TO THE FINEST OFF-THE-RACK BRANDS.

PLUS—PEEK INTO THE BEDROOM OF THE GORGEOUS **BRANDE RODERICK** IN *CENTERFOLDS ON SEX*; PLAYMATE **PATRICE HOLLIS** IS A SEPTEMBER TO REMEMBER.

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