

BARRY BONDS'S MISTRESS: SHOWS ALL, TELLS ALL

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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CHUCK
LIDDELL
PROFILE
CHILLIN'
WITH THE
ICEMAN

REAL
BUNNIES
OF VEGAS
REAL NUDE

ROBERT
REDFORD
A RARE
INTERVIEW

PLUS:
FRED THOMPSON,
VIDEO GAME
BLOWOUT,
PAUL WOLFOWITZ:
THE UNTOLD STORY

20^Q
MATT
LEINART

BUNNY
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Have Fun and Good Luck!





"I have profiled plenty of athletes who were nightmares, but **Chuck Liddell** was a hell of a guy," says **Lucius Shepard**, who literally sat in Liddell's passenger seat for *The Iceman Cleans Up*, a personal look at the UFC's toughest competitor. "He even picked me up and drove me wherever I needed to go. He is very engaging and egalitarian; his trainer says he speaks to everybody the same way, whether they are a CEO or a bum on the street." Liddell's demeanor is not unusual for a UFC fighter. "The misperception may be that they are all goons, but I have yet to meet an asshole in the sport. The fighters are relatively sophisticated. Most of them wrestled, and unlike boxers or baseball players the natural progression for wrestlers is to go on to college. Liddell has an accounting degree from Cal Poly. If fighting hadn't worked out, he could have been punching numbers."



This month's fiction is *The Gunderson Prophecy*, by **Sam Lipsyte**. It's the story of a New Ager who discovers through drugs that the apocalypse is happening right now. What would the author do if he knew doomsday were today? "I'm not sure," Lipsyte answers. "I have this thing about my footwear, though. Whenever I leave my apartment I check to see that my shoes are sturdy enough to get me through the shit. Of course, I'm sure that if I'm wearing durable footwear during the apocalypse, somebody will shoot me for my boots. There's no winning."



When **Kimberly Bell** met **Barry Bonds** all she wanted was someone to love and protect her; the idea that she would be swept up in the greatest sports scandal of the era was beyond imagining. In the article accompanying her pictorial, *The Bonds Girl*, Bell tells **Steve Pond** about the ups and too frequent downs of dating the home-run king. "She isn't so much a woman with an ax to grind as a woman who was hurt," Pond says. "She is surprised by the life she has had. She didn't seem like a sports groupie by any means but a nice girl with a decent job who just happened to meet the wrong guy." Pond asked Bell about Bonds's new record. She said she hadn't watched a game for some time.



Combine the coolness of "Broadway Joe" Namath with the humility of Joe Montana and you have our *20Q* subject, **Matt Leinart**. The Arizona Cardinals signal caller, who can be found in as many tabloids as sports magazines, spoke with **Jason Buhrmester** about being addicted to video games and which actresses he would like to date. "He has a lax Hollywood-quarterback image from hanging out in clubs with celebrities," Buhrmester says. "Some say such conduct will hurt his career, but as he notes, he behaved the same way in college and look at his record: two national championships and a Heisman Trophy."



How the mighty have fallen. Six months ago **Paul Wolfowitz** was president of the World Bank and one of the most powerful men on the planet. In *The Passion of Paul Wolfowitz*, **James Rosen**, author of *The Strong Man*, looks at how Wolfowitz, shadowed by the Iraq war, was pushed out the door for allegedly bending the rules for his girlfriend. "There was a pretext for scandal, but it wasn't what fueled his ouster," Rosen says. "It is an amazing story of the Washington scandal culture at work, and as Henry Kissinger would say, it has the added benefit of being true."

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As president of the World Bank, Paul Wolfowitz was one of the most powerful men on earth. But long before his term expired, he was—quite diplomatically—shown the door. Here is the inside story of how Wolfowitz's enemies used his relationship with his girlfriend to drive him out. **BY JAMES ROSEN**
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Two years before jumping into the presidential primary race, Fred Thompson, the former senator and appealing character actor, sat down with the veteran CBS political analyst and author to talk about how politicians talk—and why voters are hungry for an honest human voice. **BY JEFF GREENFIELD**
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Win or lose, Chuck Liddell is the biggest celebrity in the UFC. No fighter draws larger crowds, and he's certainly the only one to star on an episode of *Entourage*. Our writer watches the Iceman train and play with his kids and listens to his tales of life in the Octagon and the fast lane. **BY LUCIUS SHEPARD**

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The apocalypse is upon us—so says a pre-Columbian codex, according to Gunderson, a DMT-driven New Age prophet awash in TV offers and fresh hippie tang. All he has to do is stay one step ahead of the cosmic blues before popular belief—and easy cash—runs out. **BY SAM LIPSYTE**

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The left believes that “the truth shall make you free,” but the truth reveals itself only by being told. If they want to sway the masses, Democrats need to understand the place of spectacle in politics. **BY STEPHEN DUNCOMBE**

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- 74 MATT LEINART**
Would you choose voluntary football practice over a day with Scarlett Johansson? The Arizona Cardinals QB comes to the sidelines to discuss this difficult choice, as well as the pleasures of hanging with Will Ferrell, his worst hangover and why he delayed entering the NFL to finish at USC. **BY JASON BUHRMESTER**

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Though a Hollywood star for four decades, the intensely private actor-activist remains something of a mystery. As his charged political thriller *Lions for Lambs* prepares to open, the Oscar-winning director chats candidly about getting older, avoiding scandal and why he found it difficult to shake President Bush's hand. **BY DAVID HOCHMAN**



COVER STORY

Since 1959, when the world's sexiest women were sought to staff Hef's after-hours playgrounds, the Playboy Bunny has become a timeless cultural icon. Now the Playboy Club is back, along with a new crop of Bunnies, at the Palms in Las Vegas. Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag helps Bunny Lindsey Roeser hop onto our cover; our Rabbit loves a woman in uniform.



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Outerwear goes anywhere when we pull out these stylish coats and jackets designed to ward off the big chill.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

this month on playboy.com

MAGAZINE BLOG

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

20Q REVIEW

From Ararat to Zappa, lose yourself perusing our archive of 20Q interviews. playboy.com/20q

PLAYBOY U

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THE 21ST QUESTION

Cards quarterback Matt Leinart calls one more play. playboy.com/21q

DUDS STUDS

We name America's 10 best men's clothing boutiques. playboy.com/alist



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



ANTE UP

When the Sports Dream Celebrity Poker Tournament was held at the Mansion, Hef and his ladies (left) found a full house of celebrities going down to the river. Among them: Ricardo Antonio Chavira of *Desperate Housewives* (below, with Centerfolds) and Shawn Marion (right) of the Phoenix Suns.



WHAT'S THE DEAL, JENNY?

Here's a great way to ensure the house always wins: Distract the players with a Centerfold in a Bunny costume. Even better, make it Jenny McCarthy. The 1994 Playmate of the Year dealt blackjack for the Big Deal charity fund-raiser at the Playboy Club at the Palms in Las Vegas. To prep for her three hours at the table, Jenny was schooled in the art of dealing. Now hit me!



NICOLE BROWN FOUNDATION

Denise Brown (below right) held a benefit to end domestic violence for the Nicole Brown Foundation at the Mansion. Celebs like PLAYBOY cover girl Denise Richards (below left) helped raise awareness and funds.



PARTY ANIMALS

Stars love pets. How do we know? Tori Spelling and Dean McDermott from *Tori & Dean: Inn Love*, and pooch (left), came out for the Bow Wow Wow fund-raiser to benefit Much Love Animal Rescue. They joined Cesar "the Dog Whisperer" Millan (below) at Hef's place, along with Haylie and Hilary Duff (below right), pictured with Hef's main squeeze, Holly Madison.



**FUN IN THE SUN
AND FIREWORKS**



For more than half a century Playboy has been an American institution. Fittingly, Hef, Holly, Bridget and Kendra celebrated the Fourth of July with a poolside barbecue at the Mansion, where Mr. Playboy installed a new Slip 'n Slide and trampoline for the festivities. (1) Slippery when wet: Hef and his ladies debut the Slip 'n Slide. (2) *Transformers* director Michael Bay and comedian Jon Lovitz. (3) Actor Scott Baio with fiancée Renee Sloan (right) and her daughter Kalyn. (4) David Hasselhoff from *America's Got Talent* with the Host. (5) The Blue Cat Express provides the tunes. (6) Comedians Bill Maher and Jeffrey Ross share a laugh with Playmate Tina Jordan. (7) Bouncing babes! (8) Actors Jill Terashita and Dolph Lundgren. (9) Hef with astronaut and national hero Buzz Aldrin and his wife, Lois. (10) Actor and director Alfonso Ribeiro with Joey Fatone of *The Singing Bee*. (11) Cover girl and former pro wrestler Joanie "Chyna" Laurer. (12) Rapper Too Short with Playmate Nicole Narain. (13) Holly, Bridget and Kendra enjoy the fireworks with Hef.



SHOWSTOPPER

I always complain to my husband that PLAYBOY doesn't feature enough women of color. Garcelle Beauvais-Nilon (*La Belle Beauvais*, August) will stop my bitching for a bit. Major cool points to you. Thanks again.

Kelly Pettit
Colorado Springs, Colorado



Garcelle needs company. You busy?

Beauvais-Nilon is the kind of woman who could make me steal from my job, leave my family and move to the moon if all she said was "Now!" I liked her on *NYPD Blue*, but I love her in PLAYBOY.

Henry Zellman
Rocklin, California

My God, now there's a beauty!

David Simmons
Los Angeles, California

I've been a PLAYBOY reader since my college days and have never seen a more captivating pictorial. My subscription will be renewed once again.

Kelvinal Stumon
Cedar Hill, Texas

I know other black women have appeared in PLAYBOY, but the stunning photos make Garcelle stand out. As a young black woman I feel good about my own body when I see another black woman proudly displaying hers.

Codi Bean
Charleston, West Virginia

I always keep my magazines pristine, but when I saw page 109 I had to tear it out and put it on the wall. Wow.

Will Mellon
Toledo, Ohio

I enjoy PLAYBOY and usually get to my husband's copy before he does. Garcelle quips that she hopes someday to be able to show the photos to her grandkids. Many of your models say this type of thing. I would have freaked if I'd found out that either of my grandmothers had posed. Your models should just admit it's a huge ego boost. Nothing wrong with that.

Teri Higgenbotham
Madison, Alabama

WINNING FICTION

The August fiction by Jess Walter, *We Live in Water*, is nothing less than remarkable. As I read his extraordinary ending, I closed my eyes tightly to hold back the tears. The brilliant writing in PLAYBOY never ceases to amaze me.

Eugene Nadeau
Warwick, Rhode Island

Most people read your magazine for the articles, but not me: I look at the photos. I did read Walter's short story, though, and it was a good one. It could easily be a great novel.

Kurt Shafer
Chatsworth, Illinois

ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS

Because I have always preferred the girl next door, I am disappointed to see artificially enhanced breasts on the cute, alluring and tattoo- and piercing-free Tiffany Selby (*Beach Blonde*, July). Turn back a few pages to your *Montauk Summer* pictorial, in which the breasts are all certainly real. Speaking of all-natural, I'm glad you didn't throw away the pictures of Stacey Grenrock Woods ("Look What We Found," *After Hours*, July). If you have hundreds, show us more.

Joe Hutchinson
Glendale, Arizona

Your August Playmate, Tamara Sky, is a beautiful woman, tattoos and all (*Sky's the Limit*). So it's disheartening to see that the tattoo on her lower back is visible on page 74 but airbrushed away on her Centerfold, especially since Tamara expresses an interest in graphic design. The tattoo is part of who she is. Also, tell Holly Madison—who produced the pictorial, as seen on *The Girls Next Door*—she did a great job on the drinks shown in the Centerfold, but there are usually three cherries in a hypnotic. It would also have added a lot to the photo if there were lipstick on the glass or if more of the drink were gone. Who goes to a club and orders drinks but doesn't drink

them? Ask Hef if he wants to hire me to help—it seems as if I'm the only one paying attention.

Melinda Brown
Charleston, South Carolina

Did you notice Tamara is nude? We didn't remove her tattoo; it's obscured because of the angle of her pose and the lighting.

Miss August is another Playmate with hips larger than her breasts. That makes, what, three this year? This trend is not the reason I subscribe to PLAYBOY. Perky doesn't do it for me.

Lex Larsen
Henderson, Nevada

With nearly 10 million readers each month, we have never pleased all of them at once.

CHRIS TUCKER RETURNS

Thank you for the fascinating *Playboy Interview* with Chris Tucker (August). I can't count the times I've read about a celebrity and thought, Why can't he use his fame and fortune to educate and enrich himself and travel? How can people with so many opportunities appear to be so stupid and shallow? Tucker is a notable exception.

Sera Day
Tustin, California

How could Tucker not include Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, Jack Lemmon



After six years away Tucker opens up.

and Walter Matthau or Paul Newman and Robert Redford in his list of top Hollywood movie buddies?

Bryan Boer
Pacifica, California

Tucker strikes me as an intelligent man with a creative edge—a rare find. But I

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DRINK RESPONSIBLY.

am disappointed by the way you always seem to conduct interviews with people who happen to have a dark complexion. Why is it that journalists feel compelled to ask about the subject's experience of being black? I have yet to see an interview with a white celebrity in which the issue of racism comes up.

Scott Davis

Providence, Rhode Island

You must have missed our interview with Steve Nash in May.

THE MISSING 40

In *The Open Road* (July), you write, "Forty years have passed since A.J. Foyt and Dan Gurney's historic 'all-American' Le Mans victory in a car called—you guessed it—the Ford GT." Actually, the car that won in 1967 was a Ford GT40 MK IV, chassis number J6. To a racing aficionado, there is a huge difference. In 2002 Ford announced its intention to reintroduce the GT40, but the company no longer owned the trademark, so Ford called it just the GT. The GT40 is a race car of the 1960s; the GT is a street car of the 2000s. The Ford GT40 won at Le Mans in 1967.

Abby Remley

Union, Kentucky

BURNING RUBBER AND GREASE

I enjoyed Seamus McGraw's article on greasy fueling (*The Greasecar War*, August). I own a modified 1978 300D Mercedes-Benz diesel that burns a mixture of mostly canola and olive oils purchased wholesale for \$1 a gallon. The Germans built these engines to last forever—a design concept that includes an awareness of petroleum's finite future. As with many technologies, there is more to a greasecar than feel-good marketers let on. For instance, the old story that Rudolph Diesel ran his first engine on peanut oil is true, but he also made use of the most available fuels of the day, most notably coal dust. In addition to violating the Clean Air Act, folks who fuel their rides with vegetable oils or homebrewed biodiesel are liable for motor-fuel taxes. Finally, most states require you to be a licensed waste hauler to carry away restaurant grease. All that said, many exciting advances have been made, such as in synthetic diesel fuel made from biomass (sawdust, wood scraps, rice husks, cattle bone-meal, railway ties). I read one article in which a Shell executive is quoted as saying of a brand of biofuel, "You can drink it. You won't feel great, but you won't die." I can't wait for that ad campaign. Synthetic diesel, which is already used in Europe, will make its way to the U.S. soon enough.

Patrick Kennedy

Oakland, California

It's great to see the grease-fuel movement getting coverage in major publications such as *PLAYBOY*. It's odd, though, to characterize it as a "war," because everyone seems to be on the same side. Five years ago I started Grease Not Gas (greasenotgas.com) and have since driven across the U.S. 16 times without paying for fuel. Recycling some of the 4 billion gallons of grease produced in the U.S. each year is probably the most ethical way you can get around.

Mike Parziale

Portland, Oregon

McGraw's commentary on biodiesel seems a bit snarky. It's laughable to compare the biodiesel industry to big oil. Virtually every one of the 148 biodiesel plants in the U.S. is a small business, and every one is good for our nation's energy security. They're increasing our capacity to produce fuel, and they are in diverse locations not vulnerable to hurricanes and attacks. McGraw also fails to mention that the auto industry has started to embrace cleaner-burning biodiesel. Chrysler and GM now support blends



A little grease can go a long way.

of 20 percent biodiesel (B20) for some of their models. Other engine makers, such as Cummins, support B20 across the board. Sure, biodiesel is not yet available at every gas station, but if more people choose fuel-efficient diesel vehicles and demand biodiesel for them, the market will respond. Besides, how practical is it to fill your weekends collecting grease, then spend thousands of dollars altering your Mercedes, only to send it over a cliff, as McGraw did?

Jenna Higgins

National Biodiesel Board
Jefferson City, Missouri

Read more feedback at playboy.com/blog.



PLAYBOY

afterhours

babes of the month

The Olly Girls

A PAIR OF NAKED CHEFS WHO'LL TAN YOUR HIDE

Holly Huddleston and Molly Shea, better known as the Olly Girls from the E! reality show *Sunset Tan*, are not twins, sisters or cousins. "We both have blonde hair and blue eyes, but we don't look anything alike," says Molly (right), who despite her protests does look quite a bit like Holly. "I'm an inch or two taller than Holly, and I'm whiter." On *Sunset Tan* the Ollies' misadventures provide ditsy comic relief from the standard reality-TV power struggles. Currently they're dishing on the NFL as the hosts of *Perfect Picks*, a weekly sports show on KushTV.com. JB and Howie they ain't: Their commentary is broken up with reenactments of classic end-zone dances (the Ickey shuffle, anyone?), as well as lap dances administered as "punishment" for bad predictions. The football connection is apt, however, since the two met at a photo shoot for the 2007 Lingerie Bowl. Alas, that event was canceled, so the Ollies never got the chance to take the field as Dallas Desire teammates. But they've been living under the same roof ever since. "We slept in the same bed for five months," Molly says playfully, although she will neither confirm nor deny that there was any messing around. They're comfortable in their own skin, though, as their neighbors may confirm. "We walk around our house naked all the time," says Holly. Then Molly chimes in, "We're always cooking breakfast naked. That's normal for us."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE PRADO

great hera



Fleshed Out

Admit it—you've always wanted to see Wonder Woman naked. The above sketch, by original W.W. artist H.G. Peter, is just one of the treasures to be found in *Clean Cartoonists' Dirty Drawings*, by Craig Yoe.

fanning the flames

The Things They Carried

THOSE WHO WERE THERE COULD READ THE WRITING ON THE LIGHTERS

For American soldiers in Vietnam, the Zippo lighter was an essential talisman; its chrome casing was also a convenient canvas on which fighters expressed their anger and frustration. In *Vietnam Zippos*, edited by Sherry Buchanan, these unique artifacts tell the story of a war gone sour. Lyndon Johnson's observation that "ultimate victory will depend upon the hearts and minds of the people" inspired the gleeful savagery of "Give me your hearts and minds or I will wreck your fucking huts" (top); another soldier rephrases Psalm 23 with "Yea though I walk through the valley of the jungle of death, I will fear no evil, for I am the vilest son of a bitch in the jungle" (middle). Later, as enthusiasm for the war ebbed, lighters feature such deep thoughts as "When the power of love is as strong as the love of power, then there will be peace" (bottom). Truer words were never engraved above a rabbit caressing a huge erection.



not-so-instant karma

His Name Is Greg, Not Earl

THE TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A GUILT-RACKED SITCOM CREATOR

It's no coincidence that the sitcom *My Name Is Earl* deals in repentance and redemption: Its creator, Greg Garcia, has a few wrongs in his own past he'd like to right or at least acknowledge. "I just want to sleep at night with a clear conscience," he says, "with no snakes in my head." Let the healing begin.

1. "In kindergarten I organized what I called the 'bathroom Olympics.' Two other boys and I tried see how high up the wall we could pee. I would like to apologize to the janitor who had to clean it up. Sadly, I walked away with only a bronze medal."

2. "In high school I was trying to light a joint while driving my parents' car, when I veered onto the median and smashed the driver's-side mirror against a sign. Not wanting to get into trouble, I parked the car on the street in front of our house and hoped my dad would think someone driving by had sideswiped it. The ruse wouldn't work without broken glass on the ground, so I ran down the street, smashed the mirror on someone's VW bug, collected the glass and scattered it by my father's car. He bought it."

3. "In 1987 I ruined my high school's production of *Grease* by

releasing 30 mice in the auditorium. I invite the cast and crew to contact me in L.A.; I'll take you all to dinner."

4. "I once worked in a real estate office, and I attempted to make a Xerox copy of my naked ass. I took my pants down and jumped onto the copy machine, breaking it almost immediately. Hours later one of the brokers tried to make a copy. The machine didn't work, so she opened it to clear the jam and pulled out a piece of paper with my ass on it. I'm sorry that lady had to see that."

4a. "I also stole \$20 worth of stamps from that office to enter an MTV contest. The prize was a backyard barbecue with Motley Crue. I didn't win. I now live in the same neighborhood as Nikki Sixx—I could have him over for burgers and pretend I won."

5. "In college I borrowed Jen Ryland's beat-up Chevette to go to a party where I almost got into a fistfight with Eddie Money, though that's not what I'm sorry about. On the way home, the Chevette's clutch blew; I left the car on the side of the road and hitchhiked back to school. Jen Ryland never saw her car again. Jen, if you read this, call me at NBC."



coed of the month

Nittany Lioness

PENN STATE'S GREGARIOUS KIMBERLEE ANN PUTS THE HAPPY IN HAPPY VALLEY

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing about attending Penn State?

KIMBERLEE: The campus is big and everybody is friendly. I love meeting new people, and with such a huge student body at the main campus, you can meet someone new every day.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you have strong social skills.

KIMBERLEE: Yes. My major is public relations. When I graduate I want to do PR for a Vegas hotel—or perhaps Playboy.

PLAYBOY: When can we expect your résumé?

KIMBERLEE: I'm a junior now, so spring 2009.

PLAYBOY: You'll need to know a lot about entertainment for men: naked women, sports....

KIMBERLEE: I love football, especially Nittany Lions football. The tailgating is insane. We start on Friday night and go strong into Saturday-afternoon game time.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked to Joe Paterno?

KIMBERLEE: Yes. When I met JoePa he smiled at me and gave me a huge hug.

PLAYBOY: Does he hang out near the dorms?

KIMBERLEE: I don't know. I moved off campus because I couldn't bring a guy back to the dorm if my roommate was there.

PLAYBOY: You just have to be creative. Ever tried the library?

KIMBERLEE: No, we don't do it in the library at Penn State. But we have a big Nittany Lion statue on campus—I'd love to have sex on that someday.

Want to be the next Coed of the Month? Learn how to apply at playboy.com/pose.

white noise

The Sexy Philip Seymour Hoffman COMEDIAN JIM GAFFIGAN IS A TEDDY BEAR. A BIG ALBINO TEDDY BEAR

How white are you? I just found out I'm too white to be a Mormon. Who wins in a white-off, you or Conan O'Brien? You never win when you're this pale. How do you feel when people call you the funny Philip Seymour Hoffman? I think if you read between the lines, they're really saying I'm the sexy Philip Seymour Hoffman. Most of your act is about being white; why is the rest about food? You could have bought my other CD. Thanks for doing the research. If you were skinny and black, what would you tell jokes about? My experience on America's Next Top Model. What's the funniest food? Food is not funny; human feelings toward food are funny. Wait, I guess Hot Pockets are funny. How many Hot Pockets could you eat in one sitting? A half. No, one bite. Actually, just looking at the box makes me a little queasy. What are the most kick-ass Hot Pockets? They introduce a new one every eight minutes—I have trouble keeping up. I'm waiting for the Hot Pockets cologne. What's your favorite fast-food item? That depends on where I am. In northwest Indiana it's Schoop's Hamburgers; in Wisconsin, Kopp's Frozen Custard. What's your favorite holiday tradition? Whoever invented mistletoe was a brilliant creep. What's the worst birthday gift you've ever received? When I was seven I got a package of hot dogs and some Dr Pepper. I loved it, which says a lot about me. What's the worst birthday gift you've ever given? I gave my wife a broom. That backfired. Have you ever belonged to a cult? I'm still on AOL, yes. Are we done here? Yes. Good. The first round's on us. What are you drinking? Gravy.

Jim Gaffigan's latest project is Pale Force, an animated series now showing on NBC.com.

bubbleslicious

She Can Leave This Hat On

**A TIP OF THE
OLD-SCHOOL
CAP FROM
ONE OF OUR
FAVORITE
STARLETS**

What beats Lindsay Lohan taking a bubble bath? Arguably nothing, but when we spotted this photo in *Los Angeles Confidential* magazine

we had to admit the vintage Playboy Club doorman's hat was a nice garnish. Hef himself was quite pleased to see the classic lid on such a classic beauty—but offered a gentle criticism for the magazine's researchers. The caption identifies the hat as being from the 1950s; Hef says it's a 1960s model. Come on, guys, give us a call next time.



cock-a-doodle-doo

Teats and Ass

OVERALLS-OPTIONAL FARMING

We don't need to explain Playboy TV's Hot Babes Doing Stuff Naked, do we? The babes are hot; they do stuff naked. Special Editions model Erika Jordan tells us about her adventures in barmyard nudity.

Playboy: Hello, hot babe. What stuff did you do naked?

Erika: I got to milk a cow, chase chickens and ride a mechanical bull.

Playboy: Did riding the bull leave you black-and-blue in intimate areas?

Erika: No. The trick is to stick your pelvis out so your girlie parts don't actually hit the saddle. I have a big butt—in a good way—so I tried to use it as a cushion. The next day, I woke up feeling as if I'd had a good spanking.

Playboy: Is that an unfamiliar feeling?

Erika: Not really. I like it rough.

Playboy: Did you catch any chickens?

Erika: I grabbed one and she went completely still, not even blinking. She was sticking her tail feathers up, waiting for something. The farmer explained to me that she was in heat.

Playboy: She thought you were a rooster?

Erika: Yeah. I don't see the similarity.

Playboy: How was milking the cow?

Erika: The cow was unhappy. I guess she was used to the machines, as opposed to a person. I know how it is: I've been single so long, I'm used to the machines too.

Playboy: Do you have any milking tips?

Erika: Squeeze hard. And it's like with a man—you gotta get the motion right.

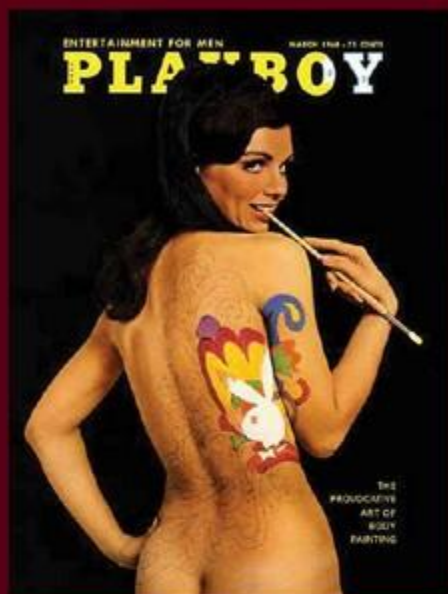
Playboy: As you were doing it, were you thinking, Hey, I've done this before?

Erika: Totally. It was just like that, minus the facial at the end.

Hot Babes Doing Stuff Naked is part of Playboy TV's Playboy Prime programming, airing nightly from eight to 11 P.M., EST.



brushing up



Masterpiece

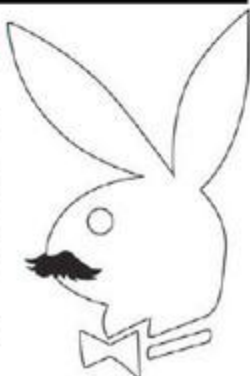
WE DON'T KNOW IF IT'S ART, BUT IT'LL LOOK GOOD ON YOUR PHONE

The March 1968 issue of *PLAYBOY* featured an interview with Truman Capote, fiction by Italo Calvino and an attack on apathetic American liberals from British critic Kenneth Tynan. All this and a cover pictorial by Mario Casilli called *The Provocative Art of Body Painting*. At the time, Senior Art Director Chet Suski (who did not work on this cover) was painting women for parties at the Playboy Mansion in Chicago. "Psychedelic art was very trendy," he says. "Paint-by-number kits were popular as well, and there's an element of that in this cover. Body painting was a new phenomenon, and it was done freehand. I remember being really nervous. There I was, in my 20s, painting models at the Mansion and Bunnies at the Playboy Club. Every guy wanted to change jobs with me." This cover and other classics are available as wallpaper for your mobile phone at playboymobile.com.

grow your own

Secret Stache

Why is this Rabbit wearing a mustache? Because it's not just November on college campuses—it's Movember. Growing a lip brow for charity could get you into Playboy events or win you Playboy gear. For more information visit playboyu.com/movember.



lone star style

Live Large, Look Sharp

SUIT UP LIKE A BARON IN D-TOWN

"Pull up in front of the Stanley Korshak store, flip the valet your keys and let the expert clothiers take care of the rest. This high-end Dallas boutique provides its customers with services usually reserved for celebrities and heads of state. If you can't find time to visit the store, an employee will make home or office appointments for fittings, head-to-toe wardrobe consultations or a closet-editing session. The selection of luxury collections such as Kiton and Ralph Lauren Black Label is also a nice touch."

—From *Playboy.com's "10 Best Men's Clothing Boutiques"*

R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



Smug Index

36% of Toyota Prius hybrid owners say they bought

the car principally for its fuel economy; 57% give the reason that "it makes a statement about me."

Bottlefield Earth

4 out of 5 water bottles that can be recycled and reused end up as litter or in a landfill.

you bet



Irish bookmaker Paddy Power PLC had rated Al Gore a 14 to 1 long shot on its list of U.S. celebrities who will be arrested. The firm neglected to specify Al Gore Jr. and had

to pay out \$13,500 when the former veep's son, Al Gore III, was picked up for drug possession.

Sausage Lovers

25% of Italian women say their favorite aphrodisiac is a good salami.

Disapproval Ratings

From a recent Gallup Poll, the percentages of Americans who express "quite a lot" or "a great deal" of confidence in:

- The military: 69%
- The police: 54%
- Organized religion: 46%
- The president: 25%
- Congress: 14%



price check

\$72 million



Paid at Christie's auction house for Andy Warhol's *Green Car Crash*, a new record for the artist. His *Lemon Marilyn* (left) was also sold, for \$28 million.

what they're thinking



According to a Clairol Color Attitudes Survey, 93% of blondes see themselves as being popular with men, compared with 74% of brunettes and only 64% of redheads.

The Simpler Life

Paris Hilton's stint in jail may have cost her \$60 million: Family patriarch Barron Hilton reportedly wrote her out of his will after she was arrested.

Trash Talk

Americans discard 426,000 mobile phones every day.

Hard at Work

Not only do 87% of Australians think office dalliances aren't unethical, 20% of them admit they've had sex at the office during work hours.

Real Egghead

For \$470 a pop, Catherine Zeta-Jones has her hair smeared with caviar.



Go, Sea Cows

The number of public schools in Florida named after George Washington: 5. The number named after manatees: 11.



movie of the month

[AMERICAN GANGSTER]

Denzel Washington gets dirty as a drug kingpin

In the true-life-inspired crime epic *American Gangster*, Denzel Washington plays 1970s drug kingpin Frank Lucas, who for five years supplied Harlem with heroin smuggled in the caskets of dead soldiers returned from Vietnam. Going up against Washington is Russell Crowe playing Richie Roberts, the notorious New York policeman who eventually persuaded Lucas to turn informant against the cronies and dirty cops who helped consolidate his wealth and power. "Is there rough stuff? Of course," says director Ridley Scott. "That's who Lucas and Roberts were and what they were doing." The gritty drama, directed from a screenplay by Oscar winner Steven Zaillian, hits theaters with Oscar-level expectations. As a budding still photographer in the 1960s, Scott had extensively documented the people and haunts of Harlem. "I think we got the universe of the movie right because I resisted Hollywoodizing it," says Scott. Asked whether there was any off-camera friction among the cast, Scott says, "That's the pain and pleasure of working with that caliber of actor. Half the time when you feel you have challenges, it's because they're doing their work, saying, 'Why are we doing this like that? Why not this instead?' But out of that comes better. Both their performances are amazing. One of the best cop movies I've ever seen is *The French Connection*. In a funny kind of way, that became our target. And we did pretty well, actually." —Stephen Rebell

"Is there rough stuff? Of course."

now showing

BUZZ

No Country for Old Men

(Tommy Lee Jones, Javier Bardem, Josh Brolin) Bloodbaths and pitch-black humor mark the Coen brothers' latest. The drama unfolds after hunter Brolin comes across bullet-ventilated bodies and \$2 million—the aftermath of a west Texas drug deal. Sheriff Jones tries to track down professional killer Bardem.

Our call: Standout performances, superb cinematography and a mood of stark melancholy make this film, based on Cormac McCarthy's brilliant 2005 novel, a high-water mark.



Lions for Lambs

(Tom Cruise, Meryl Streep, Robert Redford) Redford directs and co-stars in this drama in which he plays a poli-sci professor who urges a student not to join the military after two others are badly injured in Afghanistan. Streep plays a journalist putting the screws to Senator Cruise, a zealous supporter of the war on terror.

Our call: Kudos to the filmmakers for grappling with complicated issues, but will audiences embrace what is essentially a lengthy political debate?



Rendition

(Jake Gyllenhaal, Reese Witherspoon, Meryl Streep) In this explosive political thriller, Gyllenhaal is an NSA analyst who witnesses a brutal U.S.-sanctioned interrogation of an Egyptian-born terror suspect. Witherspoon, the suspect's wife, tries to unravel the cover-up of his mysterious "disappearance."

Our call: Although the multistory trend (see *Traffic*, *Syriana*, *Babel*, etc.) has become a film cliché, this cautionary tale's torn-from-today's-headlines immediacy makes it worth your time.



We Own the Night

(Joaquin Phoenix, Mark Wahlberg, Robert Duvall) This gritty drama set in the late 1980s pits Brooklyn club manager Phoenix against Wahlberg, his NYPD brother, and father Duvall, a legendary police chief. A drug bust that ignites a street war between the cops and the Russian Mafia forces Phoenix to choose sides.

Our call: Strong performances (including one by the sizzling Eva Mendes) and some white-knuckle moments help overcome the post-*Departed* feeling of been there, done that.



dvd of the month

[THE SARAH SILVERMAN PROGRAM: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON]

Television's twisted sister takes you inside her wacky world

Beyond being an often hilarious look into a phony day in the life of a gifted comic, *The Sarah Silverman Program*, like the woman herself, defies comparison. Silverman's act owes equal debts to Rita Rudner, Don Rickles and, in her penchant for song breaks, *Tenacious D*. Although she works with a supporting cast—including her older sister Laura, portraying her younger sister Laura—this six-episode Comedy Central run is all about Sarah. The humor from her stage act is imported into mundane environments with delightfully absurd results. A fart-off in a restaurant, for instance, leads to Sarah shitting in her jeans and then to a fantasy sequence in which she sings a sweet song about it. **Best extra:** The sing-along-with-Sarah karaoke feature. **YYY½** —Greg Fagan



SPIDER-MAN 3 Sam Raimi amps up the action and humor in this sequel. Having three villains—Sandman, Venom and New Goblin—muddles matters, but it's fun to watch Tobey Maguire tap into Spidey's dark side. Also on Blu-ray. **Best extra:** Featurette on creating Sandman. **YYY** —Bryan Reesman



JERICHO: SEASON 1 This acclaimed TV series got the green light for a second season after rabid protests from fans. It follows residents of a small Kansas town, fighting for survival after a mushroom cloud appears on the horizon. **Best extra:** The "What If?" featurette. **YYY** —Matt Steigbigel



THE JAZZ SINGER—80TH ANNIVERSARY 3-DISC COLLECTOR'S EDITION This 1927 classic was the first feature-length film to employ dialogue and musical numbers in which the sound is synchronized with the screen images. Usually forgotten



is that it's also an enjoyable showbiz melodrama, with Al Jolson's star turn as an immigrant's son making good. **Best extra:** Nearly four hours' worth of restored Vitaphone shorts. **YYYY** —M.S.

BLACK BOOK Paul Verhoeven proves there's credibility after *Showgirls* with this epic World War II thriller. Carice van Houten stars as a chanteuse who, masking her Jewish heritage, infiltrates the Gestapo on behalf of the Resistance. Twists, turns and unflinching nudity add up to an exhilarating experience. Also on Blu-ray. **Best extra:** The "Making of" offers more glimpses of lovely Van Houten. **YYY½** —G.F.



CASINO ROYALE Push PLAY, but first drop some acid, because that's what the six (!) directors seemed to have been on when shooting this 1967 psychedelic James Bond parody. David Niven and Peter Sellers both star as Bond—even Ursula Andress is a 007—trying to take down Woody Allen and Orson Welles. Confused? Wait for the drugs to kick in. **Best extra:** The "Big Climax" featurette. **YY** —Buzz McClain



SCANNER

OCEAN'S 13 Danny (George Clooney) and the boys are at it again, creating havoc with an elaborate scheme to bring down orange-skinned Al Pacino's Las Vegas casino. It's a cool-cat cast having featherweight fun. **YYY**

FANTASTIC FOUR: RISE OF THE SILVER SURFER Even with a soaring Silver Surfer and Jessica Alba in that skintight costume again, the anti-climactic Galactus confrontation is still a fantastic disappointment. **YY**

1408 This hit Stephen King adaptation finds self-loathing ghost-tour author John Cusack locked in a hostile haunted hotel room. It's creepy fun elevated by Cusack's deadpan quips about his implausible situation. **YYY**

STUDIO 60 ON THE SUNSET STRIP Engaging characters, plots and gags fill this NBC dramedy set backstage at a live TV show, but most viewers found it to be way too inside creator Aaron Sorkin's head. **YY**

DAY WATCH The mind-melding effects in this Goth sequel to the Russian *Night Watch* will keep you from caring that the plot involving good, evil and a piece of chalk makes as much sense as eating borscht for breakfast. **YYY**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

tease frame



She didn't win a Golden Globe for *Norma Jean & Marilyn*, but **Mira Sorvino** unleashed two of her own as Monroe. Will she do the same in *Reservation Road*?

play well with others

[MASSIVE ATTACK]

The next generation of big-world multiplayer games explodes on the Net

Massively multiplayer online (MMO) games let you play with and against thousands of people at once. Since its launch in 2004, *World of Warcraft* has dominated the genre and currently boasts more than 9 million subscribers, each of whom pays \$15 a month to play. Many have tried to repeat *Warcraft's* success, but none has succeeded, largely because most have essentially been making the same game. This fall, however, a new crop of MMOs is poised to hit the scene, offering new scenarios and unique gameplay. Here's a taste (pictured clockwise from top left).



TABULA RASA (playtr.com) Breaking from high fantasy, this sci-fi epic places you in a sprawling galactic war between a coalition of soldiers and a rabidly xenophobic race of aliens. From the mind of MMO legend Richard Garriott, it's long on combat depth and rewards strategic thinking, while avoiding the soulless plots that drag down so many of its ilk.

HELLGATE: LONDON (hellgatelondon.com) This hybrid game is an MMO with significant single-player components. From the

folks who brought you *Diablo*, it heavily emphasizes action, allowing you to play in styles from conventional MMO combat to first-person shooting. The extensive single-player campaign has you squelching a demonic invasion in postapocalyptic London. The dynamically generated multiplayer areas offer infinite vistas of dystopian carnage.



PIRATES OF THE BURNING SEA (burningsea.com) Gorgeous visuals, a fascinating economic model and an authentic period feel enhance your plying of the bloody seas of piracy's golden age. Align with France, England or Spain—or menace them as a buccaneer—as you engage in player-vs.-player melees, massive sea battles and even port sieges. This one does everything we wanted it to and much more.

FURY (unleashthefury.com) Most MMOs vary their pacing from exploration to combat to character management. *Fury* just goes for the jugular. Focused solely on player-vs.-player battles, it packs a first-person-shooter intensity and employs a "classless" system that lets you compete based on skill without spending half your life developing a character. —Chris Hudak

CONAN (360, PS3) Everyone's favorite barbarian stars in this grisly romp, whose aesthetic is closer to that of the books than the films. Reminiscent of *God of War*, the animation deftly captures the feline grace of the savage warrior in battle. What it lacks in nuance is made up for with topless women in distress and a wry sense of humor. **YYY** —Brian Crecente



STAR WARS BATTLEFRONT: RENEGADE SQUADRON (PSP) This portable sequel to the best-selling game is set during the time of the original film trilogy and centers on Han Solo and his band of pilots. Multiplayer-focused, it sports 16-player online gaming, 20 maps and extensively customizable characters and vehicles. **YYY** —John Gaudiosi



NBA '08 (PS3) Sony's former benchmarker earns a starting spot with killer visuals—its smooth HD animations run at 60 frames a second—and intuitive motion-controlled moves. Plus, in a gaming first, as the season progresses you'll be able to download real-world matchups and game scenarios to test your mettle. **YYY½** —Scott Steinberg



GUITAR HERO III: LEGENDS OF ROCK (360, PS2, PS3, Wii) The instant-classic faux-guitar-strumming game is back for a third round, offering key features such as online play, along with a blazingly fresh slate of tunes from the Stones to the Strokes. New head-to-head "battle modes" and real rock stars round out another stellar outing. **YYY½** —M.S.

ORANGE BOX (360, PC, PS3) This mammoth collection includes two award-winning action games, *Half-Life 2* and its first expansion, *Episode One*. It then tosses in the new expansion, *Episode Two*, plus multiplayer title *Team Fortress 2* and the experimental action-puzzle hybrid *Portal*. Stop what you're doing and go buy it now. **YYYY** —Marc Saltzman



TONY HAWK'S PROVING GROUND (360, PS2, PS3, Wii) Seventeen real-life skaters thrash their way through Philly, D.C. and Baltimore in this update of the venerable series. Previously complicated slow-motion tricks are smoother this time, and winning online showdowns earns you money for gear upgrades and cooler stunts. **YYY** —Damon Brown



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **KANE**

A candid conversation with a convicted killer about a final assignment that left 25 dead and why he looks forward to his own execution

Convicted on 25 counts of manslaughter—and implicated in countless other unsolved crimes across the globe—the killer known simply as Kane is the only link to the illustrious criminal organization called The 7. Little is known about The 7 except that it is capable of achieving any nefarious objective in any part of the world for the right price. Kane says he is not a professional killer because his two-year-old son shot himself with his gun. He isn't a killer because his wife blamed him for it and left him. "I don't like excuses," Kane says.

Once a renowned foreign correspondent, contributing writer **PETER STACK** has devoted the latter half of his professional career tracking the operations of The 7. Stack's family was ripped apart when he and his sister were held hostage during a bank robbery in Scotland, a robbery Stack believes was committed by The 7. During this incident Stack's sister and brother-in-law were both killed, and Stack's only clue to the identity of the perpetrators is a small tattoo of a spade and a name. Months ago, Stack received anonymous CCTV footage of Kane's operation in Venezuela that left 25 dead. One of the masked killers is adorned with the very same tattoo. Always fashionably dressed, it could only be Kane.

Stack met Kane minutes after a judge ordered his execution. By the time this

interview is published, Kane will have been transferred to California's San Quentin State Prison, where he will await his fate on death row. Stack reports: "The 7 is a group so feared and respected in the criminal underworld that its name is rarely spoken above a whisper. And here sits Kane, the first concrete evidence that The 7 exists, validation for my entire career spent following an organization that is little more than rumor and myth. As I approach, Kane calmly lights a cigarette, looks me in the eye and says, 'What the fuck do you want?'"

PLAYBOY: Do you deserve to die?

KANE: That's what the judge said.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel guilty for your crimes?

KANE: I'm about to put on an orange jumpsuit and get on a bus with barred windows. I sure as hell am not innocent. I acknowledge the pain I've caused. But I'll be honest and say that I'm not really feeling much anymore. You get numb as the years go by.

PLAYBOY: How do you want your family to remember you?

KANE: [Pauses] I don't want them to. It will be easier that way.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying your family isn't important to you?

KANE: I'm saying my family is impor-

tant to me. That's why all they need to remember about me is that I was sorry that I left them when they needed me the most. I'd do anything to make that up to them.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you're looking forward to your execution.

KANE: That's what prison food will do to you. [Smokes] Not everything you're heard about me is true. Most of it is. By now, dying is the easy part.

PLAYBOY: You've been linked with high-profile heists, bank robberies and murders around the world. Was it hard to go to work every day?

KANE: In the beginning, yes. But I've never had the choice not to go—I've never had the opportunity to return to a normal life. I lost that privilege a long time ago. But yes, I did enjoy the money.

PLAYBOY: Tell me about The 7

KANE: [Smokes] That your lucky number?

PLAYBOY: Or an international criminal organization that is believed to have stolen more than \$14 billion in the past 20 years, leaving hundreds dead in the process. It's also rumored that The 7 is the only group to have ever successfully broken into the United States Treasury.

KANE: You think you know a lot of things, don't you? [Pauses] There is no 7, not



"I have been waiting my entire career to meet a member of The 7. I am surprised to see the clear intelligence in Kane's eyes. He is not crazy. He is relaxed and almost likeable. That makes him even more frightening."



On the smoking:

"Kane smokes an entire pack in 10 minutes. I ask him why he smokes so much and he says he wants the cigarettes to get him before the electric chair does."



On the movie:

"Most people, killers or not, would love a movie and game created about their life. Not Kane. 'Look, he says, I'll be dead and my family won't get a dime.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EIDOS

anymore. There's just me. I hope you sleep easier tonight.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you are the only remaining member of The 7? Tell me about the man called Flame.

KANE: Flame? I don't know where you get your information, but you don't want to know any more about The 7.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember a bank robbery in Scotland? The police found a man dead in a bank with an ace of spades on his forehead, covered in blood and a woman shot execution style at her home.

KANE: [Pauses] No, I don't remember. We robbed a lot of banks.

PLAYBOY: What does the tattoo on your wrist stand for?

KANE: [Pauses, rubs tattoo] It stands for "Go fuck yourself."

PLAYBOY: Before Venezuela, you had never been captured. What went wrong?

KANE: Everything. Maybe we just got old.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that the take on this heist was among the largest in history.

KANE: It was supposed to be the last job

I would ever need. [looks around cell] I guess they were right. Retirement jobs are always too big.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't been caught, what would you be doing now?

KANE: It doesn't matter. I got caught, 25 more people are dead, and now I'm in here. Planning my dream vacation isn't going to change anything.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you would like to say to your victims?

KANE: [Smokes] See you soon.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the scar on your right eye?

KANE: Everyone has scars in this business. [pauses] I made a mistake once and the scar is to make sure I don't forget about it. Some of them are placed visibly; some are more hidden. Depends on how big you fucked up.

PLAYBOY: With all the horrors you've seen, why did you continue to work for The 7?

KANE: I'm good at what I do, plus, once you get involved you don't just decide one day that you want to stop. These things don't work that way

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to reports

that a movie and video game are being created based on your life and The 7?

KANE: [Laughs] A movie about my life? I'm no celebrity. I wouldn't pay to see that.

PLAYBOY: : Is there an actor that you would like to portray you?

KANE: Maybe De Niro. I think he can capture my sensitive side. [smokes] It doesn't matter. By the time it comes out, I'll be dead.

PLAYBOY: After working with The 7, did you fear for the safety of your family?

KANE: Enough fuckin' questions about my family, you should start fearing about your own. When you work for The 7 they are your family. Next question.

PLAYBOY: Tell me about Jenny.

KANE: I think is where we stop.

PLAYBOY: Please, if I could just have a few more minutes.

KANE: I'm sorry. I don't have that many left. Nice meeting you.

FOR A COMPLETE PROFILE ON THE KILLER KANE AND ADDITIONAL INFORMATION OF THE TRUE NATURE OF THE 7, READ PETER STACK'S BLOG AT PETERSTACK7.COM.



"I received an anonymous e-mail through my blog that included this image. It clearly shows the mark of The 7 on the gunman's left wrist, and based on his attire, it has to be Kane"



Time in a Bottle

In search of the finest cabernet America has to offer

THE UNDISPUTED KING of all grapes, cabernet sauvignon, hails from the Bordeaux region of France. But in a testament to America's thirst for the bold and the beautiful, we now grow more of it in California. What do we look for in a California cab? The same traits we look for in women: individuality, complexity and a great body. Consider this your shopping list. **Best picks for \$25:** Bennett Family Cabernet Sauvignon Napa Valley Reserve 2004 is a fruity wine with black-currant and plum aromas, followed by cedar and tobacco notes. In a word, smooth. St. Francis Cabernet Sauvignon Sonoma 2004 features cherry and cedar aromas wrapped around a supple texture. **Best picks for \$50 and under:** Jordan Cabernet Sauvignon Alexander Valley 2003 is a cabernet-heavy Bordeaux-style blend (with merlot, cabernet franc and petit verdot). It whispers French finesse but screams American dynamism, with aromas of black cherry and dark chocolate. Artesa Cabernet Sauvignon Napa Valley Reserve 2004 bursts with spicy blackberry and cherry notes, with a vanilla-scented finish. **A special-occasion wine:** Hundred Acre Cabernet Sauvignon Napa Valley Kayli Morgan Vineyard 2004 (\$250) defines opulence, boasting boatloads of cassis, cherry and mocha flavors. Age it for a few years and perfect gets even better.

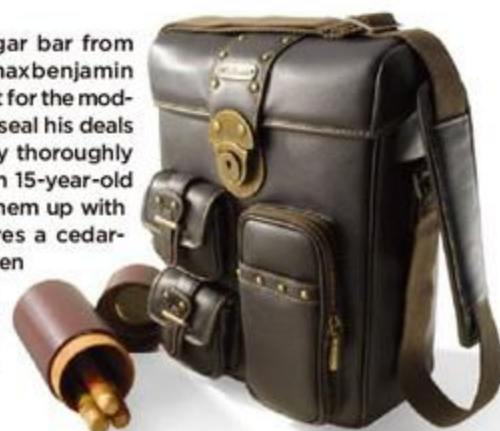


Wine Li\$t

THE WORLD'S FIVE most expensive bottles of vino on the market now: **Château Le Pin Pomerol 2004 (\$1,500)** This magical Bordeaux comes from a tiny vineyard of less than five acres. **Château Ausone St. Emillion 2003 (\$2,250)** Grapes have been cultivated on this soil since the second century A.D. **Château Pétrus Pomerol 2003 (\$2,400)** Cabernet sauvignon is the famous grape of Bordeaux, but Pétrus is 90 percent merlot. **Screaming Eagle Cabernet Sauvignon Napa Valley 2002 (\$2,500)** Founded in 1989, Screaming Eagle is California's ultimate cult winery. **Domaine de la Romanée-Conti La Tâche Burgundy 2003 (\$3,000)** This vineyard produces the scarcest, most coveted wine on earth.

Just in Case

THIS PORTABLE MINI cigar bar from Max Benjamin (\$295, maxbenjamin.com) is the perfect product for the modern executive who likes to seal his deals the old-fashioned way—by thoroughly marinating his clients with 15-year-old scotch and then lighting them up with a quality smoke. It features a cedar-lined humidor (pictured open here), four shatterproof glasses, a mini ice bucket and a butane lighter. You provide the scotch, stogies and smooth talk.



All Hands on Desk

MILLION-DOLLAR IDEAS strike when you least expect them. This streamlined, timelessly luxe Bottega Veneta desk, leather-lined with gunmetal accents (\$19,400, bottegaveneta.com), sits ready to support your genius. The coolest feature of this stylishly fortified bunker of productivity is perhaps its three front drawers outfitted with a slow-close mechanism that generously leaves those texting thumbs intact. *Che bella.*



Schnell! Schnell!

A THOUGHT OCCURRED to us as we were motoring down a windswept autobahn outside Berlin at 130 miles an hour in the car you see here: Aside from a van that had a bed in the back, we've never had this much fun in a Volkswagen. VW is billing its 2008 R32 as "the race car for everyday driving." Actually it's a tricked-out GTI with a 3.2-liter V6 that generates 250 bhp at 6,300 rpm. Its 6.4-second zero-to-60 sprintability and top end of 140-plus mph are hardly shabby. The V6 is mated to a six-speed, dual-clutch DSG automatic with paddle shifters. With this dub's lowered ride height, all-wheel drive and leechlike grip, crisp handling is its forte. Think of it as an Audi TT with a backseat for less money (base: \$33,360). VW is building only 5,000 R32s for America. More info at vw.com.

Open Face

WE'VE SEEN SOME trippy timepieces in our day but none like this Reverso Triptyque from Jaeger-LeCoultre (\$375,000, jaeger-lecoultre.com), whose case opens to reveal a second and third dial. With an over-the-top 18 complications, the watch has a tourbillon on the main dial, celestial complications on the second and a perpetual calendar with moon phase on the third. This could come in handy, especially if you're a lycanthropic astrologer.





Flying Mouse

AS TELEVISIONS YIELD to media centers, we need more precise ways to control our entertainment without leaving the couch. Between a mouse and a remote lies Logitech's MX Air (\$150, logitech.com), a wireless pointing device that can be used like a typical mouse or waved in the air like a Wii controller. Meant for managing home PCs piped through your entertainment center, it's the perfect balance of precision and leisure.



Seeing the Light

EVERYONE HAS A LITTLE mad scientist in them—some even have big mad scientists in them. Let them out to play with lighting from Frank Buchwald's Machine Lights series (from \$2,700, frankbuchwald.de). Among the most refreshingly twisted interior designs we've seen, these lamps are equally at home in the modern hipster's salon or Dr. Frankenstein's lab. Each piece is made by hand in Berlin and takes four weeks to craft from hand-burnished steel and brass. Just keep an eye peeled for torch-wielding villagers.



Everybody Into the Pool

THE DARK BROWN leather-rimmed pool table covered in green felt is a classic. However, it will make your house look like a bar—either a dive bar or a fern bar, depending on its condition. Insulate yourself from both of these pernicious decor choices with a Waterfall pool table from Olhausen Billiards (from \$8,250, olhausenbilliards.com). A modern masterpiece, it's shown here in hard maple appointed with red worsted cloth, but since each of these tables is custom-made, you can design yours down to the material on the pockets.

The Playboy Advisor

My boyfriend and I plan to get married in the near future. The problem is my parents are Ahmadi Muslims and would be averse to my marrying someone like my fiancé, who is agnostic and Caucasian. I am also agnostic. Islam dictates that a Muslim woman marry only a Muslim man, as a man of another faith may lead her astray. My parents have told me many stories of families crippled by the revelation that their daughter was marrying outside the faith. My siblings have advised me to say nothing to my parents, even after I've taken my vows. One sister told me to move far away. I do not want to break my parents' hearts, but I don't want to break my own, either. Please understand that my parents are immigrants who find American culture a little jarring. They are not bad people, but they are inflexible. Think of them with respect.—A.A., Fargo, North Dakota

One or another of your predicaments (marrying a non-Muslim, being agnostic) would be easier to resolve; together they are a double whammy that will almost certainly lead to your estrangement. Although it will be painful, we believe it's best that you be forthright. (None of this is a concern for Muslim men, who can marry anyone they like. Go figure.) You certainly aren't the only Muslim woman facing this dilemma. Daisy Khan, executive director of the American Society for Muslim Advancement, who has counseled more than 100 interfaith couples, points out that while many immigrants' children now in their 30s have married Muslims, many in their mid-20s have not. "Children feel a certain guilt and obligation to do right by their parents, but love is a strong force," she says. She notes that because of a shortage of eligible Muslim men in the U.S. (in part because many are finding wives overseas), it's unrealistic to expect every Muslim woman here to marry within her faith. Before announcing your engagement, it may help to discuss with your fiancé what you believe—that is, what values you will teach your children. Certainly you both admire elements of your faith and culture. That may be all you have to offer your family.

Despite my reservations I let my wife go to an event at the Mansion. Later, while browsing the images on her digital camera, I came across one in which she is sitting on a guy's lap with his arm draped over her shoulder and his hand cupping her tit. I told her I was not happy to see this, and she got pissed. My wife is hot, and the fact that she allowed another man to touch her, let alone in public, has me spun out. Since she went with a friend who is equally hot, I am sure there are other photos. I have not asked if she did anything more, because it would kill me if she did. I also don't want her to lie. Am I making too much of this? Before she went she asked



me if I trusted her. I told her I did, but now I'm not sure. I think she broke the rules.—J.S., San Diego, California

We have no special knowledge of your wife's visit, but she owes you an explanation and perhaps an apology. At the same time, one grope doesn't make you a dope. You need to be careful not to become an overbearing husband. We suspect you can't believe someone so desirable would choose to be with you, but believe it because there she is. Whatever drunken fun your wife had in fantasyland, she came home to you. If you aren't careful, your fear of losing her may drive her away.

I enjoyed your response on the making of martinis (August). Like Winston Churchill, I never waste good gin by adding vermouth. I fill a glass with crushed ice, then add Bombay Sapphire, followed by a twist of lemon, olives or both (an oliver twist). As they say, martinis are like women's breasts: One is never enough, and three are too many.—M.W., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Who shesh too is three many?

I realize that defining the "perfect" martini is akin to discussing the best way to get out of Iraq, but I'd like to weigh in. Crush a bunch of ice (I use an old crank-style crusher, which is more fun) and put a handful into your screw-top shaker. Retrieve your glass and gin from the freezer. Pour a tiny amount of vermouth—maybe 10 drops—into the bottle's cap, toss that into the shaker and quickly add enough cold gin to fill your glass. Shake vigorously to infuse the drink with tiny bubbles. (For whatever reason, I think this is important.) Place a pinch of crushed ice in your glass,

and pour. Drink before the ice melts and the mixture gets watered down. There's nothing better than an ice-cold martini but few things worse than a warm one. You can get away with using vodka, but adding apple flavor, chocolate, etc., makes it a cocktail. You'll rarely get one at a bar that's dry enough. Most bartenders don't like gin martinis, so they never learned how to make them. They'll also try to serve you cold gin with no vermouth.—M.A., Nashville, Tennessee

Time for another!

If you're talking about martinis, you can't overlook the gibbon, which has its own controversial history. Many people believe adding a pickled onion or lemon twist turns a martini into a gibbon, but there's more to it. My grandfather told my father, who told me, that at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco a bartender named Gibson would premix gin with a small amount of vermouth and put the container and some glasses into the icebox. When a customer ordered a gibbon, the bartender poured the cold ingredients into a chilled glass. I have found a few bars that still serve the gibbon this way, which I take as a sign of quality. If you decide to serve gibbons at a party, be prepared to have a few overnight guests.—M.B., Oceanside, California

There are a number of stories about this drink's origins. One credits Walter D.K. Gibson, who is said to have created it at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, circa 1900. Another honors illustrator Charles Dana Gibson, who around the turn of the century supposedly began a trend at the Players Club in New York by ordering water served in a martini glass and garnished with a silver-skinned cocktail onion. Seeing this, his friends began asking for onions in their alcoholic drinks. A patron brought the gibbon to Murphy's Pub in Dublin, which began serving it with a radish; hence the murphy.

My guy came over to show me a move called the nines, which he learned from the Advisor (August). Thanks to your advice, I had my first orgasm during intercourse. I am so happy, I bought him a subscription.—A.N., Tyler, Texas

Our circulation department is now hassling us to share more tricks.

Ifear some of your advice may be leading younger readers astray. In my long and fruitful years of cocksmanhood, I cannot recall a woman ever telling me to go slow and shallow as you describe in the rule of nines. They always want harder, faster and deeper, just like in porn. As for tracing the alphabet on a woman's clit with your tongue (August), the vulva is not a blackboard, and your tongue is not a

piece of chalk. Women like it loud, sloppy and wet. If your face isn't soaked, you're not doing it right. Finally, your advice that "the modern heterosexual male need not feel guilty about being penetrated" is so wrong.—C.S., Hollywood, Florida

(1) Years of "cocksmanship"? Are you serious? (2) You may well be right about what the women you've slept with liked. (3) Welcome to the new century.

My boyfriend loves to come on my face. A few weeks ago he said he wanted to try something crazy: He wanted to film me going through the drive-through of a fast-food restaurant with come on my face. After a drink or two I said, "Okay, fuck it. Let's go." I knew he would love it, and honestly, it was a rush. Now he wants to do it again. My question is, are we doing anything illegal? We want to be daring but not so daring we end up with a police record.—M.S., Las Cruces, New Mexico

There's nothing illegal about it beyond breaking the laws of good taste.

To A.B. from Austin: Your August letter was such a turn-on, I found myself masturbating to the thought of you masturbating to the thought of a guy masturbating to the thought of you.—T.M., Mesa, Arizona

Okay, that's enough.

In July a reader voiced concern that his co-workers don't wash their hands after using the restroom, but you responded without explaining why washing is even necessary. In most modern restrooms a man can urinate without touching anything but his zipper and his member. Plus, urine is normally sterile. I doubt the perfunctory 15-second wash helps anyway.—C.B., East Lansing, Michigan

In brief reply to the many readers who have written to say their penises aren't dirty: As a habit you should wash your hands a few times each day, and it's most convenient to do so when you find yourself next to a sink.

Having spent 45 years in the higher-end men's clothing business, I must take issue with the idea expressed in August that "a proper monogram is rarely observed by anyone but the gentleman wearing the shirt." My monogram is on the left cuff. Advise A.B. in Indianapolis that his savoir faire is not in danger if his total image reflects an awareness of and appreciation for the difference between old-school rules and personal style. It's more than the monogram.—Richard Brooks, Brooks & Sons, Amarillo, Texas

There is no rule that can't be broken, but it usually takes a special man to do it.

One night after great sex, my wife and I were sharing fantasies and I told her every man dreams of having sex with two women at once. (Honestly, it was the only fantasy I could think of.) Now her feelings are hurt, and no amount of groveling seems

to make up for it. It's not as if I mentioned names. Am I missing something here? She always reads the Advisor, so if you could respond in the magazine it may go a long way toward making her happy with me again.—K.B., Atlanta, Georgia

If your wife always reads the Advisor, she is aware of how often this fantasy comes up in letters from both men and women. In fact, our book Dear Playboy Advisor devotes a whole chapter to the topic. If that doesn't convince her, we're not sure what will. Thank God your fantasy wasn't about having sex with another woman without your wife.

Sometimes I can drink beer all night, and other times I have two or three bottles and break out in hives. This makes me feel uncomfortable going out with friends, and it doesn't help me meet women. What's the story?—D.L., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

You probably have a barley allergy, which is a rare or underrecognized condition known as beer anaphylaxis. To confirm, have an allergist do a scratch test. It could be worse—a few people are so sensitive they can't even touch beer. The only beer we know of that doesn't contain barley is New Grist (newgrist.com), made with sorghum and rice.

As an emergency-room physician for 25 years, I am disappointed with the advice you gave a reader in July about sharing his HIV status with his doctors. Many diseases are unique to or more common in the HIV-positive community. Also, some drugs cause side effects for this population, and others are inappropriate for diseases an HIV-positive patient may contract. While health-care professionals need to take precautions, patients should disclose all medical conditions, including HIV, if they want the appropriate treatment. Patients who treat HIV as a scourge only perpetuate their mistreatment, both socially and medically. I have never heard a fellow health-care provider make disparaging remarks after coming in contact with a patient who has HIV.—T.B., Albany, Georgia

We are happy to share this information, but the reader asked only if the law requires him to disclose his condition. It does not. While it's wonderful that you and the other doctors who wrote treat everyone the same, you're living in a cave if you believe HIV-positive patients never suffer discrimination.

A reader wrote in July asking about techniques to remember people's names. Many years ago a business-school professor shared a method that today allows me to enter a room with 50 strangers and leave an hour later saying good-bye to at least 35 by name. The brain remembers the written word much better than the spoken word. So when you meet people for the first time, imagine their name written in block letters across their forehead. Then repeat the name at least twice while looking at the letters. "Hello,

BILL. It's nice to finally meet you, BILL." It works.—E.B., Las Vegas, Nevada

You're right. Just don't get caught staring at their forehead.

A few years ago I bought a bar and quickly realized it was good for business to remember customers' names. I became adept at concentrating on each face and saying the names aloud. On one occasion an attractive woman came in for the first time and stayed for half an hour. When she returned six months later, I greeted her by name. She said I had an incredible memory. I replied, "Actually, I have a lousy memory. I remember only things that are important to me." In that instant I think I could have had her on the nearest table.—R.N., Dallas, Texas

As we said, it's a skill that pays dividends.

I'm 26 and dating a 28-year-old guy. We have been seeing each other for six months and living together for two. When I moved in, I told my boyfriend I loved him. His response? A nervous chuckle. "No, you don't," he said. "Yes, I do." He chuckled again. "No, you don't." I started crying. He tried to hug me, but I pushed him away. He said he didn't mean to laugh and told me I meant a lot to him. But when we're lying in bed together and I want to say "I love you so much," I can't because I know it won't be reciprocated. How do I get over this? Or should I not get over it?—K.G., Lake Forest, Illinois

Sharing space represents a serious commitment. Who suggested it? The relationship is moving at a gallop, and for whatever reason your boyfriend prefers to stroll. If and when he expresses his love, at least you'll know he's sincere—assuming you're still around to hear it.

I don't mind my husband looking at other women, but he also looks at porn online. I'm a typical Finnish girl, blonde and pale, but online he searches for brunettes, Asians and Latinas. I believe there is someone out there for everyone. Since I look so different from the women my husband prefers, does that mean I'm not his someone?—J.N., Presque Isle, Maine

Men love variety; it's our nature. Your husband's smorgasbord fantasies are normal. He doesn't fantasize about pale, blonde Finns because he has a real one at home.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereotypes 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

WHY DON'T LIBERALS DREAM?

DEMOCRATS DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY AMERICANS
NEED SPECTACLE IN POLITICS

BY STEPHEN DUNCOMBE

A Gore's recent book *The Assault on Reason* decries the eclipse of reason and reality in politics. The intractable war in Iraq, he says, along with the undermining of civil liberties and the response (or lack thereof) to global warming, has been conceived in fantasy and sold through spin. The former vice president's solution to this state of political affairs is simple: a return to the "rule of reason."

While reading Gore's smart and sober book, I was reminded of "The Emperor's New Clothes," Hans Christian Andersen's story about an emperor who is tricked into buying a spectacular suit of nonexistent clothing. Eager to show it off, he parades through town in the buff as the crowd admires his imaginary attire. Then a young boy cries out, "But he has nothing on." Upon hearing this undeniable fact, the people whisper it ear to ear, awaken from their illusion and live happily ever after. Isn't this the primal fantasy of all liberals? Reveal the truth and the scales will fall from people's eyes. They will see the world as it really is—which of course means seeing it as liberals see it. The problem is this: Most liberals don't see politics-ruled-by-reason for what it really is, a fairy tale.

Academic departments notwithstanding, politics isn't a science. There are no immutable laws that determine an election's outcome or empirical tests to indicate what constitutes a good society. Political systems are human creations that are then evaluated subjectively by more humans. When we speak of ordering society in one way or another, we're really saying we want society to be a certain way. When we argue that the world might be other than what it is, we're really just imagining that the world could be different—and then dreaming what this future may be. The issue isn't whether we can do without feeling and fantasy in politics but whether we can be honest about how we use them.

The reluctance of liberals to engage in such dream-politik is understandable. The current masters of this trade are an unsavory bunch: Dick Cheney, Karl Rove and Scott Sforza, the man said to be responsible for imagineering President George W. Bush's "Mission Accomplished" landing on the deck of the USS *Abraham Lincoln*. But if you insist on adhering to reason and real-

ity, you deed valuable territory to the other side. Worse, it means dreampolitik is never reimaged. By refusing to engage constructively with fantasy and desire, liberals can't imagine how a politics that acknowledges and embraces the power of dreams could be conceptualized differently and employed ethically.

As unlikely as it seems, Las Vegas provides a model of ethical spectacle. If you've been to Sin City in the past decade, you can attest to its remarkable visual transformation. Cheap billboards, garish neon and blocky casinos have been replaced by an elaborate faux New York skyline and the immediately recognizable, if oddly positioned, landmarks of Paris. Down the street are Egyptian pyramids made of glass, and up the Strip are the grand palaces of a virtual

Venice. It is the nature of this fantasy and fakery that is so interesting. Yes, Las Vegas is fake. This is decried by sober American thinkers ("the evisceration of reality by its simulation") and celebrated by enthusiastic French intellectuals ("the evisceration of reality by its simulation!"), but both seem to miss the point. A fake is fake only if people believe it references something real. It's doubtful anyone mistakes the New York-New York Hotel & Casino



for the real city or feels as though he has gone to Egypt. The crowds that love Las Vegas know it's merely a fantasy. That's part of the reason they love it.

Counter this with the performance of the president landing on the aircraft carrier, wearing his codpiece-fitted flight suit. This was an attempt to pass off fantasy as reality: Bush is a war hero, not a combat dodger, and the war is won, not just beginning. (I won't even speculate on the phantasmagoria of the president's stuffed crotch.) The spectacle in the Nevada desert works according to different principles. It's transparent—a dream consciously understood as a dream. No one is fooled, and truth is not a casualty. What is being sold, and what is being enjoyed, is illusion, not delusion. Perhaps what happens in Las Vegas shouldn't just stay in Las Vegas.

It is a common mistake to think reality and fantasy inhabit separate spheres. They don't. They coexist and intermingle. Reality needs fantasy to render it desirable, just as fantasy needs reality to make it believable. To

CORNEL WEST TALKS RHYMES AND RACE

HE SAYS ARTISTS CAN USE WORDS NEWSPAPERS CAN'T



By Tim Mohr

embrace dreams and make peace with spectacle doesn't mean you have to abandon your faith in a politics ruled by reason. It means you acknowledge that it's only a faith. Perhaps people can, and probably should, study the reality of the world, make reasoned political judgments and act accordingly. But this way of seeing and being doesn't have any taken-for-granted epistemological foundation. It is, to use academic jargon, a system of discourse that must be (re)created, imagined, operationalized and dramatized to appeal to the public's imagination. That, incidentally, is something Gore does well in his environmental documentary *An Inconvenient Truth*.

We liberals like to comfort ourselves with age-old adages that "truth will out" and "the truth shall make you free." But the truth does not reveal itself by virtue of being the truth; it must be told. It needs stories woven around it and works of art made about it. It must be embedded in narratives that connect with people's dreams and desires and resonate with meaningful symbols and myths. The argument here is not for a progressive movement that lies but for a propaganda of the truth. As the American philosopher William James wrote, "Truth happens to an idea." Waiting for the truth to set you free is lazy politics.

While liberals are historically wedded to reason and reality, there is a counterhistory of the left that has long embraced the dreamscape of the imaginary, that uses symbolism and narrative to try to create new realities. What were democracy, socialism, the New Deal, civil rights, feminism and gay liberation if not, at one time, unreasonable fantasies? Ironically, progressives once had a near monopoly on political fantasy. It was conservatives who wanted to defend the real and retain the status quo. Radicals wanted to move toward an imaginary future. Who, after all, is remembered for declaring "I have a dream"? But progressives regularly disown their own often effective history of mobilizing fantasy. They imagine their superior sense of seriousness will win debates, convince the public and lead them back into the halls of power. This is a dream that keeps liberals and the left from doing the type of dreaming required to find a new direction for this country and win the popular support to get us there.

Stephen Duncombe is author of Dream: Re-Imagining Progressive Politics in an Age of Fantasy.

Cornel West is a professor at Princeton and an American Book Award winner, and this summer he released his second album, *Never Forget: A Journey of Revelations*, which features guest appearances by Prince, André 3000, Rhymefest, Talib Kweli and others. We asked him about the issues of race that play a prominent role in his new songs.

PLAYBOY: At its annual meeting in July, the NAACP held a mock funeral for the word *nigger*. Do you think symbolic gestures of this sort help reduce the use of the word, something you too seek?

WEST: Steve Harvey also gave a eulogy for the word on the radio this past summer. Symbolic gestures do play a role because they affect consciousness, make people more alert and aware. But it's not going to lead to a vast reform of the language of black culture and youth culture. So much more than symbolic gestures is needed to eliminate the use of the word. I think in the case of black people it's very complicated. There's a certain rhythmic seduction to the word. If you speak in a sentence and you have to say "cat," "companion" or "friend" as opposed to "nigger," then the rhythmic presentation is off. That rhythmic language is a form of historical memory for black people.

It's how black people talk. It's like saying "y'all" if you're from Georgia. When you hear that, it resonates with you if you grew up in Georgia. With, say, 85 percent of black people coming out of the South over the past 50 years, certain ways of speaking—just like ways of singing—connect with you and in some ways empower you. *Nigger* as part of the rhythmic language and cultural way of life is hard to eliminate because it's not just a political issue; it's experiential, cultural. Very few people get that, but that's real. When Richard Pryor came back from Africa and decided to stop using that word onstage, he would sometimes start to slip up because he was so used to speaking that way. It was the right word at that moment to keep the rhythm together in his sentence making.

PLAYBOY: In a few recent instances we've noticed newspapers are substituting "the N word" for "nigger," even when discussing it in a news context. Despite your call for a moratorium on the word, aren't there situations when the term is necessary in public discourse?

WEST: In an artistic setting—it could be *Huckleberry Finn* by the genius Samuel Clemens, or it could be 2Pac's music—I think you have to use the word because the artist is making a

point and the word is part of the point. In newspapers it's a little different because many people view it as a term of disrespect or outright attack. This is true of any people's words. Italians have their words, Jews have their words, Mexicans have their words—words of disrespect and dishonor—and I don't think the proliferation of those kinds of words in newspapers is a positive thing. It's just a matter of respecting folk. In that sense, I can understand why a newspaper would not use the word. That would be true of gay brothers and lesbian sisters and the words used to put them down as well.

PLAYBOY: That's an interesting parallel, since the word *queer* has also been transformed from an insult into a badge of honor or camaraderie.

WEST: Within the gay community it has, but I don't think it's a mass movement among straights in terms of the use of that word. But of course the *F* word, the word *faggot*, is still a word of dishonor and disrespect in the straight community even though some gay brothers may take that word and try to reverse it. I think that word ought to have the same status as the *N* word. Any word that's used to degrade and disrespect any slice of the community ought to be held at arm's length in newspapers.

PLAYBOY: In your song "N-Word" you clear Talib Kweli to use the word *nigger* because of his "high spiritual development." How can people figure out who should be allowed to use the word, and who is a legitimate arbiter of that right?

WEST: For me the bottom line is more self-respect, more self-regard, more love, more self-confidence. If we can use any words to get more love and self-respect, I'm for it. When Talib uses *nigger* it's clear he has such a deep love and respect for black people that it's different from brother Michael Richards saying it or Don Imus using similar words.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting the word is too dangerous except for an intellectual elite?

WEST: The intellectual elite has no monopoly on love and self-respect. A lot of times it's the opposite. If Clarence Thomas used the word *nigger*, I'd figure he was putting me down. And he's about as elite as you can get.

PLAYBOY: The indie hip-hop scene—positive or "conscious" rap eschewing the nar-

cissistic, hedonistic and misogynist qualities you have criticized in mainstream hip-hop—draws primarily white audiences. For a moment it looked as if Kanye West might be capable of fusing that scene with the more commercial—and black—mainstream hip-hop world, but now it seems West was an anomaly rather than the beginning of a trend. Since you worked with a lot of artists from this indie scene, what did you pick up about conscious rappers' hopes for more commercial success, and do you think your clout in the black community can help the process?

WEST: Somebody like Common sells in the hundreds of thousands and is very conscious. Rhymefest is very organic; he's deeply linked to the black community. But it's hard for the conscious hip-hop artist to see center stage in the black community. Then you have progressive white brothers and sisters who support so many conscious hip-hop artists. I'd like to bring them all together. I don't want to think too highly of my clout, but my public lectures tend to be very multiracial.

PLAYBOY: You've talked about the political origins of hip-hop. But in looking at the history of hip-hop, it often seems the extent to which it was an alternative forum for political discourse is overblown. How would you counter the suggestion that hip-hop started out as just party music?

WEST: When I talk about the origins of hip-hop, I'm thinking about Bambaataa and DJ Kool Herc and then connecting that to Kurtis Blow, KRS-One, and Chuck D and Public Enemy. Now, Sugarhill Gang ain't

nothing but fun—which is fine; fun plays an important role—but with guys like DJ Kool Herc and Grandmaster Flash, the fun is fused with a certain kind of wrestling with your situation. There are forms of fun—such as being at the Holiday

Inn and all that—that are just a weekend moment. But if you are dealing with the realities of your life, the Holiday Inn is just the weekend and Monday you're going to work. Hip-hop in its first substantive wave embraced all that. It's about New York City and some serious realities people there were wrestling with. It's a matter of fusing the fun and the funk, as well as having a purpose. And that's what our album is about, too.

ANY WORD

THAT'S USED TO

DEGRADE

OUGHT TO BE

HELD AT ARM'S

LENGTH.



West on a panel with Russell Simmons and P. Diddy.

MARGINALIA

FROM A TRANSLATION of a speech by Osama bin Laden in *The Al Qaeda Reader*, this passage concerns the way President George W. Bush's use of us-vs.-them language in defining the struggle against terrorists validates Bin Laden's own philosophy: "Bush divided the world into two: 'either with us or with terrorism.' The odd thing about this is that he has taken the words right out of our mouths."

FROM AN ANSWER by William Reid of the band the Jesus and Mary Chain to a question in *Uncut* magazine about what it's like to live in the U.S. after years of criticizing it:

"It's like a wonderfully prosperous third world country. It's a great place to live, but it's got a dark side."



FROM A CATALOG description of a camouflage Bible cover at 4outdoorsmen.com: "The front is embroidered with the Christian Outdoorsman logo and the slogan 'Hunting for God' with Bible reference Psalm 42:1: 'As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, O God.' The fabric is a heavy-duty water-resistant nylon. The Christian Outdoorsman logo was designed to be legible but blend in so that this camo Bible cover can be used in the field, as well as taken to church."

FROM A COMPLAINT by Michael Moore, on his website, about a CNN piece analyzing his movie *Sicko* that had as its lone guest expert Paul Keckley, identified by the network's Sanjay Gupta as affiliated with Vanderbilt University: "Keckley left Vanderbilt in October 2006 to become the executive director of the Deloitte Center for Health Solutions. The independent chairman of the Deloitte Center for Health Solutions is Tommy Thompson, who was George W. Bush's Health and Human Services secretary from 2001 to 2005 and is currently running for president as a Republican. Keckley has made large contributions to Republican candidates and organizations. He gave \$1,000 to GOP Senator Bob Corker in 2006, \$1,000 to the Tennessee GOP in 2002, along with \$1,500 to two GOP congressional candidates and \$1,000 to the Tennessee GOP in 2000. Keckley was also the CEO and founder of EBM Solutions Inc. of Nashville, Tennessee, which counted among its customers Blue Cross of Tennessee, the drug company Aventis and others. Considering Keckley makes his living in the for-profit health care world—a world (continued on page 47)



READER RESPONSE

STRAIGHT-TALK EXPRESS

In the August "Reader Response" Tim Johnson writes about the atrocity that has taken place with the Supreme Court's ruling on late-term abortion. I am so tired of this debate. First, both pro-lifers and pro-choicers are guilty of playing people. This issue is not "choice" or "life"—who would ever be antichoice or antilife? The issue at hand is abortion, specifically whether a fetus should be given the rights of an infant. It has nothing to do with women's rights. If we decided, through either a metaphysical argument or scientific evidence, that a fetus possessed the rights accorded a newborn, then abortion would be illegal regardless of the fact that a fetus occupies a woman's uterus. On the other hand, if we decided a fetus is nothing more than a cluster of cells, then by all means go ahead and remove it as you would a can-



The media don't correct slick rhetoric.

cerous tumor. I cannot believe the debate has been allowed to go on this long with such shameful, slick rhetoric.

Brett McGinnis
West Chester, Pennsylvania

NUKE, NUKE, NUKE

No doubt *The Playboy Forum* lent its soapbox to James Lovelock and Stewart Brand to promote nuclear power ("Greens for Nukes" and "Environmentalism's New World Order," July) for the novelty value of ostensible environmentalists advocating an energy source that emits a toxic, planet-killing by-product. Illuminating and refuting the sleight of hand and omissions of fact necessary for them to do so requires more space than is available in your letters column. Lovelock and Brand have lost their way and are locked into corporate big-think, their efforts indistinguishable from the work of PR giants Penn, Schoen & Berland Associates and

Hill & Knowlton, which signed an \$8 million contract with the Nuclear Energy Institute to "preempt and offset" criticism



Lovelock (left) and Brand like nuclear power.

of nuclear power. Playing into the hands of this campaign has put *PLAYBOY's* progressive rep in imminent peril.

Andrew Christie
San Luis Obispo, California
Christie is director of the Santa Lucia, California chapter of the Sierra Club.

"Greens for Nukes" could easily sway the uninformed. As the author is clearly knowledgeable about the subject, the article amounts to deliberate disinformation. Lovelock states (correctly) that renewable energy currently provides a small percentage of worldwide energy use. He ignores the fact that nuclear power provides an even smaller amount (6.3 percent versus 6.5 percent) of worldwide energy than renewables (which include hydroelectric and geothermal power, not just wind and solar). He states (correctly) that most renewable-energy projects are subsidized. He ignores that every nuclear plant ever built was heavily if not entirely subsidized and that nuclear-fuel procurement and disposal are also subsidized. He ignores that even with those subsidies, nuclear power is more expensive than renewables. Also, nuclear waste may take up a small amount of space, but it lasts essentially forever. He proposes using nuclear weapons as a fuel source. A major problem with fossil fuels, global warming aside, is that they are a limited resource, as are nuclear weapons. He proposes spending billions on plants to process nukes that, at our rate of electricity consumption, could be used up in a few decades. Worst of all, he suggests it is not feasible for us to cut our power usage. Americans use nearly 10 times more energy per capita than the world

average, including the rest of the first world. That amounts to roughly a quarter of the world's energy being consumed by about five percent of the world's population. Obviously it is more than possible to live comfortably without using the electricity and petroleum we do here.

Kafele Bakari
Oakland, California

I find it laughable that Lovelock and Brand claim it is time for environmentalists to embrace nuclear energy. They fail to mention that decentralized solar photovoltaic technology is already outpacing nuclear as an alternative energy source for this century, mainly because of its lack of maintenance and radioactive by-products, as well as its modularity, versatility and efficiency. Centralized power generation is out; *self-sufficiency* and *independent power generation* are the buzzwords for the 21st century energy scene.

Caleb White
Denton, Texas

Thank you, thank you, thank you for finally sharing the truth about nuclear power. For too long the public has been afraid of this technology because of nuclear weapons and the Chernobyl



How realistic are renewables?

and Three Mile Island incidents. They fail to see that nuclear power is safe and is our best chance in this rapidly deteriorating world. As a young engineer, I find it frustrating to see all the misconceptions people have. Our world is going to be a very different place sooner than we think; let us hope we wake up in time to save some of it.

Ben Woolley
East Norwalk, Connecticut

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

NEWSFRONT



Fashion Police

BANGKOK—In an effort to discourage professional-rules violations among its officers, a division of the city police force instituted a policy requiring that cops who litter, show up late for work or park illegally wear a pink Hello Kitty armband as punishment. (The department has since decided to use a Thai cartoon character to avoid legal trouble from the Japanese Kitty.) “This new twist is expected to make them feel guilt and shame and prevent them from repeating the offense, no matter how minor,” said Pongpat Chayaphan, acting chief of the division. “Kitty is a cute icon for young girls. It’s not something macho police officers want covering their biceps.” Chayaphan, who trained with the U.S. Secret Service and Canadian police prior to his promotion, is seeking low-tech, low-cost ways to modernize his force.

Northern Exposure

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—Chastity clubs, which have proliferated at Southern colleges for years, are now beginning to appear on the campuses of Northern liberal-arts schools. Sarah Kinsella and Justin Murray, a Harvard undergraduate couple, founded True Love Revolution there last year, and similar organizations have started at Princeton and MIT, where members are asked to sign a pledge stating, “I commit myself to make an effort to live a chaste lifestyle. A chaste lifestyle involves using the gift of my body honorably and respectfully.” Kinsella and Murray met at a Catholic student association, and despite avoiding religious references, their club—as well as the others—uses the predictable language of antifemale fundamentalism, equating “dignity,” “self-respect” and “empowerment” with women denying themselves sex. Harvard’s club even sent out Valentine’s Day cards to every female freshman, inscribed with the message “Celebrate love, celebrate life, celebrate you: Why wait? Because you’re worth it.” From where we’re standing, it’s tough to think of anything more loving, life-affirming and fulfilling than sex—and that certainly applies to women as much as to men.

Chronic Defenders

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The FBI has revised its rules concerning drug use among applicants. For the past 13 years anyone who admitted to having used marijuana more than 15 times was barred from being hired. Now, as part of an effort to hire hundreds of new agents and analysts, that number has been thrown

out and described by Jeff Berkin, deputy director of the bureau’s security division, as “arbitrary.” Speaking after word of the policy change had seeped out to the public (there was no official announcement of its January installation), Berkin also said applicants had trouble remembering exactly how many times they had smoked when asked about the 15-times rule during polygraph tests.



Wire Cutters

CHICAGO—The issue of Net neutrality took center stage during a web broadcast of Pearl Jam’s Lollapalooza set when AT&T, the broadcaster, muted the sound. Eddie Vedder was singing variations on Pink Floyd’s “Another Brick in the Wall,” including the line “George Bush, leave this world alone,” at which point AT&T’s content monitor cut the sound, not allowing listeners to hear the subsequent line, “George Bush, find yourself another home.” While this may not seem important, Pearl Jam, on its website, explained why it is: “Most telecommunications companies oppose ‘Net neutrality’ and argue that the public can trust them not to censor. If a company that is controlling a webcast is cutting out bits of our performance—not based on laws but on their own preferences and interpretations—fans have little choice but to watch the censored version. What happened to us this weekend was a wake-up call, and it’s about something much bigger than the censorship of a rock band.”

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 45)

Sicko argues should be abolished—viewers should have been told exactly where Keckley was coming from.”



Alt and Hiroko Yoda: “Stop illegal immigration by reporting suspicious activity!”

FROM A TRANSLATION of the text on a Japanese mural that depicts a cartoon version of the Statue of Liberty, included in a new book about Japanese logos called *Hello, Please*, by Matt

FROM AN INTERVIEW on *The New York Times*’ freakonomics blog with Sudhir Venkatesh, author of *Gang Leader for a Day*, to be published next year: “Many gang members who attain leadership status are deeply conscious of their perception by wider society. They tend to make two arguments when discussing their behavior: first, that whites also work in the underground economy but are not prosecuted (or stigmatized) to the same degree (just look at the differential rates of punishment for powder cocaine and crack cocaine—the former is distributed by whites to a far greater degree); and second, that corporations also engage in criminal activity but are rarely viewed as outlaws—not just Enron but oil and other companies that have established histories of supporting antidemocratic regimes in developing countries to secure their own profits. Now, you could say that these analogies are bogus and bold-faced rationalizations, and I would agree to some degree. But it is important to look at the world from the perspective of the gang member—who sees everyone as a hustler.”

FROM AN EDITORIAL by Dahlia Lithwick on Slate.com about congressional Democrats’ willingness, through their changes to the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act in August, to grant new spying powers to the attorney general’s office even as they questioned the integrity of the current occupant, Alberto Gonzales: “With this FISA vote the Democrats have compromised the investigation into the U.S. attorney scandal. They’ve shown themselves to be either participating in an empty political witch hunt or curiously willing to surrender our civil liberties to someone who has shown—time and again—that he cannot be trusted to safeguard them. The image of Democrats hypocritically berating the attorney general with fingers crossed behind their backs is ultimately no less appalling than an attorney general swearing to uphold the Constitution with fingers crossed behind his own.”

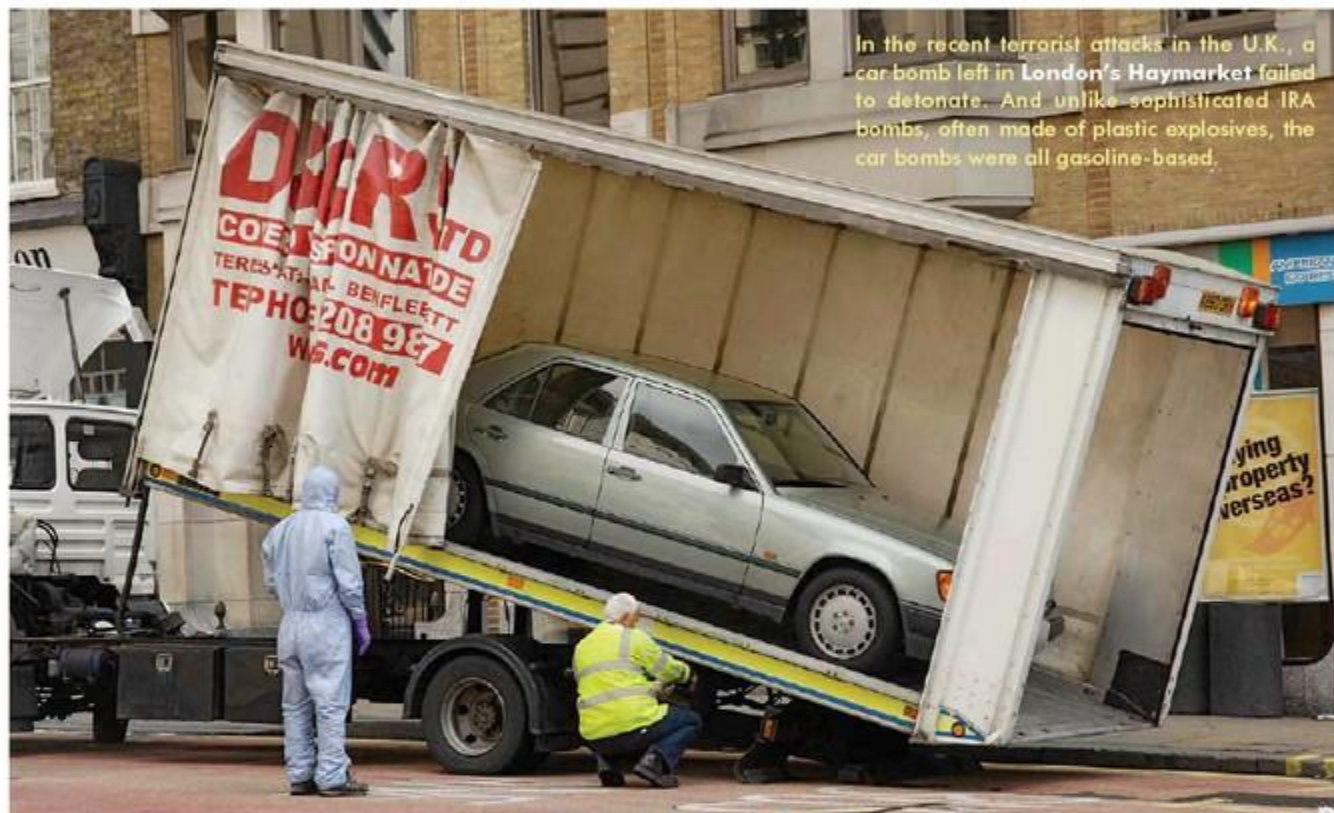


THREAT ASSESSMENT

THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA TREAT INEPT TERROR ATTACKS LIKE GRAVE THREATS. A LOOK AT IRA BOMBINGS PROVIDES PERSPECTIVE

The destructive potential of car bombs rigged in Glasgow and London this past summer was described in hyperbolic language: "maximum damage," "carnage," "slaughter" and "horror." But gasoline and nails used in such rudimentary bombs would not have caused widespread damage even if they had all gone off. A comparison of these recent attempts to the sophisticated attacks

orchestrated by various parts of the IRA in prior decades highlights the lack of efficacy of many current terrorists—and the irresponsibility of TV journalists, for whom all threats are apparently equal. The IRA detonated bombs of more than 3,000 pounds—destroying an entire mall in Manchester in 1996, for instance—and on several occasions came close to killing top British political leaders.



In the recent terrorist attacks in the U.K., a car bomb left in London's Haymarket failed to detonate. And unlike sophisticated IRA bombs, often made of plastic explosives, the car bombs were all gasoline-based.



▲ **Lord Mountbatten**, Queen Elizabeth II's cousin, was killed while yachting off County Sligo, Ireland in 1979, when IRA members blew up his boat. The same day, 18 British soldiers were killed in County Down.

◀ **Canary Wharf** was bombed in 1996, causing £85 million in damages. The IRA was using 1,000-pound bombs as early as 1979.

◀ In 1984 a bomb planted in the **Grand Hotel** in Brighton, site of the Tory Party convention, narrowly missed then prime minister Margaret Thatcher. Using a mortar set up in a van that later caught fire, the IRA launched shells onto the grounds of **10 Downing Street**, the British equivalent of the White House, during a cabinet meeting in 1991. ▼

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT REDFORD

A candid conversation with the iconic actor-director about why he likes fast cars, hybrids and Paul Newman and doesn't like George Bush or the press

What's remarkable about Robert Redford after all this time—and he has been famous for nearly five decades—is that he's still something of a mystery. He rarely gives interviews, and he manages to stay above gossip at a time when every 14-year-old with a cell phone is a paparazzo.

What we do know is that Redford defies easy categorization. Celebrated for his golden good looks, he always rejected the role of pretty boy. An intensely private man, he has dedicated his life to public causes. And though he's a wealthy Hollywood insider known for blockbusters like *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Sting* and *All the President's Men*, Redford's lasting legacy may well be his commitment to scrappy independent film.

At 71, with a face cragged from a lifetime on ski slopes and sunny back lots, Redford isn't showing signs of losing his complexity. This winter he's taking on an unpopular administration by releasing a drama full of popular names (Streep, Cruise and, yes, Redford, who also stars). *Lions for Lambs*, set in Washington, D.C. and Afghanistan, is Redford's 38th film as an actor and his sixth at the helm since winning his only Oscar, for directing *Ordinary People*.

But moviemaking is now practically a sideline for Redford, whose acting and directing efforts have mostly sputtered since long-ago hits like *The Natural*, *Out of Africa* and *A River Runs Through It*. (He has

farred better in recent years as a producer of such films as *The Motorcycle Diaries*.)

From his mountain home on 6,000 acres outside Park City, Utah, the still sandy-haired icon plays don to a worldwide mob of indie auteurs whose reason for being is the annual Sundance Film Festival. Founded in 1981, Redford's Sundance Institute and the festival have become the recognized ways to buck the Hollywood establishment. Steven Soderbergh, Quentin Tarantino, Robert Rodriguez and Jim Jarmusch all screened their breakthrough films to the Uggs-booted hipsters there. And Redford has since spun the brand, named for his own career-making role opposite pal Paul Newman, into a small empire. There's the 24-hour Sundance Channel, a Sundance housewares catalog and an expanding chain of Sundance Cinemas. This year's festival drew 48,000 attendees, some of whom actually came to see the movies. To counter the increasingly zoo-like atmosphere, Redford's institute distributed pins reading FOCUS ON FILM.

Redford, who's divorced and has three grown children and four grandchildren, is just as focused on politics and the future of the planet. Decades before every Hollywood star drove a hybrid, Redford became a trustee of the Natural Resources Defense Council, a base he has used to push for cleaner air and water and alternative-energy production. He has

frequently narrated eco-themed films and commercials, and last year the Sundance Channel premiered *The Green*, a series of programs and documentaries devoted to environmental issues. He has also spent much of the past six years railing against the policies—environmental and otherwise—of the Bush administration.

Born in Santa Monica, California in 1936, Charles Robert Redford Jr. was a restless kid. His father was a milkman and later an oil-company accountant; his mother died young from cancer. In high school Redford stole hubcaps and hiked more than he studied. Later he lost his baseball scholarship at the University of Colorado for drinking (and skiing and painting) too much. After a starving-artist stint in Europe, he found his way to New York, where his curiosity about set design led him to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Too good-looking for stage crew, Redford was soon landing parts on Broadway, where his charisma in Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park* (1963) got Hollywood's attention, and he has been an international star ever since.

Writer David Hochman met Redford at the actor's vacation home in Napa Valley. (His primary address has been Utah since 1970.) Says Hochman, "Redford is notorious for being late, even though he keeps his watch set half an hour ahead. True to form, he pushed the interview time to the 11th hour, but once we sat down he couldn't stop talking. Redford



"I never trusted success. I come from a long line of people who thought if something good happens to you, there must be something wrong. It never interested me to do Leno or go to parties, and I think that served me."



"I drive hybrid cars. I've had passive solar heating and wind generation in my Utah home since 1975. But I must say, I do like racing fast cars. It's a hypocritical, weak move on my part. But I've always loved speed."



"I gave up a long time ago the idea that a film can change people's lives, let alone their politics. I discovered we Americans enjoy the distraction of entertainment but aren't really interested in the deeper message."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS

looks older and softer around the middle than he did in the days of *The Sting* and *The Great Gatsby*, but at one point he donned a pair of gold aviator sunglasses and lit up that legendary smile. All you can think is, *Good God! It's Robert Redford!*"

PLAYBOY: You've been enormously successful for almost 50 years without a major scandal or a real drop in your esteem. In fact, as you've gotten older, you've become more revered. How on earth is that possible?

REDFORD: Probably because I never trusted success. I come from a long line of people who thought if something good happens to you, there must be something wrong. Early on, when movies like *Butch Cassidy* put a huge spotlight on me, I ran from it. I never fell into the traps of having an entourage and being surrounded by yes-people. It never interested me to do Leno or go to parties, and I think that served me.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine starting out in today's celebrity-crazed environment?

REDFORD: I'm glad I don't have to. Today more than ever, I see young actors going into the business of themselves. They find some commercial hook and they play it out. You see them doing every magazine cover, every TV show. I think that's a mistake. One of the benefits of growing up in L.A. was that Hollywood wasn't the end of my rainbow. As a kid, I would see famous actors and say, "Oh shit, that person is bald" or whatever. Furthermore, I always benefited from having interests outside L.A. I felt it was important to be in Utah, to raise my kids there. It was grounding for them and for me. I came to see Hollywood as a place where I could make social statements under the guise of entertainment—and then get out.

PLAYBOY: *Lions for Lambs* is the latest in a long series of political movies for you that started with *The Candidate* in 1972. Is your intention to somehow influence public opinion or policy?

REDFORD: I gave up a long time ago the idea that a film can change people's lives, let alone their politics. I once had great hopes that people would see movies like *The Candidate* or *All the President's Men* and say, "Hey, if we're not careful, we might get snookered." I discovered we Americans enjoy the distraction of entertainment but aren't really interested in the deeper message. We don't like to look inward; we don't like darkness. For me *The Candidate* is a movie about hypocrisy in politics, about how it's all dominated by cosmetics and dressing well. But I'll never forget,

years later, Dan Quayle saying that was the movie that got him into politics. I thought, Boy, did he miss the point!

The one exception in terms of influencing people was always fashion. When we were doing *Butch Cassidy*, I wanted to wear a mustache, but they were out of style. My agent was against it. I was told stories about actors whose entire careers were ruined by mustaches. And I said, "That's crap." After the movie hit, mustaches were *everywhere*.

PLAYBOY: A mustache might have been a good idea for Tom Cruise in *Lions for Lambs*, given the public's reaction to him lately. As his co-star and director, are you worried about all that negative attention?

REDFORD: Tom's a talented actor, and I



Environmental activism isn't about being trendy. There's something shallow about that.

think people still respond positively to him. This is an especially interesting role for him because he plays a young Republican who's sort of a better version of Bush. He's smarter. He went to Harvard and West Point, not to Yale on a pass. The concern for me was whether Tom was up for playing a character like that, and he definitely was. I didn't concern myself with the gossip—I never do—and I knew enough from what I've been through to judge the man based on what I experience firsthand. And I didn't see any behavior on the film that troubled me. Really.

PLAYBOY: A producer like Jerry Bruckheimer has no trouble getting access to military vehicles and government

locations for his movies. Is that process harder on a Robert Redford film because of your liberal reputation?

REDFORD: I can only speculate, but I suspect it is. For the new film, I wanted a shot of Meryl Streep, who plays a veteran political journalist, coming down the steps of the Russell Senate Office Building in Washington. I was initially told it wasn't a problem. Word finally got back that the head of security wanted to speak to me directly. Directly? I thought that was odd. He ended up telling me no, which seemed to give him a certain amount of pleasure. Then when our production designer inquired about taking measurements inside the building so we could re-create it for our sets—not an

uncommon request—we started hearing questions like "Is this that Redford movie?" The tone of the question suggested it would be some sort of lefty picture, as if I were going to shoot down the whole building. In the end, we put in a call to Barack Obama, and he made it possible to get what we needed.

PLAYBOY: You kicked off this year's Sundance Festival by demanding an apology from President Bush for the war in Iraq. It's nearly a year later. Have you heard from him yet?

REDFORD: The situation is worse now. It's worse than Nixon, worse than Vietnam, worse than McCarthy. But it's the same pattern, the same sensibility that caused it. You have a leader who's mean, myopic, tyrannical, obsessed with power and willing to make criminal mistakes. You can take almost every area of our society—health, the environment, the military, jobs—and this administration has savaged it for one percent of the American population. I feel anger and hurt for the loss of the country I once knew. What's amazing is the Republicans—

with control of both houses, the Supreme Court and the bully pulpit—had every opportunity to move the country ahead, and look what they've done in just six years. You begin to wonder, Are we just another empire, like the Ottoman or the Roman, that crashes and burns because of hubris? It's not going to be easy to undo what these guys have done to us. But there's always hope, and my hope has always been in art.

PLAYBOY: When you received the Kennedy Center Honor in 2005, President Bush called you "extraordinarily handsome, effortlessly fascinating and enormously talented." Was it difficult to shake his hand?

REDFORD: It was tough, but you have to shake his hand. You go through the motions because everybody's taking the

high road. I was assured beforehand that this was an honor above politics, and I said, "If that's the case, okay, I'll have to bite it." It really was about my family and giving my kids and especially my grandkids a chance to see firsthand how a place like the White House operates, and boy, they saw it all right.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

REDFORD: What we observed that night was mind-bending. Here were sworn enemies, the leaders who beat the shit out of each other all day in public, but the minute those doors closed for the state dinner, the daggers went away and it was one big happy family. Condoleezza Rice got up and couldn't have been sweeter or more gracious; she was smiling at everyone. I thought, This is so bizarre. Then I saw former Republican senator Bill Frist weaving through the tables, and he came over to Ted Kennedy and started massaging his shoulders and laughing like they were the oldest buddies in the world. Everybody was crossing the aisles and chuckling, and I said, "Oh, I get it! It really is just a game." They have to go out and say, "I represent so-and-so and such-and-such a platform," but it's absolute total bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever ashamed to be an American?

REDFORD: I'm not ashamed. I'm sad. I'm angry. I'm sad to be an American caught in a minority sensibility in this country. But I think it will swing back. It always does. The real question, particularly when it comes to the environment, is when we have a Nero—and that's what Bush is—how many resources do we have to play with before they all run out? How much damage can he do?

PLAYBOY: Looking at Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger, do you ever think, I should be doing that?

REDFORD: Every film about politics I've made makes the point that politics compromises you. Your hands are tied, and I would never want to be in that position, so no. I lost all interest in going into politics around the time the Watergate break-in occurred. I was promoting *The Candidate*, and I did a whistle-stop train tour with George McGovern and some other candidates. I wanted to make the point that I could draw more people just by standing on the back of the train. And that's what happened. They would draw 300 or 400 people, then I would go out and get 3,000 or 4,000. I would tell the crowds, "Thank you all for coming. My fellow Americans, I just want you all to know I have absolutely nothing important to say." And they would cheer.

PLAYBOY: Which presidential candidate excites you most now?

REDFORD: There isn't one. In terms of support, I try not to involve myself in national politics. I realize you have much more influence on the local stage. There's so much constipation on the national front, but things can shift locally. I don't agree with everything Mayor Richard Daley has

done, but he's done amazing things with the environment in Chicago, and I can support that.

PLAYBOY: Is it a sign of progress that many Hollywood stars now arrive at movie premieres in Priuses instead of limos?

REDFORD: Honestly, it scares me. Environmental activism isn't about being trendy or making a fashion statement. There's something shallow about that. With the Johnny-come-latelies, you hope it's not just a publicity move, because people will grow tired of it and move on. That's not to say there hasn't been progress. What's changed is the money. The public is waking up to this and buying the green movement. Corporate America is finally saying you can be both profitable and environmentally conscious. That's something we've been waiting for since the 1960s. What Al Gore's been doing couldn't have happened without corporate funding. Unfortunately, it took the escalation of global threats to make that happen, and now we need more than stars showing up in hybrids and organic cotton. If public enthusiasm wanes, the blue-chip backing will disappear, and then where will we be? We need more funding. We need new green technologies, like the ones coming out of Silicon Valley. We need real action.

PLAYBOY: Granted, but we notice you don't have those squiggly bulbs in all your light fixtures. How green are you exactly?

REDFORD: I'm not Ed Begley Jr., though I think he's amazing. I'm not that extreme. But I drive hybrid cars. I've had passive solar heating and wind generation in my Utah home since 1975. I bike and hike and ride horses as much as I can. But I must say, I do like racing fast cars.

PLAYBOY: How do you rationalize that?

REDFORD: Guilty as charged, I'm afraid. It's a hypocritical, weak move on my part. We do what we can. But I've always loved speed. I love finding a good stretch of open road and cutting loose in my Porsche. That's all I want to say about that.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get caught?

REDFORD: [Laughs slyly] That's often the interesting part. I was blasting through an Indian reservation one time in northern New Mexico, and the reservation cop took a long time giving me a ticket. I looked in the mirror, and the place was alive with cop cars. I think the entire Apache nation turned up, and they all wanted a picture with me, down to the last secretary.

PLAYBOY: When did that sort of thing start happening to you?

REDFORD: Things started getting hairy around the time I did *Barefoot in the Park* on Broadway in 1963. I lived a pretty anonymous life before that, but suddenly everything was supercharged. One day in New York I had some business in a building on the west side, and some nursing-school students got wind I was there. Somebody came up and said, "The nursing gals are freaking out. You have to exit through the basement." And I remember being down

Action! Heroes

It's not easy to work both sides of the camera. Here are the best actor-directors on-screen today

.....

Dirty Harry is memorable, but the gentle power of **Clint Eastwood's** recent

films such as *Letters From Iwo Jima* has moved critics. He is one of only three living directors to have made two films that won Academy Awards for best picture (*Unforgiven* and *Million Dollar Baby*). Not bad for a man with no name.



Oh, **Mel Gibson**, *Apocalypto* and *Braveheart* are amazing, but *The*

Christ is a little freaky. Very passionate about his subjects, the devout Catholic has said his Episcopalian wife may not get into heaven: "She's a saint, but that is a pronouncement from the chair. I go with it." Yikes.



It's tough for **Kevin Smith** to be vain about his success as an actor and studio

director when the press continues to label him an indie filmmaker. (He made *Jersey Girl* for a reported \$35 million.) Vanity, though, is not one of Smith's traits: He recast himself in *Clerks II* as Silent Bob, a central character with the fewest lines.



Zach Braff is no scrub; critics loved his feature directorial debut, *Garden*

State. His acting and directing were both impressive, and he also compiled the Grammy-winning soundtrack, which includes the Shins, Iron and Wine, Frou Frou and, unfortunately, Coldplay.



Kevin Costner won an Oscar for his debut behind the camera with *Dances With Wolves* but stumbled

in his next attempt, *The Postman*. His fourth directing effort, *Open Range*, put him back in critics' good graces—it was also the first film he directed for which he didn't give himself top billing. Coincidence? —Rocky Rakovic



there, hearing this thunder of footsteps overhead. I got out to the street, and there was a wall of nurses. They wanted every piece of me. They started clawing at my hair and my clothes. If not for a helpful taxi driver, I would have been torn apart by nurses.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound totally unpleasant.

REDFORD: The excess attention always made me uncomfortable. I never liked feeling it was all about my looks. You want to be seen for what you can do, not for your hair or your blue eyes or your teeth. The golden-boy thing became a screen in front of everything else, and that really worried me. It felt threatening. Suddenly your looks bring up resentment. You start to represent something to people that has nothing to do with who you are. That's not to say I wasn't enjoying success. I was enjoying parts of it immensely.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us a sense of what it was like to be Robert Redford in those days? Were you hanging out with Elvis and people like that?

REDFORD: I was Elvis in a way. It was absolute insanity. Once the money started coming in I could do anything I wanted. I could have a house in Connecticut in addition to an apartment in New York. At a moment's notice we could fly to the Caribbean. We could go out to Trader Vic's for dinner every night if we wanted.

PLAYBOY: Were drugs or alcohol ever a problem?

REDFORD: No. I tried everything, but I never struggled. For me, it was a very exciting time, though I wasn't thinking that specifically. I was doing what I wanted to do. People talk about the 1970s now. I was just living my life. I was able to make films that were slightly off the street—*Downhill Racer*, *Jeremiah Johnson*, *Three Days of the Condor*—and those movies were being funded by popular films like *The Great Gatsby*. But as good as success was, there were dark sides to it I couldn't have imagined.

PLAYBOY: Like stalkers?

REDFORD: Stalkers, people hounding you and sneaking through bushes. On my birthday one year, we were on the property in Utah and some woman

came down out of the trees. She was stark naked and carrying a cake, walking toward the house. They led her away, but there was always another girl. Sometimes I don't know how I survived, but I really don't know how the younger generation of actors—Brad Pitt, Tom Cruise and everybody on down—survive, since it's a thousand times more intense.

PLAYBOY: Not to alarm you, but do you realize you're as old now as Will Geer was when he played the ornery old coot in *Jeremiah Johnson*?

REDFORD: Jesus, really? Man, he was old! [laughs] He wasn't in his 80s? Gee, thanks for the reminder.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel Will Geer old?

REDFORD: I hope this doesn't sound false, but

I was disappointed when critics started pointing out my wrinkles. I thought, You mean this is what it's gonna be about now? I'm not going to be permitted to be human? I can't go through the natural changes that have faced every man since the dawn of time?

PLAYBOY: Do you still get sexual attention from strangers?

REDFORD: The sexual energy was always there, and it still is. I'm 71 years old, and I still get it. In a way it's bigger now because it's across the spectrum. I get it from people much, much younger and from older people—teenagers, grandmothers, great-grandmothers. Now it's flattering more than irritating, and it's not as acute; it's more polite. The worst period was probably

after I made *Indecent Proposal*. Holy God, that one! I couldn't take a step outside without hearing "A million dollars for one night with your wife." If I had to hear "a million dollars" one more time....

PLAYBOY: Did anybody make you a firm offer?

REDFORD: Yes, tons of firm offers. Things came through the mail. Certified. I could have made money. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did that sort of attention contribute to the breakup of your marriage to Lola van Wagenen, the mother of your children, after 27 years together?

REDFORD: Yeah, it was hard. How could it not be? You're a human being, and you're competing with a ghost. You're with this person, but

the person has this other side, this fame thing, that's not real and yet it's everything. It's huge; it's bigger than anything you've ever known. But I don't think it's dignified to get into my marriage. There's nothing dark, nothing to hide. I got married young, at the age of 21, and it was good while it lasted. But you go your different ways and grow out of where you were. I want to protect the family.

PLAYBOY: Actors like Warren Beatty are well-known for their involvement with numerous women, but you never had a reputation as a philanderer. No doubt you could have had your pick of any woman, including co-stars like Natalie Wood and Jane Fonda.



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I don't think about age. It's interesting that other people do. At a certain point I noticed I was being identified by my age: "Blond-haired, 52-year-old actor Redford...." And you wonder, What difference does that make? Well, obviously a big difference.

PLAYBOY: Some people—Joan Rivers chief among them—insist you've had plastic surgery. Have you?

REDFORD: No. Look at me. [laughs] I don't like the look of stretchiness plastic surgery gives you. It's one reason I've always liked European films. You see real faces. It's sad we feel such pressure in this culture to maintain a certain look forever. I was blessed to look well and retain a youthful look, but that was just genes.

REDFORD: I won't comment on other actors. The job is hard enough without someone like me telling stories. But being single never appealed to me, and I didn't think about it much. I was aware there were people who lived a certain kind of playboy life and were immersed in it; I just didn't. There were always beautiful women around, of course, and I had beautiful co-stars, but making movies for me in those days was like dropping bombs behind enemy lines: I would do my work and get out of town.

PLAYBOY: You're officially single now, though you appear to have a good thing going with your lovely companion of eight years, Sybille Szaggars. Will you get married again?

REDFORD: [Silence]

PLAYBOY: Okay. Do you believe in marriage?

REDFORD: It depends on the individual, but as a general category, no.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps we should change the subject. Rumor has it you and Fidel Castro are good buddies.

REDFORD: Ah, Fidel. [laughs] I met Castro for the first time in 1990. Gabriel García Márquez had come to Sundance at my request to start a Spanish-speaking lab with Cuban filmmakers. They smuggled their films out of Cuba, and it was the first time we got any traction from outside media for the Sundance Institute. Afterward Gabo asked me to return the favor and come to Cuba with him. I took a tiny plane from Orlando to Havana, and we were set up in these magnificent state houses. One night at midnight Castro's men arrived unannounced, followed by Castro. He's a great teaser, that Fidel. He kept hitting my leg. "Oh, you like baseball," he said. "I like baseball too." He told me he loved *The Natural*, though I have no idea how he got a copy. After a while he decided we were friends and said, "Redford, you're a good guy. I want you to be my guest at the Cinco de Mayo parade." I thought, Hmm, could be interesting. He started hitting my leg again. "You sit with me on the parade stand," he said, and I said, "Whoa! Wait a minute! I don't think so." I could imagine that picture getting around.

PLAYBOY: Were you afraid it might tarnish your reputation among the right wing as a pinko, granola-crunching tree hugger?

REDFORD: Hardly. I had already been burned in effigy several times. You have to remember, when I started speaking out politically in the late 1960s, actors weren't supposed to talk about their beliefs. The studios certainly would have been happy if I'd just played romantic leads like in *The Way We Were* and kept quiet. But I couldn't keep quiet. As I got more successful, I realized I had a platform to get messages across. In the early 1970s I went out against a power plant in southern Utah and got hammered for it. The locals thought it would benefit them economically, but I saw it would totally destroy a big section of contiguous national park. I called *60 Minutes*. They did a show

on it, and the plant pulled out. The locals threatened my life and my family. That's when I realized my activism was throwing a net over innocent people, like my kids, and that made me want to retreat further.

PLAYBOY: As if it weren't complicated enough for them having a dad like Robert Redford.

REDFORD: I worked hard on giving my kids a solid foundation. That started with communication, encouraging them to speak up about things that bothered them, both in the family and in the larger world. I also spent as much time with them as I could. That was important. It helped that they grew up in both Utah and New York. Utah taught them the power of nature, which is steady, unlike fashion or show business. Going to school in New York, they learned the value of recognizing bullshit. As you get successful and famous, you start to get taken, even if you have radar. You have so much thrown at you, and it's important to figure out what's real and what's not. I'm proud to say my kids turned out okay. My son's a writer and producer. One daughter's an actress who recently directed a film. My oldest daughter is a painter and is married to Eric Schlosser, who wrote *Fast Food Nation*, so there's been a real uptick in their lives.

PLAYBOY: Is it tricky having a son-in-law like that around when you're craving a Big Mac?

REDFORD: I eat pretty healthily, but I'll tell you, when I drive from Sundance to Santa Fe, where we have some property, I love a cheeseburger. It's one of those sections of the country that don't have a lot of healthy food options, so what are you going to do? I'm forced to have a Big Mac or a Whopper or a chocolate malt. I like those old-fashioned American pleasures.

PLAYBOY: How are you with more modern pleasures? Are you a web surfer or a video-game guy?

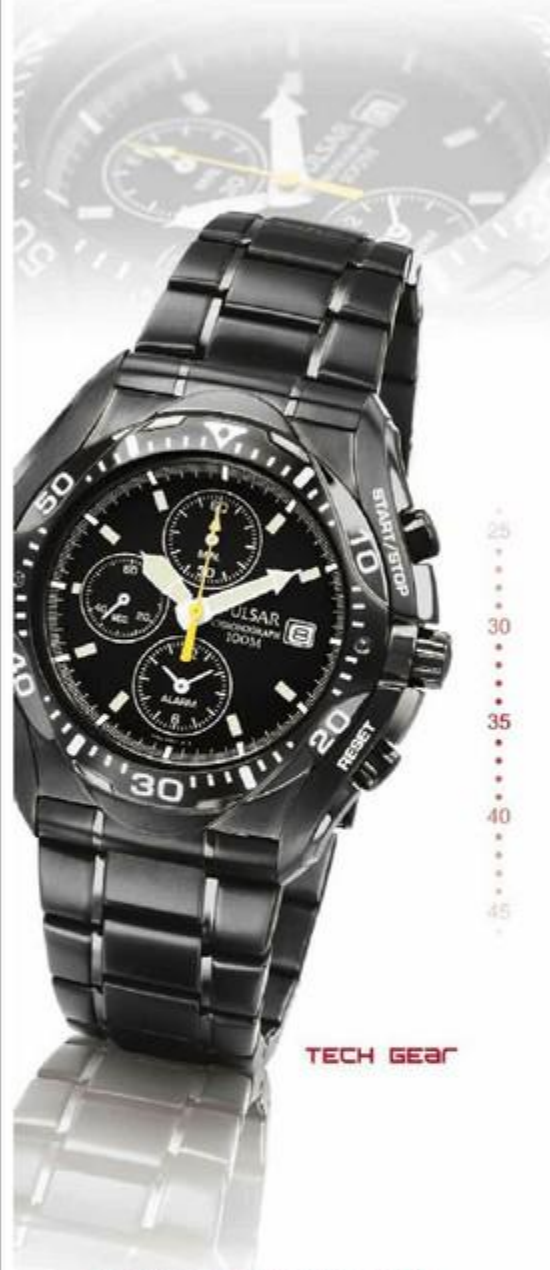
REDFORD: No. I love technology. It makes life easier. But I see people checking their handheld devices, and they make me want to scream. Technology has taken the poetry out of communication. I love letter writing. I love getting letters. You can feel the person at the other end. These digital messages we get are over and out. The shorthand leaves me kind of cold. It's why I don't have e-mail.

PLAYBOY: You run the Sundance Film Festival and you don't have an e-mail address?

REDFORD: I have an addictive enough personality to know if I started e-mailing people, I would constantly be checking in, constantly e-mailing people about financing or whatever. Fortunately at Sundance, we have a bigger team in place now than we did the first year, when I was literally out on Main Street in Park City, saying, "Hey, we're showing a film in here. Want to come see it?"

PLAYBOY: With 50,000 attendees expected next year, you don't need to do that anymore. In fact, many people

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say Sundance has become a media circus and a corporate sellout.

REDFORD: It certainly has grown. The success of *Sex, Lies and Videotape* in 1989 brought the Hollywood merchants. Once the merchants came, the distribution and marketing people came. The agents came, the Weinsteins came, the film press came, the celebrities came, and the paparazzi came. Once the paparazzi came, fashion came. Then another type of paparazzi came, and the parties got bigger. And the crowds got bigger. That's when the difficulties began—to manage it, to keep the reins on it. It had been this safe haven, and now Paris Hilton and Britney Spears were coming, people who had nothing to do with film. I thought, Oh shit!

PLAYBOY: Of course, the upside has been huge. Sundance has produced some amazing, provocative films: *Little Miss Sunshine*, *Boys Don't Cry*, *The Blair Witch Project*, *El Mariachi*, *Saw* and on and on. What have those successes meant for you personally?

REDFORD: They've meant the world to me. At a certain point in my life I said, I've achieved something. Life has been good to me. What can I put back? The idea of creating opportunities for others felt really good. There's no equivalent in the movie world of summer stock in the theater, of a training ground where you can learn by making mistakes and are free to risk. That was the whole point of the Sundance Lab, and the films that came through there needed a place to screen, so we created the festival. Hollywood has never been a safe place. It's competitive; it's cutthroat. People will slice you apart for money, and nobody cares much about artistic content. We've worked hard with Sundance to nurture talent, to make movies that aren't just about the bottom line.

PLAYBOY: Looking back on Sundance, is there one glory moment that stands out for you?

REDFORD: Quentin Tarantino came through our lab. Paul Thomas Anderson, Wes Anderson, Kevin Smith. These were all glory moments, but the biggest moment I remember was when I was in New York for a photo op, which I never like, for *Quiz Show*, and I was getting itchy and scratchy and wanted out. All of a sudden this guy came up who looked like a panhandler. He had an Army fatigues jacket on, long straight hair, and he started in, "Mr. Redford, Mr. Redford." I said, "Sorry, son, I gotta go," but he had something for me. People always have something to give me—a picture to sign, a script to read—but it was a tape of a movie. I said, "I can't," but he started begging me. Partly to get rid of the guy, I took it. But I also knew that's what Sundance was about. Anyway, it turned out the guy was Ed Burns, and the movie was *The Brothers McMullen*, which he'd made for less than \$35,000. I called Eddie and

told him to cut 35 minutes. He showed it at Sundance. It won the big award and went on to push *Waterworld*, a movie made for \$175 million, out of theaters. There's nothing more gratifying than seeing a kid who put everything on his credit card or borrowed from everybody in his family to make something great. That's the glory of independent film.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry that Sundance will become irrelevant in an age when everybody on YouTube is an independent filmmaker?

REDFORD: No, because Sundance delivers something you can't get sitting in front of your computer. We've given something to the moviegoer: an experience. The big movie theaters came in and created very hostile environments. You have thin walls, 20 theaters and concession prices that are through the roof. People are noisy, and they usher you in and out as quickly as possible with one movie and six bombastic trailers. Our latest venture takes Sundance into towns across America with our chain of Sundance Cinemas. It's not the kind of chain that plants a Godzilla footprint in a neighborhood and

You want to be seen for what you can do, not for your hair or your blue eyes or your teeth. The golden-boy thing became a screen in front of everything else.

takes the money and runs but a group of theaters that are at heart a gathering place for people who love film. These venues partner with local arts organizations and universities and bring the feeling of the labs. The advice I got was "Don't do it. Theaters are dying." But we have six so far, and they're working.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say all the attention on Sundance and other people's work took its toll on your acting career?

REDFORD: I underestimated the amount of time and energy Sundance would take. I underestimated what would happen if my ego got involved. I started taking it personally and felt the need to put money into it, raise money for it. So I didn't make as many films. My attentions were elsewhere, and I have mixed feelings about what that has meant. The cost of Sundance has been great personally in that it wore me out. I'm ready to let go now. I'll always be involved with it, but I don't have to tend it. And I miss my own work so much that I need to get back to it. I still want to do more.

PLAYBOY: You haven't done too badly for the son of a milkman. If you had to

choose one moment from childhood to relive, what would it be?

REDFORD: The eighth grade. It was a particular time in my life when women kicked into gear. I excelled at sports. I became more social. Life was good. The war was over. America was at its highest point in the 1950s. It was a high point for a number of reasons, and it came together in the eighth grade.

PLAYBOY: Is it true your family never considered you a success?

REDFORD: My father and grandfather both gave me a hard time. When I went into acting they were scared to death. My father came from a very poor background in New England; he was very cautious and tried to put that shadow on me. When he gave me my allowance, he would hold on to the dollar bill for a few extra seconds so I would know where it came from. He wanted me to go to Stanford and get a conventional job, get into business, but I wasn't going that way.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't he impressed once you got your early TV and stage gigs?

REDFORD: Even when I started becoming well-known, he was still concerned that the bottom would drop out. I would get one bad review for *Barefoot in the Park*, and that's the one he would mention. Eventually he came around and was proud of me, and I think he was surprised he was proud. But his father was the real troublemaker. When Dad told him I wanted to be an artist, my grandfather said, "Did you tell him he can't eat art?" Later, when my grandfather was dying, I went to see him at a nursing home in Connecticut. I wanted to please him, so I got dressed up and pulled up in a fancy car and told him, "Things are going great. I got this part and that part." The nurses had fallen in love with my grandfather. He was a real charmer. And they said, "Charles, isn't it lovely your grandson is doing so well," and he said, "Yeah, but you might want to count the silverware when he leaves."

PLAYBOY: Besides keeping you humble, what did your family teach you?

REDFORD: When I was in the third grade, I had a friend named Lois Levinson, and she was my pal. One day I began to notice this buzz around school: Somebody was a Jew. I didn't understand what was going on. Then I heard words like *kike* and *Yid*, things like that. Suddenly something bad was going on, and it had something to do with being a Jew. One day out of the blue, in class, Lois stood up and said, "My name is Lois Levinson, and I'm a Jew." And I thought, Lois is one of those! Lois? Oh my God! Why is she doing this? "And I'm proud of it," she said. Very bold, very brave but very confusing to me. So I ran home, and at the dinner table I said, "Hey, what am I?" My dad said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Today Lois Levinson got up and said she was a Jew. What am I?" My dad said, "You're a Jew." I said, "What?" I

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thought my life was over. My mom said, "Charlie, Charlie!" And he said, "No, he should know about this." And I was devastated. My dad had a wicked sense of humor. I ran to my room and was in there awhile before he came in and said, "Look, I told you that to make a point." It made a huge impact on me. From then on I was going to defend anybody in that situation.

PLAYBOY: Who gave you the idea you could achieve greatness?

REDFORD: Aside from Ted Williams, nobody, really. If I had to name a person, it was my father's brother, David. He was an amazing guy, six feet six inches with black hair, an incredible athlete. He went to Brown University on a scholarship, became Phi Beta Kappa and a Rhodes Scholar and spoke four languages fluently. When World War II broke out he was offered a job playing ball with the St. Louis Browns, but he went into the Army instead and became General Patton's translator. He was killed by a sniper at the Battle of the Bulge. I was around seven, and it was the first sense I had that things could go really wrong. But Uncle David also showed me life could be an adventure. Professionally, I've always been grateful to Paul Newman for giving me the chance to be in *Butch Cassidy*. After that my life changed forever.

PLAYBOY: There's been talk recently of you and Newman getting back together to make another movie. What's the status of that?

REDFORD: It's not happening, sadly. Paul and I were planning on doing a film version of Bill Bryson's wonderful book *A Walk in the Woods*. I got the rights to it four years ago, and we couldn't decide if we were too old to do it. Then we decided, Let's go for it. But time passed, and Paul's been getting older fast. I think things deteriorated for him. Finally, two months ago, he called and said, "I gotta retire." The picture was written and everything. It breaks my heart.

PLAYBOY: Does that make you think about your own retirement or, dare we say, your mortality?

REDFORD: Retirement is not an issue for me. I'm going to keep working, and I would like to put together more than one picture every three years. I'm interested in telling the story behind the story everyone knows about Jackie Robinson. We've all seen so many photographs of him as this emblematic figure in the Brooklyn Dodgers uniform, who broke the color barrier and paved the way for black players to compete in the major leagues. But nobody knows the story of how he got to that point. Very few people know the story of his relationship with Branch Rickey, the white baseball executive who signed him. Even fewer know how virulent the racial prejudice Robinson faced was, what a threat his signing was to the Negro Leagues and the tremendous amount of risk involved in his going to the majors. I would like that to be my next picture.

PLAYBOY: And when you're not making a movie, what will you do?

REDFORD: I would like to spend as much time as possible being physical. I've been physical all my life, and it gives me such pleasure to ski, bike and play tennis. I'm also interested in talking to people, to tell the public who I am a little more. I pretty much stay private, but about two years ago I realized people had lost touch with who I was because I wasn't out there on TV and had always said no to publicity. People had fallen for this image. I sensed something. Someone suggested I should go out and start speaking, to tell people who I am a little more. So I signed up with a speakers bureau and started talking at college campuses, to groups, to Vegas. You wouldn't believe how much they'll pay me to stand onstage for seven minutes with the head of Intel. But it was also a real education for me.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like a rock star?

REDFORD: What I felt was respect. People have actually been moved by whatever it is I've done, and there was this enormous gratitude. "Thank you, Mr. Redford, for *The Great Waldo Pepper*." Or "I took my grandfather to see *A River Runs Through It*, and he asked me to take him to the river one last time." And also "Thank you for speaking out on the environment and for various issues all these years." It gives me hope that the work I've done means something.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in an afterlife?

REDFORD: I'm not sure I do. I've explored every religion, some very deeply, enough to know there's not one philosophy that can satisfy me. Problems can't be solved with one way of thinking. If anything is my guide, nature is. That's where my spirituality is. I don't believe in organized religion, because I don't believe people should be organized in how they think, in what they believe. That has never been driven home as hard as with this administration. When somebody thinks God speaks to him, you've got trouble. If God is speaking to the president, he's speaking with a forked tongue, because the behavior of this administration doesn't seem very godlike or spiritual.

I often think of the arc of my life as having moved from a very narrow space to a much larger one. Growing up in a working-class world in Los Angeles, I had no luxuries or entertainment. I was ashamed to have people come to our house. You're defined by that, and you try to take every opportunity that comes to you with whatever skills you've got. In my case, I acted awhile and then tried to advance those skills. Theater led to TV, TV led to film, and acting led to directing and producing, which led me to think about Sundance. Each time, I got itchy. I wanted more authorship, more ownership of the subject. It's all part of the adventure I've sought since I was a kid. Is there an afterlife? As far as I know, this is it. It's all we've got. You take your opportunities and you go for it.





He was president of the World Bank and one of the most powerful men in Washington. But as he learned, when they're out to get you, they'll get you

THE PASSION OF PAUL WOLFOWITZ

by

James Rosen

I did not come here to fuck you," the man began. "I should hope not," the woman replied, sitting in her downtown Washington office in August 2005, astonished. "I don't need you to be fucking me."

It certainly was an odd way for Xavier Coll, the lanky Spanish physician serving as the World Bank's vice president for human resources, to begin a conversation with Shaha Ali Riza, a 51-year-old single mother and the acting communications manager for the bank's Middle East and North Africa bureau. Not only was Coll expected, as the bank's top HR official, to exhibit more chivalrous behavior, but Riza was, as he certainly knew, well connected. The very reason for his visit was to help resolve the thorny conflict-of-interest problem that had arisen five months earlier when Riza's lover, Paul Wolfowitz, the former deputy defense secretary under Donald Rumsfeld, was selected by President Bush to serve as president of the World Bank.

Neither Coll nor the angry Riza ever specified which kind of "fuck" each had in mind: straightforward physical intercourse or the two-faced, arm's-length backstabbing that is, frankly, more common in Washington. It hardly mattered; sex never strayed far from the agenda during the ensuing controversy, which ended this past June with Wolfowitz's spectacular fall from power amid a swirl of ethics charges and cries of a smear campaign.

Those who campaigned most vocally for Wolfowitz's ouster have portrayed their success as a simple story of crime and punishment, a case of gross and greedy favoritism exposed and redressed: The system, designed to protect a prestigious multinational lending institution that spends \$20 billion a year to combat poverty worldwide, worked.

The reality was far different. What happened to Wolfowitz was more akin to a putsch, the work of entrenched enemies who seized on a false pretext to engineer the overthrow of a flawed and mistake-prone leader closely identified with an unpopular war. Perhaps Wolfowitz himself, who had found orderly regime change in Iraq so elusive, could look back in moments of reflection with some admiration for the swift, clean way it was achieved at the World Bank.

For the timing, which was roughly coincident with the excommunication of Rumsfeld and the trial and conviction of Lewis "Scooter" Libby, suggested more broadly a season of retribution against the

PHOTOGRAPH BY

NIGEL PARRY/CPI/VANITY FAIR MAGAZINE



As deputy defense secretary, Wolfowitz was accustomed to wielding power. Counterclockwise from top left: visiting Abu Ghraib prison in 2003; sharing a chuckle with Vice President Cheney; testifying before the 9/11 Commission with, from left, Defense Secretary Rumsfeld and Joint Chiefs Chairman Richard Myers; his companion, Shaha Riza; as president of the World Bank, discussing Third World debt relief with Bono.

very ideological class in American political life—neoconservatives—that had most ardently promoted that concept.

Intellect was never the problem. Born in Brooklyn in 1943 and raised in Manhattan, Wolfowitz came from a Polish immigrant family largely decimated by the Holocaust. He majored in mathematics at Cornell and earned his Ph.D. in political science at the highly competitive—and conservative—University of Chicago, where his doctoral dissertation examined water-desalination programs in the Middle East. Over the next 30 years Wolfowitz attained proficiency in five languages, including Hebrew and Arabic, and served six presidents in a series of increasingly impressive posts in the diplomatic and defense establishments. He rode out the Clinton years, a grim Siberian exile for neoconservative intellectuals, as dean of the Johns Hopkins University's School for Advanced International Studies. In congressional testimony, he advocated missile defense and preemptive strikes against Saddam Hussein. *The New Yorker* conceded his ability "to recognize threatening patterns and capabilities that others had been unable to see."

If his brilliance went undisputed, Wolfowitz's personality sometimes left colleagues scratching their head or, worse still, questioning his judgment. "Paul is so virtuous," said one Washington think-tank director, "I think he is sometimes"—a struggle for words—"naive." This perception of Wolfowitz as deeply principled but not always sensible persisted in the Bush administration. In high-level councils preceding the September 11 attacks, Wolfowitz reportedly argued that Al Qaeda posed less of a danger to the United States than Saddam. He urged fellow deputies at the State Department and the CIA to use American military might to establish a beachhead in Basra, in southern Iraq, where, under his scenario, disaffected Iraqi generals would surrender, defect and launch their own anti-Saddam insurgency. Secretary of State Colin Powell sarcastically imagined the Iraqis embracing Wolfowitz's plan: "Ah, the Americans have taken 14 acres of southern Basra. Let's go turn ourselves in!"

In his memoir, *At the Center of the Storm: My Years at the CIA*, George Tenet, the former CIA director, writes that "Wolfowitz in particular was fixated on the question of including Saddam in any U.S. response" to 9/11. Tenet recalls the deputy defense secretary being more adamant than either Bush or

Rumsfeld about Iraqi complicity in the attacks and pressing the CIA to "check, recheck and recheck" the issue after analysts concluded there was none. Likewise, as Karen DeYoung reports in *Soldier: The Life of Colin Powell*, Richard Clarke, the Clinton holdover and White House counterterrorism czar, grew "increasingly testy with Wolfowitz's fixation on Baghdad."

Resentment burned inside Wolfowitz for years. At a black-tie dinner in March 2004 he gloomily swore to a reporter that the publication of Clarke's memoir, *Against All Enemies*, which claims President Bush blindly ignored the Al Qaeda threat, would cost Bush reelection. "I seriously doubt most voters know who the hell Dick Clarke is," the reporter countered. "I also doubt eight months from now they're going to walk into the ballot booth and say to themselves, 'Well, gee, there was Dick Clarke's book....'"

"No," Wolfowitz frowned. "This is acid on the face of the president. Acid, I tell you!"

There was also—how else to put it?—the "ick" factor. Viewers of *Fahrenheit 9/11* are treated to outtake footage of the deputy prepping for a TV interview, running his comb through his mouth like Dylan playing "Mr. Tambourine Man" on a harmonica, then mashing down his hair with spit on his hand, an embarrassed grin plastered across his elfin face. He left a similar impression after a visit, as World Bank president, to a Turkish mosque. Asked to remove his shoes, Wolfowitz revealed worn gray socks with identical holes through which his two big toes protruded like Daisy and Mozart popping their heads up from the burrow in an episode of *Meerkat Manor*. The photographs made him an object of ridicule. "Would you take fiscal advice," asked *The Washington Post*, "from a man who won't spend \$3 for new socks?"

He seemed to rub people the wrong way. "Obviously I ruffled some feathers," he admitted of his January 2006 decision to suspend World Bank loans worth \$124 million to the African country of Chad. The move was a logical response to the refusal of corrupt Chadian officials to abide by previous lending agreements, but inside the bank the decision darkened Wolfowitz's reputation and foreshadowed his later troubles. Up to that point the new president had worked hard—with some success—to establish (continued on page 136)



"It was the most fantastic orgy I have ever been to. I was the only girl."

THE BONDS

GIRL



Kimberly Bell with Barry Bonds during better days. The two met in 1994 and had a relationship that lasted nine years, until Bonds became, in her words, "a sudden sociopathic personality."

A story of sex, drugs and baseball

by Steve Pond

When Kimberly Bell stepped off the plane at San Jose International Airport in May 2003, she was feeling more than a little nervous. Delayed 20 minutes by a late flight from Phoenix, she still had to rent a car and drive almost an hour to San Francisco, and her boyfriend, Barry Bonds, didn't like it when she was late. Plus he had been angry and moody lately, leaving menacing phone messages and dropping chilling threats into their conversations. As she rode up in the elevator of the San Francisco hotel where he was waiting, her heart was racing.

"I had barely pushed the door open," she remembers, "before he grabbed me by the throat, choking me. He held me against the wall and pressed himself against me. And he's *huge*. He whispered in my ear, 'You ever pull some fucking shit like that again, I'll kill you.'"

How did it go so wrong? Bell considers that question and others like it frequently these days. Why did she fall for Bonds on a summer afternoon in 1994? What happened to turn the romance into rage? And why won't he tell the truth about her, about steroids, about anything?

When Kimberly arrives at Playboy Studio West for her photo shoot, she's carrying a scrapbook filled with clips, transcripts and letters that tell a story. It's not just a story of a romance gone bad but one of drug abuse and betrayal, one that has brought Major League Baseball to its knees. She turns a few pages and stops at a 1993 magazine cover featuring a slim, smiling Barry Bonds. "This is how sweet and nice he looked when I met him, which is nothing like how he looks today," she says. "I mean, nothing. It's not even the same person."

The Barry Bonds that Kimberly met in 1994 was lean, charismatic and irresistible. She met him after a game, saw him the next day at a barbecue, and that was it. They drove away in his Porsche at 100 miles an hour. She was young and single, and he was divorcing his first wife. Their relationship was physical from the start. They would make love in the afternoon, and if he hit a home run that night, she'd wonder if he did it for her. That's not to say the National League's seven-time most valuable player was an MVP in the bedroom. "For the record," she says, "he's incredibly (text continued on page 141)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



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See more of Kimberly at cyber.playboy.com.



IN THE LATEST IN OUR SERIES OF REPORTS ON THE SCIENCE OF MALE SEXUALITY, WE TAKE MEASURE OF YOUR MOST IMPORTANT SEX ORGAN AND ITS ABILITY TO TURN YOU ON, TURN YOU OFF AND TURN YOU INTO A FOOL FOR LOVE

THE SEXUAL MALE, PART THREE:

SEX ON THE BRAIN

BY CHIP ROWE

Anyone who has seen a friend afflicted with this thing called love can attest to the extreme discomfort it unleashes, not because the friend becomes so unbearably fragile but because at any moment you could be next. Even if you know better—that it's a chemical reaction, that she's not perfect, that the relationship will probably end badly—love is powerful enough to quickly turn a man from solid to liquid. With rare exceptions, every human falls victim, from high school to nursing home and across races and social classes. Hitler made googly eyes; Einstein went soft in the knees. Love doesn't care if you're already seeing someone. It doesn't wait until the time is right. Scientists suggest that these sudden, intense attachments are nature's way of drugging us; otherwise we would never be so stupid as to reproduce and spend our most productive, energetic years chasing, feeding and socializing ungrateful half citizens. Even primitive man had better things to do. As anthropologist Donald Symons notes, the more powerful a feeling has evolved to be, the more difficult the goal it must be trying to achieve.

YOUR BRAIN IN LOVE

The highest compliment you can offer Helen Fisher is to say she seems easy to fall in love with. For the past 25 years, first at the

American Museum of Natural History and now at the Center for Human Evolutionary Studies at Rutgers University, she has examined the mysterious forces that draw couples together. Fisher has come to believe romantic love is a fundamental drive on a par with hunger and thirst, impossible to ignore. It even holds sway over our natural narcissism: A reliable sign that a person has fallen hard is when he says he is willing to die for his lover. "Romantic love is a drug as powerful as any narcotic, if not more so," Fisher says from her Manhattan office near the human zoo of Central Park. "It's thrilling when our love is returned and powerfully negative when it is cut off."

In Fisher's view, the human mating pattern involves three distinct neural processes that developed millions of years ago in our earliest hominid ancestors. In her book *Why We Love* she identifies them as (a) lust, or the craving for sexual gratification that initiates a pairing ("What a fox!"), (b) attraction, which saves time and energy by helping us focus on suitable partners ("She's the one") and (c) attachment, a.k.a. companionate love, the emotional bond that keeps a couple together at least until their offspring can walk and feed themselves ("We are family"). When you fall for someone, several predictable events occur. First, your beloved takes her place at the center of your existence at the

expense of friends, family and work (or, as Romeo puts it, "Juliet is the sun"). Second, you aggrandize her as being close to perfect and think about her constantly (or, as Robert Graves puts it, "Love is a bright stain on the vision/Blotting out reason"). Finally, you crave a deep emotional union, a mingling of souls (or, as Modern English puts it, "I'll stop the world and melt with you").

sex Inhaler

For years pharmaceutical companies have been looking for a synthetic aphrodisiac that does for the brain what Viagra does for the penis. The most promising candidate is bremelanotide, which was initially developed at the University of Arizona to promote sunless tanning. When cell biologist Mac Hadley, acting as a guinea pig for his own experiments, accidentally took a double dose, it produced what he later described in a medical journal as "a rather immediate response"—extreme nausea and an erection that lasted more than eight hours and could not be put down even with an ice pack. As he lay in bed, miserable, his wife told him he was crazy. He replied, "I think we may become rich." Hadley took smaller amounts of the drug, suffering five-hour and three-hour erections until about a tenth of his initial dose produced "a feeble wobble that could easily be coaxing to a full erection with a few erotic reflections." Now in late clinical trials as a treatment for erectile dysfunction, bremelanotide (formerly PT-141) is delivered via a nasal spray. While it's not clear precisely how the drug affects the brain, the fact that volunteers become aroused within minutes suggests it takes a direct route to receptors in the hypothalamus. And unlike Viagra, which increases blood flow to the genitals but has no effect on the brain (the chief reason the little blue pill hasn't been successful as an aphrodisiac for women), bremelanotide has the potential to leave both genders feeling zestier. If the drug is approved by the FDA, off-label use could radically change how we approach sex. Not in the mood? Just sniff.

appear to drive up dopamine levels; researchers have found people are more receptive to romance after coming off a roller coaster or walking over a narrow, wobbly bridge—two great places, apparently, to meet women. Dopamine also appears to elevate levels of testosterone, which can boost the sex (continued on page 127)

WHY ARE YOU STRAIGHT?

Scientists have learned most of what they know about the global appeal of T&A by examining men who don't share your appetites. For much of the 20th century the medical establishment considered homosexuality to be the result of bad parenting, but most biologists now believe orientation is set in the womb. That one identical twin can be gay and the other straight would seem to rule out a completely genetic explanation. But could it be that genes set the stage and any number of other factors, yet to be identified, cause a shift in the sexual center? One compelling hypothesis, first presented in 1969 by neuroendocrinologist Günter Dörner, is that imbalances in the male fetus—such as unusually low levels of androgens or a gene sequence that prevents testosterone from being fully absorbed—cause the brain and the genitals to head in different directions. Dörner's hypothesis got a boost from a 2005 study conducted by scientists at the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm. Led by Dr. Ivanka Savic, the team isolated two chemicals, one a derivative of testosterone produced in men's sweat and the other an estrogen-like compound in women's urine. Savic had discovered through earlier experiments that these chemicals cause distinct parts of



IN A 2005 STUDY, SCIENTISTS SHOWED MEN STRAIGHT AND GAY EROTICA. AS A BASELINE THEY MEASURED THEIR RESPONSE TO "NEUTRAL" IMAGES SUCH AS A BASEBALL SLIDE.

the brain to be activated. For instance, female urine activates the standard scent-processing region of the female brain but lights up the hypothalamus in men. The chemical in male sweat does the opposite: It lights up the usual scent receptors in men and the hypothalamus in women. And then came the finding that got everyone buzzing: Gay men's brains responded in the same way as straight women's.

For decades researchers have looked for factors other than genetics that may influence orientation but have established only one: Gay men, on average, tend to have more older brothers. Dr. Ray Blanchard, the Toronto psychiatrist who first documented this, hypothesizes that the mother's immune system produces antibodies to an antigen present only on the surface of male cells. Each successive male fetus causes more antibodies to be created, until they pass through the placenta and into the fetal brain.

What about men who claim to be aroused by both genders? A study by Michael Bailey at Northwestern University suggests that bisexuality may not exist. His team attached a device to the penises of 30 straight, 38 gay and 33 bisexual men to measure blood flow as each was shown straight and gay porn. About 75 percent of the men who claimed to be bisexual had blood flow to the penis only while watching gay porn; the other 25 percent only while watching straight porn. It's possible that a man exists who gets excited watching both types of porn, but Bailey is skeptical. "For men," he says, "arousal is orientation."



"This Myles Standish must be quite a fellow!"





MATT LEINART

THE CARDINALS QB HANGS WITH WILL FERRELL, WATCHES SPORTS WITH ASHTON KUTCHER, TALKS TRASH WITH ANQUAN BOLDIN, SHOOTS HOOPS WITH NICK LACHEY, HAS A CRUSH ON JENNIFER ANISTON AND STILL HAS TIME FOR FOOTBALL

Q1

PLAYBOY: You were cross-eyed and overweight as a kid. How did you end up an NFL quarterback with the Arizona Cardinals?

LEINART: I was the fat, cross-eyed kid with high socks—that whole story. I was born with strabismus, which is when the eye muscles don't work together. I had surgery when I was about a year and a half old and a second operation before my freshman year in high school to strengthen a muscle. But I could play sports, man. That's kind of what kept me cool, I guess. It got me in with the cool crowd.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Now the tabloids link you to famous women like Paris Hilton and Britney Spears. What's true?

LEINART: I've hung out with a few people here and there, but to be honest with you I haven't really dated anyone considered a celebrity. Those things get taken way out of context. It just bewilders me that you can go to a club when a celebrity is there and sit at the same table with them, drinking or partying and having a good time, and the next thing you know you're

linked to that person. And then people think, Oh, they're dating now. Why? Because they were at the same place at the same time? That's just a bunch of bullshit to me. And that happens all the time. I just go out and have a good time, meet somebody and enjoy their company, and the next thing you know it's a story.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to enjoy being young and successful with the paparazzi watching?

LEINART: It's a lot easier to relax out here in Arizona than it is in L.A. Anything you do in L.A. is magnified if you're a celebrity or a high-profile person. They're looking for you to slip up. Sometimes you can't help it, and sometimes you can. That's something I learned. You learn from your mistakes and move on. It's just a pain in the ass. I look at some of my buddies, close friends of mine who are celebrities, and they can't go anywhere without being seen. It's bullshit to me. Let people have their private lives.

Q4

PLAYBOY: What were your early days like at the University of Southern California?

LEINART: I was a fairly high recruit going into USC, but I didn't think I was that good. I just had the size. Carson Palmer was already there. I sat behind him, and it was terrible. I was an awful quarterback. I had no confidence and could barely throw the ball 10 yards. As a quarterback you need to have confidence. I went through a lot of trial and error those first few years, trying to find out who I was as a person and a player.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You led USC to an undefeated season and won the Heisman Trophy your junior year. Everyone thought you would enter the NFL draft, but you decided to return to college for your senior year. That decision potentially cost you millions of dollars. Why go back?

LEINART: There were a lot of reasons. First, there was school. I was very close to finishing. It meant a lot to my mom and dad. Even though I'd come off a great game and won the Heisman, I still didn't feel I could physically and mentally be successful at the NFL level. I knew if I came out *(continued on page 146)*



Fallout 3's vision of post-A-bomb life in Washington, D.C.

PLAYBOY'S VIDEO-GAME BLOWOUT

GENIUSES AT PLAY

GAME DESIGNERS EXPLAIN THE LAWS OF ADRENALINE AND THE SCIENCE OF FUN

BY SCOTT ALEXANDER

At this point in the 21st century it's clear that video games constitute a medium unto themselves. It's an art form and an industry awash in possibility, with rules and boundaries that have only begun to be explored. When you play a game, whether it's *Madden*, *Tetris* or *Halo*, you create your own unique path through it. We may take video games' multiple narratives for granted, but they are precisely what separates games from other storytelling media. The player is as much the author of the experience as the game's creator.

To discern what makes the medium of video games different from other forms that preceded it, we spoke with some of the foremost minds in the industry. They told us where games have been, where they're headed and what it all means. Some are cynical, some are stressed, others starry-eyed. All are passionate about what they do.

THE BIG PICTURE

Industry legend **WARREN SPECTOR** on the birth of a new medium and its breakneck evolution

We are maturing rapidly, but we're still an infant medium trying to figure out how we do what we do. Leaving out the early pioneering stuff, we're about 25 years old. We're like moviemakers in 1920: They had figured out a lot technically but hadn't mastered the craft. What's different is that we have amazing advances in hardware every three to five years. In film, the position of the sprocket holes hasn't

changed in almost a century. We constantly have to reinvent the camera, as it were, before we can even begin to think about what to do with it.

We need to start looking at using our technology not just to create prettier pictures for old gameplay styles but to provide deeper stories, richer characters and more complex interactions within our game worlds. That is the real frontier. What passes for mature or adult in the game business has nothing to do with maturity or being an adult.

In the late 1950s university film programs became more widespread, and all of a sudden we had guys like Francis Ford Coppola, Martin Scorsese, Steven Spielberg and George Lucas who had studied history, aesthetics and theory. They came from an environment that didn't need to make money and supported raw creativity. They hit the Hollywood system with a different sensibility. Now hundreds of universities offer game courses or degrees in game development and game studies. Our Spielberg is out there; so is our Quentin Tarantino. We're ready for that kind of change. We're ready for people who take this medium seriously, who believe in its potential. And frankly, its potential hasn't even been scratched.

Play is a creative process, and every game is a dialogue between the game maker and the player. The player's

WHAT PASSES FOR MATURE IN THE GAME BUSINESS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MATURITY OR BEING AN ADULT.

involvement in shaping the experience makes him a creator. No other medium has been able to do that. And we're making some headway now. We're a cultural force: Our audience is aging with us, universities are catching on, and the mainstream media are catching up. Where we are now is remarkable, and where we'll be in five years—holy cow, I can't wait to see it.

FUTURE PERFECT

Strategy-game pioneer **SID MEIER** on how play gets under your skin

With other media, you have to say, "How does this apply to me?" You have to identify with some aspect of a character or some part of a story. But in a computer game the whole story is about you. There's more of a feeling of ownership than in other forms of entertainment. If you're a lousy storyteller, maybe you would rather have Spielberg tell you a story. But I think people like to do things their own way. Games allow that.

Reading a good book is different from playing a good computer game. But I think they're equally satisfying experiences. Gaming is a new art form, not necessarily a better one. But I am convinced that, in how vividly you remember

the experience and how long it stays with you, games are on a par with the other arts.

When you make a movie, you write a script, compose a storyboard and shoot, but you don't really experience the film until about a month before it's finished. We spend as much time playing a game as we do designing it. Early on, usually within a week or two of starting, we have built something we can actually play. Then we have a variety of people play the game, and we build on that experience. We add new things and take out things that aren't working. It's an interactive, evolutionary process, a different one from most in terms of creativity. We are big believers in incremental design.

Game makers may talk about the good old days, but I think these are the good old days. There are so many good games out there, and we've got powerful consoles and PCs. There is very little we can complain about at this point. The only thing I miss is being able to make a game in six to nine months, as opposed to two years. But games are light-years better than when I started. We're living in a golden age of gaming.



PLAYING FOR MONEY

God of War 2 director **CORY BARLOG** on the brutal economics of fun

Making games is not just physically and mentally challenging; it's fiscally challenging, because you're gambling. As confident as anybody feels about their game, it can go either way. Plenty of brilliant games are a joy to play and adored by the critics, and everyone thinks they'll be huge, but their sales are pitiful.

CG ACTING IS BEING PUSHED TO THE POINT WHERE THINGS NOT SAID ARE AS IMPORTANT AS THINGS THAT ARE.

Games don't cost anywhere near as much as movies to make, but movies have more ways to recoup expenses. Even *Waterworld* broke even. We could make 16 big-budget games for the price of *Waterworld*, but we don't have DVDs or TV to fall back on. And the higher the budgets get, the fewer risks people take, which is a terrible direction for the industry to take. Games like *Unreal* and *Quake* sell well because it's hard to get people to try something different. As much as people tell you they want to watch PBS or David Lynch, they actually watch the USA Network.

Then again, being the same isn't safe either. Many games don't do very well, because the makers backed into the idea: "We know urban is good, and we know open-world games are good. Let's have an urban open-world game." Those games don't come out well, because they don't start from a strong core idea.



BUILDING CHARACTER

Mass Effect maestro **RAY MUZYKA** on new frontiers in virtual acting

Each new generation of technology has an exponentially greater impact on storytelling. This generation has empowered us to convey emotion. We can finally include all the nuances that are important to showing emotion. Virtual, computer-generated acting is being pushed to the point where what is not said can be more powerful than what is said—such as a small gesture, a tilt of the head, a raised eyebrow.

All the exploration, combat, progression and characters are designed to make the players feel something, to make them truly care about the environment and the characters. We can do things in real time that we used to do with pre-rendered cut scenes. And that takes nonlinear storytelling to another level. Instead of watching a movie, you're playing through a cinematic moment. You're interacting, and you're part of something emotional. It's like reading a great book or watching a great movie: A chill goes up your spine, and you feel something important.



THE TAO OF VIOLENCE

BioShock creator **KEN LEVINE**
on the *Fight Club* school
of bare-knuckle philosophy

For something to resonate, it has to deliver on two levels. *The Lord of the Rings* works well because it's both a parable about power and a story about orcs and goblins. *The Matrix* is a philosophy class wrapped up in a cool action movie. Of course you always want to hide your philosophy a bit. You don't say, "How'd you like to play a game about an underwater objectivist utopia?" If we did that, we would never have gotten *BioShock* out of focus testing.

Fight Club and *12 Monkeys* ask the audience to look at them in a nonlinear way. You're used to linear narrative and believing that the screen always tells you the truth. Both those films are great examples for video-game developers because they change the interface for movies. And remember, at the end of the day, *Fight Club* is still a movie about a bunch of dudes beating the shit out of each other in an intense way. And that is what good games have to be: interesting fight clubs. If you are turned on to something intellectually while playing a game, that's fantastic, but it still has to be fun as a game.

BioShock is about the messiness of ideology. What tears the city in the game apart is what tears every city apart, not alien invaders but greed, money, sex and ambition—the stuff that makes us human. We're trying to examine all those things from a philosophical standpoint. And then we have the big fucking guns. It's about blowing people up in amazing new ways and empowering the player to use every aspect of his environment as a weapon. We get to have our cake and eat it, too. My parents are happy because I'm using my college education; gamers are happy because they get to blow stuff up in ways they never thought about before.

BIOSHOCK IS ABOUT THE MESSINESS OF IDEOLOGY—AND BLOWING PEOPLE UP IN AMAZING NEW WAYS.

HOOKED ON A FEELING

Fable 2 creator **PETER MOLYNEUX**
on making players feel loved

I have done some of the most ridiculous, farcical stories in computer-game history. I have done stories about gods, stories about cities controlled by the chips in people's heads and stories about the most horrendous bad guys. But I recently realized the way I've been telling stories is all wrong. Rather than starting with the story, I should be asking, How do I want you, the player, to feel? If I can get you to feel different from ways you've felt before, that's going to make a great story.

In *Fable 2* I want players to experience what it's like to feel loved. I've felt horror while playing games. I've felt terror, revulsion and fear. But I've never felt love. And if you feel loved by a character, you're more inclined to like that character, to get involved with him and care about what happens to him. If you care about something or someone in the story, then I've got you, because then you're going to care about how the story turns out.

THE GRAND ILLUSION

God of War creator **DAVID JAFFE**
on why cheap tricks offer the most fun

The innovation in *God of War* was that we never set out to be innovative. We set out to entertain the crap out of the player, and we didn't care if we used sleight of hand or less robust game systems. Our game-design colleagues might have pooh-poohed our systems because

HEAVY HITTERS

THIS FALL'S MUST-HAVE GAMES

Every year, the games industry tops itself, and this one is no exception. In the past two months we've been treated to such instant classics as *BioShock* (360, PC), *Halo 3* (360), *Stranglehold* (360, PC, PS3), *Guitar Hero III: Legends of Rock* (360, PS2, PS3, Wii), *Metroid Prime 3: Corruption* (Wii) and *Heavenly Sword* (PS3). Here's what we'll be calling in sick for during the next few months.

Assassin's Creed (pictured top, 360, PC, PS3) Travel the Middle East as a Crusades-era hit man. A stunningly hi-res Jerusalem awaits.

Burnout Paradise (second from top, 360, PS3) The ne plus ultra of arcade racers goes open-world and online-centric as you cruise a city stocked with live drivers spoiling for a fight.

Call of Duty 4: Modern Warfare (360, PC, PS3) The phenomenal military shooter leaves World War II behind for a visually jaw-dropping present day. **Crisis** (third from top, PC) This sci-fi romp may be the most graphically advanced game ever made. **God of War: Chains of Olympus** (PSP) A very portable version of the very angry demigod. **The Legend of Zelda: Phantom Hourglass**

(DS) Some things are just perfect. This is one of them. **Little Big Planet** (PS3)

A powerful world-creation tool disguised as an adorable platformer. **Mass Effect** (360) BioWare's new breed of RPG mashes up shooting, strategy and conversation into a heady intergalactic cocktail. **Mercenaries 2: World in Flames** (360, PC, PS2, PS3) Destabilize Venezuela for fun and profit. **Ratchet and Clank Future: Tools of Destruction** (PS3) The cathartic, cartoony franchise gets bigger and bolder.

Rock Band (360, PS2, PS3) Take the *Guitar Hero* formula and add drums, bass and vocals. Downloads will feature entire original albums from the Who, Nirvana and more. **Super Mario Galaxy** (Wii) The little plumber that could goes to outer space. **TimeShift**

(360, PC, PS3) Stop, slow and rewind time in this fast-paced, mind-bending shooter. **Uncharted: Drake's Fortune** (PS3) High-definition high adventure awaits as you search for treasure on a tropical island. **Unreal Tournament III** (bottom, 360, PC, PS3) Fast, fun and violent, this version adds vehicles to the mix of mayhem.



Fable 2 mixes love and swordplay.

they weren't very deep. And they were right. That's because we set out from the beginning to try to be the video-game equivalent of Jerry Bruckheimer. We wanted to produce something totally mainstream that was entertaining from the get-go. We were absolute slaves to making the audience happy, and nothing

else mattered. I don't cringe at that. I think it's noble. I'm proud to have worked on a series that lots of people actually play all the way to the end.

The top-tier designers who are good at game systems don't need a lot of bells and whistles to keep you engaged.

affect the mainstream much more powerfully than film does. But right now it feels like a bunch of people wanting to convince themselves they're doing important work. I believe the most important stuff we're doing today is about having fun.



Technology runs amok in the futuristic world of *Too Human*.

Strategy games like *Civilization IV*, or even simple games like *Uno* or *Poker*, are so well designed they don't need a lot of the kinetic energy we put into games like *God of War*. But I'm not that kind of designer, so I have to rely on sleight of hand and misdirection.

During a focus test, if I sense a player is getting bored, my first impulse is to throw something else at him to keep him occupied. Of course, we spend a lot of time tuning and polishing, so we still end up making compelling games. In an ideal world, I would like the game's central system to be what keeps the player engaged, rather than just throw a bunch of simple systems at the player one after the other. That's the direction I was trying to take when we made *Calling All Cars!*

I've attended too many meetings in which somebody—including myself—has seen a deep, emotional movie over the weekend and he comes in on Monday morning full of piss and vinegar, ready to take the medium to the next level. I've read articles with all this hyperbole about how games will be the next great entertainment medium and how this is more powerful because bullshit, bullshit, bullshit. At the end of the day, you're walking around a place that looks like World War II, trying to find a fucking key to open a door. I actually think all these grand prophecies will come to pass. I think the interactivity in what we call video games today will ultimately be called something different and will

— FUTURE SHOCK —

Too Human creator DENIS DYACK says better technology is an empty goal

We're reaching a perceptual threshold at which the average consumer will have a harder time telling when leaps in technology occur. There is a differ-



David Jaffe's *Calling All Cars!*

ence between 480p resolution and 720p or 1080p, but it's not a massive one. In the next generation the difference will be even smaller, and the number of pixels won't matter that much. Frame rate will improve, but once you go beyond 60 frames a second, that doesn't get you much.

It's going to come down to content, storytelling and how you choose to entertain. In the early days of film the people who could do all the fancy cutting and wire tricks dominated the industry. But once the camera became standardized and technology became less important, those who told the best stories dominated. They were the ones who developed the true language of film. We're going to be in a better place once the endless march of technology ceases to matter. At that point it becomes all about art and entertainment.

TELL ME A STORY
THE INTERACTIVE-
FICTION HALL OF FAME

Notable moments from the first 20 years of digital storytelling: **1975–1976** Will Crowther and Don Woods complete the text-based *Adventure*, widely regarded as the first piece of interactive fiction. **1977** Infocom releases *Zork*, a massive, complex text adventure. **1980** Richard Garriott releases *Ultima 1*



(pictured left), one of the first graphical role-play games for computers. **1981** Text game *Softporn Adventure* lets users navigate seedy big-city nightlife in search of nookie. **1983** The *Dragon's Lair* arcade game features cel animation on laserdiscs. The reaction time of laserdisc consoles makes the game nearly unplayable.

1984 Douglas Adams collaborates on Infocom's *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* text adventure. **1985** One of the most influential games of all time, Garriott's *Ultima IV* centers on developing a moral and ethical character rather than thwarting ultimate evil. **1986** Nintendo releases the first *Legend of Zelda*. The company likes the plot so much it uses the same one for the next 21 years. **1987** *Leisure Suit Larry*, a graphical version of *Softporn Adventure*, is released. LucasArts' *Maniac Mansion* is the first in a string of legendary



adventure games that includes *Secret of Monkey Island*, *Day of the Tentacle*, *The Dig* and *Loom*. **1992** *The Journeyman Project*, billed as the first photo-realistic game, is released on the fledgling CD-ROM format. **1993** *Myst* (above), a CD-ROM puzzle game set in a gorgeous, eerie world, becomes a best-seller. **1994** *Wing Commander 3: Heart of the Tiger* features Mark Hamill in its live-action scenes. This is a bad idea.

Bungie releases *Marathon*, one of the first shooters with plot depth. The company goes on to create the *Halo* series. *System Shock* is released, featuring an intense cyberpunk plot and groundbreaking mechanics. Another immensely influential game, it is a commercial flop.



PLAYING DEAD

Halo 3 head developer Frank O'Connor on what makes game stories different

There are two big differences between video games and other media. First, in games you are almost always the protagonist. You have the power to fundamentally change the outcome of events. The second difference—and for some weird reason everyone just accepts this—is that you can die. Harrison Ford and Tom Cruise don't die, but as the hero in the game, you die all the time.

a video game. Even in something like *Second Life*, people never really play themselves. They may look like themselves, but they have a nice mansion. You want to alter and improve your lot when you're in a video game. Heavy drama works great when it's filmed, because you're an observer; you don't have to take on those problems.

From a writing perspective, if you watch a two-hour film, there's a linear narrative. There is a start, a middle, an end and a credit roll. It's easy to

has 40,000 lines of combat dialogue alone. That's just for how people react when they're shot, when you stare at them or when you shove them off a hill. They have multiple natural reactions to what's going on. So when you're the player in the heat of battle and people are screaming things, you create the story by playing through it. Basically our job is to write the overriding narrative, and then the players create the mini-narratives themselves—both through playing and by unconsciously backfilling the story using their imagination.

The eye-popping vistas of Richard Garriott's new MMO, *Tabula*



I don't think we'll ever see heavy drama from a video-game story, because nobody cares. They want to be enabled, and they want to have fun. They want to do stuff they can't do in the real world. The one thing you want out of your experience as a protagonist is power. If you're playing a Mario game, it's the power to jump high or kick turtles. If it's *Halo*, it's the power to be a seven-foot-tall killing machine. People generally don't want to be themselves in

remember everything that just happened and put it in context. Writing for video games is different because you may play for an hour, see 15 minutes of cinematic-style storytelling, not play for a week, then come back and pick up where you left off. We have to accommodate that without using TV-show devices like recaps. You have to infuse the story into the world. That way the player understands his goals even if he skips the cut scenes. *Halo 3*

ROLE WITH IT

Serial innovator Richard Garriott on fantasy and self-actualization

I think role-play games have a special role to play in society. If we look at how kids learn, it's often through role-playing. Whether it's a role-play tea party or army men, you're exploring those boundaries of social interaction with other real people—and you're finding that when you knock Johnny down, he cries and goes home. In the same way, I think role-playing in a computer game definitely has the capacity to make a positive effect. As a game developer, you can weave parables into the story to provoke real thought in your players; you can give them mental challenges, as well as ramifications for their choices that they actually have to live with. If those are reasonably good reflections of reality, video games can play an extremely positive role. When we make games, we try to hold a mirror up to people and say, "This is a way to examine yourself." The more thought-provoking you make the subject, the better. We're just looking for the most interesting mirrors.

HARRISON FORD DOESN'T DIE, TOM CRUISE DOESN'T DIE, BUT AS THE HERO YOU DIE ALL THE TIME.

CONTINUE? Y/N: MORE GENIUSES ONLINE

There's plenty more where this came from. Head to playboy.com/games for extended versions of the above interviews, as well as our exclusive sit-downs with the following game-industry luminaries and many others.

"Our medium will eventually encompass all the others. Fifty or 60 years from now people will play their soap operas instead of watching them."
—Harvey Smith, *Blacksite: Area 51*

"You couldn't invent a more hostile medium for stories than gaming."
—Cliff Bleszinski, *Gears of War*

"When games started costing a million dollars, people thought the economics were broken. Today we regularly spend \$20 million to \$30 million on a game."
—Phil Harrison, *Sony Worldwide Studio President*

"The player is a guy who gets pulled up on a stage where he's the only person who didn't get a copy of the script."
—Tim Schafer, *Psychonauts*

"This medium allows the player to be a co-creator in a way that seems very close to the literary experience."
—Clive Barker, *Jericho*

"The most influential game in my life was probably *PaRappa the Rapper*."
—Alex Rigopoulos, *Guitar Hero*

"I think we're all getting a little sick of the 25-year-old invulnerable supersoldier going to save the planet again."
—Jens Peter Kurup, *Kane & Lynch*

"Violent movies get talked about individually, not as a medium. When one comes out, nobody asks, 'Are movies corrupting America?' The way today's media respond to video-game violence is ridiculous."
—Todd Howard, *Fallout 3*



"I don't know about you, but it's past my bedtime...!"



NEBRASKA KNOCKOUT

Marvelous Miss November has us on the ropes

The state of Nebraska stands out for its beautiful spacious skies and amber waves of...Lindsay Wagner. No, we're not talking about the actress who played the bionic woman in the 1970s, although the 19-year-old Omaha native you see here has heard that rap her whole life and is cool with the coincidence. This Lindsay can't bend steel, but she's got a straight right that will have you seeing stars. "We have an Omaha Fight Club," she says, "and I'm a ring girl when my brothers compete. I don't fight, but I train in self-defense and practice with a lot of guys."

We caught up with Miss November at the gym, and from the moment her clothes started to hit the canvas, we found ourselves gasping for oxygen. She has a perfect athletic body, and outside the ring she is a gentle, sweet young woman with an infectious laugh and an all-American smile. She says she has dreamed of being a Playmate since she was in sixth grade. How did she get here? It all started one

day when a makeup artist who worked for an Omaha photographer took notice while Lindsay was working in a tanning salon (she's also studying to be a dental hygienist). Soon she was modeling swimsuits and lingerie. A Playmate pal, Miss October 2006 Jordan Monroe, sent Lindsay's pictures to the magazine. The next thing Lindsay knew, she was on a flight to Los Angeles for a test shoot. She'd never been on an airplane before. Once in front of the camera, she blossomed. "I thought I'd never make PLAYBOY in a million years," Lindsay says. "I'm confident in the way I look, but you know how girls sometimes have the feeling they're not good enough to accomplish something? When the shoot began, though, I was really comfortable."

As you can see, Lindsay is so hot she sets off smoke detectors. She's so hot she fogs up a room. She's so hot Al Gore could make a movie about her. Miss November has been having a lot of fun lately, hanging out with Playmates and attending Mansion parties. Nebraska's loss is L.A.'s gain.





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













MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Lindsay Wagner



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lindsay Wagner

BUST: 34 DD WAIST: 27 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 3-14-1988 BIRTHPLACE: Omaha, Nebraska

AMBITIONS: To become a successful model and a dental hygienist.

TURN-ONS: Blond hair, blue eyes, a good body, a good sense of humor and a great personality.

TURNOFFS: Cockiness, cheaters, controlling behavior, a bad personality and being two-faced.

SPORTS I HAVE PLAYED: Volleyball and basketball in grade school and high school.

FIVE FOODS I CRAVE: Chocolate, ice cream, Italian and Mexican food and chocolate-chip pancakes.

SOMEONE I TRULY ADMIRE AND WHY: My mom because she is always there for me, and Pamela Anderson because she inspired me to model.

MY PETS: Three dogs, Lucky, Suzie and CC, and a bird, George.



Christmas 1998.



Freshman year of high school.



Senior Picture, Class of 2006.

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Lindsay
Wagner

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man and his wife were watching a boxing match on television. The husband sighed and said, "Man, what a rip-off! It was all over in four minutes."

The wife replied, "Now you know how I feel."

After examining a woman, a doctor took her husband aside and said, "I really don't like the way your wife looks."

"Me neither," the husband said, "but she's a good cook and gives great head."

Where do you put a picture of a missing transvestite?

On a carton of half-and-half.



Our *Unabashed Dictionary* defines *virgin* as a woman who doesn't give a fuck.

Once upon a time a guy said to a girl, "Will you marry me?"

She said no, and he lived happily ever after.

A girl was telling her friend that she wasn't sure why she was so popular around school.

"Do you suppose it's my figure?" she asked.

"No," he replied.

"My personality?" she asked.

"No way," he replied.

"I give up," she said.

"I think that may be it," he said.

What's the difference between an in-law and an outlaw?

Outlaws are wanted.

Worried about her marriage, a woman visited a psychic.

"There's no easy way to say this, so I'll just be blunt," the seer said. "Prepare yourself to be a widow. Your husband will die a violent and horrible death this year."

Shaken, the wife gasped, "Will I be acquitted?"

If the dove is the bird of peace, what is the bird of love?

The swallow.

A urologist asked a patient, "How would you describe your love life?"

The patient responded, "Infrequently."

The urologist asked, "Is that one word or two?"

Did you hear about the new supersensitive condoms?

After you have sex they stick around and talk to your date.

Why did the blonde buy a convertible?

For more legroom.

A new student approached the counter in the school dining hall. "Would you like dinner?" a lady with a spatula asked.

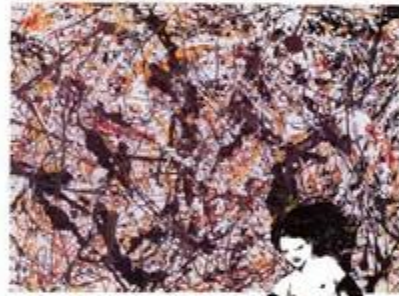
"That depends," he said. "What are my choices?"

"Yes or no," she answered.

A minister stopped a woman who was about to enter church wearing a low-cut dress. "I'm afraid I can't let you go in dressed like that," he said.

"But I have a divine right," she replied.

"Yes," he said, "and your left one is beautiful too, but it is inappropriate for church."



Willie Neiman

One Saturday a father stork was late for dinner. When he finally came in the front door his wife asked, "Were you late because you were delivering extra babies today?"

"No," he replied. "I was just out scaring college kids."

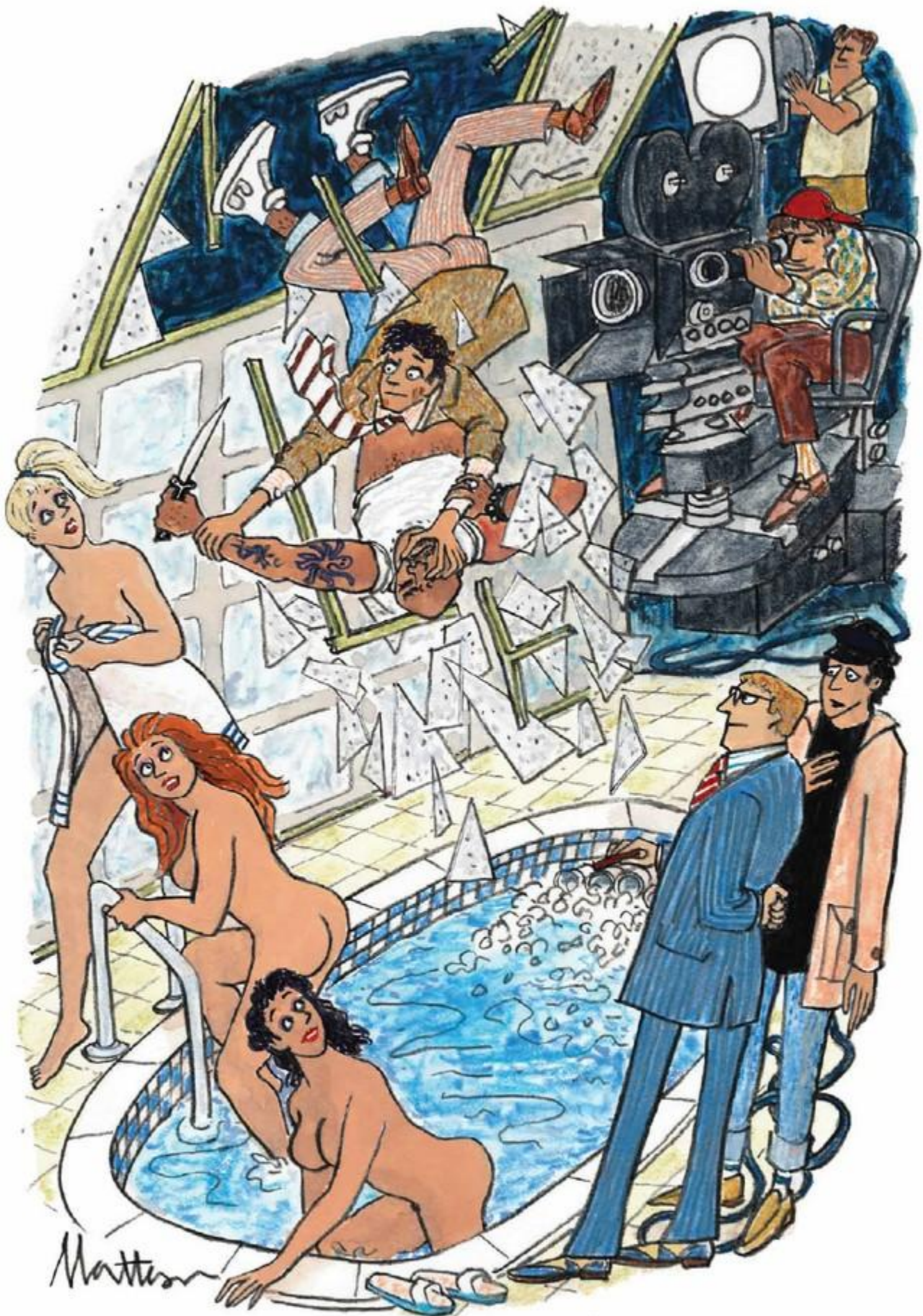
Why don't you play golf with your boss anymore?" a woman asked her husband.

"Would you like to golf with a guy who moved the ball behind your back?" the husband asked.

"Well, no," admitted the wife.

"Neither does my boss," he replied.

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.



"It's got youth, sex, violence, street language and a soundtrack that won't quit, and now you tell me you want a plot?"

Two years ago, while researching a piece for *PLAYBOY*, veteran political analyst and author Jeff Greenfield sat down with ex-senator Fred Thompson at Thompson's home in suburban Washington to talk about, well, talk—specifically, why so much political rhetoric rarely reflects simple clarity and candor. Greenfield, now senior political correspondent for CBS News, spent a decade working in politics—as a speechwriter for Robert Kennedy and John Lindsay and as a political consultant—before turning full-time to journalism. His most recent book, *Oh, Waiter! One Order of Crow!*, is an account of the contested 2000 presidential election.

The on-the-record conversation took place in September 2005, well before Thompson contemplated throwing his hat into the presidential ring. Now that Thompson has joined the fray—with poll numbers showing him as likely a GOP nominee as any of the other contenders—his comments on why politicians should be more honest are even more timely, as well as something of a self-imposed litmus test for the candidate himself.

GREENFIELD: You are noted for your Southern charm and clear speech at a time when politicians tend to say a lot of nothing. Do you agree that political discourse these days is mostly bloviating and doublespeak and of little substance?

THOMPSON: You'd have to be pretty blind not to see it, especially if you watch the Senate floor for any period of time. It goes back to ancient Greece and Rome. It's part of the deal. In Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, where I grew up, on Saturday people used to come to town to hear the lawyers make their grand, flowery arguments. It was entertainment. There's a great tradition of it.

GREENFIELD: Which politicians today are the worst offenders?

THOMPSON: In his days as a political officeholder Al Gore was classic. He acted and behaved the way you envision a person in his position ought to act and behave. In other words, you put on your senator's cap or vice president's cap or presidential candidate's cap. You should sound a certain way—serious and knowledgeable.

GREENFIELD: Do you agree that people are dying to hear a human voice? It's almost as if they're starving for it.

THOMPSON: Yeah.

GREENFIELD: I think what got John McCain as far as he got in 2000 was a certain fearlessness about saying what was on his mind. It's why people listened to Ross Perot. Ironically, politicians want to be liked but don't understand that their bloviating distances them from the public.

THOMPSON: Right. It doesn't work. But to get away from it you have to be willing to take a risk. If you do, you're stepping into

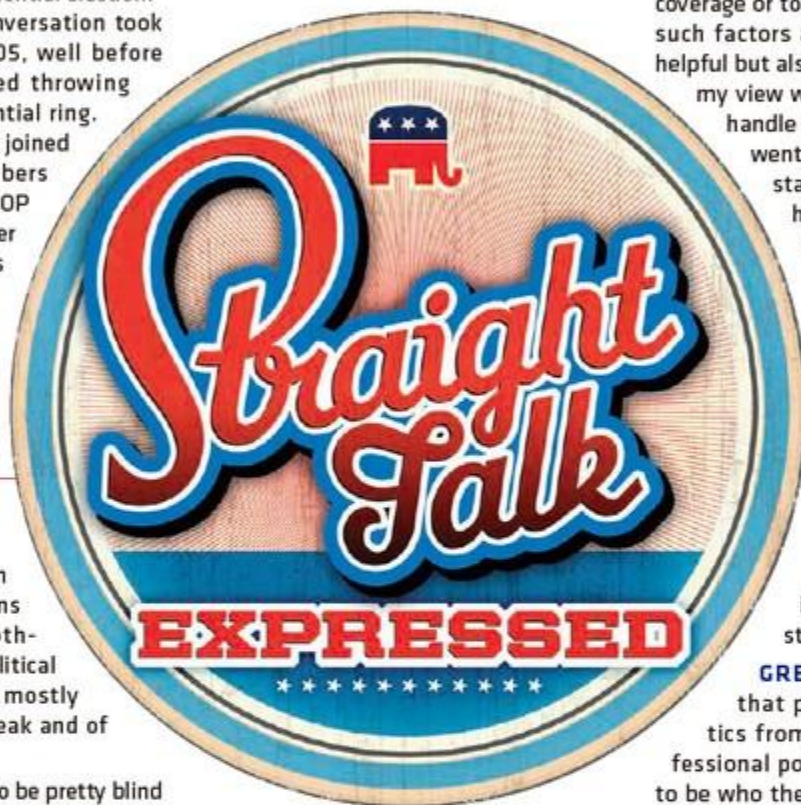
didates are going the other way, it's a risk to be the one who speaks his mind. If politicians were willing to take that risk, though, they'd find it would be helpful to them. The times I did it turned out to be the smartest political moves I could have made.

GREENFIELD: When have you done it?

THOMPSON: One time I remember a vote about the legislation to federalize the Good Samaritan law. That law said if you stopped to help someone on the highway, they couldn't sue you. I thought this was something the states had been taking care of pretty well for 200 years. They have reasons to give partial coverage, no coverage or total coverage, depending on such factors as whether someone was helpful but also unbelievably careless. So my view was that the states should handle it. The vote was 99 to one. I went back to the office, and the staff was battering down the hatches for an onslaught. It never came. I got some positive feedback but nothing negative. So back to the point: If you're a little risky and do what you think you ought to do and say what you think you ought to say—as long as you don't get too carried away or say totally stupid things—it's a good political strategy, if one wanted to make a strategy of it.

GREENFIELD: Do you agree that people who come to politics from other jobs—the nonprofessional politicians—are more willing to be who they are? You've had careers as an actor and a lawyer. Chuck Hagel had people shooting at him in Vietnam and then was a restaurateur. Bob Kerrey also had people shooting at him and then had a business career. We all know John McCain's story. Bill Bradley had adjudication on the basketball court before he could vote. You guys have this other life. If you go down 10 points in your approval rating, it isn't as if you've lost.

THOMPSON: I also think those who don't plan to be in the political game all their life can have an additional layer of independence. It's why I'm the last remaining Republican in favor of term limits. No one wants to tackle the entitlement issues and things of that nature, but eventually it's going to fall on somebody's doorstep



FRED THOMPSON AND JEFF GREENFIELD EXAMINE HOW POLITICIANS TALK—AND WHY THEY SO SELDOM SPEAK THE TRUTH

the unknown: "What if they don't like me? What if I'm not interesting enough? What if they don't think I'm smart enough? If I'm myself, what if it's not enough?"

GREENFIELD: Given most Americans' opinion of politicians, isn't being honest worth the risk?

THOMPSON: Yes, but politicians can't afford to take too many risks. I've seen it time and again. If they let their hair down, if they came across the same way you find them in private conversation, they would be a lot more likable and a lot more successful, but it's perceived to be a risk. When 99 can-



big-time. We'll have to do it. It's not a lack of knowledge that keeps them from being addressed; there's a lack of will. People who had a life and career before politics and may very well go back to that life have a measure of independence. That's reflected in your votes, your demeanor, your candor and your willingness to take some risks.

GREENFIELD: Does a fickle electorate get what it deserves?

THOMPSON: We bemoan the lack of candor, we call for candor, and then we punish it. But if you have a reputation for speaking off-the-cuff, people cut you some slack. People don't have a lot of regard for politicians, but they don't have a lot for reporters, either. It's an even fight.

GREENFIELD: Of course, some politicians simply talk too much. I spoke to one senator who told me he has gone up to Joe Biden and said, more or less, "Why don't you shut up once in a while?"

THOMPSON: Joe's a good example. I have a simple theory about it: He can't help it. Why he can't help it, I don't know, but he can't. It's hard to explain. He's one of the smartest guys around, but when he puts on his senatorial hat, there is no excess he won't exceed.

GREENFIELD: Let's take a serious issue—terrorism or base closings—tough, controversial stuff regarding national security. For a big important issue, Congress always forms a commission—an outside, independent body—to discuss it. Why is that? These are things Congress itself is supposed to address.

THOMPSON: Individual members don't go into a hearing anymore with the idea, Let's find out what happened. They go in thinking, How best can I make my case for my party? They make their long opening statements before any witness is heard. But this is a hearing! It's designed to find stuff out. Some of these guys never return after they make their opening statements. "I'm taking this opportunity to let you know how I've already prejudged this matter."

GREENFIELD: Don't you think people would get this by now, that it would be clear to politicians that 10-minute, toga-grabbing speeches are disastrous? By contrast, the straight shooters—people who speak clear and concise English—look good. People understand we're in a post-rhetorical age, and the fancy-dance speeches sound pompous. Why doesn't it sink in?

THOMPSON: It will when it's proven to be successful. Somebody's got to break the

mold. But as I said earlier, it's perceived as highly risky. What about a politician saying, "I don't know" or "You know, I haven't really thought about that yet"? How about being honest rather than having answers for everything? I think people may like hearing the truth, someone saying, "I just don't know."

GREENFIELD: Most politicians don't start out this way, do they?

THOMPSON: Some people have been at the game for a long time and have literally forgotten what they believed. Generally, as a politician, to be successful in your own state, then to be successful with the caucus and then to be successful with the primary voter, you find yourself getting further and further away from the reason you ran in the first place.

GREENFIELD: Ted Koppel loves to say, "The most important thing in politics is sincerity, and if you can fake that, you have it made."

THOMPSON: Yeah, and if your primary goal in life is to balance competing constituents, it shows in your language and demeanor. Instead, if people risked taking hard stands, they could gain something even if they lost something in terms of special interest groups. I think people like me because I raised a little hell every once in a while. The more I did it, the better. It wasn't in presidential politics, but somebody has to take the risk and give the people a chance to reward real candor. They need an attitude that doesn't scream, "I've gotta have this job." I think that's probably the best thing Bush had. He was as scripted as anybody else, but it didn't seem as though he was. He gave the impression that he could take it or leave it. He worked like hell to create that impression.

GREENFIELD: Some people say to judge a politician, you should turn the sound down. Don't even listen. Give a 10-second look and you'll know.

THOMPSON: I decide within 30 seconds whether I like a guy. I don't know what party he is. I don't know what his beliefs are. You feel as if you know whether the guy believes what he's saying, whether he is sincere, whether he's just another manufactured politician. In the future the person who steps out from all that protective coating will have something special going for him.

GREENFIELD: A couple of years ago Mike Bloomberg—now an independent—was asked if he'd ever smoked marijuana. The typical ploy is to evade it or say, "I tried it and didn't like it." He said, "You

bet, and I enjoyed it." That was New York. But beyond New York, I always thought the public would say, "Son of a bitch is telling the truth." What if he pointed out that alcohol has caused far more harm than marijuana? "He's telling me what he really thinks. And not only that—he may be right."

THOMPSON: I don't care if a guy fesses up to smoking marijuana or not. I think some issues are clear—51 percent clear, others maybe 90 percent clear. Then there are issues we have to take on. Bush is to be commended for raising the debate on Social Security. You can argue about how you'd do it and so forth, but he took it on. Let's take that and health care. I haven't studied health care enough to have a totally locked-in opinion on it, but here's the question: How in the world are we going to take care of our obligations—these entitlements—in addition to our country's defense? Look at what's happening economically in France. Look at what is happening in Germany. That's where we're going to be in a few years. It's the result of years of failing to speak the obvious truth. It's the result of years of playing to constituent groups. You can continue spending increasing amounts only until it catches up with you. It will run you into the ground. Well, it's where we're headed, and everybody knows that.

GREENFIELD: In the first part of some of Winston Churchill's great speeches he laid out how horrible things were going to be. One of his first speeches as prime minister essentially began, "I've come here to tell you about the disaster we've just had at Dunkirk. I'm here to tell you just how wretched the planning was."

THOMPSON: If we were doing the right thing, we would ditch 75 percent of what Congress has on its plate and focus on a handful of things like Social Security and health care. They are tough and difficult, but that's what I want to hear from these guys. I care about these issues. Someone has to look the American people in the eye and say, "This is the deal." You have to be able to stand up to your most avid supporters who are saying, "Look, I'm counting on this judgeship" or "I'm counting on these contracts" or "I'm counting on my son being assistant secretary of whatnot after I gave so much money to you." You have to stand up to all that. And that's from your people—what about your detractors? The pressure is tremendous for someone who wants to move up the ranks. But it's going to have to be done.





"So would you like to start with a leg, a breast or some turkey?"

COAT CHECK



STEAL THE SCENE WITH THIS SEASON'S OUTERWEAR FOR ANYWHERE

FASHION BY
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TIMOTHY WHITE

PRODUCED BY
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

His coat (\$1,930), sweater (\$1,060) and custom jeans are by **VALENTINO**. His belt (\$90) is by **TORINO**.
His shoes (\$525) are by **FRATELLI ROSSETTI**.



SKI JACKETS ARE FOR THE SLOPES. FIGHT THE BIG CHILL IN STYLE

Left: His jacket (\$395) and sweater (\$295) are by **NICOLE FARHI**. Center: His jacket (\$2,800), shirt (\$500) and tie (\$220) are by **BOTTEGA VENETA**. Right: His coat (\$3,300) and shirt (\$260) are by **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA**. His sunglasses (\$260) are by **JEE VICE**.



THE PEACOCK: A CLASSIC ON THE WATERFRONT OR IN MIDTOWN

Left: Her cape (\$2,800) and dress (\$2,195) are by **BRUNO GRIZZO**. His coat (\$3,600), sweater (\$790), shirt (\$250), tie (\$145), pants (\$315), gloves (\$350) and bag (\$1,200) are by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**. Center: Her coat (\$795) is by **BOSS ORANGE**. Her skirt (\$345) is by **HUGO**. Her shoes are by **ROBERTO CAVALLI**. His pants (\$315) are by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**. His shoes (\$580) are by **FRATELLI ROSSETTI**. Right: Her cape (\$2,800) is by **BRUNO GRIZZO**. His coat (\$3,600), pants (\$315), gloves (\$350) and bag (\$1,200) are by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**.



UNLESS YOU ARE A TOP GUN, LEATHER JACKETS SHOULD HAVE SOME LENGTH

Left: Her jacket (\$1,500) is by **BRUNO GRIZZO**. Her dress (\$540) is by **NICHOLAS K**. His jacket (\$4,195), shirt (\$695) and pants (\$995) are by **GIORGIO ARMANI**. Center: His coat (\$7,500), sweater-vest (\$940), shirt (\$280) and pants (\$332) are by **BRIONI**. His shoes (\$140) are by **GEOX**. Right: His coat (\$1,595), sweater (\$500), shirt (\$270) and tie (\$125) and her dress (\$940) are by **ETRO**.



ON THE ROAD, TIGHTLY WOVEN COATS PROVIDE WARMTH WITHOUT BULK

Left: His coat (\$1,895) is by **PRADA**. Right: His pants (\$330) are by **VALENTINO**.
His shoes (\$495) are by **HARRYS OF LONDON**.



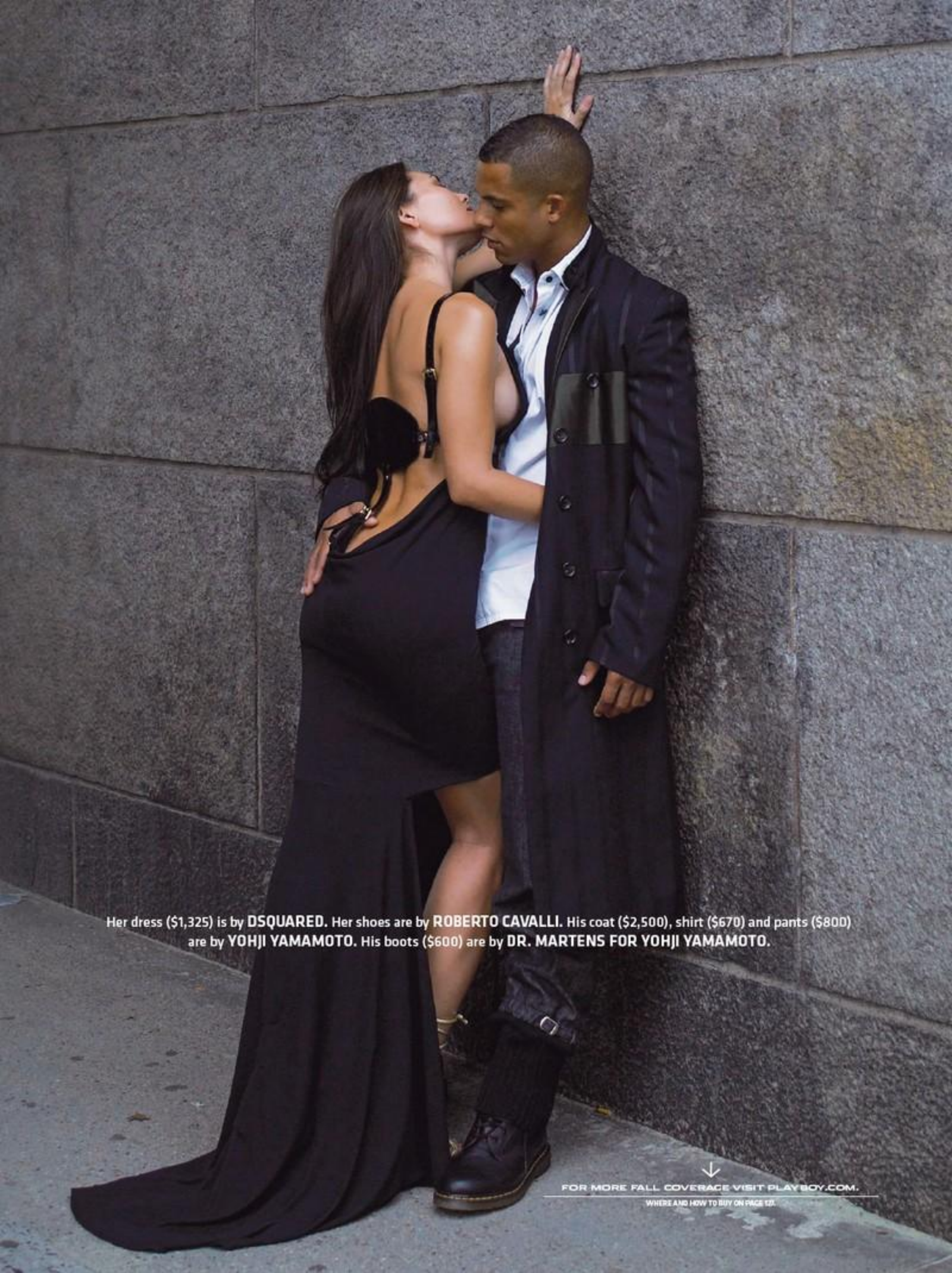
FORGET THE NUTTY PROFESSOR: A MAN IN TWEED ALWAYS GETS THE GIRL

Left: Her sweater (\$380) is by **AGNÈS B**. His sweater (\$1,780) is by **VALENTINO**.
His watch (\$10,500) is by **HUBLLOT**. Right: His coat (\$1,695), sweater (\$598), shirt (\$225), pants (\$225) and tie (\$135)
are by **JOHN VARVATOS**. Her coat (\$2,975) is by **MALO**.



A CASHMERE COAT GIVES A SOFT TOUCH DURING THOSE CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

From left: Her jacket (\$2,195) is by **HUGO**. His coat (\$1,145) is by **JUST CAVALLI**, his suit (\$1,175) is by **GF FERRÉ**,
his sweater (\$670) is by **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA**, and his shirt (\$225) is by **JOHN VARVATOS**. His coat (\$1,295), jacket (\$450) and
sweater (\$350) are by **ARNOLD BRANT**, and his scarf (\$525) is by **SEAWARD & STEARN OF LONDON**. Her coat (\$3,245)
is by **ETRO**, and her blouse (\$285) is by **C'N'C**. Right: His coat (\$3,510), sweater (\$1,780), jeans (\$330) and boots (\$530) are by **VALENTINO**.
Her coat (\$585), top (\$190) and pants (\$360) are by **WE ARE REPLAY**. Her boots (\$920) are by **JUST CAVALLI**.

A man and a woman are shown in profile, kissing against a grey stone wall. The woman is wearing a long, black, backless dress with a high slit and a black bra with straps. The man is wearing a long, dark, double-breasted coat over a light blue shirt and dark pants. He is also wearing dark boots. The woman's hand is resting on the man's chest, and his hand is resting on the wall above her head.

Her dress (\$1,325) is by **DSQUARED**. Her shoes are by **ROBERTO CAVALLI**. His coat (\$2,500), shirt (\$670) and pants (\$800) are by **YOHJI YAMAMOTO**. His boots (\$600) are by **DR. MARTENS FOR YOHJI YAMAMOTO**.

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FOR MORE FALL COVERAGE VISIT PLAYBOY.COM.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 121



THE ICEMAN CLEANS UP

AT HOME WITH CHUCK LIDDELL, THE UFC'S BIGGEST ASSET

BY LUCIUS SHEPARD

Less than two minutes into his fight against Quinton Jackson this past May, Chuck "the Iceman" Liddell made a mistake. He slid to Jackson's side and threw a hook to his body, a maneuver that left him open for Jackson's counter: a right hand that put Liddell on his back. In a sport like mixed martial arts, or MMA, in which the combatants punch each other with four- to six-ounce gloves, there is only a small margin for error. Seconds later, after Liddell had taken four unanswered strikes to his head, referee Big John McCarthy intervened, and Liddell lost his aura of invincibility and his Ultimate Fighting Championship light-heavyweight title.

"It's something I've gotten away with before," says Liddell, referring to the mistake. He adds that his longtime friend and trainer John Hackleman had told him that "if I kept doing it, I'd get caught sooner or later. This time I got caught."

Usually such stoppages are met with an exultant roar, but there were mostly boos after this one, and the majority of the crowd, including Adam Sandler, Andre Agassi, David Spade and a small army of other celebrities, sat stunned. They had come to watch Liddell celebrate another victory in the Octagon. His winning streak dated back to 2004, and though Jackson had been the last man to defeat him, it was generally felt that Jackson was in decline and Liddell was at the top of his game. The fight's outcome was thought by many to be a fait accompli, a step toward bigger and better things for Liddell.

In losing to Jackson, the 37-year-old Liddell seems to have forfeited none of his immense appeal. About a week after the fight, he appeared on *Late Show*, bantering with David Letterman, amiably handling questions about the loss and stating his eagerness for a rematch. Rendered menacing by the Mohawk he then sported, a scalp tattoo—Chinese characters that mean "place of peace and prosperity"—and a carefully sculpted goatee, he was still the face of the UFC, glowering from a number of T-shirts and posters. He remains the most visible fighter in the sport, the first true crossover figure to emerge from MMA.

Dana White, the UFC president, attributes Liddell's mainstream popularity to "his laid-back personality and a Tysonesque presence" inside the Octagon.

"When we're in New York, Chuck gets mobbed," White says. "I have to pull him away or he'd be signing autographs all day."

Brad Marks, Liddell's friend and manager, says, "Chuck's personality is different from the way it is perceived. He's good-natured and incredibly funny. If he decides to do movies after his career, he has all the tools to be the next big action star. I think in 20 years we'll look back and appreciate the way he brought the UFC into the mainstream."

Once characterized as an outlaw sport and famously labeled "human cockfighting" by Senator John McCain, MMA is often called the fastest-growing sport on the planet. UFC programming is shown in more than 30 countries, and last year its pay-per-view revenue was reportedly more than \$200 million, putting it on a par with World Wrestling Entertainment and boxing. This has been achieved through savvy marketing that targets the young male demographic and spices up the product with sexy women and celebrities. (Movie stars and rap artists who once gravitated to major boxing cards now flock to UFC events.) But the most important marketing tool,

the one that put it over the top, is the reality show *The Ultimate Fighter*. A combination of *Survivor* and *Big Brother*, the show places two teams of fighters in the same Las Vegas house, where they sleep, eat and otherwise interact while training and competing in a 13-week elimination tournament. The grand prize is a six-figure, multifight contract with the UFC.

The first-season coaches were Liddell and Randy Couture, who at the beginning of 2005 was the light-heavyweight champ.

"I knew the UFC was going to explode after the reality show," Liddell says. "We had the right people on it. You could feel it was going to happen."

Spike TV, the cable channel that carries the show, wasn't that confident: It reportedly demanded that UFC bear the production costs for the initial season.

Liddell and Couture (whom Liddell describes as "a class act," though he won't say they are friends) rarely spoke during the show and saw each other only at the challenges. Liddell believes their competitiveness fed into the fighters' psyches, amped up their ferocity and thus helped boost the ratings.

Couture, a member of the sport's Hall of Fame, is proof that losing in the Octagon does not carry the stigma it does, say, in the boxing ring. He has lost eight times in various MMA bouts, twice by knockout to Liddell. Jackson has lost six times, including two brutal knockouts at the hands of Wanderlei Silva. Silva has since been TKO'd by Dan Henderson, who has been named the next challenger for Jackson's title; Henderson has lost five times but now holds both the middleweight and welterweight belts in Pride, another MMA organization, which was recently purchased by UFC. Very little separates the elite fighters.

"It only takes one mistake," says Liddell.

In person, at his house in San Luis Obispo (SLO—as in *slow*—to the locals), Liddell is not so intimidating. In contrast to his posters—which emphasize the thickness of his neck, the jut of his jaw and the muscles of his chest and arms—in casual dress he looks almost slight, and when he walks downhill or downstairs, he steps delicately, as if he has pebbles in his sandals. His toenails are painted black, a fashion statement he picked up from Hackleman. He grins frequently, and at times his sandpaper voice becomes nearly inaudible. He recently returned from a promotional tour he made on behalf of the movie *300*, in which he plays a small role, and I ask how he and the voice held up under the stress of nonstop interviews.

"It was all right," he says. "No matter how many people you meet in any one day, you just have to remember it's the first time they're meeting you."

I bring up Liddell's *Good Morning Texas* appearance on the tour, during which he

slurred his words, rambled and seemed at one point to fall asleep. The video has been replayed countless times on YouTube, and the Internet was full of drug-abuse rumors.

Liddell grimaces, saying, "Hell, I thought it was pretty funny myself when I saw it. I was sick, and I hadn't been getting much sleep. My doctor said he could tell I had pneumonia just from touching my skin. I took Lunesta and a dose of NyQuil before going to bed, and then they woke me up after three hours."

The UFC thereupon pulled him off the road to be tested for drugs. "They know I don't use drugs," he says, "but I didn't say anything until after the test came back. Then I told them what I thought."

We're preparing to drive to Hackleman's place for a training session. By way of a segue, I mention that White has been quoted as saying the first meeting between Liddell and Hackleman, in 1991, was like

dog with a game leg sniffs our tires as we climb out of Liddell's Hummer H2. Cool breezes lift the pine boughs. Firewood is stacked against a shed. It seems like the kind of place where you might expect an old hippie with a gray beard bibbing his overalls to stroll from behind an outbuilding, toting a sack full of freshly harvested bud. This bucolic illusion is shattered, however, when Hackleman emerges from the house, brandishing a sledgehammer over his head.

"Got the new 20-pound hammers," he shouts and offers to let Jason Von Flue, another UFC fighter who has just arrived, hold it.

Von Flue declines, saying, "I don't want to touch it. It looks nasty."

In his late 40s, with a shaved head and a salt-and-pepper goatee, Hackleman is aggressively genial and gleefully profane. After some more business with the ham-

mer, he tells a story about interrupting his morning sex to call a friend, a philosophy professor, to settle a matter concerning Logos and pathos, two modes of persuasion in rhetoric. He then gently ridicules my function as a writer, comparing it to being the pitcher on a Wiffle-ball team.

"I don't know, John," says Liddell with a grin. "The pitcher's the most important player in Wiffle ball."

Hackleman runs his program more like a martial-arts school than most fight teams do. "I love my team, but I won't tolerate any talking back," he says. "No attitude. I don't care if you're a big star making millions. You give me atti-

tude, I'll drop you flat. I demand respect, and I expect everyone to respect everyone else. But we have some fun out here."

He talks about how, years ago, he and Liddell would ride their motorcycles from gym to gym in the area, looking for competition. "It was in vain," he says. "They were good at what they did, but..." He breaks off his thought, the implication being that fighters from other gyms couldn't hang with him and Liddell.

When asked if Liddell, who once worked as a bouncer in SLO, used to get into a lot of street fights, he says, "He got into the usual trouble that those of us who are fighters do, but he was always a tough, levelheaded kid."

At first this strikes me as evasive, but I decide it's actually on point. Most of the fighters I've met in SLO have a leonine self-assurance and ease of bearing that I assume are marks of the profession. Even Hackleman and Liddell, (continued on page 131)



"I'M A CONFIDENT FIGHTER," SAYS LIDDELL. "I KNOW I'VE GOT THE POWER TO FINISH A FIGHT, EVEN IN THE LAST MINUTE OF THE LAST ROUND."

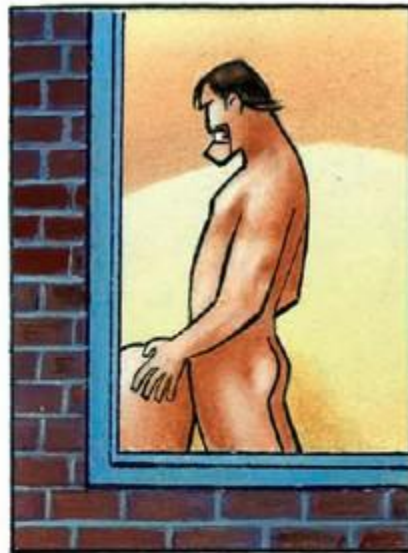
something out of a chop-socky movie.

Liddell gives the notion a turn or two. "Yeah, I guess," he says. "I went out to John's place to see if he'd train me. You had to prove you were tough enough to train with John. We boxed for 19 straight minutes. He basically whipped my ass. It was raining, and I'd driven out on a motorcycle; afterward he asked, 'You coming back tomorrow?' I said, 'Yeah,' and he tossed me his car keys and said, 'Take my truck.' I said I could handle the rain, and he said, 'No, go on. Take my truck.'"

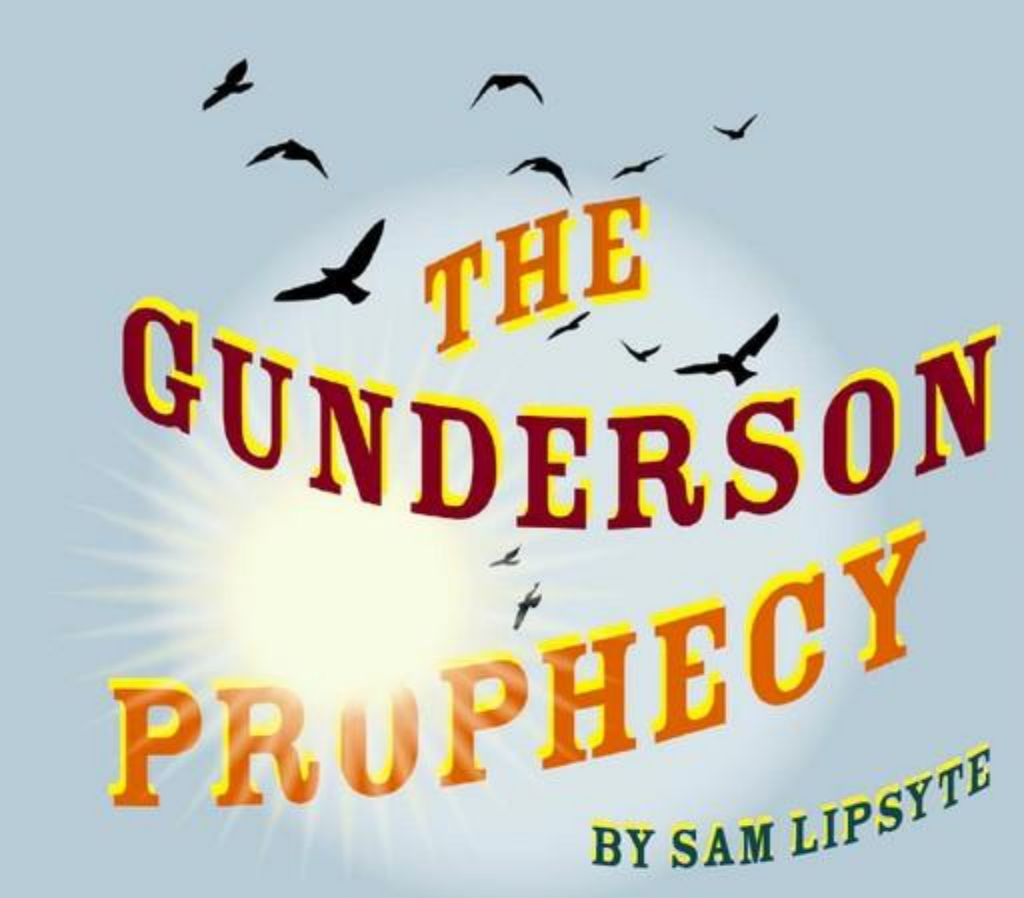
It's not exactly *Kung Fu*, but I figure if you were to wipe off the Hollywood glaze, the relationship between Grasshopper and Master Kan would prove to be considerably less Zen koan than it was depicted. "Take my truck" is likely more reflective of the general tone.

Hackleman's home is in the country near the town of Arroyo Grande, up a dirt driveway on a piney, isolated hillside. A friendly

Phone Sex



JUAN ALVARO • JORGE G



THE GUNDERSON PROPHECY

BY SAM LIPSYTE

**THE END OF THE WORLD JUST MAY BE THE
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, AND A WHACKED-
OUT TRIPSTER IS FIRST IN LINE TO BE THE MC**

This world would end. The brink beckoned. A bright guy might as well pick a date. Gunderson had. A revolution in consciousness, the peaceful dismantling of all man's cruel machinery, was, according to his interpretation of an interpretation of a pre-Columbian codex, half a decade away. But that was merely one unfolding. Alternate endings included fire, flooding, pox, nukes. Homo sapiens had a few years to choose. Was that time enough? Gunderson figured it was, at least for him. Time enough for another book, some lecture tours, a premium-cable show. Time enough to sample all the yearning young hippie tang in questing creation (or our limited perception of it). Maybe too much time. A guy could unravel.

Gunderson hadn't picked the date out of his favorite alpaca hat. January 5 in the Julian calendar was a major day in Mixtec prophecy. These bejeweled dudes had played their proto-basketball to the death, worn the skins of enemy slain. Probably they'd known something. Gunderson didn't know much about them, really, but who cared? That their glyphs foretold an imminent global shift was clearly enough for Ramón, the shaman Gunderson had been visiting these last several winters. You could be damn sure it was good enough for Gunderson.

Besides, he'd never claimed the earth would crack open, just that something huge was on deck and if we didn't evolve our asses quick, it would be bad huge. A reasonable message, if a bit vague. Surprising how many preferred not to hear it. These were maybe the same folk who pretended crop circles were teen pranks, the fools who called him fool. Look around, he wanted to say, did say, to gatherings in the many hundreds, to panting patchouli girls and home chemists, to consciousness pimps and wireless kabbalists, to, in short, all the nonfools, the happy excellent few willing to be deranged by their knowing, thrilled to press up to where Gunderson perched in loose lotus and designer tunic under the track lights of a bookstore or small theater, a rangy Buddha with new beautiful teeth.

"Look around," he'd say, and they would, as though exemplars of the encroaching gnarlitude were doing *(continued on page 118)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GROSS









THE BUNNIES ARE BACK

NEW FANTASIES—IN THE FLESH AND AT YOUR SERVICE

It all began with an ad in the *Chicago Tribune* in 1959 that sought "the 30 most beautiful girls in Chicagoland" to staff a new after-hours playground. A few months later, when Hugh Hefner opened the doors of the first Playboy Club, the world saw what the ad was after: the Playboy Bunny. "Chicago has become the sex-symbol capital of the United States," wrote columnist Art Buchwald. "The new American pinup has rabbit ears," gushed *Paris Match*. Soon there were Clubs from Los Angeles to Tokyo, and the Bunny's place in history was cemented. She was a sex symbol and cultural icon for the ages.

Over the years the after-hours scene changed, and imitators crowded the field; in the 1980s the Clubs closed.



But in 2006 Hef saw the time was ripe for a return. He launched a new Playboy Club at the Palms in Las Vegas. Modern classic in decor, it is a place where Sinatra's ghost mingles with today's models, musicians and celebs. Naturally, the Club is staffed with the most beautiful girls in Vegasland. They are the new Bunnies, in uniforms reconceived by the great Roberto Cavalli. Want to meet some of the girls? We figured you did. Right this way.

Opposite page: Lindsey would like to launch her own clothing boutique someday. We like what she's wearing in this shot. Above: Denise has career ambitions too: "I want to remain a Bunny extraordinaire! It's a dream come true." Left: Jessica shows her face card at the Vegas Playboy Club's grand opening on October 6, 2006.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





Opposite page: Meet beautiful blackjack dealer Patty. What's the only thing that beats a 21? A pair of 34Ds. Top and above left: Chandella sure does know how to serve. She's a cocktail waitress and a former competitive tennis player. Right and above right: We caught up with Kristy while she was taking a shower—good, clean fun. She fits right in in Vegas. Not only is she a blackjack dealer, she has played in her share of poker tournaments on the Strip. "I love Vegas," she says. "There's always a party to go to."



Above: Charity is from a small town in Texas with one blinking light and a population of 500. The craziest thing she's seen while dealing blackjack at the Playboy Club? "Once a guy came in with a huge pocketful of chocolate chips," she says (she's talking about \$5,000 Vegas chips, not the Nestlé morsels). "He had the equivalent of a small house in his pocket." Below: When not working at the Club, Denise is a host on the web-TV channel RawVegcs.tv. Opposite page: Taina loves movies and champagne, at the same time. Her favorites? *Fargo* and *Cristal*.







Left: Sharla is an expert skier. What's more fun, being a snow bunny or a Playboy Bunny? "That's a dumb question," she says, laughing. The craziest thing that's ever happened to her at the Club? "A guy wanted to buy my Cavalli ears, tail and cuffs for \$1,000," she says. Did she sell them? "Not a chance!"



See more Bunnies at cyber.playboy.com.

Right: You may have guessed from her toned body and suntanned skin that Cerra is an outdoorsy girl. She likes mountain biking, snowboarding, dirt biking and hiking. She does all right indoors, too. Take a look at these two beauties. Have you bought your ticket to Vegas yet? What's stopping you?

GUNDERSON

(continued from page 108)

goblin dances in the very room. "Look at the world, what's going on in the world. Oppression, repression, depression, the middle this, the Western that, everything melting, burning, sick. It's no coincidence, it's prophecy, and prophecy is no joke, no matter what some cool shill for the corporations might tell you. Trust me, I used to be one of those shills. Until I got my head handed to me on a plate. Or, to be honest, in a bowl. A bowl full of the foulest soup you ever tasted. Vision gumbo. Best gift I ever got. Six years, people. We've got six years to find the better path. Or we are guaranteed one of the utmost, outmost shittiness."

Once, one of the girls who invariably followed him home from these gigs (a Gospel of Thomas fan named Nellie, now his current sintern), while getting positively gnostic on his fun parts with ballerina slippers she'd happened to have in her bag, asked Gunderson if he ever looked out on the crowd, thought, Suckers.

"Never," said Gunderson, remembering the ballet school his mother used to do the books for back in Oregon, those Danskined dryads cavorting in the musty, light-shot corridor where he waited for his mother to drive him home.

"Never?" said Nellie, her insteps rubbing him toward some murked glimpse of the Demiurge.

"You don't get it," said Gunderson, panting himself now. "This is no con." "No shit?"

None at all, and he had to get the word out. He considered it his duty to reach eyeballs. A heads-up for species-wide calamity deserved eyeballs. So he was a little on edge, on brink. He stood at the counter at Gray's Papaya on 72nd Street in Manhattan, waiting for a call from his manager, who was waiting for a call from his agent, who was waiting for a call from the TV people. He'd pitched them like some puma-headed god of pitching a few days before, laid waste to that conference room, but now there were concerns. They wanted to be certain Gunderson truly believed in his vision, that it wasn't a gag. Otherwise, the Untitled Gunderson Prophecy Project would make for lousy television. But how could a rad Siddhartha who roved the earth quaffing potions in its most sacred places, and boning its most radiant creatures, not to mention rallying humanity for one last stand against its own worst urges, make for lousy television?

Bastards were insulting him, and Gunderson could feel that hunched, bile-sopped culture troll he'd been, that devolved little prick he'd purged with iboga root and Jung, burble up. Fine and dandy. Burble on, pal. The old Gunderson, Gunderson knew, would never really go away. He'd just have to be endured, like

some incorrigible junkie brother everybody in the family hopes will just die already.

Even now the old Gunderson creature hovered close, craved, for instance, those glistening turd tubes on the Gray's grill rollers. A spot of mustard, some evil-spirit infestation, a medium coronary. De-lish. Meanwhile the street stinker at the counter beside him—smeary duster, foam-and-twine sandals—wolfed down a jumbo, shot Gunderson one of those poignantly exasperated looks homeless nut-jobs master, the one that says, "Wake me when they switch off the hologram." Orphaned schizo cast out by the corporate state? Avatar of an ancient sage? Both? You never knew, but plenty of avatars were too burnt to be useful anyhow.

Some were as bad off as the old Gunderson.

Now the new and improved Gunderson sipped his papaya juice. Fairly toxic, this stuff too, but he gave himself a pass. During a recent DMT excursion in his ex-wife's loft, while Nellie wept and shivered in the linen closet, the machine elves, or rather this one disco Magoo in particular, a squat, faintly buzzing fellow with scalloped gold skin and emerald eyes who'd become something of a mentor to Gunderson, ordered him to ease up.

"Relax," Baltran had said, slithered up from his usual crevasse in the sofa cushions. "You're doing great. You're on the verge of serious revelations. Highest clearance imaginable. But you're wound too tight. Get a massage or something. Roling's fun. Stay loose for the coming astonishments. Don't be a fuckrod."

He didn't intend to be a fuckrod. He intended to stay loose, stay on his toes, whatever Baltran and his kind required. They'd chosen him, and this message was too important to be left to anybody else, no matter how much he lectured at various symposia about dialogue and communal deliverance. He had to be certain no fuckrods lurked in his vicinity, either. Maybe he should fire his manager. No sooner had he thought the phrase *fire my manager*, than Gerry's name blinked in his hand. Coincidence was a concept for sheep.

"What have you got?" said Gunderson, stepped out to the sidewalk.

"Everything's still in play," said Gerry.

Gunderson's eyes strayed to the Gray's sign on the building's facade: WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY, OR BROKE, OR JUST IN A HURRY. NO GIMMICKS. NO BULL.

There was always a gimmick. The gimmick here was you ate factory-sealed pig lips and the hologram never ended.

"Everything's still in play? That's a good one for your tombstone."

"And I trust your judgment in such a delicate matter. Anyway, the series division is still meeting, but my guy there, my mole, don't you love it, says there will be an offer by the end of the day. They no longer have the aforementioned

concerns. They believe you believe."

"Good."

"More than good."

"Do you believe I believe, Gerry?"

"I believe in solid, serious offers."

"Fair enough, Gerry. Because I don't care about the money."

"I know, I know. How about you take my cut and I take yours."

"I would, my friend. The money's not for me. It's for Carlos."

"How is the boy?"

"He's beautiful, Gerry. A beautiful child."

"Seen him lately?"

"Victoria nagging you again? I'm sorry about that. But you can't listen to all her crap. I see him plenty."

Now the reeking avatar staggered out of Gray's Papaya, waved his ragged arms.

"Hold on, Gerry."

Gunderson dug in his coat for some loose bills.

"Hey, buddy..." he said.

"Keep your papes!" screamed the avatar. Particulate of frankfurter and a fine gin mist sprayed out of his pink mouth. "I want your goddamn soul! Mean to munch it!"

"Pardon?" said Gunderson.

"Your soul wienie! That's the real-ass jumbo!"

Doubtless on the astral plane, or even just an outer ring of Saturn, this man was delivering space-riffling sermons to sentient manifestations of light, but on this plane, at 72nd and Amsterdam to be precise, Gunderson had to fucking go.

Maybe he wasn't such a bright guy. Victoria's divorce lawyer probably hadn't thought so when he brought Gunderson to ruin, or, rather, to Queens. His studio in Jackson Heights was suitable for the composition of prison manifestos, but Gunderson was long past garret-pacing histrionics. He'd already written his book. He'd been on the talk shows, the campus panels. A Rock and Roll Hall of Fame rock star kept inviting him up for a helicopter ride.

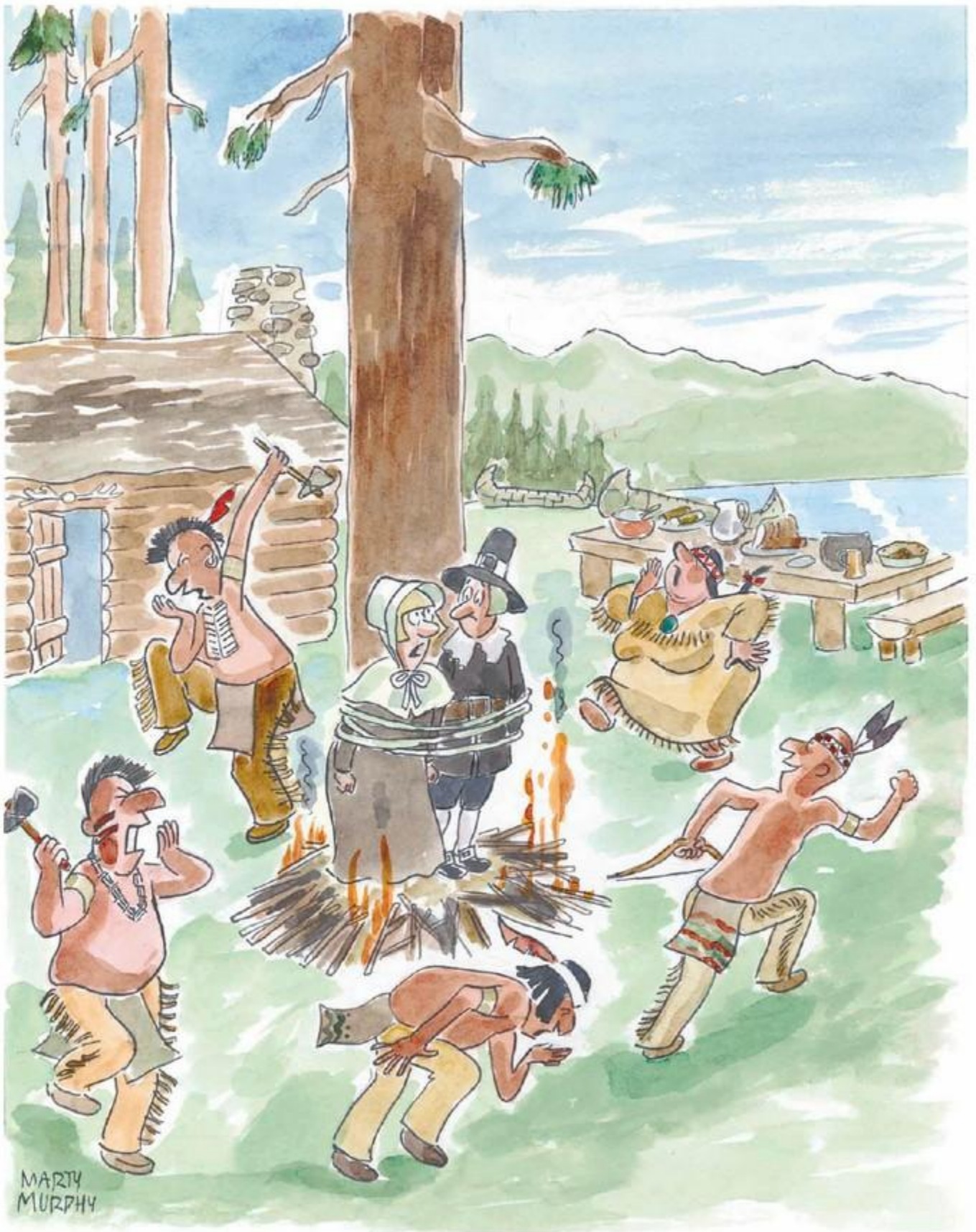
The Queens studio was fine for hippie tang sessions, but it was not the apartment of a generational touchstone. But here he stood within the chipped stucco walls of his Jackson hole, beneath the hideous chandelier. He was lying on the futon after smoking some of the alpha weed, a gift from one of Nellie's rich friends, when he felt an odd prodding in his spine. He stood, peeled back the mattress.

"Baltran."

The machine elf's head poked through the futon frame's cheap slats. Most of his body seemed morphed with the hardwood floor.

"What the fuck, Gunderson? It smells like sad, lonely man in here."

His buzzing seemed even fainter. His scallops bore an odd magenta tint.



"I thought things were going really well until you complained about the turkey."

"I'm behind on laundry."

"Are you behind on ass wiping, too?"

Things had, in fact, grown a wee degraded. That's why he still spent as much time as he could in Victoria's loft. Psychologists, probably, would offer negative explanations for Victoria's failure to change the locks, but Gunderson preferred to see it as evidence of her personal evolution. Guilt for the skill of her lawyer, too.

"Look, buddy," said Baltran, "we have to talk."

"The TV thing? I'm close. I think it has a real chance to be a wake-up call for—"

"It's about the prophecy."

"What about it?"

"The math needs a little tweaking."

"Meaning what? It's not six years?"

"Not quite."

"What do you mean not quite?"

Baltran fell buzzless for a moment. This happened sometimes. Though his image remained, it was as though the essence of the elf were no longer present. He was perhaps being called away for an important sit-down in another dimension. He'd be back. Baltran always came back. But Gunderson wanted him back right now.

"What do you mean not quite?" Gunderson said once more, lunged. His hand sliced through light.

"Fucking watch it, pal," the elf said, here again suddenly. "You know I can feel that. It hurts."

"Sorry."

"It's okay. I didn't mean to make you nervous. You've still got a few months."

"A few months?"

"That's time enough. Why don't you patch things up with Ramón?"

"I've got no problem with Ramón."

"Besides the fact that you don't talk to him."

"He doesn't talk to me."

"It's your business, I guess. Now get out there and effect some goddamn evolution. Do me proud."

"How do I do that?"

But he was gone and left Gunderson to worry. Sure, money was everywhere as long as you didn't covet it, but there was the old Gunderson, that batshit moron. He might be coveting on the down low, screwing them both. Maybe it was the vestigial Gunderson who'd cut off Ramón when the shaman started asking questions about the television deal too. Probably just wanted a new roof for his hut. Well, unless Gunderson got the message out, Ramón wouldn't need a roof. Nobody would. There just wasn't time to waste working out the licensing on a prophecy.

Victoria was in Lisbon for a fado festival, and Carlos was with her parents in Maine, so Gunderson had full run of the pad he'd traded in for penile liberation. Part of the charge of pending apocalypse, he understood, was the knowledge that Victoria wouldn't get to enjoy this square footage much longer.

Maybe he wasn't such a bright guy for other reasons. The treatise one of his acolytes at Oxford had just sent him was dense going, especially in Victoria's desktop's antiquated text format. Here were Isaac Luria and Madame Blavatsky, there a block of dingbats. Gunderson had hardly skimmed his philosophy books in college. "I get the idea," he would usually announce to his dorm suite after a few minutes' deep study. "Pour me a drink."

Psychonaut was a silly word (Baltran said only chumps uttered it), and Gunderson had detested most of the heavy trippers in college. He'd taken hallucinogens just a few times, passed those occasions frying flapjacks, staring at their scorched, porous skins. The only acid eater he could ever

abide back then was Red Ned, a scrawny vet with a rucksack, who appeared at most major burner parties and who, in return for some My Lai-ish confession and recitations from *The Marx-Engels Reader*, got free shrooms and beer.

Once, at a barbecue, Ned cornered Gunderson near the dying keg, stuck a bottle under the younger man's nose, some murky homemade hooch he'd likely distilled in one of the old bus station toilets.

"It's absinthe," said Ned. "The mighty wormwood. You will eat the devil's pussy and suddenly know French."

"Maybe later," said Gunderson.

"Maybe later," laughed Ned. "Shit, kid, later? Later my platoon will be here. We'll slit you at the collarbone, pour fire ants in. Then you'll talk."

"I'm happy to talk now, Ned."

"You don't have anything to tell me yet. You haven't witnessed the blind pitiless truth of it all. But I have a feeling about you. What do you think?"

"I just want to get laid."

"I'm good to go," said Ned, gave Gunderson what might have been, in teethtsome years, a toothsome smile. "You do tunnel-rat zombie cock?"

"Got a rule against that."

"Your loss, son."

In short, until Gunderson had taken a magazine assignment, gone to Mexico to drink emetic potions with psychotropic *turistas*, his opinion of hallucinogens was that you had to worship jam bands, or believe the Army had planted a chip in your head, to really enjoy them.

He'd flown to Oaxaca with a glib lede to that effect in his laptop. He returned a converso. The tales of Hoffmann and the stern brain play of Huxley had never enticed him, but puking and shitting on a dirt floor while Ramón kicked him in the balls and, later, sobbing while his dead grandfather Mort hovered nearby in a shimmering kimono and told Gunderson why he had such a tough time being faithful to women (it was because Gunderson's mother had failed to breast-feed him, and also took too much Valium, and there was something about being distantly related to Barry Goldwater), all this, in aggregate, really did the trick. Later he discovered the crotch shots were not typical but Ramón's "twist" on the ancient ritual. Didn't matter, Gunderson was hooked. A few more doses over the next several months and he knew his place in his family and his place in the universe, at least provisionally.

He also had a vision of the world in a few years' time if the current course were not corrected. More precisely it was a vision of North America, oil-starved, waterlogged, millions thronged on the soggy byways, fleeing the ghosted sprawls of the Republic. He saw his sister gang-raped in an abandoned Wal-Mart outside Indianapolis. The local warlord, nicknamed Dee-Kay-En-Wye for the runes on his tattered hoodie, smiled as he watched his kinsmen go to work. They'd lived in



"Wow! This is really kinky!"

Home Appliances their entire lives. Strangest of all, Gunderson didn't have a sister. This added urgency to his vision. It wasn't just about him, or his sister.

When he'd recovered and told the shaman what he'd seen, Ramón led him to a stone hut at the edge of the village. A satellite dish jutted from the woven roof. Inside was a sleeping cot, a computer, a bookshelf full of French symbolists. Gunderson thought of Red Ned's bus station hooch. The shaman, who to Gunderson resembled one of those carved-down distance runners he'd watched train near his father's house in Oregon, slid a large cardboard box with copper hasps from beneath the cot. Inside was a crumbling facsimile of the storied codex. He showed Gunderson the jaguar, the sickle, the long solstistic loops. He showed him where the reeds ran out.

"I thought the Maya had the calendar," said Gunderson.

"Fuck the Maya," said Ramón.

Gunderson had never been much for the astronomy, the math. His colleagues, his rivals, could offer the proofs, the ellipticals, the galacticals. Most of them used the Maya Tzolkin, and Gunderson was pretty sure Ramón's insistence on the Mixtec forecast was just an intellectual-property maneuver, but he didn't mind. He was trying to save the world, and that included not just the plants and the animals and the majestic rock formations but the people, those meat-world parasites who'd built pyramids and written concertos and invented cotton gins and played video games and performed clitorectomies and burned up all the fossil fuels and gorged themselves on war and corn syrup. Gunderson was a people per-

son. We just needed new kinds of people. We had to start making them right now.

The other thing that had to start being made right now was a serious offer from the network. Gunderson was back downtown at his favorite organic teahouse, e-mailing a fiery message to his ListServ, hinting there might soon be an announcement about a new interpretation of the codex, a revised time frame for the Big Clambake. That would light up the old nethernet. His peeps didn't need much prompting. Many were lonely sorts pining for genuine human connection, or, short of that, a mob to join.

So if the series division kept wavering, maybe Gunderson could get some grass roots going. Grass roots. That had been a big word with his father. Still was, Gunderson guessed. He hadn't talked to the man in years. Not since his mother died. Why? Ask the Aztecs. Gunderson didn't know, not really, except that maybe it was hard for men to talk to one another, especially fathers and sons, at least in this dimension. Jim Gunderson was handsome, brave, beloved, righteous. How did you talk to a father like that, a legendary activist, a lawyer for the people, ask him to read your profile of a sitcom star, a charismatic CFO? Of course, Gunderson's hack days were behind him. Why didn't he call now? Because Jim Gunderson fought for a better tomorrow while his son was rolling the dice on no tomorrow at all? No, it was probably just the patriarchal agon. The new times would not be so burdened. We'd be line dancing with metallic gnomes. Gunderson glanced up, tracked the dreadlocked teen behind the counter.

"Can I get more of this beetroot chai?"

"Of course," said the girl. "I'll bring some right over."

"That's not all you can bring. Damn, sister." Gunderson had always subscribed to the practical man's theory of seduction: Hit on everybody, crudely, constantly. His percentages were astonishing.

"Yeah, you know something," said the girl. "I've heard about you."

"What have you heard?"

"That you're, like, a genius. But also, like, a total pigdog. I don't need that in my life right now."

"You don't need complete physical and spiritual liberation?"

"I need health insurance."

"That's the hologram talking," said Gunderson, handed her his card.

Outside, the sun was nearly licking him. It really felt like that, the sun the tongue of a loyal dog. Extraordinary. He stood on the curb with his eyes closed, face tilted upward. This was life, its only conceivable acme. Little Carlos knew. Sweet Carlos, who had once stared up at clouds, shouted, "Don't rain, little sky!"

Gunderson was about to call Victoria's folks in Maine, something he would normally never consider, but here was this sudden surge of Carlosity. He had to talk to his son on the phone. But as soon as he thought the word *phone* the damn thing started to vibrate again.

"Gerry," said Gunderson.

"They're pulling out for now. They want you to pitch again in a few months."

"What? Why?"

"Who knows? They say they've got too much in development, but it's anybody's guess. Quality television works in mysterious ways."

"Look, Gerry, things are a little more complicated. We don't have a few months. We've got to do this thing now."

"What are you talking about?"

"The prophecy. There's been a scheduling change."

"I didn't know that happened with prophecies. Aren't they written in stone? Wasn't this prophecy, in fact, first written in stone?"

"This isn't funny, Gerry. This is real. I'll do it all myself. I'll get on my knees and beg Victoria for the cash. This has to happen right now. I'm through screwing around. I'll get grass roots going. This is not about a television show, Gerry. This is about the survival of the species. Hell, I don't even know why I care anymore. Maybe it's better if we all go down in flames."

"Will you calm down? Let's just wait and see what the series division has to say in a few weeks and then——"

"And then you can tell those pigdogs to shove it up their——"

"Jeez, will you relax? Pigdogs?"

"Relax? Are you telling me to relax? You sound like fucking Baltran."

"Who's that?"

"Never mind."

"He's not that little jerk repping at——"

"No, Gerry."



"The technology on these babies has reached the point where we ought to be able to have a few drinks."

"I hope you're not talking to him."
"I've got to go."

Gunderson had an appointment with Nellie at the loft. They were supposed to go over scheduling. Whenever they went over scheduling they tended to wind up naked on the carpet Victoria had bought on a trip to Tehran. Gunderson worried their juices might agitate the dyes. Victoria would have him jailed.

After the scheduling meeting he was supposed to meet the rock star for dinner. He'd get a call at the last minute regarding location. That's how rock stars handled scheduling. This one was a refurbished 1970s icon, a boomer guru who had traded in his tiny spoon for a yoga mat. A few months earlier he'd attended one of Gunderson's talks at an illegal ayahuasca retreat in Santa Fe, stalked Gunderson ever since. People sneered at the rock star, his New Age cant, his music that was a parody of his old music. The man spewed platitudes, certainly, was a font of phoniness, but Gunderson still thought there was something fascinating about him. Or maybe he just liked being fawned over by a superannuated icon.

The one thing you couldn't sneer at was the man's bank. He'd invested his rock-star cash in computers back when it counted. He could probably, with his petty cash, feed the world. Would he spare some change to save it? Gunderson would put it to him. This could prove a fateful flight.

That Victoria was not in Lisbon but in what was now, and, truthfully, had always been her loft, hers alone, seemed some vicious ripple in the continuum, something no blood-streaked, rainbow-feathered priest could ever have predicted. That she stood now on the potentially juice-marred Persian with Carlos in her arms, bawling at a nearly naked Nellie, who had obviously let

herself in with the key Gunderson had given her and, in a perhaps not quite humorous enough surrender of pretense, shucked off most of her clothes in anticipation of their scheduling meeting, signaled some kind of apocalyptic rupture in dark matter's latticework.

Not that Gunderson really knew what that meant.

"What the fuck?" shrieked Victoria as Gunderson came through the door. "This is where you bring your end-times gash?"

"What happened to Lisbon?" said Gunderson.

"What happened to your self-respect?"

"What happened to knocking?" said Nellie.

"Knocking?" said Victoria. "It's my house! I'm supposed to know my ex-husband is meeting a naked slut in my house?"

"End times is more of a Christian thing, honey," said Gunderson. "You know I don't subscribe to—"

"What exactly makes me a slut?" said Nellie. "Because I have sex? That's pretty retrograde."

"Look at you," said Victoria. "The secretary. The home-office screw. Except it's not even his home anymore. Talk about retrograde. I bet you think stripping is liberating too. Is that what you think?"

"I think you're a shrill narcissist who couldn't keep pace with your husband's spiritual growth."

"Is that what he said while he rammed you with his world changer? His little salamander?"

"My what!" said Gunderson. "Both of you stop it. This is ridiculous."

"Damn straight," said Nellie. "I quit."

Nellie scooped up her clothes, seemed about to bolt, but then just stood there, quivered oddly. Carlos squirmed out of Victoria's arms, ran to Gunderson, clutched his knee.

"Daddy!"

Gunderson squatted, squared the boy's tiny shoulders. His son, he saw now, had the most chaotic green eyes he'd ever seen.

"I love you, Carlito," Gunderson said, sniffed sharp diaper stink. The boy was long past due for potty training, and Gunderson wondered if it was his fault, all that trauma he'd visited upon his son's developmental years. "I think he needs to be changed."

"Oh, yeah?" said Victoria. It was the old challenge. Gunderson knew in his heart he wasn't up to it. He wasn't squeamish, but he'd always preferred changing Carlos when it felt like something fun to do, a larkish deployment of diaper and wipe. So, here was the deal. He'd never be a good man, a stand-up guy, a pillar, his father. His absence would have to be a sort of honesty from which the boy could draw some strength. Besides, Gunderson was a prophet, a prophet on the clock, a very scary fucking clock. Didn't that count for something?

"Oh, yeah," he said, walked out.

High above the night city, he knew he'd done right. While the rock star worked the stick and hummed his old hit, "Snow Cap Sister," Gunderson looked out through the chopper's bubbled glass, got trippy on the lit grid below. His strife seemed so squalid up here in the heavens, and gazing down on the bright sick city stirred him. Maybe we were doomed fools on a dying biochemical fluke, but we'd had a damn good run. Sure, we'd mostly murdered, tortured, burned, but once in a while we'd made something beautiful. And we'd tried so hard to love.

"Thus spake Hallmark," came a voice through his headset. "Cut the humanist rah-rah, friend."

Gunderson hadn't even been aware he was talking out loud. He was embarrassed the rock star had heard him get so sentimental, and he turned with what he hoped was a semidetached smile.

"Will do, captain," said Gunderson.

"So, what's on your mind tonight, buddy? You don't seem yourself. Not that I know what that is."

"Do you really want to know what I'm thinking about?" said Gunderson.

"Hell, no," said the rock star. "Just name the number. My pockets run deep."

"You've mastered telepathy."

"Something like that. Or maybe I can just tell that you need my help, and I believe in your message enough to want to give it. I'll write the check, you lead us back from the abyss."

Gunderson smiled a true smile, felt a joyful melt in his belly. Screw Gerry, the television people. They had no part in this. What had to be done would be done by the secret society, his brethren in vision, this ludicrous geezer with the thousand-dollar T-shirt and spiked white hair.

Gunderson turned to thank him, to tell him of the long march ahead and the beautiful



"But you said you liked classic films."

bond they would forge, was a bit startled to see the rock star slumped in his straps, the stick starting to list. It was difficult to tell exactly when the spin had started or how fast the buildings were roaring up. The rock star was definitely dead. Maybe it was all the cocaine he'd been sneaking off to snort during dinner. Maybe it was everything he'd sniffed and jabbed and swallowed for the last 40 years. Rock stars made millions singing about their broken hearts, and then their hearts actually exploded. This guy was going blue in his helmet. And he was not being a very good pilot.

Gunderson closed his eyes, saw the strewn green of his son's. He felt strange pressings on his body, was a boy again himself, waking slowly between his mother and his father on their flannel sheets in Eugene, a happy little boat bumping up on warm sloped isles. Pleasant, primal enough, this memory, suitable for the final reel, the closing clip, but it somehow seemed unfair. Didn't he rate ultimate revelation, every artifice falling away, the cosmos unmasked and Gunderson in receipt of the supreme briefing via transcendental brain beam? He guessed not, for here rushed the rooftops with their colossal vents, their transnational signage, penthouses lush with light and hanging gardens.

These last seemed to beckon him with pleasures he would never know again.

He'd been ready for the end of the world, but not the end of Gunderson. A plastic lie, this planet had become, but still, the beauty. There was Carlos, for starters. Carlos in sunshine too. Now Gunderson grew dizzy in his bubble tomb. He grieved. Death's smash and grab was upon him. He could feel a hand grip his arm, though it didn't seem to be the Reaper's.

"Sorry about this," said Baltran. "Not what we were expecting, is it?"

Light twirled in the gold weave of him. Somehow the shimmer steadied Gunderson.

"So, it's bullshit? The calendar? The prophecy? Dimensional interface? You?"

"No, it's not bullshit," said Baltran. "I mean, maybe. I don't know."

"So, you're just a figment?"

"Fuck you, figment."

"You told me to do you proud."

"You did me proud. I saw what you did."

"And now what?"

"I don't know. Maybe it still goes on."

"Maybe it does," said Gunderson, felt his phone vibrate in his jacket. He took it out, read the blinking backlit message: *Serious offer. Gerry.*

"Hey, shouldn't I be dead yet?" said Gunderson, looking over at Baltran.

"This thing's been crashing for a while."

"No, just seems that way. Here it comes, baby."

"I can feel it," whispered Gunderson. "I can taste it. It's coming on sweet."

"That must be your lozenge. There is no sweetness. What comes is pitiless, blind to you."

"Aren't we all connected?"

"Yes, we are all connected," said Baltran, "but trust me, that's not really a good thing. For the record, I always liked you, Gunderson. Adios, little buddy. Breathe easy now."

Gunderson watched his friend's frame collapse into a sprinkly nimbus.

"Connected how?" cried Gunderson.

"To what?" But he knew what, had known for a while now, a few thousand years at least, back before his own shaman days on the shores of Oaxaca, longer, much longer, back before his human days, back before his golden molting days, his wailing vapor days, back before anything you could call a day, when he was just another vector, another stray idea for being, darting through great jagged reefs of anti-space. He'd known, but had he believed? Had he ever believed? Did it matter? Beyond the seal of this universe was a wet, blazing mouth. It slavered. It meant to munch. It had journeyed through many forevers to find what it existed to devour: the real-ass jumbo.

Gunderson began, or ceased, to dream.



Dirty Duck [®] by Bobby London



sexual male

(continued from page 72)

drive. An Italian neuroscientist, Dr. Donatella Marazziti, has documented other changes, such as the fact that in new lovers, the calming neurotransmitter serotonin drops to a level comparable to that in people who suffer from obsessive-compulsive disorder. More recently, Marazziti reported that 12 newly smitten men had lower levels of testosterone than a control group, while 12 newly smitten women had higher levels. Could it be, she asked, that nature brings us together by temporarily making men more like women and women more like men?

Whatever its methods, nature intends only for you to breed; anything else you accomplish is gravy. To prevent you from coming to your senses after you have fallen for someone, the brain shuts down areas that process negative emotions, social judgment and "mentalizing," or assessing other people's intentions and emotions. Love is blind—and also deaf, mute and retarded. You are juiced to a point at which you cannot rationally assess your lover's faults, which forces your friends and family to do it for you. The same chemical changes take place in the mind of another person whose participation is essential to the perpetuation of the species: a new mother.

Some people so crave the dopamine rush of new love that they date anyone who will have them, jumping from one relationship to the next. Dr. Michael Liebowitz, author of *The Chemistry of Love*, has identified these types as "attraction junkies." He and a colleague found that some patients began to choose partners more carefully and feel more at ease being single after receiving antidepressants that boost the level of the brain neurotransmitter phenylethylamine. At the other extreme are people who claim never to have felt lust and/or attraction. Although a true asexual has never been identified, scientists have found the rare male ram, rat or gerbil that shows no interest in mating, and one percent of the respondents in a survey of 18,000 adults claimed never to have felt sexual desire. Fisher believes there are people who form deep attachments but never fall in love. "I've met three people, including, most recently, a 76-year-old man, who did not experience the swirling, craving obsession of romantic love until late in life," she says. In recent years asexuals (a loosely defined group; some people say they feel lust but not infatuation or vice versa) have organized online, arguing that asexuality, like homosexuality, should not be viewed as a disorder. On the bright side, if there is one, never falling in love prevents a great deal of heartache.

YOUR BRAIN IN PAIN

As anyone who has been in a serious relationship knows, no matter how strong your initial feelings about your snuggle bunny,

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 30, 33-36, 76-80, 100-103 and 150-151, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 30: *Conan*, thq.com. *Fury*, gamecocksucks.com. *Guitar Hero III: Legends of Rock*, activation.com. *Hellgate: London*, ea.com. *NBA '08*, playstation.com. *Orange Box*, ea.com. *Pirates of the Burning Sea*, soe.com. *Star Wars Battlefront: Renegade Squadron*, lucasarts.com. *Tabula Rasa*, ncssoft.com. *Tony Hawk's Proving Ground*, activation.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 33-36: *Bottega Veneta*, bottega veneta.com. *Frank Buchwald*, frank buchwald.de. *Jaeger-LeCoultre*, jaegerlecoultre.com. *Logitech*, logitech.com. *Max Benjamin*, maxbenjamin.com. *Olhausen Billiards*, olhausenbilliards.com. *Volkswagen*, vw.com. *Wines*, available at fine liquor stores nationwide.

GENIUSES AT PLAY

Pages 76-80: *Assassin's Creed*, ubisoft.com. *Burnout Paradise*, ea.com. *Call of Duty 4: Modern Warfare*, activation.com. *Crysis*, ea.com. *God of War: Chains of Olympus*, playstation.com. *The Legend of Zelda: Phantom Hourglass*, nintendo.com. *Little Big Planet*, playstation.com. *Mass Effect*, xbox.com. *Mercenaries 2: World in Flames*, ea.com. *Ratchet and Clank Future: Tools of Destruction*, playstation.com. *Rock Band*, ea.com. *Super Mario Galaxy*, nintendo.com. *TimeShift*, sierra.com. *Uncharted: Drake's Fortune*, playstation.com. *Unreal Tournament III*, midway.com.

COAT CHECK

Pages 100-103: *Agnès B.*, 888-AGNESB2. *Arnold Brant*, arnoldbrant.com and select Nordstrom stores. *Boss Orange*, hugoboss.com. *Bottega Veneta*, bottegabeneta.com. *Brioni*, available at Brioni boutiques and Bergdorf Goodman. *Bruno Grizzo*, 212-563-0163. *C'N'C*, costume national.com. *Dr. Martens for Yohji Yamamoto*, avail-

able at Yohji Yamamoto boutiques. *Dsquared*, dsquared2.com. *Ermenegildo Zegna*, zegna.com. *Etro*, 310-248-2855. *Fratelli Rossetti*, fratellirossetti.com. *Geox*, geox.com. *GF Ferré*, www.gianfrancoferre.com. *Giorgio Armani*, 212-988-9191. *Harrys of London*, available at neiman marcus.com. *Hublot*, hublot.com. *Hugo*, hugoboss.com. *Jee Vice*, jeevice.com. *John Varvatos*, johnvarvatos.com. *Just Cavalli*, available at Macy's West. *Malo*, 212-396-4721. *Nicholas K.*, nicholask.com. *Nicole Farhi*, 212-223-8811. *Prada*, 888-977-1900. *Roberto Cavalli*, roberto cavalli.com. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, 800-628-8916. *Seaward & Stearn of London*, british apparel.com. *Torino*, available at Oak Hall in Memphis. *Valentino*, available at select Valentino boutiques. *We Are Replay*, 888-REPLAY8. *Yohji Yamamoto*, yohjiyamamoto.co.jp.

POTPOURRI

Pages 150-151: *Cranium Wow*, cranium.com. *GE*, ge.com/phones. *iRobot*, irobot.com. *PenAgain*, penagain.com. *Playboy Poker Camp*, playboypokercamp.com. *Shock Coffee*, shockcoffee.com. *Suck UK*, suck.uk.com. *The Sugar Plum Fairy Baking Company*, tspfbakingco.com. *Winerack*, thebeerbelly.com.

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the day arrives when you sober up. When Marazziti took blood from 16 of her 24 volunteers a year or two after they had reported being madly in love, their hormone levels had all returned to normal. The thrill was gone. This is for the best, Fisher says: "Many of us would die of sexual exhaustion if romantic love flourished endlessly." Coming down from the high doesn't necessarily mean you are no longer interested, just that your brain is making adjustments for the long haul. It produces less dopamine and more serotonin, replacing frenzy with calm. Oxytocin kicks in as a stabilizer. If one or both partners can't sustain their oxytocin level, the relationship sputters, although regular sex may help. "If you have enough orgasms with your partner, you may become more attached to her," suggests Fisher, because climax appears to stimulate production of oxytocin and vasopressin, two hormones associated with bonding. In animal studies, oxytocin has been found to encourage females to nurture their young and vasopressin to push males to defend the nest.

But as anyone who didn't marry their middle-school girlfriend can tell you, things don't always work out. After examining the brain in love, Fisher and her colleagues repeated their fMRI experiment with volunteers who had recently been dumped. In fact, the day after her boyfriend ended their relationship, Fisher put herself into the machine. "I can't ask others to do it unless I'm willing," she says. As with her subjects, Fisher found a spike in her brain's dopamine activity—the same reaction we have when we first fall in love. When a reward is delayed, the brain churns out more dopamine. This explains why, in a phenomenon Fisher calls "frustration-attraction," adversity and barriers stoke the flames. We become obsessed with winning our lover back, agonize over what went wrong and, encouraged by Hollywood endings, make dramatic and ultimately humiliating appearances at their home or work to declare our love. During this initial protest phase many people become enraged, which may be the brain's way of helping us break away.

Fisher agrees with the assessment that the opposite of love is not hate but indifference. "Love and hate have too much in common," she says. "They involve similar focus and obsession."

When we finally give up, we are left in despair. With time, our dopamine levels return to normal, helped along by novel activities, basking in sunlight and exercise. But an unfortunate few are unable to shake their depression. Terminally love-sick, they resort to suicide, a stunning act of destruction unique to *Homo sapiens*.

YOUR BRAIN COMES

It's easy to imagine a group of neuroscientists examining the first fMRI machines a decade ago in the same way pornogra-

the doctor's other patients reported getting erections, and a fourth would bring up sex no matter what topic was being discussed. Lobotomies, lesions, tumors and hemorrhages have led mild-mannered patients to masturbate openly or feel up the nurses. A 75-year-old became "the man with a thousand hands," according to his wife. He declined to have a shunt in his brain repositioned to stem his hypersexuality.

The fMRI makes it easier to observe the brain in heat but presents its own challenges. At Stanford, hospital officials refused to allow liquids (e.g., ejaculate) inside their expensive machine, so researchers could examine only arousal. Even if you can let volunteers reach climax, they must be able to do so without touching themselves,

because masturbation activates the area of the brain that controls motor function and thus muddies the images. So far scientists have located only women who are capable of this, although Alfred Kinsey estimated that three or four males in 5,000 possess the skill as well. Ideally, you would want to scan the brain and genitals at the same moment, to see how they interact, but the current technology can handle only so much excitement.

If you don't know anyone who can climax by fantasy alone, the obvious alternative is to lend a hand. This is the Dutch way. In 2005 Gert Holstege, a professor of anatomy and embryology at the University of Groningen, reported the results of a study in which he observed

the brains of 11 men ages 19 to 45 as they received hand jobs from their girlfriends or wives while the men's heads were restrained with adhesive bands inside a positron emission tomography (PET) scanner. He repeated the experiment with 13 women. After studying the images, Holstege concluded that while the female brain appears to become lost in the moment during arousal and climax, the male brain remains engaged, anticipating the pleasure of being touched. It's hard to underestimate the importance of this aspect of male sexuality—studies suggest that a part of the brain known as the claustrum not only assists in creating fantasies but helps us

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phers once viewed VCRs: *Think what we could do with this!* Almost immediately they began rolling supine college students head-first into the middle of the donut-shaped scanners and showing them erotica. Before fMRI, much of what scientists knew about the sexual brain came from studying epileptics who had reported an "orgasmic aura" before seizures and patients who for various reasons had electrodes implanted in their brain. In 1964 a physician reported that a patient given control over his electrode pressed the button constantly, saying it made him feel as if he were building up to climax. (He may have been stimulating an area involved in what today is known as persistent sexual arousal syndrome.) Three of

jump into any erotic scenes we encounter. Even when we aren't being touched, we can easily imagine the sensation.

As a man becomes aroused, the amygdalae, two almond-shaped regions of the brain whose duties include keeping him constantly vigilant for hazards and threats, become much less active, just as they do when he is in the throes of new love. Holstege believes the DO NOT DISTURB sign goes up so that the male animal can concentrate on the task at hand—reproduction—without being distracted by every rustle in the brush. "Apparently a general lack of fear is necessary for ejaculation," he writes. Indeed, one study found that men watching porn showed a diminished startle response to a sudden burst of white noise. The time it took each man to punch the scientist remained constant.

YOUR SEXUAL CENTER

Although many parts of the brain are involved in sexuality, the circuit board for our carnal desires appears to lie within the dime-size hypothalamus buried deep in the skull. As if processing your insatiable libido weren't enough, it also controls hunger, cardiovascular performance, body temperature, stress and emotional responses.

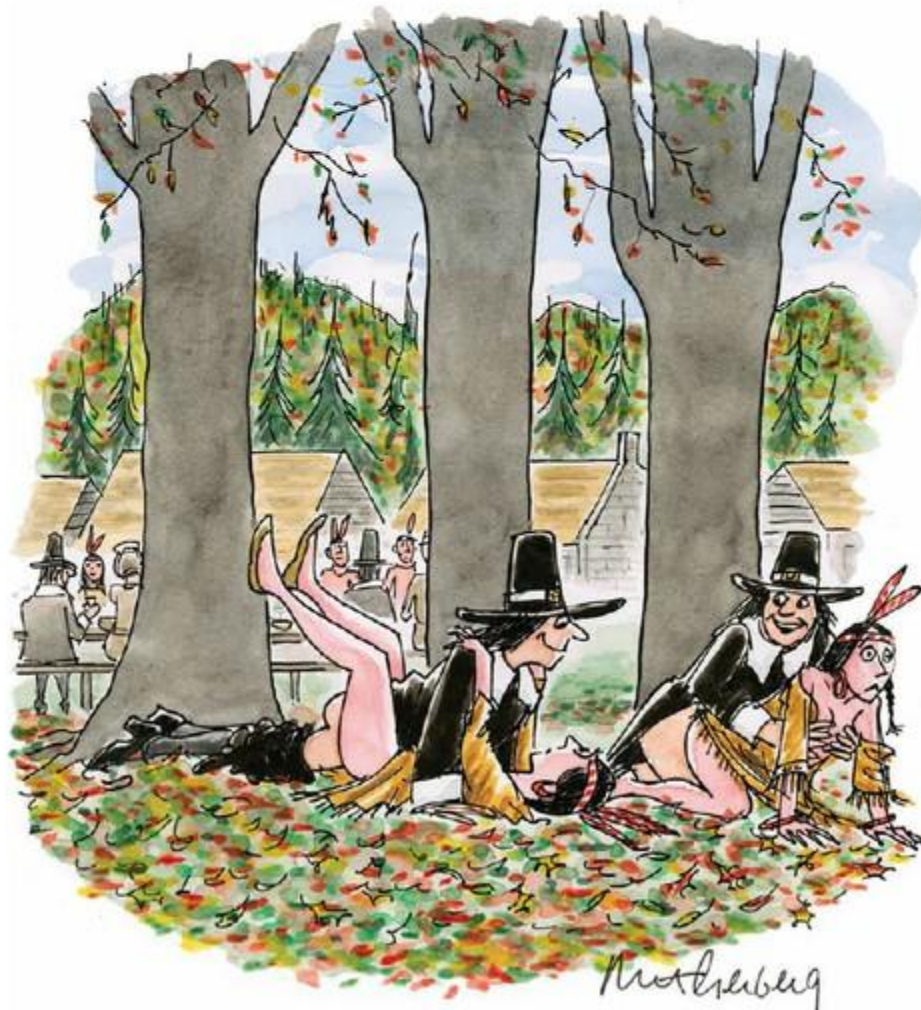
"Imagine the hypothalamus as a row of dip switches," says biologist Simon LeVay. "They seem too tiny to be important but regulate everything." The precise source of the male drive appears to be located front and center, at a cowboy bar called the medial preoptic, where most of the brain neurons having androgen receptors are located. (The apparent center of the female sex drive, the ventromedial nucleus, is a few millimeters away.) When a male monkey first sees a female in heat and presses a button to move toward her, the neurons in his medial preoptic go berserk. During intercourse the activity declines (no need for it while you're getting laid), and after ejaculation it falls again (mission accomplished). When researchers damage the region, male monkeys lose most or all interest in females, though they will continue to masturbate. Something similar occurs in humans. In West Germany in the 1960s doctors destroyed the medial preoptics of a number of men whose sexual behavior was thought to be pathological or sociopathic. As LeVay reports in his book *The Sexual Brain*, the men experienced a severe loss of desire and had few if any fantasies. Conversely, when a monkey's medial preoptic is stimulated with electricity, the otherwise

suave simian gets so horny he offers the female only a few seconds of foreplay. The area may also be involved in sexual orientation. In 1995 scientists at Boston University who mucked with it were able to change male ferrets from straight to gay.

If the hypothalamus powers our carnal instincts, the amygdalae add a touch of humanity. Located on each side of the brain, these regions process emotional and visual stimuli. They are more than twice the size in humans as in apes, which may explain why we feel such intense emotions. A woman's amygdalae are more easily activated by what has been called emotional nuance, which is what gives your wife the ability even years later to recall vivid, pointless details of your first date. In men the amygdalae appear to be a way station for the male gaze. Although a 2006 study found the cortex of both genders registers erotic scenes 20 percent faster than nonsexual ones (suggesting that some neurons may be "tuned" for sex), what the male and female brains do with this data is vastly different. When a man sees an image of a couple having sex—or dancing or talking, for that matter—his amygdalae (particularly the left) and hypothalamus show far more activity than a woman's. We are not alone in our appreciation of the female form; male rhesus monkeys, given the choice of juice or a photo of a female monkey ass, consistently choose the ass. According to Stephan Hamann, a neuroscientist at Emory University, the amygdalae appear to control appetitive (desirous or wanting) but not consummatory (copulatory) sexual behaviors. That is, when the amygdalae are disabled in a male rat, he will still mount females placed directly beside him but show no desire to pursue. If he must go to the trouble of pushing a lever to have a randy female drop into his cage, forget it.

FIRE AT WILL

While examining the PET scans from his hand-job studies, Holstege, at the University of Groningen, was surprised to see that the hypothalamus, while constantly pushing you to procreate, doesn't make a peep when you are actually having sex—it drives you to the party but doesn't go inside. Thankfully, the hypothalamus does call ahead to make sure you have a good time. When you first get turned on, some of its neurons fire oxytocin down the spinal cord to alert other neurons in the pelvis. Oxytocin is a neurohormone, which means it can travel in the central nervous system as well as in the blood, allowing you to get hard that much quicker. (Some researchers speculate that the more oxytocin deployed, the more intense the orgasm will be.) Once activated, nerves at the base of the spine send signals that relax the involuntary muscles around the tiny arteries in your penis, allowing blood to rush in. The blood presses against the veins running along the outside of the penis, keeping you hard. Other nerves instruct the perineum—the powerful



"You know, this might be the start of a great American tradition."

muscle between your testicles and anus—to contract, pulling your erection to full mast. When you are sufficiently aroused, the brain sends a signal to release the hounds. It is not clear how the brain knows the time has come for climax; suggestions that semen volume or pressure is the trigger have been largely discounted.

The nature of the brain-penis relationship can most easily be seen in men who have suffered spinal-cord injuries. Many paralyzed men are able to get hard and come, but they feel no pleasure. The nerves at the base of the spine that control erection and ejaculation can still communicate with the penis but not the brain, so any erections that occur are simply reflexes. However, as researchers have only recently discovered, there may be a bypass to the spinal cord's sensory highway. By 1990 scientists had established that a pair of primitive nerves known as the vagus ("wandering"), which meanders from the base of the brain and around the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and intestines and regulates vital functions such as breathing and swallowing, reaches past the abdomen into the pelvis. Then, in 2004, Beverly Whipple and Barry Komisaruk of Rutgers announced they had documented sexual impulses being sent along the route. They had placed women paralyzed from the waist down into an fMRI and asked them to masturbate even though they couldn't feel their fingers on their clits. "One woman with a completely severed spinal cord had six orgasms," recalls Whipple, whose most recent book is *The Science of Orgasm*, written with Komisaruk and biologist Carlos Beyer-Flores. "Our scans found her brain was reacting to the stimulation in the same way as people who aren't paralyzed. How do you explain this? Imagery lights up a different part of the brain, so she wasn't imagining it." After injecting the woman with a tracer, Whipple and Komisaruk followed the impulses along the vagus. Komisaruk hopes to begin a similar experiment with men next year. He suspects the vagus connects the brain to the prostate, meaning volunteers should be able to climax by stimulating the gland.

The ability of some women and perhaps some men to get sexual pleasure from the rhythmic stimulation of an area just above the level of their injury, e.g., the chest, shoulder or chin, reveals us to be total erotic beings. Although it's far easier to climax by stroking the genitals, caressing any part of the body apparently can "recruit" neurons in the brain to become more and more active, until, as with a sneeze or a yawn, there is a sudden release of tension—a gasp, perhaps, then calm. For the moment, everything is right with the world.



ICEMAN

(continued from page 106)

who appear to be polar opposites in personality, often seem similar because of these qualities. I grasp that what the fighters have become through training and fighting is more significant than why they once fought. Whether they were overly belligerent or tough, levelheaded kids, now they fight because they love competition. They're not ridding themselves of aggression or ironing out some childhood complex; they're having fun. I learn that Liddell, while growing up in Santa Barbara, was bullied in grammar school, which led him to study martial arts at the age of 12. But this no longer seems germane to the man he is today. "I've got the greatest fighter in the world," Hackleman says of Liddell. "And he's the same now as when he used to sleep on my sofa and get \$30 for fights in Bakersfield."

Thirty dollars? Who fights for \$30? "They were amateur fights," Hackleman says. "Sometimes the promoter would float you gas money. Chuck always insisted on giving the money to me."

The ring in which Liddell first fought Hackleman is above the house, on a hill, but today the workout is held in a cage, a scaled-down Octagon that has been roofed against the weather and set below the house, partway down a steep, thicketed defile. Affixed to one of the support posts are metal letters spelling out THE PIT.

Suddenly I'm surrounded by fighters. They seem to come out of the woods, out of nowhere. It's as if Hackleman

were running a camp for extremely fit Lost Boys. They sit outside the cage, talking, wrapping their hands, putting on shin guards and headgear. That accomplished, they begin to jog, making tight little circuits around the cage. Up above, by the side of the driveway, Von Flue and another fighter, Luke Riddering, swing those 20-pound hammers against huge tires from semis, a strengthening exercise during which they grow red-faced. Someone switches on a boom box and "Bad to the Bone" and "Who Do You Love?" pour over the hillside.

With about a dozen fighters inside, the cage is nearly full. They pair off according to Hackleman's dictates and begin to spar, both boxing and grappling. He stands outside the cage, snapping instructions: "Fast hands! Leg checks!" But he keeps things light and jokes with the fighters. When one makes a misstep, Hackleman shouts happily that anyone who makes the same mistake should be "beaten, shot and sodomized." Later, when Scott Lighty, an up-and-coming fighter and Liddell's sparring partner for the past nine years, goofs up, Hackleman says he deserves to be "keistered."

Is this Logos, I wonder, or pathos?

The gimpiness Liddell displayed earlier disappears. He seems back in his element, sliding across the mat, winging punches, doing what his body was designed to do. Von Flue and Riddering stop their hammering and come down to the cage to work the heavy bags. It's violent activity, but because it's so controlled a peaceful air settles over the defile. The cool blue



"I'm so glad that you enjoyed our little dinner and that you didn't taste the poison!"

California afternoon surrounds the cage; noises of exertion blend with the sounds of the wind and a dog barking in the distance. The fighters' attitudes acquire a ritual formality. You can feel the organic principle of the place, the thing it has become as a result of hard work and training. If I were to let my concentration slip a little, it would be easy to imagine the cage is full of Shaolin novices and all this is happening a long time ago.

San Luis Obispo, with a population of 45,000 and its laid-back California openness and style, may be the geographic incarnation of Liddell. He came here nearly 20 years ago to attend nearby Cal Poly, where he earned a degree in accounting and was a four-year starter on the wrestling team. Though he now drives a Hummer and a Ferrari F430 Spider, both gifts from the UFC, he says one thing he liked about the town was he could walk everywhere he had to go. As I stroll through the compact business district, I see Liddell's picture in a store window. He's holding a can of Xyience, a nutritional supplement for which he has a lucrative endorsement contract. The window of a hair salon contains a photograph not of Liddell but of someone else wearing his signature Mohawk. In Mother's Tavern, a mahogany-paneled bar with ceiling fans, the patrons are happy to talk about Liddell and say good things. I don't meet anyone who holds a negative opinion of him.

Over steak and pasta that evening at the Mission Grill, an upscale bar and restaurant in downtown SLO, Liddell and a few friends, including Antonio Banuelos, his personal assistant, plan a cruise to Baja. Banuelos, his arms covered in tattoos, an ace of spades conspicuous on one wrist, is also a fighter, a bantamweight in World Extreme Cagefighting, another organization, like Pride, that the UFC has absorbed.

Not long ago Floyd Mayweather Jr., the welterweight boxing champion, made disparaging remarks about the UFC. Liddell responded that he had a 135-pounder living in his house who would kick Mayweather's ass. Banuelos is that 135-pounder. He talks about his approach to an upcoming fight, but Liddell's next fight, with Keith Jardine, is not discussed except as a date after which Liddell will be available for the cruise. Though he enjoys being around fighters, Liddell tries to keep his personal life separate from training and UFC business.

"Fighting's my job," he says. "I train hard, and I fight hard. People come up to me all the time and want to talk about fighting. I just tell them, 'I'm off now, you know.' They usually get it."

He gives me a mild yet meaningful look. I get it. The talk turns to a wedding they all attended. Liddell usually seems relaxed, even when he fights, but

here, laughing with friends, a boyishness that is suppressed in other places comes out. He leans forward, eager to get in his licks as the group good-naturedly busts an absent friend's balls.

I sneak in a question about his budding acting career. Recently he played himself on an episode of *Entourage*, one of his favorite TV shows. Brad Marks told me Liddell was being considered for a role in the sequel to *The Punisher*, among other movies.

"I've had lots of meetings with studio people," Liddell says. "They've offered stuff, like a part in *Wanted*, but we're having trouble coordinating our schedules."

There is a downside to all this celebrity. He tells me about an encounter with Paris Hilton at a Vegas club.

"It was back when I was dating Willa Ford," he says. "Just after I started dating her, we were at a roped-off table, and Paris started dancing close to us, hanging her ass over the rope. She was dating one of Willa's old boyfriends, and she was getting in Willa's face about it. So I went and talked to her security guy, and he said, 'What can I do? She's got a mind of her own.'"

"'Coulda fooled me,' I said."

"Now we have six- and seven-year-old kids training in MMA," says Liddell.

"They're going to be monsters. They'll do amazing things. I'm glad I'll be retired."

Liddell chuckles and says, "Anyway, she kept on doing it. Willa was getting mad. She was ready to beat the hell out of Paris. So I talked to the guy again. I told him if Willa goes at Paris, I know he's going to have to put his hands on her. Once that happens, it's on! We had other fighters at our table, like Matt Hughes and Tim Sylvia. I pointed to them and said, 'If I get involved, my friends are going to get involved.' He called in the club's security. They know me; they knew I wasn't the one causing problems."

What happened?

"We left," says Liddell. "It wasn't worth the trouble. A month or two later I was at the Playboy Mansion and Paris came up to me, trying to.... I don't know what she was after, but I told her to go fuck herself. Eventually Willa and Paris made up. It worked itself out." He makes an amused noise and says, "Shit like that usually does."

Being in a room with a group of men who can kick your ass as easily as they might swat a mosquito is inspiring and

daunting. You promise yourself you'll get in shape, maybe start running again, dig that old weight set out of the garage, check into personal trainers—and then you realize the day when you could get into the kind of shape these men are in has long since passed. The only six-pack you've been building is the pyramid of empties on the coffee table. You try to think of ways in which you might compete with them: vocabulary tests, the home Jeopardy! game, thumb wrestling. No, wait—thumb wrestling has too much risk of injury. You'd be much more comfortable with rock-paper-scissors. Then you realize there's no need for such agita, because no one here is competing with you.

The room is the gym area of SLO Kickboxing, a martial-arts school owned by Liddell and his partner, Scott Adams. It's a wide, clean space dominated by a boxing ring and an open area covered with a blue wrestling mat, one wall lined with heavy bags. In the corridor leading to the gym is a bulletin board hung with some old newspaper clippings of Liddell's accomplishments, but they're lost among fliers for local events and an upcoming fight in San Jose. There are no Ice-man T-shirts, posters or coffee cups. This differs from boxing gyms that are homes to well-known fighters, where a fighter's prominence is trumpeted and used as a publicity tool to benefit the other boxers. One thing I've learned about Liddell is that he wants to keep fame in perspective.

"It's all about the 30 or 40 people closest to you," he says. "The rest of it...." He makes a dismissive gesture.

A youth class has just ended when we arrive for Liddell's evening training session. (He trains twice a day, six days a week, and runs in the mornings.) As students empty into the corridor, Liddell warms up alone on the mat, and a solitary blond kid, maybe 14 or 15, works off to the side, slamming leg kicks into a heavy bag as if it's standing in for his worst enemy, concentrating on his technique and never once looking at Liddell. It's a perfect representation of the sport's continuity: I can envision the young Liddell training with such intensity.

That afternoon Liddell climbed into the boxing ring, where five sparring partners were lined up along the ropes, waiting. They came at him one after another, each fighting for a minute or so before switching off, not allowing him a break. Tonight the focus is on grappling, but the pattern is the same. Initially Liddell defends against takedowns, rebuffing his sparring partners as they shoot in on a leg, tossing them aside or forcing them to release his legs by bringing them up into a clinch. They start out at half speed, bantering, cuffing one another

like young bears at play, but soon you hear the impact of bodies and feet sliding over the mat. After this Liddell lies down, lets one of them secure a hold and tries to stand up. The fighters do their best to keep him down, but he manages to stand each time.

In sunbaked San Luis Obispo the house closest to the sun belongs to Liddell. It's high on a hill, a California ranch-style affair with glass doors in the back that open onto a large multilevel patio featuring a hot tub, a bar, a pool and—twisting down over huge boulders piled to form a wall—a waterslide, which Liddell says is great for his kids, Cade (who lives with his mom in Colorado) and Trista, eight and nine and a half years old, respectively. There's a nice informality to the atmosphere. Banuelos pads about in shorts and flip-flops, seeing to various household chores. Liddell's girlfriend, Erin Wilson, an attractive blonde, shows up while Liddell is in the kitchen, grousing about the strawberries in his takeout sushi and wondering why they mixed fruit in with the seafood. Trista can be heard talking upstairs. A black Chihuahua named Bean bounces from a sofa to the floor and back.

Trista and Liddell go down the waterslide together a few times, making big

splashes. As they play in the pool, I see that, perhaps unconsciously, he's practicing his footwork: stepping, sliding off, turning. Afterward he and Trista walk up to the hot tub, set on an elevated level of the patio amid an outcropping of boulders. Liddell soaks in the warm water, and while Trista darts back and forth between house and patio, he brags about her, saying she kicks his ass when they play fighting games on her Nintendo Wii. Trista returns with a pool toy, an enormous inflatable lobster she wants blown up. Liddell complies, and between stints of puffing he talks about the future of his sport.

"Most of the fighters in the UFC have a background in one discipline—wrestling, Muay Thai or jujitsu. Now we have six- and seven-year-old kids training in MMA. They're going to be monsters. They'll do amazing things. I'm glad I'll be retired."

How much longer does he plan to fight?

"As long as my body holds up," he says. "I've got tendinitis in both shoulders and bursitis in both knees. I have to ice down my knees and shoulders—"

"Four times a day," says Trista, not wanting to be left out of the conversation. Then she dashes off again into the house.

Holding a thumb over the valve, Liddell takes a break from inflating the lobster and describes a visit to a veterans hospital. He's in awe of the soldiers and doesn't understand how they keep doing what they do. I suggest it relates to the bond forged between brothers in arms.

"Yeah," he says. "They all talked about how they couldn't wait to get back to their buddies."

Trista's back. She's growing impatient. The lobster is still about 95 percent deflated, bacon-red and flat, stretched out across the surface of the hot tub like a waterlogged piece of roadkill. After another few minutes of blowing into the valve, Liddell says, "Daddy's getting a little light-headed." He tells Trista to ask Banuelos to help.

He settles into the tub, easing his bones and squinting against the strong sun. The image I have is of a lion at rest, kicked back in a patch of tall grass, scars on his flanks, a cub chewing on his ear, content to let others take care of the day-to-day business of survival. But when needed he'll be ready to deal with the situation.

I ask if he has to work up hatred for the fighters he's matched against.

"Emotion clouds your judgment," he says. "I've disliked only two fighters—Vernon White and Tito Ortiz—but I didn't let that get in the way."

His enmity with Ortiz dates from 2002, when Ortiz was the UFC light-heavyweight champ and Liddell was the number one contender. Ortiz gave excuse after excuse for not fighting him, and the rift has widened since then. Liddell's not eager to talk about Ortiz, whom he subsequently knocked out twice, but he does mention that he tore a medial collateral ligament before fighting Ortiz the second time.

"The doctors told me it was stable and I couldn't hurt it any worse," Liddell says. "As long as I could handle the pain, they told me to go ahead with the fight."

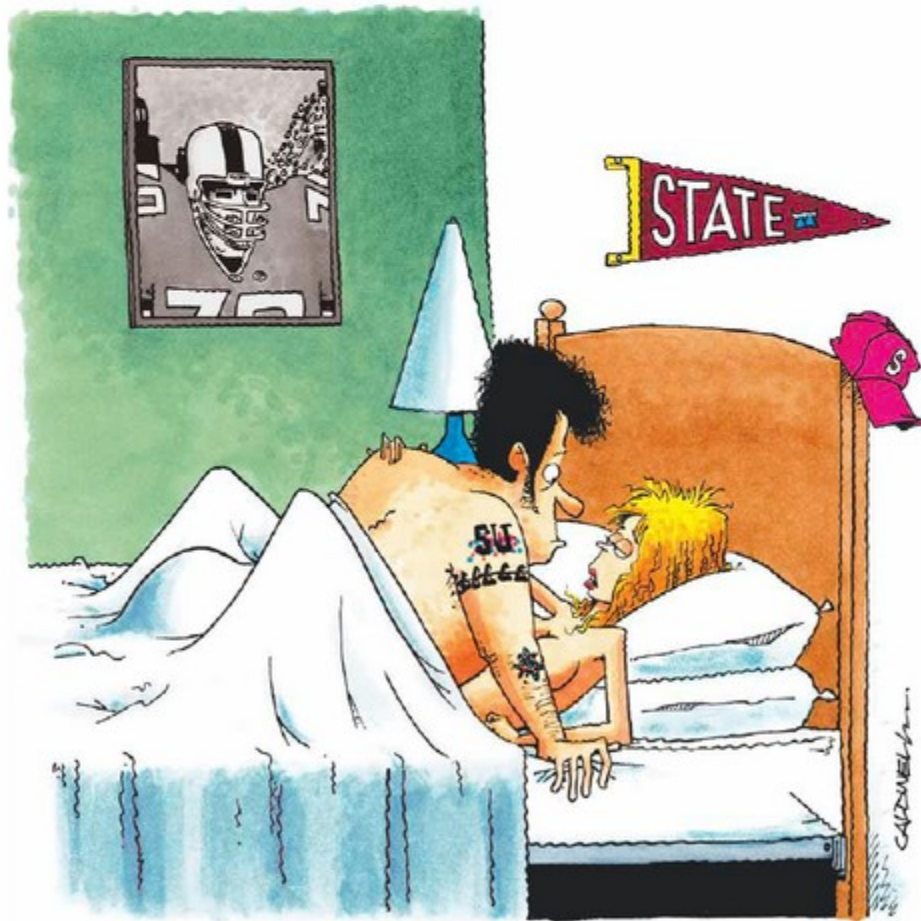
"Didn't it hamper your movement?" I ask.

"Yeah, but I'm a confident fighter," he says. "I know I've got the power to finish a fight, even in the last minute of the last round."

We discuss the importance of confidence, and he says, "Quinton Jackson came to me after he'd had a couple of losses. He'd lost confidence and asked me what to do. I told him to watch some videotape and see what he was doing differently." He chops the water lightly with the edge of his hand.

"I like Quinton," he says. "He's a nice guy, a very funny guy." He looks at me flatly, coolly, the look I've seen on his face when he fights, the Iceman surfacing from beneath his friendly manner.

"That doesn't mean I'm not going to try and tear his head off," he adds.



"Just a condom, Moose. The cup is overkill."



WOLFOWITZ (continued from page 62)

"He was nerdy, like the geeky boy in high school," said one staffer. "He had trouble looking you in the eye."

what even a skeptical employee had described as a "collegial" relationship with the bank's staff. Now the Chad incident awakened all the latent discomfort the bankers harbored about one of the primary authors of the war in Iraq, and it gave Wolfowitz's most dogged internal enemies their first opportunity to brand him an unreconstructed Bush-style unilateralist.

Speaking after his ouster, Wolfowitz seemed ready to admit the Chad episode had damaged his standing. "Maybe some members of the [bank's executive] board felt they were inadequately consulted," he said. "Yes, I may have, you know, maybe I took it on, they would probably say, in too confrontational a way." Most striking about these remarks is their miserliness with the currency of remorse. What begins as Wolfowitz's qualified attempt at self-examination ("Yes, I may have, you know, maybe I took it on") quickly morphs into an exercise in dispassionate and thus wholly unapologetic reportage of his critics' views ("they would probably say, in 'too confrontational a way'").

In the battle over his image, Wolfowitz was ill equipped to compete. "He was nerdy, like the geeky boy in high school," said one bank staffer. "He had trouble looking you in the eye," an associate said, and was prone, when kidded, to "chuckle in a nervous way." "I could see," said a female subordinate, "how he would respond to a strong-minded woman who'd wear the pants."

Which brings us to Shaha Riza. Born in Tripoli and raised in Saudi Arabia, Riza studied international relations at Oxford. She joined the bank in 1997 and rose through its ranks despite an aggressive personality that endeared her to feminist fellow travelers but often left others—especially American men—cold. "I'm a Muslim Arab woman who dares to question the status quo," she once proudly declared, "both in the work of the World Bank and within the institution itself." For this she was rewarded, she believed, with "open hostility against me by at least one member of the board of directors." Xavier Coll testified that Riza "felt the institution owed her because she had been mistreated and discriminated against by her managers."

A female staffer who worked alongside Riza in Washington and the Middle East recalled her as "not a talker, very quiet," someone who would speak up only at the end of meetings, but also as "a bit of a ballbuster. She wasn't someone to be messed with. She was a strong woman. Men didn't get along

with her. Feminists loved her." The few published photographs of Riza show a middle-aged woman with dyed blondish-amber hair and pronounced rings beneath kindly eyes.

Wolfowitz and Riza, in short, were hardly Brangelina, but they had each other. And as they prepared for Wolfowitz to assume the World Bank presidency, a position that carries a five-year term and may be renewed by the bank's executive board, they likely envisioned themselves spending the next decade working together—individually but under the same roof—to advance the passionately pro-democracy agenda that bound their love.

Up till then the romance between Wolfowitz, a New York Jew, and Riza, the child of a Libyan father and Syrian-Saudi mother, was one of Washington's open secrets. "Wolfowitz regularly spends the night at Riza's home," *The Washington Post's* gossip column, *The Reliable Source*, reported in March 2005, when he was still the number two official in Rumsfeld's Pentagon. "Wolfowitz's guards wait in a car outside until he departs early in the morning." A neighbor chortled, "I don't know if it could be more public if it were on 16th and K streets." Separated from Clare, his wife of 30 years, Wolfowitz spoke of divorce, but it remains unclear whether the split was ever finalized.

Also taking note of the relationship were Wolfowitz's Bush administration colleagues. Shortly after the Iraq war began, Wolfowitz arranged to have Riza appointed as a "subject-matter expert," or consultant, to a special Pentagon office. She provided analysis on her policy specialty, the empowerment of women in Muslim societies, to the Office of Reconstruction and Humanitarian Assistance, or ORHA, the Pentagon's first stab at a U.S.-led post-Saddam Iraqi government (succeeded by the better-known Coalition Provisional Authority, or CPA). In the dangerous month of April 2003 Riza took an unpaid leave from the bank to visit Baghdad, where she discussed with Iraqi women's groups how they could enlarge their role in the country's reformation.

Fluent in Arabic and four other languages and immersed for the past two decades in the wonky minutiae of global development issues, Riza was unquestionably qualified for the assignment. Still, Defense Department auditors, their memories triggered by the *Reliable Source* item, quietly launched an investigation to determine whether Wolfowitz, in choosing

her for the job, had "used his public office for [Riza's] private gain." Though they ultimately answered that question in the negative, the probe turned up a series of e-mails indicating that the contracts for Riza and the other consultants were issued "without full and open competition" and that Wolfowitz himself "may have exerted pressure on subordinates to bring [Riza] under contract on an expedited basis." "The E-Ring"—the Pentagon corridor housing the military's most senior officials, including Wolfowitz at the time—"is screaming to bring [the consultants] on now," read one e-mail. "Wolfowitz has taken a personal interest in getting this team together," read another. "[Name redacted] gets daily calls from Larry DiRita [a top Rumsfeld aide].... If we don't act soon, we will have lost the confidence of the E-Ring."

Questioned under oath about the episode by Pentagon investigators, Wolfowitz claimed he couldn't remember whether he recommended Riza for the consultancy—but that if he had, it would have been because of her qualifications, not their personal relationship. A separate investigation, focused more broadly on Pentagon contracting in Iraq, also looked at Riza's consultancy and concluded that officials at ORHA, scrambling to compose the criteria for her position after her selection for it, "neither followed nor tried to learn the acquisition process." "These are the people we need to bring on board," one official was told, "and make the rest of it happen."

Wolfowitz attributed these departures from standard operating procedure to an urgent need for the highly specialized skills of the consultants, including Riza. Yet the deputy secretary—integrally involved in the conception and execution of the Iraq war and unapologetic about it to this day—also offered a rare and previously unpublished admission of the Bush administration's deficiencies in planning for and presiding over postwar Iraq. "We got to Baghdad much faster than people anticipated," Wolfowitz testified, adding, "We were already starting to have large meetings of Iraqis debating the constitutional principles of the country, and we had no political team there to advise [ORHA head] Jay Garner and later [CPA chief L. Paul] Bremer on how to do it."

Here was Wolfowitz admitting the Bush administration had failed to send any Americans to help the Iraqis draft a new constitution even as late as May 12, 2003, the date Bremer took over as head of CPA. This was 11 days after the president's "mission accomplished" appearance on the deck of the USS *Abraham Lincoln* and almost five weeks after the fall of Baghdad.

Nor is the ORHA episode unique in offering an insight into how the personal relationship between Wolfowitz and Riza intersected with their professional lives. A high-ranking State Department official

remembered the couple's relationship intruding on another national security initiative: Libyan strongman Muammar al-Qaddafi's historic secret agreement to disclose and dismantle all his country's weapons of mass destruction and ballistic-missile programs in exchange for the restoration of diplomatic ties with the United States.

Announced in December 2003, the Libyan deal represented one of the most sensitive and significant projects of the first Bush term. Senior administration officials repeatedly cited the invasion of Iraq, then just nine months old, as a prime factor in Qaddafi's change of heart. During his first debate with Senator John Kerry, at the University of Miami in September 2004, Bush boasted about the war's effects. "By speaking clearly and sending messages that we mean what we say," Bush said, "we've affected the world in a positive way. Look at Libya. Libya was a threat. Libya is now peacefully dismantling its weapons programs. Libya understood that America and others will enforce doctrine, and the world is better for it."

Yet this momentous initiative was almost torpedoed by the Wolfowitz-Riza romance. "When we were doing Libya," the State Department official recalled, "we kept on running into all this resistance at OSD [Office of the Secretary of Defense], and I kept wondering, What's the problem over there? Finally someone told me, 'It's Wolfowitz. He has a Libyan American girlfriend who hates Qaddafi.' And Wolfowitz was adamant that there'd be no deal until Qaddafi was dead."

Wolfowitz knew he would not be greeted in the World Bank as, well, a liberator. "Dr. Wolfowitz told us," the Pentagon investigators wrote in April 2005, that "strong opposition to the war was prevalent within the World Bank." New to the institution's polished, Eurocentric culture and eager to establish his credibility with the bank's largely foreign, overwhelmingly anti-Bush management class, Wolfowitz strove to play by the rules.

He had his attorney, Bob Barnett of Williams & Connolly, notify bank leaders that the incoming president and Riza had had, in the decidedly unromantic parlance of the HR world, a "preexisting relationship." Unwilling to sign a contract until the potential conflict was resolved, Wolfowitz suggested through Barnett that the bank's ethics committee guide the parties' actions. The bank agreed, and soon its general counsel, Roberto Dafino, a jowly, white-haired Peruvian, sent Barnett an e-mail saying, "We will arrange for the ethics committee to deal with this matter as soon as possible."


Wolfowitz proposed a solution of recusal, some formal agreement to limit his professional dealings with his girlfriend (or companion, as Riza preferred to be

called). When Dafino sought to clarify whether Wolfowitz had proposed severing himself "from all personnel matters and professional contact related to" Riza, Barnett e-mailed back that Wolfowitz's remedy "WOULD NOT—I REPEAT, NOT—INVOLVE RECUSAL FROM PROFESSIONAL CONTACT." The next day, having disabled his CAPS LOCK key, Barnett e-mailed Dafino to explain that the president-elect intended only to recuse himself from "personnel actions or decisions" concerning Riza, a formulation that enabled the two to maintain contact at the World Bank.

In staking out this position, Wolfowitz was likely envisioning a relationship similar to the one Riza had had with the bank's previous president, James Wolfensohn; separated by multiple levels of bureaucracy, the two had interacted only "a handful of times," Riza later testified. More important, Wolfowitz was likely signaling to the executive board that he and Riza knew all about certain other "situations" at the bank. Two women had been permitted to continue working there while their husbands served in senior management positions. As managing director, Shengman Zhang was Wolfensohn's number two man, overseeing worldwide operations for five years. Zhang's wife, Lingzhi Xu, who began her World Bank career as a D-grade procurement assistant earning an annual salary in the range of \$52,000, received a series of impressive promotions and ultimately secured a senior specialist position with an average annual salary of \$123,000. Dafino later admitted that Xu "ended up being in the same unit Zhang was heading." The conflict ended only when Zhang left for Citigroup. A bank employee later told *The Wall Street Journal* that Xu's ascent was fraught with "question marks."

Then there was Maritta R. von Bieberstein Koch-Weser, an anthropologist who held several management positions at the bank, including the (characteristically pithy) title of "director for environmentally and socially sustainable development for the Latin America and Caribbean region." Meanwhile, her husband, Caio Koch-Weser, a handsome German economist—John Forsythe in banker's pinstripes—enjoyed a 26-year career at the bank, which catapulted him, too, to the level of managing director. "Neither wife was asked to leave the institution," Riza later testified. "If [either Zhang or Koch-Weser] was the sole managing director and he had no conflict of interest, why would I have any conflict of interest?... I was wondering, maybe because they're married, [the ethics committee members] are seeing that their relationships are asexual. But because I'm dating, there must be sex there."

For that argument Dafino had a ready retort. In the World Bank's dreary Hammurabic code of professional conduct, Staff Rule 3.01 stipulates that "a sexual relationship between a staff member and his/her



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direct report or direct or indirect manager or supervisor is considered a de facto conflict of interest." Coll and the bank's HR mandarins considered Wolfowitz, as president, to possess "a reporting line to anybody in the institution." Conversely, Staff Rule 4.01 sets forth the byzantine though theoretically practicable circumstances under which spouses may carry on working relationships.

The bank stood on shakier ground in the question of whether the Zhang and Koch-Weser cases would look bad in the event Riza sued the bank. All parties dryly termed this extreme fear of adverse publicity the bank's "reputational risk." The phrase recurred throughout the Wolfowitz-Riza case, an invisible MacGuffin and spoken mantra, shorthand for *catastrophe*. "There was reputational risk of this blowing up," an employee testified, "and us looking like we treated women like chattel." Dañino judged Riza's chances of prevailing at trial "very remote," but he too acknowledged the "implicit reputational risk" the case posed and that he was "constantly aware" of it. Coll privately assessed the bank's legal jeopardy, solved for the elusive X of reputational risk, with far less sanguinity. "We are in a very difficult situation—with no precedents at the bank—and it has enormous potential to damage the bank's reputation," the HR vice president wrote in an August 2005 memo, adding "there is a great risk to the bank if we cannot come to a workable agreement in a few days."

A *Riza v. World Bank* lawsuit had begun to loom as a real prospect the month before, when ethics committee chairman Ad Melkert, a Dutch Labor Party politician—another in the bank's seemingly endless supply of balding white men in stylish European eyeglasses—icily informed Wolfowitz that "the ethics committee does not consider recusal sufficient." Moreover, Melkert said, the ethics committee "advises [Riza] be relocated to a position beyond (potential) supervising influence by the president"—meaning out of the bank altogether, with the banishment to last the duration of Wolfowitz's tenure.

For Riza, the "ballbuster" whose chief sin was to have fallen in love with Paul Wolfowitz, the options were suddenly cruelly limited to three choices: immediate termination with or without compensation, nasty litigation or "secondment," a transfer to an equivalent job, with equivalent benefits, at a place like the State Department. "I felt under attack," Riza testified. "I was 51 years old and being asked to remove myself from a career path to employment limbo for five if not 10 years. Why should I resign just because he became president? This is my world. This is my life."

At a farewell party for Wolfensohn, Riza ambushed Coll and unleashed a torrent of indignation and threatening allusions to workplace unpleasantness, adverse publicity and litigation—reputational risk in all its monstrous, Hydra-

headed forms. "I told him that this is absolutely unacceptable," she later testified. "I'm not going to leave this place, and there is nothing that you can do about it.... If you think I'm not going to take this all the way up just because you have Paul Wolfowitz as president, you must be joking, because I'm going to relish it even more if he's there."

"She was extremely unpleasant," an employee recalled.

Thus the stage was set for the rocky meeting in Riza's office, where she and Coll, according to Riza's testimony, both forswore the desire to "fuck" each other. Coll attempted to explain—"I suppose to give me a sweet," Riza said—that in view of the disruption to her career, her compensation would include immediate promotion to H level. But Riza, as an acting manager, was already short-listed for an H. Coll tried to sound conciliatory ("We need to be discussing this further"); Riza did not ("I will be coming in with my lawyer"). The two had another bruising encounter three days later, on August 11. Coll coolly opened with a lump-sum offer. Riza, who acknowledged growing "emotional at parts" of their talk, angrily demanded automatic I and J promotions.

Riza's testimony about this meeting exposed the emotional strain the controversy was inflicting on her, as well as the heavy toll it was taking on her relationship with Wolfowitz: She was disgusted that he did nothing to oppose her tormentors. "You're not going to buy me out," she recalled sneering at Coll. "And you can go back and tell your boss, the president, that he's not going to buy me out either."

"Why is it the woman is always the one who has to leave?" she asked at her deposition. "I was fighting for that [principle]. I'm a single mother. I am the one who takes care of my son. I don't have a man taking care of me." Asked if she discussed Coll's offer with Wolfowitz, she replied, "If you think I'm angry now, you should see me angry there. I thought he should have fought the decision by the ethics committee. He became them, you, the bank, and I had to fend for myself."

Woe was Wolfy! He had never signed up for a two-front war. At home, his girlfriend felt betrayed by his inaction. At the bank, pressure was mounting on him to do something, regain control of the situation, bring his girlfriend to heel—*act like a man*. "You're sleeping with her; you solve it!" was the way one of his attorneys summed up the bank's message. To establish his authority at the bank, to meet the pressing timetable Melkert had abruptly imposed for action ("by the end of the week," he told Wolfowitz on Monday, August 8) and to salvage his "preexisting relationship" with the woman he loved, Wolfowitz on August 11 sent Coll a curt two-page memo ("Subject: Shaha Riza") laying down the law.

"I now direct you to agree to a proposal which includes the following terms and

conditions," he wrote Coll. These included Riza's secondment to an outside institution of her choosing, immediate promotion to H at an annual midpoint salary of \$180,000 (a raise of \$47,340) and guarantees of I and J, depending on the length of Wolfowitz's term and whether Riza earned positive ratings from ad hoc review panels to be created specially for her. "Finally," Wolfowitz wrote, offering a last blast at the nervy Spaniard who had opened a fresh mouth to his beloved Shaha, "I wish to reiterate my deep unhappiness with the whole way of dealing with a situation that I still believe, and have been advised by experienced labor legal counsel, should have been resolved by my refusal." Twenty days later Riza and Coll jointly signed a letter of agreement that made her secondment to the State Department final.

"There is no further potential for conflict of interest," Wolfowitz promptly notified Melkert; the president withdrew his recusal offer and deemed the matter closed. For reasons unknown, it took 10 days for this memo to be hand-delivered to Melkert and another 63 days for Melkert to respond. "Because the outcome is consistent with the committee's findings and advice," Melkert wrote Wolfowitz on October 24, "the committee concurs with your view that this matter can be treated as closed." The next day Melkert told the bank's executive board he was pleased to report "the conflict of interest has been dealt with appropriately."

In the ensuing clamor for Wolfowitz's head, Melkert's correspondence was largely ignored, despite—or perhaps because of—its offering incontrovertible evidence that those World Bank officers paid to examine the conflict-of-interest resolutions and deem them kosher or not, gave, in this instance, their full seal of approval to the detestable warmonger and his ballbusting companion. Even more damning for Melkert—who would later claim Wolfowitz "excluded" key personnel from the process and thereby prevented him and the other ethics-committee members from learning the terms of Riza's secondment—was the handwritten "Dear Paul" note the commit-

tee chairman sent Wolfowitz the following month. Dated November 25, 2005, the letter is this case's smoking gun:

I would like to thank you for the very open and constructive spirit of our discussions, knowing in particular the sensitivity to Shaha, who I hope will be happy in her new assignment.

Ad
PS: Please let me know whether you could accept an invitation to you and Shaha at our place, probably joined by Bob and Beth.

Here was Melkert, shortly after the deal was done, praising Wolfowitz's conduct as "very open and constructive,"

the exact interpretation of the roles of the different actors in this."

"The impression this gives," one of Melkert's interrogators said, brandishing the October 24 letter, "is that the [ethics] committee felt that the advice had been followed the way it should have been followed." If not, the examiner continued, "maybe there was an opportunity there to exercise this [oversight] function and act upon this, don't you think?"

"No," Melkert shot back. Wolfowitz had gotten Riza to accept a position outside his line of authority, "and all other matters...were considered by us as in fact no longer relevant."

Melkert took a similarly disinterested view in January and February 2006 when an e-mailer, identifying himself only as John Smith, sent the bank's investigations hotline a pair of angry, highly detailed letters complaining about Riza's "egregious" compensation package. This time the numbers were plain for Melkert and his high priests of ethics to see: "Her salary went from around \$130,000 (net) to \$180,000 (net)," Smith accurately reported. Ignored for three weeks, Smith vowed to go public, even if it meant "a trial by the media that would not be fair to Paul Wolfowitz and would be detrimental to the reputation of the World Bank." The threat was clear: reputational risk.

On February 28 Melkert finally responded, sending Wolfowitz a letter marked CONFIDEN-

TIAL and concluding that Smith's allegations did "not appear to pose ethical issues appropriate for further consideration by the committee" and "did not contain new information warranting any further review." Here then was a second instance when the World Bank's ethics cops, presented with highly detailed charges, looked at the Riza transfer and shrugged: Case closed. Melkert's last sentence later formed the cornerstone of Wolfowitz's defense: How could the chairman of the ethics committee have responded to Smith's dollar figures by saying they contained no "new information" and then go on to claim, as Melkert had at deposition, that Riza's "large

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expressing hope that Riza would enjoy her new assignment—a far cry from wondering what the hell it was or questioning its ethicality—and even inviting the lovers, in the cozy language of couples' cocktail chatter ("probably joined by Bob and Beth"), to Melkert's own home.

At deposition Melkert struggled to explain the inconsistency created by his contemporaneous correspondence and his later claims of ignorance of, and outrage over, the terms of Riza's transfer: "We had a discussion then, I remember, in the ethics committee, and we considered...that it would be better to accept that outcome rather than to have a protracted exchange of correspondence on

initial pay increase" had somehow been hidden from him?

By that point, though, the pendulum had already swung. Called to action by the Chad episode, Wolfowitz's enemies—most notably the leadership of the bank's staff association, which represents nearly half the institution's 10,000 employees—felt emboldened by Smith's challenge to the new president's authority. Smelling blood, they lunged for the jugular. Had Wolfowitz been a beloved figure at the bank, the exculpatory conclusion Melkert and the ethics committee had reached—twice—would have ended the matter.

Instead, the leaks began. The first went to *The Washington Post's* Al Kamen, author of the gossipy *In the Loop* column, which broke the story on March 28, 2007. Kamen noted that after receiving another raise at the State Department, Riza was now earning \$193,590—\$7,000 more a year than Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice. Kamen correctly reported that World Bank staffers are, as a rule, "grossly overpaid"—the bank's U.S. employees are reimbursed for their federal income tax payments, for example—but he failed to mention that more than 1,000 bank staffers are at H level, some earning almost \$230,000 a year, hundreds earning more than the secretary of state.

Critical pieces in the *Financial Times* and *The New York Times* swiftly followed, and soon the hunt was on, with all its glorious post-Watergate trappings: the special investigating committee stacked with unsympathetic umpires (what kind of eye would, say, Jiayi Zou, the executive director representing China, cast on Wolfowitz's and Riza's many insinuations against Shengman Zhang?), the East Coast editorials calling for resignation, the desertion of key aides, the increasing use of the adjective *embattled* and the predawn camera-crew stakeouts outside the embattled one's house in Chevy Chase, Maryland.

What even the couple's most implacable enemies didn't count on was the dreadfully impolitic way Wolfowitz and Riza

went about defending themselves behind the scenes. The first battle Wolfowitz chose to wage in his campaign for survival was a reckoning with Coll. After an alarming inquiry from *U.S. News & World Report*, Wolfowitz summoned the HR executive for an angry confrontation in which, Coll testified, "he basically accused me of leaking the information.... He also told me...to tell friends, people like Shengman...to get out of his way and stop attacking him.... And he also stated very clearly that 'if these people fuck with me or Shaha, I have enough on them to fuck them, too.'"

At the same time, the stubborn lawyer inside Wolfowitz reared his ugly, spit-combed head. "Mr. Wolfowitz, and the White House itself, may have erred in pursuing a highly legalistic defense instead of a quieter political campaign," *The Wall Street Journal* reported on the morning of May 17, the very day Wolfowitz announced his resignation. Indeed, one of his first steps was to retain perhaps the era's most feared and loathed criminal defense attorney, Robert S. Bennett, the ruddy-faced *vétéran de les guerres politiques* best known for representing President Clinton in the Paula Jones litigation. "Mr. Wolfowitz...then showered the board with legal briefs complete with exhibits and appendixes," clucked the *Journal*.

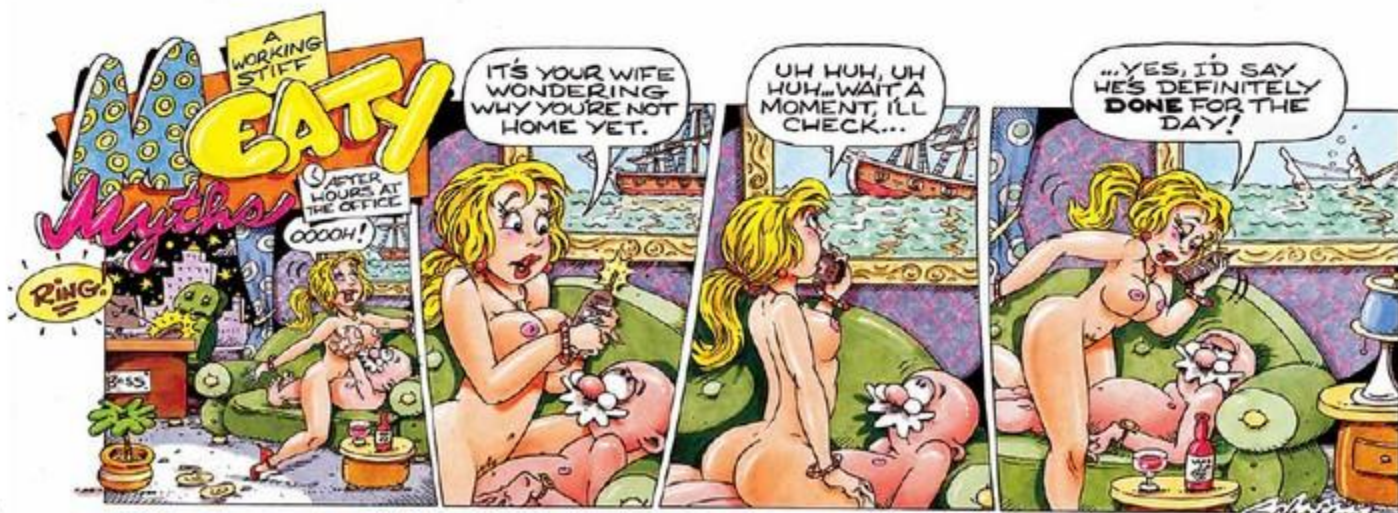
The big guns—Secretary Rice and President Bush—never came out blazing. "My position is, is that he ought to stay," Bush said tepidly at a Rose Garden news conference on April 30, the day Wolfowitz's and Riza's depositions were taken. "And I appreciate the fact," Bush concluded, "that he has advanced—he's helped the World Bank recognize that eradication of world poverty is an important priority for the bank." This was akin to complimenting Joe Torre for helping the Yankees recognize that winning ball games is an important priority for the team. And not until May 10 did a spokesman for Rice disclose that the secretary had been lobbying U.S. allies on Wolfowitz's behalf. Even so, Assistant Secretary Sean McCormack was careful to say the lobbying had occurred in "a couple of her conversations in the course of her ongoing conversations," in

which she simply "mentioned her personal high regard for Paul Wolfowitz and the work that he's doing at the World Bank." Faint praise, indeed. A senior official at the Treasury Department, where the search was already under way for a successor to Wolfowitz, sighed to a Fox News reporter, "We're all, like, Why won't this end?"

The nail in the coffin was the deposition process: Wolfowitz and Riza's last chance to curry favor with the men and women on the ad hoc committee who would, with their final report, decide Wolfowitz's fate. Chairman Herman Wijffels, like Melkert a balding Dutch politician, emphasized that he was presiding over a fact-finding, not an adversarial, proceeding, but the presence of stenographers and defense counsel (permitted to attend but not to speak) and the relentlessly negative thrust of the interrogation left little doubt about the nature of the inquest. Common sense dictated that the vilified lovers not antagonize their jurors, but Wolfowitz and Riza had other ideas—or maybe they just couldn't help themselves.

Thus when Wijffels commenced Riza's deposition by saying sympathetically, "We understand how painful this whole episode must be for you," the witness interrupted, "Do you?" When Wijffels asked if she was ready to answer questions, Riza sniffed, "If I don't have the answers, there's not much I can do about it." She complained about the steady stream of leaks—violations, all, of the bank's fabled rules and codes—and snapped, "I hope to God you will be dealing with this issue as well." And she challenged the panel members to "have the courage to admit" they had handled the various cases of lovers and spouses "arbitrarily and without clear guidance." Exhausted by the end, Wijffels thanked the witness and deadpanned, "Your position is fairly clear."

A more experienced witness, Wolfowitz started out dry, factual and nonconfrontational, but this facade of equanimity cracked almost immediately after he concluded his lengthy opening statement. He lapsed into expressions of impatience—"I'd just say it a dozen times," "I will say it 100 times" and "Look, I repeat"—then



made the short leap into open quarreling. "Stop looking for some rule that was violated," he commanded the panel. "If people keep trying to pin blame on me, it's going to damage the institution, and it's going to damage the institution much more than it will damage me." There were also bursts of self-righteousness and bitterness: "I really resent deeply all the smears about this [having been] a corrupt transaction designed to pay off my girlfriend.... I didn't take this job for money."

Small wonder the ad hoc committee concluded Wolfowitz had violated bank rules and reserved the question of punishment for the full board—a move designed to give the president time to realize he must resign. This would be his final act of public service at the bank, the means by which he could stanch the deluge of reputational risk drowning them all. Bennett negotiated the final deal. Wolfowitz agreed to resign effective June 30, following an exchange of public statements in which he, across five pages, claimed credit for a string of policy successes, and the board, in a single page, said it "accepted" Wolfowitz's assurances he "acted ethically and in good faith." The combatants initially refrained from public appearances, as though all were relieved to see the thing simply die.

On May 21, however, Wijffels suffered a seizure of candor and told a Dutch newspaper that Wolfowitz was hounded out of the bank not for the Riza transfer but because of his "disastrous manner of leadership." "If he had otherwise been a good leader," Wijffels conceded, "this may not have come so far." Appearing on *The Charlie Rose Show* nine days later, Wolfowitz acknowledged that "we had gotten to the point where it was really not possible to be effective." When Rose sought some explanation of the scandal, "so we can understand it from you," Wolfowitz demurred. "I don't want to go into every gory detail," he said. Undaunted, the host probed for some sign of whether Wolfowitz and Riza were still together, and Wolfowitz suggested they were:

ROSE: Must be tough for a relationship to do this kind of—go through this.

WOLFOWITZ: It's not been easy. But she's quite a remarkable, wonderful person.

"Someday I'll write a book," Wolfowitz promised, presumably to include a chapter or two on what he termed "the so-called ethics issue." Rose wondered if the whole thing weren't, as Bennett privately believed, a European backlash to the Iraq war. "Maybe if it weren't me and somebody else doing it," Wolfowitz started to say, referring to his efforts to reform the bank's bureaucracy and promote stringent anticorruption criteria for its lending decisions. "Somebody who's not an architect of the war and all that," Rose interjected. "I'm not an architect of anything," Wolfowitz snapped, "but somebody who is not so closely associated with a controversial Iraq policy, yes."



KIMBERLY BELL

(continued from page 64)

selfish in bed, just like he is on the baseball diamond." She pauses and chooses her words carefully. "I don't know if I should say this, but when you're dealing with somebody who's that selfish, with that kind of ego, you learn to exaggerate your reactions to make him feel better." In other words, she faked it. Barry's sexual tastes, she says, were pedestrian. "He was pretty generic in that respect, pretty average in all ways," she says. "I don't mean that to make fun of anything, but his needs were really simple, really basic. Which made them not hard to fulfill."

Outside the bedroom, however, the San Francisco Giants' star player was a charmer. Bonds cooked Kimberly dinner and made her a mix CD of sappy love songs—Mariah Carey and Kenny G. It wasn't just about sex, Kimberly says. They found in each other something each wanted, needed perhaps. "I needed to feel loved," she says. "And if he needed an ego boost, he got one every time he saw me." He had his moods, but she was okay with that. "He could be very macho, and women had their place," she says. "But I always figured he had PMS, like a woman. He's grouchy right now, but give him 10 minutes and he'll be fine."

Three years into the relationship, Bonds dropped a bombshell: He was getting married to another girlfriend, Liz Watson, his current wife. But, he added, that didn't mean his relationship with Kimberly had to change. She remembers their conversation:

"Are you going to have children with her?"

He shrugged and said, "Well, she's gonna be my wife. I guess I have to let her have one."

"Does this mean I won't get to see you as often?"

"I won't be able to see you at home as much as before," he conceded. "But hey, you'll go on the road everywhere with me."

"How can you get married in a church, knowing you're going to do this?"

"That's why I'm not getting married in a church," he said, laughing. "I'm getting married in a hotel."

Bonds was at Kimberly's house the day before the wedding, she says, and the day he got back from the honeymoon. Sure enough, she accompanied him to spring trainings in Arizona and hit the road with him when the team traveled.

In 1998 St. Louis Cardinals first baseman Mark McGwire began getting piles of press for his pursuit of Roger Maris's single-season home-run record. That's when Bonds's steroid use began, Kimberly says. "Barry hated McGwire," she says. "McGwire was white. He was the anti-Barry: He was everybody's favorite. He was breaking all these records, and Barry couldn't stand that. Barry had this chip



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that because he's black, nobody's going to let him break the record. And because McGwire was a 'white boy'—those were his words—he was going to get the pats on the back that Barry wasn't going to get."

PLAYBOY was one of the first publications to report in depth about Bonds's connections with trainer Greg Anderson and the Bay Area steroid lab BALCO (*Gunning for the Big Guy*, May 2004). But Kimberly knew something was up long before then. She didn't know much about steroids, but she knew something was going on with Bonds and his trainer. "Anderson was always at spring training with us, everywhere we went," she says. "Barry used to have a little satchel, and in the mornings he would say, 'Hey, I need to go talk to Greg.' They'd grab the satchel and go into a room, and then I'd hear the door lock. I'd be like, 'Why would you lock the door? I would never burst in on a conversation you were having.'"

Kimberly says Bonds flatly admitted to her that he was using steroids in 1999, after he tore a tendon in his triceps. "It looked like a tumor," she says of the injury, which required surgery and sidelined Bonds for a chunk of that season. "He said steroids build up the muscles faster than the joint can handle, and that's why his elbow kind of blew out. He absolutely told me he was taking steroids."

She saw his body thickening, his head growing bigger, his back developing acne, his hair falling out and his testicles shrinking. ("They shriveled up," she

says.) The couple would stand in front of the mirror together, and Bonds would fret about his new body.

"Do I look bloated?" he'd ask her. "Does it look funny? Do you think this is obvious?"

Bonds also suffered sexual dysfunction, a common steroid side effect. "He tried Viagra several times," Kimberly says, "but he didn't like it. It changed the color of things, affected his vision and stuffed up his nose." She pauses and clears her throat. "The funny thing about Viagra: It works so well, he stayed like that for hours."

In his late 30s Bonds began to crush home runs at a pace he'd never managed as a younger player. He broke McGwire's single-season record in 2001 on the way to passing Hank Aaron's career home-run total this past season. At the same time, Kimberly saw the emergence of what she describes as "a sudden sociopathic personality." Bonds's phone messages, which she saved on a series of tapes, went from controlling to threatening, and in person he was even scarier. She says, "It went from 'I want to know where you're at' to 'I'm gonna fucking kill you. I'm gonna cut your head off and leave you in a ditch. And I'm glad nobody knows that you and I are tied this close together, because that way nobody will know it's me when I kill you.'"

This last threat—to cut her head off and throw her in a ditch—was, she says, one he frequently repeated. "I used to think, How can you say nobody knows? Your family's met me, and you call my job every day."

Kimberly made efforts to recapture the good times, and there did prove to be a couple of good times left. During spring training in 2001, she sat with Bonds one evening in Scottsdale, Arizona, admiring the desert sunset. He offered to buy her a house in the area and gave her a down payment, she says, in chunks of \$10,000, \$15,000 and \$20,000 in cash—money he had acquired by selling autographed memorabilia. She says he told her to spread the money over several bank accounts to avoid government suspicion.

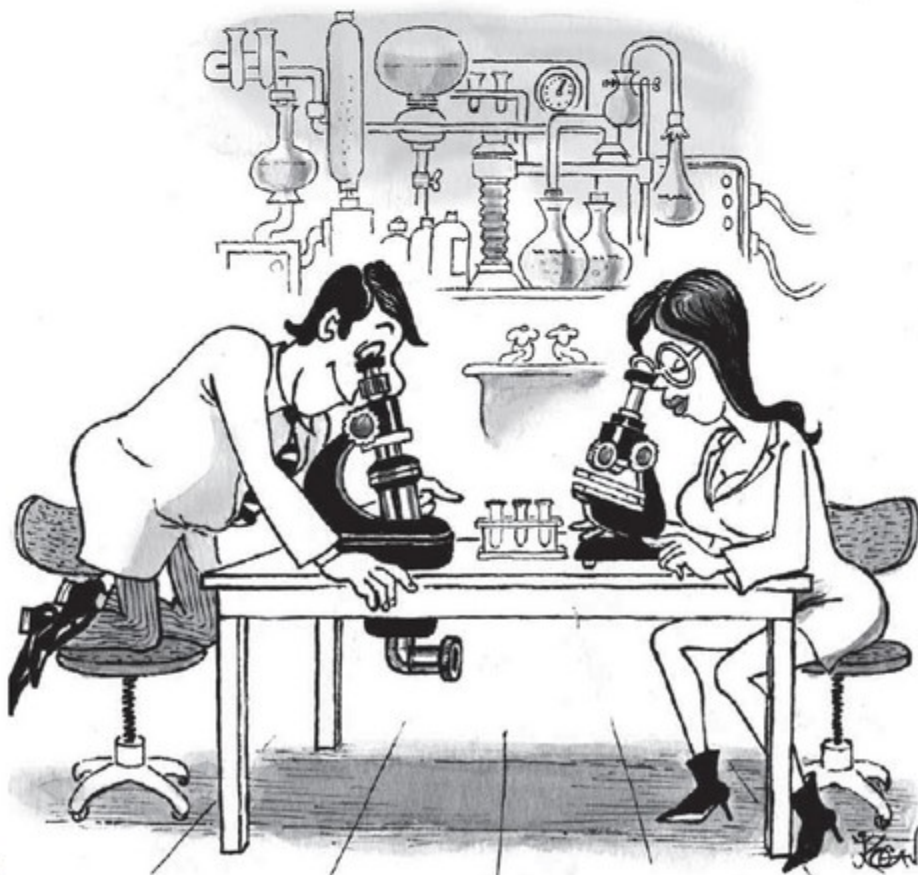
She moved, but she couldn't support herself in Arizona the way she could in the Bay Area, where she'd had a good job in graphic design. Bonds, she says, stopped making the house payments he had promised her. Then, in May 2003, she flew to see him. That's when she ran late and, she says, he pushed her up against the wall, choked her and threatened her life. That's when she decided she needed to get out.

Kimberly saw Bonds once more after that, when, she says, he came to Arizona and told her she "needed to disappear." A few months later federal agents raided BALCO and arrested several people, including Anderson, who pleaded guilty to steroid dealing and money laundering and since then has spent a year in prison for contempt of court after refusing to testify against Bonds in a grand jury hearing. Kimberly asked Bonds to honor his commitment and pay off the \$157,000 balance on her house, but she says his lawyers responded by characterizing the relationship as "meretricious," painting Kimberly as little more than a prostitute and offering \$20,000 in exchange for signing a confidentiality agreement.

"He wanted to call me an extortionist," she says. "If that's what I was, I wouldn't have asked for \$157,000. I probably would have asked for millions. I just wanted the balance due on the house, and I felt I deserved that."

Kimberly has spoken at length to a grand jury investigating possible perjury charges against Bonds. "People have said to me, 'Watch what you say to PLAYBOY because if the story doesn't match what you told the FBI and the grand jury, you could be in trouble,'" she says. "But for me it's simple: If you tell the truth, your story's not going to change."

She closes the scrapbook that details her nine tumultuous years with Bonds. "I'm not so afraid of him now," she says. "And I'm not afraid of the attention. People can call me whatever they want to call me. I do want to add that it is my fault. I can't blame all this on him, because if I hadn't been so stupid, I would have seen it myself. It's important that that be said. It's a cautionary tale: A woman screwed up and chose the wrong person. She should have known better. And that's the honest truth."



PLAYMATE NEWS



CLUB MONACO

From her days as Cinderella at Walt Disney World to her sun-kissed PLAYBOY pictorials, Kara Monaco has always glowed in the spotlight. Now, with a guest role on the daytime

dramas *Port Charles* and *General Hospital*. "I just shot two episodes, and I'm hoping it will turn into a recurring role," says Kara, who has also appeared on *The Girls Next Door* and

MTV's *Scarred*. Along the way she has hosted Playboy comedy shows at the Palms and appeared in a skit on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*. Meanwhile she continues to audition. Although she tries out for a wide range of roles, she's most attracted to comedy. "It would be my number-one choice if I could pick any genre," she explains. Kara also says there's talk of a show with Jason "Wee-Man" Acuna of *Jackass*, but she can't dish about the details just yet. "We're very hopeful," she says. "We're

going to pitch it to the networks and see who picks it up." No doubt our Centerfold will continue to prosper. Clearly there's something in the combination of *Playmate* and *Monaco* that translates into TV success.

35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Miss November 1972 **Lenna Sjöoblom** had many fans, but the devotion she developed in the computer science community was a surprise. Not long after her pictorial appeared, the Centerfold shot was used during one of the first electronic-image transmissions conducted at USC. Valued for its complex texture, the picture became the test standard for electronic-image processing.



LOOSE LIPS

"I love to wear bustiers, always with heels."



Cassandra Lynn



Coincidence? PMOY 2006 Kara Monaco (above right) has appeared on *Passions*, while Playmate Kelly Monaco (right, no relation) has built a career on daytime TV.

drama *Passions*, Kara seems to be following the path established by her Playmate predecessor and unrelated namesake Kelly Monaco, who parlayed her appearance as Miss April 1997 into long-running roles on the daytime

CANNES-DO ATTITUDE



Whether or not you have a picture in competition, the Cannes Film Festival has long been a place to be seen. We caught our favorite Swede, Miss December 1996 Victoria Silvstedt, there. The international party girl attended, from far left, the premiere of *My Blueberry Nights*, the NRJ Music Awards, a Dolce & Gabbana party, a de Grisogono party and a charity function hosted by socialite Denise Rich.



HOT SHOT



JAYDE NICOLE

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Paget Brewster

—of *Criminal Minds*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss June 1955 **Eve Meyer**. She went from pinup to producer, proving beauty and brains could mix. She made a number of groundbreaking cult films,



like *Faster, Pussycat! Kill Kill* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. It's inspiring to see women who have as much impact off camera as on."



POP QUESTIONS: LINDSEY VUOLO

Q: You recently returned to grad school and are studying in Greece. Why Greece?

A: I decided to go back to school to be more competitive in the workforce. A girlfriend of mine also wanted to get her master's, and she told me La Salle University offers a master's program in the Czech Republic and Greece. I love Greek food and have always wanted to visit, so it seemed like the perfect opportunity.

Q: What are you studying?

A: I'm studying for my master's in public relations and



communications. It's similar to my undergraduate degree in marketing and communications. I'm trying to build on my interests.

Q: What are your favorite things about living in Greece?

A: The food and culture and the fact that I made such a huge move. I'm very lucky!

Q: What do you miss most from home?

A: Daily interactions with friends, family and my dog, Diesel, who stays with my parents. I try not to think about what I miss so I can enjoy my time abroad.

STRINGING US ALONG



Sure, we like seeing Centerfolds in the nude, but we also like *thinking* about them in the nude. That's why bikinis were invented. Here (from far left), Miss July Tiffany Selby, Miss April 2001 Katie Lohmann, Miss October 2005 Amanda Paige and Miss March 2005 Jillian Grace get two-pieced.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Playmate of the Year 1994 Jenny McCarthy was spotted frolicking with beau Jim Carrey in Hawaii. The pair was vacationing in luau land.... Miss May 1983 Susie Scott Krabacher received a favorable review in *Publishers Weekly* for her new book, *Angels of a Lower Flight*.... Playmate of the Year 2005 Tiffany Fallon appeared on the cover of *I Do* magazine with her husband, Joe Don Rooney. She also recently appeared on *Best Damn Sports Show Period* and served as a celebrity judge for the 2007 Hooters International Swimsuit Pageant, held in Las Vegas.... Miss August 2005 Tamara Witmer and Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima co-hosted a



ILLUSTRATION BY [unreadable]



It's warm. Really.



Tiffany says *I Do*.

sexy Wednesday-night party a bit farther down the Strip.... In more rock-related news, Miss June Britany Binger hosted a fundraiser called the Roar at the Rock for special-needs

children in her home state of Ohio.... Timeless beauty Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson recently turned 40. She celebrated with a giant pink cake at a party also in Las Vegas.... Several Playmates, including Playmate of the Year Sara Jean Underwood, Hiromi Oshima and Miss February 2001 Lauren Michelle Hill, will be featured in the upcoming Adam Sandler-produced movie *House Bunny*, which stars Anna Faris as a Playboy Bunny. Look for it to arrive in fall 2008.



Birthday suit?

MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com or download her to your phone at playboy.com.

LEINART

(continued from page 75)

that year I had to be 100 percent ready and focused to do this and be thrown to the wolves, which is what this is. I don't think I was prepared for that. I loved being a kid and being in college, and I loved my team and my teammates.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You took only one class your senior year, ballroom dancing. Should we count on seeing you on *Dancing With the Stars*?

LEINART: Man, I couldn't even remember one move from that class if I tried. I loved the class, though. It was fun. It was pretty much like what you see on *Dancing With the Stars* but obviously not that intense. There's no chance I'd sign up

unless it were with eight other athletes and I wasn't the only guy making a fool of himself. Plus it's hard.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Will Ferrell is a USC alum. The NFL Network produced a funny video in which he played a USC auxiliary strength and conditioning coach. Did you hang out with him?

LEINART: Will is hilarious. The first time I met him was when USC coach Pete Carroll had him come out to practice and surprise us. He went in the huddle, I threw him a bomb, and he dove for it and missed. I went to lunch with him afterward and got a chance to talk. What a great guy. He's obviously a funny person, but outside of his characters he's just a normal dude who was in a frat and did the same things any college kid did.

Q8

PLAYBOY: What's the worst hangover you've ever had?

LEINART: It was probably five or six years ago. I thought I was dead. I remember the whole throw-up thing was happening, and I passed out in the shower with the water on. My roommate came in to see me and then just left me there all night. In the morning I woke up in the shower with puke all over me. I thought I was going to die that day. I was thinking, Oh my God, my head is going to fall off. I'm not a big drinker or anything. I have my fun times, but that was a bad, bad experience.

Q9

PLAYBOY: How is your golf game?

LEINART: Pretty shitty. Since I'm an athlete, some of it comes naturally. To be honest, I've got a natural swing, but I'm not any good. I feel I could get fairly decent and hold my own if I practiced enough, but I'm just too lazy to practice right now. And Arizona is home to some of the most beautiful golf courses in the world.

Q10

PLAYBOY: When you entered the 2006 NFL draft most analysts figured you would be drafted early, possibly to the Tennessee Titans or New York Jets. Were you surprised when you went 10th?

LEINART: It didn't surprise me after I was sitting there past the third pick, which was Tennessee. I knew then there was a good chance I would fall to Arizona unless some team was going to trade up to get me. You're just waiting for your name to be called. When Arizona called I was excited, but I was also bummed because I wanted and expected to go higher. But when I look at the things that Arizona has, like a new stadium and great players, plus being close to home, it is literally the perfect place to be. Now that I've been here I can say I wouldn't want to be anywhere else in the NFL than with this team.

Q11

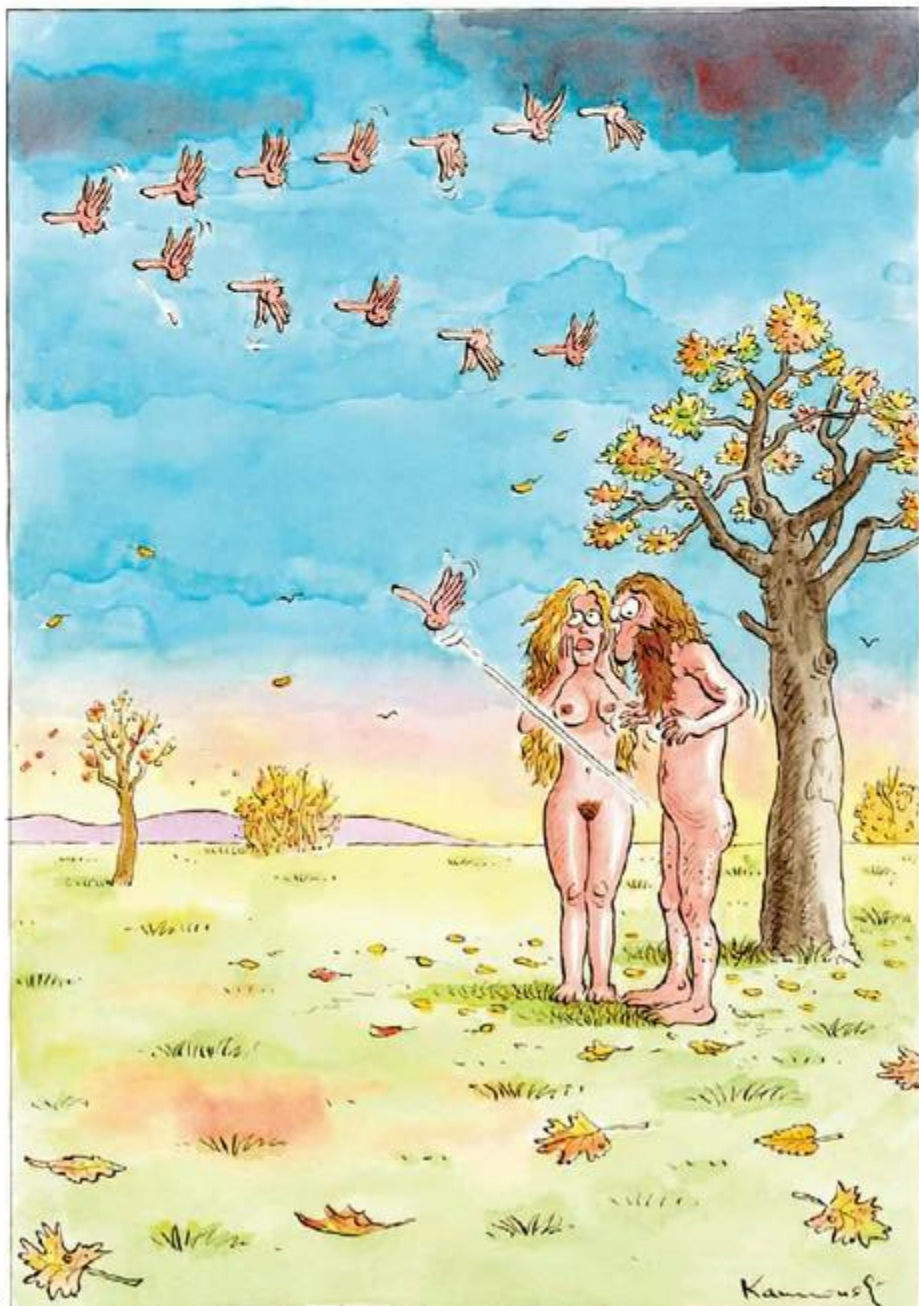
PLAYBOY: What was the first NFL game you ever attended?

LEINART: It was a preseason game I actually played in. I'd never seen a game from the stands. My first game was against the New England Patriots, and it was a surreal feeling. I remember warming up before the game, and everyone was kind of hanging out with one another. I thought, I've made it. I've got Junior Seau warming up; I've got Tom Brady throwing the ball—along with all these guys I had watched win three Super Bowls. It was incredible. That was a fun experience. And I did pretty well against them, too.

Q12

PLAYBOY: What kinds of insults were thrown at you as a rookie?

LEINART: I got a lot of shit talked to me



but not as much as I expected. One of the Detroit Lions talked some smack to me. The Oakland Raiders talked a ton of shit to me. They were kicking my ass the whole game. I was hoping to get out of that game alive, to be honest with you. Warren Sapp is the king of talking. I think some of the guys in Green Bay talked to me. Other than that I had a lot of good things said to me. I remember John Lynch and Champ Bailey and all these guys telling me I was going to be a great pro and to keep my head up. That goes a long way, especially from guys like that.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You went from a 37-2 record as a starter in college to a 4-7 record starting in the NFL. Was it hard to adjust to losing?

LEINART: It was difficult. It really hit me when I started to play. The first four games we were 1-3, and it was difficult, but when you're on the bench you don't feel as much a part of the team. You're not contributing. I was like, Damn, it sucks. But it's different when you're playing. When I got the nod and started playing I went five or six games before I won even one. I was pissed, man. I'm a competitive guy. My confidence was low. That's how it goes in the NFL. It's a difficult thing, but we regrouped and played well the last half of the season. I think we went 4-3 in our last seven games.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Arizona Cardinals receiver Anquan Boldin talks a lot on the field. What's he saying?

LEINART: Anquan is outspoken. He's probably one of the most competitive guys I've ever been around. He wants to win at everything. If I throw a bad ball or make a bonehead play, he's the one person I do not look at. If I throw a bad ball to him, I'll walk right back to the huddle and not make eye contact, because I know as soon as I do he'll look at me with that glare. He does it even in practice. Afterward I joke with him, but he's just really competitive. You've got to be like that. That's why he's great.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Your friend Ashton Kutcher is a big Chicago Bears fan. Did you guys talk about your loss to the Bears last season?

LEINART: We talked about it after the game. He was like, "You were just awesome out there." I know he had a tough time because he was sitting in our owner's box. He had a tough time rooting for Chicago in our owner's suite. I went to his and Demi's home in L.A. for the Chicago and Seattle play-off game this year, and he came to my Monday-night game against Chicago. He's a good dude, a guy's guy, and Demi is a classy woman.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Nick Lachey is another of your good friends. Tell us something we don't know about him.

LEINART: He's terrible at basketball. I played with him a little, just shooting, and he's awful. I guess some people may not know that he went to USC for a year or half a year before he left. He tried walking on for the football team as a running back. That's a story. To say the least I don't think it was his thing.

Q17

PLAYBOY: We heard a rumor that the wheels were stolen off your car. True or false?

LEINART: Twice. The summer before last I came home from practice, and my car was on cement blocks. It was a professional job. It was irritating. The other time was during the season. I live in a nicer neighborhood, so I leave the cars out in the driveway. I probably should have parked in the garage, but I didn't think it was going to happen. I woke up early because we had to be there at six in the morning. I was about three quarters of the way into the car before I even noticed, because I was half asleep. I was so pissed, man. I was like, You gotta be kidding me that people do this for a living.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Confess to having a crush on at least one famous woman.

LEINART: Right now I'd have to say Jennifer Aniston. She's beautiful and cool and has been through a lot in her life, especially in recent years. I like the way she carries herself. She's strong. For someone more my age, I'd have to say Gisele Bündchen. I've been a huge fan, but now that she's with Tom Brady it's a little different. I love Scarlett Johansson. Every guy loves her. There are a lot of beautiful women in Hollywood.

Q19

PLAYBOY: So Scarlett Johansson calls and wants you to go to the beach with her for the day, but you have voluntary practice. *Voluntary* practice. What do you do?

LEINART: Oh, man, I'd be at practice. Voluntary means mandatory in the NFL. Trust me on that one.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Okay. Let's say it's just a session of watching film. What would you do?

LEINART: I'd bring my portable TV, set up a little thing on the beach and watch film with her. To be honest with you, anything to do with football would come before anything else. That's just the way it is, especially for a quarterback.

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



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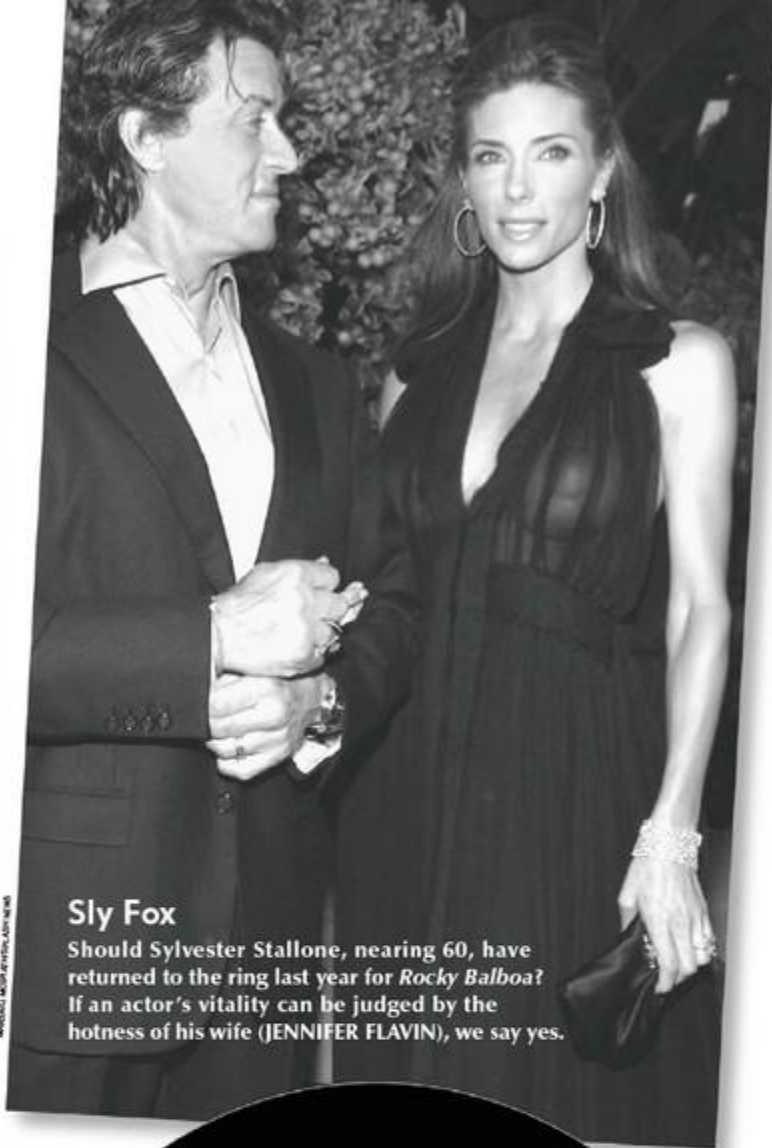
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Grapevine



Eva's Choice

Dilemma of the day: EVA HERZIGOVA drops a flower. As she bends to retrieve it, her glossy new-mommy breasts threaten to break free; simultaneously, her skirt hikes up, sharing her secret (Victoria's or less). You have time to gawk at only one potential wardrobe malfunction—which will it be?



Sly Fox

Should Sylvester Stallone, nearing 60, have returned to the ring last year for *Rocky Balboa*? If an actor's vitality can be judged by the hotness of his wife (JENNIFER FLAVIN), we say yes.

Stretch Armstrong

We can't tell you how many letters we get asking for fourbee girls. What are fourbees, you ask? Beautiful, busty, blonde and bent like a Bavarian pretzel. Fourbee fans, meet model and contortionist DESIREE STARR.



Revealing Interview

CLAIRE DANES: "Go see my new movie, *Stardust*." MTV: "Psst! Your shirt's open."
DANES: "No, it opens Friday. And it's called *Stardust*." MTV: "We can see your nipple."
DANES: "Nope, no nipples. It's PG-13."



WYNDY

Flammable

Romanian-born LILLY GOGA is an office manager at a Calgary gas-compression plant—typical circumstances from which one may rocket to stardom. With more pictures like this, she'll be launched in no time.



TREVOR HOWELL

Second Item About Girl Named Lily Goes Here

This one's LILLY ALLEN. Totally different. British, not Canadian. Sings dangerously catchy chick-pop; does not work at gas-compression plant. Single "Smile" topped U.K. charts in 2006.

DRUET/GALLERRE/ETA LTD.



Booby Prize

Too sweet to win VH1's *Flavor of Love*, LEILENE ONDRADE almost hit the \$50,000 jackpot in the spin-off series *Charm School*. As runner-up she snagged a modeling contract. Even better!

MATY COMPADE

Potpourri

A LITTLE HELP

There's only one thing better than a pet robot, and that's a pet robot that cleans your house. iRobot is the pioneer and leader in the chore-bot field with its Roomba (vacuum cleaner) and Scooba (mopper) robots. Its new Roomba 560 (\$350, irobot.com) has improved suction, a built-in talking tutorial (so you don't have to decipher its beeps), anti-tassel technology to avoid snags and a "lighthouse" control system that makes the bot clean an entire room before moving on (previous models wandered wherever they pleased).



IS THERE ANYTHING BREASTS CAN'T DO?

Finding truly useful products is hard enough. Finding products that fulfill two needs at once is cause for a party. The geniuses behind Beerbelly's beverage-smuggling device have created a thing of beauty in the Winerack (\$30, thebeerbelly.com). It's a flask-bra that lets you bring booze anywhere you can bring your girlfriend and, when filled, bumps her up a couple of cup sizes. The more you drink, the smaller your pal's rack gets, but thanks to the bust-enhancing effects of alcohol, it will look the same.



ZAPPED

Some drink coffee for the taste, others for the kick. Now you can drink it for both. The folks behind Shock Coffee (\$10 for 13 ounces, shockcoffee.com) hand-select their beans for maximum caffeine content, then roast them for the highest caffeine yield. The result is a jump start like no other. We weren't optimistic about its taste, but to our surprise it makes a deep, flavorful cup, with dark, earthy overtones.



LOWERING THE BOOM

As its name would suggest, this Mini Boombox from Suck UK (\$50, suck.uk.com) looks like the kind of old-school ghetto blaster you would find at a dance-off designed to resolve territorial disputes, establish romantic relations or stop a developer from demolishing your community center. But there are a few differences between it and the quasi-portable music machines of yore. First, it's small, about the size of a clock radio. Second, it takes an MP3 player rather than a cassette. Third, it's made of cardboard and arrives in your mailbox almost completely flat. Unfolded, it makes a fully functional battery-powered dock, with stereo speakers and all. Now if you'll excuse us, we have a break-off scheduled.



COMPLETELY BAKED

It's almost Thanksgiving—time to stuff your piehole. The Sugar Plum Fairy Baking Company (tsfbakingco.com) ships its delectable pies anywhere in the country you need them. The apple (\$32) is fairy-dusted with organic sugar, while the perfectly spiced pumpkin (\$32) impresses with its leaf-print crust. Tums sold separately.



GETTING CARDED

Playboy and Moneymaker Gaming are hosting their second Poker Camp (\$10,000, playboypokercamp.com) this November. The trip includes four nights at the Palms in Las Vegas, seminars with pros such as David Williams and Chris Moneymaker, copious playtime and the chance to win up to \$100,000 in cash and prizes. Then you fly to L.A. for a party at the Mansion, so you go home a winner no matter what.



THE WRITE STUFF

The PenAgain is a radical redesign of one of the most ordinary objects in the world. It's a silly idea—until you write with it. See, conventional pens and pencils require you to do all kinds of gripping with muscles that were never built for the strain. PenAgain changes your leverage points so you can use the weight of your hand to press down firmly without having to hold on tight. The original model's overhaul in polished aluminum is called the ErgoSleek (\$25, penagain.com) and starts conversations wherever it goes.



BOARD OF EDUCATION

Board games are not about competition, they're about getting people loosened up. Issue your guests a cocktail, sit them down with Cranium Wow (\$35, cranium.com) and watch where the night leads you. Aimed squarely at adults, it requires players to show their skills in a variety of areas, including sketching, sculpting, whistling, doing impressions, solving puzzles and answering trivia questions. Like our dad taught us, just say no to Yahtzee.

THE SMART CALL

Cordless home phones are the pack mules of technology: They're not flashy, but they get the job done reliably enough. Well, it's time to turbocharge your burro. The base of GE's InfoLink phone (\$180, ge.com/phones) connects to the Internet. Set your preferences through a web browser and it will send news headlines, weather reports, sports info, stock prices and more to handsets around your house. When actually making calls, it uses the new DECT 6.0 wireless standard, which offers interference-free talking and won't play havoc with your Wi-Fi network.



Next Month



KIM KARDASHIAN.



BIG-TIME COLLEGE BALL.



THE PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL TAKES YOUR REQUESTS.



MISS DECEMBER.

KIM KARDASHIAN—IN THIS SEASON OF GIVING, HERE'S OUR PRESENT TO YOU. THE LOS ANGELES SOCIETY GIRL TURNED SEX-TAPE SIREN GRACES OUR DECEMBER ISSUE WITH A SEDUCTIVE LAYOUT.

MUTE—IN A CONFESSION TO A PRIEST, A TRAVELING SALESMAN TELLS OF HIS ENCOUNTER ON THE MAINE TURNPIKE WITH A DEAF-MUTE HITCHHIKER TO WHOM HE RANTS ABOUT HIS ADULTEROUS WIFE. MASTER OF THE MACABRE **STEPHEN KING** DELIVERS ANOTHER COMPELLING TALE WITH A TWIST.

BILL RICHARDSON—THE DARK-HORSE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL IS ADVANCING QUICKLY ALONG THE BACK STRETCH. **JEFF GREENFIELD** GETS THE NOBEL-NOMINATED GOVERNOR ON THE RECORD IN A *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*.

LOVE STORY: THE BALLAD OF SARAH SILVERMAN AND JIMMY KIMMEL—PROFILER NONPAREIL **BILL ZEHME** CAPTURES THE FAMOUSLY FUNNY COUPLE. AMONG THE REVELATIONS: EXACTLY HOW SILVERMAN'S BREASTS STAY SO SPARKLING CLEAN.

DEATH OF AN INTERPRETER—**CHRISTIAN PARENTI** AND **AJMAL NAQSHBANDI** MET IN 2004 IN AFGHANISTAN, WHERE NAQSHBANDI WORKED AS A GO-BETWEEN FOR WESTERN JOURNALISTS AND THE TALIBAN. THIS YEAR HE WAS BEHEADED. IN A QUEST FOR ANSWERS, PARENTI RETURNS TO AFGHANISTAN TO FIND A LETHALLY BUNGLED WORLD BEHIND THE FRONT LINES.

CARTOONS OF CHRISTMAS PAST—OH, SANTA! EDITOR-IN-CHIEF **HUGH M. HEFNER** CURATES THE BAWDIEST, FUNNIEST COLLECTION OF HOLIDAY ILLUSTRATIONS EVER TO APPEAR IN OUR PAGES.

2007 MUSIC POLL—IT'S BEEN AN EXHILARATING YEAR IN MUSIC, SPARKED BY THE E-DISTRIBUTION REVOLUTION. MORE THAN EVER WE WANT TO HEAR WHAT TICKLES YOUR EARBUDS.

SEXUAL IMAGININGS—A PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING AUTHOR PLAYFULLY NARRATES THE INTERNAL DIALOGUE OF ICONIC COUPLINGS. FRESH SUPPOSITIONS BY **ROBERT OLEN BUTLER**

GIRLS OF GAMING—DROP YOUR CONTROLLERS AND POWER DOWN YOUR MONITORS. IT'S THE RETURN OF YOUR FAVORITE DIGITAL DOLLS AND VIRTUAL FEMMES FATALES, NUDE.

CELEBRITY CRUSHES—IN THE MOST POETIC TERMS, A HOST OF AMERICA'S TOP LITERARY TALENTS, INCLUDING **JIM HARRISON**, **SHERMAN ALEXIE**, **PAULA FOX** AND **MAUREEN GIBBON**, CONFESS WHO THEY'D MOST LIKE TO GET BETWEEN THE SHEETS.

PLAYBOY'S HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE—ALL THE TOYS YOU WANT UNDER ONE TREE, WITH ONE IN THE DRIVEWAY.

PLUS: *SEX IN CINEMA* AND THE HOTTEST MOMENTS ON CELLULOID, 20Q WITH **JOAQUIN PHOENIX**, COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW, HOLIDAY FASHION AND MISS DECEMBER **SASCKYA PORTO**.